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Cover: Drapes in Blanchard Springs Caverns

Photo by Ozark National Forest

ON SAVING THE BUFFALO

Pine Bluff Commercial

Friday, September 5, 1969

Editorial by Harry Pearson

The battle to save the Buffalo River may be nearing an end.

The United States Senate, on Wednesday, passed by unanimous consent S. 855, a bill creating the Buffalo National River.

But as those, inside Arkansas and out, who have fought the past decade to save the river know, the appearance of victory is often deceiving.

Conservationists cheered in 1967 when Senators J. William Fulbright and John L. McClellan introduced the original bill authorizing the National Park Service to create a national river along the Buffalo.

But nothing happened.

The Senate's passing of the legislation is another significant step, but if those who want to see the Buffalo saved do not move, it is possible that the bill won't clear the House of Representatives before Congress adjourns in December. If that happens, supporters of the national river concept will have to go through the legislative process all over again next year.

In the two years since the first Fulbright-McClellan bill was introduced, sections of the Buffalo have undergone some deleterious developments by the speculators.

And the land speculation has accelerated during the past two years.

There are two courses of action open to the House now. It may approve either the Fulbright-McClellan bill, or a similar measure introduced by Congressman John Paul Hammerschmidt of Harrison.

The Fulbright-McClellan bill is now before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. That committee may, at its own discretion, either hold another hearing (similar to the one held before a sub-committee of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee) or it may send the bill to the House floor for a vote.

Arkansas' powerful House delegation, by working in concert, could probably get the national river legislation to a vote within the month—should the spirit so move.

Clearly it is time for the spirit to so move. To help it do so, every Arkansan interested in preserving the river for future generations ought to write his congressman urging him to help expedite passage of the bill authorizing the creation of a national river along the Buffalo.

Further delays in the enactment of the national river legislation will result in further speculation and development along the river. And the further the process of developing goes, the greater the danger to the Buffalo's unique values as a wild free river.

From the Conservation Report of the National Wildlife Federation, September 26, 1969.

It now appears likely that little or no new national parks, monuments, seashores, lakeshores, recreation areas, or national rivers will be established by the Congress this year as a result of the Administration's position on anti-inflation spending.

After an announcement by the Bureau of the Budget it appeared doubtful that further action would be taken on major new park proposals and even hearings might be cancelled by the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. Apparently to be affected immediately is the proposal establishing the Buffalo National River, Arkansas (S. 855, H. R. 10246). The same ban would affect other proposals as well.

BLANCHARD SPRINGS CAVERNS

Jerry M. Alexander

Interpretive Specialist, Ozark National Forest

Long before the recorded history of man, the Ozark uplift was making radical changes in the ecology of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas. While the Ozark Dome was gently pushing upward, the ancient Mississippian Sea was receding to the Gulf of Mexico. Sluggish streams which had passively drained the area became rapid erosive agents carving deep canyons and sheer bluffs in the landscape. The raising of the Ozark Dome was also causing cracks and faults in the limestone formation. Limestone which had been formed beneath the sea by the deposits of marine life, shells, skeletons and coral became vulnerable to the pressures from below and water from above. Water not only eroded the limestone through its physical action, but having picked up acid from decaying vegetation, it chemically dissolved this formation.

It was this dissolving and eroding activity which formed Blanchard Springs Caverns, an underground cavity, which originated about 300,000,000 years ago. Perhaps only a minute crack or crevice designated the place which would be one of the most significant cavern discoveries of the twentieth century.

To estimate how long the caverns have looked as they do today would be pure conjecture. Perhaps 5,000,000 years ago they were huge underground pockets of water without any of the splendid travertine formations which outline the walls today.

As the streams on the outside cut down below the water level inside, the caverns emptied and the colorful stalactites, stalagmites, draperies and flowstones began to form. Today this everchanging paragon of nature's handiwork causes Blanchard Springs Caverns to rival any other cave in the country.

The 1963 decision to develop the caverns into a major tourist attraction followed several exploratory trips by spelunking groups and an underground inspection by Alvis Z. Owen, Forest Supervisor of the Ozark National Forest. (Mr. Owen is presently Forest Supervisor of the Ouachita National Forest.) Since that time, the U. S. Forest Service has committed itself to the massive task of planning and development for the anticipated 500,000 annual visitors.

Although development could move faster with adequate funding, Blanchard Springs Caverns would be anything but a crash program. The reason is simple—quality in planning and construction is the key to this interpretive project. This quality simply cannot be rushed when the interpretation and protection of the caverns is paramount.

The surrounding lands of the Ozark National Forest will offer the visitor a wide variety of recreational activities. This too, takes creative thinking when campsites, auto tours, trails, picnic areas and outdoor theaters must be provided.

Inside the caverns the sound of dripping water bears out the ever-changing forces which are at work in this 5,000,000 year old phenomenon. It's a little chilly in the 58 degree temperature because the humidity is a constant 100 per cent. The musty odor reminds you that you're deep below the ground surface.

The walls of some of the larger rooms are festooned with colored travertine drapes from floor to ceiling. Various shades of reds, blues and white result from minerals in the water. Massive flowstones and giant columns create a wonderland through which the trails wind and twist allowing the visitors intimate contact with nature's underground showcase.

The caverns exist in two distinct levels, the lower level forming the streambed which emerges at the side of the mountain. This is known as Blanchard Springs. It was near here that the early settler, John Blanchard, built his grist mill after the Civil War. Thus the spring has been known as Blanchard Springs for over 100 years.

Because of its narrow passages, one cannot enter the caverns from the spring. The journey of water from inside to the spring takes about 23 hours. Its exact course during this period remains a mystery.

One half mile upstream from the spring, the Forest Service is confronted with a more interesting mystery. This is the natural entrance of the caverns, known locally as Half-Mile Cave. Was

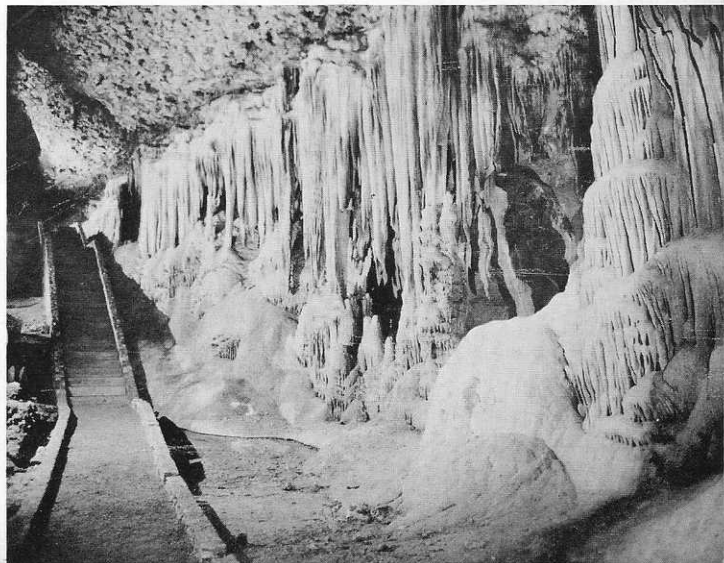
this really the only entrance to the caverns? What men may have gone into the cave here? How far did they explore? Compounding these questions is the skeleton brought out by a spelunking group in 1955. Discovered and given to the Forest Service by Rodger Bottoms, the skeleton has been verified as that of an Indian male, about 1080 years old. Why he was in the cave is a mystery with which interpreters will have to live.

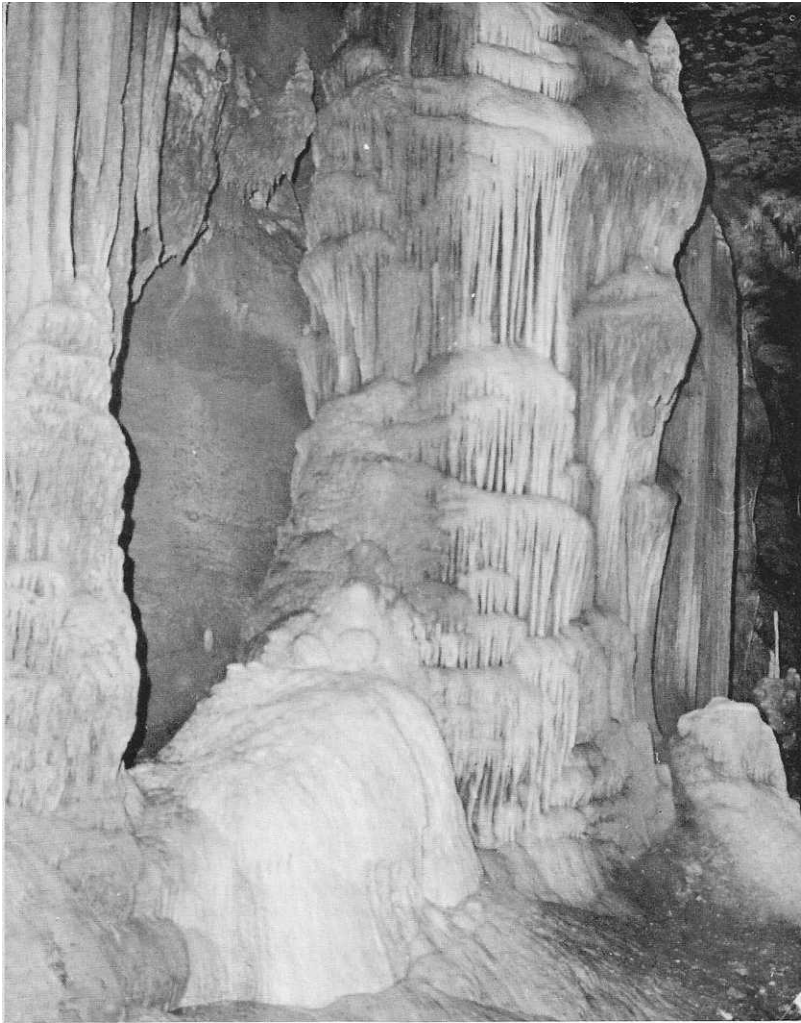
A trip to the natural entrance clearly shows why Blanchard Springs has not suffered vandalism and destruction as many other caves have. The enter via the natural entrance, one must descend a rugged vertical shaft 15 feet across and 70 feet deep. Fortunately this feature has discouraged all but the serious cave explorers. The entrance provides Forest Service interpreters with another feature of unusual quality. Cold air emerging from the 58 degree depths of the caverns tempers the hot summer air near the entrance. This forms a climate where plant life occurs in a rare community for Arkansas. Among the species found here is the interrupted fern and the yellow ladyslipper orchid. Trails will put visitors in close touch with this atmosphere.

Animal life in the caverns can be classified into three groups which are: The true cave dwellers (example: The Ozark Salamander); facultative cave dwellers which may be found outside under rocks or a similar environment (example: Cave Crickets); and temporary cave dwellers which must return to the surface for part of its living requirements (example: Bats). The Forest Service works to minimize the environmental effect of opening the caverns on its animal life. Since work tunnels to the outside are now being used for con-

SECTION
OF TRAIL

(NATIONAL
FOREST
SERVICE)





struction, iron grill work now covers the natural entrances. This allows the free movement of bats in and out of the caverns and prevents vandalism from higher forms of life.

Directly above the first tour, a parking lot for 324 cars is ready with the elevators which will take groups 216 feet below. The Visitor's Information Center, which will be adjacent to the elevators, will house a lobby, offices, audio-visual theater and an exhibit room.

Three tours will eventually be offered to the public with an approximate combined length of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. These tours will be guided by trained uniformed personnel. Orientation points along the trails allow for rest and interpreting this strange subterranean world to the tourists.

Thus, the entire Blanchard Springs Caverns project is one of interpreting nature to the urbanized family who seek to reorient themselves with their environment. It is a job which requires quality built into every road, sign, table and program. It demands the creative thinking of administrators, landscape architects, photographers, writers and interpretive naturalists. Of practical necessity now, the project must have the support of a supererogated Congress

Editor's Notes:

In 1961 and 1962, prior to formal organization of the Ozark Society, a group of people, with a common bond of interest in conservation and particularly in saving the Buffalo River from being dammed, were meeting regularly in Fayetteville. Encouragement from the group, which was to be the Ozark Society, no doubt had much to do with the decision of the United States Forest Service to open the caverns to the public.

OLE' BULLET AT THE END OF A ROUGH DAY - CLEAN-UP FLOAT



OZARK SOCIETY MAKES CLEAN SWEEP ON THE BUFFALO

Margaret Hedges

Enthusiasm was high as the 44 can pickers gathered at the starting point at Maumee shortly before ten o'clock on Saturday, September 6th. In fact, their enthusiasm was a little too high and some of the more eager participants accidentally jumped the starting gun and had gathered several sacks of cans and old tires before the judges had given the go ahead signal. However, all the debris was turned in to the judges at Maumee for no points, so we all started with empty canoes and the gravel bar at Maumee has never been cleaner.

In a very short time the can pickers were spread out on the river and more than a mile separated the first canoe from the last. As the lead canoes pulled further ahead, the sweep canoes slowed their pace and took the "leavin's"—mostly moss covered cans from the bottom of the river, tires virtually invisible in the gravel, or assorted discards piled at the high water mark by last winter's floods. The sun was hot and the glare from the sparkling Buffalo burned our faces. We slowed to a snail's pace, making frequent plunges into the shallow water to retrieve some long abandoned trash. We drank frequently from thermos and canteen and worked extra hard to search in the shade.

The "sweep" flotilla stopped well short of the usual lunch break at Spring

Creek Bluff. Too lazy to carry our food and chairs to the gravel bar, we sat up a temporary lunch room right in the shallow water. A quick glance across the gunwales proved we all belonged to the over 30 pickers—not a well loaded canoe in the bunch. Average for those assembled here was 1½ sacks of cans and a tire apiece. We talked about how hard it was to find a can and wondered what those in the lead had managed to accumulate. A nose count revealed there were not only several well ahead of us but a few still straggling behind and we doubted they could be finding much with so many of us sweeping the river ahead of them.

After lunch picking didn't improve any and our own age began to show as we jumped out of the canoe with less and less enthusiasm at the sight of each old bottle or can.

Somehow we pulled ahead of all our lunch counter friends and caught up with the rear guard of the first contingent at the hiway 14 bridge. We couldn't believe what a canoe load of trash Jay Edwards and Jay, Jr. had acquired! A bedstead topped the load at a precarious angle, tires stuck out of every available niche, big tires served double duty with a tire within a tire to conserve space. The load was brightened here and there with an old plastic air mattress and bits and

pieces from lawn chairs in various stages of collapse. The canoe took on the bizarre appearance of a piece of modern art. We weren't sure they had the biggest load of trash but we were pretty sure they had the most unusual load.

We found very little trash between the bridge and the park and dragged to shore with our meager load about 5 p.m. We were fourth to come in but a long way from a winner. Dick Byrd and son Chris had already unloaded up to ten tires and 12 sacks of cans and we knew they'd give somebody a run for their money on the Saturday heat. Dr. Gilchrist and Dave Ginsburg, operating as a team, had also unloaded a huge pile. The rest of the pickers gradually drifted in, unloaded their loot and in groups of 5 and 6 went back to Maumee to pick up their cars. Though we had only 22 participating canoes, it seemed like 40 as we watched them beach and unload their cargo. Whoever was bringing up the rear was bent on keeping us there all night for we were certain they couldn't possibly last and find any trash that "we" had left behind.

How startled we were to see these two stragglers, Phil Gipson and Steve Wilson, come walking into the park, dragging their canoe! Their load was so big (they had only a 15 ft. canoe) there was no room for bowman or sternman, not an inch of unoccupied space. The pile of trash looked like a winner but the boys

THE WINNERS: L TO R - 1ST PHIL GIPSON & STEVE WILSON - 2ND, CHRIS & DICK BYRD - 3RD, DAVE GINSBURG & TOM GILCHRIST - 4TH, JAY & JEP EDWARDS - 5TH, TIP DAVIDSON & IRENE ARMSTRONG.





AT THE
STARTING LINE,
SECOND DAY

who gleaned it from the river looked like anything but winners—they were dirty, their clothes were torn from their backs and they were too tired to explain how the slow, slow tortoises had won the race. By dusk the figures were all in—just 5 sacks of trash between first and second place—and only three sacks separated second from third. One thing was sure—Sunday would be a day of keen competition—and in the end the Buffalo river would be the biggest winner of them all.

Another thing we hadn't counted on was a small complication from mother nature. It was hard to believe that rain that had evaded us all summer finally arrived early the morning of September 7th. However, it was only a mild deterrent to the can pickers. Twenty-two canoes of Saturday soon gave way to 10 canoes for Sunday. In spite of a gust of wind that momentarily threatened to launch all the canoes with one big blow, and a pelting of rain that chilled the unprepared, the judges gave the word to line up across the river and with a fling of the broken paddle, the race was on. Saturday's techniques were now revealed, for the second place winners plunged out into the lead, while the tortoise unloaded his bowman who began a meticulous sweep of the beach right in the launching area. Now we knew why they had so much trash on Saturday and especially we knew why they were so tired. They had taken turns paddling and hiking and one man walked all the way from Maumee to the Park!

When the entire fleet rounded the first bend, maneuvered the first riffle and dispersed to either side of the river, the "stay at homes" began to shuttle cars to Rush. At least if we didn't help clean

the river, we could help those that did and in short order our driving and our shuttle car had made the first of two trips each to the river at the assigned take out point of Rush. Much to our surprise the sun came out at mid-morning and any fears we had had that the weather might slow the pickers were quickly quelled.

We were amazed to find most of the canoes already beached and the trash neatly piled on the bank when we arrived at Rush for the second time about 1:30 on Sunday afternoon. Only two canoes were still out when we arrived and it appeared then it might be a very close race. A time limit of between 2 and 3 p.m. had been set by the judges as so knew we wouldn't have to wait too long for the final decision. Long before the deadline hour of 3 the tortoises arrived, and, as usual, they were loaded to the hilt (on a canoe the hilt is considerably higher than the gunwale), this time in a borrowed 17' canoe and we were certain that slow but sure had won again. By this time, Delos Dodd of the State Park was standing by with a high sided pickup truck to receive the cargo and all pitched in to load the trash and tires, etc. for the final ride to a proper dumping area.

Since the prizes were to be awarded at the park there was a great exodus both of winners and losers in order that we might witness the giving and receiving of the cherished canoe and other fine prizes. When we had assembled at a pre-designated spot in the park, Dr. Neil Compton, President of the Ozark Society made the awards. The canoe, donated by T. V. Sharp, president of the Ouachita Marine Co. of Arkadelphia, went to Phil Gipson and Steve Wilson, students at the University of Arkansas as grand prize.

The same two young men won the Saturday prize, a pair of paddles donated by Hedges Canoes of Ponca, Arkansas, and the Sunday prize, a sleeping bag donated by Pfeifer-Blass of Little Rock. Second place winners were the Byrds of Little Rock who took home the Zebco Travelers' Kit of rod and reel donated by Zebco of Tulsa. Third place award was a Coleman ice chest given by Kampers Korner of Shreveport which went to Dr. Tom Gilchrist and Dave Ginsburg of Shreveport. Jay Edwards and son Jep, of Shreveport came in fourth and were awarded a scuba divers wrist watch donated by Stan Kahn of Pine Bluff. Fifth place went to our fine youth leader and senior canoer, Tip Davidson and partner Irene Armstrong, also of Shreveport. They won a fishing rod donated by Mr. Garland Baker of Arkansas One Ranch of Pine Bluff, and a shovel found on the beach (actually owned by Tip). Note that every canoe entered from Bayou Chapter of Shreveport came out with a prize—an enviable record, to say the least.

Well, the clean up is over, the prizes have been awarded, the trash has been hauled to its final resting place, and the canoers have gone their separate ways. The wake left by the flotilla of canoes has long ago vanished. The river is clean and fresh and beautiful and so she will remain until some unthinking person tosses the first can and the cycle begins all over again. We like to think that in the long run we can win the battle over litter, that we can educate people not to despoil their environment, and, until that day, we'll use our dollars, our time and our efforts to remind mankind that the hour is late, that our very survival depends upon clean water and clean air.

KEEP THE RUSTIC BEAUTY IN BUFFALO STATE PARK

Pine Bluff Commercial, Sunday, September 7, 1969

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an open letter from Mr. Herbert K. Fowler, Professor of Architecture at the University of Arkansas to the state Parks, Recreation and Travel Commission. The Commission proposes to spend \$800,000 of federal money to "improve" the existing facilities at the park and Mr. Fowler, joining the mini-controversy now raging over that proposal, suggests a different approach to our state parks.

As an architect coming in 1952 to Arkansas for a short stay at the University, I was particularly impressed by the special beauty of this state which made it outstanding among the forty-six other states I had seen—a major factor in my deciding to stay in Arkansas.

Since 1952 I have watched the state develop—the cities gradually losing their distinction in favor of the same cancerous urban sprawl typical of (and influenced by) unregulated commercial development of almost any city, anywhere in the United States, where the individuality of the region or the city is replaced by the unswerving interest in building residences and commercial establishments as cheaply as possible, with maximum advertising and minimum regard for the character of the community or the region.

Regulation of such development, I realize, is extremely difficult—nearly impossible in a free society, and is the distasteful norm in free enterprise. What distresses me more—much more—is to witness the same arbitrary standards applied to building by the state in the areas selected by the state for their distinctive beauty: the state parks—areas where control of the development of the natural and physical environment is not only possible, but should be the prime consideration.

I find it difficult to understand, for example, how anything but strictly budgetary considerations could produce the concrete block and plastic structures appearing throughout the state parks so crassly incongenial with the older structures built thirty-five years ago, and with the natural beauty of their sites. Why should structures built by unskilled labor during a depression still be in unobtrusive harmony with the woods and glens of the state parks, and the newer structures, built in prosperity, by trained designers and builders, be so incongruously ignorant of the parks' character? What rule, other than that of cheapness first, can dictate that the character of structures in a park in the northern part of the state should be identical with those in the southeastern part, and congenial to neither.

I have seen this happening to my fav-

oriate Buffalo River State Park. The new residential units, pavilions and service buildings are blatantly inconsistent with the natural, human, and appropriate older structures and with the woods and rock outcroppings of the park. Are the newer, plastic and chrome, air-conditioned units preferred by the Public? Why, when I try to reserve an older unit sometimes months ahead, do I find all the older units already reserved and must content myself and my family with a new unit?

I understand that a new building program is being programmed with EDA funding, involving development and "improvements" such as a swimming pool, tennis courts, picnic sites, hundreds of new campsites, etc., and am vitally concerned that the entire character of the Buffalo River State Park is in jeopardy, that it will become a commercial type of resort development.

I love this park, and other state parks I have visited, as the very places where Arkansas can preserve the good image of a vacationland which the state is dedicated to promoting.

May I therefore add my voice to many others who feel the same way about their state and their parks, and urge adoption by the Commission of the following suggestions for development of all state parks and Buffalo River State Park in particular at this time.

(1.) Consider the character and appropriateness of new building as the prime factor, rather than cheap but sturdy buildings.

(a.) Use native materials: native stone, rough lumber siding, natural wood stains or finishes.

(b.) Use native labor and building techniques: industrial precision is not necessary or appropriate.

(2.) Employ architects or designers whose past work illustrates their sensitivity and ability to design structures relating with and appropriate to each park's environment.

(3.) Restrict the number of campsites. Last week nearly every existing campsite was occupied, and the population at that time nearly overburdened not only the facilities but the river itself. Doubling the campsites, with the attendant increase on facilities, will so overpopulate the area that it will lose the appeal it has. Furthermore, even if more sites are provided, there will still not be enough to meet the demand in the very near future: the problem will not be solved—the family nature of this small park will be destroyed.

(4.) Locate proposed picnic sites separate from camping area.

Transient, one-meal picnickers are an entirely different category from campers—less inclined to respect the privacy of the longer term campers, more inclined to litter and deface an area.

(5.) Refrain from the concept that every park must provide every type of recreation.

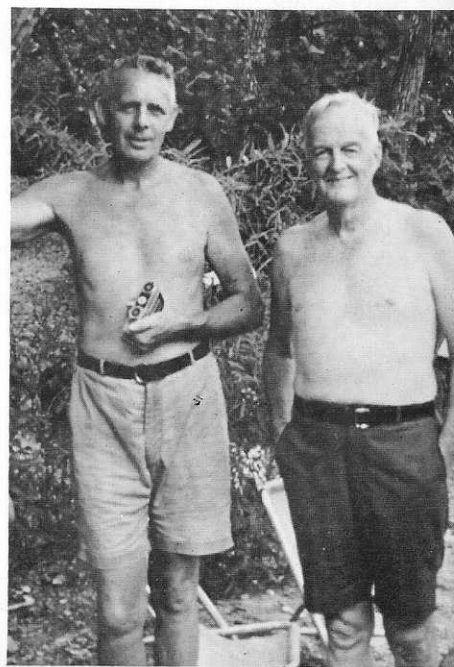
Although a playground at the river campsite would be reasonable, introduction of such facilities as tennis courts and swimming pools is either redundant or overlooking the principal attraction and reason for the park itself: the river. If a tennis court, why not a football field or movie theatre as well?

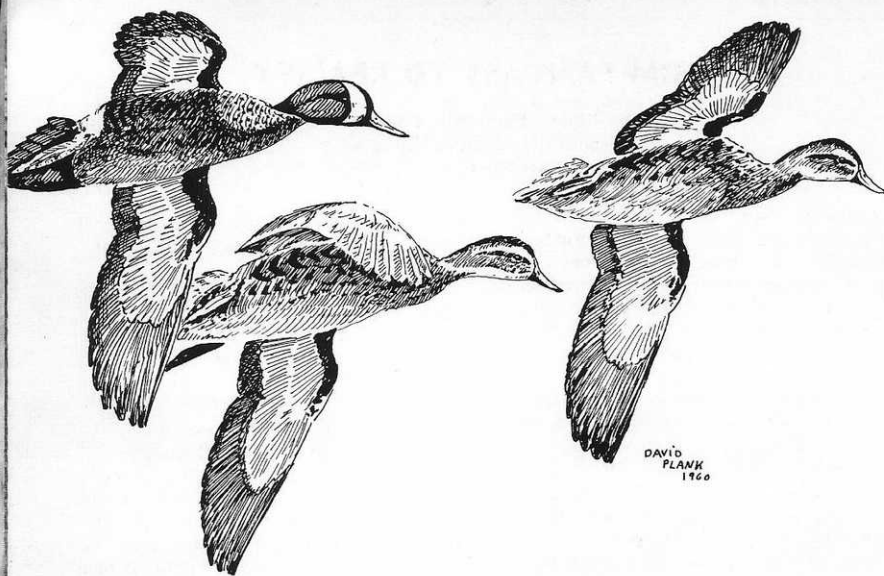
(6.) Establish a citizens' committee to help determine park development.

A small committee of citizens whose particular interest in the parks would be constructive and helpful rather than harmful to progress. Naturalists, sportsmen and architects, aiding in general decision-making would ensure that these family parks be developed to the benefit of the using population and to the natural beauty of the parks themselves, and would represent a voice of the people in the development of their parks.

I have no personal axe to grind in this matter. I am, however, deeply hopeful that my adopted state will set an example to the rest of the country of how to retain and stress the individual character of its natural areas, and will not be swept along in the tide of recreation-area conformity.

DR. ROGER TORY PETERSON (R) WAS GUEST OF HAROLD HEDGES (L) ON THE A.O.U. BUFFALO RIVER FLOAT.





IS MAN AN ENDANGERED SPECIES?

Frances James

More and more ecologists and others are asking this question. The term, "endangered species", is the one applied by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to the Bald Eagle, the California Condor, the Whooping Crane, the Alligator and 132 other wildlife species which for one reason or another are near extinction. And now those who are concerned about certain symptoms of the rapid deterioration of the earth's ecosystem have begun to use the term "endangered species" with respect to mankind. At first glance the parallel does not seem appropriate. After all, thanks to modern technology man grows more food, has more children, and lives longer than ever before. In what sense then could he be put in the same category with the wildlife species that have critically low numbers, limited amounts of appropriate habitat and food, and a low reproductive potential? Hasn't man mastered the environmental constraints that wildlife species are subject to?

Ecologists say the answer is emphatically "no". To be healthy a man requires a certain amount of clean air and water, a certain number of calories of food, a certain amount of space, and a certain set of psychological relationships with other individuals. All the technological advances imaginable will never change these basic requirements. If they are not acknowledged and the necessary social and political adjustments made, man may overpopulate and overpollute his environment until it is unfit for his own existence. Richard

Falk, professor of political science at Princeton University, in an article which appeared in the New York Times in April entitled "Man's Extinction Held Real Peril", warned that our present political structure—based on individual rights—is poorly equipped to handle the necessary changes. Our individual right to do something—spray DDT, for example—must not be more important than the effect it has on the community. Individuals, corporations and nations must find new definitions of community interest and impose them on a global basis.

The evidence of environmental damage due to pollution by DDT and other persistent pesticides is becoming more convincing by the minute. Referring to Rachel Carson's controversial book *Silent Spring* Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin said recently "Although many scientists attacked her thesis on the grounds of inadequate proof, it is becoming frightfully evident that she may very well have understated the case." It appears now that banning DDT may become one of the first steps toward reversing the present trend of increasing environmental pollution, the first acknowledgement that in order to avoid major catastrophe man must structure his society to conform with his basic biological requirements.

All major river basins in the U. S., according to the Public Health Service, are now contaminated with dieldrin, endrin and DDT. For Arkansas, Charles Bryant of the U. S. Geological Survey office in

Little Rock reports that detectable amounts of DDT and its derivatives have been measured in bottom sediments from the Red River drainage in Lafayette County, Bayou Bartholomew in Desha County, Bayou Meto in Arkansas County, and the Arkansas River at Van Buren, all within the last three years.

The National Audubon Society has launched an all-out campaign to get a ban on DDT. In the July issue of *Audubon* magazine Robert Osborn summarizes its hazardous effects. DDT may pollute land and water 25 years after application. Because it is fat soluble it is stored in living tissue, accumulated by animals in natural food chains, and increasingly concentrated toward the top of such ecosystems. Eagles and Peregrine Falcons, at the top of their respective food pyramids, have suffered spectacular reductions in nesting success. There is no longer one pair of Peregrine Falcons breeding east of the Rockies in the United States. Eggs in Alaska carry high pesticide concentrations.

The level of DDT in the "average" American man, woman and child is said by the Public Health Service to be between 8 and 10 parts per million. Although harmful effects from these levels are hard to prove scientists fear possible long range effects. Very little is known about sublethal effects that may be already going on. In research on Bobwhite at the University of Arkansas my husband has shown that diets containing as low as 20 ppm of DDT are associated with reduced learning ability in the birds. To ignore this as a possibility in man is surely unwise.

So the war against DDT is on. Sweden and Denmark have outlawed it. Here, Arizona and Michigan and a number of towns have banned it. Bills are pending in congress. Don't use DDT, aldrin, dieldrin, endrin or heptachlor. There are other chemical compounds that break down naturally within a few days and don't have the long-lasting effects of the persistent pesticides. (The National Audubon Society lists the following as alternatives: pyrethrum, rotenone, nicotine sulfate, methoxychlor, Sevin, malathion, diazinon, dibrom, guthion, Dursban, naled or Abate.) Ideally non-chemical measures for controlling insect pests will become more common. Measures such as water level control to eliminate breeding areas for mosquitoes, local destruction of diseased trees to reduce transmission of the Dutch elm disease, and the introduction of natural insect eaters have worked well in many instances. As members of the Ozark Society concerned about the quality of the environment we must support the movement to ban DDT.

Notes on the August Buffalo River Trip

Notes on the August Buffalo River trip by the Shreveport Council of Youth Groups for Natural Beauty on Conservation

by Tip Davidson, Advisor

The Shreveport, La. Council of Youth Groups for Natural Beauty and Conservation sponsored a canoe trip for young people on the Buffalo River Aug. 11-15.

Forty-eight people went on the trip—33 young people, 6 children, and 9 adults. Ozark Society members were David Ginsburg, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. & Mrs. George Armstrong, Mary Kavalawski, Mr. & Mrs. Wellborn Jack, Jr., and Tip Davidson.

Randy Turner and Barbara Williams were the lead canoe with John Wafer bringing up the rear.

Only one turn over on the trip and that was the leader of the group, Tip Davidson and her partner.

We were living right. We had one very ill girl who had picked up a virus. When we decided we had to take her to a doctor we were not 200 yards from Rush. Mr. Fred Dirst, bless him, took 3 of us to Yellville in his pickup—waited until we had seen the doctor and made arrangements for our sick girl to be taken to friends back at the Park. He then took John and me back to Rush to catch up with the others.

Our put in was at the State Park and our take out at Shipp's Ferry. We shuttled our cars in the middle of the night—since one car carrying a trailer of six canoes and two on top got lost and went nearly to Fort Smith.

There was a wild scramble for canoes before that car and its 8 canoes finally got there. No one was very "mannerly" about getting a canoe. We loaded gear and camped just below the Park—we were too many people for the Park in that busy season.

Despite suggested menus some of the groups has some unusual ones—like one group had much bubble gum and candy and not too much food to stick to the ribs.

A sister and brother brought a long caterpillar tent which they hadn't put up before—everybody joined in to help and had a hilarious time getting the caterpillar's parts properly placed.

My one regret was that we didn't have another famous water fight on icy White River but we got to the White a little too late for playing around and by evening one is not in the mood.

We telephoned the Park-Berryville from Shipp's landing to tell some drivers to meet us the next morning. We went three miles down river to Camp Matney to spend the night. Some of us still had

FROM FANTASY TO REALITY

Randy Turner, President of Council of Youth Groups for Natural Beauty and Conservation, Shreveport, La.

Certainly, we should be concerned. Anyone who has ever seen a TV western would recognize this as Indian country. There has not been a single beer can, cigarette package or soft drink bottle seen the entire journey. And look at that beautiful stream of water, so peaceful, and yet so alive with fish and small animals, seen for just seconds before they scurry away at the sound of our paddles. And didn't we get a glimpse of canoes yesterday in the distance? Yes, I think we should be on the lookout for Indians!

What was that sound . . . over to our right? It was the unmistakable sound of a hoot owl. Oh, there it is again a little farther away to our left. Any pioneer can tell you that the Indians signal to each other when they are about to attack, with exactly those sounds. I wonder when they will come swooping in? How can we defend ourselves . . . We don't even have covered wagons to hide behind . . . just canoes. There is that owl sound again, and oh, no, an arrow just hit me in the arm!

I sat upright with a stabbing pain in my right arm, and as I looked about, wildly, I realized that I had been dreaming and a muscle cramp had hit me in the arm.

You see, it was our first night to camp down river from our starting point on the picturesque Buffalo River. It had been such a wonderful day. We had enjoyed every minute of it too. The water was clear and cool; the vegetation along the banks lush and green; and the lacy ferns and colorful flowers were beyond description. Along certain stretches, the canyon walls seemed to be almost perpendicular, and the rock formations were fascinating. Then there were the rock bars, like the one we had chosen for our campsite. We were all so enthused with the lovely scenery that we just could not stop until we saw that it would soon be dark. Many of us had never used our arms in such strenuous exercise (as paddling) for several hours at a time, so consequently the muscles were overtaxed and screamed at us with spasms. After briskly massaging them, usually the ache went away. If you could get everybody to hush talking and settle down, the next thing you knew, it was morning.

Now you may be one of those persons who never eats breakfast. Somehow you just don't have an appetite when you wake up, but not on a canoe trip on the Buffalo! Anything tastes good, and you eat ravenously. But in no time at all, everyone is ready to get into the canoes and shove off. Just a little way off you

can hear the roar of the rapids, and you know an enjoyable experience awaits you.

Sometimes it is hard to wait for lunch time. The crisp, fresh air just naturally makes you hungry, so it's not a bit unusual to see someone munching on a candy bar or cookie. About the time you have too big a mouthful, or maybe get into an awkward position trying to get your canoe off some rocks, some dear soul snaps your picture. There seems always to be a camera around at those times, but not if you see a beautiful crane lift into the air and fly gracefully away.

Near noon, the scenery seems to lose some of its appeal, as you watch only for a nice place to stop for lunch. Food that you don't like at home, becomes most appetizing; even carrot sticks and dry bread!

No one makes much of a mess, because he wants to leave the place clean, and everybody cooperates in cleaning up.

About this time, the water looks most inviting for a swim and everyone plunges in. Suddenly, someone starts a water fight, and invariably, before you know it, all have joined in, and it becomes one of the highlights of the trip. A Frank Buck hat makes a swell water scoop for fighting.

Then of course, there are the boys who want to show their physical prowess by climbing a mountain. It proves to be no little task; some of the rock formations are almost straight up. No one wants to quit and be called chicken, so up they go. Coming down is even more perilous, but somehow they make it with nothing worse than a few cuts and scratches.

All of a sudden you hear the thunder of a jet overhead, and watch the vapor trail as it fades away, and you can't help thinking . . . this lovely place is so old, yet so modern. You can almost see the ripple from the Indian's canoe of the past, while above there are the sounds of tomorrow.

As you look up at the clear, blue sky, and listen to the sounds of nature about you, you are thankful to your Maker for the opportunity to experience all this natural beauty.

It would be such a shame to deprive future generations of the chance to share experiences such as we have had and hope to share again and again. May the beautiful Buffalo River be left in its natural state for prosperity.

We of the CYGNBC would like to go on record as being 100 per cent in favor of making this river into a National Park.

(Continued on Page 13)



"A QUIET PEACEFUL PLACE" ON THE CADDO

The Death of the Caddo River

Arkansas Gazette

Wednesday, August 13, 1969

To the Editor of the Gazette:

It should be noted that a river died today (August 8). As the gate closed on the new DeGray Dam near Arkadelphia, the Caddo River joins the long list of rivers which have succumbed to a disease known as impoundment.

The quiet peaceful places along a scenic stream—places where you and I have contemplated the more pleasant things of life, the fragrance of a flower, the color

of a sunset, or the pleasure of a moment of shared solitude with a friend—a place where the pressures of the hectic world in which we live can be erased from memory and one's mind and soul can be meaningfully refreshed—all of this is fastly vanishing because these things apparently have no "monetary value" to the general economy.

If future generations are to be allowed the privilege of enjoying some truly

quality outdoor recreation experiences, citizens of Arkansas must act and demand that a few of the remaining unaltered streams and wild areas remain untouched by the bulldozer. Have we reached the position where we cannot afford to "do nothing", to "not develop" and allow one of the most meaningful resources of the State of Arkansas to be needlessly destroyed?

Joe F. Nix



BOTANICAL NOTES

Maxine Clark

Those of us living in a temperate climate in an area where the deciduous forest is the prevailing vegetational type are indeed blessed. When deciding which season is favored as the most beautiful, we have difficulty weighing the pros and cons of spring and autumn. Spring with unpredictable stormy weather and threats of late freezes seems almost violent. One is awed by the tremendous force of renewed life as the buds swell and a soft downy green replaces the gray-brown drab of late winter. Overnight growth of perennial shoots and rapid succession of the blooming of flowering trees is frustrating to the observer who wishes to watch each phase.

Autumn, by contrast, is gradual, gentle, and could induce a melancholy mood were it not for the flamboyant display of warm glowing colors of various trees. There is always much speculation about the prospects for outstanding coloration and considerable concern that it might be less spectacular. It is a misconception that frost is necessary for change of leaf color; a killing frost will turn the leaves brown and cause them to fall.

If frost is not responsible, what factors bring about this decided change in the leaves? As autumn approaches shorter days result in reduced hours of sunshine, warm days and cooler nights, and there is a slowing down of the food manufactured in the leaves. This condition initiates a change in the cells at the base of the leaf stem at its junction with the twig resulting in the formation of an area called the abscission layer; (the leaf will finally break away from the twig at this point, leaving a scar that is distinctive for the species; directly above is the bud for next years leaf). The abscission layer gradually restricts the

passage of water with nutrients to the leaf and there is a consequent depletion and breakdown of the pigment chlorophyll.

As we all know this green pigment is the most abundant one in leaves and is the only agent capable of absorbing light energy which is responsible for the photosynthetic transformation of carbon-dioxide and water into sugar. All life on earth is dependent upon this phenomenon. Chlorophyll occurs with lesser amounts of yellow and orange pigments (xanthophylls and carotenes) in saucer-shaped bodies called chloroplasts; there may be a hundred or more in a single cell. As chlorophyll disappears, leaves take on the color of the unmasked yellow and oranges according to the one which is predominate. We think of the yellows of beech, hickory, mulberry, elm, spicebush and paw-paw, and the orange shades of persimmon, sassafras, plum and some oaks.

This does not explain the flaming reds of sumacs, red maples, sugar maples, sweet gums, black gums, and woodbine. They are caused by the formation of a class of pigments known as anthocyanins. These pigments, not previously present in the leaf cell sap, are water soluble and develop with increased quantities of simple sugars trapped in the leaf. A chemical change has taken place with carbohydrates becoming simple sugars. Anthocyanins form in the presence of strong light; leaves high on the tree and exposed tips of branches color first. Branches of sugar maple near a street light will color prematurely. I have observed the green photographic image on a maple leaf caused by the shadow cast by a higher leaf. The unshaded area turns red.

Anthocyanins are indicators; they

change color according to the acidity of the solution in which they are dissolved and may range from red, purple, to blue. Hereditary factors control this phase of flower colors. There is a wide range of color in sweet gums. It would be interesting to observe one particular tree and see if it always has the same fall coloring.

Our favorite places for viewing the autumnal display are many. Highway 7 south of Jasper with a lookout towards the Buffalo River watershed is superb. One White Rock Mountain one may look down on a sea of highly colored treetops, on to the Arkansas River. This year we hope to view the Ouachitas from the Talimena Scenic Drive which is completed from Mena to the Oklahoma state line.

Enjoyment reaches its fullest expression as you drift lazily down the Buffalo, entering quiet pools that reflect the beautifully tinted sweet gums that arch over the river from both banks. Highly colored leaves of many species are suspended on the water's surface and you are loathe to disturb them with your paddle. Reflections of streamside bluffs, patterned with brilliant red woodbine are so perfect that it is difficult to distinguish the actual bluff from the reflection on a photographic slide.

The fall color parade has become a big tourist attraction in Arkansas. Bus loads of visitors from surrounding states come and the motels are filled. We are hopeful that those interested in monetary consideration from the tourist trade will take a look at our roadsides that have been sprayed and mowed back to the very fence line with a brush-hog. Where are the "weedy" sumacs that give the most brilliant color of all, the golden Indian grass, the goldenrods and asters?

BUFFALO RIVER STATE PARK

Pine Bluff Commercial, Sunday, September 7, 1969

The Ozark Society's recent visitation with the state Parks, Recreation and Travel Commission has drawn some adverse criticism — including the description "snooty" from one respected Arkansas newspaper.

What a representative of the society, H. Charles Johnston of Little Rock, did at the commission's meeting was what more Arkansans need to be doing:

He approached the commission with the idea of using available federal funds for the Buffalo River State Park in ways that are compatible with the character of that particular park.

The last time the commission invested in improvements at Buffalo River State Park, it built two modern, air-conditioned cabins on the edge of a large bluff overlooking the river. These cabins are out of keeping with other cabins in the park. The older cabins, designed with the Ozarks in mind, are rustic. They fit into the quietness and beauty of the park itself.

The new cabins, all modern and glistening, are in glaring contrast to the older

cabins.

Second, these cabins sit on a bluff, overlooking a river unique in this part of America for its scenic attractions and wilderness quality. Their presence jars. They are like a billboard by the banks of a wilderness river.

The commission now has an \$800,000 federal grant which it must spend or lose. To get the money, the commission must submit a program of development for the park.

The commission drew up such a program and it includes, among other things, a lodge - motel, a swimming pool, two tennis courts and two playing fields.

The Ozark Society was convinced that the values which make the Buffalo River State Park the state's most popular state park were endangered by some of the proposed developments. It sent its representative to the commission to see if the commissioners could be persuaded to think in terms of what the park itself means. What has the public gained if the things which give the Buffalo River State Park its unique charm are erased

by thoughtless development?

Should the commissioners attempt to open up a smallish park which will accommodate only a limited number of people to a tidal wave of visitors?

The Ozark Society thought not. Part of Mr. Johnston's presentation before the commission dealt with the possibility of expanding the available space at the park and the efficient use of space already reserved for campers and other visitors. But, even so, he wound up by reminding the commissioners that the Buffalo River State Park could only accommodate so many visitors without turning into another Yosemite.

What the Ozark Society is seeking is some means of opening the park up to more visitors and vacationers, while preserving for these visitors the atmosphere and unique qualities which set Buffalo River State Park apart from the rest.

A lodge-motel, swimming pool, playing fields and tennis courts are singularly irrelevant to the nature of the park.

American Ornithologists' Union Field Trips

Over 100 members of the American Ornithologists' Union toured the Ozarks on field trips during the week-long meeting of the society at the University of Arkansas the first week in September.

Twenty-five canoes put in at the Highway 14 bridge and at the Buffalo River State Park for a one-day float down the Buffalo River to Rush. The authors of the best-selling bird guides were along — Roger Tory Peterson and Chandler S. Robbins — as were outstanding ornithologists from all over the nation. Enthusiasm for the river was unanimous. Letters from the P. H. Humphreys and the R. F. Johnstons at the University of Kansas and from J. W. Hardy at Occidental College in California mention plans for returning for another float this fall.

The other field trip the same day was by bus through the Boston Mountains in the Ozark National Forest with stops at Lake Sequoyah, Cherry Bend, Redding, Wolf Pen and Devil's Knob. Among the 50 ornithologists was Alexander Wetmore who formerly was the director of the Smithsonian Institution, John Aldrich with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service also at the Smithsonian, and Dean Amadon and Eugene Eisenmann from the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Bob Jenkins, American Fisheries Society President-elect

Robert Jenkins of Fayetteville was voted president-elect of the American Fisheries Society by 3,500 members over the United States and Canada. He was installed at the 99th annual meeting of the society in New Orleans September 8-10.

The new AFS president-elect was reared and educated in Oklahoma City and graduated at OU in 1949. He was a district biologist with the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation. In 1952, Jenkins was with the Fisheries Research Laboratory at Norman. He joined the Sport Fishing Institute in Washington, D. C. in 1958. Jenkins left Washington in 1963 for the United States Bureau of Sport Fisheries position at Fayetteville where he is director of the national reservoir research program. Jenkins studied 140 reservoirs in the mid-South in developing a thesis published last year by the University of Georgia. The paper was presented at a Symposium on reservoir fisheries resources by the Fisheries Society of America, Southern Division.

The FSA meeting in 1970 will be conducted at New York City with 5,000 members expected to attend. Jenkins is in line to be elevated to the presidency during the New York meeting.

RESOLUTION NO. 3 REGARDING WATERSHED PROGRAMS WHICH INVOLVE CHANNELIZATION AND IMPOUNDMENTS adopted by THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY at its annual meeting September 12, 1969.

WHEREAS, the fishery created by rivers and streams in their natural state offers a unique challenge to sport fishermen; and

WHEREAS, rivers and streams play a vital role as nursery grounds and spawning grounds for valuable fish; and

WHEREAS, the opportunity afforded present day fishermen to utilize rivers and streams is greater now than ever before; and

WHEREAS, various governmental agencies are involved in stream habitat alterations which usually result in a loss of the unique stream value, with subsequent detriment to the fishery; now therefore be it

RESOLVED, that the American Fisheries Society implore the administrators of the Construction Agencies involved to delay, at the request of local game and fish administrators, watershed programs which involve channelization and impoundments until a realistic economic evaluation of the recreational, aesthetic and ecological aspects of this resource can be ascertained; and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be forwarded to appropriate authorities in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Clean Up Float Illinois River, Oklahoma

September 20-21, 1969

Dick Murray

This clean-up float was held by the Northeast Oklahoma Chapter of the Ozark Society, with Ed Zeitz of Tulsa leading. Others I knew beforehand, or met on the trip, were Bob Martin, Bob Ferris, Jack Van Ness, and Alice Rodgers. The starting point was at the Chewey Bridge, about nine miles south of the village of Kansas, Oklahoma, with the first day's run to the State Park, about five river miles. The second day's run was from the State Park to Eagle Bluff Camp, about ten river miles.

Total participation included 37 canoes, of which 20 were those of Society members and guests, and 17 belonged to two Boy Scout troops from Tulsa. Many canoes carried three and four persons, making about 100 persons on the trip.

Trash collected the first day included 84 burlap bags full, 6 tires, and a bed-spring. That collected the second day included 94 burlap bags full, 11 tires, and another bed-spring by the same canoe of the day before. The County Road Dept. furnished trucks to haul the trash away.

The Tulsa unit had not made arrangements for awarding prizes, so money was donated at the starting point for awarding \$1 to the youngster under 14 years, and the same to anyone 14 and older, for gathering the most trash each day.

No unusual events occurred except there were two tipovers on the second day, both caused by overhanging willows. A well-liked social hour after supper on Saturday was spent singing around a large bonfire, someone having brought along mimeographed copies of popular songs which were distributed for those who could not remember the words.

My dog Mistie had a wonderful time chasing the thousands of newly-formed frogs along the river banks.

Arkansas Delegation Seeks Funds for Blanchard Springs Caverns

Governor Rockefeller, accompanied by James Morris (Jimmy Driftwood) and Lou Oberste of the Publicity, Recreation and Travel Commission, recently went to Washington to consult with Secretary Hardin of the Department of Agriculture, under which the U. S. Forest Service operates, in an attempt to secure adequate funds to finish the job of preparing Blanchard Springs Caverns for public display. Secretary Hardin has not yet made a decision but is making a study of the needs of the project.

THE POUR-OFF

David Strickland of Muskogee, Oklahoma, a member of the Ozark Society, is The Governor's Conservationist of the Year for Oklahoma in the National Wildlife Federation competition. David is president of the Scenic Rivers Association of Oklahoma which he was instrumental in organizing to combat threats to the Illinois River of that state.

October 25-26

The Northeast Oklahoma Chapter is participating with the Tulsa Canoe Club and the Scenic Rivers Association in a float with Oklahoma legislators as guests.

The University of Arkansas Chapter of the Ozark Society is to be reactivated at a meeting Tuesday evening, October 21, according to plans of Phil Gipson and Steve Wilson. There will be a showing of DOWNSTREAM, the Missouri Conservation Commission's film of Ozark streams, and slides taken in 1964 on a float when the University chapter was active.

NOTES ON THE AUGUST—

much too much food in our knap sacks to enjoy carrying our gear up the hill to the camp sites. That evening was first aid night. One of our fisherman got a fish hook in his ear that had to be cut out and a young fellow with another group was swinging on a grapevine which broke and dropped him quite a distance, resulting in a broken arm. We splinted it with a pillow splint. He was taken next morning to a doctor.

Mr. Bill Ford and his friend with two big motors towed our twenty-one canoes up stream to Shipp's landing next morning.

The mist rising from the river and these two long strings of canoes was quite a sight in the early morning.

Loading gear and canoes at the landing was quite some job but everybody pitched in and made the work go fast.

We had to change young drivers quite often coming home because they got so sleepy.

Every year (this is our Third Annual Buffalo Canoe Trip) we have a picture slide party after everybody's pictures have been developed. We invite the parents and it's always fun reliving the trip in pictures and reminiscing.

Dr. Hugh D. Miser

Dr. Miser, who wrote "An 18 Day Foot Journey in the Headwater Country of Cossatot River, 1916" which was printed in the Spring Bulletin, died suddenly on August 1 at his home in Washington, D. C.

He was working regularly at his office in the United States Geological Survey at the age of 84.

He made the remark that he had so much fun writing the article for us that he had resolved to write his memoirs of early day Arkansas after he had finished this last year with the Survey. Much has been lost to us by his not having lived to do this.

Dr. Miser, born near Pea Ridge, Arkansas, December 18, 1884 had been a geologist with the United States Geological Survey for sixty-two years. His first work for the Survey was in 1907 in the Caddo Gap Quadrangle east of Mena.

By the end of the year 1910, he had assisted in the geological surveys of the Eureka Springs and Harrison Quadrangles. This mapping included the Buffalo River and adjacent areas from just south of Lost Valley to west of Hasty covering the Hemmed-in Hollow and Camp Orr areas.

Much of his work has been done in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas and Oklahoma, and he is recognized as an authority on the geology of the area.

Dr. Miser retired from the Survey at age seventy and was working on his fifteenth extension as a re-employed annuitant. The long history of his work and accomplishments is summarized in Who's Who in America for 1968-69.

He frequently returned to Arkansas for consultation with the members of the State Geological Survey at Little Rock.

He was loved and revered by all who knew him, most of whom are those in the geological profession.

Arkansas State Parks, Recreation and Travel Commission is to be congratulated upon their new publication, **A Nice Change of Place, ARKANSAS**. Of special interest is an article, **Free-Flowing Streams of Arkansas**, by Harry Pearson. Many of Mr. Pearson's fine photographs appear in the publication.

ANNUAL MEETING OF OZARK SOCIETY, HOT SPRINGS, NOV. 15-16.

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ACTIVITY SCHEDULE

Those wishing to participate in any activity are requested to contact the leader at least one week in advance. It is often necessary to make changes in plans. Send a self addressed envelope to leader or chapter chairman for final details and instructions on how to get to the meeting place.

OZARK SOCIETY CENTRAL ORGANIZATION

| | | | |
|------|-------|--|---|
| Oct. | 18-19 | ELEVEN POINT RIVER; meet early Saturday morning at the Narrows Aquatic Farm for a float on a part of the Missouri section. Camping space has been reserved for the nights of the 17th and 18th. Because of the distance, it would be best to be on the ground Friday evening, the 17th. | Everett Bowman Joe Clark |
| Nov. | 15-16 | ANNUAL MEETING, Majestic Hotel, Hot Springs—camping area available in National Park. See separate box in regard to room accommodations at the Majestic Hotel. | Neil Compton Everett Bowman Joe Nix |
| Nov. | 27-29 | ANNUAL THANKSGIVING FLOAT of the Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club. This year on the Buffalo River; Ozark Society members are invited but must make reservations at least one week before. Thanksgiving dinner is by reservation only and everyone has a responsibility. Limited to 51 canoes. | Harold Hedges |

NORTHWEST ARKANSAS CHAPTER

| | | | |
|------|-------|--|-------------------|
| Oct. | 25-26 | RICHLAND CREEK Hike, overnight backpack, Falling Water Creek to Wasson School. | Harold Hedges |
| Oct. | 26 | FALL BUS TOUR out of Fayetteville. | Mrs. Laird Archer |
| Dec. | 13-14 | Hike INDIAN CREEK on the 13th, BEAR CREEK on the 14th | Dick Murray |
| Jan. | 17-18 | Hike WHITELEY CREEK on the 17th, MOORE CREEK on the 18th | Harold Hedges |

NORTHEAST OKLAHOMA CHAPTER

| | | | |
|------|-------|---|--|
| Oct. | 18-19 | Float Buffalo, Ponca to Pruitt if condition of river permits | |
| Dec. | 11 | ANNUAL MEETING of Chapter for program planning and election of officers. Zebco Plant Cafeteria, 6101 E. Apache, Tulsa, Okla., 7:30 p.m. | |

PULASKI CHAPTER

| | | | |
|------|----|----------------------------------|----------------|
| Oct. | 26 | FALL BUS TOUR out of Little Rock | Everett Bowman |
|------|----|----------------------------------|----------------|

DELTA CHAPTER

| | | | |
|------|-------|---|-------------------------|
| Oct. | 19 | INDIAN CREEK, limited to 16 | Harry Pearson |
| Nov. | 1 | CADDO RIVER COUNTRY Hike with Ouachita Chapter | Joe Nix |
| Nov. | 22-23 | BUFFALO RIVER COUNTRY Hikes, teams to explore Sneys Creek, Beech Creek Canyon | Tom Parsons Jim Rees |
| Dec. | 6-7 | CANEY CREEK AREA backpacking trip—details to be announced—if interested send self addressed envelope. | Tom Parsons |
| Dec. | 20-21 | CADDO RIVER FLOAT, Norman to Amity | E. W. Freeman III |

OUACHITA CHAPTER

| | | | |
|----------------------|---|--|------------|
| Nov. | 8 | Hike COOPER CREEK AREA (Between Malvern and Hot Springs) | Lee Kuyper |
| Dec. | 6 | Hike to NEEDLE'S EYE (near Bismark) | Joe Nix |
| Date to be announced | | A tour of CADDO RIVER in DEGRAY RESERVOIR AREA. Trip will be scheduled as Parker Falls area begins flooding. If you wish to be informed of date, send self addressed envelope. | Joe Nix |

BAYOU CHAPTER

| | | | |
|------|----------|--|---------------------|
| Oct. | 19 | INDIAN CREEK CANYON Hike, limited | Wellborn Jack, Jr. |
| Oct. | 25-26 | CANEY BACK COUNTRY. Day hike and training backpack. Family outing, meet at Albert Pike Forest Service Campground. | John W. Axford |
| Nov. | 27-30 | CANEY BACK COUNTRY. Four day backpack with Sierra Club, Lone Star Chapter. Limited number of Ozark Society participants. | Wellborn Jack, Jr. |
| Jan. | 24-25 | CANEY BACK COUNTRY, "Snow and ice are nice", ridgeline backpack. Special conditioning and equipment required. | Wellborn Jack, Jr. |
| Feb. | 21-(22?) | COSSATOT FALLS and SHUT-INS. Day hike, family outing. (Those with down bags may stay overnight) | George C. Armstrong |

ACTIVITY LEADERS

| | | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| Mrs. Laird Archer Box 38, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701 | 442-4497 | Wellborn Jack, Jr. Slattery Bldg., Shreveport, La. 71101 | Bus. 424-3213 Res. 865-3303 |
| George C. Armstrong 311 E. 76, Shreveport, La. 71106 | 865-8302 | Lee Kuyper Box 246, Ouachita Baptist University, Arkadelphia, Ark. 71924 | |
| John Axford 2915 Bobbie St., Bossier City, La. 71010 | Res. 746-5020 or Bus. 423-4171 | Dick Murray 2006 Austin Drive, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701 | 442-8995 |
| Everett Bowman 24 Sherril Heights, Little Rock, Ark. 72202 | MO 3-2317 | Joe Nix Chemistry Dept., Ouachita Baptist University, Arkadelphia, Ark. 71924 | CH 6-6534 |
| Joe M. Clark 1724 Rockwood Trail, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701 | 442-2404 | Tom Parsons Pine Bluff Commercial, Pine Bluff, Ark. 71601 | Res. 535-2775 |
| Neil Compton Box 209, Bentonville, Ark. 72712 | CR 3-5123 | Harry Pearson 114½ Olive, Pine Bluff, Ark. 71601 | JE 4-3322 |
| E. W. Freeman III 9 Southern Pines Drive, Pine Bluff, Ark. 71601 | JE 4-1305 | | |
| Harold Hedges Ponca, Ark. 72670 | 428-5445 | | |

New Memberships are good for the remainder of this year and 1970

THE OZARK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 38 Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

Dues are for the calendar year. They are: Regular, \$3; Contributing, \$5; Sustaining, \$10 or over.

Please check:

New Member ☐

Renewal ☐

Date.....

Name.....

(If Mr. and Mrs., please specify)

City..... State..... ZIP No.....



BLANCHARD SPRINGS