

The Explorer

*Newsletter of Cabrillo National Monument
and the
Cabrillo Historical Association*



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Preservation of the past; wise management of the present

These guiding principles of the National Park Service are at the heart of the day-to-day activities at Cabrillo National Monument. After spending only a short time with the park staff, one realizes that the rangers and others are not merely following directives from above: they are truly committed to the conservation and preservation ethic.

In this issue of *The Explorer* three rangers — Samantha Weber, George Herring, and John Golda — write about their personal experiences and offer some thoughts on the subject of conservation of resources. John's article on John Muir also commemorates the April birthday of that towering figure in conservation history. As for historic preservation, Emily Troxell details some of the steps necessary to carry out an authentic restoration of a National Park Service site.

We will let Samantha start things off.



The making of a conservation biologist *by Samantha Weber*

Recently I've been researching the beginnings of the conservation ethic in the park service, but along the way I've uncovered a specious plot. The fact that there was a time when there was no conservation ethic (or it was so unusual that it was effectively absent) is really hard for me to imagine—witness

the parenthetical qualifying statement I had to include in this sentence. The conservation ethic is so central to my life and my beliefs, it's like a fish trying to study the origin of water: hard to do because it's hard to believe it was never not there.

So I tried to figure out why that was so. That is, when I had my epiphany about the elaborate parental plot to spawn a

park ranger. During my whole life, I'm only recently learning, my parents were conspiring to make me a conservation biologist. Unbeknownst to me, innocent that I was, they conceived a complex scheme, including sophisticated short- and long-term tactics, executed over decades, cleverly employing both the carrot and the stick.

Let me just mention a FEW of the dastardly techniques they employed. I was regularly subjected to mercilessly fun, outdoorsy experiences; we camped every summer—I thought it was just for fun. Not only did it make me associate the great outdoors (Fort Bragg or Emerald Bay, for example) with family fun and summer vacation, but they sneaked in some camping-skills training that I'm SURE they knew I'd later use to impress those reading my seasonal park ranger application ten years later. I thought I was merely HELPING.

Included in these trips were regular sessions of more formal preservation/park policy education. I don't think we EVER drove up to a state or national park without hearing the same speech every time about "once we are in here, you can't pick any flowers, or take anything from the park...it's against the law and you could be arrested." They'd arrest a ten-year-old? I believed it and fidgeted restlessly while eyeing the beautiful wildflowers.

So, of course, now I am continually amazed that people visiting parks really "didn't know that we couldn't pick flowers/take these hermit crabs/carve our names on the sandstone cliffs."

NOT coincidentally, I'm sure, my mom got into a "wildflower phase" and knew every one we saw, proudly citing its name. She even took me and my sister on driving trips just to find them, winding through the narrow mountain roads in the Sierra. This began my love affair with shooting stars (still my favorite). See, it's that ownership thing. My parents were WAY ahead of their time. Now if anyone picks a flower (any native, shooting star or otherwise) I am instantly incensed, as if the Earth's good virtue has been maliciously compromised, and I wish I had a law-enforcement commission so I could cite them.

To prepare me for the great outdoors

and rigors of field work (crawling on my belly past poison oak and tarantulas to check mouse traps, "relocating" rattlesnakes, or dealing with dead animals) Mom and Dad were sublimely happy to let me be a tomboy. I insisted on being called "Sam." "Samantha" was a sissy name. I lived in Toughskins. Yes, at first my mother feigned an interest in keeping me in tights and dresses, but quickly gave up and clothed me in those indestructible, indigo-blue, semi-plastic wonder pants that I put to the test in the HUGE Bidwell park (in Chico—the third largest city



Not only have I read about the early and inspired thoughts of people who conceived and carefully cultivated national parks, the National Park Service, its guiding mission statement, and accompanying conservation ethic, but I've also learned that those same ideas have made their way into the minds and hearts of my parents, and now into mine.

park in California at the time), which NOT coincidentally, I'm sure, was right across the street from my house. Now that I think of it, my school was PARKview Elementary...even as I write this I'm gaining insight into just how masterful this plot was.

In that park, I'd mosey through the cork forest and head eastward to the pine grove where the owls hung out and search the ground for their pellets (which I'd take home and dissect, much to my older sister's terribly adult dismay), or play in the creek looking for bugs called copper pennies, or mayfly larvae in their little stone houses, or tadpoles and their progressively changing assortment of limbs, all the while keeping alert to protect my toes from the resident crayfish.

And I'm not even going to mention the many tortuous Sierra Club hikes my mother took me and my sister on. Well, maybe I am. An AGONY of boredom, listening to the endless dull droning of adults while I was forced to walk what felt like hundreds of miles over dry, dusty, rocky trails. Fine; so now I hike every chance I get. Was I ever brainwashed!

Just last week another event took place which boosted my suspicion of my parents' long-sighted propaganda plots. I had a conversation with an adult male (who shall remain nameless) who asked me about some grass: "Is it a weed?" I remember being silently amazed that any adult didn't know what a "weed" was. So I gave him the "if you don't want it it's a weed, even if it's a tree" lecture I still remember my mom giving me. I even remember what we were doing when she told me. We were driving east on 8th street in Chico in the orange-red GMC Hornet station wagon—I was about eight—and after my mom had filled my mind with this information, I stared with newly enlightened eyes at the huge oak and walnut trees along the street, thinking "Wow! That could really be just a huge weed!" I was soooo innocent.

And of course there were the energy-conservation-based scoldings from my dad: "Shut the door! You'll let all the heat out!" or "Open the fridge, see what's in it, close the door, decide what you want, THEN get it — don't just stare at it with the door open."

I was also subjected to supposedly recreational tours of the Chico State Biology Building from my mom (she worked in the Chemistry stock room) past walls of butterfly collections (yes, I had a net), into the taxidermy room with all the stuffed birds of prey. I can still see the angry-looking owl, frozen for eternity in

its pre-flight take-off position (yes, in my free time now, I'm involved in a raptor study...a volunteer). Especially riveting was this gruesome but fascinating display on dog heart worm. It was a drawing of the whole dog, but with a real infected heart encased in glass where the heart would have been drawn...gross but super interesting. Gee, and I turned out to be a biology major, imagine that.

Whenever I asked seemingly basic/profound questions of my father like "why are more crooks men?" the answer came back via Darwin's theory of natural selection. He patiently explained that long ago, bold men were favored in competition against bashful men for mates, so had they had more kids, and over time those genes conferring aggressive behavior were spread. So my whole world was defined not by scripture or wives' tales, but by the workings of natural selection and what I can now identify as the results of differential reproductive success. My Dad even sang this Polish song about a rabbit that's being hunted by men, chased through the woods, and since he knows he's not long for this world, he runs around trying to make as many baby bunnies as possible before he meets his end.

The strange image gracing the cover of *The Selfish Gene* by Richard Dawkins was permanently imprinted on my brain long before I learned what it contained, sitting prominently as it did on my dad's book shelf for handy reference. This book was required reading for one of my classes years later—the class, incidentally, which convinced me that I had to go to graduate school and learn more about these theories.

So, I've embarked on my own voyage of discovery this week. Not only have I read about the early and inspired thoughts of people who conceived and carefully cultivated national parks, the National Park Service, its guiding mission statement, and accompanying conservation ethic, but I've also learned that those same ideas have made their way into the minds and hearts of my parents, and now into mine.

That is why I love the National Park Service: It's like home.

Watching and wondering

by George Herring

Last February I had the opportunity to watch gray whales, in the wild, up close. A mother whale was warning the captain of our little 16-foot *panga* to back away from her calf, which was 20 or so yards away. Several times she pushed surface water at us with her massive fins and at one point came directly at the boat, then lunged beneath it in a huge swirl. I watched all of this from the boat, aware of her threatening gestures, enthralled and unafraid, trusting that the boat captain knew what he was doing. This is common stuff for the boat captains of Scammon's Lagoon, I suppose, since they are working to create a memorable experience for their passengers. In my mind, however, I was **watching** whales. Therefore I didn't worry, because I was not **experiencing** them or the environment of which they are a part. I missed something important and now wonder if all of us Americans with preservationist tendencies are missing something important.

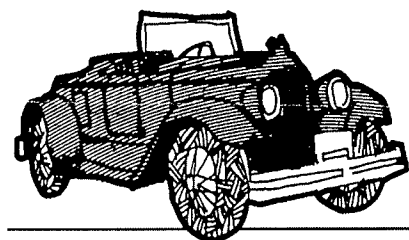
Twentieth-century civilization prides itself on **watching** the world go by. We **watch** TV almost every night and then talk about the shows we watched with our friends the next morning. Sometimes we watch nature on TV and experience it through the eyes of editorialists like Jacques Cousteau, Marlon Perkins, and their more recent protégés. Every now and then we get a yearning for nature and actually set out in our cars to see a



national park for ourselves, mostly through the windshield of the car since there are still more sites farther up the road. We hope to have time to take the short walks to the overlooks to watch the park from there. We watch the world though a TV screen or a windshield, and I worry that we've lost the ability to experience the impact, and the reality, of our actions.

While I watched that annoyed mother gray whale, I observed a powerful animal telling me to back off, to stay away from her calf, but I was not afraid. I ignored the danger signals, because in my mind there was no threat. It was like watching a wonderful 3D, full sense-o-rama TV show, too awesome and too wonderful an "experience" to be real. Afterward I considered how unsafe the encounter had been and reflected on that. The odds, of course, had been strongly in my favor that the whale would not attack. It was not until later that I fully considered the ramifications of what my experience of watching that mother whale and her calf had on the whales.

What was for me a psychologically disassociated **whale watch** was for the whales a very real threat and a stressful experience. Imagine yourself, with your



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Watching, cont'd

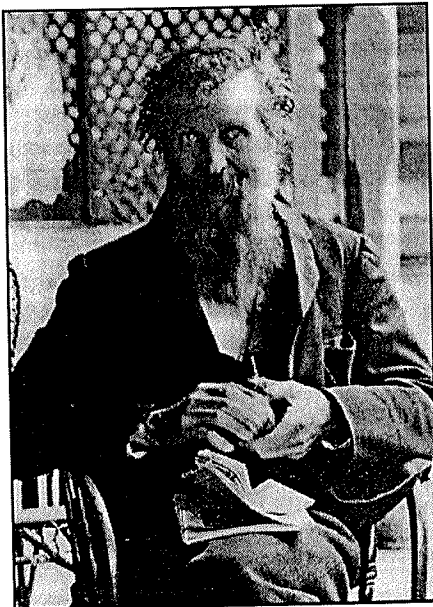
toddler son or daughter in a shopping mall. A strange-looking individual with a bad odor is eyeballing your child. Then he begins to walk directly toward your kid. What does this do to your stress level? How does that affect your child, who senses your concern and distress. How was my desire, along with that of the other "eco-tourists," to see those whales affecting the boat captain's actions to create a good show? And how responsible were we, in the boat, for the safety and well-being of those whales?

My point here is not that we shouldn't watch whales, but to point out that sometimes we have impacts on events in ways we are not aware of. It's a ten-hour drive from Scammon's Lagoon back to San Diego, so I had a lot of time to ruminate on this thought. We should not be critical of the boat captain since he is only creating the show that the visitors want to watch. Should rules be put in place to

protect the whales (and the visitors) from harm? I hope not; it would be better if the visitors would just regulate themselves by considering their actions, but this may not be practical.

This brings me close to my hardest and bluntest point. We preservation-minded people are often critical of those doggone visitors who feed the bears at Yellowstone, or those who poach abalone and owl limpets off the intertidal rocks for the selfish purpose of eating them or, worse, selling them for profit. In the case of bears, visitors are falling into the temptation of interacting with a wild animal. They probably believe the rules are for their own safety, and therefore the risks are their own. At least, that is, until the civil case in court after the bear attack. Often, however, the rules are there for the sake of the bear, or at least for the sake of the larger ecosystem that it is a part of; I believe it is important that humans understand this so that they can better experience nature, and their place in it.

As for issues like poaching, I believe the above point still applies, and that education and enforcement of the rules are important. But I also believe that most Americans, park rangers and other preservationists among them, need to stop and consider how they experience life. We watch our lives go by, have fun, and ignore our impact on the environment . . . and our own children's future. People like myself — a park ranger with preservationist beliefs and, I hope, a conscious person, go home every night and consume . . . and consume . . . and consume. Think of all the hamburger wrappers, twenty mile round-trip commutes, multi-room houses with rooms that are heated but rarely used, and yard plants that consume water in the desert. I am only doing what other Americans do; I watch it all and enjoy it without considering the depth of the experience I am having, and the impact on that which I claim to regard most: the heritage I will leave behind for future generations to honor.



Remembering John Muir

by John Golda

If you mention the name John Muir, it will invoke in many people a wide range of images: the "Prophet of the Wilderness", the defender of Yosemite, a wiry Scotsman who loved the wilderness and could illuminate its value for others. For myself, John Muir represents one of the finest qualities in all of us: the willingness to take a stand to defend the things we feel are important. He battled to save the places that help to put our lives into perspective, the places that restore our souls—the things and places that embody the National Park Service. The American people owe Muir a great debt. Personally, as a fledgling park ranger, Muir represents a sense of beginning. My first permanent job with the park service was working in Muir's home in Martinez, California. I stood in Muir's study every day and talked with visitors about the contributions he made to how we see the world around us and how we are a part of that world. I always felt it was quite an auspicious note on which to begin a career.

Muir's role in the development of America's sense of respect for the environment should never be underestimated. He helped lay the philosophical foundations on which the Conservation Movement and the National Park Service were built. There were many people who saw the threats that business development and greed posed for the wild places in America. The eastern United States holds many examples of natural wonders that had been tarnished and cheapened by crass commercialization and exploitation. These critics spoke out about the importance that the wilderness held for the rejuvenation and salvation of the human spirit. Muir spoke and wrote of the things that intrigued him—of plants and glaciers, and the geology of the Yosemite Valley. "Everything in the Universe is connected," Muir said. He saw himself as a scientist, but his words reflected the mysticism and spirituality that resided at his very core. His voice joined the chorus of others calling out to protect the wilderness and the places unique to the American scene. It is no coincidence that his



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birthday was chosen for the celebration of Earth Day.

Muir was an amazingly ironic combination of attributes. He wrote for some of the most notable magazines of his day and his essays and stories were favorites of many Americans, yet he hated writing and looked for any excuse to avoid it. When talking about his life and writing, Muir once in effect said his life had "become glacial, one eternal grind." Likewise, he was the friend and companion of many notable Americans and his lectures were popular. But Muir became very nervous and agitated at the very thought of speaking before an audience. Pressured to become the first president of the Sierra Club, he chafed at the thought of being involved with the organization, because he didn't feel he had the necessary time. He ultimately agreed to serve as a "figurehead", and ended up remaining an active leader of the organization until his death in 1914. Muir used his skill and his sincere belief in the value of

the wilderness to enlighten the American public about the wonders of the world around them.

Muir had a direct impact on the National Park Service by helping to convince the government that there were places important enough to save for the future. Many people can describe the nature of Muir's life and love of Yosemite. But there are other areas with which his name is not as readily associated that he treasured and struggled to protect. These sites are now among the "crown jewels" of the park service: Sequoia-King's Canyon, Grand Canyon, Mount Rainier, and Petrified Forest National Parks.

John Muir has a reputation in Martinez for being an eccentric old man (if they're being polite) to this day. His relationship with his wife was never fully understood by the people of the community. No one understood how a grown man could pack up and leave his farm and family for months at a time to go traipsing across the world. Yet the relationship he shared with his wife allowed him the freedom to stand up and call out against the injustices he saw. He called out to protect the places which define our being, which illustrate who we are and where we have come from—in short, the places which are the building blocks of the National Park Service. He became a champion of the places and ideas that did not have a voice. That quality is one which has always impressed me. The world would be a different place if each of us stood up for just one of the things we feel are important in our lives.



From the CHA Bookstore

by Bobbi Hill

Spring is here, and with it come the sometimes unfamiliar sights and aromas of the landscape. If you are like me and have trouble remembering



the names of our various plants (especially if it happens to be Marty Lane's day off), please come into the Cabrillo Historical Association bookstore which is located in the visitor center at Cabrillo National Monument. We have a wide selection of books, posters, and field guides to help you identify almost every blooming thing. For instance, if you are hiking the bayside trail, enjoy the monkeyflowers, encelia, and other plants of the coastal sage scrub. If you prefer more colorful things, the coastal walks in the tidepool area offer such visual delights as sea dahlias, lupines, fiddlenecks, purple statice, ice plant, blue dicks, and the state flower, the California poppy. After viewing the many plants at Cabrillo National Monument, you may be interested in planting your own xeriscape garden. The bookstore carries several informative guides to native plants and dry landscape gardening.

So whether you are a serious gardener or just want to enjoy nature, the monument and the bookstore offer something for everyone.

Bobbi Hill works in the Cabrillo Historical Association bookstore

To paper or not to paper

by Emily Troxell

When we walk into the Old Point Loma Lighthouse and look at the rooms, it becomes apparent that they represent another way of life. How are we able to achieve historic accuracy in the way we furnish and decorate those rooms? What are our guidelines?

The National Park Service requires that several guiding documents be prepared to provide direction for each individual site. The principles used in the development of these documents hold true for every site. The Historic Structures Report must include all *evidence* of the building's construction and usage. If plans are available, they become a guiding force. Any oral history related to the site would be very valuable. Pictures, inventories, documents, diaries and letters can become part of this record. This comprehensive report, recording all information concerning the structure, is written and adopted.

Since the building is to be furnished, a second document—the Historic Furnishings Report—must be prepared. It spells out how the rooms are designed to represent a time period, a location, the taste of the individuals represented in the restoration, as well as their economic and cultural preferences. The rule of thumb for devising this report is to keep the choices as accurate as possible. Where actual items from the family are available, it would be advisable to include them in the collection.

These two guiding documents will

then be used as the basis for making decisions related to the restoration and furnishings.

During the 1995 refurbishing of the Old Point Loma Lighthouse, several long-standing beliefs were altered. Here is the justification for one change: For years, it was the *rule* that all interior walls of the lighthouse should be painted white. During the restoration, wallpaper was applied in three rooms. How was this change in thinking accomplished? The Historic Structures Report contains the findings of earlier restoration, the section included here dealing with wall coverings:

"When removals were started in the second story, the finish on walls and ceiling was 1" x 4" T and G [Tongue and Grove]. When this was removed, three thicknesses of wallpaper were found over a layer of cheesecloth. Under the cheesecloth was red-

wood sheathing of 1" x 10" widths. When this was removed, the marks of furring and wood lath were plainly visible in the stone rafters. . . . In addition, when the old plaster was stripped off in other rooms old nailing strips and nailing blocks for lath

were found."

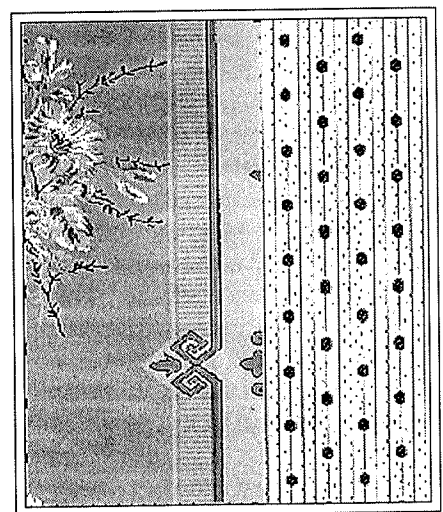
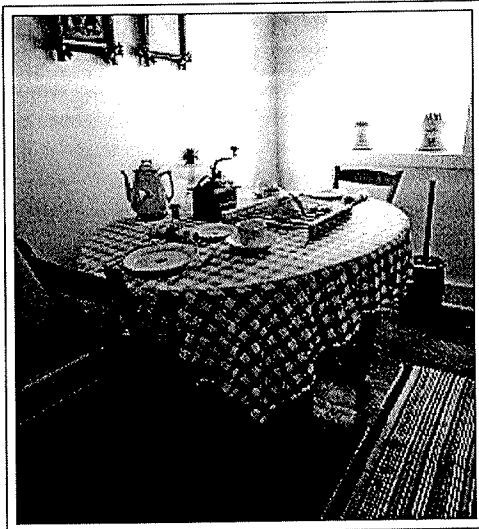
Now there is strong evidence that the *use* of wallpaper in the restoration would be correct.

But none of the paper scraps exist today. Without samples to copy, what would be the guiding rule for wallpaper choices? Using archival samples and

information dealing with wallpapers of the time period, representative patterns are easy to find. Samples could be chosen to represent the family's economic situation as well as its cultural preferences. Today, there are companies that specialize in making reproductions of wall coverings. For our restoration, choices were limited to these companies, the final selection coming from color samples known to have been in use in the appropriate time period. The restorers were able to make an educated choice of wallpapers.

The steps for the selection of only one item used in this old building have been followed here, but each item selected needs to be put through a similar screening before being incorporated into the restoration. What this all says is that there is no one book, directive, or document that covers all aspects of a historically accurate restoration. It is the combination of many factors, handled in a scientifically organized way, that directs what happens when, where, and how.

There is one consideration left. What should happen when some bit of information is not adequate for us to make an informed decision? At this point, administrators must decide how to handle the interpretation. Should the choice be an educated guess? Should the choice be just to provide interpretive material that would tell the story? Should the choice be to ignore the information? Each may be correct at a particular time!



Patterns of wallpaper chosen for lighthouse restoration



Summer demonstration of popular 19th-century crafts at the lighthouse

by Emily Troxell

If you visit the Old Point Loma Lighthouse during the summer, you are likely to find ladies dressed in period costume demonstrating crafts that were practiced during the decades 1870-90. This was an era when many people were not working as hard to provide the necessities of life. Their newly found leisure time was used to construct embellishment for their dwelling. Women of that time even took this idea so far as to decorate the picture frames for summer. If at all possible, nothing was left uncovered or unadorned.

Part of the demonstration will be an exhibit of handiwork. Actual pieces from the 1870-90 time period will probably be too fragile to exhibit, but authentic reproductions are needed. There are many period patterns still available, and current copies of these items would fill the bill better than the original items. This collection will be catalogued and kept at the monument as interpretive equipment. We need:

- Crazy-quilt pillow tops
- Tatted and crocheted items of all kinds
- Hand painted dishes.
- Knitted items.
- Patterned quilt parts.
- Edging for linens.
- All sorts of embroidery work.

If you have suitable items to donate to the interpretive programs at Cabrillo National Monument, please arrange for them to be sent to Emily Troxell. Your contributions will be much appreciated.



From the superintendent

by Terry DiMattio

In the last issue, I talked about our Tidepool Protection, Education and Restoration Program and how it is one of the most important things we have done since I became superintendent. I am pleased to report that thanks to the enthusiasm, dedication and hard work of our staff and Volunteers-In-Parks, this program is going very well.

The preservation, interpretation and enhancement of the natural resources entrusted to us is part of the reason we exist. An equally important part of what we do is the care and preservation of the cultural resources within the park. By virtue of the Organic Act which created the National Park Service, and others, such as the Historic Sites Act, we are also required to preserve the historic objects that are found here. While the methods we use to care for these resources differs from that which we use to conserve the marine and terrestrial habitats in the monument, the goal is the same: to ensure that they survive unimpaired so that we, and those who follow us, may enjoy them.

Cabrillo National Monument is blessed with an interesting variety of cultural resources which require our care and attention. Perhaps the best known and most beloved is the Old Point Loma Lighthouse. Other lesser-known historic structures are the base-end stations, electric generating plants, searchlight bunkers and batteries of the coastal defense system that protected San Diego, its harbor, aircraft plants and citizens during World War II. And then there are the artifacts in our museum collection. This collection of over 1400 objects contains such things as the picture-and-shell frame that María Israel made and offered to sell for \$10; issues of the *Cannon Report*, the newspaper from Fort Rosecrans; the *Instructions for Lighthouse Keepers*, which provided guid-

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ance on how to care for the lighthouse and trim the wicks of the lantern to get a bright steady flame; and memorabilia from the history of the monument itself.

The care of these paper, cloth, wood, and metal touchstones of our past requires diligence and special training, just as does the care of our natural resources. This year, for the first time, we received some cultural cyclic funds to begin what I hope will be a regular program of care for our military structures. This spring or summer the maintenance crew will re-

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Superintendent, cont'd

move vegetation that has grown up around several of these buildings. They will remove the graffiti from the walls, clean, prime and paint the rusted metal surfaces the same color they were when the structures were in use, and replicate any hatches or other metal elements that have deteriorated beyond repair. Under National Park Service and Department of the Interior guidelines, if something needs to be replaced on an historic structure, it should be duplicated using the same kind of materials and made to look exactly like the original item.

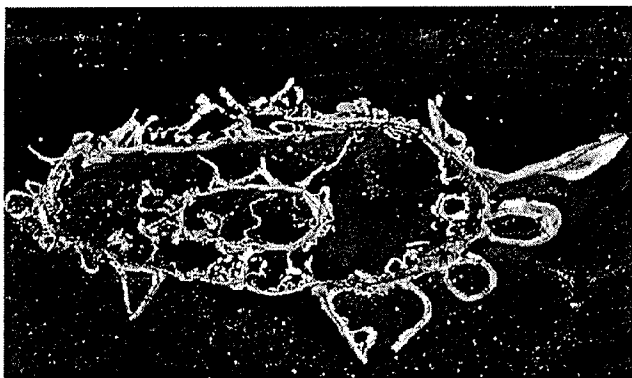
This year, too, we received funds to paint the inside and outside of the Old Point Loma Lighthouse. Just as the keepers had to regularly whitewash the sandstone walls to protect them from the wind

and rain, we have to paint them every two to three years to preserve them. Following the directions in the historic structures preservation guide for the lighthouse, we will use a water-based paint that closely resembles 19th-century whitewash to keep the walls from eroding away.

Less noticeable, but just as critical, is the regular care that must be given to the items on display in the lighthouse and in storage. Park Curator Mary Beth Vygrala and VIPs Howard Burdett and Jim Jackson carefully dust and wax the furniture, wash the glassware and windows, vacuum the rugs, bedspreads and pillow shams, and clean the glass prisms of the third-order lens. Other essential behind-the-scenes work that must be done to properly care for our museum collection is the entry into the computer of specific, detailed information about each object.

Each item in the collection is first "accessioned," then "catalogued" and an individual number assigned to it. Afterward, it is cleaned and either put on display or into storage. This process is a significant investment of time and effort, but it allows us to account for those precious keepsakes of the past that have been entrusted to our care and that bring the past to life.

As you can see, the National Park Service has the responsibility of preserving both the living, natural resources found in the park as well as those things made by human hands that help us learn about our cultural heritage and the people who lived before us. In the months and years to come, we will be devoting more time and money to the preservation and restoration of the finite cultural resources that enrich our lives and keep us connected to our past.



Ammonite fossil

by Bill Griswold, Richard Cerutti and Brad Riney

This fossil ammonite, an ancient relative of the chambered nautilus, was discovered at Cabrillo National Monument. Ammonites lived in the sea millions of years ago during the age of dinosaurs; they have been extinct for 65 million years.

The ammonite shell is embedded in a rock which has been partially eroded.

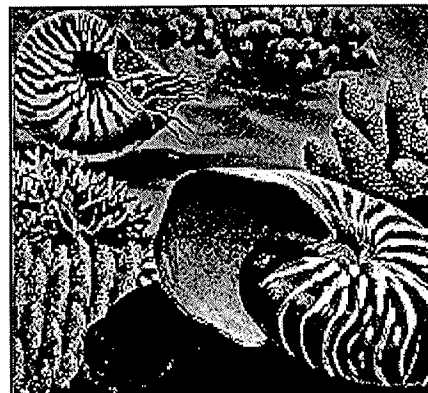
The erosion has exposed a cross section, which shows the internal structure of the ammonite. The visible shell is about ten inches across.

This fossil has been identified by Richard Cerutti and Brad Riney at the San Diego Museum of Natural History as an ammonite species called *Pachydiscus neodesmoceras catarinae*.

The hard rocks at Cabrillo National

monument are part of the Point Loma Formation which was laid down over 65 million years ago during the Cretaceous period. The Point Loma Formation appears at Cabrillo National Monument as well as places in La Jolla and Carlsbad. All of these sites have been important sources of fossils of the Cretaceous era. Examples of these fossils are on display at the San Diego Museum of Natural History.

Bill Griswold is a member of Cabrillo Historical Association



CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

María Israel and the Old Point Loma Lighthouse.

by Debbie Stetz



CNM PHOTO

Maria shared lighthouse duties with her husband and often kept the night watch.

to the water's edge. During its time of operation, a series of eleven keepers tended the old lighthouse, the last being Robert Decatur Israel, who lived there with his family for 18 years. For three of those years, his wife María, officially served as the assistant lighthouse keeper.

Keeping the immense Fresnel lens lit throughout the night was the principal job of the keeper. But the heaviest burden of the work was in maintaining the equipment and grounds in compliance with rigid government standards. Detailed manuals were issued by the U. S. Lighthouse Board outlining every acceptable—and unacceptable—movement around a lighthouse, from the correct procedure of trimming the wicks and polishing the glass, to being “courteous and polite to all visitors who conform to the regulations.”

María shared lighthouse duties with her husband and often kept the night watch. Sitting in her rocker at the base of the circular stairway, she would pass the hours away by sewing and knitting while a beam of light from the lens in the tower illuminated the needlework in her lap. When the light was extinguished in the morning, the keeper donned a linen apron and began immediate preparations for the detailed cleaning and polishing of the lens and other equipment. In keeping with the government rules, María undoubtedly kept the lighthouse and living quarters scrupulously free of any speck of dirt and dust. Every hour of the day and night was precious, as her time was divided between the maintenance of a lighthouse, and caring for her home and family. At times, teamwork was important as tension welled up when ships drifted too

close to the rocks of Point Loma and had to be alerted to their potential danger. María would keep watch at the light as Captain Israel ran outside to fire off warning shots from his shotgun. On February 15, 1876, María probably breathed a sigh of relief when the Lighthouse Board, for unknown reasons, replaced her as the assistant keeper.

The Old Point Loma Lighthouse is a prim, two-story house, built in a traditional New England style with a parlor and kitchen on the first floor, two bedrooms on the second, and a full basement with a cistern below. Its location at the tip of Point Loma offers a spectacular view of the San Diego area, and the quaint little lighthouse has always attracted visitors. But its distance from town and scarcity of fresh water made life in the lighthouse less idyllic than it may have seemed. In 1874, a woman reporter from the *San Diego Union* wrote about her visit:

The lighthouse upon the extreme point of Point Loma is some fourteen miles from San Diego and is approached by one of the most beautiful drives in the world, to those who enjoy the cool, bracing breezes. . . . The buildings consist of a very neat and commodious dwelling house surmounted by a tower fifteen feet high, also several immense sheds erected by the government for the purpose of catching rain-water. . . . Water

Women's contributions to the workplace have changed dramatically in the last one hundred years. Career opportunities during the 1800s were typically of a maternal nature: nurse, teacher, or domestic help. Although today's women have climbed to the top of the corporate ladder, there are still only a handful of women who have held certain unique jobs. One such woman was María Arcadia Alipás Israel, who helped the U. S. Lighthouse Service safely guide ships into San Diego's harbor.

The Old Point Loma Lighthouse, today a popular attraction at Cabrillo National Monument, was constructed in 1855. As a functioning lighthouse, it had a very short life span—just 36 years—as it was permanently shut down and abandoned in 1891. The lighthouse, located on Point Loma high above the harbor entrance, was frequently shrouded in low clouds and fog, so it was eventually replaced by another lighthouse built closer

Continued on next page



MARÍA AND ROBERT ISRAEL AFTER RETIREMENT
FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE

and wood are items of considerable importance here, both having heretofore been brought from San Diego. . . . The vegetation around the lighthouse is very meagre consisting of very low, scrubby sage brush. Mrs. Israel told us that she had endeavored in vain to make a few of the most hardy flowers and vegetables grow, but the position was too much exposed to admit of cultivation.

María Israel was an industrious woman who successfully created a home from very limited resources. She had a knack for decorative arts and spent a great deal of time stitching shawls, pillow shams, lace curtains, and quilts. Tourists at the lighthouse often purchased the mosaic picture frames she constructed from colorful seashells her sons gathered from the tidepools. She nurtured tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, and lettuce in the unforgiving clay soil around the lighthouse. She tended a grapevine from which she dried grapes into raisins, and grew hot peppers — a vital ingredient in her Mexican cuisine. If anyone embodied the old lighthouse, it was María Israel.

In 1995, the National Park Service celebrated the 140th birthday of the Old Point Loma Lighthouse with a major interior restoration. As we reported in the September 1996 issue of *The Explorer*, Bill Brown, Staff Curator of Historic Furnishings at Harper's Ferry, was brought in to carry out the job. He and his assistant, Andy Chamberlain, immediately embarked on a search of historic resources to help them recreate the lighthouse's interiors during its 1880 hey-days. When Brown and Chamberlain

chose materials and furnishings to represent that era, María Israel played a prominent role in their decisions. Brown explained,

"We know that Mrs. Israel did sewing and mending, and a lot of handwork, and she did these two [seashell] frames. We've tried to set up various sewing materials of the period, and various kinds of things that were popular for women to do in the home, like handiwork. . . . I'm not saying that we like it, but that's what they did, and that is what is important, to not "decorate."

The National Park Service has successfully restored the lighthouse to its former glory days when it was a working lighthouse and a comfortable home. The "Light-Keeper" manuals are on the desk in the parlor, part of the keeper's uniform is laid out on the bed upstairs, and the utility closet is filled with wicks and lanterns. But María's presence is also very apparent throughout the house: the lace curtains, Boston rocker, a basket of sewing, appliqued pillows on the daybed, strands of red peppers and garlic hanging in the kitchen. The beautiful furnishings throughout the lighthouse easily portray her role as a wife and homemaker—common positions for women of her time. But María Israel, in a sense, was also a modern working woman: We must not forget her important role as assistant lighthouse keeper, a unique position few women, of any time, have been privileged to hold.



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Herma A. Baggley c.1929
Yellowstone NP

Breeches, Blouses, and Skirts

An exhibit commemorating Women's History Month

The many changes in the uniform of female National Park Servicewomen over the years are documented in this exhibit prepared by Debbie Stetz, based on information compiled by R. Bryce Workman, Technical Information Specialist at Harper's Ferry Center.

The first "rangerettes" as they were sometimes called wore uniforms similar to those of male rangers, but over the years, many different ideas of how women rangers should dress evolved. Military styles, the "airline stewardess" look, and chic, ultrafeminine garb were in vogue for brief periods before women finally adopted the present uniform which is practically identical to that of their male counterparts.

The exhibit may be seen in the visitor center view building throughout the month of March.



Camille Elias c.1963 wearing the
"airline stewardess" uniform



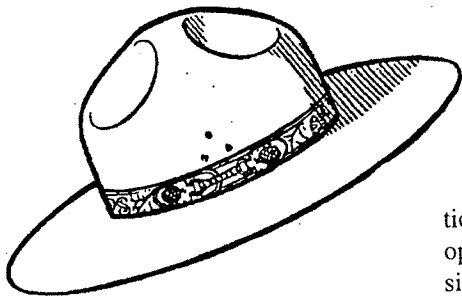
Volunteers at Cabrillo

by Mary Beth Vygrala

A new crop of volunteers has arrived this season. Assisting Marty Lane with resource management are **Michael Eskew**, who is employed in computer integration and sales, **Elyse Nichols**, a retired UCSD administrator, and **Paul Dulac**, who is on active duty with the navy. They all share the common joy of working in the outdoors and helping to preserve the park's natural resources. **Luke Bjerke** is a fourth-grade teacher from the Lake Arrowhead area. He travels all the way down here to do interpretation at the lighthouse as a *San Diego Union* newspaperman circa 1887. **Breck Schoch**, a personal chef and student, is helping sort, organize, and eventually catalog the park's numerous photographs. **Frank Gallo**, a San Diego fire-

man, is dividing his time between resource management and the visitor center information desk. New student workers include interns **David Brumbaugh**, a Parks and Recreation major at San Diego State and **Beth Schieler** from Point Loma Nazarene College, majoring in Biology. They are working on a site bulletin for the tidepools. **Penny Dietsch** is a field-work student from San Diego State who is majoring in Outdoor Recreation.

Also in the last *Explorer* issue, the name of **Diana Canby** was left off the list of new tidepool monitors. Oops, sorry! Diana is one of the volunteers who will be writing articles for *the Explorer*.



by Emily Troxell

Mark Long returned to Cabrillo for a short time, but has become another of our "boomerangers." He arrived on September 15 and worked in Resource Management doing law enforcement and fee collecting as well as helping with their many projects. Mark left Cabrillo on November 12 to start employment with the Department of Defense at the Sierra Army Depot. He will work as a civilian assigned to the medical clinic. He will be trained to perform general medical services. Susanville, California, will be his new home.

David Smith stepped into Mark's shoes on November 24. He has held positions at Canyonlands National Park and Dinosaur National Monument. He attended Vista High School and did his undergraduate work in forestry at UC Berkeley. He received his law enforcement training at Santa Rosa. We welcome David to our park family.

Four Previous Cabrillo rangers have written to update us on their lives. All have moved on to other National Park Service positions:

John Hannon started here as a volunteer several years ago. His experience was a positive one, and he set a goal to become a permanent park service employee. Well, he has met his goal!

John and his bride Katie went to law enforcement school in January of 1996. Upon completion of the course, they were hired at Zion as campground law enforcement rangers. This was a unique experience for both of them since they were responsible for the implementation of the program. About mid-season, John was hired as lead park ranger for fee collec-

Cabrillo People

tion. Zion has a very large fee-collection operation which means he was responsible for supervision of 20 summer seasonals. During the winter, John will be working in law enforcement. Katie will also be performing law enforcement duties as well learning dispatch procedures.

John and Katie are busy settling into their new home located about 20 miles from the park. We send our congratulations to both of you.

Gretchen (Sherwood) Ward is now working at Mesa Verde National Park. Gretchen also started her park service experience as a volunteer at Cabrillo and later completed a couple of seasonal assignments here as well. Gretchen met and

employment at Mesa Verde was in interpretation, and recently she was hired as a permanent clerk for interpretation.

Gretchen and Dan are the proud parents of two children. Their daughter will soon be five, and their son is almost three. They are settled in their new home in Cortez, Colorado. Gretchen is delighted to be settled at long last and is anxious to hear from the people here at Cabrillo.

Russ Brown, has been gallivanting all over the world—again. He says:

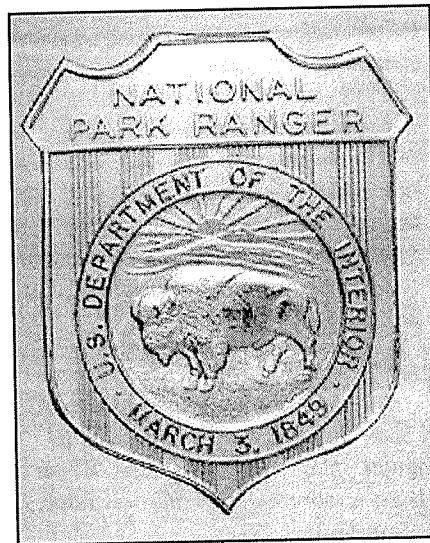
"Life is starting to get exciting here. I just got back from two weeks in Cuatrocienegas, Coahuila, Mexico, where I was teaching park planning to the Mexican Park Service and assisting them with planning a new national preserve. I made lots of friends and am working on setting up an informal bulletin board or network with the members of the class. I am looking forward to being more involved with the US/Mexican Affairs Office.

"Carmen is cantankerous as ever and has decided to become a citizen. Russell II is at New Mexico State University and delivering pizza. Andrea is exploring her world by living with several Native American families in the four corners area.

"We took a vacation last summer and went east. Carmen wanted to visit the Pennsylvania Dutch area for quilting supplies and to see Colonial Williamsburg. We brought back a trailer load of antique family furniture that is beginning to look really good as I am getting it restored. I am finally taking a Spanish course starting in the spring semester.

"Love to all of you—we think of you frequently. Russ"

Bob Randall is the last of this group. Bob and Sandy are happily entrenched in Silsbee, Texas. This town boasts all the necessities of life: a theater, two grocery stores, two hardware stores, and a video



married Dan Ward while a seasonal ranger in Death Valley. Now they are living the odyssey of park service employees. When Dan left Death Valley, Gretchen followed him. She expanded her professional experience working as a recreation planner and archaeologist for BLM. Then she followed Dan to Boise where she worked for the Forest Service as a recreation planner. Dan transferred to Mesa Verde as a Computer Specialist last year, and again Gretchen followed him. Her first

establishment. What more can one want?

Sandy and Bob are looking forward to having Kari and her family as well as Craig for Christmas. Craig is back from his mission in Japan, and will return to school soon. Kari, her husband and her two children are now living at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Bob loves Big Thicket Preserve. It is a natural for him. He has access to various boats, four wheelers, trucks and dirt roads. What could be better? But everything is not all fun and games. Sometimes his responsibilities provide a bit of excitement, as this story indicates:

"I ran across four guys in two boats on the Naches River. One boat had two rifles in it. The other boat had one dog in it. Another dog was in the woods hunting for feral hogs. Matter of fact, the whole bunch had that in mind but I couldn't prove it. I confiscated one rifle, but before I could get to the other one, the owner threw it as far as he could out into the river. About that time the dog came back from the woods. There was a lot of screaming and yelling on their part. Then came a tense moment when I thought I was going to be thrown into the river. As a result of this contact, I wrote three tickets: one for possession of a firearm, one for litter, and one for dog off leash."

Not all of Bob's stories had such an exciting ending, however. On one assignment he was told to investigate a tip of *night hunting with dogs* in the preserve. As Bob tells the story, "I sat in the dark until I heard the dogs. Then I took a GPS reading to establish my position on the topo map, and next a compass bearing toward the sound. I went to another location and did the same thing. I triangulated the position on the map and determined that I wasn't in the preserve after all. Fun???"

Change of leadership at Cabrillo Historical Association

Dr. Raymond Starr has been elected to succeed Eleanor Neely as Chairman of the Cabrillo Historical Association Board of Directors, and Karen Eccles has been named General Manager



of the association.

Dr. Starr, a professor of history at San Diego State University, has had a long affiliation with CHA, serving two terms on the board of directors from 1983 to 1987; he was the chairman from 1985 to 1987, a period of strong activity and growth of the organization. A tireless worker in local historical organizations, Dr. Starr has served on the board of Save Our Heritage Foundation, was chair of the San Diego Historical Society Institute of History, and a member of the Committee to Save Mission San Diego de Alcalá. On the state level, he has been

a board member of the California Council for the Promotion of History and was 1995 Program Chair for the California Historical Society. He is the book review editor of the *Journal of San Diego History* and is on the editorial board of *The Californians*.

In addition to many scholarly papers Dr. Starr has written two books on local history, *San Diego: A Pictorial History* (1986) and *San Diego State University: A History in Word and Image* (1995).

Karen Eccles assumes the general manager position, replacing former Executive Director Charles Reilly, after more than six years as the CHA Bookstore manager. In that capacity she was active in expanding the bookstore and modernizing its operations, including installation and implementation of a computerized inventory system and increasing the storage space. She has been responsible for a significant decrease in the cost of sales, and has developed excellent working relationships with publishers and vendors, enabling her to negotiate the most favorable contract terms.

Karen has had a long career in bookstore management. Prior to coming to CHA, she was District Sales Manager for Simon & Schuster; for eight years before that, she was Manager of Clairemont Books in San Diego.

Karen and Dr. Starr have both been actively involved in the Conference of National Park Cooperating Associations. During his tenure as chairman, Dr. Starr was instrumental in bringing the CNPCA's biennial conference to San Diego, and Karen has served on committees and been a panel member at the conferences. She has been selected to serve on the planning committee for the 1998 conference to be hosted by Great Smoky Mountains Natural History Association. Both have demonstrated a strong commitment to nurturing the long-standing, healthy relationship between Cabrillo Historical Association and the National Park Service. There can be no doubt that both of these leaders are well equipped to meet the challenges that lie ahead.

In Memoriam: Judy Cruz

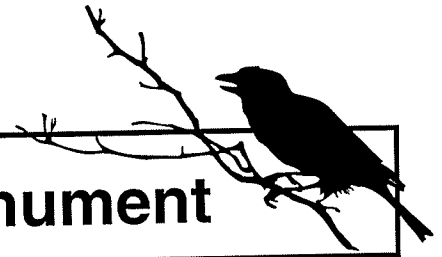
You remember Judy—that pretty young woman who worked with Shirley in the CHA bookstore for so many years—a single parent who did her job so well while being a devoted and supportive mother. Continuing her education while she worked at Cabrillo, she completed a paralegal

course in night school and went on to another career but was never forgotten by those of us who knew her. She died recently after a long battle with cancer.

Goodbye, Judy, and good luck wherever you are.

Helen Long

Birds of Cabrillo National Monument



The "western" flycatcher by V.I.P. Claude G. Edwards

*I'm small, I'm sleek, I'm perky,
and colored like a leaf,
I'm fast and quick and snappy
to catch the bugs I eat,
and when I'm fat and happy,
I sing my song so sweet,
"Sip - trip - pit-sweet!"*

Like life in general, there are many things that do not stay the same when it comes to studying and observing birds., such as changes in the names and relationships of familiar species. Not too long ago, the Pacific-slope flycatcher was better known as the western flycatcher. This species is a common migrant throughout Point Loma and Cabrillo National Monument in both spring and fall.

During the nesting season it is a widespread and conspicuous breeder in varied woodland vegetation in much of San Diego County, along creeks in oaks and willows and sometimes even in lush gardens and parks. It is a member of a group of small flycatchers in the genus *Empidonax*, and is the easiest of this challenging group to identify when observed.

Its plumage is olive-green to olive-gray on the upper parts and brighter olive-yellow below. It has a bold, pale, eye-ring that extends back of the eye somewhat and is shaped like tear-drop. Its bill is broad-based with a dark-colored upper mandible and

entirely fleshy-orange lower mandible. Like other members of its group, it flicks its tail frequently when perched or after landing. The males and females look alike.

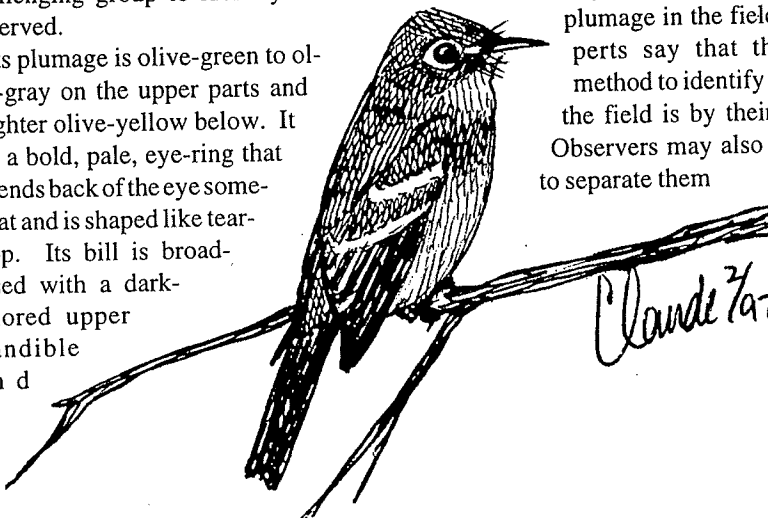
To many people changes in the taxonomy and relationships of various species is a fascinating topic, revealing how research and scientific investigation can result in a reassessment of our knowledge about the birds we thought we knew. These usually result in new common and scientific names that illustrate the new information but which, in turn, often become a source of frustration and consternation among the rank-and-file birders in the field.

In the June, 1990, edition of *Birding* magazine, the American Birding Association reported on the demise of the western flycatcher resulting from decisions made by the American Ornithologists Union (A.O.U.) during their previous annual meeting. The decision was made by members of the A.O.U. to split the western flycatcher into two discreet species. Unfortunately for us, they are essentially indistinguishable by plumage in the field! Experts say that the best method to identify them in the field is by their voice. Observers may also be able to separate them

on the basis of their breeding range since field work has documented them occurring over mostly separate areas of western North America and northern Mexico with only minor overlap. I for one am still waiting to hear discussion or see in print a definitive comparison and contrasting of these two newly-split species.

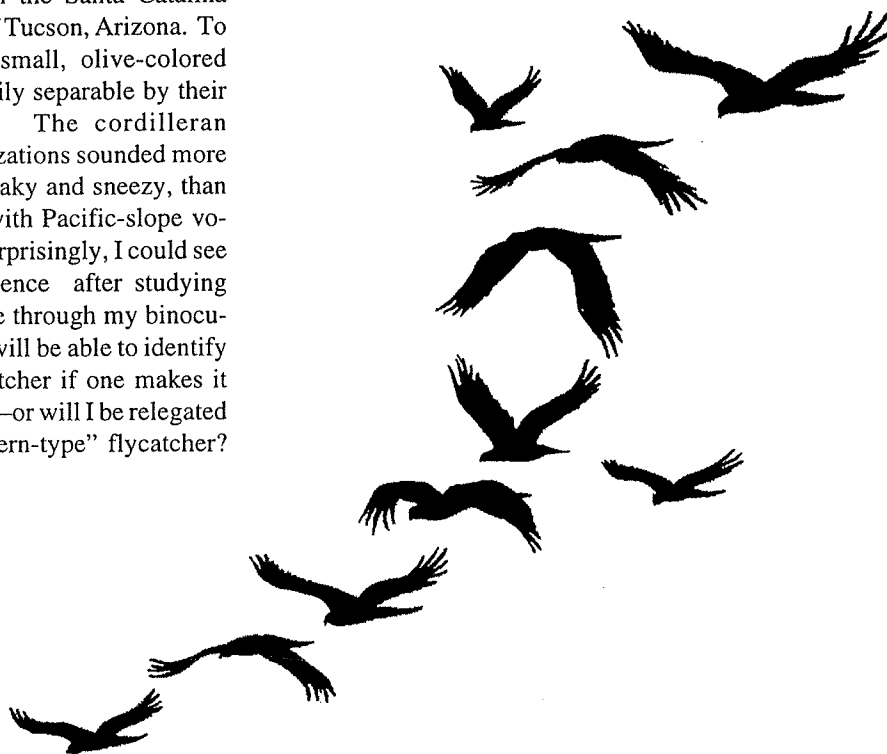
Notwithstanding the difficulty of appreciating these birds in the field, let me shed some light on their differences by a discussion of their new common and scientific names. The first part of the Pacific-slope flycatcher's common name directly tells us where it is likely to be found, along the Pacific rim of western North America. But this is only part of a larger story.

The first part of its scientific name is *Empidonax*, the origin of which comes from two ancient Greek words, "empid" meaning "a gnat", and "anax" meaning "a king, or chief" (Borrer, 1960). The second part of the scientific name is "occidentalis," which I'm sure you all know suggests or means "western," as we referred to previously. Thus, we could correctly say that the scientific name could be translated to mean "king of the gnats from the west" or "the western king of the gnats." The inland form was given the common name of cordilleran flycatcher. Its name comes from a Spanish word meaning "mountain range," referring to the Rocky Mountains and Great Basin mountains where this species is documented as occurring (Peterson). An illustration of it appears alongside that of the Pacific-slope flycatcher in the newly-published field guide to birds of Mexico and northern Central America (Howell & Webb). Its scientific name is the one formerly used to refer to the old western



flycatcher, *Empidonax difficilis*, which translates as “the difficult king of the gnats”—difficult to identify, that is!

I have had the pleasure of observing, and more importantly, hearing, the cordilleran flycatcher on its breeding grounds. This was in the mixed oak-pine woodlands high in the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson, Arizona. To my ear the two, small, olive-colored “Empids” are readily separable by their calls and songs. The cordilleran flycatcher’s vocalizations sounded more whistled, less squeaky and sneezy, than those I associate with Pacific-slope vocalizations. Not surprisingly, I could see no definite difference after studying them at close range through my binoculars. I wonder if I will be able to identify a cordilleran flycatcher if one makes it out to Point Loma—or will I be relegated to calling it “western-type” flycatcher? We’ll see.



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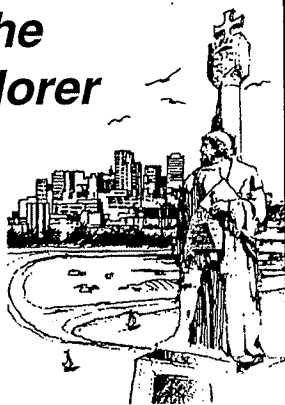
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