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EDITOR'S CHOICE

Boston's Freedom Trail and Urban Renewal: An Introduction to Public History Debates

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Editor's Introduction. *HJM is proud to select as our Editor's Choice Award for our Winter 2023 issue Seth Bruggeman's *Lost on the Freedom Trail: The National Park Service and Urban Renewal in Postwar Boston* (University of Massachusetts Press, 2022). In each issue, we seek to highlight recent works that illuminate an aspect of New England history which the editors feel is particularly new or noteworthy and would be of special interest to our readers. The Historical Journal of Massachusetts is especially interested in publishing articles and showcasing books that provide a historical perspective on contemporary political, social, and economic issues.*

*We believe that *Lost on the Freedom Trail* provides invaluable insights into the intersection between public history and profit-motivated urban development as embodied in Boston's National Historical Park and its more celebrated and well-known companion, the Freedom Trail. Dr. Bruggeman describes the many contradictory and competing interests and actors involved in the creation and evolution of these two celebrated public history projects. He raises important questions about the degree to which the National Park Service historians responsible for these sites actually set the agenda in commemorating Boston's history--or indeed, whether public historians generally "make a difference."*

The publisher offers this cogent summation of his compelling and thought-provoking analysis:

Boston National Historical Park is one of America's most popular heritage destinations, drawing in millions of visitors annually. Tourists flock there to see the site of the Boston Massacre, to relive Paul Revere's midnight ride, and to board Old Ironsides – all of these bound together by the iconic Freedom Trail, which traces the city's revolutionary saga.

Making sense of the Revolution, however, was never the primary aim for the planners who reimagined Boston's heritage landscape after the Second World War. Seth C. Bruggeman demonstrates that the Freedom Trail was always largely a tourist gimmick, devised to lure affluent white Americans into downtown revival schemes, its success hinging on a narrow vision of the city's history run through with old stories about heroic white men. When Congress pressured the National Park Service to create this historical park for the nation's bicentennial celebration in 1976, these ideas seeped into its organizational logic, precluding the possibility that history might prevail over gentrification and profit.

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I drove north out of Boston over the Mystic River Bridge with the top down on my car. On the right was Old Ironsides at berth in the Navy yard and to the left of the bridge the Bunker Hill Monument. Between them stretch three-decker tenements alternating with modular urban renewal units. One of the real triumphs of prefab design is to create a sense of nostalgia for slums.

—Spenser, in Robert B. Parker's *God Save the Child* (1974)

It's Monday afternoon in Boston, the last bit of a hot muggy day in late July. I am vacationing with my wife and our seven-year-old daughter. We left our home near Philadelphia this morning and are driving north to Maine. Boston is the perfect layover. It's far, but not too far. It's walkable. There's plenty to keep all three of us interested for a few hours of sightseeing. And, of course, it's easy to get to. Interstate Highway 95, which threads together all of the eastern seaboard's big cities, delivers us directly to Boston. We've followed I-95 all day, lulled by the ebb and flow of its hypnotic sameness, a rhythm interrupted only by the tangle of expressways that announce New York City. We prefer side roads, but with our travel trailer in tow and a rack of kayaks above, it's easy to appreciate I-95's predictability. Easy, that is, until we arrived in Boston, about an hour ago, when it suddenly appeared that there might not be anywhere to park this rig. But it's a slow day, and we find a spot in a marina lot reclaimed from the long-shuttered Charlestown Navy Yard. With that, we check in at the hotel, wipe the sweat from our brows, and turn toward a setting sun to discover Boston on foot.

But where should we start? I want to stretch my legs, but it's late and everyone's hungry. We need to eat, but we've come too far to settle for fast food. And wouldn't it be great if we could see some of Boston's famous historic sites near wherever we're going, or maybe on our way? I explain to my daughter that Paul Revere's actual house is just blocks away. She shrugs, but I know that, if nothing else, she'd love Boston Common at dusk. We need a surefire way to make this work and to make it work fast. We're only here for a night, after all, and who knows when we'll be back?

Fortunately for us, and for the millions of others just like us who've repeated this ritual over and over since the middle of the last century, Boston has just the thing: The Freedom Trail.¹ The Freedom Trail is a two-and-a-half-mile-long "heritage trail," literally a line drawn onto Boston's sidewalks—with red paint, inlaid brick, and a phalanx of sign posts—that leads tourists past the city's most iconic historic sites. At one end is the towering Bunker Hill Monument, rising high above neighboring Charlestown, and at the other, in the heart of the old city, is sprawling Boston Common. In between, the Freedom Trail cuts a meandering path through Boston's gentrified North End and past its imposing Government Center. Each of the trail's stops corresponds with a place, a building, or a burying ground associated with, as boosters put it, "the story of the American Revolution and beyond."² And, sure enough, it works. We pick up the trail in Charlestown, near *Old Ironsides*, and before we know it, we are ticking off the stops: Copp's Hill Burying Ground, the Old North Church, and, yes, Paul Revere's House. There's no time to linger, of course, but it's all right because just following

the trail—and guessing where it might take us next—is somehow deeply satisfying. And, besides, the day is wasting. The sun dips, and the evening crowd emerges amid bars and cafés that mix seamlessly with the heritage chic that prevails here. A neon sign catches our attention, and soon we're in line for dinner at a historic restaurant, content to pay far more than we need to for a so-so meal in Boston.

Such is the magic of the Freedom Trail. Within just minutes, this simple red line creates an itinerary for us, guides us on our way, and even shows us where to spend our money. We trust the trail. It's safe. "People stick [to it] as if it were a magnet," observes Annette Miae Kim, who once pitched a Freedom Trail concept to authorities in Vietnam's Ho Chi Minh City.³ Boston's is the original, however, and its name, well, says it all. The trail frees us of our reliance on smartphones and tour guides. It makes us feel adventurous, leading us down narrow streets and around ancient corners that, in twilight, are tinged with mystery. It gives us a sense of time travel, mingling our footsteps with the nation's founding dramas: the Boston Massacre, the dumping of the Boston tea, Paul Revere's ride. And yet, there's a sense of timelessness here, too, accentuated by the buzz and hum of a modern city. We do eventually make it to Boston Common, where the tourists have already begun their retreat and the occasional whiff of pot smoke signals that we too have reached the end of the trail. My kid runs for a playground, but she's exhausted and will spend most of the walk back dozing on my shoulders. In other words, our vacation is off to an excellent start.

Except that, for me, this leg of it is not entirely a vacation. Just moments after arriving in Boston, we pulled over along Third Avenue in the old navy yard just long enough for me to jump out and deliver a package. The package contained old newsletters, about a hundred of them, produced over a span of forty years by the staff of Boston National Historical Park. Yes, there is a national park in Boston, and though many tourists never notice it, the park encompasses several of the historic sites that line the Freedom Trail. The newsletters belong to the private collection of Steve Carlson, who came to work at the park shortly after Congress authorized it in 1974. Today, Steve is the park's preservation specialist and de facto keeper of its institutional memory. I find him in a small office on the second floor of the massive old Navy Yard Building #107. This is one of several structures remaining from the years when people built war ships in this sprawling complex. Though its exterior is preserved to appear as it did a century ago, Building #107 has been home since the late 1980s to the park's Cultural Resources Division and the vast museum and archive collections it stewards. It's a massive space, rich

with treasures, and yet, entirely invisible to unaware passersby. It is, in other words, a perfect metaphor for Boston National Historical Park.

I have been picking through Building #107's treasures for the last several years, and digging through scores of other archives too, all toward writing what the National Park Service (NPS) refers to as an "administrative history." Administrative histories are detailed accounts of how national parks—and other kinds of National Park Service units—get made and how they have been managed over time. They are, in essence, institutional histories. And they tend to be big hulking studies that, though intended to guide management decisions, more often than not end up collecting dust on shelves in places like Building #107. The Boston project is my second administrative history. The first one had been a life changer for me, back in graduate school, when my prospects—for a dissertation, for a career, for a future—seemed dim. The assignment then was to write an administrative history of George Washington Birthplace National Monument in Virginia. I did, I got paid for it, and the book that resulted ended up being my ticket to a tenure-track job at a good university. In fact, that book had been so successful, it got some people thinking that maybe administrative histories don't have to always end up collecting dust. It's precisely the notion that got me invited back to work on the Boston project. And it's the same idea that I had in mind as I returned the last of my research materials to Steve and headed out with my family to take one last look at a place wherein, despite my research, I still felt entirely lost.

TROUBLING CHANGES AT THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Lost on the Freedom Trail is, in the simplest terms, a history of Boston National Historical Park and its indelible bond with the Freedom Trail, which predates the park by over two decades. More broadly, it is a chronicle of loss. My first instance of feeling lost on the Freedom Trail occurred early on during this project, as early, in fact, as its first day. It was the first time I encountered Building #107, where in 2015 the project team gathered to discuss project logistics. I arrived with memories in mind of my first administrative history start-up meeting, about a decade earlier, during which park rangers mounted a feisty argument with NPS historians about what was more important: George Washington "the man," as they put it, or how we've sought to remember Washington over time.⁴ It was that fascinating question that ultimately framed the entire project.

Now, though, years later, the mood within the National Park Service had shifted. There was no feistiness, no spirited argument, and no weighing of provocative contrapositives. Instead, there was a dire sense that if this project didn't get done soon, it would never get done at all. The agency's federal appropriation, after all, had stagnated during the interim and was barely keeping apace of inflation. Newspapers reported on the impossibility of national parks ever contending with a multibillion-dollar deferred maintenance backlog. It was, of course, just one facet of a much larger decline in public funding for federal, state, and local arts and culture organizations, a decline that had roots in the 1980s but had reached a crisis point during the 2000s.⁵ Worse yet, the NPS was still recovering from the devastating government shutdown of 2013 and the gut-twisting indignities of budget sequestration. Scandals seemed everywhere. Accusations of sexual harassment roiled leadership, as did suspicions of corruption and ethical lapses in the Director's Office. The agency's chief historian appeared to have vanished; rumor was that he retired abruptly while on vacation in Europe. And, in Boston, the park's new charismatic leader—its first Black superintendent, the person who had argued for funding my administrative history—had just announced that he too was moving on. It seemed to me, in that moment, that the NPS—or, at least, its history program—was on the verge of collapse and that I was, in some inevitable way, one of a last few desperate breaths.

My second instance of feeling lost on the Freedom Trail came about four months later, when I sat down to write a summary of what I learned from hours spent sifting through papers in Building #107. Things just didn't add up. I expected that this administrative history, like my last one, would pivot on contests of memory. At least, that was the impression I gleaned from another meeting in Boston, a "scholars' visit" hosted by the park back in 2011. The goal then was to solicit opinions from historians about how well the park grapples with key historical themes concerning the Revolution and its legacies. Memory was a concern too, which explains why I got a seat at the table. What seemed to worry the staff most was the problem of contending with the Freedom Trail. Back when the trail was created, they explained, the city gave responsibility for managing it to the Freedom Trail Foundation, an offshoot of the Chamber of Commerce. The foundation's historical vision had thus always tracked with the chamber's concern to generate tourist revenue. The park's goal, however, was not to make money, at least not ostensibly, but rather to do good history while protecting the park's resources and making them as broadly accessible as possible. Maintaining the right balance between preservation and access is a tricky business, which is why the law that created the NPS way back in 1916 has long been regarded as

a “contradictory mandate.” And it hasn’t helped that lurking just beneath the outward-facing progressivism of so many NPS boosters over time has been the back-room profiteering of politicians, developers, industrialists, and xenophobes who’ve always had a hand in setting the agency’s agenda.⁶

The problem in Boston, then, seemed to be an old, familiar one that had everything to do with memory: one group wanted to remember the Revolution in an affirming way that would encourage visitors to spend money; the other group wanted to remember the Revolution in a critical way that might prompt tough questions about who, over time, actually benefited from the Revolution. With all of this in mind, then, it seemed clear to me that my administrative history would have to address this unresolved contest of memory. It would have to show how the Freedom Trail had always been a fault line between two ways of thinking about the past.

But that wasn’t the story I discovered in Building #107. Sure, it was clear from the park’s papers that, since the 1990s, there had been real tensions between the foundation and the park’s historian concerning how best to plumb the past along the Freedom Trail. But the sides weren’t as clearly drawn as one might suspect. The foundation, after all, functioned independently of the heritage organizations that for at least a century had individually managed the trail’s various constituent sites. And each of those organizations had its own ideas about how to do history. What’s more, the park’s own interpretive programming varied considerably across time and even across different sections of the park. Some of it was progressive, but much of it was not. In fact, a good bit of it seemed just as uncritical and hagiographic as what the foundation peddled in its trail guides.

What I found most startling was that, the deeper I dug and the further back in time I looked, the more it appeared that what defined the relationship between the foundation and the park was not difference, but similarity. The same people who had bankrolled the Freedom Trail, it turned out, had also played key roles in planning the park. And the very person who pioneered the foundation, the man who had become synonymous with the Freedom Trail in Boston, had also chaired the park’s influential advisory commission for its entire ten-year run. My assumptions had been altogether wrong. The Freedom Trail wasn’t a fault line at all, at least it hadn’t been until recently. On the contrary, it was—from the outset—a through line. And that through line, I started to realize, led directly to urban renewal.

PUBLIC HISTORY AND THE TOURIST ECONOMY

One need not scratch too deep beneath the surface to discover that every facet of the entwined histories of the Freedom Trail and Boston National Historical Park is caught up in the story of how politicians, real estate developers, business leaders, urban planners, and a whole cast of pundits sought to re-engineer Boston into a city that could harvest wealth newly distributed among white Americans, especially after World War II. Redevelopment projects—including the clearance of so-called slums and their replacement with public housing—had begun in and around Boston during the 1930s and, as we will see, played a key role in shaping the world views of the park's progenitors. It was a shift during the 1950s toward new federal policies of "urban renewal," however, and especially the privileging thereof of private developers, that guided the National Park Service's work in Boston.

It is impossible to separate the history of modern heritage tourism in Boston from the story of urban renewal, in part, because it was urban renewal that created the canvas on which today's touristic experience is drawn. This was precisely the notion that mystery writer Robert B. Parker captured back in 1974—and at the outset of this introduction—when his hardboiled detective, Spenser, recognized the "nostalgia for slums" conjured by the juxtaposition of old and new along the bit of Freedom Trail that winds up through Charlestown. Recall, too, my family's own trip to Boston. Even before we arrived there, we followed highways designed by postwar planners and funded with redevelopment dollars. And, just as those highways chose our route for us, so did the renewal-era expressways that recall decisions made long ago about which neighborhoods to destroy and which to preserve; about which residents to protect and which to displace; and about which pasts to remember and which pasts to bulldoze. All of these choices made for us during the postwar years silently condition our experience of Boston's history today.

They even decide who we, the tourists, are. Indeed, the same vectors of prosperity that urban renewal sought to reinforce also explain why my white family can afford to travel, why we feel safe on the Freedom Trail, why we care about this history at all, how I—of all people—ended up writing about it, and why most of the people we see along the trail look just like us. The Freedom Trail is at once a hallmark of urban renewal and a monument to white privilege. It and the park are ostensibly about the Revolution. But, as we will see, in Boston most of what we learn about the eighteenth century was imagined for us during the nineteenth and then repackaged during the

twentieth by people eager to aggregate wealth and influence long into the twenty-first century and beyond.

THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE AND POST-WWII URBAN RENEWAL

Insomuch as this book is a history of Boston National Historical Park and the Freedom Trail, then, it is also necessarily a book about how the National Park Service fashioned itself after World War II into an agent of urban renewal in American cities. The peculiarity of the urban park is not a new story. Authors including Charlene Mires, Hal Rothman, and Cathy Stanton have weighed at length the processes by which Americans have—in cities such as Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Lowell—sought to negotiate the terms by which federal park stewards reimaged urban landscapes into natural and cultural resources during the twentieth century.⁷ What is less clear is how the NPS positioned itself in relationship to the array of federal redevelopment programs and new currents of private capital that together conspired to fundamentally reorganize life in American cities. As we will see, the Freedom Trail and Boston National Historical Park share common ancestry in urban planner Ed Logue's postwar vision for a "new" Boston as well as real estate developer James Rouse's efforts to reorient American retail around the "festival marketplace." But we will learn, too, that, even before the war, NPS planners imagined possibilities for Boston within the framework of urban redevelopment. In fact, though the war years often figure as a critical fulcrum in NPS histories, the Boston story prompts us to reconsider that periodization. It also forces us to recognize how key facets of urban renewal's intellectual scaffolding—especially its admixture of public and private capital and its figurative and sometimes literal erasure of Black Americans and other working people—became deeply embedded within the mission of the postwar National Park Service.

This book, then, is about the history of a national park and the history of the National Park Service's relationship with urban renewal. But because the park in question is one of the nation's most prominent historical parks, a place where millions of Americans have traveled to learn about the past, this book is also about how our nation's history gets made. And, in that regard, it corresponds with a third instance of loss along the Freedom Trail. More surprising to me than discovering that the park and the Freedom Trail had been cut from more or less the same cloth, was learning that the organization most vocally opposed to establishing Boston National Historical Park in 1974 was, incredibly, the National Park Service. As we will see, the agency

had many reasons to resist expansion during the 1970s. But at issue in Boston was the sense, expressed in retrospect by one of the park's key planners, that the NPS had "lost control of the agenda."⁸ Politicians that is, not historians, had come to decide what history parks would be about. That these were, of course, the very same politicians who sought to create economic momentum in Boston through urban renewal suggests that the National Park Service's planners had lost control of the agenda long before 1974.

This realization—that the NPS tried to kill off a historical park that it had been eagerly developing for nearly thirty years—troubled me more than anything when it came time to write up my findings. It did so, in part, because the NPS staff I met in Boston were so proud that their park was the first of the agency's "partnership parks." By this, they meant that it was the first park to demonstrate on a large scale that numerous historic properties could be managed through cooperative partnerships rather than through outright ownership and, in some cases, land condemnation. It's an idea that, since the 1980s, has justified the agency's sponsorship of what it calls "national heritage areas," more than fifty of which now exist to protect natural and cultural landscapes in a way that many consider to be more sustainable and more community-positive than the old park model.⁹ But what did it mean, I wondered, that this new approach had caused so much worry among planners a half century earlier? And what did it mean that the Boston experiment had become an inspirational touchstone for a generation of park planners since? Did those early concerns get ironed out along the way? Had the model changed somehow during the intervening decades to ensure that the park could do good meaningful history? Certainly, it must have, since the historians that I knew who worked at the park were fantastic. But then again, if that were the case, why was there so much concern among the staff about the difficulty of contending with the Freedom Trail?

LARGER ISSUES FOR PUBLIC HISTORIANS

These questions get at the core of a concern that I suspect lingers in the minds of anyone who does history for or with the National Park Service and, perhaps, anyone who identifies as a public historian. Plainly stated, the question is this: can we really make a difference? That we can has become a matter of faith promulgated by a field of professional practice and by a body of scholarship that depends for its legitimacy on the assumption that we can. And yet, some of our field's most highly regarded scholarship, including books that are now mainstays in public history seminar rooms, suggests exactly the opposite. Consider, for instance, historian Amy Tyson's contention that front-

line interpreters are endlessly bound to a system of labor that neutralizes their capacity to make historical impact, precisely by exploiting their desire to do just that. Even more germane to my study is anthropologist Cathy Stanton's account of the progressive historians who brought considerable influence to bear at Lowell National Historical Park, despite ultimately being limited by precisely the same networks of capital and privilege that, as we will see, stymied NPS planners in Boston years before. These authors suggest that, though not all hope is lost, our possibilities for making a difference—for really intervening in how Americans learn to make sense of their pasts—are deeply curtailed by circumstances that inhere in modern capitalism. In other words—words familiar in today's political landscape—we historians are snared in a rigged economic system, of which we are both product and victim.¹⁰

What follows is my account of coming to very much the same conclusion vis-à-vis the history of Boston National Historical Park. In fact, readers might sense in this account something of a prequel to Stanton's book. However, mine is not at all ethnographic and is rather more concerned with exploring particular historical moments wherein the NPS made clear choices to follow the logic of capitalism—by way of urban renewal—rather than the logic of historical inquiry in defining the terms by which visitors would engage with the Revolutionary past in Boston. Whether or not history and capitalism can even be conceived of as discrete phenomena is an old question, but one re-posed here in terms that I hope will have meaning for public historians who are struggling everywhere today to stake claims in professional settings that, for the most part, are run through with systematic inequity. Indeed, one goal of this project is to urge public historians to ask, regardless of their professional settings, whether or not they have been able to retain control over the agenda, as it were. History workers, it's worth pointing out, have been noticeably slower to unionize than their counterparts in, say, art museums.¹¹ That is, they appear to be less likely to insist on retaining control over the agenda. Is there a reason for this? Is there something special about the work of historians that predisposes them to labor vulnerability? Are they more broadly subject to the emotional labor that Tyson describes, or less able to recognize and respond to it? These are the kinds of questions that administrative histories can help to answer, and the story in Boston, I think, is a particularly useful example.

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Notes

1. The many others who've repeated this ritual include other academics, like myself, who rely on first-person accounts of the trail to introduce book chapters. See, for instance, Augusto Ferraiuolo, *Religious Festive Practices in Boston's North End: Ephemeral Identities in an Italian American Community* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2009), 1–2.
2. Freedom Trail Foundation, "The Freedom Trail 2017 Official Brochure" (2017), author's personal collection.
3. Annette Miae Kim, *Sidewalk City: Remapping Public Space in Ho Chi Minh City* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2015), 199. Kim provides a lengthy analysis of the Freedom Trail and its appeals on 199–220. Thanks to Gary Scales for this reference.
4. My account of this episode appears in Seth C. Bruggeman, *Here, George Washington Was Born: Memory, Material Culture, and the Public History of a National Monument* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2008), 5.
5. On the agency's internal funding woes, see Laura B. Comay, "National Park Service Appropriations: Ten-Year Trends" (Congressional Research Service, R42757, July 2, 2019). On its maintenance backlog, see, for instance, Josh Hicks, "National Park Service Delayed \$11 Billion in Maintenance Last Year Because of Budget Challenges," *Washington Post* (March 25, 2015). Long-term declines in public funding for cultural organizations are well documented by numerous reporting agencies. See, for instance, Ryan Stubbs and Patricia Mullaney-Loss, "Public Funding for the Arts, 2019," *GIA Reader* 31, no. 1 (Winter 2020).
6. Regarding the agency's contradictory mandate, see Robin W. Winks, "The National Park Service Act of 1916: 'A Contradictory Mandate?'" *Denver University Law Review* 74 (1997): 575–624. Writing on the fraught relationship between public and private interests in national parks dates back to foundational treatises by John Muir and Frederick Law Olmstead. Scholarly treatments have expanded the analysis to show how the NPS has always been embedded in profiteering, genocide, imperialism, and other facets of American failure. Representative examples include Alfred Runte, *National Parks: The American Experience* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1987); Richard West Sellers, *Preserving Nature in the National Parks: A History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1997); Thomas Patin, "Exhibitions and Empire: National Parks and the Performance of Manifest Destiny," *Journal of American Culture* 22, no. 1 (Spring 1999): 41–60; Mark David Spence, *Dispossessing*

the Wilderness: Indian Removal and the Making of National Parks (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999); and Ari Kelman, *A Misplaced Massacre: Struggling over the Memory of Sand Creek* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2013). For an overview of nationalism and its problematic expressions in the agency's history program, see John Bodnar, *Remaking America: Public Memory, Commemoration, and Patriotism in the Twentieth Century* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992), 169–205.

7. See Charlene Mires, *Independence Hall in American Memory* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2002); Hal Rothman, *The New Urban Park: Golden Gate National Recreation Area and Civic Environmentalism* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2004); and Cathy Stanton, *The Lowell Experiment: Public History in a Postindustrial City* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2006).

8. Denis Galvin, then NPS deputy director, quoted in David Foster, "'Park Barrel' Politics Seen as Redefining 75-Year-Old National System," *Los Angeles Times* (October 13, 1991).

9. For an overview of the national heritage area concept and its history, see Alan W. Barton, "From Parks to Partnerships: National Heritage Areas and the Path to Collaborative Participation in the National Park Service's First 100 Years," *Natural Resources Journal* 56 (Winter 2016): 23–54; and Brenda Barrett and Eleanor Mahoney, "National Heritage Areas: Learning from 30 Years of Working to Scale," *George Wright Forum* 33, no. 2 (2016): 163–74.

10. Amy Tyson, *The Wages of History: Emotional Labor on Public History's Front Lines* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2013); and Stanton, *The Lowell Experiment*.

11. For an account of labor organizing in public history trades over time, see Allana Shaffer, "From the Frontline to the Picket Line: Public History and the Cultural Labor Revolution" (MA thesis, Temple University, 2020).