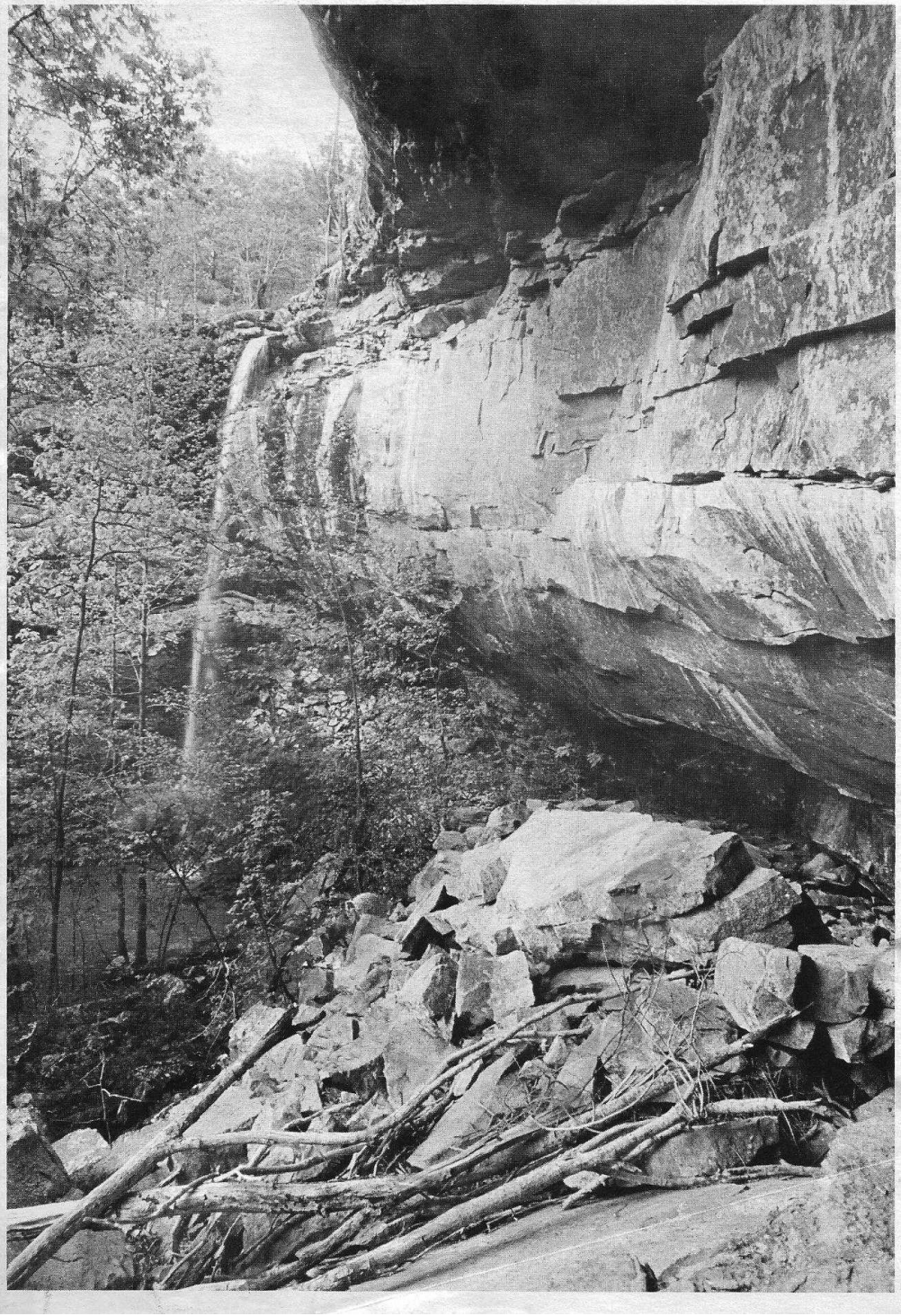
Ozark Society



Ozark "Porff" - Larry Higgins

Bulletin

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LAST CHANCE FOR ARKANSAS WILDERNESS

By June of this year, the opportunities your children and their offspring will ever have for wilderness in Arkansas' national forests will be decided. And our Chapter, as perhaps the only large scale body of experienced back country roamers around, can have a major outcome on the impact of the RARE II Evaluations now under way in the Ozarks and Ouachitas. So, Conservation Committee Chairman Bill Coleman and President Steve Wilson are asking that we all make a little sacrifice and participate in the RARE II evaluation during these next few critical weeks. There are 35 areas to be evaluated and only 33 people signed up to do the work. We need bodies. Please, forego that nice float on the Piney or Buffalo for this spring and work on wilderness instead. The Buffalo will be there next year — wilderness won't, unless we act now. It's a sacrifice, but well worth it. The Society is making a mailing now. Please respond. If you don't get the mailing, contact Bill Coleman at 371-4127 and volunteer to work on one of the study areas. After all, this is what Ozark Society is really all about — a chance to do something positive for Arkansas "the natural state."

GEORGE FISHER RECEIVES AWARD

At its annual meeting, the National Wildlife Federation honored **George Fisher,** cartoonist, and the **Arkansas Gazette** with the **Communications Award** for their cartoons and editorials in opposition to projects such as the Cache River channelization and "progress" at the expense of the environment.

The meeting was in Phoenix, Arizona, March 17-19 where this award and eleven others were given. Statuettes of a whooping crane symbolizing the conservation cause are presented each year at the National Wildlife Federation awards banquet.

IN MEMORIAM

Tom Millard, III, a native of Harrison and former Chapter Chairman, died unexpectedly Feb. 26 at Little Rock. Tom's death at age 40 was a great shock to all his many friends and his humor, leadership, and willingness to work to preserve the Ozark Mountains he loved will be long remembered by this organization. Our sympathies are extended to the Millard family.

—Newsletter, Pulaski Chapter

Following the Explorers—The Yukon Territory

Peter T. Sherrill and J. W. (Bill) Wiggins

Many canoeists dream about that long distance and adventuresome trip which they are going to take some day. Unfortunately, too often, it remains only a dream. There are good intentions and maybe even some planning, but the actual trip never materializes. We decided some time ago that dreaming was not enough. We would make the time and take the trips. For Bill these trips are to experience the pleasures of being in the wilderness. For Pete they are not only a pleasure but an important part of his professional interest in the history of Canada. Few history books can offer the knowledge gained in retracing the routes of the explorers and fur trappers who opened the Canadian wilderness.

Until 1977 our trips to Canada had been confined to Ontario either in the Quetico Provincial Park area or in northern Ontario along the Missinaibi River. The idea for a Yukon trip came from another canoeist who had been with us on several of the Ontario trips, Larry Price. Larry had seen an article in a canoeing magazine about a four hundred mile trip without a single portage. After the numerous portages along Ontario lakes and rivers, that seemed remarkable to us and we were immediately interested. The trip was especially appealing as it tied in with Pete's interest in Robert Campbell, a Hudson's Bay Company explorer and fur trader who was one of the first white men to enter the Yukon. According to Larry's article the trip was indeed over four hundred miles along the Pelly and Yukon Rivers in the heart of the Yukon Territory. Almost immediately, we were taken with the idea of putting in at Ross River, Yukon Territory, the first practical access to the Pelly River, and floating to Eagle, Alaska, just across the border in Alaska. We could then feel with some pride that we had canoed across the Yukon Territory to Alaska.

Initially we thought of the trip as a four man venture. It would be safer and given the distances and time involved, it would be more economically feasible. Bill Wiggins and Pete Sherrill would be in one canoe while Larry Price and another veteran of earlier Canadian trips, Tom LeCroix, would be in the other. For some time we did little but talk about the idea - the tremendous distances involved, the logistics and cost, and our own ignorance of the area. Time to make the trip was a critical factor as we estimated it would take a minimum of six weeks and maybe more. By the summer of 1976, however, we were beginning to take our conversations about the Yukon trip more seriously and a feeling of commitment to the great adventure was growing. The summer of 1977 seemed to be an attractive target date. We received a temporary setback when it became clear that Larry and Tom could not make it, but after many hours of reappraisal we concluded that at a minimum we should start gathering basic information and working on the general outlines of the trip.

We really did not know what a commitment in time and effort we were making. Between the fall of 1976 and the summer of 1977 we spent many hours gathering information, evaluating it, and acting upon it. Our first step was to write the Government of the Yukon Territory for general travel information and to ask for any specific information available on the Pelly and Yukon rivers. We also had to write the provincial governments of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia for information about travel in those provinces. Our past experience with canoeing in Canada was helpful, but not essential, as the necessary addresses could be obtained from a library or travel service. In a few weeks we received a package from the Government of the Yukon Territory which was invaluable. Not only was it stuffed with booklets and a good map but it contained reports on the Pelly and Yukon Rivers prepared by the Canadian National Parks Service in 1971. These Wild River Surveys are written by four man crews who paddle the rivers themselves and they are excellent. Moreover these and similar surveys are available for many of the rivers in the Yukon Territory and elsewhere in Canada. The information from the Yukon Government and the Wild River Surveys convinced us that the trip was feasible for the two of us.

Our next step was to arrange our time commitments for the summer of 1977 and continue gathering the specific information we would need for the trip. Sufficiently detailed maps were our immediate need and here again past experience was helpful. A free index from the Government of Canada Map Office showed us which maps of the Yukon Territory we would need. Unfortunately for some parts of the Pelly River there is nothing available in the scale we desired. Topographical maps in the 1:250,000 series were available for all of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers, but we preferred the more detailed 1:50,000 series. After several exchanges of correspondence we managed to get most of the maps we needed. The Yukon River was regularly traveled by commercial boats until a decade ago and it is well mapped. We found a large scale strip map which showed the main channel of the Yukon River to be especially helpful. In addition to the maps several publications were most helpful. The most important of these was the *Alaska Travel Guide,* which provides detailed information on lodging, dining, camping and a critical mile by mile highway log of the Alaska Highway and the Yukon Territory. We found the *Guide* to be an invaluable although occasionally optimistic source of information.

With our maps in hand we were able to plan our route from Little Rock to the Yukon. Our initial estimate was that the trip would total about eight thousand miles with about two thousand five hundred miles of that total on gravel roads. We knew from the pamphlets we had received and from talking to people who had driven the Alaska Highway that we could expect to have the windshield and headlights of Pete's station wagon broken during the trip. To protect the headlights we devised a wood and wire screen shield which worked effectively but the predictions about a broken windshield unfortunately proved true. Our planned route to the Yukon took us from Little Rock through Missouri, Iowa, South Dakota, and North Dakota where we would cross into Canada at Portal. From there we would drive northwest to the starting point of the Alaska Highway, Dawson Creek, British Columbia. We planned to remain on the Alaska Highway until we reached Watson Lake, Yukon Territory and then take the Robert Campbell Highway to our put-in point on the Pelly River, the town of Ross River. We planned to leave the canoe and the bulk of the gear we would take on the river at Ross River, and drive to our take out point on the Yukon River, Dawson City. While we had planned to paddle from Ross River to Eagle, Alaska, the expense and other difficulties involved with getting in and out of Eagle forced us to settle for Dawson City, a much bigger town about seventy miles upstream from Eagle. We planned to leave the station wagon in Dawson City and make bus or plane connections that would get us back to Ross River. These arrangements for our shuttle were the most open ended aspect of our plans. However, without being able to count on the exact day and time of our arrival in Dawson City we had no choice.

By the spring of 1977 we were also well along in preparing our equipment lists. Even though we each own a canoe we considered renting a canoe in the Yukon Territory to avoid the wind resistance and general inconvenience of a long drive with a canoe on top of the station wagon. In fact we ended up neither bringing our own canoe nor renting a canoe. As we were concerned about the performance of a seventeen foot Ouachita canoe in the heavy water of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers, we borrowed an eighteen foot Gruman canoe from a friend. This turned out to be an excellent choice and lived up to our expectations in every way. The seventeen foot Ouachita canoe probably would have been sufficient for the conditions we encountered but we felt a real sense of security with the larger canoe. Two heavy, but sturdy, Iliad paddles also contributed to our sense of well being. Two wooden paddles served as spares. For comfort we taped one half inch closed foam pads to the seat of the canoe. As the Yukon Territory has a relatively warm and sunny summer climate subject to occasional cold snaps we carried clothing appropriate for any but severe winter conditions. The bulk of our equipment was typical of any wilderness camping equipment lists, but a few items which some might consider luxuries or, perhaps, pecularities, deserve special mention. Probably the equipment that drew more comments than anything else was our two folding aluminum web chairs. Those chairs might seem an unnecessary burden to many campers but to us they proved their worth many times. In fact they served a dual purpose. They fit nicely in the bottom of the canoe keeping the Duluth packs high and dry, and in the evening they provided us with many hours of special comfort in front of a campfire. Another item that some might question was a Coleman gas stove. Carrying it meant carrying gas, which was an irritant, but all things considered the stove

earned its presence particularly at breakfast time. Less important but also worthy of mention were tennis shoes and pillows. It was a real joy to pull off boots and put on tennis shoes when we made camp in the evening. The pillows added a final comfortable touch to every day. It is necessary to add that, if any significant portaging had been involved, these extras would have been sacrificed.

An important part of the preparation for the trip was compiling adequate food lists and obtaining the food. We are probably in somewhat of a rut but we have found that our basic menus are much the same of all of our wilderness trips. Except for the first few days when we feast on fresh eggs and ham, our breakfasts consist primarily of various dry cereals. Occasionally we try powdered eggs and bacon bars. For lunch we usually begin with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and then go to a monotonous diet of tinned meats. Flattening and burning the tins for easier carrying out is a regular evening campfire chore. Evening meals, after the first day's steaks, are primarily freeze dried foods. Some of them are surprisingly good but after four or five days a sameness in taste begins to settle in. In addition to these regular meal items we carry a large quantity of raisins, peanuts and candy bars. On most trips we are able to augment our supplies with fresh fish, however, we never count on that when planning our menus. We also always add an extra supply of food depending on the length of the trip. With everything planned as well as we could the long awaited day of departure finally arrived.

We left Little Rock in a fully loaded station wagon at 6:00 A.M. on July 12, 1977. The odometer showed 25,256 miles. Our canoe was firmly tied down in the front and rear. Eager and brimming with first day energy we drove over six hundred miles to Council Bluffs, Iowa. The next day in North Dakota strong late afternoon winds forced us to stop and retie the ropes holding down the canoe. Some retying and an extra loop or two of rope settled things down and we proceeded without further trouble. At 11:00 A.M. the next morning we entered Canada at Portal with no delay or difficulties. Our first impression of Saskatchewan was of an immense flat country filled with fields of sunflowers and bright yellow fields of something we did not recognize. When we stopped at a Saskatchewan welcome center to acquire tourist literature and to take a break from the tedium of long distance driving, we found a goldmine for canoeists. Stacked neatly on a table were about fifty detailed pamphlets describing canoeing routes throughout the province. As we discussed our expedition with the receptionist she casually suggested that we take the pamphlets and consider canoeing in Saskatchewan some day. Needless to say, we were quick to accept and in the future we hope to gain some first hand experience with those canoe routes. We also learned that the bright yellow fields we had seen earlier were mustard. As we drove on across the province we felt for the first time the vastness of the Canadian plains. Perhaps it is only the tremendous scale but there is an element of loneliness, almost fright, associated with it. Tired and feeling the cumulative effects of three days of long distance driving we stopped in North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

On July 15 early in the afternoon and right on schedule we arrived in Edmonton, Alberta. Edmonton is a large city with a modern prosperous look. In fact Alberta is a prosperous province aided enormously in the past few decades by the discovery and development of large oil and natural gas resources. We planned to do some grocery shopping in Edmonton and service the station wagon in preparation for the gravel roads we would encounter further north. We accomplished both of these tasks and even managed to catch up on our laundry as our motel had a coin operated washer and drier. We came to depend on these coin operated facilities throughout the trip. Feeling somewhat self-satisfied about the way we were maintaining our schedule we ran into our first problem when we attempted to distribute the newly acquired groceries among the Duluth packs. There simply was no way to fit all the groceries and camping gear for an estimated fifteen to twenty days on the river into four Duluth packs with any acceptable organization. Finally we stuffed the packs without regard for organization and paid for it by having to hunt for everything in them when we opened them each day on the river. We made good time the next day as we passed our original destination, Dawson Creek, British Columbia, and went on to Fort St. John. Notwithstanding some beautiful scenery including the Athabasca and the Peace Rivers, the highlights of the day occurred when Bill took a picture of the famous Milepost One of the Alaska Highway in Dawson Creek. We had heard and read a great deal about the Alaska Highway and we were elated to reach the beginning of our journey on it. The Alaska Highway is paved at this point but we were worried by the numerous comments we received that the section of the road we would face the next day was wet and slippery. The owner of the motel in Fort St. John confirmed these reports. Finding a motel on the Alaska Highway in the summer can be a difficult task but we encountered little trouble during our entire trip. The motels along the Alaska Highway and in some of the smaller settlements throughout the Yukon Territory often appear run down on the outside, but inside we found them clean and comfortable. We never regretted our decision to stay in motels whenever possible rather than camp. After driving five or six hundred miles a day repeatedly the luxuries of motels more than compensated for the expense.

The next morning, a short distance outside Fort St. John, we began driving on gravel road. The road was not as wide as we expected and its condition varied greatly. Generally along ridge lines and on high ground it was in fair shape but elsewhere it deteriorated badly. In many places the shoulders were extremely slick and soft. This was especially dangerous as the tendency is to drive close to or on the shoulders to avoid flying gravel from passing vehicles. Frequently we encountered maintenance crews with grading equipment working to keep the road in good shape, but it is an enormous task and they are only partially successful. Later we found out that the road was in unusually poor condition because of wet weather. On the other hand when the road dries out dust becomes a major irritant. We had been on the gravel road only a few minutes when we saw our first wildlife, a cow moose with a calf. Unfortunately by the time we stopped the car and stopped staring it was too late to take a picture. For the rest of the day we drove slowly and carefully the three hundred miles to Summit, British Columbia, the highest point on the Alaska Highway. The only motel in Summit had a room available but the restaurant was closed. For supper we raided our river supplies and ate in the motel room.

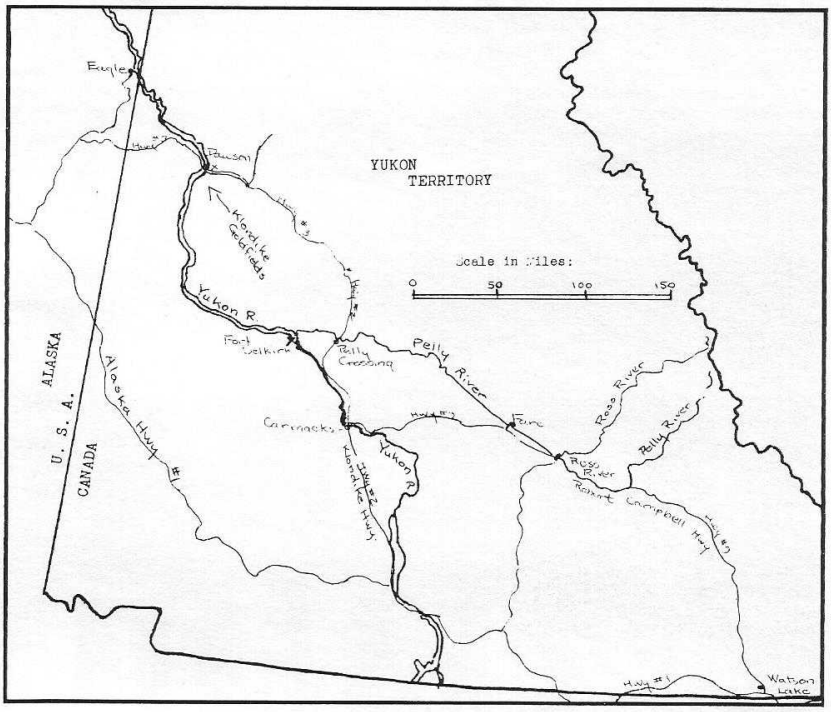
We awakened in the morning to a beautiful sight. The mountain tops surrounding us were covered with newly fallen snow. As the mists cleared and the sun came through, the snow covered peaks, the forest, and several rushing mountain streams combined to create a wilderness picture at its best. Only a desire for breakfast made stronger by the previous night's difficulty with supper ended our fascination with the scenery. We found a small cafe in Rocky Mount, British Columbia, but after chatting and drinking coffee with him for almost an hour, the fiercely independent owner and cook told us that he could not fix our breakfast until he had fed a highway maintenance crew that was coming in. Still hungry we left Rocky Mount. Our spirits were further dampened by a flat tire and a few minor bruises acquired getting out the spare tire. It was not until several hours later that we managed to get both breakfast and a patched tire. Late in the afternoon after a rough last fifty miles we reached Watson Lake, the first sizeable settlement in the Yukon Territory. Watson Lake is famous for a collection of road signs on the western edge of the town. The first of these signs from cities and towns around the world was erected by a homesick U.S. soldier during World War II. Since then tourists along the Alaska Highway have added hundreds of signs to the collection. We looked thoroughly but Arkansas was not represented. In Watson Lake we made a few late purchases including fishing licenses, and then proved to be a source of embarassment to the local highway information office. We were interested in learning the condition of the Cassiar Highway which runs south through British Columbia from near Watson Lake. We planned to travel this road on the return trip. The attendants at the information office told us that the highway was passable but that we might have trouble on the southern most part as it was still a privately owned logging road. They were surprised when we showed them a 1977 map which correctly listed the entire Cassiar route as a provincial highway open to the public. Inexcusably they were using an out of date map! We could not be blamed for having some doubts as to the accuracy of their report on the Robert Campbell Highway from Watson Lake to Ross River, our put-in point. It would be the most desolate stretch of road on our entire trip. There was neither gas nor facilities of any type for over two hundred miles.

Tuesday, July 19th, the eighth day of our trip was a difficult day. The trouble began when we filled up the station wagon with gas that cost $1.35 per gallon. Even though it was an imperial gallon, about twenty percent more than our own, the price was hard to accept. It was the highest price we paid for gas during the entire trip. Our one consolation was that the gas was unleaded, the last we would find for some time. Many times in the Yukon we used regular gas without any noticable change in the performance of the car. After filling up we left the Alaska Highway and began the drive to

Ross River. The Robert Campbell Highway is not noticably different from the Alaska Highway. It is about the same width and it appeared to be well maintained. This remote but good gravel road is named for the Hudson Bay Company explorer and fur trader who entered the Yukon from British Columbia and established a fur trading post at Frances Lake in 1841. About ninety miles outside Watson Lake we had our second flat tire. The situation became ominous when we noticed that the spare seemed to bulge in several places. The remainder of the drive to Ross River was tense and a brief lunch stop shared with hordes of mosquitoes and black flies did not help. Surprisingly this lunch was one of the few times on the trip that we were bothered by either insect. Our spirits were somewhat lifted when we caught a glimpse of the Pelly River from a high spot on the road. It looked big, fast, and remarkably beautiful. We arrived in Ross River about 4:00 P.M. The trip record kept described accurately our reaction to the town. "Lord it is something! I mean bleak!"

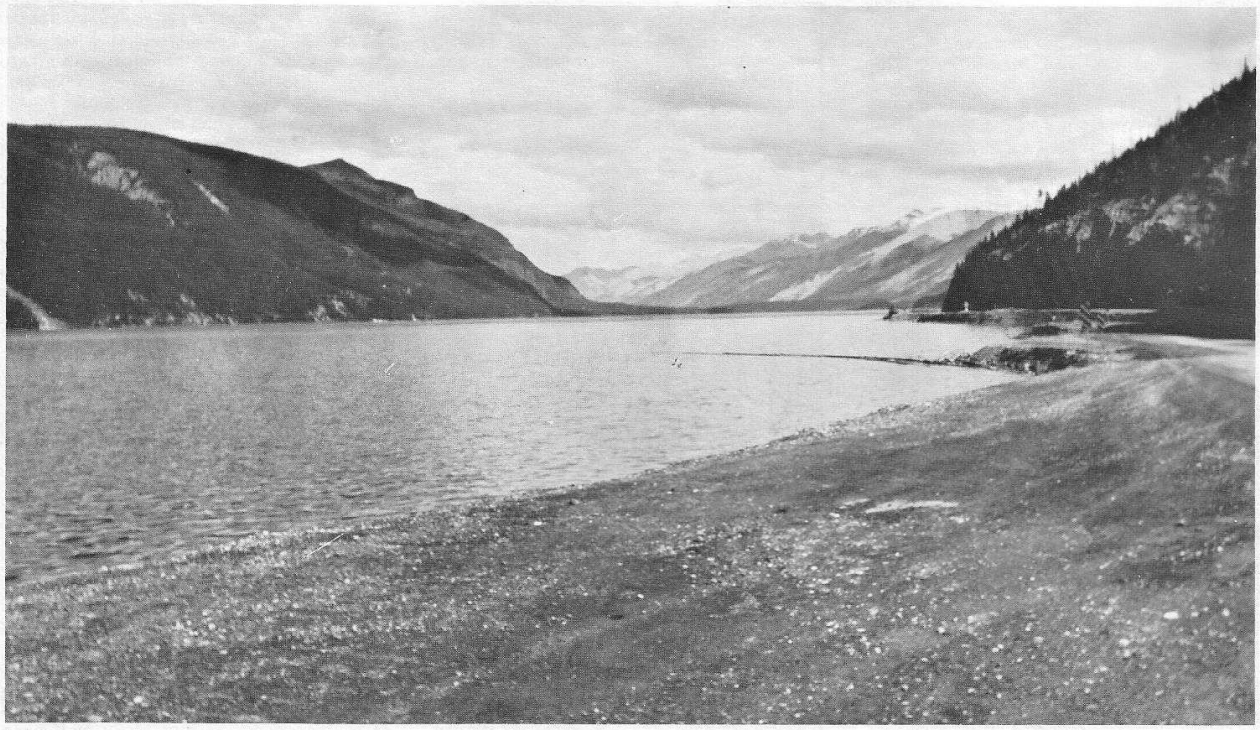
Ross River is a collection of shacks, a gas station, a grocery store, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post, and the "Welcome Inn", all located on the Pelly River. From the outside the "Welcome Inn" appears to be an extra large packing crate which has been enlarged and added to in no meaningful pattern. It serves as a boarding house for the geologists and mining engineers in the area as well as a hotel for the occasional tourist. We had hoped to spend the night at the Welcome Inn, but the $24.00 per person rate discouraged us. We ended up camping on the bank of the river. A friendly mechanic at the gas station repaired the flat tire, or so we thought at the time. Our primary concern was to find a place where we could store the canoe and river supplies while we shuttled the station wagon to our take out point four hundred miles down river, Dawson City. The problem was solved when the local Yukon Forest Service Officer offered us a locked shed in the Forst Service compound. It seemed strange to us, given the low population density, but we learned that everyone in the Yukon Territory invariably locks up everything. We also found the Yukon Forest Service representatives to be helpful and friendly throughout our trip in contrast to the Mounted Police who, in one case, were dangerously inefficient. Before settling in camp for the evening we walked out over the Pelly River on an old, rusty iron foot bridge. Over thirty years ago this bridge had held a portion of the Canol Pipe Line, an unsuccessful World War II oil project which checked the career of a Little Rock, Arkansas native, General Brehon B. Somervell. The Pelly River at Ross River is a beautiful sight. The water is clear and the current is fast, about four to five miles an hour. We looked at the water longingly and hoped that our shuttle plans worked without trouble.

We were up early the next morning to begin the three hundred and eighty mile drive to Dawson City via the remainder of the Robert Campbell Highway and the Klondike Loop. The latter is a good gravel road that leaves the Alaska Highway at Whitehorse and loops through several Yukon towns including Dawson City before it rejoins the main road further north. Unfortunately rainy weather made the road treacherous and we were limited to driving about



thirty miles an hour for most of the day. In addition to the rain we had to share the road with giant ore carriers from the lead and zinc mines at Faro. A chunk of gravel hurled by one of these giants ended our good fortune with the windshield. About half way to Dawson City we got our first view of the Yukon River. As it was above the junction of the Pelly River we knew we would not be canoeing the Yukon at this point, but it was an impressive sight. A short while later we saw Five Finger Rapids and we were awed by the tremendous quantity of water rushing between giant rocks. The old river steamboats could pass Five Finger Rapids on their way upstream, but they had to be winched through by cables and chains. We reached Dawson City about 8:00 P.M. and could find only a tiny and expensive motel room. However after driving three hundred eighty one miles on gravel roads in wet weather we were delighted. After an excellent fresh salmon supper we took a short walk around town and then, exhausted, we went to bed at 11:15 P.M. beneath a bright blue sky.

Dawson City looks like what it was - an old gold rush town. Capitol of the Yukon Territory until 1953 the city is a historian's dream. It is located at the confluence of the Yukon and the Klondike Rivers. Only a few miles up the Klondike River at what became known as Bonanza Creek gold was discovered on August 17, 1896. This gold find started the famous Klondike Gold Rush. Eventually over three hundred million dollars worth of gold was taken out of the area creeks, and at one time Dawson City's population was over forty thousand. Today the population is less than one thousand and all that is left of the gold mines are huge tailing piles left by the commercial dredges of modern times. Currently only a few individual miners still work small sluicing operations. However, Dawson City, itself, is undergoing a considerable rejuvenation based on tourism. Many of the old city buildings have been declared National Historic Sites and several of them have been restored. It is possible today to see a stage show in the Palace Grand Theater which originally opened in 1899 or to gamble in Diamond Tooth Gertie's. All in all Dawson City is a fascinating place, and a trip to the museum and a tour of the old Yukon steamer, the SS Keno are especially worthwhile. For us Dawson City was extra enjoyable as it meant no long distance driving for the first time in over a week. We did experience some real anxiety when we had difficulty finding a safe place to store the station wagon for the period we would be on the river. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police offered no help and the tourist information center was friendly but without suggestions. Finally we remembered our success at Ross River and we located the Yukon Forest Service compound. Again we received a friendly reception and the local director made room for our vehicle inside the compound. Prior to leaving the wagon in the compound we checked the spare tire and found it had only five pounds of pressure in it. The patch we had gotten at Ross River had not held. We had driven from Ross River to Dawson City without a spare tire. We both said a silent prayer in thanks that we had not had any trouble and that we had not been aware of our predicament! With the station wagon safely stored and a new tire ordered from the local garage we bought our bus tickets for Ross River via a connection at Carmacks. The bus to Ross River ran only three times a week but we had timed our arrival in Dawson City with that schedule in mind. The next day we left Dawson City at 6:00 A.M. and arrived at Carmacks at 1:00 P.M. There we had to wait until the early evening for the connecting bus. Much of the time we spent talking with canoeists who stopped at Carmacks on their way down the Yukon River. All of them



Lake on the Alaskan Highway

seemed to be enjoying their trip and the canoe parties varied from families to mixed teenagers. Our excitement for the day came when the overflow from the ever present local bar got noisy and quarrelsome. A visit from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police quieted things down but we were glad to board our bus. About a half hour after we left Carmacks we were startled when one of the passengers, a young German who had arrived at Carmacks with a canoe party, asked the driver to stop the bus and let him off. He was looking for a trail to a near by stream where he apparently had plans to meet another canoeing party. There was no trail visible and the bus driver informed the young man that he knew of no such trail. It made no difference. Several other passengers tried to persuade the young man to change his mind without success. He left the bus and began walking along the road looking for his trail. Some time later the driver stopped the bus at several cabins and reported the incident. We never learned the end of this strange episode. Shortly after midnight we arrived in Ross River. Aware that we would arrive late we had made reservations at the Welcome Inn, but it was only with the bus driver's help that we located the proprietor at his bar across from the Inn and received keys to our rooms.

July 23 was the great day. We had only to retrieve our canoe, load it, and be on our way. These tasks were made simple when the service station manager lent us his truck to haul our canoe and gear to the bank of the river. We had a brief scare when we could not awaken the Yukon Forest Service ranger but eventually we aroused him and secured our equipment. After a few last minute purchases and pictures we were ready. Over four hundred miles of wilderness canoeing was in front of us. We were both excited and apprehensive as we paddled into the main current and were swept downstream.

Within a few miles we were marveling at the scenery. Snow capped mountains were visible in the distance while high sand bluffs looked down on us. These bluffs were eroded in such a fashion that it appeared as if hundreds of huge sand faces were focussed upon us. It was difficult to pay attention to the river as we tried to interpret the expressions of these sand giants. About noon we stopped for lunch on a convenient gravel bar which proved to be free of insects. It seemed to us that the surrounding woods must have looked exactly the same to Robert Campbell and the few voyageurs who regularly paddled the Pelly River. During the afternoon we developed a steady rhythm and feel for the river, but we were happy to stop about 5:00 P.M. We had paddled twenty five miles from Ross River. Fire wood was plentiful and again there were no troublesome insects so our first camp on the Pelly River was an excellent one. We crawled into our tent just a few minutes after sunset, 10:30 P.M.

We were up at 7:00 A.M. for our first full day on the river but we took our time and did not break camp until late in the morning. When we first stumbled out of the tent it was chilly but within a few hours we began to shed clothing and enjoy the unexpectedly warm sun. Bright sunshine and warm days, even several uncomfortably hot days, were characteristic of the weather while we were on the river. Early in the afternoon we drifted under the Faro bridge, our last touch of civilization for one hundred sixty five miles. About 6:00 P.M., forty miles from our first camp, we stopped again for the night. With the help of the fast current we were making excellent time. Very quickly we settled into a pleasant routine of late breakfasts which we consistently enjoyed, some serious paddling before lunch, and a combination of drifting and paddling before stopping for the day about 6:00 P.M. With the beautiful scenery it was often difficult to paddle at all. We each kept a constant eye on the river banks hoping to spot a moose, or a grizzly bear or other wildlife. The forest, although occasionally marred by fire, was by itself beautiful. The dominant trees in the Pelly River region are black spruce, white spruce, and poplar. Willow and alder were also common along the river banks. Several times we spotted moose with their calves and smaller animals but, perhaps fortunately, never did we see a grizzly bear. Bill saw a caribou but never could convince Pete of the fact. On our third day we ran one of the few rapids on the Pelly River below Ross River, Little Fishook Rapid. This rapid is in an S shaped bend, short, wide and shallow with boulders breaking the surface of the water. It is supposed to be a Grade II rapid and we were nervous as we approached, but our eighteen foot Grumman handled the heavy water with ease. Canoeing in Canada has taught us that there is a great deal of difference in safely canoeing the rapids there and safely canoeing white water in Arkansas. That difference primarily involves the volume of water moving through the rapid. Canadian white water tends to be wide and deep, and the volume of moving water is tremendous. To us wilderness canoeing dictates scouting a rapid thoroughly, being ultra conservative when deciding whether to shoot a rapid or portage, and practicing extreme caution if we decide to make the run. However, without exception, the rapids we encountered on the Pelly River in late summer were less than Class II and certainly less difficult than many rapids we have experienced in northern Ontario.

On the fourth night out we had our worst

encounter with the feared Yukon mosquitoes. Sometime during the night it began to rain, and Bill opened the netting of the tent to zip up the storm fly. When he did every mosquito in the Yukon took it as an invitation to a feast. It was a battle royal until we swatted the last aggressor and got back to sleep shortly before dawn. When we awakened we lay for some time watching with grim satisfacton as several dozen wasps assaulted and ate the mosquitoes clinging to the outside of the tent netting. We were only partially satisfied when a hot sun ended this fitting justice and forced us out of the too warm tent. A few hours after breaking camp we found, to Pete's delight, the remains of an old trading post at the mouth of the Tummel River. The post had been an unusually large one with four rooms, and much of it was still standing. The layout and construction of the old building and the paraphernalia we found scattered about outside including a toboggan, shelters for sled dogs, parts of an old wagon, and many other items adding up to an informative chapter in Canadian history. Before we left we had used several rolls of film and Bill had to listen to a lecture on the historical importance of trading posts.

The next afternoon we stopped several hours earlier than usual to avoid having to run Granite Canyon when we were tired and to avoid any problems we might have finding a campsite. Granite Canyon was one of our major worries on the Pelly River. According to the Canadian Wilderness Survey Report the Canyon was four miles long and with three sets of rapids, and it was confined by two hundred to two hundred fifty foot cliffs. At the end of the Canyon was a towering rock "protruding from midstream" which was surrounded by standing waves resembling "dancing horses". The next morning we entered Granite Canyon prepared for a fast and perhaps furious ride. The first few miles were fast, but there was surprisingly little white water. Then almost at the end of the Canyon a thirty to forty foot tower of rock surrounded by huge hay stacks rose directly in the middle of the river. It was a magnificent sight and we had time to paddle to the bank, grab hold, and take several pictures before we swept past. The current carried us far beyond Needlepoint Rock to the mouth of Needlerock Creek where a picture perfect mountain stream enters the Pelly River. As we ate lunch at this beautiful spot, Pete discovered that his new camera was not working and probably had not been working through several rolls of film. It was a serious blow but not disastrous as Bill had been taking many of the same shots. Later in the afternoon we paddled past several log cabins with small vegetable plots and the ever present dogs. These cabins belong to the relatively few people who still live along the rivers of the Yukon and make their living by trapping or on occasion guiding. Early in the evening we paddled under the bridge at Pelly Crossing. Here the Klondike Highway crosses the Pelly River about half way to Dawson City. Pelly Crossing has a store, a post office, a gas station and, of course, in the Yukon, a tavern. It is the last exit from the river prior to Dawson City.

The forty three mile section of the Pelly River between Pelly Crossing and the confluence of the Yukon River offers a varying topography, but generally it is less scenic than the long beautiful stretch preceding it. The major feature is a high black basalt wall which dominates the right bank and continues for several miles along the Yukon River. A short distance above the confluence of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers, Pete spotted several large animals on the bank and hollered for Bill to take a picture of the "moose" before they wandered into the brush. Bill dutifully and hurriedly began taking pictures, but as we got closer we saw that that he was photographing what we immediately named a "Pelly Moose". The animals were white faced Herefords that belonged to the Pelly Ranch. This ranch is more than sixty years old and at one time it supplied feed for the horses of a stage line joining Dawson City to Whitehorse. Today it is one of the few farms in the Yukon. A few miles below the ranch we entered the Yukon River and fought our way across a fast moving current to the site of Fort Selkirk.

For Pete especially it was one of the main attractions of the trip. Fort Selkirk is accessible only by air or water, and very few historians of Canada have ever visited it. The Fort was established as a Hudson's Bay Company trading post by Robert Campbell in 1848. During the Yukon gold rush it served as a temporary headquarters for the military unit sent to ensure law and order, the famous Yukon Field Force. There are more than a dozen buildings on the site, a few of which have been restored by the Canadian Historical Sites Commission. At present the site is abandoned except for a caretaker, Mr. Danny Roberts. We signed Mr. Robert's guest book and received his permission to examine the old buildings and the Yukon Field Force cemetery. It was a fascinating day poking into a Hudson Bay Company store, a Taylor and Drury general store, a Northwest Mounted Police post, a one room school house, and a restored Anglican church. A Roman Catholic church and white and Indian cemeteries are located back in the woods. Fort Selkirk was abandoned when the Yukon River traffic died and the Klondike Highway by-passed the site. Inside the Anglican church we found a small hawk trapped in an old pot bellied iron stove. We were proud of our contribution to wildlife preservation when we finally managed to coax the bird from his trap and grant him freedom. Our visit to Fort Selkirk ensured several new lectures in Pete's Canadian History course, and it was with reluctance that we left this fascinating spot and continued down stream.

Until the completion of the Alaska Highway the major commercial artery in the Yukon Territory was the Yukon River. Just a few decades ago the river featured numerous steam powered stern wheelers carrying passengers and freight to various destinations. Presently only a few people still live along the river and use it for commercial and personal transportation. However, rapidly increasing numbers are using the Yukon River for cultural-historical and recreational travel. We found the Yukon River to be wide up to one mile, and to our surprise faster than the Pelly River. We also found more people traveling on the Yukon River and living along the banks. Whereas we had seen no one for a five day stretch on the Pelly River, we saw an average of two or three canoes per day and at least two or three homesites per day along the Yukon River. For several days below Fort Selkirk the scenery is especially attractive. Mountains rise steeply from both banks enclosing the river completely and presenting the appearance of a Norwegian fiord. Frequent morning mists and bright green islands appearing in the twisting channel add to the beauty. Unfortunately for the canoeist camp sites on the Yukon River between Fort Selkirk and Dawson City are harder to find than they are on the Pelly River. The Yukon River offers a great deal in terms of historical interest. Remains of the great 1898 gold rush are easy to find and almost every creek features the ruins of an old cabin or a trail leading to an old placer mine site. These sites are usually overgrown with wild roses or other vegetation, but some of them are still used by trappers in the winter. A few days above Dawson City the appearance of the Yukon River is changed drastically by the entrance of the White River. The clear blue-green of the Yukon River, which is potable until the confluence of the White River, gives way to a milky grey color caused by glacial silt suspended in the White River. From this point onward we were forced to rely on water from the mountain streams that trickled into the Yukon River. Occasionally the deep yellow or brownish color of this mountain water gave us doubts, but the water was ice cold and we suffered no ill-effects. A half day's paddle below the White River we pulled to the bank to visit the Burian homesite on Stewart Island. Rudi and Yvonne Burian are natives of the Yukon Territory who maintain a store and a small "museum" filled with furniture and odds and ends associated with the history of the Yukon. Again we had the pleasure of signing a guest book, and we enjoyed a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Burian. It was she who reminded us to stop ten miles down stream at Sixtymile Island or Ogilvie Post, site of the first post office in the Yukon Territory. As we sat by the campfire that evening we were conscious of our nearness to civilization. An airplane from Dawson City flew regularly overhead on its way upstream to show tourists the distinct change in the color of the water where the White River entered the Yukon River. A few minutes later the airplane would return flying very low directly overhead. We guessed that the pilot was giving his passengers a good view of those strange types who canoed the Yukon River.

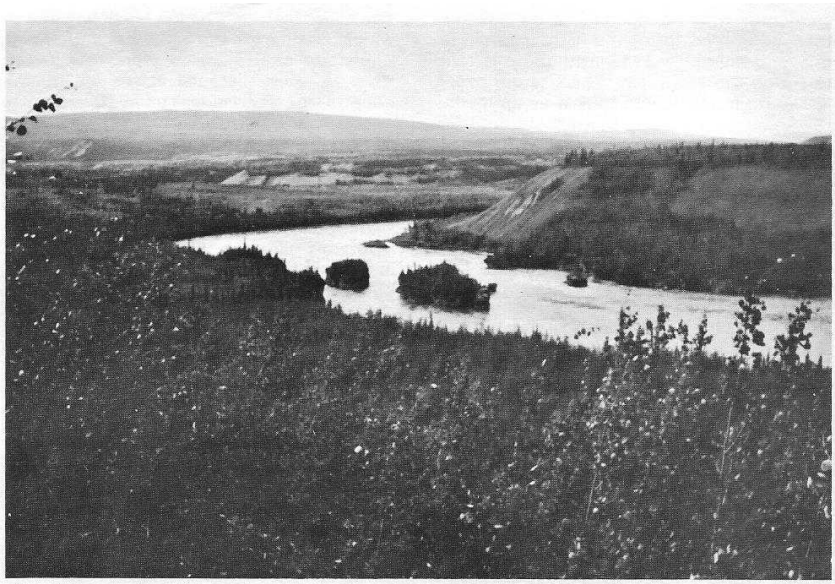
August 4th, the twenty fourth day of our trip, was our last full day on the river. It was a hot day and we were happy to find cold drinking water where a brown tinged mountain creek pushed back the milky grey Yukon water. The heat seemed more oppressive when we noticed a large column of smoke rising high over the left bank of the river. The column of smoke sharply reminded us of the constant danger of forest fires, but by early evening we relaxed as we left the smoke far behind us. Later, in Dawson City, we learned that there were several large forest fires in the area. These summertime forest fires are common in the Yukon Territory, and it is a sound precaution to check with the Yukon Forest Service before beginning a wilderness trip.

We broke camp in record time in the morning and within a few miles we sighted on the side of a mountain the distinctive scar that marks Dawson City. According to Indian legend the scar was caused by a land slide deliberately started by an Indian tribe to bury an enemy village at the foot of the mountain. Whatever the cause, the slide

scar has marked Dawson City for river travelers since the city founding. Notwithstanding a swift cross current from the Klondike River nor the need to avoid a small paddlewheeler carrying tourists from Dawson City, we beached the canoe near the center of town by 11:00 A.M. After retrieving the station wagon our first priority was a motel room and the wonderful luxury of a hot shower. When we checked in with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, we learned that they had lost the wilderness trip plan we had filed with them earlier and they had no record of our departure from Ross River. The incident shook our faith in the vaunted efficiency of the Mounties.

Early the next morning we took our last look at Dawson City and started on the long drive home. We drove slowly to Whitehorse over a road choked with dust instead of being wet and slippery, and we were happy to reach the capitol and largest city in the Yukon Territory late in the day. Whitehorse is a modern city of fifteen thousand which offers all the conveniences. For us this meant primarily two new tires. We had suffered one of many flat tires which we got repaired at Carmacks, but about an hour later yet another tire blew out. We drove the rest of the distance to Whitehorse fully expecting more trouble and dreading the thought of having to hitch hike into the city and back out with a new tire. Fortunately it did not happen.

Our itinerary from the Yukon Territory back home was carefully planned to allow us to see and visit many of the most beautiful locations in western Canada and particularly British Columbia. We reached Watson Lake late in the afternoon and spent some time getting up to date information on the driving conditions for the next segment of our trip. This was the Cassiar Highway, a gravel road which extends approximately five hundred miles from a junction with the Alaska Highway near Watson Lake to a junction with the paved Yellowhead Highway in central British Columbia. The Cassiar Highway was opened to the public along its entire length in the spring of 1977. It is a rough road through the heart of the Cassiar Mountains, but it offers magnificent scenery including excellent views of several glaciers. Unfortunately for us not only was there a great deal of road construction



Five Finger Rapids on the Yukon River

which limited our progress to ten or fifteen miles an hour, but the weather was wet and foggy. Make no mistake the Cassiar is not a superhighway. It is often more than one hundred miles between facilities, but it can be driven without special equipment. After several days on the Cassiar including a roadside camp, we were happy to reach the Yellowhead Highway.

Part of the reason for our selection of the Cassiar Highway as a route south was because it kept us in western British Columbia near Hazelton, the site of a Hudson's Bay Company trading post established in 1868 and the heart of the totem pole country. These fascinating columns which illustrate Indian legends and indicate the lineage of those who own the pole are not carved anywhere else in the world. We were particularly impressed by the replica of a Tlingit Indian village known as Ksan which features a number of communal houses, totem poles and other features of a unique Indian culture. From Hazelton we followed the Yellowhead Highway east through Prince George to the Jasper National Park and Banff National Park areas. These Canadian national parks are well known to many Arkansans because of their remarkable scenic beauty. The drive east up the Fraser Valley to Mount Robson at the western entrance to Jasper National Park was one of the highpoints of the trip. It is impossible to adequately describe Mount Robson or the equally beautiful Mount Edith Cavell, the Athabasca Falls, and the Columbia ice fields. With the greatest reluctance we left this remarkable area and continued our journey home. Unfairly for Montana, Wyoming, and the Great Plains states the going home urge had taken hold by this time and our efforts were concentrated on long distance driving with little appreciation for the scenery. We arrived home on Monday, August 15th, the thirty-fifth day of our trip. The odometer showed 33,161 miles, 7,905 more than at the start. We were tired, a bit weary of each other, and glad to be home, but we had experienced rather than dreamed about an adventure we will never forget.

"You know, Margaret, for a moment there I didn't think we'd make it through those rapids."

Contributed by Debbie Kuiken
from *Chicago Tribune*
Currents, Bluff City Canoe Club

BOB FERRIS RECEIVES CONSERVATION AWARD

Bob Ferris, Indian Nations Chapter, was one of five Tulsans chosen in statewide competition April 27th to receive awards for outstanding conservation achievements. The awards are part of the annual Oklahoma Conservation Achievement Awards Program sponsored by the Okla. Wildlife Federation, the National Wildlife Federation, and the Phillips Foundation in Bartlesville. The program was established 15 years ago as part of a nationwide project to recognize outstanding conservation work by individuals at the state level. The awards are generally known as the most prestigious in the field. Bob Ferris received a special At-Large Award for a wide variety of conservation activities over a number of years. Bob is well known for his work on behalf of scenic rivers in general and the Illinois River in particular. He has also been a leader in molding a system of hiking trails in Okla. by founding the Okla. Trails Association and working for State and National legislation to authorize and fund trail projects. For the past two years Bob has also been a key figure in volunteer efforts to identify portions of U.S. Forest Service lands in Okla. and Ark. that qualify for possible wilderness status in the national wilderness system. He was a key figure in establishing the Okla. Scenic Rivers Association, Illinois River Conservation Council and has held numerous positions as an officer in the Oklahoma Wildlife Federation, the Tulsa Canoe & Camping Club, the Ozark Society, and the Sierra Club. Congratulations Bob!!!

Early Life Along The Buffalo River

By Armon T. Mays

Editor's note: After publishing the photograph reprinted below on page 4, Volume XI No. 2, 1977, we received a letter from Armon T. Mays of Amarillo, Texas, informing us that it was made at Grinder's Ferry on the Buffalo. He pointed out that at the left side of the picture a portion of the ferry boat is visible. He promised to write about Grinder's Ferry, Duff, and Gilbert, and the result is printed here.

All of what is now Searcy County, Arkansas, was covered with timber as late as 1800. However, soon after that, settlers were arriving each year, mostly from Tennessee. They began the task of clearing the timber from the Buffalo River bottoms and from the bottoms of the many creeks. This was the best land. Each acre was hacked out of the wilderness with an ax and crosscut saw, operated by two men. There was good bottom land along the Buffalo and along the lower Bear, Calf, and Richland creeks. This was what the settlers wanted. The minerals of the Buffalo River country were of no known value, then or now. The hardwood timber that was a nuisance when clearing the bottoms was to be of much value later; otherwise, there has never been any industry of note.

There are good river bottom farms along the Buffalo, above Gilbert, known as the Land bend, the Tyler bend, and the Arnold bend.

My grandfather, William Skelton (Billy) Mays, was born near the Arnold bend, January 28, 1852. This is about one mile up the river from Grinder's ferry, now known as the bridge on U. S. Highway No. 65. He lost both parents by the time he was two years of age, and while he never went to school, he was positive that he wanted to be a businessman, and was, all his adult life, as shown below.

As a teenager, he homesteaded some acreage in the Duff community, which is not more than one mile north of Grinder's ferry. There he operated a general merchandise store and also a grist mill, rolling mill, sawmill, and cotton gin with a wood screw.

For grinding corn or wheat, there was a toll, to be paid in corn or wheat. There was also a charge for sawing logs, to be paid in money or in timber. The rolling (flour) mill was shipped from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Sedalia, Missouri, the nearest railroad to northern Arkansas. This trip required about ten wagons and fifteen days time. The cotton gin used the Eli Whitney process to separate the lint from the seed. Then it was baled with a screw made of wood. As oil would cause the wood screw to be soft, they used tar. This press was operated by a mule going in a circle. When one mule was tired, they would use a rested mule. As the bale got tighter, the front feet of the mule would not stay on the ground. My grandparents had nine healthy children, three girls and six boys. One boy would get on the withers of the mule, to keep the mule's feet on the ground; then another boy, then another boy, and another boy.

When the cotton was baled, Grandfather would have constructed a large raft on the sandbar, a hundred feet or so from the Grinder's ferry. They would haul all the cotton and tie it on the raft with chains. Then they waited for rains to float the raft to Batesville, where they could sell cotton for cash. Grandfather and three or four other men would ride the raft, so down the Buffalo River they would go to Batesville, where they sold the cotton for cash (currency). The return trip to Duff was a trip of extreme hazardous conditions, as the men walked along a path up the White and Buffalo Rivers, to Duff, carrying the money, with great danger of losing both money and life. This was a four day trip.

The people who lived in and near Duff wanted to build a Baptist church. On the hills near the Buffalo was much good marketable yellow pine, so they hauled these yellow pine logs to the sawmill without charges. They were sawed without charges, and the church was constructed without charges, so the small Baptist church was free of debt. This was in 1891 or 1892. My father, James Franklin Mays, hauled the trim, doors, and windows from Russellville. This was also a fifteen day trip. The church stands there proudly today. It is as beautiful as ever, a sight to see and a place to offer silent prayer.

In this small Baptist church, many people during the year would make decision for Christ, during the spring, summer, fall, and winter. Only during summer weather, when the river water was warm, would they have baptizing, for obvious reasons. Many—as many as three hundred—would gather by the Buffalo, one hundred feet or so downstream from Grinder's ferry. They would sing wonderful songs, and the pastor would baptize those waiting, one at a time. My father and mother were baptized there, in 1893 or 1894. Yes, this is all hallowed ground.

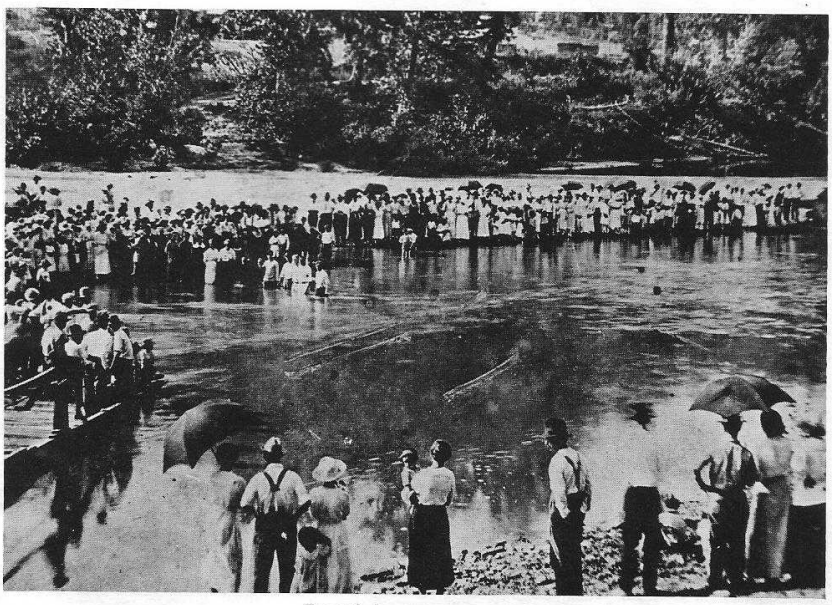
During these years, there were no conservation laws, so the local people would go fishing in the Buffalo, at will, when weather conditions were good.

About 1902, there was a railroad built from Seligman, Missouri, to Helena, Arkansas. This went through Gilbert. As Duff was not on the railroad, Grandfather and other merchants in Duff concluded it was time that they move to Gilbert, and did so. In Gilbert, Grandfather built one solid brick store building, then another one that joined the first. These are the only brick business buildings in the history of Gilbert, and in good condition to this day. Grandfather would walk from Duff each morning, about two miles, and walk home when his day's work was done. Later they moved near the store.

When there was a railroad in Gilbert, the Wallace Pencil Company purchased thousands of large cedar logs, many miles up the Buffalo. Each log was branded and floated down the Buffalo to Gilbert, where there was a boom across the river. They were then loaded on railroad flat cars and shipped to the factory. A boom across a river would have to be seen for one to understand how it worked. There can be no industry without transportation, and now Gilbert had transportation.

The merchants in Gilbert purchased railroad ties for many tie buyers. Grandfather and his sons represented the Moss Tie Company. Each tie was branded and paid for as branded. The best ties were of white oak. These were made by two men with a crosscut saw and broadaxe. There was a cash tie market each day in Gilbert.

The Mays store was later moved to Marshall, where it is operated by two of the Grandsons, Ancil and Joe Mays.



Baptizing at Grinder's Ferry about 1916—Photo furnished by Geo. Jones

Baker Prairie

Critical Habitat for Grasshopper Sparrow and Ornate Box Turtle

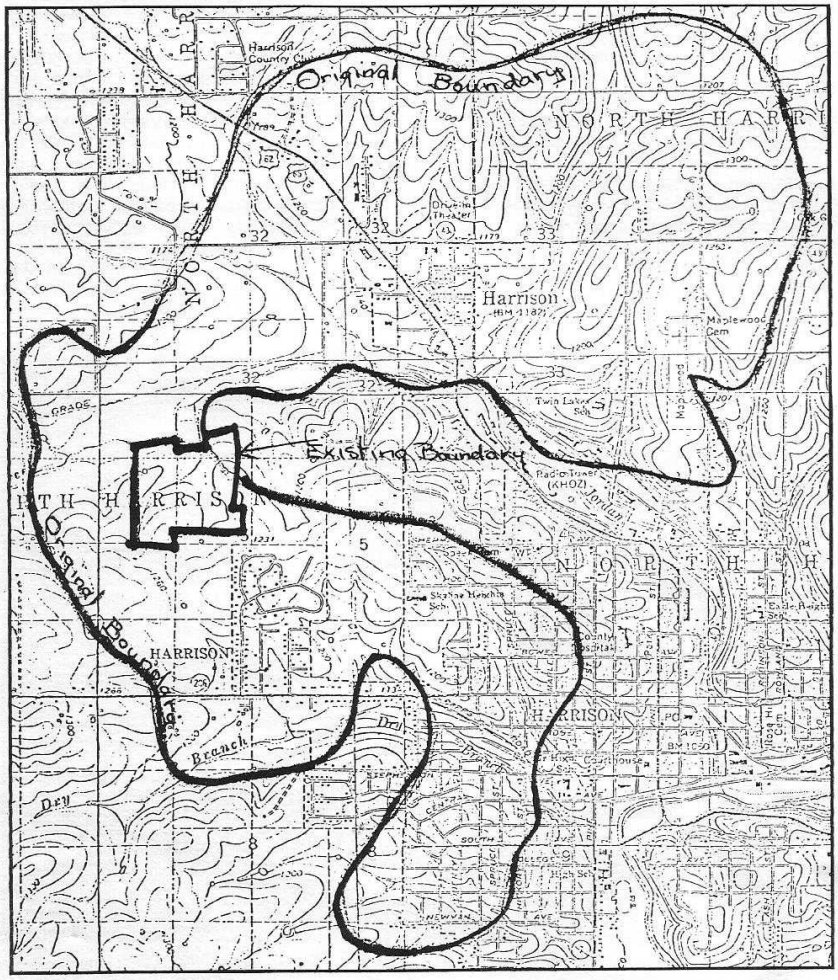
Mina Marsh
Arkansas Natural Heritage Commission Staff

Although most people don't associate prairie with the Ozarks, at the time of settlement there were possibly as many as 75,000 acres of prairie and savanna in the Ozark Highlands of Arkansas. In the region recognized as the Salem Plateau, forested slopes alternated with small prairie openings and gave the checkerboard appearance of cultivation long before settlers arrived. Similar but somewhat larger grasslands occurred in the north-central part of Arkansas in the region around the present site of Harrison where the Salem and Springfield Plateaus meet. Among the largest of these openings were Rolling Prairie, Huzza Prairie, and Baker Prairie, each 4,000 to 5,000 acres in size. Of these, the 5,000-acre Baker Prairie was considered to be the most productive. There are no extant remnants of either Huzza Prairie or Rolling Prairie.

Baker Prairie was part of a complex of prairie openings which appeared in what seems to be a region of transition between the Salem and Springfield Plateaus, while the Springfield Plateau west of the White River divide was covered with more extensive and more level prairies of somewhat different character. Known as Osage Prairie, this grassland is represented in Benton County, Arkansas, by Rice, Stump, and Searles Prairies (25, 20 and 8 acres respectively, all in private ownership), and is well-preserved in southern Missouri. However, Baker Prairie is the only known remnant of the prairie which originally occurred in the Boone County area and which displayed the distinctive features of this intermediate type of Ozark Highlands grassland.

Baker Prairie includes approximately 65 acres and is located between Industrial Park on the north and Skyline Terrace, a residential development area, on the south. Both east and west of the prairie is open land which has been grazed and cultivated. Also south of the prairie and west of Skyline Terrace are forty acres which are being considered for purchase by the Harrison School District.

Original & Existing Boundaries of Baker Prairie



Ecological Significance

During the time immediately preceding pioneer settlement possibly as much as 25,000 acres in the Boone County area was covered by prairie. Except for strips along fencerows, this has been reduced to the present 65 acres at Harrison. In addition to the obvious factor of conversion for agricultural and development purposes, there are three main reasons for this decline in prairie acreage, one a natural occurrence, and two the direct result of changes accompanying settlement. Annual rainfall for this region has increased 7-8 inches during the time rainfall has been recorded. This increase in moisture has favored a shift from prairie to woodland. When buffalo herds roamed the grassland they shifted and ranged freely. There was no overgrazing, and grazing helped to check invading woody species. The arrival of domestic animals, which were confined in small areas, resulted in patterns of overgrazing which destroyed native plant root systems and provided opportunity for woodland species to invade the prairie in areas where there was no grazing. Also, periodic fires, a natural part of the ecosystem before settlement, were controlled, and with reduction of burning, prairie species were unable to compete and were slowly replaced by shrubs and woods.

Representing a relic of this once widespread upland prairie, the remaining portion of Baker Prairie is of considerable ecological significance in the Ozark Highland region. Although located on the Ozark Mountain Plateau, the topography at Harrison rises and falls creating inclines which follow streams. Elevation at Baker Prairie ranges from 1160 feet at the boundary of Industrial Park Road to 1260 feet at the highest point of the ridge. A small intermittent stream divides the prairie into three segments and flows across it to join Dry Jordan Creek at the northern boundary of the prairie.

The vegetation of this natural tall-grass prairie includes the typical dominant species (big bluestem, little bluestem, Indian grass, and switch grass). Sixty-eight species of grasses and forbs have been recorded at the prairie by students and teachers from Harrison public schools and Harrison Community College, members of the staff of the Boone County Soil Conservation Service, professors and graduate students from the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville, and members of the Arkansas Natural Heritage Commission staff. From mid-March until the first frost there is a continuum of new flowers to be studied on the prairie. It is a changing kaleidoscope of color as the bright red Indian paintbrush, contrasted with shooting star, fades and is replaced by spiderwort, blue-eyed grass, purple coneflower, wild hyacinth, and blazing star. In late summer yellows and golds

(black-eyed Susan, Compass plant, sunflowers) dominate, and the prairie maintains its splendor through the winter as tall grasses turn from green to bronze and stand above all but the heaviest snow.

Baker Prairie provides habitat for two animal species that are of special concern in Arkansas, the grasshopper sparrow and the ornate box turtle. The grasshopper sparrow is considered threatened in the State as a breeding bird (*Arkansas Natural Area Plan,* 1974) and is listed on the National Audubon Society's Blue List. Only four known breeding sites occur in Arkansas at this time. The sparrow is extremely sensitive to subtle changes in its habitat. It requires dense, unmowed grassland having no shrubs or trees. The sparrow was observed at Baker Prairie by members of the Natural Heritage Commission staff in May of 1972 and April of 1977. Audubon society members have kept continuous records of this species as well as other birds which use the prairie.

The ornate box turtle is a colorful species which is declining throughout its range and is in a vulnerable condition in Arkansas because it is restricted in habitat to grasslands which are rapidly being converted to farmland. Since 1957 there have been confirmed reports of the ornate box turtle in Arkansas only from Benton and Prairie Counties and from Baker Prairie. Two specimens of the turtle were identified at Baker Prairie by members of the Natural Heritage Commission staff on May 12, 1978.

Historic Significance

Numerous early records (Nuttall, Sargent, Schoolcraft, Featherstonhaugh, and others) describe the natural grasslands which were sought out by settlers and military troops to support cattle and pack animals. For centuries this prairie was one of the main hunting grounds for bands of Osage Indians who inhabited the entire Ozark Plateau. Because of the physiographic features of the Highlands this part of the State was best suited to use by small bands of hunters and foragers. Large populations and permanent villages did not develop until white settlers arrived.

Among the first settlers in this area was J. T. Baker who came from South Carolina around 1830. Shortly before 1850 Captain John ("Jack") Baker brought his family and slaves to settle on Crooked Creek. Descendants of these pioneer families are Roy Baker, Sr. and Roy Baker, Jr., both residents of Harrison. According to Mrs. Roy Baker, Sr., the land which is now Baker Prairie was pre-empted by Henry Baker before the Civil War. He and his family came from Tennessee and settled on the prairie. When the war came, Henry Baker enlisted in the Confederate Army, and at some time during the war the farm and houses on the prairie were burned. Most of the family returned to Tennessee and later moved west where they were killed in the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah. Other descendants of the family now live in Little Rock.

In addition to Baker Prairie's direct link to the first settlers of Harrison, the presence of grassland influenced, in fact determined, patterns of cultural and economic development throughout this entire region. Harrison is a trade and educational center, recognized throughout the State for its excellent schools. Its economic structure remains largely agricultural, a direct result of the fact that rich grasslands were available for use at the time of settlement.

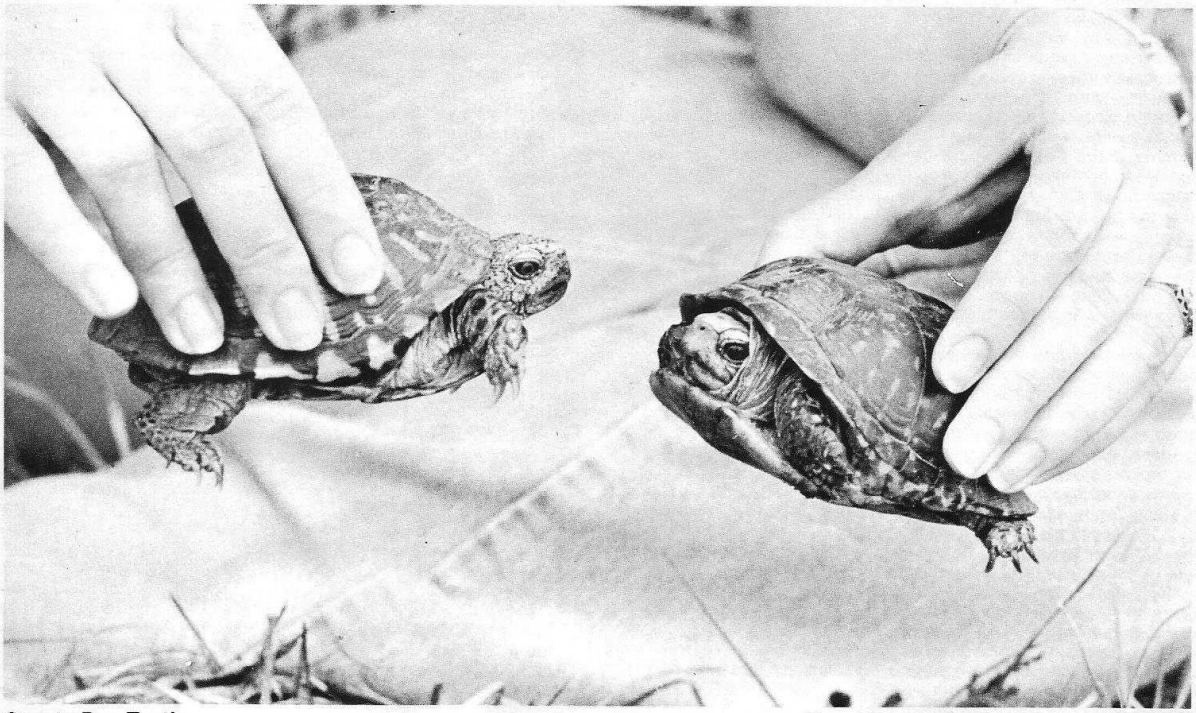
Recreational and Educational Significance

Because of the arrangement of the drainage pattern and ridges at the site, one may walk out into the prairie and become isolated from the surrounding activity of Skyline Terrace and the industrial park. It is often possible at quiet times of the day to experience a feeling of time suspension and for a moment enter the world of a hundred fifty years ago when man was a more humble part of his environment.

Baker Prairie is enjoyed by local garden club groups and by members of the local Audubon Society, and it provides a sense of place for the children of Boone County who come here to experience the land their ancestors claimed for them.

With construction of the new school, use of Baker Prairie as an outdoor classroom is expected to increase. The prairie has been used regularly for several years by the high school and by Harrison Community College as a site for field trips. Research directed by Mrs. JoAnne Rife from Harrison High School has resulted in a number of science fair projects. One of Mrs. Rife's students, Cheri Ellis, grandaughter of one of the present owners of the prairie, presented a research paper to the Arkansas Junior Academy of Science and was interviewed on television because of her work on Baker Prairie.

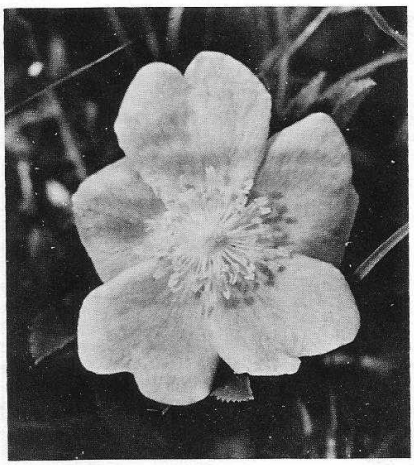
Baker Prairie is ideally suited for environmental and historic interpretation, and it could become an attractive addition to educational programs at all levels. There is a great deal of community interest and pride in the prairie. The residents of Skyline Terrace, local school administrators and representatives of the city and county governments have all indicated willingness to help maintain the prairie if it can be preserved as an interpreted natural area.



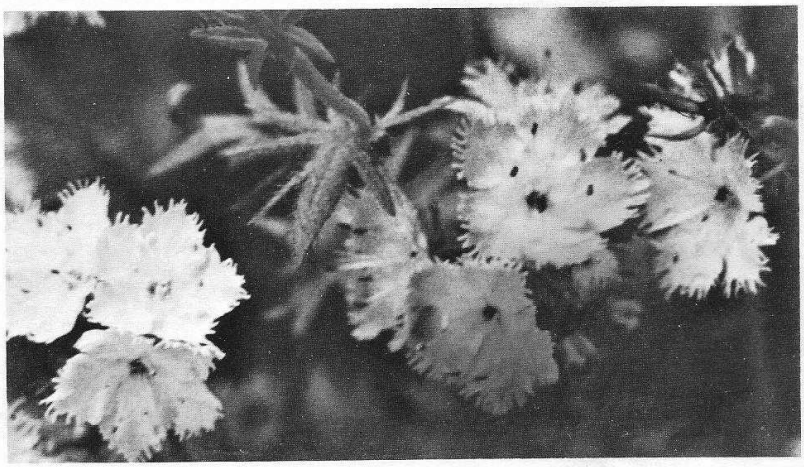
Ornate Box Turtle **Three Toed Box Turtle**—Photo: Larry Higgins

Botanical Notes

Maxine Clark



Prairie Rose



Phacelia Purshii **(Miami Mist)**

We ended a bad case of cabin fever after being snowed in most of January and February. On March 19, we drove to Russellville and on to the Illinois Bayou which includes the North, Middle and East Forks.

The area had not recovered from the severity of the winter. The forest floor was covered with soggy brown leaves and there was no sign of expanding buds on the trees. Red maple is an understory tree in the forest; we particularly enjoyed the pattern of splotches of white mottling on the smooth, gray trunks.

Following a narrow one lane road along the bluff line above the North Fork, we caught glimpses of the beautiful blue-green stream below. Evergreen Christmas ferns cascaded from the boulder strewn area between the road and the base of the bluff. Fortunately there was no traffic jam and we descended to the valley floor without incident.

Spring blooming witch hazel was still in flower. The fat buds of buckeye were swelling but far from blooming and we could not determine if the flowers would be red or yellow. There are two species in Arkansas. The more common one is Ohio buckeye. Pale yellow flowers are borne in showy clusters. Only those flowers near the base of the cluster bear fruit. The fruit is a spiny round capsule with three cells, each may bear a single round seed marked by a large white scar where the seed was attached; thus the name buckeye, because of its fancied resemblance to the eye of a buck. Ohio is known as the "Buckeye State". The buckeye is often carried as a good luck charm. The leaves are composed of five leaflets.

Red buckeye has red flowers and the husk is smooth. The compound leaves have seven leaflets. Steyermark states that the seeds and leaves of both species are poisonous and caution should be taken to protect children and livestock. Squirrels and birds are not known to eat the seeds. Supposedly the seeds are rendered harmless after boiling and roasting, and were eaten by the Indians as a starchy meal after such treatment.

The wood is brittle and light in weight and is used for violins, artificial limbs, crates and boxes. Early colonists used hollowed out, short sections of buckeye logs as troughs for catching sugar maple sap. Also cradles of early pioneer families were made from such logs, and summer hats were made from the shavings.

We crossed Dry Creek, a wet weather tributary to the river. Streamside was the foundation and rubble from an old house place. A very large Honey Locust was growing by it.

Honey Locust is a misnomer as the small greenish flowers do not produce nectar, but the resulting long black twisted pods have a thin jelly-like pulp surrounding the seeds. These are relished by wildlife. The branches and trunk of the tree are armed with a horrendous array of thorns. Pioneers used these for crading wool and they were tied to posts to make frog gigs.

On April 9, following the Ozark Society meeting at Arkadelphia, we drove to an area in the southern Ouachitas known as the Needle's Eye. It is well named; the deep narrow gorge has walls of upended novaculite composed of microscopic crystals of quartz. We followed a steep, rugged path carefully avoiding the sharp, hackly surface of the outcrop. The lichens covering these rocks are highly colored and fantastically beautiful. It may be of interest that the famous Arkansas whetstones are made from novaculite.

Colonies of "red soldiers" growing at the base of trees delighted us. The narrow strip of alluvium along the stream valley is bordered by a low bluff line. New fronds of cinnamon ferns were unfurling. The one frond which is fertile and bears spores was well developed. In the sandy soil between the rocks was a colony of the small bellwort. The delicate plants are about ten inches tall. A single pale yellow bell shaped flower with six petals hangs down and is shaded by the leaves above. Recently we hiked to the falls of the Kings River and were surprised to find plants growing along the rocky bank. Pink azaleas and fringe trees were also in bloom.

We visited the prairies in Benton County on May 7, and were disappointed. Apparently they were retarded by the very cold weather. There were violets, Indian paintbrush, and orange puccoon on the mounds. We drove on past Gentry following the railroad right of way. Wild hyacinths were blooming in the wet ditches.

Large shrubs called red root, *Ceanothus ovatus*, a species of New Jersey tea were in flower. Two species of New Jersey tea may be seen. One, growing along the railroad right of way is called red root, a shrub about three feet tall, has elongated twigs with dark green leaves topped by round clusters of small white flowers. The other species, *Ceanothus america*, blooms a month later on tops of the mounds.

Still following Hwy. 59, we drove to Sulphur Springs. The highway follows the spring branch for some distance. Masses of pale purple flowers covered the right of way and invaded the surrounding wooded slopes. The individual flowers are very beautiful. The five lobes of the corolla are fringed. *Phacelia Purshii* is commonly called Miami Mist. It belongs to the waterleaf family, *Hydrophyllacea*. The common species of this family in Arkansas is *Phacelia hirsuta*.

We returned to the prairies on May 27. They were beautiful. Rice prairie was covered with shooting stars, grass pinks were blooming at the base of the mounds on both prairies. Masses of blue spiderwort filled the swale on the Stump prairie. Evening primroses and prairie roses glowed in the morning light, and the tiny buttercup, water plantain spearwort, filled the swale.

HOUSE APPROVES BILL

Gazette 5/20/78

WASHINGTON—The House overwhelmingly approved a bill Friday that would preserve in a wild and protected status portions of Alaska larger than all of California.

After three days of emotional debate during which fervent environmentalists roamed the halls of Congress wearing lapel buttons portraying the antlered head of a caribou and pleading for support, the Alaska National Interest Lands bill passed by a vote of 277 to 31.

The bill is viewed as the most important and sweeping conservation measure in decades — and perhaps in United States history — by President Carter, Interior Secretary Cecil D. Andrus and its congressional and environmental advocates. Its foes regard it as a tragic error that would hamper the economic development of Alaska and the search for oil and minerals on the 365-million-acre land mass of the largest state.

First proposed years ago by Rogers C. B. Morton, a Republican Interior secretary, **the bill now goes to an uncertain fate in the Senate.** Virtually every elected Alaska official, including Senator Mike Gravel (Dem., Alaska) and Senator Ted Stevens (Rep., Alaska), is opposed to the measure.

BUMPERS ON ALASKA D-2 LANDS

Paddle Trails Newsletter,
Pulaski Chapter

"It is my intention to see that large, whole ecosystems are protected intact whenever possible," said Sen. Dale Bumpers in a reply to our Chapter about his support of the Alaska National Interest lands proposal. "There are several complicated subissues involved, of course, and these will have to be resolved fairly. I am thinking of the provisions for natives to remain on their traditional lands living their traditional lives. These problems should be soluble and I am optimistic that we can have broad support from both Houses of Congress and from the Carter Administration to realize substantial and sound legislation." Bumpers said the Alaskan lands legislation will be one of the major items on the agenda of the Senate Energy Committee this year. "This opportunity to provide future generations with significant wilderness, wildlife, and natural areas that can be enjoyed by all is similar to that available to our ancestors a century or more ago," Bumpers said. "We must not be misled by what seem to be endless expanses of undeveloped lands in Alaska." It is hoped that Sen. Bumpers will take a leadership role in guiding Alaska D-2 legislation in the Senate.

BNR FUNDS INCREASED

Sen. Dale Bumpers has obtained a $10 million addition to the authorization of land acquisition for the Buffalo National River from the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee. This raises the total for acquisition of the 94,146 acres to $39,947,250. Only about 12,000 acres remain to be acquired.

LARRY HENSON

LARRY HENSON, Supervisor of the Ozark-St. Francis National Forests, has been loaned to the National Park Service to be in charge of the management system of the Appalachain Trail.

Congress passed a law providing for the Federal development of the 2100 mile trail which is to be managed by volunteer clubs of the fourteen states through which it passes.

Larry, his wife Gladys, and children, Larry, Jr., Steve, and Teresa are to make their home between Washington, D.C., and Harpers Ferry.

Larry was always cooperative with the Ozark Society, willing to explain his position on anything controversial, and listen to ours. In November of last year, he arranged for a bus tour of Ozark Society members in the Bayou Ranger District (through which the Illinois Bayou flows) giving them a look at various activities of the Forest Service including those for which it has been criticized.

BUFFALO WARNING — There have been serveral robberies of cars parked at put-in and take-out spots on the Buffalo River in recent weeks and outfitters are warning their customers not to leave behind valuable rings, billfolds, cameras, etc., in their cars.

Trouble on the Mulberry

Douglas Tims

Clear skies, sunshine and temperatures in the 60's promised to make this a memorable first canoeing weekend of the season. Little did we realize that our adventure would not end until two months later at the Franklin County, Arkansas courthouse in Ozark.

Joe Denton, Jr., Ronnie Mayers and myself, all of Cleveland, Mississippi, were each soloing from Wolf Pen Recreation Area to a low water bridge on the upper Mulberry on March 10th of this year. We were late getting on the river, and after four and one-half hours of nice water, we arrived at the low water bridge around 5:00 P.M. Joe and Ronnie remained with our equipment while I ran the shuttle. When I returned, a man had parked his truck on the bridge and was beginning to talk to our group. He had a young child with him and a large Doberman Pincher on a leash.

I've been canoeing the Mulberry for five years and owned a cabin at Turner Bend for three years, so I knew Mr. Bill McIlroy by reputation. I told my friends we should quietly load our boats and not upset the man. Mr. McIlroy claimed ownership of the surrounding land, road, bridge, and the water in the river, and made a number of vulgar and untrue comments about canoers, the Ozark Society, and the authors of the Mulberry River Canoeing Guide. When he stated that under U.S. government laws, the Mulberry River was non-navigable, I questioned him as to what law he was referring. He returned to his truck and brought a gun from behind the seat, pointed it at me and stated this was the law. I asked him what he wanted us to do. He stated "Get off my land." We told him we were leaving as soon as we finished loading our equipment. After 30 minutes of lecturing from Mr. McIlroy, we finally felt safe to turn our backs and leave the area.

This was the first of a number of such incidents at the low water bridge this spring. We filed a complaint with the Franklin County Prosecutor who brought charges against Mr. McIlroy. Another group of four men from Arkansas also filed charges for an incident in which a shot was fired into the water near their canoe. On May 12, 1978, Mr. McIlroy was convicted on two counts of assault and one count of false imprisonment. He was sentenced to $700.00 in fines and 150 days in jail with most of the fine and all the jail term suspended pending a six months probationary period.

The central issue behind this entire problem is the question of navigability of the Mulberry and the right of public access to the river. This will probably be resolved in court in the future.

Most of the land along the upper Mulberry is privately held, while most, but not all, below Turner Bend is U.S. Forest land. Most of the local landowners have not had problems with canoers, but there have been some complaints of littering and lack of respect for private property.

I still believe that you will have little trouble canoeing if you follow a few common sense rules: 1) Respect private property, posted signs and don't cross fences or gates without permission, 2) Leave the river cleaner than you found it, 3) Never carry firearms on the river. I also plan to stay away from the Upper Mulberry until the courts make a final determination of its navigability.

BOB FERRIS — BILL COLEMAN

Bob Ferris of Indian Nations Chapter, with **Bill Coleman** of Little Rock who is Ozark Society Conservation Chairman, attended a very interesting and informative meeting of wilderness conservationists at Roanoke, Va., May 12-14. We will all learn about the process of getting protection in the National Wilderness System for some of Oklahoma's National Forest scenic roadless areas. Bob and Bill had a really beautiful hike in one of the Virginia areas proposed for Wilderness designation. The hike was led by the Supervisors of the Jefferson National Forest and one of the participants was Rupert Cutler, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, who has supervision over the entire National Forest System.

Lil Junas reports from Conway that the Society scored a hit with its recent clean-up float on the Cadron and she has heard many good comments from local citizens.

A Few Trails for Outings in Arkansas

Richard D. (Dick) Murray

Caney Creek, Polk County, headwaters to Cossatot River, 9 miles. Trail starts about 3 miles north of Shady Lake Recreation Area on Forest Service Road 38, runs uphill about a mile to the divide, thence down the creek with many crossings to its junction with the Cossatot. U.S.G.S. Quad., 15-minute UMPIRE (1959).

Dry Creek, Logan County, 8-mile loop hike. Take State Hwy. 217 out of Booneville southeast 9 miles to community of Sugar Grove, thence on Forest Service Road 51 south two miles to bridge over Dry Creek. Hike up FS road 51, 3 miles to a tree kill on left, thence eastward along road through tree kill to footpath at end of road leading downhill to creek and junction with old road leading down creek and back to bridge. U.S.G.S. Quad., 15-minute BOONEVILLE (1934).

Belle Starr Hideout, Sebastian County, 4 miles and return. To reach, take State Hwy. 378 ½-mile south of junction of Hwys. 71 and 23, 5½ miles west to Rock Creek bridge, thence along road up creek through a tree kill to second crossing of creek, thence by foot up the creek road about 3 miles to a logging road on right leading around the bluffs atop the knob. The hideout is in a deep overhang of the bluff on the south side. U.S.G.S. Quad., 7.5-minute CAUTHRON (1958) & 15-minute BATES (1958).

Black Mountain to Cass, Franklin County, 7 miles. Trail starts at Bunce Gap on Forest Service road 1003 southwest of Cass and leads along an old mule trail northward to an old homesite on a bench of Black Mountain, thence along a ridge-top road northeastward back to Cass. U.S.G.S. Quad., 15-minute WATALULA (1935).

Shores Lake up Salt Creek to Mullens Gap. Franklin & Madison Counties, 9 miles. Route follows frontier road, crossing creek six times, and climbing 1400 feet. Passes through canyon in lower part. U.S.G.S. 15-minute Quad., WATALULA (1935).

Hurricane Creek, Boles Gap to Shores Lake, Franklin & Crawford Counties, 14 miles. Route follows logging road to creek & frontier road to Shores Lake, crossing creek several times in upper part. U.S.G.S. 15-minute Quad., **WATALULA** (1935) & 7.5 min. Quad., FERN (1969).

Hurricane Creek, Chancel to Ft. Douglas, 9 miles, Newton & Johnson Counties. Route along frontier road crossing creek 10 times, requiring wading shoes and towel. Passes grove of American holly at county line, a grove of virgin white oak in bend below Greasy Creek, and a natural bridge atop the bluff one-quarter mile uphill from Devils Den. U.S.G.S. 15-minute Quad., MT. JUDEA (1933) & TREAT (1934).

Richland Creek, Falling Water campsite to Stack Rock, 13 miles. Newton & Searcy Counties. Route along frontier roads and footpaths on east side of creek. Passes old homesites and Wasson School. U.S.G.S. 15-minute Quad., SNOWBALL (1939).

Mountaintop trail, Dutton to St. Paul, 6.5 miles, Madison County. Route is partly on old briar-covered wagon roads & partly on a Forest Service fire road. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., ST. PAUL (1973) & PETTIGREW (1973).

Natural Bridge near Arlberg, SW corner of Stone County. To reach, take gravel road north at Old Lexington on Hwy. 110, about half way between Botkinsburg and Shirley, to Arlberg on Middle Fork of Little Red River; thence, across the river over the low-water bridge along road to right about 3 miles to a bottomland field on the right and a deep draw on the left. Park vehicles and walk up left water-course to bridge ¾ mile and 400 feet above road. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., FOX (1969).

Buzzard Roost Rocks Natural Bridge. Indian Creek, Pope County. To reach, follow Hwy. 123 between Fort Douglas and Pelsor (Sand Gap) to Forest Service Road 1802 running south; thence along 1802 3 miles, turning left on FS 1805; thence shouthward along FS 1805 3.5 miles over Umphers Knob to a logging road leading off in front of a home on the right and alongside a barn and stables on the left; leave vehicles and hike along logging road, passing a deer pasture and a wildlife watering pond, and, when in sight of another deer pasture, turn right down a draw holding to left (north) escarpment where the bridge is ¼ mile off the logging road. Hiking distance 1.7 miles one way. U.S.G.S. 15-minute Quad., TREAT (1934).

Whitaker Creek, headwaters on Cave Mountain Road to Buffalo River, 4 miles, Newton County. Although route can be hiked in either direction, it is best to start at the mouth and hike upstream because of an 800-foot descent within a quarter mile at the mouth, which is preferable at the start rather than the climb out at the end of the hike. Trail starts at end of ridge east of Cave Mountain Road, which is the ridge between Dug Hollow and Whitaker Creek. Road on ridge leaves Cave Mountain Road ½-mile south of Cave Mountain Church & Cemetery & leads to the Faddis place, where the hike starts. Follow logging road eastward keeping right at several forks for about three-eights mile to an orange ribbon on a tree on the right where a footpath leads downhill quite steeply and over a 20-foot stepped bluff to the mouth of the creek, passing enroute remains of old homes. It is well to use a rope for safety in going down the stepped bluff, particulary if the bluff is wet. The creek valley is unique in that there is no sign of timbering, stands of large beeches, gums, and walnut being located on the benches uphill from the channel. In addition to many cataracts and low falls along the channel, there are two 30 to 40-foot falls within a mile of the upstream turnoff, which is at the corner of a field about ¼ mile from Cave Mountain Road. Vehicles should be shuttled to the end point. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., BOXLEY (1968).

Indian Creek, headwaters to Buffalo River, 3 miles, Newton County. Route starts off Hwy. 74 about 2 miles east of Low Gap and 2 miles west of end of pavement at Mount Sherman. Cars should be shuttled to vicinity of old Kyle Boys Home opposite "A" Bluff on Buffalo River. Trail leads northward down the creek via deep canyons to the "Needle's Eye"; thence up the rock fall on the right and down the gulley on the downstream side back to the channel; thence down the canyon to a boxed-in waterfall where one can enter a 300-foot cave on the right and come out below the fall by walking a ledge at the cave exit to reach the canyon floor, or one can cross the canyon and go over a rock fall on the left to reach the canyon floor. The whole route is unique, but dangerous for the clumsy. Roping is required for safety in entering the canyon in two places upstream from the "Needle's Eye", up the rock fall, and at the cave exit. Also, flashlight and wading shoes are required in the cave. Hiking time 5 hours for small groups and 6 hours for larger groups, the difference being the roping time. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., PONCA (1967).

Dismal Hollow, bluff rim hike, 3 miles round trip, Newton County. To reach, take gravel road north off Hwy. 16, 1.5 miles west of village of Nail, and park at logging road leading east at bottom of hill one mile off Hwy. 16. Hike logging road downhill to point where it turns westward uphill, leave road & go south to bluff rim. It is best to hike the bluff rim in one direction and under the bluff in the other, neither route being too strenuous. In addition to the falls in the draws, other attractions include the panaroma view to the south, an interior waterfall within the bluff, which can be heard but not seen, a split-off in the bluff which can be traversed from a ledge to the top, and a carpetbaggers outpost at the point where Dismal Hollow joins East Fork of Little Buffalo River. This is the turnaround point, since all the hilltop land is privately owned and posted. To get under the bluff at the west end, the go-down is in the westernmost draw along the bluff rim. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., SWAIN (1968).

Slick Rock Bridle Trail, 6.5 miles, north of Allison, Stone County. Staging point is at Haney Hollow on old Hwy. 5, 2.5 miles north of Allison and about 8 miles north of Mountain View. Trail follows abandoned Hwy. 5 NW about ¾ mile, turns westward up and over Cedar Scrappy Dome for about a mile, turns southward on Green Road about 1.5 miles to near Forest boundary, turns northwestward down Whitehouse Hollow and up and over a bench of Bald Scrappy Dome and northeastward down Haney Hollow to the staging point. Watering source: spring ¼-mile up Haney Hollow. Relief: 560 feet, excellent panoramic down White River valley. U.S.G.S. 7.5-minute Quad., SYLAMORE (1964).

Canoeing Buffalo River, Newton, Searcy, and Marion Counties. See "Buffalo River Canoeing Guide" by Harold and Margaret Hedges, available at leading book stores, or by order from the Ozark Society, P.O. Box 2914, Little Rock, Ark. 72203, for $2.

Canoeing Kings River, Madison & Carroll Counties. See "Floating the Kings: A River Survey" by A. T. Shuller, Ozark Society Bulletin, Autumn 1972.

Canoeing Upper White River, Madison & Washington Counties. See "The White River above Lake Sequoyah" by Mike Tillery, Ozark Society Bulletin, Autumn 1974.

Ozark Society Activity Schedule

BOB RITCHIE, OUTING CHAIRMAN
1509 OLD FORGE DRIVE, LITTLE ROCK, AR 72207 RES. PH. 501-225-1795

Dates and trips are subject to change. Before you go on an outing, please contact the trip leader to confirm meeting times and places, and to let him know you are coming.

PULASKI CHAPTER

MAY 27, 28 & 29: Buffalo River Lower Section - Canoe (overnight on the river). Leader: Barbara Wylie, 664-2133. B
JUNE 1-4: North Carolina & Georgia - Canoe & hike. Leader: Alice Andrews, 663-3023. I
JUNE 10 & 11: To be announced - Beginner's canoe clinic. Leader: George Toney, 225-8124. B
JUNE 17: Cadron Creek - Beginner's Float. Leader: Ralph Scantlin, 1-922-0490. B
JUNE 24 & 25: Spring River - Canoe (car camp at Many Isles.) B
JULY 8 & 9: Ozark Scenic Waterways, Mo. Canoe (overnight on the river). Leader: Earl Hillard, 227-6763. B
JULY 23 & 24: Strawberry River. Canoe (overnight on the river). Leader: Steve Wilson, 562-4053. B
AUG. 5 & 6: North Fork White River. Canoe (car camp). Leader: Dick Byrd, 225-7354. B
AUG. 19 & 20: White River - Cotter to Buffalo City. Canoe (overnight on the river). Leader: Steve Wilson, 562-4053.
SEPT. 9 & 10: Lake Sylvia. Fall Ozark Society Meeting. John Heuston, 664-0844.

Skills Levels:
"B" — Beginner, no previous experience necessary.
"I" — Intermediate, some prior experience.
"E" — Experienced, advanced skills required.

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT CHAPTER

JULY 25-28: Southern Wyoming Range Backpack Trip. Hiking generally easy to moderately strenuous. A central commissary will be included in trip cost. Leader: Jackie Kerr, P.O. Box 5022, Springfield, MO 65801 (417-866-2422).
SEPT. 16-17: Eleven Point River Canoe Trip. This third annual event is sponsored by the Arnold Whitewater Association and the Mississippi Valley Chapter of the Ozark Society. Trip leader is Dave Smallwood. Dave's new telephone numbers: 314-636-2025, home; 314-751-2713, ext. 203, Business.

INDIAN NATIONS CHAPTER

JUNE 3 & 4: Canoe Barren Fork and Illinois - Camp at Sparrowhawk Campground. Leader: Paul Kendall, 939-1939.
JUNE 24 & 25: Second Annual Ramsay Regatta at Walnut Creek, Lake Keystone. Good sailing, camping, swimming. Leader: Glen Ramsay, 936-1546.
JULY 15-23: Backpack Powderhorn Creek, Colorado - South of Gunnison, Colorado. Leaders: Don Haeberle, 838-0168; Wes Crone, 478-2637, Ft. Gibson, Oklahoma.
SEPTEMBER 16 & 17: Illinois River Cleanup Float - plus possibly Baron Fork. Combined with the Tulsa Canoe and Camping Club. Leader: Bob Ferris, 747-4836.
SEPT. 30-OCT. 1: Barren Fork - Fishing Trip. Combined with the Tulsa Canoe and Camping Club. Leaders: Otto Behnfeldt, 939-1665; Glen Ramsay, 936-1546.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CHAPTER

JUNE 3 & 4: Weekend Canoe trip on the Upper Current River. A trip leader is needed.
JUNE 12: Meeting at Community Room, starting at 7:00 p.m. Agenda yet to be determined.
JULY 15 or 16: A caving trip to Mertz Cave in Perry County.
SEPT. 16-17: Eleven Point River Float Trip with H.R.S. Chapter.

HIGHLANDS CHAPTER

JUNE 17: One-day canoe float on Elk River near Noel, Mo. Meet at 9 a.m. at Bella Vista rest area on US 71 north of Bentonville, Ark. Leader: Luther Collins, 605 S. Harve, Springdale, 751-7084.

BUFFALO RIVER CHAPTER

JUNE 24: All day picnic and family outing at Buffalo Point. Trip leaders: John and Dea Self, 425-8770.
JULY 22: Childrens canoe trip, Northfork River, Mo. Trip Leader: Caryl Tullgren, 425-2694.
AUGUST 12 & 13: Canoe trip and camp on Eleven Point River, in Missouri. Trip Leader: David Trammell, 425-4858.

SPRING RENDEZVOUS

The **Spring Rendezvous of the Ozark Society** was at Arkadelphia, Arkansas April 8 and 9 with members from Oklahoma, Missouri, Louisiana, and Arkansas.

Celia Hunter, Executive Director of the Wilderness Society, and **Randy Snodgrass,** Southeast Representative gave us programs on the then upcoming "Alaska Natural Interest Lands Conservation Act", H.R. 39 which has since passed. Ms. Hunter has been a resident of Alaska for thirty years.

Tom Foti, Director of the Arkansas Ecology Center discussed the Forest Service Rare II program as did Jim Winner of the Ouachita National Forest.

Dues Notice

Please send in your dues for 1978.
Fill out the blank below and send it with your check to Jim Gaither, Membership Chairman, Box 2914, Little Rock, Arkansas 72203.

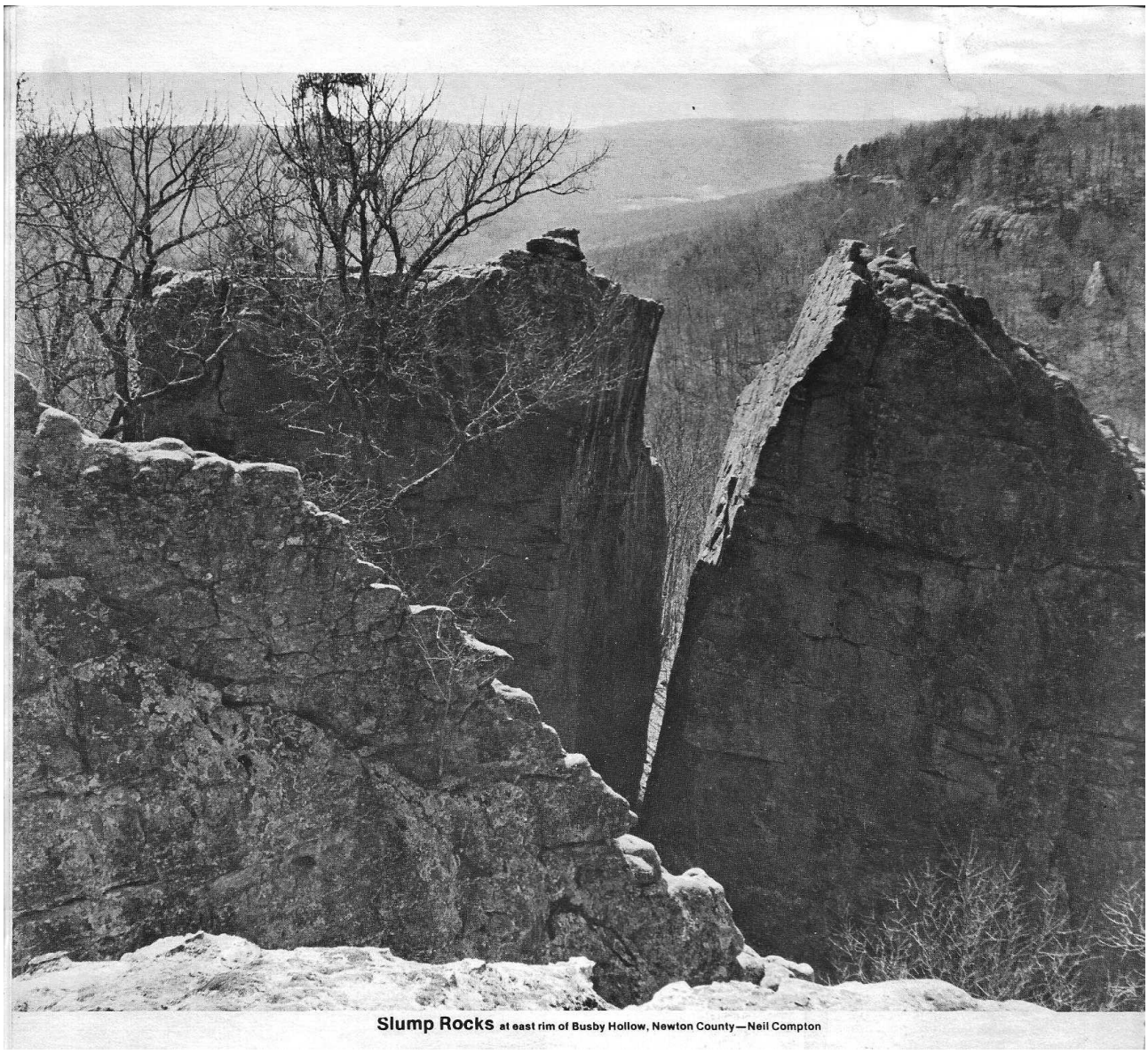
Dues are for the calendar year. They are regular (and family), $5; contributing, $10; sustaining, $25; life, $100

Please check: new member;_____renewal_____Date_____

Last name_____first names of husband and wife_____

Address_____City_____State_____Zip_____

Telephone_____



Slump Rocks at east rim of Busby Hollow, Newton County—Neil Compton