



UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
Region Three  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

OCT 24 1957

Memorandum

To: Supervisor, National Park Service Training Center

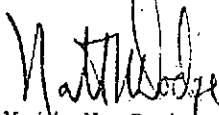
From: Regional Naturalist

Subject: "Boss" Pinkley's Ruminations

The copy which we sent to the Southwest Archeological Center of Mr. Bill's memorandum to you of October 8 has borne fruit in the form of a complete set of Boss Pinkley's "Ruminations". We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Elsie Bannon of that office who, in Naturalist Jackson's absence (due to illness), extracted from old reports, or made copies of, each of the Ruminations. It is with pleasure and considerable nostalgia (we re-read all of them for which we had time) that we are forwarding the entire set to you, attached.

If, as we hope, you have copies made of Ruminations, we would like to receive as many, up to 50, as you can spare. As a training device, we can think of nothing more redolent of the "Park Service Spirit" for instilling esprit de corps and loyalty into men new to the Service. As a history of the growth and evolution of Boss Pinkley's "outfit", this material is invaluable. As a source of "food for thought", there are many matters discussed pro and con which are still far from satisfactorily settled.

Here, then, are Ruminations. Make the most of them!

  
Matt N. Dodge  
Regional Naturalist

Attachment

Copy to: Director  
Regional Director, Region Two  
Southwest Archeological Center



**ATTENTION:**

**Portions of this scanned document  
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of the source document.**

PERSONNEL BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

SHOWING THAT WE ARE ALL MORE OR LESS HUMAN AND OF COMMON CLAY

THE BOSS

Superintendent Pinkley was born on a farm about four miles from the town of Chillicothe, Missouri, in May 1881. His father being an invalid, he got the start of his education at home and did not have to walk to the district school, a couple of miles away, until he was the mature age of seven. That year or so in the country school left little impression other than warm, sunny, pleasant days and walks down long dusty roads. Also there are some Friday afternoon spelling bees and the closing exercises with its room full of patrons, strange in their best clothes and dimly seen in the poorly lighted school room where the evening exercises were held.

In 1889 the family moved to the town of Chillicothe, where our hero finished the grade and high school, then held in the old Central Building which has long since been torn down. He finished high school in 1898 and recalls vividly the excitement of the war with Spain and his everlasting disgrace of being too young to be allowed to go. He remembers his own graduation oration as being on War and that of his chum on "Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles."

Lack of funds preventing attendance at the university, our hero began working in a store on the east side of the square at a nominal salary of a dollar or two a week and still feels apologetic about taking it for, looking back on that episode, he doesn't think he would have made a good jeweler and optician in 49 years of apprenticeship.

In the summer and fall of 1900 some minor ailment demanded the services of a doctor and an examination then developed the probability of tuberculosis and an order to go to Arizona for six months or so for recuperation.

He still remembers the soft air and the starry sky of Arizona that September morning when the 3:30 train pulled into Phoenix and later the breakfast in the strange surroundings of the Chinese restaurant on Washington Street; later still, the visits to the stores with their strange stock of goods, to the saloons and gambling houses, and finally to the desert out northeast of town where he spent the next few months putting on pounds and reducing the tubercular hazard. A few weeks ago he could not find the site of that desert camp; it is now built over with the metropolitan area of Phoenix.

There was a period of a few months when he leased a small ranch and worked it with a cousin of about his own age, and then by himself, and then came the chance of working for the Government by taking care of some very indefinite ruins a long way off across the country. And thus, with no particular preparation, he came to what seems to be his life's work when he arrived at Casa Grande Ruin in December, 1901.

In 1903 there was a wooing on horseback with the house-keeping daughter of a Dakota school teacher on the Indian reservation a few miles distant which terminated in a wedding in 1906. ~~There was the side line of operating Indian trading posts in order~~ to make the Government salary of \$75 per month cover the expense of raising a family. There was the time when for a couple of years he nearly died with a real dose of tuberculosis. Later there was the time he accidentally got elected to the State Legislature and then came the formation of the National Park Service in 1916, after which the next 23 years was fairly easy.

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# RUMINATIONS

of a man who has just lost ten thousand dollars.

At last we have received our allotments for the current fiscal year and at the end of the first quarter of the year have our books set up.

This is the first time in my thirty-odd years of serving the Government that we have had to guess our way through a quarter of the year before we actually knew how our funds stood and you can take a field man's word for it, it is pretty hard on the nerves, temper, and vocabulary.

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We knew by June, barring some unexpected quirk of fate, how much Congress was going to give us. A month later we knew we were going to get only 90% of that allotted, due to the administrative cut which is to balance the budget this year. That meant cutting right down to the bone, for we had no ten percent of fat any place around our appropriation after the Bureau of the Budget had finished with our original estimates.

Then came the saddest news of all. With the year one fourth gone, we received our outline of work and found another slice had been taken out of our money in order to finance the new Park Service Regional Officer's salary and that of his helper. This last is no great amount in itself but if, after draining a couple of quarts of blood out of a man, you cheerfully ask him for just another cup full, he is likely to think of it as a whole lot of blood and consider, as the English so thoughtfully put it, that he is being had.

If the boys out on the lone posts have tears to shed, they had better prepare to shed them now. Some of them who have been with us eight or ten years and are preparing to settle down and stay may think they know what economy is from some of those lean and hungry years we have behind us. Take it from us, our hardest year is ahead of us. It will startle them to know that one of the measures we have had to consider as we look down the months ahead of us is a furlough without pay for everybody on the force for part of one month in order to balance our budget at the end of the year.

About the only satisfaction we can dig out of this situation is that when it came to making real savings; to making both ends meet without any red ink; to making one dollar do the work of two or three; to doing without necessities; they certainly came to the right outfit when they came to us! Going without isn't one of the sports we are fondest of, but we do happen to know a lot about it!

I think our growth through the past few hectic years has been a solid one. I don't think we have any softies with us who will really squal and lie down when the going gets tough; if we have, this hard year that is coming will be a blessing to us for showing up these weak spots.

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Anybody can hold a job where the going is good and there are plenty of funds, but this year we are going to have to ask our fellows to take the old belt in a couple of holes and get along on a little less than they ever have before, and now and then in the past we have had pretty hard sledding, too.

We are also going to ask them to keep all this inside the family; to yowl neither to the high heavens nor into the ear of the visitor. We didn't invent this game nor make the rules under which it is run, and it may not feel good to get trimmed for ten thousand chips in playing it, but the gods of the Southwest love a good loser, and so, incidentally, do the visitors, so we won't bother either of them with protestations.

After ruminating on it, I guess it is all right, Chief. We have led with our chin a good many times in the years of the past, and once more won't kill us. We have always had more job than we had funds to run it, so there's nothing novel about that part of the situation. We do hate to have to stand idle in so many ways this year and let the job get that much ahead of us, but we will do all we can under the handicap and I can foresee that at the end of the year we won't have a white chip left, but the boys will all be grinning and saying: "Well, we made the grade but wasn't she a corker!" All, that is to say, except one, and he will probably be saying: "Shucks, that was nothing, Why, you remember, don't you Al, just after the war,--" and he, of course, will be

*The Boss*

BIRD BANDING TOTALS FISCAL YEAR 1939 *New Species This Listing	A Casa Grande	B Tumacacori	C Walnut Canyon	D Pipe Spring	E Saguaro	F Tonto	G Bandelier	H Chaco Canyon	I White Sands	J Wupatki	Total 1939	Total S.W.N.M. 1936-1939 incl.	Total Banded in U.S., 1938
Species Banded													
85. Towhee, Green-tailed	2	8	0	4	0	2	0	5	0	0	21	35	27
86. Towhee, Spurred	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	#1860
87. Verdin, Arizona	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	14
88. Warbler, Lucy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
89. Warbler, Pileolated	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	none
90. Waxwing, Cedar	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1566
91. Woodpecker, Cactus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	none
92. Woodpecker, Gila	2	1	0	0	6	2	0	0	0	0	11	16	13
93. Woodpecker, Lewis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	none
94. Woodpecker, Hearn's	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	13	none
95. Woodpecker, Wh-brst.	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	# 98
96. Woodpecker, R.Mt. Hy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	# 98
97. Wren, Baird	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	157
98. Wren, Cactus	5	2	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	14	65	45
99. Wren, Canyon	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	22	9
100. Wren, House	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	#2792
101. Wren, Rock	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	5	9	4	5
TOTALS	487	223	245	361	18	51	85	127	0	17	1614	4569	
GRAND TOTAL NEW BIRDS BANDED 1936-1939 inclusive . . . . . 6183													

\*New Species This Listing

#Groups, several species or races.

SUMMARY OF BIRD BANDING IN SOUTHWESTERN NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Year	New Birds Banded	Species Banded
1936 . . . . .	1,273 . . . . .	63
1937 . . . . .	1,547 . . . . .	63
1938 . . . . .	1,749 . . . . .	57
1939 . . . . .	<u>1,614 . . . . .</u>	<u>62</u>
Total to date . .	6,183 . . . . .	101

Respectfully submitted,

Frank Pinkley,  
Superintendent

By *Dale S. King*  
Dale S. King, Park Naturalist



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# RUMINATIONS

About the Finest Women I Know

By The Boss -

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My hat is off to the wives of men of the National Park Service in general and specifically to the wives of the Southwestern National Monuments. You couldn't find a finer lot of women anywhere, and it is my opinion you will go far and hunt long before you find a similar number who can match them or even run a close second to them.

It has always been a rather amazing thing to me that we pick and choose the men with written examinations, oral examinations, physical examinations, and examinations into their personal history; we rake them fore-and-aft with a fine-toothed comb, and then the women who come along into the Service with them, without any choice whatever on our part and about whom we can do nothing with our complicated examinations, really grade considerably higher than the men. Funny, isn't it? Tell me why if you can; I am free to admit it is one of those two or three things a Superintendent doesn't know.

It isn't size, for they run in all sizes from tall to short; from thin to fat, and through the many variations of knobby to streamlined; and yet they are almost all good scouts who take the tough breaks on the chin and come up smiling. In this regard they are much above the common run of wives outside the Service.

It was a surprise, the other day, when Corky, who is working up a home-building article for the Supplement, caused me to count up our residential buildings and I found we had 24 in operation and 10 under construction. This does not take into account tent houses and other temporary structures. We are gradually getting our personnel under cover and out of the weather, and I am happy to see each of these wives going into a good set of quarters. Good quarters, you understand, don't make a home life, but they do make a home life easier. I know because I have tried both. We lived several years in tent houses and other years in adobe houses, and I think the adobe or rock house is the house par excellence for the Southwest; I know all the disadvantages of all of them. But these girls of ours, as Uncle Bob says, 'pay no mind' to any of these disadvantages, they just go right on having a whale of a lot of fun living in canvas, dirt, or stone houses. It isn't the houses that put our girls above the average run of wives.

It isn't education either, for we have them in all grades from the grade schools up to the ones with a hatfull of degrees, and there is just as much sweetness, and charity, and charm at one end of the scale as there is at the other. We have nurses, and dietitians, and archaeologists, and a flock of other professions represented among our housewives, but that isn't what makes them so fine because the ones who don't have these things are just as nice as the ones who do.

I said that we didn't pick these girls; that we just picked the men, but I wonder if that is strictly true. I wonder if these jobs of ours aren't to some extent screens which stop a lot of persons who begin looking into them. I wonder if the girl who must have the bright lights and the picture shows doesn't head her husband toward some other examinations than those for the Park Service.

## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

I wonder if those girls who come with their husbands into our Service don't come because they have that within which will sustain them in the lone posts, which keeps them from being afraid of the simple life and the big country. Maybe there we have the germ of the thing which will explain why they are much finer than the average run of wives.

And I wonder, in turn, if the job of being a Park Service wife in the Southwest doesn't react on the person; generally speaking, it is a big country and doesn't lead to little thoughts; whether you are aware of it or not, it has a tendency to shape your life and action. Especially is this true in the lone posts where time and life flow in broad stretches. Where the last thousand years has left little mark, the single human lifetime shows up in its proper perspective. Macro the evidence is so clear that the people ten centuries ago were so happy with so much less than we have today, one is inclined to orient oneself as to what is really necessary for living and to appreciate and enjoy the basic things of life.

I think, too, that there is a tendency among the Southwestern National Monuments for the wife to be more of a partner in the job than is common in the outside world, and this tends toward a fine team spirit for both of them. I know this was true in my own case and I can see it is a dozen cases and I glance over the personnel list. Life, in those cases, is a partnership in the finest sense of the word.

At any rate, and for whatever reason, we have the finest lot of wives down here among the Southwestern Monuments that you can find any place and we will back the statement with our money, chalk, or marbles.

*The Boss*

PERCENTAGE OF VISITOR CONTACTS AT HISTORIC SITES AND RECEPTION & INFORMATION NON-TRAVEL DURING SEPTEMBER 1968 TO SEPTEMBER 1968

STATION	P. Temp	Mbr.	Attend.	Time	Ave. Attend.	Ave. Time	Museum Talks			Informational			Total Travel	Per-cent	
							Number	Attend.	Time	Ave. Attend.	Ave. Time	Contacts			Travel
ARCHES	1	0	36	138	--	--	0	0	--	--	138	1,835	7.4		
CAPULIN	1	0	44	200	4.5	--	0	0	--	--	200	34,700	.5		
CHIRICAHUA	2	1000	1,080	5,393	5.1	53.9	5	83	150	150	5,076	7,975	71.0		
NATURAL BRIDGES	1	0	186	950	5.0	78.5	7	107	540	540	1,037	1,044	101.2		
ORGAN PIPE CAULT.	0	0	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	0	7,000	0		
PLAINBOX BRIDGE	0	0	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	0	175	0		
SAGUARO	0	1	206	1,078	5.2	28.2	108	704	1,795	1,795	1,782	18,000	9.5		
WASSET GRATER	0	0	--	17	--	--	--	--	--	--	17	8,779	.2		
WHITE SANDS	3	1500	521	1,346	5.3	19.4	351	1,346	5,095	4.4	2,792	59,535	4.7		
Sub Total	6	3	1,787	9,282	88,416	5.1	49.4	471	2,440	7,580	5.1	16.0	11,662	138,463	8.4
ATTEC RUINS	2	1000	1,983	11,151	81,341	5.6	40.9	2,063	11,240	46,485	5.4	22.5	22,391	15,188	147.0
LANDELLER	2	3	1,095	9,200	82,083	7.4	71.3	453	2,364	12,393	3.2	22.3	10,564	11,048	95.0
LANYON DE CHELIVY	1	1	429	1,645	50,640	3.8	118.0	265	810	3,766	3.0	21.7	2,465	2,128	115.0
LA GRANDE	2	3000	3,339	20,571	125,881	6.2	37.7	2,492	17,773	59,284	1.1	33.8	38,744	25,109	154.0
LA JUEVA CANYON	1	1	538	1,852	45,393	2.3	79.7	447	1,321	2,247	7.7	15.6	3,573	3,318	98.0
LA MORRA	1	1	531	2,493	51,693	4.3	57.5	31	107	2,360	3.4	82.5	2,600	2,735	95.0
CLIFF DWELL	0	0	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	0	90	0
CLIFF DWELL	1	0	606	2,333	23,743	4.1	49.0	--	--	--	--	--	2,492	518	92.0
CLIFF DWELL	0	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	0	168	0
HOVENWEEP	2	0	1,499	6,666	74,836	4.4	49.9	1,115	4,887	17,577	4.3	15.7	11,563	7,887	146.0
CASTLES	1	0	121	338	23,729	2.7	190.0	--	--	--	--	--	338	425	77.7
VAJO	1	0	145	624	4,235	3.6	29.2	59	173	1,560	2.9	26.4	592	3,192	21.8
PIPE SPRING	1	0	363	1,252	15,197	3.4	41.8	127	292	2,673	3.1	21.2	1,644	4,500	36.5
TONTO	2	0	2,336	14,437	55,270	6.1	22.9	2,443	15,314	30,033	6.2	30.3	29,741	18,588	161.0
TRINIDAD CO. CO. HI	0	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--
TRINIDAD CO. CO. HI	1	3000	2,353	7,399	65,566	3.3	39.3	1,327	4,094	22,583	3.0	17.0	11,493	11,050	104.0
WAINUT CANYON	1	2000	423	1,400	26,553	3.3	62.7	--	--	--	--	--	1,400	3,122	44.0
WAINUT CANYON	0	0	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	82	0
WAINUT CANYON	19	17	15,694	80,857	710,160	5.1	45.2	10,819	58,797	230,173	5.4	21.2	140,167	111,258	125%
Sub Total	27	20	17,481	90,073	798,576	5.1	45.6	11,250	61,277	237,753	5.4	21.0	151,350	249,721	30.6
GRAND TOTAL YEAR			18,725	101,344	838,513	5.4	44.7	11,044	61,673	235,597	5.5	26.3	17,137	515,164	34.2
PREVIOUS YEAR															

Percentage of travel total unattended: Upper nine, 93.1%; Lower 18, 16.4%

ranger in the Flagstaff district. This man could relieve the Custodian at Montezuma Castle, let us say, on Monday. On Tuesday he could relieve the ranger. Tuesday night he could drive to Tuzigoot and on Wednesday he could relieve the Tuzigoot Custodian. Wednesday night he could drive to Walnut Canyon and relieve the Walnut Canyon man on Thursday. Thursday night he could drive to Sunset Crater and relieve that man on Friday. Friday night he could drive to Wupatki and relieve the Wupatki Custodian on Saturday. Saturday night he could drive to Montezuma Castle. Sunday would be his own day off. This sounds like a lot of driving but it is really not over 250 miles per week, which, as our work goes in the Southwestern National Monuments, is no great matter.

These eight jobs mentioned above would put us about even with the board. With them we could make a big dent in that total of 147,339 visitors whom we had to let go unattended last year because they went to the wrong monuments or came to monuments where we did not have enough personnel to take care of them.

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## RUMINATIONS

On The Seventh Star  
By The Boss

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We had quite a ruckus around the office not so long ago trying to find the proper layout for seven stars on a coat sleeve according to the rules and regulations covering uniforms. Not that anyone, you understand, is going to wear a coat down here in the 100 to 115 degree summer weather in order to show off seven stars, but there is a time of year when the breezes get cool and some of us do wear coats. And during this period we are going to clamp down another notch on the uniforms and require everyone to wear his service insignia.

Probably we have been remiss in not requiring this before, but there have been so many things that have had to be enforced that we sort of let this insignia business pass. I have a theory that it will tend to build a little more of the Park Service Spirit in us and, the Lord knows, I think, how badly we need it.

When the Park Service was formed in 1916, it was determined that service stripes and stars should be worn by all men in uniform showing how long the wearer had served the Government in his present work - a bar representing a year of service and a star representing five years. Some of us had been serving for several years before that time in what was then declared to be Park Service work, and thus our insignia would show more years than the Park Service is old. In my own case, at the end of April, 1939, I had served 35 years under the Department of the Interior working with the Casa Grande ruin and other Southwestern ruins and reservations.

### Seven Stars!

The two words don't look like much and the 35 years can be said in one mouthful; but a considerable amount of water may go under a bridge that length of time. When I started working for the Government, the courts had not yet declared the new-fangled carbon copies of letters to

be legal evidence so we were still making letterpress copies of all correspondence in a book with tissue paper leaves and with the use of a 30 or 40 pound letter press and a wet rag. The information on how to do it couldn't be of any use to you today, but I still remember that I bought the press with my own money, nothing much being furnished in those days except paper, pens and ink, and the small salary.

By running an Indian trading post on the side, I was able to make the salary keep us from starvation for the first 15 years or so, and then I got a raise. As I was telling, in a communication to the Washington office the other day, I then got interested and stuck around a few more years to see how long it would be to the second raise. By that time the Park Service had been formed, things began to boom, and I had no time to run sideline businesses, so I got out of the Indian trading profession and we Southwestern National Monuments began to get under way to go places.

I have always been glad that I run a business of my own for those many years because the competitive training of running a business and worrying about showing a black balance at the end of the year is good for one. I have noticed now and then an ease of spending on the part of Government employees who have never had such business experience, and this tends to handicap them to some extent. It is also hard to hammer that trait out of them when it gets ingrained, whereas if they have had a few years' experience with a balance sheet and a profit and loss account they know what you mean when you talk about handling funds. Since coming of age, I have never worked for anyone but the Government and myself, and that would have been a handicap except for that business experience.

In the couple of years after I was out of high school and before I came West, I worked at the jewelry trade, but I hated it like the devil hates holy water, and I have always felt like paying back the meager sums those two fellows paid me under the impression that I was earning wages. Also those years gave me a deep sympathy for all clock watchers for those years compared with the succeeding ones proved to me how terribly hard it is to watch a clock - by all odds the hardest work a man can do. Once in a while we get hold of a man who does it, and it is no favor to him to go on keeping him, so we ease him off into something he likes better, and I always feel like depositing a little prayer stick to the gods that he may find his job as I found mine 35 years ago.

It has always been very amusing to me that a man could gain such wide favorable comment simply by setting down and attending to his job for a long period of years. Here last spring Leo, and our good Park Service booster, Randall Henderson, had an article in The Desert about me which amounted to just that, and Paul had another in the Sunday Star which was copied locally. They had a dickens of a time trying to work something exciting or romantic into their stories, and I got quite a kick out of both articles, somewhat like looking at myself through one of those distorting mirrors or putting on 40 pounds of old pot metal armor to see how I would look as Ye Handsome Knight. Shucks! It has just been a mighty fine job and I have had a corking good time handling it, but the romance has been pretty thin.

It was pioneering, after a fashion, but we still have some of that, so times haven't changed very much. That's where we have it over these poor superintendents who just run a park. They get their park all dolled up and then they think that there isn't much left to do, whereas we always

## RUMINATIONS (Cont.)

have two or three new monuments on the pan going through the pioneering stage. For instance, we now have the 500 square miles of Organ Pipe Cactus just entering the development period. It has local, county, state, national, and international cross currents of human angles working upon it and we have to key all those currents to a master plan, try to do as little as possible in the way of change, and do that little so that it will fit in with conditions as they develop a quarter of a century from now. Do you begin to see that there is a job there? Well, multiply it by 27 and add a couple more that are on the pan now on their way to becoming monuments and just far enough along to be a headache and you begin getting our picture.

I am free to confess that there is plenty of romance out on our lone post jobs even in these modern days of steam, steel, and electricity. You need only to read our monthly report, any month of any year, and look a bit behind the scenes as you read it, to see plenty of romance. You remember a few months ago Clyde Peshlak, full blooded Navajo Indian, thanking those CCC boys of our who had buried Grandfather Peshlak's Etsedi and asking that his thanks be transmitted to "Wash-ington" so that the boys' superior officers might know that they were good boys in doing for Grandfather what Clyde did not dare to do? You remember last winter (and again this winter if we may prophesy from the item on page 475 of this Supplement) how the neighbors drove for miles on sleds to exchange books at Betty Budlong's library? Those books shortened many a long winter night. Make no mistake, we do have romance along with our work, but the work itself is not so very romantic.

But Boy Howdy!, as Dick says, we do have fun; and again, you have only to read any copy of our monthly report to see that. The boys are always spoofing back and forth and there is a general air of goodfellowship evident wherever you go. They make a grand gang, and I am proud to be working with them.

And so, along with a new year, we start in pretty cheerfully on the second seven stars.

*The Boss*

## Ruminations

On specialists and  
the park visitor.

Chief, as I looked over this report as the pages were gradually accumulating I was struck with two big little things which are recorded in it.

The first is Jimmie Brewer's report on the results of his questionnaire thus far. It is a little thing pretty well buried in these pages; not many people will notice it in reading this report, but it deals with one of the most vital problems which we have before us. Our basic problem is of course protection and then next after it comes the problem of the visitor.

The second big thing, which few if any of the readers will notice is the increased number of officials who are visiting the reservations under our care this fall. Looking back over the November Report of a year and two years and three years ago, I am struck with the increased number of men who are coming around to advise with us and to whom we must refer this detail and that detail for approval.

I am not bringing this to your attention in any attitude of criticism, for they are all good men and true and are working hard to earn their various salaries. We like to have them come around and enjoy getting their specialized angle on our work. It is true there are times when we think they take themselves a trifle too seriously--a little humor being a fine thing in these trying times--and it is also true we sometimes get exasperated at the long gauntlet of approvals we have to run before we can turn our waiting workers loose on the job, but these after all are minor matters and we can survive them as we have all our other growing pains.

Rather than do away with these specialists, I am wanting to add one more to their tribe, --and here is where I tie back into Jimmie's study of visitors:

We have enough of these specialists now to -- dropping into the picturesque vernacular of the one and only 'Gene Baird -- "Patch Hell a Mile," but we have not a one working on the problem of the visitor so far as I know. This is, I submit, not as it should be.

If we consider it necessary to hand the little birds as they come and go and study their habits and customs; if we conduct research problems into the private lives of the chipmunks and deer and bears and other things which impinge somewhat upon our basic duties; if we can wag our finger and bring a flock of specialists to our aid when we find a few strange bugs on our trees, and another wag will bring another set of specialists who will tell us how not to handle our trees; doesn't it seem reasonable to you that we ought to call on someone who can tell us how to handle and how not to handle the visitors who make up one of the two legs upon which we stand?

Here we are in the midst of a campaign of museum planning. We are talking about five or six new museums and the revamping of some old ones; we are planning to place this exhibit here and that exhibit there, to lead the visitor from this phase of the culture to that phase; we are planning in the long run the disbursement of a hundred or more thousands of dollars, and this expenditure is all being based on what the specialists who are planning the arrangement think the visitors think about museums. My contention is that if it takes a specialist to know what a bug thinks, or to know why a chipmunk wags his tail up and down instead of sidewise, and we wouldn't expect a specialist in that line to be a specialist in the reactions of visitors as well; perhaps we had better consider calling in a specialist in visitors to do some research work among the more than two hundred thousand visitors we are going to have this year.

I am perfectly aware that nothing is more uncertain than the actions of an individual visitor and no one can predict with certainty what he is going to do under a certain set of conditions in a museum or in a monument or park; but I believe thoroughly that one group of twenty thousand visitors will react almost precisely the same as the next group of twenty thousand, and, by detailed analysis and tabulation and study, we can predict certainly what that action will be and I do not think the specialist in birds or bears or taxidermy or museum arrangement is competent to judge it on what he thinks a visitor thinks.

We ought to have a specialist who is just as able to analyze that problem as the life insurance specialist is able to tabulate for you the mortality rates in a million visitors.

For several years I have been as a voice crying in the wilderness on this matter, the general replies that I get being: 1. We are doing that very thing now; 2. It is an impossibility, - it just can't be done; and 3. Why don't you go ahead and do it yourself if you know so much more than these museum arrangers and visitor wranglers?

As to the first reply: If they know all about visitor reactions now and need no specialists along that line, will they please tell me ahead of time what additional percentage of visitors they will stop or lose and how many seconds they will add or subtract from the average stop by changing the third case from the left of the entrance door for asking such a question, yet the United Cigar Stores specialist solves problems like that by the dozen as a matter of every day routine.

The second reply is answered in the above sentence; it is being done day after day in ordinary business procedure.

As to why we don't do this research work ourselves, I might point out that to run a real monument a man has to be an expert in about six lines and be able to keep four balls and two sticks of dynamite in the air at the same time and he just



hasn't time to become a specialist in this particular problem.

We hold that a visitor is at least as important as a bug because, if on no other grounds, he can do as much or more damage than the bug and it is against the regulations to exterminate him; you can only use preventive and protective measures. We think, therefore, our request for a visitor specialist is not out of order.

This specialist should come to us through the regular appropriation if that is possible, otherwise we will take him E.C.W.

~~My reason for this is that we all know well that the present group of E.C.W. specialists are going to fold up and disappear within a twelve month or at most a couple of years, and this job I am appealing for ought to run at least for a couple of lifetimes.~~

Johnwill Faris has done some study along these lines at Aztec, Jimmie is doing it at Wupatki, and we have made about a year and a half of time studies at Casa Grande. The next result so far is that we are convinced that the visitor is our second greatest problem and that no one knows very much about him.

The Boss  
(November 1935)

Species	Bardelier	CasaGrande	Chaco	Navajo	Pipe Spr.	Tumacacori	Walnut	Wapaki	Total						
Spscker, R-nape							4		4						
Spscker, RockyM.							2		2						
Shrike, White-r.		2	1						3						
Siskin, Pine							1		1						
Solitaire, Town.							7	15	22						
Sparrow, Gambel		274	123						403						
*Sparrow, Lincoln		1							1						
*Sparrow, Wvesper		1							1						
Sparrow, Wh.-cr.				6					6						
Swallow, Ro-wing.		3							3						
Thrasher, Bend.		4	1			1			6						
Thrasher, Criss.		7							7						
Thrasher, Sage								2	2						
Titmouse, Gray							1		1						
*Towhee, Canyon						2			2						
Towhee, Gr-tail		2				4			6						
Towhee, Spurred	1								1						
*Waxwing, Cedar								1	1						
Woodpckr, Gila		7	1						3						
Wdpkr, RM Hairy	1								1						
Wdpkr, Mearns							9		9						
Wren, Cactus		34	1			1			36						
*---new species to this listing															
SUB-TOTAL	105	2	513	184	0	0	0	0	0	9	347	0	3	16	
TOTAL		107	697	0	50	0	0	0	0	9	347	0	3	16	1229

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

So, as you will note in the Supplement, we are going on guessing the best we know how what the visitor is going to think when he gets into the Montezuma Castle museum and have worked out a basic study of the case set-up there. It looks pretty good to our boys, but of course this is only the primary stage and it is going to have to run the gantlet in the offices of Carl and Ansel and undergo many amendments and improvements before it reaches the final stages.

I still think, however, that while we are studying the reactions of bugs and birds and beasts and flowers, it would be good business to put a couple of experts on the study of visitor reactions. After all a visitor ought to grade as high as a bug and if it is a matter of aiding the scientist who has been hit by the depression, I guess the ~~psychologists~~ are about as depressed as the scientists in these various other fields.

A word of thanks is due Mr. John East who not only collaborated on gathering the material and writing the article on the Hohokam pottery figures in this Supplement, but who furnished the plates to illustrate it. Mr. East is one of our Honorary Research Students Without Pay who comes out from the East each winter and stays with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, over at the Vah-ki Inn, for a couple of months while he works hard at some of the problems which worry us and appeal to him. He has gone back home now, but we are looking forward to having him with us again next fall.

Unfortunately, in the rush of the last two months, we have been unable to find time to get out a Broadcast, but we are hoping to find time for one in April before all this gossip of the District which we have picked up as we went hither and yon gets too old.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

1. Keep related rooms of all the houses approximately the same size regardless of the number of rooms - so that furniture will fit as nicely when the personnel is transferred from one area to another.
2. The best Park Service house I know has kitchen, service porch with laundry and two closets, living room, entrance hall with closet, hall and bath downstairs. Upstairs there is a large hall, two bedrooms, and several closets under the eaves for storage. There is a front porch. This rents for under thirty dollars.
3. Park Service people need space for hobbies, and room for children.
4. A patio is perfect for Park Service personnel, who certainly appreciate a place to be outside without being in the public eye. It should be remembered that they are frightfully hot, and shade trees or ramadas should be provided and the main part planted with a lawn. The "U" shaped house around a patio is beautiful and ventilation excellent for hot climate. However, the "L" shape could satisfy the esthetic sense, contain a patio, and be also compact and easy to heat.

\*\*\*SWIII\*\*\*

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# RUMINATIONS

Concerning rumors that the Boss has cleaned up his desk.

Chief, I might as well tell you all about it for the word is percolating out over the grapevine that I have cleaned up my desk and you are going to hear about it sooner or later anyway, so I will just tell you how it was and maybe you will see eye to eye with me on it after you hear all the details.

You see, my desk is a little like one Tom Weedin used to have some thirty years ago in the old Blade-Tribune office up here in Florence, ten miles away. Tom had a more or less orderly soul and didn't like to lose any of the exchanges, or price lists, or bills, or small repair parts for the old press, or tools or anything else and he had found from many years of experience, that if he put all such things on the desk and issued strict instructions to the devil to let the desk alone, he could always find anything he wanted. It is true that it sometimes took a little time, but we had a lot more time in those days than we do now when we dole our minutes out with a miser's hand.

Equally of course Tom's desk produced a sort of hazy first impression of disorder as you entered the print-shop and, rounding the old safe, where the liquor and cob pipe and tobacco were kept, for Tom was always tidy about keeping the working tools handy and there wasn't any other use for a safe in a print-shop in Florence in those days, broke into full view of it. However Tom liked it that way and he seemed to work the better for a little apparent disorder.

Naturally he had to have a little working room, so he always kept a space a foot or so square cleared at the front of the desk to give him plenty of room for his feet. Then, when the spirit moved him, he would rear back in the old desk chair, put his feet on the cleared space on the desk, load the corn cob, take a pad of paper in his lap, and tell the world what he thought about anybody or anything which might be uppermost in his mind at the time. His subscribers might like it or might not, but you can take it from me, all 43 of us read what he wrote and talked about him and it.

Tom had learned his trade on the old Kansas City Star, I think under Nelson, when that paper was one of the outstanding ones of the country, and now and again he wrote some of the most vitriolic editorials I ever read. I remember once he took a large part of the hide off a fellow townsman who had been a Rough Rider under Roosevelt, and, as such, got a state republican office as a "Roosevelt Democrat." Tom pointed out, in his editorial, that he took his democracy like his whiskey, straight, without any prefixes, suffixes, or chasers, and then went on at more or less length to tell how poorly he thought of a man who changed his politics in order to get a political job.

## RUMINATIONS (Cont'd.)

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The townsman sent Tom word that he was going to "lick the hell out of him" that night down on main street.

Tom was then getting along into the sixties and didn't like strenuous exercise, so he buckled a six-shooter around his rather rotund tummy and went down and sat on the hotel porch all evening in the rays of the only street light the town boasted.

Nothing came of it, but the evidence tended to show that Tom Weedin was willing to argue the matter out if any reader disagreed with him.

Getting back to my muttons: this desk of mine generally carried a few papers and books and a portable typewriter, and resting upon it and running up the wall behind was a bookcase which contained 40 or 50 volumes of various histories and reports and old Congressional directories and other light reading. On top of the bookcase I had put a few things now and then until I needed them.

After all, there is no need of telling you about all of this, you have seen the desk and worked at it when you were here; you will back me up when I say I had a lot of working tools right handy whenever I might have need for them. Though I believe the last time you were here I was using a full bore typewriter instead of this little 22 caliber portable, and so the typewriter was in the desk instead of on it then. Otherwise, nothing much has changed up until lately.

Well, one of the boys came along and inspected our offices not long ago and pointed out numerous deficiencies about our office keeping methods, though it seems my particular deficiency was a surplus; I had too much stuff on my desk.

You see, I lean to old Tom Weedin's philosophy that if you have too much room on your desk you may do too much writing, whereas it is better to have just enough room for your feet and then you can lean back in the proper position to think.

I wonder what would happen if all the top hands would put their feet up on the desk for an hour each day and think; really think?

Objection was also taken to that old cob pipe I have hanging on the bookcase; you know the one I mean. I explained of course that it was the current pipe I was using when Doc told me four or five years ago that I was all through smoking and I just hung it up there for some of these wild young cigarette smokers of ours to try their spurs on when they feel like they are about grown up. It was a good cob and hadn't been smoked but a few years and I didn't want to throw it away.

Another objection was made that spider webs had gathered on the stuff on top of my bookcase, and do you know, when I looked, there was the cutest little spider web you ever did see.

However, that is just as you view the question; one man might consider it entirely wrong for me to let a lady spider take up housekeeping quarters on top of my bookcase, whereas I'll bet I can get Natt to throw three drops of water on that web and take a close-up picture in color and make a kodaslide of it and throw it on the screen in his nature talks and knock his audience cold; a spider web is a beautiful thing and this spider was showing a rather beautiful faith in me if you want to look at it that way.

Well, I got to thinking all these things over and decided that I wouldn't bring any unhappiness to anybody if I could avoid it, so I called Jimmy in one morning and we dispossessed the lady spider, putting her outside on the shutter hinge with all due apologies, and stripped the desk down to a lamp, a fountain pen, an ink well and a desk pad. The result is I feel like I was sitting at my desk in shorts instead of the old fashioned long handled ones. Now the desk is clean I have to put my feet on the window sill and look over at those mountains to the west to do my thinking, but we will all be happy and I can still keep this outfit going. A clean desk is a strong temptation to do a lot of writing, but I have considerable resistance and maybe I can hold out against the urge. You see it would be a long time before I would be as efficient as a \$1,440 stenographer, whereas as a thinker I am one of the head men in the Southwestern Monuments.

So this is how come we cleaned up our desk and when the grapevine report reaches you, discount all other rumors and explanations.

And, as I close these Ruminations, there comes to my mind a picture of the Secretary of the Interior we once had who used to keep his eating tobacco in the upper drawer of his desk where the stenographers and clerks usually keep their supplies. There was a man after my own heart who had the right perspective on the proper use of a desk! It was simply a place in which to keep his working tools handy!

*The Boss*

Species	Bandelier	CasaGrande	Chaco	Navajo	Pipe Spr.	Tumacacori	Walnut	Wupatki	Total
Spscker, R-nepe							4		4
Spscker, R. Mtn							2		2
Shrike, White-r.		3							3
Siskin, Pine							1		1
Solitaire, Towl.							7	15	22
Sparrow, Gambel		403	13		43	1			460
Sparrow, Lincoln		1							1
*Sparrow, W. Lark						4			4
*Sparrow, Nev. Say.					1				1
Sparrow, W. Vesper		1							1
Sparrow, Wh-crn.				6					6
Swallow, Ho-wug.		3	2						5
Thrasher, Bend.		5				1			6
Thrasher, Criss.		7							7
Thrasher, Sage								2	2
Titmouse, Gray							1		1
Towhee, Canyon						2			2
Towhee, Gr-tail		2				4			6
Towhee, Spurred					1				1
Waxwing, Cedar		1						1	2
*Woodpkr, Cactus						1			1
Woodpkr, Gila		8							8
Woodpkr, Mearns							9		9
Wdpkr, RM Hairy		1							1
Wren, Cactus		35	1			1			37
*-----new species to this listing									
SUB-TOTAL	107	5 697	21	0	0	44	9 26	347 6	13 0
TOTAL	112	718	0	56	44	35	353	19	1337



# BANDELIER BIRDS

By Betty Jackson

Birds have been invading the canyon this month in hoards. Most of the earlier birds are still here -- Robins, Juncos, Ravens, Solitaires, Canyon Wrens, Nuthatches, Spurred Towhees, and Jays -- but even they are beginning to change their chief interest from food to mating.

On the eleventh came the White-Throated Swifts and the Rocky Mountain Evening Grosbeaks. The Swifts will stay all summer, but the Grosbeaks will go soon, if they haven't already. Ravens are mating, and should have nests, but I haven't found them yet. The Rocky Mountain Hairy Woodpeckers and the Flickers are mating, too. House Finches are becoming common in the Detached Section, in flocks of pairs, but I've only seen one in the canyon.

A Red-Winged Blackbird was here for a week early in the month, and later came a Brewer Blackbird, who is still here. He arrived on the sixteenth.

Audubon Warblers have been seen, down the canyon by Mr. Borell, and on the south mesa by me. A flock of Hoover Warblers came in while we were away, and are now to be seen flitting about the trees and bushes near the office. Though Bailey states that they are rare in New Mexico, I am sure of my identification.

Five Grey-Headed Juncos were banded.

I'm going to study hawks, and then tell you which ones came in this month.

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## RUMINATIONS

In looking over this issue of the Report and the Supplement, Chief, I am reminded of the old days when, if we wanted a thing done, we had to go out and do it ourselves. In spite of our best intentions we are liable to go soft if we don't watch ourselves and we have had such a multiplicity of hired help around to refer problems to that it is no wonder we were getting soft. Seeing, as reported in last month's Ruminations, that psychologists were not having a depression like the other experts, and therefore we couldn't hire one to study visitors for us, we have come around to where we ought to have started from in the first place and set up a little research bureau of our own.

Visitor Research will just be a side line with us, for of course our first duty is protection and the second is giving information, and with eighteen thousand visitors last month this was quite a little chore by itself, but as a side line, to keep the boys occupied, we have decided to try to find out how a visitor thinks and why. We have no

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

illusions about the size of the job we are tackling, for you see we have been handling visitors for a good many years; we don't think we are competent to get the very best results out of the time and energy we expect to expend, but there is no doubt that it ought to be done and if we haven't an expert on the roll who can do it, we will just have to go out and do the best we can. Mark you, we haven't any time and energy to waste and if I didn't think the results would more than pay for the expenditure of both we will have to make, I wouldn't start the boys out on it. We are modest up to a certain point, but, while admitting we are not experts in psychology, we think we can work just as hard gathering information as one who is, and, after we get a good body of information together and begin drawing conclusions maybe we can get an expert to come along and sit in with us.

Again was I impressed the other day when the two volumes of the December monthly reports of all the superintendents descended on my desk for perusal affording me the chance to gather pearls of wisdom. The thing that impressed me was that everything under the sun is gone into in great detail except the handling of visitors. I wonder why that is? I am not much interested in how many miles of new trails a man has built; what interests me is, how many visitors are using his trails and is there any way to increase that number? How long does his average visitor stay and why does he leave so soon?

Anyway, we are going to have some fun trying to find out what visitors think. Which reminds me of an interesting experiment described to me the other night by the fine Secretary of one of our fine western museums. It seems there was a door leading from the museum exhibit rooms back to the offices and laboratories and, although it was marked "Private. No Admittance" visitors had a great way of going through and causing a deal of bother to the officials who were interrupted thereby. Several changes of wording were tried with no better success until some one thought of the thing that stopped them cold: "For members only, why not subscribe?"

Odd Halseth, who is the only City Archaeologist in the United States so far as we know, is also interested in these visitor problems and has promised to share his information with us and we have the first installment of questions his visitors ask him, at Pueblo Grande Ruin in the edge of the City of Phoenix, in this Supplement.

Bob Rose happens to be in the field at this writing and we just didn't have the time to digest the material and catch up his Visitor Contact tables this month. We will probably get this done by next month and being a month late won't hurt the figures any. We have no extra funds to take on a little help over the month end rush and so we have a rather hectic time for a few days around the office if one or two of the force happens to be away as is the case this month. I wonder why it is that so many deadlines occur around the first of the month? When

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

anybody wants a report from a field man he thinks it is a brilliant inspiration to set the deadline on it between the first and the tenth, thinking, I suppose, that all the other Departments, Bureaus, Divisions and Sections will set theirs on the thirteenth or twenty-third and that no one else will think of the first of the month! Anyway it keeps a field man from worrying over the fact that he is a field man, so there seems to be some value to it.

Incidentally, we printed some separates of Van's report on Sunset Crater and ran them as our No. 3 Special Report. Also we printed three hundred of the Pipe Springs article by Leonard Heaton and put on special covers so he will now have something to send people who are constantly writing him for information on that monument.

Also, and again incidentally, we have received some nice compliments on that series of Special Reports from folks who matter, and the Southwestern Monuments Monthly Report is again noted in the current issue of American Antiquities. While, as I said above, we are modest up to a certain point, it doesn't keep us from pointing with pride.

Note the new Report and Supplement covers. We think Tov. did a nice job, don't you?

Cordially,

*The Boss*

SUPPLEMENTAL OBSERVATIONS (CONT.)

SUMMER FLORA CHECK LIST AT CHIRICAHUA (CONT.)

- 2 - *Cucurbita foetidissima*-HBK. (Poisoned Wild Gourd).
  - 3 - *Cucurbita palmata*-Wats. (Palm-leaved Gourd).
- 77 - Compositae (Composites)
- 1 - *Artemisia canadense*-Michx. (Canada Sage Brush).
  - 2 - *Artemisia vulgaris*-L. (Common Mugwort).
  - 3 - *Aster Biglowii*-Gray. (Woods Aster).
  - 4 - *Aster orthocnefolius*-Torr. (Heath-leaved Aster).
  - 5 - *Baccharis glutinosa*-Pers. (Arrow Weed).
  - 6 - *Baccharis theaeoides*-HBK. (Mountain Mulefat).
  - 7 - *Bahia dissecta*-(Gray) Britt.
  - 8 - *Berlandiera lyrata*-Benth. (Compass Plant).
  - 9 - *Centaurea multensis*-L. (Wape Thistle).
  - 10 - *Chrysopsis resinolens*-A. Nels. (Tar Weed).
  - 11 - *Crisium Rothrockii*-Gray. (Canyon Thistle).
  - 12 - *Erigeron canadensis*-L. (Bulb Tail).
  - 13 - *Erigeron Divergens*-C. & G.
  - 14 - *Erigeron flagellaris* (Trailing Fleabane).
  - 15 - *Erigeron macranthus*-Nutt. (Large Flowered Fleabane).
  - 16 - *Erigeron Neo-mexicana*-Gray. (New Mexico Fleabane.).
  - 17 - *Eupatorium fendleri*-Gray. (Mountain Boneset).
  - 18 - *Gnaphalium wrightii*-Gray. (Cud Weed).
  - 19 - *Gutierrezia longifolia*-Greene. (Kitch Weed).
  - 20 - *Gymnosperma corymbosa*-DC.
  - 21 - *Haplopappus gracilis*-Nutt. & Gray.
  - 22 - *Heterotheca subaxillaris* - (Lam) Britt. (False Aster).
  - 23 - *Hymenoxys barchyactis*-Woot. & Standl.
  - 24 - *Kuhnia rosmarinifolia*-Benth. (Mountain Boneset).
  - 25 - *Lactuca scariola*-L. (Prickly Lettuce).
  - 26 - *Laphania reynoldii*-Gray (Rael Lover).
  - 27 - *Sanvitalia abortiva*-Gray
  - 28 - *Senecio douglasii*-DC. (Shrubby Senecio).
  - 29 - *Solidago arizonica*-Gray) Nutt. & Standl.
  - 30 - *Solidago elongata*-Nutt. (Goldenrod).
  - 31 - *Verbesina exauriculata*-Rob. & Greene. (Western Growbeard).
  - 32 - *Villanova dissecta* - (Gray) Rydb.
  - 33 - *Xanthium canadense* - Mill (Common Cocklebur.)
  - 34 - *Zinnia grandiflora*-Nutt. (Large-Flowered Zinnia)

\*\*\*CHM\*\*\*

# RUMINATIONS

On the matter of comparisons

By The Boss

Here's a request for information which has drifted in from some very good park service friends and has set us to ruminating. The request runs as follows:

"We need some information badly, as we are sadly confused and somewhat mystified. Here is how 'tis. When we were in Death Valley we were solemnly assured that it was the 'finest monument in the country'. The Boulder Dam Recreational Area, we found out, was equally, 'The finest area of its kind in the system'. The Grand Canyon is, and this, we are assured, is the Gospel Truth, 'The finest park in the National Park Service'. No foolin! By the time we get through visiting the Southwestern Monuments we plan to see this year, you can readily see the condition we will be in; ready picking for any alienist. What would you suggest?"

Far be it from us to suggest that somebody is lying, though that dark thought may ooze up out of the swamp of doubt as you go from place to place in the Southwest and hear the chant of that refrain.

We might point out that Guy Edwards and his trusy men are exempted from this general charge and stand forth as honest men, tried and tested in the fire of truth, for, their's being the only Recreational Area in our system, they just naturally must have the best.

As to the rest of them; bear with them as they climb up on the highest post in their respective barnyards, flap their wings and lustily crow that the sun rises finer over each of their respective fences. After they get well seasoned in the Service and get shifted around to four or five different monuments, like some of our more case hardened veterans of the Southwestern Monuments, they will be afraid to flap their wings at all for fear they will cackle.

Of course it is entirely without question, Ruth and Millard, as you go around the Southwestern Monuments this summer, that you might hear, here and there, spoken in a low tone and not above a whisper, that the individual addressing you has a monument under his charge which is about sixteen grades above the average, but he will scarcely ever brag about it except in his waking hours, and then only when he is not eating. We wish you would note how modest all our men are about this particular matter and also how the Honorary Custodians and Rangers without Pay back them up in it.

In general there is no more comparison between good parks and good monuments than there is between good jewels and good books, yet you may constantly hear of attempts being made at such comparisons. I have spoken elsewhere of the beautiful lady who stood beside me on the rim of the Grand Canyon and made the comparison with another unit in our Service. Sweeping that breath-taking view from east to west and back again through her lorgnette, she remarked it was so strange that there was not a single geyser in it! That is about the net result of an individual trying to compare two parks.

I did, however, once get a fine comparison of two parks from an unexpected source over in the Zion country.

Dave and I had been out together for two or three days. He was a horse wrangler in those days in Zion; had been born and raised near the mouth of the Canyon and loved it with almost the pride of personal possession.

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

session. As we were coming down that west trail the last evening we were to spend together, with all that beauty and glory spread out before us, I felt we were good enough friends to say, "Dave, I know how you must love this canyon after you have camped and worked here in it. You tell me you have been in the Grand Canyon and with many parties, yet you don't rave about it as you do about this. Tell me, why is that; what is the difference to you between them?"

"Why", he said, "That's easy. Zion Canyon is man's size and the Grand Canyon is God's size!"

And that, my Lords and Ladies, straight from the mouth of a Mormon lad raised in little Dixie, who loved both canyons and figured them out as he rode them, comes just as near being a perfect comparison as any polished writer ever wrote in a goodly sized chapter.

I am also reminded of that comparison problem in the Southwest which I have never been able to solve; why is it that the Carlsbad Caverns practically never fail to register on a visitor, whereas the Grand Canyon falls on a fairly large percentage? Crack that nut if you can.

Of course in this matter of comparisons, I don't dare have any preferences or make any comparisons as I go about among the Southwestern National Monuments; I wouldn't be able to go back if I didn't admit that each one was the finest of its kind in the whole Park Service, and, on the whole, I am inclined to believe that it is true!

Maybe these fellows are right after all; maybe that is the final conclusion to come to; maybe this fall, Ruth and Millard, you will be agreeing with all of them.

*The Boss*

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# RUMINATIONS

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Called forth by some recent definitions  
of national parks and monuments.

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A long time ago I heard Dr. J. Walter Fewkes tell a story which has remained in my mind through the years. The story had to do with a Frenchman who had recently come to this country and was asking one of the natives for information and for a definition.

"What," said the Frenchman, "does ze paller bear?"

"What do you mean?" replied the native, "I don't understand you."

"What", repeated the Frenchman, "does ze paller bear?"

"Do you mean to ask me what are the customs and habits of the polar bear?" said the American.

"Oui, Oui," said the Frenchman, "What does ze paller bear?"

"Oh, I don't know," remarked the American, "I guess he doesn't do much but sit around on a cake of ice and eat raw fish."

"I will not accept! I will not accept!" cried the Frenchman, "I have been invited to be ze paller bear at ze funeral!"

The general point I want to drive home is that definitions should be accurate and easy to understand, else they are likely to miss the subject and cause confusion in the mind of your student.

If everyone had a clear conception of a national park and a national monument there would be no need for these words of mine, but the very fact that we have the present intermixture of parks and monuments under the two heads is proof that we have not heretofore understood exactly what is ze paller bear. Parks should be parks and monuments should be monuments and never the twain should meet in the same class, but the very fact that we have tried officially twice in recent months to define them to the public is evidence that we have been working with them these many years without a definition upon which we are agreed.

The only reason which brings me into this matter is while there are many, many park experts in our ranks, I have to stand before you as about the only monument expert who has spent the last third of a century on, in, and around monuments and who therefore thinks on national park basic problems with a monument angle. It is at least an odd viewpoint whether or not you may agree with me, and there is a possibility that handling 27 national monuments in all their intimate details has given some of us monument men a worthwhile angle on their problems.

Stripped to its essentials, we know what a national monument is because the basic act tells us it is a historic, prehistoric, or scientific exhibit which is reserved by a proclamation of the President. It does not need to be a small area, as is hinted in various definitions, and we get considerable amusement out of the small area definers by pointing out that two monuments are larger than Yellowstone which is one of the largest parks. You had better leave size out of your definitions of parks and monuments because size no more defines your park from your monument than blondness defines men from women.

Under the basic law, a monument cannot be reserved for its scenery. A good many of the national parks have first been reserved by presidential proclamation as national monuments. Whence, after a more or less number of years they were "promoted" by an Act of Congress to the park classification. This was done with the very laudable intention of

## RUMINATIONS (Cont'd.)

preventing homesteading, mining, and various other forms of ownership claims being made in the long interval during which Congress was making up its mind that the area was suitable to bear the park name.

Some of us could plainly foresee the danger of this custom and the thing we foresaw actually took place. Gradually it grew up in the mind of the public at large that national monuments were scattered and rejected odds and ends, the left-overs out of which the national parks had been picked. This is not true, of course, and parks have no more business in the monument class than elephants have in the bird house at the city zoo.

The trouble with most of the definitions now offered for parks and monuments, so far as I have observed them, is that the definer keeps one eye on the arbitrary set-up which we now have and tries to make his definition fit the much scrambled situation as it now stands. It doesn't seem to occur to these people that if the present classification were perfect there would be little need of his definition. We are really trying to get some definitions which will act as a formula to unscramble the present eggs and prevent future ones from becoming scrambled.

I have said above that the monument law makes no provision for the reservation of scenery. I wish to stress this because there is a widely scattered feeling among park-minded persons that a lot of scenery just a little below park status is still good enough to be declared a national monument. Neither the monuments law nor our definition can countenance such a proposal. Many times in past years have I had some enthusiast for a proposed national monument tell me what wonderful scenery his proposed monument has. Ask him why he doesn't make a national park out of it and he will quickly hedge and say "Well, you know, it isn't quite park stuff." Point out to him that it isn't monument stuff at all and he won't agree with you: he has a definite idea that there should be some place in a national system of scenic reservations for second and third class scenery. You will have a great time proving to him that there may be places for his scenery in State, County, or Metropolitan parks, but there is only one kind of scenery provided for in the national park classification and that must be national in caliber and belongs in a park.

All this is not to say that we do not have some very fine scenery in some of our national monuments. It is there incidentally to the formation of the monument as it is at Canyon de Chelly, Rainbow Bridge, Navajo, Natural Bridges, Arches, or many others, but the monument was reserved for another reason; for its scientific or prehistoric value.

When you begin playing your monument up for scenery, I get suspicious and begin checking to see if you have an elephant over in the bird house, and that is the way it generally checks out. On the other hand, when I look over your so-called national parks and find some historic and prehistoric places where the scenery runs from second to third class, I have an idea you are getting your birds over in the elephant house and I don't agree with the accuracy of your classification. But let me not get off to an argument on parks; with 27 monuments in our unit of the Park Service, we are too busy to fuss about a definition for a national park even though we might think we know one.



RUMINATIONS (Cont'd.)

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It seems to me any definition of a park or monument must take into account the difference between the two in the reaction on the visitor. That there is a difference has always seemed to me very apparent and that difference in reaction is your best test of whether your proposed area should be reserved as a park or monument. The difference lies not in size nor in grade of scenery, but in its reaction on your visitor.

My own definition of a national monument would be that it is: AN AREA RESERVED BY PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION WHICH CONTAINS SOMETHING HISTORIC, PREHISTORIC, OR SCIENTIFIC IN CHARACTER, OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE WHICH IS PRIMARILY EDUCATIONAL, SECONDARILY INSPIRATIONAL, AND MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE A RECREATIONAL VALUE.

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I believe that definition will stand the test and if it does, I see no reason why we should not set up a proper classification of our Park Service units even if we have to wait until the present zoo keepers die off and a new lot comes along who will recognize our definition as being correct and will finally take the elephants out of the bird house.

Speed the day!

*The Boss*

# RUMINATIONS

*On the past year.*

And now comes the yowl of the stencil cutter that it is time for the ruminations and then we will begin gathering this report and getting it into the mail. If you believe it is easy to sit down and ruminate with a stencil cutter waiting at your elbow for copy and a mimeograph singing its song in the next room, come out and try it some time.

The natural thing to do in the December Report is to look back over the year spotting all the highlights where we covered ourselves with glory, overlooking all the dark spots where we fell down pretty badly and coming in with a complimentary close inferentially patting ourselves on the back and winding up with a prognostication that next year will be the biggest and best and we have nineteen different kinds of New Year's Resolutions which we are going to put into effect.

The trouble with that scheme, Chief, is that you would know well enough when we were using too much color in painting our glory and keeping quiet about those failures would simply emphasize the fact to you that they were there. In view of the fact that we have written you eight hundred pages of narrative reports this past year, you ought to be fairly well acquainted with what is going on down here in this district. If you haven't read any of those eight hundred pages, I am frank to say they can't be boiled down into a page or two of ruminations and I am not going to try.

As to making of New Year resolutions, we are too busy keeping one jump ahead of the work down in this district to do any promising two months ahead to say nothing of a whole year. I take it as a matter of course that the next year will see some sharp changes. We have been working for several months with that in mind and are trying to shape our affairs the best we know how to meet the conditions as they arise. We have some changes of our own in mind which will appear in due time but they are nothing to make resolutions about.

It looks like we will just have to close this volume of narrative reports, covering the last half of nineteen thirty-five, tack the index on it; bind it; put it on the shelf as a reference book, a sort of log by which we can check our future improvement; and then turn our faces forward into 1936 and tackle the January work with the hope that we won't at least make the same mistakes we made in 1935.

As a last word before I turn this over to the stencil cutter and mimeograph operator, I would like to say that with all its failures and successes; with its surprises and disappointments; with its hectic periods and its dull spells; as we look back over it we seem to have had a lot of fun out of the job as we came along through nineteen thirty-five.

Cordially,

*The Boss*



Species	Bandelier	CasaGrande	Chaco	Navajo	Pipe Spr.	Tumacacori	Walnut	Wupatki	Total				
Spscker, R-nape							4		4				
Spscker, R. Mtn							2		2				
Shrike, White-r		3							3				
Siskin, Pine							1		1				
Solitaire, Town							7	15	22				
Sparrow, Gambel		415			43	1			514				
Sparrow, Lincoln		1							1				
Sparrow, W. Lark						4			4				
Sparrow, Nev. Say				1					1				
Sparrow, W. Vespr		1							1				
Sparrow, Wh-crn		1		6					13				
Swallow, Ro-wng		5	1						6				
Thrasher, Bend.		5				3			8				
Thrasher, Criss		7	2						9				
Thrasher, Sage								2	2				
* Thrush, Rus-bkd				2					2				
Titmouse, Gray									1				
Towhee, Canyon						5			5				
Towhee, Gr-tail		2			2	5		1	10				
Towhee, Spurred	1			1					2				
* Verdin								1	1				
Waxwing, Cedar								1	1				
Woodpkr, Cactus		1				1			2				
Woodpkr, Gila		8							8				
Woodpkr, Mearns							9		9				
Wdpkr, RM Hairy	1								1				
Wren, Cactus		36	4			1	2		43				
* Wren, Baird Be.								3	3				
* New Species to this listing													
SUB-TOTAL	112	718	24	0	2	56	27	44	89	353	0	19	0
TOTAL	112	742		2	103	52	353		1466				

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## RUMINATIONS

We have heard quite a bit about uniforms lately. We had an Office Order issued covering new uniform regulations, and we hardly got it bound into the file before Order No. 324 came along making a couple of more or less important changes in it. You can always get a rise out of any Park Service man or group of Park Service men by swinging the talk around to uniforms. They are all interested.

Office Order No. 324, dealing with uniform regulations, starts out by saying: "The fundamental purposes of the uniform are to symbolize the National Park Service and to identify the wearer to park visitors." There is a question in my mind as to whether this is a complete statement of the case.

There are still several men in the Service who were with us when we went through the conference which decided that a uniform should be worn by Park Service employees and what kind of a uniform it should be. Correct me if I am wrong in seeming to remember that there was considerable talk at that conference about the morale building value of a uniform. I also seem to remember being invited to "Look at the Mounted Police of Canada" a good many times at that conference; in fact, we thought so much of them that we adopted the hard hat brim which they wore, and which we kid ourselves into believing is a "Western hat."

In a February meeting in Washington there was a definite effort made to put ECW men in ECW uniforms and National Park Service men in National Park Service uniforms. The regulation in regard to this at that time read: "ECW officials, inspectors, technicians, and supervisory personnel shall wear the authorized ECW uniform." The first Office Order carried those words, but soon afterward, when Office Order 324 came out, the underscored words were missing. It now says: "ECW supervisory personnel shall wear the authorized uniform." What about "Officials, inspectors, and technicians?"

Two paragraphs above, the original regulations said: "Emergency Conservation Work and other Emergency employees, when assigned to regular public contact service, in any of the areas open to visitors, shall wear the uniform when specifically authorized by the Director." In the revised Office Order 324 the words underscored are omitted.

Under the regulations as first issued ECW officials, inspectors and technicians would have had to wear ECW uniforms except in the few cases where they were working in any of the areas open to visitors and, for some reason, the Director should want specifically to authorize them to wear the Park Service uniform.)

Under the regulations as revised in Office Order No. 324 the way is open to put all ECW officials, inspectors, and technicians into the Park Service uniform.

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Somebody evidently thinks the National Park Service uniform is a pretty nice uniform to wear.

Personally, I agree with those who think that.

Do you remember what pleasure Mr. Mather used to get out of wearing the uniform in the field? Do you remember how he talked about its morale building quality? That it would help to weld the men into a compact unit of picked men who were proud of their work? That it would build up an esprit de corps which would hold us together through trying times?

These ideas are as sound now as when he stated them. The badge can symbolize the Service and identify the wearer to the park visitor, but the uniform can do more than that: it can build morale and prestige, morale in the man who wears it and prestige in the eyes of the public - when it is worn by the right man.

Have we changed? Do we believe now that we were mistaken when we thought the uniform might be a morale builder? Is that why we have decided to keep everybody out of the uniform except those who actually deal with the public? Is the Esprit de Corps so fine amongst all of us except those who deal with the public that the wearing of the uniform would not prove a morale builder? Do we hesitate to be known as National Park Service men?

It seems strange that we veterans should feel this way about the uniform, if we do. Maybe we are mistaken in feeling that there is no prestige in the uniform and in trying to keep from wearing it as much as we can, in acting as though we are slightly ashamed of it. Other people seem rather anxious to get into it.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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FROM THE VISITOR'S ANGLE (CONT)

plains farmers and is now four cars wide and a high gear road. After all, I guess I enjoyed the Onion Saddle more than I thought at the time, for it is nearer the old type of mountain road and perhaps we had better leave it the way it is, so we can have one drive where we have to back up to make the turns now and then.

It was a swell trip this year and the hour and a half at Headquarters was worth the 5,000 miles of driving.

Two more items and you can rest.

In having fun with statistics, let us have some figures on what it costs the visitor to see some of your monuments. I know it costs the Government about seven dollars per head to entertain them at Mesa Verde, and I wonder what it costs the visitor? You where at the Ruins cost the visitor only about 15 cents and an hour of time off the main highway. Figure that against some of the others and see what you get and why. Do this for your home work this winter.

Maintenance, Improvement and New Construction.

I suggest that you get a machine for binding the reports that has a little longer reach. I have to take a darning needle and twine and rebind nearly every report. The present short staples do not clinch and when I get half way through I suddenly find the whole thing apart in my hands.

Give my best to Hugh and the rest of the gang and, as usual, it was a real pleasure and a privilege to see you again. Tell Mother Pinkley to see her dentist twice a year now that her teeth have begun coming out.

Your No. 1 "Dude."

Doc. Haladay.

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# NAVAJO NAME FOR CHACO'S ROCK

By Neil M. Judd

In your monthly report for July, 1938, page 80, you ask whether I think the detached cliff back of Pueblo Bonito should henceforth be known as "Braced Rock" or "Propped Rock". Either is preferable to the name you have been using, but both fall a bit short of completeness in translating from the Navajo.

Throughout the entire reservation Pueblo Bonito is known as tse'biya hani a'hi ("A Vocabulary of the Navaho Language." Franciscan Fathers, St. Michaels, Arizona, 1912.) The same designation identified Richard Wetherill's adjacent trading post, 1895-1910, and the local post office, Putnam (after the late Frederick W. Putnam.)

Now the significant point in the Navajo name, as explained to me by Mrs. John Wetherill at Chaco Canyon in 1921 and subsequently by two of my old Navajo neighbors, is the manner in which the cliff is braced. It is not propped from the front, back, or side but is braced up from beneath, alluding to the several pine posts which the Bonitians set under the west end of the cliff and most of which had been cut away with steel axes long prior to my studies. An Indian unable accurately to express himself in English, or an interrogator less familiar than Mrs. Wetherill with the Navajo language, might miss this fine distinction. The cliff is braced up from beneath. Thus, Pueblo Bonito, named by the Navajo long before colonists from the Rio Grande ever heard of it, was distinguished from all other southwestern ruins. As "Braced Rock" or "Propped Rock" conveys the idea only in part so, also, does the abbreviation I have repeatedly used, namely, "Braced-up Cliff." Depending upon subject, "tse" may mean either cliff or rock. If we were to strive less for economy with printed words, I am reasonably sure we would insist upon designating the detached cliff back of Pueblo Bonito by the more accurate translation: "The Cliff-braced-up from beneath."

\*\*\*\*\*S.M.I\*\*\*\*\*

## RUMINATIONS

*On Keeping people out of ruins*  
~~In which the Boss reports upon another Taurian Session.~~

It being Labor Day, and nothing rushing on hand, four of us gathered in our office and started a taurian session which lasted about three hours. As usual, it seemed they were all out of step but me, and before we finished they had me buried under tons and tons of accumulated evidence, but still kicking.

It was an old argument to the home folks, but Doc was visiting us from afar and he unintentionally started it anew and we went over the ground again. It had to do with closing the Montezuma Castle in order



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RUMILATIONS (CONT)

to preserve its ancient walls from the vibrations of traffic, in the first phases, and then it ran off into man-made exhibits in museums versus the real stuff.

Docx presented the thesis that protection is our foremost duty; that these monuments are put under our charge to be protected so that future generations may enjoy them; that showing visitors through ancient ruins destroys the ruins in direct proportion to the number of visitors shown through. Ergo we must not let visitors go through the ruins so that we may save the ruins so that future generations may not let visitors go through the ruins so that they may save the ruins so that\*\*\*\*\*. It is an old argument which runs back some thirty-odd years since I have been dealing with southwestern archaeology and when I first met it in those days it had some gray hair around the edges. As I said in these pages a couple of months ago, we are planning an experiment along this line at Betatakin Ruin as soon as we get the proper authority, but we are doing it with a good deal of fear and trembling and with nothing like the assurance that Docx thought we ought to use.

Our theory in this is that posterity has never done very much for the present generation and when we ask the present generation to refrain from looking into some ruins so that posterity may have some ruins to ask their present generation to refrain from looking into, this present generation of ours may bow up and allow that if they are putting up the money for all this super-protection, they are, by George, going to get a little value out of their money by taking a peek at the ruins themselves, wear or no wear. Thus we who are giving what protection we can, the practical protectionist, if you will allow the term, might find ourselves in what is often alluded to as a pretty pickle with a flock of telegrams going to various Congressmen and official heads wanting to know why the senders were being taxed to protect a ruin for future taxpayers and so on, without being able to see the ruin themselves. b/cw

I asked Docx how we were to handle this situation, and he said the thing to do was to build a model and show the visitors the model. Spend two or three thousand dollars on your model and make it precisely like the ruin only make it so you can dismount it and show the visitor the inside. "This," he said, "will do just as well or better than taking them through the actual ruin." Then he told me that a certain museum man is proud of the fact that more than 80 per cent of his collections were back in storage and his museum is made up of dioramas, flat work, pictures, labels, etc. The idea behind this seemed to be that the less actual artifacts of the ancient people we can show the visitors, the better museum we will have and the better pleased the visitors will be.

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RUMINATIONS (CONT)

Now I have my grave doubts about this. Speaking from my limited experience of handling visitors in Southwestern monuments and Southwestern museums, I should say the visitor should be shown original ruins and original artifacts with whatever labelling and dioramas may be absolutely necessary to help him understand the story of your monument, the life of the people who were connected with it, if it be historic or prehistoric, and its national significance. Docy and the boys could have talked another three hours without convincing me in the least that the model of the Castle was just as good for the visitor as a trip through the Castle itself. If that be the case, why not make a model, very precise and on a good sized scale, for the future generation to enjoy and then quit worrying about them. Another small bit of evidence which has convinced me that the visitor wants to see the real ruin and not a model, is that in my time I have come across several of these ultra-conservationists and have noticed that they always want to keep all other visitors out of the ruins, except themselves. Have you ever noticed that? One man, upon being warned that we might close all ruins in a certain canyon to all visitors, instead of applauding the idea and saying he would be glad to comply with such an order if it were issued, said that it was a fine idea to keep the public out and he, being a friend of the Secretary, could, he supposed, get a permit to enter without much trouble. Does that prove my point?

As good as your diorama may be, I doubt if it can be as good as the real thing. If it were, we could put on our mountain climbing clothing, go to the museum and stand before a diorama of mountain climbers working their way up an intricate cliff climb, and come back all tired out and with quite a sun burn. But you can't do it, at least the sun burn.

I am surprised at the number of men I meet in this museum game who don't appreciate the human reactions to their stuff. They want to use a map of the world with New York and Paris shown in blue; they want to develop the history of the airplane since the Wright boys first took off, down through all the models; they want to show an exact model, built at large expense, of a certain plane; and then they can't understand why the fool public goes to the original plane hanging in the National Museum and stands open mouthed before that lot of metal, wood and canvas which a certain tousle-headed boy picked off of American soil and a little later set down in Paris; whereas, their exhibit is much more complete and their model cost more money than the real plane.

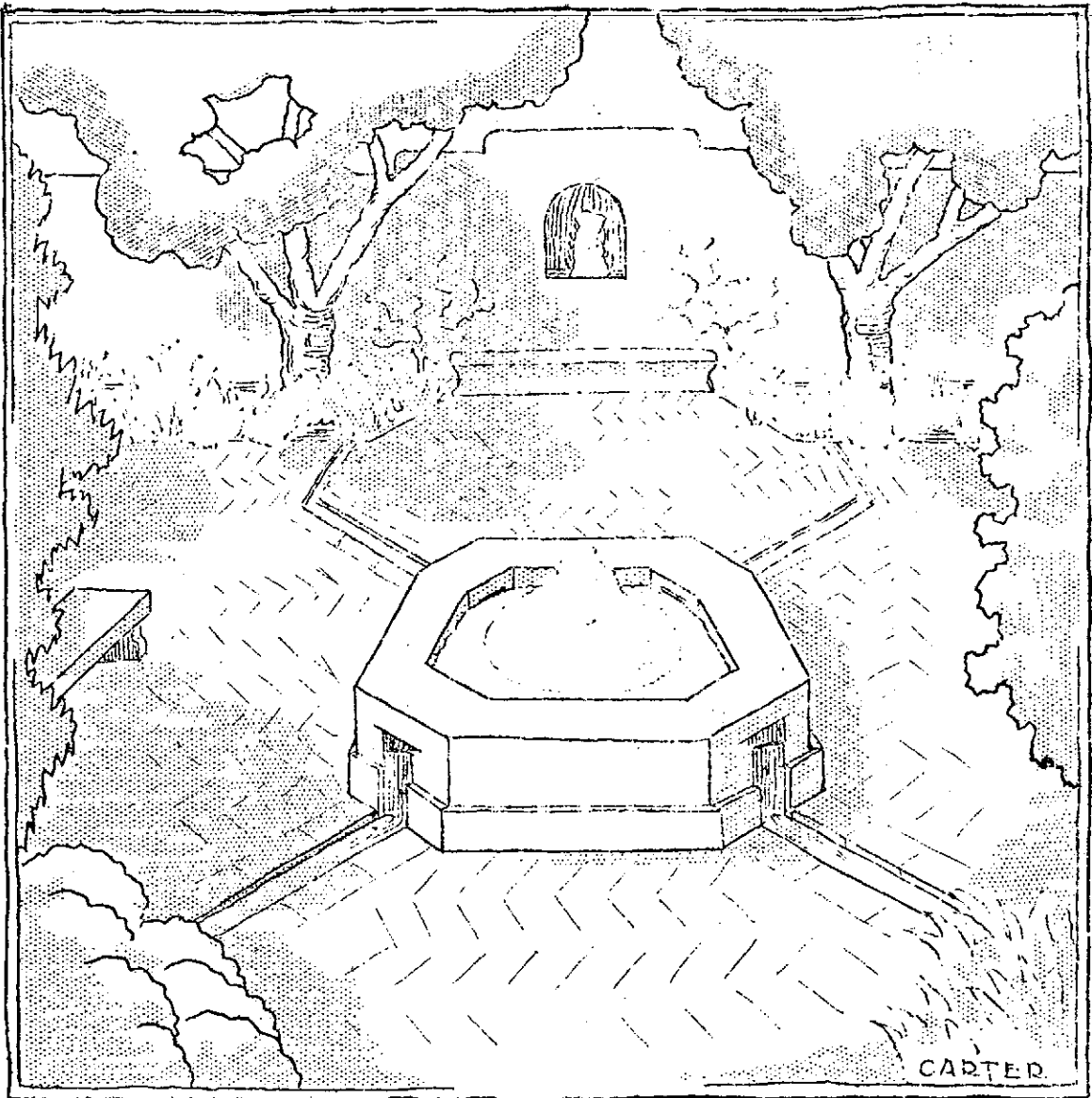
We hear much talk and much humor is spilled over the old fashioned museum of five or ten years ago where many artifacts were displayed in a rather heterogeneous manner. On the other hand, Mary and I were just remarking the other day, as we left our modern, up-to-date, streamlined, ball-bearing museum (still incomplete) at Tunacacori, what a catastrophe it would be if we happened to run across Padre Kino's

RUMINATIONS (CONT)

original well-worn robe; it would certainly look pretty worn and dingy and there would be no place in the museum to put it; it would be a sort of different note which would not harmonize with the well-studied exhibits as they stand.

Anyway, twelve o'clock came along and broke up our taurian session and we never did come to any definite conclusion.

*Cordially, The Assoc.*



GARDEN AXIS ~ TUMACACORI

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## NAVAJO CHRISTMAS PARTY (CONT.)

took over here, and had a fine time throwing socks, shirts, and hats around; everyone got something but Clyde--and Jimmie put by a couple of shirts to give him in the morning. When it was all over, the grown-ups were, like most grown-ups, watching the children get acquainted with their new toys, and we white people were admiring rugs and bags and jewelry they had given us.

The Museum of Northern Arizona had given some pictures of old rugs; I had covered these and twelve plates of old bow guard and pendant designs with cellophane; these pictures we passed around the assembled group and explained that we were leaving them with Clyde and Sarah as a sort of "lending library" for the weavers and silversmiths to consult from time to time.

We rather hated to say goodby at what may be our last Navaho Christmas party for our friends, so we slipped away soon after that; but most of them were up at the Pueblo early the next morning asking if they would see us next year and when we would be back to visit them.

\*\*\*\*\*oo\*\*\*\*\*

## GROUND SLOTH CAVE

"Willis Evans, searching for archaeological sites along the Colorado River under direction of M. R. Harrington, scientific advisor to the National Park Service, has located a ground sloth cave, at a site in Arizona eight miles from Pierce's Ferry, containing two ground sloth skulls, some hide and hair, and dried internal parts. Excavations at the cave, which extends into the canyon wall some 200 feet, are being conducted under direction of the National Park Service. Another cave, containing Indian material, located three quarters of a mile farther up the canyon, is to be excavated at a later date." (Extracted from Museum News, December 1, 1936.)

The above-mentioned ground sloth den is located on the Colorado River just below the Grand Canyon, but within boundaries of the Boulder Canyon Recreational Area. Plans for showing the cave to the public have not been completed but it is hoped that an exhibit in situ can be made. Tentative plans include running a trench through the cave and lining the walls of the trench with glass so that bones or any possible human artifacts may be seen.

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## RUMINATIONS

After being almost the entire month in Washington, the first thing I hear when I set down at the desk expecting to get caught up on the

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

things that have happened during my absence, is Luis calling, in his gentle, flute-like voice, for some ruminations to close the Monthly Report.

Naturally my thoughts turn on my recent trip and a hundred things crowd through my mind like the flashing changes in a kaleidoscope.

There is the fat lady in the lounge car whose strident voice still reaches me above the rhythmic roar of the swiftly moving train.---There is the little lady who is quietly busy so much of the time with pad and pencil and who turns out to be a cartoonist for a couple of national magazines and who is greatly interested in that episode Carroll Miller wrote up in his last month's report.---There is the interesting discovery that the Field Museum takes advantage of the right hand movement of its traffic and delays lighting the halls to the left of the entrance for nearly an hour after opening the building in the morning, thus making a material saving in its monthly lighting bills, and proving, to our great pleasure, that it pays to study visitor traffic movement.---There is the swift change from the lazy days on the train to the busy morning traffic of Washington; stepping out of the taxi through the lobby and into the council room where fifty men are hammering through to compromise their fifty viewpoints on their various problems.---It is a high pressure day full of food for thought.---Then up to that intriguing room with its five doors, its triangular bath room, its quiet interior court where the street clamor cannot reach and where the desert dweller can sleep the deep sleep of the open country.---Down to dinner where the hat-check girl and the head waiter give greetings and ask about the southwest, and so out for the evening and finally back to bed in the room of the five doors.

The next morning down in the Department where it takes a couple of hours to go down that block-long hall, meeting the people who give you such a warm welcome and want to know how the rest of the Southwestern gang is getting along.---The rush and hurry of starting the mills to grinding on the various things I have to attend to; slowly the work settles into a routine and the details ebb and flow around one as the major items move down the tide to completion.---The successful attempt to crowd certain plans through before the Holidays so Hub Chase and his boys won't run out of work, and mostly so Hugh can collect that dollar wager from Hub wherein we promised to get those plans signed before Christmas; the final wire that Hub has lost his dollar, the plans are signed and he needn't hold up the work; we imagine the sulphurous joy with which he greets that wire and the pleasure he takes in losing that dollar; those Bandelier buildings are on their way.

The visit to the Lincoln Memorial; the lights of Washington from across the river with the dome of the Capitol dominating the background and the Monument piercing the sky in the foreground.---The magnificent group of buildings along Constitution Avenue which makes every American

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

proud of a country which can do things in such a big way.---The clamor and battle of Christmas shoppers, the striking beauty of the night-lighting of rain-wet streets; the pleasant roar of the crowd as its tempo steps up at the near approach of the last day to mail the home packages.---Christmas services and the lovely Christmas Day with its congenial companionship.

Back on the train.---The lady in the lounge car who had two too many and insisted on showing the Navy, the Park Service and the man-who Lost-Three-Million the wonderful photograph of her wonderful twelve year old "boy" who could distinguish "lunch" from "dinner" and could lie down and roll over upon request and had taken many ribbons; the Navy afterward remarking, however, that he had seen a lot of alley cats that could lick the tar out of hers.---The lady who listened to the monologue of her husband coming in over the radio as we were making sixty miles an hour and tried to keep her secret though the barber had told at least four of us who she was.---And, finally, the cold gray dawn as the 5:08 pulled in and Hugh met me, and, too late to go to bed and too early to go to work, he and I and the kid discussing a pot of coffee and a plate of toast and a thousand things before the open fire for three hours until it was eight o'clock and we could go to work.

There's room for Ruminations in all this but how am I going to put any of it down in detail without running off into a hundred ramifications and losing the original thread of the discourse? I pause to run back over them in my mind and Luis looks over from his stencil cutting long enough to say: "About ready with those Ruminations, Boss?" It is no use, Luis, it would take another month to straighten it all out and write anything; let it go as it lies and if these are not ruminations then let's call them pleasant sidelights of a busy month and let it appear elsewhere how profitable the trip was from a business standpoint.

Cordially,

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# RUMINATIONS

on naming classes of people.  
By the Boss.

I lay no claim to being a purist and I am free to admit that I am no expert on the English language, but we are going to take one word out of the dictionary as far as the Southwestern Monuments are concerned.

That word is "Dude".

I find that the late Mr. Webster, in his interesting little book, says that a dude is a kind of a dandy or exquisite, especially one characterized by an ultrafastidious dress and manner and other affectations; loosely, a fop.

This is not the meaning of the word as used by the Park Service.

Originally, as I understand its development in our Service, the people at Yellowstone felt the need for some technical terms which would describe certain types of people within the park. The company driver of the big bus was known as a "Gear Jammer". The temporary ranger was named a "Ninety-Day Wonder". The visitor who came in his own car, Pa, Ma, four kids and the goat, along with the camping outfit, easily fitted into the name "Sagebrusher". And the visitor who came by train, put up at the hotels, and used the company transportation, was a "Dude".

Thus used, the word carried no derogatory idea but was simply a technical term to designate a class of visitor. As it has come to be used among us in the Southwestern Monuments, however, it does have a derogatory sense and if you listen closely you can almost catch the inference of "Damned Dude". This will not do and, since we cannot now clear the term of this pitch with which it has become defiled, we will just quit using it altogether.

So the word "Dude" is taboo from now on among Southwestern Monuments folk.

And while I peck this out on old 1,104,068, Al comes in and I refer the Yellowstone terms to him for approval and then we talk over Yellowstone times and bear episodes and so on, it being between five and six o'clock and we being officially off duty. And some place in the talk, Al says: "Boss, we ought to put that term 'Cottonpicker' on the list too, for it is beginning to get that same stain on it". I believe Al is right, as he usually is.

We have no cause whatever to look down on any class of visitors. If there seems to be a dumb class among them now and then, I am willing to bet you two to one the fault lies with the man who is talking to them; at least that was the way cold logic worked it out in those cases when the speaker couldn't reach his party and I happened to be the speaker. If, with some of the most interesting stories in the Southwest to tell, we



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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

can't talk well enough to carry the unflagging interest of a fourteen-year-old boy, and that is about the mental age of the class we speak of; then we are pretty blamed dumb ourselves and instead of using a derogatory word for that class of visitor we had better invent one for that class of guide.

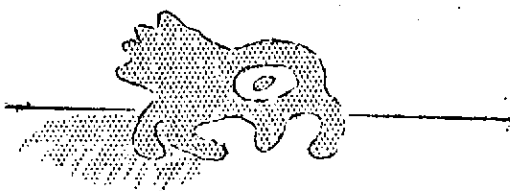
So, the term, "Cottonpicker", as a technical term, goes overboard also.

We will just have visitors at the Southwestern Monuments from now on.

Cordially,

*Frank Pickley*

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*



# RUMINATIONS

on square pegs in round holes

By The Boss -

One of the boys made a far-sighted remark the other day when he urged me to call the attention of all our people to the importance of each individual in building up the general personnel of the Southwestern Monuments. He pointed out that the modern army, when you strip the fuss and feathers off it, has not changed so very much from the older type of army in being founded on a lot of infantry which must, in the last analysis, take the brunt of the fight and win the victory if a victory is to be won. If we are really going to go places in the Park Service and the Southwestern Monuments in the next 10 or 15 years, it is going to be on the efficiency, and capabilities, and loyalty of the personnel.

A million men might be thrown together without making an army in a military sense. ~~So we might fill all our forty-odd jobs in the Southwestern Monuments and never get an organization.~~ After all, it rests upon the individual and his reaction to his job. If he figures it is just a job and will do until he can look around and get something better, he is already on his way out and if we can't change his viewpoint, the best thing to do is to ease him out with as little damage to the organization as possible and let him go on his way to finding the kind of a job he does fit. So if you think you are in the wrong station in life and ought to be playing the bass drum in a band or something, let us know and we will do our best to get your heart's desire.

On the other hand, if you feel satisfied with the outlook and can look ahead to many years or a lifetime of such work without getting in a blue funk about it, we are willing to shift and cut and try until we find the place which you best fit and which best fits you, so when you reach the other end of the trail you can look back and think what a grand time you had as you came along. One of the big advertising companies used to spend a lot of money pointing out that if you were going to spend one-third of your life in bed it certainly behoved you to own the very best quality of spring-case mattress. Likewise, it seems to us if you are going to spend the better part of your waking time on a job the rest of your life, it is nothing but common sense for you to try to get the job you will like the best in all the world. Carrying this line of reasoning a little further, you can see that if you are not happy at your job you will be pretty certain to show your real feelings and then you won't be worth a tinker's dam to us when you are meeting visitors with a sour puss; so again, it is nothing but common sense for us to get together and find something you will like and thus get you on the way you were built for.

After getting the job you like best and are best fitted for, the next thing is to learn to play with the team; to fit in; to become a part of the organization. This is really a part of the job and we owe it to the organization we are working with just as much as we owe it so many hours of work per month before we have earned our pay check. The man who works his shift and quits; looks out for himself and nothing more, is not doing quite all he is getting paid for. He must key his work into the team work and think of the organization as a whole before he is realling earning the whole of his salary.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL GLOSSARY (CONT.)

Indians.

Warp -- Longitudinal threads in loom weaving.

Wast -- wool or transverse threads in weaving.

Wear -- A fence or dam built in a stream for taking fish.

Werewolf -- A person capable of assuming the form and traits of a wolf.

Wergild -- A fixed monetary value set on a human life, acceptable in lieu of blood vengeance.

Whey -- The watery part of milk separable from the coagulable part as in making cheese.

Wigwam -- Hut of northeastern Indians consisting typically of poles overlaid with bark, mats, and the like, and usually arched in shape.

Windbreak -- Very primitive shelter consisting of a mere screen against the prevailing wind.

Wurley -- Rude hut of Australian aborigines; i. e. leanto of leafy boughs.

Xanthoderm -- Characterized by yellow skin color.

Xylophone -- An African musical instrument consisting of a graduated series of wooden bars struck with two small wooden hammers.

Yarn -- Spun woolen thread.

Yoni -- A Hindu religious symbol representing the female genitals.

Yurt -- Felt tent, cylindrical dome, characteristic of Central

Asiatic nomads.

Ziggurat -- A Babylonian temple pyramid with an outside spiral staircase.

Zoolatry -- Animal worship.

Zygomatic arch -- Arch made by the molar or cheek bones.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

RUMINATIONS

Well, it looks like we are going to find out pretty soon what a visitor will do when you give him a short mimeographed pamphlet and turn him loose on a desert trail. This trail has taken several months in the making because we could only give it odds and ends of time when something else was not more pressing. At present it is in a sort of compromise stage and no one is completely satisfied with it.

Will a visitor walk a little less than a mile to ten different stations where he will receive an assortment of information as to the flora, fauna, and archaeology of the monument? I believe he will but the boys have cut the number of stations for fear we will overtire him.

Will the visitor in walking the short mile read more than twelve single spaced pages of typewritten matter on the various things he sees; about two pages per stop? I believe he will but the boys have cut the number of pages for fear he will not. My theory would be to give him the whole story, letting it run to thirty or forty pages, as we estimate it would, and then let him skip what doesn't appeal to him rather than

*fruit self-guided trail? Nope - Army had one at least. Dec 1938.*

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

condense it to the point where interest is likely to be lost because your narrative is simply a series of statements.

Thus the battle of the trail has waged back and forth on the grounds of theory and now we are about ready to try it on the visitor, who, here as in so many other cases, is the court of last resort.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

It is a great satisfaction to us to record that we now have a permanent position established at Navajo National Monument and a permanent man in it. Thus the needs of another grand group of ruins have been at least partially met and another landmark in the protection of the Southwestern Monuments has been established. We can now turn our attention and concentrate our efforts on getting a full time position and man to occupy it at one of three or four other monuments which are still suffering for lack of such protection.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

Looking back over the last few years we can see that we are gradually moving ahead in the matter of protection of our monuments and service to the public, but the movement is sometimes discouragingly slow.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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PRELIMINARY STUDY OF POTTERY (CONT.)

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## RUMINATIONS

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in which the Boss gives a bit of history with the monthly report as the central figure.

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We had a Taurian Session on the monthly report last night. When we run completely out of real hot material to discuss at the Sessions, we have three never failing subjects we can dig up; uniform regulations and changes, the monthly report, and museums.

It seems at the recent conference of Chief Clerks the matter of the Superintendent's Monthly Report to the Director was one of the items that was considered under report procedure, and ours excited the wonderment and questions of committee members. I was a little puzzled that they should be concerned because our own Chief Clerk doesn't see our monthly report until his personal copy is laid on his desk, and about all he hears of it up to that time is the yowling of the stencil cutter calling for his copy that reports the state of the funds and the mail count of the month. But it seems that the other superintendents have a happy habit of transferring the burden of the monthly report to the already overburdened shoulders of the Chief Clerk in that cheerful Park Service pastime of "letting George do it".

From the reports that drift in to me over the grapevine, it appears that the Chief Clerks are "agin" the present standard type of monthly report and want somebody to do something. I can't say that I am unsympathetic to such a wail, because a bunch of these standard monthly reports are pretty deadly when they land on our desk in one flock and have to be read, or at least looked over, at one sitting so they may go on to the next superintendent.

So, as an innocent bystander, not making that kind of a monthly report, we are inclined to root from the side lines and wish there might be a way found to make them readable. Then, it seems, just as we were in a helpful mood, these clerks start falling into the belief that we prepare our monthly report through sufferance and error, and that we would delight in being released from an Herculean task which only produces--from the outsider's opinion--a haywire report which can't be defined through rote. The inference would seem that we should be suppressed for our own benefit.

Well, that not only amused us, but made us conscious that there was a need for dissemination of general enlightenment to clerical sources, and others, interested in the growth of the report, so we just reached out for a boson and asked the fellow on our right to stop back and give us a little elbow room.

You see, these youngsters, as a whole, don't know any of the background about the monthly report, and, as is generally the case, when you don't know what you are talking about, you sometimes shoot pretty wide of the point.

A good many years ago the superintendents were supposed to write a monthly narrative report to the Director. A few of them did. Most of them passed the job to the Chief Clerk. Some of them stalled and tried to avoid it. I have seen Washington letters saying that if

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

So-and-So didn't get his monthly report in promptly, his pay check would be held up until the report arrived; and I wasn't the Superintendent under discussion either.

Finally the situation got to the point where Mr. Albright issued instructions that the monthly report was to be made in the present prevailing form. This was on the theory that by giving them a regular form, divided and sub-divided by heads and sub-heads, even the Superintendents (or Chief Clerks, as the case might be) could get out a report telling what had happened at their park the preceding month, and if they couldn't he could hang them at the mast head with a free conscience, seeing that he had done everything but write the report for them.

I tried my best to follow the form for several months until the next conference when I told my troubles to Mr. Albright and he promptly absolved me from following the form saying some pretty nice things, which I need not repeat here, about our conditions being different, that we were always on time with our monthly report, that it was very readable, and that he had no intention of covering us into these instructions.

In view of this acceptance, running over the last ten years or more, by the Directors, and the benefits derived from our report, we persist in iniquity and plan to remain under the banner of unorthodoxy. Seeing that we seem to be one of the few superintendents who actually does some writing on his monthly report; seeing that we get a peck of fun out of it every month; seeing that almost every employee in our field also has a lot of fun as well as getting his morale and esprit-do-corps stiffened considerably by it; seeing that some 15 or 20 scientists scattered across the country say that they read it every month to get caught up on the latest developments in the Southwest; seeing that 40 museums scattered from New England to California have asked to be put on its mailing list, thereby showing that they think it has some reference value; maybe these Chief Clerks won't protest, if their own skins are saved, as we go our sinful and sorrowful way of continuing to issue a report which people within and without our Service persist in considering good reading.

And now having got all this off our chest, we pause long enough to point out that we have given these fellows their blooming formal report in its due form and ceremony every month. It is in the six pages following the "Opening" and it is shorter and more concise than any of these efforts they turn in; in about six minutes reading time they can get a bird's eye view of the month. The difference is that we back our concise report with about 35 pages of basic reports from which it is drawn, with numerous references to the basic papers, so if you have any doubts about our garbling them, you can go back to the original reports and check up or get further details. You don't have to read these supporting papers but we find that most of the readers do.

Then there is a section of our report, called "Headquarters",

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RULINATIONS (CONT.)

which these others don't have; or rather, their whole report deals with nothing but it because their headquarters and their park are the same thing, generally, whereas we have 26 blamed scattered areas to report on and, on top of that, a headquarters set-up.

And then, in addition to that, we have a section these other reports don't seem to know anything about; the Supplement. We have a lot of interesting things on the pan all the time and every month one or two of them will jell, so somebody writes about it and that goes into the Supplement; or some interesting nature notes turn up and they go into the Supp., too. You understand, we don't tear our hair or sweat around about this Supplement; the stuff which we use just more or less drops out of secondary slots as our machine runs along and we salvage it by putting it into this section of our report. These other fellows either don't have such a by-product or else they put it out with a fanfare of trumpets as a separate issue a half dozen times a year; we just throw the tail in with the hide, as it were, and let it go as a part of the monthly report.

All of this leads to a pretty bulky monthly report; but remember, when scanning its girth, that a direct parallel with routinized reports can't be made--it's not that kind of a report. It has all the condensed stuff the others have and a whole lot more; it serves several purposes which their type wouldn't serve, and, above all, it is readable; you can find what you want and you needn't read the rest--some one else will.

So, having said these few words of elucidation, we put away our besom, and shaking hands with the Chief Clerks trust their difficulties will be resolved.

*The Boss -*



history needs is chains of small-scale observers--endless chains of them.

For life itself is an endless chain. I cited the case of the mouse year as a single instance of it. All the time, in my minute field of vision, other cycles were exhibiting themselves, other problems were presented.

Absorbed in them, one soon drops the amateurish emphasis upon rarity, upon the occurrence of "strays" in the local plant and animal lists. It is the "everyday" organisms, and life's complexity, its vital inter-relations, its unbelievable symbiotic systems, that matter. In your own neighborhood, as in mine, almost all problems are still unresolved, and everywhere, like the spring choir of the marshes, rises the triumphant canticle of life's beauty.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

## RUMINATIONS

In which the Boss rides one of his hobbies; being some further remarks on visitors and museums.

The other night when we were welcoming the newly married Steens into our midst at a picnic supper, I ate two buns, two pickles, a half pint of beans, and some other indigestibles; went home and went to bed and to sleep like a baby; but at one O'clock I woke up and spent a couple of hours wondering what a museum was. What the pickles couldn't do, the museum problem did without half trying. The next morning Don and I were holding a session and he found that the late Mr. Webster declared a museum to be a place where you studied. We promptly rejected that definition and then he found that Mr. Webster also said a museum was "a repository or a collection of natural, scientific, or literary curiosities or objects of interest, or of works of art". Our museums might qualify under that definition; a collection, I take it, being three or more objects. Please note that he doesn't say anything about a large building with an ornate entrance, glass cases, artistic labels, or the many other things we associate with museums; the museum is a collection of objects of interest. So Don and I have found out what a museum is.

In defining a museum contact however, we have to be a bit arbitrary since Webster seems to have nothing to offer.

In its simplest statement, we think that when a visitor meets a museum in the presence of a guide who talks about the museum to the visitor, we have a museum contact. We grant that in some cases this is only a theoretical contact; that had we a device which would register the intensity of the contact the result would often be a blank, but, lacking such a device, we have to assume that each museum talk is a contact on each visitor who hears it.

Since we have no way of gauging the intensity of the museum contact,

## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

R and since we do want to make comparisons of one museum's pulling power against another, of one guide's talking power against another, and of one visitor's reaction against another, we have made diligent search for some sort of measuring stick which, poor as it may be, will be better than nothing. The visitor, having paid nothing to get into our show, will walk out on us the minute his interest flags, and therefore we made the assumption that the time of his stay would be the rough measure of whether or not our information was registering on his mind. We are well aware that there are several other factors entering into the loss of interest on the part of the visitor; that one visitor can get more information in five minutes than another can in twenty minutes; that some visitors stay out of courtesy rather than walk out in the middle of a museum talk. ~~These objections we hold are all flattened out in the attendance curve of the first ten thousand museum visitors.~~ Find the average museum stay of about fifty thousand visitors and our theory is that the next fifty thousand, under the same conditions of seasons, personnel, unchanged exhibits, etc., will stay the same average time. Several of these factors are variable and it is our theory that varying those factors which will cause the next fifty thousand visitors to stay, on the average, a few minutes longer will be rendering them a better service. Many men have contested this point with me but I have yet to find one who will go so far as to argue the reverse; that the more we can shorten a visitor's stay in the museum the better service we are giving him. (Because one visitor stays ten minutes and another thirty we cannot say the thirty minute visitor has profited three times as much as the ten minute visitor.) If 50,000 visitors average 19 minutes in your museum and you make some rearrangement by which the next 50,000 visitors will average 22 minutes, we hold that you have improved your service; if on the other hand you make a rearrangement and find your next 50,000 visitors have averaged 15 minutes, I would not be inclined to agree with you that the improved appearance of your museum justified the change and that the decreased time meant nothing. We will be glad to hear any arguments in favor of shortening the average stay of the second 50,000 and its evidence of improved service, but they must be good. TP

As a matter of fact the attendance seems pretty regular on a less number than 50,000. We put 9,621 visitors through six museums and got an average time of 18.8 minutes. This was between October and December. Between January and March, on 11,123 visitors the average time was 18.5 minutes. Between April and June, on 14,789 persons the average was 19.7. Between July and September, on 17,202 persons the average was 18.5. Now if, next year in these same quarter periods, we averaged three minutes higher, would you say it was an indication of better service or poorer service, or that it was no indication at all?

All this rumination is caused by Dave Jones writing in and saying that we have him wrong; that these last two or three months he has

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

been reporting museum contacts he hasn't had a museum, he just takes the visitors into a room where there are several original beams in place and wanders off into an introduction to the archeology of the Southwest and that of the Wupatki region, bringing in the effect of Sunset Crater, and, in general, doing what we try to do with our museum talk where we have museums, and should he stop doing it and if it isn't a museum contact, what is it?

Here is what we wrote Davey:

"My dear David:

"I should have answered your letter of the 30th. about museum contacts before this but we have done some talking and I have done a lot of thinking about it and so have held you up.

"Most certainly I do not want you to stop making these contacts, nor do I want them reported as a part of the field trip. The thing to do is to get a few artifacts together and build a museum around your talk. I will admit this is a little different from the accepted practice of first catching your museum and then starting a museum talk, but I see no reason why the thing shouldn't work backward as well as forward and just because it hasn't been done before is no reason for our not doing it.

"So my suggestion is that, since you have called it a museum contact, you just go ahead and put a museum around it. Nobody knows yet just what makes one of our museums click but I suspect that the main ingredient is a guide who knows his stuff and likes to talk to visitors. Given that base to build on and a few broken pots, a stone axe or two, a couple of metates and manos and the museum is on its way and the visitor can be held twenty minutes. Add a larger collection of material, plenty of glass cases, a lot of labels and some art work, and the visitor can be held about twenty minutes. Fill a room pretty well full of pottery, have few or no labels, and the visitor can be held about twenty minutes. Run half the stuff back in storage, scatter the rest under glass with lots of labels, and the visitor can be held about twenty minutes. Take the cases away, cut the remainder of the stuff to one table of odds and ends and, with Paul Beaubien talking, the visitor will stay about twenty minutes. Take the rest of the stuff away, remove the table and, with Davey Jones talking, the visitor can be held about twenty minutes.

"The answer to all this is still a little beyond us but you have contributed a new angle and can help out by going on as you have been going and turning in your records as you are doing."

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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## RUMINATIONS

The Boss has what he thinks is a new idea and thus far hasn't made first base with it.

We around headquarters are knee deep in museum arguments again. It looks like museums and changes in the uniform are always good for an argument around this place, no two persons being able to agree on either.

In reading the current report of the Secretary of the Interior, which came in the other day, I was impressed with the following statement concerning museums: "Planned to illustrate ideas rather than exhibit collections of specimens, they tell a running story of the parks through pictures, charts, maps, models, and dioramas arranged in narrative sequence."

That same day we had been talking over some re-arrangement of museums and I had been studying about some lantern slides which we were proposing to make. The whole thing sort of jelled in my mind that night while I was waiting for the next tide of sleep to come in.

It works out somewhat this way in my mind: If a museum is to tell a running story with pictures, maps, charts, models, and dioramas, with a very light accent on specimens, why can't we determine ahead of time the best arrangement of a proposed museum by making up a series of lantern slides of each exhibit we have in mind and testing the proposed arrangement on enough persons to give us its definite reaction?

Suppose we decide the present arrangement of the Casa Grande museum is not very satisfactory and something ought to be done about it. Lack of ideas is the least of our troubles so almost at once we will have two or three competing plans proposed. Suppose one theory claims we have the cart before the horse two or three times and all the museum needs is a re-arrangement of the present material. Let us make up 125 lantern slides, or more if necessary, and we have our museum in our two hands with its exhibits as fluid as a deck of cards. We arrange the carts after the horses and try the talk that way until we are sure of our reaction. In some cases we find it works better and in some not so well. We cut and try, shift and change until we have the best possible arrangement of those particular exhibits which will hold visitor interest for the maximum time and at the maximum intensity. We find that we can leave out half a dozen slides without hurting the talk. We promptly remove them. Next we discover that a certain place in the development of our story needs bracing with half a dozen exhibits. We make up the slides and put them into the talk and watch our audiences for their reactions. Probably it takes three or four attempts before we get the wrinkle ironed out. Thus we cut and try, shuffle our cards, and watch the visitor reaction until we get a final run of slides which give the maximum visitor interest and tells our story the best we know how.

All of this experimenting takes months and will cost some money but that will be as nothing compared to the time and money we would

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

expend in making the same experiments by shifting and changing and building and discarding in the actual museum rooms.

Having found by actual test of sustained visitor interest the best exhibits to show and the best sequence in which to show them, we next start turning our collection of slides back into actual three dimensional exhibits along the walls of our museum; we run some of our old exhibits back into storage, we shift others to their proper places in the museum as determined by our tests and then we fill in the blank spots with exhibits which we have already tested and know before hand will succeed.

I still think that is a blamed good idea but when I took it out and put it under the fire of criticism, I began to think, before the shouting and the tumult died, they would prove I was a chicken thief along with the other mistakes they were trying to prove on me.

The argument hinges around a bloody angle in which they maintain that "telling a running story of the parks through pictures, charts, maps, models, and dioramas arranged in narrative sequence" is a thousand miles, exhibitionistically speaking, from telling a running story of the parks through pictures on lantern slides. Maybe they are right but I am not yet convinced they are. Please note that I propose to first turn the present museum into lantern slides. We will then try that museum, as it stands translated into lantern slides, for intensity of visitor interest. We will then compare our proposed shifts and changes, not against the original museum but against the translated museum for intensity of visitor interest. What I hold is that if we can increase the interest, say 20% over that translated intensity, then we can turn this new arrangement on the slides back into a like arrangement in the museum and the new museum will have approximately 20% more interest-sustaining power. You should remember, in reading the above statement, that we guide our visitor in both cases; through the real museum or through the lantern slide museum. Take the guide away in one case or both and you change the equation, but I hope we never have to take the guides out of our museums; there are enough headaches about guided museums and I don't want to make it any worse by having to build un-guided ones.

As this Supplement goes to press, the war is still raging, so we must leave the final report for some future issue; this is a tough gang I have to contend with when I spring a new idea down here at headquarters.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

# RUMINATIONS

In which the Boss growls a little about the importance of areas.

A couple of technicians, who were probably two thirds asleep, made a peculiar report on one of our monuments last month and, although we protested it through proper channels at the time, we are still growling about it.

These men were checking a list of public works projects and came to an item of ours, providing a water supply at one of our monuments. They comment as follows: "The expenditure of \$50,000 to provide water for this monument appears to us to be debatable in view of the fact that water and sewer projects are so urgently needed in many other more important areas."

What do you suppose they mean? If one of our areas has more visitors than another, does that make it the more important area? Are you sure of that? Then, in that case, this monument which does not seem, in their minds, to be a very important area, is having just short of a hundred thousand visitors this year, for whom we are hauling potable water 18 miles. Name me two or three more important areas in the Park Service where you have that condition this year.

The engineers rather enthusiastically, as I recall it, pulled for a regular appropriation of \$350,000, or thereabouts, for a water supply for the thirty-odd thousand annual visitors at Mesa Verde National Park; but when we try to get one seventh of that for three times the number of visitors at a national monument, it is considered very debatable "in view of the fact that water and sewer projects are so urgently needed in many other much more important areas." More important areas must mean parks, because all the monuments where we have a hundred thousand annual visitors and no potable water can be named on the first finger of one hand, and that is the monument we are talking about.

There is just one test of the need of a water supply and that is the number of people who are to visit the place in question and the length of their stay. A hundred thousand visitors still remain a hundred thousand visitors, whether they visit a lowly monument or a princely park. The importance of the area, granting that you had some scale upon which it could be measured, has nothing to do with furnishing a water supply. Let it be the most or least important area in the whole system, but if a hundred thousand persons go there, then the Government is definitely obligated to furnish them water. Of course, if out of the public works money there is only \$50,000 for a water supply and we had three places where we had a hundred thousand visitors needing water, we might have to decide where to place the investment, but my understanding is that the Government has quite a lot of public works money to be expended and I believe I would just

	Bandel- ier	Chaco Canyon	Head- quarters	Navajo	Pipe Spring	Tumaca- cori	Walnut Canyon	White Sands	Total 1938	Total '36, '37	Banded in U.S. in 1937
48. Quail, Gambel	0	0	70	0	0	18	0	0	88	161	171
49.* Quail, Scaled	0	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	0	0
50. Roadrunner	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3	6	1
51. Robin, Western	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	0	9	20	6511
52. Sapsucker, Red-naped	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	10	59
53. Sapsucker, Rocky Mtn.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
54.* Shrike, Northern	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	9
55. Shrike, White-rumped	0	0	8	0	2	0	0	0	10	12	106
56. Siskin, Pine	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	42	225
57. Solitaire, Townsend	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	5	62	6
*58. Sparrow, Ariz. Chipping	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2727
*59. Sparrow, Brewer	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
*60. Sparrow, Desrt Bl-tht	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
61. Sparrow, Gambel	0	1	206	0	468	136	0	0	811	777	4917
62. Sparrow, Lincoln	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	14	2054
63. Sparrow, W. Chipping	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	2727
64. Sparrow, W. Lark	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16
65. Sparrow, Nev. Savannah	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	903
66. Sparrow, Song	0	0	0	0	39	0	0	0	39	19	7307
67. Sparrow, W. Vesper	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	256
68. Sparrow, White-crnd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	4917
69. Swallow, Rgh-winged	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	58
70. Tanager, Western	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	26
71. Thrasher, Bendire	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	16	8
72. Thrasher, Crissal	0	0	9	0	0	1	0	0	10	10	0
73. Thrasher, Palmer	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	8	7	0
74. Thrasher, Sage	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
75. Titmouse, Gray	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	17
76. Towhee, Canyon	4	6	0	0	0	13	0	0	23	35	179
77. Towhee, Green-taild	0	0	2	0	5	4	0	0	11	24	30
78. Spurred Towhee	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	3	3	64
79. Verdin	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	7	2	0
80. Warbler, Lucy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
*81. Warbler, Pileolated	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	213
82. Waxwing, Cedar	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3503
83. Woodpecker, Cactus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
84. Woodpecker, Gila	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	1
*85. Woodpecker, Lewis	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	0	7	0	0
86. Woodpecker, White-brst	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	62
87. Woodpecker, Mearns	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	10	0
88. Wdpkr, Rocky Mtn. Hairy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	62
89. Wren, Baird Bewick	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	82
90. Wren, Cactus	0	0	11	0	0	5	0	0	16	49	14
91. Wren, Canyon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	22	1
92. Wren, House	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2144
93. Wren, Rock	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	3	1	5
TOTAL	161	19	499	15	530	228	275	23	1749	2820	
*-----New species to this listing.					GRAND TOTAL	'36, '37, '38			4569		

## RUMINATIONS (CONT)

put all three areas in, if you have that many, and stop talking about which is the most important one.

Quite often, when a man talks to us about "more important areas," we find he is talking about parks as distinguished from monuments, and this, naturally, gets us riled up. Whose scale will you use to determine the importance of one area as against another? Will you agree with the lady who, standing on one of those points at the Grand Canyon where one is so impressed by the Greatness of God, swept that view through her lorgnette and said: "And to think that in all this area there isn't a single glacier."?

If you can't even compare one park with another as the lady tried to do, why try to measure the finest prehistoric wall construction in the United States, which, we might modestly point out, is in the Chaco Canyon, in terms of the Great White Throne of Zion. You might just as well try to divide ten ducks into seven brass dog irons; it doesn't make sense and you are foolish to try.

This 'park worship', if we may call it that, has always interested me. I have, in my time in the Service, seen several parks get misplaced by being taken in and held for several years as monuments. The men in charge were in quite a dither about it and it was rather funny to see the great sigh of relief and smirk of satisfaction with which they settled down when they finally got transferred over into the park heaven. They woke up the next morning with the same area under their control, the same type of visitors coming to see it, the same personnel in charge of it, and the same old mistakes being made in handling it, but, Oh! the air was so much sweeter in the newly made park.

You understand that my sympathy was with them, for their area was never worthy of being classed as a monument and they were just getting their deserts when they were put over among the parks. The only thing was that it looked like a promotion to them whereas it was just straightening out a wrong classification to me. If putting a man's area in the right classification is sure to bring him pleasure, let us propose to some of these men who are operating monument areas which have been mis-classified as parks, that their areas be properly placed among the monuments.

I can tell you from experience that you had better propose that with a smile and be ready to dodge the brick.

I wonder why they feel that way? Of course it is all right with us if they do, only we don't want them talking about "much more important areas" for from the angle of bringing a family of twenty-six monuments through their growing pains, a park superintendent leads a drab and uneventful sort of life. I wouldn't want to be one.

Cordially

*The Rover*



# RUMINATIONS

By The Boss

Came the dawn of an unusually busy office morning and then a wire announcing that another superintendent's conference had materialized almost as the white rabbit appears out of the silk hat.

Looking over the office situation, where we were neck deep in work, I told Hugh the easiest thing for me to do was to go to Washington and get out of his way. So I took the Sunday morning train out of Coolidge and entered another world for the next couple of weeks.

There was the Little Doc who had been spending the holidays in Tucson with a sick husband and was now going back to finish a medical course in a Virginia school; a fair young Atlas who carried a world so jauntily on her shoulders that you didn't suspect the situation until it pieced itself together from casual remarks here and there.

There was the parson who was scandalized by the purely exclamatory "Darn" when the spoon fell on the floor and, drawing his mental robes around his ankles to prevent contamination, promptly took himself hence, leaving the spoon chaser to stew in the depths of his own sin, all to the great glee of that impatient damner.

There were the cigarette-smoking school girls who got on at El Paso, who were so patently trying to be blasé women of the world that you felt they must be very nice girls if you could really get to know them well.

There were also the boys in their military uniforms; especially the decorous youngster of 12 who wrote up his dinner check like a man of 60 and then played experimental notes with the pencil on the glasses and dishes until the friendly waiter appeared with the food.

Eastern Texas, with the mountains beginning to roll out into flat country; interspersed oaks along the valleys; the beginning of Spanish moss on the trees; more and more water; you know you are entering the south.

The famous high bridge across the Mississippi in a heavy fog which breaks just enough for us to see the water when we are in mid-stream and closes down again as we reach the eastern shore.

New Orleans and the trip across the city to the Louisville and Nashville station; the clatter of traffic on Canal Street, and the cries of the early morning paper boys.

The discovery of Jay Ogden, who had the upper to my lower from New Orleans to Washington; he being Rotarian and Mason extraordinary for these many years at Carlsbad, New Mexico. There followed much talk of Carlsbad Cavern National Monument, our good friends, Uncle Mac, Minter, etc.

The Deep South with its reaches of water, its endless stretches of pines and its marked paucity of successful paint salesmen.

The parting from Little Doc and the sharp emptiness of a whole train when one person gets off.

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FIRST BIRD REPORT FROM TONTO (cont'd.)

Take for instance, our birds of prey, the hawks and owls. This group of birds, particularly the hawks, have for so long been pursued and killed that the sight of these majestic birds banded together in mass migration is becoming rare. But still along almost any country road, we may see the lifeless body of a Swainson Hawk, a Rough-legged Hawk, or even the lovable little Sparrow Hawk, hanging from a barbed wire fence where some ignorant person had hung his spoils. Whenever I think of birds of prey and the injustice being shown them, it always brings to mind the account I once read somewhere, relative to a newspaper publishing that one of the local farmer's babies had been carried off by a huge eagle. And how, at a later date, other newspapers throughout the entire country thought this incident to be worth publishing again. The point to this little story is that competent investigators found this case to be a complete fallacy. In spite of this fact, still many thousands must have read the account and thus formed an unfavorable opinion of the Golden Eagle. Further, this example goes to show how easily an untruth can bring about prejudice that would undoubtedly lead to the destruction of many of our majestic birds of prey. Will Man never learn to appreciate the blessings Nature has bestowed upon him, until his stupidity has brought about their annihilation?

The following birds have been seen within the Monument's bounds between November 4 and December 26, 1938. Asterisk denotes probable migratory species.

\*Bluebird--?--(Fleeting glimpse. Nov. 14, 1938)

Cardinal, Arizona (rare)	Raven, American (common)
Eagle, Golden (rare)	*Robin, Western (Dec. 11, 1938)
Finch, House (Common)	Shrike, White-rumped (rare)
Flicker, Mearns Gilded (rare)	*Solitaire, Townsend (rare)
*Gnatcatcher, Plumbeous (rare)	*Sparrow, Desert (Dec. 3, 1938)
Hawk, Cooper (rare)	Sparrow, White-crowned (common)
Hawk, Red-tailed (rare)	Swift, White-throated (Nov. 19, 1938)
Hawk, Sparrow (rare)	Thrasher, Palmer (common)
*Kinglet, Ruby-crowned (rare)	Towhee, Canyon (common)
Owl, Pallid horned (rare)	Verdin, Arizona (rare)
Phainopepla (rare)	Woodpecker, Cactus (rare)
*Phoebe, Say (Dec. 11, 1938)	Woodpecker, Gila (common)
Quail, Gambel (common)	Wren, Cactus (Rare)
	Wren, Rock (common)

\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*

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RUMINATIONS (cont'd.)

Washington in the evening and the glory of the Capitol dome in the artificial lighting as we cross the river and enter the tunnel.

The grand concourse with its sweep of waiting relatives, its cries of affection and its stolid red-caps.

Then came the conference with its currents and cross currents, its stresses and strains, its arguments and counter-arguments; almost always winding up with a unanimous vote until that last afternoon when there were some "noes" and a few heated passages. That conference built as much morale as any one I have ever attended, regardless of its recommendations, suggestions and resolutions.

There was the constant surprise and vexation of Tom Boles at continually finding himself on the right end of the front row when the pictures were taken; putting him in the embarrassing position of heading the list if the picture were ever published.

There was the day after the last session and the hectic rush of trying to cover miles of corridor and wind up a lot of business in an all too short time.

Finally, there was the bump and roll as the New York train picked up our sleeper at three A.M. and started for New Orleans; the last look at the ghostly needle of the monument, the curve of the Capitol dome, the beautiful reflection of the lights on the Arlington Bridge, as we crossed the river; the conference was over.

There was the pleasant trip south to New Orleans; the three minutes packed with excitement at the transfer busses when one finds that he has a perfect duplicate of his bag with an identifying string of the same color tied at the same place, but the bag is too light, and, upon examination, proves to be filled with fluffy ruffles; the long breath when the lady finds her mistake and the exchange is made.

There was the young woman Dickens would have enjoyed, who, breakfasting late at the lunch counter at the station, asked the waitress about the dangers of walking unaccompanied in the broad daylight of the near-by streets between then and train time, and who, two nights later, as we left El Paso, laid her head on the shoulder of a man she had met that day and whispered slightly alcoholic nothings into his right ear.

The arrival at Coolidge in the cold gray dawn of 4:51; greetings with Al and the subsequent hot coffee and long talk with Al and Bina until breakfast time, and then back to the desk.

All this, and much more, is what we mean, my Lords and Ladies, when we say we have attended another conference.

*The Boss*

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# RUMINATIONS

By the Boss

Here I come to work Monday morning after a week end in the field with a Brass Hat from Washington and before I can get the mail read Natt puts his head in and says: "We are ready for those Ruminations as soon as you can write them." So I pull myself out of the middle of an interesting report from Bill Leicht and prepare to help Vic and Natt keep the press rolling. I don't know whether you have caught it or not, but the Supplement goes to press before the Report, so we are finishing the Supplement today just as the first batch of reports are arriving from the field.

It is pleasant to know that my veracity, which was under fire on this recent field trip, came through practically unscathed. While we were looking over the Saguaro National Monument, where we own a patch of timber (about as big as some of those quart-size New England states) across the top of the mountains, and the State owns the finest single stand of Saguaros in the world inside the boundaries of our Monument, I told a little episode about the good old days when cactuses had the real pioneer spirit. The story ran to the effect that I had seen a Bisnaga, which is the so-called Barrel, or Devil's Nail Keg type of cactus, uprooted on the desert; lie there for three months with its roots in the air and then bloom. Hugh and the Brass Hat were very nice about it; they didn't call me a liar; they just said they didn't believe it and I couldn't even get them to take 45 days apiece of the three months. They just rejected the story in toto.

I was already in the dog house because I had put Hugh and the Brass Hat on the correct road and then, being busy in the mental dream of developing the Saguaro National Monument those next ten or eleven years, and being in the back seat with the luggage and not much of a back seat driver, I paid them no further mind, as we Texans say, until they fell on me with cries of anguish because their road had quit on them. Of course their trouble was that they had forked off the road I had put them on while my attention was elsewhere.

Well, that evening, in the soft luxuriance of the lobby of the Pioneer Hotel, we were talking to a man who is a real big shot in his line which has to do with the great outdoors. As we were about to part for the night I asked the big shot to back me up a little on this cactus story about the cactus blooming after its roots had been away from the soil for six months. I know that is twice as long as I said the first time, but I just figured that if they didn't believe me when I pulled my punches, I might just as well tell the truth.

Well, Sir, he sure gave me a noble backing. He told about Dr. MacDougald, out at the Carnegie Desert Laboratory, or one of his experts, who pulled up a Bisnaga, dusted off its roots, put it down on the cement floor of his cellar for THREE YEARS and then set it out

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## NATURE TRAIL PLANNING AND OPERATION (CONT)

berries to make a lotion for smallpox. Of the four woods burned in Hopi kivas, this is one.

**PINYON PINE** (*Pinus edulis*) In good years the seeds were important as food. Pitch from Pinyon trees was used for medicinal purposes, for waterproofing pottery and baskets, for attaching arrow points to shafts, etc. The scars on this Pinyon Pine were caused by a porcupine.

**BROAD LEAF YUCCA** (*Yucca baccata*) The leaves were shredded and the fibres made into baskets, sandals, cordage, etc. A strip of leaf with end chewed was a brush for painting pottery. Fruits and seeds were eaten, and the latter used as beads. Roots were used as soap.

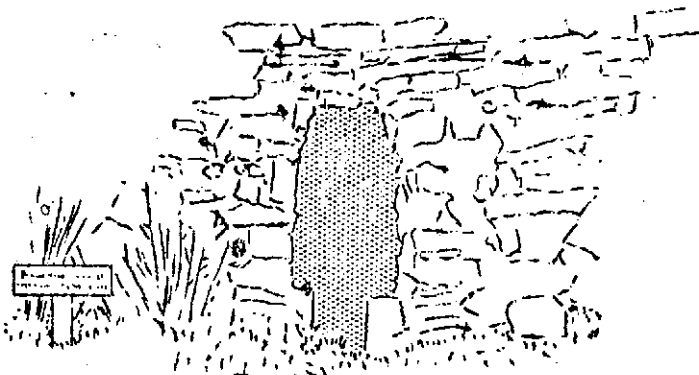
The plant hanging from the ledge overhead is a **DRY FERN** (*Cheilanthes feci*).

The women plastered all these dwellings by hand. Note finger impressions that were here centuries before Columbus discovered America. Every year thousands of people wish to see them, so please do not touch or deface. The tar-like soot on the ceilings resulted from burning pitch pine. The smoke-blackened rocks in this wall indicate that it was built from the remains of an earlier one.

During warm weather household activities probably were carried on outside--dwellings used for storage and sleeping. At other times a small fire would serve for warmth, light, and cooking. The small doors would be easier to close or defend.

The dwellings are between ledges of Kaibab Limestone. The same formation forms the rim of Grand Canyon. It contains salt water fossils such as sponges, trilobites, brachiopods, etc. Below is the Coconino Sandstone, containing no fossils. From its cross-bedding, geologists consider it a sand dune formation.

\*\*\*\*\*SYM\*\*\*\*\*



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RUMINATIONS (CONT)

in the round and it went right on doing business and bloomed the next season! I guess that hold them! They each of them swallowed that whole three years where they had balked on even a half of my three months!

It just shows you that Hugh and the Brass Hat were shy of an old timer in the Park Service but would believe a big shot right off the bat. And here I have been sending my perfectly honest, well meaning reports and alibis to that Brass Hat these eighteen or twenty years, and I suppose, from this experience, he hasn't believed even the half of them!

The first time I met that big shot was about 14 years ago when, coming over the old Florence road along in the night, I found him with a burned bearing, and pulled him some twenty miles into Florence. Fourteen years before he got a chance to help me out of a jam, but he was there when I gave the sign as though it were yesterday.

And now, probably both Hugh and the Brass Hat will think we are both liars, Nick, instead of believing my story because you raised the ante from three months to three years. Anyway, you helped me back into a state of grace for the time being at least and the Brass Hat accepted my facts and figures pretty much all day Sunday, except just here and there. Thanks, Old Timer.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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## RUMINATIONS

in which The Boss pops a question that has long been on his mind.

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Several years ago we had what we thought was a real brilliant idea. It related especially to the archaeological part of our work among the Southwestern National Monuments and was what we might call "The Reserve Monument Scheme". We didn't call it that at the time but this is an improvement on the old name, and we will call it that now.

We built up a nice little folder of correspondence about it, half an inch thick I would guess, and here and there we found approval and in some cases we had an argument. Finally we thought the Big Shots had decided against us, our enthusiasm faded, and we let the correspondence sort of die out. A few years passed and one of the Top Men dropped in to rest with us for a couple of days, our outfit running well enough at the time that he didn't have to put us on the pan. Just incidentally, while we were driving across the desert, I stumbled on this scheme of reserve monuments and, having nothing better to occupy the time, went over it at length. The Top Man, who was doing the driving, listened carefully through the whole exposition and then, when I had finished, said he thought it was a first class idea and why hadn't I taken it up with the Washington Office! Which checks pretty well with our theory that sometimes one of our brilliant inspirations is stifled by a minor hand instead of getting up to the Head Men.

Well, something turned up the other day in the stream of things crossing our desks which I told Hugh I was going to throw into one of our Taurian Sessions, and a discussion of it incidentally revived this Reserve Monument scheme and we decided to do a little more talking about it, for it really was a good idea.

You see, there are a couple of thousand prehistoric sites in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. A lot of these we know to be important sites and many of this class we already have under our charge. These contain large, spectacular ruins which we will want to exhibit for as many generations as possible to visitors who will want to come in order to see and examine them. These make up our archaeological southwestern national monuments. Of the other ruins, there are some which are spectacular enough to be made national monuments and this will be done in the course of time. Of the remaining sites, there are many which are on the border line of interest to visitors, but are unquestionably valuable to the archaeologist for future study. There are many others which are of interest to the archaeologist only and to which the visitor should never be attracted. It is these last two classes which worry the scientist and the conservation expert in these days.

Law or no law, prehistoric ruins in the Southwest have long been considered the spoil of anyone who came across them with a shovel in his hand. Vandalism has been going on for the last half or three quarters of a century at a steadily increased pace as automobiles became more common and better roads allowed the drivers to penetrate into the back

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## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

country. Laws alone against vandalism do no good; we have had laws against it for the last 25 years, but no one was interested or could give the time to enforce the law. We must have some particular service charged with the enforcement of the anti-vandalism laws before we can do anything toward stopping pot hunting and other vandalism.

Since the Southwestern National Monuments organization is already in the business of handling prehistoric ruins, it seems to me it would be the logical thing to extend its duties to include this new work. This would need no great expansion of our present force; increase our present personnel ten percent, give us four pick-up trucks and camp outfits, and we would be ready to go to work.

We would put these men on a Roving Ranger basis and set them to cover all the public lands in these four states. It would be their duty to locate as many as possible of the hundreds of archaeological sites in their districts and visit them as often as possible, trace down evidences of vandalism, and deal with a few of the worst examples by law. They would give lectures and personal talks as they went about their duties to all who would listen, preaching against the waste and loss of vandalism. In five years we can probably cut vandalism in half.

Fighting vandalism would be only a part of the Roving Ranger's duty. He would be expected to report on all ruins in his district and from these reports would be drawn the information which would cause us to send in our archaeological technicians who in turn would study and report on the technical value of the various sites and tell us which ones should be preserved for future study.

Now we come to our Reserve Monument scheme. Let one of our roving rangers turn up a site which has no visitor value whatever but has a high scientific value as is shown by the pottery fragments, presence or lack of certain construction, etc. There is nothing there for the visitor to see and we do not want him on the site at all, yet we want to preserve the site intact and unvandalized for the next century when some scientific institution will want to excavate and study the site and add its findings to the sum of knowledge of that particular culture. Why could we not put a proclamation on this site and put it into a classification of reserve monuments known by number only, or by a number and key, as the CCC camps are keyed, and keep it for the future scientist and the proper time for its study? Under this system when we make Reserve Monument No. 3, the visitor, will not know for what purpose it is created and its very name and number will warn him that there is nothing there of interest to the casual visitor, it will be kept out of our advertised lists of monuments which should be visited, and will be mentioned in our annual reports and other official sources by number only.

Eventually the time may come when Reserve Monument No. 3 may be excavated and studied by some properly equipped institution. If nothing spectacular from a visitor's standpoint shows up, the need for the reserve-



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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

then will be a need no longer and we will ask Congress to lift the proclamation and turn Reserve Monument No. 3 back to the public domain.

There will, however, now and then, be a border line case in those reserve monuments where, when the excavation takes place, spectacular stuff will be exposed and we will then want to keep the site and bring the visitor to it. In that case we will put another proclamation on the Reserve Monument in which we will redesignate it by name and title and it will then become one of the regular type national monuments to which the public will be invited.

This all seems rather simple to me and I was surprised that it did not go over better on its first proposal.

You must remember that while the number of prehistoric sites in the Southwest is large, the number of unvandalized sites is fairly small and is getting smaller each year. Something must be done about it pretty soon or the next generation will have no material to work with. This is offered as a solution which will not be very expensive, yet which will go a long way toward attaining the end which is sought.

*The Boss.*

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# RUMINATIONS

on another visit of the Chief.

It has been a great month, Chief, and the outstanding event, of course, was the visit of yourself and Mrs. Cammerer.

I think the first time we met was at the Petrified Forest about seventeen or eighteen years ago, wasn't it? I remember yet how surprised I was that you didn't turn out to be an elderly man with a long beard! That was a very pleasant meeting. Mrs. Cammerer was along then and after the official work was finished we went over and spent a few hours in a remote part of the desert lying around in the sunshine hunting for rubies in the ant hills; do you remember that? Where we were lying then is now within the boundaries of the Petrified Forest National Monument, within a hundred yards of a paved highway and thousands of visitors walk over that ground every month.

We then went up by train to Gallup, New Mexico, and took Bill Turner and that old Dodge of his for our guide, counselor, and friend, and made the trip out to El Morro and back by way of Zuni. That was a great trip except that the Missus was not able to go along and that took the fine edge off the fun. Do you remember we checked Bill over for canteens, shovel, and chains before we left town? Almost all the road we traveled that day has been relocated and graded and is on the way to being a weatherproof highway within a few years.

Again there was the time when you and Mrs. Cammerer stopped off with us after the Yosemite Conference and rested up here for a couple of days. Again, after official matters were out of the way, we lay around in the sunshine and talked of cabbages and kings and hunted Indian beads where the dead had been cremated six or eight hundred years ago. And I took you back to Casa Grande in that new Model "T" Ford, which some folks called the Babe because of the care I took of it and some called it the Regulator because they said everything on the road went by it, -- and you folks went to the picture show and had to get up and leave in the middle of the thriller in order to catch your train, and never knew how justice finally caught up with the villian. I know you remember all that because you recalled it to mind when you were here the other day.

Of course in the meantime we were meeting here and there at conferences, and in Washington occasionally, and on official business in the field, but at such meetings we were both pretty busy with a lot of people and the personal pleasure of such meetings could not be so great. So we were glad to have word from you this time that you could stop two or three days with us on this trip, because we have a little force built up here at headquarters now, our work having expanded hither and yon through the country as the years passed; and we wanted these other folks to know you somewhat as we knew you.

They had apparently kept you mighty busy and you had worked long

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

hours and hard before, you arrived here from the City of Mexico; you were tired. I was telling Hugh the other day about the lad who had been driving you for several days in your journeys about the City and its environs; who was so grateful at the present you gave him upon leaving and who asked if he could not give you something in return. He was quite puzzled at your laughing remark that above all things you would like for him to give you a couple of months of those wonderful Mexican siestas and a little burro to carry your fertilizer around the yard at home when you were planting your flowers in the spring! Siestas and burros were too common for him to appreciate in his young life. Well, we couldn't furnish you the burro but we will bear witness that you caught up on the siestas while you were here to the tune of about four hours per day!

It was a great visit. We knew you were as badly broke as we were so we knew we couldn't talk you out of any men, or money, or marbles and so you didn't have to keep your defenses up, and we knew that, for the time being at least, our machinery was running in oil, so to speak, so you needn't use the official dignity on us, and, as Tom Weeden once said in the Florence Blade-Tribune about 35 years ago concerning a dance which he was writing up, "a fine time was had by everybody and there wasn't a single fight!".

The whole outfit here did enjoy that evening when, after Natt's pictures, you just sat around like one of us and talked of this and that and gave us a general picture of the Service and proved to us that the man up at the top worked just as hard and had just as much fun as any man down the line,--of course, that wasn't what you were talking about, it just showed through as a side light of the talk. They are working for a man they know from now on and it makes more difference than you would think when the going gets hard.

Come again as soon as you can. We will always have the sunshine and the siestas and I hope we will have a clean slate so we won't need to use much dignity. Next time I would like for the funds to be in better shape so I could talk you out of a few thousand, but, be that as it may, you will ever be welcome and we all send the very best regards to both of you.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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# RUMINATIONS --

On Talking Too Much -

By the Boss

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It is strange how a simple and inoffensively intended phrase will rise up now and then to smite you, isn't it?

Recently I was writing an interested visitor about some of our hopes and aims at Tumacacori National Monument. Among other things I was describing the Kino room as we hope to have it in the future. In doing this I was explaining the various episodes in the life of Padre Kino and spoke of him in his younger school days as "a gay young blade." (See pg. 452 - Ed.)

My letter was shown to one who had been a student at a Jesuit school and he promptly rejected the phrase and disclaimed any gaiety on the part of young Kino; he had been a serious young man and not given to roistering around. Nor would this man allow that young Kino, who was sick unto death at 18 years of age, was at all frightened by that episode, or that it was the cause of his vow to join the Order and seek to be sent on a foreign mission if he should recover his health. He made no objection to the statement of facts; that young Kino did get sick; that he did make the vow; that he did get well; and that he did join the Order. The objection is to my inference that the youngster had lived a pretty normal life for a young man of his time; that he had been deeply impressed with his apparently impending death; that he was what we would in these days probably call "converted", and went through a deep emotional change which is reflected through the remainder of his life.

Maybe I am wrong; most of us are now and then through life; but if it can be shown that young Kino was a saintly soul as a boy who grew up with no particular spiritual trials or tribulations into a saintly man who made no missteps which worried him, I am afraid I, for one, will lose considerable interest in him. I had always considered that, as a boy, he did make those mistakes which are so common to boyhood; that as a young man he was not free from the mistakes of those young men of his time; that as an older man, he often recognized mistakes he had made and did penance for them; that he was harrassed by doubts and had grave fears that his life had been more or less of a failure; that he at times was impatient at the terrible slowness with which his superiors moved and the speed with which his life was passing and there was so much being left undone. With such conditions as he worked against for many, many years, I like to think he was human enough to have an occasional normal human reaction even as you and I would have; but that he controlled his reactions much better than we would ever do under similar circumstances.

I am reminded of a ruckus we had around the office a year or two ago about a couple of Kino statues and some memoranda we passed back and forth about them. To my mind the statues idealized the man too much; he didn't look as tired and worn as he would have looked in life.

I remember that I wrote a note to Dale about it in which I spoke of the type of western picture which predominated during the middle decades of the past century; how in the pictures of the battles on the frontier the soldiers were dressed to the last buttoned coat, the Indians had every feather in each headdress set at the precisely proper angle, and the horses were well fed, sleek animals with manes and tails flying in the wind as the

## RUMINATIONS (CONT)

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cavalry came charging across the plain in beautiful formations.

Then came a fellow called Remington, and he painted the army, and the Indians, and the water holes, and the shimmering deserts. But when his soldiers come riding into the picture out of 30 miles of hot, cloudless desert after a week on the trail of a melting, evaporating band of Indians, their coats are not buttoned to the chin; they are not sitting croct in their saddles; their boots are not polished. When the horse stops, he promptly cocks a stone-bruised foot to give it a moment's ease; he drops his head and lets his ears fall forward listlessly. The man promptly slips one foot out of the stirrup, slides a little sidewise and rests his tired body. Fred Remington's horses and men really did these things, and that is why the West promptly took Remington to its heart.

~~In a somewhat similar way I would like to have the painter and sculptor stick to the verities in dealing with our early mission history of two or more centuries ago in the Southwest. Kino did not come in from a 200 mile, hard riding trip through the Pima Country in spic and span condition. He was tired and dusty. His robe was worn and dirty. His stock was foot-sore and weary. The saddle and pack gear was broken here and there and roughly mended on the trail.~~

Why not show such conditions when we know to a certainty that they did exist? These are physical things which we know have not changed in the centuries; we know what happened when we made such trips in the earlier days of the modern times.

Stepping now from the above physical situation where we are sure of our ground, do you see how my mind automatically works out a similar solution in the analogous mental or spiritual situation of Padre Kino? I have been so certain that Padre Kino was a human boy and human young man, subject to the usual mistakes and failings of the genus! To my mind, if he did not overcome such mistakes and failings in doing the magnificent job he did during his later life, he does not deserve nearly as much credit for that job as I have been giving him these many years.

Furthermore, I hold it no disgrace for a man to go through such a mental change as I think young Kino did when he nearly died. A vow of that kind was fairly common in that day, a mental change of that kind is not uncommon in our day. The courage which carries a man through the danger of death in a short sharp fight which is full of excitement is quite different from that which happens when he looks death in the eye day after day in the impending orisis of an illness and wonders each night if he will see the sun again.

I would suggest you withhold judgment until you have been through it if you think there is anything cowardly about coming out of such an episode with a modified view on the values of life.

Yet here I go and get myself in a peck of trouble with what I think is an entirely inoffensive statement. It all goes to show, I suppose, that I talk too much.

Most of us do.

*The Rover*

# RUMINATIONS

The Southwestern Monuments have been evolving for some sixteen or eighteen years now and two or three matters have arisen in the last month to make me run back over that evolution.

The idea did not spring up overnight. No group sat down around a table and said: "Go to! We will now have a Southwestern Monuments District and it shall be thus and so big and it shall have a Superintendent and an Assistant Superintendent and three office clerks and two stenographers and four technicians, all in a special set of offices, far removed from a national monument, and they shall constitute the Southwestern Monuments Headquarters."

That would have been lovely, no doubt, and our evolution would have led us through a different set of mistakes than the ones we have committed. The trouble was that we had a group of monuments down here and we didn't have any men to speak of or any money to speak of or anything else to do anything with so we just started from zero, and, being at the bottom, the only way we could go was up. I had been running the Casa Grande for a good many years and when a case of vandalism a little more serious than usual occurred down at Tumacacori and a local cry for us to do something about it went in to Washington, having no men and no money, the Office wrote me to take over Tumacacori and do the best I could toward administering it. Next some vandalism at the Montezuma Castle caused another local cry to reach Washington and I had another monument on my string. Then came the Petrified Forest, and so, one by one, the string lengthened. I continued to live at Casa Grande National Monument and run it, handling these other monuments more or less as a side line with twelve-dollar a year men and practically no funds. The evolution was slow through those years but, looking back at it, I can see that we were making progress and were hatching out a new idea once in a while, and, our progress being slow, our percentage of mistakes was pretty reasonable, and the whole thing grew gradually and in response to the various needs.

Finally, when I got spread out pretty thin over a pretty large area, it was decided that we would put a helper here at Casa Grande and give me a little more time to get around to the other places. Having two men at Casa Grande National Monument naturally made that the headquarters of the Southwestern Monuments and after another two or three years it was so designated and I was called Superintendent. I am trying to show you how natural the evolution was; the work just grew and after you had been doing it a couple of years, the designation caught up with you, or the salary was raised another notch, or some notice was taken of the fact that the job had expanded.

This growth of the headquarters staff at one of the monuments instead of some place else was a most natural thing, because when two of us made up the headquarters staff we were also operating the Casa Grande National Monument; ~~it would have been nonsense to move off to some town leaving~~

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LIBRARY LIST (CONT.)

522. 32nd Annual Report BAE 1918.  
-Seneca Fiction, Legends and Myths, by Jeremiah Curtin and J. N. B. Hewitt.
523. 35th Annual Report BAE 1921  
-Ethnology of the Kwakiuth, by Franz Boas.
524. 36th Annual Report BAE 1921  
-The Osage Tribe, by Francis La Flesche
525. 38th Annual Report BAE 1924.  
~~-An Introductory Study of the Arts-Crafts and Customs of the~~  
Guiana Indians, by Walter E. Roth
526. 42nd Annual Report BAE 1928  
-Social Organization and Usages of the Indians of the Creek Confederacy, by John R. Swanton.  
-Religious Beliefs and Medical Practices of the Creek Indians, by J. R. Swanton.  
-Aboriginal Culture of the Southeast by John R. Swanton.  
-Indian Trails of the Southeast, by W. E. Myer.
527. 43rd Annual Report BAE 1928.  
-The Osage Tribe, by Francis La Flesche  
-Wawenock Myth Texts from Maine, by F. G. Speck.  
-Native Tribes and Dialects of Connecticut, by F. G. Speck.  
-Picuris Childrens Stores, by J. P. Harrington & Hellen H. Roberts.  
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-Exploration of the Burton Mound at Santa Barbara, California, by J. P. Harrington.  
-Social and Religious Beliefs of the Chickasaw Indians, by J. R. Swanton  
-Use of Plants by the Chipewa Indians, by Frances Densmore  
-Archeological Investigations, II, by Gerard Fowke
529. 45th Annual Report BAE 1930.  
-The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateaus by James A. Teit.  
-Tattooing, and Face and Body Painting of the Thompson Indians of British Columbia, by James A. Teit  
-The Ethnobotany of the Thompson Indians, by Elsie V. Steedman  
-The Osage Tribe, by Francis La Flesche
530. 46th Annual Report BAE 1930  
-Anthropological Survey in Alaska, by Ales Hrdlicka  
-Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri, by E. T. Denig

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Did you know that the men on duty at Casa Grande handle more visitors per man per month than any of our other men?

Now, since our natural evolution has developed our headquarters at one of the finest laboratories in our district for the study of visitors, why in the name of common sense should we take our headquarters away from this laboratory to a town in order to send our staff men back to this or some other monument so they can study visitors? Our work is entirely different from that of the Forest Service and while an analysis of their work puts their headquarters in towns, an analysis of our work would put our headquarters out where the visitors are. The visitor is our customer, not the man who wants to sell us cement. This latter man will find us wherever we are, and even he has no trouble when we are sitting on the end of a telegraph and telephone wire, have a daily mail delivered at the door and a transcontinental railroad three-quarters of a mile away.

These ruminations are caused in part by a recent offer or suggestion or what will you on the part of an Arizona city that we move our headquarters into its midst, and it doesn't seem to us it fits in with our line of evolution, which, while slow and halting and spotted with mistakes, seems to have fitted into our needs pretty well.

Cordially,

*Frank P. King*



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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

the Casa Grande unprotected.

So we continued to grow and finally came to the place where we could divorce the Casa Grande National Monument and Southwestern Monuments forces. In the process of evolution there was a period when monument men were used on staff work and staff men were used on monument work, depending upon peak loads, time of month, etc. That time is now past; both loads are heavy enough now to demand all the time of both crews, each on its own job. It was during that little period, however, that we got a good deal of yowling, from field and staff that we were sacrificing staff time, which ought to go to the field, to bolster up our favorite monument, Casa Grande. That phase is now past, but, looking back at it, I still think at that stage of our evolution we were doing the right thing.

Not many of you understand that Casa Grande has been for several years, and is right now, and will be for some time to come, one of the most important visitor contact station of the Southwestern Monuments. Knowing how to meet visitors is the second biggest job we have, or can have, in our work, - and we will never be perfect in the technique of it. We can handle our actual office work, the technique of records, etc., in a town in our district or at Casa Grande equally well, but I don't want any technicians or specialists we have or may have on our staff to get too far away from visitors. If anyone thinks all the reactions of visitors at our monuments are well known and can be predicted, I wish he would write his knowledge down in a book so we could promptly shoot it full of holes. We have been too busy thus far in the history of the Service building roads and structures and working out administrative problems to give enough time to the study of visitors, but that is not going to be a valid excuse for many years longer. Our mistakes, caused by our lack of information, are going to become so plain that we will have to do something about it, and I would like to have our men in the lead when it comes to making a serious study of visitors. The only way I know to handle the problem is to go where there are a lot of visitors and mix with them, study them and ask plenty of questions.

In the last nine months or so, of 10,558 field trips given to visitors by our custodians and rangers, 2,879, or 27.2%, were given at Casa Grande. Of the 60,806 visitors who took those field trips, Casa Grande had 21,290, or 35.01%.

Of the 4,478 museum lectures given by our men in that time, Casa Grande gave 1,683, or 37.5%.

Of the 27,592 visitors to whom those museum lectures were given, Casa Grande had 12,826, or 46.4%.

Of all the educational contacts made by our men during that time, amounting to 108,343, Casa Grande had 43,425, or 40%.

Ortho-cousin -- A cousin belonging to the same sib.; i. e., a father's brother's child under patrilineal descent or a mother's sister's child under matrilineal descent.

Orthognathous -- Characterized by relatively flat face or a large facial or maxillary angle.

Ossuary -- Place where bones of the dead are deposited.

Osteometry -- Measurement of the bones of the skeleton.

Outrigger -- An auxiliary float attached to a boat by a spar.

Paddy -- Rice, especially when growing.

Palaver -- An African parley, debate, or conference.

Pan-pipe -- A musical instrument consisting of several tubes of varying length.

Pantheism -- Doctrine that the universe as a whole is God.

Pantun -- A Malay verse form for short improvised poems.

~~Parallel-cousin -- A father's brother's or a mother's sister's child.~~

Parallelism -- The independent development of similar culture traits in different regions.

Parfleche -- An untanned buffalo hide with the hair removed, usually decorated and folded to form a bag or case. Made by Plains Indians.

Pariah -- A member of a low or despised caste.

Parka -- An outer garment of tailored skin worn by the Eskimo and Athapascans. (To be continued)

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## RUMINATIONS

partly about poultry but mostly about other things.---By the Boss.

Chief, I have been feeling rather low in my mind and humble the last day or two because of some fifteen or twenty-year-old chickens that have come home to roost.

It has to do with a chart we were making up to show the various lines of authority running from headquarters to the many field stations. In a Taurian session, which lasted so long that I barely got under the wire at six o'clock for dinner, it developed that one man was sure if we put the custodian of Casa Grande up among the headquarters it would develop a lot of grief in the minds of some of the field men who would say: "That rascal at Casa Grande is no better than we, so why is so much favoritism shown by putting him up there?" Of course, as a matter of fact, he is put up there to show that in addition to his regular duties as a custodian, we are saddling a lot of headquarters work on him, such as taking care of quarters and offices, running the machinery pool, keeping track of the condition of all field equipment, etc. There was a time when the field men claimed, with some justice, that we used headquarters men to help out the local problems at Casa Grande. That time has been gone these many moons and now we are using the local custodian to help out an overworked headquarters staff. If our headquarters were at any other place than a monument where we could do this, we would have had to ask for another man some time back in

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

order to handle this work. In other words, this is another gain we make by being located at one of our monuments instead of in the city. Among the offsetting disadvantages is this feeling of the field men that the monument at headquarters, which in reality is always being pulled and hauled around and having its routine interfered with and upset by the experiments we are continually trying out on it, is in some way a favored monument. I don't know how we can correct this impression unless we pull in one or two field men and let them have a month of this soft, easy work and thus put them in the way of finding out how much of a snap it is.

I like to tell the yarn about the old man who was counseling his son who was just starting out in the world. The old man said: "Son, honesty is the best policy; I've tried both and I know." There will probably always be a yowl between the lone-post field man and the headquarters man as to which has the worst end of the deal. Personally, my heart is with each of them for I've tried both and I know.

A man out in the sticks on our lone-post jobs has to do everything in the way of taking care of his monument and its visitors, the dirty work right along with the rest. He must work at any and all hours whenever the work is there to be done, must be late at meals and occasionally miss one, cannot have regular time off, and so on. There are some offsetting advantages to these disadvantages, but I need not name them here. I have done years of time on a lone post job and have gone through every stage of self pity at my abandoned condition and anger at the boss and the outfit up there at the main office who have abandoned me, that any of these modern field men will have great trouble working up any kind of a mad spell that I didn't go through before the Park Service was invented.

I once heard Mr. Albright tell a superintendent that a certain alibi wouldn't explain a certain situation: that he had used that alibi too often himself when he was running the Yellowstone to accept it from another superintendent. So I am with a field man--I've been there.

Especially does a field man get mad when he writes in for information or for supplies and doesn't get them by return mail. We have just been overhauling things around the office in an attempt to correct this very trouble. When the man in the field runs out of envelopes, he wants envelopes right now and no alibi or sweet talk will fill the need ten days later. On such little things hang grouches and bad feelings.

On the other hand, the field man assumes something which is far from the truth; he assumes that he knows all about what is going on at the main office and what makes that outfit up there tick. And he sometimes builds quite a high house on this flock of sand. Eventually the time comes when his house falls, but in the meantime he has been sore

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

over something that never happened as he assumed it did, and everybody has been out of humor over nothing at all. Like that field man who was all tied in knots because headquarters had feathered their nest, so to speak, with electric refrigerators and were letting the field go without. It just wasn't true; the last families to get artificial refrigeration were those at headquarters and this poor fellow had been all wrought up over something that hadn't happened.

And on the obverse side of this coin is the headquarters man who wonders what in the world that field man does with all his spare time and why can't he get those six or eight reports out promptly on the days they are due. Instead of hanging fire a few days and balling up the main report here in the office which can't be made up until they come in. And why does a field man always use his last envelope to write to you that he is now out and for goodness sake to hurry some more to him. Why does he always order his ink in the winter when it can freeze and break on the way to him and never order it in summer? Of course, it isn't always that way; the harrassed office man just thinks it is and builds a house of wrath on his flock of sand.

You understand, Chief, these little knocks are nothing that will tear the machine apart: it is running right along and delivering good service, but if we could adjust the parts to a little closer tolerance the service would be still better. If they could just understand that the man up top-side has made all these fool mistakes and take his word for it that they are mistakes, everything would run better. After all, the Boss may know the lone-post job though he doesn't happen to hold one at this time.

So the chart will have to show the custodian up in the headquarters staff for certain reasons, obscure, perhaps, to the lone field man but plain enough to the man who made and uses the chart, and if the field men will just assume that the Boss knows what he is talking about, it may save him building chicken roosts in the now far distant future.

And we will put the chart in, by the way, just to prove that there isn't any real dynamite in it.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

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# RUMINATIONS

I had really thought, since I am to meet you in the north part of my district in a couple of days, that I could rush off at the last minute in a great hurry and leave Charlie to write the Ruminations this month, Chief, but Charlie is pretty sharp about getting out of trouble and I think he suspected my intentions, for he has been pressing me two or three times this morning to "get those Ruminations off your chest because Luis is riding that new Royal high, wide, and handsome on those stencils and he will be calling for your stuff this afternoon."

There isn't much to say about headquarters affairs except that we have cut over to the new electricity this month and are now on a 60 cycle alternating U. S. Indian Service power line. This allowed us to hook up the new electric refrigerators and bid the local ice man a fond farewell. It looks like there is going to be a material saving to the funds by this change and the electric refrigerator has other advantages which the house wives crow over, so everyone but the ice man seems happy over the change. This completes the installation of refrigeration in the quarters of all our permanent employees and by next year we hope to extend it into the most trying of the temporary quarters.

It seems such a short time ago, and as a matter of fact it isn't so many years, since we were so proud of our home made ice boxes and the fact that we could really have ice out here on the desert. Now they are obsolete. Times change! I heard a coyote wail out here in the brush the other night and I felt like going out and kissing him for I imagined he was thinking of the 'good old days' and I was willing to throw in with him and wail a little too, though I expect we would be pretty soft if we were suddenly set back into these good old days. Most of the wailing we here these nights is the static breaking in on KTAR.

It looks like we are really going to get a museum and administration building at Tumacacori out of PWA funds and Gov. and I are going over to Santa Fe from our meeting with you to sit into a discussion with Ansel Hall and Chuck Richey and Art Woodward on any changes to be made in the preliminary plans before the working drawings go on the board. Wish you could come along and enjoy the fireworks. We can't get these boys interested in deep cases with movable backs, and they seem to always want to circulate their visitors to the left and have a lot of other funny ideas. I don't want to play the carping critic too much, but in these times it seems we can't start a museum with less than \$20,000 worth of specialists and cases. Isn't it lucky we didn't know that back in the days when we were running twenty thousand visitors a year through a museum whose cases cost less than fifty dollars and whose labels and maps cost nothing at all? And isn't it good that the visitors didn't know they ought not to enjoy that kind of a museum? Times change! If we weren't getting soft we would have two or three more museums of that old fashioned type working.

Let it be distinctly understood that I am for the specialists and the

morning we drove in to the Bridges, and Zeke accompanied us on the hike around the triangle, and could have walked our feet off had he wished. He carried a large water bag, which was a great boon when our small canteen was empty, and whenever we seemed a little tired he talked Navajo to us. We had intended to go only to the Augusta Bridge and back, but Zeke made it so completely plausible that it was much easier to go around by the Caroline that we'd have felt foolish to go any other way.

Thus ended our tour of the Monuments for 1936. We had intended to return to Canyon de Chelly, and to Mesa Verde and thence to Aztec and Chaco, but it was drawing on toward the rainy season, and we had traveled 5,000 miles since the first of May, so we decided we'd have to leave those Monuments, together with the ones we've never seen, for next time.

We wonder, as we think back over this, whether we have stressed too much the joys of camping in the Monuments. That really is part of the fun, though, and we feel that one must see the Monuments in different aspects to really appreciate them. Personally, we'd like to see them at all seasons of the year - yes, even the rainy season, if we didn't have to worry about the roads out.

In conclusion, we wish to assure you, Boss, that we fully realize, and that the fact has been impressed upon us, that we have visited seventeen of "the finest Monuments in the Southwest - or in the country - or in the world". That is, all except one. Paul Beaubien told us to be sure to tell you that Walnut Canyon was the worst Monument - so that no one would try to take it away from him! We feel that you are to be congratulated on being the Superintendent of twenty-five such Monuments, and that it is not alone our privilege but our duty to make our record complete by seeing all the rest.

Best regards to you and all our other Southwestern Monuments friends, and we shall look forward to renewing acquaintance on our next trip in that direction.

Sincerely Yours,

RUTH & MILLARD HENNING

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After writing the article on the death of R. H. Kern I read some Utah history and found that I had made a few mistakes. The date of the Gunnison Massacre was 1853 instead of 1854, Gunnison was a captain instead of a lieutenant, and it took place on the Sevier River instead of on the Gunnison. These facts are confirmed by Charles Kelly, so I believe they are surely correct this time.....

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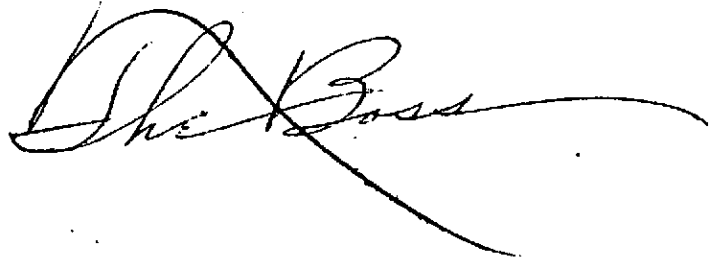
RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

glass cases but don't let us fool ourselves into believing that visitors come to the new type of museum to see either one. If our plans work out we are going to have a lovely building at Tumacacori and the many displays are going to be striking, we think we will be able to build a real impression on the visitor's mind, but I am willing to go on record now with the statement that we can't hold him ten minutes longer in that building than we can at the Casa Grande museum. We will deepen his impression that it is a very wonderful and interesting visit, but I doubt if he can write down any more statements of fact which he has learned than he can after going through the Casa Grande museum. I will be very happy if the visitor statistics prove me wrong in all these statements.

If Tom Charles had a prehistoric ruin under his charge instead of a lovely sand pile, he would have caught what I mean when I said taking care of the visitor was the second most important thing we had to do in the Park Service. Protection was the first duty I had in mind, and then, after we get protection, so future generations can enjoy the Monument with as little disintegration, destruction and vandalism as possible, our second duty lies toward the visitor. If you don't believe this let me ask what would happen if one visitor started to cut down a tree in your camp ground or write his name on a prehistoric wall or build a camp fire on top of Tom's beautiful sand dunes, when you were starting to show some other visitors around? Protection would come first and you would show your visitors around later, of course.

and now August passes over into September and we will be able to take the second story off the office thermometer and expect it to stay within the first hundred degrees and we can begin to look forward to the fall and winter work.

Cordially,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dr. Bass". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

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# RUMINATIONS

I have recently discovered that there are still a few of the old style Southwestern roads left in this district. We got a sharp contrast recently when, after driving from Cameron to the Colorado River over that fine piece of road, and crossing the bridge, I asked Don Carlos to turn to the right and go up to the old Lee's Ferry Crossing over that six miles of old time road. It is a typical stretch of what dozens of miles of the old Lee's Ferry road used to be and gives one a great appreciation of the present road around to the north rim of the Grand Canyon. We tried to take some pictures of the 'dug-way' as the local folks call it, on the far side of the river where the shelf road ran up from the crossing to the top of the cliffs. The films are not yet developed and we don't know what success we had, but examined from where we stood, it gives you a great respect for these modern roads we are traveling. Then, when you are thanking your stars you don't have to go up that dugway with a Model T Ford, one of the natives will come along and tell you; "That sure was a great improvement when it was built. Now when the Mormons first crossed here they took their bull teams and wagons up that ridge over yonder and went out over the top back up there;" and he points up a twenty-five percent grade which is about as wide as the ridge pole of a house roof and which wanders off up to the tops of the cliffs, giving at least a hundred chances to pile your outfit up in that many canyons before you ever reached the plateau.

Last year, when we were parking at the little Lodge at Cameron, where Mr. and Mrs. Richardson make resting a fine art, and were expecting to go out to Lee's Ferry the next day, I made inquiries of a California driver who had just come through on the Lee's Ferry road as to its condition. He said it was in terrible bad condition, a lot of it was not yet surfaced and there was one stretch of ten miles that was not even graded! The next day we spun along at forty miles an hour over that terribly bad road and wondered how those old Mormons with their bull teams would have reported on it. After all, good roads are largely a matter of comparison.

Going down into Zion Canyon over those beautiful grades and through that magnificent tunnel, I was reminded of the time we slipped and skidded the old Model T down that steep slope into Rockville the second summer after it was built and, meeting Dave Dennett on a road drag near the bottom, stopped to compliment him on the quality of road he was maintaining. Dave said it was sure in good shape and he had lowered the grade since last year, too; there wasn't a bit of it over twenty-five percent now! The old Model T wouldn't feed gas to the carburetor going up that grade but we were set for emergencies like that in the way of a tire valve soldered into the gas tank allowing us to pump air into the gas tank and make the old girl get her gas up any hill she could navigate. There was another one of those steep grades, running about twenty-seven percent, going up the Carlsbad Cavern hill when we took it over. Fords didn't feed gas up that grade either.



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TEXAS MISSIONS (CONT.)

1840 or so, La Bahia (Goliad) and San Antonio were the key points of Texas.

Mission N. S. del Santisimo Rosario was also on the San Antonio River close to Goliad, about four miles from Espiritu Santo.

According to all references that I can remember, N. S. Del Refugio was established in 1791, not 1793.

The west Texas missions (At El Paso and at Presidio) were separate from those of east and south Texas, and really belong rather with the New Mexico chain, tying in especially with the Salinas missions; but I want to be sure that they are not forgotten - S. Francisco de las Sumas and others; founded between 1680 and 1690 and thus even older than the Texas missions proper.

There are some other points that I think are a little off, but my notes aren't immediately available. May I refer you to the extremely fine publications on the history of Spanish Texas by H. E. Bolton.

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## THREATENING ROCK

By Andrew E. Clark, Transitman

The following is a report on the Threatening Rock near Pueblo Bonito at Chaco Canyon.

On November 2, 1935, Mr. C. E. London and I set a steel bar and pipe in the cliff and the Threatening Rock respectively, both set in concrete in such a manner that the bar was allowed to slide freely on the inside of the pipe if any movement should occur. A mark was made on the bar at the end of the pipe with a hack-saw blade.

On September 21, Mr. Hamilton and I made an inspection of the gauge and a movement of one-half inch was indicated.

Mr. Hamilton is of the opinion that we did not fasten the rod into the solid cliff, but into a rock which might have moved some. It is my opinion that if this rock on the cliff side had moved, it would be much more probable that it would move outward and not back toward the cliff. In this case, the movement of the Threatening Rock would be even greater than the one-half inch as indicated by our gauge.

We plan on setting two additional gauges similar to the one already set, for a more accurate check on the Threatening Rock.

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

We found another piece of road which kept Don Carlos fairly busy for a couple of hours. It was that stretch between Richfield and Price where you go over the mountains. It is about as rough as it was twelve or fourteen years ago when I first went over it and as crooked as it well can be and a railroad track goes over through that same pass and it and the road swap sides about every quarter of a mile; and Don Carlos didn't find out, it being in the night, until we were nearly through the pass, that the blamed railroad had been abandoned four or five years ago and there wasn't any particular danger of a train running us down on one of those hairpin turns when we were crossing the tracks. We broke a front spring and a rear shock absorber arm on that stretch of road, so you know it wasn't any boulevard.

I like these old pieces of the roads of other days, but I don't want too many of them!!

On the other hand, it is interesting to wind over these easy grades on a paved surface going up some of these passes and look down on the twisting, winding, stair-case grade of other days, now abandoned and overgrown, and wonder how you ever coaxed a Model T up there.

After all, good roads are just a matter of comparison; if my Grand-dad, when he crossed the plains in '51 could have had a road as good as that one in which we broke our spring how happy he would have been!

Cordially,

*The Boss -*

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## RUMINATIONS

Johnwill Faris struck a note which has been ringing in my ears ever since his monthly report came in. It has to do with the stabilization of ruins.

It seems terribly hard to work up much interest in the repair and protection of prehistoric ruins, and I don't quite know why. Possibly it is because we are all prone to get into a rut and not look out much over the sides of it. A good many years ago we got into the road building rut and now we can look straight down that run and not bat an eye over a proposed expenditure of a half-million dollars. On the other hand, if we look out sidewise and see the need of expending a hundred thousand dollars in ruins repair and stabilization we get in quite a dither about it and have to expert it for several years with engineers, archaeologists, Branch of Plans and Design men and a lot of other specialists to see if we can't whittle the sum down to the vanishing point or prove that it is all a mistake and six hundred year old walls don't need any repairs.

Looking back at it, I can remember what a ruckus was raised when it was proposed to allow automobiles to enter our national parks and I recall that it took quite an educational campaign before that new idea was brought to pass.

I suppose just such an educational campaign will be necessary to convince every body concerned of the need of a regular item in our budget for the stabilization of ruins and the last five or ten years that we have been hammering on this question have not been wholly wasted but are just the preliminary steps in this campaign. It is true that we have been getting about a thousand dollars now and then for this purpose, but with about three hundred ruins to take care of the three and a third dollars per ruin doesn't really do much toward stopping erosion, getting drainage, underpinning walls, and so on. It will take real money to handle this situation just as it takes real money to handle our road situation in the parks.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

# RUMINATIONS

Well, Chief, I don't feel like running any foot races yet but I'm getting almost to the point where I'm afraid I will have to go to work before long.

Something went wrong with my pump and the Doc promptly ran me into drydock and told me I would lie on my back until it healed up. Of course, the first thing you discover in such a case, is that the outfit gears up just a little, takes your duties along with its own, and goes right on turning out the usual mass of work. At first this makes you feel pretty useless but you finally come to the conclusion that it would be a lot worse if things went to pot every time you went off the job; that would prove you couldn't delegate work and were not much of a Boss.

From my own standpoint I have been having a grand vacation - no aches, no pains, a good appetite with enough to eat and all the time to catch up on a lot of back reading I've been wanting to do these past twenty years; high brow stuff - Don Quixote, nine hundred pages of him with a laugh on every page - The Iliad in a prose translation which brings out the sense much better than the rhyming or blank verse editions which I had heretofore read - the Oddeasy in the Lawrence translation - four or five plays of Aristophanes - oh, we had a grand high brow review.

Then there was Seven Pillars, which I have not yet found time to read and Gladys Reichards' books on the Navajo, and Will Robinson's Thirsty Earth and an endless procession of magazines, papers and so on. It has been a busy time.

Everyone, in and out of the Service, has written and I'll have to stay in dry dock a month or two more if I work the puzzles and brain teasers that have showered out of the mail sack. Especially are we having trouble with nine little pieces of wood in a little box which you are supposed to move this way and that until you transfer the big piece from one corner to another. It looks so simple on the face of it and proves so complicated that I hardly need explain it comes directly from the Legal Department of the Washington Office.

And now Charlie Steen comes in to say that Luis is waiting to cut stencil on this copy and so the last page of another monthly report starts on its way. These fellows sure turn out a good report when I let them alone, don't they?

THE BOSS

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## BIRDS AT MONTEZUMA (CONT.)

and with very little fuss.

The same day we saw five baby Green Herons, well able to fly, but extremely clumsy about it. One almost fell out of a tree after lighting there.

A young Kingbird and several young Mourning doves have been seen. The doves are fairly tame, I suppose because they want to put off flying as long as possible, even though they are good at it.

Our Say Phoebe finally gave up her second nest of eggs. On July 1 she was very inattentive, and by the eighth had abandoned the nest and left the vicinity. I wonder if she found out that the young were dead in the eggs. The shells looked dark.

The birds that were missing last month must simply have evaded me, because they are all back again, Vermillion Flycatcher, Texas Nighthawk, and Cliff Swallows. The Great Horned Owl we have heard, but not seen. July 8, I saw the Cliff Swallows wheeling through the air by the cliff west of the Castle, and from the tenth on they have been seen nearly every day around the Castle itself.

On July 15 Norman Jackson first identified the call of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo. It has been around since then, and we were both lucky enough to see it, on the 22nd and 23rd.

Earl and I ran into a covey of baby Quail on the evening of July 19. They were second brood (?) smaller than baby chicks, striped and spotted. The father fussed about and clucked to them and they stayed under a bush, where they were very hard to see. When we moved on, his notes changed, and they came scurrying towards him through the brush. We could only be sure of a count of six, though there may have been more.

On the 23rd, while swimming, I saw a Desert Black-throated Sparrow hopping about among the rocks and brush of the bank. He is one of the very "chic" members of the Sparrow family.

Two last minute bird notes include a tentative identification of a Green-backed Goldfinch and an immature, and of a Swainson Hawk.

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## RUMINATIONS

By the Boss

Chief, it was just four years ago that you took over as Director and our monthly report carried the following as a foreward:

"This is the first monthly report we men of the

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Southwestern Monuments have the pleasure of making to you as Director. May it be the first of a long line of reports reaching down through the coming years!

"Some of us have worked with you for about 14 years and you have bound us to you by your patience, kindness and courtesy. We are your men and we will back you with our money, chalk and marbles. We know the duties we owe to the Government and I believe you will find we will fulfill them always to the best of our ability, but I wish you would feel that after our official loyalty to the Director is given, there is a personal loyalty to you which we wish you would call upon when things look black and you need some extra service not called for in our regular line of duty; you will get it promptly and it will be delivered with a smile."

I don't know that we can add much to that after the first four years service with you as Director, Chief, but there most certainly isn't a word of it that we want to take away; we are still your men and we still have that personal loyalty to you in addition to the official loyalty to your position.

All the hectic days of CWA, WPA and ECW have beaten upon us and gone their way. We have grown beyond any dreams of four years ago; we measure our forces by the thousands now where we measured them by the hundreds then; but I am sure the nucleus of old-timers will join us in wishing you many more years of hard work as the head of the Service.

Cordially,

*Frank Pindley*

# RUMINATIONS

By the Boss.

In our slow growth over the years we have had a problem which used to bother us not at all but has gradually come to worry us more and more. It relates to vacations.

I suppose it is the theory of the Government that when a man takes his vacation his fellows will take over some of his work and the remainder will pile up and be waiting for him when he returns; that somehow we will muddle through. I suppose this because, although we are ordered to give vacations, no arrangements have ever been made for the extra funds needed to pay additional help to handle the jobs while the men are gone.

Here is our situation: at each of 11 isolated posts we have only one man on duty. If each of these men is to receive his annual leave which, under the law, must be granted, it would take all the time of one man for 11 months to relieve successively these 11 lone-post men. The 12th month would be used for his own leave, so this means one full-time job as a relief man. The other alternative, if these 11 men are to get their leave, is to simply abandon each post for one month in the year and take our chances on vandalism, theft, fire, etc., to say nothing of the lack of service to the public for that length of time. Assuming that we want to have continuous service and protection at these 11 lone-post monuments, we need one extra man.

At each of four monuments we have only two men on duty. Heavy travel and size of physical plant makes it as serious to leave these places with only one employee as to leave one of the lone-post places with none. Your lone man trying to hold down a two-man post must go to town for mail and supplies and on official business; he has to work a seven-day week; he has to lock the public out during his meal hours. When there are only two men on the job it is impossible for one to perform all the duties of both for a month. If it were possible for him to do this without being overworked, then why have the second man at all, for in the statement of the case you make it a one-man job. If you agree with me, then the relieving of these eight men on these four two-man monuments will take eight months of another relief ranger's time if your monuments are going to function uninterruptedly.

We have not yet made provision for sick leave in the case of these 19 employees, all of whom must be relieved when they are absent, nor for extended absences on official business, normally a week to ten days annually for each custodian. This readily adds up to three more months, making another total of 11 calendar months of absolutely necessary leave time. The 12th month is the extra employee's own annual leave and we thus account for another full-time relief ranger.

There is nothing academic about this discussion: the situation is very real and very painful and we are stuck with it! The only out

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

we see is to set up two full-time relief ranger positions.

It seems to me the way to handle this would be for the Budget to recognize that it costs something to give a man a vacation and so let us set up one and one-twelfth salaries per year on these jobs, This would allow us, in our own particular case which is worrying us, to hire the two extra men who would do nothing but relieve these 19 employees. It is an item easy to foresee and compute and we would think it would be a very proper item for the estimates.

Suppose we try it next year and see if the Budget thinks it shouldn't cost anything to give 19 employees their annual leave in the circumstances outlined above; or that the cost should fall in poor service or no service to the public and vandalism and theft at the lone-post monuments; or that it is a regular and normal item of expense to be handled in the budget like any other item we can foresee and estimate on.

Cordially,

*The Boss,*



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# RUMINATIONS AND REVERBERATIONS

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## RUMINATIONS

By The Boss

### On Being Wrong

Once in a while, here in the office, the argument comes up as to whether or not anyone ever reads our monthly report. We don't mean from cover to cover for, in part, we make use of the report to simply file some statistics and other matter which we want to keep handy for months or years; but we mean in general, do people read the report? Well, I discovered a method of finding out.

Just write something in it which isn't true and, before you think the report has a chance to cross two states in the mail, you will begin getting corrections! I know because I have done it. Just a couple of months ago I wrote something about the possibility of burning the top off a couple of mountains in the Saguaro National Monument which intimated that we didn't have enough funds to wad a shotgun to say nothing of protecting that forest. "Boy on a wagon" as Dick Grigsby used to say, did I get an answer? First the Regional Head, then a technician up there, then Johnnie Coffman's boys, and so on up the line. All calling attention to the fact that we had some funds over in the F.F.V. appropriation, and what for were we talking about being broke?

What's more, it was a fact! I was dead wrong, which in itself is not such a surprising thing, for I often find myself on the wrong side of an argument when the evidence is all in, and do an about face and try to look as if I had been on the right side all the time, just like any other dub; you know how it is. The thing that struck me hardest about all this was that we could possibly have several hundred dollars that I could forget about. That is a far cry indeed from the old days of vest pocket appropriations when we knew to a split nickle at all times how much money we had, and knew that only a miracle could get us through the fiscal year on it. Since then appropriations and bookkeeping have become much more complex and it keeps a man on his toes to keep up with his various allotments.

My apologies to the boys and I hope this will set the record straight.

### On Plans

I hope Doc. doesn't find out I broke training on him last night and sat up until about eleven o'clock in a little six-handed argument on Public Works plans; he might not like it.

Anyway, it was a great session and some of it has been running through my mind today, straws showing where the wind lies, you might say.

There was, for instance, that fine argument we had about how much glass to use in a house.

The southwestern Indian, after about a thousand years of experimentation, settled on a little window and a fair sized door in his room and thus got his ventilation by leaving both open, and got enough light to do the

## RUMINATIONS & REVERBERATIONS (CONT.)

eye work he had to do inside the house.

We might warn the newcomer to the Southwest not to go into the Indian's house and cry about its lack of fenestration. If he will stick around until the middle of the next summer, he will be glad to retire from the intense heat and blinding glare of the desert sun to the cool, dark interior of the Indian's house and may then realize that the Indian has hit upon a pretty good solution of one of his problems.

Now comes, in this sheaf of plans, the plan of a house which is to be tucked up under a rock ledge and is going to look out to the northeast on a couple of thousand square miles of special scenery, made by the Lord, Himself, and the colors have never faded.

This plan has the whole side of the living room, which faces in that direction, made of glass. Shall we leave it or ask for a change? Every man around that little table knew that view and loved it. Every man approved the glass wall in an otherwise so-called "Santa Fe" type house. Looking back on it now, from the viewpoint of the cold gray lawn of the morning after, I wonder if we are right?

Ever since I heard some one else say it, I have held that it would be wrong to build a home on the rim of the Grand Canyon; it would become an overpowering view and might warp the spirit or nerves of one who lived with such a view constantly in his eye. The Painted Desert view is almost as big in a different way; so big that I am beginning to doubt the advisability of trying to bring it into the living room and put it in somebody's lap.

Indians, who have lived in the country for more than a thousand years, evolved the method of going out in front of the house to make baskets, stone axes, bone awls; to weave cloth, or just loaf and talk. When they had enough of this, they returned to the house for peace and rest. Maybe we had better save the living room for that purpose too and go out on the terrace, or portal, or porch when we feel the need of the great space and the wonderful colors we know are awaiting us.

Next we went around this house plan and found a whole side of the house which had no view because there was a young cliff in the foreground shutting off the view in that direction; yet here again we had the whole side of the house designed as a wall of glass. In this case, we had two glass-walled bed rooms and a glass-walled bath room!

After the sound and the fury died down, the supporting architect had swapped his transparent glass wall for a translucent glass brick one and was still meeting objections from some of the conservatives who, while they might admit they were handsome fellow, stuck at a glass-walled bath room even though the wall might be only translucent.

### On Lay-outs

Another interesting angle was brought up by this group of new plans. It was a belief that we should scatter our development as against the old

## RUMINATIONS & REVERBERATIONS (CONT.)

idea that we should concentrate it.

Remember now, I am a monument man, dyed-in-the-wool, and I cannot look at this problem nor talk of it from a park standpoint; I can only talk of it from the standpoint of the 26 stations we operate.

From our standpoint, then, there is often objection to scattering the development. First; it is not economical of personnel nor of time. If you put your utility area a thousand feet from your administrative building on a one-man station, your man cannot work in peace of mind at the utility area for fear visitors may be coming and going at the administrative area without his knowledge. Yet you don't want him sitting around in his administrative building waiting for visitors who will not come that morning, while there is work waiting for him over at the equipment shed.

If you say you will put the two in sight of each other but still develop them as separate units, my reply is that in many of our sparsely wooded stations, where you cannot hide a goat and much less can you hide a group of houses, the scattered effect of two or three separated houses or groups of houses is not very pleasing to a visitor.

Does this matter of separation of the utilities hark back to the days when a barn close to the house brought too many flies and too much odor? And are we still putting the barn at some distance from the house after the barn has become a garage with neither flies nor odor? Do we tuck utility areas very carefully out of sight because we are ashamed of them? Or are we trying to fool the visitor into believing that we do not use road machinery, trucks and other such equipment?

After all, and this may startle you as much as it did me when I figured it out, a tractor or a power grader is just as beautiful as a blue ribbon bull dog. They are all three power incarnate, they are built on good clean lines and they do superbly the work they were designed to do. Why make so much fuss about hiding them away?

From the philosophical standpoint, what is the objection to grouping the structures at a monument into the fewest groups possible? Why not let the visitor see that we are well equipped in men, machinery, and buildings to take care of his property and then let him forget it all as he enjoys the monument which he came to visit? He doesn't believe the dwarfs or pixies take care of the roads or keep the equipment running, so I can't see why he should be shocked to find that we have all the proper utility, residential, and administrative structures to administer the area.

From the administrative standpoint, I need only point to the Navajo country, where several of these new structures will be erected, and ask you to study the development of the Indian trading post. You don't find the house here, the store a couple of blocks over there, the corrals a quarter of a mile around the corral and so on. You find them all in a pretty compact group, administrative, residential, utility areas, in one general group where the administrators have things under their hand and can handle their duties with the least expenditure of time and labor.

Are we sure we are right to throw this result of a century of evolution over the fence in order to get room to start a scattered type of

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## RUMINATIONS & REVERBERATIONS (CONT.)

construction which, in a century, did not evolve naturally?

I wonder.

My plea is to the Branch of Plans and Design, and I ask them to remember the poor fellows who will have to live with our mistakes for the next 20 or 30 years. I am aware that too much convenience might lead to an unsightly landscape; please remember, on the other hand that too much landscaping sometimes leads to 20 years of inconvenience. Somewhere in between we may find the proper solution of the problem.

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### REVERBERATIONS

BRANCH OF PLANS AND DESIGN COMMENT:

By Harvey Cornell,  
regional landscape architect.

In response to "Ruminations", by The Boss, I wish to offer the following views as my humble contribution toward solving the development problems of Southwestern Monuments.

It is rather a coincidence that I had already made a notation, to be forwarded to The Boss, in which the Branch of Plans and Design was to express its appreciation of the Monthly Reports of Southwestern Monuments. We like the style of these reports and the information they contain.

With respect to the proposed residence for Lupatki, the introduction, by the architect, of a rather spacious treatment of glass, reflected a rather commendable up-to-date tendency to "brighten up" the interior of the residence. We are certain the future occupants will appreciate the fact that the design has recognized recent trends toward improved living conditions. In this connection, the architect has stated -- "The general trend in up-to-date (not Modern) design is toward greater use of glass and open spaces." However, the completed final plans will, of course, be subject to changes upon further review by Southwestern Monuments.

There was one statement by The Boss in connection with the paragraph on "Layouts" I can not concur in, namely: "It was a belief that we (Branch of Plans and Design) should scatter our development, as against the old idea that we should concentrate it." It is not the intention of the BOP&D to foster "scattered" development under any circumstances.

The primary factors, as I see it, affecting the layout of buildings within a monument are: 1, Administrative control; 2, Influence of site -- natural character, restriction of area, and; 3, Future expansion beyond definite current needs.

The problem of administrative control must receive first consideration, responsibility for the final decisions to rest with Southwestern Monuments, the number and duties of employees being the principal factor.

With respect to the influence of site, no two sites are identical. Differences in topography, space limitations, and existing vegetation lead to different solutions. At Walnut Canyon the headquarters building occupies the center of the stage. To further dominate the limited site with

BRANCH OF PLANS & DESIGN COMMENT (CONT.)

residence and utility structures would be sacrilege. Therefore, as a compact group the service buildings are slightly detached and effectively screened by existing tree growth.

At Ponzuma Castle, the layout is quite similar, the residence and utility area being quite distinctly separate from the headquarters area for obvious reasons. At Tonto, an extremely limited development might permit the compact grouping of all structures. At White Sands, the impressive and rather extensive development is justified as a single group. There is no conflict between the buildings and the "Sands" some distance away.

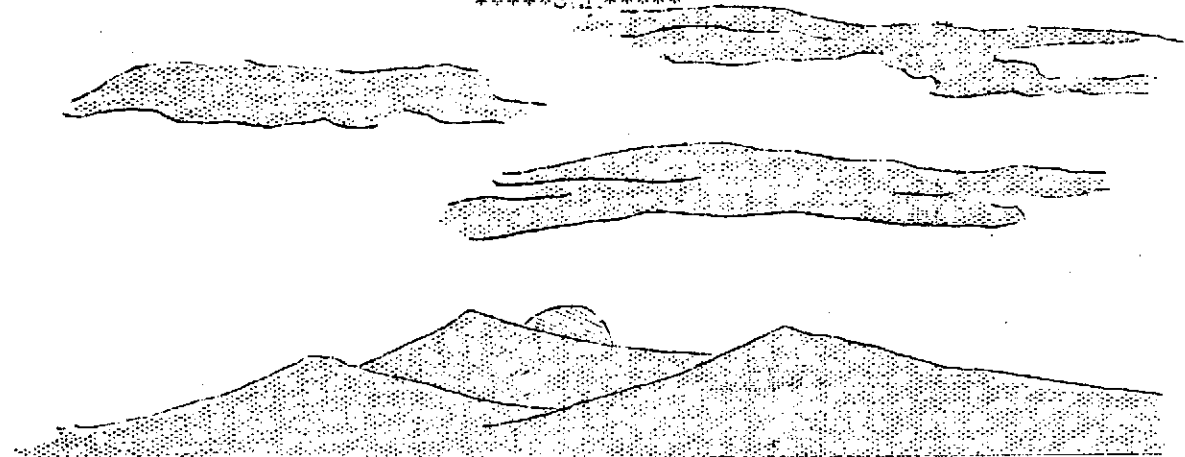
Just the opposite occurs at Carlsbad Caverns where the original conception (architecturally sound) is bound to dear, through rapid expansion, the significance of the cavern entrance, because the two are in direct conflict.

At Wupatki, the ruins will form its own picture, the headquarters development not too dominant an accessory, and justly so. If future expansion must eventually go beyond the one-man control the resultant development on the limited site may completely dominate the ruins. Can one be certain that Wupatki will not eventually shelter all maintenance equipment for the proposed Loop Road? I do not believe two groups of buildings will appear scattered--one being considerably less conspicuous than the other.

This single grouping of buildings is difficult from another angle. We are dealing with two separate and distinct functions; one, public contact (the front yard), the other, private service (the back yard). And I do not believe John Public is very much interested in the latter. Furthermore, conspicuously located service buildings excite the architect to unnecessary extremes in design and cost. And isn't it true that an employee's residence, to be thoroughly livable, must show that it is occupied inside and out, almost to the point of untidiness?

In conclusion, I should say that extremely limited development would justify a single structure or grouping of structures. Where present and future development may go beyond this point, public contact buildings should be given first consideration.

\*\*\*\*\*S.I.\*\*\*\*\*



# RUMINATIONS

In which names are changed and it is pointed out that jobs by any other names are just as big---  
By The Boss

I don't like to be a carping critic, but something came up at one of our Taurian Sessions the other night which caused me to do a little ruminating and I might as well perpetuate the gist of it by embalming my thoughts in the Monthly Report.

We are not very happy about some of these official titles down among the Southwestern National Monuments. We realize that we will not be able to do anything officially about it, but if I had those old files we used to run before this present office crew of ours streamlined them, I would consider putting some of these undesirable titles in those old files and then they would be lost forever.

For instance: we have an Assistant Park Naturalist who isn't an assistant to anybody, isn't connected with any park, and who isn't doing the work of a naturalist. Aside from those little objections, the title is quite definitive and might be said to fit the case nicely.

Then we have a Junior Archeologist job which is filled by a man who specialized in archeology for four years in school and who has been doing a multitude of other things with us. Again we have a Junior Naturalist who does a lot of things that don't look naturalistic on the surface though they may run back to some natural root.

We have park rangers who do not work in a park and who do not range.

We used to call these fellows 'the educators' among ourselves because they worked with, or in, or under the Branch of Research and Education, but recently that name has been changed to Research and Information, and we can't call them "informers" because that name has a sort of bad odor, like Budlong's "Gertrude" when he got into the cat spanker.

As I say, this question came up at our Taurian Session Monday night a week ago, and one member present proposed calling all of these fellows on our force who meet, and talk with, and guide the public and work up the museum displays and the information trails and so on, by the generic term of "Interpreters", and their work as "Interpretive Work." Then, just as some of us think we are "Administrators" belonging to the "Administrative Division" and doing "Administrative Work", so we will have "Interpreters" belong to an "Interpretive Division" and doing "Interpretive work".

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RUMINATIONS (cont'd.)

I was just talking this over with Hugh, whose business it is to put the brake on all new ideas, and he pointed out that the late Mr. Webster, in his popular book, prefers interpretative to the shorter and easier word. My reply was that I, too, had consulted his friend before this matter came to a head in our Session, and I noticed that Mr. Webster allowed the word without the "ta" to creep in below the last, as it were, like a poor relation who might gather what crumbs he could by being one of those "also present", but who was below the important line near the bottom of the page and thus among the bar sinister words, which just got in by the skin of their teeth, as the D.A.R. rules describe it.

This, however, is a case where the dexter word does not appeal to me and, as you may have noted now and then, we sometimes differ in our spelling in the monthly report from the ideas set forth by the authorities, so we hope you will bear with us if we here choose the lesser rather than the greater authority.

Natt happens along at this time and suggests, upon being told what kind of chaff is going through the machine, that we call them the "Division of Interpretation and Stabilization." Personally, I don't think they are entitled to that much lineage; and anyway, those long words sound too important; the boys just couldn't live up to them.

Another thing in favor of this new word usage, should it take upon proper exposure, is that a lot of us who work with visitors; rangers and custodians as well as those on the scientific side, will come in under the designation, all being interpreters because they are dealing with the visitor in the sense of interpreting the monument to him.

Of course the objection was immediately raised that, with our forces strung about 800 miles along the border, the general public might get the idea that our interpreters were fellows who talked Mex. or Indian, but that wouldn't be any greater misunderstanding than some of these names we now bear. The word "interpreter", on the other hand, does have a meaning which fits precisely what we are doing; we may have a ranger-historian who neither ranges nor does a historian's work, but the Interpreter would really interpret history, nature, and science to the layman who always wants to know but shies away from the thought of becoming educated.

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At a previous session, Dale had presented some very interesting notes on "The functions of the Naturalist Division" which dealt with the work of our Interpreters. (See "Random Papers in this Supplement -- Ed.)

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RUMINATIONS (cont'd)

He held that their work was divided into two sections: A, Protection, and B, Use. These two sections would be subdivided so that the table of functions would look about as follows:

The Naturalist, or Interpretive Division, functions as follows, in its overhead work:

A. Protection by

1. Stabilization of Antiquities.
2. Museum and storage of artifacts (Preparation and Preservation.)
3. Development (Protecting Sacred areas.)

B. Use by

1. Visitor contact and coordinating.
2. Gathering and recording information.
3. Planning and installing interpretive devices.  
(Museums, shrines, trail exhibits, guide trips, caravans, lectures, etc.)

This is not the place to go into detail on this outline of functions; that will be done elsewhere. I would like to tell here how I floored the boys at one of our Sessions by asking them to each make an estimate of the distribution of 20 men for a five year period who would cover those functions in our organization.

Twenty men sounds like an army and the boys admitted afterward that they thought it was a terribly high number, but, like good fellows, they made up their figures and then we compared our estimates.

There were five men present and they estimated that under A-1, Stabilization of Antiquities, we could use four, three, six, three, and four men for the next five years. The average of these estimates was four men and we then figured that with two men to the gang and two gangs of workmen, we could certainly keep those men going for the next five years on the technical supervision of ruins stabilization for the ruins which are now under our charge, to say nothing of the two or three new archeological monuments which may be added to our group in that time.

On the A-2 phase of protection, Museum and storage of artifacts, the estimates ran two, four, two, three, and 2-2/3, or an average of about 2-1/2. Under this head, we mean cleaning and restoration of artifacts, preserving, pickling, and protection of flora and fauna specimens, cataloging, storing, etc., but do not include installing exhibits, which would fall under Use B-3.



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RUMINATIONS (cont'd.)

Looking at it in the light of our detailed knowledge of the immense task before us in the interpretive work of the Southwestern Monuments, we decided we were a little on the conservative side with our average estimate of 2-1/2 men to handle that job.

Under the A-3 phase of protection, Guarding or Protecting Sacred Areas, by which we mean doing the research to determine minor ruin sites and sacred areas and then checking all plans and seeing that all development is kept away from these areas, two of those present thought that it would need no especial man power for this work but the job could be handled in the regular line of other duties. The other three thought one-fourth, one-fourth, and one-third of a man's time could well be devoted to this phase. We averaged this out, upon consultation and argument, at one-half man, though I am personally on the low side of that estimate.

So far this adds up to seven men who could be busy for at least five years in the protection angle of the functions of the Interpretive Division.

Under the Use angle, we find B-1, Visitor Contact and Coordinating. Here is one of the real big jobs of the Interpreter. We want him to analyze more than a quarter of a million visitors per year and tell us what they want and how they will best absorb information. We want him to tell us why and how much they change from year to year in their desires for information. This work is vital to the museum planning program. We want him to study our 30 or more interpreters on the custodian and ranger forces and plug all the weak spots where our interpretive program is not getting across to the public. There are plenty of minor angles under this B-1, but I have said enough to show you it is a real job and we showed our respect for it by saying that it ought to have five, four, four, four, five persons on it. After some discussion we put down an average of four; and I, personally, think we could use more.

Under B-2, Gathering Information, we class such things as digging out and recording all the geological, biological and anthropological and other scientific lines of information on all of our 26 monuments and arranging them in such order that they are all easily available for use in our general planning of the interpretive work. Here again, we thought we had an important line of work and the estimates ran five, four, four, four, two on the man power needed. We talked this over and decided on an average of four persons, one of whom would have to be a librarian-typist.

Under B-3, Planning and Installing Interpretative Devices, we are considering the persons who will interpret the groundwork laid down under B-1 and B-2.

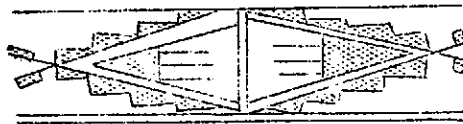
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RUMINATIONS (cont'd.).

This will be the force which plans and installs museums, shrines, trail exhibits, guided trips, caravans, lectures, and other means of getting information to the visitor. We considered this another very serious branch of the work of the interpreters and allowed an estimate of four, 4-3/4, four, 5-1/2, and six persons for it, and then after some argument, all compromised on a force of five.

Thus it works out that five of us, who were neither drunk nor crazy, sat around the office one night, and counted up, in view of our intimate and detailed knowledge of the work before us, that we could use 20 persons in the Interpreting Division for the next five years putting our house in order and getting ready to handle properly the quarter to half million visitors per year who will be coming to the monuments under our charge.

Not that we expect to get this personnel in that time; we just coldly calculated the work to be done and figured it would take 20 men, and then told our three men to go ahead and do the best they could. Doing things like that is our every day job. I sometimes think that if we of the Southwestern National Monuments had any brains, we would look at the stack of work ahead of us, grow disgusted, and lie down and die, but, being Park Service men, we haven't any more sense than to go ahead and get it done, - at least after a fashion.



## PERSONNEL BIOGRAPHICAL DATA (CONT.)

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chum being on "Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles."

Lack of funds preventing attendance at the university, our hero began working in a store on the east side of the square at a nominal salary of a dollar or two a week and still feels apologetic about taking it for, looking back on that episode, he doesn't think he would have made a good jeweler and optician in 49 years of apprenticeship.

In the summer and fall of 1900 some minor ailment demanded the services of a doctor and an examination then developed the probability of tuberculosis and an order to go to Arizona for six months or so for recuperation.

He still remembers the soft air and the starry sky of Arizona that September morning when the 3:30 train pulled into Phoenix and later the breakfast in the strange surroundings of the Chinese restaurant on Washington Street; later still, the visits to the stores with their strange stock of goods, to the saloons and gambling houses, and finally to the desert out northeast of town where he spent the next few months putting on pounds and reducing the tubercular hazard. A few weeks ago he could not find the site of that desert camp; it is now built over with the metropolitan area of Phoenix.

There was a period of a few months when he leased a small ranch and worked it with a cousin of about his own age, and then by himself, and then came the chance of working for the Government by taking care of some very indefinite ruins a long way off across the country. And thus, with no particular preparation, he came to what seems to be his life's work when he arrived at Casa Grande Ruin in December, 1901.

In 1903 there was a wooing on horseback with the housekeeping daughter of a Dakota school teacher on the Indian reservation a few miles distant which terminated in a wedding in 1906. There was the side line of operating Indian trading posts in order to make the Government salary of \$75 per month cover the expense of raising a family. There was the time when for a couple of years he nearly died with a real doze of tuberculosis. Later there was the time he accidentally got elected to the state legislature and then came the formation of the National Park Service in 1916 after which the next 23 years was fairly easy.

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S.N.

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## RUMINATIONS

About Dogs - and Things  
By The Boss

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The other day we got a letter from the Wildlifors asking for a census of dogs and cats on the national monuments in our district. If we were a dog or a cat and heard this news, we would begin looking for another home, because it looks like this is another pull on the ever-tightening chain which will finally eliminate these animals from many of our monuments.

Like a good many other questions, we were on the wrong side of this one once. We used to keep a dog and a cat at Casa Grande long before the Park Service was born. You know the feeling that goes with the dog or the cat: other dogs kill small game it is true, and it is also true

I have been able to find very little literature on Yucca House. The first articles were by W. W. Jackson and W. H. Holmes, in the report of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories (Hayden) for 1874, published in 1876. The ruin was then known as Aztec Spring. The Jackson report is on Page 377-78 and the Holmes report on p. 400 of the Hayden report.

In Bulletin 70, Bureau of American Ethnology, published in 1919, J. Walter Fewkes has an article entitled "Prehistoric Villages, Castles and Towers in Southwestern Colorado." One section describes the ruins at Aztec Spring, now known as Yucca House. Fewkes quotes freely from Jackson and Holmes, and states that the ruins are of the Mesa Verde type, but that there are no towers as at Mesa Verde and Hovenweep. In a footnote Fewkes says:

"Mr. Van Kleeck of Denver has offered this ruin to the Public Parks Service for permanent preservation. It is proposed to name it Yucca House National Monument."

The buildings at Yucca House are of two kinds; namely, two rectangular structures, with enclosed kivas, and two semicircular rows of rooms partly encircling the central or larger ruin. On the inner side of each circle there appears to be a number of kivas. There has been no attempt at restoration.

----- SWMI -----

## PERSONNEL BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

Showing That We Are All More Or Less Human and of Common Clay.

(Note: This constitutes the first of a series of short biographical sketches which we hope to accumulate from all Southwestern National Monuments men during the next few months -- Ed.)

### THE BOSS

Superintendent Pinkley was born on a farm about four miles from the town of Chillicothe, Missouri, in May, 1881. His father being an invalid, he got the start of his education at home and did not have to walk to the district school, a couple of miles away, until he was the mature age of seven. That year or so in the country school left little impression other than warm, sunny, pleasant days and walks down long dusty roads. Also there are some Friday afternoon spelling bees and the closing exercises with its room full of patrons, strange in their best clothes and dimly seen in the poorly lighted school room where the evening exercises were held.

In 1889 the family moved to the town of Chillicothe, where our hero finished the grade and highschool, then held in the old Central Building which has long since been torn down. He finished high school in 1898 and recalls vividly the excitement of the war with Spain and his everlasting disgrace of being too young to be allowed to go. He remembers his own graduation oration as being on War and that of his

## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Don came around the corner with a visitor whom he had just made put a leash on her hound before he would let him out of the automobile. There our outfit was, caught hands down, lifting a rule for one visitor and clamping it down on another, and that was another time I was wrong.

There is one angle to this dog question which seems hopeless and that is the Indian dogs. Indians and dogs sort of go together and I have a general idea, without actually gathering data on it, that Indian dogs multiply faster than any other class of dogs in America. I remember once when we were in a trading post over on the Pima reservation, a lean, hungry looking boy, named Henry, came in the door with five dogs trailing in front and behind him. Mrs. Pinkley thought she would wax a little sarcastic and said: "Why, Henry, what did you do with the rest of your dogs?" Henry, not understanding the little barb in the question, looked up in his mild way and said: "Oh, I left them at home!"

At such places as Chaco Canyon, Canyon de Chelly, Wupatki, Navajo, and possibly some others, we just aren't going to get the Indians to keep their dogs on a leash or dispose of them or anything else. We might just as well pass a regulation against the clouds gathering over these areas or tell the custodian to see that all clouds are kept on a leash if they do come inside the boundaries. We will freely grant that the Indian dogs are a blanded nuisance, especially the way they enthusiastically try to bite the rubber off your wheels as you drive through the village and keep you forever endangering your life by trying to avoid running over half a dozen of them.

I am reminded of a nationally known archeologist whose ingenious truck drivers, many years ago, invented a gadget to automatically exterminate those dogs. They tied sacking loosely over the hubs of the front wheels of the truck and when Mr. dog came out from the village with his hysterical barking, they slowed down to the proper speed and let him sock his teeth into the spinning sacking. Before he could let go, the wheel had turned over three or four times and broken his neck. Those boys made a cleaning on the dogs in that particular village for the time being but the year after the expedition quit, the "population" was about back to normal.

Which brings to mind a side story about a fellow who had a trading post down near the railroad and he couldn't frame his speech to say "I don't know". The first time these dog-killing trucks bore down on his post he was on the front porch telling some tourists how the world was put together. The tourists took one look at the spinning sacking and wanted to know what old western custom that stuff represented. The man, true to form, had an answer. He said there was a canyon so narrow on the road out to the archeologist's dig that the boys had to put buffers on the hubs to keep from damaging the wheels as they went through the narrowest parts.

It was a good yarn but it wasn't true.

*The Boss*

that other cats catch birds and eat them, but our old Rover and our Satan, which was the pleasant name we gave one of our cats, would never do such things. I generally had the grace to say this with my fingers crossed because I counted seven pieces of small game, lizards, ground squirrels, etc., into old Satan before noon one day and, while it is true that the dog was too slow to catch a rabbit and too lazy to dig out a ground squirrel, his intentions were quite sound along those lines from a dog's-eye view of the world, and I wouldn't be surprised if he scared a few of them to death with the small margin of escape they had.

Well, in the passage of time, the dog moved away and the cat proved a trifle slow in crossing the paved highway, which was one of the blessings a beneficent civilization placed between Satan and a lady friend who lived down on a ranch in the next section north of us, and thus Satan went to whatever hell was waiting for him.

Now we have rabbits and quail running around the houses at all hours and my women folk wage a continual warfare against the house sparrows who think the brushy shades over our front and back porches were made by a kind Providence to provide nesting places for them. We don't actually miss the dog and the cat, now that they are gone, but I think we might miss the friendly call of the quail as they make the rounds of the back doors to see what the latest table cloth developed in the way of quail food when it was shaken to the breeze. Visitors, also, we find, get a great kick out of seeing a rabbit or two hop across the paved parking area and come up within a dozen feet of the office windows to get a drink out of a pair of 500 year old metates which we keep filled with water for that purpose. It is nice to have the game around and I think the Service is pretty smart to ban the dogs and cats wherever it can be done. Of course, now and then, some rugged individualist gets a little excited and pounds the desk about his personal liberty being infringed upon, and points out that his dog is just as smart as a human, whereupon we look hard at him and agree with more or less enthusiasm, and he isn't going to send his dog away. We have never brought the argument down to the case cards because our headquarters people who have dogs and cats all live over in town and keep their dogs on leash when they have occasion to bring them into this area. We would now hate very much to see two or three dogs and a couple of cats introduced into the monument, and would greatly miss the rabbits and birds and small stuff that is around under foot when you go out for a walk. I think any one else who will beat the final gong by protecting his small animals and birds before he is ordered to do so, will feel the same way.

Of course it goes without saying that all Park Service people should lead off with obedience to the rules and regulations and not embarrass us by turning their dogs loose in our monuments when they come to see us, as they have done these several times; if it is too terrible to keep the pooch on the leash all day in one of our monuments, it is quite all right with us if you take him elsewhere and let him get his exercise on some other fellow's rabbits or deer.

I got myself in a nice jackpot not long ago when I was sitting out on the front porch with another old timer and let him slip a leash off his dog so the pooch could go over and get a drink of water. Just then

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED IN JANUARY (cont.)

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- Camera Craft, Jan. 1940  
Arizona Highways, Jan. 1940  
Desert Magazine, Feb. 1940  
The Museum News, Dec. 1, 1939, Jan. 1, 1940  
    , Jan. 1940  
Soil Conservation, Dec. 1939  
Hurt, Wesley; Indian Influence at Manzano, El Palacio, Nov. 1939  
Opler, Marvin K., The Ute Indian War of 1879, El Palacio, Nov. 1939  
Fisher, Roginald, A Sketch of Climates and Natural Regions in New Mexico,  
    El Palacio, Nov. 1939  
Clearing House for Southwestern Museums, Aug. 1939.  
Eli's, Wesley L.; A Chronological Problem Presented by Sandia Cave, New  
    Mexico, American Antiquity, Jan. 1940  
Lopatin, Ivan L., The Extinct and Near-Extinct Tribes of Northeastern  
    Asia As Compared with the American Indian, American Antiquity, Jan.  
    1940  
Browne, Jim; Projectile Points, American Antiquity, Jan. 1940  
Parsons, Elsie Claws; Relations Between Ethnology and Archeology in the  
    Southwest, American Antiquity, Jan. 1940

\*\*\*SUNRI\*\*\*

## RUMINATIONS

Mostly about prospectors and Organ  
Pipe problems - By The Boss.

Natt and I foregathered with some 15 members of the Arizona Small Mine Operators Association the other night down in Ajo. We took Bill Supernough along, not to make him a party to any of the argument, but to act as a sort of observer on the side lines, for he has to live with the Ajo folks and he likes to live as peaceably as possible.

It was a very interesting session and resulted in something like a dog fall; neither side convincing the other but both sides getting a clearer idea of what the other fellows were thinking.

The Association seems to be made up mostly of prospectors who have been around the country from 10 to 30 years, and three or four of us who were present had been residents 40 years; it was interesting to study the psychology of these men and see how far the frontier type of life they had led had influenced their reactions.

It developed that the main complaints of the Association were that the Park Service as the agent of the Government had worked secretly to reserve the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument; that an outrageous amount of land had been reserved; and that mining claims could no longer be filed within the monument boundaries.

The fact that mining claims can no longer be filed within the boundaries of the monument is the real cause of the disturbance of the peace of mind of the Association. The reaction on this point is very clear. It is true that the land has been lying out there subject to location for these last half a hundred years and that only four men among those present had any claims inside the monument boundary and they can go right ahead and work the claims they have, so they are in no wise injured by the proclamation of the monument, still there is a very definite feeling that someone's rights are being trampled upon and, except for our

prohibition upon the further location of claims, another multi-million dollar mine like the Ajo awaits the prospector some place within our borders.

It was pointed out to me at this meeting that, whereas I had said that in the not far distant future the monument would bring some 50 carloads of visitors per day through the town of Ajo, which they figured might amount to \$100,000 worth of tourist money per year, the Ajo mine had produced millions and millions of dollars and would produce millions more. When I asked them to connect the two statements, I was told that as a tourist attraction the monument was only a penny producer, but in stopping prospecting we had stopped the discovery of another Ajo mine with its potential millions.

Later that night, while I was waiting to float out on the tide to sleep, I tried to figure out why they had stopped with supposing there was only one potential multi-million dollar mine on our monument. You could suppose two or four or eight or ten just as easy, so why stop at one? Just before I went out with the tide I pitched upon what I think is the right answer: each one of those prospectors sitting there with us who had nodded his head at that, to him, conclusive argument, had envisioned only the one mine which he himself was going to find and he never for a single moment considered that anyone else in the room would stand the least chance of finding one! That's why there is one potential Ajo mine inside our boundaries and only one, and I bet you a nickle that is the answer to the problem.

Prospectors are, when you study them, a little different subspecies of mankind and, as such, should be put in a little different class. They are a happy-go-lucky hopeful class of men resourceful and self-reliant, who are accustomed to working out their own conclusions from the facts as they find them, and, although the conclusions are often wrong (just like many conclusions the rest of us reach) they stay with them like a hound pup on a rest.

I remember a gray haired prospector who came past my place 20 or more years ago and camped for two or three days to rest up himself and his burros. He was a philosopher in a way and told me he had been in the hills some 40 or 45 of his 65 years. He had made some fair sized stakes and had expended them in trying to make larger ones. At the time he had enough to carry him for the better part of a year and by that time he was pretty sure he would find a mine because he was going down into the country south of Ajo, where our Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument now lies. It was new territory to him and he was as eager as a boy to get into it.

He had thought things over as he followed his burros across the deserts and had come to the conclusion that it didn't really matter much if he found a big mine or not - he said that after all the fun really laid in the hunt, that a million dollars might lie just over the next hill and that it was the hope that it was there which kept him going, though if he really had a million dollars about the only way he could spend it would be to give the burros a little more grain and buy himself a little more bacon and then use the rest to look for another mine. Of course, barring his discovery of a mine, he had no anchor to windward with old age just around the corner and senility looking him in the eye,



## RUMINATIONS (cont'd.)

yet he was living a very happy life at the time and could look back over a long and happy past.

I remember it struck me as funny that he, of all men, should have been deeply interested in the philosophy of Government, he having lived on the frontier all his life where a man carried the major portion of his government in a holster on his hip, but he could quote whole pages from Henry George's Progress and Poverty and other books of a like nature and was, on the whole, a very interesting talker.

After a few days he and the burros moved on and I never saw him again but I trust he is prospecting some place on the other side of the Great Divide and that he hasn't yet made a really big strike which might upset his program pretty badly, he not needing to look out for sickness and senility over there. And I hope the burros have their little extra feed of rolled barley, for I am pretty well convinced the burros made the grade along with him, they being smarter than lots of humans and wherever he went not being much of a place in his eyes without some burros.

Well, we had a good time with these prospectors the other night, taking and giving some right lively verbal blows, both sides enjoying it very much. Our idea, which we tried to get across, that a biological reservation just had to be a big area if you were trying to keep the natural biological balance for the next several centuries, got stuck on the ways and they simply refused to accept it. I freely admitted that I was no biologist but suggested that we bring Nick over from Tucson and put it up to him to defend the large area from the biological standpoint. This they agreed to very readily, some of them knowing Nick and vouching to the others that he was no horse thief and did know the Camino Diablo, or Devil's Highway, country as well as any prospector. So Nick is going to have to quit his work and give up some of his time to help us put this idea across. I am darned glad I towed him into Florence that first night I met him stuck out in the desert 15 or 20 years ago, though I couldn't then foresee how handy he might be in a case like this a little later on.

In the matter of the biological balance in the desert and how delicate it is and how easily disturbed, I used an example which was known to all the men present. On the Tucson-Ajo Road as you come west toward the Nine-Mile Hill, you hit a long straight piece of road through a wide desert stretch where the plain tilts just a little from the right side of the road to the left. The vegetation was very much the same clear across that plain until the graded road was put through several years ago and then the new road gathered the sheet water of an occasional heavy rain along its upper side and carried it to the dips which had been provided where the water ran across the road to the slightly lower side and scattered some distance across the desert. In the few years since that road has been in existence, the vegetative balance has been disturbed so that mesquite trees are now growing on the upper side, the creosote bushes grow much larger for several feet back into the desert, while on the lower side the cutting off of the water supply is killing the creosote for some distance from the road. At about half mile intervals, dips have been left for the water to drain through the road and you can spot these dips a considerable distance away because the extra water coming through makes a little oasis on the lower side of the road. Just to

RUMINATIONS (cont.)

prove it is no accident, the conditions are reversed a little farther on; the sheet water drains the opposite way across the road and the conditions of luxuriant and dying vegetation are reversed accordingly.

Well, sir, these prospectors could recall that condition when I described what was happening along that road and agreed as to its cause, but they wouldn't agree with me when I argued that, with a balance as delicate as that we could hardly hope to keep a small area in a natural state for centuries; that the outside changes which would be bound to happen would work in over the border of our reserve in spite of all we could do. The desert was just a desert to them and they had held that idea so long that they would not admit a change could occur even when you could point out that it had occurred only a few miles away.

They said they would ask Congress either to allow prospecting within the monument or to cut the monument to only four or five sections of ground.

Then each of them will be free to go in and find that multi-million dollar mine.

(Note: This is one of three Ruminations which The Boss left "for future Supplements". The others will appear in later issues - - - Ed.)

# RUMINATIONS

I was startled the other day to get the news that Park Supervisor Gabriel Sovulewski had reached the age of retirement and was no longer on the active list. It doesn't seem like quite the same Park Service if Mr. Sovulewski is not over there in the Yosemite. I first met him when we had that conference of Superintendents over in Yosemite in 1921, I think it was. He has been an inspiration to me through all the years since; just knowing he was there on the job, doing the work he loved to do and doing it as no other man could.

One time when he and I were out together I well remember his saying that he cared not whether they put a monument over his grave after he was gone; that his real monument was up there on the side walls of the Yosemite Valley in the miles and miles of beautiful trails which visitors would be using for generations to come. I thought of this statement of his when I was reading this section from his letter:

"We forget that trail construction is more common sense than engineering. Thorough knowledge of the country, love for that kind of work, a good, cool head with common sense, instinct of a dog to know which way to get home and last but not least, disregard for the time of day, are the principal requisites.

"A man with tripod, transit and level has no business on trails. Personally I would consider him a nuisance. We put too much stress on technical knowledge in simple matters where only good common sense should prevail. In my experience in exploring, wild animals in many cases solved numerous difficult problems for me. Good, experienced engineers will see the point and agree with me. We are handicapped so much by inexperienced technical knowledge that it takes sometimes ten men to decide whether a certain shrub or tree should be taken out where a dozen could be taken out without injury to the landscape or nature. But the trouble goes further, we have a splendid lot of men in the Park Service, but their initiative is destroyed by details of a technical nature. Young technicians are sent to parks and tie the hands of Superintendents on projects on which they probably spent many sleepless nights. Our single-track scientific men bring up so many subjects, I have no doubt they give headaches not only to Superintendents but reach as high as the Director. I admire very much the patience of the Superintendents and the Director's diplomacy. To know their positions you cannot help but sympathize with every Superintendent and every man that holds an executive position. They have to be technicians of diplomacy."

Mr. Sovulewski has put his experienced finger on a thing that worries every Superintendent; we need more men of the type he is thinking

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

of to properly balance our organization.

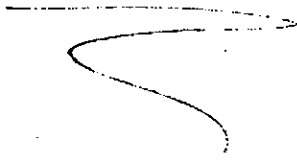
Another thing I admired him for was that his park never became common-place to him. At that time I was a youngster with only eighteen or nineteen years of service behind me and he had served some twenty-six or twenty-seven years, yet he never grew tired of his work and he loved his park. It was he of whom I was speaking in another place some time ago who took me on a geological trip on the floor of the Valley which wound up at the foot of Capitan. We sat there three or four minutes; wordless; drinking it all in; and then he said something I've never forgotten: "You can talk all you want to about how this Valley was formed but there is where your science ends and Almighty God begins!" And after fifteen years of ruminating on it, I still can't see how you can improve on that statement.

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May he be spared these many years yet to give us of his wisdom and experience.

Cordially,

*The Boss*



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# RUMINATIONS

By the Boss

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## About Museums

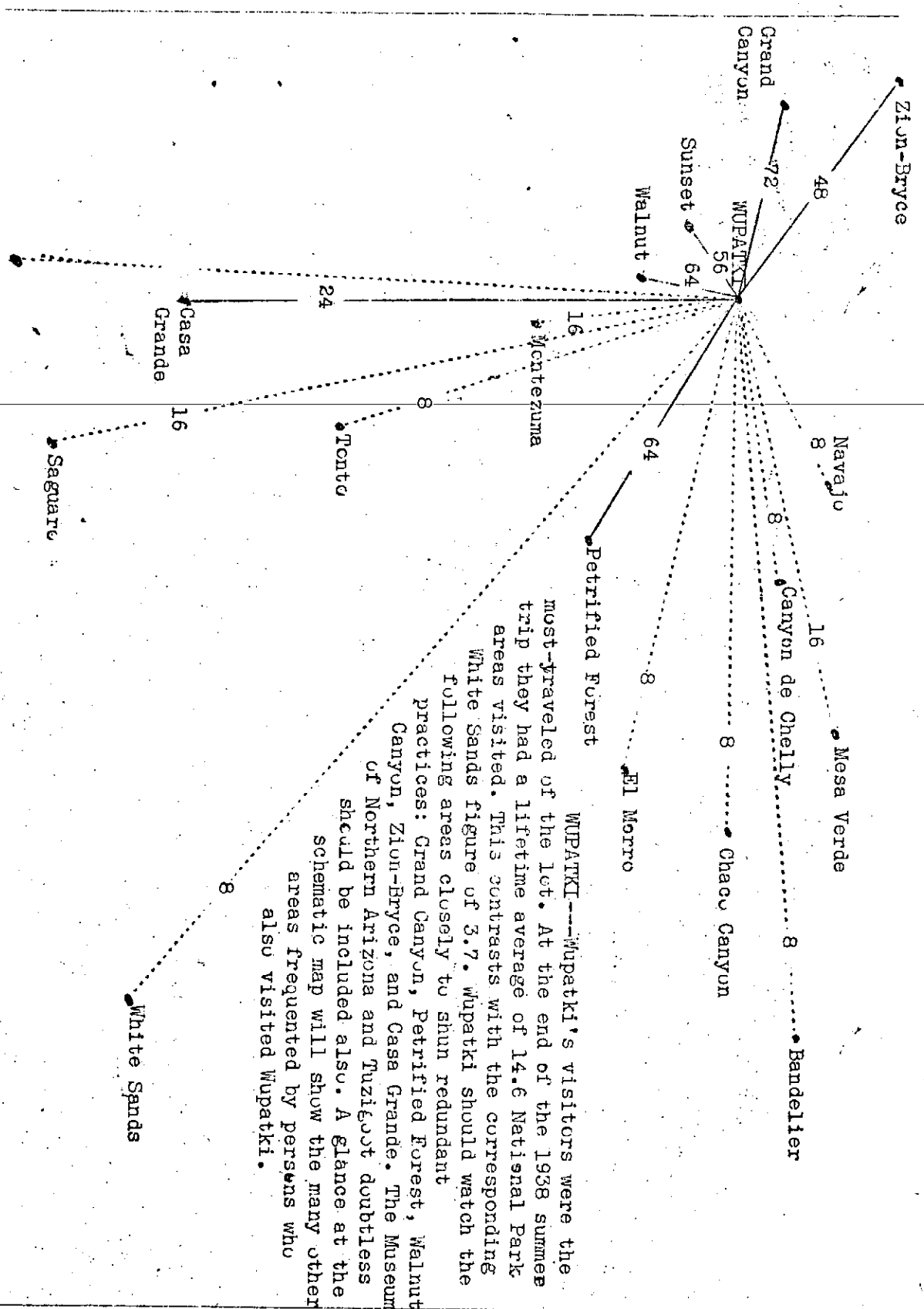
About every so often it looks like the museum problem bobs up and has its little day. We have noticed, in this last year or so, that various people in our own Service need some orientation about museums. Our own administrators and experts have spoken now and then about the apparent multiplicity of museums among the stations of our Southwestern Monuments somewhat as though they were stumbling over them unexpectedly at every turn and, while they are generally pretty nice about it, we can see they are wondering what we are going to do with all the museums we have and have proposed.

To us, a museum is a tool with which we work and we can no more build an adequate background of the history or pre-history of the Southwest in the mind of the visitor without a museum than you could build a proper house for him without good working tools. A museum, rightly planned, is no luxury in the national monument business; it is a very vital necessity, yielding precedence only to such items as a water supply, personnel housing, administrative housing, and protection of equipment. We will have too many museums as soon as we have too many monuments. You remember that barefooted Arkansas kid who closed all argument with the book peddler by saying, "Shucks, no; you can't sell us airy book, paw's got a book!" Well, we have had that same argument used on us when we spoke of another museum and it was used by people who thought they knew what they were talking about.

Just recently we have had an expert tell us that we must not have any Spanish history at the White Sands museum because White Sands is primarily a geological monument and the visitor will get his Spanish history over at Tumacacori, 400 miles west. The answer is that tho' White Sands visitors don't go to Tumacacori, so we had better have some Spanish history in southern New Mexico, too. The visitor at White Sands has come through several hundred miles of Spanish history and has several hundred more to go, so it won't hurt him to know a little about it. What seems at first glance to be an overlap to our critic is really no such thing.

It is to clear up some such ideas as that that the boys have gathered the figures and King has written his article, beginning on page 522 of this Supplement. Gradually we hope to learn a little about museums. We may, in time, reach the point where we can say this or that will or will not work; but we are sometimes amused, in the meanwhile, to have so much information which isn't so, so freely bestowed upon us.

As an evidence of how much it behooves us all to be modest about our actual knowledge of how people and museums react, I was struck with this little summary from a recent study: "When the individual records were examined, it was found that the route taken by the average visitor was the reverse of that planned by the guide book, 24.4 percent of the exhibits were examined, 10.9 percent of the labels were



WUPATKI's visitors were the most-frequented of the lot. At the end of the 1938 summer trip they had a lifetime average of 14.6 National Park areas visited. This contrasts with the corresponding White Sands figure of 3.7. Wupatki should watch the following areas closely to shun redundant practices: Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Walnut Canyon, Zion-Bryce, and Casa Grande. The Museum of Northern Arizona and Tuzigoot doubtless should be included also. A glance at the schematic map will show the many other areas frequented by persons who also visited Wupatki.

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

read, and the average time taken by the visitors for reviewing the history of life on earth during the past 500,000,000 years was 21.40 minutes." That looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it? Yet the study was made in one of the large eastern museums where experts had been arranging the exhibits these many years. In view of this, let us not become discouraged, as I sometimes do, if we can't hold our visitors more than an average of 23 minutes where we deal with the last couple of thousand years and have no large halls full of exhibits. We may be doing as well in our little field as the big boys are doing in their field.

If the big fellows who have been working for years at the game can have 75 percent of their exhibits unnoticed and 90 percent of their labels unread, it is certainly time for us to study our visitors with increased attention, for there and there only, can we get the answer to the museum problem.

In the meantime, let's not worry about getting too many museums; I am watching their batting averages pretty closely, and you are welcome to look their figures in the face any time you think one is not delivering real service.

*The Boss -*

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# RUMINATIONS

Including a little horn tooting -  
By The Boss

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The closing of the visitor year on September 30 gives us a chance to do a little ruminating on our visitor activities and possibly a little horn tooting on the work we are doing. In the last eight or ten years, I have begun to notice that we have no official horn tooter for the Service as a whole, and if a fellow doesn't toot his own horn now and then it is likely to gether a lot of dust.

At the end of the visitor year, we cast up our figures and found that our unit, the Southwestern Monuments, had given 18,725 personally guided field trips and 11,044 museum talks during the previous 12 months. This was over ONE MILLION MINUTES of service and, as we thought we were doing pretty well, we asked the Washington Office what the Park Service, as a whole, had done along these lines.

We were told that the figures on the visitor year were not yet compiled, but that for the last fiscal year 36 parks and monuments, exclusive of historic areas and areas not offering interpretational services, the Service as a whole gave 35,630 conducted field trips and 22,080 lectures.

While our year doesn't overlap precisely with the above figures, there is an overlap of nine months and a pretty close comparison can be made. And it looks as if we are giving 52 percent of the whole number of conducted field trips, and 50 percent of all the talks that are being given by those 36 parks and monuments.

Will you agree that we are entitled to a good-sized toot?

While we are giving half of the guided trips and talks, we are by no means talking to half the entire number of people. There are several reasons for this, the main one being that many visitors have never heard of us and our 26 stations and wouldn't come off the paved highways to see us even if we should try, by advertising, to get them to do so,

There is, however, a saving grace about the fact that we do not handle such a large number of visitors. Whereas the average number in the parties served by all the parks and monuments mentioned above is 21 on the guided trips; with the stations of our unit, the Southwestern Monuments, the average party is 5.4, or about one fourth as many. Whereas the average number of listeners at a talk in the 36 parks and monuments is 78.8; with us it is 5.5 persons.

These figures mean that with us a guided field trip or a museum talk becomes a little personalized visit where the visitor has a chance to ask questions and we have time to go into all the details necessary to insure a satisfactory understanding of the points we are trying to bring out. Unless you have actually experienced it, the difference in visitor inter-

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

est as shown in a party of 80 or a party of six is much more than you think. The fundamental difference between quality and quantity is well displayed.

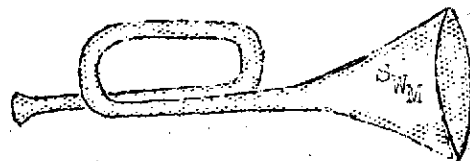
We would like, also, to point out that this matter of handling small parties takes a different technique. A guide with a platform manner doesn't go over so well with a party of six, and we have been trying to bend our service to the particular needs of the small party.

We wish, by the way, that the Washington Office would gather just a few more figures on informational contacts which might cast light on those that it now reports. We see no objection to a park reporting as contacts the entering visitors who stop at the checking stations to ask about hotel facilities etc., if it will segregate them so that we can deduct them, for we do not consider them contacts in the larger sense. Likewise, some parks have a field trip that lasts eight hours or more, some may have trips of four hours, some have trips of less than two hours. Why not show them as No. 1, No. 2, etc. types of field trips and then we can tell from the tabular matter itself about what the personnel is doing. Some units put one person in a museum and then report all visitors who enter the museum as contacts although the attendant may only answer occasional questions, whereas other units may personally conduct visitors through the museum, giving a full explanation and all the discussion that the visitor wants. It seems to us that some fairly standard form of comparison could be worked out.

We are not much interested in having the total number of our visitors increase every year, unless this increase comes at the stations where we can handle it and it will do us no harm; but we are interested in seeing our contact percentages go up thereby proving that we are meeting our visitors, answering their questions, and giving them the information that they want. There, again, is a great difference between our work and the work in the scenic areas; our visitors are anxious to join a guide and get information, for they have learned that they can't absorb much knowledge or inspiration by cruising around an historic or prehistoric ruin alone, there is so much that the eyes can't see.

And so we feel pretty good as we hang up that record of just under 30,000 guided field and museum trips for last year and start out at once to raise it a few thousand in the current visitor year!

And we think we are entitled to a toot, too.



*The Boos -*

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FROM THE BOSS' MAIL (CONT.)

how lucky he was that George didn't staple that copy of the report on the bottom instead of the wrong side else he would have had to stand on his head instead of simply read Hebrew-wise from back to front!

We are anxiously awaiting Padre Stonor's publication on the Fray Marcos trail down the Santa Cruz and we will loan him a convenient cave to hide in afterward, because we always had a sneaking hope the gentle priest did come that way. But Padre Bonaventure says he came by way of the San Pedro and Gila and so reached the Casa Grande. And, as I was writing some one the other day, Padre Bonaventure isn't just measuring between two dots on the map when he is talking of Fray Marcos' journey. He has, himself, been all over this Papago country and south and east of it in his thirty-odd years of service. He thinks of how far it is from one water hole to the next in terms of a buckboard and two ponies that time he went over to comfort a dying Indian in 1911 when it was 114° and the wind was over the tail board; meaning, like the Israelites of old, that he travelled in a pillar of dust all day and slept on the ground at night. I think he bears no special degrees in history, but he might be able to guess pretty close to what the gentle priest would do in the Arizona deserts.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

## RUMINATIONS

In Which The Boss Takes  
Another Hobby For a Ride.

Surprising as it may seem, we have been having a little more museum discussion this past month: I am reminded of a pup we used to have in the dim and distant past who, when all humans failed him, had an old yarn ball which he would dig out from under the porch step, and, acting as though he had just discovered a brand new toy, fall upon it with little grunts of joy.

This time the argument broke out on King's article in the Supplement month before last wherein he presented some charts and figures showing, from some sampling tests we had made, that the charge that we were overlapping our service in our Southwestern Monuments was not as serious as our critics were claiming. We admit those sampling tests were rather small and that the conclusions drawn are not yet proven, but we intend to take further samples in order to check the trend of the first lot and we believe that we will eventually show that we can have Spanish history, let us say, at several of our Southwestern museums without any very great overlap.

The argument now seems to be going off to the question of how far we have a right to go with the secondary lines of information at our museums, and that leads into an interesting field.

I have a pretty definite idea that we should not confine our Southwestern Monuments museums too strictly to the object for which the particular monument was reserved.

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## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

It seems to me it would be very foolish, if you were guiding a visitor at one of our archaeological monuments and he asked you about an interesting cactus alongside the trail, if you said; "This is an archaeological monument only; you will have to go down to Saguaro or Organ Pipe to get your cactus question answered." My theory would be to answer the question to the best of your ability, make a note of it, and if enough similar questions showed up among ten or fifteen thousand visitors, I would plan a little cactus planting around the parking area or the museum where the guides could show some of the specimens and talk about them as they went about their daily jobs of handling visitors.

That is exactly what we did at Casa Grande and what we are now working on at Tonto.

When visitors asked me if we had rattlesnakes and scorpions and centipedes, I would tell them about those things which we do have around our places, and, when I found out a large percentage of my visitors were interested in such subjects, I would gather a few specimens and put them in a case and then I would talk a little about them as I took my visitors around my museum room.

That is the way we did at Casa Grande 20 or 30 years ago.

When my visitors asked me if we had any Indians in this part of the country, and what kind they were, and how did they dress, and what did they do; I would answer those questions, and when enough visitors asked me such questions as to show it was well worth while, I would put some modern ethnology into my growing museum.

That is what we did at Casa Grande a good many years ago.

I can almost hear the critic say that this will lead to a sort of hodge-podge museum which will have neither head nor tail; that if we set down ahead of time and laid out the museum and devoted this much space to this phase and that much space to that phase, and kept out all the outside interests except those for which the monument was reserved, we would have a much more logical and finer looking museum.

I am not yet convinced that this sort of streamlined museum is the best for our purpose.

You see, from my viewpoint, you can streamline your museums but I don't see how you can streamline your visitors; we are going to have the same old hodge-podge type of visitor who doesn't give two whoops about being educated but who does want to know the most varied lot of things about the country he is going through. It then becomes a matter of which school you belong to: Are you going to decide what the visitor ought to have and give him that and try to make him like it, or are you going to find out what he wants and give him that?

Personally, I lean to that latter idea, which we might call the salesmanship type of museum. The present tendency is to spend a lot of time and money pre-planning the museum but pay little attention to the visitor. Of course the planners do have a typical visitor in mind when they are doing this planning, but do you know of anyone, outside of our own little outfit, who has shown any anxiety as to whether the

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## RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

typical visitor for whom the museum was planned is the visitor who comes to see it, and gone out and checked up ten thousand of him to find out?

It has always seemed rather funny, and I mean funny peculiar, to me, the way you have to get about nine different approvals on a proposed display in a proposed museum: everybody and his dog, from the Director down, must approve your plan; but no one is ever detailed to come around and check up for the fellow you are presumably working for, the Public.

My own idea would be to give a fellow plenty of room to experiment with his public and then when I found out what was wanted I would go get the nine approvals. I was counseling one of our men just yesterday when he proposed something a little new involving maps, to get a couple of common service station road maps, color them to suit the idea, hang them on the museum wall and watch the next thousand visitors pass them. If the idea was sound, we might then refine the free road maps and the dollar's worth of time into \$50.00 worth of flat work and \$100.00 worth of glass case if we could get all the approvals of the folks who won't know whether the public would like the exhibit or n t.

One of our naturalists wrote a large chapter on a page of one of his reports some months ago when he said:

"It should be obvious that before any intelligent museum planning can be accomplished, the planner should be very familiar with three things:

- (1) The authentic facts regarding the geology, biology, history and ethnology of the area;
- (2) The "lay of the land" of the monument itself;
- (3) The reaction of the visitors to the various views, presence of animals and flowers, and the other things that make their minds receptive to information of a definite type at a definite place on the monument

"To adequately prepare himself, the person making the plans should have access to all the available material which has been published about the area and should have ample time to assimilate it and assign to each phase its relative importance. Also he should have been assigned to guide duty on the monument for at least a month, preferably three months, in order to familiarize himself with the habits, interests, and reactions of the public, thereby determining the most effective methods of approach and the simplest and most easily understood means of conveying the major ideas. With a background of this nature, a museum plan could be formulated which should be reasonably effective. Without it, much of the material presented will have a theoretical basis only, and will fail to 'click' with the resulting waste of time and expense in overhauling the museum and setting up new exhibits.

"Lack of time and personnel and the impending deadline date makes it necessary to formulate plans for these exhibits with only the most meager opportunity for preparation. It should be understood, therefore, that these preliminary plans are for an exhibit of the most temporary nature designed to portray the outstanding major features of the area in the simplest manner possible. They are subject to complete revision

## RANDOM PAPERS (Cont'd.)

### EL MORRO LIBRARY REPORT (Cont'd.)

hood Education sent a big, rich bundle, and, as a personal gift from her sister and herself, Miss Edith Lyth, secretary of the Chapter, sent a beautiful collection of children's books.

As usual, I am quite at a loss for words with which to express my thanks and appreciation. If only you could see the happiness you've brought these lonely folk, I know you'd feel amply repaid for the effort and expense put forth.

May the New Year bring as much joy to you all as you have brought the El Morro community in remembering the Library.

SWMM

## RUMINATIONS

On Museums and Exhibit Rooms  
By The Boss

When one of the Head Men was around to see us not long ago, among a lot of other things we talked over a rather interesting question; would it be wise to change the name "museum" to something else in its relationship to our work in the Southwestern National Monuments?

This desire for a change is not due in the least to any feeling that the various collections of material which we have among our units would not classify as museum material. Mr. Webster says that a museum is a repository or collection of natural, scientific or literary curiosities, or objects of interest, or works of art. The word comes from the Greek and refers to a temple of the muses; hence a place of study.

Not very many people know the derivation of the word but many of them have related the word to the idea of a place of study and develop a sort of mental indigestion when they think of going into one. There is a surprisingly small number of our visitors to the Southwestern National Monuments who come to our places with the definite idea of studying or of adding in any degree to their education by their trip. They come largely as a matter of curiosity and remain as a matter of interest. When their curiosity is appeased and their interest dies, they will leave you flat; they distinctly do not want a place of study. I am now talking, of course, about the great bulk of our visitors; not of the specialists, experts, and students.

Not so very long ago we changed the name of an "educational" division of our Service on the theory that the visitor was not seeking education and might be more or less antagonized by the word. This discussion of the other day hinged around a similar feeling about the word "museum". Do you think visitors are drawn by the word and do they flock to a museum, or are they repelled, slightly though it may be, by a vision of a lot of glass cases and many labels, when you say "museum"?

The substitute wording we were talking about was fairly simple and inoffensive; we were going to speak hereafter, whenever possible, of the "exhibits" and of the "exhibit rooms". We would also speak of an administration and exhibit building; we would tell a visitor we would explain that point more thoroughly to him in the exhibit rooms when we got back to the administration building; we would say that we had certain things on display among the exhibits, and so on.

RUMINATIONS (Cont'd.)

It is perfectly true that a very small museum is still a museum and can properly be so called and, if you wish to do so, you can defend that use of the word and point to the dictionary. The thing we are here talking about is a correlation in the mind of the visitor; if by speaking of your museum as the exhibit rooms you thereby lower visitor resistance to the point of causing a small percentage of them to enter who would not otherwise do so, something has been gained and it might be well worth while to make the change.

We would like to have our readers tell us what they think about the psychology of this suggestion; we have a lot of ideas that don't jell properly and this may be one of them.

*The Boss -*

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## RUMINATIONS

In which we modestly admit, with the aid of some of our friends, that we are a pretty good outfit, with a few words about education of one kind and another.

We are having a fine time with a new experiment around headquarters. As I have told you in former monthly reports, we have moved a side camp of 24 CCC boys from the Chiricahua camp up to our headquarters at Casa Grande National Monument. We plan to get some utility buildings constructed during the next nine months or year for housing headquarters equipment and operations.

These boys are housed in a wooden building 140 feet long and 20 feet wide which contains the store room, kitchen, dining room, sleeping quarters, and recreation room. In addition there are two supplementary buildings, each about 20 feet square, one housing the bathing and toilet facilities and the other being a tool and ware room. We have running water in the camp, hot and cold water in the showers, wash room, and kitchen, a sewage system, electric lights, and three electric refrigerators in the store room and kitchen.

Having the physical needs pretty well cared for, we have made a start on the mental needs. In this we rather surprised ourselves with the amount of knowledge we could, or thought we could give the boys. When the list was finally made up, we found we had 72 signatures for classes out of the 24 possible pupils. We found we were going to try to teach classes in Arithmetic, Drawing, Construction, Surveying, Barbering, Typing, Bookkeeping, English, Archaeology, Cooking, Auto Mechanics, Penmanship, Stenography, Museum Technique, and Photography.

As one might expect, the teachers are the ones who are learning most. Personally, I am trying to introduce some of the boys to mechanical drawing and I am learning fast. The short time we have to work, only one hour per week, the possibility of the boy quitting at the end of the period, the mixture in the class of college entrance ability with third or fourth grade ability, rules out the average course of training. The problem here is different. These boys must be able to carry away from every class something new and useful. There is no hope of holding their interest by the usual classroom methods, and the fact that they can quit any time they want to tends to keep the teacher on his toes, mentally speaking. We have started out with the very practical problem of drawing a map of the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. There is no accurate map of that 500 square miles and we will have to compile one from the various sources. The result should be of actual value to our Service and, in obtaining it, the boys are getting a lot of information about meridians, parallels of latitude, guide and correction meridians and parallels, errors of surveys, topography, etc. We are also studying the blue prints of the construction we have under way in the utility area and the boys are becoming quite proficient in reading blue prints. The theory is that they must carry away some new information



feet from the structure on the north. The architectural type here varies somewhat from that of the large kiva which was stabilized during the months of June, July, and August of the same year. It seems that more of a flare was given to the walls of the structure under description, and that the building stones were very unevenly laid; in some cases long chunks of tuff were set in the walls so that the ends might serve as anchors in the fill around the outside. It was noticed that in some cases there appeared to be two walls, but the secondary wall was not laid in mud like the inside wall. Perhaps this difference in construction type came about because of its size, and because of the difference in diameter at the top of the wall and the bottom of the wall. The outside was built up with a fill of stones, earth, and broken pieces of pottery which may give some clue as to the length of its use. The building stones gathered from the fill around the outside were used to build up the wall, and an effort was made to lay them as nearly as possible like the building stones of the original construction. They were laid in mud mortar and were wedged or chinked with small chunks of volcanic ash and as the stones were laid up, a fill of mud, earth, and rocks was laid down behind the wall as a retainer.

The ventilator shaft was built into the southeast side of the structure and the lintel for the opening through the wall is 2.8 feet above the floor of the kiva. Two slabs of tuff laid behind the lintel formed the roof. From the entrance of the vent to the back of the shaft the distance is 4.7 feet. The shaft is 7.7 feet deep from the surface to the floor.

An unfortunate incident occurred while we were preparing to stabilize the upper portion of the shaft. Some of the loose dirt, which at one time might have been mortar, gave way, and the building stones fell to the inside. This meant a complete reconstruction of the ventilator shaft and perhaps it is not so unfortunate, since no estimate of the life of the vent in its original state could be made. The blocks of tuff were set back in cement mortar and should remain intact for many years to come. Due to the weakness of the side walls of the ventilator just inside the opening from the floor of the kiva, the blocks were stabilized with a cement mortar which is almost entirely invisible.

I see only one weakness in this bit of stabilization and that is the fact the additional three feet of main wall for the kiva was laid upon an original wall which is very unstable, and I dare not say how long it will be before it gives way. It may last months and then again it may last for years, but still the next hard rain may cause some of the original stones to give way and part of our efforts will have been in vain.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Frank Roberts, Jr., of the Bureau of Ethnology, says he can't find any card in his December issue, probably because Marvin's tired hand slipped in the gathering of that particular copy, Frank, and not, as you suggest, because you can't read any more or are losing your grip, and goes on: "Anyway, I'd like to continue to receive the Report as it is such a good way to keep posted on what is going on in the Southwest.\*\*" While I am only an interested outsider in the various family matters that make up a good share of the report, I do get valuable items of general information from its pages."

Chief, we just can't help feeling proud of these boys of ours who build this Report month by month when outstanding men in the archeological and anthropological field like Kidder and Setzler and Judd and Roberts and Fay-Cooper Cole and several others we could name write us the kind things they have written us about their interest in it. Surely we can justify the use of the time and paper we use to keep such folks in touch with our work.

I am going to pass the word to the boys on the job, Chief, that it is strictly up to them to keep this interest alive by the quality of report they build for experts like these in the various fields of science in which we work. Our own particular field of handling visitors is big enough to keep us mighty busy, but we must realize that any expenditure of time and energy we may make in bringing out problems and evidence on problems in the fields of archeology, ethnology, geology, or any phase of natural history will not be wasted; the best minds in America are glancing through our report month by month looking for the latest information we can furnish them.

Not long ago we had a man quit our Service to accept a position with a university. I am quite sincere when I say I hate to have our boys step down from a ranger job to these small university jobs; leaving a chance to give information and education to ten thousand eager and appreciative adult visitors per year in order to try to hammer a few simple fundamentals into the heads of a couple of hundred youngsters.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

But Ira is calling for copy and Marvin has the mimeograph rolling so I will have to dismount from my hobby which comes up in that last paragraph all saddled and bridled and ready to be ridden. Take it away, boys, and it looks like you have put out another good report.

Cordially,

*The Boss*

RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

from each meeting, but I don't know whether or not the instructor is going to be able to make good on that theory.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

And now comes Dr. L. F. Brady, paleontologist and geologist, with some of the boys from his excellent school, and pays us a visit. He says he didn't have the three cents needed to send us a letter and had worn out the December number of our report with that franked card which he ought to have used, but, still having a little credit at the service station, he got enough gas to drive over here and tell us not to take him off the mailing list of the monthly report. We promised and everything is lovely again.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

All of which reminds us to report that we haven't had very much success at cutting down that mailing list. We started out with about 260 names and have wound up with about 245 still on the list and about 25 still in limbo, some of whom will certainly protest being scratched off. In other words, while we have been chopping at the list it has grown a little bit and we are not much better off than when we started. We have not received an answer authorizing us to take a single name off the list. We have not heard from some of them but that this cannot always be taken as negative evidence is shown by a letter in yesterday's mail from Arthur Fife, who makes the wheels go round in the Soil Conservation Service, and who writes a personal letter to say he somehow missed the card in the December number and just caught the warning in the January issue, and for goodness sake not to throw him out.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

And here is Mrs. Mott, who says: "I have just finished going over the January Report, and I found the final notice threat. So, for fear Mr. Mott neglected to send you the card from the December issue, I am hastening to ask that we be left on the mailing list. There would be a great and aching void if the Report did not come to us each month. Frequently Mr. Mott finds material in it for news stories and certainly I always find something that I didn't know before. The Supplement is, of course, of peculiar interest to me."

Harvey had not forgotten, Mrs. Mott, so you and he and the Phoenix Republic will continue to get that copy of the Report.

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

The President of the Colorado Museum of Natural History says: "Surely we want you to continue sending the Report. I read practically every word and am always much interested."

\*\*\*\*\*SWM\*\*\*\*\*

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## RUMINATIONS.

Chief, If we knew all there was to the making of Monthly Reports, we could probably turn the job over to the office boy who could fill our place around here and then we could go on trying out some of the other experiments we always have on the pan. But this report business is interesting and the more we play with it the more interesting it becomes. We hold many Taurian sessions over it and it turns up constantly in the days work. "We ought to get that in the Monthly Report" is a common expression around the Office.

You have probably noted the change in the format in the last two or three issues and this month we are changing the cover papers to a bit better quality, as we find from the copies the boys send in to us for binding at the close of a six month's period that the cover paper we have been using doesn't stand up to the kind of handling their copies receive.

I don't know if you have noticed a change in the Supplement material or not, but we intended to change it a little and have gone about as far in that direction as we intend to, at least for the present. We are taking some of our gentle spoofing out of the Supplement and running it in the Broadcast, which is so named principally because that is what it isn't; a much more personal circular which we get out about every so often for our own information and pleasure and whose mailing list is confined to the Southwestern Monuments.

This Broadcast is arousing a lot of interest and promises well to help bridge the miles between the members of our organization. The hope is that eventually we can work up some discussions of our problems and get the personnel to doing about 85% of the writing so that here in the office about all we will have to do will be to stick it together and circulate it.

I mention all this just to show you that we are not asleep down here and if you have noted any change in the Supplement the above explanation will tell you it is not an accident. The danger I foresee is that the Supplement may be taken too seriously. For instance, we had another library over in New Jersey write in the other day and ask to be put on the mailing list, which is a thing to be looked into. Our ideal for the Report and Supplement is to make it a cross section of the life and problems of our work here in the Southwest; it is a lot of shop talk by some specialists who like their work but are not too awfully serious about it. I've heard that we have been provided by the Great Architect with a hundred and sixteen muscles with which to laugh. Since we spend so much time on our jobs down here it looks like he must have intended for us to use those muscles during working hours, too; at least we are testing out the theory a little, being, as we say on the Supplement Cover Sheet, "serious, but not too serious."

Cordially,

s/THE BOSS

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## RUMINATIONS

In going over this report as it has been coming out of the 'hay baler', which is our affectionate name for the new mimeograph, I am impressed with the amount of valuable material we have put out in this Supplement which is mighty well worthy of preservation. Jimmie and Sallie have done a good job on the Wupatki Petroglyphs and point out some interesting similarities. By the way, they cut their own stencils on that article.

Betty Budlong, who, of course, is the wife of Custodian Robert R. Budlong, of Canyon de Chelly National Monument, gives a most interesting description of a rare ceremony, not, I believe, elsewhere described in southwestern literature.

Luis Castellum, who is temporarily filling a clerical position here at headquarters, was born and raised at Tubac, a few miles from the Tumacacori National Monument and is not writing from hearsay evidence or something he has scratched out of books in his description of the ceremony at Tumacacori. As a boy he actually went through that ceremony. The subject came up one night out in the 'Bull Pen', which is the circle of chairs out in our back yard, and I asked Luis why he couldn't give us this story of it. The result is well worth keeping for future generations to read.

Who could better start the discussions of an El Morro Museum than Evon Vogt who has been Custodian at that Monument so many years? This is only the beginning of the discussions of this particular museum and Mr. Vogt is leading off with some basic ideas. More will follow in future editions of the Supplement.

Andy. and Tov. come in with a pretty pertinent discussion on a subject which comes to the front once in a while in our District. While they touch the question lightly as it were, they are both experts on the subject. I asked the boys for this article because I occasionally have heard this question raised among our men who think topography maps are, to say the least, not very essential.

The report by Miss Margaret S. Woods, who was the leader of the party working on Talus Unit No. 1, Chetro Ketl, in the Chaco Canyon National Monument, during this season, is another case where we are not getting second hand evidence. We are very glad to be able to put this report into the files of so many Institutions and field men as are on our mailing list so soon after the work has been done.

The short article on Tonto National Monument is filed here for future reference and a separate of it will be used for distribution to visitors at the Monument itself.

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RUMINATIONS' (CONT.)

And so we drop another edition of the Monthly Report and Supplement into the waiting mail bags and turn back to a desk well loaded with September problems. History? Sure we like to read it, but it is more fun to make it.

Cordially,

S/ THE BOSS

# RUMINATIONS.

Chief, as the boys have had this report on the pan I have been mulling it over and have been struck anew with the fact that we are making history from month to month down here and that this record we are filing while the history is fresh is mighty well worth while.

The strange part of this is the amount of fun we get out of making this record. You must have noticed, in your little trip through our district last month, the number of times reference to the monthly report cropped up. Wherever you get two or three of our folks together you will find them beginning to talk shop at once and within five minutes they will be referring to the last monthly report or asking something about the next one. The Broadcast, which is our own house organ and much more personal, comes first of course because it is really a personal letter written by ourselves to ourselves, but the monthly report runs it a close second.

I am sure this isn't the case with the various other reports which come to you from the other units of the system.

Lest you think this interest is all due to the gentle spoofing which we do among ourselves I might say that scarcely a month passes that we don't get letters from one or two big shots complimenting us or thanking us for some report or article, - two of them last month. We won't bother you with this far mail because it would look like we were tooting our own horn, but it cheers us up to know that the real Grade A men in archeology, biology, and so on are keeping an eye on us and filing our report for stuff they can't get elsewhere. Note also that we or our articles have been noted in a couple of the leading archeological magazines in the last months.

As a matter of showing that a great deal of water goes under the bridge in a short time, we have gone back in the files some seventeen years and run some reports of those days. I think it may do us good to cast back this way now and then and observe the changes that have taken place. It may also be helpful to those new ones in our ranks who are naturally inclined to feel that all the progress has been made in the Service since they joined on. Our activities have expanded greatly these last few years but the kernel of all this expansion has been with us almost from the beginning. This will probably come out in future editions of these old reports.

Thus we come to the end of another month and, rather reluctantly slap the staples into this report and turn it loose. It is far from perfect, and we are beginning to be impressed with the fact that we will never turn out a perfectly satisfactory report, but here it is, such as it is, and we go back to the job of making the history which goes into the next one.

*The Boss*

WAY BACK WELLS (CONT)

installed the engine and pump and tested the water supply. The plant raises 630 gallons per hour into the tank, and lowers the water table about seven inches in the first thirty minutes of pumping, after which the table remains comparatively stationary. We have water sufficient for all visitors use, family use, and enough to irrigate a small garden.

The total cost of this well was as follows:

Labor -----	87.80
Material -----	18.24
Drayage -----	2.00
	<hr/>
	108.04

GENERAL PROTECTION:

We were unable to begin actual work along the line of general protection, owing to a local labor shortage, until very near the end of the month. I have finally found a good man and have started clearing brush out of Compound A.

VISITORS:

195 visitors were shown around during the month. Cooler, pleasanter weather prevailed and is reflected in the increased number of visitors.

One visitor, Mr. Cook, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., brought to my attention a most interesting theory during his visit early in the month. It seems a year ago last June "Science" published an article by Professor Colton comparing a design which occurs on the north wall of the central room of the Casa Grande with a design representing the Minocan Labyrinth found on a Cretan coin during several centuries B. C. I at once made a tracing of the design and took the matter up with you to see if we could get a photostat copy of the figure of the coin.

In the meantime, since the original design is rather too high on the wall and too obscure to examine closely, I have mounted a conventionalized form of it where visitors may inspect it and it has aroused considerable interest.

TUMACACORI MISSION:

Service letter of September 10 authorized me to proceed to and report on the Tumacacori Mission. The trouble caused by the caving of the old well and having to dig a new one delayed this matter in September and during October the influenza has been so bad throughout southern Arizona that I thought it best to postpone the trip a little longer until conditions had improved. I hope to make the trip in two or three weeks.

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# RUMINATION

By The Boss

And again comes the stencil cutter's monthly cry; "Boss, it's time to ruminate!" By this we know that January is past history and we are here setting up a landmark to show how far we have come and which way we are headed.

Chief, the boys have put together another good Supplement. It has become a sort of habit with them.

We are lifting Tov's report on Tumacacori and are going to run it as a separate booklet in a new series of Southwestern Monuments Special Reports, of which this will be Number 1. I think it is a very definite contribution to the growing body of Tumacacori literature and should not be lost in the files. As it happens, the Second Special Report will probably deal with Tumacacori, as we expect it to be Paul Beaubien's report of the excavations last year. Other Special Reports are in the background and will come up in due time.

Fred Gibson, of the Boyce Thompson Arboretum, comes to our aid with some Peyote notes for which we thank him. I don't know whether or not you know it but Fred is a sort of a relative of the National Park Service, being a brother-in-law of Herb Maier, so we don't hesitate to go over and bother him a good bit with our problems.

Earl's method of handling the tree ring problem is good. We are waiting for some of the other men to come in with additions and variations and will probably have something more for next month. The need for this explanation is great because so many of our visitors have only a hazy idea of what it is all about and when they see that terrifying word, dendro-chronology, on a chart, they are willing to give up.

We were certainly pleased to get that nice letter from Dot and John Keur and are glad to share it with everybody on the mailing list because it shows you what our visitors think of our Monuments. I don't say that all visitors get as much pleasure out of their visit as these two do, the reason for this being that these two bring so much in the way of enthusiasm, energy and knowledge along with them. I have noticed that they always leave the man on the job pepped up when they make one of their all-too-infrequent visits.

Dale King, in his "Comments" gives a pretty good cross-section of some of our trails and tribulations at one of our twenty-five Monuments, and I trust you will find it interesting reading. We around headquarters have held several interesting Taurian sessions on this particular copy as it was coming through the mill, and there are still some differences of opinion among us as to the value of some of the suggestions here offered, though we have agreed to give them a trial and see how they work out. I wouldn't be surprised if we had some further reports on this a little later on.

STATISTICAL SUMMARY OF		1935 EDUCATIONAL CONTACTS					
MONUMENT	TRAVEL	EDUC. CONTACTS	PERCENT CONTACTED FIELD AND MUSEUM	TOTAL PERCENT CONTACTS	PERCENT TRAVEL IS OF TOTAL TRAVEL	PERCENT CONTACTS ARE OF TOTAL CONTACTS	PERCENT CONTACTS ARE OF TOTAL MUS. CONTACTS
ARCHES	300	60-Field	20.0%	20.0%	0.2%	0.1%	0.0%
AZTEC	10,738	10,738-Field	100.0%	200.0%	5.4%	8.5%	14.8%
BANDOLLER	12,381	10,738-Museum	100.0%	100.0%	6.2%	10.5%	0.0%
DE CHILLY	288	958-Field	100.0%	100.0%	0.8%	0.8%	0.0%
CAPULIN	24,000	4,810-Field	20.0%	20.0%	12.1%	3.8%	0.0%
CASA GRAN.	27,345	27,095-Museum	99.9%	200.0%	13.8%	22.2%	37.3%
CHACO	6,565	6,235-Field	95.0%	190.0%	3.4%	4.9%	8.6%
CHIRICAHUA	6,420	6,235-Museum	95.0%	65.5%	3.3%	3.2%	0.0%
GILA CLIFF	100	000	0.0%	0.0%	.1%	0.0%	0.0%
HOVENHEEP	200	000	0.0%	0.0%	.1%	0.0%	0.0%
MONTEZUMA	14,919	13,110-Field	100.0%	200.0%	5.5%	11.9%	20.8%
GRAN QUIVIRA	4,649	4,519-Field	97.2%	195.0%	2.3%	3.6%	6.2%
MTT BRIDGE	700	4,519-Museum	97.2%	69.6%	.4%	.4%	0.0%
NAVAJO	446	460-Field	100.0%	100.0%	.2%	.4%	0.0%
PIPE SPRGS	4,896	1,686-Field	34.4%	34.4%	3.5%	1.3%	0.0%
RAIMON	430	000	0.0%	0.0%	.2%	0.0%	0.0%
SAGHARO	9,900	2,420-Field	24.4%	24.4%	5.0%	1.9%	0.0%
SUNSET CR.	5,688	85-Field	1.5%	1.5%	2.1%	0.1%	0.0%
TONTO	5,350	5,398-Museum	100.0%	161.0%	2.7%	2.6%	7.4%
TUMACACORI	13,081	13,976-Field	100.0%	124.4%	6.6%	11.0%	4.7%
WALNUT	11,326	8,356-Field	74.0%	74.0%	5.7%	6.6%	0.0%
WHITE SNDS	33,912	5,965-Field	17.3%	17.3%	17.1%	4.7%	0.0%
WINDY PT	1,369	1,505-Field	100.0%	100.0%	0.7%	1.2%	0.0%
YUCCA H.	300	000	0.0%	0.0%	.2%	0.0%	0.0%
EL MORRO	2,475	1,827-Field	74.0%	74.0%	1.3%	1.4%	0.0%
TOTALS	198,478	199,342 (126,822-Field)			100.6%*	101.1%*	99.8%*
		(72,520-Mus.)					

\*Check totals

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RUMINATIONS (CONT.)

Betty the Birdbander comes in with a nice article on her work the past month in which you get the idea that she is having a pretty good time trying to take pictures of wild turkeys, etc., and you are not wrong in assuming it, either.

As another evidence that we are visitor conscious, in addition to Dale's studies mentioned above, you will note that Bob Rose comes in with a flock of figures dealing with educational contacts. On the face of them we are bound to admit that figures never look so very inviting, but these will repay a little study. It certainly startled me to find, according to this tabular matter, that Casa Grande and Montezuma Castle have 58% of the total museum contacts and 42% of all contacts among the 199,342 contacts made in our twenty-five monuments. Granting that there ~~must be some errors in this table, the above facts stand out so plainly~~ that they cannot be questioned. It rather puts a point on the fact that these two are our best monuments to use for studying visitor reactions in both museums and ruins.

I might report to you here, since you don't get a copy of it, that the Broadcast seems to be doing pretty effective work along its own special line. It is an inside circular for our own aggregation and only goes outside upon written request, and I believe it is helping to bridge the miles down in this corner of the country and keep us all better acquainted. It is the fourth of our informational outlets and the four of them are going to cover our field pretty well. They are the Monthly Report; the Monthly Report Supplement; the Special Reports; and the Broadcast. Each has a definite job to perform and if we can do about half as much as we hope to do with them the job will be well done.

Incidentally, we were rather thunderstruck when a big eastern library wrote us that one page in their copy of last month's report was blank and would we please send them a fair copy. Does that mean those fellows read our stuff that closely? And here is one of the Big Shots in the archaeological field who takes time out to sit down and write us that the December Report is our all time high; that we are doing good work and to keep it up. Does such a letter make us feel good? We are perfectly willing to admit that it does!

Cordially,

*The Boss*

49. How do these Indian homes differ from the homes of the Apaches?
50. Are these tribes related in any way to the Mongolian race?
51. Did these Indians write any hieroglyphics? If not, who wrote those in the South Mountains?
52. How the Indians irrigated? Were these Indians nomadic?
53. Who was the first to locate these ruins of Pueblo Grande?
54. Why have not people noticed or taken care of these ruins before?
55. I would like to know something of the people who lived on the present Chihuahua-Sonora line. There are huge vase-like structures which investigation (personal) showed it was first built of wattles, then overlaid with clay. The firing was done from within. The marks of the wattling showed clearly inside. A few ears of corn were in these vases. The vases were large enough that a human being could go into them comfortably. Who were these people? Where have they gone? Also mile after mile of hills are terraced. The terraces follow the natural contour of the country. There are also caves in which are buried dead. The bottom of the caves are covered with bat guano. The bodies are in a sitting position, knees under chin, arms crossed over knees. The flesh was dry and they sounded like a drum when tapped upon.

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## RUMINATIONS

My ruminations are going to be rather short this month, Chief, because I have been a sort of fifth wheel on the wagon this trip. I missed my timing a little in going through a clinic, taking a day or two longer than we had planned and then they took a young door knob out of the small of my back which kept me down a couple of more days and here, when I do arrive on the scene, Luis meets me with: "Hurry up those Ruminations and don't make them too long because we are just holding open the rest of this page and are going to press right now with the index!" A city newspaper has nothing on these boys when it comes to the hectic rush of getting the stuff out on time!

Otherwise it would be a good time to ruminate, because here we are, at the close of another volume of Monthly Reports, where we can point with pride to and you can probably view with alarm, the five hundred pages of explanation and description of what we have been doing in our district this last six months.

Also it is the close of the old financial year and the opening of the new, and we are looking forward with some satisfaction to the additional protection and service we will be able to render under those new appropriations.

But we forego all these ruminations and step over from the old volume to the new and from fiscal year '36 to fiscal year '37 with the ever recurring hope that the major breaks will continue to fall our way.

Cordially, *The Boss*

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