SI Parking Now Available
For GS-15's with 25 Years

by George J. Berkley

“Parking is permitted to all who apply. Record will be kept by license plate number; no specific space will be assigned. No stickers or waiting lines.”

Thus read the Smithsonian memorandum to employees desiring a parking space.

The year was 1942. The year 1969 is another matter. Parking is so scarce today that 450 to 500 employees form the waiting line for a space.

“Some prospective employees,” notes Margaret Pfeiffer, SI parking coordinators, “have refused to take a position here because they were not granted a parking space.”

“As a matter of fact,” she adds, “some have returned to their places of employment.”

Mrs. Pfeiffer, a 30-year veteran of the SI, has been in charge of parking since the building opened in 1913 when spaces were made available on a “first-come, first-served” basis.

The situation was such that, in the early 1950’s, a group of employees protested against making additional spaces available in the SI Building parking lot.

It meant the tennis court must go. It was unfair.

From that moment on, things began to worsen. The crushing blow came in 1964, when parking, as granted, is it

(Continued on page 2.)

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

No. 7, July-August 1969

SI Awaits Lunar Samples
For Study, Possible Show

by Tom Harney

Paleontologists rarely get involved in an expedition that urgently concerns contemporary man, and that is one reason why the one Porter Kier took part in last month is so unusual.

Kier, chairman of the Smithsonian’s Department of Paleobiology, and two other staff members of the Museum of Natural History, Thomas Piaten and Dennis Deveney, dove off a Pacific island looking for starfish of the species Aequastrombus planus, a creature whose voracious appetite is menacing the life of the Pacific’s stony coral reefs.

The starfish, popularly known as the “Crown of Thorns” because of its covering of poisonous spines, was considered relatively harmless until a few years ago, largely because there weren’t many around. Only one was found in a 1928 survey of life off Australia’s Great Barrier Reef.

“It was always a trouble to find,” said Kier in an interview before he left for the Pacific.

He had brought one of the Museum’s specimens out of storage for examination. It was about a foot and a half in diameter, with 16 arms and plentiful of thorns. Kier handled it gingerly. There are reports of men having arms paralysed for days after being pricked by the thorns of five starfish.

The current trouble, Kier said, started about six years ago when the population of starfish exploded off the Great Barrier Reef of Australia.

Tourists looking through glass-bottomed boats near the Red’s Green Island resort spotted great concentrations of the starfish and saw that large areas of coral stone were bleached and dead where the creatures had fed.

Acquastrombus planus dives by extruding its stomach over coral polyps and digesting them. One of the starfish can devour an area twice the size of its disc diameter in a 24-hour period or about one square meter per month. Once the coral is dead it has never been known to come back to life.

Australia tried desperately to eliminate the infestation. Divers went down and speared thousands of the creatures, but they multiplied too fast to stop. (An adult starfish spawns twice a year and discharges as many as a million eggs each time.)

To date, 100 square miles of coral off the Barrier Reef have been destroyed, and the starfish are continuing to advance.

The Australian Government has funded a study of the problem, but the findings are not yet available.

It was in 1967 the infestation spread to Guam, another location where the species had never been commonly reported before.

“Even in 1969, the species had never been commonly reported before. The problem, but the findings are not yet available. The advance.

Spawns polyps and digesting them.

When the population of starfish exploded off the Great Barrier Reef of Australia.

It was always a treasure to find,” said Kier in an interview before he left for the Pacific.

By 1968 someone estimated that there were as many as 300,000 starfish off the island's coast.

It was like a forest fire. In the space of two and a half years more than 90 per cent of the coral along 38 kilometers of Guam’s coast has been killed and the end is not in sight.

The natives of Guam are reportedly frightened and upset by the invasion. When the coral dies the rich life of the ecosystem breaks down and fish disappear. The natives depend upon the fish catch for their protein diet.

This is the economic consequence of an unchecked starfish explosion. Hundreds of thousands of persons living on Pacific islands could starve in the event of an epidemic spread of starfish.

In the longer run, the dead coral could be easily eroded by the storm waves, and without coral barriers the islands could be swamped by a rising ocean.

On Guam, the infestation was first observed in 1964, the year the division obtained an electron microscope under a grant from NASA. It is the starfish that will be studied on Guam.

CLAPP NAMED AS ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT

Charles L. Clapp, assistant to Secretary Ripley since early 1967, has left the Smithsonian to become Special Assistant to the President of the United States.

Clapp will be working on domestic and foreign policy matters for U.S. President Johnson and, as such, will be counselor to the President. His principal immediate task will be to assist with various task forces conducting studies at President Nixon’s direction in fields of domestic policy. While at the Smithsonian, Clapp undertook a wide range of projects for Mr. Ripley. Prior to coming to the Smithsonian, he was legislative assistant to Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall.

Clapp is the author of the widely read book, The Congressman: His Work As He Sees It.
Carl Tillinghast
DIES, ASSISTANT
SAO DIRECTOR

Carlton W. Tillinghast, Jr., 36, SAO's Assistant Director for Management, died Sunday, July 27, at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital after an illness of several months.

Mr. Tillinghast joined the Observa-
tory in 1959 as Chief of the Computations Division. One year later, when he was only 26 years old, he was named Assistant Director. In that position he was responsible for all administra-
tive and non-research activities of the Observatory, including the over-all supervision of an interna-
tional network of astronomical observing stations.

Mr. Tillinghast was a 1955 graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Tech-
ology with a Bachelor of Science degree in Nuclear Engineering. He served as a second lieutenant with the U.S. Army Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N.J. Prior to joining the Observatory, Mr. Tillinghast was employed by Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Corporation of East Hartford, Conn., as an Analytical Nu-
clear Engineer, and by the Mitre Corpora-
tion of Bedford, Mass. as a Research Engineer.

He is survived by his wife, Suzanne, and four daughters of Brookline; a sister, Caroline; and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton W. Tillinghast Sr.

MHT's DANZENBAKER PLAYS KEY ROLE IN STAMP DESIGN

Warren Danzenbaker, museum special-
ist of the Smithsonian Institution's Paleobiology Department; Deveney, a Whitney Aircraft Corporation of East Hartford, Conn., as an Analytical Nu-
uclear Engineer, and by the Mitre Corpora-
tion of Bedford, Mass. as a Research Engineer.

He is survived by his wife, Suzanne, and four daughters of Brookline; a sister, Caroline; and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton W. Tillinghast Sr.

horizontal stamp showing three small boats catching the Colorado rapids. At the tills of the lead boat is Major Powell, guiding two oarsmen. His right arm is in the stirrup of which he sat at the Center of the Battle of Shiloh—is extended.

Chosen over designs submitted by sev-
eral other artists, the Powell commemora-
tive is Wendelin's fourth postage stamp. The Post Office looted to the Smithsonian all of the artwork, proofs, first impres-
son, and other materials for the Powell exhibition after the stamp was issued in Page, Arizona, August 1.

Warren Danzenbaker is now an avid stamp collector.

Kreyss Appointed

Dr. Frank J. Kreyss, associate direc-
tor of the Science Information Exchange Program, which is part of Physical Sciences Division of the Office of Information Exchange has been appointed to membership on the Scientific Manpower Commission of the American Institute of Chemists. Eleven leading scientific societies are represented on the Commission, which concerns itself with the recruitment, training and utilization of scientific personnel.

Yap, perhaps significantly, has not yet had any dredging or dynamiting in its reef waters, and Kier and the divers found no starfish infestations. Some other teams, however, who went to Mi-

cronesia, islands that have experienced finding oil pollution in the coral reef areas, found hordes of the creatures.

American military planners plan to dynamite a shipping channel into Yap this fall and Kier would like to return to the is-
land next year to see if "progress" has brought with it a starfish population ex-

"What we want to find out is if it is just a transient problem and nothing to get excited about, or if it is really a tre-

cendous ecological event that threatens the extinction of an entire species," Kier said before he left on the expedition.

"If it is we should find out fast. Every report we have to stop it may be pre-
cious!"

Parking Problem

(Continued from page 1.)

There is fear too that the infestation

results in an ecological explosion and its control.

military forces plan to dynamite a ship-

ping channel into Yap this fall, and Kier

would like to return to the island next year to see if "progress" has brought with it a starfish population explosion and its control.

Yap, perhaps significantly, has not yet had any dredging or dynamiting in its reef waters, and Kier and the divers

found no starfish infestations. Some other teams, however, who went to Mi-

cronesian islands that have experienced finding oil pollution in the coral reef areas, found hordes of the creatures.

American military planners plan to dynamite a shipping channel into Yap this fall and Kier would like to return to the is-

land next year to see if "progress" has brought with it a starfish population ex-

"What we want to find out is if it is just a transient problem and nothing to get excited about, or if it is really a tre-

cendous ecological event that threatens the extinction of an entire species," Kier said before he left on the expedition.

"If it is we should find out fast. Every report we have to stop it may be pre-
cious!"

Parking Problem

(Continued from page 1.)

today, under the Point System—the great ego deflator.

Policies held, grade, length of service—
these became the coveted qualifications of would-be parkers and the collective resource of GS-3 clerk-typists and GS-11 professionals with one week of service.

Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary, GS-15. Twenty years of unbroken Smithsonian service.

These are the dreams of the GS-1-

Forget it.

There are now some 3,000 employees competing for 700 spaces. And brother, if you park your car in a space that doesn't belong to you—a $5.00 ticket will grace your window.

Strategy has caught up with the dis-

pensers of "legal" parking: the rear bumper of a car in a parking space must display a snifty, traceable sticker.

"Parking is privilege—it's not manda-
tory," says Mrs. Pfleiger.

Actually it's more like war—one employee is fast losing—at least on the Independence Avenue side of the Mall. Consider these casual reports: The 9th Street underpass wiped out 25 spaces on the east side of the A & I Building, while 30 spaces were turned over to the con-

struction crew renovating the Castle. They promise to hold that territory for a long time to come.

Things are just as bad in the other parking lots: Too many applicants, too few spaces.

One MHT wag summed up the prob-

lem: "It's reached a point where I'm going to trade my Buick for a bike, and park it between two Volkswagens until I'm caught."
Associates Hire New Program, Business Heads

There is a new team on board at the Smithsonian Associates. Mrs. Susan Hamilton has joined the Associates as program director, succeeding Mrs. Lisa Suter Taylor. And, to handle the increasing management problems involved in producing programs for a fast-growing membership, Marlies C. Johnson has been named the group’s first business manager.

Mrs. Hamilton has been chief of programs for the Baltimore Museum of Art for the last five years, creating and administering all public events and membership programs as well as managing museum publications. She has also directed a work rehabilitation program for emotionally disturbed people in conjunction with their medical treatment, done free lance as a writer and science writer, and served as an assistant editor and feature writer on Newsday in Long Island.

Johnson has been an extremely active participant in science for some time. Holder of a degree in business management, he spent 20 years in private business in California. He became acquainted with the Associates when he took one of their courses in archeology after moving to Washington.

From there Johnson moved into volunteer work, for the Associates, conducting tours for them to Williamsburg, Princeton, and Philadelphia, and taking part in various other programs. With his business background and interest in the Associates, he was a natural choice for this new position—to which he becomes not only the first business manager but the only man on the staff.

Neither Mrs. Hamilton nor Johnson has been aboard long enough to formulate definite plans for future programs, but they both firmly believe that their basic role is in community-oriented, lay-level education.

The Associates exist, Mrs. Hamilton notes, “to provide exposure for the community to the Smithsonian and its collections—very simply, to let people know the answer to the question, ‘What’s it all about?’ Our purpose is to continue to develop lively relationships between the community and the Smithsonian through people’s meaningful participation and involvement in the Institution.”

Moon-Mapper

Article a Winner

Maps of the moon, never more on the public mind than this summer, nonetheless were occupying at least one man’s mind some two centuries ago.

“The first really useful maps and globe of the moon were produced as a labor of love rather than as an endowed project of national policy, but they were produced by a practicing artist rather than by an academic scientist,” British historian W. F. Ryan pointed out in the Smithsonian Journal of History, Ryan’s article, “John Russell, R. A., and Early Lunar Mapping,” was selected by the editorial board last month as the prize-winning article in the Journal’s first volume (1966). A prize of $200 was awarded.

“John Russell did not content himself with drawing the pictures of a scientist; he had his own contribution to science to make,” Ryan points out. “This consisted of drawing the largest and most accurate picture of the moon produced up to that time; in making a mechanical moon globe; in engraving a beautifully detailed map, the ‘Selenographia’; in designing a relief globe, and in engraving a contrasted pair of full-moon maps which he called the ‘Lunar Planispheres.’” Reprints of the lavishly illustrated article are available from the Museum Shops.

Study of Lunar Sample

(Continued from page 1.)

When Fredriksson brings back his thin section sample from Houston, he will put it under the microprobe and bombard it with a finely focused electron beam that will cause elements in the sample to emit bursts of x-rays, comparing the patterns of these x-rays with the patterns of x-rays of known elements on earth.

“We’re seeking to tell the accurate compositions of different kinds of minerals,” Berkowitz and Dr. Ayensu. The Association’s next symposium will be held in Ghana in early 1971 on the subject of “Similarities and dissimilarities of tropical forest ecosystems of the Amazon and Congo.” Dr. Betty Meggars will be program coordinator.
'Some Impressions of My Own'

The Sacred Grove, a new book on museums by Secretary Ripley, will be published by Simon and Schuster in October. Portions of the chapter entitled "Some Impressions of My Own" are presented here.

My own philosophy of museums became established at the age of ten when we were living in Paris. One of the advantages of playing in the Louvre was immense—no child was ever allowed to be riding the carousel, hoping against hope to catch the ring. The next instant one might be off wandering the paths among the chestnuts and the plane trees, looking for the old woman who sold gaufres, those wonderful hot wafers shaped into conical creations dusted over with a third instant in time, and there was the Punch and Judy show, mirror of life, now comic, now sad. Another moment and one could wander into one of the galleries at the Louvre. I still remember the day I found the ship models. I could transcribe in my mind the text of those interiors, high-popped galleons, eighteenth-century men of war, or the early-nineteenth-century marriage of technologies of sail and steam. Then out to the garden wings, where there was a patch of sand and castles. Then back to the Louvre to wander through the Grand Gallery.

There was no essential difference in all this. The juxtaposition was natural and easy. No threshold of tiredness and lack of concentration was reached. It was as easy as breathing in and out.

For children, then, museums should be infinitely easy, diverse, varied. There should be fun and games somewhere, perhaps just outside, and concentration and indirect learning inside, but there should be no real distinction between the two. The outside should flow into the inside, the inside out.

Even at this age I loved sculpture and painting with an unfurled eye. I adored little girls like Houdon's bust of Louise Brogniart, full of innocence and charm and a poignant, expressive beauty. I loved stylish pictures like the Raphael portrait of Baldassare Castiglione, elegant but conveying great charm in the sitter. I used to look at military trophies, especially for Haverford and my sisters, hoping some day to be able to afford Napoleon's General Staff.

Other days we would take my sailboat and sail it in the Luxembourg Gardens, the Tuileries, Invalides, or the Quai d'Orsay. Here, near the seed store of the Vilmorin family, there were pet shops which offered everything from soft-bills like Cuban solitaires to white rats. The arms and armor at this stage occupied me a great deal. I was taken with the hilted claymore, for I was very proud of my mother's Highland blood.

It was heavily in thrall to Sir Walter Scott, whose endless narratives suited the spirit of derring-do engendered by the Salle Gardere and my sisters' and my fencing.

But it was on the way to sailboat sailing in the Luxembourg Gardens that I met the Musee de Cluny. This rapidly became my favorite museum in Paris. Here in this dark, rather dank late-fifteenth-century palace I became fascinated by the reality of the history. Every everyday objects of life enthralled me, from the magnificent panelling and tapestries of palace life to the clothes, particularly boots—vast positional boots, cavaliers' boots, ladies' boots, hose and shoes—elongated to such an extent that the tip was brought up and fastened to a garter; there were the platform clogs worn to avoid filth in the streets. There were also coaches and models of coaches and incredible arms and armor including a helmet from the field of Agincourt.

There were things one could touch, thank heavens. The thrill that was conveyed in touching rusty armor or horse caparisons that had once enclosed panicking steeds pulling coaches over rutted cobblestones was never-ending one.

Our second city of that winter was Florence. Here we stayed long enough to infect me with a never-to-be-forever-impression of the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries and the Bargello. This rapidly became my favorite museum in Italy. The juxtaposition was there as well. The outside should flow into the inside, the inside out.

We spent a great deal of time in that superb room in the palace. In that superb room in the palace.

Several years later, when Schonbrunn was thirteen, we were in India and I had my first chance to buy a Rajput painting of the Mughal period, an eighteenth-century portrait. It took three days, and by dint of using my newfound Hindi to bargain in the manner I had read about in Kipling I got the portrait miniature for about five dollars. Of course the possibility of visiting the Lahore Museum and seeing the great gun, Zamzama, on its carriage outside the front of the Museum was a dazzling one. Sure enough there it was; "a gun terrible as a dragon and huge as a mountain," the gateway to the giant of powdered sand, defeated. But Miss Schonbrunn had indulently lolled in the opening scene of my favorite book on India. We saw Zamzama in all its glory, though I could only imagine that Kim himself was somehow personified in the archichans playing about the Anarkali Sarai Bazar and the street cut away to show the interiors, high-popped galleons, eighteenth-century men of war, or the early-nineteenth-century marriage of technologies of sail and steam. Then out to the garden wings, where there was a patch of sand and castles. Then back to the Louvre to wander through the Grand Gallery.

It was this trip to India which seemed to bring out a confirmed interest in natural history. For a while I had been leaning towards archaeology and Pitti Galleries and the Bargello. It perhaps seemed brunn was made complete by the zoo, the oldest in Europe, with its ample to infect me with a never-to-be-forgotten impression of the ladies' boots and shoes with exaggerated toes, sometimes so long that the clothes, particularly boots—vast postilions' boots, cavaliers' boots, military trophies, especially for Haverford and my sisters, hoping some day to be able to afford Napoleon's General Staff.

In Paris, I adored pretty and touching little girls like Houdon's bust of Louise Brogniart, full of innocence and charm and a poignant, expressive beauty. I loved stylish pictures like the Raphael portrait of Baldassare Castiglione, elegant but conveying great charm in the sitter. I used to look at military trophies, especially for Haverford and my sisters, hoping some day to be able to afford Napoleon's General Staff.

"This was William, formerly a pampered pet of the Society, who had lived in the Society's exhibit rooms for twenty-six years until he died, and who had presumably never heard the 'school of modern science' in life. During his lifetime William was death on vermin, which are always plentiful in office and museum buildings in Bombay. As the Society reported much later in their History in 1933, 'Cockroaches were to his liking, and a mouse, a snake or a large rat was dearly loved.' One rat he held in his pickaxe beak for more than an hour be-re:er finely crunching it up. If he had not overeaten himself on a bit of wire he would probably be alive to this day. Others have succeeded him, but the 'Office Canary,' as he was affectionately called, is greatly missed today.

I was sorry to see William merely stuffed, but there were two pythons, one fifteen feet long, the other twelve. That is, there had been just before we got there, but the larger, rounded by the fact that his companion had happened to make away with a black partridge, ended by swallowing the partridge (which was in his former friend at the time) plus a small red blanket, so that there had happened to be only one visible python left.

From Bombay we went to Calcutta where perhaps the largest museum in Asia exists—the Indian Museum, founded in 1866, and based on the collections of the private society, the Asiatic Society of Bengal. That earlier museum, I discovered, was much richer then realized. The Company's Board of Directors, who, in 1814, had appointed Dr. Nathaniel Wallich curator of archaeological and zoological collections. Wallich and his successors, notably Edward Blyth, had presided over the amassing of those collections, which the Company's Board of Directors, who, in 1814, had appointed Dr. Nathaniel Wallich curator of archaeological and zoological collections. Wallich and his successors, notably Edward Blyth, had presided over the amassing of those collections, which were in the Society's exhibit rooms for twenty-six years until he died, and who had presumably never heard the 'school of modern science' in life. During his lifetime William was death on vermin, which are always plentiful in office and museum buildings in Bombay. As the Society reported much later in their History in 1933, 'Cockroaches were to his liking, and a mouse, a snake or a large rat was dearly loved.' One rat he held in his pickaxe beak for more than an hour be-re:er finely crunching it up. If he had not overeaten himself on a bit of wire he would probably be alive to this day. Others have succeeded him, but the 'Office Canary,' as he was affectionately called, is greatly missed today.

I was sorry to see William merely stuffed, but there were two pythons, one fifteen feet long, the other twelve. That is, there had been just before we got there, but the larger, rounded by the fact that his companion had happened to make away with a black partridge, ended by swallowing the partridge (which was in his former friend at the time) plus a small red blanket, so that there had happened to be only one visible python left.

From Bombay we went to Calcutta where perhaps the largest museum in Asia exists—the Indian Museum, founded in 1866, and based on the collections of the private society, the Asiatic Society of Bengal. That earlier museum, I discovered, was much richer then realized. The Company's Board of Directors, who, in 1814, had appointed Dr. Nathaniel Wallich curator of archaeological and zoological collections. Wallich and his successors, notably Edward Blyth, had presided over the amassing of those collections, which the Company's Board of Directors, who, in 1814, had appointed Dr. Nathaniel Wallich curator of archaeological and zoological collections. Wallich and his successors, notably Edward Blyth, had presided over the amassing of those collections, which were in the Society's exhibit rooms for twenty-six years until he died, and who had presumably never heard the 'school of modern science' in life. During his lifetime William was death on vermin, which are always plentiful in office and museum buildings in Bombay. As the Society reported much later in their History in 1933, 'Cockroaches were to his liking, and a mouse, a snake or a large rat was dearly loved.' One rat he held in his pickaxe beak for more than an hour be-re:er finely crunching it up. If he had not overeaten himself on a bit of wire he would probably be alive to this day. Others have succeeded him, but the 'Office Canary,' as he was affectionately called, is greatly missed today.