WHAT'S IN A PICTURE?

At first glance this one may look a bit like some giant catcher's mitt thrust out in space to scoop up the tiny plane.

Actually that's pretty close to the real purpose of this mammoth radar screen. It dominates the skyline over Oklahoma City's FAA Aeronautical Center—one of many startling electronic marvels used by the booming new breed of Space Age "traffic cops" being trained at this new world hub for civil aviation.

The picture might also symbolize Oklahoma's luck in catching itself such a fair prize. For already, in addition to the fantastic $20-millions installation described elsewhere in this issue (see "World University of the Air"), Oklahoma City has been selected by the FAA as site for the coveted new Space Age Aeromedical Research Center.

It might also symbolize the fact that this anxious old world may catch a bit firmer hold on peace—thanks to another phase of the amazing FAA story in Oklahoma.

What's in a picture? Turn to page three—and see!
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CALENDAR
OF EVENTS
In the Big Country which begins half-a-degree west of the 94th meridian there are tales of desperate men who wrenched ill-gotten gains from the unwary, then in the adversity of fate, lost their loot.

If these tales be true, fortune awaits whoever may find the treasures buried near Tahlequah, Eufaula, Checotah, Black Mesa, the Kiamichis, the Wichitas, and any of a dozen other places.

Lost treasure hunting is an act of faith. Either you believe or you do not. No one can prove that the treasures are there, and it is equally difficult to prove that they are not. The tales of them are legion.

In the years before the Civil War, three slaves escaped from a plantation in northern Mississippi. They fled out across Arkansas, taking with them a hoard of heirloom gold, stolen from their master.

The fleeing slaves played fox and hounds with their pursuing master all across Arkansas and into Indian Territory. As they neared the Illinois River their master drew close enough to open fire. One of the slaves was wounded.

His comrades carried him across the river just east of Tahlequah. There he died. Their owner was almost at hand now. The remaining slaves hurriedly buried the loot near a chimney-shaped rock, hid the body of their dead comrade in a hollow tree, and sat down to wait.

When their master came up, they managed to convince him that the third slave had deserted them early in the flight and taken the articles of gold with him. With their assurance that they would help him pick up the missing man's trail where he had deserted them, the slave owner took his prisoners back toward Mississippi.

Of course they were unable to find the missing man's trail. Frustrated and angry, but unwilling to lose the two valuable slaves, the owner took them back to the plantation. Secretly, they planned to escape again and recover their loot, but were never able to do so.

Many have searched for the articles of heirloom gold the two slaves buried. Through the devious ways that tales of treasure spread, their story became rather widely known. Some years ago, A. M. Ryals, then of Okemah, heard the story. Ryals was talented in the use of the witching rod, and was persuaded to try his luck in searching for the buried gold.

From residents of Tahlequah he learned of a natural chimney some five miles southeast of town. There, with a group of curious observers, he went with his witching rod. He was moving along ahead of the group when suddenly his rod dipped. They dug at the spot indicated and discovered a pair of old-fashioned gold rimmed spectacles.

The search went on. Nearby, the rod worked around and around a tree that had been broken off at the top. When they discovered that the tree was hollow everyone became excited. They secured an axe, chopped out a section of the tree, and there hidden in its hollow trunk was the skeleton of a man.

The bulk of the treasure was never found. Or, if it was found, the story never got out. It is as difficult to authenticate tales of treasure found, as it is of treasure lost. For two simple reasons. Taxes must be paid on money found. Then conflicting claims to the treasure always develop, and things get all tangled up in the courts. A finder of buried treasure often considers it the better part of wisdom to keep his discovery secret.

The Claremore Progress of January 3, 1913, has an article on the front page about one George Hardsook who found $37,000 in gold coins and two-hundred silver dollars while digging a gas pipeline ditch near Oglesby in Nowata County. Traces of rotten cloth indicated that the money had been buried in sacks.

Hardsook took the money to Rodecker's store in Oglesby and counted it in the company of an excited crowd of his fellow ditch diggers. S. A. Utterstein,

Continued on page 28
One bright morning in June of 1958 Cathay Pacific CX-316 slipped down out of the sky over Hong Kong. Among the passengers a man from Oklahoma City, on his first world tour, clung to his window starry-eyed. The bay was a deep crystal blue. Out of the bay, the mountains rose. And the city was like a fantastic spill of beads that swarmed here and there, rimming the bay, then climbed the sides of the mountains in strings and sparkling clusters.

The big plane landed. The traveler was surprised to find a delegation hurrying up to meet him. What could they want, these natives of this far-off, exotic spot of earth?

They wanted to know how things were “back home” in Oklahoma City. And “what's new at the FAA Aeronautical Center?” And the amazing thing about this little incident was that it happened in all 23 countries the Oklahoman visited!

The traveler was Stanley Draper, managing director of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce. The tale points up how growth in world significance for the FAA Center has come on so fast it can even startle the men who have been close to it from the beginning.

Three years ago, despite its very real importance, to most people the Center was still little more than another relatively obscure governmental installation housed in a bunch of rundown frame buildings along the west side of Oklahoma City's Will Rogers Field.

Today an investment of more than $20-millions in modern buildings and equipment forms the nucleus for something which is fast becoming the world's first “University of the Air.” 2300 employees. $14½-millions annual payroll. And an annual student enrollment now pegged at 8,000 for 1961; nearly double this for 1962!
The Center is also the hub for a story that reaches out into every spot on this earth where free men can take off or land a plane; up as far as men can probe the skies in flight; and deep into the heart of some of the biggest challenges mankind faces today.

Among them... how man is going to control the explosive technological growth and demands of the Space Age. And how the Free World will effectively meet the threat of World Communism.

Just what is the FAA Aeronautical Center? And what does it do?

The initials FAA stand for Federal Aviation Agency, an entirely new branch of government created in 1958 to ride herd on the problems of air travel in the jet age. Its basic mission is to make air travel as safe, orderly and efficient as humanly possible.

You can get some idea of the size of the task from the fact that right now, in the U.S. alone, there are 85,000 civilian aircraft of all types and sizes; plus 2,000 commercial aircraft; and over the next five years FAA will take over responsibility for all U.S. military aircraft!

If all these planes were to take off into the wild blue yonder and bat about the skies entirely on their own, you can imagine the chaos that would result. But instead of chaos, the sky over most of this earth is filled with an amazing network of electronic “highways” — thousands of air routes that are actually blocked out like giant tunnels through the sky, layer upon layer upward; with “roadbed, walls, ceiling and traffic signals” fed into the air by radio and radar from the ground.

It’s the job of the FAA to provide all this—and much more; and most of the men and methods to do this are trained and tested at the agency’s Aeronautical Center in Oklahoma City.

To attempt to detail all the types of training involved at the Center would be impossible within the scope of this piece. So let’s take one example.

In many ways, the key man to be trained is the air traffic controller. On the surface, his work appears to be anything but dramatic. He sits before a board listening to a squawk box, consulting charts, scribbling on little

Continued on page 30
The following is a copy of the program of the first performance of "Green Grow the Lilacs," as produced at the Guild Theatre, New York, Monday evening, January 26, 1931.

THE THEATRE GUILD, INC.
PRESENTS
GREEN GROW THE LILACS
A Folk-Play in Six Scenes
By LYNN RIGGS

PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY HERBERT J. HEBERMAN
SETTINGS DESIGNED BY RAYMOND BOYET

CAST (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

CURT MCCLAIN..................................Frenchy
AUNT ELLE MURPHY..............................Helen Westley
LAUREY WILLIAMS...............................June Walker
JESSE FRY.......................................Richard Hale
ADD AMITY CAHAN..............................Elior Choperena
ing
A PEASER.......................................Lee Strandberg
OLD MAN PECK.................................Tom Cooper
A COWBOY......................................Woodward Ritter
ANOTHER COWBOY................................Paul Russell
AN OLD FARMER.................................William T. Hays
A YOUNG FARMER..............................A. L. Bartolot
MASTER.........................................June Alllen
FIDDLER........................................William Charleston
BANJO PLAYER..................................Everett Cheatham
OTHER FARMERS.................................Carl Bradley, Joe Wilson, Roy Ketcham,
                                      Gordon Bryant, Everett Cheatham,
                                      Elmo Carr, Tommy Budgett.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS is laid in Indian Territory in 1893.
Oklahoma, which was admitted to the Union as a state in 1907,
was formed by combining Indian and Oklahoma Territories.

ST. JAMES THEATRE

EMERGENCY NOTICE: In the event of an alert
signal, remain in your seats. A competent staff has
been trained for this occurrence. Keep cool.
You will receive information and instructions from
the stage.

THE THEATRE GUILD
presents

OKLAHOMA!

A Musical Play
Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Lynn Riggs

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Production directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Dances by AGNES DE MILLE

Sung by

LEMMIE ACERS

Composed by

MILES WHITE

Production supervised by

LAWRENCE LAMINN and THEOBEAR HELBURN

With

HARRY STOCKWELL
JOSEPH BUIFF
EVELYN WYCKOFF
RUTH WESTON
RICHARD ROGER
DIONA SKINNER
PAUL CRASTEE
FLORENCE AMES

KATHARINE SERGAYA
VLADIMIR KOSTENKO
SCOTT MERRILL

Orchestra directed by Arthur Morris
Orchestrations by Russell Bennett

A group of characters from the cast of Oklahoma were
found there and went to New York by
LYNN RIGGS.

They were not to become part of the cast signed.

Richard Rodger as Cur. Harriman

OKLAHOMA TODAY
Oklahoma was less than eight years away from Statehood ... it was the last day of August, with cicadas rasping and dust in the air. Young Dr. Hayes hitched his horse, took his satchel from the buggy and hurried up the walk to the modest frame house.

"Time for the baby," the neighbors opined.

Will and Rosa Gillis Riggs named this red, round cheeked mite with the hazel eyes, Raleigh Lynn. They had two other children; Mattie aged four, and little Edgar, who was only two.

Baby Lynn was running everywhere and putting his words together that cold Thanksgiving Day they buried his mother, just a few miles north of Claremore.

As he grew, people noticed that he could sing.

"Green Grow the Lilacs ... sing it Lynn, honey," Minnie, the rosy cheeked young hired girl urged him, as she chorded the old cowboy favorite on the pump organ, "that's right! Not many little four year old boys can sing and carry a tune."

He loved the folk songs. He also loved the stomp dance chants. The clink of pebbles inside terrapin shells and the ancient singing rhythm of the tribe mused a sleeping echo within the child with the big, trusting eyes, the full sensitive mouth, and the Cherokee reserve.

Lynn also loved poetry. Miss Gazelle Lane, of Claremore and a graduate of the Cherokee Female Seminary, was his fifth grade teacher.

"I would have the children memorize the poems in their readers and Lynn always knew them first. Sometimes I'd have him recite them to the whole class."

This gentle lady, with her deep appreciation of each child's ability, undoubtedly inspired young Lynn.

He was still small when his father brought home a bride, a well educated Cherokee lady. But the little boy was unhappy with his new stepmother and soon went to live with his aunt. Will and Julette Riggs in time became the parents of two sons, Lee and Joe.

Throughout high school, Lynn dreamed of the day when he could go to college; a dream that seemed completely out of reach that day he marched up and got his high school diploma. Yet in the back of his mind was the thought of New York.

Another Rogers County son, Will Rogers, had found Aladdin's Lamp on Broadway. Thus, Lynn decided to hit the road, himself.

He awaited his opportunity with the sharp eyes of ambition. A friend of his father's was taking a carload of cattle to Chicago and when the cattle-loaded train left Oklahoma, Lynn was aboard on his way to the stockyard city.

He stopped off at Chicago and worked for an express company long enough to get a stake. Then he started on his way again for bright-lighted Broadway; a Broadway not yet ready for him. From here, he caught another freight train to the west coast.

In Los Angeles he got a job working for the Los Angeles Times as a proofreader. He worked through midnight into the morning hours. One morning, very

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The father of the boys dropped a fork full of potatoes in his lap and swore under his breath. "You can't mean that you were close enough to that grey wolf to see the scar on his head?"

"Yes, we were. But all he did was watch us, Pa, sort of lonesome like."

"Don't you kids realize that a wolf is a killer?" the father admonished.

The grey wolf is considered the most efficient hunter of big game among the four-footed beasts. His prowess does not lie in his agility as a rule, nor in his strength, but in the cooperation and the perfect timing of the pack, for they hunt in numbers. But here too, Scarface proved his own individuality.

In the very early history of Oklahoma and other sections of North America, wolf packs operated with such skill and cunning that whole herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were wiped out. The havoc caused was far greater than that of winter storms and starvation on the open ranges. Scarface did not run true to the manner of his kind, for he committed his atrocious killings alone.

The wolf is a vicious and elusive creature almost from the time he is weaned from his mother's milk until he dies from old age. He resents with open hostility the very presence of man. Every method known has been employed in the act of trying to tame him but without success. On a few occasions wolf packs have been known to attack and devour humans, but their natural reaction is to vacate any premises occupied by people. This is one reason Old Scarface became such a mystery.

Was it loneliness, stubbornness, or devotion to the memory of a slain mate which caused him to stay on and trifle with death? The wolf mates for a lifetime and, early in 1902, a she-wolf was shot by cattlemen in the vicinity where Scarface chose to haunt, regardless of the attempts made on his life. Maybe that young mother was his mate and the ten whelps which they later found.
Do you know your Oklahoma? To be sure you know Oklahoma City, Tulsa and places like that but how about Pecan? Maybe you think that it is a nut which it is but it is also Pecan, Okla. If you think that Quartermaster is in the Army you are only half right because there is a Quartermaster, Okla. Below are thirty-five questions. The correct answer to each question will give you the name of a place in Oklahoma. Some may be only dots on a map and some may not even be on most maps but they are all places in your State. See how many you can guess.

QUESTIONS
1 If a Mexican told you the name of this town you would know he was thirsty. 2 This town is the beginning for the Greeks. 3 You'll run into this town in Paris. 4 Noah could tell you the name of this town. 5 There was a song about this place asking it to come back home. 6 This town comes in two varieties, one is hardshell. 7 Some men spend all their spare time at this town. 8 Lots of trouble in this place. 9 This town is a great favorite with the Russians. 10 All parents hope their children will be like this town. 11 Bananas come in this town. 12 This town has its picture on a Greek postage stamp. 13 The only things like this town in this country are in the air. 14 You have likely walked on this town. 15 If you have this place in your pocket you are not broke. 16 This town knocked out a lot of others. 17 You'd be a mile high if you were in this town. 18 You'd be in a pickle if you were in this town. 19 Lots of people ride around in this town. 20 This town will answer you but actually there won't be anybody there. 21 Many a ball game has been lost because the team didn't have this town with them. 22 If you write shorthand you'll know this place. 23 If you travel much you likely have stayed in this town. 24 No ball player can ever get enough of this town. 25 If you walk like this town you are liable to get in trouble. 26 Lots of people try to keep up with this town. 27 There is a song about this town asking if anybody has seen it. 28 The Soum loves this town. 29 Tell a Mexican he is like this town and you'll have a fight on your hands. 30 Many men are very successful operating like this town. 31 People in love think they are in this town. 32 You will see this place in circuses. 33 Better go to Germany before you try to use this town. 34 You are likely to see Little Egypt or the Dancing Girls in this town. 35 You can see this town but it does not actually exist.

(ANSWERS ON PAGE 34)
HE first legislative action taken in America to adopt a floral emblem occurred in 1893 when the Second Oklahoma Territorial Legislature chose the mistletoe. A group of club women wanted the pretty parasite to display with their exhibit at the Columbian Exposition and they were responsible for the bill’s passage. The shrub was re-adopted by the State Legislature in 1909.

In ancient literature, mistletoe is referred to as the “golden bough.” Vergil relates how Aeneas carried such a charm with him to the underworld so evil forces could not touch him.

The Druids of Britain worshipped the mistletoe when they found it growing in one of their sacred oaks. Their word for the evergreen shrub meant “all heal.” A draught prepared from it was supposed to cure every-thing from sterility to falling sickness. A sprig placed under a Druid’s doorstep kept the family within from having nightmares.

Pliny the Elder was the first scientist to classify Mistletoe. He recognized three genera growing on both deciduous and evergreen trees, and he declared the plant to be a deadly parasite. The Greek word for mistletoe meant “tree thief.”

Birds feed on mistletoe berries and are responsible for its propagation. The berries are filled with a glutinous substance which clings to the bird’s beak. While cleansing its sticky beak on tree bark, seeds are “planted.” Mistletoe can manufacture its own chlorophyll, but it is dependent upon a host tree for moisture and mineral salts.

In the past, mistletoe sprigs have been shipped from Oklahoma into all parts of the world. It is still quite plentiful and lovers everywhere like to play games with it.

Today’s scientists think mistletoe will cure nothing, but Oklahoma keeps and reveres her floral emblem for three reasons: it was the first, it is beautiful, and as a plant and emblem it is unique.

MISTLETOE, a watercolor painting executed by Paul E. Lefebvre, is the first in a series of new Oklahoma Today portrayals of our official state emblems. Later presentations, of the Oklahoma flag, state seal, the scissortail, and the redbud tree, will be imprinted on this same size and type of paper so that they may be framed as companion pieces.
FLOOD LIGHTS ON REFINERY TANK BATTERY

Machines work on.

The power of generator's hum and motor's run

Pumps water into city mains,
sends travelers across the plains

Of sea and sky and earth's terrains.

And deep in a hospital boiler room

A muffled engine's drive

Supplies the power to a machine

That keeps a newborn child alive.

The Winter Light...
SUNRISE AND ICE

The whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond a cope!

—Epes Sargent.
TURKEYS

Yon festive birds, in gobbling glee,
Perceiveth not their destiny.
Prithee, shun foolish mirth, nor boast,
Lest in Deil's oven thou shalt roast!

Aside, prude moralist's chastening words! Turkeys are big business in Oklahoma. 1959 will see more than a million birds produced for shipment everywhere. Not just a seasonal business for Thanksgiving and Christmas, turkey ranches near Cordell, Alva, Waynoka, Tulsa, Shawnee, Sallisaw, Fairview, and Guthrie are geared for year around production. This photo was made between Cheyenne and Durham. Over seventy thousand brooder hens are kept in the state each season to start the new crop. In ratio to the number of hens held in brooders flocks, Oklahoma turkey production for interstate and international export equals any state in the union.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVBRE.
QUARTZ MOUNTAINS AT DAWN

Somber in sunrise roseate marge
Loom hills as dark as hooded Charon's barge.

Rugged western scenery surrounds Quartz Mountain State Park. This country of rocky granite escarpments, mesquite, and prickly pear cactus is scenic, and tough as barbed wire. The weather is wonderful. For fishing and flying, it would be hard to find a finer climate. Lots of sunshine is a safe year around prediction.

The seven thousand acre lake impounded by Lugert Dam is populous with fish. Nearby Altus, winner of national honors as the All-American City, is the home of Altus Air Base, link in the world wide defense chain of the Strategic Air Command.

Texas has just about taken over the lovely and luxurious Quartz Mountain Lodge—so far as attendance is concerned, that is. Most any weekend will find more Texans registered on the Lodge's crowded guest list than Oklahomans. If you aim to go that-a-way, it would be well to write for reservations first. If you enjoy water sports, country as rugged as mother nature ever made, and like to soak up sunshine, you'll like Quartz Mountain State Park.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEBER

The Winter Light...
MOON AND DERRICK

On the coldest winter night

The moon limns large,

Near white, So bright

The common things below

Are mystically made new,

A-glow!
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.

—John Milton.
"Now, look what you've done — why can't you play a guitar like other cowboys?"

"That's mother—it was getting late."

"Grandpa's still old-fashioned. This is the only way he will ride the range with me."

"Learn to ride, Tex. It's the Redskins who bite the dust!"

"Ugh. Ugh. Ugh. Wow!"
"All I said was that the Indians finally won a battle in this picture!"

"And now our next contestant, an expert on horses..."

"It ain't that I don't want peace, Chief—it's just that I gave up smoking!"

"I got bad news for you, Tex. Your double is sick—you gotta ride a horse!"

"Care fer a chaser, pah'dner?"

"Pop, can I have the horse tonight?"

"Look, Mother—our first little spot!"
LOST LOOT Continued from page 3

owner of the land on which the ditch was being dug, immediately filed suit, claiming that since it was found on his property, the money rightfully belonged to him. When the sheriff came seeking George Hardsook to serve the papers, both Hardsook and the money had disappeared and were never heard from again.

Where did the $37,200 come from? Nowata County is not far from the scenes of the James Boys' notorious train and bank robberies. A member of the James gang later intimated that they buried some loot there. Jesse James biographers report that the gang passed through that area often on their way to and from Texas.

They may have buried loot along the Texas trail, and tradition has it that they left a large cache in the Wichita Mountains. Rev. Albert Horse, eldest son of the noted Kiowa scout Hunting Horse, tells in his memoirs of the James' hideout in the Keechis Hills near Cement.

Gkoy-Kee and Ben Burns, both Kiowas, knew the outlaws, including Jesse James. Frank Howard, early day deputy U. S. Marshal, kept track of Frank James when he returned to the Wichitas after Jesse's death. Frank James bought a farm in the area and conducted a lengthy search through the Keechis for something he never found.

In 1867 a gang of robber barons led by an outlaw named Coe built a stone fortress beneath the basalt top of Black Mesa, and began raiding wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail. The Guymon Herald; April 24, 1913, tells the story of L. A. Allen, an eastern Colorado sheriff, who led a posse of Colorado state troops from Fort Lyon to the stronghold.

They captured the entire gang, lynched them, and reduced the stronghold to rubble with a six-inch cannon. No loot was recovered. Legends insist that the Coe gang's ill-gotten gains are still concealed somewhere in the vicinity of Black Mesa.

Bill Doolin, as a young cowhand, worked on Halsey's ranch which headquartered at Camp Russell, nine miles northeast of Guthrie. Soon after the end of Doolin's outlaw career, Ess Austin was farming a quarter-section near Camp Russell, within gunshot of the Cimarron crossing of the old trail between Arkansas City and the Sac and Fox Agency.

One afternoon a buggy carrying two strange men came to Austin's gate, paused briefly, then turned back into the main road. Austin and his wife discussed the incident, decided the pair had lost their way, and dismissed it from their minds. A few days later they went to Crescent for a week of cotton picking.

When they returned, Austin led his horses to a spring which flowed out of a sandstone bluff near his barn. As the horses lowered their heads to drink, Austin suddenly noticed a newly dug hole on the north side of the spring pool. He stepped across the spring and looked down into the hole. In its bottom was a teakettle, blackened with the smoke of old campfires.

This spring, with its cool water, shade, firewood, and graze for horses, had been a popular campsite with the "long riders" of Bill Doolin's time. Austin climbed down and pulled the still half-buried teakettle out of the bottom of the hole. Except for lime encrustation left in it by water boiled long ago, it was empty. A strange set of buggy tracks led away from the spring, through Austin's yard, and back out the main road.

HE COUNTRY around Eufaula has long been a hotbed of tales of lost and buried treasure. Spanish Conquistadores were in this vicinity very early in Oklahoma's history and wherever the Spaniards went tales of buried treasure seem to follow. Standing Rock, at the confluence of the North and South Canadian rivers near Eufaula, is the hub of the legends.

There are Spanish inscriptions on Sanding Rock. Albert Barnhill, a Cherokee, is reported to have found a hoard of Spanish coin near there. Barnhill drew on the deposit for years, taking a little gold at a time into Fort Smith to sell.

Opothle Yahola, the great Creek Chieftan, at the onset of the Civil War received a large annuity payment from the U. S. Government which was to be distributed among the Creeks. With the war in progress, many of the Creeks were scattered. Part of the tribe were Confederate sympathizers while the rest were loyal to the Union.

With some of his people already in Texas, and the bitter enmities which existed, Opothle Yahola knew the money could not be fairly divided until the war ended and his people were together again. He decided to bury the money in a secret place until such time as he could gather all those to whom payment was due.

As the story is told by D. L. Berryhill, a Creek who was then an eight-year-old boy, Opothle Yahola piled the money on the floor of the kitchen of his home. The money was in twenty dollar gold pieces and made a great pile on the floor. The Creek Chieftan called his
LATE ONE AFTERNOON about six months ago, the telephone on my desk rang. I had difficulty understanding the caller but finally made out where he lived and that his name was McGrath. He had heard that I was interested in buried treasure, and asked me to come and see him.

I found him living in a narrow room in a second story walk-up hotel. The carpet was frayed, and a noisy gas heater in one corner made the room stuffy and hot. He was a retired peace officer, a tall, spare man who looked about 60 though he told me he was 75-years-old.

His false teeth cluttered and garbled his speech, which made him hard to understand. But he claimed to know where $100,000 was hidden, somewhere in the southeastern part of the state. He would not tell me where. "They'd kill me," he said. "They've already killed two men who tried to get it."

I asked him why "they" didn't spend this hidden money they were guarding.

"It's too hot!" he said flatly.

Hot money is stolen money, so I asked when the robbery had been committed.

"1922," he said, and would tell me no more, repeating, "They'd kill me."

I took what I thought was a wild shot in the dark. "Wasn't that about the time the Denver Mint was robbed?" I asked.

McGrath changed the subject. We talked for more than an hour and I was never able to steer the conversation back to the $100,000 again. Finally I left.

I dismissed the conversation as the wanderings of an old man's mind, until two weeks ago. I happened to be doing some research in old issues of the New York Times, when I accidentally stumbled upon an account of the robbery of the Denver Mint. It was the sensation of the year when in December, 1922, the Denver Mint was robbed of $200,000 in new $5 bills. And $100,000 of the money has never been recovered.

That $100,000 would indeed be hot! I began to get a little excited, and hurriedly telephoned McGrath's hotel. To my dismay, the old gentleman had checked out and moved away, leaving no forwarding address. No one in the hotel had any idea where he had gone.

I calmed down a little. After all, what good would the money be even if found? The serial numbers of all those bills are in the records of the U. S. Treasury Dept. Anyone who started spending them would be arrested right soon. But the thought of that all that money is intriguing.

A good many outlaws, from Belle Starr to Pretty Boy Floyd, and perhaps the Denver Mint bandits, have sought sanctuary in our rugged hills. And, somewhere, there is a retired peace officer named McGrath, who claims that half of the Denver Mint loot is hidden there, and that he knows exactly where.
Continued from page 5

cards, and now and then picking up a phone or a microphone to speak.

But the cowboy riding herd in bad weather, or the boss of a wagon train under Indian attack had a snap compared to what this potential jet age folk hero faces. At any one instant in time, he will be responsible for the lives of 250 people up there in the air. And he must live with this sort of pressure for an eight hour day with no break for lunch or coffee!

The amount of training these men receive at the Aeronautical Center, from seven mock-up control centers with simulated landing fields, may be gauged by your own answer to this question.

How precious is a human life?

This is actually the basic question that underlies every bit of training at the Center, and is the reason for the size of the effort and the structures involved.

Engineers, communications specialists, inspectors learn how to use, check and maintain thousands of intricate pieces of equipment that range from all types of aircraft to radar and a host of other electronic marvels, with names like ILS, VOR, ASR, DF and TACAN.

One of the world's biggest warehouses—more than 15 acres under one roof—houses the modern equipment to be routed out to air traffic control centers and towers all over the U.S.

One of the world's largest hangars—plus two more just a shade smaller—keeps the agency's "flying laboratories" up-to-date.

And recently installed at a cost of over $1-million, a flight simulator and visualator for the giant Boeing 707 gives pilots a thorough grounding in the demands of jet age flying.

Fortunately for the country—and increasingly now, the world—the Director of the Center, Fred Lanter, is an outstanding example of the kind of dedicated governmental careerist who thrives on challenge.

Lanter has spearheaded the growth of the Center for twelve years. In more ways than could fill a volume, today's "University of the Air" stands as a tribute to the persistence of this modest, greying aviation expert; the
One of the largest buildings of its type in the world, the Center’s 15-acre warehouse is bigger than some small towns—and all under one roof!

Fred Lanter, Director, spearheads fantastic growth in size and importance for the Aeronautical Center.

Cabin and pilot controls for the giant Boeing 707 Simulator. Here FAA personnel learn to cope with the tremendous problems pilot, flight engineer and traffic controller face as more jets take to the air, at speeds nearing a mile per second!

FAA fleet of ‘flying laboratories’ is kept up-to-date by servicing in Center’s three huge hangars. These aircraft are used to test ground safety facilities all over U.S. Note trim jet for high altitude tests.

vision of Stanley Draper and Bennett Griffin (first to dream and plan for such a Center); the air-mindedness of Oklahoma Senator Mike Monroney (author of the bill creating FAA); and the readiness of Oklahoma City civic leaders to give a huge amount of understanding and support to the growth of aviation and this key school for the world.

It may also prove to be a key school for more than air safety.

Students from all the Free Nations on this earth pour through the Center for training. Some bring their wives and families. They live in Oklahoma City anywhere from 4 weeks to a year, and to say they are welcomed, wined, dined and shown the sights with all the care given visiting royalty would be a gross understatement.

More than 200 Oklahoma City families have made “Operation Host” their full-time avocation, and more Oklahomans contend for these special “adoption” privileges than there are foreign friends to go around.

With World Communism continuing its relentless drive to possess every unpledged mind and bit of territory on this earth, it’s rather thrilling to take a close look at a small statue now on display in the Center’s Air Traffic Control training building.

It’s a replica of our own Statue of Liberty, sculptured by a Turkish student last year and presented to the Center by fourteen of 1500 graduates who have carried home to nearly 50 foreign countries their sure knowledge of what America really is.

A small card in Liberty’s hand reads:

Friendship between Individuals
Peace between Countries

We appreciate the kind assistance of FAA and instructors.

WE WILL NOT FORGET.
LYNN RIGGS Continued from page 7

early, an explosion rocked the place. A bomb had been planted in the Times building and a number of people were killed.

Lynn, still at work when it happened, scooped the story. The three-hundred dollars McClure Syndicate paid him for it sent him back to Oklahoma  . . . looking up.

He entered Oklahoma University in the fall of 1920 and joined the line of students seeking employment. They sent him to the Pi Kappa Alpha house to wash dishes for his room and board. Three hundred dollars wouldn't last forever.

The next term found him grading English papers. While the world slept, the rhythmic silence was perfect for Lynn's writing. Poems and short stories took form and soon he was a name on the campus. He became a pledge to Pi Kappa Alpha, was well liked by fellow students, and the co-eds adored him.

Back in pre-radio days, and before good roads were plentiful, the Chautauqua was quite the thing, especially in the isolated areas. In the winter of 1922, Oklahoma University's male quartet signed for a ten weeks summer tour with the Midland Chautauqua Company of Des Moines. Joseph Benton, who was later to become the leading tenor for the Metropolitan Opera, was in charge, with Lalie Neal, baritone; Elmer Fraker, bass; and tenor? Lynn Riggs!

The railway employees were on strike. Riding in tinny flivvers, over washboardy roads, with blowouts and breakdowns, fearful of not making the show on schedule, made Lynn's twenty-five dollars a week well earned.

But there were also thrills. Like meeting Willa Cather and being invited to her home in Red Cloud, Nebraska. And like their first radio appearance over WHO, Des Moines, and the ensuing fan mail. All these and a treasury of notes on Americana, for Lynn.

Magazines like The Smart Set and American Mercury started accepting his work, and in the summer of 1923, Poetry Magazine devoted the whole issue to the works of Lynn Riggs.

While in summer school in 1923, he wrote his first play, The Cuckoo, a hilarious bit, filled with old ballads he had learned as a boy.

According to friends, there was a beautiful co-ed in Lynn's life who wore his pin and later married another student. He never married.

In the early winter of 1923 he again rode west, this time from grim necessity; a case of pulmonary tuberculosis. The doctor ordered him to work as a manual laborer in New Mexico, and here he hired out to his friend, Whitter Binner, the poet.

Later, he built his own adobe house in Santa Fe with an extra room upstairs, where he did his writing. During the year-and-a-half there he wrote three plays, one of which was Knives of Syria. Part of 1925 was spent in Claremore and Sapulpa, before going to Illinois, where he wrote Big Lake, the play teeming with local color. It was produced in New York in 1927.

Great things were now beginning to open up for Lynn. He won the coveted Guggenheim Fellowship and went to Paris, spending part of his time on the Rivera.

"Green Grow the Lilacs . . ." sometimes when we are far from familiar scenes, the things we know best return to us more vividly than ever. It must have been so for Lynn, who wrote his best known play during 1928-29, while in France. It was produced by the New York Theater Guild the following year.

The lovely lady who did much to further his talent in the beginning, was the mother of Joseph Benton. In 1938, when he was writing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Benton was a famous opera star, the two of them received a great ovation at the National Convention of Pi Kappa Alpha. Said Mr. Benton, in Chronicles of Oklahoma, "Mother was greatly moved . . . and most happily, when she saw her two 'sons' receive the plaudits of their fraternity's national delegates."

In 1951, when Western Reserve University of Cleveland, Ohio, was looking for the right person to write their great American play in observance of their 125th anniversary, they chose Lynn because of his rich background in American folklore and tradition of the Midwest, as well as his impact on the American dramatic scene. The play he wrote, Toward the Western Sky, portrayed man's hatred for human subjection so well that he was given a doctorate from this noted institution. Toward the Western Sky was Lynn's last play.

By the spring of 1954 he knew he had cancer, but he said little about it. He died in the Memorial Hospital in New York and his beloved sister, Mattie Riggs Cundiff returned home with him.

His funeral, of unforgettable beauty, was arranged by Dr. Noel Kaho, a close friend. Joseph Benton, Lynn's friend of the Metropolitan Opera sang, Thy Will Be Done, accompanied by Miss Virginia Lemons of Claremore. An Oklahoma flag, draped over the casket for the first time in Oklahoma's history, was presented by Justice Napoleon B. Johnson, emmissary of Governor Johnston Murray.

Dr. W. Angie Smith, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Oklahoma and New Mexico, spoke the words over the son of Will and Rose Ella Riggs, and then Mattie and Edgar, with close friends and relatives, returned him to the red clay gravelled earth in the family plot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Shortly after his death, when museums were asking for his personal possessions and works, Dr. Kaho made this suggestion;

"Why not keep Lynn's things all together until we can build a suitable memorial to house them? We can add a wing to the Will Rogers Library here in Claremore and call it the Lynn Riggs Room."

He had fifteen published plays and thirteen that were unpublished, besides one unfinished novel and a volume of unpublished poems, as well as his one book of published poems, The Iron Dish.

The playwright had a minjature theatre in his home, perfect in every detail. Leading universities where his plays were first produced are ready to add similar replicas scaled to size, as soon as the room is ready.

And it will become a reality as interested people are awakened to the debt they owe to the memory of Lynn Riggs.
COLOR BONANZA

The wonderful paintings of Augusta I. C. Metcalfe will be featured in the color section of the Summer issue of Oklahoma Today. This great lady is attaining international fame with her splendid portrayals of western Oklahoma folks and ways.

Putting together a special section of this kind involves many unexpected problems and unusual solutions. For example, your editors recently learned that a large exhibition of Mrs. Metcalfe's work was on exhibit at the Panhandle A. & M. College in Goodwell. The exhibition was about to close, we desperatel needed to photograph the pictures in color before they became separated, and there was not enough time available to make the trip by car. To our rescue flew a Beechcraft Bonanza (note here our clever title). Pilot Joe Sorrells is shown here helping unload our camera cases at the Guymon airport. We are grateful to Beechcraft and to Joe Sorrells for their help in our hurry.

PREPOSTEROUS PAPA

Lewis Meyer's book about his father, Max Meyer of Sapulpa, has received a powerful launching. On Oct. 17, a day and night autographing party was held in Tulsa, under the sponsorship of three writers' organizations. Two days later, Sapulpa was airplane "bombed" with ping-pong balls containing gift merchandise certificates, bands paraded, a dinner honored author Lewis Meyer and his Prepostorous Papa Max, and the book was reviewed to a full house at Washington School auditorium. On Oct. 21, Brown-Dunkin of Tulsa presented Lewis Meyer in a review and autographing party at the Orpheum Theatre.

Quoting from Margaret Jennings' review in the Tulsa World, "Max Meyer built motels when no one would stay in them. He built a lake and dance pavilion on his ranch long before transportation made it practical for a lucrative enterprise. He promoted a nursery before women became garden club conscious . . . and suddenly you realize that the preposterosity of today is the commonplace of tomorrow. Lewis Meyer has written a tender and loving story about his father. It is full of laughs—Papa's belief in the efficacy of epsom salts and morphine, his penchant for bargains and the story of how he disposed of 6,000 collarless shirts long after shirts without collars had gone out of style are hilarious."

Oklahoma Today joins Margaret Jennings in recommending Prepostorous Papa to you as fine and enjoyable reading.

NATIONAL FAMILY DOCTOR OF THE YEAR

Dr. Chesley Martin, of Elgin, has been named national Family Doctor of the Year by the American Medical Association. He is the thirteenth doctor in the United States to receive this annual award. "Doc" Martin has served Elgin and surrounding community for forty-four years. Community service has been his life. As physician and pharmacist, school board chairman, member of the town board, amateur architect and construction superintendent of the school gymnasium and the Elgin Methodist Church, guardian of the public health through his work toward removal of health hazards and installing a city water system, and dozens of other public spirited activities including staunch support of the Elgin Chapter of the F. F. A., Doctor Martin's years have been busy ones. This recognition by his colleagues all over America adds one more honor to those already accorded him in the hearts of his neighbors, and brings another honor to all of Oklahoma.

THANKS

Maggie Culver Fry (MEMORIES OF LYNN RIGGS) extends special thanks to Maggie Riggs Cundiff, Gazelle Lane, Ella Sisler, Joseph Benton, Dr. Noel Kaho, and the Chronicles of Oklahoma for the vital help given her in preparing her article.

OLD TIMER WRITES

Howdy Folks:

I am writing about a picture I saw on TV about Oklahoma, and how it has built up since 1912. I am retired now, and live in San Francisco. I was living in Oregon in 1911, and had punched cows in Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, just about every state that had cows.

Continued on next page
Continued from preceding page

My partner in Oregon decided we should migrate south. We both had good horses and about $300 in a money belt and living didn't bother us. We could get rabbit or grouse, or fish in any creek. We just took our time.

Finally ended up on a spread in Oklahoma about ten miles north of the Red River. We took a job stomping broncs, and on range work. We was doing pretty good until one day an old pilgrim came through the country, an old prospector with a burro. The old fellow was about six foot six and had to walk twice in the same place to make a shadow. He called his burro Pete, long ears and shaggy hair.

You know that burro and I got to be pretty good friends. He would eat chewing tobacco or Bull Durham like candy. The old pilgrim was about washed up as far as traveling, so we told him to stick around until he was able to travel. He nev er did get any better and one morning we found he had passed into the great beyond.

Whether he struck it rich there I'll never know, but about a week after the old man died we had a real dust storm and I'm telling you Texas was coming over into Oklahoma so fast you couldn't see two feet. I decided I had better go out and bring old Pete, the burro, in. I knew just about where he would be, but I couldn't see—just guess, and try to keep from being blown away.

Finally I found him and grabbed him by the ear, but he didn't want to come so I threw a leg over his back and grabbed a handful of shaggy hair. Just about that time things really began to happen. It seemed like he squatted down some then went ten feet in the air and took off.

I had both hands full of hair trying to hang on as we sure was traveling. I lost a good Stetson hat and the dust was so thick I couldn't see or breathe. I didn't stay with the critter long after that. I was taking too much of a beating. We parted company.

When I hit the ground I didn't know where I was or how far I had come, so I just stayed put until the storm blew over. It finally did, and the sun came out, so I started walking. After about a mile I came over a rise and saw a homesteader's cabin. I borrowed a horse and got directions back to the ranch, and you know, when I got back, there was old Pete the burro, still there.

I had made a mistake and got on one of those Oklahoma jack rabbits. So I said to my pard let's go back to Oregon where we can be half way safe from dust and jack rabbits. I've never been back to Oklahoma, and I hope your country has improved as TV says it has.

Yours truly,

Rollie Owens

ECHOHAWK'S BEST AND MORE BEST

In several past issues you have seen our humor episodes headed up with cartoons by Brummett Echohawk, Pawnee artist-illustrator-writer-cartoonist. You'll recall his The Man Who Scratched Himself in our last winter issue. We are calling his two-page spread in this issue The Best of Echohawk but we aren't serious—the total best of Echohawk would fill this issue and many others. And, by the way, have you seen the wonderful Indian motif Christmas cards Echohawk has designed?

LAWTON YOUTH NATION'S 4-H BEST

Larry Watson, of Lawton, is this year's outstanding 4-H Club boy in the nation. Larry's recognition came at the national 4-H Club Congress in Chicago, which named thirteen other Oklahoma youngsters national champs in various divisions—more than any other state.

California came in 2nd with twelve national winners, and Kansas 3rd with ten. Larry has made enough money from 4-H projects to buy a 465-acre farm near Lawton. His past honors include the presidency of the Comanche County 4-H Club, a statewide citizenship award, and a $400 scholarship from the Ford Motor Company.
A QUICK LOOK AT NEW AND EXPANDED INDUSTRIES IN OKLAHOMA

Continental Oil Co. has started a $750,000 expansion and modernization program at its TULSA City packaging and compounding plant, and a $360,000 expansion at its grease plant. Hackney Iron and Steel Co. is nearing completion of a $750,000 expansion program at its Enid plant, completing a $5,000,000 gas-processing plant near Laverne. A second expansion program is under way at the Federal Aviation Agency Center at OKLAHOMA CITY — $2,285,000 worth of new facilities which will bring the total value of the installation to almost $20,000,000.

Temple Manufacturing Co., manufacturer of men's and boys' slacks, officially opened a new plant at TULSA last November, and added a new production line and cutting operations this year to bring employment to 260. It will now employ 270 persons, with a total of 460 employees. Temple Manufacturing Co. completed a new $3,000,000, 500,000-kilowatt power station at TULSA, and is building a 175,000-kilowatt plant near DOLOUGAH dam. The U. S. Bureau of Mines $12,400,000 helium plant, employing 86 permanent personnel, has been completed near KEYES.

Mur-Mill of Oklahoma, a new branch operation of Murph-Beiler Inc., Kentucky furniture manufacturing firm, has started production in OKLAHOMA CITY. Construction is progressing rapidly on the $36,000,000 Western Electric Co. expansion program at OKLAHOMA CITY, when completed in April, will employ up to 4,000 persons. Meanwhile, a $225,000 addition to the firm's Oklahoma City plant has been built. Sears, Roebuck & Co. completed a $250,000 plant expansion at McALESTER. Continental Carbon Co. has started a $1,000,000 extension at PONCA CITY.

Brown Manufacturing Co., OKLAHOMA CITY builder of metal building products, completed a new $250,000 plant. Orbit Valve Co. bought a 40-acre tract for a new plant at TULSA. American Timber Treating Co., was organized and has started operations at HUGO. Newman Industries Inc., manufacturer of "Esquire" fiberglass boats, was established at COMMERCE in February, and doubled its plant size by September. The Eagle-Fisher smelter at HENRYSDALE went back into full operation after spending some $250,000 on modernization. A 4-year, $3,250,000 expansion program was nearing completion at the SANDBRIDGE plant of Shiloh Division of Armco Steel Corp.

Hazel-Atlas Glass Co. at ADA completed a $250,000 expansion and remodeling program. So did the Alexander H. Kerr and Co. glass plant at SAND SPRINGS. A new firm, Chickasha Mobile Homes, started manufacturing operations in CHICKASHA. Hereford Heaven Brands, frozen meat processors, completed a new $300,000 plant at OKLAHOMA CITY. Armour and Co. announced plans to build a new, complete modern meat processing plant at OKLAHOMA CITY.

Texoma Furniture Co., a new manufacturing firm, has built a plant and started production at DURANT. Unit Parts Co. has started construction of a 109,000-square-foot, $500,000 plant at OKLAHOMA CITY. Glenn Berry Manufacturers Inc., maker of "Mickey Mantle" brand blue jeans, established a new plant in COMMERCE in May, doubled the plant size in September, and now has more than 120 employees. Charles Machine Works, manufacturer of the "Ditch Witch" trencher and other mechanical products, built a new $250,000 plant at FERRY. The Wakefield Co., Ohio light fixture manufacturer, established a new branch plant at OKLAHOMA CITY.

Dewey Portland Cement Co. is building a new $12,000,000 cement manufacturing plant between TULSA and CLAREMORE. Ame Engineering and Manufacturing Corp. completed a new $250,000 plant at MUSKOGEE. The SPACE Corp., of Garland, Texas, moved a branch plant to DURANT. Construction has started at SANDBRIDGE on a new plant for Allied Graphic Arts. This branch operation of the New York firm will employ 80 persons initially, and 200 eventually, printing S & H Green Stamps for a 14-state area. D-X Sunray Oil Co. has started construction of a $7,000,000 wax plant at its WEST TULSA refinery.

Wilson & Co. has an extensive remodeling and modernization project under way at its OKLAHOMA CITY plant after part of the plant was destroyed by an explosion. A new cement manufacturing firm, Oklahoma Cement Co., has been organized at TULSA and is building a $7,000,000 plant near TULSA. A Missouri cement manufacturing firm, Evergreen Manufacturing Co., has put two plants in Oklahoma, one at CHELSEA with about 75 employees and one at WARRIORS with about 50. Blue Bell, Inc. completed a new $200,000 building at ADA, and added a new production line at COALGATE which will bring employment there to more than 180.

A $20,000,000 expansion program has been completed at American Airlines Jet Service Center at TULSA, bringing the total size of the 8,000-employee installation to 10,000,000 square feet. A $1,000,000 expansion is under way at the Midland Co-op refinery at BESTWELL. PLYMOUTH Gypsum Co. is building a 70,000-square-foot warehouse addition at its PRYOR paper plant. A new $200,000 feed mill is being built in LAWTON by the Lawton Cooperative Association. Fred E. Cooper Inc., TULSA oil field equipment manufacturer, has started a $250,000 expansion program. Flaws Manufacturing Co., McALESTER clothing manufacturer, is building a 124 by 120-foot plant addition. A $250,000 renovation project is starting at the Progress Brewing Co. plant at OKLAHOMA CITY.

COMPILED BY BOB WOLF, DEPT. OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY
have sensed danger for he turned and ran to his brother's rescue. Scarface sat on his haunches. He seemed only curious of the boy's actions. They pegged snowballs, trying to drive him away, but he only dodged their attempts and watched them with questionings eyes. A deserted sod house stood a distance away and they decided to run for it. Once they looked back, Scarface stood still, watching their flight.

When they reached the house, they found that the windows and doors were gone so they climbed up on the roof. The sun had melted the snow away so they sat down and waited. Scarface was following their trail now. He was coming at a leisurely gait, head down, as though he were not in the least concerned about anything but the scent of their footsteps. About a hundred yards from the shanty they sat down and watched the boys intently. They flung stones at him from the rooftop. He scarcely changed his position. They scolded him then about being late for school but he only eyed them the more intently.

The sun grew high and warmer but Scarface kept his vigil. Sometimes he stretched himself out on the trail but sitting or lying down, he kept his eyes on the boys on the roof. The hours passed, the sun reached the zenith and the boys could tell by its position that it was noon. While they ate their lunch from their pails, the old wolf slunk off in the sagebrush. Time passed and he did not return. They were afraid that he might be hiding nearby, so they remained perched on their lookout.

It was late in the day, almost the middle of the afternoon, when they spotted two hunters on horseback. The boys yelled and waved until they attracted one man's attention.

If Scarface heard them he did not show himself, and the hunters were certain he had wandered away. But the boys were doubtful and began to investigate. It was only minutes until they discovered him in a draw, skulking in a plum thicket below the house.

Both boys shouted in unison, "There he is!"

Both hunters had the same impulse. There were two loud reports and Scarface lay dying in the snow. Without a whimper or a struggle, the killer had been killed. Only once he opened his eyes in seeming recognition and they were dimly fastened on the smaller boy.

The youngsters both stood over him with serious faces as the hunters joked with a great relief, debating which of them would own the beautiful warm robe that the heavy grey coat would make. The smaller boy touched a big front paw with the toe of his shoe and exclaimed almost sadly, "Gee, Old Scarface is dead!"

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**CALENDAR OF EVENTS**

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**THIRTY-SIX OKLAHOMA TODAY**

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**WOLF! Continued from page 9**

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**Oklahoma Today**

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**OKLAHOMA TODAY**
ALL-COLLEGE TOURNAMENT
DECEMBER 28, 29, 30

The opening whistle will thrill at 2:00 P.M., Dec. 28, for the 24th annual All-College Basketball Tournament. From that moment, Oklahoma will be the setting for three days of the most exciting basketball action in the nation.

Opening day pairings are:
2:00 P.M. Wichita vs Cornell
4:00 P.M. Niagara vs Utah State
7:30 P.M. Tulsa vs Bowling Green
9:30 P.M. Okla. City University vs Clemson

Oklahoma City University is the defending champion, and is seeded first this year. The tournament is the oldest holiday basketball tournament in the U.S., and is highly respected throughout the sports world. Eighty-three different colleges from all over the nation have competed in the tournament during the almost quarter-century that it has been held.