

COURIER

NEWSMAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



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FEATURES

- GLORY DAYS — 6
HURRICANE HUGO - THE RESPONSE — 10
MANNHEIM WHO? — 12
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
ORGANIZATION STRUCTURE — 15
NPS WOMEN AND THEIR UNIFORMS — 19
AN OUTSIDER'S LOOK AT THE PARK SERVICE — 22
ON THE ESCARPMENT — 24

DEPARTMENTS

- COMMENTARY — 2
PARK BRIEFS — 26
NPS PEOPLE — 28
E&AA — 32

COVER

Mark Bollinger of Andersonville NHS took the photo on this month's front cover. It is reproduced here in honor of Veterans Day (see Dave Jervis' contribution on page 4).

A familiar autumn sight, the squirrel on the back cover is the work of Associate Director (Natural Resources) Gene Hester, who has combined his professional interests with the personal hobby of photography. His work has appeared on the covers of a number of national wildlife magazines.



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DOING OUR PART



Last month alone, I received various letters from employees who were concerned not only for the welfare of their own park areas, but for the overall health of our environment. More and more, people are asking "what can be done?"

Fortunately, this strong desire to "do something" to protect and preserve our environment is shared by an increasingly large number of individuals. One facet of the larger concern about environmental degradation where I think much can be done is the area of solid waste. I don't think it's an overstatement to suggest that there is a widespread movement at all levels to try to address this issue.

At the local level, many communities are instituting garbage sorting and recycling programs. In the private sector, industry is beginning to respond by improving production and processing activities. An article I saw the other day described Sam Walton's plans to have Wal-Mart stores encourage this trend by highlighting in store displays those products and product improvements that try to "help prevent lasting environmental problems." As they put it, "We're looking for quality products that are guaranteed not to last!"

President Bush, Secretary Lujan, and others in this Administration who have made environmental issues a high priority for action are exercising federal leadership. For example, Secretary Lujan has directed that the cafeteria at the Main Interior Building stop using non-biodegradable and non-recyclable items. He also requested that NPS concessioners do their part by using biodegradable and recyclable products when possible—a voluntary initiative modelled after the successful program already underway in Yosemite NP. In the Park Service, other parks and concessioners have also established recycling programs; and that's good, but it's not enough. We now have a task force looking at the best ways to address an integrated solid waste management program and education issues. I want to see that such programs are implemented in all our areas, both because it's good for the parks and the environment and because we can use the parks to teach by example the importance of solid waste minimization to both American and foreign visitors.

These are some institutional answers to the question "what can be done?" But, it is important that we also think about what each of us can do. The fact is that on an average each of us produces three pounds of solid waste a day, an amount that works out to about 160 million tons every year in this country alone. At least two things we can do to reduce this total are make informed personal consumer decisions and take the most environmentally sound disposal actions available to us. And what if there are no disposal alternatives? Then, we

must work in our own communities to institute and support recycling efforts.

We mustn't kid ourselves though—reducing solid waste is a complex problem, one of the most critical elements of which is source reduction. We need to develop processes, packaging and products that do not create waste. Another key element is the ability to develop and produce marketable products from recycled materials. We are now finding out, for example, that currently there aren't enough uses for recycled paper and that, as a result, it is being dumped. Making more biodegradable products would appear to be another good approach, but that may have drawbacks, as well. We're now being told that

biodegradable garbage bags may not disintegrate in landfills due to lack of oxygen and that mixing biodegradable and other plastics impairs recyclability.

Still, the difficulties in dealing with this complex problem shouldn't keep us from addressing it and doing what we can as individuals and professionals. Granted, to some, the actions I've suggested might seem to be minor, even meager, in scale. However, I think interpreting them that way misses the point. What we do as individuals adds up to a combined effort—families, businesses, communities, industries, nations. We all have to take steps toward caring about the environment. Widespread participation is the key; we can't expect real results if a few of us act responsibly while the rest continue wasteful habits. To really do something about solid waste, we all have to do our part, because, short of that, it won't work. As environmentalists and managers of a system that has been likened to 355 branch campuses of the largest university in the world, you and I have an opportunity to make a real difference.

It's as simple as that.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "James M. Ridenour". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

James M. Ridenour

FROM THE EDITOR

A twelve-year-old friend of mine recently returned from a family trip through the southeastern and southwestern United States. It was an adventure that culminated in a week's camping in the highlands outside Santa Fe. Glimpses of the Milky Way and unsurpassed sunsets filled the conversation for most of the explorers. But when I asked Leif to report on his favorite part of the trip, he replied, "Houston."

Leif is an urban child, one who, with every opportunity to appreciate mesas and bayous, leans more toward the technological achievements of the age.

There was a lot he found to do in Houston, he hurried on to explain to me, not noticing (as I did) that he happened to be flattening a bug on the sidewalk as we spoke.

No wonder The New Yorker titled an article by Tony Hiss "Encountering The Countryside." As the headline alone suggests, contact with the rural scene may not be an altogether comfortable experience—may be, in fact, a little like contact with aliens. Thus, remaining in step with our pioneering ancestors, we tend to venture beyond the boundaries of things we understand only after we have loaded our wagons with objects already familiar to us, and therefore comforting.

In the case of "countryside," this may mean the ubiquitous suburban lawn or the glass-and-concrete office building safely buffered from the more alluring woods by a parking lot. In this way, the organization or the family that is relocating elsewhere brings the character of a more distant home with them. Gradually, one thing leads to another, and before anyone has a chance to perk up and notice, a less frenetic way of life has become, well, Houston.

For those not so much in love with Houston, or at least interested in considering another way of life, a new day may be dawning. Tony Hiss reports a growing sense of partnership responsibility to places where "generations of villagers, baymen, and farmers have added, and are still adding, to the landscape that now supports and enfolds all the people of the area." He cites examples of single-minded

individuals, citizens groups, and state and federal organizations doing significant stock-taking of the important unprotected open spaces and working landscapes that define the character of a region. Over the long haul of the interstate building boom, tenacious people protecting a long-standing relationship with land have done whatever they needed to do to make a living, and to pass their land on intact to the next family member. They have held on long enough, in fact, that those interested in the regional character of a place are beginning to recognize the possibility of city/countryside coexistence, and that, indeed, one may even be stronger for the existence of the other.

Hiss' article takes a jubilant tone, citing, for example, that two summers ago New York Mayor Ed Koch and Henry Stern, the city's parks commissioner, created City Hall Meadow by "scattering wildflower seeds on a small triangle of dusty land near the entrance ramps to the Brooklyn Bridge." He notes the efforts of Nassau County Recreation and Parks Department biologist Carole Neidich-Ryder to recreate the lost Long Island prairie that used to be called the Hempstead Plains. He also refers to a book by Robert Yaro and three associates at the Center for Rural Massachusetts that "has already caused something of a sensation in planning circles" for its analysis of how a "three-hundred-year-old working landscape can absorb high suburban densities of development... without jeopardizing future private-property values or sacrificing its ancient partnership sense."

After reading Hiss' article, one senses that development for its own sake is not the final pattern being etched on the land, that here and there in important circles new ways of thinking are evolving that may make special areas like national parks seem less embattled.

"People can become vehicles for places," says Yaro, "...very articulate and outspoken concerning the special qualities they care about in their own communities."

And, indeed, if they care more about their own communities—if they find something special there, something refreshing that draws them back again and again—then they also feel less need to travel great distances to use intensely

and thereby compromise the places set aside as national parks.

"One of the few human rights that aren't officially guaranteed in this country is an agreement that the places you grow up caring about will be there for you when you're ready to start a family of your own," says Yaro.

But if the impetus that created places like City Hall Meadow grows stronger, then individual relationships with the land and what grows on it stand a far greater chance of survival than ever before. And, as a result, so do the national parks.

The fate of Houston is less assured.

CABLE'S FABLE AND AN ACORN'S FOLLY

Dixie

Make way for yams and giblets!!

Thanksgiving Thursday should be close at hand by the time your eyes pass over these assorted nouns and verbs. I hope to be giving "thanks" for arriving home safely from a November journey through the desert mountain wilds of southeastern Arizona. With hundreds of slides to label, I guess I'll need lots of leftover turkey sandwiches. "Open the 'frig!"

First the Orioles ran the bases like it was Carl Yaz who taught 'um. Then the Bluest Jays blacked out with men at third base. Cubbie pitching and hitting then went sour at "The STICK." All of which left us with the excitement of "The Battle of the Bay": the Giants' arsenal seemed made by Mattel, while the A's contracted with Tonka.

Obviously it was more excitement than the Oakland - 'Frisco fandom could "shake a stick at." Because of nature's emphatic intermission request, I'll probably watch the Series finale from a Cooperstown motel. For those historically bent, hindsight does illustrate a gloomy precedence on one matter, Aside from the New York City cartel, only twice before have two same-metro teams met in the October Bat Joust.

In 1906, the Chicagos battled with the "Hitless Wonder" Sox, prevailing six months after the granddaddy SF Quake. St. Louis hosted the 1944 Classic as WWII boomed on — the war being one reason why the doormat Browns won the AL flag. And now we have the BART Series Quake Delay that we can blame on the "Zimmer

Fault." If the White Sox and the Cubs ever come to the last week with pennant chances, make sure your Armageddon insurance is paid up.

Eons ago (1984) I was able to witness the Cubs daily exploits thanks to Cablevision, Boston's cable-TV contract winner. It took a long time for them to dig and wire, but the addicted and semi-addicted TV types were happy to have any cable finally hooked up.

As are most things in techno America, cable-TV is a hoax, a fraud, a bait-and-switch con man's dream. During some highly publicized say-anything-for-the-moment negotiations with the city, Cablevision's original too-good-to-be-true fee for "basic" service was only a ridiculous \$2 per month. Aside from the automatic perfect reception, "basic" included a host of channels, among them Superstations TBS (Braves), WGN (Cubs), WOR (Mets) and WPIX (Yankees). The Pampered Individualist Millionaires of Summer, who (when they feel like it) work two miles from my house, were also on—giving me a Utopian choice of five games to monitor most seasonal evenings.

My house was wired in May. What great timing! To everyone's amazement, provincialist mike man-supreme Harry Caray's Northside Wonders won the NL East in '84 only to choke just west of Cabrillo NM, thanks to Lee "Pyro" Smith.

Set Up for a Fleecing

I loved getting a Chicago station. Baseball aside, there was news from the Farm-belt, our future weather drifting over Effigy Mounds and Indiana Dunes, and a Midwestern perspective on news and issues.

Silly me, I thought that was what cable-TV was supposed to bring — a new perspective. Widen the viewer's horizon's. Ha! Allow folks to eavesdrop on other parts of their country. Ha! Hey, I even thought it wouldn't be long before there were superstations from Denver and San Francisco added — completing my personal coast-to-coast network. Double ha!

It was all a fraud. Everybody started making rules to curb viewers' choices and increase cable cabalors' revenue the way the good ol' networks do. "You don't get this or that anymore and by the way, it's goin' to cost ya."

Now five years later, the Cubs are long gone; the station was dropped early this year; and my monthly bill is \$28. Though I subscribe to one special package that in-

cludes Red Sox and Bruin home games, Disney, and some "informational" channels, I get a dozen religious "Send us" channels and a handful showing the free market at its worst — Home Shopping — where smiling bimbos rapidly hawk 538 kinds of shiny zirconium junk. Or is it plutonium??

I told you this rambling sour grapes tale in order to ask this month's musical question: why aren't we (NPS) ON THE AIR? Where are all the programming geniuses out there who constantly complain about being short of "product" for the famished cable-TV monster. More and more parks have their own stylized videos, but we really should have our own NPS program/series.

Talk about an "unlimited" run! Approximately 25 (conservative or optimistic guess?) parks could be taped in a year, with single large parks taking up entire hour segments and two or three theme-connected smaller units "splitting" that time. Since we are entering the 1990s with more than 350 areas, simple division says that we'll be into the 21st century before each facility has been a cable tv star, and we begin reruns or update taping.

In its simplest form, each show would be an hour-long tour for bonafide couch potatoes and other citizens who are unable to visit our (current) 355 "jewels." We find a classy-voiced lead-in host(ess) for the series and then let our genial and witty superintendents, chief interpreters (and whoever) take over an informal walk and talk (scripted but sprinkled with anecdotal adlibs I would hope). Of course the Yellowstones and Yosemite would each warrant two or three shows (watch out for mini-series mentality). A normal script would include the park's history, natural history, conservation goals and problems, and its hour would be filled.

I've mulled over the celebrity host gig. Given our society, it probably would increase viewer curiosity and, under certain circumstances, it certainly could be interesting. NPS could get "Poppy" himself to do the White House or Washington's Birth-place. How about Nebraska native son Johnny Carson touring Homestead or Scotts Bluff NMs? Should land czar Donald Trump stroll the marble floors of the Vanderbilt Mansion, or would he try to buy and make condos of the place?? How about Elizabeth Dole and Pat Schroeder at Women's Rights while Robert Redford and John Denver hike the wilds of Utah and Colorado. Economic pun-star Lou Rukeyser would make Federal Hall, Hamilton Grange or Salem Maritime's Derby House fun. The

possibilities are endless. Now who wants to be project manager??

THE POWER OF LIZARDS

Steve Beesley

A few months ago my son played his final baseball game of the season. His team lost, but he played very well. I was exuberant, with lofty thoughts of college scholarship offers. He's nine years old and doesn't really grasp what a batting average is. After the game we started back to the house, me planning his advent into the major leagues, and him just anxious to get home and into a watergun fight with his buddies—obviously two widely divergent views of the same young life.

I think the problem here is one of focus. My son's pretty busy right now watching his life through a microscope. I, on the other hand, seem bent on plotting it through a telescope. I should have known something like this would happen. Reminds me of what I call the Grand Canyon Syndrome. Let me explain.

A while back I took Adam to the South Rim. It was the first time either of us had been. We pulled into the parking lot at the El Tovar, tired but vastly expectant, and walked together up to the edge. The view left me spellbound. However, Adam took in the scene, then, satisfied that he knew what the Grand Canyon looked like, stood quietly by, respecting—or at least allowing me to have—my reverent mood...

For about a minute...

Until he spied a lizard catching some rays on a nearby rock.

It was at this point his memories of the Grand Canyon began for him. Lizards, you see, are creatures of mythic proportions, the seed of dinosaurs, each capable of igniting passions within the breasts of young boys that neither a father nor one of the wonders of the world nor even baseball can hold a candle to.

In spite of the disappointment I felt welling up I tried to concentrate on my view, distracted now by sideways glances at his stealthy approach to the lizard. Well, thought I, I don't have to put up with this. I'll put an end to it right now. He's not going to go over there by himself and look at a silly lizard.

So I joined him in his stalk.

When we were close enough to really watch, I saw things I'd never noticed in a lizard—or maybe had noticed once but long since forgotten. Adam's curiosity about things reptilian was infectious, and soon I was on hands and knees right next to him. We tried moving just a bit closer but, with a withering look, the lizard slipped its perch to go find a more private spot to sunbathe.

Afterwards, while getting to my feet, I noticed the crowd of Oriental visitors gathered at our backs, furiously clicking cameras and wondering at my strange behavior. For my part, I was certain I had just been preserved for posterity in a 35mm format. How touching, how nice...

How embarrassing.

As I bundled Adam away, using his slight frame to shield me from their stares, I noticed several bolder members of the group moving forward—very, very cautiously—to inspect the spot we'd just left. Flustered as I was, I knew what we'd seen there would remain our secret.

Later when I thought over this experience I learned something valuable. Adults go to parks with telescopes in hand, resolved to come away with the long view, however vague and unreachable it might be. Children find their own wonders in the reality of the moment, through their own personal microscopes. Their perceptions remain uncolored by preconceived notions. As adults, we search the parks for the spectacular and the breathtaking, and come away disappointed if we fail to find it. A child's scale, however, is the universe at his or her small feet. We go in with the Grand Canyon Syndrome. They go in with an ability to see through it.

So now whenever I visit a park I follow my son, seeing old sites through his new eyes—through his microscope of awareness. I listen to what he thinks is important and what is not. Doors closed to adults open readily to children. To enter, all we must do is hold their hands and stoop down a bit.

Adam is still too young to understand the concept of plagiarism. But when he's old enough I promise I will admit to the theft of his vivid perceptions and to the claiming of them as my own in my writing. I don't think he'll mind. I'll tell him the lizard made me do it.

Anyway, when we got home from the ballgame that Saturday afternoon, I asked him if I could get in on a piece of the watergun fight.

LETTERS

All of the Hartzogs will forever be in the debt of the 1916 Society and our National Park Service family and friends who honored us at the Founders Day Dinner on August 25. We are still basking in the afterglow of that joyous outpouring of friendship and fellowship. Each of you has our enduring gratitude and thanks.

Among you, my bride and I spent the happiest, most fulfilling years of our lives. It was in those years, among you as their exemplars, that our children were nurtured and disciplined in your tradition of service to others above self. That honored tradition was and is your proud heritage—it remains your vision. We applaud you.

George B. Hartzog, Jr.

Seventy one years ago, on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, an armistice was signed at Compiegne, France, marking the end of World War I. The next year, in 1919, November 11 was proclaimed a national holiday—Armistice Day—to commemorate that signing. On June 1, 1954, President Eisenhower signed an act of Congress enlarging the scope of the holiday and refocusing it “to honor veterans on the eleventh day of November of each year...a day dedicated to world peace.” Legislation in 1968 moved the holiday to the fourth Monday in October. But that didn't last, because it robbed the day of its historic significance—as if Christmas officially had to fall on the fourth Monday of December or the July 4 celebration on the first Monday of July.

So, the date and purpose of the holiday are now firmly established. As a nation, we set the day aside to honor veterans—to recall their sacrifices in war and to honor their contributions to peace and freedom.

Someone has said, “To be born free is a privilege: to die free is an awesome responsibility.” And so the holiday reminds us that freedom is bought, usually at a dear price. Consider these words of Thomas Paine, writing in 1776: “What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a price upon its goods, and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an

article as freedom should not be highly rated.”

That same year fifty-six men signed our Declaration of Independence. Beginning with them and with others of their day, the price of freedom has been paid for in America. Of those 56 signers, five were captured by the British and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes, from Rhode Island to Charleston, sacked, looted, occupied by the enemy, or burned. Two lost their sons in the army. One had two sons captured. And nine of the 56 died in the ensuing war, either from its hardships or its bullets.

In 1776 John Adams told his wife, Abigail: “I am well aware of the toil, blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means.”

That pretty much says it. And so on November 11 we remember the sacrifices: the deaths and injuries of loved ones; the maiming of bodies and minds; 58,000 names on a black granite wall in Washington, DC; 250,000 written claims of damage by Agent Orange. As individuals and families, our losses over these two centuries have been staggering. But as a nation, we still strongly believe that “the end is worth more than all the means.”

Perhaps the greatest honor we can render to our veterans—both living and dead—on this day is a recommitment by each of us: that the torch of freedom shall never be extinguished in this land, and that the sacrifices of our veterans shall not have been in vain.

Dave Jervis
WASO

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Service's first Women's Conference many years ago recommended the creation of a directory of career NPS female employees to be made available Servicewide. This recommendation now is being undertaken.

As proposed, the directory offers individuals an opportunity to list their location, position, special interests and expertise, in order to encourage networking among Service women

interested in learning about each other and contributing their utmost to the NPS mission. Your listing in the directory is solely voluntary. If you want to be included, fill out and forward your form to Ana Villagra, WASO Bureau Federal Women's Program, P.O. Box 37127, Washington, DC 20013-7127. For additional information, call FTS-343-3098 or (commercial) 202/343-3098.

The Association for Living Historical Farms and Agricultural Museums seeks presentations and sessions that address the past, present, and future of the living historical farm and agricultural museum field. All proposals of interest will be considered, but the program committee will focus the conference on a retrospective, introspective, and prospective examination of the field, its practices, ideals, and exemplars. Proposals should include a one-page summary of each presentation and a resume for each presenter. Selected presentations will be

published. For more information, write Bob Benz, Billings Farm & Museum, P.O. Box 489, Woodstock, VT 05091, or phone 801/457-2355.

The National Constitution Center of Philadelphia has offered to work with the National Park Service to design and fund exhibits and other appropriate media to interpret the Constitution at selected NPS sites. The impetus for this effort is the Constitution Heritage Act of 1988, which directs the NPS to select not less than twelve units at which the "origins, subsequent development, and effects" [emphasis added] of the Constitution of this country shall be interpreted.

While we currently interpret the Constitution at several parks, the emphasis generally has been on the actual composition of the Constitution or its signers. The intent of the Constitution Heritage Act is to broaden that interpretation to include sites illustrative of the profound impact subsequent

amendments, interpretations, and court cases have had on our history. Examples of such broader themes might include: regulation of commerce (C&O Canal NHP); conservation and preservation legislation (all parks); patent law (Edison NHS); civil rights (Martin Luther King, Jr., NHS); Native American treaty rights (Badlands NP); the judiciary (Fort Smith NHS); and Prohibition (Great Smoky Mountains NP).

If you are interested in accepting the National Constitution Center's generous offer to fund interpretive media or programs on the Constitution that relate to the specific resources in your park, please contact Sandy Weber in the WASO Division of Interpretation at FTS 523-0531 or (202) 523-0531.



WOMEN'S DIRECTORY

Complete only those sections you feel should be included in the directory.

NAME (Last, First)	SPECIAL INTERESTS A. Professional:
ADDRESS (Work/Region)	B. Other:
WORK PHONE:	OTHER PERSONAL INFORMATION (Optional)
TITLE	

I understand that this is strictly voluntary and that the information provided may be distributed Servicewide.

Signature

Date

GLORY DAYS

AN NPS INTERPRETER GOES HOLLYWOOD.

After a year and a half as chief ranger at Bent's Old Fort NHS, I was ready for a few new challenges—not that I didn't have plenty available at this Colorado site, but rather that something kept nagging at me, leaving me dissatisfied.

Having been born the first son of Afro-American school teachers in Washington, DC, I had grown up with the civil rights movement and marched as a child in some of the freedom rallies. My parents and grandparents had done what they could to help eradicate racism and discrimination. Now I had to ask myself what I was going to do. It looked like it was my turn to make a contribution.

This account is the saga not so much of a phenomenal opportunity—though it was that—as it is of a time in my life when different threads managed to come together, making it possible for me to contribute in the way that my training and experience made me capable of contributing. The chance to work on the Hollywood film, "Glory," was the final step, rather than the first, in that coming together. It galvanized the other actions, but was no substitute for them, helping only to spotlight what had already been set in motion.

"Glory" is the story of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and the 54th regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, the first Union fighting force of free blacks recruited in the North during the Civil War. The heroism of Shaw and the 54th is memorialized in a bronze statue by Saint-Gaudens, a man whose New Hampshire home is preserved by the Park Service. Now years after the deaths of the men in that regiment and years after the Saint-Gaudens work was positioned in place, the legend and legacy of the 54th has come to life with new vigor and commitment in the form of a Freddie Fields theatrical release, and, because one thing sometimes leads to another, I was able to be a part of it.

The saga started after considerable soul searching on my part. I accepted a one-year assignment to the Washington, DC, home of Frederick Douglass, an imposing Victorian mansion overlooking



Some of the men of Company B, 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, just before seeing action at Olustee, FL. Photo by Fritz Kirsch.

the city from its Anacostia vantage point. I was to head the interpretive mission at the site and help bring greater attention to the life and work of Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey Douglass.

Ever the activist, Douglass had recruited black soldiers during the second half of the Civil War, an effort that first centered on the 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, a unit in which two of his sons served. My experience with military interpretation made this a good jumping-off point. I had developed plans for several programs to be held at the home (an 1863 Abolition Rally and Civil War recruitment drive) as well as Fort Dupont Park and Harper's Ferry NHP (Slaves to Soldiers, a program reflecting the transition of newly freed slaves to citizen-soldiers). For myself, I began to acquire the complete uniform for an 1863 soldier from

one of the 120 black regiments that served during the war. Wearing this, I attended a number of Civil War anniversary reenactments including the ones at Chancellorsville, New Market, Saylor's Creek and Gettysburg. I met with the few black Civil War reenactors available along the East Coast, in hopes of raising volunteers to fill out the ranks of a black company. It was a project that National Capital Parks-East had given me permission to pursue as part of my work at the Douglass home.

News of this activity went through the living history grapevine, and, one day, I received a phone call from Ray Herbeck, Jr., associate producer for the Freddie Fields film. He was looking for a company of black Civil War reenactors to participate in the filming of "Glory," and invited me to recruit, train, and equip such a regiment to lend an air of authenticity to the shoot. His



Bill Gwaltney in the uniform of a Civil War soldier.

request was easy to act on since I had already established a VIP program to do just that.

Meanwhile, Herbeck had located two of America's finest living history interpreters in the persons of Brian Pohanka and Jack Thompson. Officers of the well-known 5th New York Zouaves, one of the country's most authentic living history groups interpreting the Civil War, they were joined later by historian-reenactor John Yoho of Arlington, VA. Together, we began our recruiting drive with the Frederick Douglass Home Abolition Rally, supported by the Federal City Cornet Band, The Metropolitan AME Gospel Choir and an array of Civil War reenactors, military and civilian. At the end of the program, volunteers were solicited from the audience. Some hesitated, but mentioning the movie encouraged ten men to raise their hands. Company B of the 54th Massachusetts was off to a running start in the very shadow of the home of Frederick Douglass himself.

Nevertheless, transforming volunteers into a fully trained fighting contingent required willingness and flexibility on everyone's part. Organizational meetings at the Douglass Home visitor center helped introduce the men to the concept of historical interpretation and the history of the Civil War. Slide shows, videos and show-and-tell demonstrations allowed dozens of Washington area residents to experience the thrill of interpretive history and the tragedy and triumph of America's Civil War, some for the first time. Then there were drills. And drills. And more drills. The growing ranks of Company B drilled in front of each other and in front of local television crews, sharpening their skills so rapidly that they mastered the bayonet drill, something many companies become proficient at only after years of work. Among them were police officers, PEPCO and MCI executives, doctors, lawyers, librarians, and teachers. Hard-core history buffs, they had come from all walks of life, bringing with them the vague feeling that somehow they had been left out, that they did not quite

Glory

belong to the history of this country in the way they wanted. As the filming date grew closer, each of these men—these searchers after some part of themselves—purchased a complete living history uniform from the well-known supplier, C&D Jarnigin, under a special arrangement that cut the usual cost—nearly \$1,200—almost in half. They were ready.

After months of drills, research and visits to NPS Civil War sites, the men loaded their uniforms and muskets into cars, said goodbye to family and friends, and headed south into the twin hells of war and movie making.

Filmed in several sections, "Glory" was shot at Olustee, FL, on the original site of a Civil War battle in which the 54th had participated, at Rose Dhu Island near Savannah, GA, and at Jekyll Island near Brunswick, GA. The sequences at Olustee and at Rose Dhu focused on the early fighting that the 54th experienced at James Island, SC, not long after disembarking from the troop ships. The original troops fared well on their first "baptism by fire." Likewise, we fared well on our first reenactment.

The men's interest in and enthusiasm for authenticity grew in the face of wet weather and active mosquitoes. Issued tents and straw for bedding upon arrival, they experienced any and all discomforts associated with the project in the hopes of conveying on film the dignity of the men who died in combat 125 years before. Because we knew we were all the beneficiaries of their sacrifice, the men of the 54th were never too far from our minds.

At Rose Dhu Island in February, the troops first met the actors: Matthew Broderick (as Col. Robert Gould Shaw), the star of "Biloxi Blues" and "Ferris Bueller's Day Off"; Morgan Freeman (as the Regimental Sergeant Major), star of "Lean on Me"; Raymond St. Jacques as Frederick Douglass; Jhimi Kennedy; Denzel Washington; and Jane Alexander.

In March the troops again assembled, this time at Jekyll Island where Tri-Star Pictures had built an impressive replica of Battery Wagner which, historically, had been built to protect Charleston Harbor. The Battery Wagner attack had been at night, making the filming more tricky. The men charged again and again through explosions created by the special effects technicians to simulate cannon fire. But sixteen hours or more of repetitive marching, charging and firing—sixteen hours holding to a tough schedule, exposed to heat, insects, smoke, noise, poor food and standard reenactor pay that might have demoralized many a real soldier—only drew the men of the 54th closer together. Together they had learned how to close-order drill, march, cook field rations, and safely load and fire blanks in a Civil War replica musket. They had learned the history of African-American participation in the

Civil War and how to interpret that history to others. Also together, they had developed a profound respect for those 120,000 black soldiers who fought for their freedom and for the freedom of all Americans.

One day while at Jekyll Island, a local minister, hired to play the part of a preacher in the movie, invited us to attend Sunday services. We agreed, since it happened to be our one day off, and arrived at the church in uniform. I said a few words and Second Sergeant Walt Sanderson led the congregation in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Afterwards when we sat down to eat with the group, I thought that what we were doing was not so much different than what our ancestors in a church up North might have done during the war. As reenactors for "Glory," we might have had a day off, but from history there was never time off.

Company B of the 54th Massachusetts is still functioning as a Volunteer-in-Parks group in the Washington, DC, area. The group has been involved with several projects since the film, including the battle reenactments of Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Petersburg, the re-burial of 19 black Civil War soldiers at Beaufort, SC, and a June celebration at the Anacostia Museum for the Smithsonian Institution. Future plans include the 125th Anniversary reenactment of Appomattox Court House.

I was proud to have been a part of "Glory" and of the continuing story of Company B, 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Through the efforts of these men and others like them, the history of black participation in the Civil War will no longer be overlooked.

I too feel that, as a result of all this, I have come a little closer to following in the footsteps of those who've gone before me—not just of my parents and grandparents, but of the numerous men and women who made them what they were and who helped by their contributions to shape us all.

"Glory" may be the most historically correct Civil War film made to date, but it is also very much more. It has been a vehicle to bring together men who in a vague way, up until now, have felt left out of the historical process. It is also a movie that will provide a splendid educational opportunity to scores of others seeking to understand who they are and what their contribution has been to this country. Finally, both the film and the interpretive efforts of reenactors and historians will enable the brave black men who fought and died so long ago finally to achieve the glory they deserve.

Bill Gwaltney is Bent's Old Fort NHS chief ranger. "Glory" is scheduled for a December release.



Back row: Steve Romero, Dion Espinoza, Richard Ruybal, Amos Atencio, Jeff Espinoza, Casey Archuleta, and Tino Lopez. Front row: Danny Cruz, Gerald Lujan, Richard Naranjo, Elaine Martinez, and Catherine Martinez.

Win/Win

It's a special program that works to the benefit of everyone. That's what happened this summer when ten young people came to work for Great Sand Dunes NM near Alamosa, CO.

"Since we're about 40 miles from Alamosa, the key to the program was transportation," said Laurant (Lonnie) Pingree, the park's chief of maintenance. "We rented a GSA van and picked up the kids each morning, then carried them home each afternoon." The state paid liability insurance; the park supplied the driver who also functioned as the supervisor.

When Pingree sat down with Summer Youth Employment Program Coordinator Jerry Sanchez, they agreed that the quality of the supervision the group received would be important to the effectiveness of the program.

"You need to stay with them," Celestino (Tino) Lopez emphasized. Lopez was the supervisor who drove the van, donating his personal time each morning and afternoon. At the job site, each team was supervised by a member of the maintenance staff.

"The program gives kids a start in life," said Lopez. "It was a chance to see what the outside world is, and to try to teach them various jobs—to prepare them for life."

Lopez, father of five, believed in teaching the young people the right way to do things. He praised them, and showed them how to take pride in their work. He also pointed out when they did a sloppy job. "They have to know when it's not right, too," said Lopez.

"I liked it because you learned how to do things right," said Gerald Lujan, 15, one of the youth.

The group worked on a variety of projects. They painted building exteriors as well as garbage cans, helped finish up the interior of the horse barn, dug ditches, and assisted with trash pickup.

When 15-year-old Richard Ruybal came to the park with the 1989 group, he joined his uncle, father and grandfather, who is 68. Richard is a sophomore at Alamosa High School; his grandfather, Ruben, has worked three seasons at the Dunes; his father, David, has worked five seasons; his uncle, Joseph (Joey) Ruybal, has worked at the Sand Dunes for almost seven years.

The young people enrolled in the Summer Youth Employment Program earned minimum wage, under Title II, Part B, of the Job Training Partnership Act (JTPA) that provides summer employment for economically disadvantaged community youth. The participating agencies provided work experience and training, and supervised work performance.

Some of the program's specific objectives included: structured, well supervised hands-on training; opportunities to explore vocational interest; vocational counseling and occupational information; income for participants who would be unable to return to school without such assistance; and services inducing dropouts (or potential dropouts) to return to school.

"Many friendships were made between the kids, and even this crew and the kids," noted Pingree on the last day of work.

Definitely, a win/win situation for everyone!

Jan Fausnaugh

HURRICANE HUGO — THE RESPONSE



Damage to park housing on St. John.



Southeast Region employees sort donations for Hugo victims.

While the government and volunteer agencies rallied to help communities pummeled by Hurricane Hugo, the Park Service's southeast region organized its own relief effort for NPS employees victimized by one of history's most destructive storms.

The hurricane wiped out most of St. Croix, headquarters for Christiansted NHS and Buck Island Reef NM. It then went on to hit the Virgin Islands NP at St. John and St. Thomas, and San Juan NHS in Puerto Rico before heading for its mainland landfall at Charleston, SC.

Communications with the Caribbean parks—located more than 2,000 miles from the regional office in Atlanta—can be difficult in the best of times. In the storm's wake, it was virtually impossible to get a report on people and property damage for several days.

When telephone connections finally were made to Puerto Rico, the regional office sent San Juan Superintendent Ping Crawford on a mercy mission to check on NPS employees in the Virgin Islands.

An experienced pilot, Crawford chartered a small plane and flew alone to St. Croix, the area hit hardest by Hugo. Landing at the heavily damaged airport and ignoring reports of looting and violence, Crawford hitchhiked to Christiansted. He found the park superintendent, chief ranger and chief of maintenance sitting on top of what was left of their belongings in the place where their houses used to be. Crawford took the chief ranger's wife and two small children with him back to the relative safety and comfort of San Juan. The regional office later dispatched a chartered plane from Atlanta to evacuate other employees and their families from St. Croix to Puerto Rico.

Within a few days after the storm, Regional Director Bob Baker, Deputy Regional Director Jack Ogle and Associate Regional Directors Bob Deskins and Frank Catroppa flew to the Caribbean with chain saws, generators and other emergency supplies. When they returned to Atlanta, the regional officials organized a relief program. Fellow NPS employees in the regional office and other parks donated clothing, towels, bed linens, non-perishable food, batteries, diapers and cash. Delta Airlines flew the items free of charge to the Caribbean, where they were distributed to the 112 NPS employees and their families.

Deputy Regional Director Ogle said the needs of mainland employees also affected by the storm were not ignored. "But those folks in the islands are isolated—cut off from the rest of the world," he said.

In spite of the battering they took, NPS employees in the parks hit by the hurricane displayed cool professionalism as they turned to the task of mopping up the damage.

Catroppa said morale among most park staffers remained high. "When we arrived in the Caribbean, our people were surprisingly upbeat. You would have thought we were there to pass out incentive awards."

"Our efforts now are focused on getting the parks put back together in these areas that depend heavily on tourism," said Regional Director Baker. "We're just grateful we didn't lose anything that can't be fixed or replaced."

Paul Winegar last wrote for the September Courier on the subject of Andersonville.

Hurricane Hugo Recovery Program

At the request of the Southeast Region Office, Eastern National Park and Monument Association has established a Hurricane Hugo Recovery Program. If you are interested in assisting NPS park areas and families, send donations earmarked either for NPS Employee Recovery or Agency Interpretation Recovery Program to Hurricane Hugo Recovery Program, 325 Chestnut Street, Suite 1212, Philadelphia, PA 19106.

Look At The Damages

Hurricane Hugo's destructive swath through the Caribbean and the Carolinas caused nearly \$6.5 million in damages to 10 southeast region parks.

Luckily, no Park Service personnel or their families suffered any serious injuries. But like other victims in the path of the devastating September storm, many employees are dealing with the trauma of losing their homes and personal belongings.

Hugo's pounding had little effect on the massive forts and other historic buildings in parks hit by the hurricane. The most costly losses came from destruction of park housing, boats, docks, vehicles, rest rooms and picnic areas. Wind, water and falling trees also tore up roads and trails.

Hugo's tally:

Christiansted NHS: Hugo scored a direct hit on St. Croix, devastating the largest of the U.S. Virgin Islands. All three park houses were completely blown away. The historic Scale House lost its roof and several boats and vehicles were damaged. Total storm-related damages estimated at \$1.2 million.

Buck Island Reef NM: Minor damage to signs, rest rooms and trails estimated at \$60,000. The park's tourboat concessioners also were hard hit.

Virgin Islands NP: \$2.1 million in damages, mostly to park housing. Five houses and three trailers were destroyed; nine other houses were damaged severely.

Roads, trails, rest rooms and campgrounds also suffered damage.

San Juan NHS: The park lost gates, windows, shutters, vehicles and electrical equipment. The repair bill is estimated at \$558,000.

Fort Sumter NM: The storm sank the park's largest boat and damaged septic systems, water and power lines. Park headquarters and the visitor center at Fort Moultrie suffered roof and water damage. Total costs expected to exceed \$1 million.

Kings Mountain NMP: \$31,000 need to remove downed trees.

Blue Ridge Parkway: Although downgraded to a tropical storm by the time it crossed the Blue Ridge, Hugo's still fierce winds uprooted hundreds of trees and scattered debris long the parkway from Peaks of Otter to Linville Falls, a distance of 270 miles. Several areas of the parkway were closed temporarily. The cost of cleanup is expected to reach \$1.1 million.

Great Smoky Mountains NP: Heavy rains washed away portions of roads and trails at a total cost of \$225,000.

The storm also caused minor damage at Fort Frederica NM on the Georgia coast and Congaree Swamp NM near Columbia, SC. Two national champion oak trees at Congaree were toppled by Hugo.

Paul Winegar

MANNHEIM WHO?

There is no such thing as an "average day" for an interpretive ranger working for the National Park Service. When you report for work, you never know what's in store for you by day's end. A case in point is my recent involvement with Yellowstone NP, the Rocky Mountain Regional Office (where I am assigned), and the music group, *Mannheim Steamroller*.

I must confess that my initial reaction upon hearing the ensemble's name was, "Mannheim who?" My awareness of musical groups and trends doesn't extend much beyond orchestras and choirs that have recorded the "classical" repertoire. Every now and then, I may happen to recognize a rock group that my three sons have mentioned around the house, but I won't guarantee it. So *Mannheim Steamroller* drew a blank.

I got some "learnin'" real fast. My family doctor has all the group's albums and plays them in his office. Many of the people I deal with in the parks also knew the group and were great fans. None of them could understand how I, an alleged "connoisseur of good music," could have schlepped through life without having heard of the Omaha-based musicians.

The name, *Mannheim Steamroller*, stems from a musical device commonly employed by composers at the Court of Mannheim (Germany) during the 18th century. Found in the third movement of a concerto, the music is characterized by a three-quarter meter with a steadily accelerating tempo—hence the steamroller. *Mannheim Steamroller* had a solid following and a sensitivity to environmental matters when Omaha composer, musician, conductor, and founder Chip Davis decided to visit Yellowstone NP last November. While there, he discovered that our oldest national park had not been as devastated by fire as media coverage suggested. Feeling the need to share with Americans the fact that the park was still alive, he came up with "The Music of Nature—A Concert for Yellowstone," a nationwide tour slated for 20 cities over the next two years, and with a goal of raising up to one million dollars for the Yellowstone Recovery Program.

Omaha, Davis' base of operations, was chosen as the site for the premiere concert. June 10, 1989, was selected as the date, and *Mannheim Steamroller* and the NPS moved into high gear to prepare for the big event. Chip Davis and his people worked with the Yellowstone staff to amass an extensive collection of slides for projection on three large screens above the 80-piece Yellowstone Orchestra. Film sequences of the '88 fires also were acquired for projection during the Cloud Burst movement from Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite.

Mannheim Steamroller in concert.



In the meantime, Rocky Mountain Regional Director Lorraine Mintzmyer spearheaded the behind-the-scenes, but very necessary, logistics—such as a memorandum of agreement between the artists and the Yellowstone Association, bankers for concert proceeds earmarked for the park's recovery program. She made me responsible for coordinating NPS interpretation efforts at the concert. With help from Harpers Ferry Center, we obtained duplicate sets of Yellowstone's new fire wayside exhibits. In addition, interpretive rangers from the park and from the Rocky Mountain and Midwest Regional Offices were enlisted to answer questions from the 8,000 people who would attend the concert in Omaha's Civic Auditorium.

Thus I found myself in Omaha on June 10 (a Saturday that was declared Yellowstone Concert Day throughout Nebraska), setting up exhibits in the Civic Auditorium with other NPS interpreters, some of whom I didn't know, participating in a highly publicized event centered on musicians seemingly well known to everybody but me.

My excitement grew as the foyer filled with concert goers, hundreds of whom stopped to look at the exhibits and to ask us about the fires. Finally, it was time to begin. Nebraska Governor Kay Orr began the proceedings, introducing various individual and corporate sponsors. Then the huge auditorium quieted in expectation of what was to be a most memorable evening.

The first half of the program swept the audience along from the lush sounds of Respighi's "The Pines of Rome" to a joyous and exhilarating journey with our cousins of the sea—porpoises and whales. Davis' music in tandem with breath-taking footage of the ocean depths made me yearn to "Come Home To The Sea."

After intermission, Yellowstone Superintendent Bob Barbee introduced that portion of the program dedicated entirely to the national park. The music began quietly, pierced by recorded sound of song birds, evocative of morning's first light. Then wave after wave of glorious sound and totally engrossing images on the three overhead screens transported us from downtown Omaha to that magical spot called Yellowstone.

We were mesmerized by the music and images that inextricably pulled us into the conflagration. Strobe lights and strings of lights stretching from ceiling to stage simulated the lightning that ignited some of the fires. The images and sounds became so overwhelming that many in the audience sought the reassurance of a smile or gentle touch from a companion. I too was shaken by the specter of 400-foot high walls of fire that dramatically reminded us all of the awesome might of nature.

Then, silence. Blessed silence—before a collective sigh rose from the audience. The pace of the music and the images steadily quickened to portray the revival of life in the park. The last minutes of the concert were exhilarating as *Mannheim Steamroller*, a 38-voice choir, and the orchestra celebrated the continuation of life that is Yellowstone.

When the music ended, the audience stood and cheered its approval not only of the concert, but, also, I believe, as a way of reaffirming its love for Yellowstone. I too was swept up in the euphoria, grateful for a group named *Mannheim Steamroller* and for its leader, Chip Davis, who cared enough about Yellowstone that the evening in Omaha and others like it yet to come were made possible. And after such an evening, I knew I'd never again ask "Mannheim who?"

After an odyssey that started in WASO, Douglas L. Caldwell now is with the Division of Interpretation in the Rocky Mountain Region.

Imagine You Were There

Mannheim Steamroller is led by composer and musician Chip Davis. He conducts and performs as percussionist for the group. In addition, Jackson Berkey serves as keyboardist, and Ron Colley is the group's guitarist. The program was as follows:

1 The Pines of Rome	Ottorino Respighi
1 pini di Villa Borghese	
3 pini del Gianicolo	
2 Interlude III	Chip Davis
3 Ballade	Claude Debussy
	Orchestrated by Chip Davis
4 Sunrise at Rhodes	Chip Davis
5 The Swan of Tuonela	Jean Sibelius
6 Come Home To The Sea	Chip Davis
Intermission	
7 Morning	Chip Davis
8 Interlude VI	Chip Davis
9 La Primavera (Spring)	Antonio Vivaldi
1 Allegro	
3 Allegro	
10 Nepenthe	Chip Davis
11 The Sky	Chip Davis
12 Grand Canyon Suite	Ferde Grofe
Cloud Burst	
13 Interlude V	Chip Davis
14 Earthrise	Chip Davis
15 Return to the Earth	Chip Davis

National Park Service Organization Structure



A special pull-out section
for your information

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MIDWEST REGION

1709 Jackson Street

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NORTH ATLANTIC REGION

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NATIONAL CAPITAL REGION

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGION

83 South King Street

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Seattle, WA 98104

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2525 Gambell Street

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NPS WOMEN AND THEIR UNIFORMS

I look at young women in National Park Service uniforms today, wearing those respected symbols of their professions—women who are law enforcement officers, interpreters, managers, fire fighters, search and rescue team members—and I wonder if these 1980s ladies can even imagine the anger and frustration of 20 years ago, when we had to measure our uniform hems in relation to our kneecaps. My memories take me back to 1970, to the events that led me to Texas.



It is late summer in 1970. I stand in front of President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson at their Texas ranch, and the reality of my situation still hasn't quite sunk in. Less than a week before I had been told to fly to Texas, to show the former president a new uniform designed for NPS women employees. Now, after a fast and furious trip from Flagstaff, AZ, I look around me, trying to determine how I'll make four changes of clothes in this small house where LBJ was born! For the NPS women I represent, this trip has been a long one, a trip that has taken *years* to get to this point.

Today's visitor to Mesa Verde NP would not be surprised to follow a young woman in NPS stetson, green trousers, gray shirt and badge through the ruins on a guided walk. If that same young woman was dressed in straight green skirt, white blouse with Peter Pan collar, and a hat straight out of WW II, you can imagine her tour group's reaction.

However, until 1970, all uniformed NPS female employees wore that same straight skirt, white blouse, high heels and military-style cap. These women did their jobs in clothing that today would be dismissed as incredibly inconvenient. The uniform of that day also failed to give female employees a clear identity. Often we—and visitors—weren't sure of our status. When I joined the Service in 1967, female rangers were more frequently mistaken for elevator operators, Girl Scout leaders, or Army personnel than they were for professionals who could answer questions about park history and animals.

The women's movement of the 1960s influenced the Park Service late in the decade. By 1965, when the first two women received ranger training at Albright Training Center, administrators were facing with new affirmative action requirements. By 1968, when Albright's first course was held for rangers already working in the system, uniformed females wanted to know, "If we are park rangers, why can't we do the same work as the men?" The demand to be treated equally was extending from scuba diving to mountain rescue, from law enforcement to uniforms. Women educated and hired as professional park rangers wanted to be treated like the men hired for those same professional jobs. But equal training faced an uphill battle, as the six women in my 1968 Albright class could attest. Within a year, however, both women and men were learning scuba, rappelling, and mountain rescue. The uniform they wore still remained distinctly different.

For each Albright ranger training session, representatives from uniform supply companies came to measure and record new employees' uniform sizes. In the January 1968 class, Mr. Gregory from Gregory's of Colorado initiated me into the mysterious combination of requirements that made up the woman's uniform. He patiently explained that skirt hems couldn't be more than an inch above the knee when kneeling on the floor. I wondered who, in my future career, would ever get down on the floor to make sure I met this requirement. The women's uniform also had no badge, and the jacket was cut tight at the waist. The cap rested on the hair—regardless of style or cut—at no more than two parallel finger-widths above the eyebrows. At the time, I could not see what possible sense this all made. Still, the job of being an NPS archeologist—even at a desk in Washington, DC—was sufficiently

appealing to help me overlook what I considered an appalling mode of dress. In my innocence I just knew my desk job would keep me away from any locale where I'd have to meet uniform requirements.

A year later I was working at an archeological park in the Southwest, and wearing a uniform that seemed calculated to keep me from doing my job. It was difficult kneeling to work in filing cabinets or storage shelves. To make a tour of the ruins involved walking down and then up 200 feet of stairs; in a straight skirt and heels the climb was a real chore. But climbing stairs was easy compared to what other female rangers elsewhere were doing.

In 1969, on a visit to Mesa Verde, I experienced embarrassment and frustration on behalf of another female interpreter. She asked all the men on the hike to go ahead of her through a tunnel, then climb up a rope ladder first, because she had to negotiate those same areas in a skirt. It meant her effectiveness as an interpreter, guide and safety officer was severely limited. It was also a negative reflection on the professional image of the National Park Service.

I sat down that day with a suggestion form and asked that female interpreters giving tours be allowed to wear pants (or at least coulottes) as part of their official uniform. That suggestion arrived in Washington just as former Director Hartzog was considering changes in the woman's uniform. Unfortunately, we weren't able to get approval for women to wear the same uniform as men. Instead a nationally appointed committee gathered to evolve an entirely new uniform, a process that required nearly a year.

On June 27, 1970, in Philadelphia, a fashion show unveiled the new NPS woman's uniform for the first time. Five NPS women modeled the various uniform components. Elaine Haunsell, Ellen Lang, Carole Scanlon, Louise Boggs and I came from Lake Mead, Sitka, Philadelphia and Walnut Canyon respectively to meet in New York City for measuring, pinning cutting, and construction of our individually made outfits. What a crazy experience! After that, you never could convince me that high fashion models have an easy life.

The main identifying feature of the men's uniform has always been the stetson. The new woman's uniform for 1970 differed from the men's, but we did gain its most distinctive feature when the stetson became our uniform hat. It was combined with beige perma-press in an assortment of outfits—a dress with jacket; coulottes and top; top and slacks; a "work" dress of crinkle cotton (for our "housecleaning" jobs); and a special dress for volunteers. Last, but not least, NPS wives were given an apron-pony for hostessing official park functions.

As we modeled these new designs that June day, walking around historic gardens and buildings near Independence Hall, I found it exciting to be in the city where our nation and its government were born. Just knowing that change was possible in federal service gave us all hope for the future. Later in 1970, several of us who participated in the Philadelphia unveiling helped introduce the new uniform to other NPS women employees, as we visited parks in our individual regions.

This is how I happened to be standing within two feet of the former president of the United States, wondering how to make



four changes of uniform outfits, and still give my sales pitch effectively. Certainly I knew that if either the president or his wife didn't approve of the design we might very well be starting all over again. President and Mrs. Johnson asked if the women liked the new design; I truthfully reported that it was such an improvement over the old style that nearly everyone approved. A few hours later I only hoped that these two very important individuals had been as impressed as the people who approached me with comments during my walk through the Austin airport on my return to Arizona.

A year later the uniform changed again—this time to dark, forest green, with fewer ensemble pieces. On the second change there was a choice of pants and top, dress, and jacket. Uniform suppliers must have been going crazy, but no more than those of us whose closets now contained three separate uniform styles. Slowly all of us were making changes in the way we managed our careers, but women were still outfitted differently than men with whom they shared jobs and responsibilities.

We kept asking for equality, for standardization and recognition of our professional status. Finally, in the mid-1970s, female rangers received approval to wear the same uniform as their male counterparts: gray shirt, green trousers, and leather belt, all topped proudly with our stetsons. It felt glorious. We no longer were searching for our identity.

I am proud of the efforts made by NPS women through the years to achieve rights young women accept so unquestioningly today. I thank you for your jobs well done. I also thank the young women in Park Service uniform today. You have worked so well and served so professionally that all of us (men and women) are able to share in the pride and history of the National Park Service—and the uniform that represents it.

Marion J. Durham presently works for the Forest Service in Arizona as a research support specialist.



AN OUTSIDER'S LOOK AT THE PARK SERVICE

IMAGES FROM ENVIRONMENT 101. I didn't see a picture of Toto during my work tour at the National Park Service but photos of lions, tigers, bears, and other creatures seemed indigenous to most NPS offices and Interior Department halls.

During two months of working among those photographs and other splendid NPS visual aids, I learned a bit about the agency's mission to preserve wildlife for future generations. I temporarily had swapped my Office of Personnel Management (OPM) job for a stint in the NPS Policy Office. The detail was part of my year-long Womens Executive Leadership Program internship.

I knew I'd left home base (sans the yellow brick road), when, during an errand to the third floor of the Interior Department, I was approached by a huge, rearing polar bear in the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's (FWS) main corridor. Two men, almost hidden as they pushed the enormous animal, paused in front of FWS' wood-framed entrance. The clearance looked a foot shorter than the bear. I was intrigued to learn how the taxidermed teddy would get through the passage, but was even more curious about how such a sight might have been received back at OPM. Old pros at this kind of thing, NPS veterans passed the bear without scarcely looking up.

Other encounters during my summer with NPS illustrate gradual expansion of my wildlife management knowledge.

Channel-hopping one Sunday evening, my TV-tuning thumb froze at the sight of turtle hatchlings scrambling toward the surf. I recalled names such as loggerhead, Kemp's Ridley, leatherback and hawksbill. I'd learned about these sea turtles while doing research for a NPS policy banning helium balloons from national parks. (Sea turtles and other threatened or endangered species can die from eating balloons that have drifted into their territories.)

The cuteness of the hatchling scene faded as I continued to watch the National Audubon Special. Adult turtles, many near death, were being dumped into shrimp boats, victims of fishing nets that scoop up everything in reach. The show

moved to after-dark poachers robbing fresh eggs from sea turtles nesting on a beach.

Because of my tour at NPS, I felt closer to the problem as the show's narrator described how difficult it is for local authorities and environmentalists to prevent these thefts.

Then on a weekend outing later that month, I discovered a Kemp's Ridley at the Virginia Institute of Marine Science in Gloucester Point, VA. The yearling turtle had lost a front flipper before being rescued. Seeing the turtle made the helium balloon policy, which the Director approved, come to life.

Brief though my contacts were with NPS managers and workers in the private sector environmental groups, my impressions of their efforts have not faded. Their love for animals is not the mushy, love-a-puppy staple of dog food ads: diapered tots romping with cuddly pups. Rather, their approach to protecting endangered species is pragmatic, and passionate at times.

Working for the National Park Service also made me more aware of how conflicting human goals affect these creatures. There are no simple answers to managing wildlife properly, but there are people committed to doing what they can to preserve these special resources. Issues are gray, not black-and-white like the newspapers that carry these stories. As actress Mary Steenburgen says to Steve Martin in the movie, *Parenthood*, "life is messy."

I wasn't expecting a course on the environment when I joined NPS last summer. But agency messages have washed off some of my sugar-coated love for wild animals. Though I still look away from the screen when the cougar finally catches the baby antelope, I realize endings can be less-than-happy and still make sense in the long run.

Like Dorothy on her dream-trip to Oz, I learned a few lessons during my journey.

Tierney Reynolds Bates is a writer-editor in the Office of Personnel Management's Public Affairs Office, and one of 235 participants in the 1989 Womens Executive Leadership Program.

Photo by OPM photographer Tony Jackson.

ON THE ESCARPMENT

FIRST THOUGHTS. On Albuquerque's western skyline are five old cones. As extinct volcanoes go they are relatively unimpressive, certainly unable to compete visually with the spectacular sunsets that are evening's standard fare. When I was a child I asked my father about their craters. He told me they were places a giant had knelt long ago and used magic to pinch up the earth as a landmark to his passing. Years later, amidst the imponderables of college geology, I remembered my father's explanation. I've held tightly to it ever since.

Below the volcanoes flows the placid Rio Grande. Between them and the river is the jagged black line of a lava flow. Ancient eyes beheld the broken boulders there and saw in them a medium for expression. As a result, the boulders now house a priceless collection of prehistoric rock art—one of the largest, most varied and, in some ways, most unique to be found anywhere. Noting the absence within the national park system of any area established specifically to commemorate such a heritage, Congress currently is considering making this our next national park unit.

I wandered that fractured landscape recently and found the magic I always knew would be there. This is dedicated to the vision of those ancient eyes.

SEEN AND UNSEEN. Ancient etchings, inscribed in stone patinaed with elemental antiquity. Figures familiar and fantastic found here and there among this jumble of boulders, this wreckage of an old lava flow. With sharp rocks as tools and skill born of a desire to relate or explain or revere, they worked their beliefs into the surface of the stone, perhaps to acknowledge the magic of animals and lightning, or to transfix routes of journeys taken or planned, or to honor their deities supernatural and real. Or simply to better grasp and accept the unimaginable by giving it a likeness.

This, then, to them.

But to us, art of complex thought and consummate ability, of symmetry, balance and beauty. Art precise and bold, still vivid against its medium of desert varnish. Simple in design, tedious in execution, unfathomable in meaning.

As I move among the rocks that hold this matchless gathering, this wild spontaneous gallery, I imagine the hands at work translating visions and perceptions into stone. I approach a petroglyph—a face or a shield perhaps—and I step through time to stand where the artist must have stood several hundred years ago, to place my hands where I know his were. Eager now, I step

back to the present so I can search for more. I am not disappointed. I find the striking images in improbably places, inaccessible places, hidden places. And I clearly sense some purpose, some order, some reason.

All is quiet save for the western wind playing across the escarpment, bearing the scent of sage as its gift. All is still, unmoving.

No, not quite.

Something is not right in the rocks above. A flutter, a slight quivering in a stack of boulders, a patch of tawny color, out of place against the pervasive ebony of the lava. As I watch, the color flickers again. I know that what I am about to see is secret. I am spellbound, and I look, and the color separates to become three distinct beings. Now, scarcely breathing, I wait and wonder what they are.

As if divining my thoughts one step forward. It is then I realize I am looking at owls—great horned owls—three of them, perched at the entrance to their dwelling in the recesses of high rock. From their airy loft they command an unobscured view of this alcove where I stand, weak-kneed now, before a petroglyph of otherworldly theme, its intent lost with the long-dead artist.

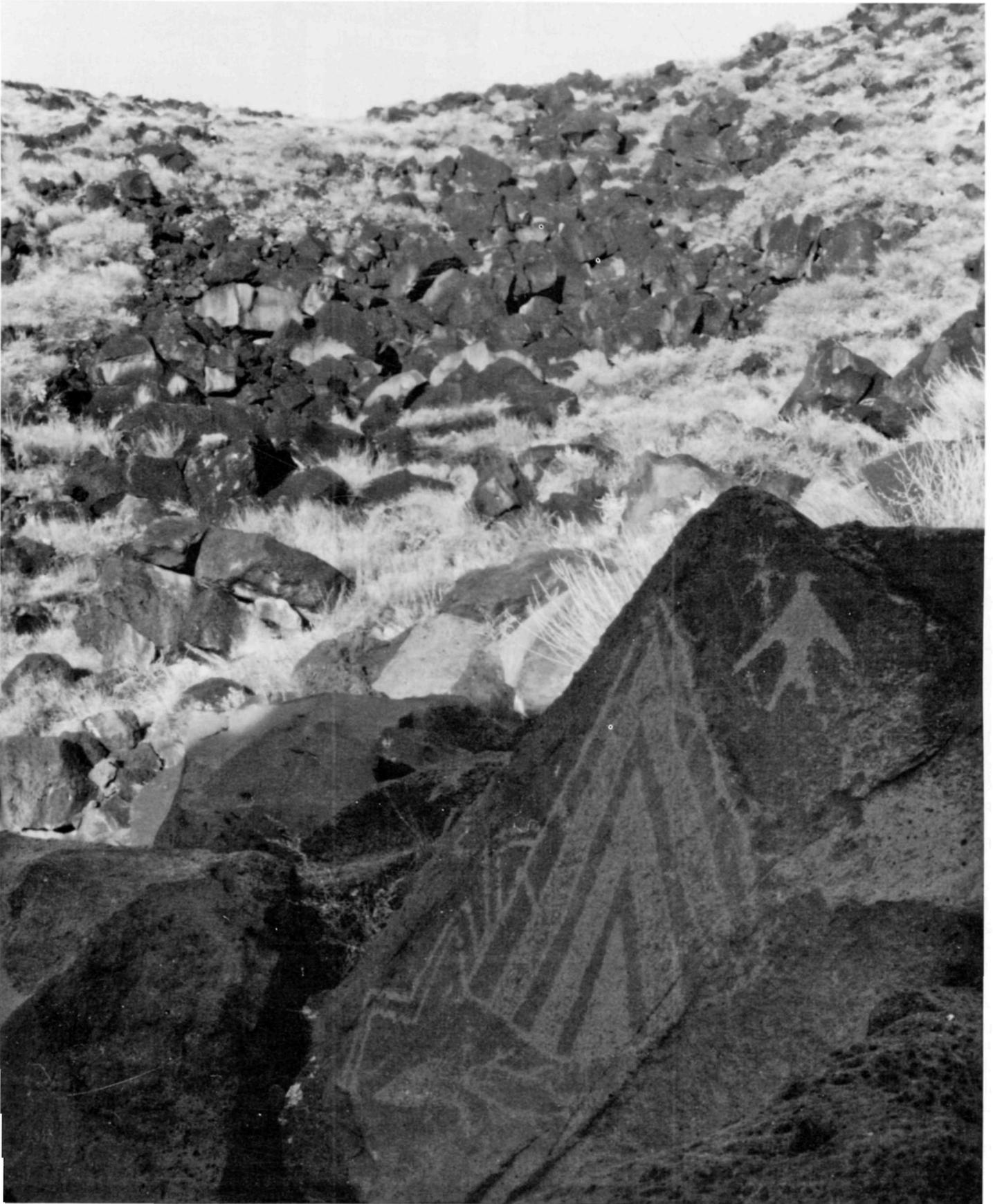
Or artists.

The owls stand there, their vigils intact, their gazes unwavering. I lock eyes with each of them in turn. Those eyes tell me I am in a place of significance, a shrine, hallowed ground. I feel its enduring power seven hundred years later and, grateful that it was me selected, step carefully away, knowing the owls now for what they really are—spirits of the artists watching over their holy place, as if their presence alone might somehow protect this sacred site.

In homage I remove my hat and hold it toward them, for I do not know what else to do. Their eyes continue with me, unblinking, and I hear the voices of coyotes somewhere nearby. It may not be coyotes.

I stand for only a moment more, my thoughts with the artists—the ancient ones—and with this place, where so long ago they beheld wonders and sought to leave testimony of such to their tribes and clans. To themselves. And where now those like me stand in awe, and do not belong.

Steve Beesley is an employee of the Southwest Region, and is hopelessly afflicted with wanderlust.





The mixture of employees, location and building design, combined with the NPS mission of custodianship echoed the theme of the 50th anniversary of the **Southwest Regional Office** building, "Bridging Cultures Through Wood and Earth."

"We opened wide the doors of the 24,000-square foot building to the citizens of Santa Fe and nearby towns, and to visitors in the area to participate in our celebration," said Southwest Regional Director John Cook.

Under the 80-foot-long portals surrounding the central patio, visitors enjoyed two days of traditional craft demonstrations such as pottery-making, tinwork, wood carving and basket-making. Uniformed staff gave a total of 48 tours through the building, with 458 visitors participating. The three evening campfire programs attracted 400 visitors who also enjoyed adobe-making demonstrations by staff from Pecos NM and Rio Abajo Adobe Work, Inc. (Belen, NM). In addition, regional office staff led a tour through the building, highlighting NPS preservation techniques.

As the sunset's bright colors reflected off the walls of the adobe structure on Tuesday evening, present and past employees, friends, CCC

members, and NPS neighbors gathered for a barbecue. The Friday evening program included a "History of the CCC in New Mexico" and the "Melding of Rustic and Spanish Pueblo Revival Architecture of the Southwest Regional Office." The program concluded with the unveiling of the oil on canvas painting of the Southwest Regional Office building by local Santa Fe artist Steven Richard Boone. A poster made from the original painting is available for \$10, all proceeds being used to offset the costs for the anniversary celebration.

The five-day celebration concluded July 1 when more than 300 people gathered under a bright red and white tent to commemorate the anniversary. Following remarks by various distinguished guests, the congregation moved to the central patio to enjoy refreshments, exchange their goodbyes and walk through the building one more time before the Southwestern branch of the NPS family began its journey into the next 50 years.

Some of us may be around for the next 50-year celebration and others may not, but one thing is sure: this building will still be standing in the year 2039 to celebrate its 100th anniversary.

Cecilia L. Matic

Washington State's centennial

celebration received some help at **Mount Rainier NP** when Pierce County Parks & Recreation Department, Mount Rainier Guest Services, two private sporting firms and a number of local Volkssport clubs held a Volksmarch this past summer along one of the

park's hiking trails. Pierce County Transit provided buses to transport more than 2,200 walkers from parking sites to the trailhead. The event gave park staff an opportunity to observe how well a public transportation system might work—the results are promising.

Cy Hentges

The NPS lent a hand at the National Boy

Scout Jamboree held at Fort A. P. Hill in August. Here the State of Virginia in conjunction with **Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania NMP** and other NPS units manned a reception tent that greeted more than 25,000 scouts. Take Pride in America patches were distributed to those who

proved by their passport stamps that they had passed through fifteen NPS units prior to the jamboree. The maintenance staff (Sandy Rives, Bob McGibbony, Tom Burdette, Phil Brooks, Skip Brooks, Rick Cooper, and Bob Howard) also installed the jamboree's conservation trail exhibits for Harpers Ferry Center.

Nine librarians met at the Pacific

Northwest Regional Office in August for the first-ever NPS training course in computerized library management, plus an introduction to a unified NPS Bibliographic Database (BIBNET) Proposal formally submitted to Director James Ridenour. These librarians represented four regions and the Office of Library and Archival Services at a course that included library management objectives and hands-on computer exercises.

The model for the course was the Pacific Northwest library system. Under the direction of Regional Librarian Ellen Traxel, it treats all regional library holdings as a single collection, while leaving park holdings in place. A highly efficient computer system not dependent on commercial software vagaries handles cataloguing, spine labels, card and card pockets for all new

acquisitions, inter-library loans, sophisticated bibliographic searches, a catalog and hard-copy shelf lists for areas not yet on the system. All accessions in the region are location-coded by park or office down to the sub-district level (if needed). Computerized networking with more than 2,000 libraries in the country and in developed nations is routine.

In November 1988 a regional office operations evaluation team wrote, "The regional library is the standard for the Service. The staff deserves the highest marks for committing the resources and staff to make it a reality. The region should continue to press for Servicewide acceptance and adoption."

We are trying to do that.

Glenn L. Hinsdale



Imagine Yellowstone.

Imagine the wolf.

"To experience the wonder of Yellowstone's wild setting is a special privilege," says *Imagine Yellowstone* Art Exhibit Coordinator David Cowan. "Equally special is the art of envisioning Yellowstone: imagining what it was, what it is, and what it could become."

In 1989, young artists from 25 states inspired park visitors with visual interpretations celebrating the Yellowstone country. Predictably, some works focused on the 1988 Yellowstone wildfires.

Imagine Yellowstone is now an annual event. Students in 5th through 12th grades are invited to submit art works for the 1990 Exhibit, to be displayed in **Yellowstone NP** and other locations across the nation. This year's exhibit

theme is "The Wolf."

"Here is an opportunity for young artists to give creative expression to their own perceptions of wolves," Cowan continues. "The exhibit no doubt will be a kaleidoscope of the emotions, beliefs and values called forth by this theme."

Entries must be submitted by January 1, 1990. With the exception of photographs, any art medium or style is acceptable. Schools, museums, and art or science organizations are encouraged to participate. Cowan hopes that NPS personnel in other park areas will spread the word about *Imagine Yellowstone*. To obtain entry information, contact him at the Division of Interpretation, Yellowstone NP, WY 82190, (307) 344-7381, ext. 2105 (FTS 585-0105).

Closed since September 1987

for complete interior renovation, two years later the **Springfield Armory NHS** museum has reopened its doors to park visitors. Although work on the building still continues, the exhibits, theater and sales areas now are complete. A formal ribbon-cutting ceremony will be held once all the construction is done. Meanwhile, the rehabilitation has cost approximately \$4.6 million, and qualifies as one of the largest such projects ever undertaken by the Service. Located in Springfield's former Main Arsenal, the museum features one of the world's most extensive collections of small arms. It displays weapons produced on site, armaments from a wide range of countries and time periods, tools, machines, artifacts and memorabilia.

Doug Lindsay

Alfred and June Meyer of

Seminole, FL, have joined the volunteers-in-parks program at **Andersonville NHS**, lending their personal prisoner-of-war experiences to the park's interpretive program.

Both grew up in New Jersey where they met before Al joined the Army in 1938. When the U.S. entered World War II in 1941, he was assigned to the 384th Bombardment Group in England. The day before he shipped out, he and June were married.

While in England, Al served as a gunner on a B-17 "Flying Fortress" that flew on a bombing mission over Germany on August 17, 1943. Al's plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire and went down, though he and most of the crew survived by parachuting into the waiting hands of German troops. For the rest of the war, Al was held as a POW in Stalags Luft 7A, 11A,



and 357. During his imprisonment, June dealt with months of "not knowing." As a nurse, she wanted to enlist and help out with the war effort, but as the wife of an American POW, she was not allowed to do so.

After the war, the Meyers' settled in Florida where Al worked for the Postal Service and June continued nursing. When they retired in 1980, they started traveling, and then began volunteering, first with the Forest Service and then with the Park Service. The

role of Andersonville NHS as a national prisoner of war memorial intrigued them and they started to volunteer here. Now, June staffs the visitor center, greeting visitors and answering questions, while Al leads interpretive programs focusing on the history of American prisoners of war. Visitors not only have an opportunity to learn about Civil War prison camps, but also to share the first-hand experiences of a World War II veteran.

NEWS



Richard E. Powers, a 24-year Department of the Interior careerist, has been named associate regional director, administration, for the National Capital Region. RD Robert G. Stanton observed, "We are extremely excited to have Dick Powers join our management team and to have the benefit of his experience at the national level for the past seven years."

Powers began his federal career with the Civil Service Commission, predecessor of the Office of Personnel Management. In 1965, he joined the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, which became the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service. Powers worked there until the agency was abolished in 1981. He comes to his new position at NCR from the Washington Office of the National Park Service, where he has served since 1981 as assistant to the associate director, administration; and since 1982 as assistant director, personnel and administrative services. A life member of E&AA, he serves on the Education Trust Fund Board.

Margaret L. Garvin has been named the new administrative officer for the Natchez Trace Parkway. She comes to the area from Edison NHS, replacing Amil Mask who retired last year. Other assignments have taken her to New River Gorge NR and Cape Hatteras NS.

The new superintendent of Fort Donelson NB is **Walter Mayer**. Currently unit manager of the Obed Wild and Scenic River, Mayer succeeds John Stockert, who recently retired. Mayer was the first park ranger assigned eleven years ago to the Obed Wild and Scenic River, an area under the overall jurisdiction of the Big South Fork NR&RA superintendent. He also has worked at Everglades NP, Natchez Trace Parkway, and the Blue Ridge Parkway.



Bernard G. French, a 23-year career federal employee, has been selected to fill the personnel officer position at National Capital Region. He comes to the Park Service from the Fish and Wildlife Service, where he has served since 1983 as a supervisory personnel management specialist. His federal career began in 1963 as a U.S. Government Printing Office clerk typist. French saw service in Vietnam from 1966 until 1969, earning the Bronze Star and Purple Heart. When he returned to Washington, he resumed a federal career and completed his college education, earning his degree from Southeastern University.

AWARDS

Kenneth Raitel, Jr., received the Meritorious Service Award in recognition of his outstanding service as a planner and designer, and his creative direction of Servicewide programs. His award citation noted his personal and professional contributions: "Mr. Raitel has continually professed the importance of

respecting the needs of visitors and offering learning experiences to people. [He] has contributed to visitors' enjoyment of parks through his sensitive design of park facilities. He has contributed to visitors' understanding of park resources and to the shaping of their environmental values through his leadership in interpretation."

The Assateague Mobile

Sportfishermen's Association received top honors in this year's Take Pride in America campaign. The organization sponsored several activities at the island, which included a poster contest with more than 1,000 entries, two clean-up campaigns, the planting of dune grass and the placement of Christmas trees on the dunes to aid in sand collection.

The top 104 winners of the annual Take Pride in America national awards program were honored this summer at a White House ceremony. Among the winners was Fort Davis NHS, recognized for initiating several imaginative fundraising techniques. Superintendent **Kevin Cheri** accepted the award. Also recognized were National Capital Region, Wupatki and Sunset Crater NMs, Ozark NR, and Homestead NM.

Death Valley NM Ranger **R. Kent Mecham** received an exemplary act award in recognition of his heroic rescue of one of the park's summer visitors last year. He had been carrying out duties in the Badwater area when he recognized a vehicle he had noticed during the previous day's patrol. Suspecting a problem, he began looking for signs of the owner, and eventually spotted what he was looking for in the salt pan area 1-1/2 miles from the road. Mecham hiked out to the victim in temperatures exceeding 100 degrees, erected a shade shelter and started lifesaving IV fluids while waiting for helicopter and ground support he previously had requested. Suffering from hyperthermia and dehydration, 22-year old Andrew Gillespie was airlifted to the Badwater parking lot by highway patrol, eventually arriving at a Las Vegas

hospital where his condition was stabilized. Without Mecham's intervention, doctors stated the hiker would have died within two hours.

Nancy Muleady

RETIREMENTS

North Cascades Deputy Superintendent **Jim Rouse** has retired after almost 35 years of involvement with the national parks. An interest in and dedication to people and park planning have filled a diverse career that started in 1955 at Rocky Mountain NP. During the first ten years of his career, Rouse served in several western parks before going to the Pacific Northwest Regional Office where he served in planning positions and as wilderness review coordinator for parks in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Alaska. In 1978 he became Crater Lake superintendent, holding that position for six years until moving on to North Cascades.

Jim and his wife, Jo, plan to stay in the Pacific Northwest, but will be taking time out to travel. In the near future are family reunions and pheasant hunting in Nebraska.

Cindy S. Bjorklund



Fort Donelson NB Superintendent **John Stockert** has retired after 31 years with the National Park Service, a relationship that began in 1958 as a Student Conservation Corp volunteer at

Grand Teton NP. Stockert became a permanent employee in 1962, serving in this capacity as a park guide at Carlsbad Caverns NP. Since then he has worked at Montezuma Castle NM, Blue Ridge Parkway, and Grand Canyon, Badlands, and Yellowstone NPs.

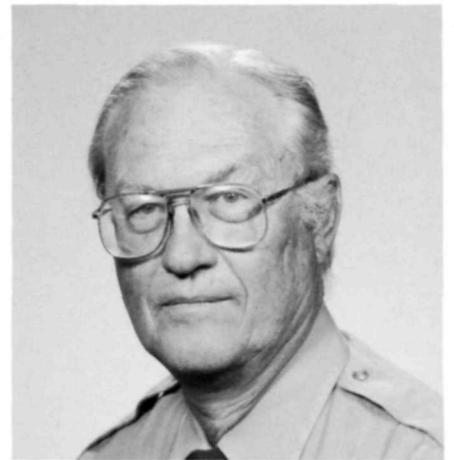
While at Montezuma Castle he met Joanne Wallace. They were married in the nearby town of Sedona, AZ, named after Joanne's grandmother, Sedona Schnebly, at the turn of the century. The Stockerts' older daughter was born in the old hospital at Grand Canyon in 1965, and their younger one in Rapid City, SD, when the family was stationed at Badlands NP. In 1978, Stockert became Moores Creek NB superintendent, serving there for seven years before moving on to Fort Donelson.

During their life together, Joanne has worked as a teacher, editor, children's librarian, and, most recently, as a living history interpreter. She enjoys cultural and natural history, sewing, and quilting. Her queen-size quilt, "Aunt Sukey's Choice," was donated to E&AA for its fund-raising raffle at the General Superintendents Conference in 1988.

John and Joanne can be reached by mail at 1701 Mountain View Avenue, Alamogordo, NM 88310 or by phone at 505/437-5867. Joanne's father, a second generation Forest Service employee who retired from that bureau many years ago, lives only three driving hours away in Silver City, NM.

Park Ranger **Robert G. Whistler** retired from Padre Island NS after a long career that began as a seasonal naturalist in Sequoia-Kings Canyon NPs. His marriage brought him a number of changes, among them a transfer to Grand Teton NP. Arriving during a blizzard, he and his wife, Mary, were assigned to a small CCC frame bungalow, which they outfitted with an old brass bed borrowed from the park's supplies for their first night there.

The next morning the sun shone bright and clear across a brilliantly blue sky, and the snow-clad Grand Teton peaks were sharply outlined outside their windows. To this day, the couple remember this scene as one of their most strikingly beautiful memories. It was at Grand Teton that their daughter was born—also



during a blizzard. Their son arrived at their next duty station, the Rock Creek Nature center, where Bob developed a Nature Van program that took animals to schools and malls. He also set up an inner city nature center, and developed weekly programs for various embassy diplomats in Washington at the request of former Secretary Stewart Udall. After his Washington experiences, Bob then became chief naturalist at Padre Island NS where he developed an effective interpretive program from scratch.

Although they will miss their work with the National Park Service, Bob and Mary Whistler (3221 Coveaway, Corpus Christi, TX 78418) look forward to retirement and to a whole new life—a bit of rest, a bit of travel, and then they'll see what they can help out with...

After 33 years of federal service, **Ellsworth Rowley (Al) Swift**, deputy manager of Harpers Ferry Center since 1974, retired, as he wished, in a "low-key fashion."

It was while attending the University of New Mexico that Al first served as an NPS seasonal. Then, in August of 1956, his master's degree in geology in hand, he officially joined the National Capital Region, where he worked at Rock Creek Park (he operated the Spitz planetarium projector at the Nature Center) and elsewhere under his all-time favorite supervisor, Maurice Sullivan. After five years with the region, Al joined the Forest Service as a visual information specialist. From 1961 to 1966 he managed to revolutionize media interpretation in the national forests, working on museums

that ranged from the Voyageur Visitor Center at Ely, MN, to the Cradle of Forestry Visitor Center at Pisgah National Forest, NC.

In the fall of 1966, Al returned to NPS as chief of the Branch of Exhibit Development in the Division of Museums, then located in Springfield, VA. When the Harpers Ferry Center building opened in 1979, Al installed his branch on the top floor. There he geared up for the American Revolutionary War Bicentennial, planning new facilities for Minute Man, Morristown, Fort Moultrie and Independence. He had much to do with the American Museum of Immigration at the Statue of Liberty that opened its doors in 1972.

Although Al performed much of the day-to-day management of the Center, he kept his hand in media activities wherever possible. One of his favorite assignments involved the development of an Interpretive Plan for Pigeon Island NP, Saint Lucia, West Indies. Al's most ambitious project concerned the planning of new exhibits in the Gettysburg visitor center, which involved the use of rare objects. When completed, it should stand as the Civil War's outstanding museum.

After relaxing a bit, Al plans to enter the ranks of media consultants and expects to give former manager Marc Sagan a run for his money. Between assignments, Al also wants to tour the battlefields of World War I in France.

Alan Kent

■

David T. Stewart (P.O. Box 146, Grottoes, VA 24441), a law enforcement ranger at the Statue of Liberty NM and Independence NHP, recently left the Park Service to accept a chief of police position in Virginia.

■

Working 22 years for the NPS has kept **Helen Wilcox** very busy. During those years of dedicated service, she has been employed in nine different parts of the system. Now she is retiring to the 50th state, Hawaii.

Helen's career started in the Western Region at Joshua Tree NM. Later moves took to her to Wupatki, Great Sand Dunes, Pinnacles, and Walnut Canyon NMs, as well as the Southern Arizona

Group Office and Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, and Channel Islands NPs. She retired from Joshua Tree NM as its administrative officer. Helen's many friends in the Park Service wish her a wonderful retirement.

DEATHS

Janice Kathryn (Elliott) Yates, 52, passed away February 18. She was the daughter of **Geraldine Van Gilder** and the late **Albert E. Elliott**, who, for many years, served as assistant chief ranger in Yellowstone NP, then as superintendent of Mount Rushmore NMem and later as a staff member of the NPS Omaha office. Janice was born at the park hospital in Livingston, MT, enabling her to claim the distinction of being the first baby girl born to a member of the 1930s Yellowstone ranger staff. She spent the next eleven years at the park where she attended the grade school (2 rooms, 2 teachers, and 8 grades housed in the Old Fort Yellowstone Canteen building).

The children of NPS employees that grew up in the park during the 1930s and 1940s referred to themselves as the "Yellowstone Brats." In the 1970s, they met again at Mammoth Hot Springs. Janice cherished the opportunity to join old friends at that time.

Janice's marriage to **W. Ross Yates** took her to Hawaii where their first two children were born, then to California, where the couple spent the next 20 years and where their third child was born.

While in California Janice obtained her master's degree in psychology from California State University. In 1983 they moved to Lexington, MA, where she worked for the Edith Nourse Rogers Memorial Hospital.

She is survived by her husband, **W. Ross Yates**, one daughter, two sons, a mother, a sister, and several nieces and nephews.

■

Anne N. Schnettler, widow of **William A. Schnettler**, passed away this past spring. A recipient of the Meritorious Service Award, her husband had retired in 1970 as a management assistant at Lake Mead NRA. The couple is survived by three sons, nine grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Anne's sister, **Margaret M. Nelson** (2626 Osceola, Apt. 613, Denver, CO 80212), notified E&AA of her death.

■

"The park rangers and Janet were the best part of the trip"—thank-you letters to the discovery program staff at Gateway NRA's Sandy Hook unit always mentioned Volunteer-in-Park **Janet Bova**. Each spring and fall, for the past three years, Janet volunteered with the unit's overnight residential environmental education program. She also worked as a tern warden, monitoring nesting areas of endangered birds; assisted with adapted aquatics for disabled youth; helped lead



Park volunteer Janet Bova seining with children at the Sandy Hook Unit of Gateway NRA. Photo by Pete Bova.

the junior rangers program; staffed the visitor center information desk; worked at special events and, in general, contributed her time and efforts wherever and whenever needed. Janet Bova was the mother of Gulf Island NS Park Ranger Larry Bova (formerly of Sandy Hook) and a retired school teacher. She also recruited her husband, Pete, as a volunteer photographer for the park. Sandy Hook was only one of many places where she volunteered, and each year she attended at least one Elder Hostel program. Janet died unexpectedly on August 20. She touched the lives of many at Sandy Hook, including park rangers, other volunteers and school children. Her energy, enthusiasm and dedication were contagious, and will be missed for a very long time.

Randy Turner & Steve Whitesell

■
Dr. Alvin Stauffer, 90, died August 15 in Hagerstown, MD. He joined the NPS in 1933 as a specialist in historic sites and buildings. During World War II, he served with the U.S. Army and worked on the military history of that war. Those who knew and worked with Dr. Stauffer found him to be a perceptive and productive scholar.

Herbert E. Kahler

■
Jack B. Hobbs, 80, a retired U. S. Park Police lieutenant who went on to become an Interior Department civil claims investigator, died of cancer on August 24. Hobbs joined the Park Police in 1935 and was responsible for setting up its first traffic division. Survivors include his wife of 65 years, Mary-Lou Hobbs, two sons, and four grandchildren.

■
Hugh Anderson Johnson died as he lived, seeking to aid his neighbors. As one of eight Americans accompanying Texas Congressman Mickey Leland to refugee camps in drought-ridden Ethiopia, he perished when the plane carrying the delegation crashed into a mountaintop on August 7, 1989. Hugh's story is one of service to others, whether they were in his Woodridge community in northeast Washington or 12,000 miles



Hugh Johnson (right) poses with Representatives Mickey Leland (center), and Bill Emerson shortly after Easter Sunday services at the Vatican. Photo by Marty LaVor.

away, stricken with poverty and starvation, in Africa.

Hugh, 34 years old, and the son-in-law of Charles Rattley (WASO EEO), was born in Asheville, N.C. in 1955. When he was a year old, his family moved to Washington, D.C., where he grew up in the Woodridge neighborhood, eventually graduating from Gonzaga College High School. He went on to Morehouse College in Atlanta, GA, graduating magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa in 1977, then to Columbia University School of Law, where he was active in the Black American Law Students Association and various international organizations. Following graduation from Columbia, he spent a year in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, as a law counselor, then returned to the United States to work first at the D.C. Department of Transportation and then at the U.S. Department of Energy.

Finally, in March 1989, Hugh found a job that brought together his international law training, his fluency in several languages, and most of all, his desire to help those who are hungry, powerless and often forgotten. He joined the staff of the U.S. House of Representatives' Select

Committee on Hunger, chaired by Congressman Mickey Leland. As international team leader, Hugh coordinated various outreach efforts and other programs aimed at alleviating world hunger. In this capacity, he was the principle organizer of Congressman Leland's delegation to the refugee camps on the Ethiopian-Sudanese border.

Hugh is survived by his wife of three years, Patricia Charlene; two-year-old son, Stephen; six-month old daughter, Dara; his father, Hugh Johnson, Sr.; sister Jennifer; and grandmother Irene Johnson. Hugh also leaves behind many others who appreciate the privilege of having known him and who hope in some way to continue his devotion and service to others.

In Hugh Johnson's memory, his friends and colleagues have established a trust fund to help his children. Friends and associates of Charles Rattley who wish to participate may send their contribution to: Stephen and Dara Johnson, Educational Trust Fund, Attn: Ana Villagra, National Park Service, P.O. Box 37127, Washington, D.C. 20013-7127

BUSINESS NEWS

The NPS alumni "Geriatrics" spring meeting and golf tournament, held this past spring at the Arizona Golf and Conference Center in Mesa, AZ, drew 45 former employees and spouses together for a rousing golf tournament. Winners were: Fran Rutter (low net); Barbara Rumburg (low gross); Carl Walker (men's low net); and Frank Sylvester (men's low gross). Other winners included Faye Thompson, Jody Thomas, Tom Lubbert, Bob Steenhagen, Orville Thomas and Forrest Benson.

The next meeting and golf tournament is tentatively scheduled for Tuscon, AZ, in April or early May of 1990. As co-hosts, Luis Gastellum (2302 S Oak Park Dr., Tucson, AZ 85710) and Forrest Benson (10001 E. Lurlene Dr., Tucson, AZ 85730), together with Dave Thompson, will be preparing the mailing list. If you're interested in joining the group, whether you've retired or not, please contact either Benson or Gastellum.

Terry & Ed Donnelly

■

Conrad L. (Connie) Wirth will celebrate his 90th birthday on December 1. Those of you who wish to send him special greetings should address your cards and letters to him at P.O. Box 480, West Acres, New Lebanon, NY 12125.

In order to help make his birthday month special, E&AA is offering an autographed hard-cover edition of Connie's Parks, Politics and The People to the first 25 people who remit \$100 by either joining E&AA as full Life Members or by upgrading their annual membership to full Life by remitting \$100.

■

Ted and Gloria Wirth will be hosting an open house for Connie and Helen Wirth while they are in Los Angeles this Christmas. Anyone who might be able to drop by the Wirth hotel suite for a visit between December 24 and 27 should contact Ted at 1600 Poly Drive, P.O. Box 21076, Billings MT 59104. He will make all the arrangements.

George B. Hartzog, Jr., perennial watchdog over the management of the national park system, had some kind words to say August 25 about the Bush Administration's approach to park problems.

As honored guest of the 1916 Society's annual Founders Day Dinner, the outspoken former NPS director told some 260 ex-colleagues and friends at Fort Myer, VA, that he has noticed recent improvement at the Department of the Interior. He said there is now "a different atmosphere" in the Department, thanks largely to his old friend, Undersecretary Frank Bracken, and his new friends, Assistant Secretary Constance Harriman and NPS Director James M. Ridenour.

Bracken, Harriman and Ridenour were among the speakers at the dinner commemorating Hartzog's 40 years with the National Park Service, including his dynamic leadership as director. The Founders Day event commemorates the signing of the National Park Service Act by President Wilson on August 25, 1916. The 1916 Society is connected with the NPS Employees & Alumni Association.

Hartzog has been a sharp critic of certain park management practices regardless of the current administration, but he was beaming as usual throughout the evening. The presence of his family (wife Helen, daughter Rev. Dr. Nancy, and sons Rev. Dr. George B. III and Edward A.) added much to the occasion. The former NPS director said the evening was the greatest one of their lives. All three of his children contributed interesting reminiscences to the program.

When Hartzog volunteered a word of advice to Director Ridenour, that advice came from someone Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton once described as one of the best administrators he had ever known. Hartzog advised Ridenour that NPS employees nationwide provide the director with an endless source of knowledge waiting to be tapped.

Ridenour's response revealed that the Service has a warm and gracious new leader. The former Indiana official and Purdue University professor said that his appointment as director was "the highest honor of my life." He also observed that nobody could fill the shoes of George Hartzog but that he certainly would "try to follow the example set by George."

With humorous nostalgia Bracken

recalled his days in the Department when he worked with Hartzog under Interior Secretaries Walter J. Hickel and Morton. "Working for people like George Hartzog," he indicated, was a strong motivating factor for any public official.

Assistant Secretary Harriman said she had learned that Hartzog had one simple principle of organization. "Everybody reported directly to him," she said as Hartzog chuckled. On a more serious note, Harriman added that she had read Hartzog's recent book, *Battling for the National Parks*, and was honored to be in the author's presence.

One of Hartzog's major achievements as a leader in planning the Gateway Arch at Jefferson National Expansion Memorial NHS also received the attention it deserved. JNEM Superintendent Jerry Schober provided insights into the construction of the soaring memorial designed by Eero Saarinen.

Reminding his audience that they had gathered to celebrate the founding of the National Park Service, National Capital Regional Director Robert G. Stanton read the powerful implementing clause of the act establishing the Service as an agency within the Department of the Interior. Stanton also read a message sent to George Hartzog by Stephen Mather McPherson, grandson of the first NPS director, Stephen Mather:

I would like to extend special greetings to an old friend, George Hartzog, whom the Employees and Alumni Association is honoring this evening. George's relationship with our family extends back to his first year as Director of the National Park Service and was highlighted during his tenure by the dedication of Stephen Mather's home in Darien, Connecticut, as a National Historic Landmark in 1964. His record of accomplishment during his years as National Park Service Director is unsurpassed and is the standard for all future directors. His continued interest in and counsel on National Park Service policy and the protection of our environment since his retirement has been of inestimable value to all of us who want to protect our natural wonders and historic sites for future generations. From my mother, Bertha Mather McPherson, and all our family, we send heartfelt congratulations and only wish that we could be present to be part of this wonderful tribute to our good friend.

John Vosburgh

A Founders Day Family Album Honoring George B. Hartzog, Jr.



George B. Hartzog, Jr., striking a classic pose.



Helen Hartzog poses with daughter Nancy.



George B. Hartzog, III



Bernie and Audrey Meyer, long-time supporters of E&AA .



Edward Hartzog.



Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks Constance Harriman.



Director Ridenour was among those signing the arrowhead presented to Mr. Hartzog.



Deputy Director Herb Cables attended.



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