

# Ozark Society Bulletin



DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS — PHOTO: LIL JUNAS

**SPRING 1975**

# **OZARK SOCIETY BULLETIN**

Spring 1975 Volume IX No. 1

Published by The Ozark Society  
Joe Marsh Clark and Maxine B. Clark, Editors  
Ph 501-442-2404

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

THE OZARK SOCIETY, P.O. Box 2914, Little Rock, Arkansas 72203

## **OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY**

President ..... Dr. Joe F. Nix, Box 737, Ouachita Baptist U., Arkadelphia,  
AR 71923 Ph. 501-246-4531, Ext. 305—Res. 501-246-6534  
1st Vice President ..... Steve Wilson, 7500 Ember Lane, Little Rock, AR 72209  
2nd Vice President ..... Carl Guhman, 1315 S. Scott St., Little Rock, AR 72202  
(Society Outing Chairman) ..... Phones 374-8127 & 371-1941  
Treasurer ..... Dr. James W. (Bill) Wiggins, Ozark Society, P.O. Box 2914,  
Little Rock, AR 72203  
Secretary ..... Jo (Mrs. Steve) Wilson, 7500 Ember Lane, Little Rock, AR 72209  
Executive Secretary ..... Rose Hogan, Ozark Society, P.O. Box 2914,  
Little Rock, AR 72203  
Membership Chairman ..... Kriste (Mrs. James) Rees, 529 So. 9th,  
Arkadelphia, AR 71923  
Conservation Committee Chairman ..... Tom Foti, 1919 West 7th St.,  
Little Rock, AR 72202, Ph. 374-6271

## **PULASKI CHAPTER Little Rock, Arkansas**

Chairman ..... Mike Moriarty, 6909 Kingwood Road, 72207  
Vice Chairman ..... Bob Ritchie, 1509 Old Forge Drive, 72207  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Alice Andrews, 5610 "B" Street, 72205  
Outing Chairman ..... Bob McKinney, 4214 Fairview Road, 72205  
Conservation Chairman ..... Everett Bowman, 24 Sherrill Heights, 72202

## **DELTA CHAPTER P.O. Box 5415 Pine Bluff, Arkansas 71601**

Chairman ..... Jim Dardenne  
Vice Chairman ..... Jane Parsons  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Carolyn Gettler

## **OUACHITA CHAPTER Arkadelphia, Arkansas 71923**

Chairman ..... Jim Rees, O.B.U., Res. ph. 246-5497

## **BAYOU CHAPTER Shreveport, Louisiana**

Chairman ..... Mrs. George (Irene) Armstrong, 311 E. 76th St., 71106  
Res. ph. 865-8302  
Vice Chairman ..... Tom C. Carson, 4334 Clingman Drive, 71105  
Res. ph. 868-7839, Ofc. ph. 746-358  
Secretary ..... Jim A. Allen, 229 Roma St., 71105, Res. ph. 865-8961  
Co-Treasurers ..... Paul & Bonnie Glanville, 3128 Pines Rd., 71109  
Res. ph. 635-0070, Ofc. 865-6311, Ext. 312

## **INDIAN NATIONS CHAPTER Tulsa, Oklahoma**

Chairman ..... Paul Kendall, 4813 E. 26th, 74114, ph. 939-1839  
Secretary ..... June Kendall, 4813 E. 26th, 74114, ph. 939-1839  
Outing Chairman ..... George Pierson, 5715 E. 22nd Pl., Tulsa, OK 74114  
ph. 918-835-2241

## **UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS AT LITTLE ROCK CHAPTER 33rd and University Little Rock, Arkansas 72204, ph. 565-7531**

Chairmen ..... Drs. Robert Johnston, Peter Sherrill, and Bill Wiggins

## **HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT P.O. Box 692 J.S. Springfield, Missouri 65801**

Chairman ..... Dave Walters, Res. ph. 417-865-0779  
Vice Chairman ..... Mary Kolb  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Richard Summers  
Outing Chairman ..... Bill Bates

## **CAJUN CHAPTER Lafayette, Louisiana 70501**

Chapter Chairman ..... Joan Williams, 306 Laurence St., Ph. 234-3250  
1st Vice Chairman ..... Jerold Freeman, 304 Live Oak, Ph. 984-2762  
2nd Vice Chairman ..... Steve Schneider, 202 Tanglewood, Ph. 234-2123  
Secretary ..... Brenda Fuseller, 208 Louie St., Ph. 233-4324  
Treasurer ..... Sarah Schoeffler, 1100 Marilyn Dr., Ph. 984-5456

## **HIGHLANDS CHAPTER Fayetteville, Arkansas**

Chairman ..... Wallace Cordes, 895 Jackson Drive, 72701, Res. ph. 442-6608  
Vice Chairman ..... Jerry Yarbrough, 2305 So. Greenwood, ph. 782-2898  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Caroline (Mrs. Scott) Crook  
Outing Chairman ..... Richard D. (Dick) Murray, 2006 Austin Dr., ph. 501-442-8995

## **BELLE POINT CHAPTER Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901**

Chairman ..... Jim Kearney, 5003 Summit St., ph. 452-0814  
Vice Chairman ..... Jerry Yarbrough, 2305 So. Greenwood, ph. 782-2898  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Rosemary Rapley, 2218 So. 46th St., ph. 782-2951  
Outing Chairman ..... Diane Elkins, 1204 N. 33rd St., ph. 782-1102

# **Harold Alexander's Papers**

## **Selected for Inclusion in Anthology of Conservation Writings**

Harold E. Alexander of Conway, an environmental planner with the State Department of Planning and formerly Chief Biologist with the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission, has been recognized for his work and publications concerned with conservation with the inclusion of two of his published papers in an anthology of writings covering the field of conservation. His published papers are included with seventy-two other papers, articles and book selections picked from the voluminous literature concerned with wildlife and natural resource conservation, which was published between the years 1938 to 1974. These selections include writings from the pen of Albert Schweitzer, Joseph Wood Krutch, Aldo Leopold, R.F. Dasman, Frank Craighead and other nationally known authors.

Alexander's papers are included in the recently printed 700 page volume, "Readings in Wildlife Conservation", published by the Wildlife Society, a national conservation organization.

The first of these papers, "The Obligations of the Biologist", was originally published in the "Proceedings" of the Southwestern Association of Conservation Commissioners. Its primary theme is to demonstrate that research and the uses of science must be motivated by high principles and moral concerns if they are to be of value to mankind.

The second paper, titled "Changing Concepts and Needs In Wildlife Managements", postulates that management concepts are related to the preservation of "an adequate environment for man", whose welfare is governed by century-old biological systems and balances.

Alexander has a B.S. degree in zoology from the University of Kansas and an M.S. degree in Wildlife management and ecology from Texas A. & M. University. He has written numerous papers and articles concerned with conservation practices and principles, and published many of these in science journals.

He has received both regional and national awards for contributions to the field of conservation, including Sear-Roebuck-Wildlife Federation awards in 1966 and 1969 for contributions to the management of wildlife and to water resources, a Presidential Citation in 1970 for contributions to water management, a Siker-Safari International Award for wildlife conservation in 1970, and an American Motor's (Professional) award in 1973 for contributions toward the preservation of streams and wetlands.

He was a member of the first National Citizen's Committee on Outdoor Recreation, presented papers at the North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference which contributed to the development of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, was chairman of the Southeastern Water Use Committee for 12 years, is currently chairman of the Southeast Environmental Committee for the society, is a member of the Advisory Board, American River Conservation Council, received a "best paper" award from the Southeastern States and other recognition for his conservation works.



### SONG FOR A MOOD

I went out into the wood to consult an oracle  
old as the dew, old as the summer rain,  
to inquire if it might be possible for a miracle  
to be wrought upon a mood that was heavy with bane,  
and bring it into a flowering April canticle.

The oracle I went to see was the green and intricate  
proud honeysuckle growing against a wall,  
its nectar-filled corollas sculptured and delicate,  
holding more honey after the dark rain fall  
than ever they held when they were fresh and inviolate.

And the oracle murmured: "The miracle and the canticle  
are not impossible to the bane-bound spirit,  
if it can bear the dark rain,  
if it will yield to the spring the frozen pain,  
and bring to the wood and the wall  
such fragrance as it can let fall."

## Cache River Lawsuit—What's Happening Now

TED GOODLOE  
Arkansas Ecology Center

We're going to discuss the Cache River Lawsuit and its current status. We're full time at the Ecology Center (Tom Foti, Brian Thompson and myself) and we're very active in other areas, in addition to the Cache River, such as current events, other lawsuits, and public service commissions.

The Cache River lawsuit is very much like other environmental lawsuits, like the Cossatot River or Gillham Dam suit — we win the battles and loose the war. We make "good law", we beat 'em to their knees with the lawbooks and they got the lake. This is the real problem with environmental lawsuits. When you sue based upon the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) you are

limited to challenging the adequacy of their environmental assessment and Environmental Impact Statement.

Briefly what's happened is this: the project to channelize the Cache River and Bayou DeView for flood control purposes was authorized by Congress in 1950. For various reasons the project was not started until 1970. The suit was filed and heard in Little Rock and we lost. However, an appeal in the Eighth District we won a reversal which stopped the project until the Environmental Impact Statement was revised. The Corps spent much time and effort and circulated a revised and expanded draft and final EIS.

The process now is to have a court review and decision of the adequacy

of this new EIS and based on this decision the project will either proceed or be postponed. The Environmental Defence Fund doesn't believe we can win in court at this time. We at the Ecology Center are ready for trial. We have some new data based upon ground water systems which should influence the court's disposition toward the EIS.

There are other complicating circumstances which are also at work. They, the Corps, Game and Fish Commission, Environmental Defense Fund, are trying to settle the suit. It has always been the contention of Arkansas Game and Fish that since the Corps has never purchased any mitigation lands there is no reason to

(Continued on Page 14)



# Spring 1975: The Gathering of the Clan

JOHN HEUSTON

They called it the "Great Hall," this masterful old lodge building at the Ouachita Council Girl Scout Camp on Lake Sylvia, a world away from the smog and bustle of Little Rock 40 miles to the east.

This crisp early spring evening it was filled with people who could appreciate the massive hand hewn timbers—said to have been virgin cypress from nearby Harris Brake—held together by hand forged bands of iron and wooden pegs.

The Ozark Society was gathering again, as it has done since 1962. They came from the mountains of Arkansas and Missouri, the rolling hills of the old "Indian Nations" in Oklahoma and the meandering bayous of Louisiana.

The tables beneath the great beams groaned from the weight of platters of home made food—from fried Ozark trout to shrimp creole and more fancy bean casseroles than any one person should have to choose between. A plate will hold only so much. Some 200 people filed in and out of the Great Hall, the murmur of shared experiences echoed off the walls and the giant stone fireplaces popped and crackled in the background. Good people make for good times.

While the food was settling, President Joe Nix restored a modest amount of order and announced a presentation. Margaret and Harold Hedges were called forward and presented with a book of the paintings of their late friend, Missouri artist Thomas Hart Benton, and a complete bound volume of Ozark Society Bulletins. The Hedges have made many

contributions to the Ozark Society since its formation, and were active in the Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club of Kansas City prior to retiring at Boxley in Newton County. Harold served as a vice president and outing chairman of the Society for five years and Margaret organized the Society's membership filing system during her lengthy tenure as membership chairman. Together, they authored the popular Buffalo and Mulberry canoeing guides.

History was made that night—for the first time ever Margaret Hedges was speechless.

In another presentation, Dr. Jack Downs of the Pulaski Chapter presented a plaque to two popular chapter members who were attending their last meeting before moving to Florida—Bill and Britt Zaist. The Zaists caught the canoeing/backpacking fever while in Arkansas and were soon involved in almost every outing the Pulaski Chapter conducted.

The featured speaker of the night was Bill Shepherd of the State Department of Planning, who has headed the state's efforts (finally realized this legislative session) to create a state department of natural areas. Shepherd explained the program and showed slides to illustrate the types of natural areas the state would like to preserve.

After the program, the sleepy heads shuffled off to bed in the tent camps around Lake Sylvia and the serious mountain music makers began to gather in a corner. Tom Foti set the pace with his banjo and Carl Guhman

and Belinda Moore blended in with a pair of guitars, assisted by Dr. Tom Lesh on the mouth bow. Lil Junas filled in the gaps with her harmonica.

As Saturday evening turned into Sunday morning, the old beams were still throbbing to the rhythmic stomp of the jig dancers. It would have been familiar music to the generation of craftsmen of the depression era 30's that had hewn the time mellowed beams and laid the giant fireplace stones. It is not likely we will meet their breed again.

But most went to bed early. It had been a busy day. The workshop session of the meeting had been held in scattered lodges throughout the camp. It was a scene reminiscent of college days—every half hour people passed each other on the trails, headed for classes on canoeing safety, minimum impact camping, photography, newsletter publication and other subjects designed to better accomplish the aims of the Ozark Society.

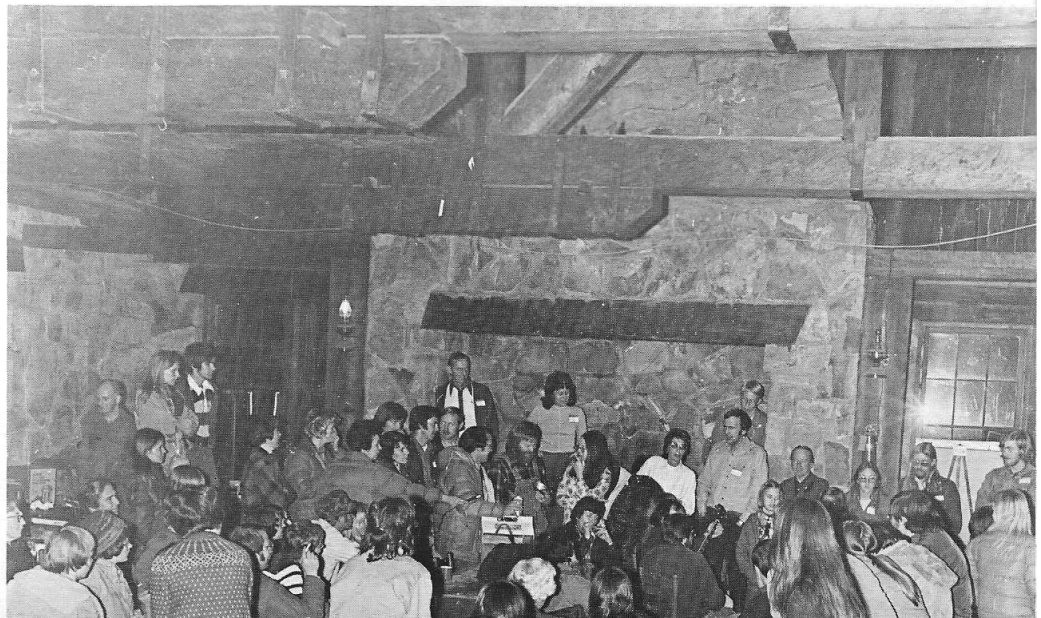
The oldtimers in the Society remembered other springs when only a handful of wilderness and scenic rivers enthusiasts attended the annual meetings. What started as a trickle has swelled to a torrent.

Notice has been served that no dam builder, ditch digger or other exploiter of natural areas can ever again view the Ozark-Ouachita region as "easy pickens."

The fun-filled spring meeting showed that the Ozark Society is going to make its second decade even more productive than its first.

## A Meeting in the Great Hall

Photo:  
Joe Clark





# Eastern Wilderness and Arkansas Natural Areas

TOM FOTI

This is a status report on Natural Area and Wilderness preservation in the region with emphasis on those areas where action is needed.

The Conservation Committee which I chair will, among other things, be coordinating the Society's activities in natural area, wilderness and scenic river preservation. If you have any ideas or wish to volunteer for a project, by all means let me or another committee member know. We can then put together a list of people who can be called on to help, and as I get through this report, you will see that a lot of help is needed.

First, I want to distinguish between natural areas and wilderness. "Yes, Virginia, there is a difference." Just ask Dale Bumpers. He insisted on calling his natural areas bill a wilderness bill, and succeeded in getting his requested appropriations defeated. David Pryor got around the problem by calling the same thing a "natural heritage" bill and got his appropriation. A rose by another name sometimes smells better!

But there is a real difference between a red rose and a white rose, or in this case, between a natural area and a wilderness. Without getting into a complete, subtle definition I would say a natural area is one in which the workings of man are not dominant. That's a negative definition, but simple (even simplistic). Now a wilderness area is a natural area, but it has an added characteristic: either through size or through the nature of its boundaries, it is self-contained. Natural processes occur in all natural areas; large-scale natural processes (like natural fires, whole communities of plants and animals, and complete home ranges of large animals) occur in wilderness areas, little affected by outside influences. So all natural areas are roses, but wilderness is a special sort of rose which to many people has a different aroma (or odor).

In practical terms, we have an Arkansas Nature Preserve System, which is regulated by state laws, consists of state-owned land, and may include all sorts of natural areas, including wilderness. Realistically, though, most of Arkansas' preserves will be of the smaller, non-wilderness type.

There is also a National Wilderness Preservation System, regulated by federal law which exists only on federal land and is limited only to wilderness areas.

Soooooo, with these distinctions in mind. . . .

## Arkansas Nature Preserve System

A natural area inventory was authorized in 1971. It resulted in the Environmental Quality Act of 1973 which created a nature preserve system administered by the Environmental Preservation Commission which could buy areas.

Also, in 1973, Governor Bumpers requested \$10 million from the state surplus to buy areas. He reduced that request to \$5 million and finally to \$2.5 million in the special session. He was refused all these by the General Assembly which even refused a \$60,000 appropriation to provide a staff for the commission.

Governor Pryor, this year, proposed a number of bills in the current session of the legislature which affect the system. One is H. B. 640, which has passed and is now Act 227. It changed the name of the commission from the Environmental Preservation Commission to the Natural Heritage Commission, and it also appropriated \$1.5 million for acquisition of nature preserves, plus about \$75,000 a year for commission expenses including staff support to be provided by the Arkansas Department of Planning or its successor.

The Commission is authorized to use that \$1.5 million to match federal money, so the actual amount at the commission's disposal may be higher than this. However, it could also be lower.

This could happen toward the end of the session if there will be passed a "Revenue Stabilization Act of 1974" which sets priorities on all state expenditures. This is because more money is usually appropriated than the state will actually have.

Based on projections of revenue, the Joint Budget Committee ranks appropriated expenditures: All of category A is spent, most of category B, and usually none of category C. So, it's imperative that the bulk of the Natural Heritage Commission funds be in categories A and B. Keep watching. (1)

Now the other thing is this matter of the Department of Planning or its successor. There are two other bills introduced which potentially create "successors" to the Planning Department. One is House Bill 796, an act to create a department of Arkansas Natural and Cultural Heritage. In that bill, a number of state agencies and commissions which deal with Arkansas' Heritage would be grouped into a new department. These would include the Natural Heritage Com-

mission, the Arkansas Historic Preservation Program, the History Commission, the Stream Preservation Committee and several others. All these commissions would remain in existence, but their funding and operations would be co-ordinated by the director who would be appointed by the governor.

This bill could give extra status to historical and natural preservation efforts in the state. It could also accomplish a very important goal to the Ozark Society in that it could obtain funding for the Stream Preservation Committee. Under this department's budget request, Stream Preservation Committee funding would be a line-item appropriation rather than separate legislation.

That's H.B. 796. (2)

The other bill which could affect the operation of the Natural Heritage Commission is House Bill 508, the Local Services Department bill. Under the provisions of this bill the Department of Planning will be dissolved and part of its duties will be assigned to an Office of Planning in the Governor's Office; the rest will go to a new Department of Local Services.

Now, if the Heritage Department bill doesn't pass, the Natural Heritage Commission is set to receive staff support from one of those agencies, but there is a question about which. The bills says that all powers of the Planning Department shall go to the Governor's Office except those which specifically are assigned to the new department, and there is no mention of the Natural Heritage Commission, so it seems that the Natural Heritage Commission will receive staff support from the Office of Planning rather than the Department of Local Services.

It would no doubt be preferable and more appropriate for the Heritage Department to be formed and for the Natural Heritage Commission to become a part of that department.

## WILDERNESS

Lots is happening. There are three major federal landowners in our region: the Forest Service, the Park Service, and the Fish and Wildlife Service and it is most convenient to discuss them separately.

**NATIONAL FORESTS:** The Eastern National Forest Wilderness Bill passed in the last days of the 93rd Congress and was signed into law after the Congress had adjourned. This action climaxed three years of

activity by citizens to counter Forest Service arguments that there was no wilderness in the East because they contended most of the possible areas at some time or another had been logged or had otherwise been affected by man.

The fact that these areas had substantially recovered was not acceptable to the Forest Service as a qualification for wilderness designation. They argued that the wilderness act said areas must "retain" their primeval character and that these areas did not "retain" but rather had "recovered" their wilderness character. They proposed a new definition for wilderness in the East, a new set of management guidelines, review by the Congressional Agriculture rather than Interior Committees, in short, a new system of eastern "wild areas".

Legislation was introduced in 1972 by Senator Aiken to set up this system and the Forest Service held "listening sessions" to gather support.

Wilderness advocates responded by introducing legislation (S. 3792) which would declare that wilderness does exist in the East, and would declare over a dozen National Forest areas part of the original wilderness system. At the same time, they roasted the Forest Service in its own listening sessions and in congressional hearings.

The bills were re-introduced into the 93rd Congress in early 1973, and it soon became apparent that the big question would be, not "whether", but rather "how many" areas were to be designated.

In Arkansas the questions were "how big should the Caney Wilderness be" and should the Upper Buffalo be "instant wilderness" or only a "study area". Thanks to the strong support of the Arkansas Congressional delegation, particularly J.W. Fulbright, John Paul Hammer-schmidt and Bill Alexander, the Ozark Society got all we asked for in Arkansas.

In Missouri, the situation was more serious. Since many of the advocates of wilderness were the same people who were fighting against the dam on the Meramec, which some members of the Missouri Congressional Delegation favored, those members decided to oppose wilderness status for any areas in Missouri. Their wishes prevailed so the two Missouri instant wilderness and the two wilderness study areas were dropped from the bill which eventually passed.

A similar lack of Congressional support in Louisiana caused its two proposed wilderness study areas to be dropped from the bill.

So, there are now two wilderness areas in Arkansas: the Caney Creek Wilderness in the Ouachita National Forest and the Upper Buffalo Wilderness in the Ozark National Forest.

There are also three study areas: Dry Creek and Belle Starr Caves in the Ouachita, and Richland Creek in the Ozark National Forests. These areas will be treated as wilderness now, but will be studied by the Forest Service within the next few years in order to make a recommendation to the Congress as to whether they should be formally designated wilderness. Citizen input will occur and is very important. Ozark Society members should be gathering information to present to the Forest Service.

Also, it is quite possible that there are other areas on the National Forests which can be suggested as future wilderness study areas, and if people who are interested will contact me, I will coordinate those activities too. Especially, those of you who agreed to do preliminary wilderness evaluations at the Wilderness Workshop three years ago should contact me if you have information or to indicate you are still interested.

Folks in Missouri and Louisiana are needed to build support for re-introducing wilderness and wilderness study area legislation there. There

are also possible areas in Oklahoma which need people to prepare and present their case.

**NATIONAL PARKS:** Hearings were held this fall on the wilderness alternatives presented on Buffalo National River. The Ozark Society took the lead in developing a synthesis of those alternatives into a recommended plan with a philosophy of maximum wilderness in three units for a total of some 37,000 acres. That plan received wide support and will probably become the basis for the Park Service recommendation to Congress. There is little action to be taken till some Park Service recommendation is made.

**NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGES:** A number of refuges in the area have been studied for wilderness potential. Proposals are now before Congress to designate portions of Big Lake National Wildlife Refuge and White River National Wildlife Refuge in Arkansas and Mingo National Wildlife Refuge in Missouri as wilderness. There are also proposals in Mississippi and Louisiana, but probably outside the Ozark Society's region of greatest involvement.

We expect that all of these areas will be the subject of hearings before the Congressional Interior Committees, and some of these hearings might take place within a couple of weeks. (3)

#### FOOTNOTES

(1) One million dollars in Category A, and \$500,000 in Category B was approved by the legislature. GOOD

(2) Passed, but received no funding for a director. The director of one of the included programs will serve as director of the department.

(3) Hearings are now expected in June.

#### Arkansas Wilderness

Photo: from Kodachrome  
by George Silk



# Upper Hailstone

(An Arkansas Wilderness River)  
MARGARET HEDGES

The road into the river was rough, a lot rougher than I had remember it, and longer, too. It was a Forest Service road, little used and poorly maintained. It rutted badly in wet weather and baked like Arkansas gumbo in the summer. Every fall, just before deer season it saw a blade, and, for a few weeks, it was passable for most vehicles. It was like that the first time we ever drove it, passable, that is. And it was fall, too. One of those perfect autumns with warm days, cold nights and brilliant colors. We weren't looking for color even though it added considerably to the pleasure of that day. We were looking for a new stretch of canoeable water. New water is water that we've not canoed. It doesn't matter how many others may have canoed on it — if we haven't been on it, it's new water. If we are the first to canoe it, it is virgin water, (increasingly rare in an area where canoeing is growing by leaps and bounds). Since float boats have been in common use on our Ozark streams for more than a century most virgin water is found on the extreme upper portions of these rivers where water flow is often intermittent and the gradient steep. And so it was on that fine fall day that we stumbled upon the Upper Hailstone. We forded it with no problem for it was little more than a trickle and we vowed as we crossed it that we'd be back some day with our canoe.

We were on our way back now to the Upper Hailstone river to fulfill that promise made almost nine years ago. It hadn't been easy to get the trip organized and underway and, as we bounced around on the rough road, I marvelled that we were actually making the long promised return trip. We were wiser now, a lot older and far more cautious, especially when it came to virgin water. Since our first pilgrimage into the region the topo maps of the river had been completed and we knew now that the stretch of water we were about to tackle was a little out of our realm. It dropped about 35 feet to the mile, about triple the drop of most of our white water experience. We knew that too little water meant a lot of walking or dragging but too much meant a lot of portaging. We had already surveyed the river at the take out and all agreed it was perfect for our expedition; about six inches less water than we really needed for a minimal trip.

I'm not much of a trip leader and I guess the only reason I was called leader on this occasion was because I ram-rodged the trip. Actually it's the

only time I ever really crossed Harold. He's taken me on a lot of canoe trips and we've had some pretty exciting times together but he always made the decision of where to float and when. All of his decisions weren't good but none of them were dull. Why he once took me on a New Year's trip down a flooded river with no life jackets and no other canoes! We set a record that still stands today — 47 miles in nine hours! We wouldn't do it again, we know better now, canoeing alone isn't safe and canoeing without life jackets is suicidal.

Well, like I said, I crossed Harold. He heard me on the phone making plans for this trip and as soon as I hung up he informed me he was not going on that fool hardy ride. I was floored at his reaction but not swayed by it. I had planned this trip for 9 years and nothing was going to make me give it up now. I might regret the decision but I was going on the upper Hailstone and I was going on the 15th of June, 1974. I must have been pretty sure of my ground because I went right ahead with my plans without a thought to the fact that I now had no stern man to take me down the river. It was Wednesday when Harold backed out and now it was Saturday and Harold was with me as I headed for my river. I can't remember when he changed his mind, I guess I just knew he'd take me if I insisted and I surely insisted.

As ram-rod of the trip I chose my companions carefully. I had visions of long portages and broken canoes and I knew we needed strong and eager canoers to complete our party. I figured three canoes would be ideal. We could all go in one vehicle to the put in and we were a small, easily managed group with just enough canoe space to help each other out in case of a disaster. So, in addition to a very reluctant husband, I had three other companions Steve and Stewart Noland in an aging 17ft standard Grumman and Coleman Holt, solo, in a Blue Hole ABS 16 ft plastic canoe. We used an Old Town, ABS plastic 16 ft length. We all agreed on a light-weight trip with as little camping gear as possible, like an overnight backpack trip only we used heavy water proof bags to protect our gear. In fact, since the trip was only 13 miles from put in to take out we were all pretty confident we could run it in one day, and the camping gear was really sort of an emergency measure. Anyway, we had chosen our gear with great deliberation and managed to keep our load confined to the mini-

mum standards. Everything was stored in the back of our Carryall now and I glanced back at it as we drove to the river. There were plastic bailers and paddles strewn about over the packs. Rescue ropes were in evidence as was the ax and the ever comforting life jackets. Hopefully we had everything we'd need for a safe trip.

We had hired a local driver to put us in and he had his instructions about where to leave the car. He was native in this country and knew the river well. He wasn't much for the plan we had described, said we were foolhardy for trying it. "It's rough," he said, "and you'll be a long ways from help if you need it. Nobody takes a boat up here — too hard to git to, anyway."

We had started down the last steep mile to the river and suddenly the road was bad. We stopped the car and the Nolands walked ahead to see if things were going to get better or worse. We could hear limbs crashing as they dragged a fallen tree from the road and we felt the heavy thud of the rocks dropping into a bad washout. We eased down the mountain and twice we all got out to help with temporary road repairs. I believe Harold would have turned around here if there had been any way to do it. He wasn't much for using his car like this. Afterall, it wasn't a four wheel drive and there was a limit to the punishment it could take. When the road levelled out at the valley floor the going wasn't so bad but we still stopped way short of the river rather than risk getting our vehicle buried in the sand. I was relieved to get safely down the mountain and more than anything else I wanted a glimpse of "my river". I ran to the water's edge, slipped down the sandy bank and smiled with smug delight as I glanced upstream and down. The water was beautiful, just like I remembered it, but nothing else about the crossing was the least bit familiar. The river was too deep for any vehicular crossing and the opposite bank much too steep and sandy. I was much more interested in whether or not the river could be canoed than whether or not it could be crossed. Our driver stood close by and let his skepticism show as he drawled, "Ain't much use of trying it, ain't enough water. You'll walk the whole darn thing."

"No, Champ," I replied, "it's just the way I want it. See that riffle down stream, if that alder doesn't throw us out as we pass under it there's just enough water to scoot us through."



By now the men had the gear and the canoes at the river. Harold was already to help Champ take the car part way up the mountain and the two of them climbed into the car while the rest of the crew began loading the gear into the canoes. I was excited and just a little apprehensive. Harold returned from taking our car up the steepest part of the road and if he had any qualms about what we were about to attempt he didn't let on. It was a perfect June morning, not yet 9 o'clock. Our adventure was about to begin. So far everything had gone like clock work. By common consent we took the lead, brushing the alder and, skinning over the first drop curving out of sight of the put in spot, we were now in a world apart. Excitement was in the air and my heart pounded at the thought of the day of adventure that was upon me. I wondered if other canoeists experience this same excitement as they contemplate new water, new rapids, new thrills. Was I excited merely because I was scared or was I like a climber or a skier, exhilarated at the challenge! Whatever the cause the tingling sensation was real and I wondered how the others could appear so calm.

It wasn't long until Coleman paddled alongside. He was on his knees about midway in his Blue Hole canoe and it was soon obvious that his ability with a paddle even exceeded our greatest expectations. His well padded knees were braced against the sides of his craft and at once he and his canoe were one. He is a big man, strong and lean with a friendly smile and a modest manner. It was a joy to watch him maneuver for he did it with such grace and effortless ease. By now we had slipped over some rocky chutes and were beginning to get the feel of the river. The tiny pools between drops scarcely gave us an opportunity for much friendly conversation. Lacking an idea of how to go about naming our rapids I resorted to an old counting trick I had used on Big Piney river the first time we ever ran it. Admittedly this is a poor system but nobody had any better suggestions, at least not at that moment. We encountered many rapids that were too shallow to run without getting out of our canoe so fell easily into the habit of counting those we walked, those we slithered over and those we actually ran. The rule was if we got out of the canoe, even briefly, that spot was automatically classified as a "walker", if we skimmed over a few rocks, that one was called a "slither", if we hit nothing, we could say we "ran" the rapids. By noon the count was 20 rapids slithered over, 14 walked and 13 run and at that point we abandoned the system. Noland was inclined to call the system worthless

since they were the heavy weights in a standard keel 17 foot Grumman. They didn't slither over anything and, at least for the first few hours, worked hard to get down the shallow river. On the other hand Coleman with no partner scarcely walked at all. He could slither over damp rocks by merely shifting his weight around in his canoe.

Before we had traveled very far we came to a fine riffle about 50 feet long with a drop of nearly ten feet. I call it a riffle only because of the small volume of water. With a little rise on the river we would have classified this drop as one of the steepest and most exciting of the day but as it was, with so little water, we actually had to re-arrange a few rocks before attempting to run it. We all pulled ashore at the top of the drop and took part in the channelization program. The effort paid off and we changed this riffle from slither to run in a few short moments. We thought the rocky shoal was plenty exciting as we viewed it from the top but when we pulled in at the bottom we thought it even more dramatic. From below the channel appeared to have been altered by flood waters and our little run was actually a tiny gorge cut through a huge boulder pile left by some recent quirk of nature. The rock pile had at sometime blocked the entire river and only recently had the water cut its way on a zig-zag path to the lower level. Running it in a canoe was exhilarating for this was our first real taste of white water for today — more like what we had expected and we made the most of it.

The scenery became more impressive the further we got from the put in. Frequent little water falls, banks of ferns and mosses, bluffs of shale were common sights. The hills rose steeply on both banks of the river giving us a closed in feeling at once wild and lonely. The foliage was dense and often we could hear the falling water of a tributary long before we could see it. Conversation was taboo for we were all pre-occupied with the awesome wonder of this untrampled wilderness. How thrilling it was to traverse these virgin waters, to move spell bound through this strange and exotic land. No alien sound could be heard; there was no distant rumble of highway traffic, no human sound to break the spell; no litter was here, no farm, no pasture, no cow or calf. Just ahead on the left was a picturesque overhand sheltering the river bank for a few yards and beyond this a major tributary spilled into our river. Coleman had pulled onto the right bank and was scrambling over the rocks that appeared to choke the channel. We all followed suit to get a glimpse of our next rapids and I must

say I was completely unprepared for the sight that was before us. The river plunged from a deep quiet pool through a gap in the rocks barely as wide as a canoe. Just as the water escaped the confines of these boulders it seemed to erupt in all directions at once, pouring over the hidden obstacles in layers. We named it immediately Overlayed Falls. This was more water than we had seen all morning. Our river was definitely bigger and the drop we examined now was no riffle. Just a few feet from the squeeze exit the water fanned out spreading its frothy layer over a submerged boulder like thin cake icing in a sugar shortage. This looked to me like disaster but I didn't say a word. I remembered how hard Harold had tried to discourage me from making this trip and I certainly didn't intend to show any signs of regret. I made up my mind if he wanted to try it I wouldn't complain even though I was certain it could not be run in an open canoe. Coleman ran it first and his performance was something to behold. He skinned the rocky bottom, tilted briefly until his gunwale touched the foam, then quickly righted his craft for a smooth finish. Steve and Stewart were next and they hit the "V" right on target with all the force the paddles could withstand. Their technique was perfect but their overloaded canoe with its sharp keel did them in and suddenly they were aground on a barely submerged rock. I waited for Harold to suggest we line through but he didn't so I jumped in the bow and with a few deep strokes we headed for the gap. We were instantly on a dangerous tilt and, try as I would, I could not bring the canoe back in balance. I slid off the slick plastic seat annoyed that I had somehow goofed and spoiled the run with suddenly the canoe emerged under me lifting me gracefully back into the bow seat. Harold was in the river and I was floating free — the canoe was gunwale to gunwale with water but I had somehow survived the disaster and I felt like a brave captain who stayed with his sinking ship. Now that we had flipped or swamped or filled with water or whatever name you want to give to our misadventure I felt a great sense of relief. Dumping wasn't all that bad and I was ready now to enjoy the adventure no matter what lay ahead.

Everyone in the party was aware of my sternman's reluctance to make the trip and they never let him forget it. They jokingly referred to me as their "leader" and whenever we ran some exciting water or came upon some extraordinary scenery someone would say whose dumb idea was this anyway? Or, "Harold, aren't you sorry you came?" It was a great day

in my life because it was so entrancingly beautiful. It was a thrill to know there was still virgin water to be canoed in Arkansas — virgin water running through an indescribable wilderness and we had had the thrill of discovery. What a memorable day!

In spite of the fact that we were completely absorbed in our surroundings somebody did mention food and distract us temporarily from the river. Just ahead on the left was a long grey ledge with a shady spot at the far end and we agreed to look it over. As we paddled closer we could hear the deep roar of water colliding with rocks and we pulled in to survey the rapids that lay between us and our potential lunch spot. Much of the water vanished under the boulders resulting in the booming sound much like distant thunder. The visible water ran precariously close to the jagged rocks, zigzagging in a treacherous slalom course for a distance of 30 or 40 feet. As we stood on the slab rock anticipating the fun of running this

small scale rapids Coleman remarked that it was much like a place on the Chattoga called "Bull Sluice" and calling it "Thunder Sluice" seemed natural. Having finished our preliminary study we all began to unload our craft for it seemed obvious anything carried in canoes through "Thunder Sluice" was going to get wet or possibly lost. We shot through first and I must admit the river was completely in charge and the channel we used was not by our selection but by the force of the river. We concentrated more on balance than we did on paddle technique and arrived at the placid pool below the chute with our pride intact but our canoe completely filled with water. Steve and Stewart were next but again, their weight caused their canoe to drag and they hung on the last ledge rock at the foot of the rapids and were forced to line from there. Coleman was poised amidships and followed Steve and Stewart as soon as they were out of the way. Halfway through "Thunder

Sluice" he suddenly flipped and his Blue Hole canoe came bouncing through the white water upside down but unhurt. But Coleman was not about to give up. He rescued the Blue Hole, shouldered it with ease and jogged back to the head of the rapids. Again he flipped, and again he began anew. He was determined to win but not until the 4th attempt did he come through upright and dry amid the enthusiastic cheers of his companions. Lunch was now in order and we relaxed as we ate and relived the marvels of the morning. I learned a lot that day — I learned from the river but mostly I learned from Coleman. He was a modest man not given to bragging and I had to dig for the information I wanted. I was particularly interested in the technique of solo canoeing versus tandem canoeing. Obviously he was a perfectionist with the paddle. He knew what to do and how to do it. I guess what I really wanted to know was why Coleman had flipped in "Thunder Sluice" and

**One of the Many Rapids on Upper Hailstone** from Kodachrome by Coleman Holt





eventually I got my answer and I quote "an upstream brace when running a swift chute of water sometimes has fatal results because it has the effect of an undershot water wheel and rolls you!"

In the discussion that followed I learned that solo may be different from tandem but not always more difficult. Some rapids can be run solo in an open canoe that cannot be run tandem in the same canoe. Sometimes the pivot position near the center of the canoe has a tremendous advantage and sometimes the lack of a bowman to pull that front end one way or the other makes maneuvering next to impossible. I was glad to know that I wasn't always just excess baggage in the canoe — that sometimes I could be useful if not downright necessary.

Rehashing the morning part of the trip and lolling in the shade were both fun but our map told us we had only covered 2½ miles out of our total of 13 and we needed to move on. In three hours we had counted 14 riffles walked, 20 slithered over and 13 run. By anybody's computer that is 47 total and in 2½ miles that is a lot of drop. Reluctantly we reloaded and shoved off into calm water. We spent the afternoon just as we had spent the morning, delving deeper into this wonderful wilderness, struggling through rock garden riffles and roaring rapids. We walked very few places after lunch but two that I recall that were especially steep and difficult were one called "No Way" and the other named readily "Triple Threat". The places stayed in my memory because they were not only difficult (if not impossible) to run — they were also difficult to walk. The channel moved from one side of the river to the other and dragging the canoes became tedious. Everyone else seemed disappointed that we didn't have quite enough water to run them all but I was perfectly content to do my share of the dragging preferring the security of too little water.

After an hour or so we came to a place later named "Bloody Keyhole" where nature seemed bent on damming our free flowing stream. We pulled in to chart our course and found a tree limb blocked the only channel. Harold grabbed his ax and crossed the river leaping from boulder to boulder and in short order the obstacle was removed. As the limb bobbed and sank and surfaced again I wondered how a canoe either tandem or solo could stay upright against such violent cross currents. All the force was towards a massive rock where the water churned and boiled as it surged out of sight. The canoe course was just to the left of the boulder where a gap not much wider

than a canoe formed the exit from this formidable trap.

My private opinion again was that nature had won and through this particular section I was willing to portage but my opinion was not sought. The men seemed to think 12 feet of canoe could maneuver through this very narrow, twisting channel carved through the ominous boulders. Since we were first in line we were elected to give it a try. I still said nothing but I took a dim view of spilling here and getting sucked beneath the rocks by the tremendous hydraulic force. We moved forward cautiously but in spite of our efforts to pull out of the current soon found ourselves neatly wedged with bow and stern held by the peculiar vice grip of the jagged rocks. We were securely anchored, slightly slanted across the current, not in any immediate danger but obviously not able to help ourselves. Fortunately the other canoers were still observing from the rocks and they reached down to help us get in position to complete the run. Once freed we had no difficulty squeezing through the gap and quickly pulled ashore below "Bloody Keyhole" to watch the other 2 canoes come through. Steve and Stewart plunged with the current but had too much speed. They could not pull left in time and the resulting head-on collision of aluminum and rock shattered the wilderness with a heretofore unfamiliar crash. Unfortunately it also succeeded in unseating the canoers and the torn and bloody shins are immortalized in the naming of this unforgettable rapids. Coleman was undaunted by the 2 failures that had preceded him and with his usual poise approached the hazzard with apparent calm. He knew how to swing out of the current to avoid repeating the head on collision he had just witnessed but he miscalculated his strength and collided bow to boulder on the left channel. This put the stern of that Blue Hole into fast water and the bow in dead water with the immediate result of a canoe crosswise at the channel exit and extremely vulnerable to capsize. Still calm and determined Coleman pulled forward to lessen the pressure on the stern and shot through the exit backwards again displaying his skill as a solo canoeist.

The beautiful June day that we had taken so much for granted was now marred by gathering clouds though we paid little attention to them. We had plenty of white water to conquer and we concentrated on dodging obstacles, willows as well as rocks, until the first thunder rumbled and got our attention. A summer shower seemed imminent so we quickly dug for the rain gear, barely getting it on

when the first drops fell. Rain wasn't in my plans. Not that it could spoil the scenery — it just made the wilderness more beautiful but it could spoil the river with a rise we didn't need. The rain now came down hard like it frequently does in a June storm and the lightening and thunder added to the excitement. Suddenly I realized we had gotten behind when we took time out for rain gear and we were quite alone on our river trail. We paddled harder hoping to catch our companions but the rain beat against our faces and we hunkered in our seats against the storm. In a few minutes the rain turned to hail and instantly our world looked like an explosion in a ping pong factory. Hail the size of ping pong balls hurt. It's cold too and it's noisy. We jumped from the canoe and stood in the fast water of a broad riffle using our paddle blades to shield our heads from this unexpected bombardment. The ground was white with hail and still it did not stop. I had changed my paddle for a plastic bailer hat but standing in mid river holding on to a canoe seemed rather foolish in view of the violent storm and I decided to get ashore where the trees could take some of the sting out of the hailstones. Shortly after I abandoned my post at the bow of the canoe Harold followed suit, dragging our little red canoe to a shallow cove as he came. Conversing was out of the question for the persistent hail bubbled the water sending jets a foot or more into the air as if the river was under seige from an unseen enemy. The storm abated, the hail ceased and we stood up in a new environment.

The air was cold and the river was cold and we were cold. The river now carried the leaves and bits of leaves shredded from the trees by the sudden hail storm and we were immediately caught in a mixing of the seasons. The white ground was our winter, the fallen leaves our fall but the density of the foliage was our surety of summer. Hurriedly we launched Little Red and around the first bend we found our companions huddled in the dry, made to order, shelter of an overhanging rock. They were not only snug but a little smug at their extreme good fortune and chided us as we told of the pelting we had endured just upstream.

We moved down stream now in quiet single file. A strange and heavy aroma came over the river. Fog that was dense and thick enveloped us and we moved into an eerie world. We soon discovered the source of the strange scent that filled the air for the river was littered with stripped Sweet Gum leaves but the eeriness caused by canoeing in an impenetrable fog we could not escape. We glided now



into another world. The river widened the valley broadened and we found ourselves in the midst of one of nature's destructive marvels. As the fog moved, lifted, descended again and again we caught a glimpse of the valley on either side of the river. Some awesome force had dealt a fatal blow to this part of the river and as far as we could see the trees were broken and twisted. Some lay in the river, some piled like Jack Straws in giant masses. A few trees still stood, stripped of life and limb, stark witnesses to a recent disaster. How strange and how marvelous are the workings of nature I thought as we continued through this blighted valley. I marvelled that this sight could be so dismal and yet so breathtaking at the same moment.

As the fog formed over the river the canoe ahead and the canoe behind vanished as if by some quirk of magic. In the few minutes that all this took place the canoes appeared and disappeared several times enhancing the spell the aftermath of the storm cast upon us. We were startled back to reality only when we ran Little Red up on a partially submerged limb and very nearly fell into the river.

It was evident we couldn't make it to the take out that night and a search for a suitable camp began as soon as we escaped the fallen trees. It was 6 o'clock when we found suitable high ground, level and reasonably free of rocks and pulled in to make camp. We much preferred camping on a gravel bar but this river had no such bars and we chose to make our camp in an open field well above the normal high water mark. The clouds had not vanished when the fog lifted and now as we carried our gear to the camp site a few sprinkles of rain spurred our activity. I couldn't decide what I needed most — the cheery warmth of a freshly kindled fire or the dry security of a tent pitched before it rained. I split my talents and, having gathered a few sticks for fire starter, did what I could to help erect the tent and get our gear in the dry. I was tired and a lot of me was still wet and I wasted no time changing clothes and starting supper. The little tent village hummed with activity but gradually we all relaxed and began re-living our very special day. It wasn't until I shared a cooking fire with Steve and Stewart that I became fully aware of at least part of their weight problem in the canoe. Spread around the fire were the various cook pots; not only did they bring a special unique device for cooking biscuits over an open fire but they even carried a cast iron skillet! Ordinarily I'm the last one to leave anything at home that I might need on the river but I did know the meaning of lightweight as well as the

necessity for it. Not only had they brought super heavy cook pots but they had brought a more than ample supply of groceries. I should have known better than to suggest eating lightly to those young men for they were famous for their camp fire feasts even before the prowess as white water canoers became known. I must confess I felt more than a little guilty as those enormous ham steaks came off the fire and they had one for each of us! They laughingly admitted they could give up a lot of comforts to go on a wild river but never food!

After food the next most important issue of the day was reading the maps. We had about 6 miles of river yet to run, part of which we knew had been canoed before. There was no access because no road comes near the river.

Second day rapids were a little further apart than first day rapids but the volume of water was not noticeably different. We scouted all the big rapids and had fair success with our channel choices. Once when Steve and Stewart were in the lead we didn't pull in for scouting purposes but sent them bounding down the longest run of the entire trip, dodging rocks and yelling with delight. The river was fast and frothy and I foolishly figured if those heavyweights could manage in that standard Grumman we could surely follow in Little Red. But we couldn't. About halfway through the run I failed to pull the bow left and we crashed head on into a solid rock. I'm not sure why we weren't on our knees when we started into this thing but we weren't. The sudden stopping of the canoe caught us both off guard and we literally flew off those slick plastic seats. Harold sprawled against the gear and I cracked my knees against the canoe with a paralyzing blow. I had always figured Little Red a superior canoe to a Grumman but at that moment I wasn't so sure. The smooth plastic seats have some advantages — they don't discolor your clothes, they aren't so cold in winter and not nearly so hot in summer but they have no "holding" power either. We regained our composure, backed away from our rock and managed the remaining portions of this particular run without further calamity. We waited at the bottom for Coleman, who slammed into the same rock denting the bow of his Blue Hole and demonstrating perfectly that solo canoers don't always have complete control of their craft.

There were several big rapids on that last day of our trip but the one first in my memory is one that Coleman named "Deliverance Falls". Of all the rapids we had run it had the steepest single fall — close to five feet and just beneath the falls it

had a boulder. It wasn't an ordinary boulder — it was a huge although I'm sure a boulder doesn't have to be huge to present problems to a canoer. This place had everything — I mean everything it required to keep almost anyone from attempting to run it. The drop was severe — enough to cause the bow to literally submarine, especially running tandem. It also had this heretofore mentioned boulder strategically located in the plunge of the falls. There never was any question about whether or not I was going to run this one — the question was where was I going to portage. Steve and Stewart had a long debate which ended with two main points: they couldn't make it tandem and the solo risks were greater than they chose to make with a borrowed canoe. While the two canoes were portaged, Coleman debated briefly with himself about the chances of survival. I don't know if I should say he won or lost the debate but he decided to try it and as he slid over the lip of the falls his audience was breathless. Coleman knows some smooth solo paddle tricks, some reverse techniques and some cross over strokes that were brand new to me but he put all his talent together and turned that educated Blue Hole away from that boulder in an unbelievable moment of triumph. We were more excited about his success than he was and he surely proved once and for all that "Deliverance Falls" can be run.

The drops below "Deliverance Falls" continued to be frequent and exciting. Pools were almost nonexistent near the end of our run and we often tangled with willows. It was in one of these willow jungles that Coleman had a serious mishap. The canoes were separated now, screened from each other by the heavy foliage so we didn't see what happened but it was not hard to imagine how a solo canoer could get into trouble with the channel split several times among the treacherous trees. Even a Blue Hole can't stay crosswise of the fast current very long without having problems. Somewhere in that willowy water Coleman flipped doing irreparable damage not to him, not to his pride, and not to his canoe but to his camera! He had recorded our wilderness river with painstaking precision only to get it wet at the very last of the trip. We called it pathetic, cruel, unfair and a few things unprintable but Coleman was still calm and undaunted. "It's a guarantee, I tell you, a guarantee that I'll be back." And I'm sure he will — with us.

Note - The story you have just read is true. Some names have been changed to protect the innocent.

# Effective Political Action

TOM McRAE, ATTORNEY  
Former aid to Governor Bumpers;  
Presently Director of the Winthrop Rockefeller  
Foundation

I would like to preface this talk by saying that this is applicable to the median or average legislator or politician. There is always the extremist, the guy who we're never going to change, who is always going to be against you and never going to be for you.

To be effective politically, first you must establish a reasonable goal, an attainable goal.

The second thing is, before the legislative session begins, decide how many issues you want to tackle. When you're dealing with legislators, and we're talking now about the Arkansas legislature, probably two or three issues is all a group like the Ozark Society can undertake at one time. As a practical matter, one issue is probably the best. With more than one issue, you dissipate your resources and you must remember the legislature is not a homogenous group, someone who is for you on one issue might be against you on another. Often you will lose supporters by pressing too hard on too many issues.

If you are lobbying, you must not get discouraged if everything seems to be going against you. You must keep up the pressure. Suppose you have one issue you're going to deal with, (last session it was natural areas), people pressured, they wrote letters. There were more letters written to the 1972 session regarding natural areas than any other piece of legislation before it. You say, "Why didn't we get any money?" The answer is really fairly simple. I don't know of anything that represented a new idea for legislation that has passed the first time around. It takes a long time to secure passage of something that is significant.

It took the Ozark Society 10 years of concentrated effort to establish the Buffalo National River. Often from my position, I could see the progress, and while it may not have been apparent to the outsider the battle was almost won, and it was frustrating to hear someone say, "Well, gosh, we're beaten again. I'm going to throw in the towel and quit." Or even worse, to say, "Well, I'm going to get those SOB's. I'm not going to vote for them anymore."

There's nothing to be gained by completely alienating anyone, you have to live with them until they get voted out of office.

The natural areas thing was relatively easy to work on. It was a short time span between the time we

started to work on it two years ago and when we got the commission established, and hopefully we will get some money this year. The seeds were planted back when the Ozark Society first started talking about stream preservation; the idea was there, people were talking to legislators.

The common, ordinary run-of-the-mill legislator is susceptible to public pressure. He may not have strong feelings one way or the other on conservation but if he thinks it's going to help him and not hurt him a great deal, he'll vote for you. Now if there is a fight and there are strong forces pulling both ways in his district, then he has to think a little. That's why it's important not to give up on a guy. If you lose his vote the first time, keep the pressure up. Tell him you were disappointed but go back again. After a while you may want to put him in the hopeless category but don't give up on a man just because he votes against you once or twice. Remember, a legislator can't look at a question from the same point of view as you. They're looking at all the letters and all the pressure they have to deal with from everyone in their district and sometimes the state.

Now that we've apparently won on an issue like the Natural Heritage bill, it's important to remember that the fight is not over. We have to develop some permanence and goals. We've got to make it workable. If the legislature as a group gets the idea that no one cares anymore, that it is not going to cost them anything not to spend the money, then they won't spend it. Now that we have the Natural Heritage program, it should be relatively easy to get the little things changed that will make it work. It is settled that it's to be funded every biennium and land is being purchased and programs developed; you are like everybody else, you should get an appropriation automatically. That's the status you really want to achieve. Natural Areas should become something that gets an appropriation every two years. That's really your next battle.

Another thing that is very important is to understand your enemy; the man who's opposing you. Understand why people are against you. It may not be because they are against conservation, it may be because of some other reason. It may be that they belong to a group with a special interest. It may be something that you can untangle with a little communica-

tion. My philosophy is that you avoid open confrontation with your opponents until you have eliminated every possible way to communicate with them and iron out differences. If you have people opposing a specific proposal most of the time it's because they don't understand a concept such as "wilderness". If you can sit down with them beforehand and communicate, even if you don't change their mind you can cut the points of friction down to one or two issues. This is much better than an emotional "I hate you". Emotionalism is about the quickest way to alienate a legislator or politician. Rational arguments are much better received than emotion.

Finally, I want to discuss the quickest, most effective way to deal with a legislator when you're writing. Obviously, any communication is better than none, but if you do communicate, the handwritten, personal letter or typewritten personal letter is the best way to do it.

QUESTION: Is it better to write someone on a particular committee or write your own legislator who may not be on that committee on the national level?

ANSWER: I would do it either of two ways: (1) I would write my senator and send a carbon copy to the committee chairman or (2) Write the chairman and send a carbon to my senator with a handwritten note saying, "I'd appreciate anything you can do to help."

QUESTION: Does it help to indicate you're on a particular committee of an organization or representing a group?

ANSWER: Yes. Organization helps it helps if you represent a significant number of conservationists and on behalf of them you are writing. From his perspective he has to sit there and say, "There are thousands of people who are going to be mad at me if I don't vote for this, or their reasons are so sound that I really don't have any choice."

QUESTION: Does it help to indicate that you are familiar with their voting record and with their campaign promises?

ANSWER: Yes, and it doesn't hurt to harp back and say I was disappointed last time but hope you can vote for us this time. If an organization can publish the voting record this is very effective. You're putting the spotlight on them and you have not called them a bad name or threatened them, you've just disclosed how they voted and that's effective.

# Environmental Impact Statement Public Involvement

by  
STEVE WILSON

The National Environmental Policy Act was the first legislation signed into law in this decade. It has been called the most important environmental legislation passed by Congress in several decades. This is because, unlike other environmental and pollution control legislation, the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA) declares a broad mandate and comprehensive policy for the environment.

The heart of the NEPA is the Environmental Impact Statement (EIS). Environmental Impact Statements and the EIS review process have resulted in fundamental changes in the responsiveness of agencies to considerations of environmental impacts.

It is the public involvement aspect of the EIS process which I wish to stress and hopefully, through a better understanding of the EIS process, stimulate some grass-roots involvement of our membership.

Any major federal action requires an EIS. This includes an array of things from General Service Administration office buildings to something as awesome as the Cache River Channelization Project. The various wilderness proposals of the Forest Service and even the Buffalo National River require EIS processing.

The initiation of planning for a major federal action is where, I think our membership should become involved with the project. We should provide input to all these early planning efforts through our Ozark Society chapters, community organizations, other conservation organizations and local political or planning bodies, etc. An executive order requires all Federal agencies to solicit public involvement at every state of project development and this includes planning. All too often though, the federal agency has the project planned, designed and funded, with special interest support, before we become aware of it.

Only through monitoring all federal and state planning can we be assured that we will know when a project is conceived. How can we monitor? Various ways. In Arkansas there are regional planning bodies which are permanently staffed by professional planners plus local public officials and other public representatives. These planning commissions are generally aware of major projects being planned in their region. Also, meet-

ings of these planning commissions are open to the public and to public input. I suggest that a very effective chapter activity would be active involvement with the local planning commission.

Another method of monitoring these planning efforts is to become recognized by appropriate federal agencies. Write to the District Engineer of the Corps and let him know you are interested in Corps plan for projects in your region and that you would like to be put on the mailing list for public notices. Ask the local representative of the Soil Conservation Service how you can become active in SCS plans locally and regionally. Before long you may be getting notices of more public listening sessions and hearings than you can hardly attend but at least you will be monitoring what's happening.

It is through this early input that we can get considerations and decisions made that will influence the character of the project. Also, if these environmental considerations occur during the planning phase we avoid many conflicts down the line, during design or construction. Changes, especially for environmental consideration, are almost impossible to accomplish during the latter stages of project development.

Following the planning effort, the federal agency will make an environmental assessment of the project area. This assessment will become a part of the draft EIS. Most resource agencies are now requesting public input in the environmental assessment phase. This is our chance to identify special natural areas or features with which we are familiar so they can be given full consideration in further project planning.

Preparation and circulation of the Draft EIS is the next step in project development. Supposedly, at the DEIS stage, the agency is considering an array of alternatives and should not be committed to any one. Of course, as in the case of some Corps projects, where Congress has directed what they must construct, it's very hard for them to honestly consider alternatives.

The DEIS contains a discussion of:

1. Significant environmental impacts (adverse and beneficial)
2. Probable adverse impacts which can't be avoided
3. Alternatives to the proposed action

4. Relationship of short term and long term effects

5. Irreversible and irretrievable commitments of resources

It is the discussion of alternate actions which provides the best opportunity for public input to the DEIS. If we have been effective in the project planning phase then the DEIS should contain an intensive discussion of all viable alternatives. If however, it is a project in which we have not been involved or weren't effective on earlier, the DEIS may discuss only very superficially any alternates other than the proposal. This is the case in many EIS's and these documents are being found legally deficient in almost every case.

If you review a DEIS for your chapter or another conservation organization or whatever, and you feel there is inadequate discussion of alternates, by all means respond to that agency formally. Formal responses to circulation of the DEIS must be disposed of in a discussion in the Final EIS. If you proposed another alternate or that the discussion of alternates was inadequate, the agency must discuss your proposal.

The fact that these responses are included in the DEIS, which is also widely circulated, insures that your comments are considered not only by the lead agency but by other resource agencies, organizations, the public, and perhaps the courts.

The agency then makes their decision as to how to proceed based upon all the input stimulated by circulation of the DEIS and the various public hearings. The final EIS is written based upon this decision for only one of the alternates. If you have so requested, the agency will send you a copy of the final EIS.

Some people have become impatient because the EIS process has not resulted in curtailing all environmental harm wrought by Federal projects. I agree it is frustrating to see a potentially disastrous project go to construction when the EIS stated clearly the potential environmental hazards. This is generally the case when there was little or no public involvement in the early planning phase. I'm convinced that the solution to this problem is practical, timely participation in project development. Let's try to insure that agencies operate within the spirit as well as the letter of the National Environmental Policy Act.



## Ozark Society Resolutions Spring Meeting - 1975

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Ozark Society is opposed to the authorization of any channelization of the Atchafalaya River by the Corps of Engineers prior to the completion of the Extensive Land and Management Study.

WHEREAS, the Ozark Society considers the establishment, funding, and effective action in acquiring a state Nature Preserves System to be high priority,

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Society commands Governor David Pryor, his aides and the legislature for their effective, prompt action in providing funding for the Natural Heritage Commission, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: that the Society urges the governor and the legislature to promptly pass legislation which would create a Department of Cultural and Natural Resources.

WHEREAS, the Ozark Society considers the creation of a State Department of Natural Resources to be vital to the preservation of the natural heritage of Arkansas, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Society urges Governor David Pryor to prepare and introduce legislation which would create a Department of Natural Resources by bringing together

all state agencies with a natural resources responsibility.

WHEREAS, the Ozark Society has long supported the preservation of the Mulberry River as a free-flowing stream, and

WHEREAS, the Society feels that the most appropriate mechanism for that preservation is inclusion of the river into the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Society urges Senator Dale Bumpers to re-introduce legislation authorizing study of the Mulberry River for inclusion in the system, that legislation having previously been introduced by Senator J.W. Fulbright, and,

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: that the Society urges the entire congressional delegation of the Ozark Region to support the prompt passage of the bill.

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Ozark Society appreciates the facilities provided by the Ouachita National Forest and Ouachita Girl Scout Council for its spring meeting, 1975, and in particular the Society commends the efforts of the Pulaski Chapter in arranging that meeting.

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Ozark

Society urges Governor David Pryor to appoint at least one person to the State Constitutional Convention who is concerned with and knowledgeable about constitutional issues which affect the natural environment of the state.

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Ozark Society expresses its appreciation to the Wilderness Society for that organization's excellent work in informing the Ozark Society about wilderness issues and aiding its efforts in wilderness preservation, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: that the Society particularly wishes to express its appreciation to Mr. Ernie Dickerman of the Wilderness Society for his exceptional efforts on behalf of wilderness in the Ozark-Ouachita Region.

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Ozark Society opposes passage of HB690, which would reduce discretionary authority of the Arkansas Department of Pollution Control and Ecology to regulate emissions in order to maintain high-quality air in the state.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: that the Society urges Governor David Pryor to veto the bill in the event it passes.

Jo Wilson, Secretary

---

### Cache River Lawsuit —

assume they will on the Cache and therefore, they (Game and Fish) will not settle until mitigation lands are assured. The Environmental Defense Fund has agreed to the same condition and they have the checkbook and the lawyers. Senator McClellan has passed legislation providing for 70,000 acres of mitigation lands in the Cache basin. Sounds good? Not exactly! Mitigation lands can't be purchased until the ditch construction begins and Arkansas Game and Fish Commission and Environmental Defense Fund won't settle until mitigation lands are assured. So far no Federal bureaucrat will sign an order initiating the sequence of land purchase. Every one is trying hard now it seems to get a court order which says, "Start the ditch and purchase of lands is provided." We, the Arkansas Ecology Center, are opposed to this settlement. We are opposed to the ditch. We

think there are other more desirable and more effective alternatives.

One of the most promising alternatives which we are tentatively supporting is the concept of a leveed floodway. This concept would allow the Cache to flood in its natural basin between two levees one to five miles apart. This provides protection to lands outside the levees and allows the area within the levees to remain almost natural. The Mississippi and the Atchafalaya in Louisiana are examples.

It has developed that the Corps has decided that they can construct such a leveed floodway under existing authorization. The borrow ditch for the levees would be the channelization and the mitigation lands would be within the levees! Just a new plan for the Cache River-Bayou DeView Channelization Project. The problem is that the only supporters of this plan

are the Wildlife Federation and the Ecology Center.

Question: How does the Big Creek Channelization Project come into this?

Answer: Well, not at all directly. Indirectly, the flap over the Cache project has prompted a much closer look at other projects and made people aware of the environmental impacts of channelization projects in general. Also, it has stimulated thinking about alternatives to direct channelization.

Question: How much hardwood or wetland is left?

Answer: Well, the Corps came up with about 70,000 acres in the whole lower basin. I came up with about 95,000 acres in just Woodruff County alone; somewhere between 70,000 acres and 150,000 acres of either bottomland hardwoods or cypress-gum swamp.

# Ozark Society Activity Schedule

SPRING 1975

CARL GUHMAN, OUTING CHAIRMAN  
1315 S. SCOTT ST., LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS 72202  
PHONES 374-8127 & 371-1941

JUNE 7-8, INDIAN NATIONS: Hawthorn Bluff Camp on Oologah Lake. Family camping, swimming, etc. Visit Will Rogers home. Frank Duncan, ph 918-664-6393.

JUNE 7, BAYOU: Local bicycling trip. Robert Watt, Jr., Shreveport, ph 635-0600.

JUNE 8-13, PULASKI: Colorado River raft trip. Limited to 20 participants. Bob McKinney, Little Rock, AR

JUNE 8-13, PULASKI: Colorado River raft trip. Limited to 20 participants. Bob McKinney, Little Rock, Ark. 664-3655.

JUNE 14, HIGHLANDS: One-day canoe float, Upper White River, Thompson Cut Ford (One-quarter mile east of Washington-Madison County line on Hwy. 16) to Strington Ford (two miles east of Elkins on Hwy. 16), 6 miles. Meet at Thompson Cut Ford ready to shuttle at 9 a.m. Leaders, Glenn and Helen Parker, Dutton, Ark. 72726. ph. 677-2473.

JUNE 14-15, SCHOOLCRAFT: Upper Jack's Fork float trip. Bill Bates, 417-883-5199.

JUNE 14-15, INDIAN NATIONS: Float Barren Fork and Illinois River, with base at Sparrowhawk Camp. Otto Behnfeldt, 2648 E. 2nd St., Tulsa, Ok. 74104, 918-939-1665.

JUNE 14-15, OUACHITA: Two day float on the Caddo R. Joe Nix, 501-246-6539.

JUNE 14-15, BAYOU: Camping and water-skiing on Lake Greeson, Ark. Bill Meier, Shreveport. 865-2982.

JUNE 21, CAJUN: Tangipahoe River, (La. Scenic River) - Osaka Miss. to Kentwood, La. Experienced canoeists only. Larry Sides, 100 Chickasaw Rd., Lafayette, La.

JUNE 22-23, FT. SMITH: Buffalo R. Float trip, overnight on river. Jim Kearney, 5003 Summit, Ft. Smith, 501-428-0814.

JUNE 21-22, BAYOU: Moonlight float on Caddo Lake Saturday evening. Bring a flashlight! Tip Davidson, Shreveport, ph 635-0991.

JULY 4-6, BAYOU: Two day floats on the Ouachita. George Armstrong, Shreveport. 318-865-8302.

JULY 12-13, PULASKI: Spring R. Canoe Trip. Tom Millard, 501-225-5741.

JULY 12-13, HIGHLANDS: Lake Sequoyah Canoe Trip. Dick Murray, 2006 Austin Dr., Fayetteville, 501-442-8995.

JULY 12-13, SCHOOLCRAFT: Current R. float, overnight on River. Bill Bates, 1630 Madaline, Springfield, Mo., 417-883-5199.

JULY 19-20, INDIAN NATIONS: Illinois R. float or hiking, camp at Sparrowhawk. Art Whitt, Tulsa, 918-742-6971.

JULY 19-20, BAYOU & LAFAYETTE: Explore "Red Dirt" in Kisatchie N.F. Frank Hampson, Shreveport, 318-222-4572.

JULY 26, BAYOU: Jacobs Park hike. Gary Graham, Shreveport. 318-635-6309.

JULY 27, SCHOOLCRAFT: Springfield area bicycle trip. Buzz

& Nan Darby, 750 S. Pickwick, Springfield, 417-862-8803.

AUGUST 9, INDIAN NATIONS: Lake Keystone canoeing & wiener roast. George Pierson, 918-835-2241.

AUGUST 10, SCHOOLCRAFT: James River Float. Buzz Darby, 750 S. Pickwick, Springfield, Mo., 417-862-8803.

AUGUST 16-17, ALL CHAPTERS: Annual Meeting.

ALL CHAPTERS: The annual Buffalo River cleanup will be held Sept. 6-7, from Gilbert to Buffalo Point. We will have a canoe this year for first prize. Car shuttle 8:30 Sat., from Gilbert Leader: Steve Wilson, 7500 Ember Lane, Little Rock, AR, 501-562-4053.

## THE OZARK SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING

August 15, 16, 17, 1975

The Annual Meeting, usually held during the autumn, is to be earlier this year so that facilities will be available for those wishing to camp. The location will be at the Ouachita Girl Scout Camp at Lake Sylvia, about forty miles west of Little Rock. Meeting rooms and cabins are available, and camp grounds of the Ouachita National Forest are nearby.

Louisiana's Bayou and Cajun Chapters of the Ozark Society are planning the program. Emphasis will be on Louisiana Conservation issues. An announcement of the program and maps of the area will be mailed to all members.

## WORDS AND PICTURES CONTEST

The deadline of this contest, announced on page 13 of the Winter Bulletin, has been advanced to September 1. If you are interested and do not have a copy of the Winter Bulletin at hand, write Ken Smith, 2148 Markham Road, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701 for details.

## Dues Notice

Please fill out the blank below and send it, along with your check to Kriste Rees  
Box 2914, Little Rock, Ark. 72203.

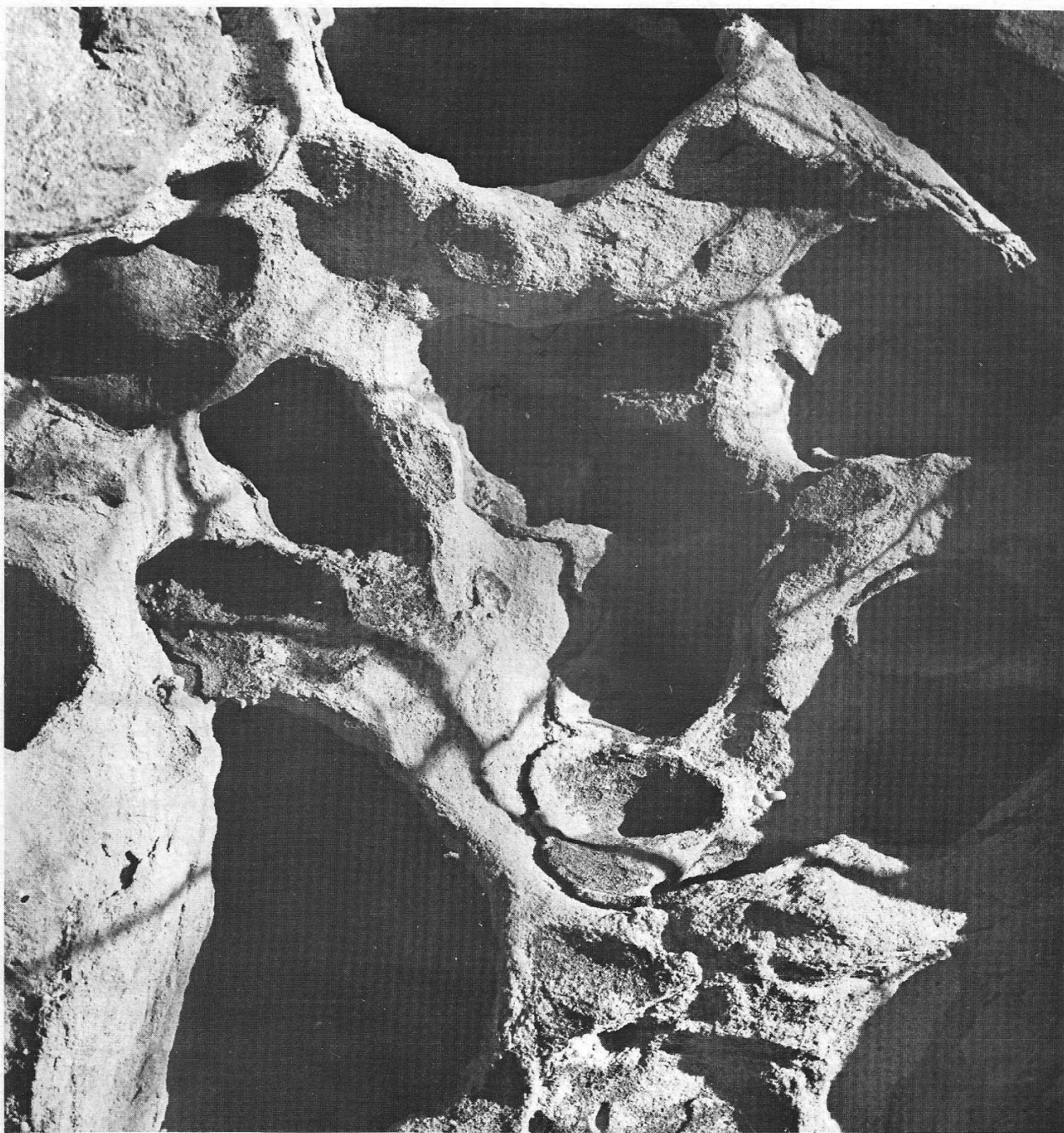
Dues are for the calendar year. They are regular (and family), \$5; contributing, \$10; sustaining, \$25; life, \$100; Student, courtesy membership, \$1.00.

Please check: new member; \_\_\_\_\_ renewal \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Last name \_\_\_\_\_ first names of husband and wife \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ If Student—name of school \_\_\_\_\_



**Abstract in Stone** photo by: Neil Compton