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"The Little Green Paper"

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How Did The Month of July Get Its Name?

The month of July, unlike June, is named for a mortal, albeit one who devised and ruled an empire. Julius Caesar was a Roman general, statesman, and historian who conquered Gaul



July was named in honor of Julius Caesar. When Julius Caesar died, Quintilis, which was his birth month, was re-named with July. Quintilis means "fifth

(what is now part of Italy, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands), changed the structure of the Roman government into a dictatorship, was assassinated in legendary fashion, and most importantly for our purposes, helped make the calendar what it is today.

Caesar is responsible for the year as we know it having 365 days, and for the existence of a leap year every four years. How did this Julian Calendar change things? The early Roman calendar had an intercalary month called Intercalans that was 27 or 28 days long, added once every two years after February 23rd. For years including Intercalans, the remaining five days of February were omitted. Our contemporary calendar is still pretty much the same system Caesar instituted more than 2000 years ago.

month" in Latin, which represents where this month originally fell in the Roman calendar.

July is the seventh month of the year (between June and August) in the Julian and Gregorian Calendars and the fourth of seven months to have a length of 31 days. It is on average the warmest month in most of the Northern hemisphere, where it is the second month of summer, and the coldest month in much of the Southern hemisphere, where it is the second month of winter. The second half of the year commences in July. In the Southern hemisphere, July is the seasonal equivalent of January in the Northern hemisphere.

"Dog days" are considered to begin in early July in the Northern Hemisphere, when the hot sultry weather of summer usually starts. Spring lambs born in late winter or early spring are usually sold before 1 July.

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July is the traditional period known as "fence month," the closed season for deer in England. The end of England's High Court of Justice Trinity Term takes place on 31 July. July is also the time in which the elections take place for the Japanese House of Councillors, held every three years and replacing half of its seats.

In Ancient Rome, the festival of Poplifugia was celebrated on 5 July, and Ludi Apollinares was held on 13 July and for several days afterwards. However, these dates do not correspond to the modern Gregorian calendar.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Some Jokes

A FEW GOOD LAWYERS

A lawyer is standing in a long line at the box office. Suddenly, he feels a pair of hands kneading his shoulders, back, and neck. The lawyer turns around.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I'm a chiropractor, and I'm just keeping in practice while I'm waiting in line."

"Well, I'm a lawyer, but you don't see me screwing the guy in front of me, do you?"

A GOOD LAWYER KNOWS THE LAW A GREAT LAWYER ...

A good lawyer knows the law; a great lawyer knows the judge.

A DRUNK'S PRAYER

A drunk man was staggering home with a pint of booze in his back pocket when he slipped and fell heavily. Struggling to his feet, he felt something wet running down his leg.

"Please God," he thought. "Let it be blood!"

A LESSON IN MORALS

One day at the end of class, little Johnny's teacher asks the class to go home and think of a story to be concluded with the moral of that story. The following day the teacher asks for the first volunteer to tell their story.

Little Suzy raises her hand. "My dad owns a farm and every Sunday we load the chicken eggs on the truck and drive into town to sell them at the market. Well, one Sunday we hit a big bump and all the eggs flew out of the basket and onto the road."

When the teacher asked for the moral of the story, Suzy replied, "Don't keep all your eggs in one basket."

Little Lucy went next. "My dad owns a farm too. Every weekend we take the chicken eggs and put them in the incubator. Last weekend only eight of the 12 eggs hatched."

Again, the teacher asked for the moral of the story.

Lucy replied, "Don't count your chickens before they hatch."

Next up was little Johnny. "My uncle Ted fought in the Vietnam war, and his plane was shot down over enemy territory. He jumped out before it crashed but could only take a case of beer, a machine gun and a machete. On the way down, he drank the case of beer. Then he landed right in the middle of 100 Vietnamese soldiers. He shot 70 with his machine gun, but then he ran out of bullets! So he pulled out his machete and killed 20 more. Then the blade on his machete broke, so he killed the last ten with his bare hands."

The teacher looked a little shocked. After clearing her throat, she asked what possible moral there could be to this story.

"Well," Johnny replied, "Don't mess with Uncle Ted when he's been drinking."

DATA MASTER: Doug Stone

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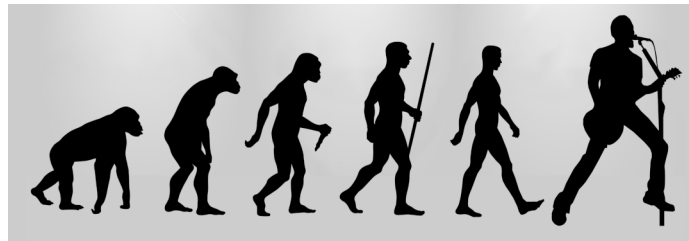
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Evolution Of American Music From 1920s To Present



Throughout the years, musical styles have reflected the society of the time and have evolved with changes in the world. Not only does music change with society but it changes with technological advances as well. As technology changes it can allow new styles to emerge and new ways for people to listen. From radio to television, and records to the internet, music and the way we consume it has dramatically changed in the past seventy years. Even the innovations in the technology used to create musical instruments and recording equipment has effected what styles and songs are made and popular within the music landscape. Throughout this section we will try to briefly cover the types of music that were popular since the 1920's up until the present day by providing lists of genres and artists as well as some historical context. Keep in mind a lot of this information is subjective and we have tried our best to cover the most popular elements of the history of music.

1920's
 Music in the 1920's was dominated by jazz, blues and

the traveling dance bands that played what was popular at the time. Following the devastation of the first World War, Twenties music was quite upbeat and optimistic as the economy boomed and parties roared despite prohibition in the US. The music industry as we know it was just beginning and all things seemed possible.

Popular Genres: Jazz, Blues, Dance, Broadway, Ragtime, Standards

Popular Artists: Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Ma Rainey, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, Paul Whiteman, Bessie Smith

1930's
 The Great Depression hit late in the 1920s and remained throughout the 1930s, heavily influencing the music of the time. Some music like blues and country reflected the hardships faced by many, while most other popular music like big band and swing kept an upbeat feeling in the air. Popular music served its purpose in providing an escape from the harsh conditions



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in the Thirties. Many songs addressed the current issues while remaining optimistic, while others addressed the mood with a more tongue-in-cheek approach.

Popular Genres: Swing, Jazz, Country, Traditional Pop, Crooners, Big Band

Popular Artists: Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, The Andrews Sisters, Gene Autry, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Kate Smith, Tommy Dorsey

1940's

The music of the 1940's consisted mainly of jazz, big band, and swing. It reflected the pain of World War II while also trying to remain upbeat and looking towards a positive future full of possibilities. Because much of the world was involved in the war during the decade, many artists and groups put their efforts into entertaining troops, especially in the US with the USO (United States Service Organizations).

Popular Genres: Jazz, Big Band, Swing, Country, Bebop, Novelty Acts, Band Leaders

Popular Artists: Rosemary Clooney, Frank Sinatra, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Count Basie, Bing Crosby, The Andrews Sisters, Dorsey Brothers, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Ella Fitzgerald

1950's

Music of the 1950's reflected the beginnings of major social changes in the world and in the US, especially. Rock 'n' Roll, R&B, and traditional pop ruled the charts while radio and television connected the country in our musical tastes and exposed the nation to a greater variety of artists and styles. Some of the first major superstars of music emerged from this decade with people like Elvis Presley dominating the airwaves and the minds of young girls.

Popular Genres: Traditional Pop, Rock 'n' Roll, Rhythm & Blues, Country, Jazz, Blues, Calypso, Vocal Jazz

Popular Artists: Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Buddy Holly, Fats Domino, The Everly Brothers, Patti Page, Doris Day, Johnny Cash, Nat King Cole, Tony Bennett, Dean Martin, Pat Boone, Gene Autry, Patsy Cline, Sam Cooke, Hank Williams, Teresa Brewer, Ritchie Valens, Harry Belafonte, Ray Charles

1960's

The sounds of the 1960's straddled a large dichotomy between the ultimate commercialism with completely manufactured bands (like The Archies and The Monkees) and revolutionary artistry (Bob Dylan and Jimi Hendrix) with some of the greatest singer-songwriters and instrumentalists emerging on the scene. There were also many bands and artists that walked the line between commercialism and musical innovation like The Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, and The Rolling Stones. The Beatles dominated the charts and spurred on the British Invasion that characterized much of the decade.

Popular Genres: Folk, Surf Rock, Psychedelic Rock, Blues-Rock, Progressive Rock, Garage Rock, Pop, Soul, R&B, Country, British Invasion, Latin Rock, Protest/Music with a Message

Popular Artists: The Beatles, Bob Dylan, The Monkees, The Rolling Stones, The Supremes, Simon & Garfunkel, Aretha Franklin, The Beach Boys, The Jimi Hendrix Experience, The Moody Blues, Janis Joplin, Neil Seddaka, Chubby Checker, The Mamas & The Papas, Cream, The Temptations, James Brown

1970's

The 1970's served as a bridge between the seriousness of the music that came out of the late sixties and the excessiveness of music from the 1980's. Disco became one

of the biggest and most despised trends in music during the decade. It was so pervasive that many established singers and bands came out with disco songs to keep up with the trends, including rockers like Blondie and Rod Stewart. Heavier rock music and punk rock also emerged during the decade, some of it as a retaliation to disco.

Popular Genres: Disco/Dance, Progressive Rock, Punk, New Wave, Funk, Soul, Glam Rock, Soft Rock, Singer-Songwriter, Folk, Souther Rock/Country Rock, Country-Pop, Power Pop

Popular Artists: The Doors, The Who, The Jackson 5, Marvin Gaye, Rod Stewart, Barry Manilow, Diana Ross, Paul Simon, Gloria Gaynor, The Bee Gees, The Ramones, Sex Pistols, Electric Light Orchestra, Patti Smith, The Cars, Kool & The Gang, Parliament-Funkadelic, Earth Wind & Fire, Kansas, ABBA, Donna Summer, Queen, Grand Funk Railroad, Blondie, The Carpenters, Elton John, Billy Joel

1980's

In the 1980's music was dramatically changed by the introduction of MTV (Music Television). This meant that music videos became more and more of a necessity in order for artists to gain popularity (especially with the youth) and sell records. A greater importance was placed on the appearance of musicians and gimmicks became commonplace. Michael Jackson emerged as one of the most dominant artists of the decade and was helped by his creative music videos and pure talent, with his Thriller album and video setting pop music standards. New Wave and Synth-Pop were popular genres and their electronic sounds fit perfectly with the beginnings of the computer age. Hair Metal bands also became popular during the decade with their theatrical and outrageous music videos and performances. Hip-Hop also came into the mainstream during the decade.

Popular Genres: New Wave, Synth-Pop, Hair Metal, Hip-Hop, Gothic Rock, Heavy Metal, Pop, Alternative Rock, Hardcore Punk, Contemporary R&B, Country

Popular Artists: Dolly Parton, Michael Jackson, Lionel Richie, Olivia Newton John, David Bowie, Billy Joel, Duran Duran, The Police, U2, Van Halen, Def Leopard, Poison, Twisted Sister, Whitney Houston, Madonna, Phil Collins, Cyndi Lauper, Bon Jovi, Bruce Springsteen, Motley Crue, Prince, Paula Abdul, The Cure, Depeche Mode, The Go-Gos, The Bangles, Randy Travis, Garth Brooks, Reba McEntire, Public Enemy, Run-DMC, MC Hammer, Beastie Boys, LL

Cool J, Bobby Brown, New Kids on the Block, Janet Jackson, Tom Petty, Journey, Tina Turner

1990's

Like the sixties, the 1990's was a decade of extremes with under-produced, anti-establishment grunge bands and gangster rappers enjoying just as much success as the overly produced and studio manufactured pop groups. The decade was ruled by powerful singers with Mariah Carey, Celine Dion, and Whitney Houston topping the charts. Many artists' personal problems including drug abuse and rap feuds overshadowed a lot of the talent during the decade as well, with the death of many popular musicians due to drug overdose and the murders of rappers like Notorious B.I.G. and Tupac Shakur.

Popular Genres: Grunge, Alternative/College Rock, Technotronic, Hip-Hop, Gangster Rap, Bubblegum Pop, Boy Bands/Girl Groups, Pop-Punk, Metal, Ska, Contemporary R&B, Country-Pop, Britpop, New Jack Swing, Singer-Songwriter, Hard Rock, Happy Rock

Popular Artists: Nirvana, Pearl Jam, MC Hammer, Britney Spears, Backstreet Boys, N'Sync, Soundgarden, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Salt 'n Peppa, Vanilla Ice, Tone Loc, 2Pac, Notorious B.I.G., Snoop Dogg, Ice Cube, Gloria Estefan, Madonna, Whitney Houston, The Offspring, Green Day, No Doubt, Ricky Martin, Garth Brooks, Shania Twain, Faith Hill, Boyz II Men, Janet Jackson, R.E.M., Weezer, Guns & Roses, Hootie & the Blowfish, Christina Aguilera, Alanis Morissette, Jewel, Oasis, Mariah Carey, Natalie Merchant, Sheryl Crow, Melissa Etheridge, Dave Matthews Band, Metallica, Nine Inch Nails, Cypress Hill, Foo Fighters, The Smashing Pumpkins

2000's

The music of the 2000's showcased a variety of genres and it reflected a great deal of the pop music that came from the nineties, with many of the same artists and bands remaining popular between the two decades. For a decade filled with much suffering in terms of the September 11th attacks, two wars in the Middle East, and an economic downturn, a lot of the music had to strike a fine balance between upbeat and optimistic while still reflecting the pain that many experienced. Some of the more popular genres of the decade included Dance-Pop, Indie Rock, and Emo.

Popular Genres: Dance-Pop, Indie Rock, Emo, Pop-Punk, Contemporary R&B, Hip-Hop, Reggaeton, Electronica, Hard Rock, Alternative Metal, New Wave Revival, Teen Pop, Boy Bands, Internet Stars, Disney

Artists, Adult Contemporary, Country, Country-Pop, British Soul, Latin Pop

Popular Artists: Eminem, Sean Paul, Rihanna, Miley Cyrus, Jessica Simpson, Jennifer Lopez, Kanye West, Jay-Z, Beyonce, Taylor Swift, Blake Shelton, Miranda Lambert, Kelly Clarkson, Linkin Park, The Killers, Maroon 5, Alicia Keys, Outkast, Lady Gaga, Justin Timberlake, Britney Spears, Carrie Underwood, Christina Aguilera, Pink, Norah Jones, Coldplay, Shakira, Modest Mouse, The White Stripes, Death Cab for Cutie, Fall Out Boy, Paramore, Panic! At the Disco, Amy Winehouse, Joss Stone, Toby Keith, Kid Rock, Dixie Chicks, Destiny's Child, Leona Lewis, Flo Rida, The Jonas Brothers, Justin Bieber, Lady Gaga, Katy Perry, Avril Lavigne, Michelle Branch, The Shins, Blink-182, Staind, System of a Down, Korn

The Ways We Listen to Music

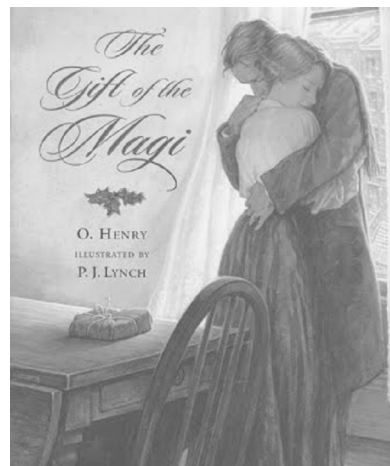
The way we listen to music has changed drastically throughout the past seventy years. For a very long time records and the radio were the predominant means of listening to your favorite songs. Despite numerous advances in technology, many artists today still release their albums on vinyl records as well as MP3s and CDs because many music fans still believe that vinyl records provide the best musical experience. The technology for records began in the 1800's with wax records and phonographs, and as technology advanced the size, speed and material of the records changed. In the 1970's until the 1990's 8-tracks and then cassette tapes became another popular media with which to experience music due to their portability. Although they were developed in the 1980's, CDs (Compact Discs) and CD players did not become a popular way to listen to music until the middle of the 1990's when the technology became more affordable. CDs replaced tapes due to their greater storage capacities and better sound quality. CDs were the most popular way to listen to one's favorite songs until the middle of the 2000's when computer and internet technology advanced significantly to make MP3 format and MP3 players more viable means of entertainment. Apple's iPod was released in November of 2001 and changed the way we listen to music forever making it forever portable and allowing us to infinitely expand our music collections. With more and more advances in computer technology and increased internet capabilities, we have the ability to instantly listen to our favorite songs at a relatively low cost or for free with our computers, phones, MP3 players, and tablets thanks to instant streaming services like Pandora or Spotify and online shops like iTunes or Amazon. Television also influenced the way we listen to music

with artists being able to reach national audiences through performances on talk shows, music showcases, and music videos on MTV. Now with popularity of video sharing websites like YouTube, many artists are being discovered through this medium and established artists can connect more quickly and deeply with their fans.

The Gift of the Magi

By O. Henry (Continued on page 8)

This story was originally published on Dec 10, 1905 in The New York Sunday World as "Gifts of the Magi." It was subsequently published as The Gift of the Magi in O. Henry's 1906 short story collection The Four Million.



One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating. While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad. In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."



Getting to know the Lutherans

SAFE ON THE BOAT—In the early evening hours, the disciples have been instructed to cross the Sea of Galilee. Suddenly, a storm rises making their crossing difficult and hazardous. And how well we know contrary winds – waves too heavy for our strength to pull against. We are distressed in rowing and trying to bail water at the same time.

Knowing their situation, Jesus comes to them walking on the water. Into the home of grief, of discouragement, of failure, of anguish – he has come. In the hours of desperation, the Lord comes to his own. In the darkest hours, the Lord comes to fortify his children in the face of danger.

In any storm, no matter how great, Jesus is there with you to see you through it. Even though he is with you in the “boat,” it does not mean that all your distresses and problems will suddenly disappear.

When distressed in rowing against head winds, we have to keep in mind that God is there with us, and also to keep our ears open to his voice – “Take heart, it is I!” (Mark 6:50). You are safe on the boat because Jesus assures us, “I am with you always.”

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey

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The Gift of the Magi (Continued from page 6)

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling--something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 Bat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had

the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she cluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One Eight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

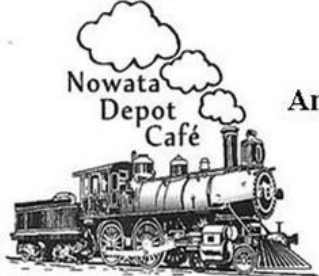
Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick" said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation--as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like



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him. Quietness and value--the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 78 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task dear friends--a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do--oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two--and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments

that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face. Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again--you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice--what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you--sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year--what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

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Joe Forcum, D. PH
Wendy Forcum

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs--the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jewelled rims--just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men--wonderfully wise men--who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth



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This Month in History—July

July 20

1944-An attempt to assassinate Adolf Hitler failed, only wounding him.

1964-The Beatles US album, *Something New*, was released.

1969-The first man (Astronaut Neil Armstrong) to set foot on the moon.

1976-America's Viking I robot spacecraft made the first-ever landing on Mars.

July 22

1963-The Beatles US album, *Introducing The Beatles*, was released.

1975-American citizenship was re-granted to Confederate General Robert E. Lee, by President James Carter.

July 23

1903-Ford Motor sells 1st Model A car.

1904-The ice cream cone was invented by Charles E. Menches, during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

1906-Pogrom (massacre) against Jews in Odessa, Russia.

1913-Arabs attack Jewish community of Rechovot Palestine.

1914 Austria-Hungary issues ultimatum to Serbia leading to WWI.

1920-British East Africa renamed Kenya and becomes a British crown colony.

1921-Chinese Communist Party forms under Henk Sneevliet

1930-Earthquake strikes Ariano Italy, 1,500 killed

1937-Isolation of pituitary hormone announced (Yale University)

1940-"Blitz" all-night air raid by German bombers on London begins.

1942-German troops conquer Rostov, Russia.

1943-Battle of Koersk, U.S.S.R. ends in Nazi defeat (6,000 tanks)

1944-Conference of Bretton Woods signed; IMF operations begin

1967-Puerto Rico voted to remain a United States commonwealth.

July 24

1928-The international agreement, Kellogg-Briand Pact (or Pact of Paris, officially General Treaty for Renunciation of War as an Instrument of National Policy) was signed. In this agreement signatory states promised not to use war to resolve "disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them. Parties failing to abide by this promise "should be denied of the benefits furnished by the treaty.

1945-At the conclusion of the Potsdam Conference in Germany, Winston Churchill, Harry Truman and China's representatives issued a demand for unconditional Japanese surrender. The Japanese, unaware the demand was backed up by an Atomic bomb, rejected the Potsdam Declaration on July 26.

July 25

1943-Mussolini was deposed just two weeks after the Allied attack on Sicily. The Fascist Grand Council



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SUDOKU PUZZLES

Fill in the grid with digits in such a manner that every row, every column and every 3X3 box accommodates the digits 1-9, without repeating any.
You asked and we listened. The top puzzle is easy and the bottom one is moderately hard.

2	9				1	5		4
		6			8			
				5		6		
		9		2	4		5	
3		5		1		7		2
	2		5	6		4		
		2		8				
			1			2		
4		8	7				9	6

Hardship level: Moderate

4	7	2				8	5	1
			2		8	4	7	
							9	
	1			4	3		8	
	6		8	7			1	
	3							
	4	1	6		7			
5	8	6				9	4	7

met for the first time since December of 1939 then took a confidence vote resulting in Mussolini being ousted from office and placed under arrest. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy then ordered Marshal Pietro Badoglio to form a new government.

July 26

1944-The U.S. Army began desegregating its training camp facilities. Black platoons were then assigned to white companies in a first step toward battlefield integration. However, the official order integrating the armed forces didn't come until July 26, 1948, signed by President Harry Truman.

1953-The beginning of Fidel Castro's revolutionary "26th of July Movement." In 1959, Castro led the rebellion that drove out dictator Fulgencio Batista.

1956-The Suez Crisis begins when Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalizes the British and French-owned Suez Canal hoping to charge tolls that would pay for construction of the Aswan dam on the Nile.

July 27

1909-The world's airplane record for two men, was broken in a flight of one hour, twelve minutes and forty seconds over fifty miles and at a speed averaging about forty miles an hour by Orville Wright and Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, of the army signal corps, as passenger.

1974-The House of Representatives charges President Richard M. Nixon with the first of three articles of impeachment for obstruction of justice

July 28

1932-The Bonus March eviction in Washington, D.C., occurred as U.S. Army troops under the command of General Douglas MacArthur, Major Dwight D. Eisenhower and Major George S. Patton, attacked and burned the encampments of unemployed World War I veterans.

You can view solutions to these Sudoku puzzles at <http://links.qitg.net>

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Up-coming Events

About 15,000 veterans had marched on Washington, demanding payment of a war bonus they had been promised. After two months' encampment in Washington's Anacostia Flats, forced eviction of the bonus marchers by the U.S. Army was ordered by President Herbert Hoover.

1943-During World War II, a firestorm killed 42,000 civilians in Hamburg, Germany. The firestorm occurred after 2,326 tons of bombs and incendiaries were dropped by the Allies.

July 30

1965-The Social Security Act of 1965 was signed by U.S. President Lyndon B. Johnson which established the nation's Medicare and Medicaid programs, financed by higher Social Security payroll taxes.

1975-Former Teamsters Union leader James Hoffa was last seen outside a restaurant near Detroit, Michigan. His 13-year federal prison sentence had been commuted by President Richard M. Nixon in 1971. On December 8, 1982, seven years after his disappearance, an Oakland County judge declared Hoffa officially dead.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

pm. Musicians are welcome. Civic Center 618 Pine street Chelsea, OK 74016

Jul 23, 2018 - Jul 28, 2018 American Buckskin World Championship Show-The American Buckskin Registry Association is holding the annual World Championship Show at Tulsa Expo Square. All classes of riders compete in keyhole, showmanship, riding, horsemanship, barrel racing, pole bending and reining. Three sets of American Buckskin Registry Points are up for grabs during these triple-judged equestrian events. The World Championship Show is the premiere event for buckskins, duns, red duns and grullas. Tulsa Expo Square 4145 E 21st St Tulsa, OK

TOPS #570 We meet 9am to 11am Monday morning at Mt. Olive Lutheran Church in Miami 2337 N. Main St. "Taking off pounds sensibly!"

TOPS #567 meet every Thursday at 10am 433 N Mississippi in Nowata.

TOPS #506 in Miami Heavenly Winds Worship Center meet every 6pm Monday evening. For more info call Susan Walls at 918-540-0570

Every 4th Saturday of the month Veteran's Support Group: Veterans for Veterans. Have you served in the military? Are you struggling with readjustment? Anxious about the future? Struggling to connect with friends and family? Struggling with school? WE CAN HELP! Free veterans support group at 10am every 4th Saturday of the month. The Landing 502 West Corner Fairland, Ok. For more information call Larry Boyd (918) 541-7592 or Cindy (918) 676-3228.

Food Truck Wednesdays —Every Wednesday, grab some tasty eats and gather on the grounds of Guthrie Green. During Food Truck Wednesdays, lunchtime transforms into a community-wide affair, with roaming food trucks posting up at this Tulsa park. While you dine on delicious food, be sure to enjoy the live music and fresh air. Guthrie Green 111 E Brady St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-574-2421

Chelsea Dance and Jam Session—Every Friday Night 6:00 pm—9:00 pm—Bring a dish for potluck at 6:30

74114 Phone: 918-936-4707 Fax: 918-364-9960

Jul 23, 2018 - Jul 25, 2018 Tulsa Drillers vs. Springfield Cardinals—Visit Tulsa Drillers vs. Springfield Cardinals on Facebook Twitter Youtube ONEOK Field

201 N Elgin Ave Tulsa, OK 74120 Phone: 918-744-5901918-744-5998 Fax: 918-747-3267

Jul 24, 2018 Family Fishing Clinic Introduce the kids to the art of fishing at a free Family Fishing Clinic in Oklahoma. Held in Jenks, this family-friendly fishing clinic features the basics of the sport, starting with fish identification. Teach the kids how to tie knots, use equipment and cast lines from the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation experts. All bait, rods



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and lines will be provided during this free fishing event.
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300 Aquarium Dr Jenks, OK 74037 Phone: 405-521-3821

Jul 25, 2018 Stories on the Square Listen to Cherokee origin stories passed down from generations past at the recurring Stories on the Square event. Held at Cherokee National Capitol in Tahlequah, storytellers will regale the gathered crowd with important stories that contain bits of American Indian heritage and culture. After the traditional storytelling comes to a close, stay a little longer so the kids can make a special themed craft at the Cherokee National Prison Museum. Cherokee National Capitol 129 S Muskogee Ave Tahlequah, OK 74464 Phone: 877-779-6977

Jul 26, 2018 Food Truck Thursday Once a month, downtown Claremore transforms into a community hub teeming with people. During Food Truck Thursday, join in on all the fun, featuring local musicians, late night shopping, book signings and free children's activities. While dedicating the evening to exploring Claremore, be sure to munch on delicious food truck fare. Downtown Claremore, OK 74017 Phone: 918-341-5881 Fax: 918-342-0663

Jul 26, 2018 - Jul 29, 2018 GLOC Performance Boat Challenge This July, head to Grand Lake for this energetic event featuring the RC Boat Exhibition and Performance Boat Street Party. This four-day event will be full of fun activities like a car show, a dock party with perfor-

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Jul 26, 2018 - Jul 28, 2018 Whole Hawg Days & Poker Run—Whole Hawg Days & Poker Run in Eufaula is a celebration of summer that includes a parade, car show, barbecue cook-off and much more. The Whole Hawg Days carnival in Posey Park will open Thursday evening, followed by traditional rodeo events, steer riding and mutton bustin' in the Eufaula Round-Up Club Rodeo, held each night of the event. Show up Friday for arts and craft vendors, inflatable rides, a parade downtown at 6pm and more. Saturday's activities will include the annual car show, children's activities, a "hawg" cook-off contest and a free sandwich giveaway at 5pm.

This annual event, held for over 20 years in Eufaula, is brought to a close on Saturday with the much-anticipated Whole Hawg Poker Run, held by boat and motorcycle around Lake Eufaula. Pick up cards at participating marinas around the lake, then return to the starting point to see which lucky player has created the best five-card stud poker hand. This poker run features plenty of fun and

cash prizes. Downtown Eufaula, OK 74432
 Phone: 918-689-2791 Fax: 918-689-7746
 Jul 27, 2018 - Jul 28, 2018 Bass Reeves Legacy Day
 & Western History Conference—Bring the story of
 Bass Reeves to life with the Bass Reeves Legacy Law-
 men & Outlaw Tour in Muskogee. Bass Reeves was
 the first African-American to be commissioned as a
 U.S. Deputy Marshal west of the Mississippi River.
 After Oklahoma gained statehood in 1907, Jim Crow
 laws prevented him from continuing as a deputy mar-
 shal, and he joined the Muskogee Police Department.
 Muskogee is also home to the Bass Reeves Memorial
 Bridges along Highway 62. 220 Elgin St Mus-
 kogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-686-6624
 August 4, 2018 The Nowata County Historical Society
 Event—Steve Montgomery and his band will play
 country and gospel melodies. Beef and pork BBQ
 will be served picnic style. Reservations must be
 made in advance, before July 30, 2018. Time is 6:00
 pm to 8:00 pm at the Glass Mansion located at 324 W.
 Delaware in Nowata. Call 918-273-1191 between
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**Do You have an event that you would like to
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DATA MASTER Steve Burdick

The History of Grandparents Day

National Grandparents Day falls each year on the first Sunday after Labor Day. It's not a holiday invented to sell cards and flowers. It was initiated at the grassroots level by West Virginian Marian Lucille Herndon McQuade, with the behind-the-scenes support of her husband Joseph L. McQuade. They had 15 children, 43 grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. After being married for over 60 years, Mr. McQuade passed away in 2001. Mrs. McQuade passed away in 2008.



There are three purposes for National Grandparents Day:

- To honor grandparents.
- To give grandparents an opportunity to show love for their children's children.
- To help children become aware of the strength, information and guidance older people can offer.

Mrs. McQuade wanted Grandparents Day to be a family day. She envisioned families enjoying small, private gatherings, perhaps even a family reunion, or participating in community events.

On a societal level, National Grandparents Day gives us a chance to publicly affirm the identity and importance of grandparents, that they do play a vital role in families. It is also a day of giving – giving of self; sharing hopes, dreams, and values; and setting an example and advocating for future generations. Generations United in Washington, DC encourages all ages to engage in intergenerational civic engagement for the entire week following National Grandparents Day.

Mrs. McQuade has modestly referred to herself as "just a housewife," but her unending work to establish and publicize the holiday marks her as a true community leader. She spent much of her life advocating for older adults. In 1971 she was elected Vice-Chair of the West Virginia Committee on Aging and appointed as a delegate to the White House Conference on Aging. In 1972, Mrs. McQuade's efforts resulted in President Richard Nixon proclaiming a National Shut-in Day. She served as President of the Vocational Rehabilitation Foundation, Vice-President of the West Virginia Health Systems Agency, and was appointed to the Nursing Home Licensing Board, among many other involvements.

Mrs. McQuade started her campaign for a day to honor grandparents in 1970. She worked with civic, business, church, and political leaders to first launch the day in her home state in 1973. Then, after many years, much persuasion, and unending persistence, she finally achieved her bigger goal. It was in 1979 that President Jimmy Carter proclaimed the first Sunday after Labor Day each year as National Grandparents Day (September was chosen to signify the "autumn" years of life). In part, the proclamation reads:

Grandparents are our continuing tie to the near-past, to the events and beliefs and experiences that so strongly affect our lives and the world around us.

Whether they are our own or surrogate grandparents who fill some of the gaps

in our mobile society, our senior generation also provides our society a link to our national heritage and traditions.

We all know grandparents whose values transcend passing fads and pressures, and who possess the wisdom of distilled pain and joy. Because they are usually free to love and guide and befriend the young without having to take daily responsibility for them, they can often reach out past pride and fear of failure and close the space between generations.

Mrs. McQuade was thrilled when her efforts were finally realized. "I couldn't believe it," she said. Since the holiday's inception, Mrs. McQuade has been firm in her view that the holiday should not become overly commercialized, and that young and old remember its fundamental spirit.

Grandparents Day was recognized in Canada in 1995 as falling on the second Sunday in September to acknowledge the importance of grandparents to "the structure of the family in the nurturing, upbringing, and education of children... [Grandparents play] a critical role in strengthening the family." Commented one member of Canadian parliament speaking on behalf of the motion:

I do not hold grandparents to be glorified babysitters but rather as parents' surrogates who bring love, a continuance of generational values, and a sense of the child's worth to the integrity of the family... I was brought up by a grandparent. My parents both worked outside the home for most of my life. They needed to for economic reasons. It was my grandmother who nurtured me, gave me a sense of worth and molded in many ways the course my life was to take. My grandmother was my role model, my mentor, and my confidant.

While Mother's Day and Father's Day have apostrophes, officially Grandparents Day does not. It seems this may have simply been an oversight when the holiday was proclaimed. But it's an oversight that serves the holiday well. Mrs. McQuade did not envision the holiday as "belonging" to grandparents. Instead, she saw it as a day of celebration involving the whole fam-

ily, a day to connect the generations. It's just as much a day to honor grandparents as it is a day for grandparents themselves to confirm their loving legacy to the generations that follow them.

Mrs. McQuade's interest and concern for seniors seems to have been sparked by her own grandmother. "After working all day on the farm, Grandma would walk off to visit elderly people in the community," she recalled. "Often I would tag along. I never forgot talking with those delightful people. That's where my love and respect for oldsters started."

Mrs. McQuade's legacy has been carried on by many of her children and grandchildren.

Daughter Ruth McQuade is a trial attorney for the US Department of Justice. She says her mother's legacy to her is two-fold: "She was always talking about the connection to all our relatives. She was always keeping records on grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins – where they had come from and what they had done. She also impressed upon me at an early age the importance of grandparents and the elderly. I remember making speeches at 4-H about it at a very early age."

It's clear she's also very proud of her mother: "My mother worked long and hard to establish a Grandparents Day. She was a one-woman effort. I'm glad she stuck with it. I'm glad a lot of good things are coming out of it."

Another daughter, DJ McQuade-Lancaster, remembers her mother as much more than just the founder of National Grandparents Day. "She sewed all our clothes until I was in senior high school. She grew African violets. She collected stamps. She made sure we had piano lessons. She entered the West Virginia Mrs. America contest. She ran for Congress."

Lailah Rice is one of Mrs. McQuade's granddaughters. "My grandmother fought to get shut-ins noticed," she says. "When I was little, my grandmother took me to visit shut-ins. I want to carry forward what my grandmother worked so hard for, especially National Grandparents Day."

When asked about memories of her grandmother, it's evident that Mrs. McQuade was a strong role model. Says Lailah, "My grandmother was very free-spirited, feisty, and very caring and nurturing toward others."

Lailah also has fond memories of visits: "Whenever I'd go over to my grandmother's, we'd look at the coins
(Continued on page 19)



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THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS

Part One (Continued on Page 23)



Highlights of chapter I

*This Japanese fox learned from her mother that if he lived for one thousand years without a dog chasing him a dragon will give him nine golden tails. So, he decided to get those nine golden tails. After enduring many hardships and sleeping in swamps, he had discovered the most delightful spot imaginable. All kinds of animals and a dragon lived there. He was sure he could pass a thousand quiet years here without ever hearing the bark of a dog. And he grew fat and saucy and lazy and wised his one insignificant tail proudly as he walked. But, alas! There came an end to these delightful days. One day, late in the afternoon he heard a sound that made his very blood run cold. He raised his head and sniffed the air, then stood trembling. "The dogs!" he groaned, as the second time, and nearer now, came the awful noise, and he darted like an arrow through the forest. **Synopsis by Steven Burdick***

CHAPTER II

NOW Nio Kuro, a Prince and the most famous hunter in the kingdom, had come in his boat down the river that ran through the haunted wood. With him he had brought many servants and his pack of trained leopards, with which he hunted, and which were swifter and had keener scent than any dogs. Possibly Nio Kuro had never heard of this forest, or it may have been that

he became so excited when the leopards started on their wild chase that he forgot to be afraid of goblins. At any rate, he dashed headlong into the wood, encouraging his leopards with loud shouts, and his servants, after a moment's hesitation, followed him.

The fox was crashing through the underbrush just ahead of his pursuers, now tearing his way through



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N	A	C	I	R	E	M	A	-	N	A	C	I	R	F	A	w	H	g
C	A	P	I	T	A	L	Y	R	O	E	H	T	Y	M	S	n	A	I
t	h	C	R	E	K	O	O	B	I	q	n	k	T	O	L	x	M	H
I	v	I	I	N	D	I	A	N	T	k	D	b	I	R	A	N	P	O
S	G	T	A	G	N	u	N	b	A	d	E	q	N	G	V	O	T	M
E	U	I	D	N	A	h	O	D	M	b	N	Y	U	O	E	T	O	E
G	T	Z	V	I	L	G	I	O	A	S	M	R	M	P	R	G	N	S
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| MASSACRE | POGROM | PROSPEROUS | CITIZENS | ENTREPRENEUR | WALL |
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| HAMPTON | PHILOSOPHY | THEORY | ADVANCEMENT | CONCERNING | CONDEMNED |
| BUSINESS | LEAGUE | DESTRUCTION | | | |

The History of Grandparents Day (Continued from page 16)

she collected and sort them by year into bags. She was fascinated by coins and the year they represented. One

of the things we did was find the coin with the year we were born."

And Lailah has a message for today's children: "You can learn a lot more from grandparents than you think you can – and it's not a chore."

National Grandparents Day is an important official marker of intergenerational relationships. But increasingly, schools and community groups are organizing Grandparents Day (or Intergenerational Day) events at any time during the year as a way to bring together families and build community. Children have an opportunity to show their appreciation and love toward their grandparents (and other special older adult friends), and grandparents feel valued as their role is validated.

The Legacy Project offers a complete Grandparents Day Planning & Activity Guide for schools, seniors centers, and community groups. There are also a wide range of meaningful activities you can choose from to bring the generations closer and celebrate the value of intergenerational relationships.

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth



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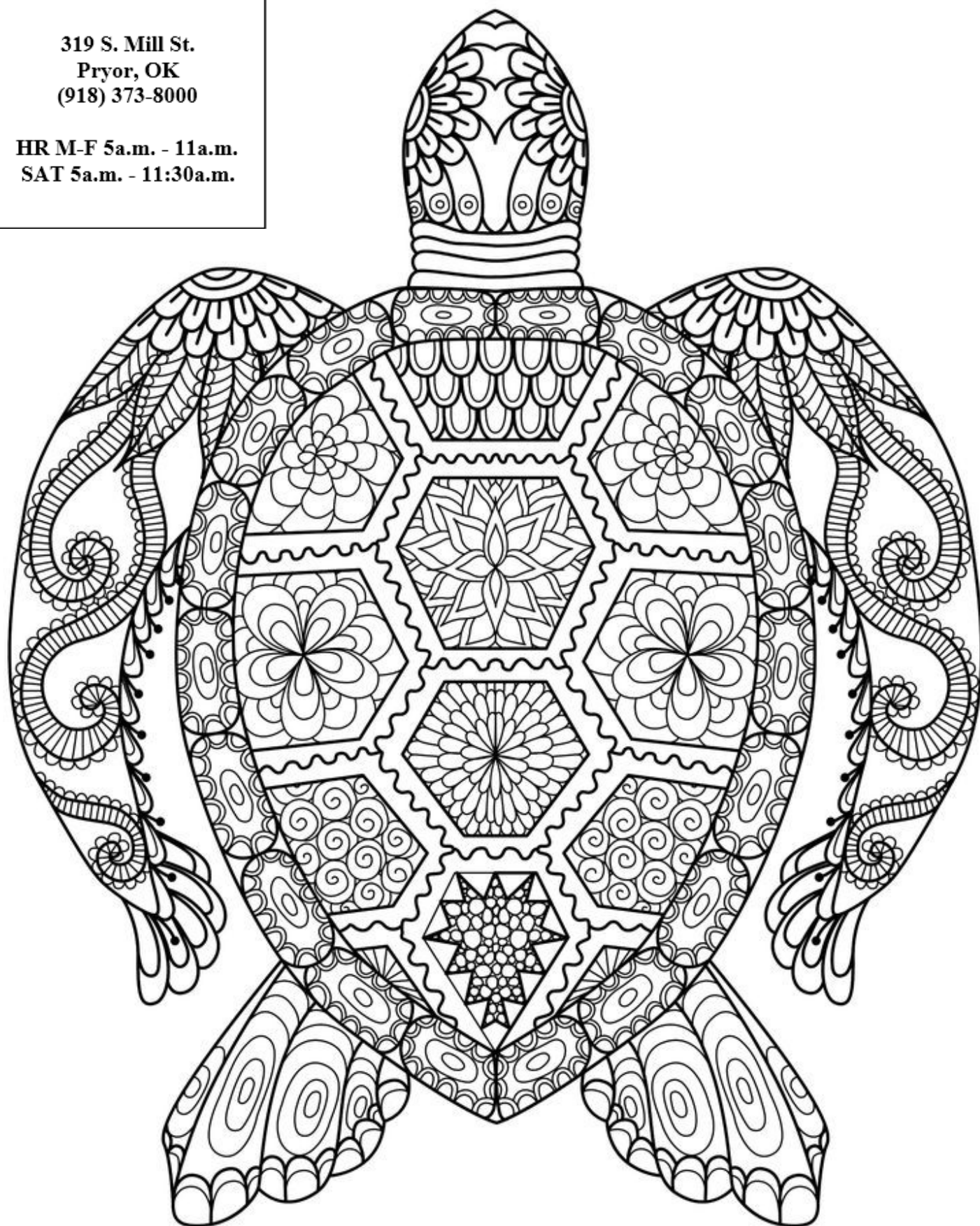
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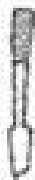
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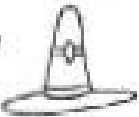







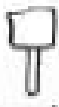


Mud Touch Football

By Larry Daste



-  ice-cream float
-  fountain pen
-  crown
-  pumpkin
-  yo-yo
-  boomerang
-  hatchet
-  bell
-  spoon
-  putty knife
-  hammer
-  tube of paint
-  screwdriver

In the big picture, find these objects.

-  teacup
-  mouse
-  crescent moon
-  open book
-  pointy hat
-  slice of pizza
-  pennant
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
-  fork

See if you can find the given objects in the picture.

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Thank you for helping us to improve our contribution to our community by providing better articles and stories.

THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS

(Continued from page 17)

hanging vines and again leaping over rocks and streams. The leopards came closer and closer behind him. On they flew through swamps and thickets, into thorn bushes and bramble patches and across deep ravines, and not even the wind could keep up with them. At last the poor fox was tired out. His legs were torn and bleeding, he had left bunches of his fur on many a bush and thorn, his feet were bruised and lame and his breath almost gone.

Too late he found that he had slept too much and eaten too much during the long, comfortable days he had spent in his new home, and that he could not run as once he did when he was thin and lithe and his legs were hard and his feet like rubber. Panting, gasping, his tongue hanging out, foam dripping from his mouth, he went blindly on in irregular leaps. The leopards were gaining on him every moment.

Already he could feel the hot breath of the spotted leader burn his flanks and he knew his time had come. Never, no, never, would he be a fox with nine golden tails! He would merely die a cruel death and his one poor bushy tail would be carried away as a trophy, his body torn to pieces by savage beasts. As this sad picture rose up before him he made one last long leap for liberty, and then his trembling legs could carry him no further. Driven to bay, he snarled angrily, and backing up against the trunk of a great hollow tree, turned to fight his last battle.

Then a strange thing happened.

At that very moment a huge and horrible creature he knew at once must be the dragon rose between him and the maddened leopards. Its body was covered with shining silver scales that crackled like burning logs as it moved, its ears were big black wings that flapped like sails, its great claws had nails as long and sharp as knives, its double tongue was two red-hot flames, its glaring eyes seemed balls of fire and its long tail curled and writhed like a mighty snake.

“There has been a mistake,” the dragon breathed, and its words came out in smoke. “You were one hundred years old this morning, and as you have never in all your life had to run from a dog, you should have been given the chance to become a beautiful woman if you wished.”

“Give me the chance now,” panted the fox. “There is nothing I want so much as to be a woman, even an ugly one will do.”

When the Prince, who could not keep up with the chase, appeared on the scene, he found the leopards with their tails tucked between their legs and their heads hanging down. There was no fox anywhere, but the most beautiful girl he had ever seen stood before him. For a time Nio Kuro could only look at her, for he was dumb with astonishment. She blushed and drew her long black hair over her face until he could barely see the tip of her nose and her little red mouth. Then she knelt before him.

His attendants now came running up, for he had outstripped them all, and they too stopped speechless with their mouths open. The Prince did not heed them. He bent down over the mysterious maiden and so far forgot his manners that he took both her small hands in his and raised her to her feet, for he wanted to see her face again, and the more he looked at her the lover she seemed to him.

“Who are you, O fairest one?” he asked rapturously. “Who is your illustrious father and what is your honored name?” But she gazed about her in a puzzled way and shook her head.

“I do not know,” she answered.

The Prince frowned at her strange reply, for he could scarcely believe his ears, and he even pinched himself under his silken tunic to be sure he was not dreaming. But she was so pretty he could not be angry with her, and as he looked into her soft brown eyes his frown changed into a smile, and he said in a very gentle voice:

“Are you lost? Are there other hunters here who have brought you with them and now you wait for them to return?”

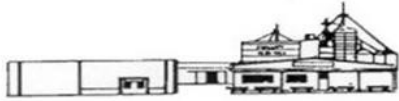
“I am all alone,” she told him.

He was so surprised he did not know what to say. At last he stammered:

“Perhaps you are only teasing me—or it may be that



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you are afraid of me because I am a stranger. But no harm shall come to you through me—that I promise you. I am Nio Kuro, a Prince of Hi-no-moto, the Land Where the Day Begins. Forgive my rudeness in speaking to you, but will you not let me guard you and take you back to your friends?”

“I have no friends and nowhere to go,” she sighed.

“But whence do you come, O sweetest creature in all the kingdom?” cried the bewildered Prince. Again she shook her head.

“I belong to the forest,” she said simply.

“Henceforth you shall belong to me,” the Prince declared, and so he took her back to his Bamboo Castle as his bride. There every one wondered at this fair maid of the forest, but no one could find out who were her parents or where her home had been or anything about her, and the Prince was so charmed with her grace and beauty he never bothered his head about these questions that so worried other people. She loved him and he loved her and that was all he cared to know about her, for the Prince was a very clever man.

He bought her the loveliest gowns of purple and yellow satin, all embroidered in roses and green leaves and jeweled butterflies, and she had servants to wait upon her and fan her and a red and gold jinricksha to ride in. He called her a queer Japanese word which means Wild Flower, for he said she grew and blossomed in the forest and he transplanted her and made her a Princess. But that was just his own pet name for her, and he ordered that throughout the Land Where the Day Begins she should be known as the Princess Hoshi, or the Star Princess.

And he gave a great supper and invited all the people of his kingdom to it, and in the center of the table was a cake so big it looked like a snow-covered mountain,

and around it were blooming all the joyous and lucky flowers, while out in the court was a maple tree covered with what every one thought at first was autumn leaves, but these leaves turned out to be little cakes of every color under the sun, and each guest was given a red paper bag filled with them to carry home. No wonder they were all glad the Prince had found a Princess Hoshi, and wished him and his Star Princess long life and much joy. It is true there were some who, as soon as they got away, nodded their heads knowingly as they munched their cakes, and said the Princess was an odd person and perhaps the Prince would one day wish he had left her in the forest.

Now, a Bamboo Castle is a charming place to live. There were wind bells hung all along the eaves and they tinkled with the whisper of every passing breeze, and the windows were of paper, so that when the Princess wanted to look out of doors all she had to do was to poke a hole in one of them with her finger and by putting one eye there she could see everything that was passing and no one could catch a glimpse of her, and there were hundreds of mats on the floor of every room, and these were soft and cool to walk upon even in Doyo, or the Period of Greatest Heat, and the Prince went all the way to the town of Hirosaki to get her a bronze mirror that she might see how pretty she was, and she often looked in it. He also brought her a long-haired, fluffy little dog, but she screamed and would have nothing to do with it, so in its place he gave her a red cat without any tail that purred pleasantly whenever she touched it.

At night she slept on a pillow of shining black wood, and on it were sprawling, straggling letters of gold that spelled the name of the Baku, for the Baku in Japan has the body of a horse, the face of a lion, the trunk and tusks of an elephant, the tail of a cow and the feet of a tiger, and it eats up evil dreams. In fact, it never eats anything else, and yet it is always fat. So not only did the Princess have everything comfortable and agreeable while she was awake, but even in her

(Continued on page 31)



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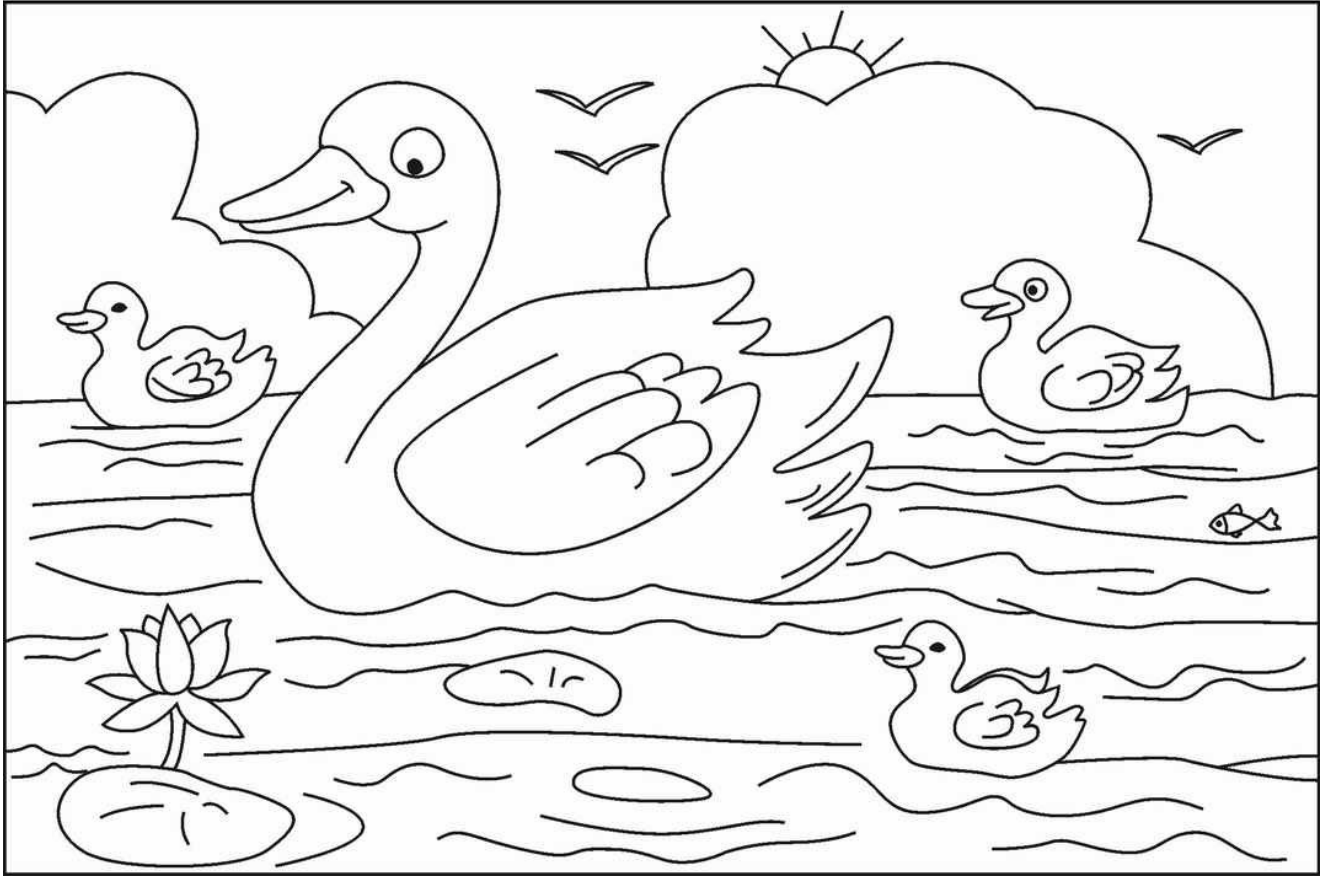
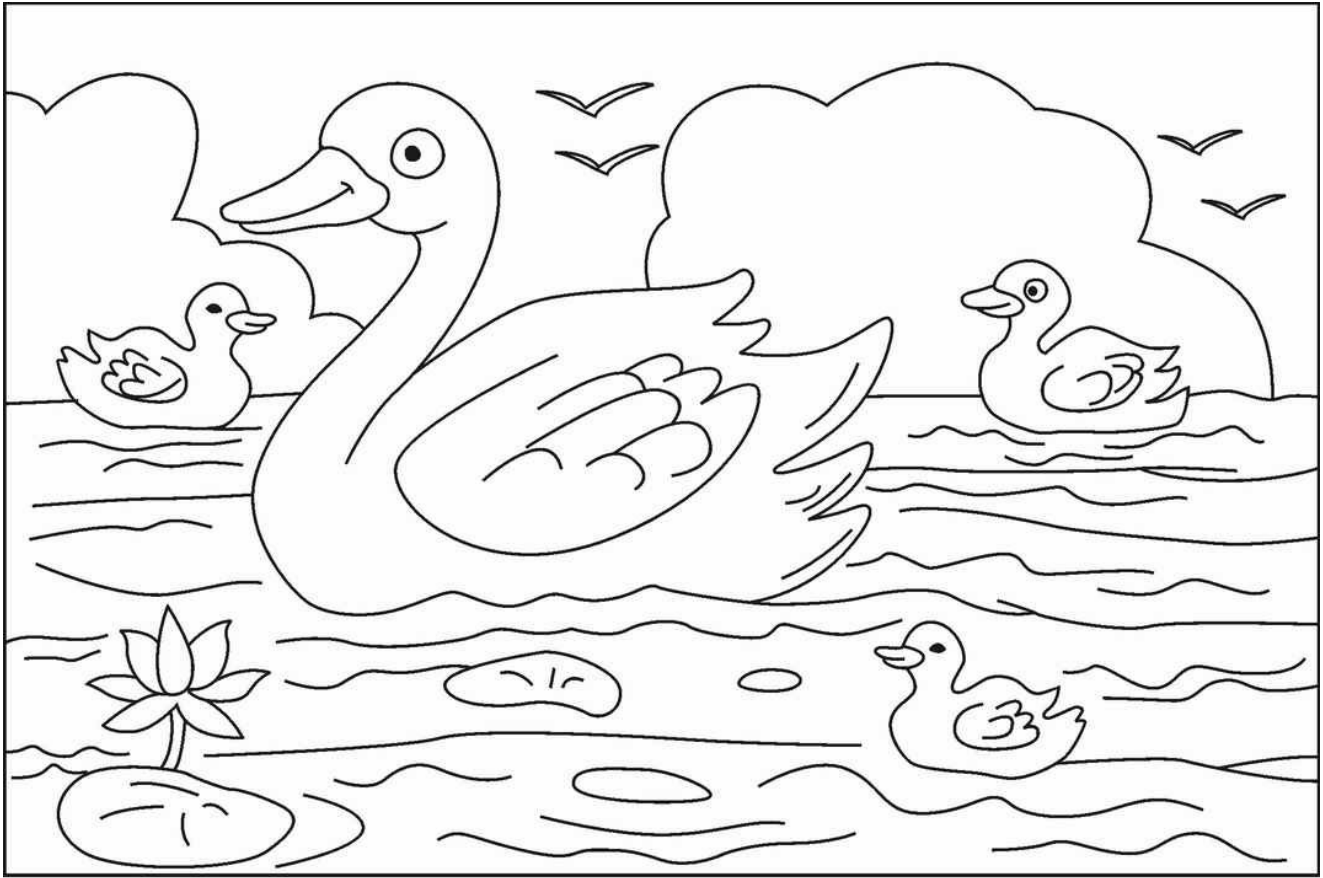
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Can you find the 14 differences between the two pictures?

THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS

(Continued from Page 24)

sleep only sweet dreams could come to her.

And on summer evenings when there wasn't any moon the Prince would have many bright-colored paper lanterns lit and hung in the garden, and lamps that looked like flowers would be swung in the trees, and then he would have his servants, who had been busy all day catching them in nets, turn out thousands of fireflies with their little golden lights all glowing, and the garden would be changed into fairyland. The Princess would sit in an arbor fringed with wistaria blossoms and sip her tea, while some of her maidens would sing for her and others with much bowing and waving of fans would dance in a slow and solemn fashion.

And again when the moon was a big, soft, bright ball and the clouds were very blue, she and the Prince and her maidens would go to the pavilion in the center of the garden and climb the many steps to the top, where there was a room called the moon-viewing Place of Peace. And the Prince would tell his flower-wife in the lovely language of the land that the sun was a golden crow and the moon a jeweled hare, and of how Princess Splendor, the dear daughter of the moon, once ran away, and when her mother called her she climbed home on a moonbeam crying silver tears, and all her tears took wings and flew down to earth and turned into fireflies.

But the Princess would have thoughts they could not understand and ask questions that would make even Nio Kuro smile. Once she said to him quite seriously:

"Did you ever see a dragon?"

"Certainly," he answered. "There were many of these wriggling creatures made of red and yellow and pink and green paper, with lanterns for eyes, carried in the festival procession last year. They were very amusing."

"Paper dragons," she cried scornfully. "I mean live ones."

"I have read of them and seen many pictures of them," he told her. "There was one called Riu Gu, the Dragon King of the World Under the Sea, and when he sneezed the waters would jump up and tumble over each other in mighty waves, and every time the dragon caught

cold many a fishing boat went down. But that was years and years ago, and now all the dragons are dead."

And she only laughed and said no more, but she knew better. Perhaps the trouble was she knew too much to be a Princess, and that was why she at last got dreadfully bored.

But for many months everything went on beautifully at Bamboo Castle and the Prince and Wild Flower were deliciously happy. It was very nice to have a magnificent home, and a lake full of gold fish, and a shady garden where fountains trickled drops of music, and little crystal streams rushed over the rocks and sang to the lilies on their banks. And it was pleasant to wear lovely clothes, and eat sharks' fins and birds' nest soup and bamboo shoots and lotus bulbs and other delicacies that only very rich people can have in Japan. And she was glad to think she wasn't a fox, hiding out in brier patches, always listening for dogs and sometimes hungry. Surely it was much better to be a Princess than a fox.

Then gradually a change came over her, and although she had everything she wanted, she was no longer happy. Sometimes in the day when she lingered by the lake and watched the little gold fish dart about like flames in the clear water and jump up on the bank to get the lard cakes and rice balls she had brought them, she sighed, and for no reason at all scolded the mincing, bias-eyed lady who carried a gorgeous parasol over her.

And again in the starlit night, when she walked in the perfumed garden and listened to the musical drip, drip of the fountain, and heard the frogs calling to each other from the lotus pools, there came to her the memory of an enchanted land, where bats circled and shrieked, and great owls squatted solemnly on the knotty branches of the trees, winking and blinking and never sleeping, and a mighty dragon with glaring eyes and shining scales lived in a hollow tree. And strange to say, when she remembered this dark and lonely forest her own garden seemed to her but a stupid place.

After a while she grew tired of living in a house, even if it was a Bamboo Castle, and whenever she went out

Latin American Folklore

Armadillo's Song

having men carry her about in a stuffy chair, and she longed for the shade of the far-away wood, the sound of the hoarsely gurgling streams, for a run in the early morning through the dew-laden grass, for the hum of the bees, the smell of the dead leaves and a nap on a mossy bank.

So she fretted and grew so discontented that ugly lines crept in between her brows, the rose all went out of her cheeks, and she was so cross the Prince was once heard to say he had married a nettle in place of a wild flower. She slapped her servants, quarreled with her mother-in-law (which in Japan is an awful thing to do), and was altogether as disagreeable as a woman could be. The Prince was patient. He stood it for a long time without saying a word and tried in every way to please his royal lady. One day he asked:

“Is there nothing, Fair One, would make you kind and sweet again? If anything will make you happy, only say what it is and I will go even to the ends of the earth for it.”

After thinking a moment the Princess answered:

“Take me back to the forest where you found me. If I could only see that dear place again I would be content ever after. But leave the cruel leopards behind,” she added quickly.

“There is much game there,” he said regretfully. But she frowned and stamped her little foot angrily.

“You shall not kill anything,” she declared. “If you do you will break my heart.”

“Perhaps it were best not to hunt there,” he acknowledged, thinking of the evil spirits that were said to roam this forest. “It is the Land of Roots and the Home of Darkness. Why do you want to go there? Now that you are out of it I should think you would want to stay away.”

But she began to cry and got in such a temper that he was willing she should have her way, so he had his boat brought out and made ready. The next morning he and the Princess, with only the rowers to keep them company, started on their long journey. The Princess was silent, and whenever he spoke to her she answered him so angrily that he ceased to try to talk to her. So they sat on the deck, never saying a word, until the fifth morning, when they stopped at the very spot he had moored his boat the day he had found her and brought her away with him.

There once lived an armadillo who loved music more than anything else in the world. After every rainfall, the armadillo would drag his shell over to the large pond filled with frogs and he would listen to the big green frogs singing back and forth, back and forth to each other in the most amazing voices.

“Oh,” thought the armadillo, “Oh how I wish I could sing.”

The armadillo would creep to the edge of the water and watch the frogs leaping and swimming in a frantic green ballet, and they would call back and forth, back and forth in beautiful, musical tones. He loved to listen to the music they made as they spoke, though he didn't understand their words; which was just as well - for the frogs were laughing at this funny animal that wanted so badly to sing like a frog.

“Don't be ridiculous,” sang the frogs as they played.

“Armadillos can't sing.”

Then one day a family of crickets moved into a new house near the armadillo, and he was amazed to hear them chirp and sing as merrily as the frogs. He would creep next to their house and listen and listen all day, all night for their musical sounds.

“Oh,” sighed the armadillo, “Oh how I wish I could sing.”

“Don't be ridiculous,” sang the crickets in their dulcet tones. “Armadillos can't sing.”

But the armadillo could not understand their language, and so he just sighed with longing and listened to their beautiful voices laughing at him.

Then one day a man came down the road carrying a cage full of canaries. They were chirping and fluttering and singing songs that were more beautiful even than those of the crickets and the frogs. The armadillo was entranced. He followed the man with the cage down the road as fast as his little legs would carry him, listening to the canaries singing.

“Oh,” gasped the armadillo, “Oh how I wish I could sing.”

Inside the cage, the canaries twittered and giggled.

“Don't be ridiculous,” sang the canaries as they flapped about. “Armadillos can't sing.”

The poor tired armadillo couldn't keep up with the man and the cage, and finally he fell exhausted at the door of the great wizard who lived in the area. Realizing where he was, the armadillo decided to beg a boon of the man.

Timidly, the armadillo approached the wizard, who was sitting in front of his house and said: “Great wizard, it is my deepest desire to learn to sing like the

frogs and the crickets and the canaries."

The wizard's lips twitched a little in amusement, for who had ever heard of an armadillo that could sing. But he realized that the little animal was serious. He bent low to the ground and looked the creature in the eye.

"I can make you sing, little armadillo," he said. "But you do not want to pay the price, for it will mean your death."

"You mean if I die I will be able to sing?" asked the armadillo in amazement.

"Yes, this is so," said the wizard.

"Then I want to die right now!" said the armadillo. "I would do anything to be able to sing!"

The wizard and the armadillo discussed the matter for many hours, for the wizard was reluctant to take the life of such a fine armadillo. But the creature insisted, and so the wizard finally killed the armadillo, made a wonderful musical instrument from his shell, and gave it to the finest musician in the town to play.

Sometimes the musician would play his instrument by the pond where the frogs lived, and they would stare at him with big eyes and say: "Ai! Ai! The armadillo has learned to sing."

Sometimes the musician would play his instrument by the house where the crickets lived, and they would creep outside to stare at him with big eyes and say: "Ai! Ai! The armadillo has learned to sing."

And often the musician would visit the home of his friend who owned the cage full of canaries - who was also a musician - and the two men would play their instruments together while the little birds watched with fluttering wings and twittered in amazement: "Ai! Ai! The armadillo has learned to sing."

And so it was. The armadillo had learned to sing at last, and his voice was the finest in the land. But like the very best musicians in the world, the armadillo sacrificed his Life for his Art.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh



Ocean-Born Mary A New Hampshire Ghost Story

Elizabeth and James Wilson were Irish immigrants from Londonderry, Ireland. In 1720 they set sail for America. They had been granted some land in Londonderry, New Hampshire, and were hoping to start a new life there.

As they neared Boston, Elizabeth went into labor and gave birth to a daughter. While she was giving birth, a strange vessel accosted the ship. They were fired upon and were forced to heave to. Their ship was boarded by a band of swarthy pirates. Their leader, a surprisingly young man not yet twenty years of age, was dark, handsome, and ruthless. He was called Don Pedro, and his English was flawless as he ordered all the captives killed.

At this fatal juncture, the cries of a newborn baby could be heard from down in the hold. Startled, Don Pedro ordered the captain to take him to the child. After gazing for a long time at the tiny girl, Don Pedro said to Elizabeth: "If you name this child after my mother - Mary - I will spare the lives of everyone on this ship." Frightened by the fierce pirate, Elizabeth hastily agreed.

Don Pedro sent one of his men back to the pirate ship. When the man returned, he was carrying an armload of gifts. Don Pedro presented these to Elizabeth. Fingering a green brocaded silk with an odd look of tenderness on his ruthless face, he said: "This is for my Mary's wedding dress." Then he and his men returned to their ship and departed.

Soon after their ship landed safely in Boston, James Wilson died. His widow and daughter went to Londonderry to claim the land in his name. Ocean-born Mary grew into a tall, beautiful red-haired woman. In 1742, wearing a green brocade gown made from the silk given to her by Don Pedro, Mary was married to James Wallace. They had five children, four sons and a daughter. Sadly, after the birth of his fourth son, James Wallace died.

Around that time, Don Pedro, having retired from the sea, decided to build a home in New Hampshire. Having never forgotten his little Ocean-born Mary, Don Pedro began seeking to discover what became of her. Finding her a widow in Londonderry, he married her and brought her and her children to live in his grand mansion in Henniker. He gifted Mary with a stately coach and four, in which Mary would often be seen riding around the countryside. One by one, her sons grew up, married, and settled down near Mary. One day, coming in from an errand to town, Mary saw Don Pedro and one of his retired pirates carrying a

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large black trunk to the orchard in back. She heard the sounds of digging, and then silence. Don Pedro came back to the house alone, and they never spoke of the matter. But later, he told Mary that when he died, she should bury him and the treasure under the hearthstone. A year later, Mary came home one evening to an empty house. She started searching for her husband and found Don Pedro in the orchard, stabbed to death with a cutlass. Mary buried Don Pedro with his treasure under the hearthstone and there they lay to this day. After her death in 1814, Mary's ghost began to haunt the house where she had once lived with her pirate-husband. People would see a tall, beautiful red-haired woman come walking down the long staircase. Sometimes, she could be seen standing beside an upper window, or throwing something down the well. Others had witnessed Mary driving in her coach and four up to the front door of the house. The house was finally abandoned and later torn-down, although the house where her son Robert lived still stands and is sometimes called the Ocean-born Mary house.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



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Thank you for helping us to improve our contribution to our community by providing better articles and stories.

Doggy Heaven

All doggies go to heaven (or so I've been told).
They run and play along the streets of Gold.
Why is heaven such a doggie-delight?
Why, because there's not a single cat in sight!

DATA MASTER: Doug Stone



Jokes, Riddles & Tongue Twisters

Allison's Alligator

Alex alligator arrived at Allison Arthur's apple farm in April, when the apple trees were covered with blossoms.

"Whatever am I to do with an alligator?" Allison asked.

Inside the box, Alex yawned. Alex stuck his legs through the holes at the bottom of the box and ambled into the house in search of dinner.

"Oh no you don't!" cried Allison. "You cannot live in the house. You are to stay in the stream behind the apple orchard."

Allison put Alex in the small stream. Then Allison put a strong fence around the stream so Alex did not try to eat Mrs. Chory's chickens.

Alex liked the stream and his pen. He especially liked the steaks Allison gave him every morning and evening.

One day in August a red apple fell off a tree and rolled under the fence and into Alex's pen. Alex sniffed it a bit and then took a bite.

It was the most delicious thing Alex had ever eaten. Alex slipped under the fence and ambled into the apple orchard. Alex found a line of baskets sitting under a tree. Alex ate all the apples in the baskets. Then he wandered under another tree and ate all the apples in the baskets he found there. He was very happy. And very full. He went back into his cage.

Allison came by later with his steak. Alex sniffed at it, but he was not very hungry.

"Do you know what someone did Alex?" asked Allison. Alex yawned. "Someone stole all my apples. They knocked over the baskets and stole the apples. If it happens again, I'm calling the police."

That night, Alex had a very pleasant dream about apples. After his steak the next morning, Alex slipped under the fence and out into the orchard. There were a bunch of people climbing up and down ladders with baskets. Alex watched for a few

moments. Then he realized that when the people came down the ladders, their baskets were full of apples.

Alex wandered over to the closest ladder. A small girl descended with a basket full of apples. Alex grinned at her. The little girl screamed and dropped the basket. She ran away, yelling for her mother. Alex stuck his head in the basket and began eating apples. He heard voices coming towards him.

"Now April, you know what I've said about fibbing. There are no alligators in this orchard." said April's mother. Alex pulled his head out of the basket and grinned at April's mother.

"Ahhhh!" she screamed. April and her mother ran away as fast as they could.

Alex walked over to another tree. A man was climbing down the ladder. He stepped on Alex's back. Alex grunted and tried to walk away. The man looked down at Alex and yelped. The man dropped his basket and ran toward the house. Alex ate all the apples in his basket.

Just then, Allison came running into the orchard.

"Alex!" she yelled. Alex took one look at Allison and bolted back into his pen. Allison followed him.

"So you're the one who ate all my apples." she said. "I'd better fix your cage."

Once Alex's cage was fixed, he could no longer go into the apple orchard. Alex stared longingly at the trees full of apples.

At dinner time, Allison brought Alex a steak as usual.

"You are a bad boy, Ales," she said. "But I can't blame you for liking apples. I brought you a surprise."

Allison went outside the cage, and picked up a basket. It was full of apples! Alex ate all the apples before he ate his steak.

Allison laughed. "I'll bring you apples every night Alex," she said. That is exactly what Allison did.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

Adventure On the Rogue An Oregon Tall Tale

We were up-river with a tour group looking at all the natural beauties here on the Rogue River when I spied a young sasquatch hiding in the shadow of a tree near a gravel bank. I swung the tour-boat around so we could get a better look, and all the tourists exclaimed and took pictures. It's not too unusual to see a sasquatch in the spring. That's the time they migrate through here to their summer stomping grounds up North.

We were in for a treat today. The sasquatch jumped out of the shadows suddenly, leapt into the river, and wrestled a seven-foot sturgeon onto the gravel bank. I blinked in astonishment. I didn't know sasquatch liked sturgeon. As we watched, the sasquatch belted the big fish with a rock to stop its flopping. Right at that moment, a big black bear came stomping down the bank on the opposite shore looking for a snack. The bear took one look at the sasquatch with the sturgeon, sitting on the opposite shore, and leapt into the water. In the blink of an eye, that ol' bear was across the river and wading out of the water, while the tourists babbled and took pictures. The bear shook itself dry like a dog, and then jumped onto the back of the sasquatch, beating on him until he ran away from the sturgeon, leaving the bear to sniff in triumph over the large fish.

Well, I thought that was the end of it, until the sasquatch came running back down the hill holding a dead tree in his hands. He started beating on the bear and the bear was whomping back at him something fierce. Fur was flying everywhere; blood spurted out like a geyser. I don't know where it would have ended if I hadn't waded in there and broke it up!

DATA MASTER Nikki Hamilton



Brer Bear's House A Georgia Folk Tale

Brer Rabbit

Brer Rabbit is a trickster character in folktales of African, African-American, and Native American Culture. Brer Rabbit is the consummate trickster, who typically matches wits with Brer Fox, whom he always bests.

Well now, out of all the animals that live in the woods, Brer Bear had the biggest house. The house was warm and cozy on the inside, but it was also very crowded on account of Brer Bear having him a plump wife and two plump young 'uns named Simon and Susannah. The Bear family did most everything together. They'd eat together and they'd wash together and they'd catch fish together and they'd play games together. They were real close. And at night they'd all crowd together into their house and crawl into their giant bed to get some sleep. But they were all so plump that they could barely fit on the big bed, and there was hardly room around the bed to walk without hitting the walls. So the family slept nose to nose to nose all night long and they had to eat all their meals outside on the porch 'cause there was no room to eat inside the big warm house.

Well now, one evening in late autumn, Brer Bear and his family crowded into their warm house to get some shut eye. They'd just settled down to sleep when someone came a-knocking on their front door. A-bang, a-bang, a-bang went the door knocker. All four bears jumped in surprise when they heard the sound. Simon Bear bumped heads with Susannah Bear, who howled in pain and rolled over clutching her head in her paws. Susannah Bear bumped into Mama Bear, who fell out of the far side of the bed with a shout of surprise. And Mama Bear, she landed on top of Brer Bear, who'd just got out of the bed so's he could see who was a-knocking on the door. It was all a big kerfluffle with the whole family a-yelling and a-fussing, and the stranger a-bang, a-bang, a-banging on the door knocker.

"Who is it?" Brer Bear finally howled through the keyhole. "Why are you a-knocking on my door so late at night?"

"It's Brer Skunk," the stranger called through the door. "The nights are getting right cold out here with winter coming, so I'm looking for a job as a housekeeper. I thought you folks might need someone to help do chores around the place in exchange for a warm spot to sleep at night."



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Oklahoma Weather

“A housekeeper?” roared Brer Bear. “We ain’t got no room for a housekeeper in this here house. We can barely turn around without bumping into one another as it is!”

“That’s why you need a housekeeper,” Brer Skunk cried through the door. “I am very good at clearing out a place. Why, after I get through with your house, there will be so much space I could sleep each night in a cozy bed and eat all my meals inside!”

Well, this was a tempting proposition. Mama Bear looked at Brer Bear and Susannah Bear looked at Simon Bear. Imagine living into a house that was so empty they could bring their dinner inside and eat it without poking somebody in the eye!

“We should hire him, Pa,” Simon said.

“We could really use some more room in this house,” add Susannah wistfully, rubbing her sore head with one paw.

So Brer Bear invited Brer Skunk to come into his big warm house to be the new housekeeper for the Bear family. Brer Skunk ambled inside and eyed all the plump bears watching him eagerly as cold moonlight streamed through the open door. Then he turned around, lifted his black and white tail, and blasted the air of that cozy warm house with his very special scent. Brer Bear and his family took one whiff of this terrible perfume and they went a-running for the woods so fast that they didn’t even stop to shut the door behind them.

Once the big house was cleared of all those plump bears, Brer Skunk had plenty of room to sleep each night in a cozy bed and eat all of his meals inside, just like he said. And what happened to the Bear family? I dunno but I think they might still be running, trying to get away from Brer Skunk’s smell!

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



To say that the weather in Oklahoma is subject to extremes is an understatement. Instead of rain storms, we get dust storms. On the same day, one man can die of sunstroke at noon while his neighbor freezes to death that night.

Now, as you may well suspect, this finicky weather has an adverse effect upon our frogs. I’ve known the temperature to drop so fast that our frogs are stuck with their heads above the ice. One bull frog I seen musta been caught in the middle of a leap, because he was sprawled across the ice with the tip of one foot caught inside!

But the temperature is not our only weather phenomenon. No sir. The winds in Oklahoma are noteworthy too. We natives have a crowbar hole drilled through an outside wall. We use it to test the wind. You stick a crowbar through the hole, and if it bends, then the wind is normal. But if the crowbar breaks, well, then best to stay in until the wind dies down some.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

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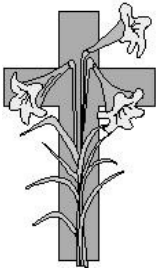
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JEWELS FROM THE WORD

SHOD WITH GOOD SHOES

My first memory of shoe shopping is leaving the store crying because Mama bought the ugly tie-up shoes instead of the cute Mary Janes I wanted so badly. Another time when I was being fitted, the man pressed on my toe and I pulled it back, so when I got home that pair of shoes was too short for me and I couldn't wear them.

When I was born my feet were crooked. My older sister said, "They shipped her in too short a shoe box." Mama said she held my little feet in her hands to straighten them out, as she rocked me and prayed over my feet.

I wear narrow width, so it is hard to find odd-size shoes in a small town. I usually buy a pair of shoes anytime I go to the Big City, but mainly I order my shoes online. Mama always said to dress your feet first and she always bought the best shoes she could buy, even if it meant doing without something else.

A horse is shod by attaching horse shoes on his hooves. Or he is s-h-

o-e-d; that is where that 'shod' came from. We are "shoed" or shod when we put our shoes on our feet. Shoes protect our feet, give us stability, allow us to stand a long time, help us be firm-footed. Shoes stand between us and obstacles, such as thorns, sharp rocks, broken glass, biting insects or animals. Shoes also keep the soles (or souls) of our feet soft and pliable.

"Stand therefore, having girded your waist with truth, having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace." Ephesians 6:15-16 NKJV.

Put your shoes on in preparation and plant your feet firmly, so you will be ready and prepared to resist and stand your ground against evil forces that come against you, by the power of the word of God.

If you have your shoes on, you are ready to face the day. Whatever comes, you will be prepared.
DATA MASTER: Eric Peechey

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotioals, go to:

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