
On 8 October 1962, we moved from Lake to Lamar. Most of our furniture remained stored in our former Mammoth upstairs apartment because the Lamar house was small. We again had the privilege of living in an old log building (#106), built in 1922 (I-135 and I-136); it served both as a ranger station and a home. The ranger station/house was part of the historic “Buffalo Ranch,” where bison had been managed like cattle from 1907 until 1946, when feeding hay to bison was discontinued. Haines (1996c:225–226) described the Lamar Buffalo Ranch operation as follows:

“This effort to ‘save’ the buffalo resulted in establishment of a tame herd based on a ranch operation at Rose Creek in Lamar Valley. The work on the ranch was supervised by a chief buffalo keeper who had an assistant, several irrigators and other help as the season required. The irrigated meadowlands along Lamar River produced 800 to 900 tons of hay which was fed to the buffalo during the bad weather, and there were facilities, such as corrals, chutes and sheds, necessary to the inoculating, castrating and slaughtering which was part of the maintenance of a healthy herd of about 800 animals. What remains at Rose Creek is only part of the old Buffalo Ranch . . . .”

Extensive hay farming had occurred in Pleasant Valley and Slough Creek, as well as the Lamar Valley. We lived in the larger of two log houses; Ranger Bob Wood, our friend and colleague, resided in the other one, nearby (#108, built in 1937). The houses were surrounded by an attractive wood rail fence. There were other buildings nearby: a large horse barn (1927) with an attendant corral, a bunkhouse (1929), and a generator shed (1936). The generator, which supplied our electricity, was a large diesel unit that ran continuously, except for maintenance days, for which Bob and I were responsible. The generator shed was about 500 feet from our house, so it wasn't as noisy as it might have been. The two residences, the barn, and the bunkhouse are now on the National Register of Historic Places.

We didn’t have bison in the corrals, but we started off the fall with 18 horses; on the 27th Rosie and Comet were taken to Stevens Creek. Fourteen horses were sold by the Park and they left Lamar on 31 October. Sox and Shorty remained for the winter. The kids enjoyed the necessary daily hay feeding and frequent rides in the corral or yard. Sox was a big and gentle horse, wonderful for the kids (I-137). The snow was never too deep for Sox.

The fall and winter at Lamar was another wonderful YNP assignment. From the house we could see much of Lamar Valley and some of its wildlife occupants, especially bison and elk. On family car rides we often could see 300 elk and 75 bison within a few miles of the house. Occasionally, we saw a moose from the house, and nearly every morning we could spot a coyote hunting for mice. Water flowed through our yard in a shallow ditch (3 to 6 inches deep and 12 inches wide). It was a wonderful place for the kids to play in the fall, without being a serious safety hazard. We made time for short family walks on the grass-covered hills near the house.
Family trips to "town" (Livingston, 90 miles one way) were made as seldom as possible. Pat tried to purchase a two-months supply of groceries when we went. Our neighbors, at Northeast Entrance, were ranger Jack Hughes, wife Jane, and daughters Kay and Kim. They became good friends and we often exchanged visits and dinners. The ranger family at Tower Falls had three children. The mother was seriously ill during the winter. On one occasion, when the mother was hospitalized, Pat kept their youngest child (about a year old) and Jane Hughes kept the two older children for a couple of days.

Heat in our Lamar house came primarily from a gravity flow, fuel-oil heater in the livingroom. The maintenance chief had instructed that it be removed before winter and that all heat would be provided by propane. I thought this was an absurd idea, to rely on a fuel source that is undependable in intensely cold temperatures. The maintenance chief was very upset by what he considered to be my meddling in maintenance business, but gave up and left the oil heater. There was no wood stove in the house; wood stoves had been replaced several years earlier when the park administration launched a heating efficiency program (with insufficient thought). The kitchen stove, refrigerator, and hot water heater all ran on propane. We depended on the propane stove oven to heat the kitchen. This became the anticipated problem in the coldest weather. Propane is sold as a pressurized liquid. The pressure in the tank is purely a function of temperature. Propane normally is liquid at minus 43° F, so this is its point (boiling point) of minimum pressure (not corrected for altitude).

As the temperature approaches minus 43° F and the propane is at minimum pressure, it will no longer flow in the system. Therefore, when our temperature was in that range, the propane units did not operate properly and ultimately stopped completely. Twelve hours was the longest single period when the temperature remained too cold for propane to flow from the outside tank into the house. We kept our water from freezing by running all taps. In January, the average minimum temperature was minus 12.9°. At the Lamar residence, one morning reached minus 52° F on January 19th and the coldest was minus 53.5° F on the 12th (1-138). The all-time record for the Park was minus 66° F, recorded at Riverside (near West Yellowstone) on 9 February 1933. That was the record low for the state of Montana until 20 January 1954, when minus 70° F was recorded at Rogers Pass. The minus 70° F remains the coldest temperature recorded in the 48 contiguous states.

Bob Wood discovered a fire in grass and big sagebrush, the Lamar Horseshoe Fire, seven miles west of the ranger station, in the Lamar Valley, on 22 October. Bob came to the ranger station, picked me up, and we raced back to fight the fire. Additional manpower was soon sent from Mammoth. The nights were cold, damp, and long, so the fire was under control within a day and declared out in two days. It burned only 2.55 acres.

In the fall, backcountry patrols on horseback were necessary to pack provisions to the backcountry cabins in preparation for winter ski patrols. During 14-17 October, Ranger Jack Hughes and I made a horseback trip to deliver winter rations to patrol cabins: Cold Creek, Upper Lamar, Lower Miller, and Upper Miller. Harebells (Campanula rotundifolia) were in bloom along the Lamar River between Lower and Upper Miller Creeks.
Lamar Ranger Station/Residence
1-135. **Top:** October 1962.
1-136. **Bottom:** January 1963.
1-137. Mary Teresa on gentle horse Sox, at Lamar, January 1963.
Ranger Bob Wood and I made a horseback patrol from Lamar to Cache Creek Patrol Cabin (where we spent the night), via the Thunderer Trail on 23–24 October. On the summit of the Thunderer Trail, yellow stonecrop (*Sedum stenopetalum*) was in bloom. These blooming plants testified to the unusually warm October we experienced at Lamar. The maximum temperatures were in the 70°s F on the first four days of the month and subsequently there were 14 days in the 60°s F before the month ended. On 30 October, the high temperature was 69.5° F. The average maximum temperature in October 1962 was 62.1° F. The long-term average high temperature for October at Lamar was 52.9 °F.

On the way back to Lamar from the Cache Creek Patrol Cabin, Bob and I made a side trip to Death Gulch, a tributary of Cache Creek. It was made famous by Ernest Thompson Seton’s (1899) book “The Biography of a Grizzly.” This was a story about “Wahb,” the grizzly bear that wound up dying in Death Gulch as a result of toxic gasses that accumulate there in fatal concentrations. Ranger-Naturalist Irwin Douglass (1939), a chemist and a colleague of Pat’s father, wrote about Death Gulch:

“In the eastern part of the park is a ravine known as Death Gulch where there is a particularly heavy escape of deadly gasses. Mr. Frank Oberhansley, former Assistant Park Naturalist, made this observation in his diary of August 26, 1938: ‘Today District Ranger Lee Coleman and I visited Death Gulch. As we walked along the east bank of Cache Creek the emanation of sulfurous gas was decidedly noticeable. The weather was still and humid, and the gas was particularly heavy at the lower end of the Gulch where we crossed it. We both became convinced that it would be unwise to attempt to walk up the Gulch. Symptoms were shaky knees, headache, and irritation of the respiratory system. I am certain that no animal could long endure the fumes as they were today. However, the only dead animal seen was a dead pocket gopher lying dead at the mouth of the Gulch. It appears that the larger animals avoid the locality at the present time [in 1880 W. H. Weed who named the feature reported finding the carcasses of six bears in the Gulch and in 1897 Dr. T. A. Jagger found eight bears in this ‘natural bear trap’]. It remains for some future investigator to determine whether the lethal effects of carbon dioxide or whether poisonous hydrogen sulphide is present in sufficient concentrations to play a part.”

At a later date (29 January 1964), U.S.G.S. Geologist Bob Fournier, with whom I had spent time in the field in summer 1963, responded to a letter I had written him regarding the results of analysis done on gases that had been collected; he wrote:

“Results on the Death Gulch gas samples are exceedingly fragmentary. The most interesting bit of information obtained thus far is that a mercaptan is present. Mercaptans are volatile organic compounds analogous to alcohol, but containing sulfur instead of oxygen. This fits in well with the field observations that the gas gives a neutral pH indication, yet is depositing native sulfur at the vents. Mercaptans are notoriously foul smelling, but generally are not lethal. A little bit of mercaptan can go a long way toward making the air unpleasant. I suspect that CO₂ is by far the major gas being discharged.”
Autumn news from Mammoth indicated that Lake District Ranger Howard Chapman was moving to an instructor position at the NPS training school at Grand Canyon National Park. Chief Ranger Oscar Dick was transferring to Mt. McKinley, Alaska, as superintendent. After hearing this, Pat wrote to her mother:

"The turnover here is so great that no one knows much about anything anymore. Riley received two offers for lateral (same grade) transfers, to Gettysburg as a Ranger and to National Capitol Parks (Washington, D.C.) as a Naturalist. We gave neither one serious consideration; our wishes and goals were not well incorporated into the transfer program. This probably means our name is circulating again so our days here [in Yellowstone] may be limited and we are trying to make the most of them."

By Thanksgiving we were making plans for the arrival of our fifth child, due around 15 April. Bill and Lorraine Baker (in Billings) had volunteered to help out by caring for the children when birth time came. We went to Billings to firm up plans and have Thanksgiving dinner with the Bakers. On 17 December 1962, I declined an offer of a lateral transfer to Supervisory Park Ranger at Walnut Canyon National Monument, Flagstaff, Arizona.

In November and December, Ranger Bob Wood and I performed maintenance work on the Lamar and Crystal Creek elk traps (corrals) in preparation for winter trapping. Because the target reduction had been met in the previous winter, the 1962–63 elk reduction program was to be less intense, with a goal take of close to 1,800 (including hunter take north of the park boundary) rather than the 5,000 kill goal of the previous winter. Much more emphasis was to be directed to live trapping. Bob and I were to run the Lamar and Crystal Creek elk traps (permanent structures) and to assist with a portable trap to be installed at Slough Creek.

Neither Bob nor I had to shoot on a general reduction team in 1962-63. However, we were assigned to make road patrol at morning’s first light and determine where elk were visible from the road. We would then radio to a shooting team that was usually waiting at Tower Falls. I usually didn’t have to wait around for the slaughter, so when I was alone on the patrol, I often took Kevin with me in the pickup on these early morning searches for elk. He was only 4½, but he was a help spotting animals and it was quality time with him. At least once each week, starting on 19 November, Jack Hughes, Bob Wood, and I had to do some shooting for the biological collection projects. About six elk had to be killed each week for a study being conducted by Dr. Richard McBee, from Montana State University. He was studying rumen microbes. For a week or so Dr. McBee set up a laboratory on the Lamar bunkhouse and we enjoyed the opportunity to learn about his research. Other researchers were studying fetuses from any cows killed. Dr. Holcomb was analyzing blood; Ken Greer was taking jaws for determining the age of the animals based on the examination of their teeth (Greer 1967).

Helicopter “herding” continued to be involved in the direct reduction (shooting) and trapping programs in the winter of 1962-63. Trapping at the Lamar and Crystal Creek traps began in the first week of December; initially it was accomplished by placing a “line” of alfalfa hay from several hundred feet outside the trap, through the trap opening, as previously described.
1-138. Kevin at our Lamar Ranger Station Residence, 12 January 1963. The temperature was minus 53.5° F.
However, helicopter roundup had become “popular” and management decided that it was the most efficient means of getting large numbers of elk, at a single hazing, into a trap (disregarding the extreme stress to the animals). Long lead-in fences were added to both sides of the Crystal and Slough Creek trap entrances. The traps were large enough to hold 100 or more elk (1-139); some trap wall boards were broken by these large groups of panicked animals within the trap. Some of the first portable traps were too hastily fabricated, with wire fences rather than boards. Because the elk could easily see the outside terrain, many of them ran straight into the fence, producing hideous head injuries, e.g., split noses. The supervisor of the trapping operation finally authorized the wire to be replaced with boards so that the elk could not see through the trap walls. Total removal of elk by trapping and shipping in this winter was 671. The total kill by shooting teams was 619, including 215 taken for biological studies. Winter kill within the Park was considered negligible for this winter. Hunter kill outside the Park was 530 elk. The total reduction was 1,820 compared to 5,220 the previous winter.

Bob Wood and I managed to schedule an overnight ski patrol on 4–5 January, to Lower Miller Patrol Cabin; otherwise, the elk live-trapping program took up the majority of our time. Direct reduction lasted only until 24 January, after which efforts were directed to trapping. John Craighead was starting a study of elk migration. Bob Wood, Jack Hughes, and I were assigned to help with his trapping and banding program. At the Crystal Trap, we did all of the trap setting, as well as moving the elk into various side pens, de-antlering, etc. The Craighead team demonstrated to us the manner of neck collar attachment and then were sometimes on hand for the banding and sometimes not.

We trapped, ear-tagged, neck-banded, and released several hundred elk at the Crystal Creek trap that winter. Jack Hughes, Ken Ashley, Wayne Howe, and I (working without a Craighead team member) tagged the record number of elk in one day that winter: 102. Not that the “record” was such a big deal, but it was a lot of hard work and we were pleased to have been that efficient. During the duration of the Craighead study, which lasted from winter 1962–63 through winter 1966–67, 9,000 elk were trapped and 1,935 were neck-banded. The study results were reported in Craighead et al. (1972).

Helicopters also were used in the 1962-63 winter to herd bison in the Nez Perce Valley; 350 were live-trapped and shipped to Texas. About this time, we heard that the NPS had tentative plans to fence some bison at Antelope Creek so that the public could see them more easily. Apparently a congressman had complained about not seeing bison the previous summer. In the early days of the Park, the NPS displayed fenced animals and this would have been a return to a less enlightened time. Fenced bison had been displayed at Antelope Creek until 1942. The plan for a new “zoo” display did not come to fruition.

YNP’s chief biologist concluded that helicopter herding of elk to traps was so efficient that direct reduction by shooting would not be needed in future years. The necessary annual surplus could be removed by live trapping using helicopters. Shooting by rangers continued through the next several winters, but only for biological study specimens. Ultimately, the NPS embraced controversial "natural regulation" (winter kill and predators), declaring “overgrazing” an inappropriate concept in the Park.
We always tried to teach the children to respect wild animals and to recognize that all were potentially dangerous. We became especially concerned about a coyote that began hanging around the house constantly. It acted as if it were not well. Reluctantly, Bob and I decided that it had to be shot. Upon examination, it was evident that the coyote was old and its teeth were in very bad condition. Time with the family during daylight hours was limited because of the intense elk trapping work. However, whenever I could break away, we did something special with the kids. We tried to make a skating rink in the yard (Christmas eve minimum temperature was minus 25°F and Christmas night was minus 35°F), but it resulted in a very uneven surface and a rough skate. Sometimes we resorted to the indoors game of passer/receiver/interceptor, with a small football. That was abruptly terminated when I threw the ball through the front door window (of course it was Kevin’s fault for missing the throw).

In midwinter we were hearing rumors that we would be assigned to Lake again the following summer and that we would get our same apartment back at Mammoth for our furniture at the same time. The latter seemed unlikely because the people that had moved into "our" apartment for the winter (John Cook) were fixing it up as if they planned to be there for a while—so that left Pat confused; it was so hard to plan on anything. By late February we were told to plan on moving to Lake about 10 April. Pat wrote to her mother:

"If this [all this talk of moving] is confusing to you—it is to us too, and we're 'putting in' for all the larger houses that come up in Mammoth just to remind people that we are around even tho we don't have enough points to get one with 3 or 4 bedrooms and a first floor [Vacant houses were awarded to the 'bidder' with the highest number of points based on GS grade, years of service, and number of children]. And we don't prefer to store our furniture all summer in the warehouse while Cook's live in our house—but we may have to at this rate."

Information nearly always came by rumor; rarely did a ranger hear of personnel matters through formal channels first. Then we heard that John Cook, who was in our apartment in Mammoth, would be transferring to a park in the southwest, to work for his wife's father, who was a superintendent. Our friends the Coes, with whom we had been snowed-in at Old Faithful in the winter of 1960–61, accepted a transfer to Mount McKinley National Park and they were to leave before spring. Darrell had been fed up with YNP management for some time and been talking about quitting during the past year.

In fall, 1966 (by that time Darrell was working in Katmai National Monument, Alaska), he achieved a major breakthrough in the persistent problem of poaching brown bears within the Monument. Through terrific detective work Darrell apprehended an Alaskan guide, his Austrian client, and the pilot that had taken them into the Monument and landed illegally. The Austrian had then shot and killed a large brown bear for a "trophy." The three received petty fines, which was very discouraging to Darrell. But the final insult came from NPS Director George Hartzog. In 1967, the U.S. State Department claimed that the Austrian poacher had diplomatic immunity and the Department put pressure on Hartzog. Hartzog then ordered the park superintendent to pay for the preparation of the confiscated bear hide and to send the hide (and the confiscated rifle) to the poacher.
The elk that had been "herded" into the Slough Creek Trap by helicopters, January 1963.
Darrell told me that he had worked very long and hard to break this long-standing poaching problem. When he finally did so, the aforementioned result occurred. The results were a crushing blow to Darrell. This incident continued to deeply trouble Darrell and it became the last straw. In fall 1967, Darrell phoned and told me that he had taken his NPS badge off and thrown it into the outhouse pit. He then went to Headquarters and resigned. Darrell was an outstanding and hard-working ranger, too conscientious and principled to survive the NPS. Darrell and Jean remained in Alaska, where they taught in elementary schools and no doubt did superb jobs. It is well worth reading some selected details of the poaching incident. A sanitized version can be accessed over the internet in the administrative history of Katmai.

The Secretary of Interior’s Advisory Board on Wildlife Management issued their report “Wildlife Management in the National Parks,” generally known as the “Leopold Report,” on 4 March 1963 (Leopold et al. 1963). The Board was composed of A. Starker Leopold (chairman), Stanley Cain, Ira Gabrielson, Clarence Cottam, and Thomas Kimball. In their cover letter to Secretary Udall, the Board wrote:

“The emphasis is placed on the philosophy of park management and the ecologic principles involved. Our suggestions are intended to enhance the esthetic, historical, and scientific values of the parks to the American public, vis-a-vis the mass recreation values. We sincerely hope that you will find it feasible and appropriate to accept this concept of park values.”

I discussed some of their recommendations in the prologue to these memoirs. Unfortunately, the Leopold Report’s significant impact on national park management policies lasted less than a decade. This ephemeral nature of the Leopold Report’s influence was at least to some degree a result of misunderstanding the emphasis on restoration. Some wilderness proponents (e.g., Zahniser [1963], for whom I had great respect) saw the Leopold recommendations as a threat to natural wilderness processes. I do not believe that was an accurate reading of the Report. The Leopold Committee aimed to restore natural processes that had been hindered or eliminated by misguided management priorities, not to create museum pieces.

Strong wind was common at Lamar and the snow tended to drift everywhere. Our greatest snow depth averaged about two feet. On 6 March, Jack Hughes and I skied to Death Gulch, an 8-mile round trip. We were surprised to find no open ground in the Gulch; all terrain in the Gulch was snow covered. During 9–13 March, Jack Hughes (Northeast Entrance Ranger) Elroy Bohlin (North District Ranger) and I took a ski patrol over the Mirror Plateau. It was by far the most strenuous and exciting winter trip I took in Yellowstone. This was my first big trip on Laplander skis, large skis that at the time were "state of the art" for cross-country skiing in deep snow. They were 3 inches wide at the upswing of the tip and 90 inches long, equipped with cable bindings. I obtained mine just two months before the trip. We were told that they were one of only three pairs imported into the U.S. from the Splitkein Company, in Sweden, that year. Laplander skis became more popular among rangers in succeeding years, before falling into disfavor when good smaller skis (e.g., Bona) and finally waxless skis became readily available.

Our ski patrol began with a Weasel trip to Lake, where we stayed overnight. The next
day we were taken to the Pelican Meadows trailhead, where we began the ski trip. We proceeded through Pelican Meadows and to the Pelican Patrol Cabin where we spent the night. The next night was at the Fern Lake Patrol Cabin. From there, we had only a short section of trail left before heading cross-country across the Mirror Plateau and toward Lamar. This meant a night on the Plateau, so we were loaded down with tents, sleeping bags, and the other necessary gear for a night or two out. Elroy carried a horrendously overloaded pack with snowshoes and large mukluks tied on. This slowed him and made for an uneven pace between us; Jack and I were very worried about Elroy, but he struggled on.

We spent the night out near Wrong Creek and made a big mistake picking a campsite (a wrong decision at Wrong Creek). There were 5 or 6 feet of snow in general when we decided to stop for the night. There was a small thermal area at that point, with some warm, bare ground. We put our tents on the warm ground and within a couple of hours I had two inches of ice crystals inside my tent, from the moisture coming from the warm ground as well as my breath. Moisture from underneath soon began to get my sleeping bag wet and I started shivering in my bag. Nothing to do but get up, get dressed, and build a wood fire. I kept the fire going for the rest of the night, huddled by it. Jack and Elroy eventually joined me (I-140). Our thermometer read minus 22°F.

We made the trek from our Wrong Creek camp to Lamar the next day via the flank of Amethyst Mountain. The weather was clear, calm, and cold, as it had been since we left Fern Lake. It was a long day and Elroy began to have serious problems. The exertion with a heavy pack and little previous conditioning had him on the verge of total exhaustion. He began hallucinating and showed signs of dehydration. Jack and I got liquids down him and by proceeding slowly we made it out to Lamar, to his great credit. Elroy was a very pleasant person and never complained. When we arrived at the ranger station, I expected that Pat would have received some news on our summer assignment, but she had heard nothing.

In the spring, for a few weeks I had to attend occasional meetings and training sessions in Mammoth. I received permission to take Mary T. in the government car with me so that I could drop her off at Mary Armstrong’s kindergarten class in Mammoth during those trips to Mammoth. Downhill skiing at Undine continued to be a family activity during the winter at Lamar and Pat continued to ski until early March (by then she was 7 ½ months pregnant). We continued to make the most of the early spring at Lamar. In early April we found grizzly tracks a short distance from the house and watched bluebirds and other songbirds begin to return.

Pat began having occasional false labor on about 11 April. By the evening of 21 April, we still had not been told to move to Lake and Pat went into labor in earnest. At 11:00 A.M., we loaded the four kids into the car and headed for Livingston (90 miles away). Kerry got carsick and threw up on the back seat, adding to the trauma of the drive. We arrived at the Livingston Hospital about 2:00 A.M. on the 22nd. Pat didn’t feel she was ready to go in yet, so we all slept in the car until 4:00 A.M. I got Pat checked in, then drove on to Billings (another 115 miles), where I left T., Kevin, Jane, and Kerry with Bill and Lorraine Baker. I had breakfast with them and headed back to Livingston and made it to the hospital by noon.

Pat was pacing the hall and still not far advanced in labor. I stayed with her through the day, then checked into a motel, with instructions to the nurse to phone me when there
was any change. The phone call came at 5:30 A.M. the next morning. I rushed back to the hospital; Pat, cheery as ever, was beginning to bear down. I got to put on a gown and go into the delivery room with her. The baby arrived at 6:55 A.M. on 23 April 1963. Dr. Baskett delivered the baby this time and my experience having to act in the absence of the doctor when Kerry was born made me grateful that Dr. Baskett was on hand. A few days later, when Pat and baby were released from the hospital, we still had not settled on a name. Days later, back at Lamar, we were told by the hospital that we had to provide a name, so Terence Michael suddenly had the right sound.

As soon as we got Pat and baby back to Lamar it was time for me to start attending the annual ranger conference (22–26 April)(I-141). I had already missed most of it. I didn’t want to leave Pat alone with 4 kids and a new baby, so in the morning we drove to Mammoth (leaving Lamar by 7:30 A.M.) and the family stayed with the Maxey family while I attended the conference. Maxeys would soon be leaving for their summer assignment at Big Hole Battlefield National Battlefield, near Wisdom, Montana. Milligans were going to Snake River for the summer and Harry Reynolds, the Law Enforcement Specialist and our former District Ranger at Lake, would soon transfer to Washington, D.C. We still had no final word on where or when we were to move for the summer and we figured that “something” was up at headquarters and we were again one of the pawns.

Two days after the conference ended, our assignment fate was revealed. I was summoned to talk with the Chief Ranger Wayne Howe and Chief Naturalist John Good. They “inquired” as to whether I would be willing to switch to the naturalist division, as North District Naturalist, stationed in Mammoth. It would involve promotion from a GS-7 to GS-9. The incumbent, Don Cross, wanted to switch to the ranger division. I told them that I would prefer to remain at Lamar and fill the GS-9 Sub-District Ranger job there. They both told me they would think it over. The next day I received a phone call informing me that I was being reassigned as North District Naturalist; the change was to be effective on 28 April 1963. Pat described the event pretty well in a letter:

"We are moving to Mammoth next week as North District Naturalist (GS-9) so we finally get our [GS] "9" without leaving Yellowstone. It's funny, but instead of being jubilant we have very mixed emotions about it. We probably would have gotten the Lamar 9 [GS grade] except that the North Naturalist hated his job and wanted to be a ranger and requested this maneuver. We were never really consulted at all. Riley was called in to see if he would be willing if region could arrange it and he said he would just as soon get a Ranger 9, as this [naturalist] job. Then today he was reassigned. Well, maybe we'll be able to work into the Lake or Old Faithful Naturalist job eventually, so that we won't have to spend the summers in Mammoth. I wish we had a better house in Mammoth, but guess we'll have to get along where we are [we were to move back to the upstairs apartment in Mammoth] as housing is really critical in Mammoth. Riley also has doubts about the job. The last four men who have had it were unhappy in it. Well, time will tell."
I-140. Rangers McClelland and Hughes at our overnight stop near Wrong Creek, 12 March 1963; the temperature was minus 22° F (photo by Elroy Bohlin).
(Courtesy NPS, YNP)

L-R

**Back row:** Robert Johnsson, District Naturalist, South; Joseph H. Fraser, Sub-District Ranger, West Yellowstone; Robert O. Binnewies, Park Ranger, Old Faithful; John W. Hughes, Park Ranger, Northeast Entrance; B. Riley McClelland, District Naturalist, North; Maxwell E. Hancock, Sub-District Ranger, Old Faithful; William N. Burgen, Sub-District Ranger, Canyon; C. Robert Morey, District Ranger, South; Edward J. Widmer, Law Enforcement Officer; Charles McCurdy, District Naturalist, West; Robert E. Howe, Park Biologist; Donald L. Cross, Sub-District Ranger, Lamar.

**Third row:** George J. Tracy, Supv. Fire Control Aid; Louis L. Gunzel, Fire Control Specialist; Arthur J. Hayes, Park Ranger, Canyon; Robert P. Wood, Park Ranger, West Thumb; Delmar G. Peterson, Park Ranger, North Entrance; Jerry Hammond, Sub-District Ranger, Mammoth; Dale H. Nuss, West District Ranger; Richard L. Holder, Sub-District Ranger, Lake; Kenneth A. Linfors, Park Ranger, South Entrance; Stewart R. Orgill, Park Ranger, West Entrance; William J. Barmore, Jr., Biologist; Gordon D. Boyd, Sub-District Ranger, Bechler.

**Second row:** Charles V. Janda, Park Ranger, Lake; Marion W. Myers, Forester; Kenneth R. Ashley, Asst. Chief Park Ranger; W. Tom Milligan, Sub-District Ranger, Snake River; Gorge Marler, Park Ranger-Naturalist; Charles G. Lamb, Asst. Fire Chief; Aubrey L. Haines, Park Historian; Clyde A. Maxey, Mgmt. Asst., Big Hole Battlefield; Elroy W. Bohlin, North District Ranger; O. Raymond Sellers, Sub-District Ranger, Tower Falls.

CHAPTER 22. Transfer to the Naturalist Division (1963)

On 5 May 1963 we moved from Lamar to Mammoth. I became North District Naturalist, GS-9 $6,675 per annum. Our quarters ($21.50 biweekly rent) were again the upstairs apartment in a Quadruplex (#4) on officer's row (old Fort Yellowstone), next to the superintendent's house. This change to the naturalist division involved a position exchange with Don Cross, who transferred to the ranger division as Lamar Sub-District Ranger (GS-9), the grade he held in the naturalist position. From the first time I met him, Don Cross was very unfriendly. He was a chronic complainer and a back stabber. Shortly after the moves were made, we began hearing that he was complaining loudly about our not having cleaned the Lamar residence before we moved. In reality, we had worked hard to get the quarters clean. Apparently his wife had found a dead mouse in an old metal chest of drawers; it was stored in the back room in the Lamar quarters and we never had used it.

In retrospect, I probably would have had a better chance of remaining in YNP for the long-term if I had been able to remain at Lamar, as I wanted to do, but at the time the policy was against promotion within the ranger division in YNP. As everyone knows, that kind of policy is broken whenever "they" feel like it. They didn't feel like it in our case.

Two days before we moved, two military planes collided over the Pitchstone Plateau, in the southwestern corner of the Park. A bomber (B-52) collided with a tanker while attempting to maneuver into position for midair refueling. The tanker remained airborne and was able to continue on to its base in Idaho (Mountain Home). The B-52 went down. For a day after the crash, the weather precluded a search and rescue flight. Assistant Chief Ranger Ken Ashley was organizing a ground rescue team to ski to the crash site; Jack Hughes and I, along with several others, volunteered, but by the end of the day on 5 May, a helicopter was able to land at the crash site. The pilot and navigator rode the plane down to their deaths. The single survivor (the copilot) was rescued and the ground party was cancelled.

A friend who was involved with the interview of the survivor, passed on the following: The B-52 made its usual approach from beneath and behind the tanker, but went too far and got underneath the tanker, where the B-52 pilot could not see the tanker. The B-52 pilot tilted the plane's wings to locate the tanker and tilted a wing into the tanker's fuselage. This forced the B-52's tail up and into the tanker, severely damaging the control surfaces on the B-52. The pilot then had no control. The copilot (survivor) described how he and the pilot sat, with no sensation of going down. The plane was in a flat descent, swinging back and forth like a falling leaf. There was an inexplicable lack of a sense of urgency. They knew they could not control the plane and they did know they were going down, because they watched the altimeter dial rapidly wind down.

The pilot finally told the other two crew members to bail out. Still, they did not do so. At the last instant, the copilot forced himself to eject. He did at a point in the descent where, as he described it, the parachute opened and he immediately hit the snow-covered ground not far from where the B-52 impacted. He was not badly injured. The pilot apparently never made an effort to get out. The navigator had more awkward egress than did the pilots and was unable to get the escape hatch open in time to exit. Apparently there was evidence that he had tried to remove the hatch, but could not do so with the cabin pressurized. The pilot needed to depressurize the cabin, but did not do so. The plane went down in terrain covered
by deep snow, probably 10 feet or more. It did not burn. We heard that the wreckage was finally removed from the Park sometime around 1993.

In May, on a trip to meetings in Bozeman, Montana, I bought a young California Rabbit, as a present for the kids. That would be the first pet that was actually "theirs." They named it Stretchy. We kept it in a spacious cage most of the time, but on occasion it had the run of a room in which the kids were playing.

My new boss was the Chief Park Naturalist, John Good. Bryan Harry was the Assistant Chief Naturalist. Bob Johnsson was the South District Naturalist and Chuck McCurdy was West District Naturalist. Wayne Replogle ("The Ripper," or "Rip,") was my assistant in the North District in the summers of 1963 and 1964. I considered the close association with him a distinct honor and privilege; he was always bigger than life to me. Rip was a summer seasonal; during the rest of the year he worked at the University of Kansas, Lawrence. For a period he was an assistant football coach; beginning in 1960 he was in charge of filming athletic events. His first summer as a seasonal ranger in Yellowstone was 1930. In 1936, he worked with Gerald Ford (later President of the U.S.), when both were seasonal rangers at Canyon, in YNP. During the summer of 1963, I spent as much time in the field as possible with Rip, learning as much as I could from this experienced and thoughtful legend. In June, we hiked to: (1) the wickiups east of Mammoth (1-142). Wickiups were teepee-like stacks of pole-size dead trees, erected long ago by the Sheepeater Indians, (2) the site of Truman Evert's rescue (a member of the 1870 Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition, Everts was lost for 37 days), and (3) Obsidian Lake (east of Obsidian Cliff, a source of arrowhead material for Indians).

At Mammoth, the interpretive focus was on the Hot Spring Terraces. The terraces are composed of travertine (calcium carbonate) that originates underground, where hot thermal waters containing carbon dioxide dissolve limestone, carry it to the surface. The carbon dioxide escapes and travertine is deposited. The water is not hot enough to produce geysers, nor is the travertine strong enough to withstand the high pressures necessary for geyser activity. In the geyser basins, the water in geysers becomes superheated and the formations are composed of siliceous sinter. The old inactive terraces supported limber pine (Pinus flexilis), Douglas-fir (Pseudotsuga menziesii), and Rocky Mountain juniper (Juniperus scopulorum).

My responsibilities for interpretation programs also included the Tower Falls area, where there was one seasonal naturalist, Kelly Motherspaugh. Much of my summer duty involved training and scheduling seasonal naturalists and auditing talks and conducted trips. The Mammoth naturalists were responsible for staffing the Mammoth Museum and information desk. Seasonal naturalists on the Mammoth crew in 1963 were Jerry DeSanto, Don Merrill, Revell Phillips, Arthur Nash, Eldon Jenkins, and Russell Payzant. Jerry DeSanto was an outstanding naturalist, especially capable in bird and flower identification. Jerry and I made several trips to Stygian and Poison Caves, on the Upper Terraces. These small caves often contained dead birds that had been attracted by the warm ground and plant seeds; a heavy accumulation of carbon dioxide was rapidly fatal to the birds. At that time, the only two YNP records of the calaveras (now Nashville) warbler (Vermivora ruficapilla) were dead birds found at Poison Cave (DeSanto 1963).
The runoff waters at Mammoth present beautiful displays of color. The water temperature largely determines the type of microorganism present in the runoff and the microorganisms determine the color. Because the water temperatures at Mammoth are consistently cooler than is the case in the geyser basins, a higher percentage of the microorganisms at Mammoth are algae rather than bacteria. Where the terraces are dry, without runoff water, they are stark white fading to light gray with age.

On 16 July, Ranger-Naturalists Bill Lewis, Bill Baker, and I hiked to the top of Sepulcher Mountain via trail (only the north branch of the trail was maintained at that time). Sepulcher is the mountain immediately west of Mammoth. The flowers and the views were spectacular (I-143). Pat and I and the five children spent 30–31 July at Snake River, overnighting with Ranger Tom Milligan, wife Sharlene, and their three children. Pat and I hiked to the old Snake River Lookout (I-144), long gone now, east of the river, which was crossed on a cable “box.” Kevin and Jane caught a few mountain whitefish in the river and we found ripe huckleberries for picking.

Chief Naturalist Good and I bushwhacked to “The Needle,” an impressive geological formation in the upper Cache Creek drainage, on 25–26 July 1963. More aptly, it would be called the “Eye of the Needle,” for it is a huge hole rather than a slender spire (I-145). Our route started on the Lamar River trail, turning onto the Cache Creek Trail, then cross-country up the ridge between the first and second tributaries north of South Cache Creek. On our way in, a strangely acting black bear closely followed us (often within 20 feet) for nearly 2 miles when we were well into the backcountry. Nothing would dissuade it; it paid no attention to shouts, clapping, or rocks thrown at it. Eventually, it wandered off and we saw nothing of it at our campsite that night, although we didn’t get much sleep in our tents, wondering when it would arrive. We saw a yellow-bellied marmot (*Marmota flaviventris*) near the top of the Needle formation.

Although it was outside of my District, I maintained an interest in the Norris Geyser Basin. In the summer and fall of 1963, our whole family became obsessed with trying to see an eruption of Steamboat Geyser, at Norris. It was a major geyser, with some eruptions reported to exceed 200 feet in height. Prior to 1961, it had not erupted since 1941. In 1961 it erupted once, and seven times in 1962. In 1963, there were 26 recorded plays, three times each in July and August. We spent a number of lieu days and evenings waiting for it. In September, all three eruptions occurred at night. On a few nights, I slept in the car, at the Norris Museum parking lot, hoping to catch an eruption, but no luck.

The leniency of Commissioner James Brown continued to be a frustration for naturalists as well as rangers. His fines were so minimal they had no deterrent value. On 19 August, seasonal naturalist Ed Leigh apprehended a visitor in the process of breaking a large piece of travertine (for a “souvenir”) off the Mammoth Terraces. Commissioner Brown fined the visitor $10, and suspended the fine. On 30 August, Naturalist Jerry DeSanto reported a visitor climbing the Liberty Cap formation, at the base of the Lower Terraces. The feature is 39 feet high, and 20 feet in circumference at the base. To aid in his climb, the man was hammering pitons into the formation. He was apprehended by a ranger and was fined $25 by Commissioner Brown.

On 1 August 1963, the National Academy of Science/National Research Council’s Advisory Committee to the NPS on Research issued their report (Robbins 1963) to Secretary
of Interior Udall. This committee was composed of eminent ecologists and scientists of the
time: William Robbins (chairman), Edward Ackerman, Marston Bates, Stanley Cain, F.
Fraser Darling, John Fogg, Jr., Tom Gill, Joseph Gilson, E. Raymond Hall, Carl Hubbs, and
C. J. S. Durham (executive secretary). In their abstract, they wrote:

"The conclusion is reached that the Service [NPS] should strive first to preserve and
conserve the national parks with due consideration for the enjoyment by their
owners, the people of the United States, of the aesthetic, spiritual, inspirational,
educational, and scientific values which are inherent in natural wonders and nature's
creatures. The Service should be concerned with the preservation of nature in the
national parks, the maintenance of natural conditions, and the avoidance of
artificiality, with such provisions for the accommodation of visitors as will neither
destroy nor deteriorate the natural features, which should be preserved for the
enjoyment of future visitors who may come to the parks."

As with the Leopold Report, which preceded the Robbins Report by five months, this
insightful report had major influence on park policy for less than a decade.

We made an overnight visit to Al Maxey and family at Big Hole National Battlefield,
in southwestern Montana, during 6–8 August. The site commemorates the 1877 attack of
Colonel John Gibbon and troops on the sleeping Nez Perce Indians, one of the many
shameful incidents in the "war" against the Nez Perce. Al was the Management Assistant in
charge of the Battlefield that summer (there was no superintendent at Big Hole until 1973).
Al's next assignment (at the end of 1964) was to be Camp Director of the first Job Corps
Center, at Catoctin Mountain Park, in Maryland.

I had the pleasure of several horseback rides with Rip in 1963. We rode to Fawn Pass
on 12 August. The best trips with Rip involved rides along portions of the old Bannock Trail.
Rip was a big, strong, man who loved Yellowstone and who loved to interact with people.
He was great with park visitors. He was consistently courteous, although he seldom minced
words about people with whom he had strong differences of opinion. Like Bud Lystrup, Sam
Beal, Ted Parkinson, George Marler, and Lowell Biddulph, Rip was Yellowstone living
history to me. He was imbued with a deep appreciation and understanding of the "National
Park Idea" and of a conservation ethic, as described by Aldo Leopold (1949). I'm not sure
how much, if any, formal training Rip had in archeology or history, but he had learned a
great deal in his thousands of hours in the field.

A controversy developed between Park Historian Aubrey Haines and me in summer
1963. The issue focused on a small public bathhouse, built in 1881 in Sentinel Meadows.
Although the structure was never fully completed, apparently it was used. Aubrey believed
that the structure had historic significance that trumped any concern about its intrusiveness in
the runoff of beautiful Queen's Laundry Hot Spring. It seemed to me that, in the context of
mandated national park management policy, a bathhouse, whenever it had been built, marred
the natural feature and was unacceptable. I argued that it should be removed. Aubrey argued
that I was an unreasonable purist and that it should remain. Chief Naturalist Good sided with
Aubrey. I always respected Aubrey, but he took personally, any opposing views.
I-143. Ranger-Naturalists Bill Baker (left) and Bill Lewis on Sepulcher Mountain, 16 July 1963. Cache Lake is to the right of Lewis and Electric Peak is on the far right.
I-144. Pat on the way down the trail, from the Snake River Fire Lookout, 31 July 1963.
1-146. The 1881 Bathhouse, viewed across Queen's Laundry Hot Spring, Sentinel Meadows (photographed in 1955). According to Rydell and Culpin (2006), this is the only building remaining from pre-military administrations in the Park.
On a rainy afternoon on 31 August 1963, Pat and I took the kids on a car ride from Mammoth to Lamar Valley. On our way back to Mammoth, in the early evening we were treated to a major migration of tiger salamanders (*Ambystoma tigrinum*). Hundreds were crossing the highway, from north to south, in the Specimen Ridge vicinity. It was an annual event, but of brief duration each fall and easily missed. It apparently occurred only on damp, cool, days in the fall. Rabbitbrush was in full bloom in the Mammoth area. On 19 September 1963, I hiked to Death Gulch again. As had been the case in my first two visits, no animal remains were found.

Several permanent rangers and naturalists were sent to GTNP to act as security officers during President Jack Kennedy's visit to the Tetons on 25 and 26 September 1963; I was included in the group. On the afternoon that we arrived, the F.B.I. held a training and briefing session for all security personnel. All ranger security guards were required to wear a sidearm; I had a .38 police special. President Kennedy and the First Lady (Jacqueline) were already at the Rockefeller (Jackson Lake) Lodge and security people were to be assigned to various points along their departure route early the following morning. A couple of other rangers and I were assigned to the gate where the presidential limousine was to leave the Lodge compound and turn onto the exit road. We were supposed to keep all people at a prescribed distance. As the limousine passed us (only 3 or 4 of us near the road), President Kennedy leaned across Mrs. Kennedy and waved at us. We were about 30 feet from them. It was an emotional high. We liked the President's enthusiasm and where we thought he wanted to take the Country.

Trembling aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) and river birch (*Betula glandulosa*) were at their peak of yellow and red autumn colors on 27 September. During September and October 1963, I assisted Bob Munson of the U.S.G.S. in establishing the YNP Seismic Network. The initial recorder installations required daily maintenance at Mammoth, and 28-day servicing at Madison Junction, Canyon, and Northeast Entrance. I was assigned to maintain these seismographs through early March 1965. It was fascinating work and we learned a great deal about seismology. I had to make certain that time being recorded was accurate, so every day at Mammoth I had to document on the daily graph the precise times broadcast by WWV, the National Bureau of Standards radio. At Mammoth, the radio receiver and the seismograph were in a shed constructed of cinder blocks. The cable from the underground motion sensor to the seismograph unit (in the shed) ran about 200 feet and was above ground. As had been the case with the geyser eruption recorder cable at Old Faithful, coyotes found the seismograph cable an attractive item on which to chew. Splicing the breaks (a near-weekly event) was time consuming because of the numerous small wires in the bundle. In sub-zero wind, repair was a real challenge.

During the first week in October, I took a three-day horseback trip in the Gallatin Range with the other two District Naturalists, Bob Johnson and Chuck McCurdy. On 1 October, we rode from Specimen Creek Campground to Shelf Lake, Sheep Mountain, High Lake, and Sportsman Lake Patrol Cabin, where we overnighted. We arrived at the Sportsman Lake Patrol Cabin after dark, but under a full moon, with elk bugling. On 2 October, we rode to Fawn Pass Patrol Cabin (where we spent the night) via North Fork of Fan Creek. On 3 October, we rode from Fawn Pass to Indian Creek Campground via Bighorn Pass. The trip experienced calm, sunny days, and cold nights.
CHAPTER 23. The Mystique Under Attack

In October 1963, the NPS's held its annual conference for park superintendents in Yosemite National Park. After the conference, a speech by Assistant Secretary of Interior John Carver was widely circulated in the NPS. I recall it to this day for the severe emotional blow it dealt to many of us in YNP. The following is from The Sigurd F. Olson Web Site (go to Contents. The Library. Speeches. 1963 The Conservation Ethic and the National Park Service:

“Early in the conference, assistant interior secretary John Carver gave a speech that deeply angered nearly everyone there. His main point that the Park Service had become too rigid and unresponsive to changing times was something that many outside the agency agreed with. But Carver seemed to attack the very heart of the service itself. ‘When all else fails,’ he said, ‘the Park Service seems always able to fall back upon mysticism, its own private mystique.’ Carver criticized a recent Park Service memorandum, saying it had ‘the mystic, quasi-religious sound of a manual for the Hitler Youth Movement.’ He called this ‘simply intolerable’ and added, ‘The National Park Service is a bureau of the Department of the Interior, which is a Department of the United States government's executive branch. It isn't a religion, and it should not be thought of as such.’

It is unfortunate that the remarks that follow were not distributed to field rangers in YNP. I was unaware of whatever other distribution they may have received within the NPS. After Carver’s harsh and accusatory words, these remarks would have been a big countervailing boost for morale. Again quoting from the Sigurd F. Olson Web Site:

“According to Ted Swem, who at the time was in charge of planning new national parks (and who eventually would become president of the Wilderness Society), it was Sigurd Olson who saved the conference. Sigurd, who at the age of 64 was at the height of his influence as a conservationist, was a scheduled speaker for the conference, assigned to talk about ‘the conservation ethic.’ Unlike his usual practice, he did not prepare his speech before arriving at Yosemite; he intended to base his comments on topics that came up earlier in the conference. There was no topic, of course, that resonated more than Carver's talk. It was clear that morale had suffered, and Sigurd intended to change that. In his talk, which is reproduced below, he never mentioned Carver by name, but he spoke right to the heart of Carver's message. He began by talking about Olaus Murie, a wilderness leader beloved by many in the Park Service, who was dying. He used Murie as a positive example of ‘mystique,’ the term Carver had used in his attack on the Park Service. Sigurd did spend some time defining and discussing conservation ethics, but his real goal was to boost morale and to champion the spiritual and intangible aspects of the Park Service's mandate, which Carver had compared to Nazism. Sigurd's off-the-cuff talk was perhaps the most important one of his life, and when he stepped down from the podium, many in the audience had tears in their eyes. At Christmastime, A. Clark Stratton, Park Service acting director, sent a transcript of Sigurd's talk to all of the agency's field offices [unfortunately, it did not reach field rangers—at least not any that I knew—in
Yellowstone], tweaking Carver once again and adding to Sigurd's glowing reputation among Park Service employees.

Following are excerpts from Olson's talk, again from the Sigurd F. Olson Web Site:

"I want to say a few words about Olaus Murie. As Connie Wirth [then Director of the NPS] no doubt told you, Olaus is passing out of the picture, as far as active participation is concerned in conferences such as this, and in the realm of preservation of natural areas and wilderness. Olaus, to all of us I think, epitomizes the wilderness, the feeling of men and women for beauty, for wild country, the feelings of awareness and the dedication to the preservation of these things. We've heard a lot and thought a lot during the conference of this strange something called 'mystique.' I think Olaus epitomizes mystique. And by mystique, I mean devotion, dedication and faith. I don't think there's a single man here—I haven't met a single man in the Service—who hasn't the guiding depth of devotion to this cause. I was very interested to hear that the concessioners, in spite of their financial difficulties and complication, are in the parks because of their love of the parks. Their love of the parks is a way of life, their feeling of serving the public. That is good, it's something one doesn't normally expect to hear from people in the business of trying to make a profit with the public. From the very beginning of this conference I have been impressed with this mystique. I know, as one man said to me, if I was told that there would be no paycheck for the next six months, it wouldn't bother me, I'd still consider it a privilege to work in the National Parks. That is, in a sense, what you call mystique. It's the thing that binds us together, it's the thing that makes us conquer all the difficulties, the ramifications of our jobs. It's the thing that keeps us going when the chips are down and we're surrounded by difficulties. I was up in Alaska a month ago with Olaus Murie. It's always a privilege to be with Olaus and I've made many trips with him. I just want to recite one instance: We were looking at Mt. McKinley on a gorgeous morning such as this when the mountain was just as clear as could be. All of a sudden an eagle flew over, and I said to Olaus, 'Watch that eagle.' He turned and looked up at it, the sunlight was glinting on the eagle's head, and in Olaus' eyes was a pure and almost holy light. He'd seen many eagles, but to have seen that eagle again meant something to him. In his eyes were almost childlike wonder and awareness, the feeling that he was privileged to see one of God's creature's. After Olaus is gone. I'm going to remember that and the look in his eyes. Some day soon, he'll probably be packing up and making ready to take the last long trail; I think it will probably be in the north somewhere, which he loved. He'll be heading to the mountains and the tundras of the Far North, into an unknown land that he knows nothing about, but somewhere back there he'll be happy. But even though he leaves us physically he will still be with us, and as long as we live we will know that the spirit of Olaus Murie—his love of the wilds, his love of all beauty, his dedication to the cause of preservation will be with us. So, though we may say good-by soon we will never say good-by to his spirit, to the mystique he epitomizes, to the love of the wilderness. The name of this conference—'The Conference of Challenges'—was an excellent one, because this is a conference of
challenges and the challenges that are going to meet you today and in the future are
greater perhaps than they have ever been. As I said the other day they will take all of
the imagination, all of the courage, all the mystique, all of the basis of belief and
dedication to this cause that we possess.”

“Conservation has many definitions. I like the oft-quoted one of Aldo Leopold in
which he said a conservation ethic has to do with morals and esthetics, what is right
for the people, rather than what is politically expedient. And what is right for the
people preserves the integrity of the land—not only the animals, the birds, trees,
mountains, glaciers, lakes and deserts, but the people themselves. I think of Paul
Sears of Yale, who said, ‘Conservation is a point of view, a point of view involved
with the whole concept of dignity, freedom and a good life.’ All of those things have
to do with the human spirit. All of those things have to do with human dignity, with
happiness and our culture. You come away pondering those definitions and typing
them up with a conservation ethic and you realize that what the Park Service is
engaged in is humanitarian in nature, philosophical in purpose, and you might say
cultural in impact.”

From that side trip into the philosophy of the “National Park Idea” (the “Mystique”),
we return to our day-to-day life in YNP. We continued to find opportunities to fish as well as
to enjoy the wonders of Yellowstone. On 7 October, I fished Canyon Creek, a tributary of the
Gibbon River. It is an unusual stream, about 3 feet wide and 2 to 4 feet deep in the stretch
that runs through a meadow, east of its confluence with the Gibbon. In spite of its small size,
it harbored brown trout up to 18 inches in length. Some 30 years later, the NPS poisoned the
fish in Canyon Creek because the browns were not native (an action that I would have
supported).

On 12 and 13 November, I accompanied Chief Naturalist Good and Assistant Chief
Bryan Harry on an overnight horseback trip. We investigated a possible thermal area one
mile up Timothy Creek and stayed overnight in the Cold Creek Patrol Cabin (Lamar River
area).

Pat and I continued to apply for vacant houses that were announced after someone
transferred. We were very anxious to get out of the second-floor apartment and to have the
privacy of our own home. In the fall we were successful; on 20 November 1963 we moved to
one of the nicer Mission 66 houses at Mammoth (House #382)—nicer than most because it
had a lovely rock garden (rent was $38.00 per two weeks). Our neighbors were the Goods
(Chief Park Naturalist), the Maxeys (summer at Big Hole, winter at Mammoth), and the
Godbolts (Management Assistant). Our house was only a block from the elementary school.
Given a choice, we might very well have stayed there for the rest of our career.

The Clean Air Act of 1963 became effective in December. It was the first major
Environmental law in the U.S. to provide for citizen law suits.
CHAPTER 24. First Winter as North District Naturalist, at Mammoth Hot Springs (1963–64)

On 22 November 1963, two days after moving into our “new” house, I was in my office in the administration building at Mammoth when Al Maxey informed me that President Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, Texas. That shocking news cast a pall over our lives for the beginning of winter; it was a depressing time.

Prior to 6 January 1964, the elementary school for the residents of Mammoth was in the old Fort Yellowstone Canteen building. On the 6th, the newly constructed school, a block from our rock garden house, was opened for classes. There were four classrooms, a library, and a multipurpose room (with kitchen) for school and community activities. Mary T. was in first grade in the new school (teacher Mrs. Lucille Foreman); Kevin attended kindergarten at Mary Armstrong’s (wife of Elmer Armstrong) home.

My duties for the winter involved North District interpretive planning, including the interpretive “prospectus,” master plan, exhibits, and publications. For all the time spent on “master planning” input by field personnel, relatively little ever has a major impact on actual management decisions. Although I was saddled with an abundance of mundane paperwork of this type during my first winter as a naturalist, Chief Naturalist Good allowed each District Naturalist a considerable amount of autonomy to plan his district program and to schedule time out in the Park.

One day in early winter, Chief Naturalist John Good asked me to come to his office to discuss a special assignment for the winter. According to John, Mary Meagher’s bison study was reaching a point where she needed field assistance. Initially, that had a very good sound to it. However, it was a different matter when he described the details. Mary wanted me to follow bison in the winter and to collect all tissues lost by a cow who miscarried. Then, in spring, I was to collect afterbirth from any cow that delivered a calf.

It didn’t take long to see why Mary wanted help. She was into a study phase focusing on brucellosis (Brucella abortus), a disease that many YNP bison and elk carry. It is transmitted primarily in the reproductive tissues of the females. Thus, the placenta and other birth tissues have a high probability of carrying the brucellosis organism and a high risk of exposure to anyone handling the tissues. It is transmitted to humans as undulant fever. No wonder Mary wanted someone else to do it. If it had been my study, I may have chosen to take the risk, with careful precautions; however, I wasn’t about to “volunteer” to do this hazardous work for someone else’s study. Mary never did discuss it with me; she had asked John Good to see if he could convince me. I demurred and John Good accepted that.

Perhaps as an alternative to get me into the field (which I appreciated), John Good assigned me to assist Biologists Howe and Barmore by making some observations (what that meant precisely was never articulated to me) of bighorn sheep in the Mt. Everts area, north of Mammoth, in February. I spent 6 days walking through winter sheep range, recording numbers with the use of a spotting scope or binoculars, and at a distance to avoid disturbing them. Where I could determine specific feeding sites, I identified the plants. The maximum number of sheep seen at any one time was 22.

I was not restricted to North District on trips I could schedule. On 2–4 January 1964, I went to Old Faithful with West District Naturalist McCurdy and Sub-District Ranger Max...
Hancock, by Weasel. The trip’s purpose was to train the two wintering rangers (K. Lindfors and G. Boyd) on thermal observation and recording procedures. Snow depth was 17 inches. On 6–7 January, I attended Snow Survey Training, at Mammoth. On 8–9 January, Ranger Bob Wood and I conducted the Winter Waterfowl Count, via snowshoes, from the Mammoth/Tower Road to Lower Blacktail Patrol Cabin (8 inches snow at the cabin). On the 9th, we walked from the patrol cabin to Gardiner (no snow at Gardiner).

West District Naturalist McCurdy, Assistant Chief Naturalist Harry, and I returned to Old Faithful 17–18 January to observe work of scientists attending Dr. Schaefer’s Yellowstone Research Expedition 4. The group focused on atmospheric science studies, as they had done in previous years. Snow depth had increased to 28 inches on the snow stake. On 27 January, South District Naturalist Bob Johnsson and I went to Canyon, by Weasel, to change the paper in the seismograph. There were 58 inches of snow on the Canyon snow stake. We viewed and photographed the winter ice cone at the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone; the cone had built up to half way to the crest of the Falls (height of the Lower Falls is 308 feet). Emerson Hough, wrote his impression of the Canyon in winter (quoted in Augspurger 1948:230):

“It is frozen music—the diapason of Nature’s mightiest and most mysterious anthem all congealed in white, visible, palpable, authentic.”

In any season, the Yellowstone Canyon is a spectacular scene, with a multitude of colors defying description. Ferdinand V. Hayden, who led expeditions to Yellowstone in 1871, 1872, and 1878, wrote of the Canyon:

“Even art must despair in attempting to reproduce the gorgeous tints displayed on its walls. As we look into the abyss we realize the littleness of man when compared with the work of nature...”

The road from Mammoth to the Norris Geyser Basin was kept open to administrative travel during parts of the fall and early winter, so I was able to check on the status of Steamboat Geyser from time to time. On several weekends we made it a family adventure, with all five children (I-147). Although we did not see an eruption of Steamboat, we saw some impressive ice formations that had been created by recent eruptions (I-148).

During 21–28 February 1964, I was on a ski patrol with Rangers Tom Milligan, Terry Danforth, and George Wagner (from GTNP). On the 21st Danforth and I drove from Mammoth to Moran, Wyoming, where we met Milligan and Wagner (overnight at Moran). On the 22nd we took two snowplanes from Moran to Snake River, where we spent the night. On the 23rd we skied from Snake River to Harebell Patrol Cabin (overnight), taking the Coulter Creek snow course en route. On the 24th we skied Harebell to Heart Lake Patrol Cabin in near blizzard conditions. We stayed two nights in the Heart Lake Cabin (I-149 and I-150). On the 25th we spent the day skiing through the Heart Lake Geyser Basin. On the 26th we skied Heart Lake to Aster Creek Patrol Cabin (overnight), via Aster Lake and Aster Creek. On the 27th, we skied from Aster Creek Cabin to the Snake/Thumb Road, where we were picked up by snowplanes and taken to Moran, where we overnighted. Danforth and I concluded the trip on the 28th, driving back to Mammoth from Moran.
I-147. **Top:** The McClelland family on an excursion to check the status of Steamboat Geyser, at Norris, January 1964.
I-148. **Bottom:** Kevin McClelland in icicle formations that resulted from an eruption of Steamboat Geyser, January 1964.
Top: Early morning view of Mt. Sheridan across Heart Lake, from near the Patrol Cabin. Rustic Geyser is erupting in the distance. 
I-150. Ranger Tom Milligan crossing Witch Creek, at the inlet to Heart Lake, 25 February 1964.
By early February, West District Naturalist McCurdy had accepted a transfer out of YNP; he had been in the Park little more than a year. With the West District Naturalist position vacant after McCurdy's transfer, I was assigned to work on West District planning, including the Master Plan. Pat and I both fervently hoped that I would be shifted to the west district position, but that was not to be. Superintendent Lon Garrison announced that he would be transferring to the Omaha Regional Office as Regional Director on 3 March. Lon and Inger Garrison were very nice people. I consider it a privilege to have worked in YNP during his superintendency. He always showed a sincere personal interest in his employees and made an effort to visit every field station several times each year. Lon unfortunately had been deeply involved in the planning and implementation of Mission 66, a program that wound up being misguided toward facility development and visitor use rather than resource protection and management. We purchased Garrison's 18-foot Grumman aluminum canoe from him just before he moved—we still have it (2013). Garrison's replacement was John McLaughlin. I had little contact with him; he seemed aloof and dour compared to Lon Garrison.

Mary T. and Kevin participated in the 13th Annual Yellowstone Park Children's Ski Races, at Undine Ski Area (east of Mammoth) on 15 March. In Class VI (Pre-School), Kevin won first place. Mary T. placed first in Class V (First and Second Grades); girls and boys raced separately.
CHAPTER 25. Final Summer at Mammoth Hot Springs (1964)

By 11 April, buttercups (Ranunculus sp.) were blooming on the Upper Terraces. During 13–17 April 1964, I was assigned to patrol the Old Faithful area, while all rangers were attending the spring ranger conference at Mammoth. The family got to accompany me for the week-long assignment and we were fortunate to again live in "our" Old Faithful quarters (161B) near the Geyser. It was fun to be back in the "fireplace house," even for such a short time (I-151). It was the only time we lived there with all five children. On many occasions, our family was again the only witness to an eruption of Old Faithful (I-152). On evening car rides we saw four different grizzlies. After this wonderful family adventure at Old Faithful, we returned to Mammoth and a serious medical problem for Pat.

Pat launched into a spring house cleaning project, using a variety of cleaners including chlorox. On 21 April, she began breaking out and rapidly developed a severe chlorine reaction. By the 23rd her hives were bad and progressing, so we went to Dr. Carr, at the new Mammoth Clinic. His medication didn't help, so we drove to the Park Clinic (in Livingston, 62 miles) on the 24th. More medicine was prescribed and we returned to Mammoth. By the 26th Pat's allergic reaction was still going in the wrong direction, with swelling and hives over her entire body, and then respiratory distress, so I took her to the hospital in Livingston. She was given intravenous cortisone and several injections. She finally improved and was released from the hospital; I brought her home to Mammoth on the 29th. It was a frightening episode. She had to judiciously avoid contact with chlorine from that point on—no swimming in pools with chlorinated water, no chlorinated drinking water. For the remainder of the spring, summer, and autumn (until snow closed the road), I made weekly trips from Mammoth to the Geode Creek crossing on the old Tower Falls Road. From the creek, I filled water containers sufficient for Pat's drinking water for a week. It was a round trip drive of about 25 miles.

By late April, I had been acting West District Naturalist (as well as filling my own North District position) for six weeks. We still hadn't given up hope of being switched to the West District, which included Old Faithful. Then the announcement came that the position had been filled and the new person would be arriving soon. That formally ended our hope to get back to Old Faithful. But, I was enjoying my work in the North District, and the family was happy at Mammoth, where schooling was available. The naturalist work left me more time to do things with the family. During my ranger years, emergencies, law enforcement, and bear problems had always left little time for the family in summers.

During May, one of the big attractions on the Mammoth Terraces was the nest of a great horned owl (Bubo virginianus), with one young bird, in a cavity on a travertine wall south of Cleopatra Terrace. The three oldest children were all hiking age now and so we made at least a short trip nearly every weekend and short walks and drives with the entire family on many evenings. On a notable hike with Kevin and Jane, on 9 May 1964, we hiked from Lava Creek down the Gardner River trail to Mammoth (3.5 miles). That hike established our family record for number of wood ticks (Dermacentor sp.) on a single trip. I picked 90 off the kids during the hike. In many places the trail was lined with Canada wildrye (Elymus canadensis), which hung over the trail, affording the ticks an opportunity to climb aboard as a hiker brushed by. Heavy use of the trail by mule deer and elk made the
supply of ticks continuous.

Kevin, Jane, and I hiked on the Clagett Butte Loop, from Orange Spring Mound and down Clematis Gulch on 24 May; there was a 15 feet-deep snow drift in the Gulch. On 30 May, Kevin, Jane, and I fished the Gardner River; the kids caught five fish. On 3 June, Kevin, Jane, and I fished the Yellowstone River near Calcite Springs and the kids caught five 10-inch Yellowstone cutthroat (Salmo clarki bouvieri). Access to this site involved rather treacherous side-hilling along a steep open slope. I always was afraid the kids would slip. A slip would not put one in the river, but would involve a rapid slide of 200 feet or more and the possibility of injury. On one occasion I took Kerry to fish the site. He was only 4 yrs old, so I held his hand along the steep slope. Sure enough he lost his footing and we both started down on our rear ends. There was no way to arrest the slide, so I yanked Kerry onto my lap and we slid to the bottom. I was no worse for the wear other than cuts and bruises on my seat and a shredded pair of blue jeans. Kerry thought it was great fun and wanted to climb back up and do it again. We went fishing.

I managed to schedule occasional trips with my favorite Park horse, Fox. He was a beautiful animal, sorrel with a blaze on his forehead (I-153). Fox was gentle, patient, and had a good consistent pace that could average 4 m.p.h. I would never claim to be an accomplished horseman, but I enjoyed every minute with Fox. On 15 May, I rode from Mammoth, up through Snow Pass, around Terrace Mountain, and down the Hoodoo Trail. In the upper stretches, some remaining snow drifts were belly deep on Fox. On 22 May, Chief Naturalist Good and I rode from Stephens Creek to Beaver Lakes. On 13 June, I rode Fox and accompanied Chief Naturalist Good on a ride to a small lake on the Fawn Pass Trail, then to Cache Lake, thence up the Sportsman Lake Trail (occasional snow drifts were 4 feet deep), above Cache Lake, and return. On 4 June, yellow monkeyflowers were at peak bloom at Terrace Spring. On 6 June, glacier lilies (Erythronium grandiflorum) were blooming between Mammoth and Norris. I hiked to the top of Bunsen Peak on 12 June; the snow drifts halfway up had extensive patches of red ("watermelon snow").

During the previous winter, I had worked with illustrator Bill Chapman, in Gardiner. Bill, son of Ranger Scotty Chapman, knew the Park well and was able to accurately portray landscapes in a way that Park Visitors were able to understand. Bill prepared a large (about four by six feet) landscape depiction of the Mammoth area. At the beginning of the 1964 travel season, it was placed on the wall, above the information desk at the Mammoth Visitor Center. Bill also prepared a colorful silkscreen poster announcing the schedule of all-day conducted walks available in the Mammoth area (I-154a), and one listing evening campfire talk subjects for amphitheaters throughout the Park (I-154b). We placed the posters at concessioner facilities and public restrooms. Most of the same seasonal naturalists were returning for the summer of 1964 at Mammoth. The Ripper was back as Senior Seasonal Naturalist. Replogle and I audited walks and talks, trying to assist seasonals in their performance.

As we had done in the previous year, we made frequent family excursions in pursuit of a Steamboat Geyser eruption during spring and summer. However, our timing did not coincide with the geyser's schedule.
L-R: Jane, Mary T., Kevin, and Kerry McClelland, the only observers of this eruption of Old Faithful Geyser, 15 April 1964.
I-153. McClelland and fine horse Fox (photo by Wayne Replogle).
Add that something extra to your Park visit. Leave your car behind and spend a day exploring the Yellowstone wilderness. Three all day hikes to locations of unusual interest and beauty are regularly scheduled. An experienced ranger accompanies each trip.

MT. WASHBURN HIKE - This hike takes you up the south slope of Mt. Washburn to its 10,243 foot summit. Passing through forest and on up into alpine meadows the trip offers a great variety in scenic beauty. Offered Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Meet the Ranger at 8:30 a.m. at the Canyon Visitor Center.

FOSSIL FOREST HIKE - This rigorous hike takes you to the summit of Specimen Ridge. For a view of the remarkable petrified trees of Yellowstone's fascinating Fossil Forest. Offered at 8:30 a.m. on Tuesday and Thursday. Meet the Ranger at the Lamar River Bridge on the Northeast Entrance Road.

ABSAROKA PEAKS HIKE - This hike takes you above timberline to the lofty summits of the Absaroka Range. Expansive views, alpine flowers, banks of summer snow—a spectacular introduction to the high country wilderness of Yellowstone. This is a rigorous hike. Meet the Ranger at the Fishing Bridge Visitor Center on Friday or Sunday at 8:30 a.m.

For all of these hikes you will need good hiking shoes, a jacket and your lunch. You should bring water for the Mt. Washburn and Fossil Forest Hikes.
Join a Park Ranger tonight around a traditional Yellowstone campfire. Every evening throughout the summer Rangers present illustrated talks to help you better understand the fascinating Yellowstone scene.

SUNDAYS  The Living Land
MONDAYS  Yellowstone Wildlife
TUESDAYS  The Ruins of Time
WEDNESDAYS  The Yellowstone Country
THURSDAYS  Challenge of the Yellowstone
FRIDAYS  The Fires Within
SATURDAY  Our Sacred Lands

TONIGHT
at your nearest amphitheater

8:30 pm (through Aug. 14) 8:00 pm (from Aug. 15 on)

1-154b. Silk screen poster prepared by artist Bill Chapman for summer 1964, advertising evening program topics at amphitheaters throughout YNP.
The summer 1964 interpretive schedule at Mammoth included the following activities:

- Hot Spring Terrace Walk, daily, ½ hr every ½ hr, 8:00 A.M.–5:00 P.M. (I-155)
- Morning Terrace Walk, daily, 3 hours, 8:00 A.M.
- Bird Walk, 2 hrs, M/W/F, 7:00 A.M.
- Beaver Lake Hike, Sun, 4 hr, 9:00 A.M.
- Terrace Roving Patrol, daily, 5 hrs, variable
- Information Duty at the Mammoth Museum, daily, 8:00 A.M.–6:00 P.M.
- Evening Campfire Program, daily, 1 hr, 9:00 P.M.

Program themes were:

- Monday: Yellowstone Wildlife
- Tuesday: The Ruins of Time
- Wednesday: The Yellowstone Country
- Thursday: Challenge of the Yellowstone
- Friday: The Fires Within
- Saturday: Our Sacred Lands
- Sunday: The Living Land

Each naturalist was assigned one day each week for a “familiarization” patrol. The individual proposed a hike that he thought he should take (that he had not done before) to increase his familiarity with the District and enable him to provide more accurate and up-to-date information to park visitors. Either Rip or I approved the destination if we believed the proposal was logical. A major change did occur in the Tower Falls position. Kelly Motherspaugh would not be returning. It seemed to me that the ideal person for that job, which required initiative and dependability, was Bill Baker, who had been at Old Faithful for a number of years. I had worked with Bill in 1956, when I was a seasonal naturalist at Old Faithful. Bill agreed to the change in duty station and he reported for work on 15 June. As I expected, Bill did a marvelous job as Tower Falls naturalist. He led two, all-day Specimen Ridge hikes to the petrified forest each week, conducted flower walks, patrolled to the Tower Falls Overlook, led Tower Creek Walks, and gave 4 or 5 evening campfire programs at the outdoor amphitheater (at the campgroup) each week. He continued to serve at Tower through 1985.

NPS policy dictates that wildlife will be allowed to carry on its existence unaided by humans. However, there are many “gray” areas. In June 1964, Rip and I were aware of a trumpeter swan nest in a swampy pond south of Bunsen Peak. On 5 July, Rip and I were startled to encounter the adult swans trailed by four cygnets, attempting to cross the Swan Lake Flats Road, from east to west, in heavy summer traffic. This was not a “natural” situation, with the road interfering with the safe movement of the swan family. Rip and I carefully carried the cygnets across the road (I-156). The four young swans were immediately joined by the adults, while we made certain that traffic did not interfere with their crossing. Later that day the intact family was seen floating on Swan Lake, their apparent destination. A week later, Rip saw the family back on the nesting pond, south of Bunsen Peak. They had
returned, without our help! There were no swans on Swan Lake that day. However, “our” swan family later returned Swan Lake, where they spent September and the first half of October. The last sighting was on the evening of 16 October. That night, Swan Lake froze over and the fate of the family was unknown.

My favorite hiking companion, Ranger-Naturalist Bill Lewis, and I climbed Electric Peak (1-157) on 7–8 July. We departed from the Swan Lake Flats Road in the afternoon and went as far as a vista site above Cache Lake and camped. On the second day, we continued our hike/climb at dawn, watching the sunrise as we ascended. On the upper reaches of the Peak there were a few snowfields left, requiring caution. On the summit of Electric Peak it was a blue sky day with fine visibility. We descended the Peak and made it back to the Swan Lake Flats Road before dark. Electric is the second highest peak in the Park, with a summit at 10,992 feet (the Park’s highest mountain is Eagle Peak, at 11,358 feet, near the southeast corner of the Park). Electric Peak was named by a Hayden Survey party in July 1872.

Chittenden (1949:99), quoted Henry Gannett’s description of the summit climb that resulted in the peak’s name:

“A thunder-shower was approaching as we neared the summit of the mountain. I was above the others in the party, and, when about fifty feet below the summit, the electric current began to pass through my body. At first I heard nothing, but then heard a crackling noise, similar to a rapid discharge of sparks from a friction machine. Immediately after, I began to feel a tingling or prickling sensation in my head and the ends of my fingers, which, as well as the noise, increased rapidly, until, when I reached the top, the noise, which had not changed its character, was deafening, and my hair stood completely on end, while the tingling, prickling sensation was absolutely painful. Taking off my hat partially relieved it. I started down again, and met the others twenty-five or thirty feet below the summit. They were affected similarly, but in a less degree. One of them had attempted to go to the top, but had proceeded but a few feet when he received quite a severe shock, which felled him as if he had stumbled. We then returned down the mountain about three hundred feet, and to this point we still heard and felt the electricity.”

Bill and I experienced no electrical phenomena on our climb.

South District Naturalist Bob Johnsson and I hiked to Observation Peak Lookout (near Canyon) on 16 July. The lookout had not been manned for a number of years. There was still snow around the lookout; the views were impressive.
An Extinct Hot Spring Cone
NATURALIST CONDUCTED TRIPS OVER THE HOT SPRING TERRACES WILL BEGIN HERE EVERY 1/2 HOUR FROM 8:30 TO 10:00 A.M., AND FROM 4:00 TO 5:30 P.M.

LIBERTY CAP
An Extinct Hot Spring Cone

1-155. Rustic signs for the Hot Spring Terraces features and for naturalist-led activities at Mammoth, 1964 summer season, were designed by Jim Fisher (NPS sign shop) and North District Naturalist McClelland.
1-156. Trumpeter swan cygnets at Swan Lake Flat, 5 July 1964.
On 17–19 July 1964, I hiked to Republic Pass, via the Thunderer Cutoff Trail, with Assistant Chief Naturalist Bryan Harry and Bob Spring, a professional photographer taking photos for a book that he and his brother Ira were planning. Crossing Soda Butte Creek turned out to be a bigger challenge than we had anticipated, with hip-deep fast water. On the 17th, we overnighted in the Cache Creek Patrol Cabin, about 0.3 miles from the Thunderer/Cache Creek Trail Junction. On the 18th we hiked to Republic Pass. The high country was full of spectacular blooms of penstemon (*Penstemon* sp.), lupine (*Lupinus* sp.), and alpine forget-me-not (*Myosotis alpestris*). The vistas were very impressive (I-159). We returned to the patrol cabin again that night. On the 19th, we started our return trip over the Thunderer Cutoff. On the top of the Thunder Ridge, we went east cross-country for about a mile, exploring the views and flowers, then returned to the Thunderer Trail.

As we descended toward Soda Butte Creek, we came around a corner and saw a lone grizzly about 300 feet down the trail. It was sauntering up the trail toward us and hadn't seen us. We clapped and shouted, thinking the noise would alert it and that it would run off. It did not respond to our noise and continued its saunter. When the bear was 100 feet away, we decided to climb trees, so we took our packs off and each selected a tree to shinny up; all of the trees were lodgepole pines, without branches big enough to help much with the climb.

The bear came to the base of the tree which I had climbed. He was about 12 feet directly below me and I could clearly see a yellow tag on each ear, so he had undoubtedly been in trouble somewhere in the Park and had been captured and translocated. He sniffed my pack, which was a brand new Kelty (at that time a Kelty was state of the art). Among other food items inside was an empty sardine can (lunch a few hours earlier) wrapped in plastic. I thought that would be the end of my pack; surely the bear would rip into it because of the sardine smell. But after a minute or two of intense sniffing the grizzly walked over to Bryan Harry's pack, an old beat-up Trapper Nelson. Inside, in addition to food items, was a pair of old smelly tennis shoes that Bryan used for the creek crossings. The bear ripped open the pack, extracted a shoe and proceeded to chew on it. I don't remember how long that continued, or if he actually ate the shoe as the story now is told.

After several minutes the bear slowly walked off and continued up the trail in the direction from which we had come. We waited a few minutes, then came down from our perches and completed the hike without further incident. I told this story to Edward Abbey in 1975, when he was a fire lookout at Numa Ridge, in GNP. He included a brief summary of the story in his book “The Journey Home” (1977:32).

In late July, copies of a memorandum from Secretary of Interior Udall to NPS Director Wirth were sent to YNP field personnel. It made clear that the recommendations from the Leopold Report were to be applied in natural areas such as Yellowstone. That was encouraging to most rangers and naturalists. The memorandum read in part:

“The management and use of natural areas shall be guided by the 1918 directive of Secretary Lane. Additionally, management shall be directed toward maintaining, and where necessary re-establishing, indigenous plant and animal life, in keeping with the March 4, 1963, recommendations of the Advisory Board on Wildlife Management [the Leopold Report].”
August 1964 provided opportunities for several wonderful patrols and observation trips. Rip and I took a memorable horseback trip during 8-11 August. I was on my dependable horse, Fox, again. We started at The Lamar River Trail, at Soda Butte Creek. One of the highlights of the trip was to ride on a section of the old Bannock Indian Trail. Rip had spent eight years searching out the route across the Park (Replogle 1956). YNP Historian Aubrey Haines did not consider Rip a “real” historian and was unfairly critical of Rip’s Bannock Trail work. Aubrey published his own version of the trail’s history and location (Haines 1964). Aubrey gave Rip credit only in footnote #9: “The route described is essentially that worked out by Wayne F. Replogle . . .”

About one mile south of Cache Creek, we left the Lamar River Trail where it is crossed by the Bannock Indian Trail. Rip described this section on page 17 of his booklet:

“...[we] picked up the trail [Bannock Trail] approximately one mile south of Cache Creek where it begins a gradual ascent up the plateau between Cache and Calfee Creeks. The Trail is unbroken and easily followed. Without difficulty the horses followed a trail as deep and discernable as a modern mapped trail and continued until it dropped out of the park at the defile where Canoe Lake rests. Here the main Trail leaves the park, entering Wyoming down a branch of Timber Creek, and eventually joining the Clark’s Fork Branch from Cooke City.”

We rode to the Canoe Lake area, but did not continue out of the Park. Near Canoe Lake, we picked up the maintained trail that goes south, southwest to the Miller Creek Trail, then on to the Upper Miller Creek Patrol Cabin, where we spent the night. On the 9th, we rode to the Hoodoo Basin via the Parker Peak Trail. As we were nearing the Hoodoos, Rip gave me a big scare. We were a long way from the nearest road, 20 miles or so, on an open slope of Parker Peak. Rip’s horse made a quick, unexpected lunge and Rip fell hard to the ground. Fortunately, it was a grassy slope and he was not badly injured. In those days rangers on backcountry patrols were on their own, without radio or cell phone. If an accident occurred, assistance was as far away as the nearest road, and that often was a long way.

We continued into the Hoodoo Basin, where we took photographs of the unusual and fascinating erosion formations (I-160). These objects have no formally approved names. Most major features in the Park received names long ago. It now seems wise, and consistent with wilderness ethics, to leave in a nameless state, any feature for which no name has been approved by the Board of Geographic Names. This will allow the imaginations of park visitors to operate unhindered by someone else’s appellation. We proceeded to the Park boundary (27 miles from where we began the trip, at the Lamar River Trailhead), then back to Upper Miller for another night. On the 10th, we rode from Upper Miller to Cold Creek, Mist Creek, and then Pelican Patrol Cabin, where we spent the night. On the 11th, we rode from Pelican Cabin to Pelican Corral, where we were met by a ranger with a horse trailer, for transportation back to Mammoth. It was a great trip into YNP’s magnificent wilderness. We did not see another soul during the 4-day trip. I do not remember ever seeing another hiker, horseman, or skier on any major backcountry trip during my service in YNP.

On the Mammoth Terraces, Minerva put on a beautiful show in 1963 and 1964 (I-158). New Highland, Cedar Tree, and Baby Spring also exhibited increased activity.
I-158. Minerva Terrace maintained heavy flow for eight years, building several
“saucers.” This photo, from 1963, shows several saucers intact. The lack of
support underneath the saucers led to major collapses in November 1963 and
November 1964, after which Minerva lost much of its water supply.
I-159. Assistant Chief Park Naturalist Bryan Harry (sitting), and North District Naturalist McClelland, near Republic Pass, YNP, 18 July 1964 (photo by, and used with permission of, Bob Spring).
My good friend Fred Felsch, a seasonal ranger with whom I had previously worked at Snake River and Lake, joined me on a hike to Mt. Holmes Lookout on 15 August. We returned to the trailhead via Trilobite Lake. On 21 August, Tower Falls naturalist Bill Baker and I hiked to Specimen Ridge and the petrified trees, where Bill was conducting two all-day hikes per week for park visitors (I-161). On 27 August 1964, Ranger-Naturalist Bill Lewis (stationed at Norris in 1964) and I bushwhacked to the Geyser Creek Group, southeast of Paintpot Hill. I participated in two fine horse patrols in September. On the 17th, Ranger Ed Widmer and I rode to Sportsman Lake, via Mol Heron Creek, from Stevens Creek, and out to Swan Lake Flat. Tower Falls permanent ranger Ted Scott and I rode from Tower, over the Buffalo Plateau, stayed overnight at the Buffalo Plateau Patrol Cabin, and out Slough Creek on 23–24 September.

Our ethologist friend, Dr. Margaret Altmann, stopped for a visit in the late summer. She was upset about an elk "study" being conducted in Jackson Hole, by a Montana State University graduate student. In summers 1963 and 1964, he had been driving to observation sites in the Refuge and recording behavior from the seat of a pickup. Margaret reached her ungulate study sites by horseback. She believed that motorized access confounded behavior study results. The graduate student later (1967) became a Research Biologist in GNP.

During the late summer of 1964 we made our first attempt to take lightning pictures. Lightning had gradually become a fascination for Pat and me. We began with attempts to photograph lightning at Swan Lake Flat and Norris. Although the first pictures weren't great, the storm we viewed from the old parking area adjacent to the Norris Geyser Basin Museum was memorable. There was a single isolated thunderstorm cell, surrounded by clear sky, at dusk. We could see the lightning strikes in the Gallatin Range to the west (I-162). From that time on, watching lightning, and especially nocturnal lightning photography, became a family passion.

I continued to change the seismograph paper daily in the Mammoth unit and often repaired the coyote-chewed cable. As the 1964 summer season ended, I felt particularly grateful for having the privilege of working with Wayne Replogle again. Little did I know that this would be my last summer with the NPS in YNP. I had now worked with, and learned from, five long-term Ranger-Naturalists who were legends in YNP: Bud Lystrup, George Marler, and Sam Beal at Old Faithful, Lowell Biddulph at Lake/Fishing Bridge, and now with The Ripper, at Mammoth. A few years later, Rip kindly sent me his photograph (I-163) and ten years later the NPS Newsletter summarized Rip's career in YNP (D-22). Pat's father, Harry Truman, also had worked with each of these five men during his assignments to Old Faithful, Lake, and Canyon, in 1939–42. I had also worked with fine ranger-naturalists from the next legend generation, notably Ted Parkinson, Bill Baker, and Bill Lewis.

Important conservation acts were signed into law by President Lyndon Johnson in 1964. The Wilderness Act became law in September. The NPS had opposed the Act, arguing that it already managed its wild areas as "wilderness" and the legislation was unnecessary for national park areas. Most of us in the field knew better. What the NPS wanted to avoid was any additional oversight of its management decisions. After passage of the Act, the NPS gradually shifted from outright opposition to writing its own lax implementing regulations. The Land and Water Conservation Fund also was established in September 1964.
The saga of "Ranger Rip"

Forty-four summers in Yellowstone

By Mary Anne O'Hara
Office of Public Affairs, NCP

"I've hiked over more of Yellowstone than any living man." So says Wayne Replogle, who has spent 44 years as a seasonal park ranger at Yellowstone National Park. "Ranger Rip," as he is known in the park, has been employed seasonally by the National Park Service since 1930, progressing through every rank available to summer rangers.

He has hiked thousands of miles through the park, taken 20,000 pictures, guided VIPs from all over the world and written a book about the park.

In 1973, he retired and was reassigned as a retired annuitant which enabled him to continue his duties at Yellowstone.

The origin of the book lay in Rip's intense interest in the Indians and his firm belief that they did at some time inhabit the area. It was this interest and belief that led the park's research department to assign him to prepare a manuscript on the Indians in Yellowstone.

Every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday for eight years Rip searched and explored, talked to old-timers, and crisscrossed the park in an attempt to locate the Old Bannock Indian Trail.

During this search, he walked over 5,000 miles and covered another 24,000 miles by car and horseback. To uncover evidence of the early inhabitants, he traced not only a large part of the 3,472 square miles of the park but also much of the surrounding country.

Each year he pinpointed a section of the trail and retraced it. He determined from his search that Indians had lived in the park and had also used it as thoroughfare. A great deal was also learned about Indian culture and customs.

A major highlight of Rip's career was his living and working with President Ford who was one of 125 rangers at Yellowstone in the summer of 1936. They were assigned to work together because of their athletic backgrounds and energetic approach to work. Ford was an all-American football center from Michigan University and Replogle was an all-Kansas full-back in 1924-5 and also a record-breaking pole-vaulter.

Says Rip of Ford, "Jerry had some outstanding personality traits. Jerry was without fear. He was always willing, and always first to volunteer for dangerous assignments."

This winter a reunion dinner has been planned for the 1936 ranger staff from Yellowstone, which Rip plans to attend. He hopes the President will be there, too.

Rip spent the last 35 winters at Kansas University. For the past 15 years he has served as a photographer for the athletic events there, and before that he was an assistant football coach. He retired from the university in June 1974.

He is now 70, and Rip's appearance belies his years. Tall and quick-moving, he can recite dates, events and names with startling clarity and quickness. When urged to write his memoirs, he replies he will do that when he can't work in the park any longer.

After 44 years, Ranger Rip is still enthusiastic about Yellowstone.

Wayne Replogle at Yellowstone.
I-162. Lightning photographed to the west, from the old parking area at the Norris Geyser Basin, dusk 16 August 1964.
1-163. Ranger-Naturalist Wayne Replogle at his easel, at home in Kansas.
On 9–14 October, Mary T., Kevin, and I took a trip to Denver, Colorado, to visit my parents and to see a couple of football games. Pat was well along in her eighth month of pregnancy, so travel was out for her. She stayed home and looked after Jane, Kerry, and Terence (which was probably much harder than travel would have been). Mary T., Kevin and I drove to Billings, Montana; from there we flew on Western Airlines (no longer in existence) to Denver. On the 10th, Kevin and I, along with my father and brother-in-law, took the train to Colorado Springs, where we watched Notre Dame beat the Air Force Academy, 34-7. Mary T. spent the day in Denver with her grandmother. On the 11th, the same four men attended an NFL game at Mile High Stadium, in Denver, where we saw the Broncos beat the Kansas City Chiefs, 34-27. On the 12th, the grandparents and I took the two children for a day at the Denver Zoo. On the 13th we flew back to Billings and overnighted with Bill and Lorraine Baker. Finally, on the 14th we drove back to Mammoth to resume our exciting lives in YNP.

By about the 6th of November 1964, our sixth child was due. Pat began to feel that something was amiss. On the morning of the 8th, she was not feeling movement and labor pains were beginning. After dark, we arranged for our neighbors the Godbolts to watch the 5 kids. Pat and I headed for the Livingston Hospital. It was late, probably around midnight, and we were still several miles from Livingston when it became apparent to Pat that we were not going to make it—the baby was coming. I pulled off the road at a wide place and got into the back (the back seat of the station wagon was down, making room for Pat to lie down). On 8 November 1964, the full term baby boy came quickly. He was stillborn. It took us only 15 minutes or so to get to the hospital. The baby had been dead a day or two; an autopsy didn't reveal the specific cause of death. The baby was buried in the Livingston Cemetery. Now, in the late autumn of my life, I can’t imagine how we could have chosen to have that many children, but in the early 1960s we had not yet fully broken from the irrational dictates of the Catholic Church.

We came close to another, much worse, personal tragedy in late December 1964; Terence was about 1½ yrs old. While I was taking a shower one afternoon, he got into the bathroom (the door of which I should have closed tightly) and unbeknownst to me apparently took a drink from the open medicated shampoo bottle, which was on the edge of the tub. The shampoo contained a chemical that depresses respiration and by midnight Terence began to exhibit respiratory distress. There was no doctor in Mammoth that late in the year, so we had to take him to Livingston. Before we could get coats on and depart, Terence literally stopped breathing. What a frightening time. I shook him and breathed on his nose and respiration returned. This happened several more times, but shaking brought back his breathing. I phoned our wonderful neighbors, the Godbolts, and asked Jim if he would follow us to the hospital in his car and if Barbara would look in on the children. Jim was quickly ready and we headed out, with Pat driving and me holding Terence, shaking him every time he stopped breathing.

The upshot was that we made it to the hospital. The doctor on call said that by the time we arrived it was too late to do anything but wait and keep him breathing. The chemical responsible had no doubt been completely absorbed in his system and it looked as if he were going to survive the poisoning. He remained in the hospital overnight. He was all right the
next day and after a few days back to his normal active self. But it was a terrible scare.

We continued to visit Steamboat Geyser off and on into fall 1964, but could not escape our lack of success in trying to witness an eruption. On 12 November, the road from Mammoth to Norris closed for the winter, to public travel. However, the NPS continued to plow the road to Norris and Canyon for construction projects and so it remained open to administrative travel. This meant that I could continue to drive to Norris occasionally and check the status of Steamboat. Park employees were allowed to drive a private car to Norris, so we had several family trips to Steamboat. Although it had a record 29 eruptions in 1964, we did not witness one.

On Christmas eve 1964, we attended midnight mass at Gardiner. The church was packed, unlike the smaller attendances typical of usual Sunday masses. During the sermon, the priest startled the “flock” with the following:

“It is nice to see such a crowd here for Christmas mass. I know that many of you have not been attending mass on a regular basis, and to you I must warn, coming to mass at Christmas alone will not save your souls. If you come only at Christmas, you are destined for Hell!”

What!? Once again, that kind of insensitivity and myopia was a major step in our ultimate estrangement with the Catholic Church.

During winter 1964–65, I worked on various North District naturalist projects. Once again I had the good fortune to take a brief trip to Old Faithful (18–20 January), by Weasel, to attend a few days of Dr. Vince Schaefer’s Yellowstone Field Research Expedition 5. I attended two evening seminars on atmospheric science research. We again spent most weekend winter days downhill skiing at Undine, in the Park. Terence (not yet 2 yrs old) was getting started, skiing between Pat’s legs.

As in the previous winter, the road to Norris Geyser Basin was kept open. This allowed me to make occasional checks on the status of Steamboat Geyser and to take the family there on a few weekends. The single January eruption (14 January 1965) was not observed, but it created an amazing landscape of various ice formations in the vicinity of the Geyser (1-164–167).

During January, the Park organization was in the process of being evaluated by a group of men from the Washington, D.C. Office and the Omaha Regional Office. Such evaluation panels came to a given park every several years. Evaluation “Teams” often recommended realignment in an organization and this frequently included combining jobs and duties, and abolishing positions. Field personnel were inevitably apprehensive during these evaluations because decisions were made based on discussions primarily with high-level park staff, who tended to know the least about park resource and staffing needs. The personnel that constituted the panel itself were usually even less knowledgeable, with expertise mainly in organization chart construction and agency loyalty. A few of the field staff in a park were sometimes interviewed, but it always appeared this was for show rather than substance.

Field level people always feared for their jobs at these times (the desk-bounds seemed inevitably secure). The panel could recommend that a position was unnecessary and chances were that it would then be abolished, with the incumbent transferred to Tuzigoot, Fire Island, or some other undesirable location. This provided one of the many tools of intimidation constantly used by the NPS. Those who were not "team players" could easily be identified and targeted for abolishment and transfer. I was concerned, of course. I had always been outspoken and certainly far less tactful than would have been desirable. But, I really didn't have the feeling that I had been labelled for transfer. My performance appraisal ratings had consistently been above average throughout my career in YNP. Nevertheless, I knew that my position could be eliminated in one fell swoop, whether as a means of getting rid of me or simply an inept judgement on the value of the duties of my position.

Sometime early in 1965, when all this was brewing, I happened into a room in which the Park’s Personnel Officer (Gil Henry) was present. He was alone so I broached the subject of the evaluation and reorganization with him. I asked him point blank if my job was in apparent jeopardy. His reply was unequivocal, "you have nothing to worry about. This evaluation group certainly isn't going to recommend abolishing your position of North District Naturalist." I was immensely relieved.
I-164a. During the 14 January 1965 eruption of Steamboat Geyser, spray covered the landscape with dense glare ice.
I-164b. An ice laden tree (30 ft tall) after an eruption of nearby Steamboat Geyser on 14 January 1965.
1-165. Mary Teresa marveling at icicles formed during the 14 January 1965 eruption of Steamboat Geyser.
I-166. Fragments of siliceous sinter on ice pedestals (about 6–10 inches high), after the 14 January 1965 eruption of Steamboat Geyser.
I-167. Icicle "decorations" on trees (about 30–40 ft tall) near Steamboat Geyser, after the 14 January 1965 eruption.
Gil Henry and I carried on a brief conversation and he concluded by saying something that I have always remembered, perhaps because he said it in what seemed to be a demeanor of deep personal trouble: "Riley, I can understand your concern about your job. At times like this, when we feel personally threatened by potential trauma in our life, we are utterly alone with the pain of worry. Even a person who is married is ultimately alone. We die alone." This seemed like a strongly despondent outpouring and I wondered what personal demons were besieging him. He was always a pleasant and friendly person, but I did not know him well and I did not want to pry. Only a few years later Gil died. Little or no information on the deliberations of the review panel was made available to the lower echelon of park employees until the final report was released. There always was an abundance of rumors and just about everyone was the subject of speculation concerning a position change. I had felt relatively secure, however, after the reassurances from Personnel Officer Henry.

One day in mid-February, I received a message that I should attend a meeting in Chief Naturalist John Good's office later in the day. I assumed it would involve something concerning the Park's interpretive plan, the revision of which we had been working on that winter. I went into John's office and he closed the door. The other District Naturalists were not in attendance and I could feel a very negative aura—and a weak feeling overcame me. Then he confirmed my worst fears. The position of North District Naturalist had been deemed superfluous by the evaluation panel and it would be abolished in the Park organization. I should not have been so naive to be surprised, but I was shocked, just as I had been when Chief Ranger Brown had announced my abolishment in 1957. John said only that efforts were underway to find another park to which I could be transferred and I would be informed when that decision had been made. He claimed that the issue was out of his hands—that's the usual disclaimer of most administrators.

I can't really describe how I felt. The dream that Pat and I had realized was ending. What I thought had been deep devotion to the job, to Yellowstone, and to the NPS was being "rewarded" in this callous fashion. At some point I made an appointment with the superintendent, John McLaughlin, to discuss the issue and to explore the possibility of remaining in YNP in some capacity, any position in any division. I told him that I would gladly accept a janitor position with the Maintenance Division. We wanted most of all to be able to remain in YNP, our sense of place. McLaughlin was cold and unmoved by my pleadings, showing no concern regarding my feelings. He quickly dismissed me. To him, as to many in the NPS, place was of little consequence. Moving up the "Ladder of Success" and loyalty to the agency were paramount; any other goal seemed beyond their comprehension. There was no reprieve, no sudden event to save our Yellowstone career, as there had been in 1957. We were out and the only question was the location to which we would be assigned. I don't remember how overtly Pat showed her disappointment, but as always she made the best of it and was ready to adapt to whatever the future held. I frequently have wished that I had her resignation and flexibility.

About this same time I learned that I was being sent to the "Interpretive Methods" course at the Mather Interpretive Training Center, in Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. It was an 8-week session (8 March–30 April). Although I was bordering on depression, I kept a commitment I had made to Bill Baker to give talks on fire ecology to his biology classes in
Billings West High School. On 11 and 12 February, I presented one-hour slide talks to each of Bill's seven different classes.

During 22-26 February 1965, I took my last ski patrol; it was to the same destination as was my first ski patrol, in 1958—Shoshone Geyser Basin. My companion on the trip was Assistant Chief Ranger Ken Ashley. Ashley couldn't "justify" in his own mind going on a ski patrol without some precisely defined purpose. Learning the country, becoming familiar with the landscape, resource conditions, wildlife in winter, and reaffirming a kinship with the Park we were obligated to protect were not legitimate reasons in his mind. Perhaps Ken was well ahead of me in recognizing the need to provide administrators with a rationale they could understand from behind a desk. So, we decided to justify the trip by setting a goal of making a precise plane-table map of the Shoshone Geyser Basin. This meant packing a mapping board with tripod, a survey rod, and an alidade, all very heavy equipment for a 6-mile (one way) ski patrol. Of course I was relegated to hauling the alidade as well as other standard gear including camera. As always, it was a wonderful experience to ski to Shoshone, but my pack was so heavy that when I fell I could not get up without taking the pack off with Ashley's assistance. There was a great deal of fresh snow on the route and snow depth at the Shoshone Patrol Cabin was 85 inches (I-168).

We mapped the hot springs and geysers carefully, with one person sighting the azimuths to the features (where the other person stood with the survey rod). We then measured off distances to each feature from the mapping point. It was ridiculous to do this kind of mapping in winter; it would have been so much simpler in summer. But if that's what Ashley needed for a justification to go, so be it. When we returned, we prepared a finished map, neatly drawn in careful detail, and presented it to the YNP Library. I would be surprised if it could be found in the library today, but I have a personal copy. Ashley was good company on the trip, but he had no sympathy whatsoever with my near depression over my position being abolished from the YNP staff.

That trip was the final time that I would see the Shoshone Patrol Cabin. In the 1970s, District Ranger Dale Nuss built a more modern patrol "A-frame cabin" on the shore of Shoshone Lake, near to the Lewis Channel (between Shoshone and Lewis Lakes). Dale and Bill Huffman burned down the Shoshone Geyser Basin Patrol Cabin in the winter of 1973-74. That was a desecration of Park history that should not have been allowed (the cabin was built in 1927). Without a cabin from which to base patrol activities, it also makes appropriate patrols and resource protection of the upper end of the Shoshone Lake more difficult. It left Shoshone Geyser Basin much more vulnerable to vandalism. Ultimately, Dale built four A-frames in YNP's backcountry (Anonymous 2008). Dale was an acknowledged superb craftsman, but A-frames (with no historical tradition in the Park) were not appropriate in YNP. They certainly should never have been allowed to replace historic log patrol cabins.

And then it was time to leave for the session at the Mather Training Center. We decided that Pat and the children should go to her parents home, in Granville, Ohio, during the time I was at Harpers Ferry. Our family departed YNP together on 3 March 1965, without knowing where we would be transferred on our return. We drove to Billings to board the train for the first leg of the trip, to Ohio. Pat's folks picked us up at the train depot in Canton, Ohio, in the wee hours of the morning on 6 March.
CHAPTER 27. Stephan T. Mather Training Center, Harpers Ferry, West Virginia (1965)

After a day in Granville, Pat, drove me to Columbus, Ohio, where I boarded a plane for Washington National Airport. On the late afternoon of 7 March 1965, I arrived in D.C. and was met by a staff member from the Mather Training Center. No doubt I began the training session with a poor attitude. After all, we were being evicted from Yellowstone and being sent to some unknown destination. And, I was going to be separated from my family for a couple of months.

The dormitory and classroom were in old buildings that formerly comprised Storer College, an African-American School that ran from the mid-1860s until 1955 (Hanna 1988:26-28). Under Mission 66 plans, the buildings were refurbished. Lockwood House, the first building where Storer College classes were held, became the dormitory for the Mather Training Center. The main building, Anthony Hall of the old college, became the headquarters of the training center and was named Wirth Hall after NPS Director Conrad L. Wirth, who retired in 1964 (Wirth 1980). There weren't many single rooms in the dormitory, but I managed to get one (arranged by phone before I arrived). I never did like room sharing when there was an option of privacy. Unfortunately, I saved very little printed information from the training school, probably because it was not a very happy period, with our impending ejection from YNP.

The Training Center itself apparently did a poor job of keeping records. A copy of the class photograph (I-169) was given to each student, but there was no accompanying identification of student names. In 2008, I contacted the Harpers Ferry staff and they were unable to locate an identification page. After 43 years, I remember only a few of the names. As I recall, this was the first session of the newly established Steven T. Mather Interpretive Training Center. It was run by a longtime NPS naturalist, Russell Grater. He was a very humble, pleasant, and dedicated person. He did his best to develop a meaningful and varied program I'm sure, but he wasn't successful. He also probably was preoccupied with his own impending (as soon as the session ended) transfer to Sequoia National Park as Chief Naturalist. There were frequent glitches and general disorganization. Russ Grater was not a dynamic teacher, but he was sincere and dedicated. Bob McIntyre, YNP Chief Naturalist, replaced Grater in August 1965.

Grater had two assistant instructors, Jerry Wagers and Dick Hart; neither were experienced, well-versed, or effective. Dick Hart, was officious and overcome with self-importance. His main purpose seemed to be self-aggrandizement. He had been a student in the 1957 Yosemite Ranger School that I attended. There, he had quickly gained a reputation as a fawning self-promoter. After a session by one of the permanent instructors, he sometimes would jump to his feet in front of the class (he always sat in the first row) and exhort the class to show a rousing hand of applause for the wonderful job the instructor had done. Hart did not constructively contribute to any hoped for esprit de corps in either class. The fellow “students” that I most respected were Louie Kirk (Olympic National Park), Dave Beal (Grand Canyon National Park), Ed Trecker (U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, Minneapolis), and Dale Thompson (Dinosaur National Monument).
We did take some interesting and worthwhile field trips to NPS areas: Blue Ridge Parkway; Shenandoah National Park; C & O Canal; Colonial Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown; Hagley Museum; Hopewell Village; Independence Square; Jefferson, Lincoln, and Washington Memorials; Rock Creek; and the Antietam and Gettysburg National Battlefields.

In early April, I finally learned that after our return to YNP, we would be transferred laterally (same grade) to GNP, Montana (D-23). We would have two weeks to pack and be on the road to GNP. Although this news did not salve our wounds, it did make the difference in our decision whether to resign. If we were to be in a park other than Yellowstone, Glacier would be at the top of the list. I was never asked what area or areas for which we might have a preference. In reality, we were of course very, very fortunate. Hundreds of NPS people would give their eye teeth to serve in GNP. We were spoiled, with our four snowed-in winters at Old Faithful and our deeply ingrained love of Yellowstone. Jack Ellis Haynes comment at the 1962 ranger conference was a truism: "There is no place like Yellowstone." There are other magnificent parks, but none has the aura, mystique, and history that are embodied in YNP. Not everyone shared that feeling, which made our eviction hurt all the more. Many of the rangers and naturalists who remained would just as soon have been somewhere other than YNP.

Later, we learned that the NPS initially decided that we would be transferred to Lake Mead National Recreational Area. Bryan Harry, YNP's Assistant Chief Naturalist told me that when he heard this, he argued with John Good that he (Bryan) was certain that I would resign rather than go to Lake Mead. Bryan didn't discuss it with me at the time, but he was dead right. He apparently was successful in arguing that I should be assigned to a natural type national park. For that, we owe Bryan our gratitude.

While at the Harpers Ferry School, I also learned that the transfer out of YNP was not the result of an objective reorganization, as had been claimed. I was told by NPS friends that an individual (Chet Brooks) in the Omaha Regional Office had been "putting me down" (for unspecified reasons, but generally for not being a team player) openly and had facilitated the reorganization that would make sure that my transfer was orchestrated. This was always a puzzle to us. Before he moved to the Regional Office, Brooks was superintendent of Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area, near Billings. I didn't know him personally. If he played a role in my transfer, he must have been acting on contacts with someone else in the Regional Office or YNP Chief Naturalist John Good—we would never know. If John Good did not request that I be transferred, he certainly made no effort to prevent the move. In the "reduction of force," John had three district naturalists from which to choose the transferee. Neither of the other two men had as much experience in YNP as I did. However, experience in, and knowledge of, an area often are considered unimportant factors.

Personnel management decisions in the NPS tended to be surreptitious. A person's career could easily be manipulated based largely on loyalty and inert compliance with all dictates, whether or not they followed written policy. I may have been branded "not a team player" as early as the conflicts with Chief Naturalist Condon, when we were stationed at Old Faithful. Whatever the evaluation, Pat and I always gave our best for the National Park "Idea" and the National Park Mystique.
I-169. The spring 1965 Interpretive Methods Class at the Steven T. Mather Training Interpretive Center, Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. I have identified the few that I can remember. The NPS included no list of names with the photo. Identifications were requested from the NPS at Harpers Ferry, but they responded that they could find no record of names in their files (Courtesy NPS, Harpers Ferry).

L-R

**Back row:** ?, Barnett, Riley McClelland, ?, ?, ?, Saul Schiffman, Louis Kirk, ?, ?.

**Middle row:** Pridemore, ?, Ed Trecker (U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife), ?, Pat Miller, ?, Rob Milne, Dale Thompson, Greenawalt, ?, Russell Grater. (Instructor, Head of School).

**Front row:** Hobie Cawood, ?, ?, Dave Beal, ?, ?, Harris, ?, ?, ?. 

Near the end of the session, a “team” of high-level staff people from the Washington, D.C. office visited the class for a day and evening session. The team included Ralph Lewis and NPS Chief of Interpretation William Everhart. Everhart (1972) later authored “The National Park Service.” Everhart and team touted the great new modern Mission 66 designs that were replacing the traditional rustic architecture in the national parks. Not surprisingly, Everhart placed great emphasis on the need for NPS employees to be team players. He did not appreciate the straightforward questioning from the class. On 21 April, I wrote the following to Pat:

“We had quite a session last night. It lasted from 8:00 P.M. until midnight. It was a presentation primarily by the Washington NPS Interpretation staff. It got into a hot and heavy emotional exchange. What they had to say was very disturbing to everyone in the class. The only bright spot was the apparent unanimity of opinion
in the trainee group. I found it quite surprising and gratifying that as a group we solidly opposed the architecture ideas and change for the sake of change attitude that these guys tried to instill in us. Everhart got very sore and offensive. He wound up saying: 'I don't care what you guys think anyway because George [Director Hartzog] likes our ideas.' I was quite pleased to see so many fellows in this class express a sincere appreciation for the basic ideals of the natural national parks.'

On the final class day of the Harpers Ferry school, a talk and discussion by Freeman Tilden (often called the "Dean" of NPS interpretation) was truly inspiring; it was the highlight of the entire session. Tilden was not an NPS employee, but a historian by profession. His philosophical approach to park management clearly emphasized preservation over use and development. For many years, he was an advisor to the NPS interpretation division. He had written "Interpreting Our Heritage" (Tilden 1957), considered (at least in those days) to be the NPS interpreters "bible." It is must reading for anyone interested in national parks. His primary presentation at our training session was entitled: "The Constructive Aspects of Inaction" (Tilden 1965a)(see also Tilden 1951, 1965b, 1971, and 1975). Tilden’s writings explore the emotional and idealistic meaning of the “National Park Idea.” Listening to Freeman Tilden talk at Harpers Ferry was one of the great privileges of my career. He articulated, in his talks and writings, the real meaning of national parks.

Overall, the students from natural national parks or monuments gave the session very low marks. There was an abundance of wasted time.
CHAPTER 28. “Final” Days In Yellowstone (1965)

When the Harpers Ferry school ended, I flew back to Ohio to join Pat and the children. We took the train back to Montana. After we returned to Mammoth, on 4 May, life was in a detached haze. We had to pack, order a moving van, and try to get ourselves into a positive frame of mind. It was traditional to have a “party” in honor of anyone transferring from the Park. I told Chief Naturalist Good that we wanted nothing to do with a “going-away-party” because this was not a happy event for us. We did receive a beautiful painting of Obsidian Cliff, by Scotty Chapman. That would normally have been presented to us at the “party.” Bunny Nuss gave a luncheon for Pat (8 women attended) in Mammoth.

We were very lucky of course, to be transferring to a place as wonderful as GNP. It was just that we were leaving home, our home Yellowstone. The day before the van arrived in YNP, Kevin was exposed to the mumps. Mary T., clinging by the backs of her knees to the top bar of the clothes line pole, fell and hurt her arm. I thought it was broken, but Dr. Carr, at Mammoth, said no, only a bad sprain. Kerry had a bad cold. With those concerns, and the reticence that attends any move, we drove out of our beloved Yellowstone on 20 May 1965.

“Yellowstone, Yellowstone, grandest place on Earth that I have ever known.
Skies so blue, friends so true
Take me back to geyser days in Yellowstone”

So goes an old Yellowstone Park Lodge song. I first heard it in 1949; it has played on my mind daily, ever since. It has perhaps played in Pat’s mind since as early as summer 1939, when she first lived in the Park, with her parents. It was of course strongly reinforced during our work years in YNP, 1955–65. Wherever we were, from those early years on, Yellowstone represented our sense of place.

POSTSCRIPT. Yellowstone Volunteers (1997, 2000, 2001)

We eventually returned to YNP as volunteers. We spent the month of September 1997, and two weeks in September 2000 and 2001 as volunteers at the Norris Soldier Station Museum (known as the “Ranger Museum”). In 2000 and 2001, Katy Duffy was the naturalist in charge of Norris. She was a competent and pleasant naturalist, a credit to the NPS. In those three autumns, we visited old haunts, looking at empty places where our Old Faithful houses and the Museum once stood. These historic rustic buildings apparently meant nothing to the planners and architects, just obstacles to the “modern” and imposing insults that were part of Mission 66.
“The wonder of the world, the beauty and the power,

the shapes of things,
their colours,

lights and shades,
these I saw. Look ye also, while life lasts.”
(cited from Frome 1992:161–162)