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. Park­
ing is so scarce today that 450 to 500 employees form the waiting line for a space.

"Some prospective employees," notes Margaret Pfieger, SI parking coordina­tor, have refused to take a position here because they were not granted a parking space.

As a matter of fact," she adds, "some have resigned at the age of 65 for re­tirement, health benefits, or annual leave."

Mrs. Pfieger, a 30-year veteran of the SI, has been in charge of parking since 1953 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 evacuat­ed.

From that moment on, things began to worsen. The crushing blow came in 1964, when parking, as it is stated, is not provided in the U.S. Patent Office parking lot.

(Continued on page 2.)

Clapp Named As Assistant To President

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

Dr. Clapp will be working on domestic programs under President Nixon. Clapp, the coun­sellor to the President. His principal ini­tiatives will focus on efforts to advance various ad­vocacy and ordering studies at President Nixon's direction in fields of domestic policy. While at the Smithsonian, Dr. Clapp undertook a wide range of projects for the late Dr. Thomas A. E. Ripley. Prior to coming to the Smith­sonian, he was legislative assistant to Massachusetts Senator Leverett Salton­tide.

Dr. Clapp is the author of the widely read book, The Congressman: His Work As He Sees It.
Carl Tillinghast Dies, Assistant SAO Director

Warren Danzenbaker, museum specialist of the Department of Technology, is leaving his stamp on the John Wesley Powell Centennial commemorative stamp. His name is on the stamp, and he is the second artist in the series of the three Mr. Danzenbaker created—these 6 cent stamps will show three boats and sharks, the Colorado rapids. At the tailer of the lead boat is Major Powell, guiding two oarsmen. His right arm is held high, as if he has just at the Colorado River mark the stamp accurate.

Until that time Danzenbaker's interest in stamps had been limited. He had assumed all that was required was an appropriate design. He soon learned however that every detail must be historically correct. They could not just show Powell navigating the Colorado. They had to put his crew in the right kind of boats. They had to choose a particular day of the expedition that they wanted to illustrate and then figure out where the group would have been on that day and depict the landscape properly. They had to decide who would most likely have been in which memory on that day, and who probably steering.

With Danzenbaker’s research assistance, Wendelin came up with a four-color horizontal stamp showing three small boats and sharks, the Colorado rapids. At the tailer of the lead boat is Major Powell, guiding two oarsmen. His right arm is held high, as if he has just at the Colorado River mark the stamp accurate.

Diving Teams Investigate Starfish Menace

There is fear too that the infestation noted earlier has spread to the Caribbean Islands in the Atlantic. The 60 diving scientists broke up into four-man teams and fanned out on various Pacific Islands to look for signs of starfish epidemic. Pladen, a research assistant in the Paleobiology Department, Deveney, a post-doctoral fellow from the University of Hawaii working in SF's Invertebrate Zoology Department and Kier were part of a team that went to the island of Yap in the West Caroline Islands. All three are experienced scuba divers, and as such, expect an exciting, long diving expedition. They have to choose a particular day of the expedition that they want to illustrate and then figure out where the group would have been on that day and depict the landscape properly. They have to decide who would most likely have been in which memory on that day, and who probably steering.

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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 Micronesian islands that have experienced dynamiting and oil pollution in the coral areas, found hordes of the creatures. American military forces plan to dynamite a shipping 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.

“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 tremendous 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 morning we have to stop it may be precocious.”

Parking Problem (Continued from page 1)

Special Exhibit Marks Powell Trip Centennial

During the summer of 1869—exactly 100 years before this epic expedition of moon exploration—Major John Wesley Powell, a commander of the Civil War, and nine companions were running the perilous rapids of the Colorado River in small wooden boats. They were exploring the last sizable unknown area within the United States. An exhibition entitled The Indomitable Major John Wesley Powell: Scientific Explorer of the American West at the National Museum of Natural History was named to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Powell's first descent of the Colorado River. The exhibit traces this dramatic first descent of the Colorado River in a series of changing scenes accompanied by a description of the highlights of the journey in Powell's own words, written shortly after he completed the trip in 1869.

Following his explorations in the 1860's and 1870's, Powell was to become head of both the U. S. Geological Survey in 1876 and the Department of the Interior; chairman of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution; and head of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. He was instrumental in the establishment of both organizations.

This major commemorative show was prepared under the direction of John C. Ewers, senior ethnologist in the National Museum of Natural History.

By-Word Giving

The exhibits at the Museum of Natural History are beginning to talk! Their new ability comes from a system called By-Word developed over a third month of operation. By-Word provides running commentaries on some 50 exhibits via headphones. The headphones rent for 50 cents.

Designed, built, and run by Educational Service Programs, Inc., which has installed similar systems at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum, the Fort Worth Science and History Museum, the Indianapolis Children's Museum and others, By-Word was one of 15 in a series of attempts by Support Key to extend the effectiveness of exhibits by audible means.

Sound effects, including Indian dances, charging bison, and a steam engine, are all authentic, the ESP people point out. In fact, they say the reason the roaring elephant does not roar is that By-Word script is that its man in the jungle has not yet found enough charging elephants to make a suitable tape.

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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, Marilee 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 memberships 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 an active and science writer, and served as an assistant editor and feature writer on Newsday in Long Island.

Johnson has been an extremely active associate 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 archology after moving to Washington.

From there John 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 became 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 globes 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 portraits of his scientists; 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 bearing an engraved moon map, the "Selenographia"; in designing a relief map of the moon, 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.

Biologists Elect Ayensu Director

Dr. Edward S. Ayensu, of the MNH Botany Department, has been elected executive director of the Association for Tropical Biology for 1969-70.

The Association sponsored an interdisciplinary symposium on the topic "Adaptive Aspects of Insular Evolution" at Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, this summer. The meeting was attended by some 90 scientists from all over the world. Present from the Smithsonian were Dr. Thomas R. Soderstrom, Dr. Clifford Evans, Dr. Betty Meggers, Dr. Donald Duckworth, Dr. Richard S. Cowan, Dr. Wallace Ernst, Dr. Oliver Flint, Dr. Raymond Fosberg, Dr. Mary Rice, Dr. Velva Rudd, Stanwyn Shetler, Miss Francine Suter.

This information will yield clues about the origin of the moon and perhaps the origin of the earth. Whatever Fredriksson and the other investigators find, they won't have anything to say for publication, NASA ground rules prohibit the principal investigators from publishing or talking to reporters until after they meet for a conference early next year in Houston.
The Sacred Grove, a new book on museums by Secretary Ripley, will be published by Simon & Schuster in October. Portions of the chapter entitled "Some Impressions of My Own" are presented here.

My own philosophy of museums began at the age of ten one winter when we were living in Paris. One of the advantages of playing in the park was immense, as a child was that at any one moment one could be riding the carousel, hoping against hope to catch the ring. The next instant one might be off wandering the paths among the chestnutsthe plane trees, looking for the old woman who sold gaufres, those wonderful hot waffles served in little conical wafer cones dusted over with powdered sugar, at 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 wonder into one of the galleries at the Louvre. I still remember the day I found the ship models in the SomMa, a Science Museum, in true-to-life form so that the nest aperture is only a slit through which the male passes in food to his charges. The stuffed male is as much a part of my memories of Florence as the cold stone and usual accompaniment of streets and museum entrances and cathedral sand castes. 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 unfomed eye. I adored looking at little girls in Houdon's bust of Louise Broughart, full of innocence and charm and a poignant, pensive expression. 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 treasures, for Haver's arms, 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 Gardens, or the Quai and Louvre. Here, near the seed store of the Vilmorin family, there were pet shops which offered everything from soft-bills like Cuban solitaires to white mice. The arms and armor at this stage occupied me a great deal. I was taking lessons in horsemanship, for a large coach, a French staff, was used to haul claymore, for I was very proud of my mother's Highland blood. I was heavily in thrall to Sir Walter Scott, whose endless narratives suited the spirit of derring-do engendered by the Salle Gardiere 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-nineteenth-century palace I became fascinated by the reality of history. The everyday objects of life enthralled me, from the magnificent paneling and tapestries of palace life to the clothes, particularly boots—vest positiolons—boots, cavaliers' boots, ladies' footwear—long and low, exaggerated towards the tip was brought up straight 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, which I peered. It could not have been more real to me than if I had been through which the male passes in food to his charges. The stuffed male 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 been seen so long that the dolls and stuffed animals which I much admired 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 even a large rat he dearly loved . . . . One rat he held in his pickleax beck for an hour he could not get 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 greatest of them all.

I was sorry to see William merely stuffed, but there were two live 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 parrot, ended by swallowing the parrot (which was in his former friend at the time) plus a small red blanket, so that there 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 were that real life is not so rare. 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 important collections through the nineteenth century made by the naturalists, men in the police, customs and forestry services, as well as naturalists attached to various military, punitive or boundary expeditions. Marine collections were made by surgeons-naturalists, such as the U.S. R.I.M. survey steamer Investigator. The museum has exhibit galleries in those days of insects, fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals, and I joined huge milling throngs of Indians in fascinated appraisal of the wonderful stuffed animals. Most of these stuffed animals were very well mounted, as taxidermy was thriving in India in prewar days due to the lively competition among the maharajas and other wealthy big-game fanciers to bedeck their walls with grimacing creatures of the jungle.

Southern and eastern Asia have somehow come to be a second home to me from those early impressions of mine on the 1926 trip down to the present.