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Reminiscences of
Leo A. Drey

**Self-recorded on
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The following is a transcript of the recording Mr. Drey narrated on March 14, 1996:

Leo Drey: [My daughter] Lauri has been suggesting that I tape my experiences in setting up Pioneer Forest -- for whose edification, I'm not sure. But I finally decided to act on her suggestion, starting this 14th day of March, 1996, while I still may remember some of my encounters.

Ed [Woods] was an old timer, perhaps the second forester in the field of Missouri, after state forester George O. White came here. Before Ed came to Missouri to run a CCC, Conservation Corps camp in the '30s, he'd worked on the Canadian border with French Canadians. And I'd like to relate one story he told me about an incident that happened one day as the loggers were eating their meal in the evening. But I can't do justice to the accent in which Ed told it. "We see man coming through the woods. He came closer. Be he logger? We look. No, by Gar, he be government man! All men run. One grab saw, one grab ax, all grab and run, run, run. No man run in two directions."

In the 1950s in Missouri, Ed was one of the founders of the Karkhagne Club, and the source of much of the information about that mythical beast and its characteristics. While little is known about the Karkhagne's habits, since it can only be sighted through an empty *Old Forester* whiskey bottle, it had become evident to foresters that a favorite part of its diet was the limestone rocks that surveyors had piled up to make section corners, which explains why such corners are now so hard to find.

Ed did give me a number of warnings in all seriousness about some of the customs and habits I'd find in the Ozarks. Though many fine people live there, they have been described by

one author as the descendants of Robin Hood. “Hunters, who value their independence, help their neighbors when things get tough, and observe only those laws that they tolerate because they happen to fit their generally accepted code of conduct, among them that the homeplace is sacred and that the good Lord puts the trees in the forest for man to use.”

Ed told me about “grandmawing.” That’s when you might find a man with a load of logs on his truck, and if you ask him where they come from, he’d say, “Down at grandmaw’s place.” Which means, of course, that they were cut off land that “warn’t hissen.” Ed also told me what to do if I ever found logs still lying in the woods before a grandmawer had gotten around to hauling them out. He said, “What you do is, you get you some good-sized nails, and you drive some of them into the log real good so they’re not apparent. Then, when the man comes back and picks those up after a few days, perhaps, and hauls them to his mill, when the buzz saw hits those nails, it’ll shiver into a thousand pieces, and maybe it’ll kill some of the bastards.”

Ed also told me about a case in court where a man, according to several witnesses, had been caught in the middle of an illegal act. I don’t remember now if he’d been caught grandmawing or in setting the woods afire, which also is against the law. But there are lots of witnesses. And when the judge brought in the verdict, he read it. And what he said was, “I find you not guilty. And I’m telling you now, don’t you ever do it again!”

Ed Woods’ senior assistant was Charlie Kirk, a forester who had been put in charge of the state’s Ellington Fire Protection District before any of the fire towers had been built down there. So Charlie would have to shimmy up trees in the spring fire season (which was when most fires were set) to try to decide which fires to tackle first. Fires are set for many reasons: to make the grass grow green early in the spring to provide more open range grazing, to kill the

varmints (the ticks and chiggers), and just because it was a long standing custom. "Paw always set fire to the woods, and so did Grandpap." And some are also set to stir up some excitement in the Ozarks. And perhaps also to get a job extinguishing the fires. Then, of course, there were grudge fires also. You get cross-ways with your neighbor, and one way to get even was to set his woods afire.

[tape meter, 50]

Customarily, fires were strung out by a man on a horse. He would just drop matches as he rode through the woods. There was another method, according to Woods, which was used on a few occasions -- maybe a man would catch his neighbor's hound dog and wire an inner tube to him and set the inner tube afire, and the poor beast would run, yipping, home; setting fire across the man's land with every jump.

Since the range has been closed, as it was some few years ago with a lot of effort by a lot of people getting that enacted in Jeff City, there *are* a lot fewer fires, though there is still some grandmawing, especially when times get tough. And every forester had his own stories to tell about grandmawing.

Charlie Kirk once had an assistant sent to him while he was still working for the state, by the name of J.M. Nichols. And Charlie told Nick Nichols about a fellow named Tince Chitwood. Tince had quite a reputation as one of the worst grandmawers, and [Nichols] had been warned against Tince. Nick asked him how he'd recognize him. Charlie said, "Nick, you'll know him when you see him." "Well, Charlie, tell me a little bit more about him." "*Nick*. You'll know him when you see him." Well, a few weeks went by, and one day Nick saw this fellow come by driving an old truck; no windshield on it. No seat. The man was sitting on a box as he drove.

When Nick got back to town that evening, he said to Charlie, “Well, Charlie, I think I may have seen Tince.” And Charlie said, “Yep. That’s him. You seen him alright.”

Tince had a brother named Remus. Remus once confided in Tince that he was figuring to get married. When Tince asked him who the lucky lady was, and found out, he said to Remus, “Why, Remus, you don’t want to marry *that* woman. She’s had sex with half the men in Ellington.” And Remus, very indignantly, replied, “Well, I am too going to marry her. You know Ellington isn’t a very big town.”

Fred Whitt, who had taken over the management of the Ellington fire district by that time, after Charlie left, had his own story about Tince. He stopped him once with a load of pine logs on his truck and asked him where he’d gotten them. Tince said he’d gotten them off of his old home place. And Fred said, “Tince, you just take me out to your home place and you show me where you cut that load of logs from.” Fred told me that the two of them walked and walked over that forty acres, and finally they found a pine stump that had been cut for some little time, but Tince pointed at this and said, “Fred. There she’d be.” And Fred said, “Now Tince, you don’t mean to make me believe that you cut that whole load off of this one little stump here.” Tince said, “Son. She were a tall, *keen* one.”

Despite such tales I decided to start out in Missouri where I’d been led to believe, both by University of Missouri, Doc Westfeld, and by Moss Tie’s vice president John Mabry (Bernie Mabry), that one forester could manage about 25,000 acres of land, and that such an acreage, even in the droughty Ozarks with its infertile soil, would yield enough income to cover his salary, the real estate taxes, and other expenses. So that was my initial objective, to try to buy such an acreage and to see that it was managed along conservation lines, through individual tree

selection as a demonstration project that I called Pioneer Forest, since what I was undertaking was a pioneering effort in many respects.

I finally bought my first tract of timber land in March of 1951 from Jim Buford, though before then I'd looked at a number of tracts and had made a pass at one in Texas County owned by the Northern Finance Company in Minneapolis (as I recall). I'd jeeped over that tract in a heavy snow storm, and was favorably impressed by all the young pine growing there.

[tape meter, 100]

So I phoned them when I got back out of the woods, and talked to their president, a Mr. Dwinell, and I made him an offer of \$4 an acre, to which he responded it looked like we had a deal. He'd get his board together and let me know in just the next few days. Well, I didn't hear. Time went by, and I didn't hear. And after about a week I called to see what happened, and I found out that a fellow named John Powell -- lumberman, hardware store owner, that lived in Rolla -- had just happened to be out in the woods about an hour or so after I was, and on this tract of land he saw jeep tracks all over it. He flew to Minneapolis; happened to get there just as Dwinell's board was meeting. He ended up buying the land. Actually, I understood -- later John told me -- he paid the same price I'd offered, but he took another eighty [acres] in Shannon County, and I was just talking about the Texas County land.

Jim Buford sold me his tract of some 1,400 acres, also at \$4 an acre. Afterwards we spent much of the day walking over it, him with his long staff that he always used to point out features, including clumps of pine as we went by them. After I got to know Jim better I came to suspect that Doc Jim (as he was generally known) may have walked me past several of the best clumps of pine more than once. He was quite a character; possibly the wealthiest man in

Reynolds County, where he lived in a big old frame house in Ellington. Since his wife took in roomers, I often stayed there, and would talk with Jim as he sat at his old roll-top desk in the evening, going over his cattle accounts.

They called him Doc Jim because he *was* a doctor. He'd finished medical school and took on one patient, and then decided never to take another. So, from then on, he was in the cattle business primarily.

At one time he owned quite a number of acres; mostly in Reynolds County, a little in Shannon. Among them was a bloc of about 5,000 acres in the northern part of Reynolds County; very mountainous; granite mountain knobs. And Jim told me about how he'd come to sell that tract. He said there were a couple of people that were interested in a large tract like that. He told them he thought he had something that just might suit. So, he took them out and walked them over it the way he always did. And, by golly, he was right. After they'd walked for an hour or more, the fellow said that they thought it *would* be suitable for them. But they, according to Jim, were kind of scientific types, and before they closed the deal they wanted to get a soil sample to test. Well, Jim said, "We were standing at that time right in the middle of a wash; nothing but gravel in sight. So I said to them, 'Fellers. There's no use us carrying that soil in all day. We'll just pick some up on our way home.' You know, I had to walk them another hour before I could find them a handful of soil to carry in?"

There's another story about Doc Jim that people tell with amazement down there. As I say, he owned thousands of acres of land at one time or another. One time he was walking past a log yard. He noticed a freshly cut tree. He looked at it, and he said, "By golly, you know, I think that's one of my trees!" So he got in a truck with his assistant and drove out to whatever

tract of land that was, and by golly, that tree was missing!

After I'd gathered up some thousands of acres, I got hold of Lee Paulsell, a forester with the University of Missouri at Columbia, who was managing their Weldon Spring property at that time, and got him to join me to help me get off on the right foot.

[tape meter, 150]

After Lee had lived for a few months in Van Buren, he moved with his wife and young son to Ellington, to live in a house I'd bought there, where Lee had some interesting experiences. Several involved jury trials. One was about a man arrested for gigging out of season. And the testimony was, when the [Missouri Department of] Conservation agent came up and shined his light on the man and his boat, that the man tossed a sack over the side, which the agent managed to recover. It smelled very fishy, and there were some fish scales, though there weren't any fish in there at the time. The man had a gig in his boat, and there was some blood up in the bow. But all they had to offer was this circumstantial evidence, so of course the jury let the man go.

Another story Lee told was about a man having venison in his possession out of season. The law is that after the deer season, there's a limited number of days or weeks (I don't know just how long) a person could have venison in his possession. And the testimony there was that according to a biologist, this was venison and was in his possession well after the season had closed. The defense lawyer didn't have much to go on. His name was Ben Searcy (I'll tell you more about Ben Searcy later). But Ben not having much to go on just ridiculed the testimony, saying, "Biologist? Biologist? What does *he* know about it? I thought a biologist was an expert on the Bible!" Of course the jury let that man go too.

I mentioned Ben Searcy. I eventually got him on retainer. He was so good down there

you couldn't afford not to have him on your side. He knew his jurors. He was a great pleader. And he always won, whatever the evidence.

Lee Paulsell told me about an acquaintance of his, Bill Fair, who managed Moss Tie's land in Missouri. It seems Bill Fare was on a jury -- I don't remember what the court case was, exactly. But Lee was kidding him after the trial, about how long it had taken him to bring in a verdict -- just a minute or two. Lee said, "Bill, how come you couldn't come in with an acquittal faster than that?" Bill, very indignantly, said, "Lee, you can't hardly poll a jury any quicker than that!"

I previously mentioned the strong attachment Ozark people have for their homes or home places. Lee told me about an incident that happened at a place called Fruit City. Fruit City wasn't much of a city by the time I came to the Ozarks. There was just one home left standing there. It seemed, one time, a man who happened to be driving past that home stopped and visited with its owner and got into some kind of an altercation with him, which must have gotten hot and heavy, to the extent that the man who owned the home announced that he was going to go into his house and get his rifle and shoot that fellow. And he departed for the house to do that, whereupon his wife picked up a brick that was lying by the house and hit the man over the head before he got the rifle to shoot him. And that caused quite a furor in the community down there. People were really upset.

[tape meter, 200]

The very idea that a man would come onto a person's property, his home place, even right up onto his porch. And their sympathies were not with the man that got hit over the head with the brick.

While Lee was going about his business managing the land I bought, I kept trying to buy more. In the course of that, of course I met a lot of people. One of them was a Van Buren resident called Doc Cotton. And he really was a doctor. I went by a place -- I thought it was his house -- and noticed an old white haired gentleman shoveling coal into the furnace. Just shoveling to beat the band. It turned out he was Doc Cotton, well up into his eighties at that time. And I told him I wanted to talk to him about property he owned, and he said he'd be going down to his office directly, and would I go down to Van Buren and wait for him. He'd be there in just a few minutes. And sure enough, he did come along shortly. By that time there was a client sitting in the waiting room. He excused himself and said he thought he ought to take care of the patient first. He took him into his back room, and closed the door, but he had a pretty good booming voice, and I could hear everything that went on. After examining the man he said, "Well, you're going to need some pills." He went over to a typewriter that he had in his office, and I heard him typing up what I gather was the label, which he stuck on the bottle. Then he turned to this fellow and said, "Would you want to settle up?" The man replied, "Well Doc, I guess we might as well." Doc said, "All right. Now let's see. You had that sick spell back in February. Then your wife took sick too. I better add that up." So here I then hear the clatter of an old adding machine as he pulled the crank. I hear him muttering, "Yep; oh, I think I got her all; yeah, that's right. Well, that's right. But now, I tell you, you did some work for me too." "Yeah, Doc, that's right. I did." "Yeah, you shoveled the snow, and you cut me a little firewood. Now, let's see, we better add that up too." And I hear the adding machine going again. And then I hear some more muttering. He said, "Yep. Well, that's right. Yep. Okay. Well, that's right. Well, that's for six months. It looks like I owe you \$2.50."

Another person I went to see was also called Doc. Doc Brock. I don't know whether he was a doctor or not. I never found out. But I went to his place and knocked on the door, and a woman came, and I said I was looking for Doc Brock. She showed me in where a little old man was sitting before the fireplace watching a fire he had built there. He motioned me into a chair, so I sat down and I told him what I had in mind, that I was looking to buy land with young timber. And if a person kept the fire out, and managed to keep the grandmawers off, paid his taxes, that eventually that young timber would grow and amount to something. I gave him my whole song and dance. Then I gave it to him in another way. He kept looking at the fire and nodding occasionally, but he never said anything. So, then I talked for a while about the weather. Then I talked for a while about cattle, which didn't take long, because I don't know much about cattle. And he just kept looking at the fire and not saying anything. So I finally said, "Well doggone it, you're going to have to speak," because I was hoarse by that time. So we both looked in the fire a while, and I won. Finally he spoke up. And what he said was, "Best go out this door. I'll watch so the hounds don't getcha."

[tape meter, 250]

I had a friend named Charlie Gilliland and he was wanting to get hold of an old car; old Model T car, truck, or anything like that, and asked me to keep my eye out for an old car. So I inquired around town and was told, "Well yeah, there is a man Ephram -- " I think it was Ephram Baker. Ef Baker had an old car. So I asked how I'd find Ef Baker, and they told me, "Go here, then you go there," so on and so forth; complicated directions. I set out, and I finally got to what I thought seemed like it ought to be his place. But the lane to his home -- I could see the cabin there, but it was kind of grown up with trees. In fact, these saplings were three or four inches in

diameter, so I couldn't drive that lane. It was quite apparent that if he had an old car he hadn't driven it for a while. But I left mine by the gravel road, and I hiked back in there a couple hundred yards, where a man was splitting kindling. I said I was looking for Ephram Baker, and he allowed as to how I'd found him.

He showed me into his cabin. He opened the door, and there was a woman lying in bed, covered with an old quilt, smoking a pipe. Evidently that was her custom, smoking a pipe, because there were places in the quilt that had holes burned in it. The cabin wasn't much to look at, except for the bed. There was a pretty good rifle hanging on a peg in the wall, and some old calendar art. Nothing else. There was a pot-bellied stove and an enameled bowl next to it, half full of liquid of some kind. There was a nail keg, upright, and an old overstuffed chair with the stuffing falling out of it. I headed for the keg, but he beat me to it, and gave me the honor of having that awful chair. [I discovered the nature of the clear liquid that half filled the basin next to Ef's pot-bellied stove when he spit into it]. The woman asked me at that point, did I smoke. I said I didn't. Did I have any tobacco? "No, I don't that either." Well, that was the end of the conversation as far as she was concerned. She never said another word.

Ef and I talked for a while. [When I asked Ef about his wife's illness, he said, "Doc called it pelagry. Said it came from eating cornbread and molasses. Hee hee hee, hee hee hee! If that's what it was, half us folks in these hills would be sick in bed!"] He took me out and showed me his car. He had it in a corn crib there. The mice had gotten into the upholstery and eaten it up pretty bad. But he turned it over. It ran. It hadn't run for some time, though. I think it had something like 1925 license plates on it, which explained why those trees had grown up in the meantime. So we didn't do any business, and by that time it was dusk. I hiked back out to

the road. When I got back to town, the next day I was talking to some people about Ephram Baker and his old car; and he wouldn't sell it. And they'd say, "You know about him, don't you?" And I said, "No, I don't know anything about him, except he's got an old car. Why?" "He was put in the pen for shooting his neighbor. He just out a month or so ago. They're still feuding up there." Which I would have wished to have known about before I went roaming around there in the dusk.

Another time when I was out with Lee Paulsell, we wanted to look at a tract of timberland.

[tape meter, 300]

We were down in a valley, and this tract was up on the top of a hill. We thought we were about there, and right where we thought we ought to turn, probably, there was a two-track trail, and there were a couple of men standing there leaning on a barbwire fence, talking. So we asked them if this trail would get us up on that ridge right over yonder. They allowed as to how it would, but before we took off, this one old boy started talking up, and said, "You must be stranger here to be asking us a question like that. Of course I've lived here all my life; came here as a boy with my pap. Lived here all my life, sir. Yes sir, lived here *all my life*. Right over there was pa's store. It's not there no more, but we did a pretty good business right up to the time when he had that accident. Logs fell off of his load, and one of them rolled over his leg and did a lot of damage. We called the doctor. Doc came and looked him over and shook his head and said, 'We might as well have that leg off.' So I held on to him while they took that leg off. But he recovered and lived to be ninety years old. Never was sick a day in his life, except for that." At which point the other old man said, "I never was sick either. I'm ninety-four now."

By the end of 1953, after I'd made about thirty purchases and owned about 30,000 acres -- which was a bit more than my original goal -- Lee Paulsell decided to return to the academic arena he had left to practice his profession in the field, so for some months I was on my own. What I mostly did was run around leaving jeep tracks over the land I'd bought so the grandmawers would know it was being looked after and would go somewhere else to practice their trade. But one night, Fred Whit, the farm conservation district forester, got a hold of me. He said there was quite a big fire on the state's land, and he asked if I would take a crew out in the jeep and help put it out -- which, of course, I was glad to do. And that fire was a big one. We worked on it all night, and about three in the morning we took a breather.

While we were resting for a second; having a coffee break, you might say, Charlie Kirk flopped on the ground next to me, and asked me if I'd heard his employer, National Distillers, had decided to change their cutting practices. Instead of cutting conservatively, the way he and Ed Woods wanted them to, they were liquidating all of the white oak on their property. National Distillers had bought the land during the war, not knowing whether they'd be able to find stave bolts to make whiskey barrels out of after the war, but evidently they found they were able to acquire what they needed, and decided to liquidate part of their investment by liquidating the white oak on their property.

[tape meter, 350]

Well, after I helped get the fire out I got in touch with National Distillers. I ended up, after months of negotiation, buying their 89,900 acres. I've been in over my head ever since. But, fortunately, I've always had excellent people in the field, locally, to help me manage the timber land I've acquired.

In 1962 I established the L-A-D Foundation. I guess you can guess where the name came from. And shortly thereafter I began to pass certain properties to the Foundation, and gave it the means to acquire other property, so that it may by now hold title to about 3,500 acres of land. These are mostly natural areas. Several are sites of historic interest. Most of the natural areas are leased to the Missouri Department of Conservation, though a few -- including two research natural areas, as well as Cave Spring and other frontage on the Current and Jacks Fork rivers -- remain under direct supervision of the Pioneer Forest staff. But two sites have been leased to the Missouri Department of Natural Resources for management. One is Grand Gulf State Park. The other is Dillard Mill State Historic Site.

In the meantime, other events had transpired. Shortly after I had completed the large National Distillers purchase, the president of Bear Creek Mining Company -- which I learned was the exploration subsidiary of Kennecott Copper -- came to see me, wanting to do some wildcatting on land I'd acquired from National Distillers. I told them that was of no interest to me. It was not in accord with the purposes I'd had in mind when I started the project in the Ozarks. Though, as a matter of curiosity, I had asked Ed Clark -- the man who was state geologist in Missouri when I was first starting out -- if he thought there might be any minerals in the area I was focusing on. He had indicated that the formation there seemed to be similar to the same sort of formation in the old lead belt, though if there was any mineralization it would be at a greater depth. So I put that in the back of my mind and didn't really pay any attention to it.

Anyway, after I'd run off Harry Burgess, National Distillers vice president, Bill Blunt, came to my small and very modest office to reason with me, with this pitch. "Mr. Drey, you're not being fair. We reserved a half interest in the minerals when we sold you that property. That

property we had named for our retired chairman of the board, Seton Porter.” It was called the Seton Porter Forest. I had, of course, changed the name to Pioneer.

[tape meter, 400]

Porter, who had headed the company for many years, was a notably lucky man. He went on and on. Be that as it may, his argument that I wasn't being entirely fair, was sufficient to persuade me, and I finally agreed to let them wildcat, with the unfortunate result from my perspective, that they found several ore bodies which seemed to be commercially exploitable.

So Kennecott established a subsidiary called the Ozark Lead Company, and Ozark Lead put in a mine in Reynolds County, from which I received royalties that enabled me to acquire from Bear Creek and Ozark Lead the other mineral prospects that had been located on the land formerly owned by National Distillers. [The party holding that half-interest was National Distillers, they're the ones from whom I acquired that outstanding half-interest; my purpose, of course, being that any future decisions as to whether ore bodies on Pioneer would be exploited would thereafter rest exclusively in my hands.]

More recently there was another interesting development in the Ozarks. I learned that August Busch, when visiting the Greer Spring property that the Dennig family had owned for several generations, remarked to his host, Lou Dennig, that the Greer Spring water was particularly tasty. [Effluent from the Willow Springs sewage lagoon had been dye-traced to Greer Spring, which may in part have been responsible for its attractive taste]. And he suggested that he and Lou should each put up about a million dollars and build a bottling plant to produce and sell Greer Spring water. That way they'd make a lot of money. Well, Lou Dennig told me that he told Augie, "I've got no objection to making money," but he just didn't have a spare

million dollars. "I just didn't have a spare million dollars in my hip pocket, at the time," he told me.

[tape meter, 450]

So, he gave Busch an option to buy some of the land that he owned, to acquire and bottle a certain volume of Greer Spring water. When I heard about that I put up quite a fuss and got some stuff in the St. Louis press about it. There was enough of a fuss that Busch dropped his option, and I was able to acquire the property, which I subsequently turned over to the U.S. Forest Service in a bargain sale as a key attraction of Eleven Point Wild and Scenic River.

Well, I've done quite a bit of reminiscing. While there's no doubt more to tell, perhaps particularly about some of the efforts to protect Missouri's mountains streams, that's a long story, and I'm about talked out for now.

[break in recording, tape meter 470-472]

[For the Pioneer Forest boundaries we painted trees] yellow, and the Missouri Department of Conservation used blue, and finally Moss Tie, for its large forest holdings, used red paint. The Pioneer Forest must have about 600 miles of boundary line. Our men freshen our paint as needed, bit by bit, every six or eight years on a regular maintenance schedule. We also have set up a continuous forest inventory. Every fifth year, the fifth acre sample plots we established to represent the forest are revisited and the trees thereon are re-measured. There's a plot for every 320 acres, and through the re-measurement of each merchantable tree on each plot -- each has its own number -- we get the data we need to manage the forest. We have a two-way radio system, with radios in each of our four-wheel drive vehicles, so the men can communicate with each other as needed and with a base station in Salem.

Once, when Charlie was having trouble finding one of our sample plots, he called Rayburn for advice. And Rayburn told him just to stay on the trail he was on till he came to the second real hog waller.

[tape meter, 500]

And if he went due west from that wet spot, about fifty paces, he'd find that particular plot, which located it exactly. That's where it was.

By now all these old timers are deceased or retired, and we're presently operating with a six man crew. Clint Trammel is the forest manager, and Terry Cunningham is chief forester. They both are professional foresters. Three local men, Mike Adams, Tim Dyer, and Danny (who is one of Rayburn Skaggs' sons) have been trained as rangers to each manage a bloc of land. Finally, there's Greg Iffrig, our naturalist, who not only makes sure that we don't harm any rare plant in our cutting activities, but also is primarily responsible for our entire hiking trail and outdoor recreation program. He not only keeps an eye on our formally designated natural areas, but has encouraged us to protect other natural areas on our property through administrative action.

Now to get to the Ozark streams. Even before I became a landowner, there had been efforts to put a dam on the Eleven Point, and two dams on the Current River, which had been fought off by such local leaders as T.L. Wright at Doniphan and B.B. (Buford) Morgan, who raised plants for aquariums in springs he owned next to the Eleven Point River. But the dam proponents persevered. By the time I got involved petitions were being circulated with the encouragement of the REA, the Rural Electrification people, calling for the dams' construction.

At that time [in 1958] I organized, with the assistance of George Kelly of the American

Forest Products Association, the so-called first Missouri Forest Resource Conference, with about 400 in attendance. At which John Dalton (Missouri's attorney general, and later governor) was the luncheon speaker.

[tape meter, 550]

He was introduced by Dick Ichord, then the Speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives, later a congressman. The principle closing address was by Senator Stuart Symington, introduced by Missouri's governor Blair, who at that time had been said to be [leaning in favor of the dams].

[end of side 1, narrative tape; tape meter, 556]

-- at this meeting, he [Symington] was induced to come out, in Governor Blair's presence on this public occasion, I flat footed opposition to the proposed dams. So the petitions were never presented to the governor, but instead may have been put to good use in some of the local outhouses.

About this time, Senator Symington then introduced legislation to establish an Ozark Rivers National Monument. And here, without going back and looking up the record, my memory gets shaky -- though I seem to recall that he omitted at the insistence of the local congressman, Paul Jones, the Eleven Point and that part of the Current River in Ripley County which were in Jones' district. But even though Congressman Ichord had campaigned against making it part of his district (adjoining Jones') -- as Ichord put it, "the home of bobcats and hoot owls" -- Dick went along with Senator Symington. At this point Congressman Tom Curtis, from the St. Louis area, put in what became known as the Forest Service bill, at the request of two of his constituents, Davis Biggs and myself. And this bill, which featured a scenic easement approach, garnered more support in conservation circles (for instance, from Joe Penfold, from

the Izaak Walton League, Olaus Murie of the Wilderness Society, and from the Rockefeller Foundation's William Whyte) than the Senator's so-called Park Service bill, which was supported by the Sierra Club and the National Park Association.

In fact, William Whyte -- best known, perhaps, as the author of a book called the *Organization Man* -- in his testimony to Congress on this matter said that this Curtis bill with its scenic easement feature, that that was the first time conservation easement legislation like this had ever been presented to Congress for its consideration.

With the conservation community riven, neither bill proposed in that Congress was enacted into law. But with visitation growing as a result of the publicity the area was receiving, it became increasingly apparent that some protective action was needed. So with Senator Symington, in making a gesture in our direction by inclusion of a scenic easement provision in his bill (which was now called for the establishment of an Ozark National Scenic Riverways) we did not encourage Curtis to reintroduce *his* bill in this next Congress, though we still thought it superior for a number of reasons. Not just because the scenic easements were its central feature, but also because the rivers are a product of their watersheds, of which the Forest Service already owned a substantial part.

The Forest Service, which already was a known entity to the local populace, could have offered new recreational opportunities within the watersheds rather than focusing heavy visitation on the sensitive streams themselves, and by family groups, perhaps with youngsters, coming there to enjoy them, rather than the fishermen and other outdoorsmen, who were the Forest Service's traditional clientele. Because of the dissatisfaction with the new Park Service bill, a number of riparian landowners (of which I was one) offered to give scenic easements on

the river to the state -- make them a gift of it -- but the governor failed to respond, and Symington's bill was enacted.

Thereafter, through the years, a number of efforts were made to establish a more comprehensive system of protected streams in the Missouri Ozarks. But they came to naught, in part because of dissatisfaction with the Ozark National Scenic Riverways legislation and the way it was administered, and suspicions thus engendered.

[tape meter, 50]

But one more river, the Eleven Point, was protected as one of the initial components streams of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, which -- through its emphasis on themes advocated by the proponents of the Curtis bill -- really vindicated their position.

Perhaps the next major effort to preserve the streams occurred in 1965, when Governor Warren Hearnes appointed a governor's Wild Rivers Advisory Committee. Ed Stegner of the Conservation Federation of Missouri was chairman, and I was appointed vice chairman. The legislation proposed by this group, after many meetings and hearings, never went anywhere because of the opposition it engendered due to suspicions of its intent and misunderstandings of some of its provisions.

Seeking to profit from lessons learned in that abortive effort, I participated in the drafting of a proposed Missouri Natural Streams Act, which was put on the ballot just a few years ago through an initiative petition. While it was being drafted, one of the attorneys and I met with representatives of the Missouri Department of Conservation and Missouri Department of Natural Resources. That was Lew Green. And I indicated to these gentlemen that were assembled that we anticipated that this struggle, despite our best efforts to write an act that was protective of

landowners' interests and didn't threaten their rights, nevertheless would result in some unpleasantness and controversy. That we, therefore, were not seeking their support, but rather only their assurance that their agencies would remain neutral and uninvolved. While we received that insurance, which the Department of Conservation's director Jerry Presley repeated in a letter he wrote to me, such did not prove to be the case when the issue got really hot.

So, once again, due to the suspicions engendered by the misinformation circulated by the proposal opponents, this new proposal failed with enactment. One of those leading the charge against it was Senator Danny Staples, who had a stream outfitting and livery service in Shannon County near Alley Springs. When I was in a restaurant in Eminence a month or two after the vote (the failure of its acceptance) I ran into Danny Staples. As he sauntered up to me with his hand out, I said to him as we shook hands, that I supposed he was coming up to me to apologize for all the misinformation he had circulated in his many speeches against this proposal, at which point he said to me, "Ah, Leo. Both sides lied a little bit." As to that, history will have to judge. But I'm afraid the rivers will have run dry before the Missouri General Assembly ever takes any effective action to protect our state's wild rivers. In the meantime, because the public has become more aware of the issue and what's at stake, the streams are benefiting from the voluntary efforts the state is encouraging.

[tape meter, 87]

[tape meter, 87-119 includes additions and corrections, all of which are inserted in their respective, preceding passages, indicated by enclosure in brackets]

[end of narration; tape meter, 119]