

COURIER

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COVER

This month's cover photographs were contributed by Steve Fuller. One of Yellowstone's winterkeepers, he is also a renowned writer and photographer. For those who spend Christmas in the city or far from home, see his story in this issue to share the sense of family that has become the focus of his Yellowstone Christmases. Below, Steve and his wife, and two daughters—this photo taken in 1982.



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THE NOBLE SPIRIT OF GENEROSITY

In last month's column, I mentioned the outpouring of support and concern for Yellowstone that has been almost unbelievable and, obviously, appreciated. Just a little more than two months ago, the Loyal Order of Moose unveiled a major fundraising initiative to raise \$1 million to help with the Yellowstone Recovery Plan. But what's going on in Yellowstone is really only the tip of the iceberg! Reflecting on the numerous efforts tied to Yellowstone's recovery, I couldn't help but consider—especially during this special time of year—how very lucky we are to have the overwhelming support of the American people and how fortunate we are to be the beneficiaries of their generosity.

Many of us learn about dramatic donations to the park system because of the enormous visibility such gifts receive, but I'd like you to know about some of the lesser known gifts, the kinds we receive on an almost daily basis. They're not the sort of present likely to be mentioned on the nightly news. But presents they are—good and fine gifts—and they make the recipients very happy. Such gifts represent the same caring and support that the larger ones do, and in some ways they are more significant because they indicate more individual support—they are the widow's mite. I'd like to give recognition to these kinds of gifts—recognition they richly deserve—by highlighting just a few.

Through the years, Larry and Angie Eckart have donated several pieces of their personal Civil War collection to Gettysburg NMP. Most recently they gave a Second North Carolina Regimental Flag and a scarce Tanner rifle made during the Texas Civil War era. This year Gettysburg also received Brigadier General Samuel Wylie Crawford's service coat that he wore at the Battle of Gettysburg. This donation came from Mrs. J. Agnew Crawford.

The Burlington Northern Foundation gave a grant to the Fort Laramie Historical Association that will be used to assist in refurbishing the downstairs rooms in the historic site's newly restored 1874 cavalry barracks.

The flagpole at Fort McHenry, damaged in August by a storm, had to be replaced. Funds to purchase a new flagpole were donated by the Veterans of Foreign Wars to the Patriots of Fort McHenry. James and Marnie Leverett donated Amelia Bloomer's scrapbook to Womens' Rights NHP. Amelia Bloomer was editor of the Lily in Seneca Falls and an activist in the womens' rights movement. A number of garden clubs volunteer their time and skill to decorate the mansion at Hampton NHS during the holiday season. Throughout the year they help maintain the formal gardens. Also, the Junior League of Baltimore has just had completed the historic reproduction of a Brussels carpet that they donated to the mansion through the cooperating association, Historic Hampton, Inc.



Navaho weavers working for the Hubbell Trading Post, run by the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, created an original, one-of-kind rug to celebrate the Bicentennial of the Constitution. That rug, which was donated to Hubbell Trading Post, is now on loan at Independence Hall.

The Shearer Family donated the funds necessary to purchase a Kentucky Coffeetree. The planting and transportation of the tree will be made possible by the many visitors who have placed money in the donation box while visiting Arlington House, the Robert E. Lee memorial. The tree replaces one that stood south of the house, as shown in a 1864 photograph.

The Friends of William H. Taft Birthplace, Inc., have not only purchased most of the historic furnishing on display at that site and financed the exhibits for the restoration of the home, they also cosponsor special events, such as the William H. Taft Lecture on Constitutional Law.

Artist Lee Roberson produced a print entitled, "Fragile Treasure," of the Eastern brook trout. It is being sold to support the brook trout restoration program in Great Smoky Mountains NP.

The L. J. Skaggs and Mary C. Skaggs Foundation provided a grant for the acquisition of furniture, furnishings and comprehensive exhibits at Eugene O'Neill NHS. The money will be used to recreate three rooms at the home.

Just last year alone, the Girl Scouts of America volunteered 4500 hours at Riley's Lock House in C&O Canal NHP. Dressed in 1880s costumes, the scouts gave house tours, cooked, and provided other demonstrations outside the home as part of a living history project.

In just one column, it is impossible to acknowledge all the many gifts the Park Service has received—they're just too many of them. And besides the direct benefits they bring, these gifts represent much, much more. They represent faith in our stewardship and support for the conservation ethic the Service embodies. That faith and support has come because of you and every NPS employee before you. It is based on a reputation you have worked for and earned—a reputation to do more than what is required as well as a willingness to make those extra efforts. Your dedication and commitment to preserving many of our nation's natural and cultural treasures—not only for today, but also into the future—is a gift that has not gone unnoticed, and I'd like to thank you for that gift to the American people. Unlike many presents of Christmas that are soon forgotten, this one continues and renews itself from season to season.

In this same spirit, I would like to wish you and your loved ones the best during the holiday season!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "William Penn Mott, Jr." The signature is fluid and cursive.

William Penn Mott, Jr.

FROM THE EDITOR

It starts with oak leaves, piled in tempting drifts on sidewalks or lawns. Their delicious crushability magnetizes three-year olds. So do the puddles that accumulate after rain. Small, be-sneakered feet have to jump or splash or waddle or run straight down the middle, enjoying the sensuality of the moment. Theirs is pure animal joy, a condition rarely experienced by the calmer feet that trudge after. "How do they do it?" one parent will sigh to the other. "Where do they get all their energy from?"

I think it comes from the earth. They are close to it. They read it—like animals. When did an animal not know to hibernate? What tells houseplants to send forth shoots in spring, though the weather of their environment has changed not a whit all year. So too, these young ones respond to the unfettered pleasure of their own small selves outdoors. Watching the frolic of my three-year old—the way he delights in removing his shoes and feeling winter earth, cold and hard, against his skin—I wonder when my more somber good sense replaced such unquestioning vitality.

Lawyer-turned-photographer Gregory Conniff thinks it happens when we become proficient with words. Words are the liars, creating an experience separate from the true one, the speechless one the skin reads when small feet come in contact with earth and stone. In an essay introducing a collection of his photographs, Conniff philosophizes, "Language caters to the human desire for certainty. It rushes to resolve situations. . . . Language can pin meaning like a butterfly to a board." He continues, "language expresses a way of thinking that generalizes the things of the world, and which we permit to place us at a distance from experience. Precise communication by language requires that the speaker and listener share not only an understanding of a word's definition and usage but more important, an experience of the world that permits each to know what the other is talking about."

Writers struggle with just that—tugging forth an idea from the caverns of the mind in such a way that the idea loses none of its original clarity. To accomplish this, words must be sought and used, but the seeking often brings about a creation not completely in harmony with the original

idea. So the articles we read as armchair travelers never completely satisfy our thirst to see and feel and taste and smell. They touch the mind, never the skin.

I think this is why we find it so easy to lean back in a favorite chair, read about conservation issues, nod our heads sagely, and go on with our lives. Even the most impassioned words convict only momentarily. Action is hard. Action demands that we live by the words our lips so glibly shape: that we carry our papers to a recycling center, that we repair what breaks rather than buy something new, that we think about our moral commitment to life on this planet—life lived well and healthily—before we plunk our money on the counter of a fast food outlet to buy sandwiches housed in styrofoam.

But what happens if we reverse the process, if we go not from the name of the experience but from the experience itself—if we leave the armchair and feel for ourselves cold earth on the skin (struggling meanwhile against a heritage of learning that reminds us that doing such things surely invites viruses, bacteria, and other noxious elements into our lives)? The going, of course, is difficult. There is much to unlearn. Conniff says, "A child's eye may be drawn to the motion of a branch of spring-gold leaves against the deeper green shingles on the side of a house, but if he points, a name-conditioned adult will likely tell him he is looking at a tree. He is not seeing a tree, of course; he is seeing maybe color, maybe lines in the air, maybe a sense of indescribable relationships created by the world in motion."

A world of words tells each of us what to do, how to live, what to feel. Words provide old answers. They are safe. In and of themselves, they ask little. They are tools only. It is experience that allows us to push back the edge of the envelope, to explore new territory, to come up with new associations of thing to thing, to, ultimately, devise new words that communicate what we've learned. Experience allows us an intimate acquaintance with bird or flower or trail or idea. Words provide the summary.

Not long ago, I believed that the mere existence of a national park system was enough—that even if I didn't have the pleasure of visiting, others did. However, *to have contact in imagination only is to write only from some intangible place in*

the mind: to hear the howl of imagined wolves; to smell the imagined aroma of burning juniper; to hear the imagined sound of the wind.

True wisdom comes from intimate acquaintance. It comes, as it did for Steve Fuller in this month's "The Gift of a Yellowstone Christmas," from the daily events that, step by step, built to establish a life. It comes, as it did for the people of Olympic NP in "The Year Christmas Came Late," from struggles to save waterfowl endangered by a massive oil spill. It comes from the daily, committed effort to preserve a flower, protect an ecosystem, leave the gift of green and growing things to all three-year-olds who love to frolic in the world. True wisdom is something that those who work in the parks know very well. It is the gift of all open-ended interpretive talks that encourage those slower feet that trudge behind the three-year old to search diligently for the three-year old inside—to pull off shoes and socks, feel the raw deliciousness of the earth, and then (and only then) to use words.

PHOTO HUN SPEAKS: "THIS IS NICE, BUT . . ."

Dixie

Calling Stehekin . . . can you read me? A wistful "hi ya" and happy holidays to all Stehekinites.

Wood stove smoke is surely billowing from most of that community's 30 chimneys (100 year-round residents) as you read this. But winter's chilling blasts can't force those hearty folks to curl up inside their homes there in central Washington, where the Lake Chelan National Recreation Area dissolves into the southern unit of North Cascades National Park.

From now until thundering waterfalls and rushing rivers signal the spring thaw and the start of the heavy tourist season, Stehekinites will be attending to those matters they neglect during summer and fall. Then their lives revolve around the daily 12:30 p.m. arrival of the fully loaded "Lady of the Lake" tour boat. Not unlike locusts, swarms of visitors (*touriae y cameratia*), sometimes 300 or more, bounce down the Lady's gangplank to Stehekin Landing in search of "sights."

After their four-hour cruise those joy-riders who are Stehekin-ignorant have only 90 minutes to tour the village, souvenir hunt, ask questions at the Golden West Visitor Center and grab a snack. Then, back they go! Those who've done their homework have overnight reservations and the opportunity to sample Chef Jim's simple masterpieces at the cozy North Cascades Lodge restaurant.

Whispers have it that August '88 was a particularly rough month on the depleted (due to fires) ranger staff. Someone drew the analogy of enduring the "London Blitz;" however, post-Labor Day psyches seemed on the mend.

Four days in this near-perfect, isolated mountain climate and scenery "spoiled" my travel companion and me. As the rest of our trip unfolded, the phrase often muttered was, "This is nice, but it ain't Stehekin." Relax while ye can, good Stehekinites; the days will soon be getting longer.

"On the Road, Again"

If you've glanced at this space before you may know I'm an admirer of CBS newsman Charles Kuralt, the American two-lane-blacktop driver's patron saint. During 20 September days I chalked up some 1,950 rental-car miles across Washington State's highways—through North Cascades, Olympic and Mt. Rainier parks, plus Grand Coulee Dam, Victoria-Vancouver (BC), Fort Vancouver, Mt. St. Helens, the Columbia Gorge (OR) and quick stops at Seattle's Kingdome and Pioneer Square (Klondike Gold Rush NHP).

The infamous Northwestern rains held off as long as they could. Appropriately, our first drenching came while we walked the lush green paths of Olympic's Hoh Rain Forest Nature Trail. It hadn't rained for the previous 10 days—weren't we lucky? Our consolation was seeing a huge Roosevelt Elk grazing around the parking lot. The weather remained rotten for 24 hours, cancelling any hopes of a Pacific sunset at Kalaloch. But the storm surf was wild.

It was in wonderful North Cascades NP, possibly along the Agnes Gorge Trail, that I began to "feel" how much camera equipment I was lugging around. (Sleep peacefully, Kodak stockholders, I shot 2,060 pictures.) At the same time I was thinking about the "experts" who give photographic advice (in various media) under the names of Picture Master,

Camera Czar and Sir Shutterbug. Since I think it would be more helpful just to grab and shake people who (a) rigidly line up their families in front of unidentifiable places, then (b) stand too far away and snap "cave shots" of them or (c) think their flashbulb will help mountain pictures at dusk, I thought **Photo Hun** would be a catchy, yet accurate, alias for me. It also describes the way I attack most scenic photo opportunities. I only shoot things that move and things that don't. Of course, hauling around three cameras and lenses may indicate Photo Yak is more apt.

P-Hun almost had one pilgrim boiled in oil at Butchart Gardens (a tourist lure 17 miles north of Victoria). While we were checking out the world-renowned Sunken Quarry section, loud Muzak suddenly invaded our eardrums. It stopped and then started again. Would the Garden owners dare have such noise piped in? Then I spotted *him*. A public nuisance with two enormous bags strapped to his bulging carcass. One for the Videocam and one for the (Yikes!) tape recorder. I wonder if he got the correct sound "mix" afterward.

Calendar Confusion

A lump of coal in my turkey? Bah humbug! Usually the time lag between when I pound out this column and when the *Courier* gets inked and delivered doesn't bother me. But I'm sitting here way before Halloween trying to conjure up the proper Christmas/Chanukkah/New Year's attitude. A month even before turkey and stuffing, my only point of future reference is that TV ad for Holiday song albums that's been running since October 4.

Christmas is for children, but I can't convince any of my friends of that theory. I have \$ix hobbie\$ but I get glassware. Is there any way to avoid this one-upmanship "Shop til You Drop" season?

On the other hand, I'd like my NPS stocking stuffed with all those hard-to-get brochures from parks such as Yosemite, Zion, Yellowstone and Dinosaur. Surprise me, Harpers Ferry elves! Giftwrap an inventory sheet listing the complete park handbook series (dating from #1) and indicate which handbooks are still available or revised and which are long gone to the archives.

We are in the countdown to 1989 and the old red Park Index says 1987. Maybe we could imprint "1991" on the next one and pretend to be current for once. And what about that rare "Shaping the System"

booklet. We probably should have printed more than 112 for Servicewide distribution. It seemed like a handy item to pitch to the historically vacant about NPS History, but very few people ever even got one.

I recently received a "Catalog of National Historic Landmarks—1987." Printed in the traditional Index design, it lists the 1,811 landmarks (up to mid-1987). I wonder if anyone is doing a similar publication for the National Natural Landmarks.

All of these listings available in handy booklet form make a tidy little reference library. They just seem so slow to get coordinated and printed. Wasn't the Computer Age supposed to speed up these kinds of updating tasks. We've been hoodwinked, no?

Happy holidays, and usher in 1989 safely!

THE PERSONNEL SIDE

Terrie Fajardo

I stayed up half the night recently watching the Bogart film festival. Wasn't he grand with that tilted hat and the lippy way he talked? Don't you ever wish that your job could be as exciting as a mystery?...

...It was a cold, snowy day in Washington, DC—the kind of cold that cuts through you like the jagged edge of an often used switchblade. My office was in the penthouse of the largest building in the city. Its wall-to-wall windows gave me a panoramic view from the White House to the Potomac. This is my city, gleaming like the crown jewel of southern hospitality between the Maryland and Virginia shores. As I stood looking out toward the river, the door to my office slowly opened. I turned, ready for action...

Ms. Sidney Fitzwheasel, a clerk-typist with one of natural resource divisions, entered. She sat down stiffly in the black arm chair I kept available for clients like her. I could tell something was wrong. Her little face was screwed up like a prune. She looked ready to cry.

"What's the matter, Sidney?" I handed her a tissue.

"I heard Farley telling Marilyn I could work for her, beginning Monday. My job is gone," she sniffed, "and he didn't tell

me! What can I do? I don't want to work for Marilyn."

Obviously there was more to this than met the eye. Sidney needed help, and I was obviously the one for the job. I reached for the telephone. Sometimes asking the right questions is all that's needed. After a somewhat lengthy conversation with Farley, I was able to start piecing things together.

Farley and Marilyn are both natural resource division chiefs. It appears that some time earlier in the day, Marilyn had told Farley that her clerk-typist was resigning (Marilyn had not notified us yet—Personnel is always the last to know). She also had mentioned her fear that the loss of a skilled clerical person would make her unable to meet her deadlines. Trying to spread brotherly love during this Christmas season, Farley volunteered Sidney's assistance until Marilyn's vacant clerical position could be filled. In other words, Sidney was going on a detail.

A detail is the temporary assignment of an employee to a different position for a specified period, with the employee returning to his/her regular duties at the end of that time. Most common details are: 1) To unclassified duties—up to a maximum period of one year, in increments of 120 days; 2) To higher grade positions—except for brief periods, an employee should not be detailed to perform work of a higher grade level unless there are compelling reasons for doing so. Rather, an employee should be given a temporary promotion. If for some reason a temporary promotion is not appropriate, a detail to a higher grade can be made non-competitively for a maximum period of 120 days. If the detail is to last more than 120 days, it must be advertised under NPS Merit Promotion Plan procedures; 3) To the same grade position—up to a maximum of one year, in 120-day increments. A detail for a second year must have prior approval from the Assistant Director, Personnel and Administrative Services, here in the Washington Office.

The above instances are initiated to fill a temporary, in-house need. Other instances also may develop for which a detail would be appropriate, such as certain training assignments, assignments to international organizations, or assignments to state or local governments.

One further point when considering details: if the region or park has a union bargaining agreement, there may be language in the agreement concerning a

detail and its relationship to a temporary promotion. Here in the Washington Office the union bargaining agreement states that moving a bargaining unit employee to a higher grade position that is to last more than 60 days requires a temporary promotion rather than a detail. This is significant because, as regulations indicate, in order for an employee to receive a temporary promotion he or she must be able to qualify for that position as if it were going to be a permanent promotion. This means an employee must meet the requirements of the Federal Personnel Manual X-118 for the position involved, as well as any time-in-grade requirements. This may limit the number of employees a supervisor may consider for a detail or temporary promotion.

Well, Sydney has stopped crying. In fact she seemed almost happy. She and Farley and I had a nice long chat. I pointed out that a detail can be a learning experience—a chance to discover how other divisions operate, and a chance for others to see how well she performs. She finally agreed that Marilyn did not have two heads, one of which was vicious, and that a temporary assignment might prove to be interesting after all. I also mentioned to Farley that it is better to let employees know that you are considering them for a detail, rather than letting them find out by chance. It shows the confidence the supervisor places in the employees and it provides employees an opportunity to express their feelings about the detail. The important thing, too, is to reassure employees that, once the detail is over, they will return to their normal work. Their jobs are safe.

Ge, I love to solve mysteries, especially those with happy endings. If you would like to learn more about this and other topics, just contact your friendly Administrative/Personnel Office staff. They can provide you with copies of Federal Personnel Manual (FPM) Chapter 300, Subchapter 8, entitled "Detail of Employees," FPM Letter 300-32 entitled "New Authority to Detail Employees" and NPS FPM Chapter 335, entitled "NPS Merit Promotion Plan," Subchapter 2.4, concerning "Temporary Promotions." You also might want to discuss with them any union bargaining agreement concerns you might have.

The sun is beginning to show through the dark and desolate clouds. The wind continues to howl along granite alleyways. It's still bitter cold outside as I snuggle a

little deeper into my trenchcoat. The city, my city, is all around me as I hear the faint ringing of reindeer bells. A sleigh comes even with my gaze and a fat guy in a red suit waves as he passes. Six or seven little fellas in floppy hats are holding on for dear life. Wonder where he got his hacker's license? Maybe that's another mystery to solve.

Till next time, may you have a joyous, peaceful and safe holiday season.

LETTERS

A few weeks ago I noted a letter in the front window of a Hot Springs store proclaiming Hot Springs NP the country's first national park. Later, across the street, I noticed a monument dated 1837 honoring past secretaries of the interior for administering Hot Springs Reservation. This indicates to me that Hot Springs, as a protected, preserved area, came well before Yellowstone. But, we still proclaim Yellowstone "first." So which is really first, or does it make any difference, since each park unit is unique and thus first in its own right?

Kenneth R. Rueff
DSC

Editor's Note: Which came first is a perennial question, raised by everyone from school kids to veteran employees. Possible answers include: parts of National Capital Parks dating to 1790 when the first plans for the capital city were put in place; Hot Springs, set aside as a federal reservation in 1832 (but not named a national park until 1921); Yosemite, where Yo-Semite Valley and the big trees grove were set aside in 1864 for preservation management by the state, and Yellowstone, which became the first—in 1872—to carry the formal title "national park." Anyone care to offer another option?

The article "Remembering the Rangers of the Blue Ridge Parkway" was pleasing to read and informative to many people about how things used to get done in the National Park Service. However, I found the captioning of the photographs to be very wrong. The photograph on page 9 shows Liles in a post-1960 uniform; however the caption identifies the photograph as being from

1938. The arrowhead symbol of the National Park Service was adopted in 1951. Until 1960, the uniform belt was a western style with a small belt buckle. Additionally, the green name tag was adopted servicewide from about 1960 through 1968. I also find it hard to believe that General Motors was test driving their 1950s style automobiles on the Blue Ridge Parkway in the 1930s. Note the photograph and caption on page 10.

Frank Montford

I am pleased that the April Courier was devoted to John Muir. Well-written articles by knowledgeable people are welcome. I realize that there is sometimes a different perspective when looking westward from the eastern coast of North America, but the *Courier* makes reference to places that do not exist: Sierras and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Historian Francis Farquhar explains it best:

The Spanish word *sierra* means "range of mountains," and is usually found in combination with other words, such as Sierra Blanca (white range), Sierra Madre (mother or central range), and Sierra Nevada (snowy range). Occasionally *las sierras* is used to designate a group of mountain ranges or ridges. In the Spanish narratives of exploration *una sierra nevada* is frequently found written without capital initials, referring simply to a snow-covered range of mountains. It was in this way that our own Sierra Nevada was first designated. Early in the Nineteenth Century it was sometimes called the California Range by American explorers, but gradually the Spanish phrase prevailed, and after a while it became a specific name and took its place on all maps. The Sierra Nevada is distinctly a unit, both geographically and topographically, and is well described by *una sierra nevada*. Strictly speaking therefore, we should never say "Sierras" or "High Sierras," or "Sierra Nevadas," in referring to it. Nevertheless, these forms are so frequently found in the very best works of literature and science that it would perhaps be pedantic to deny their admissibility. It becomes, therefore, a matter of preference, and for our part we rather like to keep in mind the unity of our great range by calling it simply "The Sierra," or "The Sierra Nevada."

Having thus promised not to look askance at "Sierras," we may perhaps be spared the pain of hearing "Sierra Nevada

Mountains." Surely one does not say "Loch Katrine Lake," Rio Grande River," or "Saint San Francisco."

Scott M. Kruse
Biophysical Geographer

Editor's Note: To borrow a plea used in local traffic court, "guilty, with an explanation." As a nation, we have abused the linguistic heritages of many nations and cultures in our place names. The use of "Sierras" is such a case, now accepted by most authorities. If you'd like a more convoluted example, try Tucson. This Arizona city is honored with an Anglicized pronunciation of the Spanish approximation of a traditional Indian name. Even so, "Sierra mountains" is clearly a redundancy, deserving banishment.

It's Sunday and Bill is filling in at the visitor center desk. It's going to be busy with pumpkin-picking time, and because of illness, there is only one of his staff available to work. After church, I take Bill his lunch while Neva changes into pioneer dress to help with tours at the fort.

As I stood at the desk—so Bill could quickly eat the sandwich I brought—I reflected on Rob Arnberger's letter: that he didn't feel there was such a thing as "green blood" and that even if there were, dedication to the NPS rather than heredity would be what makes it green.

Years before, Bill had told me about a seasonal employee whose father was high in the NPS. One day the father told his son, "I'm going to pull strings again, and if you don't take this job, I'm through helping." The son took the next offer and his career has leaped ahead ever since. We also have seen others with the right names and/or connections move ahead more rapidly than the rest. Of course, these people might have gotten ahead at the same rate without help (NPS children tend to be superior). We also feel a bit like the blind person trying to decide what an elephant looks like by holding the tail. You need the whole picture and all the facts before making any judgments.

However, I wonder what parent wouldn't help a child in every way possible. I know we do. If the child wants to join the NPS and a certain school might help, the parent sends him or her to that school. Then when the child is ready to look for work, what parent wouldn't offer

advice based on personal experience about what to do and who to see? It's only natural to help family. That's why nepotism isn't allowed in the federal government. Certainly, it stands to reason that the person choosing the best qualified applicant for a job will be guided by personal knowledge. The other applicants may be the most dedicated people in the NPS—they may be able to "walk on water"—but it doesn't matter if the boss already has someone else in mind.

What is the answer? There is no getting around the fact that second generation NPS personnel are probably going to be exceptional and good for the Park Service. However, denying there is a problem won't solve anything. Dedication comes easy when a person is rewarded constantly. Real dedication is when a person gets passed over time after time, year after year, and still keeps on giving 100% to the ideals of the National Park Service.

I think just discussing the issue will help. Life is not always fair and there is no way to legislate it so. Sometimes the only reward is a day like today. We know the visitors will have a better NPS experience because of what we have done, but they won't realize there was any problem. As they happily tour the monument and pick their pumpkins, they will accept today for what the Park Service has come to mean: a well-run, first-rate organization.

Janice Herr
Pipe Spring National
Monument

Director William Penn Mott's report in the June issue of the *Courier* is a beautiful statement to be regarded as a foundation for unifying people. The courage to contribute that honest perspective—the unique, creative expression one has in mind—is what raises the positive energy level, enabling more interaction and increasing the interest and concern for improvement. As Director Mott states: "It requires a delicate balance of confidence and judgement on the part of the creator to hold on when it's appropriate, and let go when it's time." Those are words to live by! Let's strengthen our courage, so when those intermittent opportunities for our needed voice arise, we have it to give.

Roderick R. Frandino
Albany, NY

The April 1988 article "Archeology and the Federal Government" perpetuates an error concerning the preservation role of government. The 1889 legislation and funding for the protection and repair of Casa Grande was not, in fact, the first time Congress did this, although commonly cited as such. While I realize the article does not say so specifically, it is implied and widely believed that Casa Grande was the first time Congress made an appropriation for preservation of a cultural resource.

In fact, five years earlier on July 5, 1884, President Chester A. Arthur signed into law a Congressional appropriation of \$5,000 for the preservation of the Spanish fort, Castillo de San Marcos (called Fort Marion between 1825 and 1942). This allocation of federal monies for preservation and restoration to the 1821 period was no fluke, but rather a product of a half-century-long effort.

Not long after the U.S. War Department inherited the 1672 fortification at St. Augustine, FL, Lieutenant Benham of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers informed the department that the fort had been neglected, and requested funding for its repair, including what today might be called "emergency stabilization" beyond the immediate needs of the department because of the fort's outstanding "military architecture." It is not clear from the records how much, if any, of the funds used for repairs at Castillo de San Marcos in 1839 and into the 1840s was used for non-military purposes, i.e., preservation.

However, it is clear that a War Department appropriation of at least \$290 was used between 1859 and the early 1860s to conduct what we would call preservation maintenance and protection of the fort beyond the purposes of the military. By this period the grounds of the fort were used as pasture for grazing cattle. Lieutenant William H.C. Whiting, assigned to St. Augustine in 1859, commented in his initial inspection report (June 6) that it was a pity that "so vulnerable a relic of the most ancient dominion on the continent should, now that it is in our hands, be annihilated for want of care." Whiting received the departmental appropriations to remove encroaching vegetation and to erect a fence to protect the fort from vandalism.

This information is contained in one of the history data sections of the Historic Structures Report of Castillo de San

Marcos National Monument (1983) written by Chief Historian Edwin C. Bearss. The War Department period covered in Bearss' narrative goes on to document the preservation movement that led up to the 1884 Congressional allocation. This makes for interesting reading. Someone with the time ought to put it together for publication.

I realize the Smith/McManamon article's focus is on the archeological involvement of the government, but this Casa Grande misconception pervades the entire preservation community and should be corrected. Casa Grande was not the first time federal government funds were used to protect and preserve our nation's cultural heritage.

C. Craig Frazier
DSC-TWE

The purpose of this letter is to commend the Park Service in general and some rangers in particular for rescuing me from Upheaval Dome (Canyonlands NP).

This past summer, I received a back-country permit at Canyonlands Ranger Station for two days to hike the Upheaval Dome Trail. Although the permit was for Monday and Tuesday, I decided to start Sunday afternoon and come out Monday. I negotiated the difficult but well-marked trail, including the switchback section, only to miss the mark where (I think) the Syncline Valley trail intersects the Upheaval Dome trail. I believe (although the territory is still not clear to me) that I turned left into Upheaval Dome instead of following the cairns around to the parking area. After hiking up the canyon most of Monday, camping and continuing further up Tuesday, I realized I was on the wrong track, and retraced my steps, only to discover that I couldn't get down because of a sheer drop of perhaps 40 feet that was not there when I came up. I spent most of Tuesday retracing my steps, looking for the stream bed I had followed up. I never did find it—one of the desert's many cards it can deal a novice. I tried again on Wednesday, walking up and down the canyon in a futile search for the right stream bed. By Wednesday afternoon, I was exhausted. It was then that the park rangers found me. I would like to mention the names of some of the rangers whose combined effort probably saved my life.

First is Kevin Cheri, district ranger, who controlled every aspect of the rescue operation, and who made final decisions. Although he was clearly in charge, he appeared to defer to the decisions of rangers in the field when they seemed appropriate. His low-key, high-synergy style seemed to facilitate operations at every turn. Next is Sheri Kahre, the ranger who actually found me. Her enthusiasm, encouragement and youthful optimism helped me get on my feet and start walking. Insofar as this is possible with anyone in such circumstances, I believe we became friends in the few hours we were together. She graciously put up with a man whom stress and fatigue had turned into an ogre. I was by turns impatient, irritable, thoughtless, and obsessed with talking. It's a wonder Sheri didn't at some point tell me to "shut up." Not only that, but she accepted without complaint the decision to spend Wednesday night on the trail knowing that she had no camping gear. I'm quite sure that she spent a cold, miserable night, but she uttered not a word of complaint. Her upbeat temperament never failed her. When I left the ranger station to be driven back to the car, I hugged Sheri and said to everybody assembled, "This was my mother for two days." I tried to make a joke to disguise, and still express, my gratitude to this fine young woman.

Next is Bill Robbins. Bill issued my back country permit. He was very thorough in explaining the nature of the hike, the rules covering it and the physical demands it makes on the hiker. Three or four times he stressed the importance of physical fitness almost as if to say, "Look, old timer (I'm 62), I respect your wishes, but oughtn't you to think twice about making this trip?" Of course, he didn't say that but I think it was on his mind. Because I've been backpacking in the Coastal ranges from California to Washington State for 30 years, I felt confident about my abilities and brushed aside doubts. Bill issued the pass. In the end, it wasn't my body that failed me but my brain—I made a wrong turn and lost the trail. But through no fault of Bill's. He must have said three or four times, "Stay alert. Follow the cairns." What more could he do? Bill arrived minutes after Sheri found me. They both had fresh water. That, together with their sheer presence, began to raise my spirits. After considerable talk on their radios, they decided that Bill would go one way and

Sheri would lead me out.

Next is Ann Morrison. I had been impressed by her fireside talk at Grand View Point campground just a few nights earlier, and here she was, having driven a truck into the terrain as far as she could, then hiking up the stream bed with more fresh water for us. After the decision to stay the night, she returned to the truck and came back with camping gear....

Next is Tom Cox. Of all the rangers who came to my rescue, his effort seemed to me at the time to be the most awesome. In the dead of night he drove in on a jeep trail which in places hangs between a sheer rock face above and a sheer dropoff to the river below, and appeared to me to be about as wide as a city sidewalk. He parked and hiked the three miles to where we were camped carrying a 40-pound pack and lighting his way with a special lantern—all of this in the pitch black of midnight. Awakened out of a heavy sleep, I was greeted by this pleasant young man who handed me a snack lunch and bottles of water and orange drink. On my lunch sack was written: "Yippee! Energy sack! Only a short way now!" It was decorated with a smiling face and a "looking good" sticker, and was signed "Cindy." It contained a meal for kings: one sandwich, a bag of cherries, and a mix of dry cereal and cookies. Later I learned that this was the work of Cindy Hasis, who prepared food for all of us at that late hour after spending the day operating the radio relay during the search. I didn't meet Cindy, but I think I know what makes her special. She is a person who understands the value of a positive, upbeat attitude during times of adversity, and has the ability to communicate that attitude to others. Her enthusiasm was literally written all over that sack. For the first time in several days I laughed out loud. Her attitude was contagious.

Next morning, we walked out to the trucks. I was rested, refreshed and energized—with a little help from my overnight friends. I drove out with Tom Cox, watching in disbelief as he whisked along some sections of the road that I would have been afraid to walk. I decided that Tom Cox had made a special pact with the spirits of Canyonland, or he had a lot of experience with the terrain.... Back at the visitor center I went over the details of my experience with Kevin Cheri, who took notes and tape recorded the conversation. I made it as clear as I could that the

Park Service had no liability in the matter, that the trail is clearly marked and, especially at the switchback section, carefully and ingeniously maintained for maximum safety.... Once again I want to thank everyone who helped me. If I learned one thing, it is that good people dedicated to protecting both the wilderness environment and the people who visit it are a national treasure worthy of our admiration, respect and support.

Bob Bernasconi

THE PUBLIC SPEAKS

Recently, I had the opportunity to visit the USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor, and I was very impressed with the quality of the operation and the special attention to duty that **Superintendent William Dickinson** demonstrated.... His very professional staff, **Lisa Collins, John Aquino, and Lisa Simpson**, we found to be very attentive, knowledgeable, and illustrative of a superb national park image.... Congratulations on having these quality people representing the National Park Service.

E.H., Yosemite, CA

You should know that Mr. Phil Evans and his surfmen presented an impressive life-saving demonstration last Thursday at the Chicamacomico Coast Guard Station along North Carolina's Outer Banks (Cape Hatteras NS).... What was really saved, of course, was a precious piece of American history.... With clock-work precision, Evans and his crew of seven rolled an equipment cart from the boat house, man-handled it between the dunes and into the beach's soft sand. They set up their gear quickly, and fired off a life-saving line to some distant rigging that appeared to be the remains of a vessel foundered in the surf.... The sights and sounds are as vivid now as they were then. Sun. Sweat. Flies. Evans' clear commands across the sand. Hand signals. Rhythmic rasping of shovels against the sand to set a land anchor; squeaks and rattles of block and tackle; chanting men rigging lines, and hundreds

of spectators cheering when the breeches buoy brought a youngster to safety.... A considerable amount of planning, training and preparation is required for these presentations, and judging from the crowd reaction I saw, they rank as world-class memories. As far as this taxpayer is concerned, they are well worth the cost in training, personnel, time and equipment. Do more of them, even if you must charge admission.... I think you also should know that the extra effort, knowledge, patience and pleasing good humor of Evans, John Cook, Darrell (and the others whose names I'm sorry I do not have) contributed to the outstanding performance that brought this history lesson to life. I hope you will give them the recognition they have earned and deserve.

H.L., Toms River, NJ

Last month, my wife, Lois, and I were privileged to visit the Lake Clark National Park and Preserve area as part of a Sierra Club backpack outing. Our trip started at Turquoise Lake, passed through the Twin Lakes areas, and ended at Lachbuna Lake. **Chris Ryan** was on duty at Twin Lakes when our group first reached and camped at the lower lake, and he stopped by to check on us. On learning of a severe blister that had developed on Lois' right foot, Chris offered to ferry her the following day from our camp to the next day's camp on the upper lake in the Klepper craft. She gladly accepted. With a layover day following the boat ride, her blister improved sufficiently to allow her to complete the trip.... The value of avoiding the loss of the experience of a lifetime is priceless. The additional avoided cost of lodging and food at Port Alsworth is not. Two-hundred-fifty dollars is a fair estimate of what we saved. It would seem appropriate for us to donate a like sum to a proper cause in appreciation of Chris' help provided to a wilderness traveler in distress. We are advised that the Search & Rescue Fund of Lake Clark NP qualifies; so a check for \$250 to that fund is enclosed. Please include a copy of this letter in Chris Ryan's personnel file as a statement of appreciation for the action he took, and as recognition of a commendable dispatch of duty.

D.R., Smyrna, GA

A GIFT OF A YELLOWSTONE CHRISTMAS

The house is swaddled in snow. Huge drifts cover the entire back side, while a massive dunelike cornice grows around the windward end of the building. It is December and another winter is heaping its frozen fury upon our home in Yellowstone National Park.

Once again, we are snowbound—and loving every minute of it. Outside, the air feels fresh and clean. In every direction, the scenery is picture-postcard beautiful. Geysers form crystalline gardens. Elk parade in the distance. Our home is filled with anticipation of the holidays. We are a fortunate family, for every year we enjoy the gift of a Yellowstone Christmas.

I am a winterkeeper in the nation's oldest national park, charged with taking care of a large complex of summer tourist facilities boarded up for the season. Along with my wife, Angela, I have spent every holiday season since 1973 snowbound in an old solitary house overlooking the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River in the heart of the park. We are among a handful of people—including two other winterkeepers—scattered over Yellowstone's 3,472 square miles during the cold months.

Our two daughters, Emma, 15, and Skye, 12, have lived their entire lives in the park. Skye, in fact, was born on December 23 during our second year in the winterkeeper's house. Needless to say, she has never had to dream of a white Christmas, since Yellowstone's scenic canyon area receives an average snowfall of some 250 inches a year.

In early November, when the park's interior roads become closed to wheeled vehicles, we put our car in storage and begin preparing for living in a deep freeze. The closest town is 42 miles to the north, and for years, we did not have any regular means of getting there during winter. Thus, we rarely received mail or had visitors.

By mid-November, we had to stockpile nearly five months worth of supplies inside our house. The cartons of canned goods and other products, stacked as high as the ceiling, filled every nook and cranny. The children drank only dried milk, and sprouts, grown in jars in the kitchen, were our only steady source of fresh greenery.

Now, however, we have snowmobiles and supplies are more accessible. Nevertheless, by December, the snow is much too deep to walk through. We must rely on cross-country skis and snowshoes just to move beyond our front door.

December is also the coldest month of the year in the park. Pre-modern Sioux Indians, who lived in Montana just to the north and east of Yellowstone, called the month the "Moon of the Popping Trees." When temperatures suddenly drop far below freezing, the woods resound with gunshotlike cracks as moisture within the trees freezes and expands. The wood splinters explosively.



Three years ago, a few days before Christmas, the temperature dropped overnight to 67 degrees below zero Fahrenheit—frigid enough to cause excitement even among long-time Yellowstone residents. It was one of the coldest nights I've experienced, and I remember opening the front door and stepping outside to sample the air.

The night was filled with the familiar muffled roar of falling water from the 300-foot waterfall at the head of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, only a few hundred yards from our doorstep. A dense plume of water vapor rose from the base of the falls and loomed in the sky above me. A steady rain of small frost crystals twinkled with reflected starlight as they tumbled out of the plume and settled softly atop the house.

I tried to take a full, deep breath, but broke into a fit of coughing. The air was too cold to inhale. Yet the clarity of the atmosphere was extraordinary. Orion, the premier winter constellation, hung directly over the canyon, its stars sparkling brilliantly.



On the other side of the canyon, no more than a half-mile away, dense clouds of steam rose from a cluster of hot droppings. In the clear, calm air, the clouds looked like gigantic heads of cauliflower. A few miles to the south, a big anvil-shaped cloud, fed by nearly a dozen distinct geyser plumes, hung in the sky—an ephemeral aerial architecture. As I stepped back inside, I remember thinking what a lucky man I was to live in such a remarkable place...

Often, the snows of early winter are so downy that a person can walk through a waist-deep fresh fall with little difficulty. But as it gets closer to holiday time, the snowfalls become heavier and denser. That's when my work really begins.

The canyon village is about a mile from our house. It's a cluster of lodges, shops and cabins that help service the hordes of visitors who come to Yellowstone each summer. During winter, however, each of those buildings can get heavily weighted down with dense, wet snow.

If allowed to accumulate, such snow would eventually crush the roof beams. My job throughout the cold months is to make sure that doesn't happen. (In summer, I work with others to maintain the village facilities for the tourists.)

When I first became a winterkeeper, one old-timer told me it was the "hardest work in Wyoming." And indeed, it is demanding work. Drifts commonly are eight feet deep, sometimes more. With a long snow saw, I climb onto the buildings and cut the snow into blocks that can weigh several hundred pounds each, then knock them free with a shovel and slide them carefully off the roof. It's a constant battle against the heavy snow, but I enjoy doing it.

Sometimes, in fact, the work becomes almost effortless—a kind of flowing dance with snow saw and shovel. In moments like that, I have time to reflect on the things that make life so dear.

I recall Christmas day in 1974, when Angela presented me with the finest holiday gift I'll ever receive, our younger daughter, Skye, who had been born two days earlier in the doctor's office in town. We had traveled there by snowcoach, a ten-passenger tractor that carries tourists into the park during winter. Fortunately, the coach was in the area that day and we were able to make connections with it by walkie-talkie.

Ever since, Skye's birthday has been the occasion for a big party, to which friends and neighbors from all over Yellowstone come. By evening, the trail in front of the house is jammed with snowmobiles, and the kitchen is filled with people.

Christmas itself has traditionally been a time for family togetherness. For the past three winters, Angela and the girls have lived during the week at the park headquarters at Mammoth, 35 miles from home. Angela runs the hotel there during the cold months, which enables Emma and Skye to attend nearby junior and senior high schools. They return home every weekend, via snowmobiles. Thus, for me, the holidays are a welcome time when we can all be together as a family.

On Christmas Eve, we cross-country ski over the beautiful hills near our house, sometimes heading for a thermal area. There are five such areas within ten miles of our house, and during winter the warm patches of ground near the hot springs and geysers at-



tract many animals, especially moose and small herds of elk and bison.

Often, we ski very close to the bison, which generally tend to ignore us. Over the years, though, we've learned a lot about the burly animals' body language and know when to steer way clear of them. Thus, we've never had any trouble with them.

At night, we take turns reading Raymond Briggs' *Father Christmas* aloud, then Emma and Skye hang their stockings and go to bed. In the morning, we gather to open our gifts, then begin preparations for our traditional candlelight feast, which for several years now has always included a bottle of homemade dandelion wine. Emma and I gathered and prepared the blossoms when she was three. Now, only a half-dozen bottles of the wine remain—a rare vintage that reaches back to a sunflooded summer's after-

noon when we were all young, a day that somehow has become long ago.

Now, as we approach our fifteenth Christmas in the house, we have much to be thankful for. Here, married love was matured and become permanent. Here, one of our children was conceived and both have been nurtured into young adulthood. Here, we have learned to live close to Nature and cope with her ways. Here, we have truly found a place to call home.

As he very articulately describes, R. Steven Fuller is one of Yellowstone's winterkeepers. He is also a fine photographer whose work has appeared in numerous magazines and galleries (see the July 1988 Courier). This article first appeared in National Wildlife, January 1988.

THE YEAR CHRISTMAS CAME LATE

For half a hundred Olympic NP employees and their families, there has never been a Christmas quite like it.

It was foul, dirty, tearful—and wonderful.

For Sharon Wray, manager of the Pioneer Memorial Visitor Center, Christmas dinner was a cold turkey sandwich and a styrofoam cup of soup served on a bitterly cold beach overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Historian Susan Schultz had been forced to cancel an airline flight back home for Christmas with relatives in Wisconsin. Instead, she worked until 3 o'clock Christmas morning before falling victim to fatigue.

Paul Crawford remembers walking into a locker room at Port Angeles High School at midnight and finding people there singing "Silent Night." It brought a lump to his throat.

These bittersweet memories are of Christmas 1985, when Olympic NP, towns people from Port Angeles, and residents throughout Washington's Olympic Peninsula mobilized through the Christmas holidays to try to save several thousand seafowl stricken by a massive oil spill.

On Saturday, December 21, the hull of a supertanker bearing North Slope crude oil ruptured less than 100 yards offshore in Port Angeles harbor and in the next few hours spewed 189,000 gallons of its cargo. The toxic stuff spread on the tide, and within a day had coated miles of the peninsula coastline. It trapped thousands of sea birds and ducks, struggling piteously to escape.

Word of the disaster spread quickly through the park and communities as distant as Tacoma, Bremerton and Gray's Harbor. Volunteers by the hundreds assembled in grey, overcast weather to begin collecting birds both on the beaches and in the tarry waters offshore.

"Somehow we developed a system through all of the chaos," recalls Paul Crawford, a resource management specialist. "We got bales of drying cloths, shopping bags, adhesive tape, plastic sheeting, plywood, netting, radios, plastic swimming pools, everything we could think of. Someone discovered that Dawn dishwashing detergent worked in removing the oil from the birds' feathers; we bought every bottle we could find."

An emergency care center for the stricken birds was established in Port Angeles High School's gymnasium. Thousands of gallons of water, carefully blended to 105 degrees, were produced to permit a round-the-clock washing operation. Dozens of hair dryers were collected to dry the birds.

"There was no "state of the art,"" Crawford recalls, "and we saved only a modest percentage of the birds. What was important, though, was making the effort."

Sharon Wray, whose husband, Vern, was manager of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Dungeness National Wildlife Refuge, almost

by default became coordinator of an on-site command post on the beach between Port Angeles and Sequim.

"We never even thought about Christmas," she says. "Everyone worked to save the birds—even families with little kids, 5 or 6 years old. People worked 12 and 14 hours, day and night. It was the sixth or seventh day before we got our first hot meal."

With airline reservations made well in advance, Susan Schultz drove to Seattle only to find the airport closed by heavy fog that endured for a full week. All flights were cancelled.

"I had already taken leave, and there was nothing better for me to do than return to Port Angeles and help out," she recalls. "Somebody handed me a hair dryer and the first thing I knew I was blow-drying birds."

For each of the park people, it was a touching experience.

And in one fashion or another, each had a Christmas celebration. Paul Crawford joined his family at home for a mid-afternoon traditional dinner; then, while his wife Margaret remained home to clean up dishes, he and his daughters, then 17 and 15, returned to the high school for more rescue effort.

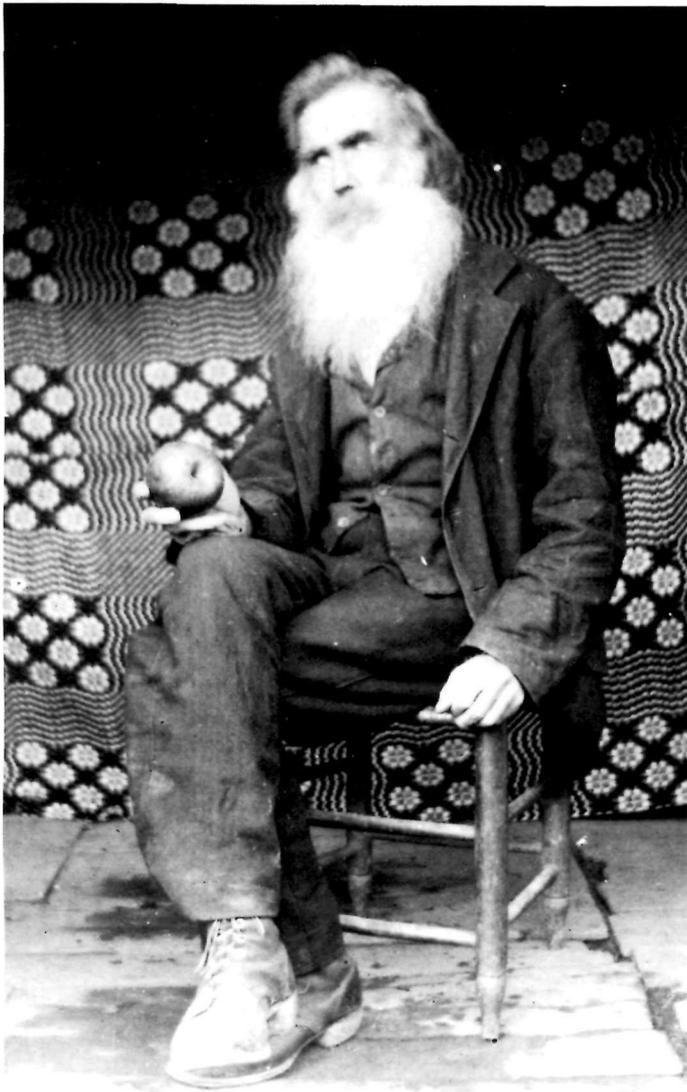
Sharon Wray and her family—four sons and a daughter—postponed their traditional Christmas party until January 17.

And Susan Schultz finally made it home to Reedsburg, Wisconsin, the following spring. It was a late Christmas that year.

Jim Harpster, retired public affairs officer for the Rocky Mountain Region, was on his way from Olympic NP to the Virgin Islands NP when he completed this story. The Park Service's version of Charles Kuralt, he now travels to parks nationwide, doing volunteer public affairs work and developing insightful stories from these experiences.

Orchard: [from the Latin hortus (garden) + the Old English geard (yard)]. A planting of fruit trees or nut trees; also the trees of such a planting.

A TASTE OF HISTORY



Have you ever tasted an Early Strawberry, a Summer Rose, an Autumn Seek-no-Further, a Winter Sweet Paradise, a Limber Twig, a Sour Johns, a Victuals and Drink, or perhaps a Sops of Wine? Did you know that the Newtown Pippin was George Washington's favorite and that Thomas Jefferson liked the Esopus Spitzenburg best?

If you are like most Americans, you don't know that these are names for apple varieties. If, however, you work at one of the NPS units that currently contains historic orchard trees, you may have tasted the unusual flavor of one of these heirloom apples.

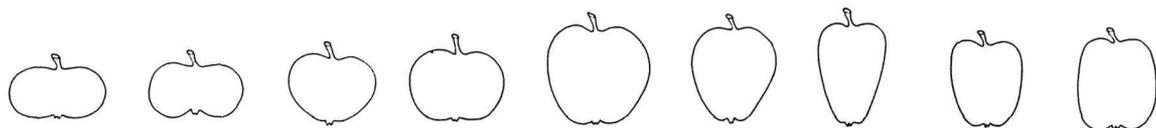
According to A.J. Downing, whose book, *The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America*, became the standard 19th-century reference for orcharding, the Newtown Pippin: "stands at the head of all apples, and is, when in perfection, acknowledged to be unrivalled in all the qualities which constitute a high flavoured dessert apple, to which it combines the quality of long keeping without the least shrivelling, retaining its high flavour to the last."

How does Jefferson's favorite apple stand up to Washington's? Downing gives this apple similar praise. He writes that the Esopus Spitzenburg: "is a handsome, truly delicious apple, and is generally considered, by all good judges, equal to the Newtown Pippin, and unsurpassed as a dessert fruit, by any other variety."

Both varieties are American, originating from seedlings in the New York area.

Hundreds of fruit tree cultivars have been grown in the United States since early Colonial days. Apple trees were especially important to the colonists, supplying them with apple butter, preserves, jellies, dried fruit, vinegar and cider. Each apple variety had its own distinctive flavor and coloring: tart, green ones were best for cooking; yellow ones were made into sauces and cider; and the sweet, juicy red apples were saved for eating out-of-hand.

Most fruit trees do not reproduce true to seed. As pioneers journeyed into the frontier, they could only take along seeds for their future orchards. Most of the trees that sprouted generally were of poor quality, but when a worthwhile specimen appeared,





it generally was reproduced by grafting. Almost every homestead had at least one apple tree, and most farms maintained a small orchard.

With the proliferation of railroads, the rise of industrialism and increase in population, homesteader-grown fruits became a thing of the past. Modern commercial operations evolved from the old farm orchards. Many of the old varieties eventually were replaced by a smaller number of new varieties that were attractive, easily handled or stored, and adaptable to a wide range of soils and climate. At the turn of the century, hundreds of old apple varieties were commercially available. Now we are limited to a few, modern varieties that often lack flavor and aroma.

Undisturbed Heirlooms

Because many NPS sites are undisturbed, the Service may be the last reservoir for certain types of historic plant material. Numerous old apple and other orchard trees still remain, often near abandoned homesites or under advancing forest canopy. Certain cultivated species yet may be endangered. Having developed in and adapted to regional ecologies, these unique cultivars are susceptible to changes in their habitats.

Increased interest in preserving this heritage has resulted in a project entitled "Inventory and Conservation of Genetic Resources of Historically Significant Fruit Trees in the National Park Service." Funded by the Director's biological diversity initiative, this project includes a survey of historic orchards, remnants of old orchards, and old fruit and nut trees. Conducted by the North Atlantic Regional Office in co-operation with the University of Massachusetts, it has used information from a two-page questionnaire, mailed to all parks in November of 1987, to determine which sites have orchard trees. Of the 341 NPS units authorized at the time of the survey, 337 responses initially have been confirmed.

One-hundred and twenty-seven sites (37%) report fruit and/or nut trees, ranging in number from as few as one tree to hundreds of trees per site. Furthermore, 79 units (23%) report trees dating from the site's historic period; 18 report reconstructed orchards; and only 8 units report trees that do not relate to the history of the site. More information is needed on 21 sites before their categories can be determined.

Four generations of the Adams family found inspiration in the old orchard at the home. An integrated pest managment program now protects these grand old trees.

Some initial site visits have confirmed and expanded upon information gleaned from the surveys. Other site visits are being planned to identify rare cultivars and to collect fruit, foliage, and growth data. Information on current management practices will be collected also and historic documents reviewed. Assistance on development of integrated pest management programs will be provided to certain sites.

Quite a few NPS sites responding to the survey have indicated their orchard trees are part of old homesites and/or farmsteads. Some of these trees currently play an important role in interpretive programs. Adams NHS, Capitol Reef NP, Hopewell Furnace NHS, National Colonial Farm in Piscataway Park, Gettysburg NMP, John Muir NHS, Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt NHS, and, to some extent, Great Smoky Mountains NP use their orchards for site interpretation. Other orchard trees are located at abandoned or as yet unrestored homesites, and certain of these trees are currently threatened by forest growth and lack of maintenance.

Many orchard trees identified in the survey are large, old ones possibly dating to the previous century. On recent visits to Pacific Northwest and Midwest sites, investigators found several trees possibly representing valuable historic specimens. The largest apple tree identified so far by this project is growing at Cuyahoga Valley NRA in Ohio. It has a diameter of 31 inches and a height of approximately 45 feet.

Orcharding was an integral part of western settlement patterns, and frontiersmen often shared grafts from their fruit trees. Many of the orchards that developed in this manner are now part of the National Park Service. For example, soon after its founding, the Hudson's Bay Company in the Pacific Northwest planted an orchard at Fort Vancouver (now Fort Vancouver NHS), probably as part of their intent to create a permanent settlement. In the 1830s, missionaries took apple seeds from Fort Vancouver to the Henry Spalding Mission (now part of Nez Perce NHP), and also to the Marcus Whitman Mission (now Whitman Mission NHS) along the Oregon Trail in southeast Washington. In 1847, the first grafted apple trees were introduced throughout the Oregon and Washington territories.

Marketing Historic Apples

Many old fruits were local specialties, grown for optimum taste and production under very specific growing conditions. Many varieties developed in the 18th and 19th centuries became regional hallmarks. Some even earned international reputations. Ideal conditions existed in America for apple production, and a



In 1787, John and Abigail Adams purchased the Vassall property south of Boston, partly because of the fine selection of fruit trees growing there. They enjoyed both the blossoms and the "cyder" produced from their orchard. Their son, John Quincy, experimented with growing fruit trees from seed and was assisted by his son, Charles Francis.

prosperous export trade of native cultivars existed. In 1847, Downing remarked that: "The apple tree is, however, most perfectly naturalized in America, and in the northern and middle portions of the United States succeeds as well, or, as we believe, better than in any part of the world. The most celebrated apples of Germany and the north of Europe, are not superiour to many of the varieties originated here, and the American or Newtown Pippin is now pretty generally admitted to be the finest apple in the world."

The Historic Orchard Project's findings are potentially significant for both the interpretation of historic sites and the conservation of biological diversity. A task force has been established by the Director to investigate the educational potential for marketing historic apple varieties. Scientific organizations and individuals capable of identifying heirloom cultivars are being contacted to assist in the project's management and conservation plans. A network of local parks, universities, and arboreta also are being contacted to explore possibilities for cooperation as repositories for unique genetic material.

Symbolic of all the unique, endangered or rare heirloom plant material that has evolved under the conditions of human management, the disappearing apples of yesteryear present a conservation challenge to the Service. Perhaps no other single national agency controls so great an array of old varieties with such possibilities for historical associations. Current Servicewide programs are preserving other remnants of the past. We hope that the

Historic Orchard Project will encourage existing programs to branch out and work cooperatively to conserve these valuable horticultural roots, offering a refreshing taste of history for all to enjoy.

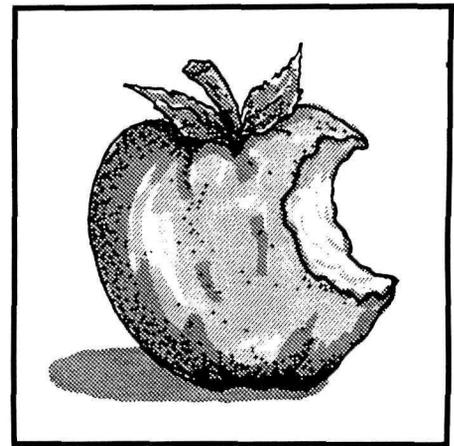


William Hopkins, Nora J. Mitchell and Alice Bojanowski are resource management specialists in the North Atlantic Regional Office. If you have information possibly useful to this project or would like additional information, please contact Nora Mitchell, North Atlantic Regional Office, 15 State St., Boston, MA 02109 (617/565-8852 or FTS-835-8852).

ORCHARD EDUCATION: ELEVATION + IRRIGATION + ISOLATION = MUNCH!



By early September, many Buckner Orchard branches are heavy with fruit for community and wildlife pluckers alike.



Park ranger Mardell Gunn led her post-Labor Day, three-person tour across Stehekin Road away from the village's historic one-(now two-)room schoolhouse. It is here that Rainbow Creek sloshes beneath a bridge and some of its sparkling, melted snow is siphoned off for special use.

Welcome to the 4 p.m. walk through the William Van Buckner family's Homestead and Apple Orchard, a place and an activity one doesn't expect to find at a mountainous national recreation area—not even one located in the middle of Washington State's well-known Apple Kingdom.

It was a beautiful, quiet afternoon, and for Ranger Gunn this trio was a godsend. No "robot" lecture, no time worries, no herding wanderers —professional tourists all—just conversation would do. Dale, an elderly gentleman, had been to Stehekin Valley many times; he knew most of the permanent rangers and probably more about the orchard's history than Gunn. The lady, a veteran park "nut," had been on ranger walks from the Everglades to Acadia to Bryce to Denali. Oh yeah, then there was me — someone had to ask the proper inane questions.

While cameras clicked, Ranger Gunn chronicled turn-of-the-century valley settlement, William Van Buckner's arrival in the Cascades (1910) and how this orchard came to be. In the summer of 1911 the Buckners dug and built their simple irrigation ditch system, channeling Rainbow Creek water onto their property. Constructed with solid engineering principles, the yard-wide system winds through the orchard and garden areas and still is workable!

Twenty acres (700 trees) were planted in 1912, 52 more acres by 1917 and a final 30 by 1924. Today, about a dozen acres remain of the orchard. William's son, Harry, was given the homestead in 1929, and he kept the farm and orchard going into the 1940s (Dale knew Harry, and had visited the orchard in its prime). During the 1950s, parts of the orchard were removed, cut or left untended for various reasons. The Park Service purchased 108 acres from the Buckner family in 1970, and in 1972 the Phil Garfoot family moved in. Currently there are 308 apple trees within the orchard: Common Delicious-254, Rome Beauty-42, Jonathon-12.

According to the park's cultural landscape inventory (1985), "The orchard itself is an horticultural archive. In addition to several Jonathon and Rome varieties (of apple), the orchard is largely comprised of a variety of Common Delicious no longer grown commercially, produced, grafted or sold in this country." The inventory also says that overgrown irrigation ditches were re-dug in 1972 and 57 new trees were planted in 1980. YCC crews helped remove debris and prune. Some old trees continue to provide bounty for wildlife and Stehekin residents.

After telling us to grab a few samples off the saggier limbs, Ranger Gunn asked me to pull down a half-dozen more because

she needed to cut some up as a salad additive for that night's community pot-luck supper.

Stehekin's unique isolation is appreciated by most of its inhabitants; and isolation from other Washington orchards has often kept these trees free of various pests and blights. The nearest orchard is at least 35 miles away. Stehekin Valley, year-round population of 100, is 50 miles from the nearest town (Chelan), and is surrounded by mountains. There are no connecting roads to un-civilization; the only link is Lake Chelan itself. Hikers can get a good glimpse of the orchard's solitude from across the valley; on a ridge (some 750 feet up) along the Rainbow Loop Trail, the whole homestead can be seen with the Stehekin River snaking around it.

William Van and son Harry's pride and joy does need a little fixing up and more new trees, because the older ones are past their prime bearing years. The Historic Apple Project could provide the impetus to spur revitalization of this site.

I kept my prized historic apples until a few days later, while en route to Grand Coulee Dam. Though not as sweet as store-bought apples, they were naturally good. But no matter the taste, munching history is always memorable.

Horticultural Bust or Bandwagon?

By coincidence the October 9 edition of the Boston Sunday Globe contained a small feature story about rare apples. Datelined out of South Hero, VT, writer Doug Wilhelm's "Aficionados Lament Rise and Fall of the Apple" tells of some New Englanders who remain in the rare (historic) apple business while at the same time growing the commercially accepted kinds.

One grower noted that people who moved to rural Vermont in the early 1970s were responsible for saving many varieties of rare apples from extinction because of their desire to "grow their own food without additives or chemicals." They restored abandoned orchards, but as that decade ended, and through the '80s, interest has waned. Some folks involved in rare apple growing gave it up.

Not all however, as several regional orchardists manage to keep a couple types alive for future apple-lovers and the curious. Writer Wilhelm made special note of an Elmore, VT, nursery owner, a member of the North American Fruit Explorers, who has about 50 kinds of apples growing, and famed Old Sturbridge Village, in Sturbridge, MA, which has about 100 varieties.

NICK VELOZ PUTS A SHINE ON THE AMERICAN HERITAGE

You can spot Nick Veloz in a crowd. He's the one with the white shirt and trousers held up by red suspenders. If you walked through Lafayette Park in Washington, DC, this past summer you probably saw him scrambling over the monument to Rochambeau, or perhaps you saw him suspended in mid-air, riding a huge, orange-and-white snorkelift and looking a little like a Hollywood director, leaning back to appraise his work. At lunchtime, you might have happened upon him when he was firing up a torch to cook hot dogs, or resting afterwards in a folding chair, under the shade of a generous elm. Whatever he was doing, the tourists loved it, and Nick loved it too, because he is passionate about his work.

Nick is a little bit of everything. Cultural resource management specialist happens to be his official title. "But I do what nobody else wants to," he claims.

What that means is that he can write specifications for a historic house *and* preserve waterlogged historic lock gates. He is proficient with computers, has been involved with archeology (in fact, started with the NPS as an archeologist), and has even cleaned the Iwo Jima Memorial. He earned his masters degree in historic preservation, writing his thesis on the topic "An Ounce of Prevention: The Preservation Maintenance of Outdoor Sculpture And Monuments." Presently, 40 percent of his work takes him to the great outdoors, either to work on statuary preservation himself



Up, up, and away—Nick Veloz and James Mauldin ride the snorkelift for easy access to the statuary formation. Photo by Rosa Wilson.

or to teach others his technique in a hands-on setting, as was the case this summer.

“My advantage or disadvantage is that I’m pretty flexible,” he explains. “Flexibility got me where I am. What I use for the preservation of sculpture came from my background in archeology and geology. Also I steal things better than most people, though I do give credit,” he adds wryly.

One of the things he stole is the initial formula he uses for waxing statues. Steve Tatti at the Hirshhorn Museum came up with a combination of ingredients that Veloz altered to improve the buffing capabilities of the wax. A mix of polyethylene, microcrystalline, and carnauba, plus the heat of a propane torch and “elbow grease,” puts a shine on any neglected piece of bronze. There are several stages that precede this step, however. As anyone knows, you don’t apply the polish before you remove the dirt—though cleaning a statue the Nick Veloz way can be a bit more strenuous than most people expect.

First Nick and his gang wash down a statue with detergent and water. To work away years of accumulated grit and atmospheric abuse, they next use a blast of finely ground walnut shells under pressure (similar to sandblasting). Then a corrosion inhibitor—benzotriazole in a water/alcohol mix—is applied. Veloz recalls once needing to mix up a batch of this inhibitor for a job and purchasing the alcohol from a liquor store while in his ranger uniform. Being something of an iconoclast, he admits he hoped a customer would comment, and was a bit disappointed when no one did.

After application of the corrosion inhibitor, the statue is washed again. Finally, the wax is applied. NCR’s James Mauldin, one of the students who studied under Veloz this summer, claimed initially that “there’s no work in this. I’m not tired. In maintenance (where he’s employed) we do real work.” But even Jimmy finally admitted that the job was more taxing than he had anticipated. “There’s more art to the trade than I thought,” he confessed, indicating he had taken Veloz’s course hoping that it would lead to a job in statuary maintenance.

To date, Veloz has trained between 25 and 30 people like Jimmy, all respectful of the monuments in the parks and wanting to learn more about how to care for them. Most students have come from the east coast parks where the passage of Revolutionary and Civil War battles have marked the land with a variety of memorials. One of the other students, Anthony (Rocky) Rocci, is the third from Independence NHP to train under Nick. Others have come from Gettysburg, Colonial, and Antietam. There has been even the occasional student from outside the Park Service, and Winterthur Conservation Program (DE) interns who have come seeking yet another skill to add to their portfolio of conservation talents.

“No two statues are alike,” says Nick. “If there were only one treatment for all statues, we would be a little like quack doctors with an elixer to cure all ills.”

What kind of maturation process does Nick observe in the students who take his course? “I watch them evolve from separate people to individuals who work as a group. Their confidence develops. They come in fearing the unknown. They don’t know



At the mercy of the elements, these gentlemen were scrubbed and cleaned until they lost the patina that here streaks the warm bronze in which they were cast. Photo by Rosa Wilson.



Intensely concentrating, Rocky Rocci, one of Nick’s students, tries his hand with the propane torch. Photo by Rosa Wilson.

what they’re getting into. I tell them right from the start that it’s going to be hard work. Of course they don’t believe me, but when they find it out for themselves, that builds my credibility. By the time they leave, they’ve learned to ask questions. And this is my goal. I can’t give them all the right answers, but I *can* teach them the kind of questions to ask and the sort of precautions to take.”

Those who finish one of Nick’s courses regard themselves as accomplished veterans who literally have earned their suspenders. Nick passes out red suspenders like his own to the hard-working graduates.

And why red suspenders? Raconteur Nick loves to explain that his first pair of suspenders was a present from his wife. When he first started working with statues, he found that the belt buckle he wore kept scratching against the statuary. With this in mind, his wife went shopping at the Smithsonian where she worked.



NCR's James Mauldin contributes his enthusiasm and skill to the process of learning a new technique. Photo by Rosa Wilson.



Suspenders seemed like a good idea and red happened to be the only available color.

Since Nick's first pair of red suspenders, there have been others. They wear well and are easy to spot in a crowd. That's also the purpose of the white shirt and trousers he and his students wear. When Veloz is perched atop a statue, looking out across a crowded park, white shirts and red suspenders make it easy to distinguish members of his group from the usual passers-by. Indeed, when this year's Winterthur intern showed up, she was sufficiently acquainted with the uniform that on her first day she appeared in the requisite white shirt and trousers held up by a red belt. Why the red belt, she was asked. The answer—because she hadn't earned her red suspenders yet.

As instructor, Nick maintains a careful balance between professional conservator and good-humored big brother. He is on

site as teacher, but also as peer, working side by side with the students, as excited as they are about new discoveries and accomplishments. For Nick more than anyone this process of statuary preservation is both a physical and a mental pursuit. He can shimmy up scaffolding with the best of the best, ride the lift and use the propone torches with the ease of long familiarity, but he also has to be one jump ahead of those who depend on him for answers, able to come up with new methods of approaching the work and capable of paying close attention to detail. You have to have acute powers of observation, he says, because if you let the students miss something now, you might as well expect that three or four months later those oversights will stand out.

To maintain the delicate balance between acquiring information and sharing it, Nick continues to refine his own skills. Last year he applied for and received a Horace Albright grant that has enabled him to visit two foundries out of the dozen or so that work on sculpture. The Joel Meisner Foundry on Long Island, which cast the bronze for the Vietnam Veterans grouping on the Mall, and the Tallix Foundry in upstate New York have opened their doors. But Nick doesn't see this experience as a one-way street: "I told them I wanted to be a flunky for two weeks. You learn about welding by doing. So I said I'd sweep the floor if they let me watch how they got it dirty." Nick sees the experience as an exchange of information. He will observe the welding process but he also will share what he has learned about statues in public places. In this way he hopes to contribute to foundry operations while learning from them.

As more and more of Nick's time is taken up with the business of statue conservation, he finds himself answering letters and phone calls from across the country. "There is a growing awareness that something needs to be done," he says, an awareness encouraged in part by the media attention given to preservation work on the Statue of Liberty.

John Ruskin, a 19th-century literary lion, once observed "Take proper care of your monuments and you will not need to restore them." It is an axiom Nick likes to cite. He also likes to refer to the "Fire Rescue" statue in Bethpage, NY, that has been washed and waxed every Memorial Day since 1960 by Jim Commerford. "He washes it with what he's stolen from his wife's kitchen and waxes it with what he uses on his car. True, he might benefit from a little technical expertise, but just regular washing and waxing makes a big difference. That statue looks great."

If there is any message Nick tries to share, it is summarized by the Ruskin quote and the Commerford story. Nick Veloz believes statues should be taken care of. He enjoys taking care of them, and he enjoys teaching others to do the same. He also does both things very well.

"There's no big deal about what I do," he says. "I don't take it seriously, and yet I do."

It's all part of that eternal balancing—teacher becoming student in order to become a better teacher. It may appear to be a quiet gift to the American people, but because of it, visitors to Lafayette Park now once again enjoy the soft, warm glow of the bronze.

PARK BRIEFS



In recognition of the 200th anniversary of the Federal Lighthouse Program, the 99th Congress allocated one million dollars in the 1988 Historic Preservation Fund appropriation to establish a Bicentennial Lighthouse Fund. From this, North Carolina received \$27,352 to fund lighthouse preservation projects.

In order for **Cape Hatteras NS** to seek funding to support work on the Ocracoke Lighthouse, one of the oldest active lights on the South Atlantic Coast, the seashore got the U.S. Coast Guard to negotiate for them with the North Carolina State Historic Preservation Office (NCSHPO). The result was a memorandum of agreement between the NPS, the Coast Guard, and the NCSHPO. On June 17, 1988, the park received word that \$17,000 would be made available for preparation of an historic structures report. This study will provide information needed to seek additional funding for work required to bring the structure up to standard.

Bebe B. Woody

Unique, large-scale photographs taken during the 1880s and 1890s portray the early years of local yachting in a new exhibit at **San Francisco Maritime NHP**. Selected from the museum's archive of 250,000 marine images, these prints portray the style of the sport: the grace of rounded wooden hulls, the billow of cotton sails, the often incongruous playfulness of the black-suited Victorians. In the San Francisco of that day, yachting was more a passion than a pastime, and the images in this new exhibit reflect that.



In 1978, an oil baron named J.R. made his debut across the screens of America; a cat called Garfield made his first appearance in the pages of the daily newspapers; and in that same year, on August 18, the 95th Congress passed Public Law 95-348 authorizing **War in the Pacific NHP** on the Western Pacific island of Guam, the first NPS site to be located in the eastern hemisphere.

Located nearly 6,200 miles west (and one day ahead as a result of being on the other side of the international dateline) of the regional office in San Francisco, the park has survived its first ten years. Over those ten years, it has endured the onslaught of typhoons and earthquakes, as well as adjusted to limited staff and funding, and the effects of isolation from the United States. In the course of ten years, the park has managed to clear away a little more rubble; it has a visitor information center; it has gained local support; and, most importantly, it has the dedication of a loyal staff.

To commemorate the tenth anniversary of the park, the staff, members of the local community, and military

representatives formed a steering committee to organize a series of celebratory events. The formal activities began in May when the park initiated an island-wide poster contest. Each winner received a \$100 U.S. Savings Bond, and the entries were printed as a poster promoting the tenth anniversary.

During the months of July and August, a series of Friday evening lectures covered topics ranging from personal histories of Guamanians who lived through the Japanese occupation, to the history of the Japanese language and the undersea world of Guam. In addition, a ceremony was held at Asan Point on August 18th. More than 200 guests from as far away as Scotland attended the event that began with a unique invocation presented by Buddhist priest Yushin Enomoto who performed an ancient Japanese ceremonial prayer.

Dedicated at the ceremony was a new exhibit to be displayed at the visitor center, one that featured the flags of those nations that signed the Document of Surrender bringing an end to World War II.

The tenth anniversary focused further public attention

on the park and its role here in Micronesia. It also reaffirmed that the spirit of the goals of the National Park Service is still alive after ten years in the Western Pacific.

Gerald and Lucy Davis of Norwich, NY, were honored as **Herbert Hoover NHS** reached its five millionth visitor milestone. They received a symbolic key to the park, made in the blacksmith's shop on site, as well as a gift certificate for Eastern National Park and Monument Association books, a framed watercolor print of the Hoover Birthplace cottage, and a Golden Eagle Passport. The Davises were enroute to their daughter's home, when they detoured through Chicago to Interstate 80 before stopping for the night. A quick visit to Herbert Hoover NHS at closing time convinced them to return the next morning. Said Superintendent Berg, during the festivities, "Mr. and Mrs. Davis are representative of the nearly a quarter of a million visitors who come to the park each year. People come from all across the United States and from many foreign countries to learn about the thirty-first president of the United States."

Bill Wilcox & Trina Russell

When it comes to tough duty in the national parks, chances are the trail crews will be ranked high on everybody's list. And with good reason, according to Richard Hanson of Olympic NP.

"Two years ago," Hanson recalls, "we built a bridge over a deep ravine in the backcountry. It was 80 feet deep and 120 feet across. The weather was terrible. When we finished, we checked the rain gauges. It had rained 87 inches during the three months we were working—an average of nearly one inch a day."

Hanson is trails foreman in Olympic, and on Washington State's Olympic Peninsula that means caring for some 600 miles of trail and several hundred bridges spanning scores of rivers in a region that gets deep snow and up to 140 inches of precipitation annually. With all that rainfall, with countless drainages, and terrain so steep that even the exotic mountain goats have trouble with their footing, there is always a backlog of work awaiting the park's 25-person trail crew.

You want tough? How about tackling a fallen Douglas fir, its massive trunk in tension, that you must move across a narrow ravine? Or hauling a 30-ton log up a 25-degree slope? Or flattening the surface of a tree trunk in a rainstorm, your harness suspending you far above a raging torrent, holding a 28-pound chainsaw at an angle that threatens to tear away your arms and shoulders?

"A lot of people don't begin to appreciate what the trail crew people must do," Hanson says. "The fact is, our guys have to be carpenters, blasters, riggers, tree fallers, mechanics, animal packers, cooks. They have to be good low-impact campers. They have to be in tune with the resource. They have to know how to use mules, rock drills, winches, helicopter support, chain saws,

axes, shovels, pulaskis, you name it."

One pleasing element that a visitor quickly notes about Olympic NP's trail system is the considerable number of bridges constructed of native materials, as opposed to metal or laminated construction. It's the result of a calculated effort by Hanson and his crew, with the support of Superintendent Bob Chandler. In an area with the distinct wilderness character of Olympic NP, they prefer the natural look of log footbridges, for example, or steps and stairways constructed of notched logs and rough-hewn planking.

During this, Olympic's 50th anniversary year, Hanson and

his crew constructed a new handicap-access trail (Madison Falls), a new rain forest trail that includes a 55-foot-long bridge (Maple Glade) and 600 feet of puncheon bridge, and a 50-foot-long footlog over the Sol Duc River.

An earlier project, part of a 1.5-mile trail near Barnes Point, caught the admiring eye of Director Mott during his visit for Olympic's golden anniversary in July. It involved the construction of a new loop trail in a heavily forested area adjacent to Marymere Falls, where there now are two protected viewing areas, well-sited stairways and drainage checks that provide safe passage for

visitors and essentially avoid the practice of switchback cutting.

Several members of Hanson's crew are skilled chainsaw craftsmen who can mill logs, decking, rails and risers on-site from downed timber. The decision whether to build with native materials, of course, is dictated by availability of materials, comparative costs, time and esthetics. The crew also includes Clare Donato, who handles Olympic's packing mules. She is believed to be the only female packer in the national park system.

Jim Harpster

An original 15cm, Abreachloading Ordenez rifle, the only one of its kind outside Spain, was reemplaced in Caballero Battery at Fort San Cristobal in **San Juan NHS**. On May 10, 1898, Captain Angel Rivero, commander of the Spanish batteries of Fort San Cristobal, fired a warning shot at the U.S. auxiliary cruiser *Yale* from the Caballero Battery. *Yale* did not reply. On May 12, a squadron under Admiral William T. Sampson

returned to San Juan and bombarded the defenses for nearly three hours. Few casualties resulted and little damage was done, even though the U.S. fleet poured more than 1,300 projectiles into the area and the Spanish expended 441 rounds at the fleet. This fifth and last bombardment culminated nearly four centuries of Spanish military control. Before any serious fighting on the island developed, the Spanish-American War ended.

In 1957, San Juan NHS received the Ordenez gun as a gift from Spain and mounted it in Santa Barbara Battery, where nearly 30 years of salt spray and air corroded it. In 1984, the gun was shipped to the Florida Research and Conservation Laboratory for three years of conservation treatment, resulting in the reemplacement.

Ron A. Gibbs

The smell of melting beeswax, the sound of splitting wood, the sight of brightly colored calico quilts—crafts reminiscent of pioneer days were brought back to life at **Homestead NM**. For one long, four-day weekend, staff and volunteers demonstrated the pioneer art of dipping candles, building a log cabin, quilting, preserving fruit, and much more. Children of all ages enjoyed playing games as their predecessors might have done. They tested their eye-hand coordination, not with video games, but with the ball-and-cup game and pick-up sticks. Old-time music delighted visitors and brought back long forgotten memories.

Shirley Hoh



NEWS



After working at some of the most famous addresses in America, born-and-raised Coloradoan **Noel R. Poe** has returned home to Florissant Fossil Beds NM. He replaces Tom Wylie, who was selected to a post in the Rocky Mountain Regional Office. Poe comes to Florissant from Capitol Reef NP where he was chief of resource management and visitor protection. Among his duties in that position was management of a 2,700-tree historic fruit orchard started by pioneers in the 1880s. His boyhood experience on his father's farm and ranch at Holyoke, CO, served him well at Capitol Reef. At Holyoke, his father raised cattle and grew corn while serving in the state legislature.

There are no historic fruit trees at Florissant, but Poe will have old trees to look after—very old trees. Several petrified stumps have been excavated at the monument, and among the species present are palms and sequoias, relics of a warmer day in Colorado.

■
Tanna Chattin, a former television reporter and public affairs official, has been selected as the public affairs officer for the Southwest Region. Chattin's professional experience includes 11 years of federal service in the Departments of Interior and Housing and Urban Development. Her media skills stem from five years as a general assignment reporter at KIRO-TV (CBS affiliate) in Seattle. "I was the first Indian female in a major-market television newsroom in the early 70s," she said. "In those days, there were very few women TV reporters on the air. Perhaps because of the oddity, I covered more hard news than a rookie reporter would ordinarily be entitled to. It was an escalated apprenticeship."

■
Robert W. Peters, special assistant to the superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns NP, has been named to the superintendency of Chickasaw NRA. A 29-year veteran of the NPS, he succeeds John D. Linahan, who recently became superintendent of Buffalo NR.

■
A number of personnel changes have been announced. **Richard Ring** has been selected superintendent of Delaware Water Gap. **Richard Marks**, superintendent of Grand Canyon NP, joins the staff in the Southwest Region as deputy regional director. **John Davis** moves to the Grand Canyon as its new superintendent, while Davis' superintendency at Sequoia and Kings Canyon NPs is now being filled by WASO's **T. Thomas Ritter**. **John Earnst** assumes the superintendency of North Cascades NP, while **Daniel Kuehn**, former superintendent of Santa Monica Mountains NRA, fills Earnst's position as the new superintendent of Gettysburg NMP.

■
Mount Rainier NP seasonal park ranger **Chuck Cook**, a retired Army first sergeant, always had thought of himself as an old grizzly bear. One day, a young woman he knew exclaimed that she was tired of hearing that. Calling him a big, lovable teddy bear, she gave him a hug and a kiss. "Gosh, if being a teddy bear gets me this," Chuck said, "a teddy bear

I'll always be." The next day, another woman made him a present of a teddy bear, the first one he ever collected. That was seven years ago and he now has more than 50 bears.

In 1986 Chuck was assigned to the White River Campground area of Mount Rainier NP, and with him came some of his bears. When he started telling the young visitors about them, the campground took on a new look. Signs and stickers started appearing, phrases like, "Do not feed the bears—hugging is okay" and "Have you hugged your teddy bear today?" Each summer Cook gives the kids ballpoint pens featuring sayings about teddy bears.

Visitors return to the campground year after year, telling Chuck he is the primary attraction that brings them back. He is available continually to campground users and is always out contacting people. Children follow, helping out wherever possible. Those children who return annually take off immediately to find him as soon as they arrive. One child was almost in tears when she arrived on his day off and couldn't find him. However, Chuck happened to drive through the campground in his personal vehicle (easy to identify due to all the teddy bear stickers, a license plate that says TYBEAR, and a small bear sitting on the dash). The little girl ran to his truck, got her hug and an opportunity to see his teddy bear collection. As Cook told one camper, he has 600 grandchildren.

Cy Hentges





Ronald J. Mack, chief of ranger activities and safety at Gateway NRA, has been selected as superintendent of Booker T. Washington NM. He replaces Geraldine Bell, who is moving on to Independence NHP in Philadelphia. "I am deeply honored to be given the responsibility of administering Booker T. Washington," he said. "For me, it represents the achievement of a lifetime goal in my Park Service career."

Buffalo NR Superintendent **Alec Gould** is now Mid-Atlantic deputy regional director. In announcing the appointment, RD Jim Coleman observed, "Alec Gould's strong experience as a superintendent at three parks, as manager of a busy river park and in the preservation of cultural resources will be of great help in the Mid-Atlantic Region. At Buffalo River, Gould successfully prevented a potentially harmful landfill from being located near the river, and changed the Service's land acquisition policy to encourage Ozark families to continue to live on and work their farms."

AWARDS

Secretary of the Interior Donald Paul Hodel welcomed families, friends and coworkers of honor award recipients to the 53rd Departmental Honor Awards Convocation on September 13. The National Park Service was represented by seven Distinguished Service Award recipients: **James R. (Ray) Brotherton, George A. Gowans, Lynn H. Herring, John Kawamoto, L. Lorraine Mintzmyer, Lee H. Nelson, and Jack E. Stark.**

John W. Damadio and John P. Farrell, also NPS employees, received valor awards recognizing courageous action in the apprehension of an arsonist. In the early morning hours, while on patrol duty in the vicinity of DC's Rock Creek Park, U.S. Park Police Sergeant John Damadio and Officer John Farrell discovered a gasoline fire in an alley behind an all-night convenience store. A steady stream of gasoline was flowing, and a nearby car already was in flames, the arsonist having thrown a lighted cigarette into the fire as he fled. When the man reappeared, running into the alley to elude detection, the officers feared he might be trapped by the fire. They followed, pulling him to safety only minutes before the area burst into flames.

Seven individuals outside the Interior Department received Conservation Service Awards (the highest honor bestowed upon a private citizen or group by the Secretary) for efforts benefitting the parks. **Richard A. Berenson** devoted many years of voluntary civilian service to the founding, development and growth of the Freedom Trail and Boston National Historical Park. **Thomas J. Kane** authored the seminal "Guidelines for the Management of Historic Landscapes in the National Park System," the first Departmental guidelines published on the subject. **Malcolm W. Martin** selflessly devoted time and energy to the preservation of the lands east of the Gateway Arch. Shortly after completion of the Gateway Arch, he began to generate interest in protecting it from exploitation on the east side of the Mississippi River. His tireless effort led to the development of a plan to add land to JNEM. **William B. Pinney** worked to establish an organization of state historic preservation officers, which later became the National Conference of State Historic Preservation Officers. **Russell W. Porter** directed the assistance and grants administration programs of the Department of Parks and Recreation in the State of California, providing outstanding leadership and commitment to missions of the Department of the Interior. **Frederick W. Rath, Jr.**, gave strong support for more than 40 years to the historic preservation and interpretation programs conducted and aided by the National Park Service. In 1948 he became Executive Secretary of the newly-established National Council for Historic Sites and Buildings, progenitor of the National Trust for Historic Preservation

that he helped form the next year. As first Executive Director of the National Trust until 1956, he worked closely with the Park Service and enlisted private sector support in behalf of their common cause. **Robin W. Winks**, a professor of history and master of Berkeley College at Yale University, has compiled a distinguished record of support for the natural conservation and historic preservation programs of the National Park Service.

The Public Service Award recognizes private individuals or groups who have provided indirect service toward the effectiveness of a Departmental mission. **Barclay G. Jones** was recognized for his significant scholarship and leadership in the fields of community and regional planning and the conservation of natural resources. **Catha Grace Rambusch** spearheaded the formation of a nationwide clearinghouse, now known as the Cooperative Preservation of Architectural Records (COPAR). Her research has benefited the National Park Service through nominations to the National Register of Historic Places.

The Meritorious Service Award, the Department's highest honorary recognition, went to 16 NPS employees (one posthumously): **Sandra A. Alley, James L. Gentley, Robert J. Byrne, Kathleen L. Dilonardo, Helen R. Dionne, Georgia A. Ellard, David E. Gackenbach, Mary E. Jackson, David A. Kimball, Thomas W. Lucke** (posthumous), **William M. Lukens, Jr., Hugh C. Miller, Joseph R. Miller, Keith E. Miller, Stanley L. Ponce, and Richard J. Stenmark.**

Hawaii Volcanoes NP ranger **Gail N. Minami**, two inches less than five feet tall, was honored in Washington, DC, as the outstanding female law enforcement officer in the federal government. Jim Martin, chief ranger at the park where Minami has worked for almost two years, said "She's not pushy and is always pleasant. At the same time she is very resilient. Last March she crashed in a helicopter but returned to work the next day. Not long ago she was injured by a mentally disturbed woman who was much bigger than she was. The next day Gail again was back at work—with two black eyes." Minami described herself as "unbelievably thrilled" in receiving the award. "Women can be a very positive force in the law enforcement community."

Yellowstone NP research interpreter **Norman Bishop** received National Parks and Conservation Association's Stephen T. Mather Award "for his exceptional dedication to the goal of restoring wolves to Yellowstone NP." Said NPCA President Paul Pritchard, "Bishop's efforts have shed light upon the plight and misunderstanding of many of the predator species in North America while combating the many falsehoods spread about wolves and their relationship to the overall health of the Yellowstone ecosystem. . . . He is a shining example of one person making an important contribution to the conservation needs of the entire nation."

Ocmulgee NM interpreter **Sylvia Flowers** received the 1988 Freeman Tilden Award, presented by NPCA annually to honor outstanding interpretation by an NPS employee. Particularly noted was Flowers' role in developing the Dr. Charles H. Fairbanks Memorial Discovery Lab at the visitor center.

Gerald D. Patten, NPS associate director for planning and development, has been elected to the position of President-Elect of the American Society of Landscape Architects (ASLA). Patten began his term November 8 and automatically becomes ASLA president a year later. "Landscape architects and the ASLA have a tremendous opportunity to advocate landscape values throughout the country," said Patten. "No profession is better placed than ours to promote public understanding of these issues."

RETIREMENTS

It was a glittering close to a brilliant 36 years of government service, all of it with the NPS in the Nation's Capital. A crowd of nearly 400 employees, friends, and elected officials came to the National Mall for a gala evening reception honoring NCR's recently retired RD, **Manus J. (Jack) Fish**. A native of Trenton, NJ, Fish joined the Service in 1952, upon graduating magna cum laude from Catholic University. He held several



engineering posts before being named NCR's deputy director in 1970 and director in 1973. Awards to Fish include the Department's Distinguished Service Medal (1978), the Cornelius Amory Pugsley Award, and the Congressional Excalibur Award (1985). Among the many accolades bestowed upon Fish at the farewell reception were the U.S. Secret Service director's honor award and the U.S. Army's highest award to a non-military person, the Outstanding Civilian Service Award.

Carlos E. Ramirez retired April 23 as assistant superintendent, San Juan NHS. He and wife Bea now live in Florida (P.O. Box 677624, Orlando, FL 32867) while they await the winter completion of their house (10401 Hunters Trail Court). Friends suggested they look into real estate as a second career; they did, and have met the requirements for the state license exam. Carlos joined E&AA as a second century member.

John M. Spurgeon, chief of concessions management for the Rocky Mountain Region, has retired after 25 years of service. He started with the Service in 1963 as a technical writer/editor in Washington, DC, then joined Concessions as an analyst in 1967. He served as chief of concessions for the

Midwest Region from 1971 to 1974, and from 1974 until the present was chief of concessions for Rocky Mountain. Spurgeon has seen the concessions program move from a laissez-faire approach to the structured, highly technical approach it takes today. He contributed leadership, technical guidance, and a philosophical framework for the program during a time of enormous change. Upon retirement, Spurgeon plans to attend the University of Colorado to obtain a teaching certificate and begin a new career teaching.

DEATHS

Chester A. (Art) Thomas, 84, died September 8 in San Luis Obispo, CA. He served as superintendent of Mesa Verde NP from 1958 to 1966, where he was involved in the development of the Wetherill Mesa project, and instrumental in moving the campground and lodge facilities from Chapin Mesa to Morefield Canyon, as well as many other activities beneficial to the park. He retired from the Service as chief of the Southwest Archeological Center (Globe, AZ), then came back for several months as a rehired annuitant to help finalize plans to move the center to the University of Arizona, a project he wanted to see through. During his career, he also served at Zion, Bryce Canyon, Capitol Reef, Timpanogos Cave, and Bandelier.



Thomas carried on a life-long love affair with the Park Service, and a deep and abiding respect for nature in all her facets. He was an eloquent spokesman for the Service and for conservation of all natural resources, believing that these resources should be conserved and managed to "save some for the other guy and his kids, and all who come later;" not despoiled for the benefit of the thoughtless few. His attitude toward the Service is probably best exemplified by his final Background and Skills Inventory, Career Plans section: "I really have no career plans as my career is too near over. I plan to retire in two more years, but would be willing to go anywhere and do anything if it would be of value to the Service."

Art Thomas will be missed, but not mourned, as his entire life was a celebration of life in all its natural splendor. Nor is he truly gone, as a little of him rubbed off on everyone he met and loved. At his request, no funeral was held. There was a short memorial service September 13 in San Luis Obispo. His ashes will be spread over the Kolob section of Zion NP. As is fitting, this will be done in the spring, when life is renewing itself in the high country. He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Iola C. Thomas (793 Buchon, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401/(805)544-6495), daughter Catharine Krupp, son Chester, Jr., 6 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren, and two sisters. The family suggests that remembrances be sent to the Audubon Society. Art was a life member of E&AA.

■

Andrew A. Adams passed away August 19 in Springfield, MO. He had retired from the Service in 1980 after 30 years of government employment. He

joined the Park Service as realty officer for the Buffalo NR land acquisition office in 1977, then returned after his 1980 retirement as a rehired annuitant to complete the work. He held this position until his death. He is survived by his wife Nancy (Route 8, Box 383, Harrison, AR 72601), a son, seven daughters, and one step-daughter. Donations in his memory may be sent to the Education Trust Fund, E&AA, Box 1490, Falls Church, VA 22041. He was a member of E&AA.

■

Evelyn Frey, 90, passed away September 11, in her small, second-story apartment above Bandelier NM's administration building. The park's Frioles Canyon had been her home for 63 years. She and her husband, the late George Frey, became the first permanent residents of the canyon in 1925 when the U.S. Forest Service permitted them to operate the Frioles Canyon Dude Ranch. Evelyn hauled all her earthly possessions on a sled pulled by mules down the only dirt road that led to the canyon floor. The ranch house the Freys occupied was made of stone and had several large fireplaces. Wildlife was abundant, and flocks of wild turkeys were a common sight.

■

Joe Ronsisvalle, 56, passed away August 23. A native Washingtonian, he began his career in 1951 with the National Capital Region, Division of Engineering. In 1963 he became Chief of Land Records and Cartographic Mapping, moving on to assist in establishing the National Capital Memorial Advisory Committee on which he served as executive director until his 1986 retirement.

One of his most significant contributions to the Service was his involvement with the Congressional passage of the Commemorative Works Bill, controlling the placement and quality of memorials in the nation's capital. He also coordinated legislation authorizing the FDR Memorial, the American Armored Force Memorial; the Black Revolutionary War Patriots Memorial, and others. His ability to coordinate projects and work with people inside and outside the Service were superb. His knowledge of the history of the nation's capital and its parks was legendary. In 1984 the Secretary of the Interior

awarded Joe the Department's Citation for Meritorious Service.

He is survived by his wife, Annette, two daughters, one son, and one grandchild.



■

Paul Goeldner, NCR's chief of the Historic Resource Services Division since 1974, passed away October 22. He had retired from the Park Service September 1. Dr. Goeldner was a member of the American Institute of Architects, and a native of Iowa. He became familiar with the NPS in the summers of 1967 and 1968, when he compiled the HABS Utah catalogue and wrote the essay on the history of Utah architecture. In 1971, he came to Washington, DC, as HABS' principal architect. Among his other accomplishments, he also authored the HABS Texas catalogue. Approximately 1500 of these remain, and HABS/HAER chief Robert Kapsch wishes to offer these to friends who might desire them as mementoes. Write to Robert Kapsch, HABS/HAER, National Park Service, P.O. Box 37127, Washington, DC, 20013-7127

MEMBER NEWS

Nearly 70 NPS alumni, employees and friends came aboard the Ranger III, Tuesday, September 6, amid hearty greetings from old friends. The five-hour trip to Mott Island passed quickly, with time spent reminiscing, enjoying the ranger's nature talk and eating lunch. Isle Royale Superintendent Tom Hobbs showed up at the dock to welcome everyone officially. Garner Hanson came aboard with E&AA Isle Royale Reunion hats in either blue or red, setting a festive tone for the days to come. Later at Rock Harbor, he also hosted a delightful welcome party at the Guest House, followed by greetings from Superintendent Hobbs and a delicious dinner in the lodge dining room. An interpretive lecture followed. The close of the first evening saw some members returning to the Guest House for refreshments and bridge around a warm fire blazing in the fireplace.

Wednesday offered several options, including either a Northside Cruise to Minong Mine or an easy, two-mile, self-guiding hike to Scoville Point. Many took advantage of these activities, while others played bridge or just enjoyed Isle Royale's beauty. Thursday the park offered a tour to Hidden Lake and Lookout Louise aboard its tour boat, *Sandy*. This included a walk with a ranger from the lakeside to the ridgetop where distant Ontario and Isle Royale's north side can be seen in the distance. That evening Mr. Hanson hosted an informal cocktail party followed by dinner, with two options for the evening activities—either bridge games or a sunset cruise to Raspberry Island.

Friday was another delightful fall day, and, alas, the last full day on Isle Royale. Part of the group boarded *Sandy* for a visit to Edisen Fishery and Rock Harbor Lighthouse, followed by a visit to Daisy Farm for a hike to Mt. Ojibway. Others stayed for bridge in the Guest House and a trip to Rock Harbor Lighthouse Beach to hunt for green stones. The evening meal was a gala affair with plank fish, steak, salad, corn on the cob, baked beans, relish tray, breads and desserts, all enjoyed in the open overlooking Lake Superior. Superintendent Tom Hobbs called on former superintendents George Baggley (June 1940 to November 1946); Bob Gibbs (November 1952 to August 1956); George Fry (October 1959 to August 1961); Bruce

Miller (September 1967 to February 1969); and Hugh Beattie (February 1969 to March 1975) to give ten-minute recollections of their days at Isle Royale.

Prizes were presented during the course of the reunion: one went to Ray O'Dell of Homestead, FL, for traveling the furthest; one to George Baggley whose 42-1/2 years of service was the record; one to Lee and Bruce Miller whose son, Russ, is a permanent ranger at Padre Island and thus the second generation with the Park Service; one to Bill Fink for catching the largest fish; one to Al Rector for catching the smallest; and one to Joe Brown for telling the tallest tale about how he caught his fish.

On the return trip to Houghton, charter member and senior E&AA official Howard Baker called a brief business meeting. Howard suggested that E&AA have a patch designed with the E&AA logo of Stephen Mather on horseback, to be made available for use on bolos, T-shirts, ties, and stationery. He also expressed interest in updating the August 1973 publication he compiled entitled "A Biographical Sketch of Second and Third Generation National Park Service Families." (Terry Wood said this is one of her projects designed to begin in January 1989 when the full E&AA Board is on duty). Howard suggested that E&AA ask each regional director to hold three or four meetings (perhaps luncheons) with area alumni to gather information, receive suggestions and generally help keep the NPS family intact. He expressed a desire to see E&AA develop greater ties with the cooperating associations.

Terry Wood briefed the group on E&AA growth during the last five years—the membership has more than doubled; membership benefits have increased 100 percent. The Trust Fund remains its most popular benefit; requests for the books and videos offered by E&AA come in daily.

A show of hands revealed the site of the next E&AA Reunion. Glacier NP was the unanimous selection—the time will be mid-to-late September 1990. Watch the *Courier* for details. Bob Haraden, E&AA's newest alumni rep, graciously volunteered to serve as liaison with the park and concessioner in planning the reunion.

Two special events made the reunion even more special—Hugh and Diane Beattie celebrated their 38th wedding anniversary on September 9, 1988; on the return boat trip Lucile Sneddon presented husband Lee with a beautiful birthday cake to

celebrate his 75th birthday. Garner Hanson also made the return trip on the Ranger III a delicious one by providing a sailor's treat luncheon for the group.

Unable to attend, John Cook, E&AA chairman, sent his greetings: "You have no idea how much I wish Dani and I could be sharing this special experience with you. Coming right on the heels of a most successful family reunion (some called it a superintendents' general conference) at Grand Teton, nothing could have been more exciting. However. . . while not actually with you, we are there in spirit. A toast—to friends past, to friends present, and to the future—may it, too, be filled with such friends."

■

Either before or after the Isle Royale festivities, many of the alumni made a busman's holiday out of the trip. Howard Baker and his "Midwest Voyageurs" (Roberta and Elbert Smith, Ruth Ann and Joe Beer, Joe and Gene Deao, Helen and Ray Rundell, Olive Howe, and Harriet Anderson) rented a 15-passenger Ford van, removed the rear seat to make room for luggage, and had enough room for the 11 passengers. On the way to Isle Royale, the group visited Effigy Mounds where they were greeted by Superintendent Tom Munson and later had dinner with him, administrative officer Jackie Lamb, and her husband, Kenny. They proceeded on to Spring Green, WI, for a visit to the Taleisin House, a structure designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. On the return portion of their journey, several piggybackers joined the Midwest Voyageurs as far as Bayfield, WI. Terry Wood, Maureen Hoffman, Tom and Betty Ela, Carl and Meraldine Walker, and Bob and Adelaide Haraden toured Apostle Islands with them. The Midwest group then visited St. Croix Riverways where they met Superintendent Tony Andersen. Although the Midwest Voyageurs had to leave Elbert and Roberta Smith in Houghton because Elbert had developed a health problem, E&AA is grateful that the doctor reports that Elbert's problem seems to be cleared up so all is well again.

In closing, Howard Baker said, "Let's do it again sometime—maybe Glacier!"

Fred and Gail Bohannon report all is well at 13133 84th Avenue NE, Kirkland, WA 98034. Gail has a new job as an administrative assistant for an architectural firm; she also is taking a night course at the local college, which means Fred has to make his own supper. During a long, pleasant summer, Fred kept busy with landscaping, painting the exterior of their home, and tending his garden of tomatoes and beans—part of his “back to the soil” program. He now sports a new cap (he calls it a seed cap) similar to the ones the farmers back in Iowa favor. “Country boys never change,” he says. “Bib overalls are next.”

■
Betty Beard (250 East Alameda, Apt. 539, Santa Fe, NM 87501) remembered Howard Richey “Cowboy” Copas with a donation to the Education Trust Fund. Recalling his cheerful spirit, she said Cowboy was always loyal to her husband, Dan, former superintendent of Everglades NP.

■
Ken Ashley (5227 South County Road 7, Fort Collins, CO 80525) is enjoying a busy retirement. He serves on two boards dealing with transportation programs for seniors and handicapped. He chairs the County Parks Board, and consults as Master Gardener with the extension service. He also cares for several duplexes, raises bees and tends his large garden and 400-tree nursery. Ethel helps him in all his endeavors.

■
E&AA had a pleasant surprise when a single mother and her daughter recently paid in full their Education Trust Fund loan that totaled close to \$4,000. The daughter found work shortly after graduation and managed to save most of the money herself. The loan was paid off a month early.

■
E&AA recently heard from Conrad L. (Connie) Wirth, expressing pleasure over the 1916 Society’s Founders Day dinner honoring his achievements: “I apologize for this tardy letter. The lateness

in no way reflects the great joy you gave me and my family on the evening of August 25th. I had a hard time speaking at the end of the evening because of the deep emotion. The accolades and tribute afforded me were truly touching and so very much appreciated. My career in the Park Service was long and full, and could not have been so without the dedicated support of the men and women of the Service. It was their hard work and commitment that made it all possible. . . . Thank you all . . . for a most wonderful and inspiring evening that will last forever in my heart.”

■
Jim LaRock (Willow Lake Nursery & Farms, 5655 Windsor Island Road N, Keizer, OR 97303) recently remarked on the chance meeting of Forrest Benson and Mark Malik in Arlington last summer. Jim knew Mark when he was working part time at the Wisconsin State Parks Department and attending the University of Wisconsin.

■
George and Helen Fry were among the former Isle Royale superintendents and their spouses who gathered in Houghton for the E&AA reunion. George stays busy with his Boy Scouts of America activities. Just before he left for Isle Royale he conducted an Eagle Scout Court of Honor for five new Eagle Scouts. George and Helen are settling into their new home at 1007 Bay Creek Drive, Wilmington, NC 28403. George hopes to “re-retire” and enjoy nice long walks, holding hands with Helen along the beach.

■
Mim Dixon, health center director for the Chief Andrew Isaac Health Center in Fairbanks, AK, is now placing the Courier in the waiting room of the clinic.

■
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Brown (P.O. Box 670, Miller Place, NY 11764) recently sent a donation to the Education-Trust Fund in memory of Charlie Marshall. They all were college classmates at William and Mary, and shared a long-term friendship with Charlie and wife Madge. The Browns hope that the Trust Fund will

encourage other dedicated historians to serve the National Park Service as Charlie Marshall did.

■
In retirement, Horace and Margaret Sheeley (306 Kalmia Drive, Columbia, SC 29205) wonder how they ever had time to complete day-to-day responsibilities, such as repairing the car, while gainfully employed. The long, hot summer kept the couple busy adding to their camellia and rose garden, and, alas, mowing the lawn.

BUSINESS NEWS

You deserve some credit, and E&AA is helping you get it. In February 1989, E&AA will offer all employees and alumni the opportunity to apply for a low interest/high benefit Classic VISA card. You do not have to be a member of E&AA to qualify.

The E&AA will receive one-half of the low annual fee and a percentage of each purchase made with the card. The proceeds will go to E&AA’s Education Trust Fund, the proposed Ranger Museum in Yellowstone NP, and the Horace Albright Fund. Even if you have an unpaid balance on a VISA or Master Card you can use your available credit to pay off your balance with the E&AA Classic VISA at the low interest rates.

Show your INTEREST in NPS and its traditions by applying for the card that cares. Watch for the application in the mail this coming February.

BOOKS

“How come you guys are hassling me? You should be out telling people about the flowers and animals.” Mass-murderer Charles Manson said this to park rangers as he and his “family” were arrested at the Barker Ranch near Death Valley NM in 1969.

Author Bob Murphy recounts this in his book *Desert Shadows*. Murphy was superintendent of Death Valley when Manson burned a park loader. The investigation into who burned it,

combined with suspicions about drug dealing and stolen vehicles, ultimately led rangers, California Highway Patrol officers and Inyo County deputies to arrest Manson and his followers.

Desert Shadows tells the story of the investigation in and around Death Valley and the events that led to identifying those who burned the park loader as the ones responsible for the mass murders. Murphy tells the story with a minimum of speculation, editorializing, or sensationalizing. Unlike previous accounts of the "Manson Family," he focuses on the largely untold story of park ranger involvement.

Ironically, Manson's statement to those arresting him reflected a concern in the late 1960s about the role and visibility level of law enforcement in parks. Those were days of inadequate training, confusing standards, and often refusal to recognize the need for professionalism in park law enforcement. Yet, while there

has been justifiable criticism of mistakes since then, excellence in resolving park enforcement problems generally has gone unheralded. Murphy gives us an important case history of what a few tenacious, responsible public servants, with perceptive supervisors, were able to accomplish in spite of institutional drawbacks. While Murphy does not discuss these

problems directly, they are reflected in his factual reporting of events.

Autographed copies of *Desert Shadows* are available for \$6.95 (including postage and handling) to E&AA members only. Send your check to Treasurer, E&AA, P.O. Box 1490, Falls Church, VA 22041.

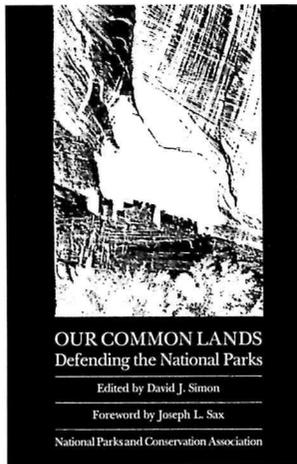
John Dalle-Molle

Oops!

Apologies and much gratitude are owed to Frederick L. Rath, Jr., guest editor for the November *Courier*. His name did not appear in the credits; yet without his long-time friendship with the contributing authors and his determination to see the project to publication, the articles that headline this issue would not have been possible. Likewise, it was his collaboration with David Muench that brought about the lovely photographic spread. Muench and Rath currently are working on a book that will follow the mainstreams of American history in carefully selected park system units from the Bering Strait to Cape Canaveral.

Also apologies to Martha Shibata, who suffered a similar fate in the September *Courier*. Her sketch of Guam's disappearing birds went uncredited.

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