Three Good Years...

With this issue Oklahoma Today completes its third full year of publication. We print the following not to crow, or toot the old horn—just wanting to share the sort of thing that has made these three good years.

Just bits of hundreds of letters that have come in from all over the globe expressing so much new-born interest—and most precious of all, even love—for this remarkable spot of earth, dreams and people known as Oklahoma . . .

...extremely interesting. I should like to be the personal recipient of your magazine."

Lewis W. Gillenson, Editor,
CORONET,
New York-Chicago

"This is one of the best and most beautiful publications and one in which I have been interested . . ."

Grace Ingle
Los Angeles, Calif.

"I play with oils & have copied a number of your pictures. That is why I am anxious to have a local scene. Best wishes."

Mrs. Lilah S. Jones
McAlester, Okla.

"... think it is the best advertising (good form) that our state has ever had. My wife and I have given 7 subscriptions as gifts. Four of them out of the state."

C. L. Godfrey
Waynoka, Okla.

"This is one of the best and most beautiful publications and one in which I have been interested . . ."
OKLAHOMA'S SIXTEENTH GOVERNOR

J. Howard Edmondson, sixteenth Governor of the State of Oklahoma, was born September 27, 1925, in Muskogee, Oklahoma. He received his public school education in Muskogee, graduating from high school there in 1942. He then entered the University of Oklahoma.

While a student at the University, he entered the armed services, serving as Flight Officer in the Air Corps. At the close of World War II, he re-entered the University of Oklahoma School of Law, receiving his LL.B. degree in 1948.

He established a private law practice in Muskogee, and was appointed Chief Criminal Prosecutor for the Tulsa County attorney in 1953. In 1954, the Tulsa county attorney retired to private law practice, and J. Howard Edmondson was elected to that office. He was reelected in 1956, serving in that capacity until his election as Governor of Oklahoma, by the largest majority ever received by a candidate for that office.

J. Howard Edmondson and his wife, Jeannette, have three children; Jimmie, age ten-years; Jeanne, eight; and Patty, six. They are members of the Presbyterian Church. His hobbies are water skiing, and fishing. Being thirty-three years-of-age, J. Howard Edmondson is the youngest Governor in Oklahoma's history, and the youngest Governor of any of the forty-nine states of the Union.

AN HISTORIC SERVICE SPECIAL
from the first."
Maurine Halliburton
The American Mercury
New York, N. Y.

"Congratulations on the outstanding magazine that you have
created. It is a very definite contribution to the American cultural scene."
Donald B. Hyatt, Asst. Prod.
NBC Project Twenty
New York, N. Y.

"Ever since my visit to Oklahoma two years ago, I have felt a keen
interest in your bustling state. So I always go through Oklahoma
Today with more attention than I devote to the dozens of other
regional periodicals that cross my desk. I have noticed a steady
improvement in the magazine and wish to compliment you on it.
Continued on page 34

PHOTO BY HOPKINS PHOTOGRAPHY CO.

A SALUTE TO THE INTERNATIONAL PETROLEUM EXPOSITION

The 1959 International Petroleum Exposition, May 14-23, in
Tulsa, will be the largest ever held. Celebrating 100 years of oil,
more than 500 million dollars worth of oil equipment will be dis-
played to more than 500 thousand people.

Fifteen hundred exhibits will be erected on the thirty-acre Exposi-
tion grounds. Reservations for visitors from 48 foreign nations have
already been received, and the Exposition will welcome 2,000
international delegates to the world's largest trade fair.

Of greatest interest to the general public will be the huge parade
in Tulsa, on May 16th, and the Hall of Science at the Exposition
grounds which will display scientific and technological advances
in the industry, in the largest museum of industrial science then
currently showing in the world.

Oklahoma Today congratulates the Oil Industry and the City of
Tulsa on this monumental project.
TWO TOP RUNS FOR THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY ARE JUST A SMALL PART OF THE GREAT GAME OF LIFE FOR...

JOHN STEELE

ZINK

John Steele Zink is a hard man to place in a niche. Nationally he is best known as the millionaire sportsman whose racing cars have twice won the Memorial Day 500-mile race at Indianapolis, and last year won the International 500-mile race at Monza, Italy, at a speed of almost 170 miles-per-hour, the fastest automobile race in history.

He is a well known bench rest shooting enthusiast. The recent annual championship matches of the National Bench Rest Shooters' Assn. were held on his Osage County ranch. His offices contain what is likely the world's largest collection of antique celery holders, plus collections of footgear, hats, and shrunken heads. He has been known to greet visitors to his office by firing a fusillade of pistol slugs over their heads into a pillar outside his office door, and entertains guests at his ranch...
Thirty years ago this rugged individualist began his business as a one-man operation in his garage. His company manufactures industrial burners, heating and cooling equipment, and burners for power applications. Thirty years of hard work have seen it grow to the point where Zink burners are now operating in virtually every country in the world, and besides the U.S. are manufactured in England, France, and Germany.

The Zink plant today occupies an extremely valuable ten acre tract in Tulsa. From it comes the heating equipment that warms homes, offices, and factories, particularly in the southwest, and the powerful burners so essential to the oil refineries of the United States. Jutting into the sky amid the Zink plant buildings is a research furnace used almost continually by the petroleum industry in its constant search for better ways of refining crude oil.

Most of the men now in administrative jobs once worked in the production departments. This includes Zink’s son, John S. (for Smith) Zink, better known as Jack, who has served hitches as janitor, general flunky, welder, painter, salesman, engineer, and is now assuming more and more executive duties.

The Zink Company office often overwhelsms visitors so that they forget why they came. It looks like a combination trophy room, art gallery, banquet room, gymnasium, library, and armory. The walls are hung with Oriental tapestries and valuable paintings, and the rooms are dotted with pieces of exotic sculpture.

Firearms, knives, the shrunken heads, and the collection of celery holders are displayed in profusion. At one end of the large central room is a huge table which groans under what must be the most lavish grouping of silver coffee urns, tea pots, and other eating accoutrements this side of Tiffany’s.

Continued on page 28
Excitement? Wild Risks?
Hard case toughs
and tougher lawmen?
Take your choice...

OIL RUSH
vs
GOLD RUSH

The silver and gold rush towns, Virginia City, Alder Gulch, Tombstone, the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, have all added striking color to the weave that is Americana. Equally colorful, uniquely so, are the oil rush towns; Seminole, Bowlegs, Drumright, Ragtown, Glenpool's Kiefer...

It is a perhaps surprising fact that any single one of the oil rushes that spawned these towns produced more wealth than all the gold rushes in American history. Considering this, and the short-lived violence that marked the oil rush towns, it seems inevitable that those tumultuous times will eventually be immortalized in romantic, melodramatic fiction, as have the gold rush towns.

There is some similarity in the pattern that created both. Gold rush towns were created by the discovery of mineral wealth on, or so near the surface of the earth that it was available to anyone who luckily chose the right claim and was willing to work. In much the same way came the oil rush towns, and times have changed in such a way that they can never exist again.

Lit by the weird angry flicker of gas waste flares in the night, the endless explosive exhaust of steam boiler driven cable tool rigs, the clank of tools boring into the earth, air rank with the stench of gas and sulphurous crude, streets of swirling dust or hub-deep mud morass through which freighters drove their plunging teams with blacksnake whips that cracked like gunfire, a more stirring setting can hardly be imagined for the background of tragedy and comedy and life and death that played out their run in dozens of these wild towns.

Two elements combined to bring about the birth of an oil boom town. The first was the discovery of oil in a shallow pool so close to the surface that it could be reached by relatively inexpensive drilling. The second element evolved because shallow, low-cost drilling enabled a large number of small companies or individuals to purchase leases and drill on them.

Oil, being liquid, could readily flow across property lines and each operator was forced to drill quick and often lest he lose his oil to wells on the adjoining lease. The
drilling crews of the boomtown era were usually young men, unmarried or unwilling to move their wives and families into the roughness and violence of a town grown overnight to many times its former size, with all the resulting lack of modern conveniences.

Without family life to stabilize them, the oilfield crews were ready to buy entertainment and amusement in its rawest forms. Riffraff from all over the nation saw an opportunity to make a fast buck. Gamblers, bootleggers, shady ladies, swarmed in and the atmosphere became ripe for social explosion.

The explosions were quick in coming. Fortunately, the oil rush towns were born into twentieth century law enforcement rather than on the wild and distant frontiers of the 1800's. Rather than roaring wide open for decades, three or four years were usually sufficient to bring the wildest ones under control and establish law and order.

But they were rough while they lasted, and there is plenty of excitement in each of them to fill a book if all the stories were gathered and told. Wirt, nicknamed “Rag-town” because of its abundance of tents, virtually had a “man for breakfast” every morning, in true tradition of the old Wild West.

The population of the oilfield around Ragtown boomed almost instantaneously to more than 20,000 men, with practically no law enforcement for the oilfield. Carter County’s rough and rugged sheriff, Buck Garrett, brought in one-hundred-and-forty gallons of whiskey, ten bootleggers, and a tentful of gambling paraphernalia on his first raid into the area.

When Ragtown lawlessness reached such proportions that the sheriff’s force had to be called out every three or four days to quell a riot, Buck Garrett decided to appoint a special oilfield deputy. One deputy to police 20,000 trouble hunting roughnecks may seem an incredible assignment, but Buck had picked quite a man for the job. That one man was Bud Ballew.

While he served as oilfield deputy Bud Ballew killed at least eight men in gunfights. His method of law enforcement became increasingly controversial. When a number of citizens began to ask which side of the law Ballew
Not just gasoline and motor oil; a host of things including plastics, petro-chemicals, and many, many pay-checks are the products of the

Black Gold of Oklahoma

by Henry D. Ralph
Chief Editorial Writer,
Oil and Gas Journal

“How many oil wells do you own?” my friends back east like to ask.

The answer is none; but oil is the backbone of Oklahoma’s economy, and every Oklahoman who doesn’t own an oil well — and that’s most of us — shares in the benefits of the state’s production.

My eastern friends have a quaint misconception of the oil business here — doubtless based on movies of early-day wildcating and boom towns. Oil and Oklahoma have been synonymous for half a century, but today’s oil industry bears little resemblance to that of 50 years ago.

We’re still drilling wells — some 6,000 to 8,000 every year — but that’s only one part of the business. An Oklahoma oil man today is likely to be a scientist, an accountant, a chemist, metallurgist, engineer, draughtsman, lawyer, or operator of an electronic calculator.

A tourist driving through the state would see the famous oil derricks around the Capitol in Oklahoma City, and a few other fields not far from his highway in various places. But unless he looked closely he wouldn’t see much other evidence of how widespread the industry is.

Actually, oil and gas are produced from 80,000 wells in 1,700 fields located in 70 of Oklahoma’s 77 counties. And almost exactly half of the state’s total acreage is under oil and gas lease for future exploration.

Tulsa advertises itself as the “Oil Capital of the World” — a claim that could not have been challenged 40 years ago. But today a couple of dozen Oklahoma cities, large and small, are important centers of oil operations and the homes of large groups of oil men.

And Oklahoma oil men live in homes — their own homes — not in camps nor in “company towns” such as are found in mining regions. They are family men with
center. But almost without exception, whenever an oil man is transferred into Oklahoma he buys a house and he and his family immediately enter into community life with enthusiasm and permanence. Long gone are the fly-by-nights who migrated from one new oil play to another.

The lone-wolf wildcatter who makes long-shot gambles with his own money is still around to add color and spice to the oil industry. But the vast majority of oil men are salaried employees, working regular hours for good and steady pay.

The payoff, of course, is getting oil and gas out of the ground, and some 50,000 Oklahomans are engaged in drilling and producing activities scattered throughout the fields. Another 10,000 or so are engaged in processing the oil in the state’s 14 refineries, and some 3,000 in operating the 30,000 miles of pipelines that move it throughout the state and toward destinations all over the country.

Uncounted thousands more are busy in offices and laboratories working out more efficient ways to find oil, to drill wells, to increase production, to make more powerful gasoline, and to turn crude oil into the more than 2,500 chemical products which can be made from it.

Wildcatting for one of the world’s deepest wells, 21,500 feet down beneath Western Oklahoma, 7 miles west of Binger. Chances are by the time you read this, the apparatus shown here will either have helped discover one of the biggest new gas fields in Oklahoma’s history—or all the major oil companies in the state will be nursing a multi-million-dollar headache. These photos show the “jack-knife” derrick going up—a self-erecting structure as high as a 15 story building. This was over a year ago. Now, $2½-million dollars later, the drill bit nears the hoped-for gas formation over 4 miles down. The well is the Anadarko Basin Number One. You’ll recognize the name—if it hits. The Grande Corp., Gulf Oil Corp., Tekoil Corp., Baruch-Kenilwood Oil Corp., and Kenneth Ellison & Associates are doing the drilling.

Again using Tulsa only as a typical example, a recent count showed 1,000 professional people employed in the research laboratories maintained in that city by oil companies and other companies affiliated with the industry such as equipment manufacturers, oil-well servicing companies, and seismograph contractors. Of this group, 121 had Ph.D. degrees, 140 had master’s degrees, and all the rest were college trained.

The oil and gas produced in Oklahoma sells in its unprocessed state at the wellhead for around three-quarters of a billion dollars annually, and more than half of that

Continued on Page 31
PART I: THE WESTERN HALF

Take the advice of a man who's been there often—there are a lot of surprises in store for . . .

THE TRAVELER IN OKLAHOMA

BY R. G. MILLER

"Smoking Room" columnist, Daily Oklahoman

The purpose of this story is to remind Oklahoma people, and 1959's visitors, of the sights to see and the glories to behold in the western half of the state. Therefore the ramblings and pinpoints from here to the end deal with the area west of the Santa Fe railroad which pretty well splits the state down the middle.

Western Oklahoma is the region where Coronado and his group of explorers made tracks 79 years before the Mayflower landed on Plymouth Rock; where the Basket Makers lived 2,000 years ago, and where dinosaurs roamed the edges of an inland sea 100 million years ago. In this region there is an abundance of mesquite, cactus and mesas of climes farther west; of magnolias, cotton and southern cooking representing the deeper south, and a population of people from nearly every state in the union whose friendliness and hospitality are unsurpassed.

The main part of Oklahoma's bread basket (meaning wheat fields and flour mills) is in the western counties, and the major portion of the state's select sirloin beef-steak output originates there.

But this is supposed to be a story of sights to see in the state's western half. So let's get going. No attempt is being made here to lay out a continuing, connected itinerary for people to follow. Attention simply is called to some of the most interesting places to visit, and people can make the trips one at a time as they feel the urge to see and know Oklahoma. The sights listed do not appear in the order of their beauty, interest or importance. But all are highly recommended for visitation. This writer has visited them all over and over again.

In far western Cimarron county the landscape is spectacularly dotted with the state's queerest formations of rocks. In that same section are the state's largest deposits of petrified wood, including one redwood log which is eight feet in diameter at its base and five feet thick at the other end, 105 feet away. Cliffs which housed primitive civilization also are there. Incidentally, the state's highest point of elevation, from sea level, is the Black Mesa, nearby.

In Texas county, at Goodwell, a high-level museum of western Oklahoma history is maintained, and in the summer season visitors find 45,000 acres of flatlands under irrigation. There's another interesting historical museum in Beaver City. And still another in Alva.

In Woodward county visitors are intrigued by a trip through the Alabaster cave near the Cimarron river; this cave is one and a quarter miles long, 185 feet deep, contains 30 rooms filled with pure alabaster of several colors and the temperature inside remains at 56 degrees the year around. Near the city of Woodward, visit Boiling Spring state park, a woodsy showplace on the plains.

In Woods county, just south of Waynoka, don't miss the Cimarron sand dunes; take off shoes and stockings and climb to their peaks. A beautiful freak of nature and erosion, the Chimney Rock, is nearby.

The Great Salt Plains are located in Cherokee county near the city of the same name; it is 30,000 acres of flat salt surface, 10,000 acres of which are covered with water and used as a wildfowl refuge. In early spring and early autumn millions of ducks and geese may be seen on the watery plains. This salt is not mined commercially, but commercial salt mines may be found at Edith in Woods county and near Erick in Beckham county.

In Major county, west of Orienta, are the Glass mountains; artists and cameramen go there to make pictures when the afternoon sun rays cause the formations to glisten marvelously.

The Antelope hills are in the northern part of Roger Mills county. Much history was made there by Indians, explorers and early-day cattlemen.

In Blaine county vacationers and weekenders flock to Roman Nose state park which includes a magnificent
lodge, swimming pool, lakes and bridle paths. North of the park several miles the Salt Creek canyon is one of nature's most interesting places to see and make pictures.

The Wichita mountains in Comanche and Kiowa counties attract more than a million sightseers and picnickers each season. There are 30 lakes within the U. S. wildlife refuge and visitors like to see the herds of buffalo, elk, deer and wild turkeys, with towns of prairie dogs for good measure. A paved road to the peak of Mount Scott, 2,455 feet up, is well used every day, and visitors like to look down on beautiful Lake Lawtonka. The sunrise Easter service at Holy City, in these mountains, often draws as many as 50,000 visitors.

Quartz Mountain state park with its rugged western scenery, a fine vacation lodge and a 10,000-acre lake for boating and fishing, is in Kiowa county. More than two million people a year enjoy reunions and picnics in this park. Nearby is the historic Devil's canyon, dating from the 1600s; it is walled in by scenic rock hills, and a movement is under way to acquire this canyon for a state park.

While visiting the Quartz Mountain park and its lake, make it a point to be there at sunset. Some of the most beautifully colored sunsets are on view there when the cloud formations co-operate with the rock hills and the waving lake water.

Just south of the Quartz Mountain lodge, in Jackson and Greer counties, 70,000 acres of farm land are irrigated from water out of the lake. It is a sight to see the large irrigation canal system in operation.

West of Mangum, in Greer county, are two sets of bat caves. People like to visit these places, near Jester and Reed, and see millions of bats fly in at dawn and fly out at sundown.

In Washita county thousands of people visit the Corn caves, northwest of the town of Corn. It is real adventure to go through these caves.

One of the show places in Oklahoma is Indian City, USA, just south of Anadarko. Tribal villages are maintained just as they were more than a century ago, and Indians put on good shows for visitors. In Anadarko also visit the Southern Plains museum of history and art.

Skipping around over the western part of the state, these places are recommended for visitation: The Pioneer Woman statue and museum in Ponca City; the Scottish Rite temple in Guthrie; the Indian battlefield of 1868 near the town of Cheyenne; the state's quail hatchery at Darlington, near El Reno; the monument stone quarries at Snyder, Granite and Roosevelt; Fort Sill's artillery and missile center; the state's largest pecan tree, a few miles south of Hobart; the 75-acre field of canna in bloom in late August, northwest of Fort Cobb.

One of Oklahoma's greatest needs is for its own people to get better acquainted with their own state. It is hoped that this story will generate interest among thousands of families to do more traveling and visiting in the state this year.
PART I: THE WESTERN HALF

The fresh new land that was Oklahoma comes to life again through the sketchbook of

1853

THE TRAVELER IN OKLAHOMA

In 1853, Baldwin Möllhausen, a German artist and author, crossed Oklahoma with the Pacific Railroad Survey under the command of Lieut A. W. Whipple. These brief excerpts, sketches, and engravings are from Möllhausen's engrossing journal, a part of the Oklahoma State Historical Society's priceless Whipple collection. For complete accounts of the trip, we recommend that you read historians Muriel H. Wright's and George H. Shirk's articles on the survey in Vol. XXXI, No. 4, and Vol. XXVIII, No. 3, of The Chronicles of Oklahoma.

Old Fort, or as it is sometimes called, Camp Arbuckle, served but a very short time as a residence for a garrison, which was afterwards moved thirty miles southward to the new fort of the same name. The abandoned post was then given to a Delaware chief named Si-ki-to-ma-ker (Black Beaver), who had done the United States good service in the Mexican war as a hunter and guide.

The fort itself is such as one might expect to find in these wild regions, consisting of a number of log houses built in a right angle at the edge of the forest, about a mile from the Canadian, which formerly served as barracks for soldiers; and there is also a separate court surrounded by a high palisade, that is intended as a place of refuge for cattle in case of attack.

Several Delaware families have now taken advantage of the abandoned barracks, and are continuing the cultivation of the rice fields layed out by the former garrison.

Domestic animals of all kinds increase here without any care . . .

Here, on the extreme frontier of civilization on the borders of the boundless wilderness, the Delawares can gratify to their hearts' content their love of adventure . . . travelers may therefore consider themselves fortunate who are able to engage some of this race as scouts and hunters.

Any at all remarkable feature of a country that a Delaware has seen but once in his life, he will recognize again years afterwards, let him approach it from what point he may, and tracts of country that he enters for the first time, he needs only to glance over, in order to declare with certainty in what direction water will be found.

The time of our sojourn at Fort Arbuckle passed very quickly; some of us made excursions to the neighboring Delawares, or to the Canadian River, which we were now to lose for awhile, though to meet with again beyond the Antelope Hills; others went about botanising upon its desolate willow-covered banks, or searched about its broad sandy bed for a place deep enough to bathe or fish in with small nets.

BOY IN WATERFALL

A boy's world as spring gives way to summer holds magic in many places. A good many people find adventure at this particular spot, Turner Falls, near Davis; for some of the largest church recreation camps in the world are located in the surrounding area. The Arbuckle Mountain streams, water falls, and rugged scenic terrain have long been a favorite spot for vacations and outings.

COLOR PHOTO BY R. JEMNE
Amidst these occupations evening came on unperceived; and then, when all was quiet, the astronomers set to work at their observations of a newly discovered comet, but the rest of the company gathered around the Black Beaver...

“What kind of hunting shall we find in the great plains?” asked one of them after a pause.

“There’s many a creature that you can go after, wanders about these prairies,” answered the Black Beaver, “and especially there’s the buffalo, countless herds of them; but at this time of year you won’t often get a shot at them, as they are all going north. They find the sun here too warm for their shaggy hides.”

On the 22nd of August, our Expedition left the fort. The Black Beaver gave us the benefit of his escort for the first day, and brought us to a spot where, on close examination, the tracks of old wagon wheels were discovered. It was the path by which, years before this, some Delawares had led Captain Marcy. Nobody but an Indian, certainly, would have thought of calling it a road, where the eye could distinguish nothing of the kind, and only the softest moccasins permitted a slight ridge in the ground under the thick grass to be felt.

We followed, however, in the direction to which he had pointed, and journeyed on in the neighborhood of Walnut Creek; now over far-stretching grassy uplands, now through deep-wooded ravines; it was still the “rolling” prairie that we were traveling on, but the rolling waves had now become mighty billows, and the beds of rustling brooks had changed to deep chasms, at the brink of which we often had to stop and consider how we should get to the other side.
Doctor," cried the narrator, suddenly seizing his companion by the shoulder, while he pointed with the other hand to some distant object, "look over that first hill there, and you will see a wood. Run your eye along that dark streak, and at the end of it you will see some black specks—like bushes standing apart, those are buffaloes!" The old Doctor's sportsmanlike ardour was aroused in an instant...

"Hurrah! Buffaloes!" exclaimed the eager old gentleman, cocking his rifle, and like his companions, using vigorous use of his spurs. To overtake a herd of frightened buffaloes with mules would, however, not be very possible.

Our would-be buffalo hunters, with the old Doctor at their head, reached camp at a later hour. It was pitched between the sources of Walnut Creek and Deer Creek, and consequently about the middle of the Cross Timbers, the strips of forest that form such a remarkable feature of this region. Throughout their whole extent the Cross Timbers show the same character; the trees are chiefly dwarf oaks, standing with such wide spaces between them that wagons can drive through with great ease; the soil is sandy and barren, and only in the neighborhood of great rivers, intersected by a few brooks; but wherever they are found, the oaks assume a loftier, more vigorous growth, and also tolerate willows as their neighbors. Where heavy

rains have laid bare the ground, you see a reddish loam, crossed by white streaks of gypsum, which broadens as they proceed westward, until they reach the enormous bed of gypsum that begins at Rock Marv and the Natural Mounds.

BOAT AT SUNSET

One of the pleasures of lake boating has been caught in this scene typical of Oklahoma lakes—in this case, Overholser near Oklahoma City. What better way to escape the concerns of our busy, turbulent life, than to cruise through the placid quiet of an Oklahoma sunset. For this experience, the size of the boat you own is of no consequence. It can be caught in a twelve-footer powered by a five-horse outboard, as well as the most expensive yacht.

COLOR PHOTO BY ELM GREGORY
The following day's march brought us to the neighborhood of Deer Creek; a river that certainly deserves its name, for as our noisy procession approached, fat deer, roused from their slumber among the high grass, were seen breaking from their covert, and bounding away through the many entangling creepers to the river side, to hide themselves in the thick woods. All these streams... were swarming with fish of many species...

Troops of turkeys were stepping gravely across the open space, or strutting about proudly with their fan-like tails spread out, glittering in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow; but, alarmed by the sound of the wagon wheels, they fled incontinently, with outstretched necks, and hid themselves among the bushes, where nothing but a slight occasionalrustle betrayed their presence.

Game was now to be had in superfluity; and our long-drawn cavalcade scattered about in all directions, and shots were heard from far and near. Nobody could resist the temptations here offered; the popping went on all the rest of the day, the sportsmen working their way panting through whole fields of mulberry bushes; and in the evening we lay in groups round the fires, praising the excellence of the fresh game that speedily vanished before our vigorous appetites.

DEAD DEVIL'S DEN FISHERS

This peaceful scene of fishing and fun belies the violent names of the weird rock formations in the park where the picture was made. Here in Devil's Den Park, near Tishomingo, you'll find the Devil's Chair, Dead Man's Cave, the Devil's Coffin, and Witch's Tomb. Devil's Den was named by Indians during frontier days when outlaw bands used it for a stronghold. If you're interested in searching, legend has it that treasure is buried here.

COLOR PHOTO BY JOHN COWSAR
It is a little known fact among Oklahomans that their state produces a greater variety of wildflowers than any other state in the Union except, possibly, California and Texas. This field is 6 miles west of Anadarko, along highway 62.

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER
On the flat plain to the west, you find what looks like a range of columns; consisting of blocks of sandstone lying so regularly one upon another, that it is not easy at first to be convinced that these—not perhaps imposing, but certainly surprising structures, have been formed solely by the hand of nature, or left thus after a comparatively recent convulsion.

There are twelve or fourteen of these columns still standing, and more that are gradually being worn away; the largest attain a height of about twenty-five feet; some consisting of vast square blocks of freestone, whilst others, of the same height, have not a diameter of more than two or three feet, and sooner or later will fall.

A spring of water, as clear as crystal, trickled out over a bed of firm sandstone, in the neighborhood of this colonade, and was soon swelled into a rivulet by other veins that opened all over the rock, and the rivulet has become a strong though small river by the time it pours into the Canadian.

TREASURE LAKE

The whole of the Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge is one of Oklahoma's greatest treasures. Jewel-like lakes set against a background of rocky escarpment and rolling mountains. Every species of wild life common to the high plains can be found here. Take along your fishing tackle box. And while you're there, save an afternoon for the amazing museums of ancient and modern artillery, and pioneer history, at the U.S. Artillery and Guided Missile Center, Fort Sill.

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER
We made a good day's march from the point where Deer Creek is crossed, to the spot where you first catch sight of Rock Mary and the Natural Mounds, a group of bold, steep hills in the thenceforward treeless plain. Up to this point no particular change in the character of the scenery is perceptible; there is the same juicy green in the prairies, the same low gnarled oaks in the woods, the same level road over which the wagons and horses proceed at the same steady pace.

We turned out of a ravine covered with low oak woods, and saw the wide, boundless plain stretching out before us. The far-stretching outline was only broken by the Natural Mounds—a group of hills of conical shape; which, by the effect of the mirage then prevailing, assumed the most wonderful forms; sometimes seeming to rise out of a broad lake; sometimes to hang down from the bright sunny horizon.

The small swells and inequalities of surface that showed themselves here and there, were almost destitute of vegetation, but glittered all over in the rays of the sun. Many a one of the party was induced to turn his horse that way in order to examine the place, and search for supposed treasures; but on closer investigation they proved to be nothing more than semi-transparent crystalline fragments of gypsum.

The geologist, in the meantime, hammered away lustily at the rocks; the doctor, who was never wanting, instituted a search for plants; the topographer gave himself a great deal of trouble to note down on the chart some variations in the level of the plain; and the German naturalist toiled, in the sweat of his brow, to roll over blocks of gypsum in hopes of discovering snakes and lizards, and transferring them to his spirit bottles.
At last our cavalcade got in motion again; the road over the plain was excellent; the Natural Mounds and Rock Mary were left behind in the blue distance, and as on the wide ocean, the eye ranged round in a circular line, formed by the horizon and prairie. A sublime repose, indeed, a deathlike stillness reigned around, even the noise of the wagons seemed to die away in the infinite space. The scene was strange and new—

We reached the Canadian at last; and at the moment when its broad mirror was first spread out before us, we caught in the blue distance a glimpse of the misty Antelope Hills. They vanished again from our sight however, when, in order to get to the river bank, we descended between some wild hills into the valley.

We redoubled our haste, therefore, to get to the Antelope Hills, that when we had reached their western declivity we might revel once more in the pure element of which we had so long been deprived. The Antelope or Boundary Hills are six, table-shaped elevations, rising 150 feet above the plain; their form is regular, in some oval, in others round; they look like gigantic ramparts, are all covered by a horizontal stratum or table of white sandstone, eighteen feet thick, and are without doubt the remains of elevated plateaus, which here rise in so remarkable a manner above the boundless plain. Each of these ramparts may be ascended at certain parts, and when you stand on the platform and look around, your view is bounded only by the blending line of the horizon and the grassy plain. How grand and calm, how sublime and yet how oppressive, is the prospect.
BARBECUEUR'S REVENGE
By DAUNTLESS DOWNING
Tribune Hickory-Smoked Editor
All over America these summer eves, hapless househusbands are crouched over the backyard barbecue, turning succulent steaks into boot heels. The aromatic smoke rises from the coals, sending signals to the lurking flies and mosquitoes awaiting their chances to pounce upon the eats and eaters.

"Patio cookery," they call it—possibly because the result generally is something that tastes like braised flagstones. There is nothing pitcousier than a harried househusband dragging his steaming frame into the air-cooled living room after a blast-furnace day, ready to flop on the couch until dinner time, who is met at the door by The Little Woman with that look in her eye.

"Let's cook out tonight," she says brightly. Well, sir, you have two choices: You can whinper something about sunstroke, fall to the floor and start breathing shallowly—or you can go hunt for your apron and tongs.

Does your wife brag on your outdoor cookery when friends drop in? Does she rave over your delicious recipe for toothsome Moose Hock Goulash? Does she stay in the air-conditioned house to pounce over the coals? No longer do I bake things naked over the coals. No longer do I bake things simply wrapped in foil in the ashes. Nay.

I use every pot and pan and fork and knife and kettle and griddle and jar and platter known to man. I require constant attendance while poised at the barbecue.

"Run, get me the Ironstone platter! Fetch the Dutch oven! Take this pan over the coals. No longer do I bake things simply wrapped in foil in the ashes. Nay.

Use every pot and pan and fork and knife and kettle and griddle and jar and platter known to man. I require constant attention while poised at the barbecue.

"Run, get me the Ironstone platter! Fetch the Dutch oven! Take this pan over the coals. No longer do I bake things simply wrapped in foil in the ashes. Nay.

Does your wife brag on your outdoor cookery when friends drop in? Does she rave over your delicious recipe for toothsome Moose Hock Goulash? Does she stay in the air-conditioned house until you have slung the food on the picnic table?

Look, bud, let's face it. Your wife will eat anything cooked by somebody else. And your descendants, particularly if they are females of the distaff side, will eat anything off paper plates that don't need to be washed.

Ask yourself one simple question: What in heck are they doing in the cool house while you're hunkered over the coals?

Time was when I didn't get the smoky smell out of my hair from April 3 to Thanksgiving Day. At the end of a summer I looked and smelled like Sitting Bull's No. 1 Smokehouse Man. But I got now a system.

No longer do I broil things naked over the coals. No longer do I bake things simply wrapped in foil in the ashes. Nay.

I use every pot and pan and fork and knife and kettle and griddle and jar and platter known to man. I require constant attention while poised at the barbecue.

"Run, get me the Ironstone platter! Fetch the Dutch oven! Take this pan over the coals. No longer do I bake things simply wrapped in foil in the ashes. Nay.

THE JIM DOWNING SAGA
Native of Kennett, Mo., a flyspeck with a courthouse, where I peered myopically into the world on Jan. 9, 1913. Of sturdy peasant stock. My education was beaten into my head through the seat of my pants in a variety of schools, and my inability to learn calculus in the fourth grade convinced me I should be a writer. (We skip 21 years of a most distinguished newspaper career until . . .) Came to Tulsa and the Tribune in 1954. Became assistant city editor; eventually graduated to Downing's Street, Dauntlesses and aviation coverage. Married, as any fool can plainly see, to a symphony orchestra violinist, and have three chilluns. I don't see how you can possibly cut anything as interesting as this, but I am resigned to it. Go ahead and butcher it. (Alas—for space—we did.—Ed.)

When all else fails, hit your wife right in the budget.

"Sorry, you can't get those new curtains this week," tell her. "I want to add a mortorized spit to the barbecue and that'll cost $45.86. I've got a new recipe for stuffed mushrooms—pick up a pound of caviar, the black kind."

While she's reeling, give her the coup de gras:

"By the way, the smoke was so bad last night, I accidentally walked over the pansy bed—and when I pulled up a weed to chase the flies away, I found it was that gardenia plant you've been nursing."

That ought to do it.

DAUNTLESS SAFARI
Tribune Tender Growing Things Editor
The Dauntless Safari to the Downing Barbecue broke through to its objective at 9:28 a.m. today.

The news was flashed by Starlight Downing who sent a runner, young Dauntless II, back to telephone The Old Man.

For those who may have come in late, I might explain that what with one thing and another—a vacation, the monsoon season on the Tulsa east side, and my being behind in my lying around—a veritable Tanganyika had developed in our back yard.

The hand mower wouldn't touch the stuff. And no matter how vigorously I flogged our young, they didn't make much headway with grasswhip and sickle.

For one thing, the fertile soil had produced a hybrid grass which grew with great Dash and Abandon. It was of a bile-like hue and was resilienter than a 29-cent steak. Our ordinary mower bucked through the stuff, leaving it uncut and only slightly disheveled.

So we borrowed Neighbor Joe Jolly's power mower. It shuddered and smoked and flung off its belt and sometimes had to be parked in the shade for an hour or so to cool and cool off, but it did make some headway.

We mowed by day and Neighbor Jolly labored by night to keep up with the alarming disintegration of his machine.

Meanwhile, his own yard began to get an uncurried look.
As we worked our way down the back yard, we found the children's swings, our lawn furniture with the umbrella still open, and some holes in the ground which seemed to be inhabited by crawdads. We found, too, that Miltiades, our gopher, was gone from his favorite haunts. We presume he drowned in his tunnel or was carried off by some other fauna.

But all that is past and gone now and we can see all the way back to the hedge—nine feet high.

"It will be nice," sighed Starlight, "not to have to hang the washing along a game trail."

Not to be commercial about this, but in passing I might announce that anyone interested in several tons of good prairie hay cured and in shocks can find our number in the new blue directory...

"JONQUILLY" LOOK
HITS STARLIGHT
Tribune Flowerbed-and-Daybed Editor

A warm, springy breeze wafted in the window, riffling gently the stack of winter gas bills on Starlight's desk.

My beloved flung down the seed catalog she had been memorizing and trembled like an Aspen (populus tremuloides).

"A robin! I heard a robin!" she cried, going all spanieleyed.

"Umm?" I asked, leafing through volume 12 of the Encyclopedia of Better Things of Life. "Whuzum?"

"It's spring," she chortled. "Hear that robin? Smell that breeze, Lift dat hoe, shoulder dat shovel, scatter dat—"

I listened and snuffed.

"That's Joe," I said.


"The robin," I said. "Old Joe. Been around all winter. Lumbago or something in his back. Couldn't fly south. Lives in the garbage can, I believe."

She didn't even hear me. "Imagine—a robin! And it must be 60 degrees outside!" She got a jonquilly look about her. "This year I want flower beds eight feet wide. I want 'em spaded six feet deep with lots of peat moss and sand and fertilizer and—"

"This is a rather interesting book," I said. "It points out that really good mattresses have more than 800 coil springs."

"Herkimer, Herkimer, Synapse and Herkimer have a brand new rambling rose this year. I want it on the north fence," she breathed. "Got a French name—Ecole de Poison, or something like that."

"It says here that a man who gets nine hours of sleep a night and picks up a nap or two during the day lives 3.2 years longer than a man who—"

Apparently I had missed a few sentences because when I stopped talking I came in in the middle of a paragraph.

"—rock garden nine feet high with 300 little alpine plants. First, well set out 100 rootlings and thin them when they're up and thriving. You'll want to carry in about two loads of cobblestones—better buy a wheelbarrow—and a ton or so of sand."

"Listen!" I cried. "Listen-listen-LISTEN! Did you know that the folding bed was invented by a Scandinavian named Livitup Rowhouse in 1843? It was ingenious, the way he worked out the leverage and the balancing springs to make it—"

..., rose trellis, grape arbor, flagstone walks..."

"The human body at rest," I murmured. "requires 28 per cent less oxygen and 32 per cent less—"

..., sphagnum moss, potting sheds, posthole diggers...

I took her by the shoulders and shook gently.

"Darlink," I said. "Do you know that it snowed three inches on the first day of spring last year and that it went down to 14 degrees on March 26?"

..., robins, crocuses, violets, golden bell..."
A great kitchen is as much a part of the office as the typewriters, and banquet sized feasts are frequently prepared for guests who may range in number from 2 to 200. John Zink is a hearty eater, and urges titanic sized portions on everyone. Something of a gourmet, he is fond of rare cheeses and has produced some unusual concoctions. The main course invariably is a huge mountain of rare steak. Beef, he declares, should be the only truly vital ingredient of anyone’s diet.

Zink’s private office houses a fascinating hodge-podge of exquisite art objects, trinkets, and trophies. Against one wall is an upholstered vibrating chair in which he likes to lounge while listening to symphonies played on the hi-fi across the room. In a corner stands an exerciser bicycle on which he takes a brisk daily workout. Casual stacks of books reflect his interest in religion, astronomy, history, and science.

Now 65-years-old, he still appears at the office daily when in Tulsa, and spends three evenings a week at his Rendezvous, an aircraft-hanger type building in the heart of his sprawling Osage County ranch. His guests there have included many prominent persons in American business, politics, and cultural fields.

Two lakes flank the broad veranda of the Rendezvous. Sleeping accommodations for some 30 people, 16-foot dining tables, and numerous lounging chairs, mostly grouped around the wood-burning fireplace, decorate the interior. House trailers can be towed in through the massive back doors in the event that more sleeping facilities are needed.

Until recently Zink’s bedroom there was a 46-foot trailer, but he now has a private aerie atop the porch. Its broad expanse of windows looks across a beautiful valley, and the furnishings include a powerful telescope for close-up scenic views or star-gazing.

Entertainment at the Rendezvous often takes a bizarre turn. Zink takes delight in spectacular fireworks and often treats his guests to blazing displays. He enlivens the evenings by having dynamite placed in illuminated areas around the lakes and staging shooting contests with the dynamite as targets. Unsuspecting guests have come down with the severe trembles after the building has been rocked by a few explosions, and the tinkling of glass as window panes shatter.

“There’s never any doubt when you’ve scored a hit!” Zink proclaims.

He is a crack shot, and has built an elaborate rifle range about a mile from the Rendezvous which experts say is one of the finest in the nation. The bench rest shooting stalls there are made of thick slabs of specially poured concrete, and the range is lighted for night shooting. Several world’s records have been established here, and Zink hopes to bring the next International Olympic matches here.

The 11,000 acre ranch has Boy Scout camping facilities and last year more than 4,000 Scouts enjoyed outings.
there. It is also a working cattle spread, grazing some 400 head of Herefords. Another product of Zink’s enthusiasm is his private traveling coach.

His traveling coach is built on a standard intra-city bus chassis, contains two rooms, a complete galley, stainless steel bathroom, television, radio, phonograph, two-air-conditioning systems, an inter-com system and radio telephone, and will sleep eight. Since acquiring it, he has missed very few Oklahoma University football games, either at home or away.

His son, Jack Zink, is a devoted race car enthusiast. It was he who originally lured his father’s gargantuan interests and energies in this direction. The result is just what anyone familiar with Zink might have expected. In the late ’40’s, Zink’s midget racers were the scourge of southwestern tracks, winning dozens of races. His two Indianapolis wins came in 1955 and ’56, but he has been entered in the Memorial Day classic every year since 1951.

That year the late Cecil Green drove the Zink car, and was leading until sent to the pits with mechanical bothers. In 1952, an Oklahoma City youngster named Jimmy Reece who went to fame, and finally death, in racing, drove the Zink car to a very creditable seventh, considering that this was Reece’s debut in the fabled 500 miler.

Mechanical difficulties sidelined Zink’s cars in 1953 and ’54. In ’55, a new car designed especially for the Indianapolis track, and a promising daredevil named Bob Sweikert, brought in the first Zink victory. In 1956 another new Zink racer had another new driver, an Irishman, flame-thatched Pat Flaherty. After a thrill-packed and hotly contested 500 miles, Flaherty was the winner, making it two in a row.

A Zink car with Troy Ruttman at the helm was leading in 1957 when a piston seized, ending Zink’s bid for a third consecutive victory. Last spring the team went to Indianapolis with three cars, and the experts predicted that a Zink car would be the first to get the checkered flag.

Fate intervened. A confused series of crashes on the first lap put one car out of the race and damaged another. The wounded car was driven to a brilliant sixth place finish by Jimmy Reece, although at one time he was dead last. Reece consistently lapped the track faster than the ultimate winner, but just couldn’t make up the deficit caused by the accident.

This disappointment was compensated last July when Zink’s car won the International 500-mile race at Monza, Italy. Zink then hired racing veteran Tony Bettenhausen to drive his car on the championship circuit, and Bettenhausen swept to the national championship.

John Zink is a dedicated Oklahoman. He firmly believes that anything that can be done anywhere can be done a little better in Oklahoma. Formerly his race cars were fabricated in California. Now they are built from the ground up in the racing workshop adjoining his Tulsa factory. Zink is determined that his racers will be wholly an Oklahoma product, and the Oklahoma state map adorns the nose of all of his competing cars.

A most striking evidence of his interest in Oklahoma has gone virtually unnoticed; the John Zink philanthropies make ample contribution to a number of causes and organizations, including Tulsa’s Philbrook Art Center, Oklahoma University, Oklahoma State University, and the University of Tulsa. He has given thousands of dollars worth of heating equipment to churches of all denominations.

The highest praise John Zink can bestow on a man is to pronounce him “unusual”. He wins his own accolade, hands down!
and Garrett were really on, both were removed from office. Some months later, Bud Ballew was shot and killed in a domino parlor fracas in Wichita Falls, ending the violent career of one of the most legendary of the oilfield lawmen.

The story of Ragtown is laced with bootleg joint shoot-outs, bawdy house cutting scraps, torturous political machinations, and the night-riding violence of the Ku Klux Klan. The story of the Seminole oilfield is another hair-raiser, with variations. Several cactus blossom towns bloomed there in brief fury.

Each had their colorful characters. Bowlegs had Spanish Blacky, a swashbuckling buckaroo who ran a whiskey joint, and spent much time on the sidewalk in front of it throwing his long bladed knife into a telegraph pole across the street. This constant practice is said to have had an extremely calming effect on the oilfield roughnecks who might have been inclined to start trouble in his place of business.

In Seminole itself, on notorious Bishop's Alley, stood the Big C, a palace of sin to rival Flood and O'Brian's Exchange in San Francisco during the gold rush days. "Tangle-Eye" Hall, who owned the Big-C, eventually wound up in Leavenworth prison.

"Barrel House" Sue, and "Big Emma" Smythe maintained a circuit type operation, transporting their "girls" nightly back and forth between Seminole and Bowlegs before the law finally made it so hot for them that they departed for the Texas oilfields. In Cromwell, the city council hired famous frontier marshal Bill Tilghman to bring their town under control.

Tilghman, though seventy-years-old, did his usual thorough job there, even halting a new and particularly vicious traffic of narcotics from Mexico before he was shot down by the hidden gun of a federal prohibition officer who was, of all things, drunk.

Wild facts gave way to even wilder legends. Like the one about the Ragtown hijacker who shot his one-armed victim because he could only hold up one hand. And the tale of the tenderfoot who pulled his buggy out of the solid line of creeping traffic in hub-deep mud between Drumright and Cushing.

The tenderfoot had been on the road for more than an hour and had traveled less than a mile for the road was clogged with teamsters and mule skinners, cursing and urging their laboring teams through the sea of mud. Tired and frustrated, the tenderfoot spied a rough hewn, unpainted shack saloon beside the road.

With visions of refreshment and stimulation, he pulled his buggy out of the traffic and went into the saloon. In the dim light, he saw the bartender dozing at the pine board bar where one dance hall has just been launched.

The tenderfoot then realized, in sudden horror, that every man in the room was dead.

The cash register stood open, and empty. A hijacker had apparently entered the saloon, shot everyone in sight, then cleaned out the till. The tenderfoot backed ash-faced to the door, then broke his transfixed stare and rushed back out to the muddy roadside.

"Stop. Stop!" he shouted at the passing traffic. "Everyone in that place has been murdered!"

But no one stopped. The teamsters plowed stolidly cursing on through the mire, ignoring the horrified tenderfoot. After all, murder was commonplace, and no one wanted to lose his place in that jumbled line of traffic.

All of the stories of the oil rush days do not involve violence and sudden death. The variety is as wide as all human experience. One of the favorite yarns to come out of Cushing, and a true one, is of the oil promoter who lived up to his name—Tom Slick.

When Slick brought in the Cushing field discovery well a flood of promoters poured into Cushing on every incoming train, all loaded with money and eager to bid on the best leases. They need not have hurried. When they arrived in Cushing they found that they were marooned there. Tom Slick had hired every rig, wagon, buggy, buckboard, and horse in Cushing, and had them held under armed guard while he toured the countryside buying up the leases he wanted.

Oklahoma's first oil rush town was Kiefer, which boomed to life when the famous Glenpool was discovered. An article in a 1907 issue of the Mounds Enterprise, which compares Kiefer to a Klondike mining camp, describes the joys of life on Kiefer's "Bowery" under the heading:

**HOT TIMES IN THE TOWN**

Huddled together as close as saw and hammer can build them is a conglomerate mass of buildings of all manners, shapes, and sizes. Not a foot of space is left unoccupied. Thirst parlor of all descriptions from the dime board bar where one can guzzle the exhilarating "Laughing Water," to the humble glass of red pop. One arm bennery's, lemonade "as cold as ice can make it!" Bowling alleys, fortune tellers, snake-eaters, popcorn vendors. Every conceivable invention to lure the unwary is on the market.

Hawkers and splicers cry out their wares, lewd women intermingle with the ever-rushing throng. A dance hall has just been launched and the measured shuffling sound of feet is heard in the din of the street, as the fiddle plays "Money Musk" and "Turkey in the Straw." Everybody is making money.

All was not carefree fun on the "Bowery", however, for when the old wooden oil tanks in Kiefer were torn down years later, it was not uncommon to find a human body, punctured with a bullet hole, or the skull caved in, among the settleings in the bottom of the tank.

Perhaps the strongest element that brought an end to the wild life of the oil boom towns receives notice in another article in the same 1907 issue of the Mounds Enterprise. This article relates:

A Sunday School has been organized in old Mounds school, just south of the oilfield, by some active Christian women who are enjoying a summer outing in tents, and incidentally taking care of their husbands who are developing the country by delving into the earth's depths for its long-stored riches. The ladies scrubbed and thoroughly cleaned the schoolhouse, making it a cheery place in which to gather the children. The members have also purchased a cabinet organ.

As wives and families moved in, churches and schools
were built. Increasing demands of oilfield wives for law and order closed the dens of iniquity more effectively than the flaming guns of oilfield lawmen ever could. Hijackers, gamblers, bootleggers, and the "ladies of the night" left town hurriedly or went to jail, and the sounds of the church organ replaced the scraping fiddles and tinkling honky-tonk pianos.

A modern oilfield is a well regulated business, operated under conditions no longer conducive to the wide open days of "flush production". It is a good thing. But who will deny the old-timers the nostalgic pleasure of a little occasional yarn spinning about days now gone, when an oil rush town wore the hair on the outside.

**BLACK GOLD** Continued from Page 7 is put right back into drilling more wells and installing new and better producing equipment. And a great deal of that equipment is engineered and made in Oklahoma shops and factories.

Despite its half-century age, Oklahoma's oil industry is still vigorous and forward looking. Continued drilling keeps discovering new fields which give every promise of maintaining the state's ability to keep on producing at its present capacity of around 600,000 barrels per day for many years to come.

In 1958, 6,354 wells were drilled in Oklahoma. The 1958 wells included 854 wildcats — that is, exploratory wells in places that had never been drilled before and at great distance from any producing well. In wildcatting the expectation of dry holes is far higher than when drilling in known producing regions, but last year these Oklahoma wildcats discovered 116 new oil fields — ample evidence that the state is nowhere near bowing out as one of the nation's top producers.

It will take several years to estimate how much oil these 116 new fields may produce ultimately, but it is already certain that the 1958 discoveries have added at least 25,000,000 barrels to the state's proved reserves.

In addition, the 1958 wildcat wells discovered 40 new gas fields in Oklahoma, and 25 condensate fields. These latter produce a very light oil — more like kerosene than ordinary crude oil — heavily charged with natural gas and rich in petrochemicals. Both the condensate fields and most of the new gas fields are found at great depth, depths that old-time oil men never dreamed of drilling and that can be reached only by the most modern equipment and scientific operation.

This is the big new horizon for Oklahoma — oil and gas fields four miles or more beneath the surface. Wells of 15,000 or 20,000 feet are becoming commonplace, particularly in the western part of the state where most of the bigger discoveries have been made in the last couple of years.

When a driller begins a well he has little idea what he may find, in spite of all the available modern geological advice, seismograph surveys, and other technical studies. It used to be that if he struck natural gas he was little better off than if he had a dry hole, because there was little market for gas and its price was low.

Today a network of natural-gas trunk pipelines taps every important field in the state and the demand for gas has raised prices so that a gas well is very welcome and now drillers are actively hunting for gas instead of considering it a byproduct of oil. In the Panhandle and a number of other western counties, natural-gas sales now bring considerably more revenue than the sale of oil.

The major part of these liquids is marketed as liquefied petroleum gas, or bottled gas — shipped all over the country in high-pressure tanks for use on farms and in homes not connected with gas mains. A fast-growing percentage is processed into basic petrochemicals which form the raw material for most of the new plastics, synthetic fabrics, drugs, dyestuffs, and hundreds of other industrial and consumer articles.

For all its new discoveries and new markets, Oklahoma's mainstay is still the old fields that have been pumping oil right along for decades. Time was when an oil field would be played out and abandoned within a few years and with only 25 or 30% of its oil produced. But now, thanks to scientific research and experiment, the industry knows how to keep fields alive far longer to recover at least twice as much oil as formerly.

This is known as secondary recovery, and consists chiefly of injecting water or gas or both at scientifically determined places and rates in old oil reservoirs. New techniques of secondary recovery, yielding still greater oil production, are being adopted constantly, and today some 20% of Oklahoma's oil production is by such methods.

A prime example of this is the famous old Glenn Pool, grandaddy of Oklahoma's big fields and the one that made it a state back in 1907. It produced more than a quarter of a billion barrels during its first 50 years of life, and it's not through yet. A modern water flood has restored the reservoir pressure and is slowly floating the oil to 1,800 producing wells.

Today Glenn Pool doesn't look a bit spectacular. Few derricks are visible, but scattered over its 24,000 acres are inconspicuous well heads, pump jacks, and neat aluminum tank batteries and small buildings housing the water-injection equipment.

Under the rolling hills and pleasant farms of Glenn Pool's surface nature and the oil industry are working together, silently and invisibly bringing Oklahoma's rich petroleum resources to the surface and moving them through underground pipelines to refineries and the markets of the world.

That is typical of Oklahoma's oil industry today — unspectacular, quiet, stable, and methodical. Like an iceberg, most of it is submerged in and under its surroundings. But it keeps on pouring hundreds of millions of dollars a year into every phase of Oklahoma's economy and enriching the material and cultural life of communities in every part of the state.
BOATING?
WATER-SKIING?
SKIN DIVING?
Here's a thumbnail guide to Oklahoma's new blue boom in

Water Sports

BY DAVE LOYE
Those who want to make several days of it, with a large killer, boils down pretty much to how much of it they're after. They are already beginning to complain that at least one very popular two-speed state lodge (Lake Murray, Texoma) of all sizes; Texoma more than 100 and over 400 cruisers). An even better indication is that some water skiers are already beginning to complain that at least one very popular Oklahoma lake of over 6,000 acres is "getting too crowded!"

By and large, water skiers' choice in Oklahoma lakes boils down pretty much to how much of it they're after. Those who want to make several days of it, with a large party of friends, find the following lakes best because of handy—and in most cases, plentiful—lodges or resorts along the water front or nearby.


For instance: more than 8-million Americans poured onto Lake Texoma last year; to make it one of the top recreational attractions in the U. S. for the third year in a row. For several years now, large cruiser owners have been moving their craft down from the Northern U. S. lakes to Grand, Fort Gibson and Texoma to gain year-round yachting (seldom freezes); huge, new docking facilities; plus the conviviality of big wealth (shores of the big lakes are starting to load up with homes in the $100,000 or over class). Every August sailboats from Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado and Illinois stream into Oklahoma City for the National Regional Sailboat Regatta, a well-established annual affair for the Capitol City's Lake Hefner. And some estimates place the total number of all boats, of all sizes, at over 200,000 in Oklahoma.

But numbers-wise, the thing everybody seems to be going hog-wild-crazy over is Water Skiing. The sport has grown so fast, no-one can hazard even a guess as to how many skiers zip over Oklahoma's lakes on any one peak weekend. A fair indication is the fact that water ski instructors and rental skis are a "must" for Oklahoma's four biggest lake-side state lodges (Lake Murray, Texoma, Quartz Mountain on Lake Altus, and Western Hills on Fort Gibson); and at most large resorts on Grand Lake and Texoma. (Grand alone has more than 130 resorts of all sizes; Texoma more than 100 and over 400 cruisers).

An even better indication is that some water skiers are already beginning to complain that at least one very popular Oklahoma lake of over 6,000 acres is "getting too crowded!"

The rest of Oklahoma's best are known, in skier parlance, as "one day lakes"—smaller lakes where resorts are an impractical investment, or not begun as yet. But these are especially popular with real ardent water-skiers and Sports who live nearby. Among these, Canton's white sand islands are perhaps the most talked-about ski attraction in the state, and Great Salt Plains lake was the site for a three-state water ski meet last summer. Both are rated by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers as the two fastest booming water-ski attractions of their size in Oklahoma. Others here include: Heyburn, Lawtonka, Carl Blackwell and Fort Supply (also popular for little white sand islands).

If you've been land-locked up till now and want to "get with" this sport, experts claim it's the easiest thing in the world to do. You'll find costs for this and other sports at the end of this article. For the rest, they say all you have to do is go to the lakes, exhibit interest, and a water-ski enthusiast will immediately light into you with the gleaming eye and flowing tongue of pure evangelism—his one purpose being to convert you so you can share his joy in this sport of sports.

The same claim is advanced with an equal fervor, though to lesser numbers, by proponents of two other Oklahoma water sports: Sailing, and Skin Diving.

The sailors, of course, have been around these parts the longest. They pride themselves on a tradition in some clubs stemming back into the '20's, and weekends on some lakes will find as many as three generations of Oklahoma sailors (Grandpa, Dad, and Son) hauling up the canvas to swoop away with a full sail and steady wind.

They can be found in large numbers on Lake Murray, Texoma, Hefner and Fort Gibson; in lesser numbers on Lakes Altus, Carl Blackwell, Tenkiller, Great Salt Plains, Canton, Wister, Heyburn, McAlester and others.

Their favorite boats are the Snipe, the Lightning, the National One Design, and—of late—the Thunderbird.

This last is an all-Oklahoma boat designed by Dr. Asbury Smith of Edmond which has caught on fast with Central Oklahoma sailors. Out of the 38 active sailboats on Lake Hefner, 16 are Thunderbirds, most of them built by their owners.

Hefner is an interesting example of the kind of lake that appeals to sailors. Most Oklahoma Cityans dream of the day trees will grow up around it and it will look as pretty as their older reservoir, Overholser. But sailors, above all, value a constant wind. So Hefner's lack of trees or hills to obstruct the wind makes it look like a bit of paradise to the sailors who stream in every year from all over the midwest for the Annual Regatta.

The big event Oklahoma sailors are now looking for—Continued on next page.
ward to is the National Snipe Regatta, to be held this year at Ft. Gibson Lake (leads Oklahoma lakes with 100 active sailboats) during the first two weeks in August.

These are sports anyone can also enjoy as a spectator. But what of that mysterious new world that lies beneath the surface of Oklahoma's lakes? This is the private domain of the Skin Diver, and his better-equipped brother the SCUBA Diver.

Already there are twelve diving clubs in the state: in Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Bartlesville, Okmulgee, Ardmore, Lawton, Enid, and three around Lake Tenkiller.

They have encountered quite a strange world. According to Phil Bayouth, an Oklahoma Cityan who has instructed more than 1200 divers within the last 5 years, part of the lure of Oklahoma waters lies in the fact the big man-made lakes cover all sorts of things that used to be on dry land. Divers have discovered a house underwater in Grand. Exploring an old road beneath Lake Tenkiller is a popular diversion, and Tenkiller has many underwater trees and caves. (A top-flight SCUBA diver and frequent contributor to Oklahoma Today, Life magazine photographer A. Y. Owen is currently shooting a series in color underwater in Oklahoma caves!)

Phill rates Grand as best for spear-fishing; Tenkiller by far the best for sight-seeing; Murray, Texoma and Lake Elmer Thomas good depending on visibility; and the lake in Beaver's Bend State Park as very good and clear.

Oklahoma diving clubs are currently counting the days till the 8th of June. That's when the fourth annual Southwest Spearfishing Derby (Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and Texas) is slated for Lake Tenkiller.

Some costs involved in these sports . . .

Water-skiing: medium-price skis and tow-rope, around $25. Full outfit including boat and 25-horse or better motor, $1200 to $1800. Ski instruction ranges from $6.00 for one hour to $5.00 for 15 minutes.

Sailboating: boat, new, $500 to $2000.

Sport Diving: medium-price skin-diving outfit, $12 to $16. SCUBA outfit, around $135.

In addition to Phill Bayouth and Lucien Criner, Jr. on sport-diving, we are indebted to Dale Parsons, Hefner Boat Club, and Coble Gamblin, State Wildlife Department, for information on water-skiing; Ken Morrison, Oklahoma City Boat Club, sailing; Virginia Kauble of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers; and throughout, the remarkable man who was the late Charlie Brill via Mrs. Brill and Brill's Outdoor Guide—an indispensable item for anyone who wants to really get to know Oklahoma's new water wonderland.

**Letters**

No wonder your sales have tripled!

James Parton
Publisher
American Heritage
New York, N. Y.

"Love" isn't the proper word to use, I know, in expressing my pleasure over this splendid magazine, but I'm using it just the same!

Mrs. O. L. Taylor
Hillsdale, Okla.

"... what a wonderful magazine Oklahoma Today is for transplanted Oklahomans. Although I have lived in Texas now for twelve years and expect to abide here from now on, I am still an 'Okie' at heart. When spring arrives I become very nostalgic for the hills of eastern Oklahoma at Wilburton where I was raised—the dogwood, the red bud, the wild violets, the pines—and have attempted to transplant them all here. So far no luck, so suppose I will have to be content with reading your magazine, which does such a marvelous job of bringing Oklahoma to life in print."

Mrs. John S. Gillett
King Ranch
Kingsville, Tex.

"... delightful magazine. The very best of luck to you in this venture."

Inez Robb
United Feature Columnist
New York, N. Y.

"Had to drive home in a hurry last week, and before leaving Muskogee Fred Kelly gave me a copy of your magazine. It is right smart. Will be back in two years for good after which you will see me on the shores of Lake Gibson what a body of water!"

Wm. F. Tyndall
Cherokee, North Carolina

"... one of the most attractive and interesting magazines I get. Each month I take it home so I can read it at my leisure."

Roland C. Irvine
Vice President
The Chase Manhattan Bank
New York, N. Y.

"... magnificent. Oklahoma is today a truly cosmopolitan state with deep roots of beauty, poetry, art, and strength in the people. These are the strength and enduring qualities of our nation. I am so grateful to see them pre-served in such an artistic and appreciative manner. Great credit to you and your staff for the patience, courage and vision to 'sift the chaff from the wheat' so to speak—only true creativeness will endure because it has strength, but the outward flourishes will blow away in our strong Oklahoma wind. Am glad you chose the strength."

Doris G. Scherer
Billings, Montana

"Your magazine is so excellent that it deserves all possible support. Therefore, we will cease being a free-loader and become a subscriber."

James L. Bossemeyer
Executive Director
National Assn. of Travel Organizations
Washington, D.C.

"Don't know of any other magazine we enjoy more. Even our two boys say it's the best. We lived in Tulsa five years. It was like home to us. Wish we could have stayed there."

Mr. & Mrs. R. D. Swafford
Lawrence, Kans.

"Do I owe for my subscription for Oklahoma Today, I want it continued. I can't do without it. What is the price?"

Mrs. W. G. Beasley
Historian of the Cedar River Chapter
D.A.R.
Holdenville, Okla.

"We consider your publication the very finest piece of publicity our State has known since the days of Will Rogers. Please don't let anything happen to it."

Dr. & Mrs. C. W. Arrendell
Ponca City, Okla.

"This is only to tell you how much I enjoyed looking at your beautiful magazine. It is very unfortunate indeed that Oklahoma is so far from Paris as I would love to rent one of those mountain lodges. The trouble with France is that, in my opinion, the country is over-populated and we practically have nowhere this wonderful sense of privacy and isolation which you sometimes feel in your beautiful country. I fully understand that the main objective of your magazine is to induce people to come and settle down in Oklahoma, therefore in a way causing it to lose some of
As you can tell from these quotes, Oklahoma Today is not just another state magazine. Subscribers in all 49 states and more than 40 foreign countries have found it does offer something sparkling new and different. A quarterly, each issue contains eight striking scenic color plates suitable for framing . . . excellent short articles on the pioneer romance of the Old West . . . the space age romance of the New West . . . exciting places to visit . . . chuckles in the Will Rogers tradition. Subscribe today — for only $1.85!

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All countries except U. S. and possessions add 40c per year. Make checks or money orders payable to Oklahoma Today.
FIRST FLOWING OIL WELL IN U. S.?

With the International Oil Exposition in Tulsa, and oil men all over the world, celebrating this year as the 100th Anniversary of Oil, we are tempted to borrow one on the Russians' favorite acts and claim that maybe Pennsylvania didn't either have the first oil well!

It is from Col. Edwin Drake's 1859 oil discovery in Pennsylvania that the modern oil industry dates its begin-

ning. According to history, Drake's well was the first to tap oil at its source, and prove the existence of oil stored beneath the earth.

James Manford Carselowey, Cherokee historian, records the existence of a flowing oil well in the Cherokee Nation in 1859, the same year that Drake brought his well in Pennsylvania. Drake struck oil on August 27, 1859.

Since August is late in the year, it is entirely possible that the Oklahoma well was brought in earlier, though no definite date has been established for its completion. The well was drilled by Lewis Ross, brother of Principal Chief John Ross, in Section 23, Township 21 North, Range 20 East, Saline District, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory.

The well, one-quarter mile southeast of present day Salina High School, flowed ten or more barrels of oil per day. This is in the vicinity of the historic salt works operated by fabled Sam Houston, and Lewis Ross was drilling for salt water when he struck oil. Historian Carselowey has an account of the well from Judge Charles Whiteday, whose father saw the well when he was in the area with General Blunt's army during Civil War days.

Our Contributors.

R. (for Rosemary) Jemne, who's lively picture of Turner Falls appears in the color section, is also an author. She is the author of a children's book, Martin's Friends, published by Viking.

Warren Weaver, who photographed our REDBUD AND GRAZING HORSES, is a Civilian Instructor for the Signal Corps Projection School at Ft. Sill. He is also a freelance photographer.

Ed Spilman is a former feature writer for the Tulsa Tribune, is an ardent auto racing fan, now has his own public relations agency in Tulsa, and is vice-president of the Oklahoma Public Relations Association.

John H. Cowsar is a Fort Worth, Texan, who likes to spend his spare time visiting Oklahoma vacation spots. It was on one such visit that he found his DEVIL'S DEN picture. He specializes in architectural photography.

THE OIL AND GAS JOURNAL was founded in 1902 (as the Oil Investors' Journal) during the great Spindletop boom. In the years since, it has grown to become the most authoritative publication of the oil industry. In 1910 the publication offices moved to Tulsa, where it is now in Vol. 57, the largest industrial publication in the world, produced by an editorial staff of 40 (total employees 250), with 40,000 copies of each weekly issue going to subscribers throughout the world.

HENRY D. RALPH, Chief Editorial Writer, has been on the staff since 1937. His present chores, in addition to editorial writing, include his column JOURNALLY Speaking, and frequent feature articles.

LITTLE MOCCASINS

Little moccasins twinkle and flash
Round and round spinning light
They dash
High in the air and down with a stomp
Whirl and twirl and bend and romp
Feathers sway on nodding heads
As moccasins feet so gayly tread.
This is the dance for Ponca shoes
Pawnee, Otoe, and Chickasaw, too
All their drums now throb and beat
As hearts keep time with dancing feet
Come dance with us and join our fun
It's Pow Wow time when summer days come
The tepee is up . . . there's a shadow tall
The brush arbor spreads over one and all
So dance, dance, little moccasin feet
Here on the plains.
—Laura Remmssnuder.

MUSEUM DIVISION—FORT SILL

Mission: to collect, preserve, and present a graphic display of the history, traditions, and development of United States Artillery, Fort Sill, and its vicinity . . . a medium of stimulating esprit de corps, fostering knowledge of the Artillery, and for public relations.

Museum Complex: Comprises five buildings of the Old Post; 62,000 feet of exhibit space, a 500-yard Cannon Walk, and 6 acres of adjacent grounds. McClain Hall and Hamilton Hall are gun halls devoted to Artillery exhibits. The Old Post Guardhouse and the Old Post Corral contain frontier and Indian displays. There are 48 officially designated historic sites on the military reservation, at which markers are installed and which serve as points of considerable interest to Post personnel and visitors.

Hamilton Hall, shown here, portrays the history of American artillery from Colonial times through 1900. McClain Hall covers the period from 1900 to the present. Along the Cannon Walk artillery captured from enemy powers in World War II is displayed. The Old Post Guardhouse and Old Corral are devoted to the exciting history of Fort Sill and the frontier. This colorful and unique group of museums ideally combine education and entertainment; a trip the whole family will enjoy. Free and open to the public: 10 AM-5 PM Wed. through Sat., noon to 5 PM Sunday.