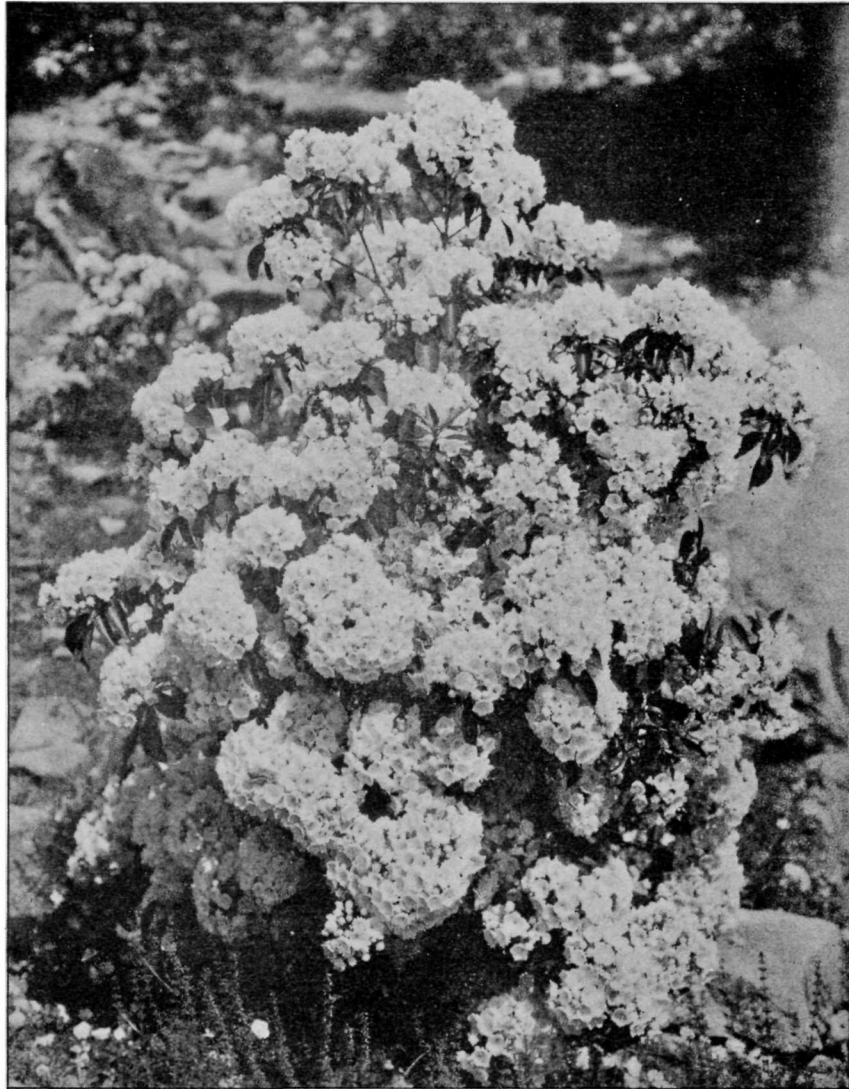


THE REGIONAL REVIEW



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

REGION ONE

Richmond, Virginia

MAY-JUNE 1941

VOL. VI - NOS. 5 & 6

The Appalachian mountains are famous throughout the world for their magnificent display of laurel and rhododendron. During the springtime months of May and June each year, the national and state parks attract many thousands of visitors, some of whom make long journeys to see the blossoming slopes and valleys.

THE REGIONAL REVIEW

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FRED T. JOHNSTON, ACTING REGIONAL DIRECTOR

Charles Elliott, Editor

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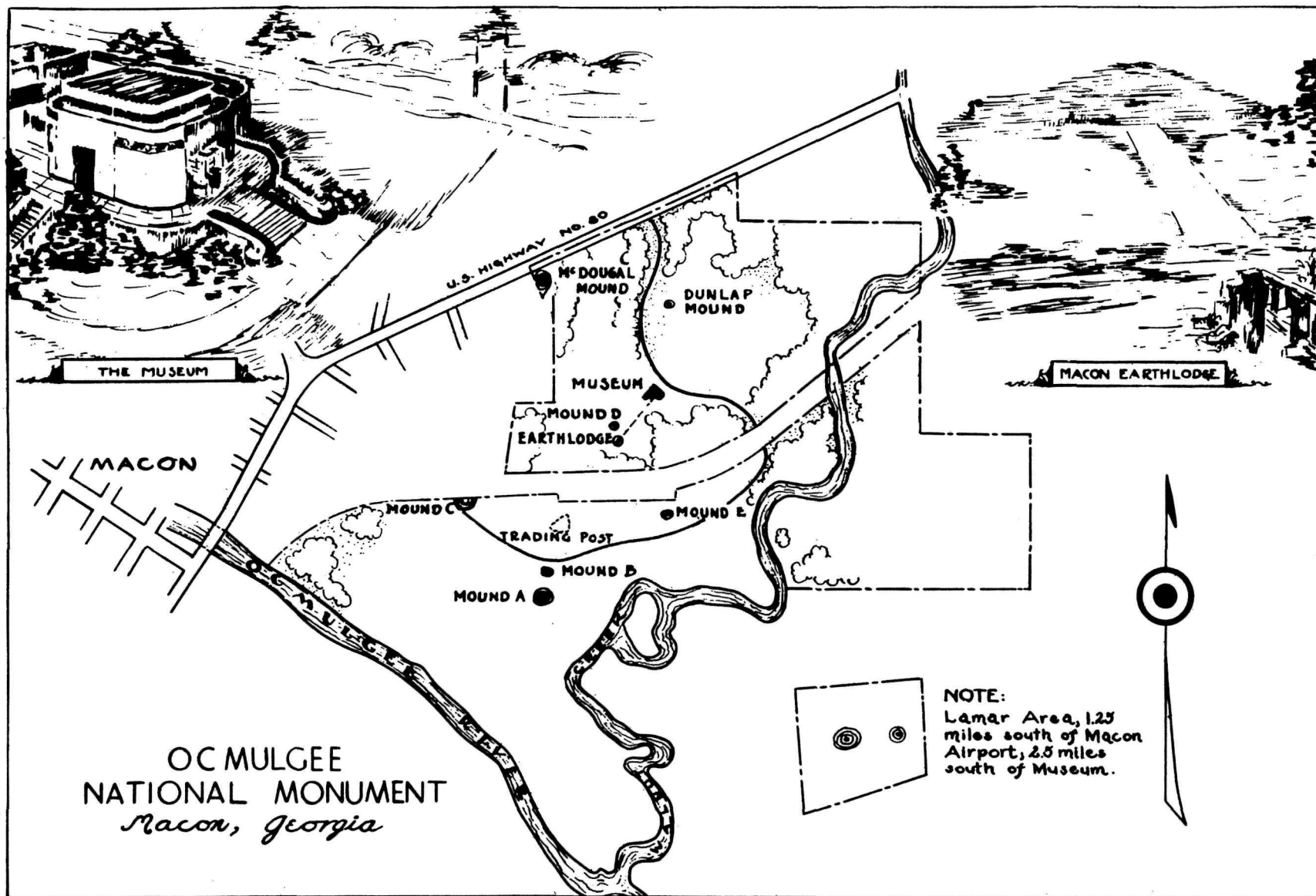
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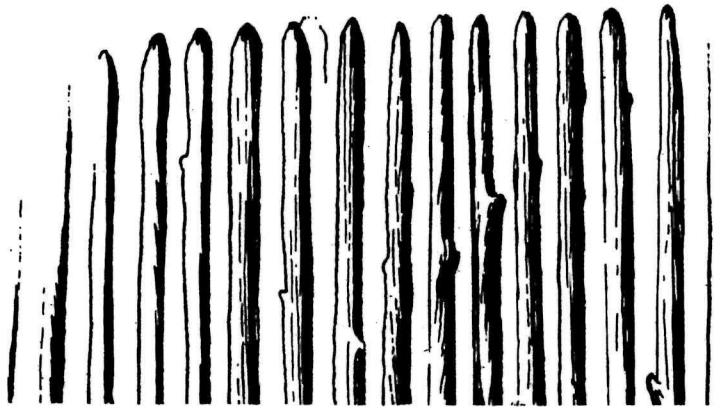
Wildlife Pictures

THE UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
· NATIONAL PARK SERVICE ·
REGION ONE ~ RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



PALISADED TOWN

BY CHARLES H. FAIRBANKS,
JUNIOR ARCHAEOLOGIST,
OCMULGEE NATIONAL
MONUMENT, GEORGIA.



Four hundred years ago the wooded valley of a winding stream, now called the Ocmulgee River, echoed the tread of warhorse and soldier and the dull crack of the arquebus. These discordant sounds belonged not to the native Indian but signaled the advance of Hernando de Soto and his soldiers in search of a new land filled with glory and gold. The Spaniards never reached the Old Ocmulgee Fields which now comprise Ocmulgee National Monument. They did, however, visit Indian towns a few days' journey down-river, thus giving the modern student his first written record of that past. These Indians we now call Lamar, because the plantation of that name was one of their principal villages. They spoke the Muskogean language and had but recently come into central Georgia conquering and driving out the earlier tribes. Their conquest was not an easy one, however, and we find that their larger towns were carefully defended against attack. These defenses have recently been explored at the Lamar tract and it is now possible to draw an accurate picture of them.

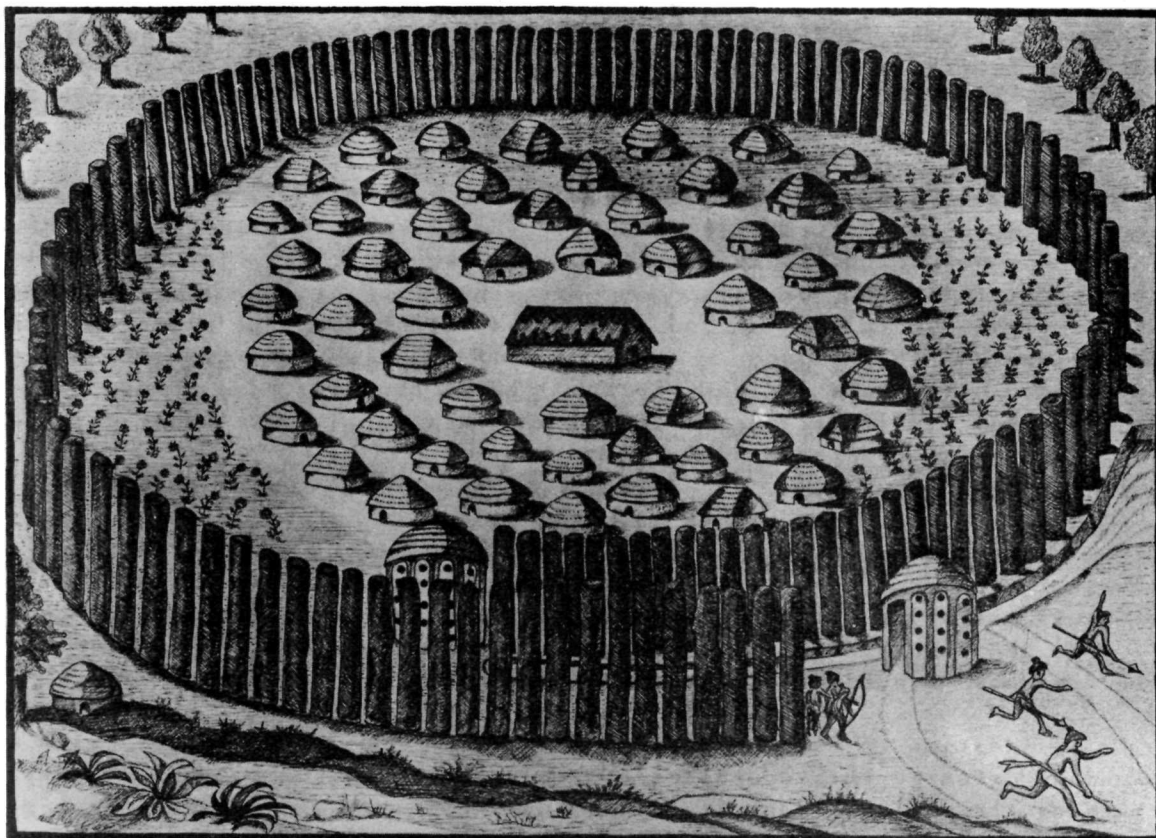
The Lamar Indians first chose, as the site for their village, a secluded spot in the Ocmulgee valley. The river valley was much wetter than now. The Ocmulgee River has deposited two or three feet of silt in this region since the forests were cut, thus raising the level of the entire area. The place the Indians picked was a hammock of higher ground in the swamp. This island or knob, itself fairly dry, was completely surrounded by sloughs and dank bogs. Travel through these swamps today is extremely difficult, except during dry weather. Four hundred years ago travel must have been almost impossible.

At the present the swamps are inhabited by a large and bloodthirsty tribe of mosquitoes. They certainly did not make the Lamar village a pleasant place to live. The Indian, with a protective coat of grease, probably got along with a minimum of slapping and scratching. His practice of keeping the household fire burning from one New Year's Dance to the next may have helped to drive off mosquitoes and gnats.

In addition to the encircling swamps the town was provided with a man-made defense. This consisted of a palisade and ditch completely surrounding the village. The first drawing shows a modern artist's conception of this town. The palisade was arranged in a half circle around the two mounds and the residences of the village. It completely enclosed an

area of about 25 acres. This semicircular form was necessary because of the shape of the "island" on which it was built. Their first palisade enclosed a comparatively small area which soon proved too restricted for the village. Then the second line was built which enclosed nearly all of the available land higher than the swamp.

To modern soldiers the palisade would not appear to be of much value in defense. It was made of logs about eight inches thick and twelve to fifteen feet long. These were firmly set in the tough red clay to a depth of about 18 inches, the posts were placed about one foot apart, this resulting in an open or "picket" type of fence about 12 feet high. This palisade was not a curtain or screen to stop arrows, but an obstacle to stop the charging enemy. Outside the stockade was a large open ditch which followed the edge of the island and connected with the swamps. This ditch, partly filled with water and muck, was an additional barricade. Georgia red clay, when wet, is a good obstruction. On some sides, perhaps where attacks had occurred frequently, extra lines of posts were put up to reinforce or screen the main line. Entrances were likewise protected by an outer line of posts, as the Indian had no use for a gate in such a palisade. He constructed the entrance by curving one line outside the other. One early writer described this as resembling the coil of a snail shell. It is probable that small watch towers guarded the entrance. Only one entrance, on the north side, has been found at the Lamar Site. There the outer line of posts forming the entrance disappears



LeMoynes drawing of a fortified town - 1565



Fig. 3. LeMoyne's drawing of the attack on a town-1565.

into the swamp muck. It is possible that this indicates that travel through the swamps was by canoe. That would seem to be the most pleasant way to travel but we do not know exactly how much water there was in the swamps at that time.

At the northwest side of the palisaded town there were two large pits, each more than fifty feet in diameter and at least five feet deep. One lay outside the palisade, the other inside. These pits were kept partly filled with water as the bluish muck in the bottoms clearly shows. Also there was an additional pair of pits at the southeast side. The simplest explanation for these pits is that they were water reservoirs for use during attack. This may well have been their original use, but one of De Soto's soldiers says that such pits were fish ponds. Fish in large numbers were caught in the spring by various methods. A favorite method was to stun the fish with a poison made from the roots of the Dwarf Buckeye. Those fish not immediately eaten were placed in the fish ponds to be used when needed. Many kinds of fish found in the region will live for long periods in such small ponds. The Lamar Indians were not very particular about the sanitation of their ponds as large quantities of refuse were found in the pits.

From digging, the archaeologist is able to reconstruct a picture of life in the past. We see a central town of fair size with two temple mounds and many residences. It was built on an "island" of higher ground surrounded by miasmic swamps. Insufficient natural protection

caused, or led, the Indians to build a palisade with a maze-like entrance. Outside of that a ditch, partly filled with water, connected with the deep swamps. As the village grew in size the palisade was placed farther out till it bordered the swamp. Convenient ponds were provided for the storage of water and fish. The fields of corn, beans, and squash occupied nearby hammocks in the swamp. Travel may have been by canoe or by foot, following the winding trails through the bogs. Such a place to live could not have been chosen because it was attractive and must have been dictated by military necessity.

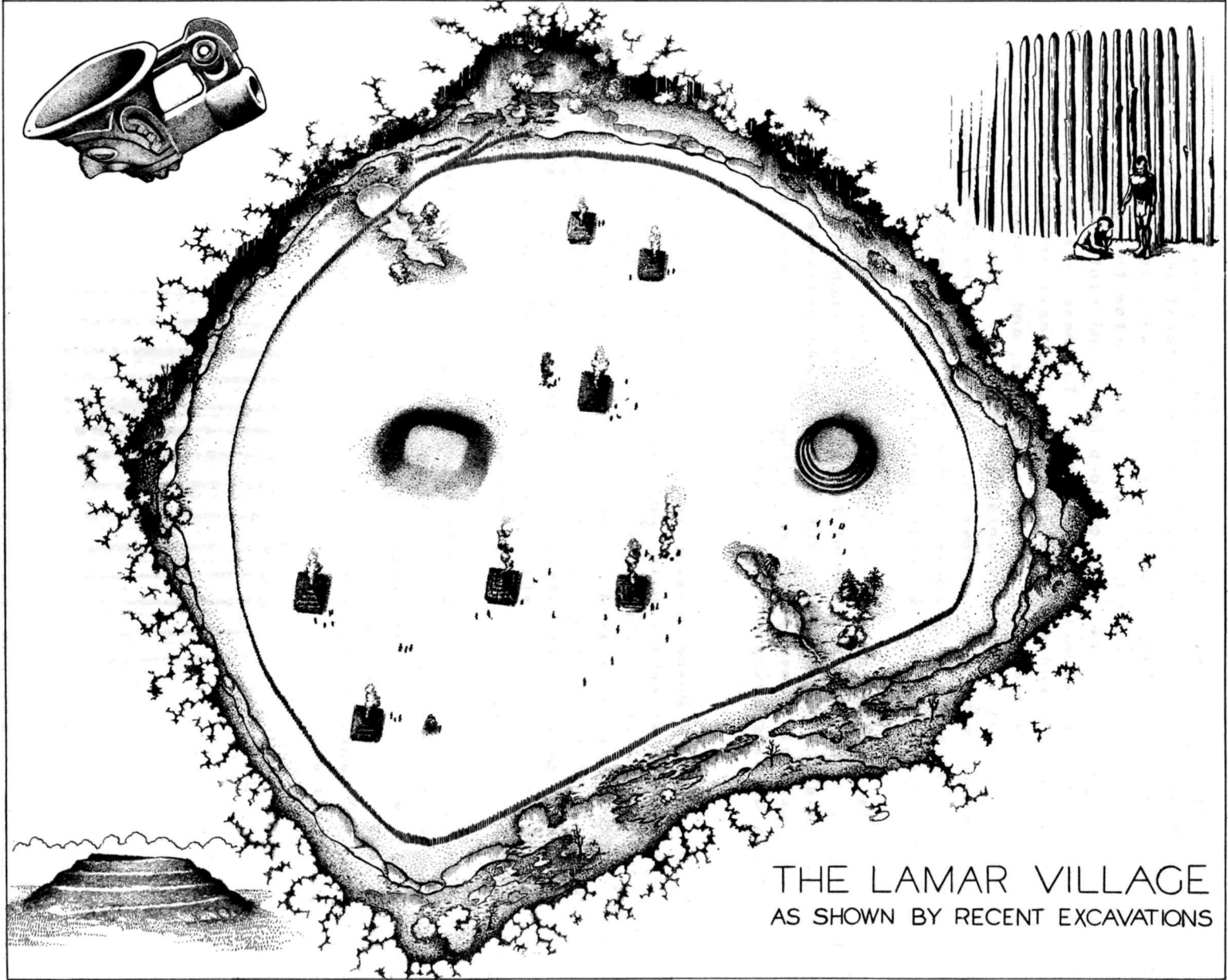
It was during this period that the Muskogean invaders of Georgia developed their native empire that eventually became the Creek Confederacy led by Emperor Brims. They were not purely defensive, however, as they successfully conquered and absorbed many of the earlier tribes.

The Indian method of fighting was based on small parties, surprise and short hand-to-hand combat. The swamps, with the ditch and palisade, prevented real surprises. The palisade, while allowing entrance for daily purposes, gave the defenders some advantage. Close combat usually goes to the party with some defenses, however poor. The palisade probably gave the Lamar people a real sense of security but certainly did not lull them into a false sense of safety.

While the archaeologist can deduce all these things from holes in the ground and from differences in the color of the soil, he must depend on written records to breathe life into his pictures. These written records do not come from the Indian but from early travelers in the South. As mentioned earlier, we have the soldiers of De Soto to thank for one description of the Indian towns and fish ponds. Other writers, soldiers, botanists, and missionaries left descriptions of Indian towns, but one man especially helps us. That was the Frenchman, Jacques le Moyne, a painter of considerable skill, who accompanied the expedition of Laudonniere to the Georgia and Florida Coasts in 1565. This party was to reinforce the Huguenot settlements already threatened by the Spanish. Le Moyne was supposed to map the rivers and paint whatever there was of interest. He was inclined to exaggerate the size of alligators and other strange animals but his drawings show a real ability and a keen perception. The French were disastrously defeated by the Spanish from St. Augustine but le Moyne escaped and returned to France. His paintings were not published until after his death when de Bry issued them, with a Latin text, at Frankfort en-Maine in 1591. As they were drawn in 1565 they represent the coasts of Georgia and Florida during the period of the Lamar Indians.

The first picture shows a fortified village of the period. Le Moyne gave us the following description of their fortifications.

"The Indians are accustomed to build their towns in this manner. Some place is chosen near which a swift stream flows. They level the place as much as they are able. Then they dig a furrow laid out in a circle. Thick round poles of twice a man's height are placed close together around the town (in this furrow) which is



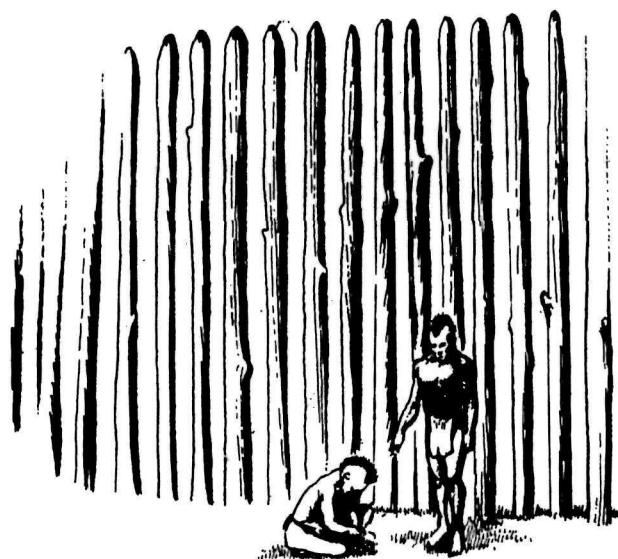
THE LAMAR VILLAGE
AS SHOWN BY RECENT EXCAVATIONS

carried past the entrance like a snail shell (spiral) so that a narrow entrance is formed. No more than two abreast or together could be admitted. The channel of the stream is also lead to this entrance. To each entrance head it is the custom to erect a small round building, each one full of loop-holes and slots. These houses are well made, considering their means. In these are stationed as sentinels men who can detect the enemy a long ways off; and who, as soon as they discover the enemy pursue them and raise a loud cry, which is heard by the inhabitants of the town. These rush to the defense armed with bows, arrows and clubs. In the center of the town they place the kings house, sunk a little below ground to avoid the sun's mid day rays. Circling this the houses of the nobles.'

This is a free translation of the Latin text of the original and fairly well describes the type of fortified town found at Lamar. Those coastal Indians had no mounds but the ditch and palisade were described. They were probably closely related to the Indians of central Georgia and le Moyne's drawing reveals to us a great deal about the remains we have uncovered.

The second Le Moyne drawing shown illustrates an attack on a palisaded town. Arrows with burning Spanish moss attached are being used to fire the dry thatch of the houses. Little actual combat is shown and the Frenchmen were surprised at the brevity of Indian battles. In connection with this sketch it is interesting that several burned houses were found at Lamar. The attack was only partly successful and a later picture shows some houses still burning while the Indians sadly bury their chief with appropriate ceremonies.

The Lamar site is being systematically excavated. In the future it will be possible to restore the palisade and the houses. In that restoration the work of the archaeologist and the early painter Jacques le Moyne will be combined to recreate the village of an Indian tribe who lived on the banks of the Ocmulgee when De Soto invaded Georgia four hundred years ago.

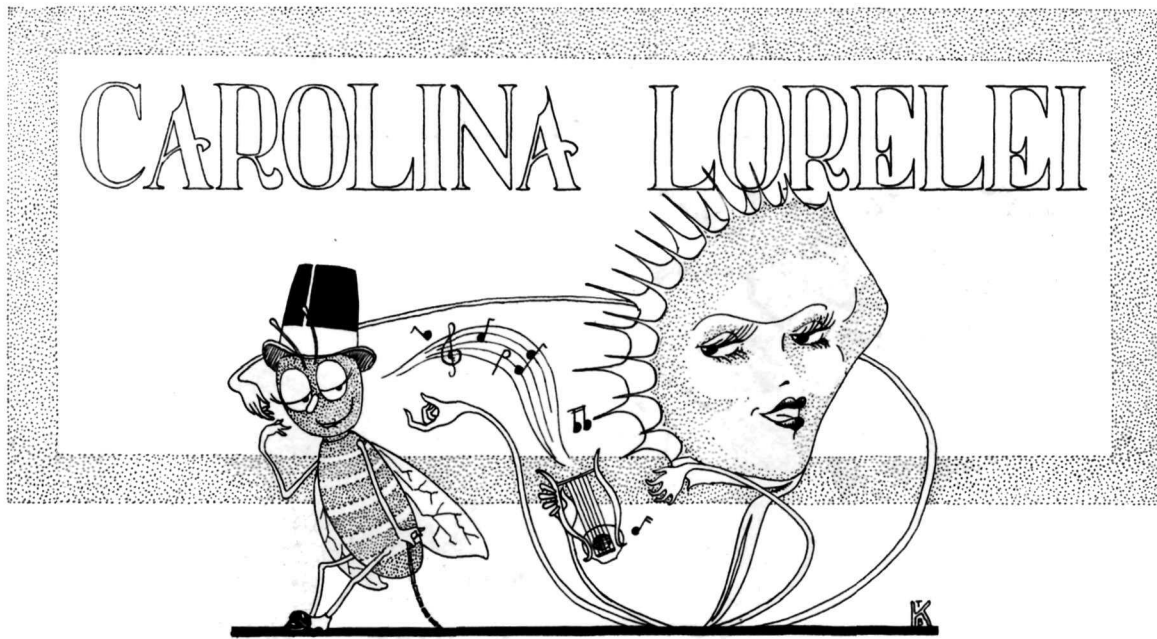


FOR *the* WALTONITES



A letter from J. Ross Eakin, Superintendent of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park says, "Indications are that fishing will be better this year than at any other period since the establishment of the park. All streams open for fishing this year have been stocked".

Superintendent Eakin advises also that since the close of the fishing season last September, a total of 185,000 brook and rainbow trout, weighing 6,310 pounds, have been planted. Almost 45,000 of these were legal size when released and the others were large enough when stocked to attain legal size before the opening of the season.



The Moore's Creek National Military Park at Currie, North Carolina, was created for the preservation of a battle site of the American Revolution. Not more than 30 acres lie within the boundaries of the park but the geography of those thirty acres is unique. Within such a small space such zones appear as tidal swamp, fresh water swamp, pineland meadow and sandhill. In these many types of plant zones occur more than 275 species of flowering plants.

For this reason, the national military park is interesting to botanists and students of nature as well as to historians.

One of the most interesting bits of vegetation within the boundaries of the park is the Venus Flytrap. This is one of the rare plants of the world. Its range, except for a few isolated patches reported from other localities, is within a radius of approximately 75 miles around Wilmington, North Carolina.

This peculiar plant is found generally on the edge of the sandhills where the underlying sand-rock comes to the surface. This sand-rock forms an irregular hardpan immediately beneath the surface of the earth. The soil here is highly acid under ordinary conditions and the ground immediately above it is seldom dry. The flytrap makes its home along the lower fringe of the wire grass, the low bush and running huckleberry.

The Venus Flytrap might be called one of the predators of the plant world. Much of its food consists of insects. According to Small,

By Clyde B. King, Superintendent, Moores Creek National Military Park

this insectivorous sprig of vegetable matter is "characterized by the three irritable cilia on the face of each leaf lobe which transmit the stimulus that causes the paired lobes to snap shut on an insect, and the eyelash-like cilia of the lobes which close together like the fingers when one's hands are folded, thus making sure the victim is securely held." The plant leaves themselves are approximately four inches long and terminate in the flytrap, the two halves of which are about the size of a quarter and hinged. Botanists say that when the plant snaps shut on an animate object, it will open again in from 24 to 48 hours, which is the probable period of digestion.

The Venus Flytrap is sensitive in more ways than one. Continuous punching at it will make it close, but upon closing without insect food in its maw, it opens again to reassume its vigilant watch. After the third closing without meat, the system of the plant becomes exhausted and will not click shut. Continued harassing by humans will kill it. Flies are seldom victims of the flytrap. Its prey consists generally of spiders, bugs and occasionally some larger form of marsh life. Once a frog was found trapped in one of the death chambers.

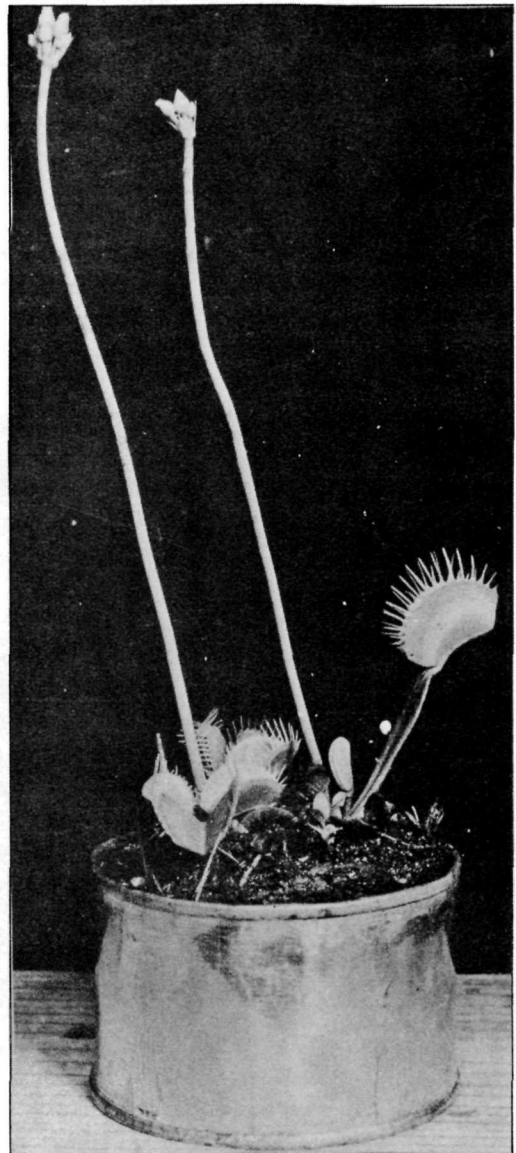
The Venus Flytrap usually grows flat against the ground. It is noticeable when the small white flowers blossom in late May or early June.

The plant grows in the acid pine-lands where the spring water table is quite high, but the earth is dry in the summer. The long narrow leaf resembles the jack-in-the-pulpit flower, with which it is sometimes confused.

In the trumpet the leaf is hollow almost to its base and is not divided. The top is covered with a hood which keeps out the rain and which may or may not be an invitation to shade for insects. The leaf surface is smooth and the insect drops to the bottom where it cannot open its wings to fly.

The trumpet usually blossoms in the latter part of April or in early May.

Venus Flytrap in Blossom



OUT OF THE WILDS

One of the outstanding attractions in our national and state parks is the wildlife. The forests and fields within the parks are inviolate and perpetual sanctuaries and no hunting or trapping is permitted. Creatures of the wilderness are allowed to live and die by natural means, without interference from humans. Normally the "use areas", those spots set aside to provide for the comfort of visitors who come into the park, are very small by comparison to the remainder of the wilderness. Within the boundaries of those refuges are certain tracts where even the trails are obscure. Nature is really in the "raw"

Wild birds and animals in the parks rank near the top of the chief conversation topics and are among the sights longest remembered by the average park guest. The bears at Yellowstone attract as many visitors as the geysers, which are classed among the world's greatest wonders. The nature trails, showing the myriad forms of natural life at Bear Mountain State Park, are interesting to all types and ages of people. The snake pit and nature museum at this park on the Hudson River are always ringed with human faces.

Because of such interest in our birds and animals, the editors of the *Regional Review* felt that this series of pictures, made by the Tennessee Conservation Department, would strike a responsive chord among the readers of the *Review*.





BOB WHITE

The quail is a song bird in many of the northern states. In the south he is known as king of the sporting birds. Many thousands of dollars are spent each year on the protection and propagation of this colorful inhabitant of the wilds. In the parks the bobwhite quail is protected from the hunter's gun. But sharp eyes are needed to find the parent birds when they are engaged in their domestic duties in the sedge or by an old roadside.

WHITE-TAIL

The last census of big game animals in the United States showed that more than 3½ million of the 5,844,718 big game individuals were white-tailed deer. In other words, there are more white-tailed deer in the United States and its possessions than a total of all other big game animals.

Deer are shy, sensitive creatures in the wild. Where they are protected in state and national parks, they rapidly become tame and maybe seen along the roads and trails late in the afternoon and at dawn. Most of the big predatory animals, as the cougar, wolf, and sometimes the wildcat prey on deer. Because they must be eternally on the alert, these graceful animals have developed keen senses which are attuned to danger.





WHO ———

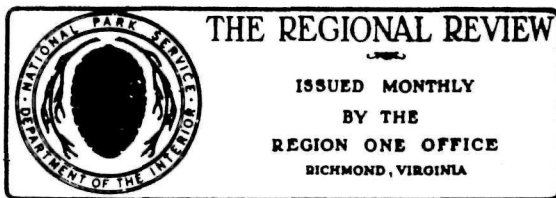
Very few visitors ever get a glimpse of this predator of the forest aisles. He hunts by night on wings that make no sound. His hunting cry strikes terror into the hearts of all the tiny forest creatures. The Great Horned Owl is found throughout the east central and eastern United States from Canada to Florida. As vicious and as violent as he is, nature has found a place for him in her "scheme" for building up and maintaining healthy individuals.

ROOKERY

This is a picture of Crane Town, Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee. Late in the spring each year thousands of herons, egrets and cormorants gather here to nest. They build their homes in the tops of the trees and rear their families. The nests are crude, makeshift affairs of sticks and large twigs, laid miraculously in the forks of the tree branches. Sometimes many families of birds of different species will live in one tree top. During the nesting season these apartment trees are alive with winged neighbors croaking across the back limbs.

Many such rookeries may be found through the range of the herons and egrets and other birds which nest in the heron colonies. These little villages are usually built far off the lanes of travel, over a swamp, where prowling land animals will not disturb the eggs and young. A bird city of this kind is one of the picturesque sights of the wilds.





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Symbols Of Americanism

These are not normal times. More than half the civilized world is at war. Tanks, crashing across the landscape, grind the visible signs of human habitation as flowers and fruits and cultivated rows and with them, humanity itself into the earth. War birds of the skies fly with terrible loads of death and destruction a thousand miles to wreck the work of human hands and cut at the heart and arteries of industry and transportation. Human blood flows freely and human life is cheap.

The history of this war is the history of all wars. They start with an incident or an ambition. They flame to meteoric intensity, and cut deeply into the heart of human progress and into man's efforts toward the immortal. They leave blackened scars and blackened lives and desolation. They leave shattered citadels of art and science and religion.

America is not yet at war. But the lives of all Americans are effected by the struggle across the seas. The prices on commodities of all kinds skyrocket out of reason. At the same time vast sums of money are released into the channels of trade. It is necessary to build defenses by which we will protect our national freedom and by which we will maintain our personal life, liberty and the heart-breaking pursuit of happiness. It becomes necessary for us to think and work by night and day to do our part to keep these shores unencumbered by the chains of any type of government than that in which we believe.

These are certainly not normal times. We go about our daily lives with an under-

current of excitement. We can feel it in the business deals we make; we can hear it in the beat of feet to factory, mine and workshop. It is uncertainty, an uneasy preparation for something which might or might not come.

Everything is geared to national defense. Everyone is thinking and talking in terms of national defense. Almost every individual and agency plays some part in the vast national scheme against any man or group of men who seek to disrupt our democracy. Every American activity not important to national defense, is given a back seat in both private and public endeavor.

There are some who claim that the conservation of America's natural resources is not an important item in the plans for the protection of our land. These claims are usually made by persons not conversant with the role which the resources of America played in the building-up of this empire we now value so jealously. The forests, they say, will grow again, and the wildlife return with the minimum protection. Such statements are a basis for presentation of facts, figures and strong words.

But there is another side to this national defense. In the world today, where every person is geared up with the machinery to maximum production, there must be an occasional space for relaxation. The human body is so constructed that it cannot blast away night and day, without rest, and expect to endure for its appointed span of years. One part of the old flesh and blood machine goes on the blink, and almost immediately it is followed by the collapse of all other organs which work in harmony with it. Hand in hand with the need for physical and mental recreation comes the demand of the spirit for some process by which it is jarred out of its lethargic existence and elevated to reaches beyond the mere height of man. The spirit finds its relaxation in beauty. All

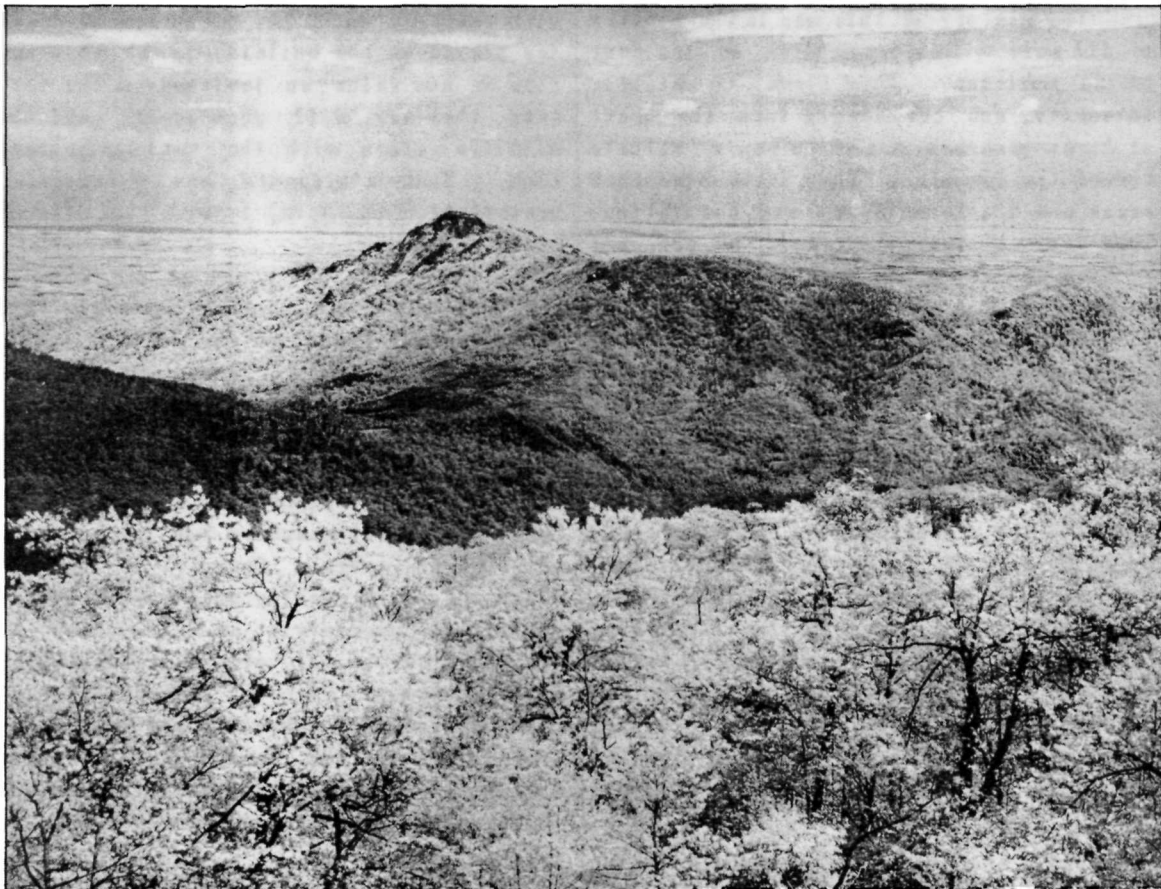
the senses of the being are attuned to catch the merest fragments of beauty, even though they flash like falling stars and are gone again almost before they are recognized. A musical chord, a picture in the changing loveliness of the earth, an inspiration not born of glands or blood or human flesh - those things we touch and feel with the antennae of our being - they keep man in touch with the infinite. And at the same time they keep his feet against the swell of the earth and his head clear for the job at hand.

The national parks are symbols of beauty. They are the lovely, virgin parts of our world over on this side of the ocean which were salvaged when the foundations of an empire were being laid down, tree by tree, stone by stone and by the sweat and blood of pioneers. They are the symbols of Americanism. They are as important to

the people of this land as the largest guns mounted on the coastline and the fastest fighter planes which cut the blue sky lanes above the earth and squeeze the world together. They help fulfill a desire of which man is only vaguely aware until the means to gratify that desire are lacking.

More than ever now, in these abnormal times, we need such reservoirs of beauty where we may go and refresh our souls. It is certainly true that while wisdom is needed to guide the destiny of any nation, beauty is needed for its existence. We may drive our physical bodies far beyond their strength without evil effects, but we must set aside a little time for mental and spiritual inspiration to help us bridge the desolate times ahead through which the world is struggling back to normalcy.

C.N.E.



Courtesy Virginia Conservation Commission

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING

E. C. ZEPP,
CURATOR OF STATE MEMORIALS,
THE OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Ohio's first town today stands restored as a unique memorial in a world cluttered up with graven testimonials to the memories of conquerors. Instead this restored village of Schoenbrunn - "Beautiful Spring" - is dedicated to religion and culture and peace.



Reconstructed Schoenbrunn Village

Schoenbrunn Village was founded in 1772 by David Zeisberger, quiet Moravian missionary to the Indians, and his white and Indian companions. The first school and first church west of the Alleghenies were erected in the Moravian village, and here the Indians were taught the story of Christianity and were induced to renounce war and its poms. As a result they endured much the same persecution incurred by their prototypes under the Roman Empire.

Zeisberger came to the Ohio country from Pennsylvania to find a refuge for his Pennsylvania Indian converts and to further carry on his missionary work in this virgin territory. After preaching the first Protestant sermon in Ohio, near Newcomerstown, he went to a site on the Tuscarawas River and established Schoenbrunn. At the height of its existence Schoenbrunn contained 60 cabins in addition to numerous huts and tepees, as well as a school, a church and a cemetery.

Zeisberger was quite successful in his missionary until the beginning of the American Revolution when the Schoenbrunners' disclaimer of violence placed the town in the untenable position of a buffer territory between the British at Detroit and the Americans at Pittsburgh. Then early in

1777 the Shawnees resolved to join the British and the non-Christian Munsees were determined to destroy the missions and murder the missionaries and Christian Indians.

Bearing in mind Article 19 of the statutes they had adopted- " we will not go to war, and will not buy anything of warriors taken in war" --Zeisberger and a company of his Indian converts met in the church on April 19, 1777. After a short service, they all knelt while Zeisberger offered a prayer committing the company to the protection of God and interceding with Heaven for their enemies, the Munsees.

Then tearfully they razed the church to the ground and abandoned Schoenbrunn. Later in the same year, hostile Indians incited by the British burned the entire village, and brought to a tragic end the most dramatic mission to the Indians before the close of the eighteenth century.

Years after the burning of the village, when white settlers found their way into what is now Tuscarawas County, Indian Mission sites were among the first occupied, as the land was cleared. The location of the "Beautiful Spring" was known since the earliest settlement, but for 146 years crops were planted and harvested on the village site without its significance being known.

The movement that led to the re-discovery of Schoenbrunn was begun by Rev. J. E. Weinland, a Moravian Minister of Dover, Ohio. In 1923 he was inspired with the urge to find the lost village. His two close friends, Luther and O. J. Demuth, caught the spirit of the quest and worked with him until the project was brought to a successful conclusion.

The relocation of the village was easily accomplished by means of the Moravian Archives. A rule of that church requires that a copy of the yearly record of each missionary be sent to the headquarters of the church in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where they are carefully preserved. Among these records Mr. Weinland found a nearly complete diary kept by David Zeisberger during the existence of Schoenbrunn Village from 1772 to 1777. Every burial, every marriage, every baptism, and every reception in the church was recorded. Together with other records, the diary constituted a valuable mine of information concerning the people who lived then, their manner of living, the buildings, and the local history of Tuscarawas County during that period.

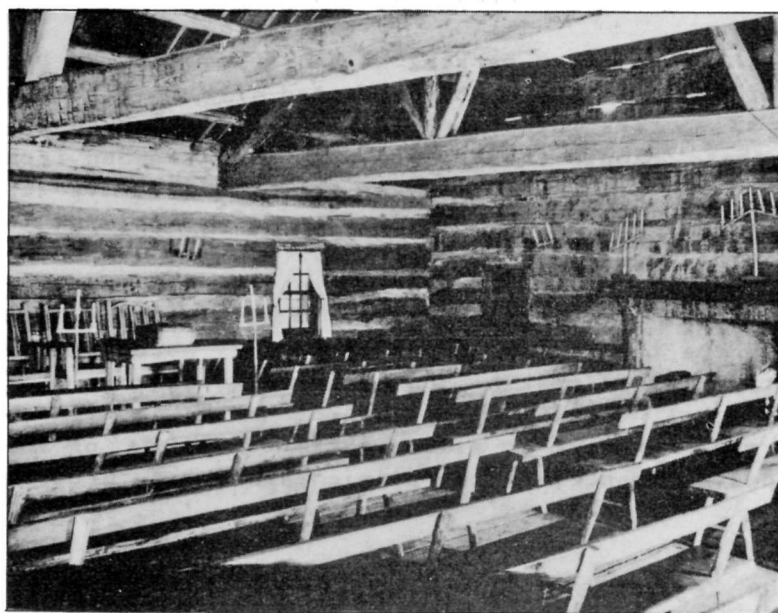
In addition to the diary there was also a map drawn by the village founders. With the aid of the map and with the Beautiful Spring as a starting point, Mr. Weinland and the Demuths were able to locate one of the cabin sites within 45 minutes. Encouraged by such success they then proceeded to plow up a cornfield. Soon the fire places of the remaining cabins were located. A complete and accurate record was kept as they worked. But the workers were not completely satisfied, however, for they desired primarily to locate the church-the key site to the village. Dr. William C. Mills, Director of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society came to their assistance, and on September 4, 1923, the

church fireplace was uncovered. From the moment of this discovery the task of relocating the village was simple.

By using the church site as a key to the map, search was immediately begun for the burial ground. A few days later a skeleton was uncovered and Henry C. Shetrone, Archaeologist of the State Museum was called in for consultation. Examination disclosed that the skeleton was that of an Indian. Further find-

ings determined beyond doubt that the project was much larger than this small group could handle. It was realized that the relocation and restoration of Schoenbrunn Village was more than a local project--that it was larger than New Philadelphia and Tuscarawas County - that it was nation wide in significance. A bill presented to the Ohio Legislature in 1923 resulted in gaining state recognition to the amount of \$10,000 to purchase the village site. In 1925, \$7500 more were appropriated, and in 1927 an appropriation of \$15,000 was made for the reconstruction of 20 cabins. Schebosch cabin, the first building to be reconstructed was finished in 1927. Dating from that year, various units were added until

the cabins now number 13, and the important units of the church, the school, and the cemetery are reconstructed along the same lines that Zeisberger built them in 1772.



Above: Schoenbrunn Church - a replica of the first Protestant Church west of Pennsylvania.

Left: Interior of the church which was reconstructed in 1928.

TRAIL TO WAYSIDE

BY CHARLES N. ELLIOTT,
SPECIAL ASSISTANT.

Once I helped to build a park upon a mountainside. During the process I swung an axe to clear trail and I dug away into the thick humus with a mattock, making tread for human feet across the steep mountain slope. Another time I pushed through a steaming jungle, with yellow flies like dancing flecks of gold before my eyes, marking out trails and selecting sites for picnic tables and benches and comfort stations. For more than twelve years I have helped in one way or another in the selection, development and maintenance of recreational parks.

Now I have learned something new. I have learned the pleasure of using a park.

Several days ago a group of friends in Richmond, Virginia, invited me on a picnic dinner to Hanover Wayside Park, some twelve miles north of the city. I was delighted. The idea of using these facilities we had been developing for the past many years had somehow never occurred to me.

We rode out on Sunday afternoon. I found Hanover Wayside an attractive little place, not large and not outstanding for any particular reason of scenic or historic interest. It was a bit of typical Virginia woodland, forested with mixed hardwoods and pine trees. Its man-made attractions consisted of a small lake, several picnic sites with tables and outdoor fire places, trails and a central comfort station. There were no hotels, cabins, or beer and ice cream parlors.

We parked in one of the regulation parking areas. We gathered the groceries from the back of the automobile and deposited them on a rustic picnic table a few yards away. The place was neat as a pin. I was surprised to discover that these picnic tables, which seemed crowded from the road, were not crowded at all. Families at the adjoining tables could be seen but they were not near enough to interfere with elbow room.

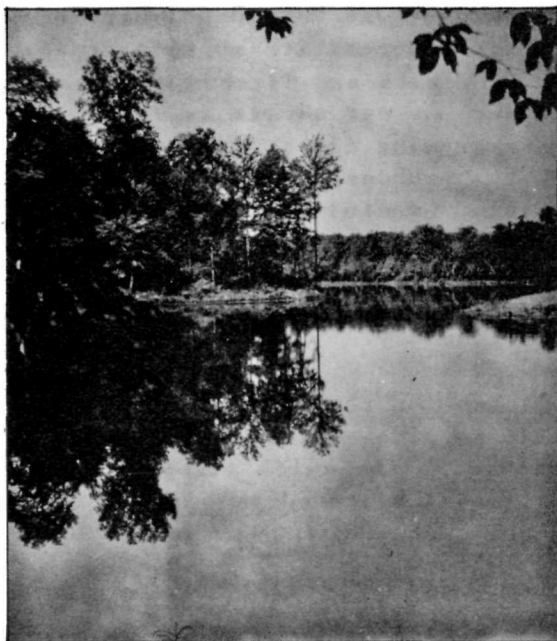
The spot was a lovely one. The hillside was clothed in beech and oak and gum trees. Beyond the table, the earth broke away abruptly and fell to the edge of a little lake almost hidden by forested shores.

Since the afternoon was too warm to allow cooking over one of the stone and steel fire places, a member of our picnic parade had brought

Simplicity is the keynote of these important little
wilderness retreats by the side of the road.



Above. The youngster suddenly found the earth an interesting place. Right. We set out to explore the trails.



Above. Beyond the table was a little lake almost hidden by forested shores. Right. A group of average Americans on a picnic.



along a small charcoal stove. We fired up the black lumps and broiled steaks and toasted buns over the heap of red coals. The meal was delicious and satisfying.

We packed up the skeleton remains and set out to explore the vicinity of the picnic table. That does not sound like a huge assignment. It wasn't, but it was interesting and instructive to my own simple mind. A very attractive young lady of some four years and an inquisitive lad of about six, whose family was having its picnic at the next abble, came over for a visit. We showed the youngsters how to entice doodle bugs out of their sand homes in the earth. Each of the budding naturalists transported a doodle bug across the intervening space to show the family.

That was rare sport, so they returned for more. Since no more doodle bug homes seemed to be available, we switched our attention to frogs. Down in a shallow ravine below the table, the ground was covered with the tiny reptiles. They were scarcely larger than a fair-sized wart and were hopping in all directions, without any special destination. We captured a couple of the terrified hoppers for the chubby fingers. These too, were returned to the adjoining table for inspection by the entire family, with much speculation as to whether small frogs would cause small warts and big frogs would make large warts.

By now we were well acquainted with our new juvenile friends. The little boy's name was Bart and his sister's name was Mary Beth. Bart had suddenly found the earth an intriguing place. Across its surface crawled a great many interesting creatures as crickets and lizards and oval-back bugs. He discovered a spider carrying an egg almost as large as herself upon her back. There were flowers growing close to the edge of the woods and the ground was studded with pebbles of many different kinds and shapes and colors. We collected a handful of flat stones and slid down the embankment to skim them across the surface of the water. We showed Bart how to throw a rock with his wrist as well as with his arm. His aim and distance improved so rapidly that we think he might be a twirler for one of the big league teams some day.

I had a few brief words with the father in the family. He was a young man who might have been any average American father. I asked him why he had brought the family out to picnic. The quick glance he shot at me said it wasn't any of my business, and I hastened to explain that I was interested only in the success of the park and in why people used it.

"I've been out here before," he said. "We often come out when it's hot in town, and have our dinner on one of the picnic tables. The family next door use this place and we heard them talk about it. Besides, it's only about twenty minutes ride from my house."

That question of time and distance again.

I walked down the trail through the picnic area, trying to get an idea of what those who used the picnic tables were talking and thinking

about. I was really eaves-dropping but behind my unethical conduct was a noble purpose.

A couple of men at the third table were arguing about baseball scores, and at the next table a family was discussing the war beyond the seas. One table was making plans for the next week end and I heard the name "Westmoreland". Three couples had brought along a softball and a bat and were having a game in the open field above the parking lot.

Here was a group of average Americans, with average thoughts and conversations. They were relaxed and enjoying the coolness of this spot out in the forest, away from hot city streets. The ride out had not been expensive or fatiguing, because it was not far. With few exceptions everyone was dressed in comfortable clothes they never would have dared wear in a restaurant or hotel dining room in the city. In all the crowd I could not find one single person who appeared angry or displeased or uncomfortable.

I returned to my own table with the impression that perhaps the provision of recreational places such as this one was more important than I had ever realized. I had the thought that those families who had brought their dinners out into the forest to a place provided and maintained for them would carry away a sense of satisfaction, a feeling that some part of their being had been refreshed by this contact with sunshine and shadows of the forest and with being near the earth itself. They would not feel the same striking and dramatic flood of awe acquired by the grandeur of a national park. Probably not one of the estimated 300 persons who used Hanover Wayside during the short period we were there, would have the opportunity to visit a national park this summer.

The wind suddenly filled up the forest trees and we noticed that night had almost come. One by one the automobiles crunched out of the gravel driveway and turned their bumpers toward town. Perhaps they would come back to Hanover Wayside. Probably they would visit other parks, too, for a change. We knew that many of those autos carried home a new store of inspiration to be apportioned across the week, to help soften the daily grind by which we mortals live.

SUNKEN ROAD

"As you know, the Sunken Road at Fredericksburg is an historical old road in a slight cut, running along the foot of Marye's Heights. It won fame as the defense position of the Confederate Infantry in the Battle of Fredericksburg in 1862.

"Public contact work has its humorous side as well as its serious, as frequently observed by such questions as 'Is the Sunken Road still sinking?'

"While such a question sounds funny at Fredericksburg, it may be entirely reasonable to a dairyman or farmer in Wisconsin, who lives in the vicinity of a Sunken Road which is still sinking," - Branch Spalding.

MUSEUMS

where _____ when _____ why _____

BY NED BURNS,
CHIEF, MUSEUM DIVISION

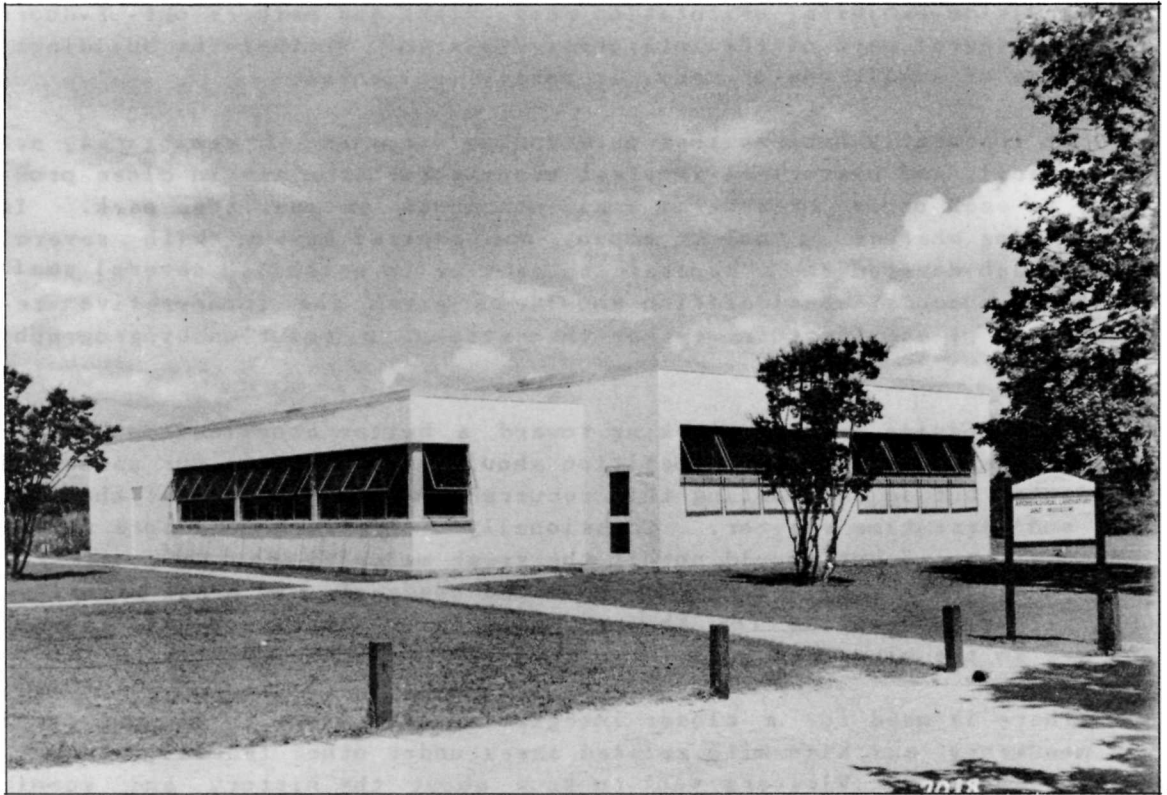
The question of central museums to serve a group of nearby monuments cannot be answered with a simple yes or no. The fear of some that our museum program is in danger of overdevelopment is hardly warranted, since our great problem is one of underdevelopment. All our interpretive facilities still have a long way to go before they can be considered adequate. Possibly some of this misapprehension arises from a lack of understanding of the underlying principles of our interpretive program. Many people confine their ideas of museums to a building containing cases filled with relics and curiosities which does apply to a number of poorly arranged museums in towns and cities, but this conception of our park museums is not correct.

The proper approach to a correct understanding should start with the realization that our two fundamental objectives are to preserve and interpret our areas. Little need be said about the obvious need for preservation. A service program of this type is not confined to outdoor formations and structures. Many small objects which are an integral part of the park or monument cannot be protected in situ so they must be placed in a building equipped for that purpose. In principle this is no different from constructing a protective shelter over a large object in place out-of-doors.

Interpretation of an area may require a large museum building or a series of buildings for its proper function. The use of these buildings by the public is not necessarily confined to viewing exhibits. They usually contain libraries, lecture halls, research and administration quarters and other facilities. On the other hand some areas may not need a museum building, since a few trailside exhibits and labels may suffice. The extent of development in each park and monument can be determined only by the particular interpretive needs of that area. No arbitrary rule can be laid down for "a museum in every park or every other monument" any more than the number of administrative facilities or miles of road required for each particular park can be fixed.

ILLEGAL MUSEUM PIECE (?)

The following was an AP story from London, Kentucky: "State patrolmen, deputy sheriffs and a Federal deputy captured a still in Levi Jackson Wilderness Road State Park. After the 'capture' they learned the still was 'a museum piece' being restored 'in natural setting' to add to the park's display of 'former mountain industries.'"



Jamestown Archaeological Laboratory and Museum

We regard the park itself as the exhibit and the museum building only as a functioning interpretive device for a better understanding of this outdoor exhibit. The important thing is to interpret the area on the spot through whatever means is indicated by a careful analysis of the individual needs of the monument or park. Guided trips, campfire programs, descriptive literature, lectures with slides and motion pictures have their useful functions but do not always suffice. When they are combined with the visual aid of exhibits and interpretive devices indoors or along the trails the sum total is effective.

In a few instances central museums serving several nearby areas which have the same general character and are approached from one common center may be effective. Central museums to house large collections of excavated or other materials from several related areas for study, such as Ocmulgee, have also proved to be desirable and effective. However, the separate needs for preservation and interpretation should not be confused even though they sometimes serve a double purpose as exhibits while being protected.

The use of graphic devices in close proximity to the natural and historic features of the park is essential to good interpretation. The National Park Service has a unique opportunity in this field. We place graphic devices inside buildings as a matter of convenience or necessity.

The trailside exhibits, orientation maps, signs and markers out-of-doors are an integral part of the interpretive system. Whether the buildings, are large or small, one or many, is merely incidental.

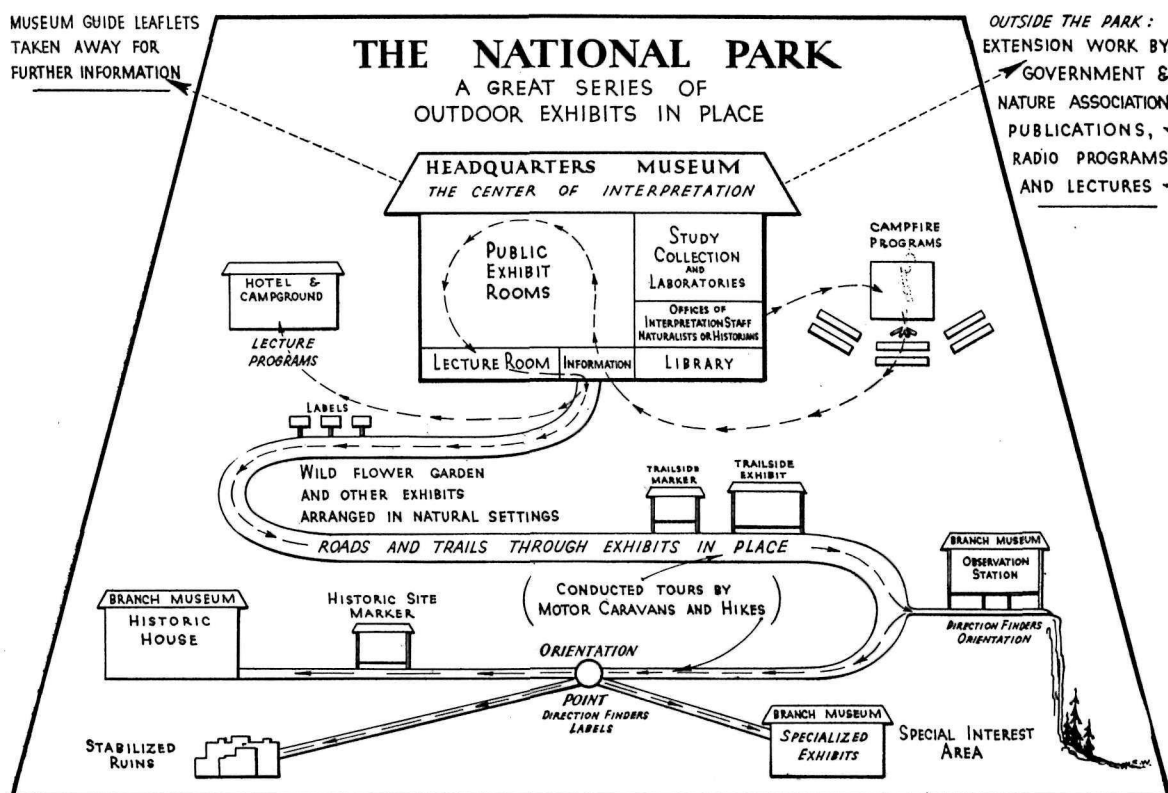
It frequently happens that outstanding examples of geological, archeological, and historical interest occur together or are in close proximity to each other in several small monuments or one large park. In determining whether or not to employ one central museum with several rooms, each devoted to a separate subject or to establish several small one-theme museums, consideration should be given the interpretive requirements of each feature rather than attempt a solution by geography alone.

We recognize and are working toward a better coordination between related areas. Undesirable repetition should be avoided in our parks and monuments, but in eliminating this recurrence we must not forget the one-time and first-time visitor. Occasionally repetition may bore a few "chain visitors" but should not if the great majority are first timers. We should always strive first to meet the needs of the great majority, and, second, to provide for the requirements of those special classes who are in the minority.

There is need for a closer integration of stories in all our parks and monuments and also with related areas under other federal, state or private control. Visitors want to know about the history and scenic features of the country they are visiting and have little interest in



Historical exhibit at Stones River National Military Park, Tennessee



fine distinctions of jurisdiction. In telling the story of military campaigns, routes of migration, ancient buildings, or geological formations an introductory background must be supplied by reference to other related areas regardless of their ownership. The fault is not to be found in the principle of repetition itself, but with the method by which it is done. The same story can be told in many ways with emphasis on a new and interesting angle each time. Occasionally a visitor may grow tired of hearing a replica of exactly the same story in almost the same words on dendrochronology or pottery types after visiting the third or fourth archaeological monument. The trouble lies not with the subject, but with the stories themselves which can be made dramatic and interesting by a varied presentation for the benefit of the repeater as well as the first timer.

We are still a long way from overdevelopment, but while we are trying to build up properly, sight will not be lost of the important need for proper integration on a national rather than a local scale. This calls for comprehensive planning which must be based on a thorough study of, first, what each area contains; second, its place in relation to other areas; and third, a study of the visitors who come to see it. The number and type of visitors, what their principal interests are, from where they come, how long they stay and where they are going after they leave, are important determining factors in developing a suitable program.

Obviously the tempo as well as the type must be carefully determined. A different approach can be used in the park where the visitor stays overnight or for several days. The same person, when at leisure in the evening with all arrangements for lodging and food completed, is in a

receptive mood different from that when he is traveling in great haste along the highway trying to keep to a schedule and allowing only a few minutes to see some interesting sight along the way. Many factors outside the park and beyond our control shape different attitudes in the same individual. A previous knowledge of the park obtained from friends or through publicity channels causes a different reaction from the accidental discovery of an interesting site enroute. There is always a distinct reaction to the general attitude and behavior of other visitors and the "atmosphere" of the place which may provoke awe and reverence on the one hand or boisterous amusement on the other. The actions of the same man at a picnic is in contrast with his changed attitude while attending a religious ceremony or a patriotic meeting.

Carefully planned presentation, good showmanship in its highest sense, is of paramount importance and should be consciously employed in conjunction with a knowledge of the unique and basic facts concerning each area. The whole consists of each of its parts and the success of our entire interpretive system will depend upon the individual success achieved in each park or monument. Sound policies have been laid down and their successful application depends on a full knowledge of the local needs and conditions in and surrounding each of our areas.



Kitchen at Washington's Headquarters, Morristown National Historical Park

