Welcome to Horse Country. Purcell claims the title of “Quarter Horse Capital of the World,” Oklahoma City is known as the “Horse Show Capital of the World,” and Chickasha is advertised as the “Horse Trailer Capital of the World,” but the horse industry extends far beyond central Oklahoma. Almost every county has at least one farm that breeds, shows or races top quality horses. And then there are the rodeo horses and cutting horses that work with cattle — but that’s a whole other story to be considered in some future issue.

COMING IN THE WINTER ISSUE Oklahoma Today celebrates its 25th anniversary with a look at Oklahoma’s top attractions. We’re going to brag a little about our heritage, our scenery and resources and point out what our visitors enjoy seeing most.
OKLAHOMA'S HORSE INDUSTRY:

Sittin' Tall in The Saddle!

By Judith Wall

Judith Wall is a Norman free-lance writer.
"Oklahoma's the best place in the world to raise horses!" claims Frank Merrill with a sweep of his hand to indicate his ranch and the land beyond.

"This is horse-oriented country," continues the youthful Oklahoma horseman. "Everything I need is right here in the state—the best equine veterinarians, an abundance of western stores and tack shops, an excellent supply of feed, trailer manufacturers and wonderful sales facilities."

Merrill, who owns a horse farm located near Purcell, is an enthusiastic spokesman for the mushrooming Oklahoma horse industry. He cites the state's mild climate and abundant grassland, as well as its central location and western tradition, as being important factors in making the industry one of the fastest growing in the state.

In the early 1960s, the number of horses in Oklahoma had dwindled to less than 100,000. It is now estimated there will be at least one million horses in the state by the year 1985. There are already approximately 580,000 horses in Oklahoma with an estimated combined worth of $559 million, according to Oklahoma State University's Dr. Doyle Meadows. He is currently compiling statistics to illustrate just how important horses have become to the state's economy. Professor Meadows' figures show the horse industry has grown to such gigantic proportions that the state is now the third "horsiest" in the nation with only California and Texas surpassing it in horse population.

This population ranges from "backyard" horses of less than distinguished breeding to some of the most highly bred horses in the country. Thoroughbreds, Appaloosas, Morgans, Paints, Palaminos, Arabians, Tennessee Walking Horses and others are represented among the 140,000 registered horses in the state.

Many Oklahoma horse farms have become well-known far outside the borders of the state. Such ranches as Rancho Red Cloud, an Appaloosa ranch northeast of Hugo owned by Tom Hanna; Blanton Arabians in Enid owned by Ernie Blanton and his daughter, Pam; Heritage Morgans owned by Marlene Peterson of Tulsa; and Virden and Renna Royse's Paint ranch, the Royse-R-Ranch in El Reno, are but a few of the farms that have earned fine reputations among fanciers of the respective breeds.

But in Oklahoma, it is the Quarter Horse that is king. The state has become a center for the breeding of some of the world's finest Quarter Horses, a breed that once belonged...
HORSE INDUSTRY

almost exclusively to the cowboy but is now seen just as frequently on the nation’s racetracks and in its show rings as it is cutting cattle and competing at rodeos.

Many people in the horse industry regard Bud Warren of Perry and Walter Merrick of Sayre as two of the premiere Quarter Horse breeders in the nation. Warren is past president of the American Quarter Horse Association, and both men have been honored by Oklahoma State University with the title of Master Breeder of Livestock.

While horse farms are located throughout the state, the central Oklahoma town of Purcell has earned the title of Quarter Horse Capital of the World, according to its Chamber of Commerce.

The Purcell Quarter Horse industry traces its origins to the farm of the late A. B. Green, who first began raising Quarter Horses there in the late 1940s. This tradition is carried on by a number of Purcell residents, including Jerry Wells; Green’s son, Bruce; and other native Oklahoma horsemen. But it has also served as a lure for newcomers such as Frank Merrill, who have come to the Purcell area to build their farms and raise their horses.

Merrill does more than boast that his adopted state is the best place in the world to raise horses. With his wife, Robin, he owns and operates Windward Stud, one of the largest farms in the Purcell area. He also serves as a director on the boards of the American Quarter Horse Association, the Oklahoma Quarter Horse Association, the Oklahoma Quarter Horse Council and the Oklahoma Horsemen’s Association. And he is president of the Purcell Chamber of Commerce.

Frank and Robin Merrill might seem unlikely Oklahoma horse farmers to some, and even more unlikely residents of a community such as Purcell where every third vehicle is a pickup and the “skyline” consists of a couple of water towers and a grain elevator. Frank is the grandson of Dan Gerber of Gerber baby food fame. Robin is the daughter of television entertainer Doc Severinsen, who keeps his own horses at Windward Stud. Both Merrills grew up far from Oklahoma—Frank in Fremont, Mich., and Robin in the state of Oregon.

As one might expect, the two horse...
lovers met at a horse show. They married two years after Frank built Windward Stud, having already made his decision to “settle down” in Oklahoma.

That decision was an easy one for Frank, who first came to Oklahoma in the early 1970s. Oklahoma is horse country, and he had wanted to raise horses ever since he was nine years old and won his first horse in a raffle. As for his decision to locate his ranch in Purcell, the town’s number one booster says, “It’s the mecca for the Quarter Horse industry. I’m bullish on Purcell and just tickled to death to be a citizen of this town.”

And horses are good for the town and its 5,400 residents; Merrill points out. “Ruby added a motel onto her diner. The feed stores do a great business. The car dealership sells more cars. We have lots of tourists. Everyone benefits.”

Merrill feels that Oklahoma is to the Quarter Horse industry what Kentucky is to the Thoroughbred industry. And the area just west of Purcell on State Highway 39 even has the look of Kentucky horse country with its rolling countryside, miles of carefully tended fences, impressive gateways and hundreds of grazing horses.

Windward Stud is one of those farms—a showplace with blue and yellow and white painted buildings, neat, gravelled drives, professional landscaping and dazzling white fences. Merrill maintains that such impressive surroundings are necessary for operations such as his.

“Sure the farms are pretty,” he says. “They have to look good. People aren’t going to bring a $100,000 mare to be bred to one of your stallions if you’ve got poor facilities. We have to keep everything in an almost antiseptic condition to impress people that we care about our farm and the horses.”

Windward Stud is just what the name indicates. It is a place where owners can bring their mares to be bred. Merrill stands nine stallions—four Quarter Horse, three Thoroughbred and two Appaloosa. His stud fees range from $500 to $3,000, and he expects to breed about 650 mares on his farm during 1980.

Any way it is figured, that adds up to big business. At the height of breeding season, Windward Stud will use 250 bales of hay a day and two semitrailer loads of oats a month. It takes 15 full-time, live-in employees to keep the farm operating—and a great deal of blue and yellow and white paint.

While the breeding of registered horses is the primary purpose of Windward Stud, the Merrills also show, race, sell and train horses. Like most Oklahoma horse farms, their farm is truly a family business. Frank concerns himself mainly with the ranch management and breeding operation. Robin and the couple’s three-year-old daughter are kept busy traveling to a never-ending round of horse shows which are held around the country.

The Merrills feel that showing their
horses is an excellent means of spreading the reputation of their farm outside the state. Wins in the show ring bring their blood lines to the attention of mare owners and potential buyers.

Another kind of winning—the kind that takes place on race tracks—also interests the owners of Windward Stud. The racing of Thoroughbreds has long been big business in the United States, but only in recent years have Quarter Horses come into their own and done their part to make horse racing the number-one spectator sport in the nation. The premiere Quarter Horse race, the All American Futurity run each September at Ruidoso Downs, N.M., has become even the world-famous Kentucky Derby. Eight Oklahoma Quarter Horses have won the All American since its inception in 1959.

Winning the celebrated race is a dream Merrill shares with many Quarter Horse owners. “The biggest thrills come at the race track,” he admits. His most thrilling moment to date came when his filly Holme Maid finished third in the 1978 All American. And if everything works out as planned, Windward Stud will have another contender ready for this year’s race and the year after, and the year after that.

The racing of Quarter Horses, as well as Appaloosas, Paints and other breeds, may be enjoyed at Oklahoma’s own race tracks. These tracks and the horse farms themselves have become important tourist attractions, drawing many out-of-state visitors annually. The Oklahoma Horse Council arranges tours several times a year of the larger farms, including the Yukon farm of film star Dale Robertson. The Oklahoma Quarter Horse Association sponsors a tour of Quarter Horse farms each November during its world championship show. And Highway 39 west of Purcell has become a popular side trip for both Sunday drivers and cross-country travelers.

Of course, many visitors to Oklahoma horse farms do not come to sightsee. They come to have their mares bred or to purchase horses. Oklahoma-bred horses have formed the foundation for breeding operations in many other states and in several foreign countries.

The buying and selling of Oklahoma horses has been made easier with the building of Heritage Place, Oklahoma City’s $3 million sales facility. A total of 33,981 horses with a combined price tag of $22 million has been sold at Heritage Place since it was completed in October of 1978. With four and one-half acres located under one roof and accommodations for 650 horses, the facility has the distinction of being the largest horse sale pavilion in the world.

“Heritage Place,” says Merrill, “is the single most important thing in my business. It’s the place where we find out just how much our horses are worth. And it’s the finest facility I’ve ever seen for selling horses.”

Buying, selling, racing, breeding, showing, training—it’s all in a day’s work at Windward Stud and other similar operations located throughout Oklahoma. But for every Windward Stud, there are hundreds of smaller horse farms dotted across the state. Big or small, their numbers are growing. There are an estimated 108,000 horse-owning households in Oklahoma with the number increasing dramatically each year.

Many’s the Oklahoman who finds deep pleasure in looking out over his or her land, be it one acre or hundreds, and seeing horses grazing there. It is really much more than a business. As Frank Merrill has discovered, it’s a way of life—and one that seems to suit him just fine.

What would he be doing if he were not in the horse business? “I’d probably be sitting behind a desk at Gerber Products,” says Merrill. “Believe me, I’d rather be right here in Purcell, Oklahoma.”
Happy Trails To You!

THE MEADOW: OKLAHO
By Connie Cronley

Connie Cronley teaches journalism at the University of Tulsa and is a free-lance writer.
A rugged western horseman tradition is alive at Robbers Cave State Park.

Only in the movies do dude-dressed cowboys ride along smooth roads singing “Happy Trails to You.” In the authentic West, horsemen rode hell-bent for leather through wild and woolly country. At the end of the ride they gathered companionably around a campfire to swap yarns, laugh together and call out a welcome, “Light, Stranger, light.”

Today, most Oklahoma trail riding is for sport in competitive, endurance or pleasure rides. One of the trail riders’ favorite spots is Robbers Cave State Park.

Horsemen pull trailers from all over the country to challenge this brutal 25-mile trail. It’s as rough as a cob, and that’s the way the horsemen like it. “When the going gets tough,” one trail rider smiled, letting the boast hang in the air.

Robbers Cave State Park, inside a forest game preserve of 8,400 acres in northern Latimer County, features towering stone bluffs of the San Bois Mountains, 52-acre Lake Carlton and the clear mountain stream Fourche Maline. It’s called “the park among the pines.” Here horsemen can soak up natural beauty like dry houseplants set out in a gentle rain.

The historical legacy of Robbers Cave enriches the area. According to legend, the cave was the hide-out for notorious Territorial outlaws: Belle Starr, the Younger Gang and the James Boys. Before that, old timers say, wealthy Choctaw Nation ranchers buried gold in the hills and it’s there still.

For the trail riders, the biggest bonus is at the end of the rigorous ride. Then they meet at the horse camp, sit under a canopy of stars, watch a carpet of fireflies and drink steaming mugs of coffee. This horse camp, called the Meadow, is the first facility of its kind in the state. Only a handful of horse camps exist nationwide. Oklahoma’s first, designed for and by horsemen, is a beauty. “It’s almost too fancy,” a woman trail rider confessed happily.

The Meadow campground provides water and electric hookups at most trailer sites, picnic tables, cooking grills, a group shelter, a trailer dump station and bathroom facilities.

The horse camp is a dream come true for horsemen, according to Park Superintendent Steve Williams. Now they can camp together for weekend rides.

Although the horse camp is so new, it squeaks—after six years of planning and construction, it will be dedicated this fall—the horse trail is old and proven.

The trail offers dense woods, rushing creeks, steep hills and long climbs to test the grit of the rider and the wind of the mount. An extra challenge is fickle Oklahoma weather as mean as a teased snake.

Lee Bruesch is a 70-year-old veteran trail rider with a pickup full of trophies to prove his sand. He has ridden through rattlesnakes almost as thick as prairie grass in a Texas ride, and he won a 100-mile ride in temperatures more than 100 degrees, but one of the roughest rides he remembers was on the Robbers Cave trail in driving rain.

“The ground got soft and the horse wore out,” he said. “My clothes got wet and started pulling the hide off my legs. Then my boots got full of water and I couldn’t get them off. Finally, I took my pocketknife and
cut the sides of my boots to let the water run out.

Lee and his brother, John Bruesch, both from Norman, helped pick out the first Robbers Cave horse trail 12 or 14 years ago. One of the toughest parts of the trail is steep Big John Hill, named for the younger Bruesch brother.

The rocky, crooked trail is all tough, Lee says, especially the long uphill climbs. “Lots of ticks, too,” he said, “and chiggers as big as beans.”

Sitting in the shade of a horse trail-er in the Meadow, a group of friendly trail riders told a city slicker about the joys and challenges of Robbers Cave Horse Trail. Part of the trail follows the old Butterfield Overland Mail Line; you can still see the ruts of the wagon tracks.

Don Boulton, from Oologah and training for an endurance ride, had taken Big John Mountain at a gallop that morning. At a slower pace he would have seen the wild flowers and the white tail deer grazing in the valley.

Sam Burnsed, past president of the Oklahoma Equestrian Trail Riders Association from Shawnee, described the trail’s five roller coaster hills with running water between them. “And the culverts under Highway 2 add interest,” he said. Horses don’t like dark tunnels.

Ann Burnsed told of helping cut Machete Trail a few years ago, leaving it rocky and rough and just wide enough to squeeze through.

“The narrow trails through dense timber are difficult to maneuver,” Georgia Boulton said. “If you’re not careful you can lose a kneecap.”

It’s the challenge of the wide open spaces that has made trail riding a popular national sport, says Ann Burnsed. “People are yearning to be out in nature. Why else would we leave our air-conditioned homes to be rained on?”

Horsemen, not content with show rings, hunting and jumping, are hungry for the new facet of horsemanship offered by trail riding.

Familiar trail riders at Robbers Cave are Joe and Wilma Conley, president of Wilburton Roundup Club, spreading hospitality like a red carpet. Members of the Tennessee Walking Horse Association and Oklahoma Equestrian Trail Riders Association are often present.

You don’t have to belong to a roundup club or horse association to enjoy the horse camp, the trail riders insist. Horse people are independent individuals, drawn together by their love of the out-of-doors and horse.
manship. Bob and Karel Waugh, Hugo educators from California, testify to the friendliness. "We didn't know a soul when we first came," Karel said. "Immediately we became part of a special family."

These trail riders represent all ages, professions and equestrian experience. Even the horses they ride are varied: Thoroughbreds, Arabians, Paints, Fox Trotters, Tennessee Walkers, Gaited, Appaloosas, Shetlands and even, as Lee Bruesch claims he rides, "plugs and cheap rigs."

The trail isn't even limited to horses. Gene and Sherry Key of Ne-walla claim one of the best trail animals they've seen was a bay mule named Ezra Jackson.

The early horsemen who gave Robbers Cave its name and history had one thing in common, and it wasn't their interest in horses. Their concern was dodging the law, especially U. S. Marshalls from Judge Parker's court or the Choctaw Lighthorse soldiers.

Legend says the sandstone cave and stone corral were the refuge for Jesse James, the King of the Bandits, son of a Baptist preacher, whose face was as smooth as a school girl's and who was shot in the back while straightening a picture of his mother on the wall.

Maybe it was the hide-out of charming Cole Younger, former guer-rilla raider under Quantrill, who shared the credit of "inventing train robbery with his cousins Frank and Jesse James.

Certainly the area was familiar to Henry Starr, Cherokee outlaw who bragged that he robbed more banks than any man in history.

Robbers Cave was backyard for the Queen of the Outlaws who lived 35 miles north. Belle Starr, born Myra Belle Shirley, was a teenage Confederate spy, a saloon singer and Faro dealer, a flamboyant figure (in long black and white dresses, a white Stetson trimmed with an ostrich plume and riding side saddle on a black mare named Venus).

She loved horses, guns and men, not necessarily in that order. Before she was shot in the back and killed by her son, Belle declared in her Oz-ark twang, "As long as there's men to be had, I'm gonna have me one."

One of her admirers, according to folklore, was Fiddlin' Jim who was shot by a jealous rival as he played his fiddle in Robbers Cave. When the harvest moon shines, the story goes, you can still hear Fiddlin' Jim's melancholy melodies all along Robbers Cave Horse Trail.
In 1930 Ray F. Tener opened a 4,000-square foot western wear store in the Oklahoma City stockyards, an area rich in western culture. For 48 years the store was a popular place for on-the-road truckers and cowboys needing a new pair of boots or straw hat. The store itself became a part of the stockyard's heritage.

As time passed, Tener’s grew, and in 1978 it was moved from the stockyards location to an industrial area on West Reno. Tener’s image has changed somewhat from a cowtown clothier to a colorful, highly visible store which boasts: “At Tener’s, we do it all for cowboys.”

Surrounding the new 29,000-square foot Tener’s are restaurants, motels and Cowboys Dance Hall and Restaurant. South of Tener’s is Shepler’s, another popular western wear store; north of Tener’s is the fairgrounds. Consequently, these services and businesses incorporating the western theme play host to horsemen, horsewomen, rodeoers and spectators who are in Oklahoma City for world championship horse shows, the National Finals Rodeo, visits to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, Quarter Horse and Thoroughbred sales at Heritage Place, or a myriad of other horse-related events.

“We moved to this location because of the oil, cattle and horse industries and the National Finals Rodeo,” said Jack Gordy, Tener’s son-in-law. “This is a highly specialized area, a natural for our business.”

No one knows how much western wear businesses in Oklahoma grossed last year, but Gordy said sales at his new location increased five fold. Jan Walker, director of Western-English Retailers of America, said the western wear boot business alone in 1978 was $500 million.

“And boots represent about 35 percent of all sales in western wear stores,” he said. Walker estimates that the western wear business in America is annually more than $2 billion.

Why is western wear so popular?

“It’s kind of a fashion fad on the East Coast,” Gordy said. “We have so many transplanted Okies. When they get here, they like to adapt themselves to the environment. And that environment includes western clothes.”

Tener's, a one-store, privately owned operation, attracts national personalities and foreigners as customers. Recent Tener's visitors included a Polish high school wrestling team, Australians, Europeans, actress Barbara Eden, football player "Mean" Joe Green, and the rock band, The Eagles.

So while the American economy slows, Oklahoma's horse industry and most of its allied industries grow as each new horse show, horse farm or sale comes to the state.

"In terms of revenue generated by equine horse shows and events, it is estimated that approximately $20 million is pumped into the city's economy each year," Steve Collier, Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce director of agricultural developments, said.

Growing along with Oklahoma's horse industry is a variety of schools and allied businesses. The Oklahoma Horseshoeing School, east of downtown Oklahoma City on I-35, enrolls about 300 students each year for classes in horseshoeing and horse training with about 15 percent coming from foreign countries.

Oklahoma State University's College of Veterinary Medicine annually graduates between 65 and 70 veterinarians. Only Oklahoma residents are admitted. OSU will open a $12.5 million veterinary teaching hospital which will house Department of Medicine and Surgery in January.

Veterinarians who specialize in equine practice, such as Dr. B. J.
Trimmell of Norman, also are locating in the state.

Claremore College now features a course in horse management and sponsors rodeo and horse show teams and a horse show judging team. Connors State College at Warner teaches students how to train horses.

Speedhorse, a thick, quality, monthly magazine with a circulation of 8,000 that is published in Norman, focuses on the Quarter Horse industry and racing. The company also publishes two biweekly tabloids with results of Thoroughbred and Quarter Horse races.

Oklahoma City's Holiday Inn West, located near Tener's, is headquarters annually for four or five major horse shows. In 1980, its management predicts that 9,000 to 10,000 of their guests attending horse shows, rodeo events or horse sales will spend about $660,000 on rooms, food and beverages. Other area hotels and motels also do a big business with horse people.

And, about $22 million in horse sales have taken place in Oklahoma City's Heritage Place since it opened two years ago.

Says OSU horse specialist Dr. Doyle Meadows: "We're talking about a billion dollar industry."

Until recently, about 30 horse trailer manufacturers conducted business in Chickasha, but high interest rates have reduced their number to six major companies. Still, horsemen from all over America know Chickasha as the "Horse Trailer Capital of the World," and they travel there to purchase horse, stock or utility trailers.

One of Chickasha's thriving manufacturers is Lawrence Machine and Trailer Company, which builds Champion horse trailers. In 1942, Harold Lawrence opened the Lawrence Machine and General Oil Field Maintenance Company. When crude oil prices fell to 10 cents a barrel and companies quit drilling, Lawrence stopped making general purpose trailers for oil companies and began making horse trailers.

Borrowing the word "Champion" from the Champion Studebaker, Lawrence has manufactured the trailers at the same location for 38 years. Styles range from utility, no-frills stock trailers to $7,200 four-horse vans with dressing rooms and sleeping areas.

By Gayle Gerlach

Gayle Gerlach is a Norman free-lance writer.

This spotted Paint Horse waits beside his trailer before competing in the National Championship Paint Horse Show. Photos by Paul Lefebvre.
More than $20,000 worth of silver belt buckles were prizes during the National Paint Horse Show in Oklahoma City last summer. Young people from 14 states participated in the National Championship Paint Horse Judging Contest at the beginning of the show. A table full of trophies and ribbons was awarded at the winners breakfast.

Dan McCoin, Champion's general manager, said the company grosses about $1 million annually from the sale of 500 trailers. It counts among its customers the Waggoner Ranch of Vernon, Texas, former world champion cowboy Jim Shoulders, Miss Ford Country Darlene Butler and horsemen from such distant points as California, Florida, Utah, Guatemala, Alaska and Puerto Rico. Despite business slowdowns, McCoin said Champion remains strong because it caters to customers looking for quality as well as price.

"We cater not to the rich or to the poor," he said.

McCoin said the horse trailer manufacturing business worked out well because Oklahoma is a horse-oriented state.

"There are materials readily available out of Oklahoma City," he said. "Oklahoma City plays a big part in the horse industry. We have the National Finals Rodeo, the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Oklahoma City is sort of like El Paso. It's a western-type town."

While horses need to be hauled in a trailer occasionally, they eat, well, "like a horse" every day. Mary Ann Gralla is among those in the hay business.

After Mrs. Gralla inherited 680 acres near Lexington, Okla., she and her husband decided to move their family from Oklahoma City to the farm. She grows commercial Bermuda hay and sells it to horse and cattle ranchers. This spring marks her fifth year in business.

Her customers vary from large horse breeding farms which purchase 5,000 bales at a time to small-time operators who might buy four bales for backyard horses. Some people buy her Bermuda, she said, for stable bedding or for dogs. A bale of Bermuda usually costs from $1.50 to $2, she said.

"It took us awhile to get used to the move. It's been fun, nice and quiet, no ordinances or zoning. We have tried hard to conserve what we have. We feel strongly about soil conservation and environmental control of our farm," Mrs. Gralla said.

Though she's the boss, Mrs. Gralla has outside help. A commercial baler helps her bale; a professional sprays for weed control; a Purcell company provides fertilizer. And high school kids help out with stacking and hauling bales.

Her husband, Stan, is an Oklahoma City architect with primarily commercial accounts. Because he raises Paint horses and lives near several major horse farms in the Purcell area, Gralla was approached by farmers, breeders and horsemen for advice on drainage problems, barn construction and how to avoid fires in barn areas. Eventually, he undertook several barn and horse-related construction projects. And he often writes Horsemen's Architect, an architectural column for Speedhorse magazine.

He doesn't think America's economic troubles have hurt the horse industry.

"I think the economy has created a better market for better horses," he said. "You might as well haul a good horse as a bad one. There is an exceptional market for really good horses."

An Oklahoma City tourism advertisement displays a photograph of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame's statue of Buffalo Bill, mounted on a rearing horse and carrying a rifle. The copy says: "Saddle Up to a Spirited City."

Oklahoma City and the entire state's personality seem to reflect this Old West spirit, rugged individualism and fantasies of the cowboy and Indian days. And Oklahoma businesses thrive on the traditions.
HOOF MARKS

By Judith Murphy

Judith Murphy is a Norman free-lance writer.
“While I see many hoof-marks going in, I see none coming out.”

Aesop’s Fables

One of life’s finer, minor ironies may be that the tractor, invented to replace the labor of horses, has become a major contributor to the championship horse shows of today.

The site of several national and international horse shows and scores of local, state and regional competitions, the Jim Norick State Fair Arena in Oklahoma City offers fertile ground for putting the irony to the test.

Horses—parading, prancing, promenading and performing on the arena’s dirt floor—leave behind hoofprints, ruts and organic souvenirs of their presence after every event. The clop of hooves and echoing whinnies that run down a line of horses like giggles in a Sunday School class are overpowered by the loud, low drone of a yellow tractor, pulling a red, revolving wheel to smooth the mottled soil into the dark color of old coffee grounds.

In addition to its practical contributions, the tractor adds a mechanical reminder that it’s not necessary to ride a horse, own a horse, or even possess any equine expertise to attend a horse show and enjoy the beauty and skill of the participants.

My initiation to horse show-dom came at last year’s Appaloosa Show, or as it was more officially titled, the 19th Annual World Championship Appaloosa Halter and Performance Show. (The 20th annual show is scheduled for Nov. 3-9 at the State Fairgrounds, where it will be repeated annually through at least 1983.)

First, I saw horses, being groomed and exercised outside of the barns where hundreds more were stabled. Next I smelled horses—and earth—blended together into the strong scent of gardener’s compost. Outside I heard horses’ clops, snorts and challenges, but inside the arena was the tractor’s roar as the driver picked up speed in dizzying circles around the floor. Enthusiastic melodies played on an organ, a remnant of the previous ice hockey game, with raspy percussion on autopilot belting both country tunes and rock-and-roll with a rhythm that never would match the horses’ gaits. The north gate opened, the tractor disappeared and horsepower was replaced by horse power.

Although every animal in the show represented a triumph of the Appaloosa breeder’s art, differences and contrasts were evident. For one thing, not every horse was pale with dark spots. Some were almost totally black or glossy brown while still retaining the characteristics that define the Appaloosa name: white around the eye, mottled skin and spots or splashes on the rump.

People differed, too. In the Junior Hunt Seat event, for example, dozens of horses that had earned their right to entry through rigorous competition on the regional or national level were put through their paces by riders in velvet caps, habits, pale breeches and tall, polished black boots. The elegant horses and riders were judged by knowledgeable men in down-to-earth Stetsons, polyester jackets and tan Western boots with scuffed, pointed toes.

Dawn Hussey, professional trainer and rider from Wynnewood, later explained that the designations of “junior” and “senior” referred to the age of the horses, not the riders. A junior horse is 4 years old or younger. The different classifications reflect the advantages of additional years of training for the seniors.

The contrasts continued in the audience which included a range from elderly cowboys down to toddlers too young to say “horsie”—though perhaps not to ride. Onlookers clothed in the starched formality of stock and habit were likely to be joined by
friends in plaid cowboy shirts or down jackets and two-tone nylon baseball caps crested with advertisements for equipment supply houses. In the meantime, the organist ranged from "Red River Valley" to "Hey, Baby, That's-a What I Like," and everybody seemed to like it all.

A visit to the adjoining buildings where the animals were stabled revealed more horses in exercise rings, the aisles and miles of stalls. (No exaggeration. If each of the 1,346 horses entered in the World Appaloosa Show occupied a stall averaging 10 feet across the front, the total would be 13,460 feet, or more than two and a half miles.)

A central position in the first building was occupied by the ultimate in temporary accommodations for horses, the Medallion Sire Hotel. With red plush carpet underfoot and each stall festooned with golden tinsel, a dozen stallions lived in elite splendor. These horses had qualified for the special treatment by having sired a Medallion winner or world champion.

One of the resident sires was Mr. Spotted Bull, a resident of the No Name Ranch of Wynnewood and Danville, Ky. Accompanied by Bruce and Joan Buechner, owners of the No Name Ranch, Mr. Spotted Bull earned his hotel reservation by fathering Appaloosa champions that so far have won more than $300,000 in prize money.

Mrs. Buechner had not been sure how the stallion would adapt to the accommodations, special treatment or not.

"Since ending his racing career, this is only the second time he's been off the breeding farm," she explained. "He has a much larger stall at home and gets out for more exercise every day. But, we were surprised and happy that he took so well to a strange place. He's never been a finicky eater, but we brought along our own hay and feed so he wouldn't have a change in that."

For the Buechners, like the other breeders, trainers, riders and owners, a world championship horse show represents more than the few days of competition.

"Preparations begin months ahead, at least," she said. "First, every horse entered here has qualified as a high point winner in a specific halter or performance category in regional and national shows. To get to that point, the horse probably took at least six months of intensive work with a professional trainer for halter classes and perhaps a couple of years for performance. That's working two hours a day or more with that individual horse, and if the horse qualifies for more than one category, you can add another two hours a day.

"For a breeder," she added, "a winner may have taken 10 or more years of selective breeding just to get that colt in the first place."

Everyone who has attended a horse show will come away with unique memories of what he has witnessed. The shining eyes of a little boy revealed that he would forever remember the way an Appaloosa giant gently muzzle-saddled sugar from his small, out-stretched palm. A teen-aged girl from Arkansas may remember this horse show because of the crush she developed on a lanky, adolescent cowboy from California. For Mrs. Buechner, the highlight of 1979 was the parade of champion sires from the horse hotel.

"I sat in the audience," she explained. "When Mr. Spotted Bull came out, he looked like a story-book horse—big white stallion, big brown eyes, small ears, flowing white mane and tail—the horse every kid thinks about all his life.

"When the other stallions came out, they seemed quiet," she observed with the touch of prejudice that seems acceptable when accompanied by obvious love for one's own. "Mr. Spotted Bull came with his tail out and his head up. He pranced. I think he knows he's something special."

For me, horse shows will always represent the little boys with shining eyes and the teen-aged girls with fluttering hearts, as well as the best and most beautiful horses of whatever breed and the warm and friendly people who accompany them. But, my memories also will include those pauses in the equine action, when a yellow tractor scrabbles serrated designs across the hoof-marks in the ever richer, darker dirt.

As the home of horse-related events that have attracted entrants from all 50 states and dozens of foreign countries, Oklahoma City lays claim to the title of "Horse Capital of the World."

Among the larger events completed recently or coming up soon are the Oklahoma Hunter-Jumper Show, July 13-19; National Paint Horse Show, July 23-Aug. 3; Grand National Morgan Horse Show, Oct. 15-19; World Championship Appaloosa Halter and Performance Show, Nov. 9-15; World Championship Quarter Horse Show; Nov. 17-22; International Arabian Horse Pentathlon, June 20-28, 1981; and the National Palomino Show, August 10-13, 1981, all at the State Fairgrounds, and the National Finals Rodeo, Dec. 6-14, at the Myriad Convention Center.

Tulsa's Expo Square was the site Aug. 4-10 for the National Junior Quarter Horse Show.
Jerry Wells of Purcell shows off his prize Quarter Horse, Te N Te, during the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce Big Event at the State Fairgrounds (above).

H. V. K. Viceroy represents the Morgan breed during the Big Event, which paid tribute to national and world horse shows held annually at the State Fairgrounds. This world champion is owned by Herbert V. Kohler of Kohler, Wisc. (center).
Dressed in her riding habit, Cindy Van Heltsingen of Oklahoma City exhibits her Hunter-Jumper, The Rampart, another world champion (above). Trainer Tom Arnn works in the ring with an Appaloosa world champion, On Cloud Nine. The horse is owned by Dr. William Bullock, Pine Ridge Farm, Yukon (below).
HORSESHOEING
A SCIENCE AT FARRIER COLLEGE

"... for want of a nail the shoe was tossed, for want of a shoe the horse was lost."

Horses have worn shoes literally for centuries, but it has taken Bud Beaston, master farrier from Sperry, only a short life-time to develop the age-old art of horseshoeing into a science.

Through his careful study of horse leg bones, joints and hooves, Beaston has become a national authority on designing the proper shoes to correct or overcome problems caused by birth defects and accidents.

But Beaston is much more than a highly skilled horseshoer. He is also a teacher, writer, lecturer and an inventor. And when a horse develops foot and leg problems, veterinarians from all over the world call on Beaston for advice.

In 1965, Beaston opened the Oklahoma Farrier's College, which has grown into what may be the largest horseshoeing school in the world. Unlike most such schools, his students also learn blacksmithing—how to use a forge and to make horseshoes from scratch. They also learn corrective shoeing, braces and surgery.

Located in Sperry, about 16 miles north of downtown Tulsa at the foot of the beautiful Osage Hills, the institution has turned out more than 4,000 students.

The students come from all over

By Ernest F. Darling
Ernest F. Darling is a Tulsa free-lance writer.
the world, wherever horses are raised. They come from Canada and Australia, New Zealand, South America and Europe, from every state and even from remote islands like the Barbados. Classes are limited to 30 students with six 8-week courses offered each year.

Pretty, 19-year-old Yvette Danker of Menden, Iowa, the only girl in the class last May, plans to shoe horses on the family farm plus those of neighbors after completing the course. Other students will work on ranches or go into business on their own.

"Australia is the biggest horse country in the world now," Beaston says. "So we get lots of students from Australia."

Beaston grew up on his parents' ranch in Osage County where he developed a deep natural affection for all the animals and a special compassion for lame and injured ones.

As a youth he became a champion rodeo performer and a well-known horse trainer. But horseshoeing promised more self-satisfaction and regular income. He began the trade working from an old Pontiac on the road in Texas, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas.

He soon was so successful that he bought the 145-acre farm on which the school is now located. With his reputation established, Beaston decided to stay home and let the owners bring their horses to him. Among his clientele have been John Wayne's horses and the renowned Budweiser Clydesdales.

Emphasized in the school's curriculum is the philosophy of saving injured or deformed feet and legs and correcting foot problems. Beaston was recognized in 1973 as the first to develop an artificial leg for a horse. Injured horses have been brought to him from Washington, California, Texas and Missouri for this operation. Students view films of each operation he performs.

In the large multi-forg area, Beaston tells trainees he remembers making many a shoe from an old piece of oil field sucker rod. Field trips allow
students work experience at state parks, ranches, training farms, horse shows and clinics.

"Owners are breeding horses for more power," Beaston says. "Today's horse is 10 times more powerful than they were 20 years ago."

Author of The Master Farrier, the school textbook, Beaston also lectures one or two times a week at colleges and universities, such as Louisiana Tech, Oklahoma State University and Purdue, as well as in Canada and Australia.

A permanent exhibit of horseshoes made by Beaston is displayed at the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City.

A horse's hoof grows like a fingernail and should be trimmed every six to eight weeks, but shoe wear depends upon the horse, the terrain and kind of work performed. Some shoes last six or eight years, although a race horse can wear out its aluminum ones in a single run.

Longfellow's smithy did business "under a spreading chestnut tree." Today, horseshoers make house calls. They visit farms and ranches by appointment, and they carry their tools, including a tough leather apron, all packed in a pick-up or van-type car.

Eight to 10 horses can keep a good farrier busy for a day and yield a fair income, but if he is a master farrier, follows the racing circuit, or becomes the favorite at a prestigious California riding club, the sky is the limit.

"Horseshoeing is a big money-making deal," Beaston says. "And it's not that hard. Horseshoeing is a wide open field. The Tulsa area has about 15 horseshoers, but it could use 15 more. A horseshoer can make $20 a head profit, and horses need shoes every six weeks."

He added that it wasn't unusual for his 20-year-old son, Bud, Jr., to make $500 to $600 a week as a horseshoer.

Beaston, the inventor, holds patents on a trailer hitch lock, a special barrel-racing horseshoe, an all-around, light-weight horseshoe, a Sta-Put Spur (won't ride up or down on a boot), a one-handed hoof tester (used for locating sore spots on horse's hooves), and a Horseshoe Bending Apparatus and Vise (used for forming horseshoes from bar stock).

And the world beats a path to the door of the man who invented a better horseshoe—every Friday and Saturday. Horse trailers sometimes crowd the parking lot and driveway for a mile or more on these two days when the public may bring in their horses to be shod or just to come and watch. Students shoe the horses for $8, a bargain compared with $22 elsewhere in the area.

Does the school really earn its international reputation? Evidently the states of Utah, Illinois and Michigan think so. They require that every horseshoer pass a test to be licensed to practice in their state—all that is except graduates of the Oklahoma Farrier College and California State Polytechnical.
Triple Crown Jockey Now A Trainer

MORRIS PAMPERS HORSES AND DREAMS OF WINNING

By John Davis
Boyd Morris was brushing the chestnut filly with hard, solid strokes, making the dirt and dead hair fly. "We groom each horse for about 30 minutes a day," he said. "They really like it—can't say I blame them. I'll guarantee they are taken care of better than people."

Changing from a rubber comb to a soft brush, he worked as patiently on the filly's deep caramel coat as a mother brushing her child's hair. "We spend all day pampering our horses. It's an all-day job when you take care of them right." He looked around and grinned. "We spend all day pampering our horses hoping they'll come through and win for us, though they don't always do it."

Many a horse has come through and won for Boyd Morris during a long career as a jockey and trainer of Thoroughbreds and Quarter Horses. A successful Thoroughbred jockey, he changed to Quarter Horses in mid-career and won all the big Quarter Horse races. He's the only jockey, in fact, to win all three legs of the triple crown of Quarter Horse racing—the All-American Futurity on Decketta in 1964, the Rainbow Futurity on Top Lady Bug in 1966, and the Kansas Futurity on Lady Bug's Moon in 1968. All three races are held at Ruidosa, N.M. He was presented a plaque to that effect earlier this year at Apache (Okla.) Downs.

Semi-retired as a jockey since he broke his leg in a track accident in 1971, he has concentrated on training horses on his farm near Dibble. Thoroughbreds from Ohio and Quarter Horses from Indiana are regularly sent to him to be broken and trained. Lithe and jockey-lean at 42, he spends his days pampering them and getting them used to everything they'll be doing in a race.

"Basically, training is caretaking," he said. "If you have a horse that can run and you take good care of him and pamper him, he'll run. But you must have a lot of patience with a horse. You don't want to fight him. The mental attitude of a horse is as important as his ability to run."

Morris charges $16 a day to board and train horses—to pamper them, really. They are fed three times a day, exercised in the morning, groomed in the afternoon. They are bedded on thick straw in their stalls in a barn that is spotlessly clean and sweet-smelling and looks a little like a Christmas scene inside with its green walls and red feed buckets and red flowers here and there.

The other day one visitor said in surprise, "Why, this is cleaner than my house." And Morris's wife, Jan-

PHOTOGRAPHY/PAUL E. LEFEVBRE
ette, laughed and said, "It's also cleaner than my house."

Morris now was bathing the chestnut's hooves in a hoof softener made up of fish oil and pine tar. The oil made the hooves shine like wax.

"You have to keep the feet clean at all times," he said. "Feet are very important to a horse—they run on 'em." He looked back and grinned again.

After the pedicure, he soaked the filly's lower legs in liniment and wrapped them in bandages, to take away any soreness from the morning's gallop.

Does he miss the excitement of the life of a jockey? Yes, and no. "This is duller than racing, that's true. It's exciting when you're riding hard. Riding a 1,200 pound horse at 40 miles an hour can be dangerous. Jockeys are always getting busted up. It's a rough racket. Sooner or later you're going to get hurt."

Morris had an arm broken in one racing accident, his liver ruptured in another, and in 1971 at Ruidosa his horse flipped over backward in the starting gate and caught his leg against the tailgate, shattering it. He had three operations on the leg, was in a cast for 16 months.

"That put me out of commission for two years," he said. "That was the turning point for me. Not that I'm leery now, I just don't have the interest I had before. But put me on a good horse in a big race, and I'm hard to beat. Or pretty hard, let's put it that way. I feel I can ride as well now as when I was at my best, though my reactions may not be as fast. At age 20 you see a hole and shoot for it; at 30 you might try to ride around it."

He only rides a few of his own horses now, and it bothers him to think that someday he'll have to give that up, too, and let someone else take over. "That's been my whole life. No use worrying about it, though."

And the life of a trainer does have its compensations. "It's an interesting life. Your horse runs poor one day, and you're down, runs good the next, and you're up. I wouldn't trade it. I love horses, love fooling around with them. Every horse is different. Some are smart, lovable buggers—you have your favorites."

He grinned. "Mostly, you get attached to horses that run for you and win!"

He obviously was attached to the chestnut filly, Call Me Chick, his own horse which he rode to a third place finish in the Sallisaw Blue Ribbon. Now he was combing her mane, pulling out tufts to make it as even and shining as a girl's tresses.

"This one, she's little but she's mighty, a big little horse!" he said proudly. "She's the best horse we've ever had. We have high hopes for her to win something big. I'm going to ride her myself."

The filly was powerfully, compactly built, like a Quarter Horse ought to be, with a short back and heavily muscled shoulders and hips. She reminded you, somehow, of a lady wrestler who's been doing a lot of weight lifting.

"Watch this," Morris said, and brought out a sack of chewing tobacco. Her ears twitched and her head shot up. "She loves chewing tobacco."

He handed her a wad and she ate it as eagerly as a kid eating candy. He patted her white-starred forehead. "You chewing-tobacco eater, you."

At Sallisaw the filly "missed coming in first by this much," Morris said, holding his hands about three feet apart. But even in third place, she won $21,000, enough money to finance a summer of racing for her in California.

"She's pretty good now," Morris said. "She ran a 100 speed index the last time she ran, the equivalent of the track record. But we hope that at Los Alamitos she'll improve. We'll test her out in three or four races and if she looks good we'll pay the late penalty for her in the Dash for Cash Futurity there and maybe in the All-American at Ruidosa on Labor Day."

Those big futurities are high-staked poker indeed. The colt's owner starts paying the entrance fee—about $2,500 for the All-American—soon after the colt is foaled, long before it's known if it can run. To enter later they must pay a late penalty, about $10,000 at Ruidosa and $17,000 at Los Alamitos, but that gives them the chance to win a purse of a quarter or a third of a million dollars.

In the short-distance Quarter Horse racing there's a strong element of luck anyway. It's like a drag race, with the winner being the horse that can bolt away from the gate with perfect timing and race all-out all the way. The element of luck and all that money, Morris knows, entices many owners to waste money entering colts that really don't have a chance. Morris doesn't want to fall into that trap.

"If she doesn't pan out in California, we'll bring her back home," he said. "You've got to give your horse a chance, but if she can't run, admit it. Don't keep on throwing good money after bad. It's like trying to hit an inside straight. It gets to be very expensive."

But if she wins? Ah, that is the stuff of daydreams that keeps trainers like Boyd Morris happily pampering their horses year after year hoping for the blazing 20 seconds or so that will make them rich so they can buy more horses and enter them in all the big futurities and win even bigger purses, year after blessed year.
Breaking out of the starting gate are these Quarter Horses at Stroud’s Midway Downs (above). Iron Ruler leads during the Blue Ribbon Futurity at Sallisaw (below).

One by one the trainers solemnly lead their horses to the back of the big blue starting gate and turn them over to the assistant starters for loading. There are no instructions; it’s too late for anything but hope, luck and the fastest horse. The trainers back away silently as each horse is loaded and the doors slammed shut.

The officials are shouting instructions to each other as the starting gate begins to heave and rock from the bound-up energy of 10 high-strung Quarter Horses. It is never calm around the gate, and even the most seasoned race horse can cause problems. The tension intensifies when the gate is full of two-year-olds that have not started in a race more than two or three times.

"Okay, that’s the last one. Let’s go. Turn ’em loose," the assistant shouts from the last stall.

The starter waits, holding the horses in the gate until all are under control and standing straight. They stomp, fidget, fight and snort. The officials shout. The starting gate lunges. It seems an eternity before the bell goes off and the horses burst forth in a driving explosion of pounding hooves.

Up the track, the grandstand falls silent as the horses break from the gate. For a split second there is no sound except for the rhythmic thudding on the track.

Then, as if responding to direction, the crowd begins to hum with excitement in a crescendo that increases with every stride. As the horses thunder past at the wire, sand flying and whips snapping out a staccato beat, the crowd erupts in a final convulsive gasp. The Iron Ruler by a neck. Running time, 16.88 seconds for the 330 yards.

The ritual ends, only to begin again in 15 minutes after the horses are loaded for the next race. Compound this ritual over a 10-race program, and you end up with one of Oklahoma’s best kept secrets—high quality Quarter Horse racing at the state’s three recognized tracks.

Horse racing in Oklahoma, you say? You bet. Well, you don’t bet. That’s illegal here. But horse racing is legal and pursued with a vengeance at the tracks at Sallisaw (Blue Ribbon Downs), Stroud (Midway Downs) and Enid (Garfield Downs).

These three tracks, coupled with "unrecognized" facilities at Apache and Claremore, are an important part of Oklahoma’s horse industry and a factor in Quarter Horse and Appaloosa racing nationwide.

They are also the connecting link to the frontier heritage of county fair races and the dusty pastures where cowhands issued friendly challenges. The owners tested their working ponies in match races over courses determined by the amount of room needed to pull up after the finish line was crossed. They are as much a part of Oklahoma as the rodeo arena and...
the cowboy hat.

Backed up by strong western traditions and a favorable climate, Oklahoma has for years been a major force in the breeding of top class Quarter Horses. Oklahoma-bred horses have been terrorizing the rest of the west for years. In horse circles, that's no secret.

The state's racing reached the same level when The Iron Ruler crossed the finish line in record time March 15 at Blue Ribbon Downs. His performance was nothing short of spectacular as he handily defeated his nine rivals and shattered the record for the event set in 1969 by Easy Jet. It was the fastest time ever in the history of the race, adding the colt's name to an illustrious list of previous winners.

More remarkable than The Iron Ruler's performance was the race itself. It was one for the history books. The 1980 Blue Ribbon Futurity was the richest non-parimutuel race in the history of Quarter Horse racing. In 16 short years, the Blue Ribbon has grown from a gross purse of $6,060 to this year's record $245,470. That figure is nearly triple the purse paid in 1978, and it reflects the staggering growth at all three of Oklahoma's tracks.

Following on the heels of the Blue Ribbon Futurity, the Sallisaw track went one better when it hosted the 1980 Cricket Bars Futurity and Derby for Appaloosas. Sporting a gross purse of nearly $200,000, it was the richest Appaloosa race ever run on any kind of track, parimutuel or non-parimutuel.

With purses like these, racing in Oklahoma is more than just a bunch of cowboys and their shade tree, dirt path tracks. Admittedly, the three plants in the state don't compare with the shiny, high dollar facilities farther west, nor the quiet elegance of the Thoroughbred tracks farther east. But they do offer spectators a casual, tailgate party atmosphere that can be found at no other track.

It's the horses, however, that are important. Race horses follow money, and where there is big money, great horses are not far behind. Of course, many of the big name horses were in Oklahoma in the first place, but they didn't become known until they left. They were bred here, raised here and raced in relative obscurity before being shipped to New Mexico and California for their fame and fortune.

No one was looking when they raced in Oklahoma because the purses were not sufficient to warrant much attention. Easy Jet, the horse many call the greatest sire of all time—not to mention the most expensive, with a stud fee of $20,000—was bred in Sayre and raced at Blue Ribbon Downs. Moonlark, All American Futurity winner, was Oklahoma-bred and first tested the track at Sallisaw. Others that fit the category are Miss Thermolark, Prissy Golddigger and Possumjet.

They are not just horses, but some of the best, their quality measured by that faithful yardstick, money won. Moonlark, for example, leads the All Time Leading Earners list with winnings of over $850,000, a feat that would have been impossible had he raced only in Oklahoma. The same is true for the other three Oklahoma horses on the Top Twenty list. Their fame and fortune came elsewhere.

Oklahoma horsemen, however, have the medicine for that. In the future, state horses can stay home if they choose and still earn their way into immortality, thanks to the invention of super rich "breeders stakes" scheduled to debut in three years. The Black Gold Futurity in Purcell, the Hopes and Dreams Futurity and the Graduate Futurity, both in Sallisaw, will infuse millions into the purse structure in Oklahoma and push it over the $7 million mark by 1983. That's about seven times what is being offered in 1980.

That kind of money should make things pretty interesting around state tracks, not only for the horsemen and the industry as a whole, but for the spectators, too.

Big purses on the track make for high drama in the grandstand. The hush that falls over the crowd at the instant of the break, the furious churning up the track, the incredible energy of a driving finish and the roar of the crowd all take on new meaning when it's for a million bucks.

You've got to see it to believe it.
RACE HORSE PRIMER

FUTURITY—A race for two-year-old horses that were entered as much as two years earlier. Horses are nominated as weanlings or yearlings, and the owners make scheduled payments until the race is run. The race itself is not one race, but a series of races called trials that select the 10 fastest horses for the finals. There are also consolations for the next 10 fastest horses. Most futurities pay purse money to the top 40 horses in a finals and three consolations.

DERBY—A race for three-year-old horses. Some require scheduled payments, some do not. In Quarter Horse racing, the derbies have not had the recognition that marked the futurities, but that is changing.

PURSE MONEY—The total money to be divided among horses in the finals and consolations of each futurity. The Iron Ruler pocketed about $55,000 for his first place finish in the 1980 Blue Ribbon Futurity, while Dandy Daddy earned $1,718 for winning the third consolation. The total purse for the race was $245,470. Nearly all came from scheduled sustaining and nomination payments from the horsemen themselves.

BREEDERS STAKES—Races restricted to the offspring of specified stallions. Stallion owners nominate their horses by putting up a cash deposit, ranging from $1,000 to $25,000 each, to form the base purse, or added money, for a race three years in the future.

RECOGNIZED TRACK—A race track that conducts its races under rules set down by the American Quarter Horse Association. Recognized tracks have days allotted to them by the AQHA, and during the year only a handful of days are actually recognized.

RAILBIRDS—The spectators who watch from the outside rail. They are smart. It’s the best and most exciting place to be during the race. Sort of Up Close and Personal.

HANDICAPPER—A man who is foolish enough to think he can pick winners.

MARGIN—The distance from the first place horse to the second place horse. In Quarter Horse racing, the margins are usually too close to call without the aid of the photo finish. That makes it exciting.

STARTING GATE—The contraption that tries to make the start as even as possible. Two-year-old horses consider starting gates closely akin to medieval torture chambers.

SPECTATORS—The folks who have the most fun at the race track.
Back before the automobile, horse racing was the most popular sport in Oklahoma. In the days when almost everyone owned horses and rode horses, a matched race between two speedsters generated about the same excitement as a championship football game today.

Whole towns closed down on Saturday afternoons and a thousand or two thousand people pilled out to the prairie track to bet anything movable on their favorite horses.

Every town and ranch had its champion, and the people loyally backed their favorites with their money, guns, boots, saddles, even their saddle horses. A gambler with a fine horse under wraps could bankrupt a town in a single race. So in those days when a stranger trotted into town with a sway-backed nag pulling his buggy and a flashy race horse prancing behind, there was one thing you could be sure of—the real race horse was that sway-backed nag.

"Trickery of all sorts was practiced," said Gomer Gower, an early settler who had cause to remember a misshapen horse that used to race on the track near Atoka about 1888. The horse, owned by Jim Wells, was a "long-bodied, saw-backed, yew-necked brown mare that on the race track would be transformed into a streak of lightning."

Not only was the malformed horse fast, but Wells had trained her to false-start the other horse to death. "Then at a signal from old Jim," Gower said, "she would be off, her rider enjoying the thrill which accompanies the pleasure of looking back to see how the opposing horse is running."

Gower also was acquainted with Scarleg, so-named because of his ability to affect a painful limp before the race. But after the race was matched and the money put up, the limp would disappear as if by magic. Gower admitted that he'd once been victim of the duplicity of "this wise and good old horse."

Another sway-backed horse was involved in a memorable race near Jacob Bartles' store, now Bartlesville. Ola Wilhite owned an unbeaten race horse that had won a lot of money for the local people. One day an old man leading a sway-backed horse camped near the store. He inquired about the Wilhite horse and was told by the locals that it couldn't be beaten. Asked if he had a horse that could run, the old man shrugged. "I have a nag I gallop sometimes."

The locals sensed an easy mark. Did he have any money to bet on his nag?

The old man shrugged again. "No, but I got a shotgun and $5."

The race was arranged on a track four miles northeast of the store, where Dewey is located now. Everybody turned out for it. The old man appeared with a thick roll of bills and found plenty of takers. A little black boy had mysteriously shown up as his jockey.

Henry Armstrong, a Delaware Indian who watched the race, said, "When the old man brought his horse out it could hardly walk, but when it was led onto the track and the little Negro was seated in the saddle, the horse flew. The sway-back won and the local boys were a sorry bunch."

Another gambler used to dress up as a farmer in a dilapidated old wagon with a cultivator tied behind and an extra horse plodding behind the cultivator. On the track, the extra horse had blazing speed.

At times, the racing cons got complicated. Walter Pierce, an early Henryetta resident, once told how a Holdenville rancher named Dickson got stung in a con involving two groups of horse traders.

The first group came through with a good-looking mare which they matched against Dickson's best horse. The mare won, and Dickson bought her. She was a good horse and beat everything around Holdenville. Then another group of horse traders came through with race horses. Dickson had such confidence in the mare that he bet everything on her—and lost again.

"These two bunches of men were working together," Pierce said. "One would go through and sell a horse that they knew exactly what it could do, then the second bunch would go through with a horse that they knew could beat it. In that way they never lost."

A mule buyer named Sam Scott was stung in much the same way. A race horse was shipped in with a load of his mules, apparently by mistake. Scott was proud of his new horse and was goaded into a race by some horse traders who showed up one day with a tall mare shaped like a greyhound. The mare won easily.

"Those racing gamblers came through the Territory quite often," Pierce said, "and sometimes the best horses would be hitched up to the buggy."

By John Davis
SCENIC
OKIE-ARKIE TRAIL RIDE
A CHALLENGE

By Susan Everly-Douze

When Ron Yates mounts his gelding, Smokey Joe, picks up his bull horn and booms, "Gather up riders; it's gettin' time to ride," more than 150 horse lovers are anticipating only one thing—the start of the Okie-Arkie Trail Ride, 125 miles cross country from the banks of the Illinois River at Tahlequah to Fort Smith, Ark.

With miles-wide vistas from craggy ridges, the aroma of pine forests spiced with sassafras groves and placid
meadows studded with wild flowers, the late May ride takes horsemen through some of the most beautiful and unspoiled terrain in eastern Oklahoma.

But the trail—one of the last truly cross country rides in the nation—is much more than just a horseback ride. For each rider, it's a unique emotional high.

For Yates, president of the Okie-Arkie club, it's a breather from his job as a Muskogee policeman. For another regular rider, now owner of an insurance company, it's a flashback to more carefree days when he rode the rodeo circuit. For a five-year-old named Patty Cake, mounted on a 17-year-old gelding, her tiny feet dangling merrily above the stirrups, it's a lark.

And for a saddle-sore amateur, more at home on a bus than a horse, it's an unabashed feeling of accomplishment—thanks to a steady steed named Bud who clambered nonchalantly down dizzyly steep, rocky slopes and forgave, with a nuzzle, a thousand errors in horsemanship.

"We're just a bunch of people who love horses and we formed a club," Yates recalls. "It's strictly a leisurely, family-oriented affair. You don't need a fancy-priced horse because here everybody thinks his is the best."

"But what is fancy is the scenery. And between here and Fort Smith, the best and often the only way to see it is on horseback. It's nature at its unspoiled best—with good companionship to boot."

No one quarrels with his evaluation. The Okie-Arkie Trail Ride, now in its eighth year, draws riders from at least 12 states. Whole families spanning three generations ride together as well as spry, retired couples—everyone from tobacco-chewing construction workers to a lawyer in dry cleaner-creased designer jeans.

Age is no barrier. There's been a three-year-old, at home in the saddle since she was 10 months old, and an 82-year-old grandmother with a heart condition who popped pills as she rode.

"We were all worried about her," Yates recalls. "But she insisted that if she had to go, she couldn't think of a better way."

In fact, the only thing all the riders do have in common—besides their penchant for feather-trimmed straw hats—is an unabashed love for horses and the camaraderie of folks who share their view.

From the time the riders trot smartly out of their first night's camp at Hanging Rock Float Camp, near Tahlequah, the scenery is a constant treat. Narrow, rock-studded trails through heavy timber suddenly give way to splendid panoramas. Atop one particularly lofty ridge, Fort Smith looks so close you'd swear you could reach out and touch it, but the trail's end is still a day and a half ride away.

A road or any other sign of civilization is seldom seen, but when the trail does widen, it's likely to be stoked in history, such as one of the old wagon routes between Fort Smith, Muskogee and Pryor.

Riders in the past have even come across abandoned moonshine stills.

Veteran trail rider Isabelle Wells is dubbed the "Candy Lady" of the Okie-Arkie ride. She has relished watching young riders grow to adulthood, and the current crop of her horse-loving kids learn fast that her saddle bags offer a dependable supply of sweets.

Ask her or any of the other old-time riders for the highlight of the ride and they are hard pressed to say. But, she concedes, everyone anticipates the day when the trail takes them through the Cookson Hills Game Refuge where majestic elk interrupt their grazing to give the gawking riders a return stare.

For the saddle-sore amateur, clocking 20-plus miles a day on horseback seems an admirable accomplishment, but Yates says the ride is not by any means for seasoned cow pokes only. "It's a leisure ride, strictly for pleasure," he says. "You can take a horse out of the pasture, put shoes on him and away you go. We welcome amateurs and make a point of help-
Icing them along.

The ride, however, may not be every city gal or guy's idea of leisure. It doesn't take long to figure out that you're on a trail ride—not a guest at a high-priced dude ranch.

For instance, when you're due in Fort Smith in six days with a scheduled camp site every night, it means all-weather riding. And in Oklahoma that can mean 110° across the "flats" of sun-roasted farm land or an afternoon-long downpour that sends riders rummaging in their gear for slickers and hat covers.

The deluge guarantees soggy jeans and possible detours around swollen streams, but the freshly washed earth smells and the woodland fantasy views of steam rising from soaked forest and meadow more than compensate.

Rain or not, lunch-time talk frequently centers indecorously on ticks. How to keep 'em off and how to get rid of 'em once you've got them. Less than fascinating conversation, muses the first-time trail rider—until an evening "tick check" turns up her own resident colony.

What seems like a ride through the wilderness of 100 years ago requires months of advance planning and day-by-day coordination.

"To avoid roads and civilization, we ride mostly through private land so we have to get permission from all the owners," Yates explains. But that's only the beginning.

There are uncountable practice runs for Yates and other experienced riders of the club to find the best route that is scenic and challenging but not hazardous. Then there's the actual machete chopping of the trail, marking the route and construction of gates in the fences along the way.

By the first day of the ride every detail is accounted for, from the extra batteries for the CB radios that keep the trail leaders in touch with the stragglers to a supply of red ribbons for the tails of horses that turn out to be kickers.

Trail rules are few, but strictly enforced. There's no drinking of alcoholic beverages, no rough riding or littering. And no one passes the pace setter.

Despite the most careful planning, the terrain is still rugged and wild enough that the unexpected is part of the experience—like the time a woman rider's horse plowed into a yellow jacket nest. The panicked mare bucked the rider in the middle of the stinging insects and took off.

Fortunately for her, Don Neighbors, a member of the Okie-Arkie board of directors and a "scout" for the ride, galloped up and in a scene right out of old Wild West movies swung her up and away from the villains.

Neighbors and other scouts are a major reason behind the Okie-Arkie ride's admirable safety record of no serious injuries.

Culled from the club's most experienced riders, the scouts make certain pokey riders don't lose the trail, calm spooked horses and always seem to be on hand when a horse picks the steepest slope to lounge out into the thorn and vine-filled woods.

As the sun dips, most riders will agree that the evening's camp is savored as much as the day's ride.

With sites that vary from a creek bank to a cool glade in the hills, the Okie-Arkie camp with its RVs, lawn chairs and Coleman stoves is a modern day version of the old wagon train circle. After the horses are cooled down and fed, there's still plenty of time for a swim in the creek and pickin' and singin' around the campfire.

To solve the logistics of moving this latter day wagon train to each successive camp site, the club provides a bus to shuttle riders back to the previous site to pick up their RVs, horse trailers and cars.

A catering service is on hand at meal times in camp and for breaks during the ride.

Even for the rankest amateur each day in the stirrups brings fewer aches and pains. Excitement grows as riders proceed to their final destination, Fort Smith, for the celebration banquet.
All of us at Oklahoma Today are excited over the plans to celebrate our 25th anniversary this winter. Very few magazines have survived for 25 years, and we are proud and happy to be a part of the celebration.

Betty Price with the Oklahoma Arts Council is organizing an exhibit of all 103 Oklahoma Today magazine covers which will be displayed in the Governor's Art Gallery at the Capitol during January. This should really be nice, and I hope that each of our readers will go by. All of Oklahoma Today's covers have been in full color, and most have been truly works of art.

A reception at the Capitol is planned for Jan. 7 to honor all of our past editors, writers, photographers, artists, and others who have been a part of Oklahoma Today's success. And what an outstanding group of people they are! Best of all it will give us a chance to meet our subscribers, both long-time and brand new. So put Jan. 7 on your calendar right now. It will be here before you know it.

In gathering past issues for the exhibit, we've discovered that some are missing. So this is a special plea for Oklahoma Today collectors. We are in desperate need of Oklahoma Today magazines dated January, March and September 1956, Fall 1959 and Winter 1961. We'll give a free year's subscription in exchange for one of these back issues.

Oklahoma Today has put on a new face for our subscribers. The Kraft paper jacket cover combines the duties of a mailing envelope and an insert with subscription blanks. Feel free to tear off the jacket so our beautiful cover can shine on your coffee table.

But before you throw the jacket away, fill in the subscription blanks with the names of all those friends and relatives who will enjoy reading about travel and recreation in Oklahoma. You'll never find a nicer gift for $5. Mail your list in today and get a head start on your holiday gift giving. We want them to share in our 25th anniversary celebration.

Oklahoma Today will have a booth at the Oklahoma State Fair in Oklahoma City in September. Be sure to stop by the Made In Oklahoma Building and introduce yourself. It's always a thrill to meet our readers.

What should be an exciting multimedia production, called "The Oklahoma Adventure," will be showing hourly nearby at the Oklahoma Art Center.

Special effects, intricate lighting, sounds overhead and underfoot will combine with 4,800 images on six screens in this 45-minute extravaganza on Oklahoma and its people.

Sounds like a fun way to relax a bit while seeing the sights at the fair! * * *

The bass are really jumping at the new Dripping Springs Lake, just west of Okmulgee Lake Recreation Area, according to several reports. Fishing anywhere in the state is best during the fall.

Thirty-seven states and two foreign countries each sent their six top fishermen to compete in the national Bassmaster Tournament on Grand Lake Aug. 17-22. In addition to the fun of fishing for bass at Grand Lake, they were competing for about $50,000 in prizes.

Six leading professional bullfighters will be matching their skills against the bulls as part of the entertainment during the Miss Rodeo America competition, Dec. 5-7. The 52 Miss Rodeo America contestants will be judged on their horsemanship as well as beauty.

The pageant takes place during the opening weekend of the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City. More than $525,000 in prize money will be awarded, the largest in rodeo history.

Our congratulations to Bacone College, Oklahoma's oldest institution of higher learning, on celebration of its 100th birthday. Located on the northeast edge of Muskogee, Bacone has produced many outstanding Indian leaders.

Such well-known artists as Stephen Mopope, Acee Blue Eagle, Solomon McCombes, Dick West, Fred Beaver, Willard Stone, Virginia Stroud, Kelly Haney and Joan Hill are among the school's former students.

Bacone's first century is described in a new book, Bacone Indian University: A History, by John Williams and Howard L. Meredith, available from the Oklahoma Heritage Center, Oklahoma City.

A Convocation of Scholars will feature outstanding speakers lecturing on a series of Indian-related topics, such as theology, education, art, Native American language studies, law and history. Part of Bacone's five-year celebration, the convocation will be held on campus Oct. 9-10.

Perhaps the most difficult facet of TV and international interviews for Oklahoma's champion gymnast, Kelly Garrison, has been to convince reporters that she received all of her training in Oklahoma with most of it in the Altus public school gym.

Oklahoma's answer to Romania's Nadia Comaneci returned on her 13th birthday from a triumphant European tour July 5. There she won first place in international competition in West Germany and France on both the beam and in floor exercise, placing third all around. The German meet was shown on the ABC Wide World of Sports in July.

The petite gymnast again placed first on the beam while trying out for the Olympic International Traveling Team in Salt Lake City and at the Olympic Trials at Jacksonville, Fla.

Four years from now, Oklahoma's Kelly Garrison may be the one to watch during the Olympics in Los Angeles.
ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

DRAMA/MUSIC

September
11-27  *My Fair Lady,* Cabaret Supper Theatre, Ft. Sill
12-28  *Verdict,* Theatre Tulsa, Tulsa
13-14  Concertime. Philharmonic. Tulsa
17-20  *Tiger at the Gates,* OSU Theatre, Stillwater
26-Oct 4  *Promises, Promises,* OU, Norman
26-Oct 18  *Crucifer of Blood,* American Theatre Co., Tulsa

October
5  Afternoon Concert, Tulsa Little Symphony, Tulsa
6-8  *Bus Stop,* Ardmore Little Theatre, Ardmore
10-18  *Life With Father,* Community Theatre, Lawton
11  Opening Concert, Church Circuit Opera, 1st Pres Church, Norman
11  The New American Ragtime Ensemble, Pops Concert, Tulsa
12/14  Okla Symphony, Luis Herrera conducting, Okla City
12  Concert of the Basses, Church Circuit Opera, 1st Pres Church, Norman
17-19  Cinderella Suite, Okla Ballet, OCU, Okla City
18  *Hansel & Gretel,* Church Circuit Opera, Tulsa
23  Silvia Macervici & Murry Sidlin, Philharmonic, Tulsa
23-Nov 8  *Come Blow Your Horn,* Cabaret Supper Theatre, Ft Sill
24-Nov 1  *Gemini,* OU, Norman
24-Nov 9  *The Little Foxes,* Theatre Tulsa, Tulsa
25  *Rigoletto,* Church Circuit Opera, Lawton
26/26  Okla Symphony, Robert Weiner, Oboist, Okla City
30-Nov 1  *A Man For All Seasons,* OSU Theatre, Stillwater
31-Nov 1  *My Fair Lady,* OU, Norman
31-Nov 2  *Buried Child,* American Theatre Co, Tulsa

November
1-6 8  *Boris Godunov,* Tulsa Opera Co, Tulsa
9/11  Okla Symphony, Luis Herrera conducting, Okla City
11-12  *Private Lives,* American Theatre Co, Tulsa
13-15  Okla/American College Theatre Festival, OU, Norman
17  Billy Taylor Jazz Trio, OU, Norman
20  Carol Wincenc, Flutist, Philharmonic, Tulsa
22  Renaissance Feast with Collegium Musicum, OU, Norman
23/25  Okla Symphony, OU Chorus, Okla City

December
4-20  *The Stingiest Man In Town,* Cabaret Supper Theatre, Ft Sill
5  *The Magic Flute,* Church Circuit Opera, Midwest City
5-12  *Much Ado About Nothing,* OU, Norman
5-21  *110 In The Shade,* Theatre Tulsa, Tulsa
5-24  *Treasure Island,* American Theatre Co, Tulsa
6  *Martha,* Church Circuit Opera, Woodward
6-8  Benny Goodman Big Band Nite, Pops Concert, Tulsa
7/9  Okla Symphony, Kurt Woss conducting, Okla City
8-10  *Murder at Howard Johnson's,* Ardmore Little Theatre, Ardmore
11  Sergio Luca, Violinist, Philharmonic, Tulsa
12-20  *Witness For The Prosecution,* Community Theatre, Lawton
13-14  *The Nutcracker,* Ballet Okla, OCU, Okla City
28  Afternoon Concert, Tulsa Little Symphony, Tulsa

ART EXHIBITS

September
1-21  Native American Art, Philbrook, Tulsa
7-Nov 2  Kiowa Tribal Art Exhibit, Omniplex, Okla City
7-Oct 5  6 State Painting & Sculpture Exhibit, Fairgrounds, Okla City
13  4 Directions Indian Arts Festival, Clinton
20  Campus Corner Art Festival, Norman
21-Oct 26  American Indian Art Exhibit, St Gregory's, Shawnee
27-Oct 26  Art Deco, Philbrook, Tulsa

October
25-26  Rock & Mineral Society Show, Expo Square, Tulsa

November
8-9  Greater Okla Eggshell Art Exhibit, Okla City

December
14-25  Century of Ceramics in the U.S., Philbrook, Tulsa

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

September
3-6  Major County Free Fair, Fairview
13  Cherokee Strip Celebration, Perry
mid-Sept  Okla City Fall Festival, Kerr Park, Okla City
19-28  State Fair, Fairgrounds, Okla City
20  Cattle Trails Festival, Elk City
26-Oct 5  Tulsa Fair, Expo Square, Tulsa

October
4  Czech Festival, Yukon
17-19  Oktoberfest, Tulsa

November
1-4  Will Rogers Celebration, Claremore
7  Cheese, Art & Antique Festival, Watonga

December
3-13  Boar's Head Feast, Tahlequah

RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

September
20  All Girl Rodeo, Chelsea
29-30  Inter-Collegiate Rodeo, Claremore

October
11-12  World's Richest Roping & Western Art Show, Chelsea
15-19  Grand National Morgan Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City

November
9-15  World Championship Appaloosa Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
17-22  World Championship Quarter Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City

December
3-13  National Finals Rodeo, Myriad, Okla City

HUNTING SEASONS

Birds
- Sept 1-Oct 30  Dove
- Sept 20-28  Teal
- Nov 1-9  Pheasants
- Nov 8-23  Wild Turkey
- Nov 20-Feb 1  Quail & Pheasant
- Nov 1-Mar 4  Crow

Game
- Oct 1-Mar 1  Cottontail, Swain & Jack Rabbit
- Oct 18-Dec 31  Deer

RACES

September
1  Great Raft Race, Sand Springs/Tulsa
20  Illinois River Canoe Race, Tahlequah

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1-21  Native American Art, Philbrook, Tulsa
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AUTUMN 1980 THIRTY-SEVEN
BOOKS IN REVIEW

Two Norman women, Ida Madden and Helen Holland, have organized M & H Publishing Co. to reprint books by Oklahoma authors that they consider classics but which are no longer in print. RAPE by Weldon Hill, $5.95, is their first effort.

Written in the tradition of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, Rafe is the story of an eastern Oklahoma farm boy, burdened with too many responsibilities, who finally emerges as a hero. Rafe and his Cherokee Indian friend, Pete Cornshucks, provide insight into the wild beauty of the Ozark region of eastern Oklahoma as they battle a sudden flood.

The Norman author, whose real name is Bill Scott, portrays rural life in Oklahoma that will bring nostalgic memories to many. Best of all, the novel is an exciting story of suspense and outdoor adventure, a story about a young boy, designed for adult reading.

OKLAHOMA, photography by David Fitzgerald and text by Bill Burchardt; Graphic Arts Center, Portland, Ore., $27.50. The immense variety of Oklahoma's scenic beauty is brilliantly displayed in this coffee-table picture book on our favorite state.

Fitzgerald photographs buttes and canyons, the weathered boulders of the Wichita Mountains, giant cypress trees in Southeastern Oklahoma, wild flowers and wheat. The photos can be enjoyed over and over again.

Price Falls in the Arbuckle Mountains surrounded by green foliage and shiny wet rocks is a favorite.

Several of Fitzgerald's magnificent photographs will be recognized by our readers from earlier issues of Oklahoma Today.

Bill Burchardt has written an interesting history of the state, drawing upon his 22 years as editor of Oklahoma Today, no doubt.

PANHANDLE COWBOY by John R. Erickson, Univ. of Nebr. Press, $12.50, is a fascinating book about the author's four years as a cowboy and manager on a ranch in the Oklahoma Panhandle. Wild cattle, outlaw horses, roundups, storms, stampedes and branding in the snow are still part of the life of a modern cowboy.

The reader, who is familiar with cattle ranches, will chuckle over the author's stories of horses he couldn't ride and cattle he couldn't drive.

Along the way, the story of modern ranching and the many facets of today's cattle business, specifically on the Crown Ranch in Beaver County, are told.

TEMPLE HOUSTON, Lawyer With A Gun by Glenn Shirly, Univ. of Okla. Press, $14.95, is the story of Gen. Sam Houston's son. For 20 years he was one of the Southwest's most brilliant, eccentric and widely known criminal lawyers.

Houston left Texas to seek fame and fortune in Woodward. This book not only tells the story of the flamboyant Houston's law career, but it also describes the courts and how the territorial legal system operated. Some of the most controversial court cases involving Houston, "the silver tongued orator of Oklahoma," are detailed.

HOPI COOKERY by Juanita Tiger Kavena, Univ. of Ariz. Press, $8.50, is a cookbook of centuries-old authentic recipes, suitable for recreating in a modern kitchen.

The author, an Oklahoma-born Creek Indian, includes directions for dishes ranging from tamales and hominy stew to baked prairie dog and piki, a tissue-thin cornbread unique to the Hopis. Traditional and oven-dried jerky, Hopi tea and roasted pinion nuts are among the 100 recipes.

More than a cookbook, Hopi Cookery provides facts on edible plants along with historic and cultural tidbits.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

Please excuse the "note" paper. I love the magazine and always have admired Will Rogers, but doesn't the State have any other "famous" men or women?

Please give us more about the beautiful country. I had a young artist by the name of H. T. Holden from Enid do a lovely painting of the Gloss Mountains, 30 miles west of Enid. I love rock hunting all over and it's beautiful and very interesting. And H. T. Holden is one very fine artist!

Enclosed is my check for one more year.

Thank you,

Rosalie N. Brewer, a "misplaced" Oklahoman

Rockville, MD

Editor:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
New format's fine
But I really liked the full-page, unmarked, Lefebvre-type color pictures that could be framed better.

Bob Peterson
Durant, OK 74701

Dale Robertson can check the condition of the mares in the foaling barn which is connected to his office within this building at Haymaker Farms, Yukon. Stained glass filters the light into the barn in the inset. Photo by Paul Lefebvre