

Transcription: Grand Canyon Historical Society

Interviewee: Carl Bowman (CB)

Interviewer: Tom Martin (TM)

Subject: From growing up in Littleton, Colorado, and Los Alamos, New Mexico, Carl landed his first summer seasonal job at Petrified Forest National Park and never looked back.

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TM: Today is Friday, November 6, 2020, and this is a Part 2 Grand Canyon Oral History Interview with Carl Bowman, Good morning Carl, how are you today?

CB: I'm pretty good.

TM: Good. May we have your permission to record this interview over the telephone?

CB: You absolutely do.

TM: Thank you. Last time we ended up, you were finishing your Junior year of college, and you had done a hike in Grand Canyon and on the way back from the hike it stopped at Petrified Forest National Park to visit because they offered you a job. Or they offered you an interview if I get that right, and then they offered you a job at the end of the interview!

CB: Correct, correct.

TM: For a summer seasonal position, is that right?

CB: That's right.

TM: And then so you had gone back to Las Cruces to finish off your semester and then loaded up your stuff and headed to Petrified Forest. What happened then?

CB: Well, after school was out, I had been working at the snack bar in Bandelier the previous two summers and they asked me to come in for a couple of weeks to help train my replacement. And so, I did

that. My job at Petrified Forest didn't start until the Memorial Day weekend, so I got in two last weeks at the Bandelier snack bar. The folks, my park friends at Bandelier were very happy for me that I had finally gotten on with the park service and when they found out that it was at Petrified Forest, they said "well you can start there and maybe you can get some place nice next summer." Petrified Forest at that time did not have the best reputation as being a place to work. But I was real excited. Headed out there and my job was working in the entrance station at the Painted Desert Visitor Center.

TM: What did your duties there involve?

CB: That summer, it was the last summer they did it this way, but that summer, we worked in the entrance station pretty much exclusively. And so, we would head out there in the little box and people drive in and of course, we would sell them their entrance permit, which was a buck. Or a Golden Age or a Golden Eagle card; the Golden eagles were \$10 at that time. And the other thing that we did was we would ask them if they had any petrified wood in their car. And we would, if they did and it was just raw—it hadn't been polished or processed into something else, we would either seal it up in a bag or mark it so that it was obvious that they hadn't stolen it from the park.

TM: Was that often? Did you do that often or was that kind of rarely? I'm surprised you were even asking people.

CB: Oh yeah. Every car that came in. And actually, the concessioner, which was Brett Harvey at the time, only sold polished wood or lacquered or something. And so, that was pretty easy because most people coming in the North end of the park, really hadn't had a lot of opportunity to buy petrified wood yet. Their lust for it hadn't been excited by driving through the park. But I'd say about one out of every ten cars of so would have some. We had this giant yellow crayon that we would just put an X on the wood with or whatever. The other kind of amusing thing was at that time, Arizona was still doing the agricultural inspections over at Sanders when you came into the state on I-40. People would get hit by that and then 30 miles later we're asking them if they've got any petrified wood.

TM: "Got any oranges? Got any petrified wood?" Oh my gosh.

CB: It would be, "well do you have any petrified wood or rocks that you're bringing in the park?" And they would say "no." And especially kids would say, "oh, but we have some oranges!" "Well no, we're not worried about that." We'd get them all set up with a permit and their marked wood, give them a little park map. Send them on their way and then when folks were coming out of the park, we'd check their permit, and we would also ask them if they've stolen anything. Which oddly enough every now and then people would admit to. Then we'd call in the patrol rangers and they talk to them and perhaps search the car if they felt like they had probable cause and that sort of thing. But that was the sort of thing that would happen maybe once a day, I guess. But for the Petrified Woods, that was a very big deal at the time. And as you drove up to the entrance station about a quarter mile back there was a sign that said, "vehicle inspection ahead." We would watch the cars driving up and every now and then we'd see the rocks flying out the window and once a month we would go out there and collect all the wood. All the petrified wood that had been thrown out the cars, and every now and then some baggies full of herbal material and that sort of thing, weigh it all. And at that point we would take the petrified wood that we recovered and take it back out to the sites and scatter it. Years later, I suggested, and the park agreed we should quit scattering the stuff because different wood deposits in the park were of different ages and they were messing up the paleobotany by jumbling things and so after that we had a designated spot we took them to.

TM: I'm confused, Carl. How was it that visitors were collecting petrified wood before they entered the park? Was it just that prominent all around the high desert there that they would say just say, "Oh look at that, let's just stop right here before we even get to the park?" Or were they driving through the park before they got to the entrance station?

CB: Almost always, they would have it from rock shops or curio shops.

TM: Even the stuff they were throwing out the window?

CB: Oh, the stuff they were throwing out the window? Yeah, that was as they were exiting the park. So, it was stuff that they had picked up while they were driving through the park.

TM: I see, got it. So, as they were heading to the exit station, they'd see a sign that said you're going to be inspected and they would pitch the stuff out, there.

CB: Yeah.

TM: Got it. Okay, thank you.

CB: And it was every now and then we would get, I remember one fellow who came out and I asked if he had picked up anything and he said no, and I said so how about that piece that's there on the dashboard. And he goes, "Oh, I forgot about that!" So, he reaches and grabs it and surrenders it to me. As he's squirming around to get it off the dashboard, I see another piece on the seat and ta-da-da. And so, he was probably the clumsiest petrified wood thief I've ever encountered.

TM: Would you just say, "Alright, let me have this one, let me have that one." Or did you actually call law enforcement?

CB: We would call law enforcement on those things. We would recover what was obvious, but we weren't commissioned to do the searches or anything like that. So, the law enforcement rangers would come in and handle that.

TM: How did you handle your cash registers at the time?

CB: It was, well petrified forest had had a year or two previous there had been an employee who had started collecting the permits from people in the outbound lane selling them to the people in the inbound lane and pocketing the difference. Because instead of issuing them a new permit that would show up on the register tape, he just issued them an old permit. And also, selling the \$10 Golden Eagle Cards, the annual passes, out of the middle of the deck. And so consequently, the two entrance stations of the park printed their permits in different colored ink and periodically some of the supervisory staff would come out and perform an audit. They'd ask, they'd look at people's permit they'd say, "where do you enter the park" and made sure that the permit was printed in the right color and "how much did you pay for it." All that kind of stuff. And then we would also sign in and out of our shifts, where every time we changed shifts in the entrance station, the money had to balance the cash register. So, we were doing that several times a day. If at the end of one of your shifts, if your money didn't balance up, you had to make the money up out of your pocket. Then at the end of the day, all the cash register receipts of the money would go into a safe and then periodically, almost daily during the summertime and once a week during the winter time, we would bundle all the money up, check to make sure everything was perfect and then mail it off to the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco.

TM: By mail?

CB: That was a job I actually picked up my third summer there. I started doing the remittances to the San Francisco Treasury. That was amusing. We would actually have these huge envelopes bulging with cash that we would mail, by registered mail, to the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco. It was the most clumsy, awkward procedure imaginable. We couldn't mix checks and cash. We had to do separate remittances for both. And one time, I did make a mistake. Just a typo on the check remittance so that the Federal Reserve Bank was a nickel short. And they demanded their nickel. And it took hours to prepare these remittances. So, I spent hours preparing a remittance for five cents to make up the difference to the Federal Reserve Bank. Definitely a very clunky system. But that's how we did it.

TM: What was your housing like?

CB: We had different kinds of housing. So, I guess the way to run through it is seasonals were in shared housing and my first summer I shared a one-bedroom apartment in the desert visitor center complex there with another seasonal. My second summer, they made a three-bedroom house into a dorm that I shared with five or six other guys. Then, my third summer, I lived in a little CCC cabin that was up on the Painted Desert rim near the Painted Desert Inn. That "summer," I actually started in March and worked through until the following year. Sometimes I would have a roommate and sometimes I wouldn't. But that place had a living room and a kitchen and a bathroom, and a closet. And they'd walled off a porch so that it was just wide enough for a twin bed. So, one of us would sleep on that walled off porch and the other would sleep in the living room.

TM: Wow, so it sounds like a really huge housing shortage.

CB: No, there wasn't a shortage. But at the same time, in the height of the summer, there wasn't any spare either. In those days, the park was much more concerned about the number of employees that they would have. What we called FTEs, Full Time Equivalents, was a much bigger deal than it was later on in my career. In fact, it was a big enough deal that I know one year I got laid off for the day that they calculated the FTE and then I was rehired a couple of days later so that they could get the FTE down to the level it was supposed to be, which was kind of amusing.

TM: You mentioned that your last two weeks there at Bandelier at the snack bar training someone up, your NPS friends were happy that you had an NPS job, but they were a little concerned that you were going to Petrified Forest because it didn't have such a good reputation. What was the reputation it had? And why were they concerned?

CB: The reputation at that time was just that it was a boring place to work. There was nothing going on. And that was true to a certain extent. You know, we didn't have much in the way of interpretive programs. Not that I would have done them working at the entrance station. So, when you went to work at the entrance station, that was just about all you did my first summer there. I did a couple of breaks. There were on occasion, the schedule would work out such that we had more people than we needed. So, I would be sent on a backcountry patrol, which would be go out and hike in the Painted Desert all day. One day, this was before 1974, was before just barely, the Park Service really started intensively training law enforcement people. So, one day they showed me how to turn on the lights and siren and sent me out on road patrol. "And so just drive around, we won't give you any tickets, you don't have a gun, but you know, just drive around wave a flag." So, I did, I think I did pull over one guy for going 70 in a 45.

TM: Oops, and then what you could just say? You walk up and just say, "Hey, you're going a little fast, just slow down?"

CB: Yeah, that was basically it. Yup. So, my first summer there it was... not a lot of—it was a lot a fun. I was enjoying the fact that I finally got to work for the Park Service. The charm of that did kind of wear off by the end of summer. I was definitely hoping that I would get a different park the next year. I finished up the summer and immediately drove back down to Las Cruces. My last day of work, I had classes the next morning. It was just pretty much, get off work, drive whatever it was, 300 miles, and go to class the next day. The first two semesters of my three semesters senior year and then went back to Petrified Forest again the following summer, I had applied to a bunch of different parks, but Petrified Forest had offered me a rehire. I was kind of unfamiliar with the way the system worked so I said, “Oh yeah I’ll come back nobody else has hired me yet.” I found out later on that no I could’ve accepted the rehire and taken a job at a different park and cancelled out on them, but I didn’t know that and so I wound up going back to Petrified for my second summer there.

TM: 1975. Let’s see so was that—did you complete your senior year then of college?

CB: No actually there were some other classes that I wanted to take and there were some questions as to whether or not I was one credit hour short. So, I just decided I would do a third semester, the Fall semester of 1975, before I finished out my degree. That gave me a semester to take a few other classes that I had wanted to take. By that point, in spite of working at Petrified Forest, I still wanted to work for the Park Service. So, I kind of rounded out, I took a wildlife management class, a forestry class, and that sort of thing that last semester and finished my degree up in December. The other that kind of relates is, that Fall, the Park Service had made a wilderness recommendation for Bandelier National Monument. So, I read through it and thought, “well this is nice, I’d make a few changes.” So, I sent back comments. And the Park sent me a very nice little letter that said you know, “Thank you for your comments. We know you know the place. But, unfortunately, the comment period is closed. So, we can’t do anything about them, your only other avenue is to write to your congressional representatives.” So, I did. I sent both New Mexico senators and my congressman copies of this thing. Well, turned out that, I think Pete Domenici was in his freshman year in the Senate. But he had been thinking about establishing his environmental chops, and here comes my letter and they said, “Oh, well this is something he can introduce to show that he’s environmentally aware!” So, he writes me back and says, “Yeah, this is great! We would love to adopt your changes to the Park Service proposal and introduce them as a bill!” So, I worked with his office and a group called the New Mexico Wilderness Coalition, I think it was. And came up with a final proposal. And then, Domenici submitted it in the Senate. I was doing double duty: I also used that as kind of a senior thesis in my last semester in college. Then, I was out of school and didn’t have a job. Petrified Forest was going to hire me, but they couldn’t hire me yet. They didn’t me and there was some other stuff going on. So, I was a substitute teacher for a few months in Los Alamos. And wound up going and testifying before the subcommittee in the Senate about my bill, so I gave them a little slideshow.

TM: This is in Washington, DC?

CB: Yes, I caught a redevye in, did my testimony, and then took a redevye back. That was kind of fun. The bill actually did pass, not independently. I think it was part of package, and then it got changed some more in conference committee and that sort of thing. It was a little bit sticky because I did go back to Petrified Forest in like March. And it was, “Well, I should let you know I’m working on this wilderness bill for Bandelier National Monument, and I’m not supporting the Park Service bill.” And the superintendent says, “Oh, that’s not a problem. It’s a different park.”

TM: Who was the superintendent?

CB: At that point it was a guy named Dave Ames.

TM: And what he like? What do you remember about him?

CB: He was a young guy. I don't know that it was his first superintendency, but he was a real good guy to work for. He was very interested in what was going on in the park. He had been there, I believe, well I'm trying to remember: he wasn't there my first summer, summer of '74. I think he may have come in the summer of '75. I should probably back up a little bit to talk about 1975 in the Park Services to kind of finish up my college career there. In 1975, they had decided that working in the entrance station just straight through was kind of too boring. So, they had combined the interpretative function and the entrance station function. So, sometimes you would work the information desk and the visitor center. Some times you'd be working the entrance station. And then occasionally, you'd also be working on site out at different overlooks in the park. So, that added a little variety to the work. That made it really a lot more fun. Periodically, we'd wind up working at the South end of the park and there was no government transportation. So, if you lived at the North end, you would commute to the South end of the park in your own personal vehicle, and then work the visitor center down there, or the entrance station occasionally, and then drive back North again. Depending on staffing levels, as we went along, we would drop people off at some of the overlooks inside of the park, if they were going to be working there. If you had one of those shifts, you would be then, stuck at Crystal Forest or Puerco Pueblo or whatever. You would be there for over eight hours, kind of one your own with a radio and your lunch and lots of water, talking to people until your ride was done with their shift at the South end of the park and was headed back North again. The other thing that happened that summer was, the Painted Desert Inn got its new lease on life. So, the Painted Desert Inn sits on the rim of the Painted Desert about five miles from the park entrance. It started out its life as a lodge, curio shop, restaurant, chachacha sort of thing, before that area became part of the park, run by a private individual. Then, when the park was expanded in the '30's, his property was bought out, willingly. Last name was Lore. He'd been actually a proponent of expanding Petrified Forest to include that section of Painted Desert. So, it was a big CCC project then to completely remodel his Painted Desert Inn into this kind of Pueblo style building with curio shop, a restaurant, information station, ranger station, a few rooms, and that sort of thing. Went through a number of concessioners, eventually the Brett Harvey company took over and Mary Jane Coulter of Grand Canyon fame oversaw the redecorating of the interior of the inn. Then, the inn had some structural problems. It was built on some of the expanding clay that Petrified Forest is well known for, and literally was starting to fall apart. So, during Mission 66, the new visitor center and housing area and everything else, was built then by Route 66, Interstate 40, and the Painted Desert Inn was abandoned. And in 1974, my first summer there, there was actually a team from the Denver Service Center who came out to the park, to examine the inn, to decide where they were place the charges to blow it up, to get rid of it. Then, the next summer I came out, 1975, and the park staff is busy as bees fixing the place up as a new museum and information center for the park, getting it ready for the celebration of the bicentennial, the following year.

TM: What brought about the change?

CB: One of the seasonals that worked there really loved the building. Convinced the chief of interpretations, Hoyt Rath and Dave Ames, convinced them that this was a really, cool building and worth saving. They agreed with him and they called off the demolition plans and did some, initially, a lot of the work was just cosmetic. Not fixing the structural problems of the building but plastering over the big cracks in the wall. We opened up that summer, a couple of rooms. We had an information center, and then we showed the park movie in the old snack bar. It was dreadful. That was the very worst ship. The park movie was shown on just a regular old movie projector. The room that we showed it in had some windows, but no forced air ventilation or anything like out. So, even though we would open it up between showings, it just got stuffier and stuffier over the course of the day. We would have to stay in there to run

the movie projector to show the movie. And it was a good thing we did because by the end of the day, on rare occasions, people would actually pass out, it was so hot and stuffy. But that did save the Painted Desert Inn. The following summer, for the bicentennial, we opened up the old curio shop. That was the year we had Ted DeGrazia, an artist from Phoenix, had a display of his artwork in there in the curio shop portion of it, and still the information center, and the movie although we did have better ventilation by that time. So in '75, the Painted Desert Inn got added on as another place we could work. Then, I went back, got embroiled in the Bandelier wilderness, came back to work maybe it was in March.

TM: Let's spend a little bit with Bandelier. Do you remember what it exactly, when you read the wilderness plan, what did you see that was deficient? And what did you think should be changed?

CB: There were a couple of things. One of them was that I thought they had excluded some sections of the monument that I thought were worthy of wilderness protection. The other thing was the Cochiti Dam was being built downstream from the monument and it was going to flood the Rio Grande Canyon that formed the Eastern boundary of the monument. Initially, I later found out that it wouldn't have worked, but initially I thought that by extending Wilderness down to the Rio Grande, that it could stop, keep from flooding the Monument plans with the reservoir. And then also, it was kind of interesting, they had a donut hole in the middle of the wilderness around a couple of significant archeological sites that they wanted to be non-wilderness to provide for excavation. My initial thought was, "Well, yeah, but then there's this other big site over here, it should have its own donut hole." So, I took their donut hole, paired it way down, so that it actually just included the sites and not a bunch of the surrounding territory. And then created a second donut hole for the second site. So, the first site was the Yapashi Pueblo and Shrine of the Stone Lions. And then, I added on a donut hole around the San Miguel Ruin. And then later on, the archeologists got involved, not part of my proposal, but part of the final compromise. Said, "No, we can excavate these sites in keeping with wilderness procedures. We don't need these donut holes." So, both of them went away. So, there are no donut holes in the Bandelier Wilderness. The other thing that I wanted to do was, not for the Park Services Wilderness proposal, but as a corollary, was to examine some Santa Fe National Forest lands adjacent to the monument that I also thought were wilderness potential. That didn't go through as part of the bill, but some of those lands were eventually designated wilderness as well.

TM: What happened with the dam? Was the dam already in place? Had it already impounded water up into the monument?

CB: No, it was under construction. Initially, it was going to flood the entire Eastern boundary of the monument and for several miles further upstream. But I think they goofed in some of the engineering specs on the dam and there wasn't as much water as they thought there was going to be. In any event, the end result was that the reservoir was never filled as full as they thought it would be. So, although it has backed up past along the Eastern boundary of Bandelier, usually it just extends a short ways into the monument, but not all the way up the Eastern Boundary.

TM: It's interesting because in theory wilderness lands are supposed a place where they're primitive and unconfined and they don't show the hand of man. How was that kind of worked out?

CB: As I recall, this is long enough ago, I think there's a clause in the wilderness act about existing impoundments. And the fact that Cochiti Dam was already under construction qualified it as an existing impoundment. So, creating a wilderness in Bandelier afterwards could not be used to stop the impoundment. I'm thinking now, that eventually the wilderness boundary is the high water line of the lake, which is never reached, but it was drawn at the high water line. And the park did go through, and they did some salvage archeology on reservoir sight.

TM: Thank you for covering that. So '74, '75 at Petrified Forest. Now, help me get this right again because I blew this last time. Is it Petrified Forest National Park?

CB: Right. It was a National Monument up until 1958 when Congress authorized it to become a National Park once all the private inholdings had were acquired. The private inholdings were acquired, I believe it was in 1962. So, then the designation changed from National Monument to National Park.

TM: That makes sense. What else do you remember? What other interesting things happened in your summer season there '74, '75.

CB: Let's see, that would be '75 was the Painted Desert Inn. The other thing we tried doing: just because Petrified Forest didn't have a really big, vibrant interpretive program didn't mean that there weren't a bunch of that wanted it to have one. One of the rock shops outside the south entrance of the park allowed people to park in their parking lot overnight. Kind of an informal campground. They didn't have showers or anything like that. I think they had an outhouse for people to use. But we went ahead and built a big projection screen down there and tried out giving evening programs at this informal, commercial campground outside the South entrance. Not a huge attendance at it and so that was the only summer we did that.

TM: Was that the same film that was being shown?

CB: No, we would troop down there with a slide projector and actually give a slide show about something. As I recall, one of those two summers, I actually gave an evening program at Sunset Crater as well. I mentioned that I worked at Petrified Forest in the visitor center at Sunset Crater and they said, "Oh, you should come and give out an evening program on Petrified Forest sometime! We'd give you a place to stay on the campground." I was still trying to get myself through college, "Oh, a free place to stay in Flagstaff." So, I did do an evening program at Sunset Crater one time.

TM: Back in '74, '75, when you could actually climb to the top of the crater.

CB: I'm trying to think. It was in my mind that it had just closed, but I'm not positive. I know you could still go into the ice cave. I can't remember about the climb to the top of the crater or not.

TM: Well, you would remember running down it.

CB: Oh yeah, I know *I* never climbed to the top of it. One of my neighbors, my first summer, summer of '74, was a geology major. He was the one that kind of sparked my interest in geology. And he talked about, well he must have been at NAU, they would have to go up and down Sunset Crater to get in shape for their day hike to the bottom of the Grand Canyon field trip for one of the geology classes at NAU.

TM: Did you travel? Did you go up to Page, up to Lake Powell up there? Did you go West over to Lake Mead, did you go to Grand Canyon as you were there in '74, '75. Were you able to save up enough money to get some gas and tootle around, explore some of the country there?

CB: Not very much. I was pretty focused on saving enough money to pay for my college. I would make a couple of trips into Flagstaff and see the parks, Sunset Crater, Wupatki, and then swing down, come home the long way. Go down through Oak Creek Canyon, Montezuma Castle, and at time the General Crook Trail wasn't paved, but I would take that across to 87 back up to Winslow and back. That was about the extent of my travels those summers.

TM: Where did you go shopping? Where did you get your food?

CB: For the most part, in Holbrook. And at that time, there was a Safeway in Holbrook. It was once a week. Driving to Holbrook, get some groceries, head back out. And then, my trips into Flagstaff were a combination of sightseeing and shopping.

TM: Going to the big city in Flagstaff to go shopping, okay.

CB: This was the K-mart over by where CAL Ranch is today. That was the big stop, and then the Fort Valley shopping center was a real shopping center with a hardware store and all that. South Milton there was pretty much nothing past, McDonald's, Sherwood Forest, that area. The whole, all the stuff on the Eastside wasn't there yet. You'd sit at McDonald's and be looking across the street into the woods. It was a much smaller town.

TM: So, you graduated in the Winter of '75, '76?

CB: Yep, and then I was a substitute teacher for a few months just to make some money. Substituting in Los Alamos was kind of interesting. I was doing it almost always at the high school level. I did do one day at Junior High, one of the Junior Highs and said never again. Just call me for high school. And I was substituting for, this was only four years, four and half years after I graduated. So, I was substituting for the same teachers that I had had when I was in high school. That was one of the big things as the kids were always, "So, what was so-and-so like when you were in school here?" It was a lot of fun. I actually enjoyed the substitute teaching, enjoyed the teaching part of it. But making \$22 a day just really, that wasn't my road to self-sufficiency.

TM: What were you thinking? Did you think you wanted a career with the Park Service, or were you thinking maybe you wanted to do something else?

CB: At that point, I definitely wanted a career with the Park Service. I continued to apply for other parks but wound up going back to Petrified Forest. The park had, the resources and physical environments of the park, had kind of grown on me. The first summer I was there was like, "Oh, this is really the middle of nowhere and Holbrook really sucks." But the longer I stayed, and started making friends in the area, and getting out and hiking, I enjoyed it more and more. And then in '76 when I went back, I had the opportunity to, I was there in the Springtime, so it wasn't so hot out there on the desert. I started doing more hikes and getting into the Park's backcountry. Of course, at that time, Petrified Forest was small enough that there was no place in the park that wasn't accessible on a day hike. So, I was exploring around and having a good time out there. And then also in '76, I did have the opportunity to travel around a little bit more. At that point, I wasn't worried about paying for college, but I was still trying to save my money to buy my own vehicle. I didn't have a lot of disposable income, but I had some.

TM: What were you driving with? What were you getting around with before you got your own vehicle?

CB: My dad would loan me one of his cars. So, I was driving this great, big, old Plymouth Fury station wagon around. I would take it on camping trips and just fold down the back seats and sleep in the back of the car. It was very convenient, and I did get a little further afield when going up to like Canyon de Chelly and that sort of thing. So, let's see, in '76, I started work in March. In those days, seasonals worked a 180-day appointment. Which meant, you were allowed to work 180 days in the course of a calendar year. So, I started working and I was doing, besides working in the entrance station and interp, I was also doing the remittances to the Federal Reserve Bank. So, what they would do so that I wouldn't run out of time to make my appointment last longer, is I would actually work most days of the week for the cooperating association and then a day or two a week, I would work for the Park Service so I could do the remittances.

When I was working for the cooperating association, I would work on the information desks in the visitor centers but not in the entrance station.

TM: Was that a Petrified Forest National Park association? What was their title?

CB: The Petrified Forest Museum Association. They had bookstores in the visitor center in either end of the park. They actually, it was kind of a funny thing. They had a board of directors, so it was mostly folks from Holbrook. It was right about that time, that KC publications out in Las Vegas was getting going on their Story Behind the Scenery book series. So, they had been chunking along, doing these Story Behind the Scenery books for a bunch of different parks, Grand Canyon. Well, they still have them, they're still out there. They had been writing the books for the different cooperating associations. At some point, I don't know when this happened but at some point, the KC publications went out to all these cooperating associations and said, "Hey guys, listen, this is a huge hassle for you guys. Why don't I just handle all the publication of all these books. I can print them up cheaper and all that kind of stuff. And then, you'll just buy them from me." And so, most of the cooperating associations did that. But the Petrified Forest Association said, "No, we'll just keep the rights to our book." So, as a consequence, their profit margin on the Story Behind the Scenery book, which was by far the biggest seller, was much higher than most other parks were getting on those Story Behind the Scenery books. So, in spite of the fact that Petrified Forest wasn't that big of a park, it was still, the Museum Association was pulling in a fair amount of money.

TM: So, they had money for staff. That way you could work in the Park, sort of for the Park, but weren't on the Park accounts?

CB: Yeah, most of the time. And at that time, the cooperating associations did have some funny flexibilities that they no longer have. I know that, well it was a disaster when they decided that it wasn't appropriate, but at one time they were able to donate money to the Park for Park positions. Every year, the Petrified Forest Museum Association would donate thousands of dollars to Petrified Forest National Park to hire Park Service employees, government employees. Then, and I don't remember what year it was, but eventually the Washington office or Congress said, "No no, this isn't appropriate. We can't have a private organization funding government position." And it decimated our seasonal staff. There were times at Petrified Forest, where you would walk into the visitor center and there just wouldn't be a ranger there, or at that time we were all called Park Technician. But it would all be PFMA staff handling the bookstore and the information desk and everything. Even though I had a 180-day appointment, I wound up working through '76 and '77 and into 1978. From the Spring of '76 cobbling together those Park Service and PFMA jobs through the late spring of 1978.

TM: Wow. So, you did like the place then?

CB: I did, and I was picking up responsibilities as I went along.

TM: Like what?

CB: In '76, it was more a seniority thing, I'd just been around a long time. Most people only worked one year at Petrified Forest. So, I knew the place better than other people did. And then, in '76 we had the bicentennial. There was a lot going on. The Painted Desert Inn: we had opened up more of it. In '77, I was actually in charge of the Painted Desert Inn. That summer, we had some material from Hubbell Trading Post Collections. We had a display of Native arts and crafts, and we also had artwork from various contemporary native artists on display. So, in the Spring of '77, the Winter and Spring, we kept the Painted Desert Inn, just the information booth, open, and I would work that mostly being in the backroom making up labels for displays for the Summer exhibition on a Leroy Lettering Set, a

mechanical letter set. And I got quite proficient at that. I could really whip the stuff out. Then that Summer, I didn't hire employees, but I was in charge of the operations up there. So, when people were assigned to the Inn, why then I would tell them what to do. I wasn't a supervisor, but I was kind of a director: "Oh, I want you to go out and work on the point, on pitching a point, talk to people out there, I want you to work the museum."

TM: So, you'd sort of work on the scheduling. And was Ames still superintendent?

CB: Yes, he was. That was the winter of '76/'77 and that was my first full winter in the park as well. By that point I was living in one the two little houses, the CCC shacks, across the street from the Painted Desert Inn. In the wintertime, I was just up there all by myself. Which was, in the beginning, it was kind of weird. But eventually, I really got to enjoy it. Petrified Forest closed at night and still does. So, once the gates closed, there was almost no traffic. Every now and then somebody would be driving back and forth from one end of the park to other. But I was just up there all alone and if I looked out one window, I could see the lights on I-40 going off to the East, but it was just completely dark out all the other windows. Every now and then, people would walk into my house. I always had to keep the door locked. I know one time, I got out of the shower and thought I heard something, so I stuck my head out and there was a family in my living room, "Is this the curio shop?" And I'm like, "Does it look like a curio shop to you?" And another time, somebody knocked at my door and I opened up the door and they said, "Do you have a hammer?" And I said, "Yeah, what can I help you with?" And they said, "Oh we locked our keys in our car and we need a hammer to break out the window." And I said, "Well, I have a hammer but why don't I go and see if we can unlock the door?" And he said, "Oh, it's a rental. It doesn't matter." So, I said, "Let's try and unlock the door." So, I got a coat hanger, and this was back when you could open up a car door with a coat hanger. I went over and it took me about 30 seconds to unlock the door. And the guy's going, "What are you doing out here in the middle of nowhere? You could make a fortune if you lived in Chicago." They went their merry way.

TM: That's why I'm living here, because I don't want to live in Chicago!

CB: Exactly. So, then the summer of '77, of course we had our full suite of seasonals and the Painted Desert Inn was going along. Dave Ames was still the superintendent. I was pretty much working the Painted Desert Inn since I was in charge of it. Then, at night, the downstairs of the Painted Desert Inn had been cleaned out, but it really wasn't open to the public yet. There was an old refrigerator down there. And so, we would keep beer in the refrigerator and then after the park closed, the seasonals would all get together, and we would have dances up there in the Inn. It was a lot of fun. Eventually the park, I don't remember what precipitated it, whether it was a new superintendent or what, but the park eventually said, "No, you can't keep throwing, drinking, and dancing, and all that kind of stuff." But what we would do, we had all gotten into country dancing. So, we had dances up there and then we would also hit the bars in Holbrook and Winslow, watch people dancing and then come back and figure out the dance steps.

TM: So, this was country swing? Which was all the rage there in the late 1970's.

CB: Right, it was. Every now and then, we would make trips all the way up to Flagstaff. Then, we'd come back and learned, observed some really complicated steps, and then just blow everybody in Holbrook off the dance floor.

TM: With the Flagstaff moves?

CB: Right, exactly. By '77, in the Spring of '77, I finally did buy a pickup truck and started really exploring around more. Getting up into, up onto the reservation, up into Southern Utah, Natural Bridges,

getting down into the White Mountains, Flagstaff area. I'd also periodically just do overnight trips to Phantom Ranch at Grand Canyon. I remember one where, I think it was in January, but stormy weather. It was just a gorgeous hike. I went down the Kaibab trail. I didn't see a soul from the time I left the trailhead until I got down to the Bright Angel campground. Which was very cool until I got, oh down to about the Redwall. And then it was kind of like, "Okay, this is kind of like really, where is everybody?"

TM: But it was January, off-beat travel!

CB: It was a lot of fun. So, '77 and then also continued hiking and exploring around the park. Then in '78, I finally got a job at a different park. I got a summer seasonal position up at Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park.

TM: Klondike Gold Rush?

CB: In Skagway, Alaska. That year, it was kind of a case of, "I like Petrified Forest, but I need to go someplace else."

TM: Boy now that's a change. Going from you know, it's like Alaska, like cold and trees and water.

CB: It was funny. One of my best supervisors ever with the Park Service, I met at Petrified Forest my first couple of years, had worked in Alaska during World War II, I think it was. He had these great stories. And I just, you know, it was, "Oh yeah, I'd really like to get up to Alaska." So that winter, the winter of '78, when it was time to apply for seasonal positions, I went through and I called every park in Alaska and said, "What have you got coming up that I should apply for?" And talked to different folks. At Klondike Gold Rush, they were working on creating some positions, but they hadn't been approved yet, so they weren't showing up in the seasonal catalogue. I applied for those doing my application vague enough so that I would be eligible for them and got one of them. And it was working on a trail crew on the Chilkoot trail. Everybody was very happy for me at Petrified Forest, big going away party and all that. And the day before I left, we had like six inches of snow, which is a huge amount of snow for Petrified Forest, which of course everybody blamed on me for moving to Alaska. So, I put a bunch of my stuff in storage, headed up to Alaska.

TM: And when was this exactly? What month do you remember roughly?

CB: I left Petrified Forest the beginning of May. Had a couple of weeks off to get all of my stuff stored and outfitted myself for Alaska and then flew up to Alaska at the end of May. My luggage was, for my suitcase I had a footlocker and then I had my green striped backpack that I mentioned before. I had that jammed full of stuff and then for a sleeping bag on that I had a duffel bag full of stuff tied onto the pack frame which I had to sign a release form for. Flew up to Alaska with all that junk.

TM: And where did you fly to?

CB: I flew from Albuquerque to Seattle to Juneau. And then from Juneau, I took the state ferry up to Skagway.

TM: Hey Carl, you know what, we've been happily going on for about an hour and five minutes here. Maybe this a great place to say, "Oh, let's stop right there." Then we can pick this up with your travel to Skagway and what it was like working for Klondike Gold Rush.

CB: That sounds good.

TM: Is there anything else you want to add to this? If we put a line here looking back, is there anything else you want to add to leaving Petrified '78, or should we just say this is good?

CB: I would say, just to kind of sum things up or whatever. I spent so long at Petrified Forest that it had kind of ingrained (sic) me into the park structure there. Couple of things that I had gotten involved with while I was there, the whole Bandelier Wilderness thing and then having a geologist for a next-door neighbor had kind of excited my interest in geology which was something that continued to grow later on in my career. And the fact that Petrified Forest at the time, its reputation was improving a little bit. All the work we had done on the bicentennial and that kind of stuff. It didn't quite have the bad reputation that it did before. Still didn't have a great reputation, but it was improving.

TM: You mentioned someone who kind of mentored you working for Park Service, you didn't give me his name.

CB: Probably my best mentor at Petrified was my supervisor whose name was George Falkenburg and he had been in the Air Force and I think in the Army Air Corps, I'm not sure. But during World War II, his wife Neva had actually been a Harvey girl at the El Tovar. And they were great. He was a really good supervisor because he wasn't all caught up so much in how you were supposed to do things. He was more interested in how to make the right things happen. And so, he knew how to work for the government. It was the sort of thing: he could be your friend and your supervisor at the same time. He was pretty laid back, even when he was angry. I remember my first summer, I don't remember what I had screwed up, but he had corrected me and later on in the entrance station I said something about, "Well I thought George would be really mad about that." And the person I was working with said, "He was really mad. That's what he's like when he's really mad." "Oh okay." And here I felt corrected but not driven down. They were also the ones that would have all the seasonals over to their house for Thanksgiving dinner when the shifts ended and that kind of stuff. He was one of the best supervisors I ever had with the Park Service.

TM: Did he kind of inspire you like, "I want to be a supervisor like George?"

CB: Not so much a supervisor like George, but especially just the overall attitude. I like to be able to get things done, "okay this is the system I'm working in. And this might be dumb, but if you want to get something done, this is how you can work through the system to make it happen." I don't know that I was ever as proficient at it as he was, but at the same time, I think it helped my attitude. He retired somewhere in that stretch. Retired to Meadview, and in fact I actually helped him move household stuff out to Meadview.

TM: Wow, Meadview in 1978, '79. There wasn't much going on out there.

CB: No, it was really the middle of nowhere. And it was kind of funny because we got out there and I realized that those were Grand Wash Cliffs. So, I was helping him move, I drove out to Airport Point at the time, I think they call it Hualapai point now. Anyway, out there at the end of the runway where you can look down at the Pearce Basin and through the Grand Wash cliffs and all that I was like, "Oh wow this is really cool out here!"

TM: Neat! And had the road down to Pearce ferry was there, but I'm not sure if the road down to South Cove had been made yet?

CB: It had. I can't remember if it was paved, I think it was, but I could be wrong. And the lake was full, you'd look down at Pearce Basin and there was water all the way across it and going up into the Canyon. Not like today. That was, by the time I left Petrified Forest, I was really excited to be going someplace

else and seeing how someplace else operated, and all that kind of stuff. And I was very glad to be getting out of Petrified Forest, but it was also a case of I didn't hate the place and that's why I was leaving or anything like that. I felt ready to move on. As we'll see, I wound up coming back several more times.

TM: Don't spoil it now! With that, we will wrap up part two of oral history interview with Carl Bowman. Today is Friday, November 6, 2020. My name is Tom Martin. Carl, thank you so much for this.

CB: Absolutely!