The Rodeo Clown: Not Just Another Painted Face
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## SUMMER 1982 VOL. 32, NO. 3

**Official Magazine of the State of Oklahoma**

George Nigh, Governor

Staff: Sue Carter, Editor; Kate Jones, Assistant Editor; Paul Lefebvre, Art and Production; Kevin Norman, Circulation Development.

Tourism and Recreation Commission: Jim Pate, Chairman; W. R. “Dick” Stubbs, Vice Chairman; Celia Rosenberger, Secretary; Rilla Wilcox, James Durham, Bob Hinton, R. A. “Bob” Hodder, Jarrell L. Jennings.

Published quarterly by the Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department. Abe L. Hesser, Executive Director; Eugene Dilbeck, Marketing Services; Ken Flaming, Lodges; Chuck Woolsey, Administration; Tom Creider, Planning & Development; N. Clay McDermeit, Parks.

Oklahoma Today subscription prices: $7 per year in the U.S.; $11 elsewhere. $1.75 single copy.

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**COMING IN THE FALL ISSUE** Volksmarch through the Wichitas, then celebrate with a few polkas and a helping or two of classic German fare. Visit with some of the craftpeople who represented Oklahoma at the Smithsonian Festival of American Folklife. Check into how the experts spice their chili. Then take a good, long look at the Arkansas River from the back of a horse. Fall offers all this — plus some surprises. So hurry back.
If you're a fugitive from justice, the story goes, the best place to hide is in the Chicago Bears' defensive line. If you're not built for that type of work, chances are the law won't find you in a rodeo arena during the bullriding event, either.

Unless you're the bull, or the rider. The other guys out there—the clown in the barrel and the garish-faced bullfighter—they're much like those football linemen. Unless they mess up, nobody knows or cares what their real job is.

However, according to Rex Dunn, 27-year-old bullfighter from Hastings, justice is dealt out more harshly in rodeo than in any other sport. "Rodeo is unforgiving," Dunn says. "Especially bullfighting. You make a mistake, you pay the price."

On his way to being recognized as one of the top dozen clown/bullfighters in the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA), the slightly built, soft-spoken, battle-scarred young cowboy has paid his dues and paid the price.

Since 1970, when Dunn "snuck" away from home and entered a jackpot rodeo in Chickasha, he's been hooked on rodeo—and he's been stepped on, stomped and run over by some of rodeo's meanest, hump-backed, slack-hided denizens.

"The meaner the bull, the better we look," Dunn explains, admitting the obvious Catch-22 to the life he's chosen. Other athletes get trophies, plaques, titles and glory. The rodeo clown is just a guy with a smile blazoned across his face, who was good for some monkeyshines along the way. He's nameless and faceless. Once his makeup is scrubbed away, he melts into the crowd—just another cowboy at another rodeo.

"What every clown is striving for," Dunn says, "is a shot at the December National Finals in Oklahoma City. We want that gold belt buckle. That's our trophy, our glory."

Dunn's chances of being one of the three clowns selected for the NFR this year are good, although he says he doesn't get hung up on the idea. "I'm doing what I love," he says. "I live, eat and breathe rodeo. I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't fight bulls. I'll be out there as long as I'm physically able, if I never make it to the finals."

In the six years that Dunn has been a "card-holding" PRCA rodeo clown, he's gone from a $75-a-night amateur to a much-in-demand $300- to-$500-a-night professional. Only a few make his kind of money or book in excess of 100 rodeos a year.

He works hard at it. Last year, in one stretch, Dunn worked 19 rodeos in 23 days, hauling a little "mule," Booger the Wonder Kar and his trick dogs over a three-state area in his Dooley Crewcab with a 36-foot fifth-wheel travel trailer bringing up the rear.

"Of course," he says candidly, "it's the finals I'm going after, even though I figure I'm ahead of the game. I'm gonna go to Oklahoma City, but I'm not gonna rush it. I've seen clowns want to go to the finals so badly that it messed up their minds, affected their performances—and ruined their careers. I'm making a good living, doing something I love. Why rush it?"

Dunn is almost painfully modest, but he's good and he knows it. "If I don't have confidence in what I do, how can I expect others to trust me, to literally put their lives in my hands night after night?"

The top 25 bullriders in the world obviously agree. They selected Dunn to compete in the Wrangler Pro Rodeo Bullfighting Matches, an annual showdown of the world's top 12 clowns, each of whom must fight six of 20 rodeos throughout the United States. The national bullfighting finals, billed as "Beauty and the Beast," are held in conjunction with the Miss Rodeo America pageant during the NFR in December, and pit the top six finalists in a bullfighting extravaganza.

Dunn says the Wrangler competition is a "big deal," and clowns stand to pocket a bunch of coins. "We're guaranteed $1,000 just to show up," he says, "and Wrangler pays all our expenses. If we win a match, we get $2,300. Second place is $1,500, and third is $1,000."

According to Dunn, there's not a nickel's worth of difference in the skill of the top 12 or 15
clowns when it comes to saving a cowboy's life. The difference is in style. "In the finals, the bulls will be rank cats," he says. "They'll be hard to get around, hard to get away from, and it'll sure be a rugged contest."

Style is what separates the goods from the greats, according to Dunn. "You can't teach it," he says. "So much of it is reflex, instinct. When a cowboy gets in a storm, you go in and get him. You don't stop to think about it. His life could hang on that split second it took you to decide what to do."

Dunn admits that the mechanics of bullfighting can be taught, and there are at least five clown schools in the country, usually run alongside bull-riding schools.

"When I started, the only way to learn was to get out there and try to survive," Dunn grins. "I'd run at a bull. He'd run over me. Then I'd get up, scratch my head, bandage my cuts and bruises and swear I wouldn't do that again."

Dunn credits much of his style, and his bullfighting philosophy, to PRCA veteran bullfighter Rick Young who, at 45, is probably one of the highest-
OKLAHOMA BULLFIGHTER

paid clowns in the business, as well as one of Dunn's Wrangler opponents.

"Young talked me into going pro in 1976," Dunn says. "I was banging my head against the walls as an amateur; I worked the world's largest bull-riding event in Ardmore that year. I worked the Southwestern Cowboys Association finals, the Oklahoma youth finals and the Oklahoma high-school finals.

"Young told me I was good enough to make it," Dunn recalls. "And he said, 'Always make the bull come to you. If you have to go to him, he'll outsmart you every time.'

"Then," Dunn says, "Young told me something I'll never forget. It turned my life around. He said, 'People don't realize what they're really seeing—what this business is all about. 'Get out there and fight bulls. Show people what you can do, but-always let the bull win. People always go away thinking that Young was funny and the bull was bad.'

Bullriders and bullfighters are a great deal alike. They're easy to spot at a rodeo. They're the guys who show up before the bullriding event—pace back and forth, stretch and bend, stalk the fidgeting bulls in each chute. They run on sheer adrenalin.

Nobody takes the clown more seriously than a rodeo cowboy. Bullriders will tell you in a heartbeat that the clown is the most important man alive, the best bullfighter this side of Mexico City—the guy you go to the well with again and again.

It's true. The clown is, quite literally, a bullrider's lifeline, and a good one is hard to come by. Dunn says that, of the 150 PRCA clowns, only about 80 actually make a living at it.

"It's a business," he says, "and it's dog eat dog. We have no union, no real organization. The salary scale is whatever we can get . . . and the younger clowns starting out will do a lot more for a lot less. Many are flat starved out. We lose a lot of good ones."

Each year at the January PRCA rodeo convention in Denver, the clowns converge and mingle, carrying dog-eared datebooks. Dunn says he also books rodeos at the National Finals, and manages to stay a year ahead on his schedule.

"Since we have no union, jobs and salaries are geared to popularity," Dunn says. "One thing that helps me, in addition to being one of the top 12 clowns, is that I carry specialty acts, such as my trick dog act. Contractors used to be able to afford a clown, a bullfighter and a third person to do the comedy.

"Now, however," he says, "they expect us to do it all. Money is tight, so the larger the act we carry—the more versatile we are—the more jobs we get."

Dunn has also given a lot to rodeo. Both collarbones have been broken, one in three places. A bull hooked his lower lip, tore it off and smashed most of his teeth. His ankles and wrists have been broken, his kidneys torn, and he says he's lost count of the string of broken ribs.

"But I'm in a world all my own out there," he breathes. "It's hard to describe it. When I get too close to one of those rank old fighting bulls, and the crowd roars and screams . . . right then, my adrenalin is pumping so hard my eyes pop out. It's the greatest natural high in the world. Nobody can touch me; I feel that I'm totally in control . . .

"I guess what I'm trying to say is—I'm the luckiest person in the world. I'm a bullfighter . . ."
Water skiers make one last turn around Lake Tenkiller before nightfall.

Photo by Paul Lofevre
HAVING A FLING WITH FRISBEE GOLF

It was the first day of spring and the wind made the sunshine seem cooler than it really was, but the scene at Tulsa’s McClure Park looked like something out of a soft-drink commercial.

A circle of faded sweatshirts and jogging shorts stretched, rose and fell as the men inside them got weekday working muscles in shape for Sunday sport.

Nearby there was no telltale pile of bats and gloves to signal their welcome to spring, but a scattering of plastic discs. Men in their 20s and 30s are remembering their carefree college days by turning Frisbee tossing into a club activity.

And in Oklahoma, an increasingly popular way of showing one’s enthusiasm is by playing disc golf. In fact, the state’s two organized clubs—in Oklahoma City and Tulsa—include people who remember the first Frisbee frenzy of the ’60s and ’70s, but the under-14 and over-60 age categories are making themselves known as well.

Separating disc golf from other Frisbee activities is difficult. The state’s two organized clubs—in Oklahoma City and Tulsa—include people who play a round of golf, but also compete in tournaments that emphasize the many other possibilities of the Frisbee, such as distance, accuracy or trick throws. The different, identifiable games played with the Frisbee number between 20 and 30, including Ultimate Frisbee, akin to soccer.

Among all these options, what makes disc golf so popular? Says Korth, “For one thing, it’s inexpensive. All you need is a Frisbee. But within disc sports, disc golf is an individual effort—rather than a team sport, which is harder to get organized.

“The atmosphere is very relaxed; it’s something you can do on a number of different levels. I used to be a serious player and practiced many hours a day. With disc golf I can be out to set a course record or simply be there to get a little fun and sun.”

Korth has found a full-time career in designing courses and providing players with top-line Frisbees, a business he runs out of his Oklahoma City home. The bonus of the job is that it leaves him plenty of time to attend Frisbee tournaments to further promote the sport. It also gives him a legitimate reason to play.

Disc golf has an added appeal to the novice, say enthusiasts. Unlike team sports or even a game of catch, initially it does not require the same degree of accuracy. And it demands no particular physical attributes other than a limber arm and wrist.

Yet a demonstration by Tulsa club members shows the game is not as easy as it looks. Frisbee players have as many different throws as a major-league pitcher. Backhand, forehand, grip and the force of the throw all play a part in making disc golf a scientific exercise.

Some approach the tee-off with a casual stance and a feather-light throw that appears almost effortless. Others, like Central States Alliance regional
disc-golf champion Lew Satterfield, may make an Olympic-like effort in a try for a hole-in-one. (Yes, it’s possible with a Frisbee.)

Satterfield, who is ranked among the top 10 overall Frisbee players in the country, first took up Frisbee four years ago after seeing an informal game of disc golf in Tulsa’s Woodward Park. “I threw a lot of stuff as a kid—balls, rocks, eggs,” Satterfield says wryly, “and I quartered his some... I like disc golf because it takes an accuracy throw, not real power. It takes skill and a lot of control.”

That skill is tested by hazards like creek banks and clumps of trees and variables like wind direction, which require as much forethought on pitching style as a golf swing does. Some players show their seriousness by carrying a specially-made golf bag to hold the four or five different discs they think necessary to play a good game.

In fact, Frisbees come in as many sizes, styles and weights (anywhere from 150 to 220 grams) as any other type of sports equipment. And each mold has its own flight characteristics, says Korth. “There are a lot of bad discs on the market that even I can’t make fly well.” So beginners are advised to choose carefully.

It’s a confusing consideration, however. The number of flight designs and molds runs into the hundreds. And if promotional discs—those made as advertising gimmicks—are included, the number of individually-stamped discs made by Wham-O or their competitors runs into the tens of thousands.

Tulsa club president Bill Dorn has covered the walls of one room with more than 500 different discs. And rare models draw handsome prices from collectors. One club member displayed his pride and joy, a model sporting a likeness of some legendary Yale Frisbee-ers that is worth $150, carefully wrapped in plastic bags.

Disc golfers frequently opt for fluorescent models, since some parks provide enough lighting for night play. Their models are battered, scratched and inked with size and weight notations.

Dorn says disc golf has given many park departments the chance to make better use of their facilities. A course can be put in for $3,500 to $10,000 and either permanently set or left in movable form so that the course design can be changed.

At one Oklahoma City park, official found the course even solved a crime problem, Dorn says. Once the course was in place, there were too many disc golfers milling around to leave any secluded spots for crimes to occur.

In Tulsa, the game has caught on with the retirement set, especially one group in McClure Park’s Senior Fitness Program. Jim Stroup, recreation center director, says he encouraged the dozen participants to begin Frisbee golf as a workout for wrists and fingers, and for the bending and stretching required to pick up the disc. Two of the group say they practiced at home all winter using buckets.

On June 5 and 6, disc golfers from Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri and Kansas will gather at McClure Park to compete in the regional qualifying rounds for the national championship of disc golf, which will be played at the World’s Fair in Knoxville.

Dorn says the money from the $20 entry fee will cover such player-oriented pluses as prize money, but, if all goes well, the club also hopes to be able to raise nearly $5,000 for the park improvement fund.

One of the requirements of disc-golf tournaments is that they benefit some charity. “They’re set up for community profit,” Dorn says.

A good end to a means of fun.
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ZOOSTORIES

by Kate Jones
The Oklahoma City Zoo on a bright weekday morning. The gates have just opened; the first visitors are strolling along the paths. Occasionally an unidentified squawk or snort or trumpet or bleat sounds through the redolent zoo air. A woman holds her delighted child up to look into the eyes of a lowland gorilla. In the Herpetarium, a reticulated python uncoils, and a teen-ager shrieks and clings to her boyfriend. Another day in the public life of the zoo has begun.

For most humans, the zoo is an occasional experience, a place to feed some bears, see some snakes and monkeys, eat some popcorn, ride the paddle boat or the tram, and then go home.

But for a small, fiercely partisan army, the zoo is daily life, the real world. They’re the keepers (official title: “animal technicians”) who watch over the zoo’s animals.

Over at the gorilla building, primate supervisor Greg Petromilli and his staff have already served up the “a.m. eats” and washed out the cages. “We try to get all the in-cage work done before the gates open,” he says. “If we don’t, we get people yelling, ‘What kind of monkey are you? You can get a little tired of that.”

Much of the work in the gorilla building and the nearby primate building is what Greg calls “no-brainer”—hosing cages, sweeping floors, washing windows. “I don’t mind washing windows,” he says, “because when you’re up close you can really watch the animals.”

“Really watching the animals”—the zoo’s $1 million worth of great apes—is a big part of Greg’s job, a job he’s done for five years in Oklahoma City, and did for four and a half years at the Cincinnati Zoo before that. Keeping a close watch on the well-being of the primates is crucial because they are so rare. There are an estimated 250 mountain gorillas in the wild; two of the 10 in captivity are in the United States—in the OKC Zoo. The zoo’s seven lowland gorillas are common only in comparison with their mountain cousins, and the zoo has had rare luck at getting their lowlands to breed.

Like a proud uncle, Greg introduces the lowland community: In the gorilla building live Moemba, or “Mo,” a 22-year-old wild-caught male; two adult females, Fern and Kathy, both also wild-caught; and Kathy’s and Mo’s latest, three-year-old Macho, whose name means “eyes” in Swahili. Gorilla males, unlike orangutan males, take part in child-rearing, and Greg reports that Macho doesn’t fear her giant father in the least. “She’s just like any other kid,” he says. “She’ll get right in his face.”

Over in the primate building live three single female lowlands: Mo’s and Kathy’s older offspring, eight-year-old Fredrika; Boma; and three-year-old G’Ann, whose parents are Mo and Fern. The glass-fronted cages offer no privacy and not a lot of room to move around, for the lowlands or for the orangutans, mountain gorillas and several species of monkeys and lemurs that share the building with them. (The zoo has also had success in breeding its Sumatran orangutans, though the babies keep turning out to be male. “We keep coming up with male orangutans and female gorillas, when we need it the other way around,” Greg says.)

Compared with the primate house, the gorilla house is, as Greg says, “Nichols Hills.” In addition to glass-fronted cages, it has a gunnite-walled yard, complete with climbing poles and sunshine, and an overlook where people can watch the gorillas from a reasonable distance.

Still, it’s less than ideal. Greg dreams of five-acre compounds that would be home to breeding groups of three females and a male—though he
realizes some compromises might need to be made so that people could view the animals. "I'd like a place less cage-and-bar-oriented," he says, "where they could get away and be by themselves."

Given the constraints of zoo life, a big problem for the primates is boredom. In the wild, Greg says, gorillas spend eight to 12 hours a day feeding. In the zoo, even though the staff chop and/or scatter the animals' staple diet of various vegetables and fruits, raisins, peanuts, hard-boiled eggs and Monkey Chow, they spend at most two to three hours a day eating. "Zoos can't be on their schedules," Greg says, "so they have to be on ours."

Within that structure, the gorillas stick to their own routines. "They're easy animals to take care of, very predictable," Greg says. "You can tell when they're in a bad mood; they'll give you warning, let you know what they're going to do." They are, of course, blase about the faces beyond the glass walls. "People come in here and tap on the glass and expect to get a big rise out of Mo. He's not going to jump around—he's used to them." Their area of the zoo is home territory. "I sort of wonder if they think we're the ones in cages," he says.

Despite his obvious fondness for his animals, Greg accepts the public, recreational purpose of the zoo. "We can't get too rigid. Kids need their Coca-Cola and their rides... The zoo has four goals—conservation, recreation, education and research... and that's not a rank order." He adds that zoos do well during an economic crunch. "For $2 you can spend all day here, see the animals, have fun, eat a picnic—and the money goes back into the zoo... What good would it be if no people came here?"

Still and all, he wishes visitors would be more considerate of the animals they come to see. "Please don't feed the animals" signs are there for good reasons. "If someone tosses them a piece of bread, they'll fight over it, and someone could be hurt or killed," he says.

He also wishes that people would accept his charges for what they are. "Gorillas are very clean, but they do have a strong odor—and people should expect to smell their odor and watch them do the things they do..." he says. "If people would just let them be gorillas—that's their jobs. That's what people come out here to see."

Greg's charges are great favorites. ("People are monkey-oriented" is the way Greg puts it.) Betsy Olsen's animals are favorites with very few, because Betsy works as a keeper in the Herpetarium, taking care of tortoises and turtles and lizards—and snakes.

"It really gets discouraging to hear the comments," she says. "A lot of people go through here like this is a house of horrors—women scream, hang on to their boyfriends. Some weekends it gets so bad that I'm glad the snakes don't have ears."

Betsy, who has a degree in zoology from OU and worked at the Tulsa Zoo before coming to Oklahoma City about a year ago, is in charge of the southern half of the Herpetarium, a varied collection of lizards, tortoises, turtles and snakes—and a pair of golden lion marmosets. (The rare, endangered marmosets have been scattered in pairs or threesomes throughout the zoo to prevent disease from decimating the population.) She admits she enjoys "mothering" the marmosets—talks to them affectionately, relishes the feedback she gets.

Affection is not forthcoming from most of her charges, but still she says she likes work in the Herpetarium. "They're like little robots," she says. "They don't get bored. We have them in a little microcosm; we give them food and water, heat and humidity, and they're just fine. You don't feel so bad because they're in a zoo. They don't have any wants or needs other than getting their stomachs filled."

Keeping them healthy isn't always easy, since much is still unknown about some animals' needs. The Herpetology staff, who care not only for the animals in the Herpetarium but for those in the Mini-Aquarium and the Galapagos Islands Exhibit as well, are constantly observing, discussing among themselves, studying and manipulating environments, trying to hit just the right combination. "We don't do as much feeding and cleaning as some of the other areas," she says. "We have to control everything in their environment."

Going into an "off-exhibit" area, where tortoises, alligator-like caimans, baby snake-necked turtles and an elderly knight anole lizard have spent the cold season, is like walking into the tropics. Heaters seem to be stacked on top of heaters. Betsy introduces some of the residents: the baby snake-necks, who have strangely charming faces, like reptilian happy-face stickers; a rhinoceros iguana from the Caribbean ("Their jaws are adapted for cracking land-crab shells. You don't pet them. Ever") and the knight anole, who is at least 11 and blind, and has to be hand-fed. "We can't keep him in the exhibit," she says. "He looks dead, and people complain."

Betsy's days backstage in the tropics vary according to what needs to be fed when. All the snakes—except for the African egg-eating snake—eat mice or rats and are fed once a week. The insect-eaters among her charges are fed crickets. Another staple for some of the residents is finely chopped salad.

None of the staff enjoys killing the mice and rats that are used for food. "People say, 'Oh, that's cruel,'" Betsy
I says. "But it has to be done. I feel like saying, 'What'd you have for dinner last night? Kentucky-fried chicken? Well, somebody had to kill that chicken.'"

Part of her work is with venomous snakes, up to and including the king cobra. She follows a set procedure, which includes ringing a buzzer to let other keepers know when she's feeding a venomous one. The feeding is done long-distance, often with a pair of out-sized tweezers.

She speaks with some venom of her own of rattlesnake round-ups and people who feel justified in killing any snake that crosses their paths. "There's no reason to kill a snake, even a venomous one," she says. "There's only been one snakebite death in Oklahoma in the last 25 years... People get bit when they're trying to kill a rattlesnake and it bites them. It's easy to avoid a snake—just get out of its way and it won't bother you."

In another backstage area, where babies and animals that are sick or in quarantine are kept, Betsy points out some of the animals that have been born in the Herpetarium. In fact, the unit is known for its breeding successes. It's also known for its varied collection, which contains a certain number of what Betsy calls "ooh-la-la" specimens—species that may be common in nature but are rare in zoos, such as the ringed python, Yucatan rat snake, Honduran milk snake and the giant walking tree frog. (The zoo has two of the three frogs that are in the United States.)

She may not expect affection from her charges, but she does admit to having favorites. She likes the day gecko species, lizards that are native to islands in the Indian Ocean. She also has great respect for tortoises. "They're just real benign, take things slow and live a long time," she says. "They're not speedy, not dangerous, yet they've survived for a million years. They're tenacious; I guess that's it."

She tells of tortoises that have been brought in with smashed shells and severe internal injuries. "We cement the shell with fiberglass or fix it up with tape," she says. "They may not eat for weeks, then one day they'll come out and start basking and eating... They die hard."

The sign at the start of the Herpetarium's exhibit reads: "Some of you may be fearful or disgusted by many of the animals displayed here. It would be helpful if you remember that, like yourselves, these creatures, too, have a right to be on this earth."

Betsy puts it this way: "I see them for what they are—just simple animals doing simple things, really interesting, diverse animals, real good at what they do. What do gorillas do that's any more important? All animals do things for us, are part of a big scheme. If you take one part away, it hurts all the other parts. There are no good or bad animals. The 'good' and 'bad' comes from man."
The Oklahoma City Zoo is home on the range for nearly 2,000 animals—from primates to pachyderms to Pere David's deer—a place where the antelope play, leopards prowl and sea lions bask in the Oklahoma sun.

Blessed with wide-open spaces (161 acres of public exhibits and 400 “off-exhibit” acres), the zoo has been ranked among the nation’s top 10. It has pioneered the idea of cageless habitats and is internationally known for its breeding of rare and endangered species.

It’s also a center for university-level research, but for people who just want more knowledge about animals for themselves or their children, it operates a full-blown education program.

As one of its many projects, the Education Department, which should be at home in a brand-new building by the first of summer, will offer a series of courses from June 7 to July 30. According to Marcy Rogge, education curator, the individual classes are geared to kids in age groups from 4 to 5 or 6, and on up to 15- and 16-year-olds.

Topics will range from ecology field trips and zoo safaris (which involve going through the zoo with a docent, or trained adult volunteer) to courses such as “Patterns and Textures in Nature,” “What Do Animals Eat?” and “So You Want to Be a Vet,” taught by the zoo’s veterinary staff.

June 8 to 12 will be the week for junior curator recruitment. Junior curators, who must be 12 or older, go through a training class and then volunteer to work in the animal areas with keepers. For more information on the zoo’s education programs, call (405) 424-3344.

If all you have time for is a visit, gates open at 9 a.m., 365 days a year, and close at 6 p.m. weekdays during the summer—and 7 p.m. on weekends. The exits aren’t locked until sundown, so you have plenty of time for an evening tour. Admission is $2.10 for adults; $1.05 for children 11 and under and for adults 65 and up; and free for children under 2. If you have other questions, the zoo’s information number is 424-3343.
OKLAHOMA'S ROADSIDE AMBASSADORS

When Shirley Sibley throws open the doors of her place of business each morning, she's never sure who all will walk in by the end of the day.

Dr. Joyce Brothers has been by, and so have golfer Hale Irwin and Coach Bear Bryant and Country-Westerner David Allan Coe. Tammy Wynette once spent the night in her motor home in the parking lot. More likely, though, the day will bring a family hunting for an amusement park, a retired couple afraid they're lost, a traveler looking for an Indian reservation, a family man from up North just looking for a job.

No matter who they are or what they're searching for, Shirley greets them with a smile and a cup of morning coffee. It's all part of her job as manager of one of the 11 state-operated information centers that stand beside main roads leading into and through Oklahoma.

Shirley's bailiwick is Blackwell, not far south of the Kansas line along I-35. Since April 15, 1972, she and her staff there have been dispensing highway maps, road and weather information and literature on Oklahoma attractions. The centers, designed as oases along the concrete deserts of the highways and superhighways, give travelers a chance to walk the dog and themselves, empty their trash, visit a well-maintained restroom.

Once those travelers step inside the clean, well-lighted centers, Shirley and her colleagues' role as super-salesmen of a whole state begins. It's a job Shirley finds easy to do.

"It's not difficult to sell something you believe in," she says. "And I believe in Oklahoma. It really is exciting to be able to show people that Oklahoma isn't the Dust Bowl, that we all speak correct English here."

by Kate Jones
State-run information centers are scattered along major roads across Oklahoma. The westernmost is at Guymon, while the Erick center stands near the Texas border beside I-40. Others are at Enid, Lawton; Thackerville (near where I-35 crosses into Texas); Colbert, southwest of Durant, Oklahoma City; Blackwell, Catoosa (just outside of Tulsa); Miami; and Sallisaw.

The staffs make it their business to put Oklahoma’s best foot forward, and a friendly greeting is the first step. “I’m a real smiler,” Shirley says, “and I only hire people who are smilers. . . . I don’t think there’s a person who walks in my door that I can’t get a smile out of eventually.”

Dick Rudolph, manager of the new Oklahoma City information center, agrees that you need to greet people as people. He talks basketball to a couple from Missouri and football to a man in a vivid purple-and-gold Kansas State windbreaker. When a retired couple from Duluth stop in with we’re-afraid-we’re-lost looks on their faces, Rudolph gossips with them, gives them coffee and an “On to Oklahoma!” bumper sticker—and reassures them that they’re on the right road.

“The minute you walked in the door,” he tells the woman, “I said to myself, ‘There’s a woman who’s right and a man who doesn’t believe her.’” Actually, he assures them, they’re both right. “We also run a court of amelioration for dissident couples,” he tells them as they leave, smiles on their faces. Chalk up a plus for the Oklahoma image.

Rudolph and his helpers have been on their corner in Oklahoma City only since Feb. 1, when the capital finally got a center, thanks to the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, John Kirkpatrick and the State of Oklahoma.

“One of the Chamber’s written goals for a good many years has been to get a state information center in Oklahoma City,” says Kathleen Marks of the Chamber’s Convention and Tourism Division. “The project was a joint effort of the Chamber and John Kirkpatrick and the Oklahoma City Community Foundation. The legwork was done by the Chamber; John Kirkpatrick did the masterminding.”

Kirkpatrick and the OCCF convinced the Texaco Corp. to donate their service station and land at the

Since April 1972, Shirley Sibley of the Blackwell center has been handling questions from folks traveling the Oklahoma road. The two most common questions about the state? “Which way to the Indian reservations?” and “Doesn’t every Okie own an oil well?” Photo by Fred Marvel.

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**Variety**

OKLAHOMA AND THE INDIAN OKLAHOMA AND THE COWBOY

Oklahoma State

Many Countries

SPRING 1982

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northwest corner of N.E. 50th and I-35 to the foundation. Once the building and land were acquired, the state stepped in. Armed with a deed and an appropriation from the Legislature, the Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department worked to turn the station into a wood-sided showplace for Oklahoma.

The Department, which is responsible for maintaining and staffing all of the centers, expects some 45,000 cars, including commuter traffic, to pass the Oklahoma City site each day. Statewide, the number of people who visit the centers is also impressive. In fact, the centers should have more than 1 million visitors in 1982.

Thackerville, near the spot where I-35 crosses into Texas, opened in 1969. Sallisaw, Miami and Blackwell celebrated their 10th birthdays on April 15th, and the Guymon center opened in April 1981. The five others are Enid; Erick; Lawton; Colbert, southwest of Durant; and Catoosa, just outside of Tulsa on I-44.

No matter where a center stands, the staff offers travelers a good look at Oklahoma. From 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the winter and 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the summer (May 15 to Labor Day), they advise people on road conditions, hand out brochures on everything from Kaw Lake to the Cowboy Hall of Fame—and answer endless questions about Oklahoma.

According to Shirley Sibley, many travelers come to the state with a few misconceptions. First off, they're sure our Indian population lives on reservations. "I sometimes have a hard time convincing people any different," she says. "I don't argue. I just hand them our 'Indians' brochure." The other main myth is that everyone in Oklahoma owns an oil well. "It reminds me of that bumper sticker—'If You Don't Have an Oil Well, Get One,' " she says. Shirley has to admit that not all Okies are oil tycoons, but she can and does direct visitors to the producing wells on the Capitol grounds.

At Blackwell, the most asked-about Oklahoma attraction is the Cowboy Hall of Fame. Over at Sallisaw, manager Mildred Taylor, who, like Shirley, has been at her job since April 1972, reports that Oral Roberts University and the City of Faith are big draws. "Everyone in the world has heard of Oral Roberts," she says.

Though the staffs are glad to answer questions and hand out brochures, they're not in the business of recommending private resorts and restaurants; they do answer direct queries, such as "Where's Molly Murphy's?" or "How do I get to Shangri-La?"

But they are in the business of promoting state parks and lodges, and will book reservations in any state-run lodge or cabin facility. They also pass out camping information. "Unlike a lot of states," Shirley says, "there's no admission charge to our parks. And if you don't need trailer hook-ups, you don't pay to camp. That really impresses a lot of out-of-staters."

She also reports that in-staters who happen to wander through are equally impressed. "They're amazed at how nice our center is," she says. "They say they didn't know their state even had these at all."

Not only are the centers here, but their services are just as much for Oklahomans as for outlanders. Center employees are also available to local civic groups, and come bearing a slide show, brochures and expert advice on stay-at-home vacations.

Day after day the centers are open to sell passersby on Oklahoma. Do employees ever get tired of it, flinch at the 453rd question about oil wells? Though Mildred Taylor admits that one out of 1,000 travelers is "contrary," she's quick to add that she loves her job. "It's very hectic, especially in the summer," she says, "and there's no pattern. You don't know what will happen in the next few minutes."

Shirley Sibley shrugs off with equal élan the services above and beyond her job description (putting two winter-storm-bound ladies up in her home when all the motels are full, aiding a stroke victim until the Highway Patrol arrived) and the occasional Country-Western star in the parking lot. To Shirley, hers is the perfect job, no matter who or what the highway brings her. "Are you kidding?" she says. "This is the only job I've ever had where I didn't dread coming to work in the morning."
YESTERDAY RIDES AGAIN AT LAKE EUFAULA

Henryetta

Checotah

McAlester

by Kathleen Kunz

Kathleen Kunz is a free-lance writer living in Norman.

Bolle Starr (Archives/Manuscript Division, Oklahoma Historical Society).

Cole Younger
They call it the Gentle Giant. As the largest body of water in the state, Lake Eufaula spreads its 102,500 acres into four counties in eastern Oklahoma. If you have ever skimmed its surface on skis or lured a bass from its protective reeds, you already know some of the joys this lake has to offer.

But these waters lap over a lot of Oklahoma history, from the time of the Creek Nation, from the heyday of the Texas Road and the California Road, the highways of yesterday’s pioneers.

This summer, cowpokes and prospectors will mingle again on the trail; images of Indians will stalk through tall prairie grasses on their ponies. Pioneers will come alive and visitors will discover that Eufaula history is another offering the lake has in abundance. Behind this re-creation is an enthusiastic team of naturalists, recreation specialists and personnel at Fountainhead and Arrowhead state parks.

Randy Ledford, naturalist at Fountainhead Resort, is particularly well suited to his job. With a Chickasaw great-grandmother and a great-uncle who farmed on the Deep Fork, Ledford grew up listening to stories that painted an adventure-filled picture of Eufaula’s past.

“I’ve just moved downstream a ways with my stories,” he says. Blending an interest in the outdoors with a love of history, he shows not only what the land was like before, but how it was changed by the cultures living on it.

“The Texas and California roads crossed roughly where the lake stands now,” he tells us, “so you had cattle being driven up North and folks moving out West. Then, of course, the Indians were moved here. They tend to live in much greater harmony with nature than the white man, but still, a lot happened here.”

On tram tours of the park’s nature trails, Ledford will explain not only what plants and trees grow there and why, but also how they were used as medicine or in religious ceremonies by the Indians.

The tour also stops at homesites of early settlers and at the Indian cemetery (one of several within the boundaries of the park). Creek Nation law was sometimes severe, and one of those buried there was hanged for stealing a horse, according to Everett Horne. A longtime resident, Horne’s wife owned the land on which Fountainhead Lodge now stands.

“From research and interviews with local descendants like Mr. Horne,” Ledford explains, “we’ve been able to piece together how these people lived and tie it in with historical events. For instance, an upland ridge in the park known as Fox Ridge (for a local family by that name) was once called Lookout Hill. From its heights during the Civil War, Southern sentries could see most of the land across the river and detect any movement of Union troops.”

Other features of the area Ledford will weave into his presentations are prehistoric Caddo Indian mounds, an exhibition pasture of buffalo and elk—animals once indigenous to the area but gradually killed off—and a “preservation patch” of prairie grasses. Since the area is at the juncture of the Western prairie and the Eastern deciduous forests, a variety of plants grow there.

“In order to keep the unwanted plantlife out,” Ledford explains, “Indians used to light gunny sacks soaked with kerosene and drag them behind while they rode their ponies into certain patches to burn them clean. People are scared about prairie fires nowadays, but the Indians knew they were necessary.”

But history doesn’t stop at the nature center; this same emphasis will appear in some of the summer activities planned at both state parks. Ron Williams, Arrowhead Resort’s recreation specialist, has set the last week in June as Western Week. Guests can try their hand (or whatever!) at horseback riding with the help of Western saddle experts or learn the two-step, Cotton-eyed Joe or do-si-do at the Saturday night barn dance. Shoot-outs, staged by professionals, will be another sample of the Wild West, but for guests who want to be in on the action, Williams promises that the tractor-tram ride that week will hold some surprises.

“We’ll have a strongbox up front by the stagedriver, and there will be a log across the trail,” he says. “When the tram pulls up to it, Belle Starr
and the Younger brothers will jump out of the bushes to rob the driver of his ‘payroll’ in the box.” Williams adds that, though Belle was more often a behind-the-scene mastermind of holdups, the ambush gives park personnel a chance to tell the colorful tale of her hospitality. Belle provided a refuge to a long string of outlaws on a spread acquired through her Cherokee husband, Sam Starr. Younger Bend, on the Canadian River just east of the lake, was named after Cole, the father of Belle’s daughter, Pearl.

Cheryl Wilkerson, recreation specialist at Fountainhead, plans a similar celebration of the Old West at the start of the summer season. The traditional Memorial Day tug-of-war between lodge and park personnel (aided by any and all volunteers) will be followed by a week of “down on the ranch” entertainment.

“We’ll have horseshoe pitching and a cow chip throwing contest, along with an authentic barbecue, Western shootout demonstration and our own version of the old Starr-Younger holdup,” she says. A Country Western band for the Saturday dance will top off the festivities.

The Fourth of July will be celebrated in style on the banks of Lake Eufaula. Approximately $5,000 worth of fireworks at each resort will light up the sky over the water.

Reaching much further back in history than our nation’s birth, however, Wilkerson has plans for a Renaissance Week. “Most people don’t realize that many of the games we play today originated in the Renaissance,” she says. “We’ll feature the archery, bowling and riding contests of that era.”

For other theme weeks, visitors need look no further than 20th-century history. “We’re staging a Nostalgia Week to honor the Roaring ’20s, ’30s and ’40s,” Williams says. The Charleston will vie with the jitterbug for your energies, “but no goldfish swallowing,” he vows.

Richie Cunningham and his friends (played by summer recreation help) will bring Happy Days to Fountainhead in a tribute to the ’50s, and hula hoops and bobby socks will be the order of the day. Both recreation directors plan M.A.S.H. weeks as another backward look at the ’50s.

Both recreation directors realize, however, that while their activity themes, as well as non-theme undertakings from Frisbee golf to tennis to top-flight movies, provide a something-for-everyone smorgasbord, the main attraction for guests is the lake itself. Swimming, water-skiing and even scuba diving are summertime favorites, but Eufaula’s national reputation is as a fishing hole par excellence; crappie and bass are there for the taking.

Fred Hiteman, marine biologist, keeps busy improving chances for a good catch. “We manipulate the water level to provide more suitable conditions for spawning,” he says, “and in the past few years we’ve planted winter wheat to combat soil erosion. This provides shelter for the young fish, as well as winter food for the area’s waterfowl, and also recycles nutrients for the lake’s food chain.”

One of Ledford’s summer programs illustrates this food chain by examining a seineful of fish pulled in by park visitors. Another program, one of Ledford’s favorites, is the eagle walk.

“We’re quite proud that Lake Eufaula is a wintering ground for our nation’s symbol, the bald eagle,” he says, pointing out a protruding tree stump the birds use when hunting the fish that are their main food. He hopes that a naturalist 100 years from now will not find that progress has erased this endangered species from the Eufaula landscape.

Like progress, the lake gives and it takes away. In order to provide electric power, water supplies and a booming recreation industry (fishermen brought in $3.1 million in 1980), rich bottomland had to be covered up, along with Indian campsites and other archaeological landmarks. One of these now under water is Standing Rock, a smooth promontory on the Canadian used as a guidepost from prehistoric times. Carvings on it—Spanish graffiti—were directions for finding treasure, old settlers used to say. More likely they were simply the “Kilroy Was Here” of DeSoto’s foot soldiers. Then again, looking at what that 600 miles of shoreline contains in the way of recreation, maybe the old-timers were right after all.
As he leads us down the wooded hollow, Fred Baumgartner pauses at the sound of a high-rising trill.

“There’s a parula singing.”

He raises and lowers his hand to single out to our untrained ears the song of the northern parula warbler from the chorus of songbirds. Six pairs of binoculars scan the elm branches overhead, and soon we spot the tiny yellow-throated, blue-backed bird. That brings to 46 the number of bird species our class has sighted today. I barely have time to record it before Fred points out the pileated woodpeckers swooping overhead.

Behind us we hear the excited voices of Marguerite Baumgartner and four other students—her “flower people,” as she calls them. They have just discovered a patch of green dragon, a plant rare in this area.

The class is a group of adults of varying ages and backgrounds; their classroom, the shady slopes, river bottoms and grassy fields of the Little Lewis Whirlwind Nature School and Sanctuary near Jay.

It’s called Green Country, this northeastern corner of Oklahoma. Here, the clear Spavinaw Creek flows out of the Arkansas Ozarks and through the hills and hollows of Delaware County. The creek is bordered alternately by tree-covered bluffs and grassy lowlands studded with sycamores and elms. Rocky outcrops and hidden caves attest to the geological forces that shaped this area. More than a dozen species of ferns and countless wildflowers flourish in the steep-sloped valley, while tall pines, oaks and hickories cover the hills. This is home, either permanently or temporarily, for more than 200 species of birds and many other animals. It’s not hard to understand why naturalists Frederick and Marguerite Baumgartner chose this area for their nature school and sanctuary.

“I love these escarpments,” Fred says as we work our way along the bottom of a particularly steep slope. On this spring day, the slopes are carpeted with wildflowers—dog tooth violet, spiderwort, May apple, blue star, golden ragwort and trillium. The birds are here, too, as Fred demonstrates by calling out a Carolina wren, another parula, a white-eyed vireo and a pair of blue-gray gnatcatchers. The gnatcatchers, we discover, are building a nest.

“See how they fly over to that large snag and then back to the nest again? They’re gathering lichens for building materials,” he says. “Their nests are a dead ringer for a hummingbird nest, except bigger, of course.”

During 26 years of teaching and research at Oklahoma State University and another 10 at the University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, the Baumgartners dreamed of establishing their own school, to share their interest in the natural world with people of all ages and backgrounds. So when they “retired” in 1975, they bought 160 acres in the old Cherokee Nation and began working to make their dream come true. They named their school after Lewis Whirlwind, the Indian child who was the first owner of this land.

“Our first chore was to make it a sanctuary,” Marguerite explains. Up went the nest boxes, feeders, bird baths, brush piles, fences to support vines and plantings of shelter belts and native vegetation. That first spring they planted 12 sprigs of red trumpet honeysuckle for the ruby-throated hummingbirds that Marguerite first noticed when one was attracted to her red blouse.

There’s no mistaking where their priorities lie. When eastern phoebes built a nest above their front door, they just blocked off the area and put up a sign reading “Birds at Work.” There is also a corner of the front yard that was off limits last year, due
to nesting bluebirds.

The next priority was to build trails along the ridges and through the 20 draws of the Little Lewis Sanctuary to show students a cross-section of the area's habitats and wildlife. It's an ideal location for a nature school. Elements of eastern, western, northern and southern habitats mingle in this western uplift of the Ozark Mountains. This "hill 'n' holler" country, with its abundant springs and vegetation, is rich in wildlife. There is even lakeshore habitat at nearby Lake Eucha.

But the school's greatest asset is the Baumgartners themselves. Long before ecology became a household word, the Baumgartners began their careers as ecologists and wildlife biologists. With doctorates earned at Cornell University under Dr. Arthur A. Allen, they have had extensive training and experience in ornithology, vertebrate zoology, entomology and nature study. They are part of the strong ornithological tradition in Oklahoma, which includes such other notables as George M. Sutton and Margaret M. Nice.

As we move farther down the hollow, Fred thinks he hears a yellow-throated warbler.

"Yes, that's it. The song of the yellow-throated warbler is exactly like the sound of a token being dropped into the box on an Indianapolis streetcar," he laughs at our puzzled expressions. Most of his tips are helpful, but this one goes back before our time.

He explains that he first noted the similarity between streetcars and yellow-throated warblers when he was learning his bird songs as a high-school student. He had to ride the streetcar on his eight-mile trip to school each day.

Marguerite, on the other hand, did not become a birder until her senior year in college. That summer she took an ornithology course at the Allegheny School of Natural History in upstate New York, "just for fun."

"My sister and I did a hummingbird project together," she recalls. "We found a nest and took turns observing it from dawn to dusk, working in two-hour shifts. That made a birder out of me."

That college project later developed into a major preoccupation with studies of the ruby-throated hummingbird. Since 1977, Marguerite has been banding and observing the hummingbirds that visit her yard. Using a manually-operated "hummer trap" and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service bands of aluminum 1/4 inch long and 1/16th inch wide, she had banded 671 individuals through 1981. (The 1982 banding season is now under way.) "We've exceeded our wildest expectations," she says.

But hummingbirds are just one of the many species Marguerite bands. Northern finches are among her specialties at present. In the first months of 1982 she banded 110 purple finches, 440 goldfinches and 370 pine siskins, not to mention the number of returns from previous years. She shares her banding interests with nature school students, giving them close-up views of the species she catches in mist nets and live traps. She also encourages students to "help" her when she is ready to release them.

"Holding a small bird in your hand and setting it free is a beautiful experience," she says, convinced that everyone should have the opportunity at least once.

This joy in the beauties of nature and willingness to share 50 years' worth of knowledge spill over into the Baumgartners' teaching. Their enthusiasm is so infectious that even the most nonchalant students find themselves keeping careful check lists, staying up to listen to the night-time chorus of bird songs and looking forward to outings. Somehow, it's easy to rise at 5 a.m. and be out in the field all day.

By this time, we have worked our way down Brush Creek into the wider Spavinaw Creek valley. Marguerite and her "flower people" have ducked out of sight to look for a rattlesnake fern along the escarpment behind us. Ferns are her specialty, and she tries to show her classes examples of the 15 different species inhabiting the area.

We birders hear a cherry, cherry, cherry, and freeze.

"Kentucky warbler," says Fred. "Now if we're living right, we'll get to see this bird. We can split up to work our way around these trees."

I'm sticking with Fred. If I can,
that is. I'm not the only one breathing hard after a full day of birding covering several miles. Persistence and perspiration pay off, however, and we soon spot the bird.

"Ah, that's a beautiful sight," Fred says. As I look up at the bird's bright yellow belly against the blue Oklahoma sky, I had to agree.

As we near the creek, we stop to watch two turkey vultures ("T.V. birds," as Fred calls them) perched in a snag high on the rocky cliff across the stream. Their wings, wet from a recent rain, are stretched to dry in the sun. The "flower people" catch up with us, and Marguerite points out the huge patches of watercress in the river.

The air is suddenly shattered by the roaring buzz of trail bikes. Fred and Marguerite flinch as the bikes approach. We are now on public land, which explains the ruts in the ground.

"If people were only aware of the birds and other animals and the plants in these areas, they wouldn't need to be reminded to be more careful how they use the land," Fred says. The nature school, in fact, is his and Marguerite's attempt to increase public awareness.

"Prior to the 1960s there was little public knowledge about environmental issues, and opinions were based on emotion," says Fred. "Increased knowledge is now having a much greater impact on the environment." Fred is convinced that knowledge is more effective than emotion where the environment is concerned. Both are optimistic about the influence that environmental groups can have on public policy, and about the potential for raising public consciousness.

"We wouldn't be doing this if we didn't believe it," Marguerite says.

To accommodate their various types of students, the Baumgartners have developed a number of different courses. They can be taken for college credit through Oklahoma State University or strictly for personal enrichment.

The well-worn welcome mat at the Baumgartners' front door attests to the number of friends and students visiting Little Lewis. Students come from all over Oklahoma and occasionally from other states. Our group includes several college students, two teachers, a university professor, a grandmother, a physician, a stone mason and other birding enthusiasts.

The privately funded school has its own "campus"—three small dormitories (cabin) and a classroom building with room for storage of collections, laboratory work and demonstrations.

As we follow the river upstream, we see a pair of cardinals darting in the brush at the water's edge.

"No doubt they have a nest somewhere in the brush. I'll have Marguerite wade across to check it out," Fred says, grinning.

Upstream and around a bend we come upon a little blue heron feeding in the water. Fred tells us of the great blue heron rookery we will be seeing tomorrow, and also of the yellow-crowned night heron nest he plans to show us.

Our afternoon ends with a hike through a wooded area owned by Mary and Murray Looney. The Looneys, close friends of the Baumgartners, are among several landowners who have opened their property to the nature school students. This greatly increases the variety of habitats and wildlife to which the students have access.

The Looneys' property includes a primitive cave, from which an underground stream emerges and runs through a wooded glen to join Spavinaw Creek. We follow the stream, eyes and ears alert, anxious to test the skills we've developed. We see northern parula warblers, tufted titmice, blue-gray gnatcatchers, white-throated sparrows, a ruby-crowned kinglet, bank swallows, a red-shouldered hawk and downy, red-headed and red-bellied woodpeckers. It's been a good day. Our notebooks are bulging.

On the way back upstream, Murray Looney picks a great bunch of watercress to contribute to this evening's potluck supper.

It's late afternoon. There is an hour break before dinner and an evening of studying nests and recorded bird songs, listening for whip-poor-wills, chuck-will's-widows and barred owls, asking questions and reflecting on the day's activities. Fred is on the back porch, binoculars in hand, surveying the wind-swept ridge that is his back yard.

"That's a pine warbler I hear, isn't it?" I ask, lingering as the others head their separate ways.

"I believe it's a junco, but that's a good try," he says tactfully.

My disappointment must show.

"Don't worry," he reassures me. "You'll learn the songs. It only takes about 50 years."
Early Oklahoma settlers would have agreed with the man who said that Easy Street is a blind alley. The settlers had an ambition, and they knew that magic dreams come true only with hard work and determination.

Nowhere today is the bright edge of magic and ambition more evident than at the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute.

Almost a thousand talented Oklahoma teen-agers have now attended this unusual educational camp, which meets each June for two weeks amid the rugged granite hills of Quartz Mountain State Park in far southwest Oklahoma.

In practice, the camp teaches nine art disciplines: acting, ballet, mime, modern dance, orchestral music, painting, printmaking, photography and writing. In addition, as the handbook states, OSAI teaches hard work, self-discipline and self-discovery to a new generation of Oklahomans.

It is now recognized that artistic gifts often show themselves in the early teen years, and that some talents, notably those of music and dance, must be nurtured then or be irrevocably lost.

The OSAI zeros in, discovering and nurturing the artistic talent of these bright students, but after six years an interesting byproduct of the camp is showing up. Mary Frates, camp director, says, “We certainly encourage students who wish to pursue a career in the arts. This is a very special opportunity for them. However, if an art career is not to be, we feel that the camp is tied up with life and living—with the self-discipline that’s necessary no matter what career is chosen. The students who are not tomorrow’s performers will be tomorrow’s audience for the arts. Art is a special and rich part of a full life.”

As one student remarked, “I learned things here that pertain not only to art but also to my life.”

This learning experience begins with auditions that are held statewide early each year. Visual artists and writers submit portfolios, and performing artists endure live auditions. No talented youngster who can pass the audition is turned away for lack of the $400 tuition fee. The money is raised by the OSAI, often by grant from the student’s hometown community.
Alison Keim of Oklahoma City, a modern dance student, reminisced about her audition. "Oh gosh yes, I remember! Because of a mix-up, three or four of us missed the regular audition, and so they came to us, to our school. It was a complete surprise. We just danced in the hall. Thank goodness there was no time to be nervous. I was so excited when I was accepted."

The Institute is well aware of the panic the try-outs provoke and coolly states in its newsletter the steps to audition: (1) Request and fill out application form. (2) Prepare audition materials or portfolios. (3) Be on time. (4) Never say, "I'm not good enough." (5) Take a deep breath, and go for it!

"Go for it!" might be the camp slogan. Accepted students arrive in buses to find Quartz Mountain State Lodge alive with bright tents and banners on the grounds, dance floors and mirrors in place, music stands and practice rooms arranged and faculty art work on display.

It's obvious that the camp will be fun, but hard work is ahead. From sunrise to sunset, each student's day is packed with classes, demonstrations, rehearsals and conversations with the artists. In two short weeks, the camp will crescendo with live student performances, open to the public. (There will be concerts on June 9th, 16th and 19th, performances on the 11th and 12th and a student workshop performance on the 18th. All start at 8 p.m.)

The student reaction to this work blitz ranges from "Phew!" to "I missed being able to just sit and stare at the mountains or the beach until 12." (That student didn't say whether he meant until noon or midnight.)

During the after-dinner break the halls are littered with napping students, abandoned violins and rumpled ballet gear. And still they beg for more.

"The students are like enormous sponges," said Judith Somogi, conductor of the New York Opera and principal conductor of the Frankfurt (Germany) Opera. "They are incredible for absorption."

The only haggard faces usually belong to the staff and faculty, especially after the 4 a.m. climb to the top of King Mountain to see the sunrise. This hike, for the visual artists and writing students, is only one of many special events.

The payoff for adult dedication comes when students say, "They are really neat people. What I love is the fact that they care enough for us and our futures to wade through all the hassles." Or, as one backhanded compliment goes, "They're the most caring group of middle-aged people I've ever met!"

Oklahomans—"middle-aged" and otherwise—who make the camp happen come from a broad spectrum. More than 300 people from 37 Oklahoma communities serve on the Institute board, raise funds or donate in-kind services. Some of Oklahoma's largest corporations such as Phillips, Cities Service and Conoco contribute in the belief that it provides a better quality of life for Oklahoma and for their employees.

Although private contributions fund the majority of the budget, the backbone support of OSAI comes from the State of Oklahoma. The Institute has benefited from the endorsement of the State Department of Education, the Arts Council of Oklahoma and the State Department of Tourism and Recreation.

The Institute and its students have also benefited from the talents of OSAI's carefully selected faculty.

In fact, the faculty list reads like a "Who's Who in American Art Today." Even a partial roll of the artists who have flown to the hills of Oklahoma is impressive—Maria and Marjorie Tallchief, prima ballerinas; Fritz Scholder, noted American artist; poet Donald Hall; mime Tony Montanaro; Georgina Parkinson, ballet mistress for Baryshnikov's American Ballet Theatre; and Karel Husa, Pulitzer Prize winning composer and conductor of the Cornell University orchestra.

The idea of "mentorship" is carried through every level of camp life. The students can look to adult faculty
At last year’s camp, instructor Georgina Parkinson was so impressed with the talent of Tulsa ballet student Robert Underwood that she recommended him to Mikhail Baryshnikov, director of the American Ballet Theatre. Underwood is now dancing with the ABT in New York. Photo by David Fitzgerald.

members and college-age artists who serve as cabin counselors and liaisons to each art discipline.

Another unusual aspect of the camp is the cross-pollination of disciplines. The poets may write a poem for the dancers, who perform to the music of an orchestra student. As one student remarked, “It was my favorite part of camp because we saw each other perform. It gave us a sense of community.”

Leslie Cullen, former OSAI flute student from Lawton, currently studying at the Manhattan School of Music, said it best: “I’d go to the other classes, especially acting, ballet or mime, and then it was exciting to have my friends come to hear what I was doing—to know they appreciated what I was doing.”

That encouragement is bearing fruit for many Oklahoma young people. After six years the camp has some students who are working on fame in their own right.

At the 1981 camp, instructor Georgina Parkinson spotted the talent of Robert Underwood, a Tulsa ballet student. “He was as strong a male dancer as anyone we’d just auditioned for the American Ballet Theatre in New York,” she said. She recommended him to director Mikhail Baryshnikov. Underwood is now dancing with the ABT in New York. Another alum, Megan Mullally, from Oklahoma City, is now an equity actress in Chicago, and has been nominated for the Joseph Jesserson award, Chicago’s equivalent of the Tony Award.

A career in math and a Rhodes Scholarship were in the stars for Nina Morishige, who graduated in May, at age 18, with a master’s degree in math from Johns Hopkins!

All three of the Morishige daughters, who come from Edmond, attended OSAI as orchestra students. Mika, 20, is now studying mechanical engineering on a Presidential scholarship at OSU, and the youngest, Sachi, 15, wants to be a doctor. Their mother sees music study as part of a well-rounded life. “They are not wasting time on music,” Mrs. Morishige said. “When they have too much math, they can play the piano!”

Lois Cullen, whose daughter Leslie is now a concert flutist in New York, believes that the words of Judith Somogi, OSAI music faculty member and internationally known female conductor, encouraged Leslie. “Judith told her and the other students, ‘If you want something, you go and do it. Work hard for your dreams and don’t let anyone discourage you.’”

Many of the students go home able to say only, “I discovered myself”—a good asset to carry into adult life.

Oklahoma Citian Lauren Fitzgerald, veteran of three years of OSAI writing studies, and now a rhetoric/writing student at Tulsa University, was candid about her reasons for attending camp. “I went for the boys, but, of course, I did a complete switch. From the first class I knew something special was happening. My instructor that year was William Stafford. This year he’s on the cover of the American Poetry Review. Can you imagine how that makes me feel? . . . very privileged to have known and studied under him. It’s a big plus in my confidence.”

Confidence grows at the camp. “I know I changed,” said Alison Keim. “I saw it. I was just a high-school student doing high-school things, and then I went to camp and it all crystallized. I’d only been dancing for nine months before I went to camp the first time.” Her high school had given her a choice of electives—field hockey or dance. “I’d never even seen a hockey stick, so I took dance. That first year at OSAI I wasn’t even that good, but I knew dance was what I was meant to do.”

Hard work is the bottom line—and magic, too. As Daniel Kiacz, OSAI printmaking instructor, put it, “They saw that the magic of making art is really a combination of magic that’s in each of them and the incredible hard work that’s necessary to get that magic out.”

The kids can say—as Marjorie Tallchief did in the summer of 1979—”All the work . . . it was worth it!”

Those early-day settlers would have approved.
John Steele Zink was quite a character—and two of his strongest characteristics were public-spiritedness and generosity. Today his son John (or “Jack”) carries on the family tradition. But don’t take our word for it. Take a look at what’s going on down on

THE RANCH
THE ZINKS BUILT

Flamboyant millionaire John Zink told of camping on his 12,000-acre ranch in Osage County one night when the Lord spoke to him. “John,” the Lord said, “you’ve got all this land here; put some cattle on it.”

Zink did, but the cattle operation was a failure. In three years he lost $150,000. So the Lord spoke to him again, saying, “John, get out of the cattle business. You don’t know anything about it.”

Zink’s solution was to transform that rugged cattle ranch into one of the state’s most generous philanthropic efforts. It is a prime recreational spot for hiking, shooting, racing, camping and Scouting events open to organized groups virtually without charge.

This wild and woolly ranch is a natural playground that challenges Disneyland’s Frontier Land for adventure. Red clay roads, rough as cobs, wind through rolling hills and past areas with colorful names: Broken Buggy Trail, God of the Woods Cave, Panther Creek, Mountain Lion Draw, Rattlesnake Point, Killer Rock, Stumbling Bear Peak, Copperhead Canyon and Outlaw Hollow.

The mighty ranch is a tangle of tough blackjack and post oak trees, sandstone and native grasses. The area teems with deer, rabbits and snakes. Buzzards circle overhead; elk are deep in the woods; bobcat appear occasionally.

In the winter, the ranch is all gray and brown, as scuffed as an old boot. But in the spring and summer the view from atop the hills is “as pretty as a postcard,” says ranch manager Bill Dobbs. In Technicolor, or in winter’s brown and white, Osage scenery is breathtaking. City hustle and bustle fade away as you gaze over Appaloosa Valley, Antelope Meadow, Indian Field or Dog Creek.

The Zink Ranch includes hundreds of acres of lakes, some 50 ponds and miles of winding creeks full of perch and catfish. Fishermen have pulled four- to six-pound bass from Stamper Lake.

The area is so rugged that Army and Marine Reserve units and the National Guard use it for maneuvers. A creek bottom of thick timber is named “Lost World.” “You get off the trail in Lost World,” Dobbs says, “and you think you’ll never get out.”

The rough, unspoiled land belies the complex planning and construction that provide water supplies, lakes and trails to make the ranch a

by Connie Cronley
Connie Cronley is managing director for Tulsa Ballet Theatre.
THE RANCH

recreational plum.

The late John Zink began the process when he personally bulldozed 23 miles of roads across the ranch. Now, hundreds of miles of trails snake through the dense woods. Horseback and motorcycle clubs thrive on the challenge of these trails across creek beds, over rocks and through underbrush.

The Trail of Tears is one motorcycle course that aptly describes the cyclist’s condition before he reaches civilization again.

Zink first developed the wilderness dreamland for use by the Boy Scouts, one of his favorite charities. He was
eager to help outstanding boys become self-reliant. "I want to help the strong become stronger," he said, "and the smart to become smarter, and the swift to become swifter."

In 1966 he built Turkey Creek Camp on the ranch for the Boy Scouts. It is the work of a man who had never lost the twinkle of childhood. The frontier-town replica includes a general store, a blacksmith shop, a jail, a dentist’s office and the Hotel Buffalo. A totem pole is close at hand, and campsites with such names as "Pioneer" and "Covered Wagon" are scattered nearby.

Four years later, Tall Chief Camp was dedicated. Today that 640-acre area overlooking clear, blue Tall Chief Lake is used exclusively by Girl Scouts. It includes a three-floor chalet, originally valued at $500,000, and an Olympic-sized swimming pool. The chalet includes a dining hall, a restaurant-sized kitchen and a regal statue of Chief Tall Chief, also known as Louis Angel, the last hereditary chief of the Quapaws.

Some of the ranch facilities are being relocated and rebuilt, in anticipation of Skiatook Lake, which will claim 2,000 acres in 1984. That will leave plenty of elbow room on the remaining 10,000 acres for the organizations that schedule the 70 to 90 events held there every year.

Fire arms organizations include the Oklahoma Territorial Muzzle Loaders, who gather wearing frontier buckskin for an old-fashioned shoot with their antique weapons. The Red Castle Gun Club holds events at the pistol and rifle target areas. Military units also use the 1,000-yard range, the only one in Oklahoma. A skeet-shooting area is also available.

This summer, a bicycle group will sponsor a quarter-mile state championship meet on the race track. Driving skill competitions are held on the race course, sponsored by the Corvette
After the tents are in place (below), Boy Scouts camping at Turkey Creek test their strength on rugged, hand-made monkey bars, salute the flag at dawn and learn the basics of canoeing before launching the boat.

Off-road motorcycle events will continue to attract hardy motorcyclists who mark an 88-mile course so rough they get credit for riding 112 miles. A motorcycle event on a recent weekend included 400 entries from 27 states.

Horse clubs include the Oklahoma Foxtrotters and the Oklahoma Trail Riders. Horsemen’s events often involve riding 16 to 18 miles each day of a two-day event.

The Tulsa Ski Club plans to set up a slalom course on the lakes. Occasionally, church groups camp out for religious retreats.

Each group must post a $100 clean-up bond, which is returned if it leaves the camp site as clean as it was found. The ranch is open only to organized groups. No hunting is allowed.

All reservations are made through ranch manager Bill Dobbs. His ranch-house phone number is (918) 241-2273.

The John Zink Ranch is located at the end of State Highway 97, 10 miles north of Sand Springs.

John Zink was a big, barrel-chested man with a white beard and a rugged lifestyle. *Time* magazine called him “Hemingwayesque.” *Sports Illustrated* called him “The Whooping Baron of the Prairies.”

His middle name was “Steele.” He was a self-made man who expanded his floor-furnace manufacturing concern into one of the largest privately owned companies west of the Mississippi. He walked through life with a bold stride, wearing his customary costume of Bermuda shorts and high-topped tennis shoes. If it was cold, he wore long johns under the Bermuda shorts. “If people judge me by my appearance,” he said, “I don’t want to have anything to do with them.”

He gave away more money that most people ever see. He gave generously to the University of Oklahoma, to Tulsa’s Philbrook Art Center and Hillcrest Medical Center and to churches. He gave Tulsa the John Zink Park. When he died in 1973, at 79, he was buried on the banks of the Tall Chief Creek in the heart of his beloved ranch.

The John Zink Foundation, which donated $1 million toward Tulsa’s River Parks low-water dam project on the Arkansas River, operates the ranch.

As head of the Foundation, the philanthropist’s son, also named John, preserves a natural spot where people thrive—even if cattle didn’t. Like his father, he understands the attraction of the John Zink Ranch. “There is a little Tom Sawyer in all of us,” he says.
The dining room of the lodge at the ranch is used for more than dining. It also holds racing, sailing and business memorabilia — as well as mementos of Jack Zink's race for the U.S. Senate. (Racing cars owned by the Zinks won the Indianapolis 500 in 1955 and again in 1956.) Photo by Paul Lefebvre.
TODAY IN OKLAHOMA

We'd like to be among the first to say, “Howdy!” to the 50 governors, their families and staffs expected for the National Governors Conference at Shangri-La Aug. 8-10. We hope you folks have a fine time in Soonerland.

The week before the governors arrive, the Southern Hills Golf and Country Club in Tulsa will host the 1982 PGA golf championship. If the governors arrive early, they may get a chance to follow the Shangri-La golf pro around the course. Bruce Lietzke is generally one of the tournament's top competitors, and I imagine he will be giving the governors a few tips on cutting their strokes during the conference.

The nation's governors couldn't have picked a better time to visit Oklahoma than on our 75th birthday celebration. Almost every community and organization has become involved in the Diamond Jubilee. The Diamond Jubilee staff at (405) 524-8900 is scheduling speakers—authorities on past and present day Oklahoma—if your group needs one. Special activities are planned for historic sites at Fort Towner, June 26; Tom Mix Museum, Dewey, July 9; and the State Capital Printing Museum, Guthrie, Aug. 7.

Phillips University at Enid is involved with celebrating its own Diamond Jubilee. We were amused to learn that when the Disciples of Christ School opened on Sept. 17, 1907, students had to sit on boards supported by nail kegs until the buildings were completed. Of course, Phillips now has a lovely campus. Festivities planned throughout the year will include nationally known speakers, Enid-Phillips Symphony concerts, fairs and plays.

And speaking of the Diamond Jubilee, the Oklahoma Today staff appreciates all the letters and kind words we've received about our special Diamond Jubilee issue. And, yes, you can still begin subscriptions with that issue if you will just note your request on the order blank. We just knew you'd want to send copies to your friends and relatives once you had seen it, so we had a bigger press run than usual. (The price is still only $7 for the full year's subscription, including the special Diamond Jubilee issue, which sells for $6.95 on the newsstands.)

A lot of new subscribers have joined the Oklahoma Today family this spring. The magazine now goes to folks in all 50 states and 96 foreign countries. I think it's neat that we have readers in such far-off spots as Nigeria, Denmark, Chile, Singapore, Israel and even tiny Liechtenstein.

Of course, we're pleased about our new Oklahoma friends, too.

A couple of things—If you haven't received your Oklahoma Today by the time all your friends have theirs, please let us know. We don't want you to miss a single issue, and if you don't write when yours somehow goes astray, we'll never know.

But the big news with Oklahoma Today is that we have just moved into new offices. The editorial and business offices are now located at 215 N. E. 28th St., about five blocks from the Capitol complex. We now have plenty of parking available for visitors and some much needed office space. Our mailing address is P. O. Box 53854, Oklahoma City, OK 73152. Come see us!

During the move to our new offices, we discovered that most back issues of Oklahoma Today are available for those of you who want to complete your set. Issues 10 years old or less sell for their cover price; older issues sell for $2 each.

Summertime means rodeo for most of us in Oklahoma, with almost every festival or special event capped off with a rodeo. For many small towns it's the high point of the year.

Many of those cowboys and cowgirls start riding and roping in high school. The best will be competing during the Oklahoma State High School Rodeo Finals June 24-27 at the Oklahoma City Fairgrounds. From there, the winners will go to the national finals in July at Douglas, Wyo., where the Oklahoma team has won the last four years.

Oklahoma Today is doing just fine this Diamond Jubilee year. And what with rodeos and Diamond Jubilee events, visits from 49 governors—not to mention our being honored as the featured state at the Smithsonian Institution's 1982 Festival of American Folk Life, June 24-28 and July 1-5—Oklahoma's 75th summer is sure to be a star-spangled one.

BOOKS

The Modern Cowboy by John R. Erickson; Univ. of Neb. Press; $15.95. The cowboy is as much a part of Oklahoma as oil rigs and Choc beer. And the cowboy look has never been more popular across the country: Businessmen wear $500 boots and string ties; urban cowboys and cowgirls congregate in ersatz-Western bars.

But what about the men to whom a hat is not a decoration but something to keep the sun off, the men who make their livings as modern-day cowboys?

Erickson takes a look at today's working cowboy—his work, his tools and equipment, his horse, his roping technique, his style of dress, his relationships with his family and his employer. In the process he talks about modern ranching, the world in which the cowboy operatet. Chapters include "What He Looks Like and What He Wears," "Cowboy Vices and Recreation" (ever wonder how a real cowboy takes his tobacco?), "The Horse," "Pickups and Trailers," "Spring Roundup and Branding," "The Modern Cattle Business" and "Books About Cowboys."

Erickson got practical experience in 1978 and 1979 when he worked on a ranch in Beaver County, and he has great affection for the cowboy's way of life. He tries to give a balanced view of the cowboy as a cross between myth figure and wage earner, and he starts with this definition: "The cowboy is a common laborer with heroic tendencies and a sense of humor."

He ends by saying: "No one can say whether he will ride with us into the twenty-first century or turn his horse and lopfe back into the past. But I have a feeling that, in one form or another, he will be with us as long as there is a place called America, and that we will continue to find him in our dreams and in our deepest vision of ourselves."

He Was Singin' This Song by Jim Bob Tinsley; Forewords by Gene Autry and S. Omar Barker; Univ. of Central Fla.; $30. Don't expect to find a scholarly treatise on "Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys"—or even on "Ghost Riders in the Sky" or "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," those standards of neo-cowboy...
The Modern Cowboy

John R. Erickson

Photographs by Klite Erickson

A Collection of Forty-eight Traditional American Cowboy Songs, with Words, Music, and Stories.


He divides the book into sections like "At Work," "On the Trail," "Tragedy," and "Off Duty," and along the way he throws in a lot of rare old photographs, and a lot of cow-country history as well.

WILDLIFE CHEF, edited by Meredith Garvin; Oklahoma Wildlife Federation, $5.65. Where do you go for a really good recipe for barbecued raccoon? Antelope goulash? Pheasantburgers?

Julia Child and Betty Crocker may let you down, but not WILDLIFE CHEF. All three can be found among the nearly 400 game and fish recipes assembled by wildlife chef Meredith Garvin of Miami and published by the Oklahoma Wildlife Federation. The book gives how-tos and recipes for campsite cooking, from mustard to Scotch eggs and fruit bread pie, but all of its recipes can be made at home, using game or substituting the tamer beef, pork or fowl available in the supermarket. Tips on dressing, butchering, preparing and storing game and fish are also included, and there are special sections on "Sauces and Stuffings," "Oklahoma Plants" and "Breads and Desserts.

Order WILDLIFE CHEF from the Oklahoma Wildlife Federation, 4545 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 171, Oklahoma City, OK 73105.

LETTERS

Editor:

I am older than Oklahoma, being born Sept. 11, 1901, the first white child born in Hobart and Kiowa County, while it was still Indian Territory.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Shelby, and my mother's parents, with some of their family, left El Reno in 1901 for Kiowa County. Their caravan consisted of four covered wagons and four teams of horses, plus one wagonload of lumber. Pres. William McKinley had declared the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian Reservations opened for white settlement. A county seat was established at Hobart, Lawton and Anadarko and town lots sold at auction.

The family arrived in Hobart on July 4, 1901, on the 125th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. They were there for the opening Aug. 6. My father bought one of the first lots sold and pitched a tent on it. I was born in that tent.

The town was named Hobart after Garret A. Hobart, vice president under McKinley. So they named me Hobarta after the town. (But I spell it Hoberta.)

Happy Diamond Jubilee.
Hoberta Shelby Frost
Bridgeport, Texas

P.S. I married a Texan and he brought me to Texas, but I still love Oklahoma.

We have been anticipating our issue of Oklahoma Today's Diamond Jubilee. It is a beautiful tribute to our state with a wide variety of articles, all expertly written, and the photography is the best.

We were very disappointed to see the map of Oklahoma without the three Panhandle counties. These were printed on another page. We would so like to "be a part" of our state, too! Revenue from the three Panhandle counties funnels a sizable sum into our state treasury each year.

Is it asking too much to include us attached on each and every map of our beloved state?

Lillie Grove
Beaver, OK

Editor's Note: It's almost impossible to get all of Oklahoma on two pages. We did price a foldout page, but that was frightfully expensive. So we did the next best thing—started the map with the Panhandle and hoped everyone would turn the page for the rest of the state.

As I was looking at the Spring issue, I decided I'd love to see if at Oklahoma State University we might form a travel club in our Faculty Wives group and really see our state—on one day outings.

If you have any suggestions for such a group, I sure would appreciate them. I'd really like to show off and learn more about our home state.

Dona Usry
Stillwater, OK

Having just seen your Spring 1982 Diamond Jubilee issue I must write to congratulate you on its appearance and contents. The articles are well chosen and well written. The pictures are just right for the articles. The whole issue makes me proud to be an Oklahoman.

Ernest M. Hodnett
Stillwater, OK

I visited your lovely state last July and toured Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore. It sure brought back memories of a great man. The Will Rogers Memorial Building is quite impressive and well done. So is your publication.

Art Davis
Madeira Beach, FL

We enjoy your magazine very much. A Swiss family with a lot of Okie feelings.

Dr. A. Lasker
Heteniveg, Switzerland
RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

**JUNE**
- 3-5 PRCA Rodeo, Hugo
- 5-6 Cutting Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 9-12 World’s Largest Junior Rodeo, Idabel
- 10-12 Bob Elliot Memorial Rodeo, Afton
- 12-13 Okla Junior Paint Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 14-18 Go Hunter Jumper Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 17-19 Shortgrass Country Rodeo, Sayre
- 17-19 Will Rogers Stampede Rodeo, Claremore
- 17-19 Annual Championship Rodeo, Seminole
- 18-19 Creek Nation Indian Rodeo, Henryetta
- 19-20 Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping, Pawhuska
- 24-26 Pioneer Rodeo, Poteau
- 24-27 Okla State High School Rodeo Finals, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 26 Central Oklahoma Cutting Horse Show, Shawnee
- 27 Shawnee Quarter Horsemen Show, Shawnee
- 30-July 4 American Legion Horse Races, Woodward

**JULY**
- 1-4 State 4-H Light Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 2-4 Annual Kiwanis Club PRCA Rodeo, Hinton
- 2-4 Fred Lowery Memorial Rodeo, Lenapah
- 8-10 Pioneer Rodeo, Mangum
- 8-10 Bob Crosby Memorial Rodeo, Chelsea
- 12-16 Go Hunter Jumper Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 15-18 International Cavalcade, Fairgrounds, Pawhuska
- 24-25 Oklahoma Arabian Show, Shawnee
- 24-31 Okla National Paint Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 31-Aug 1 Indian Territory Appaloosa Show, Shawnee

**AUGUST**
- 2-7 American Junior Quarter Horse World Finals, Expo Center, Tulsa
- 4-7 Lawton Rangers Rodeo, Rodeo Arena, Lawton
- 7 American Miniature Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 11-14 Championship IRA Rodeo, Rodeo Arena, Sallisaw
- 11-15 Southern Region 4-H Light Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 19-20 Sooner State Cutting Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla City
- 19-21 Annual 101 Ranch Rodeo, Ponca City
- 20-21 Bud Gainer Memorial Rodeo, Broken Arrow
- 20-22 Morgan Horse Show, Shawnee
- 24-28 Annual Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo, Vinita

**SEPTEMBER**
- 4-6 RCA Rodeo of Champions, Elk City
- 4-6 Oklahoma State Prison Rodeo, McAlester
- 18 Hopes & Dreams Futurity, Blue Ribbon Downs, Sallisaw

**ART EXHIBITS**

**JUNE**
- 1-19 American Masters: 20th Century, Okla Art Center, Okla City

**JULY**
- 1-22 Patricia Fuggitt, Photographer, Arts Place II, Okla City
- 1-22 Dennis Martin, Graphics, Arts Place II, Okla City
- 1-27 Joseph Beuys, Graphic Works, Museum of Art, OU, Norman
- 1-30 Paul Outerbridge, Photographs & Drawings, Okla Art Center, Okla City
- 1-July 12 The Art Fabric, Philbrook, Tulsa
- 5-July 16 Tulsa Visions '82, The Silver Vision, Tulsa
- 9-July 30 500 Years of Botanical Illustrations, Stovall Museum, OU, Norman
- 11-12 National Academy of Western Art, Cowboy Hall of Fame, Okla City
- 13-July 18 Still Life Exhibit, Mabee-Gerrer Museum, Shawnee
- 27-July 20 Robert Lamel, Paintings, Arts Place II, Okla City
- 27-July 20 Reita Jones, Paintings, Arts Place II, Okla City
- 27-Aug 1 Francoise Gilot, Okla Art Center, Okla City

**SEPTEMBER**
- 12-13 Oklahoma Indian Artists Exhibition, Arts Place II, Okla City

**FAIRS & FESTIVALS**

**JUNE**
- 3-6 Santa Fe Trail Daze, Boise City
- 4-5 Love County Frontier Days, Marietta
- 11-13 Oklahoma Heritage Days, West Bank, Tulsa
- 12-13 Canterbury Art Festival, Edmond
- 14-19 Western Days, Durant
- 17-20 Summerfest, Fort Gibson, Wagoner
- 19-20 Jubilee 1982, Tulsa
- 21-27 Belle Starr Festival, Wilburton
- 24-26 Green Corn Festival, Bixby
- 24-26 Kiamichi Owa Chito Festival, Beavers Bend State Park

**JULY**
- 1-4 Blue Mountain Western Festival, Hartshorne
- 2-3 Huckleberry Festival, Jay
- 5-10 Old Santa Fe Days, Shawnee
- 17 Watermelon Jubilee, Terrill

**AUGUST**
- 7 Peach Festival, Porter
- 14 Watermelon Festival, Rush Springs
- 28 Sucker Day, Wetumka

**SEPTEMBER**
- 3-4 Frontier Days Celebration, Cache
- 4-6 Arts Festival '82, South Okla City Jr. College, Okla City

Lee Martin, Edmond, gives one of his diminutive steeds (Buster Bond, 32 inches tall) a workout in preparation for the state's first American Miniature Horse Show, Aug. 7 at the Oklahoma City fairgrounds.
The Great Kiamichi River Raft Race, Memorial Day weekend.

16-18 Festifall, Kerr Park, Okla City
18 Cherokee Strip Celebration, Perry
18-19 Cattle Trails Festival & Art Show, Elk City
24-Oct 3 State Fair of Oklahoma, Okla City

SPECIAL EVENTS

JUNE

4-6 Vintage & Classic Car Auction, Fairgrounds, Tulsa
6-20 Summer Arts Institute, Quartz Mountain Resort
14-20 Oklahoma International Film Festival, Tulsa
22-July 14 National Parachute Finals, Davis Field, Muskogee

JULY

13-16 Summer Jubilee, OU, Norman
17 OKCanoe Festival, Lake Thunderbird, Norman
17 International Brick & Rolling Pin Throwing Contest, Stroud
23-26 Steam Threshers Association Show, Pawnee

AUGUST

2-8 PGA Tournament, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa
7 International Chili Cook-off, Okla City Zoo, Okla City
8-10 National Governors’ Association, Shangri-La

SEPTEMBER

6 Great Raft Race, Tulsa
10-12 Roy Clark Golf Tournament, Cedar Ridge Country Club, Tulsa

DRAMA

JUNE

3-5/10-12 “Damn Yankees,” ACT I Theatre, Alva
3-5/10-12 “Living Fat,” Black Liberated Arts Council, Okla City
5-Aug 21 “Oklahoma!,” Discoveryland, Tulsa/Sand Springs
7-13 “Annie,” Civic Center, Okla City
11-27 “South Pacific,” Community Playhouse, Broken Arrow
15-25 “Carnelot,” Lyric Theatre, Okla City
16-Aug 21 “Will Rogers At Home,” Will Rogers Amphitheater, Claremore
17-July 3 “God’s Favorite,” Theatre Tulsa, Tulsa
17-20/24-27 “I Do, I Do,” OU, Norman
19-Aug 21 “Trail of Tears,” Tsa-La-Gi, Tahlequah
25-27/July 1-4 “Babes In Arms,” Community Playhouse, Norman
29-July 10 “Sweet Charity,” Lyric Theatre, Okla City

JULY

6-11/13-18 “The Student Prince,” Town & Gown Theatre, Stillwater

9-24 Oklahoma Summer Theatre Festival, Durant
13-24 “How to Succeed in Business . . . .” Lyric Theatre, Okla City
16-20 “See How They Run,” Altus On-Stage, Altus
27-Aug 7 “Bells Are Ringing,” Lyric Theatre, Okla City

AUGUST

6-8/11-14 “The Rainmaker,” Community Playhouse, Norman
10-21 “The Sound of Music,” Lyric Theatre, Okla City

SEPTEMBER

24-28 “Mouse Trap,” Altus On-Stage, Altus

MUSIC/DANCE

JUNE

6 Fred Halgedahl, Violinist, Christ the King Church, Okla City
10-13 Sanders Family Bluegrass Festival, McAlester
18-19 Bluegrass Festival, Davis
18-19 Western Oklahoma Bluegrass Festival, Elk City
18-27 Marland Chamber Music Festival, Marland Mansion, Ponca City
30-July 3 Bluegrass Festival, Powderhorn Park, Langley

JULY

31 All Night Sing, Holdenville

AUGUST

4-8 Grants Bluegrass Festival, Hugo
7 All Night Singing, City Park, Konawa
20-21 All Night Gospel Sing, Seminole

SEPTEMBER

12 Lucille Gruber, Harpsichordist, Christ the King Church, Okla City
19 “Paris In The Fall,” Christ the King Church, Okla City
19 Symphony at Sunset, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa
26 Sung Ju Lee, Violinist, Christ the King Church, Okla City

INDIAN EVENTS

JUNE

18-20 Kiowa-Apache Ceremonial, Anadarko
18-20 Pottawatomie Intertribal Pow Wow, Shawnee
18-20 Annual Creek Festival, Okmulgee

JULY

1-4 Pawnee Indian Homecoming & Pow Wow, Pawnee
2-4 Kiowa Gourd Clan Pow Wow, Carnegie
2-4 Quapaw Indian Pow Wow, Quapaw
9-11 Sac & Fox Pow Wow, Stroud
15-18 Otoe-Missouria Encampment, Red Rock
15-18 Tulsa Pow Wow, Mohawk Park, Tulsa
23-25 Ohamah Kiowa Warriors, Anadarko

AUGUST

13-14 Kihekah-Steh Pow Wow, Skiatook
16-21 American Indian Exposition, Anadarko

SEPTEMBER

3-5 Ottawa Pow Wow, Quapaw