

COURIER

NEWSMAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



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COVER

Bill Clark, National Capital Region's energetic photographer, captured this month's front cover during a special tour of the White House led by First Lady Barbara Bush. Taken in Cross Hall with a view of the 18-century Italian creche at the end of the tree line, it suggests the grandeur of the holidays in the nation's capital.

Officer K. B. Fornshill provided the back cover, depicting the flip side of the Washington holidays.



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THINNING THE BLOOD

I have a growing concern that we, as a nation, are "thinning the blood" of our national park system. In using the term, "thinning the blood" I am referring to the problem of lowering our standards, being willing to accept something that is less than nationally significant into our park system.

These concerns grow stronger as I see so many things that need to be done to take proper care of our present system, and how stretched our personnel are to try to accomplish their work. In short, I am concerned that we are spreading our limited resources over a growing base and that, as a result, we may suffer the possibility of sliding into mediocrity rather than continuing to enjoy the prominence that we have long received.

Obviously I am not going to name any specific parks or park proposals here. It is not my intention to offend our Congressional leaders or our own NPS personnel. However, I do hope you will take a few moments after reading this to reflect on some of the additional parks—and the duties associated with them—that we have acquired during the past ten to fifteen years. Compare them to the "crown jewels" with which we long have been entrusted.

In a recent meeting, my Canadian counterpart indicated that Parks Canada has a goal of completing its park system by the year 2000. That is an interesting concept. What could he mean? How would you *complete* a park system?

In a nutshell, he indicated that they have defined a number of major theme areas that should be represented in the natural parks of Canada. Certain types of topography might be one example. Areas of unique plant diversity might be another. Another might be certain types of complete ecosystems. They believe they have properly identified the theme areas to be acquired. Therefore, once those requirements have been fulfilled, the park system of Canada would be complete.

Of course, he had to fudge a bit and admit that they would not expect the historical and cultural parks to be complete as each day puts down a new element of history and culture to be considered for possible future park status.

It is an interesting concept—to complete something. I had a similar experience in my home state that involved nature preserves. We had done our homework, inventorying the state's natural resources. We became convinced that we knew what was worth saving and that we



could accurately predict which of these valuable resources would be gone if we didn't act quickly. Working with The Nature Conservancy, we went to the legislature and laid our story out.

Our story was that we needed to acquire certain areas and that once we had acquired them our nature preserve system would be complete. Their response was disbelief. They asked, "Do you mean you wouldn't be coming back to us year after year, asking for new areas as you have been?"

Our answer was "yes."

They were fascinated by the concept and, after the mechanics of the plan were worked out, they bought into it. As a result, Indiana has one of the finest nature preserve systems in the country.

I throw this idea out, not as a possible NPS approach but as food for thought. I do know, however, that we can't continue to expand the system indefinitely. There are limits. As far as I'm aware, no one has ever run the 100-yard dash in nothing flat. In the same way, we can't transform the whole of the United States into a national park.

That doesn't mean that we should quit looking for new areas. It does mean that these areas should undergo rigorous examination prior to being proposed for inclusion. I would not want to see our "crown jewels" suffer further deterioration at the expense of adding new parks that might more readily fit into the management categories of state and local governments or private management by individuals and organizations. You, at the grassroots of the NPS—whether in management, planning, science, interpretation, or any of the other important areas of park responsibility—can play a big role in these tough decisions. As you talk with local people or Congressional members and staff, give them your best and most honest advice. To us falls the consequences of the possible "thinning of the blood."

James M. Ridenour

FROM THE EDITOR

The last thing I will do on Christmas Eve is step into my son's room to watch him sleep. These few moments of unguarded quiet are a ritual I have performed every evening of our lives together. He lies there, floating in dreams, unaware of me, unaware of my dreams for him. The curve of his small arm still grips his teddy bear in sleep, as if he took precaution to anchor himself in the waking world and thereby create a route of return for the morning. I know that beneath the effigy of his stillness the warrior lies, and that it will rise with him to run and jump and sing his happy songs in morning light. And yet tonight, unguarded, he sleeps.

I am mindful of him there. I watch the breath rise and fall, the muscles rest in easy comfort, unneeded for the journey he is taking now. He is another child, not mine, at least not the animated, bemuscled one I know—rather the child that rests within the child and that I see at moments such as this when the energy has been stilled. For me, he is like the land in winter and I am able at this season to see his contours more clearly than at any other.

Yet I am mindful of him in all in his phases. As a parent, I must be. To know him, to protect him, to help him know himself, I must watch the way his days fit together, the way they work on him like water on a stone, shaping the man he will become. Such study is what we do with those we love. It is one way we bond with them, soundlessly expressing that they are important enough to us to be known and accepted for who they are.

There is another child I watch with as singular devotion, a child whose existence has given me the opportunity to learn about myself, to grow as it as grown. It does not grip a teddy bear and breathe softly, but I love it. That child, of course, is this publication, and I love it, as every editor before me must have loved it, not for its seamless perfection but for its potential—the way it can and sometimes does reflect the strivings of the human spirit to do good.

But the Wheel of Fortune rises and falls for everyone, and, at the present, this second child of mine—this child that I have watched and loved and helped to grow—is experiencing a rather precipitous downward ride. In early fall the company printing the magazine declared

itself bankrupt. All issues since September have been affected by the scramble to find a new printer. Then the budget for the magazine was cut as Congress adjourned. So although I would like to think that it is business-as-usual for this second child of mine, the truth is that it is not. Next year, the magazine will appear only on a quarterly basis. This means I will not have space for much information I would have liked to include, and I feel disappointed in that.

Fortunately, every downward direction of the Wheel eventually takes an opposite upward turn. This is one lesson that careful observation proves. We learn that, although the upward spiral may not be yet, it comes. In winter roots sink deep into the earth; in spring the same spirit of life shoots upward. My child, lost in dreams, holds in his bones and muscles the potential for future growth. The *Courier* does the same. Next year's exploration will not be same as the previous year's pursuit. Faced with change, next year's *Courier* may not even build on what has gone before. Nevertheless, I hope that the spirit of the magazine will continue to be felt in the Service's 75th anniversary year. Beyond that wish, at Christmas—since Christmas is a time for wishing—I also hope that, with or without the contribution of the *Courier*, this important anniversary will serve employees as a springboard for greater personal and professional deepening, that in some manner it will permit the organization to probe the potential for increased mindfulness of where it stands and commitment to what it stands for.

But what, indeed, is mindfulness? A recent book defines it as a state of continual alertness to where we are. To be mindful is to be a barometer of sorts, consciously taking note of the slightest fluctuations of change around us and compiling so precise an awareness that the character of a day can be recalled in its exactness. But what does mindfulness enable us to do? I think it helps us live a little more clear-headedly in the present. It gives us a reasonably accurate reading of the way the world works; it informs us when someone is sick or needy, in the myriad ways the human race can be both of these things; it establishes common ground from which we can reach out to help each other as well as the natural world; it makes who we are individually less important than who we can be collectively.

And, yes, to be mindful is to assume a certain amount of responsibility for where we

stand ethically and for those we stand with. And this *is* work, but work worth doing, which we as a nation and as a world sorely need to do more of.

It is much easier to be self-absorbed. The reality of our individual needs can be so all consuming that to see beyond its shadow requires a personal battle as fierce as that of any war. And yet to wage that battle and to win is to find ourselves upheld and upholding others.

I think of this in connection with the National Park Service and with so many other aspects of life as we know it here at the end of yet another year. I think of the National Park Service's stewardship responsibilities—the jobs that we are paid to do—and yet I also suspect that they will never be done with the kind of thoroughness the resources deserve until these same stewardship responsibilities become the unofficial duties of everyone, until everyone accepts responsibility for the litter on the ground and the chloroflorocarbons in the air and the destruction of rainforests and the intensity of unresolved human pain—until we all become more mindful of where we stand and who we stand with.

But how could this ever be? To achieve it would be to give birth to Utopia. And utopias have never been known to last very long. For the most part, we are too much like grown-up children to make them work—too busy trying to blame the children whose misfortune it is to stand behind us in line. And yet...

And yet...

We are blessed also, because like these same children, we are surrounded by those who willingly stand in the room with us as we sleep, watching and hoping as we struggle to grow. We have organizations like the Park Service, that, imperfectly, in an imperfect world, do what they can to preserve our national heritage until, collectively and individually, as Americans, we grow to where we are able to recognize and to carry out some of these responsibilities for ourselves—until we too become mindful. We also have friends and even strangers who sometimes and unexpectedly reach out their hands in loving recognition and support as we evolve.

Such love is shared in different ways, as this Christmas issue of the *Courier* shows. It appears in the painful profiles and convicting words from Maria Gonzales, a U.S. Park Police sergeant who writes about the condition of the homeless, and, indirectly,

about those whose lives they touch. It shines in Jim McDaniels' article, written on short notice but with the personal commitment to share a good story. Finally, it pounds with a strong current in Steve Beesley's article, *To Stand Up Straight and Hope*.

Nevertheless, if there were only one article in this issue that I could recommend, it would be Steve's. His is strong medicine: an answer to all who say "I can't"; an example to even the bravest of us—that we have all the strength and courage and creative possibility that we need within us, to draw on during even the darkest times. And Steve's article is a contribution not offered lightly, but with the passion of someone who has lived his own words, who has stepped forward with courage to accept the challenge that has been offered him. During the Christmas season and throughout the year, it is up to each of us to do the same.

More than any other holiday, Christmas challenges us to be aware of who we are and what we stand for, to see ourselves not in the context of our solitary journey but in all the other journeys being made around us. In the glow of this amazing time, we are asked to put aside the dailiness of our lives, to regard each other and humanity with a freshness akin to new love. We come closer to our fellow travellers now, at this time, than at any other because, like my son in his bed, we allow our vulnerability to be known. We choose to know the vulnerability of others.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, the miracle happens.

It is Christmas.

And at Christmas, the vulnerable honesty of unguarded sleep can be respected.

And so I stand, listening to the gentle flow of breath from the child that means more to me than any other. But my thoughts are with my second child as well, that child which has safely come to the end of another year, though with little prospect of seeing such an untroubled journey in the next. Nevertheless, I know that trouble stretches us; pain causes us to grow. The Wheel of Fortune carries travelers in both directions, and so, with Steve Beesley, we stand up straight and hope.

FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER LONG

Denis P. Galvin

The national park system is a collection of places. The Service's management policies suggest that these places possess "...a high degree of integrity of location, design, setting, materials, feeling, and association." Certainly we frequently have applied these criteria to the setting of historic events. Less often have we been asked to probe the relationship between place and the creative process.

Recently bills have added the J. Alden Weir Farm in Connecticut to the national park system and authorized a study that would result in the preservation of sites associated with the early history of jazz in New Orleans.

The criteria are relatively straightforward in testing a battlefield, or a birthplace, or the highest mountain for inclusion in the system. But how do we judge a painting, or a poem, or a jazz improvisation trumpeted in a New Orleans Square 90 years ago and lost as soon as it was created?

As a visitor, the sites I enjoy most are those that are intrinsically descriptive—places where interpretation supplements the evidence of the senses and the knowledge one brings. Not many places meet this stern test. Success is made even more difficult if the goal is to preserve creative acts or movements or works that may have only tangential relationship to the place they were created.

Recently I visited the Robert Frost Farm in Derry, New Hampshire (a unit of the state division of parks and recreation). Frost farmed and taught school and wrote poetry there from 1900 to 1911. It is a national historic landmark.

We commemorate the significance of this place not as a farm or a teacher's home. Nevertheless the site does tell a story of those occupations as practiced in rural New England at the turn of the century. All portions of its L-shape, from the parlor to the barn, can be reached without going outside—silent tribute to its northern location and the severity of

winter there. As usual with structures of this age, I note things we had when I was a child: a black cast iron stove in the kitchen, a washboard, a clothes mangle.

But visitors do not come because the farm is a rural exemplar. On a grey and drizzly afternoon the English family, the elderly couple from New York, the woman from Pennsylvania, and the family from Virginia come to discover something about the poet and his poetry, something tucked away in a room perhaps or in an angle of land that inspired a thought burnished to a line and cherished for a lifetime.

Frost valued the farm as the source of his early work and wrote "I might say the core of all my writing was probably the five free years I had there on the farm down the road from Derry Village..." He was distressed when it passed out of farming and became an auto graveyard. His resolve to reclaim it was never fulfilled. Later, others did that.

As we take the tour our guide points to a spot in an upstairs bedroom where Frost kept a telescope. It is gone but some lines fill its absence:

*The best thing we're put here for's to see;
The strongest thing that's given us to see
with's
A telescope. Someone in every town
Seems to me owes it to the town to keep one.
In Littleton it may as well be me.*

Outside we walk where there was orchard...
*My long two-pointed ladder's sticking
through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it...*

...And come to a stone wall on the property line, no longer dividing pine and apple orchard but still defining "good neighbors":

*And some are loaves and some so nearly
balls
We have to use a spell to make them
balance:
'Stay where you are until our backs are
turned!'*

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses, for art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstone of our judgement.

— John F. Kennedy

On the other side of the farm is Hyla Brook:

By June our brook's run out of song and speed...

But in this wet summer, it still trickles in August, yet Frost's conclusion abides:
*A brook to none but who remember long.
This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken elsewhere in song.
We love the things we love for what they are.*

Frost condemned one old house to sacrificial flames:

*Some sympathy was wasted on the house,
A good old-timer dating back along;
But a house isn't sentient; the house
Didn't feel anything. And if it did,
Why not regard it as a sacrifice,
And an old-fashioned sacrifice by fire,
Instead of a new-fashioned one at auction?*

And perhaps this farm "isn't sentient," but this poet's art is bound to images of place—common places described in deceptively simple language that teases truth out of hiding. To love the poem "Mending Wall," it is not necessary to see the wall that Frost and his neighbor, Napoleon Guay, repaired, but seeing it heightens my wonder at the act of creativity it inspired.

From this modest New Hampshire farm the poet nurtured ideas that still stimulate. Others farmed before and after him here but no one else extracted so lasting a crop. Like Hyla Brook, perhaps the farm has "run out of song..." But it is filled with song for those "...who remember long."

The American artist Allan Gusson defined place as "...a piece of the whole environment that has been claimed by feelings..." Frost's emotional claim on his Derry Farm shaped his art and his art has shaped the view of thousands about land and love and labor. Here creativity and place were linked. The preservation of such places can provide a measure of our culture as meaningful as battlefields or birthplaces.

THE PERSONNEL SIDE

Terrie Fajardo

I could hear the rumbling of packages outside my office door as Pat put on his coat. "Terrie, I don't like leaving you alone like

this," he said, calling around the door jam. "The building's practically deserted."

"Don't worry," I said, "You go on. It's Christmas Eve. Get a head start on the festivities!"

Reluctantly Pat left. I went around making sure all the doors were locked and the lights out, except the one in my office. I still needed to finish my letter to Santa.

Dear Santa:

I know you haven't heard from me in more than twenty years (O.K., so it's been thirty!) but I thought I'd see if you could use a few employment tips as stocking stuffers. You could put them on a Xerox sheet, and, with a little ribbon, they could be very festive. Anyway, someone might find something useful here to help them find or keep a job. So here goes!

When applying for a job, remember:

1. Each time you apply for a vacancy, update your SF-171. Make sure it contains the job you currently hold and that it's described accurately.

2. On the front page, don't forget to complete the question concerning the various types of appointments you have held. Be specific: if you served a temporary or excepted appointment, include that information. Especially include the dates you held it.

3. Be sure the form contains your current address and telephone number. If you can't be found, you can't be interviewed.

4. When completing the sections on your current position, remember the difference between the date of your last promotion and the date of your last within grade. The question asks the date of your last promotion, not within grade. This is important information because it indicates how long you have held your current grade level. For all grades above GS-5, you must be in grade one year before you can be promoted to another grade level.

5. When listing your college education, be sure you include the date you graduated and the type of degree. If you have not graduated, you can indicate the date you expect to receive your degree. Also list your college courses in the space provided or on bond paper, including the number of credits received for each course. If possible, attach a copy of your college transcript; it lists all the information the personnel office may need.

6. Answer all the questions on the last page of the SF-171. If these questions are not answered, the personnel office cannot accept the form. Also, please remember to sign and date the form. The application is no good without your signature.

7. If a Supplemental Experience Question-

naire is attached to the vacancy announcement, make sure you complete and return it with your application. It provides the selecting official with the most relevant information concerning your experience/education relative to the position being filled.

8. Attach a copy of your most recent performance appraisal. Oftentimes, the information gained in reviewing the performance appraisal reinforces many of the questions selecting officials ask during reference checks.

9. Be complete but don't send unnecessary materials like your college thesis, every appreciation letter you ever received, or copies of your most recent articles. If writing samples are needed, the selecting official will request them at the time of the interview.

10. When going for an interview, be prepared. Know the impression you want to leave and the information you want to get. Just because you applied doesn't mean that you necessarily want this job. You need to know more about it—not the hours of duty or when you go to lunch but what the job entails. Dress neatly for the interview, and don't be late. Don't be nervous either, but don't be so casual that the interviewer fails to take you seriously. Answer all questions fully and truthfully. Have questions of your own ready.

After you get the job, remember:

1. If you're a supervisor, your staff looks to you for guidance. They also look to you for encouragement and appreciation. Make sure you give an even measure of both. Remember to use the Awards program in your region/WASO. Recognizing good work encourages continued performance.

2. If you're an employee, don't be afraid to discuss job-related problems with your supervisor. Unless you speak up, things will not get better. Also, give your best effort. Do the job you were hired to do. Try not to make unnecessary personal phone calls or leave your desk for long periods of time. Supervisors rely on you, because "if you don't do it, it don't get done!"

Well, Santa that's about all. Hope you can use this information. If you're stuck for a gift idea, you can always give out little plaques that say, "Do unto others..." I think people forget about that. If they remembered more often, we could eliminate employee relations from the personnel office.

Hope you and Rudolph, Donner, and the gang have a great flight tonight. I've left out the cookies as usual and I remembered the low fat milk! Merry Christmas!

Love, Terrie

THE PUBLIC SPEAKS

I was a "Johnny-Come-Lately" to this Northwest Country. I met and married during World War II. I came from Kansas City, and in that place all of our lumber was shipped in from the West Coast. A man by the name of R. A. Long did most of the shipping. He built Longview, Washington....

Later on in my life I became involved in photography, and, along with my oldest son, traveled over most of the country west of the Mississippi, photographing the scenery. Even as we did this, you could see the country being changed by its human habitants. I recently



read that Zane Grey's cabin was burned down in a forest fire: we had photographed that place. We had done the same with Mark Twain's cabin in the Gold Rush country (burned down also, and then restored).

There were ghost towns everywhere, no longer populated by the people who built them....Places like Yosemite were so crowded that we could not find a campsite during the summer season. Yellowstone had a major fire after we visited the place. In Utah they were



worried about the prospect of having their Canyonlands region used as a dumpsite for atomic waste.

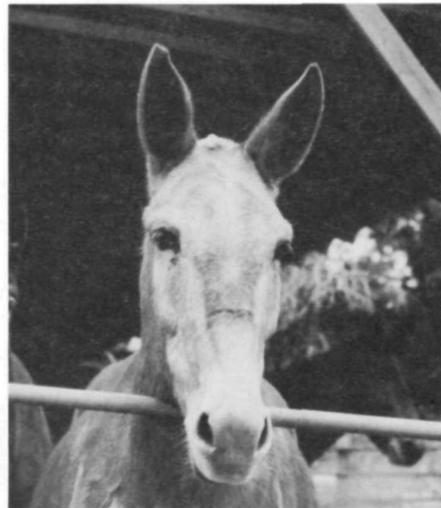
This Western country may never be the same again, and I am glad that we had the opportunity to view it while it still had some resemblance to the scenes that greeted the pioneers.

As I said, I consider myself to be a relative newcomer.... My great grandparents were headed for Oregon when they decided to remain in a little town called Drexel on the bor-



der between Kansas and Missouri. I finally completed the journey for them: I am glad that I did.

To me, this American West is the most special place in the world. But it has been my experience that human words have little effect on the eventual disposition of this environ-



ment in which we live. In the end, it seems to come down to that old Spanish saying, "Que sara sara."

In the future perhaps the only reminder that we will have of what used to be in this part of the world will be the photographs which were taken by people like myself, and a myriad other peripatetic shutterbugs.

George Gould, Portland, OR

SURROUNDED BY FRIENDLY FIRE

Dixie

Slippery sidewalks; biting wind chill, charge card\$ tossed in the fray...

It's Christma\$time in Hub City.

When I hear about our rurally-based rangers and staff who have to drive 50 to 100 miles to get the necessities of life, I wonder if they would like to trade places with us urban dwellers, who are able to fritter away all of our income within minutes of the office. This time of year, it's especially dangerous to be that close to the "goods." Perhaps "Nowhere To Run, Nowhere to Hide" should be an official carole.

I've been considering having my paycheck (we are still paid, no?) automatically zapped into my bank. But recently a Rand McNally Outlet store opened up a mere 180 paces down State Street. I'm thinking maybe I should have it electronically whizzed to them and avoid the middle guy. What stuff they have! Great gifts for children in this un-geographied society. No Mutant Reptile icons will fall out of my holiday wrappings!

Rand MapAlley plopped itself just about across the street from my camera store, a long-time pocket of doom for any of my excess cash. Feeding four cameras does have drawback\$, but cost is forgotten if the resultant photos preserve great memories.

Going in the opposite direction provides no solace. Only 300 strides away is the Boston Globe's Old Corner Bookstore. Literary celebrities of Colonial Beantown met there, and now it is a four-star shoppe for those looking for Hub, New England, USA and worldwide travel books.

Of course all of this presupposes that one can escape the quality items strewn about the Boston NHP/Eastern Park & Monument Association bookstore right in the Regional Office entrance.

Around two more corners is Bay State Coin Company, a tiny quagmire for collectors of coins and, yes, baseball cards. For a hobby based upon innocent childhood memorabilia, it's now comforting to know ONE honorable store manager who can analyze trends, predict shortfalls and surpluses, and offer a "deal" on any card(s) in his case.

When the "shop til ya drop" fever subsides, there's always the Old Towne's Boston Garden—only two train stops away (or ten minutes by sneaker). The Guys in Green Shorts have already cashed my check. Their doings are "free" til May.

When the New Year arrives we'll be officially into our 75th-year celebration. Don't get too lax or giddy and forget the Hill Street Sargeant's sound advice, "Let's be careful out there!"

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

One warm spring day in the year 1790, George Washington and his planner, Pierre L'Enfant, stood on a ridge overlooking the Potomac River and selected the site for the President's House. During the next ten years, construction continued on the building that was to become the home and office of all future presidents. Today, the White House, a powerful and evocative American symbol, is a unit of the national park system. National Park Service employees work closely with the Chief Usher and others of the President's staff to ensure a high level of service to the First Family, staff and visitors.

Along with the functions of maintenance, visitor services, planning, design, and historic preservation, the many National Park Service employees associated with the White House particularly enjoy working with the Chief Usher and the Executive Residence staff to present the White House in Christmas splendor to more than 100,000 visitors during the holiday season each year.

Many White House Christmas traditions can be traced back to our Virginia presidents—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe. Although Washington never experienced a "White House Christmas," we know this was always a special day for him. Albert J. Menendez, in *Christmas in the White House*, says, "George Washington always kept Christmas with an abundance of joy and merrymaking. As a Virginia gentleman, he welcomed visitors and friends to his plantation with open arms. The food was sumptuous, the fire crackling, and the conversation animated."

This tradition of holiday merrymaking, which often lasted a month or more, was carried into the White House by the ensuing Virginia presidents. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe brought to the White House their traditional holiday customs of eating, drinking, games and good fellowship.

Later presidents celebrated their Christmases in different ways. Andrew Jackson, who lost his mother when he was a child, spent one Christmas at an orphanage, distributing gifts and sweets. Abraham Lincoln invited a group of street urchins in for Christmas dinner, much to the chagrin of the White House chef. Chester A. Arthur fed a crowd of 500 needy children one Christmas, and, in 1891, Benjamin Harrison dressed as Santa Claus and entertained his children and grandchildren.

Not every White House Christmas was a festive occasion. In 1941, according to Dr. William Seale in *The President's House: A History*, controversy clouded Christmas as the Secret Service

argued against lighting the national Christmas tree in Lafayette Park to preserve the wartime blackout. Franklin Roosevelt compromised with his security aides, and, with Winston Churchill at his side, threw the switch lighting a tree on the south lawn of the White House, to the delight of nearly 10,000 onlookers.

When Jimmy Carter threw the switch to light the national Christmas tree in December, 1980, the tree remained dark. Only the star at its tip twinkled on. An audible gasp rose from the crowd of thousands, all of whom thought they had witnessed an

embarrassing electrical malfunction. But a handful of National Park Service employees knew better. In accordance with a closely held secret plan, they implemented the President's order that only the star would remain lit until all American hostages returned from Iran. A month later, on Inauguration Day, 1981, the hostages were released and the tree fully lit.

Just as National Park Service employees worked behind the scenes in 1980 to implement the secret lighting design for the national Christmas tree, so they have quietly supported the efforts

of First Families and their staffs to showcase the White House through many holiday seasons. National Park Service gardeners, electricians, carpenters, motor vehicle operators, and other skilled professionals, teamed with employees from the Executive Residence and volunteers, have worked diligently each year to transform the public rooms of the White House into a winter wonderland for visitors.

The design of each year's Christmas decorations begins shortly after the previous year's decorations are struck. Following



State Dining Room

extensive consultation within the White House, a theme is selected by the First Lady. The theme for 1983 was "an old-fashioned Christmas." The design featured displays of antique dolls in the East Room, Cross Hall and Grand Foyer. The dolls were loaned to the White House from the Margaret Woodbury Strong Museum in Rochester, New York, and included Lenci dolls, in their original costumes, first made in 1919 in Turin, Italy. Also displayed were French fashion dolls, popular from 1865-1885, and china-head dolls from Germany, Denmark and Austria.

The White House Christmas tree in 1983 was a 20-foot Noble fir grown in Orting, Washington. Traditionally located in the Blue Room, the tree was decorated that year with 1,200 toy, doll and dollhouse objects, some dating back to 1865. In addition, volunteers from a local drug rehabilitation center helped Mrs. Reagan decorate the tree with 500 foil ornaments replicating handmade decorations commonly found on American Christmas trees in the early 1900s.

The "old-fashioned Christmas" theme returned in 1985, with a "turn of the century" variation. Most of the decorations were made by the tradesmen of the Executive Residence and National Park Service, with assistance from volunteers. Visitors entering the White House through the East Wing Garden Room enjoyed a 12-foot tall poinsettia tree, created with dozens of potted pink and white poinsettia plants. A display of official White House Christmas cards, dating back to the first one sent by President and Mrs. Eisenhower in 1953, decorated the East Foyer.

"A musical Christmas" was the theme for 1987. The East Room was transformed into a winter wonderland, with six 21-foot and two 12-foot spruce trees, each covered with tiny white lights, snowflakes, icicles and tinsel. The official White House Christmas tree that year was an 18-foot Fraser fir from Crawford County, Pennsylvania. It was decorated by staff and volunteers with hundreds of miniature musical instruments and rolls of sheet music. The White House carpenter shop made 350 wooden toys for the tree.

Perhaps the highlight of 1987 was the series of hand-made scenes adorning many of the mantels on the state floor. These displays included characters depicting favorite Christmas songs such as "Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer," "Frosty the Snowman," "Parade of The Wooden Soldiers," and "Suzy Snowflake."

The 1989 theme, "A Storybook Christmas," carried a special message about President and Mrs. Bush's concern for building a more literate America. The Blue Room tree, an 18-foot Fraser fir from Spartansburg, Pennsylvania, was decorated with 80 soft sculptures of well-known characters from literature. Mrs. Rumphius, the Mad Hatter, Tin Man, the Little Lame Prince, Mary

Poppins, Pinnochio, Moon Shadow and Poky Little Puppy all perched on boughs of fir, while books for all ages, tied with red ribbons, rested beneath the tree.

In keeping with a 20-year tradition, the White House Executive Chef again baked a traditional, old world gingerbread house for the State Dining Room. The 1989 version stood 36 inches tall, weighed 45 pounds and featured Hansel and Gretel in the front yard.

While the decorating themes may change from year to year, some traditions like the gingerbread house recur every Christmas. The use of fragrant greenery and brightly colored poinsettia plants is another tradition. Each year some forty volunteers, primarily from the floral industry, work with the White House Flower Shop and National Park Service to create



imaginative, colorful holiday arrangements for use throughout the White House.

For those who visited the White House during the 1990 Christmas season, a touch of tradition and a little something new waited to be experienced.

At the front door of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, two 16-foot Blue Spruce trees with twinkling white lights, icicles and tinsel, awaited a dusting of real snow. Entering the White House, visitors enjoyed the fresh fragrance of fir and other evergreens used in the many garlands and wreaths.

Twenty lighted and snow-covered Christmas trees filled the Grand Foyer and Cross Hall. Visitors also saw four decorated spruce trees and ribboned boughs of evergreens gracing the East Room, with its traditional 18th-century Italian creche.

The Green Room and Red Room were decorated with floral creations and thematic elements. The Blue Room, with its floor-to-ceiling Christmas tree, served as the focal point of the state floor. The State Dining Room again held the traditional gingerbread house, and, this year, as in 1989, the National Park Service again provided a Christmas tree for the Oval Office, a tradition begun by President Bush.

Christmas has come and gone nearly 200 times in the history of this magnificent house. As the bicentennial anniversary of the laying of the White House cornerstone approaches, a visit to the President's House during the holiday season can be a very special occasion. By holding onto many Christmas traditions while adding a modern touch from today's First Families, the White House teaches the visitor to appreciate the masterful blend of home, office and museum that symbolizes this unique unit of our national park system.

Jim McDaniel is the Associate Regional Director of White House liaison for the Park Service's National Capital Region.

CHESTNUTS WARM THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO'VE NEVER SEEN THEM

Somewhere between bright leaves whirling in cool winds and the first day of the new year, we dream of the way Christmas used to be, when receiving a gift was something to be thankful for, rather than expected. We also daydream about the food—goose with belly pudding, mincemeat pies, and fresh bread, not those pre-fab dinner rolls that everybody tries to pawn off as something worth eating. There would have been chestnuts too—American chestnuts and lots of them for they were acknowledged to have the finest flavor, even though they were not as large as their European and Oriental cousins.

As a boy, on cold, blustery fall and winter nights, I well remember a shivering, old Italian standing on a street corner of downtown Brooklyn before his rickety sheet metal oven-like contraption, yelling "Hot roasta chestnuts! Hotta roast chestnuts!" I remember the popping and crackling noises as the old fellow took off the lid to give me a nickel's worth of the sweet, hot delicious nuts. He always carefully measured them in a wooden or tin cup.

(G.H. Hepting, 1974)

Chestnuts affected the lives of many people, not only city boys who tasted them fresh from the old Italian man's cart, but also rural people who fattened their children as well as their hogs and other livestock on chestnuts. Bears, white-footed mice,

deer, woodpeckers, raccons, jays, squirrels, chipmunks, and foxes were all sustained on the protein-rich nuts. In virgin forests, where big trees were commonplace, mature chestnuts could be 600 years old, averaging 4 to 5 feet in diameter, 80 to 100 feet tall.

In the spring when the chestnuts first came out (they would bloom a little later than any other tree), they had a light, cream-colored blossom, and a big tree that grew up a hundred feet high would have a spread at the top of it a hundred feet wide, maybe. You could see them sticking up out of the woods, and it was just like big, potted flowers standing up all over the mountains. (Noel Moore, Appalachian resident)

The trees also played an important role in the Appalachian region, making up the equivalent of nine million sold acres of chestnuts. And the people there depended upon the nuts as a cash crop just in time for the holidays. But the versatility of the tree also placed it in great demand. Homes had chestnut siding, chestnut shingle roofing, and chestnut doors. Because chestnut wood was durable and rot resistant, it was used for telephone poles, ship masts, railroad ties, musical instruments, and farm fencing. Appalachian loggers tell of loading entire railroad cars with boards cut from just one tree.





In 1924, Dad met a Georgia Power Company engineer, and he deeded fifteen hundred poles twenty-five feet in length. He wanted chestnut, and he wanted 'em shipped from [my hometown] to wherever.... Dad said, "I'll get 'em...if the weather's good and I can get things rolling like I want to." The Georgia Power engineer came back to him and said, "If you can give us the poles in four weeks, we'll give you a dollar for every pole." And they had ordered fifteen hundred, so that was a fifteen-hundred-dollar bonus...

(Jack Grist, Appalachian resident)

But in 1904, nature put an end to the abundance. Forester W.H. Merkel noticed that trees at the New York Zoological Society's park were dying. On the bark he saw small orange cankers choking off the nutrients that should have been flowing through the tree. With \$2,000 obtained from emergency relief funds, Merkel tried to surgically remove the damaged areas, but the disease was more devastating than he realized. One year after the discovery, 98 percent of all chestnuts in Bronx were infected. Merkel and other researchers concluded that the fungus had entered this country before 1904, probably on saplings of the Chinese chestnut, before quarantine laws.

During the next 50 years, the blight spread swiftly and silently, traveling by wind, rain, birds, and insects. By 1910 it was established in New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. By 1920 it had reached as far as Maryland and Virginia to the

south, and Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire to the north. The next two decades brought it into the Appalachian Mountains, westward through Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. By the 1950s the fungus had made its way through the entire range, leaving only a few hundred mature trees standing. The blight was many times more destructive than Dutch Elm disease.

There was a mountain just across the valley from where we were living at the time. It was a ridge like. It wasn't very tall and it was covered completely with chestnut trees. All of 'em were young trees. They was some of 'em as much as twenty-four inches in diameter. And that's where we'd usually go to get our crop of chestnuts. But they all died in one summer. Every one of 'em.
(Noel Moore)

Saplings still spring from the root systems of the long-dead chestnuts, producing 15,000 to 20,000 sprouts per acre in some areas. The saplings, however, exist in a biological limbo, living only a decade or so. Then strands of the fungus, which grow in mats called mycelial fans, worm under the bark of the saplings, cracking it open to produce the cankers.

Researchers at Great Smokey Mountains National Park (TN) are working in conjunction with the American Chestnut Foundation to develop a new and improved version of the American Chestnut tree—one that would be approximately 95% American and 5% Chinese. With this eventual mix, scientists hope the resultant strain will sprout into large, nut bearing trees like those that once dominated the eastern half of the United States, but with the added feature of blight resistance. The results of this project are still years away.

In the meantime, researchers are studying how that same blight is now affecting other trees like scarlet oaks on the Gulf coast and, specifically, the Ozark Chinquapin, a close relative to the American chestnut. Together with researchers from the University of Tennessee, they hope to stop the blight's toll on these trees before it's too late.

Too late for the American chestnut? Some might say that's for you to decide. There will always be a Christmas. And there will always be carols that tell the tale. The memories of the stories our parents and grandparents tell is the one thing that might slip away. So, it's important to keep them in mind. In this way, amidst the rush of Christmas pleasures, there always will be chestnuts roasting on an open fire.

Debbie Dortch last wrote for the September Courier. The following references were used to prepare this article: George Hepting's "Death of the American Chestnut," Franklin Hoke's "The Last American Chestnut," E. G. Kuhlman's "The Devastation of the American Chestnut by Blight," Stephen Nash's "The Blighted Chestnut: New Research races with time to recover a great American tree," and Eliot Wigginton's "Memories of the American Chestnut."



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The first thing you notice from a distance is appearance. Dishevelled. Unclean. Bags of worldly belongings in a shopping cart at her feet!

As you approach, your sense of smell is attacked. For those of us who have been unlucky enough to have discovered an unreported death several days old, it is all too recognizable. You feel the subtle change in the air and it thickens as you walk into range. As you get closer you begin to feel the effects of stress. Your body responds. Blood pressure elevates. Palms sweat. Muscles tense. Mind races. It's your duty to investigate. You want to cross the street, drive away, get as far as possible from that reeking mass—want to, but don't have that option. As you get closer, something under the pile moves—you pray the rats aren't already there—shifts position. "Margaret" is still alive under the four coats, two skirts, two sweat pants, and the plastic sheeting. You talk to her to make sure. Relief floods over you, knowing that this time you won't have to touch her, much less attempt life-saving rescue breathing. This time.

As the holidays approach, we look forward to family reunions, to festivities inherent in Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's celebrations—activities full of friends, happiness, warmth, dreams and the prospect of bright and happy tomorrows. Most of us spend these special days in the comfort of our homes, with our loved ones. Some of us spend a major portion of these special days amongst other "special" people, those whose homes are far different, far less cheerful than our own.

Several years ago, a government study found some institutionalized individuals well enough to be released to family care. Since then, some of them probably have become part of that fraction of the statistically 15 to 20,000 homeless in the Wash-



ington, DC, area commonly referred to as "locals." This small fraction, for reasons known only to themselves, elect to live and sleep on the street. Though not a major law enforcement concern in terms of criminal activity, they are vulnerable to the elements and an easy prey to violence.

As police officers in Washington, DC, members of the U. S. Park Police come in contact with these "locals." Our objective, especially during the winter, is their well-being. The beat officers ensure that they are alive, call for emergency services when necessary, and perform life-saving CPR on many occasions. Our major area of contact is in Lafayette Park (also known as Peace Park) across from the White House. Other areas include the

Ellipse, immediately to the rear of the White House, and the grounds of the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials where they "shelter" in the thick, well-maintained shrubbery.

In early autumn, the changing of the leaves signals the beginning of the holiday season. It is also time for the locals to find their winter homes, and they start jockeying for a dry heat grate instead of a steam grate. Those on steam grates will be the most likely to die of exposure if they leave the grate for any length of time, for if they're gone long enough the wet steam on their clothes and exposed body parts will condense into ice.

During the day Lafayette Park is alive with tourists. Members of the business community fill the area at noon, enjoying the day in the exceptionally well kept grounds of President's Park. As darkness approaches, the locals begin to gather. Their numbers grow at dark, as they occupy benches and vie for favorite spots on the lawn. They come, bringing all they own in plastic bags, carts, baby strollers. One night 73 were counted in the park, which looked like a makeshift morgue after a disaster.

Why do they come here? One reason is the relative safety of the park. Well patrolled by the U.S. Park Police, it is a "safe haven." As Officer K.B. Fornshill states, "they feel there is a government conspiracy against them, some claiming to have lawsuits against the government for their specific grievances...If police presence enforcing laws means having to move elsewhere because of the 'camping' regulations, a single piece of cardboard, combined with a crayon or #1 pencil, is all it takes to become a permanent fixture, a single demonstrator not being required to have a permit to voice a grievance, staying as long as they want, enjoying the freedom and protection of the First Amendment of the Constitution."

The communal atmosphere and companionship shared by those manning the 24-hour "vigils" attract the locals, and so do the "meal wagons." Whether the meal wagons come here because of the high number of locals, or the locals come here because of the meal wagons is unknown. No matter. The presence of both has impacted on park aesthetics, with trash littered on the green expanse and the acrid smells of human waste in the air.

For the most part non-violent, locals can and do become violent, displaying unexpected, unexplained aberrant behavior. Though a safe haven for the homeless, the park is not a safe haven for the officers that patrol that beat. For many of them it has become a violent place, particularly after dark. In February of this year, one such sudden unexplained attack left a homeless man needing stitches on his head and another fatally wounded. As the beat officer (an EMT) attended to the victim, another officer approached the assailant, a man with a history of violence, including violent encounters with several members of the U.S. Park Police. The assailant managed to gain the officer's gun. As he raised the weapon to fire at the officer, the beat officer fired on the assailant and fatally wounded him.

One night I encountered "Rebecca," a tall woman in her early forties, clean and neat, with no visible signs of aberrant behavior. However, "Rebecca" became suddenly irrational, attacking me physically. She ripped open her blouse and repeatedly screamed "rape." Then as sudden as her attack was her unexpected calm. Offering no further resistance, she had no idea why she was taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital for observation.

Another night as the beat officer and I walked through the park, we encountered "Helmet Man," who had toothbrushes taped around his helmet, the bristles barely extending over the crown, forming some type of barrier to "thought stealing, mind robbing, government radio waves." He is a tall man with the features of a once handsome, though too thin young man. Hair and eyes are those of a lost and forgotten old man. Ramrod straight, militarily erect, he walked into Lafayette Park with a purpose, as if the park belonged to him and we were intruding. The officer's friendly hello drew a hostile response.

"Michael," a regular in Lafayette Park, confided to one of the officers that he was a physicist, then asked if the officer believed him. The officer said yes. Then "Michael" asked, "How do you know?" When the officer responded, "because you told me," the other man broke into tears and sobbed quietly as he asked the

officer, "How can you talk to me? I'm a drunk."

Then there is the woman who sits alone, holding an animated conversation, laughing and arguing with an invisible companion, or "Robert," a regular on a steam grate in the Ellipse, who had \$150 dollars in his possession—the paper money was moldy, disintegrating from rot. In Franklin Park, "Frankie" awaits the subpoena from Congress to testify against the IRS, and at the Lincoln Memorial, a man suffering from frostbite lost both hands and feet last winter. There is also the "Michelin Man" at the Washington Monument. His race is unknown; his face is always wrapped.

Christmas carols play over loudspeakers from department stores. Santa Clauses ring bells by red buckets on street corners. Shoppers bustle along with arms full of wrapped packages. In spite of their mental disorder and their emotional dysfunction, the locals are acutely aware of the season, and participate. Some decorate their persons. A colored bow adorns a woman's hair. A ribbon serves as a boutonniere.

During this season, we hear with compassion the pleas to set aside a little extra for those less fortunate than ourselves. And we do, thinking of our own bright future, knowing our dreams merely to be not a reality yet. The air is alive with the scents of festivities—wood burning in chimneys, fresh bread baking, and a roast in the oven—a regular meal for regular folks. This is the stuff of dreams. Elsewhere, the stuff of picnics—a hotdog, a hamburger, potato chips, a soda and dessert—are prepared for a not so regular holiday meal—from a garbage can—to be consumed by a not so regular person.

Compassion. All too often misguided, lost, put aside, overlooked, forgotten. I discovered mine again after working with several compassionate and understanding officers.

Consider: An officer, heavily muscled, well-built, having the stereotypical macho appearance, does a very un-macho thing—extends his hand to a homeless man. In it, a few dollars.

Perhaps he listened and heard the whisper of a long forgotten dream.

Maria A. Gonzalez is a sergeant assigned to the U.S. Park Police Central District in Washington, DC.

TO STAND UP STRAIGHT AND HOPE

My son always loved a good bedtime story, the scarier the better so long, he would tell me, as I didn't shout out the really scary parts. On the occasion of his fifth birthday I decided one of his presents should be a fable of legendary proportion. So I conjured up a tale of dragons and magic and sword-play and held his vivid imagination in my hands for an hour or so.

When I finished I looked at him closely, needing his acceptance of my finely-crafted epic. He stared back at me for a moment, seemingly wrestling with some deep thought, and then asked, "Daddy, are there really dragons?" Clearly, the story had done its job, and I figured I'd better spend a few minutes in damage control, dispelling the demons of myth now set loose and swirling through his young mind. It took a while but I finally satisfied myself I'd convinced him that there are no such things as dragons.

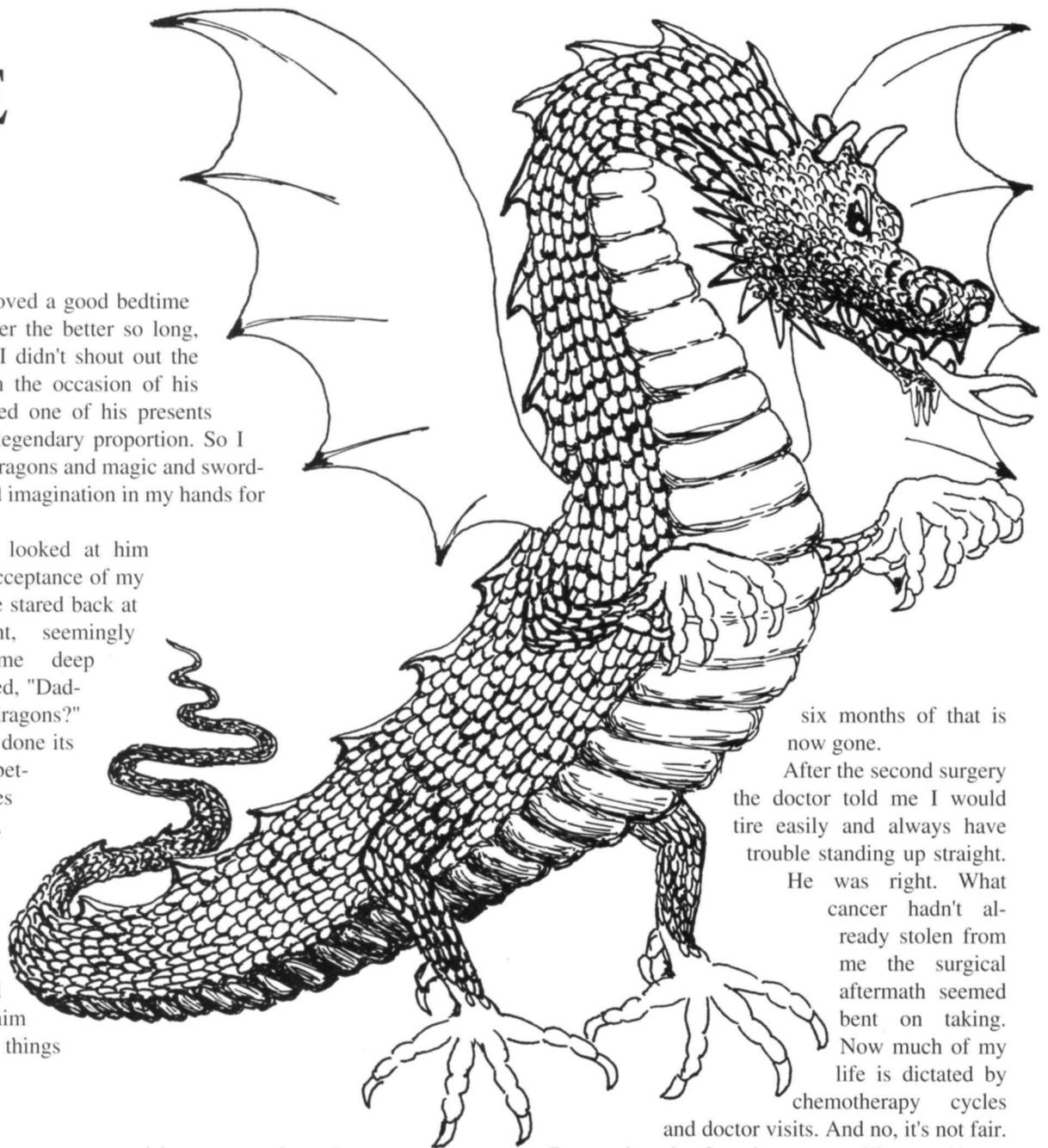
But I lied.

Because there are.

My own personal dragon came to visit me a year later. I was 36. It struck deep in my abdomen with its poisoned horn and left a cancer the doctors said surgery would slay.

It didn't.

In April of this year, the dragon and several of its minions came calling again. Another round of surgery didn't really help. The most optimistic any of the doctors will be is two years. And



six months of that is now gone.

After the second surgery the doctor told me I would tire easily and always have trouble standing up straight.

He was right. What cancer hadn't already stolen from me the surgical aftermath seemed bent on taking. Now much of my life is dictated by chemotherapy cycles

and doctor visits. And no, it's not fair.

Bemoaning the fact, however, will not add one day to my life. But I'll tell you what will. I'll tell you of a great weapon I have—we all have—that we can wield for ourselves when it seems we have no champion to fight the dragon. It is, simply, hope.

Let me tell you what hope is. It's not a frantic state of spading up what could have been. Nor is it wishing for a future that

more closely resembles a past. Hope is composed of courage and humor in equal parts. God gives us all a spirit from which comes our ability to hope—to be brave when we must and to laugh when we can. Hope is a bright and gleaming sword each of us can swing in our own defense. Whether we bring it to bear against whatever danger or adversity we face is our choice. It is a weapon that can never be taken from us, and, while we swing it about us in great shining arcs, we are the victors, not the victims. No dragon can prevail against it. Hope cannot die or be killed. It is not subject to disease or human frailty. With it we can continue the dance of life, and, though our partner may be cancer or physical handicap or stroke or whatever...regardless, on we dance.

Doctors speak from the relatively stable platform of statistics rather than from the shimmering realm of hope. Their statistics are numbers that represent people, many of whom met their dragons and had the courage and humor to live valiantly and well until they could live no more. Statistics suppress the hope I know was there. Statistics don't reflect the bright swords shining in their hands.

I do tire easily and I have one heck of a time standing up straight. But what's important to me is that I still have the will to try. On good days I can almost square my shoulders. Something as simple as good posture goes mostly unnoticed by those around us. Yet when most of the ability to stand up straight has been taken from you such a success is monumentally significant. It is a resounding victory for those of us whose doctors told us we'd never stand straight again. From such springs the hope I speak of. And it is in the small grains of quiet courage we find the universal applicability and indomitability of hope.

I offer this to any of you who already know or have yet to meet your personal dragons. Where the shoe fits I offer it too as a mild admonishment of complacency. Tomorrow is not a promise. It is a canvas awaiting paint, but you may not be the artist. I measure time a little differently now. The great distance between light and dark is a complete journey. Each day I am given is one I might not have had, each night's sleep an opportunity to rest my sword arm and be thankful for the will to fight. I don't think in terms of weeks or months. I take each day as though it might be all I have left, and that approach frees me from the false responsibility of worry for things I cannot control or change.

I abhor negative attitudes. They are a waste of precious time to all of us. We should surround ourselves with people who are not afraid to hope. Through all of this there have been times that I have faltered, and there likely will be times that I will fall. That doesn't frighten me, because if I fall forward I'll just be that

much nearer my goal when I get back up again. And, if I fall back, all those I count on will be there, hand in hand, to catch me and set me back on my feet.

None of this has anything to do with the national parks. Yet it bears relevance to each of the thousands of us who wear the arrowhead on our shoulders or in our hearts. And considering Christmas is the season of hope, I thought it appropriate if I did nothing more with this time and space than to bring to you a message of hope—hope for the moment, hope for those around us, hope for ourselves. Dragons come in many guises. To deal with them, some of us still need to learn to stand up straight. Others of us only need to remember what we've forgotten.

Everyday in which we can face our lives and our tragedies with a smile is a day the dragons will be beaten back. They cannot long dwell where laughter is. In whatever time any of us have left there is a quality of life begging to be lived.

My son calls cancer the C-word. I'm trying to show him that the letter is much better portrayed in the word courage. He, warming to the cue, also announced that it introduces the word Christmas. Each day for me has become Christmas, full of a particularly potent variety of cheer. And hope. Always full of hope.

Adam is a bit older now but the added years have yet to steal his love of a good story. The tales have to be a bit more plausible, less subject to my flights into fancy. So the other day I decided the season demanded he be told a story of Santa Claus. I must say, I think it was one of my best.

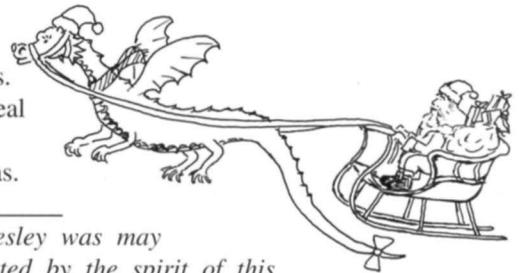
When I finished he appeared to be pondering some notion that didn't quite fit. Finally, he fixed me with a gaze that made anything but truth impossible, and he asked "Dad, (it's Dad now, not Daddy) is there really a Santa Claus?" I decided to level with him, knowing his schoolmates had already flung some tainted aspersions into his fledgling beliefs. So I spent the next few minutes carefully explaining to him that no, there really was no such person.

But I lied.

Because there is.

And his real name is Hope.

Merry Christmas.



Who Steve Beesley was may be best represented by the spirit of this article. Steve last wrote for the November 1989 issue of Courier. He died bravely on January 15, 1991.

BY MICHAEL BENCIC

WATCHING THE EARTH FROM DOWN UNDER



The tree walk, a wooden "swinging bridge" arrangement, perhaps one-quarter mile long, rising 65 feet into the rainforest canopy.

We've gathered on the veranda at O'Reilly's Lodge. A beautiful sun-filled afternoon provides a perfect moment for the inevitable group photograph. Twenty-five of us—researchers, grad students, and the troops—have finished our last lunch together. Tomorrow, field work completed, we return to the city to head off in our own individual directions.

But right now Bev, the principle investigator's wife, has accepted the task of recording the "bug corps" for posterity. This process will be repeated perhaps twenty times—a number that coincides with the number of cameras lined up in the grass in front of her. Bright blues, greens, and reds of crimson rosellas and king parrots flash in the background. I marvel at these brilliant colors as much as when I first saw them ten days ago.

Twelve Yanks, joined by five Aussies, have come here to help study arthropods in this part of Australia's rainforest. Ten men and seven women in all, our ages range from twenty to sixty-something. Occupations are as varied as our ages, though the broad category of "education" represents a plurality. Only three of us have any specific entomological experience or education.

We have volunteered for this task through Earthwatch. A U.S.-based organization, it helps fund environmentally-oriented research projects worldwide. This year alone 500 teams will participate in more than 100 projects in 50 different countries on 6 continents. We represent the second important contribution of Earthwatch—free labor.

One of the project's principle investigators, Dr. Roger Kitching, greets us at O'Reilly's. A zoologist, he heads the ecosystem management program at the University of New England in Armidale, New South Wales. He has conducted entomological research in New Guinea, Indonesia, Borneo, Australia, and the United States.

The lodge, a family owned and operated business on private land, is surrounded by Lamington National Park. The O'Reillys first moved here in 1911. The park was "gazetted" in 1915 to protect 50,000 acres of mostly untouched rainforest. Located in the Green Mountains in the southeast corner of Queensland, it is only 100 kilometers (60 miles) south of Brisbane and about half that east of the Gold Coast-Surfer's Paradise, a popular and rapidly developing tourist area.

The park preserves the "largest undisturbed remnant of sub-tropical rainforest in Australia." One of the country's earliest national parks, Lamington actually contains three types of rainforest, depending on elevation and aspect.

A warm temperate rainforest exists in the lower, drier areas and is dominated by eucalyptus, casuarina, and palms. A cool temperate variety features an ancient stand of Antarctic beech. The sub-tropical

rainforest is characterized by a two-level tree canopy. Common in the upper canopy is booyong, fig, hoop pine, and red carabeen (mahogany). Brushbox, myrtle, lignum vitae, and ferns populate the lower canopy. Among the sub-tropical species, "flying buttresses" are common at the base, providing additional support for the large, tall trees in relatively shallow rainforest soils.

The basic purpose of the project is to study and describe the number, types, and distribution of arthropods in the forest canopy. Also, we will collect vegetative samples and provide a profile of the forest, describing numbers, types, and distribution of all major species.

Beyond the physical identification of species, another important goal is to explain the ecological role of indigenous arthropods and their impact upon vegetation. Insects are food for other animals, predators upon each other, herbivores on rainforest vegetation, and large contributors to the cycle of decomposition. From this information interconnections can be drawn between insect activity and foliage production: mechanisms of pollination, seed dispersal, and vegetative protection.

The fogging method we'll use to collect insect samples is fairly recent. Into the 1970s the estimate for worldwide insect species was one to three million. Then in the mid 70s a fogging technique was developed during research in South American rainforests. Based on the number of previously unknown species collected there by Terry Erwin, working on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, the estimate was increased tenfold.

The next morning we split into three groups and began our daily rotation among the three primary tasks at hand. One group began in the lab. Dr. Kitching provided a brief yet thorough lecture on identifying characteristics of *Arthropoda* (arthro=jointed; poda=foot). Arthropods are divided into four major classes: insects, arachnids, crustacea (for our purposes represented by sand fleas and sow bugs), and miriopods (centipedes and millipedes).

For those of use who wouldn't know a *Hemiptera* from a *Hymenoptera*, this was a daunting load of new information. If



Earthwatch volunteers gathered for a group shot on the O'Reilly veranda.

An Earthwatch volunteer prepared for fogging.

adult forms proved difficult, sub-adult and larval forms were stupefying. My first time in the lab resulted in 130 individuals being classified into twelve orders. It took an entire eye-weary, back-straining day. But part of the time I was simply enchanted by the extraordinary vista floating under the microscope. Subsequent samples went more quickly.

Another group collected and identified vegetative samples. At each collecting site a thirty-meter transect was established. For three meters on either side of the transect line, every plant over two meters tall was identified, measured, and located as to relative position. The general area was described for species composition. More than 200 species exist in this rainforest, but in low species density. Only forty to fifty types are common. An estimate of percentage of canopy cover over the collecting site was made. And thirty leaf samples were obtained along the transect (half from upper canopy and half from lower canopy species).

From field information a "profile" of forest structure was completed, using the transect line as a cross section. Leaf specimens were measured for total area, and an estimate made of percentage of leaf area subject to herbivory. Leaf borers, scales, galls, and other factors affecting the leaf structure were noted.

The final group set up sample sites and collected insects in the field. Two sites were fogged each morning around 6:30, using a non-toxic, short-lived spray of pyrethroid. The first morning a "high fog" was sprayed from twenty meters or higher in the canopy. The following morning the same site was given a "low fog" from ground level.

Beginning around 9 a.m., and, at thirty minute intervals until noon, insects that had fallen onto a cloth funnel were blown, tapped, or brushed into a jar of alcohol. This rather simple act proved critical. Samples needed to be undamaged for proper identification.

When a site had received both its high and low fog, it was dismantled and a new collecting site, 10 meters by 10 meters square, was established. Ten cloth funnels, hung from a cat's cradle of rope, were placed randomly within the area. Additional funnels were placed at 10-, 20-, and 30-meter distances from the main sample area, in each of the four cardinal directions to help collect samples that might drift due to wind.

Perhaps the most challenging skill of all was the most primitive—accurately using a sling shot. Sample sites had to be randomly selected, yet representative. It was necessary to select a spot where we could get a clear shot up to a branch that was strong enough to hold a rope and the fogging device. Yet there needed to be enough vegetation over the site so that the fogging would result in a representative sample of insects.

Using a standard, no-frills slingshot, a lead sinker with attached fishline was propelled up and over the selected branch, preferably 20 meters or higher. Once this missile hit the desired spot, a larger rope and pulley were attached to the fish line and



hauled up and over the branch. The fogging device consisted of a container of spray, small gas-powered motor, pump, and nozzle all mounted on a backpack frame. For the high fog the entire contraption was hauled up the rope into the canopy

These tasks repeated themselves over ten days. Gradually our familiarity with the "true bugs" (*Hemiptera*) and bees, ants, and wasps (*Hymenoptera*) increased. Our understanding of the scientific method and rigor was enhanced. And we slowly began to appreciate the fragile complexity of this unique environment.

Of course, amidst the long hours of collecting and analyzing samples, there were moments to explore our surroundings. Pre-breakfast walks through the botanical garden, filled with rare orchids, proved to be a great bird watching time. Some bird calls were most intriguing, especially on a hushed, foggy morning: the baby's cry of the green cat bird; the satin bower bird's chir-ring clock noise; the two-part call of the male and female whip bird, coming so close together it appeared to be one call; and the side-splitting laugh of the kookaburra (largest of the kingfishers).

On quiet evenings I most enjoyed the tree walk—a wooden "swinging bridge" arrangement, perhaps one-quarter mile long, the walkway rising 65 feet into the rainforest canopy. Entertainment was provided by increasing activity among sugar gliders, wombats, pademelons and other nocturnal creatures—sounds, movement, shadows. From the high point on the walkway a ladder ascended another 20 feet. On clear nights, the starry southern hemisphere sky was filled with new constellations like the Southern Cross, and familiar ones, too, such as Orion and Pegasus.

Midway through our work we were given a day off to explore more of the area. A few of us chose a fifteen mile hike from O'Reilly's, in the southwest part of Lamington, to Binna Burra, another private lodge in the northeast corner of the park. Stopping every ten or fifteen minutes to pick off persistent, match-sized leaches didn't diminish the delight of unexpected treasures: a carpet python, copper skink, water lizard, leaf-tailed gecko, blue Lamington crayfish, and wedge-tailed eagle.

Somewhere along the McPherson Range we walked, fittingly

enough, in the fog, among 2,000 year old Antarctic beech trees. At another spot, later in the day, we found a small stand of endemic Australian pine, *colitris*. Along the way we stopped to refresh ourselves at a few of the more than 500 Lamington waterfalls, whose rhythms sang out lyrical names like Moolabagong, Neerigomindalala, and Yanbacoochie. It was a journey through time as well as place.

To round out the study we performed one nighttime fogging. Samples were collected in the usual way, identified, and compared with daytime samples for any outstanding differences. Together with a volunteer group that had worked a month earlier, we collected samples at fifteen sites. Our group's contribution? More than 24,000 arthropods collected and identified in ten days.

A last question was posed to Dr. Kitching: why use an unknown group of volunteer researchers rather than people with more predictable skills? His answer had several parts: Earthwatch absorbs much of the funding, and handles most of the logistics, organization of participants, and paperwork. He also observed that volunteers are generally well-motivated and enthusiastic. The variety of ages, interests and backgrounds involved, Dr. Kitching believes, is also an asset to group dynamics.

Additionally, the more people who participate in such research, and feel they have a direct, personal stake in the care and tending of the planet, the broader support and understanding there will be for environmentally-oriented research and decisionmaking.

And this brings us to a final point. The overall, encompassing implication for all this research is to help us wisely manage a series of inter-connected environments. It is what Dr. Kitching calls management by intent, rather than management by reaction. Our parks (and other areas, as well) must be maintained in a natural and healthy condition for people to enjoy. To do this, we must better understand the "obvious" impacts of technology and poverty. But at the same time we must avoid what he obliquely refers to as the "terror of tourism."

These familiar themes are being replayed all around the globe. Our responses, personal and organizational, are crucial. For all its differences, the earth from down under looks the same—beautiful and in need of tender loving care.

Michael Bencic is a ranger at Guadalupe Mountains NP. His taste for adventure has taken him on numerous travels. This is the first he has reported on for Courier.

About Earthwatch

Earthwatch is a non-profit, non-political U.S.-based organization, now with offices in Oxford, England, and Sydney, Australia. Its primary function is to provide funding and volunteer labor for research projects dealing with ecology or cultural history. Its self-described role is to "improve human understanding of the planet, the diversity of its inhabitants, and the processes which affect the quality of life."

Begun in 1971, Earthwatch first supported archeological projects in the U.S. The cost was comparatively small, and the need for large numbers of unskilled labor was great. During the past twenty years project diversity has grown, as have the interests of its volunteers. In that time approximately \$15 million has been raised in support of almost 1,100 projects in 87 countries. More than 24,000 volunteers have participated, ranging in age from 15 to 88, though most are in their thirties and forties. All projects are screened by the Center for Field Research, an Earthwatch scientific review board.



Participants need not be educated in a particular field of natural history. Necessary skills will be taught on site. Prime requisites are enthusiasm, an ability to adapt and learn quickly, and a willingness to live and work, for a brief period, in sometimes primitive circumstances. Supporters can belong to Earthwatch without joining an expedition.

The organization also provides another, more important opportunity. In an often cynical and selfish era, Earthwatch is a meaningful way for people to give something back to the earth that sustains us. It allows for vacations of a different sort.

For more information contact Earthwatch at 680 Mt. Auburn St., Box 403, Watertown, MA 02172. A sampler of this year's projects runs from the exotic (remote sensing from hot air balloons for Australian agriculture, or surveying the Tibetan plateau as a possible conservation area), to the more down-to-earth (glaciers in Switzerland, volcanoes in Costa Rica, or archeological sites in Peru).

WHAT'S CHARGOGGAGOGG-MANCHAUGGAGOGGCHAUBUN-AGUNGAMAUGG?

ASK THE BOARD ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES.

Geography was never my best subject. Tell me to go somewhere I had never been before and inevitably I'd get lost. I made a practice of being friendly to gas station attendants because *they* always seemed to know where I was, even when *I* didn't.

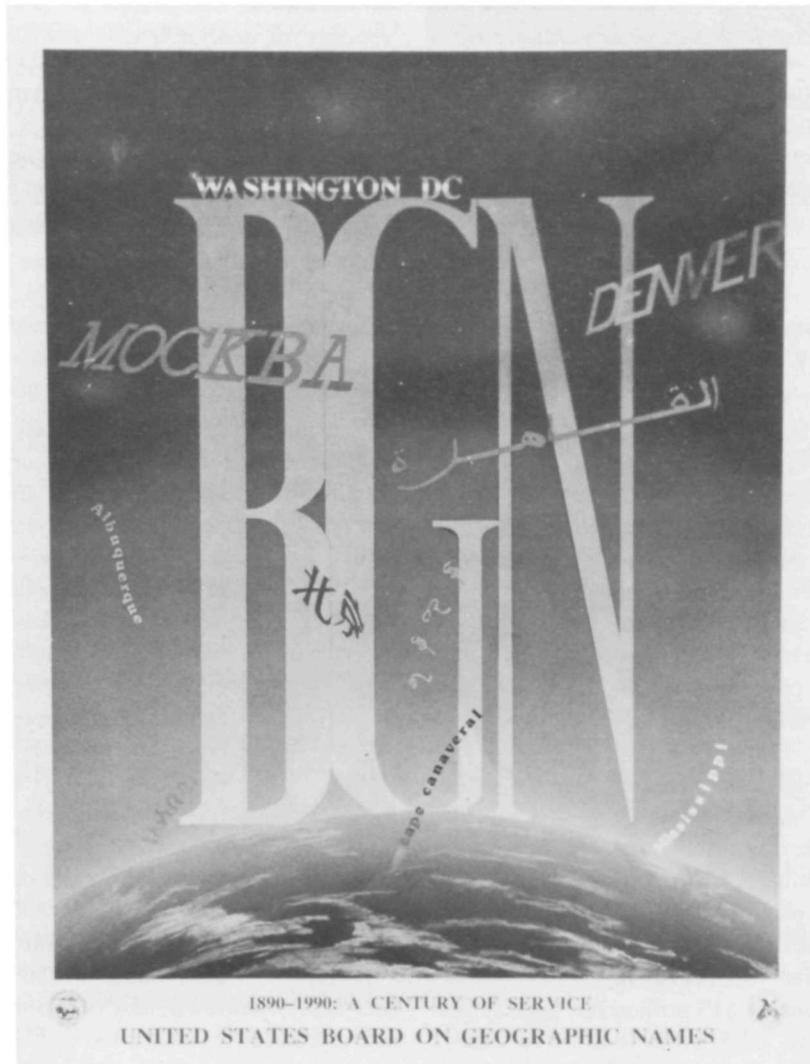
Time has improved my sense of direction, though I still pull off the occasional geographic *faux pas* involving locations as far apart as two states. Only recently an appointment in Rochester and a *tiny* miscalculation reading the regional map took me to Rochester, New Hampshire, rather than Rochester, Vermont. It was a lesson in place names that I shall not soon forget. Fortunately there is a federal board that sees to problems of this sort, establishing policy concerning place name duplications and other complicated issues of standardization. In dozens of ways that most of us have come to take for granted, the U.S. Board on Geographic Names has taken some of the most basic confusion out of the world in which we live and replaced it with a few simple rules that make this an easier place to navigate for everyone.

This year marked the hundredth anniversary of the Board, an organization that is used to carrying out some very serious business with quiet, behind-the-scenes diplomacy. Nevertheless, one hundred years is a benchmark and deserves to be recognized

as such. So the centennial has been commemorated with observances befitting such a birthday—a Library of Congress exhibit that examines the importance of names, a symposium covering such issues as the incorporation of Native American place

names, and an exhibit reception featuring foods with strong regional ties. All in all, the celebration has drawn some much deserved attention to an organization that oversees one of the most basic of all human activities.

"A world without names is difficult to imagine," begins the first explanatory panel of the Library of Congress exhibit celebrating the Board's centennial. It goes on to quote Jessamyn West—"Naming is a kind of possessing"—and Thomas Carlyle—"Giving a name...is a poetic act; [and] all poetry is but a giving of names." As the exhibit graphically reminds us, applying a name makes the unknown known. It commemorates. It provides indisputable evidence that we have existed at some point in space and time. It is as undeniable a mark of our presence as representations of the human hand left on rock surfaces by the earliest travellers across the continents.



Nothing seems as simple as the giving of a name. Nothing can be as complex.

The creation of the Board on Geographic Names was indeed the result of complexities associated with place names. More than a hundred years ago, westward expansion and the subsequent exploration of Alaska created an influx of conflicting place

names in federal publications. Recognizing the problem, a handful of federal administrators banded together to create an informal committee to deal with it. They represented groups, some familiar to us now and some not: the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Hydrographic Office, the Army Engineer Corps, the Geological Survey, the Light House Board, and the Smithsonian Institution. The committee called itself the United States Board on Geographical Names. It sought voluntary conformity among federal agencies to a set of standards it had adopted.

But voluntary conformity was as difficult to achieve in those distant times as it is today. So the group went to President Benjamin Harrison, who issued an Executive Order on September 4, 1890, officially establishing a Board on Geographic Names. The Order declared that "to this Board shall be referred all unsettled questions concerning geographic names which arise in the Departments, and the decisions of the Board are to be accepted by these Departments as the standard authority in such matters."

Since these beginnings the Board has found itself sifting through issues that may appear esoteric to some but that indeed can and do influence the ways in which we conduct business every day. Imagine: the simple act of mailing a letter to a place with no official designation could present a variety of easily conceivable problems. Textbooks lacking mutually agreed upon names equally might offer any number of complications for students and researchers alike. Maps produced by the United States Geological Survey, information processed by the Government Printing Office, even decisions made by the Department of Defense require the consistency inherent in a standardized system of place names. These and other evolving needs now define the responsibilities of the Board.

The Board's involvement with such matters has fluctuated throughout its history. Those who have kept an eye on its evolution have identified six periods that shaped its present identity. The years 1890 to 1926 saw the establishment of name policy. Some foreign names were evaluated from the beginning, and some country names systematically processed. In 1906 the Board's title was changed to United States Geographic Board, and the function of coordinating federal mapping was assigned to it by Executive Order. By 1916, an increasingly aggressive program of name standardization was in place.

This accelerated during the years 1927 to 1933, accomplished by paid staff and active committees. However, the focus of the Board narrowed during the next phase of its history, the years 1934 to 1942, when its function was merged under the Department of the Interior. Its role within the Department required

I wear two hats. I represent the Park Service on the Board, and in that capacity I've been very fortunate to have regional coordinators and park staff who always work hard to put together positions that are in the best interests of the Service. The really remarkable thing is that everyone's Board responsibilities are collateral duties. Nevertheless they go the extra mile to make sure the work gets done and gets done right. When the Park Service presents a position it's well thought out and researched, never haphazard, and, it's for this reason that the Service is often looked to for assistance and guidance on the development of Board policy. It's our responsible attitude on these issues that's made this possible, and that's what I'm most proud of.

Also, as a member of the Board I have broader Board-related responsibilities. Currently, I chair the Board's subcommittee that's studying its commemorative naming policy. Commemorative naming is often an emotionally charged issue and the Board has to make sure its policy is both fairly and consistently applied. We're looking at how best to do this, with an eye toward tightening the approval process.

Tracy Fortmann, WASO

board members to pay primary attention to domestic names.

The years 1943 to 1946 were a time of increased activity for the Board, when, at the request of some 15 federal agencies and with ample funds, the Department of the Interior assembled a large staff of geographers, linguists, and native Asian speakers to deal with the changes brought about by World War II. The next ten years, from 1947 to 1957, initiated yet another change. Legislation created the present Board on Geographic Names, which was to function jointly with the Secretary of the Interior.

The intensive activity connected with foreign and domestic name investigation continued until funding again dropped off in 1958. At that time, domestic names staff work for the Board was assumed by the U.S. Geological Survey, and the Defense Mapping Agency took on responsibilities connected with foreign name decisions.

One staffer who has been with the Board for a good portion of

One of the policy aspects that has intrigued me is the way we deal with name proposals within wilderness areas or de facto wilderness areas, that is those areas that aren't officially designated wilderness but are managed as such. We refrain from naming unnamed features unless there is some overriding reason for doing so. The idea behind it is that names for unnamed areas take away from the wilderness character. It's a subtle sort of interpretation—to maintain the areas as wild as possible without introducing evidence of human presence. Somebody had a great deal of insight into the intent of the Wilderness Act when this policy was developed.

Gordon Atkins, PNRO

We in Alaska are very conservative about place names. By policy we do not name things in wilderness areas, though we actively have supported proposals not influenced by such a designation. I am fascinated by some of them. One that we approved at the park and regional level called for naming a mountain peak in Denali National Park and Preserve after Earl Pilgrim, a deceased miner linked to his Stampede Mine. After his death the Stampede Mine was donated to the United States and the University of Alaska for education and scientific purposes. After the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act of 1980 the land surrounding the mine was included in the boundaries of Denali. The long association of Earl Pilgrim with this place justified the nomination.

Glenn Clark, AR

great that they motivate their state legislature to establish an official state board. But whether this happens or not, Berringer likes to make sure that there is someone in every state to whom the Board can send name proposals requiring local decisions. "The Board approves local usage as part of its policy," he informs.

Everyone has an opportunity to have their say, Berringer also points out. For example, if

this current historical period is Ernie Berringer. Referred to by colleagues as a "living library" of Board proposals, Berringer is a light-hearted individual who has a serious attitude about his work. Now part of the Domestic Names side of Board responsibilities, he has carried on Board work since 1964. As Berringer explains things, he and the handful of others on staff facilitate the job of the Board members, who represent the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Defense, Interior and State, as well as the Central Intelligence Agency, the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress and the Postal Service work. Issues that come before the Board are reviewed at all levels of local, state and federal authority. The Board works through state contacts and official state boards. If a decision involving a named location in a specific state is required, then the case is referred to the Board's contact in that state for review.

Since Berringer joined the staff, he has seen the number of state contacts and state boards grow from a mere 12 to a grand total of 34. This increase is the result of repeated outreach efforts, many of them as simple as a phone call to a state geologist or cartographer about some issue before the Board. As a result, the person or persons involved get hooked on the complexities associated with naming. Sometimes their commitment becomes so

the Board receives a place name proposal involving a National Park Service site, then Berringer sends the request to Tracy Fortmann, the Service's Board representative. She reviews the material, then sends it on to the region affected by it. At the regional level there is also a representative who reviews the material, then passes it on to the park. Finally, the validity of the proposal is tested at the park level, making the role of the regional and national level representatives to review and, in most cases, support the decision the park arrives at. In addition a state board also may be involved, and so may another agency, depending on how a request has originated and who has jurisdiction over the area involved.

In the case of a name with long-standing local usage, passions can run deep. Such was the case with Cape Canaveral, an appellation dating back to Florida of the 1500s. The Kennedy assassination which resulted in Lyndon Johnson's Thanksgiving Day announcement that the Cape would be renamed Cape Kennedy touched off ten years of struggle to get the older name back. Finally the Florida state legislature passed a bill that officially replaced Cape Kennedy with Cape Canaveral. The Board agreed with the state and approved the change back to Cape Canaveral in October 1973. The old familiar designation was back for good.

Because names sometimes set off personal reverberations—remind us of old debts that have to be paid or strong feelings we may connect with a specific place—people at all levels of society can get involved. Sometimes the clash receives national attention as in the case of Cape Canaveral. Sometimes the squirmishes take place at the local level only. In the case of the piece of Reston, VA, real estate on which USGS now is located, the controversy raged around an unnamed stream that passed the site where a distillery once stood. As a result, Whiskey Barrel Run was the stream's proposed name. But the Board felt some prickles of conscience that such a name would commemorate alcohol production. So the designation subsequently agreed to was Stave Run, so named for the boards making up a barrel.

Another question of conscience resulted in a temporary name change for Whorehouse Meadow located on BLM land in Oregon. Story has it that a BLM employee became troubled by the name when he and his family chose the area as a picnic spot. The original designation commemorated the annual summer journey of Basque shepherders down to the meadow. While the sheep enjoyed the sweet meadow grasses, the herders spent their time in the tent of a local madam who had set up business there for the occasion. The suggestiveness of the name made some feel

For years the park has referred to one of its major drainage areas as Spring Canyon and the side canyon as Chimney Rock. Then Forest Service maps started calling the main canyon Chimney Rock and gave no name to the side canyon. This was contrary to all our written materials. So we approached the problem from a safety standpoint and sent our documentation to Washington. We weren't sure what would happen but things were just too confusing for visitors as they stood.

Now I hear that the state and the Forest Service have reversed their decision. Once we hear this officially we'll switch back our signs and visitor materials and then wait till the maps are reprinted. I went through this once before years ago when I worked for BLM. That was the only other time I've been involved with the Board. It's interesting to me to be part of the way all this happens.

Glen Sherrill, Capitol Reef NP

the necessity to replace it, and, as a result, Naughty-Girl Meadow was born. But local usage is the ultimate rule-of-thumb for the Board, and enough support for the historical name existed that Naughty-Girl has been returned to Whorehouse. "Anyway," as one Board member likes to observe, "there had to be naughty boys as well."

Besides local usage, there are two other basic tenets of Board policy that come up in any discussion with members. First the Board generally will not decide in favor of a name proposal in a wilderness area, because the very act of naming is contrary to the essence of wilderness. This is policy with a capital *P* that most Board members seem to support emphatically. Second, the Board has been an active participant in all efforts to remove names of a derogatory nature from maps. In fact, it was former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall who requested that the Board develop policy to handle names of a derogatory nature. What the Board came up with was a decision to find either an acceptable substitute or to drop the name altogether. According to Berringer, the Board officially recognizes only two words as derogatory: *Jap* and *nigger*. The latter once showed up frequently on maps of eastern and southern states. It still shows up on USGS maps printed prior to the early 1960s, but, on current maps and in present use, has all but dropped out.

Other words regarded by various groups as derogatory do show up. Squaw, for instance, appears as part of place names throughout the West. Yellowstone NP's Chinaman Spring stirred some controversy among the Chinese contingent. Regarded as a derogatory term by some portion of that population, it was subsequently changed to Chinese Spring in April of this year. The new name, supported by the park, still recognizes the history connected with the area. The story goes that a Chinese laundryman who visited the park in the 1880s soaped the spring. This caused it to erupt. His experiment is commemorated in the name of the spring.

Does Berringer have a favorite name proposal? Yes, indeed. His favorite is actually a fairly recent one: Bluebird Creek in Iowa, the result of efforts by Diane Noll's second-grade class in 1988. "They were trying to introduce more bluebirds to the area. And the American Bluebird Society had even given them feeders. So when they came up with naming the body of water behind the school 'Bluebird Creek,' the children took it on as a project. I think they must have written to everybody but the Queen of England and the Pope. And when it went through they were all very excited." Amber Click, then a second-grader, wrote: "To U S Board of Geographic Names/from Amber Click/Thank you/for excepting our names." Her enthusiastic note was part of the Centennial exhibit. And Berringer's efforts were rewarded when, at the opening night reception, Diane Noll introduced herself and shared accounts of the students' excitement. This occasion marked the first time Noll had ever travelled outside Iowa.

Yet for all the Board's tremendous effort, in the words of Olympic NP's Hank Warren, he's "never seen a board without a

The Western Region takes in four states but I work most closely with the California Advisory Committee, which, like the ones for the other states, gives its comments on the docketed Board proposals that affect it. A number of commemorative proposals usually come up, especially for some reason in Sequoia-Kings Canyon, and affecting the higher altitudes, too, which are usually wilderness. But wilderness means that it's untrammelled by man, that you go there on nature's terms. So I will continue to take a supportive stance for the Board's policy on naming in wilderness.

Art Dreyer, WRO

splinter," and the U.S. Board on Geographic Names is no exception. The Board has experienced fluctuating fortune as have most federal efforts during the past decade. Lack of interest among some member agencies, lack of funds and dwindling staff have contributed to a certain level of frustration for those actively involved in Board work. Nevertheless, the creation of the Geographic Names Information System, a computerized data base containing more than two million names, has the potential for making things a little easier. Initially, the data was compiled from approximately 50,000 topo maps. A record of each name, its geographical coordinates, a description of the feature, and every Board decision pertaining to it was included. The data base also includes local alternatives for the feature name in standard use. In this way the history accompanying a name is not lost in favor of standardization.

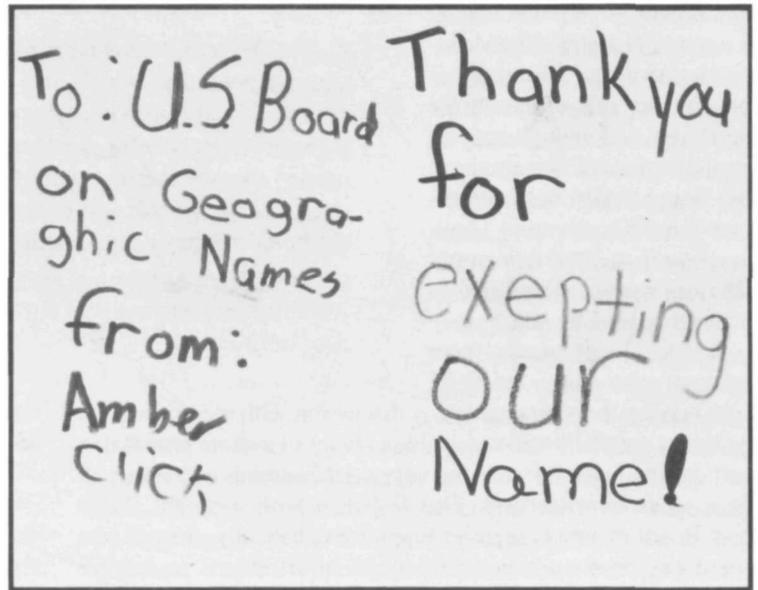
So what is *Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg*? Some sources define it as a Nipmuck Indian word that, loosely translated, means "you fish on your side of the lake and I'll fish on my side of the lake, and nobody fish in the middle." But there seems to be some question about this, since Nipmuck is a dead language—no longer spoken, poorly documented, scarcely understood, thus making what it *really* means anyone's

The decision concerning the naming of Albright Falls occurred before I really got involved with Board work at the park, but, naming a waterfall in Yellowstone after Horace Albright and locating it in the Bechler region is certainly very appropriate. Albright was instrumental in preventing water projects being carried out in there.

Albright's significance to the National Park Service—where do you begin and end in picking a way to pay tribute to his accomplishments? That particular move in the Bechler area set a precedent. It established that parks could not be tapped for water resources. When I think about the particular site, it's kind of nice that it's not a public feature. It's something Park Service staff can appreciate more than the public, anyway. Mr. Albright seemed to me to have been a modest man, and so I think naming something for him in the backcountry—something that you really have to look for—is nice.

Tom Tankersley, Yellowstone NP

Holograph letter from second grade student Amber Click of Sioux Valley School, Iowa, thanking the Board on Geographic Names for acting favorably on her school's proposal to name a stream that runs by their school "Bluebird Creek."



guess. Most recently the curator of anthropology for the Smithsonian Institution has added his own insights to this alphabet soup. He traces the lake's first appearance in print to an 1881 place name guide, which recorded its spelling as Chabunagungamaug and its meaning as "boundary fishing-place." Investigating the word's root meanings, however, he has come up with yet another candidate, "lake divided by islands," which, he observes, accurately describes the geography of the area. Wherever the truth lies, the lake, itself, is fairly easy to pin down, located, as it is, close to the Massachusetts-Connecticut border. And as for the name, whatever its true definition, it still conveys the all-important relationship between human activity and the land. Lake Webster is the area's more easily pronounced alternative. It has also been shortened to Lake Char. Nevertheless, the eccentricity of the older name hangs on.

And how can you not love Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg, even if you can't pronounce it? At least that's the consensus of Board members and locals alike. That's why the name is retained. That's also why a computerized data base listing potential alternatives and name history is so important. In a decade faced with any number of increasingly

complex decisions, Lake Char says something extraordinarily basic about humankind. It says essentially what Robert Frost eventually declared: "Good fences make good neighbors." It reminds us, if we stop to think about it, that giving a name creates a boundary, defines one thing as separate from any other. And, indeed, is it not us who build the fences, apply the names, and need those boundary lines? But for the human tendency to string signposts across the land, that lake near the Massachusetts-Connecticut border would be whatever the essence of a lake happens to be, and nothing less or more.

Fortunately the U.S. Board on Geographic Names is there to reassure us that Lake Webster and Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg are one and the same. It certainly makes things easier for the gas station attendants, and I, for one, drive with greater confidence knowing that.

I suspect that parks with inholders are apt to get more commemorative naming proposals than other areas. At Olympic, we've turned down a number of these. Folks might think we're being insensitive, but we give a lot of thought to such decisions. Actually part of the trick to getting a commemorative name accepted is finding an unnamed feature in the frontcountry of a park. As long as a name isn't proposed for a wilderness area, we generally don't have problems with it.

Actually naming is important. For example I think preserving the early names explorers gave to an area helps visitors relive that experience. At Olympic, one of the park's first explorers named a number of features after members of his party. USGS maps show all but one of those names—Linsley Glacier.

A fellow working for the National Park Service on the National Register program first recognized this inconsistency and did the research. You know, those names were in place before Board policy on wilderness designations, and Linsley Glacier relates interpretively to the park. I think wherever names have been given they should be used interpretively, and the opportunities are certainly here with this one. We even have folks who have written place name books behind us on this.

Hank Warren, Olympic NP

Domestic Names Committee

Richard L. Forstall, *Chairman – Department of Commerce*

Donald Orth, *Executive Secretary – U.S. Geological Survey*

Joel Morrison – *Department of the Interior*

Tracy Fortmann – *Department of the Interior*

David Meier – *Department of the Interior*

Barbara Chappell – *Department of the Interior*

Sterling Wilcox – *Department of Agriculture*

Roberta Quigley – *Department of Agriculture*

Charles Harrington – *Department of Commerce*

Henry Tom – *Department of Commerce*

Robert C. McArtor – *Government Printing Office*

Jean McCormick – *Government Printing Office*

Ralph Ehrenberg – *Library of Congress*

Robert Hiatt – *Library of Congress*

A LINE ON A MAP

Anyone who has read a map usually takes for granted the boundary lines that separate countries, states or counties. A boundary line is both imaginary and real—imaginary in that a line on a map is not tangible; real in that it creates a boundary. In America it is rare to see state boundaries demarcated, outside of the occasional white painted stripe on a highway or a billboard welcoming travelers. Yet, boundary lines, composed of nothing more than the numbers of longitude and latitude, have caused wars and disputes. Since the beginning of recorded history, they have been the basis for endless diplomatic, political and economic debates. To governments, the defining of boundaries ranks second to tax collecting in importance.

In American history the terms "54-40 or Fight" and "Mason-Dixon Line" evoke strong images. The first helped establish an international boundary; the second divided a nation into slave and free states. But in spite of the passion connected with them, these demarcations really are no more than intangible, somewhat obtuse engineering concepts—nothing more than a line on a map. The progenitor of this boundary system was the Royal Colonial Boundary of 1665. The importance of that "grandfather" of American boundary lines was recognized during ceremonies at Cumberland Gap National Historical Park on July 27, 1990. Its status as a National Civil Engineering Landmark was commemorated at that time.

By the mid-17th century English colonial expansion had progressed to the point where disputes between colonies were raging. One of the sharpest was between the Virginia colony and its southern neighbor, Carolina. According to the terms of the 1665 Carolina charter, signed by King Charles II, the line, 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, had been declared the Royal Colonial Boundary. This was all well and good for the King, since he did not have to find and trace this imaginary line through the fearsome wilderness of North America. For those who did, the issue created hard feelings for another 50 years.

Then, in 1715, Governor Alexander Spotswood of Virginia and Governor Charles Eden of North Carolina reached a compromise that enabled the formal establishment of the boundary. The proposal had to be approved not only by the Lords Proprietors but also by the Crown. Finally, in 1727, the Privy Council approved the agreement.

The following year the two colonies appointed commissioners, three from Virginia and four from North Carolina, to act in conjunction with appointed surveying parties to establish the boundary. One of the seven commissioners stands out as an important figure in Colonial history. Virginia's William Byrd II wrote *Historie of the Dividing Line Betwixt Virginia and North Carolina* and the

Secret Diary. These public and private accounts are two of the best and most amusing works on Colonial American life. They also provide rare and fascinating descriptions of Native Americans, flora, and fauna that are invaluable to archeologists, scientists and historians.

The work begun by Byrd and his fellow commissioners was not finished for 100 years. The original boundary between Virginia and North Carolina eventually demarcated six states. Several notable Americans came to be associated with later boundary surveys, including Peter Jefferson, father of Thomas Jefferson, and Virginia gentleman Dr. Thomas Walker, credited with the discovery of Cumberland Gap in 1750.

The line that had been drawn on a map in 1665 turned out to be an important political line in 1820 when the Congress passed the Missouri Compromise. This Act prohibited slavery north of the old colonial line and set the demarcation line between North and South. With the exception of Virginia, the Confederate States of America was formed by states south of 36-30. An imaginary line became the boundary between contending armies in the bloodiest war in American history.

The history of the Royal Colonial Boundary of 1665 qualified it for recognition as a National Civil Engineering Landmark, a nomination process spearheaded by Eddie Smith, Chairman of the History and Heritage Committee, Kentucky Section, American Society of Civil Engineers (ASCE). In 1986 Smith asked Cumberland Gap NHP if the park would support placement of the designation plaque at Tri-State Peak, the point where Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee met. Park management gave a definite yes.

Finally, on July 27, officials of the Department of Commerce, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, U. S. Geological Survey, and National Park Service joined ASCE representatives from Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, along with other professional engineering associations to place the commemorative plaque. In his remarks on this long-awaited occasion Smith stated, "It's very difficult to get somebody interested in something as obtuse as a boundary, unless it's between you and your neighbor."

Daniel Brown is the Cumberland Gap NHP historian.

CREATING A FORUM, SHARING IDEAS

Anniversaries are special events. They provide a time to be reflective, to celebrate achievements and accept the accolades that so often come for a job well done. This past spring, Mary Maruca and I talked about how the *Courier* best could celebrate the 75th anniversary of the National Park Service. Servicewide there already was much discussion of major events being planned. It seemed appropriate for an employee newsmagazine to report on anniversary activities and celebrations throughout the year. But such an approach also seemed to fall short on a responsibility that both Mary and I felt was an important one: there needed to be a forum to discuss the issues the agency faces in the upcoming years.

Mary and I spent hours talking about the many areas challenging the Service. We asked others what they thought the issues were. We struggled with how best to present them, in what order to present them, and how to effectively encourage people to think and write about them.

I promised Mary I would write a piece for the *Courier* introducing the project. For weeks, I struggled with it. I wanted to write an eloquent, inspiring, thought-provoking piece—something that would induce every reader to sit down and sign on to our project. But other things got in the way, the daily assignments and responsibilities in my regular position being my first priority. I also could not find the inspiring words and the eloquence I thought would come from the excitement Mary and I had for the project. The summer's events unfolded further complications that called more attention to the disjointed condition of world events than to the force for positive change that I hoped individuals possessed: the signing of letters regarding furloughs; the Persian Gulf crisis; the budget tug-of-war at the end of the fiscal year that culminated in the closure of park areas during Columbus Day weekend; these events and, indeed most recently, the change in the *Courier* from monthly to quarterly publication, made it difficult to think eloquently or progressively.

BY CHRIS SOLLER

In late September while in Palo Alto, CA, attending the International Open Space Conference I did find the inspiration to prepare this article—not in the eloquent terms I had hoped but in simple words. While touring the Presidio in San Francisco, I heard these words, plain and straightforward, spoken by Golden Gate NRA Superintendent Brian O'Neil. As he discussed the support and encouragement extended to him from people throughout the country, he observed that everything they advised basically culminated with the simple instructions, "Don't screw up."

There were others at the conference whose inspiration and encouragement made me feel good about the important work the Service is attempting to do, but none of their advice influenced my thinking about the future of the Park Service as did those three words from O'Neil.

As I think about the Service's responsibilities I get excited. We manage some of the nation's most significant cultural and natural resources. Our mandate to conserve these resources unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations is not simple. It is, however, inspirational. It makes one think about the future and about how the world will be and who will be part of those future generations. What will be their goals, interests and needs? How many people will there be and how will they best enjoy the resources we manage today? What will be the pressures on those same resources? What changes will be needed to inspire current and future employees to carry out the Service's mandate and be committed to it?

These questions are not easy to answer, and many are unanswerable. They have a lot of "what ifs" associated with them. But grappling with these issues and settling on a method of approach is basic to the long-term success of the Service and to our ability to carry out our mission.

As Mary and I discussed these questions we have focused our thinking on how best to address them within the new publishing restraints the *Courier* faces in 1991. Throughout 1991, the Service's 75th anniversary year, the *Courier* will present four different topics that the Service wrestles with. Specific people with expertise in the subject will be asked to

write about that topic. However all those interested in sharing their point of view are encouraged to do so. We hope to be able to present all sides to an issue. We hope also to raise questions and challenges rather than resolve an issue or present the "administrative line." Probably, in many cases, the time to contribute will have to be found as the time to write this article was—at home, in between other projects, in the morning before the pressures of the day begin. And the final results may not say everything that the author wants to say, just as this does not, but it will be a start, and it will encourage others, whose thoughts may lead to new and interesting ideas.

As for me, thinking about the Park Service, I have found that simple words may sometimes be the most eloquent. O'Neill's injunction not to screw up is inspirational because we are faced with many challenges, most of them uphill. The primary challenge is to ensure that future generations can enjoy what we do now. As the world's population increases the competition for land and resources becomes greater and greater. America's public lands face growing pressure to be used for all kinds of purposes from housing to mineral extraction to dumps to sources of water at the expense of wild things. But because national park areas are special places, and our mandate is different than many other public land managing agencies, our challenge is to continue to make the historic and natural wonders the Service protects important to a world changing dramatically as its population grows and the orientation of that population changes. Keeping the national park idea and the resources the Service manages relevant to future generations is this organization's greatest challenge. To meet this challenge means that we must understand our mandate in relation to the changes going on in the world. We must feel good about ourselves and the work we do so that we can work together to protect the resources that are part of the national park system.

At the Open Space Conference Huey Johnson, president of the Resource Renewal Institute and former California official activist in environmental issues, spoke of the values and stewardship of permanence. I think we tend to regard national park areas and the programs and responsibilities of the Service as permanent. But there will only be permanence to our work and the resources we manage if we understand the political, social and environmental changes taking place around us. Understanding them enables us to carry out our responsibilities in ways that are relevant to the American people, and remaining relevant to the American people enables us to retain their support. We must be stewards of the resources entrusted to us while also helping the public to understand *their* stewardship responsibilities toward these resources.

The Service's 75th anniversary provides an opportunity for the NPS to be introspective, to look at the challenges of the next century and prepare itself intellectually and creatively to deal with the complex and often mutually exclusive facets of the Service's mission. Over the course of 1991, the *Courier* will pair the opposing demands of these areas of commitment and, within its limited space allotments, make itself available as a forum for considering the challenges associated with them. In this 75th

year we need to remember that all Americans are responsible for the health and well being of the national park system, and that it is our challenge to make them partners with us in carrying out the National Park Service mission.

Chris Soller is an outdoor recreation planner with the Recreation Resources Assistance Division, WASO. He last wrote for the May Courier.

The Year in Review

Winter opens the year with some reflection on the Service's history as an organization. It provides insight into the Service's budget process and the questions involved in funding—is money the primary issue for better Service-wide management? is there enough money? The March *Courier* also will tackle the concept of profiting from the parks, asking such questions as who benefits from tourism to the parks, and who benefits from media attention.

Spring deals with interpretation in the NPS. As the population grows and the cultural heritage changes from a predominately European background to one that is more and more influenced by all cultures, the question is raised: *what is more important—ideas or events?* Part of the vehicle for approaching this topic may be Secretary Lujan's battlefield initiative and the different ways of presenting what happened on America's battlefields so many years ago.

Summer focuses on employee issues, addressing such questions as growth and development of employees, and whether the Service really has the capacity for nurturing employee growth. Can the Service rely on the historic benefits of housing, health care, retirement, and vacation to nurture employees? On this topic, one individual commented that people will work for low wages if they are given the opportunity to be creative, but to his way of thinking employees increasingly are being asked to work for little money without being given the compensatory opportunity to be creative. In the light of this, how will the Service be able to attract the best and the brightest and then reward their efforts sufficiently to keep them challenged?

Fall wraps up the year with a focus on what may be the quintessential issue of the Service—how we function, whether as initiators or reactors. Is our philosophy one of risk-taking or do we react instead, doing what a book called *Staking Out the Terrain* says we do repeatedly: failing to take advantage of opportunities where we could be a leader in favor of a more comfortable role as followers. The 21st Century Task Force questionnaire respondents expressed desire to see the Service function as an environmental leader. But is this possible, given the Service's mission; if it is, what kinds of directions do the Service need to take?

NEW BENEFITS OF THE ELECTRONIC AGE

Computers have penetrated into nearly every nook and cranny of the National Park Service—sometimes with cheers, sometimes with jeers. Incredible amounts of information, formerly relegated solely to paper, are now handled by computers. Almost ironically, computers also generate increased amounts of information in paper form to further overload users' information digestion systems. So imagine someone with a visual impairment trying to keep up with the surplus of NPS professional and local park information. It's an insurmountable chore.

visory work. However, this only helped me with information I personally generated. I suspected there must be ways to gain access to the computer-generated work of others, so I could "read" it using my speech synthesizer.

First, there was informal sharing of files on floppy disks from around the office. Some of the chief interpreter's information updates were made available, along with some park site bulletins and handouts. Then, the park's in-house information sheet, the *Daily Report*, and summaries from the superintendent's staff meetings became regularly accessible to me on disks. This was wonderful. It gave me more timely access to routine park news and information, but, I also wanted meatier materials to aid my professional growth.



Photo by Denise Guidi

In Yosemite, I have worked as an interpreter and interpretive supervisor since 1975. I am legally blind, but I have found it to be far more difficult to gain regular access to common everyday information than it is for me to interpret Yosemite's rich natural and human history with its exceedingly complex management opportunities. Whether I need to research theories of geology, discuss fire management policies or just review the commonly available park news bulletins, my attempts to get access to the information has been awkward and untimely at best.

However, with the advent of electronic information, output does not necessarily have to be in print. Computers just as easily can spit out information as synthetic speech or raised braille dots. In 1983, I learned that computers had this potential to minimize certain aspects of my disability. With the help of a talented coworker, Malcolm Holser, we obtained an IBM PC. Malcolm wrote prototype software to help link the computer with a robot-sounding speech synthesizer. It was great! Finally, I could write, edit, print out for others, save and later review a lot of my super-

The *Biological Diversity Notebook* for interpreters and the quarterly *Interpretation* bulletins were enticing resources distributed only in print form. I figured someone must have used a computer to write them, however. After very little research, contacts were made, and helpful people at Ohio State University and Harpers Ferry Center did extra work to get these documents to me on computer disks. More recently, the editor of the *Courier* also made the newsmagazine available to me on disks. The *Courier* is a marvelous, new window for learning more about the rest of the national park system.

Do you work with or supervise someone with a visual impairment? The technology is quite affordable and unobtrusive for adapting any IBM compatible computer in your office. Speech synthesizers start at \$200 and the necessary software at \$500. Braille output devices are also available. Training and time will be necessary for someone to grow proficient with the adaptive equipment. However, the new and nearly unlimited potentials for people like myself are exciting.

So, what's next? I would like to hear from others in the National Park Service who are visually impaired or work with those of us who are. We could exchange ideas, experience, and resources. I also would like to make available to others the materials I have received on diskettes. If you know of anyone who is using adaptive computer equipment or who could benefit from such technology please help us contact each other. I can be reached at Yosemite's Division of Interpretation, P.O. Box 577, Yosemite, CA 95389 or by phone at 209/372-0296 (FTS 448-0296).

Museum Exhibits Evolution of Ranger Profession

Should we attempt to define "park ranger," there would be much confusion. Surely, a ranger wears a uniform and is a figure of authority wherever he or she goes. But, somehow, on paper, ranger responsibilities can only be summed up in the pitifully vague phrase "...and other duties as assigned." This is not good enough.

Back to 1933, Horace Albright pinpointed the *esprit de corps* of park rangerism, defining the profession not by the jobs they do, but by the spirit of goodwill and pride connected with them:

We have been compared to the military forces because of our dedication and esprit de corps. In a sense, this is true. We do act as guardians of our country's lands. Our National Uniform which we wear with pride does command the respect of our fellow citizens. We have the spirit of fighters, not as a destructive force, but as a power for good. With this spirit each of us is an integral part of the preservation of this magnificent heritage we have been given, so that centuries from now people of our world, or perhaps other worlds, may see and understand what is unique to our earth, never changing, eternal.

This *esprit de corps* is what unifies the profession. In fact, rangers celebrate that spirit every year at the Ranger Rendezvous. And, that's where it all began—the idea for a ranger museum. In 1984 at the annual Ranger Rendezvous sponsored by the Association of National Park Rangers (ANPR), some spirited rangers put their hatted heads together. They agreed that the emphasis of the museum should be communicating the important contributions rangers have made to the conservation of natural and cultural resources, not only in the United States, but worldwide.

Yellowstone Superintendent Robert Barbee offered the historic Norris Soldier Station in the park as the museum site, and the proposal was quickly accepted. By early 1985, a Memorandum of Agreement between NPS

and ANPR was signed. Since that time specialists at Harpers Ferry (WV) have been working hard to produce the exhibits, and donations have remained the primary support for the future museum. In fact, completion of the museum depends on donations, which are being deposited in the National Park Ranger Museum Fund (National Park Foundation, 1101 17th St. NW, Suite 1008, Washington, DC 20036).

With an anticipated dedication date of August 25, 1991, the Museum of the Park Ranger will depict traditional uniformed rangers from their earliest origins as frontier scouts and cavalry soldiers to present-day specialists. Exhibits will include stories of the Great Depression when the Civilian Conservation Corps demonstrated true American initiative during tough economic times, and accounts of World War II's 75 percent budget cuts, which turned support for the war effort and the mission to protect the parks turned into a creative balancing act. The contributions of Mission 66 will be included, as will the greater legal authority given to rangers during the 1970s, the rise of environmental concerns, and the resource management trainee program of the early 1980s. The diversity of the National Park Service will be represented also, along with the significant contributions of other park specialists and support personnel.

The museum is expected to serve nearly 200,000 visitors during a summer season, and will be staffed on a rotating basis by retired NPS employees. To find out more about the Museum of the Park Ranger, contact George Robinson at Yellowstone NP, P.O. Box 168, Yellowstone NP, WY 82190, or call 307/344-7381.

Debbie Dortch

PARK BRIEFS

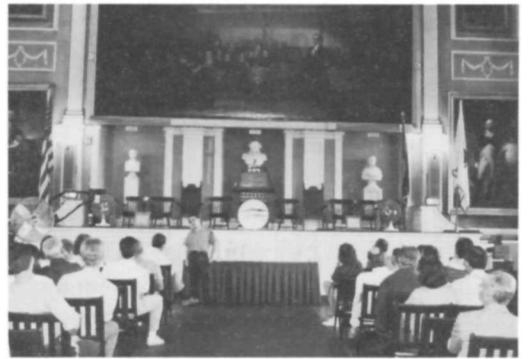
Boston's illustrious "Cradle" badly needs a rehab.

At 4:30 p.m. on Sept. 4th, about 35 persons gathered to hear Interpretive Ranger John Manson give the "last" official public talk at famed Faneuil Hall. For the next 18 months a federally funded, multi-million dollar rehabilitation will be in progress. (Faneuil Hall was built in 1742, burned in 1761 and rebuilt in 1763.)

It was appropriate that Manson, a 12-year veteran of Boston NHP (and Faneuil Hall), spoke those "last words." Previously his Revolution-era oratory has been audited by Ohio Senator Howard Metzenbaum (November 1983); Manson, who is sight-impaired, was featured on the CBS Evening News (July 1988); he also directed an evacuation of the Hall (June 1989) when a WW II hand grenade was discovered in the building. Over his 12 years at the site Manson says that the strangest question asked of him is, "If



Exterior view of Faneuil Hall.



Interpretive ranger John Manson delivers talk.

you were struck by lightning, would the NPS respond?"

Lusty Marketplace "crying" and bell ringing by Ranger Tom Honningford helped gather his fellow ranger a nice crowd. Inside, Manson displayed an eight-pound chunk of the Berlin Wall as an illustration of a political structure that should be broken into souvenirs—unlike Faneuil Hall, which painstakingly will be rehabbed to restore its "Cradle of Liberty" tradition as a

bastion of free-speech. (In fact two previously scheduled Massachusetts gubernatorial debates were held in the Hall after the closing date.) Faneuil Hall's neighboring historic structure, the Old State House (1713), also will undergo massive repairs at the same time. "Open House" days for the general public, downtown businesses and Boston neighborhood groups were held there in early September.

July 6, 1975 is on record as

the Hall's busiest day when 11,000 persons came through its doors. It will be early 1992 before the giant gold grasshopper that sits atop Boston's most famous Revolution-era shrine can again proudly welcome visitors. The rehab will allow it to welcome those visitors well into the 21st century.

R. Dixie Tourangeau

In 1673, Native Americans showed French explorers Marquette and Jolliet a short portage connecting the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River system. A portion of this portage is preserved at Chicago Portage NHS. Wholly owned and administered by the Forest Preserve District of Cook County, the 91-acre site is an affiliated area of the national park system and sits at the northeastern edge of the **I&M Canal National Heritage Corridor**. Recently, the Forest Preserve District erected a larger-than-life commemorative statue at the Portage site. Sculpted by Ferdinand Rebechini, the Corten steel sculpture depicts Jolliet, Marquette and a Native American struggling through the reeds to make the portage from the DesPlaines River to the Chicago River and on into Lake Michigan. This project and the forthcoming adjacent historic center will upgrade interpretation, not just of Chicago Portage NHS, but also of the entire I&M Canal NHC.

George Berndt

When Arizona artist Cynthia Bennett went to **Yukon-Charley Rivers NPr** (AK) in the summer of 1990, she never dreamed that the smallest salmon in the Yukon River was more than two feet long. This fact made it much more difficult for her to complete her Volunteers-In-Parks project—the printing of children's t-shirts with salmon images.

But the people of Eagle, AK, are up to all challenges. By printing the head of the fish on the front of the shirt and the tail on the back the problem was solved and the wardrobes of 30 Eagle children were enhanced.

Bennett, a landscape painter, is not new to the children's art scene. As a VIP in 1989, she conducted a children's mask-making workshop in Nome, AK, with Bering Land Bridge NPr. The masks were decorated, using local materials. This year she decided to use a fish to imprint patterns on t-shirts, not realizing the Yukon River doesn't have small fish. A local family donated its small-



Chief ranger Mary Karraker models the mask that artist Cynthia Bennett (l) made of her face.

est catch to the project—a 26-inch king salmon. One of the youngsters solved the size problem by suggesting printing on both sides of the shirt. After all 30 shirts were completed, the colorful (but nontoxic) 26-incher was fed to a local sled dog team.

While at Yukon-Charley Rivers, Bennett tackled other interesting projects. She conducted an adult mask-making workshop, in

which members of the Eagle community (including park superintendent Don Chase, chief ranger Mary J. Karraker and resource management specialist Steve Ulvi) made masks of each others' faces. Bennett also participate in an NPS project to band peregrine falcons along the Charley River.

Renee J. Beymer

NEWS



Thomas D. Akers will be the first park ranger to enter space. A seasonal employee at Ozark NSR (MO) from 1972 to 1976, and the son-in-law of Ozark Riverways ranger Don Parker, Akers is scheduled to serve as a mission specialist on Shuttle flight STS-41, which will launch the space probe *Ulysses* for a polar orbit around the sun.

Akers changed careers and entered the Air Force after listening to an Air Force recruiter who spoke at the Missouri high school where he was the principal. In 1987, Akers was among the 15 out of approximately 2,000 applicants who finally were selected for astronaut training.

Alex Outlaw

Judy Forte has been appointed as superintendent of Horseshoe Bend NMP (AL). A district manger at Chattahoochee River NRA, Foote became involved with the Service as a co-op student in 1978 when she worked part-time at the Tuskegee Institute NHS (AL). She also worked at Appomattox Court House NHP (VA).

Forte takes a personal interest in Horseshoe Bend because of her Creek ancestry. The site commemorates the 1814 battle when General Andrew Jackson's forces broke the power of the Upper Creek Indian Confederacy.

A veteran park ranger with more than 18 years' experience at some of the nation's most popular national park sites has been selected as the new superintendent of Fort Frederica

NM (GA). **Michael D. Tennent** succeeds Jerry Belson, who recently took over the superintendency of Martin Luther King, Jr., NHS (GA). Tennent comes to the position from nine years of service as chief ranger at Castillo de San Marcos and Fort Matanzas NMs (FL).



Fort Frederica Superintendent **Jerry Belson** has been appointed superintendent of Martin Luther King, Jr., NHS (GA). He succeeds Randolph Scott, who retired after 37 years of federal service. Belson, a 16-year career employee, started with the Denver Service Center, then moved on to Amistad RA (TX) and Tuskegee Institute NHS (AL).

"When you have a Soviet guest, it really drives home the meaning of glasnost!" said Rory Westburg, PNRO associate regional director for administration. Through the Rotary membership of Regional Director Charles Odegaard, 18 NPS employees served as daytime or overnight hosts for the Rotary International Soviet Goodwill exchange.

In addition to the athletes, coaches and officials of the Goodwill Games, more than a thousand private citizens from the Soviet Union visited in homes throughout the Puget Sound region during the games.

Using phrase books and the occasional luxury of translators, **PNWR employees** and Soviets slowly, one word at a time, learned about each other.

"Our guest was a take-charge kind of guy," said Harlan Hobbs, chief of PNRO's Realty Division. "While we were seeing the view from a high rise office building, Boris walked into one of the offices, which happened to be a TV newsroom. He pointed to a phone and started making calls to other Soviets he had met in the U.S. Folks in the newsroom were amused and pleased to help." Cooperation like

that was evident time and again as thousands of Soviet visitors charmed Seattlites.

The exchange and the games engendered much good will. As a result, there'll probably be a lot more Christmas cards going between Seattle and the Soviet Union this year.

Nancy Stromsem

ANNOUNCEMENT

No, it's not a cookbook this time. It's a storybook. And you definitely do not want to be among the missing when this new *National Park Women's Storybook* is published. Everyone is invited to contribute short anecdotes about life in the Service. As many of these as possible will be printed. The editor, NPW historian Thelma Warnock, advises that you'll be disappointed in yourself and you'll miss a lot of fun if you don't think up some stories and submit them.

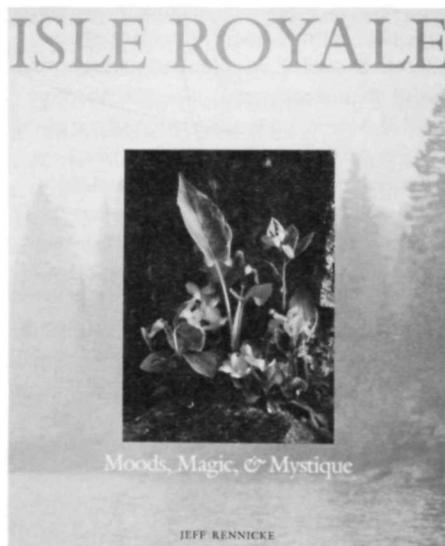
The storybook will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the women's organization, which was founded in 1952. Possible story categories include: wildlife, visitors, babies, families, weather, neighbors, moving, work, emergencies, fun times, social life, coincidences, education, hardships, appreciation, historic interest, commentary, and, of course, anything else. Make sure your name, address and phone number are included, along with a check for \$10 to reserve a copy of the book and help with printing costs. The deadline for entries is March 15, 1991. All stories should be sent to Thelma Warnock at 4951 North Bank Road, Crescent City, CA 95531. Call 707/458-3373 for more information. Proceeds will go to the E&AA Education Trust Fund, which continues to be the main project of the NPW.

AWARDS

You saw her in *Parade* magazine. She's this year's Police Officer of the Year, an award given by Parade and the International Association of Chiefs of Police since 1966 to recognize the achievements of this country's more than 500,000 police officers, recognition that, until now, has not been given to a woman. But **Katherine P. Heller** of the U.S. Park Police received the award for her brave reaction to a threat on the life of fellow police officer Scott Dahl during an encounter last February with an assailant in Lafayette Park across from the White House.

Johnston Flood NMem (PA) Ranger **Constance A. Rudd** was selected as the Mid-Atlantic Region's Interpreter of the Year. When she arrived at the park, only two months shy of the centennial of the flood, she helped mobilize the collective skills of employees to provide innovative ways of meeting visitor needs. One of her innovations was a program called "window talks," which gave visitors insight into the events surrounding the flood as they awaited an opportunity to see the film.

Awards were presented at the recent Biennial Convention of the Conference of National Park Cooperating Associations to the cooperating associations whose entries placed first in the publications competition sponsored by the Park Service since 1972. This year the prestigious Director's Award went to the **Isle Royale Natural History Association** for its book, *Isle Royale: Moods, Magic, & Mystique*. Three years in the making, this exquisite book was written by **Jeff Rennie**.



edited by **Rose Houk** and designed by **Christina Watkins**. Winners in other categories included *Golden Spike National Historic Site* from Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, *Golden Gate National Recreation Area Park Guide* from Golden Gate National Park Association, *The Life of Assateague: A Guide to Three Nature Trails in Assateague Island National Seashore* from Eastern National Park & Monument Association, and *Wild Animals Face to Face* from Grand Canyon Natural History Association.

Maureen H. Loughlin, an interpreter at Everglades NP, is this year's National Freeman Tilden Award recipient. She developed and implemented a 1989 Everglades Poster Contest with a biodiversity theme and a 1990 Everglades essay contest, both of which have resulted in greater community and visitor awareness of park resources.

Yellowstone Lake District ranger **John Lounsbury** came up with a positive solution to lakeside litter. Working through the Rocky Mountain Regional Office he located a youth group from Denver's Atzlan Recreation Center that was interested in the project. Next, Lounsbury approached the park's four major concessioners and received their assistance with travel, meals and medical services. The youths, aged 12 to 17, held car washes and candy sales to help pay for other expenses. Lounsbury found the idea so well received that he hopes to make it an annual event for urban youth groups.

Thirty-one NPS employees have received grants from the Horace M. Albright Employee Development Fund this year. Some of the names of recipients and their projects follow.

Luis R. Arana, stationed at Castillo de San Marcos NM (FL), will visit Archivo de Simancas (Spain) to study historical papers related to the monument. **Audrey Barnhart**, a museum technician at Scotts Bluff NM (NE), will carry out an oral history study of the Cook collection at Agate Fossil Beds NM. RMRO historical architect **Thomas Keohan** will attend the Architectural Conservation Summer School in Chichester, England. Walnut Canyon NM (AZ) maintenance worker trainee **Pamela Meck** will transform the park's residential area from turf to a xeriscape design, using native and drought tolerant plants.

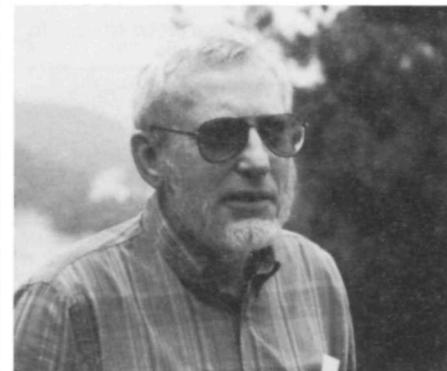
RETIREMENTS

More than 200 co-workers and friends of **Pete Sanchez** gathered for a traditional luau at Kula Community Center (HI) to celebrate his retirement after 30 years of government service. He and his wife, Mary, are retiring to Glenwood, NM.

Pete has served as chief of visitor services at Haleakala NP since 1984. His distinguished career took him to Craters of the Moon (ID) and Death Valley NMs (CA), then to what became Guadalupe Mountains NP (TX), to Carlsbad Caverns NP, and to Denali NP (AK). In 1969 he became Death Valley's chief naturalist. In 1972 his expertise in geology made him an important member of the team assembled to inventory and evaluate potential park lands authorized by the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act.

Following this detail, Sanchez returned to Death Valley where, as chief of resources management, he successfully managed the controversial burro control program and played a critical role in saving the endangered Devil's Hole pupfish. Pete wrote the first resources management plan for the monument. He is considered a pioneer of the Service's early efforts to professionally manage park resources.

Donald W. Reeser



Lawrence of Arabia hit the screens in 1962, the same year Larry Tillman joined the National Park Service. During the next 27 years, Larry's commanding presence and personal warmth earned him the respect and friendship of colleagues throughout the Service.

His NPS assignments included stints at Cumberland Gap (KY), Prince William Forest (VA), Everglades NP (FL) and Cape Cod NS (MA). He joined the HFC staff in 1974 to help coordinate bicentennial projects, and was involved in developing traveling exhibits, waysides, and audio chairs. In 1976, Larry joined the newly established Division of Interpretive Planning, where he worked until his retirement in July 1990.

Larry's many friends recall his good nature, sense of humor, and ability to listen and comprehend without leaping to conclusions.

These qualities and his passion for national parks have made him an outstanding interpreter and planner.

Michael Paskowsky

After 30 years of federal service, **Dennis L. Hill** retired from Cuyahoga Valley NRA to head for the Southwest. Dennis began his NPS career in 1964 at Plat NP where he performed general maintenance duties. His reputation as a top notch person in the field of park maintenance is widespread, and comes from having worked in nine units of the national park system, including Grand Canyon NP (AZ), Hawaii Volcanoes NP (HI), Fire Island NS (NY), Redwood NP (CA), and Cuyahoga Valley NRA (OH) where he spent the last nine years as facility manager.

DSC's **Vance Kaminski** has retired after a 29-year career with the National Park Service, most recently serving as part of DSC's Central Team.

DEATHS

E&AA Life member **Bailey O. Breedlove**, the first Alaska Region employee rep to the E&AA Board of Directors, passed away at his Anchorage home on August 28. Bailey retired from the Service in 1985 after a 23-year career as a landscape architect. During that time, he helped implement the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act and the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act, which brought ten new areas into the park system and added lands to three existing parks.

He is survived by Carolyn, his wife of 38 years. Memorial contributions may be sent to the Hospice of Anchorage, 3605 Arctic Blvd., # 555, Anchorage, AK 99503, or to the American Cancer Society, 406 W. Fireweed Lane, # 204, Anchorage, AK 99503.

Wilfred Kerner (Bill) Merrill, 86, died on June 12 in Olympia, WA. He began his NPS career as a seasonal on May 15, 1927, at Yosemite NP, where he met his wife, Margaret Rose Becker (deceased in 1986) at the Ranger's Club. In 1937 he was transferred to Lake Mead NRA. Other assignments took

him to Sequoia-Kings Canyon NPs, Yosemite NP again, and finally to Olympic NP in 1949. He retired from there in 1958, then moved with his wife back to California.

Bill wrote seven books that appeared as Outdoor Life Book Club selections. His wife, Margaret, wrote the popular *Bears in My Kitchen*. Bill is survived by several cousins, nieces and nephews.

Louis W. Hallock, 80, died September 25 in San Francisco after months of ill health. He started his ranger career in 1935 at Mammoth Cave (KY) after graduating from the University of Connecticut with a major in forestry. He moved on to Carlsbad Caverns NP (NM), Lassen Volcanic NP (CA), Yosemite NP (CA), Crater Lake NP (OR), Death Valley NM (CA), Sequoia/Kings Canyon NPs (CA), Bryce Canyon NP (UT), and Lassen Volcanic NP. Survivors include his wife, Dorie, six children, a brother, a sister, 12 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

Mary Elizabeth Macomber During died suddenly on June 8. Born in 1914, she graduated from Pomona College (CA) in 1935, then went on to obtain a masters degree from the University of California (1936). In 1939, she married Harry During, then a Yosemite NP park ranger. Mary taught school for brief periods before and after his retirement in 1966. She is survived by her husband, two sons, and a daughter.

Fred (Buck) Branam, 58, formerly an employee of Great Smoky Mountains NP, died May 10 after a long battle with cancer. He joined the park in 1976 as a temporary laborer in the Maintenance Division, retiring on disability in 1990 as an engineering equipment operator. He leaves his wife, Lois Ramsey Branam, a son, three daughters, seven grandchildren, a brother and four sisters.

Donald L. Cross passed away June 26. He was born in 1926 in West Virginia, and worked in fire management for the Department of the Interior for 40 years. He served many years in Yosemite as a ranger, fire control officer and safety officer. Cross is

survived by a daughter and two sisters.

Lester Moe, 80, passed away August 27 in a Merced, CA, hospital. The next day, his wife, **Nelle-Terry**, 71, died at their home in Midpines. They had been married 51 years. Lester worked for the Park Service from 1933 until his retirement in 1966. He and his wife came to Yosemite as newlyweds in 1939, and except for the war years, when Lester served with the Navy, lived in Mariposa County. Following his retirement, the couple moved to Midpines. They are survived by a daughter and two sons; Nelle-Terry is survived by three sisters also. Memorial donations may be made to the Midpines Volunteer Fire Department, P.O. Box 80, Midpines, CA 95345.

Weldon W. Gratton, 78, died September 22 in Mesa, AZ. A landscape architect, he joined the Park Service in 1934 at Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park. From there he went to the Midwest Regional Office, then later to Washington, DC. Gratton developed the Master Plan format and team study procedures. He received the Meritorious Service Award in 1967.

Gratton is survived by his wife, Marjorie (427 N. 61 St., Mesa, AZ 85205) and two sons.

David C. Minor died September 17 in Moab, UT, after a two-year battle with cancer. David was known for his work as a district ranger for the Needles District of Canyonlands NP, a position he held from 1968 to 1977. He then served as a BLM outdoor recreation planner from 1977 to 1990. During his years with BLM he contributed in a major way to the planning and creation of Kokopelli's Trail.

An old-car enthusiast as far back as high school, he is survived by his wife Nancy, a daughter, son, grandson, mother, two sisters, and three nieces

Charles Edward (Judge) Shannon, 89, passed away September 24 in San Angelo, TX. He served as U.S. Magistrate at Big Bend NP from 1959 until retirement in 1983 at the age of 82. Employees at the park paid tribute to Shannon by making a donation in his memory to the E&AA Education Trust Fund.



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