OKLAHOMA TODAY

A WEEKEND RETREAT IN TULSA
PONCA CITY’S FAST TRACK
OSTRICH WRANGLERS
READY, SET, BET
(Your Wagering Guide)
Katie Radcliffe relaxes at Woodward Park in Tulsa. Photograph by Phillip Radcliffe. Inside Front.


Sailing on Grand Lake in northeastern Oklahoma. Photograph by Roger A. Parsons.

TULSA TREATS
If midsummer finds you scouting for a place to unwind and recharge, come to Tulsa. Discover its restaurants and leafy parks, enjoy its varied music and fine art collections. (Or shop, shop, shop.)

PORTFOLIO
In air, on land or in water, there's lots to do here in the summer. Oklahoma members of the American Society of Magazine Photographers found some examples.

RACING IN THE STREETS
Shucking their everyday lives for the fast lane, amateur auto racers bring prized cars and dreams of glory to the Ponca City Grand Prix.

OSTRICH-IZED
There's another boom on in the state, but this time "O" stands for ostrich, not oil. Breeding ostriches shares two things in common with drilling wells: Big risks and big profits.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH
Chandler residents like to call themselves "the most patriotic, dedicated and decorated town in America." Judging from their star-spangled Fourth of July celebration, they may just be right.

DEPARTMENTS
Today in Oklahoma ........................................... 4
Books and Letters ........................................... 5
Uncommon Common Folk ................................. 6
Oklahoma Omnibus: Code-Talkers .............. 13
Food ............................................................. 28
Entertainment Calendar ............................. 45

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One hundred years ago, land-hungry farmers—allied with railroad builders and professional promoters—'boomed' for the opening of the Unassigned Lands in Indian Territory to white settlement. Eventually the Boomers pressured Congress into setting up the famous 1889 Land Run. Nine years later Oklahoma became a state.

Dr. Stan Hoig has been selected to write a series of stories for Oklahoma TODAY readers describing the events that brought about the '89er Land Run into what is now six counties in central Oklahoma, the run itself and what happened afterward.

Hoig, author of The Land Run of 1889 and other books on Oklahoma history, recently retired as a professor of journalism at Central State University.

Each issue of Oklahoma TODAY during 1989 will feature stories about the Territorial Period from 1889 to 1907 when Oklahoma became a state. We'll be telling you more later about Oklahoma's participation in the '89er Centennial, but you'll want to save the complete set of issues from January through December for your children and your grandchildren to read.

High point of the '89er Centennial Celebration will be the U.S. Olympics Festival next July with its torch run through all 77 counties. All sorts of other events are planned throughout the year, and their dates will be included in the Oklahoma TODAY Calendar.

Two of the nation's finest ice creams are blended and frozen in Tulsa, according to People magazine. And what better way to begin Oklahoma TODAY's new Food Department than with Chubby's, whose Vanilla Bean ranked third in America's Best Ice Cream poll. Tulsa's 15th Street Grill rated fifth in the Exotics category for its Ginger Cardamon ice cream.

Our new Food Department, to appear in each issue, will feature outstanding restaurants, their chefs and ways to prepare Oklahoma-produced food. Whether on the road or at home, we think you'll enjoy reading about Oklahoma restaurants and recipes.

In addition to eating ice cream, there are plenty of other things to do in Tulsa, more than enough for a weekend as suggested by writer Ron Wolfe on page 28. The River Parks area with its jogging paths and pedestrian bridge will be fun on July and August afternoons. When it gets too hot outside, there are cooler shopping malls, museums and ice skating to try.

A future topic for our new Food Department could be roast ostrich. You haven't eaten roast ostrich? Well, not many have, but ostrich farming is definitely booming, according to writer Jane Beckman, and Oklahoma has become the unofficial hub of ostrich breeding in the U.S. Turn to page 36 to read more about this odd-looking bird.

Not far from Tulsa is the home of Frederick and Adeline Drummond, early-day merchants in Hominy. Built in 1905, the three-story home has recently been restored and opened as a museum by the Oklahoma Historical Society.

The Drummond Home contains not only original furniture but other household items, everything from a Victrola to corn plasters and hair savers. Writer Maridel Allinder tells about the Drummond Home on page 8.

Years ago, everyone in a small town would gather in the park on the Fourth of July to hear local politicians debate the issues and tell what office they would be running for, listen to Sousa music played by the town band, eat fried chicken and homemade ice cream and compete in three-legged races, watermelon seed-spitting and horseshoe throwing.

The Fourth of July at Tilghman Park in Chandler is a lot like that. It is especially fitting that the town centers its celebration in Tilghman Park since the long-time U.S. deputy marshal for whom the park is named was born on July 4 and donated the land for the park from his homestead.

The story on Chandler's old-fashioned Fourth of July begins on page 42. If you decide to attend, you'll probably find a few politicians eying a tree stump there in the park just as in earlier days.

Sports car racers and their fans are enthusiastic about the return of the Ponca City Grand Prix. The drivers will gain again be competing for points and national qualification on the Fourth of July weekend. Begun in 1961 and then dropped in 1982 for five years, the Grand Prix came roaring back last year as a major qualifying event for the national championship races near Atlanta.

The 1.5-mile track follows the normally quiet roads bordering Lake Pon-
Big-time horse racing and pari-mutuel betting begin September 1 with the opening of the $93 million Remington Park in Oklahoma City. The showplace will feature a glass tunnel for viewing horses as they head for the track, four restaurants and such amenities as oil paintings by Frederic Remington and other equine artists and adjacent sleeping quarters for horses and horsemens.

To help you prepare for racing, turn to page 40 where writer Orinda Henderson uncomplicates betting terminology.

This is going to be a busy summer. But wherever your travel plans take you, kick back, relax and just enjoy being in Oklahoma. —Sue Carter

LETTERS

We are originally from Ohio and Missouri but have lived in northwestern Oklahoma for the past five years. We consistently use Oklahoma TODAY for the events and places we want to visit in Oklahoma.

Several weeks ago we visited Pawnee Bill’s home and museum in Pawnee, which we learned about in a 1986 magazine. We also went to the garage sale at the Oklahoma City fairgrounds, which was listed in the Calendar of Events in the January-February 1988 issue. And just this morning, I’ve marked the events of our interest in the new magazine.

Oklahoma has a varied and interesting people and history. Thank you for such an informative magazine.

Carmen L. Perryman
Woodward

Hats off to Dr. Doyle McCoy for taking time to lobby and get one piece of legislation passed in Oklahoma, which made the Indian Blanket our state wildflower (“Oklahoma Omnibus,” May-June). The Gaillardia pulchella is not only a beautiful flower, but what could be more symbolic in Red Man’s land?

Jewel Carlisle Laverne

I am looking for assistance in finding a supplier who sells Oklahoma pins. I was born and raised in Oklahoma and have always been proud of my heritage and wish to give Oklahoma pins to my friends and business associates in Tennessee, Georgia and Kentucky who exemplify exceptional character and friendliness in their day-to-day activities, common qualities in Oklahomans.

Tom Kolb Hixson, Tennessee

Editor’s Note: You may purchase Oklahoma pins for $2.50 each in gift shops at state resorts, museums and parks. The pins are also available for $1.50 each in lots of 50 or more through the Tourism Gift Shop Office, 39 N.E. 29th, Oklahoma City, OK 73105.

I would like to know if you have any publications on wildlife to be found in state parks and wildlife refuges. For instance, I have found Sequoyah State Park great for photographing white-tailed deer, gray fox and squirrels. I like the Wichita Mountains for bison and prairie dogs. I would like to find other parks with good photographic opportunities for wildlife.

George R. Brantley
McAlester

Editor’s Note: “Watchable Wildlife Areas,” is an article in the March-April 1987 issue of Outdoor Oklahoma magazine that was written for people who enjoy watching or photographing wildlife. You may order a copy for $2.50 from Outdoor Oklahoma, P.O. 53465, Oklahoma City, OK 74152.
Wild horses could drag Gilbert Jones, and just about anywhere.

Actually, the horses that have such power over Gilbert aren't really wild; they are the descendants of domesticated horses that have reverted to the ways of the wild. They are mustangs.

These animals have occupied the greater part of the last 60 years of Gilbert's life as he has studied the history of the breed; created the Southwest Spanish Mustang Association to register the purest bloodlines still around; and done everything in his power to promote them as a living fragment of American history and preserve them for future generations.

About 17 miles northeast of Antlers in the southeastern part of Oklahoma, on top of tree-tangled Blackjack Mountain, in a place called Medicine Spring, Gilbert lives in a simple home with little furniture and no electricity, telephone, piped-in water or source of heat other than a fireplace.

Sitting at a makeshift desk with a kerosene lamp at his elbow, this 81-year-old man who left school after the ninth grade, spends a great chunk of each day answering the hundreds of letters he gets from all over the world each year, getting information together for the SSMA's quarterly newsletter and reading every book and magazine article about western history and horses he can get his hands on.

The decor in Gilbert's home may be less than designer, but the wealth of information to be found in his extensive library and archive of correspondence and materials, not to mention the experience stored in his mind, make Medicine Spring a showplace. The owner and his residence are state treasures, even though wild horses couldn't drag him into admitting it.

"I collected articles on history and horses since I was a kid, but I've acquired most of my books within the last 30 years, most in the last 10 through antique dealers and rare book catalogues," he says. "It took me 25 years to get connections; if I'd had an education and known how to find things, I'd have done more. They had to burn down the schoolhouse to get me out of the third reader. "I've got boxes and boxes of articles and things on them. I've got enough for 10 scrapbooks the size of the one I got put together here."

The scrapbook Gilbert lugs out of a back room at great risk to his spinal alignment is crammed full of documents to over a foot thick and held together with a man's leather belt.

"I guess I need sideboards for this one," he says, laughing.

As Gilbert turns the pages, he doesn't mention the most interesting aspect of his megabook: in the margins of every article and letter, usually in red ink, are responses, comments, references to other sources of information and questions Gilbert has penned in. The same is true of the great number of bound volumes that fill his bookshelf-lined walls. Gilbert is not a passive reader.

Of his marginal notations Gilbert says: "I just mark in all my books so my kids can't sell 'em when I die. Really, though, I am going to leave it all to the association. I get articles all the time from people all over the place and I've got some here I think may be the only copies available. I've tried to track some down through the Smithsonian and at the library at Texas A&M, but haven't had any luck."

Gilbert's collection of books also grows frequently. He receives catalogues each week listing the availability of rare, out-of-print volumes.

"You can buy any kind of book if you've got money enough and can wait long enough," he says, reaching up to a shelf and removing a faded blue vol-
The book in Gilbert's hands has no overly critical comments burned into the margins in his rough but easily readable printing; in fact, in *The Travels of William Bartram*, first published in Philadelphia in 1791 and reprinted in the 1928 edition he has left his mark all over, Gilbert finds supporting evidence for his theory that mustangs in North America developed along two different lines. One line, Spanish mustangs, came from horses left in Florida by Spanish explorers, and the other, Western mustangs, came from those left in Mexico.

Gilbert's fascination with all mustangs began when he was 17 and his uncle gave him a mare called Susie. Some of the 120 head he and his son-in-law now run on 40 square miles of unfenced pasture around Medicine Spring have Susie's blood in them still.

"After Susie, I went to gatherin' a few here and there," he recalls. "We lived around in Texas for awhile and you could be adrivin' down the road and see all kinds of little mustangs grazin'. When I moved to New Mexico in 1934, I carried a pretty good little bunch in a bobtail truck.

Over the next 24 years, Gilbert's mustang holdings went the way of all who work in the animal stock market: up and down. Loco weed, freak storms and poor grass years all took their toll. Through it all Gilbert always held on to enough horses to preserve his best bloodlines.

To make ends meet, Gilbert took up preserving in another fashion; he became a taxidermist.

"I mounted just about everything," he says. "Biggest animal was a buffalo. Did about 25 or 30 of these. You know those bucking horses and steers you used to see along the highway to have your picture took on? I did most of 'em. I had seven styles of bucking horses and four styles of mounted buffalo. I mounted hundreds of deer and antelope heads a year. When I came out of the army after two years serving during World War II, I was 1,200 orders behind."

Gilbert must have caught up by 1958, because that's when he loaded up his family and his mustangs and came home to Oklahoma. He settled at Medicine Spring Ranch in 1962 and began his real life's work in earnest: reclaiming the reputation of the much maligned mustang, often referred to scornfully as "squaw ponies" or "broom tails."

"There was a time when I was gathering them that half the ranchers thought the mustang had more cow sense than any horse. Then the old-timers started dying off and the word mustang got a bad ring to it. A lot of people just naturally had it in for mustangs. They thought they was mean, hard to break, hard to handle. Now they're stagin' a comeback, maybe because so many people want to be what I call old-timey."

"But during the time they weren't thought much of, they got scarcer and scarcer. Finally, nothing was actually purebred. I got as pure as I could when I was collecting, but not 100 percent. Now there's probably no more than 2,000 head." Gilbert's bands produce about 50 colts a year.

In 1957 a man named Brislawn began the Spanish Mustang Registry in New Mexico to preserve the remaining purity of the bloodlines. Gilbert joined, but left in 1976 when infighting became a problem. In 1978, he began his own organization, the Southwest Spanish Mustang Association. It now has over 600 members and 1,000 horses registered. A move is afoot to merge the two organizations.

The SSMA offers bi-annual trail rides at Medicine Spring Ranch; last fall's gathering drew 400 participants. The rides are endurance races that range from 25 to 100 miles long.

"Mustangs are not speed horses like the quarter horse or thoroughbred," Gilbert explains. "They're good for distance, and I don't think any other horse can stay with them. You can take history and read how the cavalry knew that if they didn't catch the Indians in 75 miles, they were done gone. The mustangs could outrun all the other horses."

Gilbert's fierce pride in the breed's abilities to endure and his equally fierce desire to earn them the recognition they deserve keep him working long hours and lead him to supply horses to many people for many reasons.

A team of French journalists writing about American horses interviewed Gilbert last year. That initial two-day visit to Medicine Spring led to two more visits of two months each during which the journalists created several articles for French magazines that have made Gilbert something of a legend there and put together what they call a Mustang Remuda. With a covered wagon and some of Gilbert's mustangs the team is traveling 4,200 miles of historic trails and western cattle trails in 11 states. They left Gilbert's place in April and plan to end up back there in a year.

Gilbert has plenty to keep him busy until they return. He says he is 400 letters behind in his correspondence and four issues behind in the SSMA newsletter. He'll catch up; he possesses the very power he admires so in his beloved mustangs: endurance.

Gilbert does not work alone; many mustang lovers help him with everything from the SSMA business to gathering his horses when necessary. Two of his biggest aides are Bryant and Darlene Rickman, who put their pickup into four-wheel drive and take writers and photographers up Gunsmoke Trail to the top of Blackjack Mountain whenever asked.
Osage Jewel

By Maridel Allinder
Photographs by Jerry Poppenhouse

In Osage County, where cattle graze on prairies a minute or so from the center of most any town and where the smoke from a summer grass fire quickly rises higher than the tallest building, the presence of a Victorian mansion is a mighty thing.

The Drummond Home in Hominy is a frontier architectural archetype—the fanciful home rising from the austere prairie. It epitomizes man's desire to civilize the wilderness and remains a symbol of prosperity and dreams achieved.

As Shirley Pettengill, curator of the Drummond Home, says: "It was Mr. Drummond's idea of what a proper house should be."

The store that made Frederick Drummond a well-to-do man still sits on the corner of Main and Price streets in Hominy, although it's now called The Pioneer and has a modern false front that disguises its original stone dignity.

Three blocks north is the Drummond Home, its tower and rooftop lightning rods barely visible through the trees along Price Street.

The descendants of Frederick and Adeline Drummond gave the house and all its contents to the Oklahoma Historical Society in 1980. The gift included a large collection of household objects and personal papers.

The Drummonds didn't have their comforts handed to them on a silver platter. They earned the money, then bought the platter.

"What you're seeing is not just a house," says Pettengill, who came to the Drummond Home from Dallas, where she was curator of a historical site called Old City Park. "It is a complete chronicle of family life in early 20th century Osage County."

That life is revealed in amazing detail: Adeline's cash ledgers dating from 1922-1956, check stubs, letters and household objects ranging from a cast iron ham boiler to cuticle cream.

The storage room on the third floor of the house contains boxes of family possessions, categorized and labeled: Masonic Hats and Other Paraphernalia, Feather Hats and Ornaments, Men's Collars, World War I Uniforms and 13 boxes labeled Ladies Dresses.

"The research potential here is tremendous," says Pettengill, who has a master's degree in anthropology from the University of Arizona. "The house was never cleaned out. It is unusual to have all the little things that make a house somebody's home."

Those little things, scattered throughout the house, create a time warp. It isn't 1988 inside the Drummond Home, although cars outside on the street prove that it is.

Inside, Adeline's Madame McClure Cold Cream still sits on her dresser next to her Blue-Jay Corn Plasters. There is a Victrola, not a VCR. A 1917 calendar hangs on the wall. Only the geranium in the kitchen window looks new.

Frederick and Adeline Drummond were not aristocrats. They were ordinary frontier working people who were successful enough to live in a grand house.

Frederick Drummond came to the United States from Scotland in the ear-
store in St. Louis, Missouri.

In 1884, Frederick came farther west, to work as a clerk for Osage Mercantile Company in Pawhuska. (These mercantile stores were the department stores of the frontier—they sold everything from groceries to coffins, and many of them also doubled as the town mortuary.)

Adeline Gentner also lived in Pawhuska, employed by a family as a housekeeper. She had grown up in Coffeyville, Kansas, where her father was a farmer and miller. Her grandparents, who lived in Hermann, Missouri, were German immigrants.

Adeline and Frederick were married in Pawhuska in 1890. They were in every way a typical young couple of the era—he worked as a clerk and she raised chickens, gardened and had children: Blanche, Roy Cecil, Gentner and Alfred Alexander (called A.A. or Jack).

After about six years as a clerk, Frederick bought into the mercantile company and became a partner. According to records, that buy-in was financed largely by Adeline’s savings, which she accumulated selling eggs and produce.

By modern definition, it was as strategic as any yuppy maneuver toward success. Frederick and Adeline had stepped ahead.

In 1904, Frederick and three partners opened the Hominy Trading Company. The Drummond family moved to Hominy, and in 1905 they moved into their dream house—probably the only house in Hominy to have a state-of-the-art indoor bathroom.

By today’s standards, it seems odd to build a bathroom that is practically in the entryway of the house. But the Drummonds’ bathroom is prominently placed, second only to the parlor and dining room.

“They were proud of it,” Pettengill says. “It was something to have a bathroom in 1905.”

In 1980, the 16-room Drummond Home was run down, partly modernized and definitely not what visitors see today.

Time and changing tastes had taken their toll. There were false ceilings and paneling in some rooms. Woodwork and furniture were darkened with age and dirt. The plaster and lathe walls were cracking.

It was a declining hodgepodge, like
any house can be after 75 years of fewer and fewer inhabitants. Adeline lived in the house until her death in 1956. Her brother, Will Gentner, lived there until he died in 1978. Then it stood empty.

The house was opened to the public in December 1986 after six years of restoration work inside and out. The money for the $200,000 refurbishment came from three sources—the Drummond family, federal grants and the Oklahoma Historical Society, Pettengill says.

The historical society restored the house to the way it looked circa 1915-1920, which were oil boom years around Hominy. That took some sleuthing. Rooms had been painted or papered many times over the years, burying the original appearance of the house under layers of change.

"You learn to be a real detective," says Pettengill, who did much of the restoration work herself, with the help of local young people and curators from other Oklahoma Historical Society sites.

They found remnants of the original wallpaper by removing railings and light fixtures from the walls and sent these fragments to a company in California that specializes in reproducing Victorian wallpaper. Some were reproduced exactly; others, too costly to reproduce because of their elaborate designs, were replaced with wallpaper designs and colors found in other historic homes.

The woodwork and floors were stripped and refinished. False ceilings were removed to reveal the original 11-foot ones. Pettengill compiled a thick notebook that documented every item in the house, from piano to hairpin.

Visitors can see before-and-after pictures displayed throughout the house, proving the restoration project was no piece of cake.

Pettengill gives most of the house tours. She knows the history of the Drummond family well enough to write a dissertation, and it shows in her tour commentary. Arriving in the

The parlor is the nicest room in the house. The furniture was purchased in 1908 in Kansas City, and the wallpaper is an exact reproduction.
kitchen, she points to a stool sitting by a very low sink.

"Mrs. Drummond was 5 feet 10 inches tall, so she washed dishes sitting down," Pettengill says. "She always recycled her dishwater. Even with running water, she didn’t let any water down the sink."

A visitor to Hominy can’t miss the Drummond Home’s Victorian exterior. The bottom half is native sandstone and the top half is wooden shingles painted in alternating bands of light and dark green. The roofline is broken by a tower and dormers.

The total effect is dressy, to say the least.

The entryway to the house is elegant—stained glass, gingerbread woodwork, oak floors with planks arranged in a log cabin design, exactly like the traditional quilt pattern.

One of the most interesting and least typical bedrooms belonged to the Drummond’s youngest son, Jack. He lived at home for awhile after graduating from Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College (now OSU) and decorated the room to suit himself.

The woodwork is painted turquoise and the walls are lavender-gray. There are Navajo rugs on the floor and Osage artifacts scattered around. It is the one room in the house that celebrates its Western roots.

Frederick and Adeline had two more children after they moved to Hominy, but both died before reaching adulthood. Lois Hope died of appendicitis when she was 6 years old, and Conrad died of pneumonia at age 9 months.

Frederick was only 49 years old when he died in 1913 of gangrene after an operation for gall stones. Adeline continued to run the household and business with her three sons, who eventually started the Drummond Cattle Company.

Only one of the couple’s children is living. Jack, now in his 90s, lives in Madill. But there are many Drummond descendants in Osage County, and many of them are ranchers. At least 17 grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Frederick and Adeline are ranchers in Osage County today.

As Pettengill says: "In this part of the country, the name Drummond is synonymous with ranching."

The Drummond Home is a symbol of an impulsive, optimistic era in Oklahoma history. Just being in it conjures images of the risk-takers who built it, and the new generation of risk-takers raised there.

Most of all, it is a symbol of the good life that could be achieved on the Oklahoma frontier.

In her tours, Pettengill stresses that the Drummonds were not people who had their comforts handed to them on a silver platter. They earned the money, then bought the platter.

"The Drummonds had a very nice house, but they were basically middle-class people," says Pettengill. "The kids did the chores. Mrs. Drummond did the cooking. There are no servant’s quarters on the third floor. That’s not the way it was."

Freelance writer Maridel Allinder lives in Tulsa. Jerry Poppenhouse, senior photographer and designer for Phillips Petroleum Company, recently exhibited his work at two galleries—the Oklahoma Museum of Art in Oklahoma City and Norman’s Firehouse Art Center.
Choctaw Code-Talkers

By Susan Moseley

A handful of Oklahoma’s Choctaw Indians outsmarted the German army in the last days of World War I.

During the Meuse-Argonne campaign in October 1918, eight Choctaws—part of the 142nd Infantry—were among a group sent to capture Forest Ferme. The Germans, adept at tapping American telephone lines and breaking radio codes, set yet another trap for the soldiers from the West. With hopes of eavesdropping, the Germans deliberately abandoned communications lines for the Americans to find. Col. A.W. Bloor, the Choctaws’ commander, played willingly into the Germans’ trap—only he let the Choctaws do the talking.

Bloor had overheard his Choctaw soldiers fluently conversing in their native language and quickly recruited them as code-talkers, according to Mike Wright of the Scientific Social Research Company in Norman, who spent more than a year collecting rare newspaper accounts and military proof about Oklahoma’s Indian code-talkers. The Indians, assigned to different headquarters, transmitted strategy over the telephone and wrote coded messages carried by runners.

Although the Choctaws had a limited vocabulary for military terms, they found quick substitutions: artillery translated as “big gun,” machine gun became “little gun shoot fast,” the number of battalions was indicated by “one, two and three grains of corn” and casualties were known as “scalps.”

The Choctaws’ first assignment began the night of Oct. 26, 1918, when they transmitted orders to move two companies from Chufylly to Chardeny. Then, the next day, the eight code-talkers worked to prepare a surprise assault on Forest Ferme. The success of their missions so impressed American commanders that other Choctaws were quickly trained. The Allies had finally found a code the Germans couldn’t break.

Within 24 hours after the Choctaws began code-talking, the Germans were stopped. Within 72 hours, the enemy army was in full retreat, and less than one month later, World War I ended.

These Choctaws were the only Indians who were known to have transmitted code in World War I, and their success laid the groundwork for Native American code-talking in the war that followed. The Navaho Indians have received considerable acclaim for their work in Pacific battles during World War II. On the European side of the war, several Oklahoma tribes also helped.

According to one story, on a Sunday afternoon a few days after D-Day, Edmund Andrew Harjo walked through an apple orchard in France. Harjo, a Seminole and part of the 195th Field Artillery Battalion, stopped when he heard an Indian singing under a tree.

The other Indian was Creek, and the two shared the Muscogee language. When a captain heard them communicate, he put them to work at opposite ends of the radio.

And then there was Schlicht Billy, a Choctaw code-talker in the 180th Infantry during World War II. Billy’s company saw 511 days of combat and participated in the landing of Anzio, the liberation of Rome and the invasion of southern France. Billy, who had been wounded four times, often spoke the Choctaw code on the telephone to other tribal members.

The Comanches were the only Oklahoma tribe recruited exclusively for code-talking, and 17 young Indians volunteered. The group trained for two months at Fort Benning, Georgia, to pass information with the Comanche language, an unwritten language with 11 dialects. Fourteen of the Comanches traveled overseas together with the Fourth Signal Company. They participated in the Normandy invasion and fought without casualty into Germany. Although the Comanches were rarely in a position to use such a secretive code, their skill was considered a valuable security element.

Unlike the Navajo code-talkers, Oklahoma’s Indians have never been formally recognized by the United States or French governments for their contributions. Medals were promised to the Choctaw code-talkers who fought during World War I, but were never given. In 1986, the original eight soldiers were posthumously honored by the Choctaw Nation Council in Tuskeahoma.

Susan Moseley is an Edmund-based freelance writer.
Legend has it that Tulsa's Brady Theater is haunted by the ghost of Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor who died shortly after the concert he performed there in 1917. The tale makes for a good ghost story. But think of it as a travel tip.

By 1917, Tulsa was on its way to becoming the "Oil Capital of the World," but it was still a boom town surrounded by the rough-and-tumble of the oil fields. It wasn't quite 20 years old yet as an incorporated municipality, and already, the town had a municipal theater—one that booked shows by the internationally celebrated likes of Caruso.

Now, the dusty streets of frontier Tulsey Town have given way to the gleaming office towers of an ambitious city, and—oh, yes. The travel tip? It's simply this:

Tulsa was the place to go for the best of good times and entertainment from early on, and it still is.
Eight miles of paths, three bridges, playgrounds and an amphitheatre draw Tulsans to the River Parks, built along the Arkansas River.
A weekend that starts on a Friday night in Tulsa starts with the question of where to stay. There are dozens of hotels and motels to choose from, including the comfortable Westin and Doubletree hotels downtown and the easy-to-find Hilton Inn, just off I-44.

But for a weekend fling with a fillip of elegance, it would be hard to repose more comfortably than at the Sheraton Kensington Hotel at 71st Street and south Lewis Avenue.

A $69-a-night luxury room at the Sheraton Kensington (about $20 more than a regular room) includes the dangerous luxury of a snack bar—a cupboard and refrigerator stocked with a tempting array of drinks, nuts, cheese, crackers and candy.

The danger is two-fold. All these close-at-hand snacks cost extra. And the whole weekend’s plan of adventure could end right here for some couples.

What reason is there to leave a tasty and satisfying room?

For one, the Italian Inn restaurant at 5800 S. Lewis Avenue is just a few minutes’ drive north from the hotel—a drive worth making if only for a taste of Grandpa Adolph’s cheese dip. (Prices are moderate, all the more reason to call ahead for reservations.)

Now, here we separate the zippy types who aren’t finished yet from the zapped who just want to go back to the hotel.

For those late-hour zippies who take sides on what sort of club entertainment to seek out, The Sunset Grill, 3410 S. Peoria Avenue, is a live band spot on the loud side; and The Irish Rose Pub and Restaurant, 1560 E. 21st Street, is a warmly run place on the quiet side. (The Tulsa Tribune offers a complete listing of club entertainment in Friday night’s newspaper.)

On Saturday, sleep late if you’d like. Disgracefully late even. You’re out of town, and who’s to know?

But if calling room service for breakfast seems just a crumb too decadent—and it probably is—then shake out in time for a drive across town for coffee and sweet rolls.

This would be a good time to pick up a Tulsa street map that shows where to find Riverside Drive, west of the hotel. In case of no map, though, just look for the river.

Riverside Drive winds along the east bank of the tree-lined Arkansas River, where you’ll see jogging and bicycle trails, picnic areas, even a Frisbee golf course. Bikes rent for $3 an hour at River Trail Bicycles, 41st Street and Riverside Drive.

On Saturday, sleep late if you’d like.
Disgracefully late even. You’re out of town, and who’s to know?

A pedestrian bridge spans the river just north of 31st Street and Riverside Drive, and one of the best views of the downtown Tulsa skyline is from the center of this walkway, a converted railroad bridge.

The Old West Playground is on the west bank of the river. The easiest way to reach it is to cross the river by car on the 21st Street Bridge, for the playground is just south of the parking area near the west end of the bridge. It’s a $20,000 set-up made to look like a town in the frontier days of Oklahoma—and if granddad doesn’t feel like climbing, at least he can appoint himself honorary marshal.

East from Riverside Drive on 21st Street is Woodward Park and the adjoining municipal rose garden, 46 acres of wooded seclusion at 21st Street and south Peoria Avenue. Woodward Park is the spot for a stroll through the roses, among the scampering squirrels. And there are benches along the way—good spots to rest, or just to sit and enjoy one of the loveliest parks in the state. If the camera only comes out
If the camera only comes out of the glove compartment one time, Woodward Park is the place for it.

airy-light cinnamon rolls that cry out to be read over the morning newspaper, sprinkles of sugar pattering onto the newsprint.

Stoked up and ready for action, explore the Cherry Street area, an unpredictable place of one-of-a-kind shops and restaurants (15th Street from Peoria Avenue east to Utica Avenue). Antiques and more antiques, vintage clothing, Belgian chocolates, rare books, coffee and teas, even Yeakey’s, one of the last of the old-time neighborhood grocery stores—have a look.

If the looking rolls around to lunchtime, one of Tulsa’s best Mexican restaurants is Chimi’s at 1413 E. 15th Street. (Entrees are priced around $5 and up.) In fact, this whole street amounts to a smorgasbord of taste adventures.

The 15th Street Grill, 1542 E. 15th Street, is the kind of classy place where it isn’t hard to pay $10 or $15 for a meal that tastes like it ought to cost that much. The 15th Street Wok, 1334 E. 15th Street, is a Chinese restaurant with entrees that start around $7, but consider the possibility of a whole Peking duck ($23).

At Panache, 1503 E. 15th Street, the menu is nearly as eclectic as the decor of wood carvings, vases and lace curtains. (Prices vary from $5 or so for lunch to $8 and up for dinner.) Call a day ahead to make arrangements, and they’ll serve high tea with a silver tea pot, vintage china and the kind of linen grandma saved for special occasions.

And here the way divides.

Shoppers to the left, culture-seekers to the right.

Utica Square, at 21st Street and south Utica Avenue, is arguably Tulsa’s most distinctive (translate: high dollar) shopping mall. It has Saks Fifth Avenue and Miss Jackson’s for ritzy shopping in the fashion departments, and The Garden tearoom for tea and finger sandwiches afterward. Yorktown Alley in Utica Square is an independent bookstore that invites browsing in search of unexpected treasures.

Woodland Hills Mall, at 71st Street and south Memorial Drive, is the largest indoor shopping center in Oklahoma, with more than 160 stores. The Tulsa Promenade, 41st Street and south Yale Avenue, is a two-level mall newly renovated in Tulsa’s favorite style of architecture: not oil derricks, as you might expect, but Art Deco.

Museum-going tends to cost less.

Admission is $3 to Philbrook Museum of Art at 2727 S. Rockford Road, and whatever donation you feel comfortable giving as admission to the Gilcrease Museum, 1400 Gilcrease Museum Road.

The Philbrook, with its 23 acres of exquisite gardens and fountains, is the former home of Tulsa oilman Waite Phillips. But this art-laden mansion, styled after an Italian Renaissance villa, won’t do as a look at how the other half lives. There never was a half that lived like this—just Phillips.

The Gilcrease is one of the nation’s premier museums of Western art, correlating the collection of oilman Thomas Gilcrease. There are Remingtons and
Russells here, and Charles Russell probably would have been the first to point out a sight as pretty as any canvas: the Osage Hills as seen from the overlook of the Gilcrease.

It's been a day, hasn't it? And now's the time to consider the possibilities of the indoor pool and bubbling hot tub at the hotel.

And here again, the zippies and the zapped part company.

Non-zippies call room service and punch the button for a movie on TV to find out if there isn't something full of sizzle and sass. (Non-zippies aren't always the dull ones.)

Zippies: if Saturday night isn't the time for adventurous dining, what is?

The hotel adjoins the Kensington Galleria, and Ri-Le Restaurant is on the upper level of the mall. This is Vietnamese cooking: subtler in some ways, spicier in some ways than Chinese. The $25 dinner for two is a chance to sample nearly everything.

Or here are some other good choices in the price range of $8, $9, $10 and up for dinner: Rosie's Rib Joint for barbecue at 8125 E. 49th Street; the French Hen for French cuisine at 7143 S. Yale Avenue, and Sally Lunn's Restaurant at 1621 S. Cincinnati Avenue. Sally Lunn's is named for the 18th century English pastry cook.

Diners determined to pay even more ... this way, please. Waterford's is a restaurant like the crystal of the same name—elegant and expensive—at the Doubletree Hotel downtown, 616 W. 7th Street.

If there is a big-time show in town, it probably will be at one of five places: the Performing Arts Center, Convention Center and Brady Theater downtown, the Mabee Center on the Oral Roberts University campus, or the Fairgrounds Pavilion.

A good-time show in town every Saturday night is the Spotlight Theatre's long-running (35 years now) production of *The Drunkard*, an old-time melodrama, at 1381 Riverside Drive. Reserved seats are $6.50.

(Continued on page 20.)
One way to experience a city is to take in the high points, the best-known sights, the tourist spots and the swankiest restaurants. The other way—this way—is to look for those lesser-known quirks and oddities, sparkles and facets of personality that give the place character.

Here are some of Tulsa's quirks and sparkles:

The Golden Driller. What can you say about a guy who stands 76 feet tall in his size 393-DDD shoes? Plenty, as it turns out. Tulsans have argued for more than 20 years about the merits and non-merits of this towering statue that faces onto 21st Street just west of south Yale Avenue. The big fella was built in 1966 to celebrate the International Petroleum Exposition.

The Tulsa Flea Market. No mere flea of a sale, this one is the biggest and longest-established flea market in Tulsa. It's been in business on Saturdays in the Youth Building at the Tulsa Fairgrounds for nearly 14 years. There are 220 dealer spaces, and about 5,000 bargain-seekers rummage through all this trash and treasure on a typical Saturday.

Brookside. This always-changing neighborhood, 31st Street to 51st Street on south Peoria Avenue, tends to be full of surprises. It was the so-called "testless ribbon" in the 1960s, with bumper-to-bumper teen traffic. It was Tulsa's Yuppie haven of up-scale clubs and shops in the early 1980s. Now, it features the new $1.5 million Brookside Market shopping center at 38th Street and Peoria Avenue, another example of newly done Art Deco.

Brownie's Hamburgers. A likely contender for lunchtime distractions, Brownie's, 2130 S. Harvard Avenue, is the kind of place Norman Rockwell used to paint. The cheeseburgers are $1.50 with onions grilled in (on request), the root beer comes in iced mugs and the pie has meringue on top with those sweet beads of syrup that show it's for real. Kids who clean their plates are rewarded with candy and bubblegum at the cash register.

(Who serves the best hamburger in Tulsa? Well ... the contest still hasn't been settled, but some of the other contenders for this well-fried title include Ron's Hamburger Heaven at 3239 E. 15th Street, Claude's Hamburgers at 3834 S. Peoria Avenue and Goldie's Patio Grill at 5200 S. Lewis and several other locations.)

Steve's Sundries and Books. Located at 2612 S. Harvard Avenue, Steve's is the kind of place Norman Rockwell would have gone for contented browsing after a hamburger at Brownie's. The books are hardcover and paperbacks of all sorts, and the sundries are practically anything that strikes Steve's fancy—wind-up toys, model dinosaurs, you name it. And there's an old-time soda and sandwich counter in the back.

The Coney I-Lander. There are several of these hot dog havens scattered around Tulsa, including the original Coney I-Lander downtown that was opened in the same spot in 1926. The chili-cheese dogs (89 cents) are snappy little wofers that come topped with a secret recipe chili. And that's good enough, doggone it; don't ask for ketchup or sauerkraut, because they don't have any.

One last tip ... The intersection of 51st Street and south Harvard Avenue is arguably the slowest, most aggravating intersection in Tulsa and a site to be avoided at rush hours especially. As you explore Tulsa by car, keep in mind that traffic tends to move slower south of 51st Street than north of this line, and south Memorial Drive is clogged beyond mortal patience during hours of heavy traffic.

—Ron Wolfe
If Sunday morning means the kind of lazy snooze that builds to an ambitious appetite, indulge in the Kensington Hotel’s gourmet brunch, a $13.95-per-person extravaganza that would be hard to justify at home. (But after all, this isn’t home...)

Or stop by Charlie’s Donuts at 5233 S. Peoria Avenue. For about 60 cents, Charlie’s will sell you a sweet wonder of the donut-maker’s art they call a “pine cone,” roughly the size of a small pine tree.

Sunday afternoon, swing south on Lewis Avenue from the hotel at 71st Street to Oral Roberts University at 81st Street. No visit to Tulsa is complete without at least a glimpse of ORU and the City of Faith hospital for inspiration, or just for curiosity’s sake.

The top-shaped building in the center of the campus is the Prayer Tower. Inside the Prayer Tower, a multi-media show traces the prayerful career of evangelist Roberts. “Journey Through the Bible” is a series of exhibit rooms that recreates scenes from the Old Testament, and it’s free.

Or take in a movie—and the comfort of Williams Cinema, in the Williams Center Forum shopping center downtown, at the same time. The Williams Cinema is the last of the big, one-screen theaters in Tulsa (or just about anywhere), and it tends to show high-quality foreign and American independent films that deserve to be treated with class, and with hot popcorn.

After the movie, rent a pair of ice skates for $5 at the rink in the Forum. Ah, but time is skating along, too, and there is only so much that can be done in one weekend.

Tulsa’s golf and tennis courses, the Tulsa Zoological Park, Oxley Nature Center, Swan Lake, Bell’s Amusement Park... we’ve left these undone, and the moral is to take a hint from Enrico Caruso.

Come back to Tulsa, won’t you? Haunt the place again.

Ron Wolfe is an entertainment writer for The Tulsa Tribune.
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Polo at Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa
Robert Mercer
Canoers on Spavinaw Creek
Jerry Poppenhouse
Flying over Tulsa
Robert Mercer
Hikers in the Wichita Mountains
David Halpern
Fisherman at Grand Lake
Christopher Weeks
When lightning bugs began to pop up around the bottom of the privet hedges each summer, my brothers and sister and I looked forward to our old blue ice cream freezer making its long-awaited first appearance.

Later on my mother might experiment with pureeing fresh Porter peaches or chopping candy bars to throw in at the last minute, but that first batch was always the same. My grandmother’s recipe for plain vanilla was a revered family treasure—rich with cream and eggs and cooked first on the stove for an interminable amount of time. As we took turns at the crank, we marveled anew each year as rock salt, crushed ice and our aching arms turned the golden base into heavenly confection. We ate it almost as fast as it melted, looking up into the elm trees as we tipped our bowls to drink the last drops.

Kifer's wife Lise began Chubby's as a gourmet chocolate shop in 1981, selling $30 a pound Belgian chocolate and other legal but sinful treats. Chubby's the chocolate shop was an immediate hit, but the Kifers noticed a lull in business that began right after Mother's Day and lasted until the fall. Ice cream, it seemed, was the obvious complement.

Kifer bought a basic recipe from a Texas ice cream tycoon, but, though he credits the recipe for giving him a good foundation, he wasn’t satisfied. Armed with organic chemistry and physics principles he learned at Oklahoma State University, he began his search for the ultimate ice cream. One Sunday afternoon, while lazily watching Julia Child cook on public television, something Child said “was the key to the door I had been trying to go through.” Kifer was off and cranking.

In a seemingly simple bowl of ice cream, “You’ve got things together that don’t usually go together—air and water, oil and water. It’s a dynamic
The very essence of ice cream lies in its "foam matrix," a molecular structure that, ideally, collapses sublimely on your tongue the moment you taste it. A lot of things—inferior ingredients, improper mixing—can conspire to create a less-than-exemplary ice cream.

So, Kifer proceeds carefully and slowly, mixing each batch by hand and freezing it three gallons at a time in an Italian gelato machine. The machine whips in 15 percent air, compared with 50 percent found in many commercial brands.

The velvety, melt-in-your-mouth quality of ice cream is determined by the amount of butterfat in the base. On the average, Chubby's ice cream contains 14 percent (the basic fat content of butter is 40 percent). Although some premium ice creams boast a butterfat content of 16 percent, "after 14 percent, it's wasted," Kifer says. "Beyond that, it tends to leave a butter film on the tongue."

Though Kifer can be wickedly lavish in combining flavors—amaretto and black cherries and chocolate chips—he also knows when how much of a good thing is enough. In one of his most seductive concoctions, his chocolate-chocolate chip, the first taste of fruit, holding out just the hint of a tang.

"Good," reports 4-year-old Katie Stewart, of her dish of marbled strawberry. Katie, wearing pink glasses and red sneakers, ignores both her spoon and the rolled cookie sticking out of her ice cream, and uses a finger to fish out a fruit chunk. Her mother Suzann Stewart has a more reserved ice cream eating style, but is less reserved with her praise. "I come here very often," she says. "I never even buy vanilla ice cream anymore, unless it's Chubby's Vanilla Bean."

In a 1984 People magazine poll, Chubby's Vanilla Bean ranked third of ten flavors in the regular ice cream category. Kifer was elated to make the list, but some of his customers came by to console him. "They told me 'We don't care what they say, we know you're number one.'"

Since then, Chubby's has appeared in the last edition of the national guide, "The Very Best Ice Cream And Where to Find It," and was named by Chocolatier magazine as one of the top 25 ice cream destinations in the country.

Kifer makes between 40 and 50 different flavors, with nine available daily. Two flavors, Vanilla Bean and Chambord Raspberry Chocolate Chip, are always on hand, by popular demand. "People tend to be a bit militant about it," he says.

Kifer personally finds Coffee Toffee irresistible. His pursuit of the biggest toffee chunk leads him to the bottom of the carton every time, he confesses. "But then, I like to think of a pint as a single serving.

"You have to have some fun in life," he says. "People come here when they are ready to have fun."

Chubby's is at Utica Square shopping center, at 21st and south Utica. Scoops sell for $1.25 to $1.50 a scoop for what he labels "exotics." "That just means I have to pay more for what goes into them." Mini-scoops are 65 cents and 75 cents and combo cups are $1.50 for three mini-scoops. Beware trying to economize with a mini-scoop, though. It usually is just a warm-up for a full-sized, generous scoop.

Chubby's ice cream is sold by the carton at Petty's and some Safeway grocery stores in Tulsa, at Kamp's grocery store in Oklahoma City and Am-spacher's Southside Grocery in Norman.

Kifer keeps his formulations secret, and, except for one trusted high school friend, Joe and Lise Kifer are the only two people who even know all the steps in the recipes. ("We've been accused of being paranoid because we rip the labels off cartons before we put them in the dumpster," Kifer says. "But we don't have a paper shredder.") Kifer does share his recipe for what he calls a "clean cream base."

Chubby's Ice Cream Base

6 1/2 cups heavy whipping cream
3 cups sweetened, condensed whole milk (Eagle Brand)
5 cups skim milk
1 cup sugar

Dissolve sugar into skim milk. Add condensed milk while stirring. Add cream and desired flavorings and freeze. Makes one gallon 16 percent butterfat ice cream.

Kifer advises not to stir the mixture too much and to mix the base a day in advance of freezing. "The fat will absorb the flavor and it will taste better the next day, like chili."

And as for dreaming up flavors, Kifer says simply, "That's something that must come from within."

Oklahoma TODAY's assistant editor
Barbara Palmer and Tulsa freelance photographer David Halpert found launching Oklahoma TODAY's food department required them to become quite familiar with Chubby's ice cream (particularly chocolate-chocolate chip). After the photo shoot, Halpert ate the prop.
RACING IN 1
Ponca City’s Grand Prix is fast cars and

By W.K. Stratton
Photographs by Fred W. Marvel
A chilly wind blows through the elms this morning, not at all what one would expect for the day after the Fourth of July in north central Oklahoma. Though the rain stopped a few minutes earlier, showers of water still fall from the soaked leaves with each gust of wind. Two days of wet weather have reduced the crowded paddock area to a muddy mess. You can see drivers and race crew members slipping and at times falling as they scurry about to prepare their entries for the Ponca City Grand Prix Sports Car Races. Driver Don Flegal steps care-

Most of these drivers will say they have a love for fast cars that stretches back to their adolescence.

fully as he makes his way toward his silver and black Corvette.

As blue sky is gradually revealed through the departing gray clouds, the first racing group of the day—mostly cars in the Production category—roars around the mile-and-a-half course. Five other groups will race before Flegal’s turn arrives; he has six hours to wait. The 41-year-old director of personnel for the University of Oklahoma is consciously trying not to do anything—anything, that is, except relax.

Any auto race is a test of a driver’s

Drivers are single-minded when they talk about cars: How fast can it go?
endurance and powers of concentration, and today's race will be especially grueling. The course is laid out on actual roads, which means drivers must contend with changes in camber and surface as they proceed around the track—a tough track made more difficult by the rain—before facing the hairpin turn just before the Start/Finish Line. Although it is cool now, the afternoon promises to turn steamy hot by the time for the final race. Clad in a helmet and heavy racing garb designed for safety, a driver sweats enough as it is, but a muggy afternoon can create a nearly intolerable environment behind the wheel.

Race car driving has been compared to tight wire walking. A driver must concentrate on keeping his car from flying off the course as he negotiates turns and keeps track of his competitors—a nearly all-encompassing task. He can take quick glances at his gauges and at the lap-time messages held up on boards by crew members as he zips by the paddock, but that's about all. Drivers in good health will have no easy time of it, and for Flegal, coming off two days of stomach flu, the race could turn into a torture session. Conserving energy is of paramount importance for the graying resident of Yukon.

A short while later, as Flegal crouches beside his car, he looks around at the signs of opulent spending that can go into auto racing: trucks and trailers emblazoned with sponsors' trade-marks, expensive motor homes. "A lot of people spend $200,000 to $300,000 a year racing," he claims. "Needless to say, we spend a fraction of that." Indeed some of his fellow racers might say he races on a shoestring. Retired Air Force jet mechanic Fred Schumacher is his crew chief as well as half of the crew; the other member is Flegal's wife, Jan Jackson. The three of them haul Flegal's car to races in an old, white Ford school bus. That's about the extent of the operation. Still, racing is not a cheap hobby, even on a shoestring. "A set of tires alone costs $650," Flegal says. And the sport is time consuming. He and Schumacher spend an average of 20 hours a week on the car. "I don't play golf. In fact I don't mow the lawn very often."

While he may lack the flash of some of the other sponsor-enriched competitors, his skill as a driver is respected. He already has won one Sports Car Club of America national event in his GTI racer. (GTIs are large, loud cars that excite spectators with their roaring speed; Flegal's car has a 1982 Corvette body-style, although few parts on or in it—including the fiberglass body—are manufactured by Chevrolet.) Yesterday, though feeling sick and combating heat and a wet track, he captured the pole position, which gives a driver the greatest advantage at the start of the race, by placing first in the 10-lap qualifying heats. So he stands a good chance to win the GTI event and pick up another SCCA national event title. He figures if he wins here and then wins one more national event, that should give him enough points to qualify for the SCCA Valvoline Runoff near Atlanta—the SCCA national championship competition. If he makes it that far, he'll probably battle with the man who has won the GTI title the past two years, a driver named Paul Newman.

In its strictest sense, the term grand prix, French for grand prize, refers to a program of races based on the format established at Le Mans in France in 1906. The grand prix races are conducted on four continents, and the driver with the most victories wins the title of World Championship of Drivers, or Champ-
This program of racing, traditionally featuring single-seat, open-wheeled Formula 1 racers, is considered by many to be the pinnacle of driver achievement, with the prize money among the richest in the world. Scotsman Jackie Stewart made himself an international celebrity with his successes in grand prix racing.

In the best-known grand prix races, the course is laid out on actual streets as opposed to a track built strictly for racing. Over the years a broader meaning for grand prix racing has evolved: races run on streets or, more common these days, a street-like track (such as the Hallett track near Tulsa) instead of the familiar oval course. That the Ponca City Grand Prix occurs on actual streets lends a special quality to the event.

During most of the year, the roads on the east side of Lake Ponca are quiet, largely traveled by Ponca Citizens out for an afternoon of relaxation, a picnic or just a stroll along the shore. Shortly before the Independence Day weekend, volunteers transform portions of the road into a track resembling a sort of fattened boomerang. The course measures 1.5 miles, and drivers are forced to contend with five turns before they negotiate that last, tough hairpin turn. Temporary fences are put up around the course, and spectator areas are designated, as is a paddock area in the infield of the course, near the Start/Finish line. The paddock is where race participants park their vehicles—racers, motor homes, trucks; it is also where cars are prepared to race. Barrels are lined up on the turns. West of the Start/Finish line a platform protected by a cover of tarpaulin serves as a work area for race officials, reporters and the race announcer. Tires are stacked around trees to lessen the impact if a vehicle should leave the track and crash.

Within the spectators' sections, the

Flegal spends an average of 20 hours a week on his car. “I don't play golf. In fact, I don't mow the lawn very often.”

8,000 who attend choose where they'd like to watch the races. Some spread blankets on the grass, others sit on lawn chairs, still others seem to remain afoot. The shady spaces beneath the elms are at a premium.

The cars that the spectators watch in Ponca City fall into five categories—Formula, GT or Grand Touring, Production, Showroom Stock and Sports Racing. Each of these categories contains several classes. Formulas are pure racing cars with single seats and open wheels (no fenders), with classes that differ as to engine size, weight, cooling systems and modification limitations. GTs are based on the design of mass-produced grand touring cars, sports cars and sedans; the classes are based on car weight, engine size and handling capability. Production racers are older, mass-produced sports cars, highly modified to enhance safety and performance. Showroom Stocks are late model, mass-produced grand touring cars, sports cars and sedans; they race.
on street radial tires and in original showroom condition with no modifications allowed except for the addition of safety equipment. The final category, Sports Racing, is composed of four classes defined by engine size and design. All Sports Racers have one or two seats and fully enclosed bodywork, including fenders.

These classes are placed into several groups, with the groups containing different categories of cars. Drivers are concerned with how they place in comparison with the other cars in their classes, not with group results. The goal of the drivers is to accumulate points toward qualifying for the national championships in Atlanta. Some SCCA races score regional points, but the Ponca City race is considered a national event because the points count directly toward national qualification, thereby increasing the significance of the event. The first day consists of 10-lap heat races for the groups, wherein drivers compete for starting position for the race, which occurs the following day. The victors are the ones who capture the fastest times for their classes in a 30-lap race.

The drivers who take part represent a broad segment of society, from employees of auto parts houses to doctors and, yes, personnel directors of large universities.

Veterinarian Ken Kimbell of Wichita, Kansas, president of the school board in that city, raced in the Production category in Ponca City because of his emotional ties with the city. “My father and grandfather both recently passed away while living in Ponca City,” Kimbell says. “It’s too bad we never were able to race in front of them.”

Edmond dentist John Polkinghorn, driving a Sports Racing Renault, came to Ponca City to race in his hometown. Tulsa’s Debbie Schreiner, a drug store manager, came expecting no special considerations as the only woman driving in the race. Most of these drivers will say they have, as Flegal admits, a love for fast cars that stretches back to their adolescence.

For 20 years, beginning in 1961, the Ponca City Grand Prix was a fixture on the northern Oklahoma community’s agenda of summer activities, an event established to raise
money for charity. Racers and race fans made it a fixture on their summer agendas, too. Sponsored by the local chapter of the American Business Clubs, the grand prix was as popular for the party-like atmosphere that surrounded it as for the races themselves.

George England of Midwest City, who raced or acted as an official in all 20 of the races, told The Daily Oklahoman in 1982 that the event was "more than just a race. It became a tradition, a place to go year after year. Drivers came from all over the country, because they knew it was a fun place to race. There was lots of shade, good parties and a tough race track to drive. With everybody so close together, it left you with a feeling you don't get at other tracks. There was a carnival atmosphere, a throwback to the good old days."

In 1982, it seemed as if the grand prix would become a part of the past as well when the business club members voted to discontinue sponsorship of the races, a decision reached because some felt the financial returns were not great enough for the effort that went into the races. And the date of a national motocross event—also sponsored by the club—held each summer in Ponca City conflicted with the auto races.

For five summers the sound of racing engines did not resound off the water of Lake Ponca on Independence Day.

Then, last year, officials with the Oklahoma regional group of the SCCA—which had viewed the Ponca City races as its annual big event—asked the American Business Club to bring back the grand prix. After the Tourism and Development Bureau of the Ponca City Area Chamber of Commerce signed on as co-sponsors and other clubs and organizations agreed to help, the races returned.

Flegal had second thoughts about going through with the race. In the end, however, he loaded himself into the 'Vette and took his position at the head of the grid. What ensued turned out to be a fitting climax for the grand prix.

Flegal took the early lead, although he was pursued closely by Dan Sumervel of Golden, Colorado, and David Odle of Fort Worth. Flegal kept the lead, even though first and second gears went out on his transmission during the sixth lap. But by lap 10, he had fallen to third place. Eight laps later Flegal overtook Odle's position in second place, and shortly thereafter the Texan retreated to the pit with car troubles. Sumervel held the lead for 10 more laps, even though Flegal always challenged him. Then, in lap 28, at the hairpin turn, Flegal thought his opponent missed a gear shift. Flegal, not the sort of driver to let such an opportunity slip away, pulled ahead of Sumervel. Two laps later, Flegal's Corvette was the first car in the group to roar below the checkerered flag.

But the victory at Ponca City marked the high point of his racing season. Flegal continued to have transmission problems with his 'Vette and his goal of qualifying for Atlanta went unreached.

Paul Newman, perhaps, rested a little easier.

W.K. Stratton is a writer for the Ponca City News and has contributed to Sports Illustrated and Americana magazines. Fred W. Marcel is the staff photographer for the Oklahoma Department of Tourism and Recreation.

**Getting There**

Qualifying heats for the Grand Prix Sports Car Races at Lake Ponca in Ponca City begin at 8 a.m. on July 2, and the final competitions start at 8 a.m. July 3. For the first time, races with vintage and historic sports cars will be held, beginning at 1 p.m. both days.

Spectators watch the races from an 80-acre park inside the track. There's plenty of shade, but bring lawn chairs and blankets for picnicking.

The races are held on L.A. Cann Drive near Lake Ponca. To get to the track, take S.H. 77 north to the Pioneer Woman Statue. Drive east on Lake Road and follow signs to the track.

Tickets are $6 in advance, or $8 at the gate for adults. Two-day tickets for $10 are available in advance. Children 6-12 years are half-price, under 6 are free. Tickets can be purchased at Frontier Federal offices throughout the state, or write P.O. Box 2243, Ponca City, OK 74602. For further details, call (405) 767-8888.
Ostrich-ized

These guys may not be pretty, but breeders can’t say enough about the rewards of raising ostriches.

By Jane Beckman  Photographs by David Koelsch

They are big birds, these ostriches. At 300 to 400 pounds, they stand 8 to 10 feet tall. Their bulky bodies are covered with enough of those frilly plumes to decorate the hats of a flock of Hello Dollies.

And no matter that the featherless thighs look like gigantic uncooked chicken legs. The eyes are long-lashed and pretty, too pretty to sit in those knobby little heads perched atop long, sinewy necks.

It’s hard to believe that raising these enormous, strange-looking flightless birds is one of the most popular and successful of Oklahoma’s alternative agricultural ventures of the late 1980s.

In the last few years a bona-fide ostrich boom has ignited in Oklahoma. Most ostrich farmers identify the monks at the Holy Protection Monastery in Oklahoma City as the first in the state to breed ostriches. When the monks learned the rising interest in the birds was due to the profit potential from byproducts, they quit the ostrich business. But some of their stock was sold to other breeders, and Oklahoma is now the unofficial hub of ostrich breeding in the United States.

Just over the last year, prices for ostriches have doubled. Breeders like Lawton veterinarian Don Beavers, who bought stock in 1984 for $500 to $1,000 a bird, have found their birds are now worth more than 15 times as much.

Currently, an adult hen of breeding age might sell for $15,000 and a pair for $17,000 to $20,000, although one breeder reports a recent sale of an adult pair for $30,000. Eight-week-old chicks sell for $900 to $1,500. The real money, breeders say, will someday come from the sale of ostrich products—leather, meat, feathers and even toenails, used for jewelry, and eggshells for decorator pieces. The more visionary of the new ostrich farmers foresee a day when ostrich meat, with its roast beef taste and low cholesterol, will be in high demand. But for now, virtually all ostriches raised in Oklahoma are sold to other breeders. American processing plants are still eight to 10 years away, says Leon Vandyver, founder of the Oklahoma-based National Ostrich Breeders Association.

Don Beavers will not go so far as to predict high ostrich meat consumption. But in 1984 he saw enough possibilities in ostrich farming that he started a small operation. His half-dozen adult ostriches take stately walks, court with a mating dance and lay cantaloupe-sized eggs in spacious pens in the tree-shaded, park-like setting of his Comanche County farm.

Because Beavers combines experience in ostrich production with a professional knowledge of animal health,
he finds himself answering a lot of questions from other ostrich producers. Though he has had a higher-than-average hatching and survival rate for his chicks, he believes there's still much to learn about the ostrich. "We don't yet really understand ostrich nutritional and environmental requirements," he says. Beavers feeds his ostriches corn and mixed grains, augmented with rabbit pellets and a little alfalfa hay. "And they like quite a lot of water," he says.

Like others who have gone into ostrich farming, high profits were an incentive, but Beavers says there are emotional satisfactions as well. He tells about the morning he found the first egg in the ostrich pen: "I grabbed it up and carried it in the house. We were afraid we were going to break it, and we finally got an Easter basket and put it in that. I called my brothers and my mother and father. They all came over, and we just sat around and looked at that big egg. You would have thought we had a new baby in the family." During their laying season, which begins sometime in March and ends in the middle or end of September, hens lay an egg every other day.

The Beavers family got equally excited about the first eggs that hatched. "We had 16 eggs in the incubator," Beavers says. "When eight of them started hatching, I took off work and stayed there to watch. Ostrich don't pip like chickens. Right at the end of the 12- to 24-hour hatching period, they kick with those strong legs Nature gave them, and the shell shatters."

Raising ostriches can be fascinating and fun, but there can be heartbreak, too, a fact Jerry Phillips learned soon after he began raising the big birds in the fall of 1986 on his farm west of Walters. Phillips, who started his operation with two males and four females, found one of his adult males tangled in the wire-mesh fence. The bird wasn't badly injured. Phillips freed him, but the trauma of the entanglement was too much; the bird died a few hours later.

"They told me the trauma completely destroyed his nervous system," Phillips says sadly.

The spring Phillips' male died was bad for ostrich production anyway. For laying, the birds require warm, dry weather as is common in the spring on the plains of their native Africa. The frequent storms, rains, flooding and substantial day-to-day fluctuations in temperature upset the birds and damaged eggs laid on the wet ground. Phillips thought it was most likely that the weather was largely responsible for the egg infertility problem he was having.

But by July 1987 his incubator and hatcher were filled with several dozen ostrich eggs progressing through the 42-day hatching cycle. In specially designed pens five adorable black-spotted, fawn-colored ostrich chicks were thriving.

Phillips, however, suffered another close call when one of the hens grabbed a work glove and half-swallowed it before he got it away from her.

"Ostrich are curious and they check out people and objects by tasting them with their strong beaks," Jerry Phillips says. He warns visitors it's not a good idea to wear watches or shiny earrings when standing near ostrich pens.

Dale Coody, another southwest Oklahoma ostrich farmer, saw an ostrich remove and swallow a man's watch before anyone could stop it. And Coody's wife Ann remembers another swallowing incident they were afraid their ostrich wouldn't survive.

"A friend came out to film our ostrich with his video camera," Ann Coody says. "He wanted to record that booming sound the ostrich makes. (It's been described as a cross between a hoot owl and a fog horn.) He held the

Between March and September, ostriches lay eggs every other day, but only half survive.
microphone up the ostrich's mouth. The ostrich grabbed the microphone and swallowed it."

Happily the ostrich survived the experience; the microphone did not fare as well.

The Coody’s 4-C Ostrich Farm east of Lawton is one of the largest in the state. Dale Coody was one of the first to go into successful large-scale ostrich production. By the fall of 1986 he had about 50 ostriches, as well as large flocks of emu, the ostrich’s smaller Australian cousin, and rhea, the South American version. He also had blue-helmeted, black-feathered Australian cassowary, which resemble a prehistoric ancestor of the ostrich.

Coody says he acquired his first ostrich because of a life-long interest in birds. But the hobby quickly metamorphosed into a business. “I saw that original pair of ostrich were capable of producing $8,000 to $10,000 a year in income. People told me that if there was so much money to be made, everybody would be in the business. But I argued the reason they weren’t was that we’ve always assumed that only zoos and wildlife parks could take care of ostrich.”

Dale Coody has learned about ostrich farming by experience. He compiled that information in a booklet OSTRICHES: Your Great Opportunity. He says he wrote that booklet almost in self-defense. “I was spending four to six hours a day on the phone answering questions about ostrich from people all over the nation. They can take that book and learn everything there is to know about raising ostrich.”

One thing Dale Coody points out in his booklet is that in such matters as loading in a trailer, ostriches aren’t handled like domesticated farm animals. Coody’s brother learned that lesson the hard way.

“We were out in Idaho, and we had loaded 12 of the 13 ostrich we were taking back to Oklahoma. The biggest, most aggressive male was resisting. My brother J.T. is a better-than-average cowboy and he decided he would rope the ostrich. Now you have to rope an ostrich around the body, not the neck. And I warned J.T. to do it when the ostrich was going away from him. But J.T. saw the ostrich coming, and he thought it was too good an opportunity to miss. The rope flashed in front of the bird, and the ostrich turned away. It was two steps to my brother. That bird with his head 10 feet up in the air probably never saw J.T. When the ostrich running full speed turned, he hit my brother’s head with his breast bone.”

Coody’s brother spent five and a half weeks in an intensive care unit with a cracked skull.

Not far from Dale Coody’s ostrich farm is another run by Kenneth Roberts near Rush Springs. Roberts says he did not get into the ostrich business until 1987, but he quickly expanded to 50 birds. He buys, sells and breeds ostriches.

Kenneth Roberts says he got into ostrich farming, as many Oklahoma farmers did, as a money-making alternative to cattle. In some ways he believes ostriches are easier to raise than cattle. “Ostrich only require a half-acre of land where cattle require four to six. You just feed and water them. They are adaptable to the weather and very self-sufficient when it comes to predators. I see ostrich farming in Oklahoma as a long, permanent program because the whole bird is marketable.”

Asked if he believes Oklahoma is going to be a major center of ostrich farming in the United States, Kenneth Roberts answers with conviction: “Yes, I definitely do.” Then he pauses and grins. “At least a lot of us are striving to make it that way.”

Writer Jane Beckman lives in Walters, and photographer David Kodesh works from his studio in Oklahoma City.
Take these tips (and a little luck) to the betting window.

By Orinda Herndon

If you don’t know the difference between a Quinella and an Exacta, it may be time you learned.

Pari-mutuel horse racing is one of the most exciting diversions to trot into Oklahoma in recent years. And if you’ve never been to a racetrack, you’ll need to take a quick course in horseracing language before you head to the betting window at Oklahoma City’s Remington Park, which opens Labor Day.

You’ll need to know the difference between win, place or show. You’ll need to know how to bet on the Daily Double and the Pick Six. And most of all, you’ll need to know how to pick a winner.

Choosing a winning horse is easier than you think. In every race, there is a “favorite,” the horse that experts predict will be the first to cross the finish line. If you always bet on the favorite, you’ll win about one-third of the time.

You don’t need a lot of research to tell you which horse is favored to win. The odds for every horse are printed in the official program, an invaluable guide you can pick up at the track.

A lot of people ignore the experts’ advice and bet on a horse simply because they like his name. “Fast As You Can” sounds like a winner; so does “Where’s The Cash.”

Since the top jockeys and trainers are listed in the official program, you may want to place your bet based on their track record. Or you can choose a horse based on its sire and dam (father and mother), color (some people like gray) or sex (some bettors prefer mares).

Two other vital bits of information found in the program are the horse’s number (position at the starting gate) and the color of the jockey’s silks (actually the color of the rider’s helmet and shirt). Sometimes, betting on a lucky number or a favorite color makes good sense. Not only will you save time in making a decision, you can come out ahead by not using any of the rational methods of picking a horse. All the research in the world will not tell you which horse will be the first to push his nose across the finish line. After all, even the experts are wrong two-thirds of the time.

Once you choose a horse, it’s time to decide how much to bet and what type of wager to make. By the way, all bettors must be at least 18 years old. Children under 18 can attend the race, but they can’t cash in at the betting window. You can bet any amount of money on a race, as long as it is at least $2 for each horse. There is no maximum. Just remember to bet with your head—not over it.

There are three types of wagers you can make on every horse: win, place or show. In horseracing language, “win” means to come in first, “place” means to take second, and “show” means to finish third. If you bet “to win,” you collect only if the horse finishes first. If you wager “to place,” you collect if the horse comes in first or second. And if you bet “to show,” you collect if the horse finishes in the top three.

Although it’s easy to occasionally predict a winning horse, it’s hard to pick two winners in a row, and it’s even harder, but not impossible, to pick six winners in a row. Picking multiple winners is the objective of the Daily Double and the Pick Six. In the Daily Double, bettors try to pick the
In the end it all comes down to one question: Which horse will cross the finish line first? That's anybody's bet.

top horse in two consecutive races, usually the first two races of the day. The Pick Six (also called the Sooner Six, Super Six or some other name containing the word “six”) involves six consecutive races. If you can correctly predict the first-place horse in all six races, you can win hundreds or thousands of dollars on a $2 bet. The odds of winning the Pick Six are extremely low but the rewards of winning are high, since any unclaimed money is carried over to the next day. There is also a consolation prize for bettors who correctly guess the next highest number of wins, fewer than six. This is awarded daily regardless of whether anyone picks all six winners.

Two other types of wagers are the Exacta and Quinella. Both involve only one race, but you must predict the first two horses to finish the race. To win the Exacta, you must correctly guess which horse will finish first and which horse will finish second. To win the Quinella, you must predict the first two horses to finish, but not the exact order. Like the Daily Double and the Pick Six, only certain races are designated Exacta and Quinella races.

Regardless of what type of special wagering is allowed, you can still bet on the win, place or show horse on every race.

Before you go to the betting window, visit the paddock, where you can watch the horse and jockey prepare for the race. Get to know the horse before you bet. Observe his looks and personality. Does he hang his head like he could care less about what is going on? Or does he hold his head high and proud as if he already knows who’s going to win? (Maybe he does.)

After the horses leave the paddock for the starting gate, you have plenty of time to place your bet, since it is still about 10 minutes before post time, the time set for the horses to arrive at the starting gate. No bets are taken after post time. It takes just a few seconds to place your bet. Simply tell the cashier the amount of your wager, the type of wager and the number of the horse.

Now you’re ready to watch the race—an event that takes less time than it took to decide your bet. As the starting gate opens, the horses explode down the track, leaving a trail of dust behind them. The roar of the crowd overcomes the announcer’s voice. Then, just as your heartbeat catches up with the hoofbeats, the horses fly across the finish line.

Freelance writer Orinda Herndon lives in Oklahoma City.

Getting There

You can trot out these betting tips at two Oklahoma tracks licensed for pari-mutuel races (that means you can bet). On September 1, the starting gate will open for the first race at Remington Park, in Oklahoma City. Remington Park is at the intersection of I-35 and I-44. General admission is $2, parking is $1.

Blue Ribbon Downs, which is open now through November, is two miles west of Sallisaw on S.H. 64. Take exit 308 from I-40. General admission is $1, parking is $1.

For race times, call Blue Ribbon Downs at (918) 775-7771 and Remington Park at (405) 424-1000.

The Oklahoma Racing Commission also licenses pari-mutuel racing at some fairs. Call the commission at (405) 848-0484 for dates and places.
To get to the Chandler Fourth of July Celebration, follow America’s Main Street—Route 66—as it winds past farms, windmills and peeling barns. Just west of downtown Chandler, near Bell Cow Creek, turn north on National Park Road. Then travel back about 50 years.

On the Fourth of July in Chandler, there is no such thing as a stranger.

In Chandler, folks still celebrate the Fourth with lemonade, turtle races and serious horseshoe pitching. Old Glory waves from mini-marts and hardware stores, covered porches and automobiles. Politicians kiss babies and make speeches from a tree stump.

“This is a great opportunity for families to get together and celebrate the holiday in an old-fashioned way,” says Chandler’s Mayor Mark Rodgers.

A sundry of old games are revived: watermelon seed-spitting, Indian folk dances, a pie pan toss. Local artists and craftsmen display stained glass creations, wood-carved critters and ban-
dana bolo ties. Lincoln County On Stage performs a melodrama that prompts comical ad lib and encourages audience participation. And in the tradition of most Independence Day celebrations, an abundance of holiday song and musical entertainment is provided by the Community Patriotic Chorus.

Cool relief from a hot summer afternoon comes from tall lemonades, homemade sandwiches, brownies and cookies. And just as the day turns to early evening, barbecue ribs, fried catfish and all the fixings are served up with a chime from the dinner bell.

And on the Fourth, there is no such thing as a stranger. Visitors young and old—many migrating from as far as Michigan and Arizona—become transplanted “town settlers” for the day. Newcomers, travelers and regular residents are treated to special recognition during Chandler’s celebration. Awards and gift certificates name the Oldest Settler, the Newest Settler, the longest-married couple and the Traveler’s Award for the former settler who journeyed the farthest distance.

The holiday has a two-fold meaning in Chandler. William Matthew “Bill” Tilghman gave his name to the pages of Oklahoma history books, as well as Chandler’s city park. Tilghman, the former Dodge City marshal who became the chief deputy of Oklahoma Territory, served in the state Senate, and as Lincoln County sheriff, was born July 4, 1856.

It’s appropriate, too, that Chandler celebrates with races on Tilghman’s birthday: Tilghman came to Oklahoma for the ’89 Run and two years later, made a run again in the Chandler area when the Sac and Fox lands were opened.

In anticipation of the Rotarian Turtle Races, nearly 100 pet reptiles are numbered, coached and cheered onward. Saddled in shells decorated with stripes, spots and even red, white and blue fluorescent paint, tortoises squirm and wriggle toward the finish line. The coaches offer their diverse strategies for prepping a grand champion:

“We didn’t feed them today,” says Justin Wright, one of Chandler’s younger citizens and co-owner of three hopeful prize-winners. “I figured they’d run faster on an empty stomach.”

Still, others rely on a jostle here and a jangle there. “What you gotta do is keep after ’em!” a 12-year-old coach explains. “Get ’em agitated. That will make ’em go!”

From the huskiest competitor fresh from a mossy pond to the tiniest creature accompanied by a five-child cheering squad, the turtles disperse in every direction at once. While a few
friendly fellows are coaxed from their shells for a swift crawl to victory, others forego the winner’s circle for a midday nap.

“We come every year especially for the turtle races,” says Virginia Manning, a Chandler resident since 1918. “Last year, each of my 10 great-grandchildren raced a turtle, but this year we’re just entering Popcorn. He ate two tomatoes out of my garden yesterday. I think that’s a good sign.”

Horseshoe pitching, another pioneer sport and the only game played at Chandler’s first Independence Day celebrations, is still a major attraction. Throughout the day, the horseshoe pitchers survey their targets with a cocked hand and narrowed eyes, vying for an award-winning toss. Many of the contestants are seasoned in horseshoe savvy; newcomers need luck to lend them a steady hand. The moments are tense and concentrations are fixed, but the metallic clang of success draws grins from ear to ear. All in all, this is one event where “close” really does count.

Chandler residents are so convinced of the salubrious effects of horseshoe pitching, citizens installed an official court, complete with handmade stakes at the governor’s mansion in Oklahoma City. Governor Henry Bellmon is a regular participant in the Chandler games, and two years ago, First Lady Shirley Bellmon took home a trophy. Elected officials, “mayors on up,” are invited to participate in the celebrity horseshoe pitch. Afterwards, politicians climb aboard the “The Speaker’s Stump,” a big tree stump in the middle of the park decorated in red, white and blue.

Used to be, politicians traveled from churchyard to churchyard to speak, anywhere crowds of people gathered, says resident Elinor White. A tree stump was a natural place for them to be seen and heard.

“Lots of people in Lincoln County still remember those days,” she says. As everyone gathers around the stump in the park, the stories flow.

Horseshoe pitching requires a good throwing arm, and oration requires a silver tongue, but athletes blessed with an agile tongue and pursed lips are more qualified to hurl than unfurl. In the annual Watermelon Seed Spitting contest, competitors fling and sling to their mouth’s content. A group of spitters are instructed with “On your mark... get set... blow!” The winning seed sailed an impressive 15 feet.

With more than 25 events, Chandler’s Fourth of July Celebration and Horseshoe Festival has become the finale of the town’s Independence Week. Beginning the week before with the fire of a miniature cannon on the courthouse lawn, residents rally in daily sing-a-longs, parades, heritage dress contests and patriotic readings. Along Manvel Avenue, the town’s Main Street, homage is paid with festive streamers and holiday decorations. “We have more flags up than ever before and we keep them flying all through the year,” Mayor Rodgers says. “Our Fourth of July celebration gives everyone a chance to show their patriotism. That’s the whole idea.”

Freelance writer Vickie Dawkins is based in Tulsa. David Koelsch, who lives in Oklahoma City, photographs frequently for Oklahoma TODAY.
**JULY • AUGUST '88**

**ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR**

**PRIME TIMES**

- **July 16-Aug. 28** The Cat in the Hat Comes Back when original drawings by Dr. Seuss—Theodor Seuss Geisel—are shown at the OU Museum of Art in Norman.
- **July 15-17** For sheer variety, it’s hard to match Enid’s Summerfest: Lumberjacks, arts and crafts, the Enid Symphony, Chinese acrobats, hot air balloon races, even an antique steam engine and tractor show, all convene at Woodring Airport.
- **Aug. 8-14** Reserve your spot at Edmond’s Oak Tree Golf Club when the greatest names in golf battle for one of golf’s biggest titles—the PGA Championship.
- **Aug. 18-20** Drive a herd of rangy Longhorns through town, then make camp in Yukon when the town celebrates cattle driving at the Chisholm Trail Festival.
- **Aug. 27** On Sucker Day, join Wetumka as it remembers the day a traveling salesman conned the whole town into preparing for a circus—that never existed.

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**MUSEUMS & GALLERIES**

**JULY**

1-30 Seabourn Exhibit, Five Civilized Tribes Museum, Muskogee, (918) 683-1701
1-10 Enté: Maquettes, Sculpture and Drawings, OK Museum of Art, OKC, (405) 840-2759
1-19 "Works of Anna Bell Birckett," Travertine Nature Center, Sulphur, (405) 622-3165
1-31 "Cheyennes...Then and Now," Archie Blackowl and Ben Buffalo, The Galleria, Norman, (405) 329-1225
1-Aug. 7 "The Russian Scene," Proctor Jones, OK Museum of Art, OKC, (405) 840-2759
1-Aug. 13 Paper Works, Firehouse Art Center, Norman, (405) 329-4523
10-Aug. 21 "Photography by David Hockney," Philbrook Museum of Art, Tulsa, (918) 749-7941
12-Aug. 21 Exhibit, Steve Ligget and Charlotte Rhea, Kirkpatrick Gallery, OKC, (405) 427-5461

**AUGUST**

1-Sept. 30 "Revolutionary Ideals and Images," Travertine Nature Center, Sulphur, (405) 622-3165
23-Oct. 21 Exhibit, John Brandenburg and Deborah Samimi Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461

**DRAMA**

**JULY**

1-9 "Hot'l Baltimore," Heller Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 592-7877
1-10 OK Shakespearean Festival, Durant, (405) 924-0120
5-16 "The Wiz," Lyric Theatre, OKC, (405) 282-2800

July-August 1988
8-Aug. 7 Musical Comedy Murders of the 1940s, Theatre Pops, Performing Art Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7111
14-17, 21-24 "Annie!" Edmond Community Theatre, Judd Theatre, Edmond, (405) 478-4452
19-30 "Woman of the Year," Lyric Theatre, OKC, (405) 524-7111
29-Aug. 27 "See How They Run," Pollard Theatre, Guthrie, (405) 282-2800
29-Aug. 14 "Guys and Dolls," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7877
26-31 "Music Man," Civic Center, OKC, (405) 231-2584

AUGUST
2-13 "Little Shop of Horrors," Lyric Theatre, OKC, (405) 524-7111
12-13, 19-20 "Whodunit?" Ft. Sill Theatre, Lawton, (405) 351-4519
19-21, 26-28 "The Nerd," Edmond Community Theatre, Judd Theatre, Edmond, (405) 478-4452

MUSIC & DANCE

JULY
1-2 OK Corral, OK Sinfonia, Performing Arts Center, (918) 592-7111
3, 10, 17, 24, 31 Outdoor Concerts, Will Rogers Park, OKC, (405) 236-1426
4 OK Sinfonia Concert, Boulder Park, Tulsa, (918) 592-7877
7 Twilight Concert, Chandler Park, Tulsa, (918) 583-0032
12, 19, 26 Starlight Concerts, Reynolds Amphitheatre, Tulsa, (918) 582-0051
21 Eddie Skeet Orchestra, Hilton Inn, Tulsa, (918) 742-5066

AUGUST
7, 14, 21, 28 Outdoor Concerts, Mount St. Mary’s Campus, OKC, (405) 236-1426
11 Twilight Concert, Chandler Park, Tulsa, (918) 583-0032
14 KVOO Country Show and Picnic, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
20 Starlight Concert, Reynolds Amphitheatre, Tulsa, (918) 582-0051

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

JULY
1-3 Huckleberry Festival, Jay, (918) 786-2289
14 4th of July Festival, Edmond, (405) 341-2174
2 Rising Stars Arts and Crafts Festival, Lindsay, (405) 756-4312
3 Honor America Day, Randlett Park, Anadarko, (405) 247-6651
4 4th of July Family Fun Festival, Eldon Lyon Park, Bethany, (405) 789-1256
4 Moore Independence Day Celebration, 12th Street Community Park, Moore, (405) 794-3400
4 4th of July Celebration and Horseshoe Festival, Tilghman Park, Chandler, (405) 258-0673
5-9 Santa Fe Days, Shawnee, (405) 273-6092
6-9 Bluegrass and Gospel Music Festival, Powderhorn Park, Langley, (918) 253-8471
8-9 Midsummer Night’s Fair, Firehouse Art Center, Norman, (405) 329-4523
14-16 Cookson Jubilee, Cookson, (918) 457-9914
14-17 Striped Bass Festival, Mannford, (918) 865-3000
15-17 Frontier Days, Tecumseh, (405) 351-4519
16-18 Tulsa County Fair, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
18-20 Chisholm Trail Festival, Yukon, (405) 354-3567
23-27 Oklahoma Free Fair, Miami, (918) 786-2289
24-27 Carnegie Free Fair, City Park, Carnegie, (405) 654-1876
24-28 Sucker Day Festival, Wetumka, (405) 452-3237
25-27 Hinton Free Fair, Hinton, (405) 542-6428
29-31 Woods County Free Fair, Alva, (405) 327-2786

AUGUST
3-7 Grant’s Bluegrass Festival, Salt Creek Park, Hugo, (405) 326-5598
6-13 Frontier Days, Tecumseh, (405) 354-3567
13 Watermelon Festival, Rush Springs, (405) 255-3644
13 Langley Day Festival, Langley, (918) 782-3066
16-18 Ottawa County Free Fair, Miami, (918) 786-2289
23-27 Oklahoma Free Fair, City Park, Carnegie, (405) 654-1876
24-28 Sucker Day Festival, Wetumka, (405) 452-3237
25-27 Hinton Free Fair, Hinton, (405) 542-6428
29-31 Woods County Free Fair, Alva, (405) 327-2786

RODEO & HORSE EVENTS

JULY
2-3 Paint Horse Show, Handy Murphy Arena, Ardmore, (405) 478-1599
6-7 Paint Horse Show, Drumright, (405) 478-1599
9-10 Buckskin Horse Show, Claremore, (918) 341-5045
9-10 Pinto Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
14-16 Palomino World Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
14-16 Comanche Homecoming and Rodeo, Walters, (405) 549-6573
14-17 Int’l Round-Up Cavalcade, Pawhuska, (918) 287-1208
20-23 Elks PRCA Rodeo, Crystal Beach Park, Woodward, (405) 256-8202
21-23 Int’l Cavalcade Rodeo, Pawhuska, (918) 287-3164
22-24 State 4-H Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113

Oklahoma TODAY
### ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>23-24</td>
<td>Sooner Appaloosa Horse Show, Expo Square</td>
<td>(918) 744-1113</td>
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<td>26-30</td>
<td>Int’l Pony of the Americas Show, State Fairgrounds Arena, OKC</td>
<td>(405) 278-8905</td>
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<td>28-29</td>
<td>Wranglers Pioneer Rodeo, Fairview</td>
<td>(405) 227-4511</td>
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<tr>
<td>28-30</td>
<td>Rodeo, Nance Park, Clinton</td>
<td>(405) 323-2720</td>
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<tr>
<td>29-30</td>
<td>Ketchum Round-Up Club Rodeo, Ketchum</td>
<td>(918) 782-2014</td>
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<tr>
<td>29-31</td>
<td>Open Rodeo, Stigler</td>
<td>(918) 689-7751</td>
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<tr>
<td>9-10</td>
<td>Airshow 88, Haskell Airport</td>
<td>(918) 482-3030</td>
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<tr>
<td>15-17</td>
<td>El Reno Buckle Show, Fairgrounds, El Reno</td>
<td>(405) 262-0360</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Spearfishing Contest, Langley</td>
<td>(918) 782-2227</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Int’l Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Contest, Foster Park, Stroud</td>
<td>(918) 968-3321</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Mrs. Oklahoma Pageant, Brady Theatre</td>
<td>(918) 492-7457</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>22-25</td>
<td>OK Charity Jumpfest, Shawnee Municipal Airport, Shawnee</td>
<td>(405) 340-5467</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Sand Castle Contest, River Parks, Tulsa,</td>
<td>(918) 582-0051</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Illinois River Float Trip and Clean-Up,</td>
<td>(918) 456-3251</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>29-31</td>
<td>Motorcycle Show, Community Center, Elk City</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### SPECIAL EVENTS

**JULY**

1-4  | Centennial Quilt Show, Community Center, Grove                                          | (918) 786-5167                     |          |
2-9   | Heritage Days, El Reno                                                                   | (405) 262-1188                     |          |
2-3   | Ponca City Grand Prix, Lake Ponca Park, Ponca City, (405) 767-8888                      |          |
2-4   | Threshing Bee, Major County Historical Society Complex, Fairview                        | (405) 237-3788                     |          |
3     | Sand Drags, Little Sahara Recreational Area, Waynoka, (405) 824-0001                     |          |
4     | Fireworks Display, River Parks, Tulsa                                                  | (918) 582-0051                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Sequoyah State Park and Western Hills Guest Ranch, Wagoner,    | (918) 772-2046                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Sequoyah State Park and Western Hills Guest Ranch, Wagoner,    | (918) 772-2046                     |          |
4     | Boat Parade and Fireworks, Lake Murray State Park and Resort, Ardmore                   | (405) 223-4044                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Rader Park, Weatherford                                        | (405) 772-2819                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Texoma State Park and Resort                                  | (405) 564-2566                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Spectacular, George E. Francis Park, Miami                                  | (918) 542-4481                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Quartz Mountain State Park and Resort, Lone Wolf               | (405) 563-2268                     |          |
4     | Ride-In Breakfast and Parade, Pawnee Bill State Park                                    | (918) 762-2513                     |          |
4     | 4th of July Celebration, Roman Nose State Park and Resort                               | (405) 623-4215                     |          |
8-10  | Eastern OK Woodcarver’s Show, Kensington                                                  | (918) 627-5169                     |          |
9     | Old Greer County Pioneer Reunion, Courtyard, Mangum, (405) 782-2444                     |          |
9-10  | 4th of July Celebration, Sequoyah State Park and Western Hills Guest Ranch, Wagoner,    | (918) 772-2046                     |          |
15-17  | El Reno Buckle Show, Fairgrounds, El Reno                                               | (405) 262-0360                     |          |
16    | Spearfishing Contest, Langley                                                            | (918) 782-2227                     |          |
16    | Int’l Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Contest, Foster Park, Stroud                        | (918) 968-3321                     |          |
16    | Mrs. Oklahoma Pageant, Brady Theatre                                                    | (918) 492-7457                     |          |
22-25  | OK Charity Jumpfest, Shawnee Municipal Airport, Shawnee                                  | (405) 340-5467                     |          |
23    | Sand Castle Contest, River Parks, Tulsa,                                                 | (918) 582-0051                     |          |
29    | Illinois River Float Trip and Clean-Up,                                                  | (918) 456-3251                     |          |
29-31  | Motorcycle Show, Community Center, Elk City                                              |                                     |          |

### INDIAN EVENTS

**JULY**

1-4  | Pawnee Veterans’ Homecoming Pow Wow, Fairgrounds, Pawnee,                                 | (918) 762-3624                     |          |
1-3  | Quapaw Pow Wow, Beaver Springs Park, Quapaw                                             | (918) 542-1853                     |          |
8-10  | Tonkawa Tribal Pow Wow, Ft. Oakland Reserve, Tonkawa,                                    | (405) 628-3749                     |          |
8-10  | Sac and Fox Pow Wow, Sac and Fox Capitol,                                                 | (918) 968-3526                     |          |
14-17 | Pow Wow, Mohawk Park, Tulsa,                                                            | (918) 227-2091                     |          |
14-17 | Otoe-Missouria Encampment, Noble County,                                                | (405) 723-4418                     |          |
29-31 | Indian Hills Pow Wow, OKC,                                                                | (405) 787-3959                     |          |

**AUGUST**

5-7   | Kaw Pow Wow, Washunga Bay Area, Kaw City,                                                | (405) 269-2552                     |          |
15-20  | American Indian Exposition, Caddo County Fairgrounds, Anadarko,                          | (405) 247-6651                     |          |
25-28  | Ponca Pow Wow, Ponca City,                                                               | (405) 767-8888                     |          |
26-28  | Inter-Tribal Indian Club Pow Wow of Champions,                                           | (918) 836-1523                     |          |
31-Sept 5 | Cherokee Nat’l Holiday, Shawnee,                                                       | (918) 456-0671                     |          |

Although the information in this calendar is current, dates and details can change without notice. Please check in advance before attending any event.