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Bricktown's First Fourth of July

The spirit of '89 was dying.

Just a couple of months after Oklahoma City instantly became a town of 10,000 people, civic boosters could feel the momentum slipping away. They envisioned a July Fourth celebration as the reboot needed to get the country excited again about the city's prospects.

What happened next is well recorded by history; a newly constructed grandstand filled with hundreds of people collapsed. One child died, and dozens, if not hundreds, of other celebrants were injured.

"About the only thing we knew, and all of us historians have gotten hung up on the fact the grandstands collapsed," admits Bob Blackburn, director of the Oklahoma Historical Society.

"One, they wanted to celebrate. Two, the grandstands collapsed and one person was killed and many were injured. That's about it."

The story changed, however, on April 24 when Chad Williams, director of the museum's research division, carefully unrolled a sealed post-



er that was recovered two days earlier at the opening of the Century Chest time capsule at First Lutheran Church.

Dozens of items were displayed that day, but the poster — a full-color work of art likely produced about a month after the Land Run — remained sealed until Williams

was able to carefully unroll it back at his office.

What Williams saw left him stunned; he immediately called Blackburn to rush to the research office to see the poster. No one alive knew this poster existed. No other copies are known to exist.

Contributed by Judge B.N. Woodson and wife Nelle Woodson, the poster was distributed at train stations throughout the country promising "feats of horsemanship and lassoing by wild Indians and cowboys," "horse racing," "speeches by eminent orators," "infantry, cavalry and artillery drills by U.S. troops," and "typical Indian foot racing."

Fireworks shows and "Indian war dances" by Cheyennes and Comanches would conclude each evening of the

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three-day celebration.

Or so promoters hoped.

Nicole Harvey, who assisted Blackburn and Williams in using what they found on the poster to research that fateful day, discovered that the arrangements weren't quite locked down when the boastful promises were plastered throughout the country.

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The posters were painted and hand-lettered using a lead-based paint that created vivid colors not seen today. They were printed, likely in June, by the George W. Crane Publishing Co., which had offices in Kansas City and Topeka, Kan.

Some confusion still exists over the location of the festivities. Blackburn believes organizers hoped to set up a park west of town, but photographs and maps from time show they settled on a spot near Reno Avenue and the Santa Fe Train Depot — about where the Zio's in Bricktown is currently located.

It was Bricktown's first Fourth of July celebration. And just as the modern-day celebrations are geared toward promoting business and interest in downtown's entertainment district today, similar goals were being pursued back in 1889.

The stakes, however, were far more dire. The July Fourth poster boasted a city government was elected the night the town was settled. It also declared Oklahoma City the “Queen City of the Beautiful Oklahoma Country.”

The truth wasn't as wonderful. Control of the city still was being fought out between two warring political

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parties — the Kickapoos and the Seminoles. Fistfights were common as settlers fought over land and just about anything else that might be a source of disagreement.

“There was a lot of uncertainty in Oklahoma City,” Blackburn said. “Guthrie was head and shoulders ahead of Oklahoma City. It was the capital. So that's where all the politicians, the bankers, and the railroad men were centered. Oklahoma City was settled too late for planting, so there were no crops. And there was no mineral wealth yet. It wasn't a trade center — it was too far away from major cities.”

The city wasn't incorporated yet. Its first mayor, William Couch, was months away from dying in a gunfight, and Capt. D.F. Stiles, whose troops were set to entertain visitors that July Fourth, ultimately had to declare martial law to restore order.

“These are frontier days,” Blackburn said. “It's a very physical society, where a fight is the idea of a good time. There are no aunts and mothers telling folks to behave themselves. So the controlling aspects of community are gone. You've got a community living on the adrenaline of the Land Run.”

Promoters went to Darlington, just west of Fort Reno, to get permission from the Interior Department to pay 200 Indians to perform for the festivities. Instead of Cheyennes and Comanches, the event featured members of the Cheyenne, Caddo and Arapaho tribes.

“This is at the start of the old Wild West shows, the 101 Ranch, Buffalo Bill,” Blackburn said. “Geronimo surrendered just three years earlier, and he's still a prisoner of war. There is no more threat of Indian rebellion. But there is this curiosity about the Indians. People from the north wanted to see more. So people were told, ‘Come see this vanishing reality of the frontier west ... come see this wonderful new city on the

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prairie.”

One of those who made the trek was Etta Dale, who made the Land Run with her parents. She shared the story of that July Fourth in a 1938 interview conducted by the Works Progress Administration. She was 18 when her father made the April 22, 1889, run and staked his claim in what is now El Reno. He then bought a lot and built a two-story wood frame home in Oklahoma City.

“We arrived in Oklahoma City on the third day of July, 1889, and went the next day to the Fourth of July celebration,” Dale recalled. “They were staging quite a celebration with the usual orators speaking from a special stand. They had peanuts, popcorn and cold drinks, firecrackers, bunting and waving flags, band music, dancing and a rodeo performance.”

There were no trees, however, and no shade to protect visitors from the burning hot sun.

“The people who were running the cold drink stands placed them under the bandstand, that being a little better than to be out in the hot, broiling sun,” Dale said. “My companions and I had just patronized the cold drink stand that was under the bandstand, and had just stepped out from under it when the seats and bandstand collapsed.”

News accounts portray a chaotic scene that ensued, with no real organized police, fire or emergency response able to respond. It was Stiles, who had a street named after him only to lose that honor in

recent years when it was renamed after modern-day businessman Russell Perry, who led his men to save those injured.

One child was killed, the son of Dr. J.A. Ryan, whose 20 acres later were developed as Heritage Hills by Anton Classen. Dale recalled how years afterward crippled 89ers would be spotted around town, and all would know they were survivors of the disaster.

“It was a tragic experience,” Dale said.

Oklahoma City, initially promoted as paradise in the prairie, was being written off as a lost cause. A news account detailed how a man with a broken leg had lost his coat in the incident and returned “two months after the fall of Babylon” to retrieve it because of a bank book concealed in the pocket.

Many people abandoned Oklahoma City, including civic giants like Charles Colcord and the Johnson brothers, who later returned to start up First National Bank.

A few stayed, most notably Henry Overholser, who invested heavily in those early days, and businessmen Gristmill Jones and William T. Hales.

That winter, Blackburn said, the population shrunk in half as it tried to subsist with rabbit meat and turnips.

“This was a catastrophe for people trying to build a city,” Blackburn said. “They had bad luck and drought ... Not until '96 or '97 did things start picking up. Guthrie had all the leading resources, connections and money. Oklahoma City was just hanging on.”

But when new rail lines entered the city and the drought

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ended, the city boomed. On that July Fourth of 1889, Oklahoma City proved it could not be broken. It could survive disasters and tragedy. It would rebuild time and again, and thrive, even if its citizens engaged in a bit of hyperbole to sell their dream to the rest of the world.

“That's why Oklahoma City boomed in 1898,” Blackburn said. “They had this pent-up energy with nowhere to go. These people did not have the cushy advantages with politicians and banks. People were more resourceful. It's a case of hybrids outrunning purebloods. We're tough.”

Poster to be on display

The July 3, 1889, poster and other Oklahoma City treasures recovered from the Century Chest will be on free public display at the Oklahoma History Center, 800 Nazih Zuhdi Drive, starting July 4 through September. It will be followed by other rotating exhibits from the Century Chest until a full exhibit is opened in the museum on April 22, 2014. All of the items are being donated to the state by First Lutheran Church, 1300 N Robinson.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

their effect on Ugly.

To start with, he had only one eye, and where the other should have been was a gaping hole. He was also missing his ear on the same side, his left foot has appeared to have been badly broken at one time, and had healed at an unnatural angle, making him look like he was always turning the corner. His tail has long since been lost, leaving only the smallest stub, which he would constantly jerk and twitch. Ugly would have been a dark gray tabby striped-type, except for the sores covering his head, neck, even his shoulders with thick, yellowing scabs.

Every time someone saw Ugly there was the same reaction. “That’s one UGLY cat!!”

All the children were warned not to touch him, the adults threw rocks at him, hosed him down, squirted him when he tried to come in their homes, or shut his paws in the door when he would not leave.

Everyone Was Warned Not To Touch This Cat



Everyone in the apartment complex where I lived in knew who Ugly was. Ugly was the resident tomcat.

Ugly loved three things in this world: fighting, eating garbage, and shall we say, love. The combination of these things combined with a life spent outside had

Ugly always had the same reaction. If you turned the hose on him, he would stand there, getting soaked until you gave up and quit. If you threw things at him, he would curl his lanky body around feet in forgiveness. Whenever he spied children, he would come running meowing frantically and bump his head against their hands, begging for their love. If you ever picked him up he would immediately begin suckling on your shirt, earrings, whatever he could find.

One day Ugly shared his love with the neighbors huskies. They did not respond kindly, and Ugly was badly mauled. From my apartment I could hear his screams, and I tried to rush to his aid. By the time I got to where he was laying, it was apparent Ugly's sad life was almost at an end.

Ugly lay in a wet circle, his back legs and lower back twisted grossly out of shape, a gaping tear in the white strip of fur that ran down his front. As I picked him up and tried to carry him home I could hear him wheezing and gasping, and could feel him struggling. I must be hurting him terribly I thought.

Then I felt a familiar tugging, sucking sensation on my ear – Ugly, in so much pain, suffering and obviously dying was trying to suckle my ear. I pulled him closer to me, and he bumped the palm of my hand with his head, then he turned his one golden eye towards me, and I could hear the distinct sound of purring. Even in the greatest pain, that ugly battle-scarred cat was asking only for a little affection, perhaps some compassion.

At that moment I thought Ugly was the most beautiful, loving creature I had ever seen. Never once did he try to bite or scratch me, or even try to get away from me, or struggle in any way. Ugly just looked up at me completely trusting in me to relieve his pain.

Ugly died in my arms before I could get inside, but I sat and held him for a long time afterwards, thinking about how one scarred, deformed little stray could so alter my opinion about what it means to have true pureness of spirit, to love so totally and truly. Ugly taught me more about giving and compassion than a thousand books, lectures, or talk show specials ever could, and for that I will always be thankful. He had been scarred on the outside, but I was scarred on the inside, and it was time for me to move on and learn to love truly and deeply. To give my total to those I cared for.

Many people want to be richer, more successful, well

liked, beautiful, but for me, I will always try to be Ugly.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

You Can't Get Out

One dark, windy night, the town drunk was meandering his way home after the bar closed. Somehow he got turned around and ended up walking through the churchyard instead of taking the road home.

The wind picked up and he thought he could hear a voice calling his name. Suddenly, the ground opened up in front of him, and he fell down, down into an open grave! He could hear the voice clearer now, calling to him. He knew it was the devil, coming for him just like the preacher said, on account of him being the town drunk.

The hole was very deep and inside it was pitch black. His eyes adjusted to the darkness after a few moments, and he made out a form sitting in the darkness with him. It called his name, and he scrambled away in fear, trying to climb out of that terrible grave. Then the figure spoke. "You can't get out," it said.

The drunk gave a shout of pure terror and leapt straight up more than six feet. He caught the edge of the hole in his hands, scrambled out, and ran for home as fast as he could go.

Inside the open grave, his neighbor Charlie sighed in resignation. He'd fallen into the hole a few minutes before his friend and had thought that together they might help each other climb out. Now he was going to have to wait until morning and get the mortician to bring him a ladder.

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth

Summertime Ella Fitzgerald

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry
One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But till that morning, there ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by
One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But till that morning, there ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by
Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry

Mustangs: Facts About America's Wild Horses

Mustangs are descendants of Spanish, or Iberian, horses that were brought to the Americas by Spanish explorers in the 16th century. The name was derived from the Spanish word *mustengo*, which means "ownerless beast" or "stray horse." Many people think that mustangs are simply wild horses rather than a specific breed. These horses bred with other types of horses, including quarter horses and draft horses, to create the breed we know today.



Like other mammals, mustangs have live births. Their babies are called foals. Mares carry their foal for an 11-month gestation period. Mustangs typically give birth to their foals in April, May, or early June, according to the *American Mustang Handbook*. This gives the young horse time to grow before the cold months of the year.

Mustangs have no natural predators. Without human intervention, their population can double in size every four years. Some have proposed contraceptive treatments that would help lower the population increase of these animals.

Diet

It is a common misconception that horses only eat hay or oats. Horses are omnivores. This means that they eat plants and meat. Mostly, though, wild mustangs eat grass and brush. They can stay a healthy weight on very little food. When food is readily available, adult mustangs eat around 5 to 6 pounds of food each day.

Horses belong to the genus *Equus*, which originated in North America about 4 million years ago and spread to Eurasia (presumably by crossing the Bering land bridge) 2 to 3 million years ago. The last prehistoric North American horses died out between 13,000 and 11,000 years ago, at the end of the Pleistocene, but by then *Equus* had spread to Asia, Europe, and Africa.

After the Spaniards re-introduced horses to the Americas, the Native Americans soon used these beasts for transportation. Pioneers liked these horses because they have fantastic stamina and speed. Plus, their stockier legs make them less prone to injury, making them ideal for long journeys. Since then, mustangs have been bred with French or thoroughbred horses.

Because mustangs are descendants of escaped domesticated horses, wildlife management agencies consider them to be "feral" rather than "wild," although this designation is controversial among mustang advocates. The Tarpan and the Przewalski are the only two breeds of truly wild horses to ever be discovered.

Mustang characteristics

Mustangs are a medium-sized breed of horse. They measure around 14 to 15 hands. Hands are the common standard of measurement for horses. This equals 56 inches to 60 inches (140 to 150 centimeters). They weigh around 800 pounds (360 kg).

Mustangs have a wide variety of colors. Usually, they are bay, which is a reddish brown, or sorrel, which is a chestnut color. They can also have a variety of colors, patches, spots and stripes.

Offspring

Habitat

Mustangs live in the grassland areas of the western United States. The Bureau of Land Management manages the U.S. mustang population and allows the horses run free on 34 million acres of public land. About 271,000 mustangs have been removed from private land by the government since 1971, according to the *American Wild Horse Preservation Organization*. Most of the mustang populations are found in the Western states of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, Oregon, California, Arizona, North Dakota and New Mexico. Some also live on the Atlantic coast and on islands such as the Sable, Shackleford, Assateague and Cumberland Islands.

Mustangs live in large herds. The herd consists of one stallion, around eight females and their young, though separate herds have been known to blend when they are in danger. The herd is led by a female horse, or mare, and a stallion that is over 6 years of age. In dangerous situations, the head mare will lead her heard to safety, and the stallion will stay and fight.

Herds spend most of their time grazing on grasses, though it is not unusual to see them playing or snuggling together for a nap. Often, when it looks like they are fighting, young mustangs are actually playing a game, much like when human children wrestle.

(Continued on page 8)



Getting to know the Lutherans

Power To The Weak—We are familiar with the person of Paul, a missionary preacher to the first congregations in Christianity. A lesser known truth about Paul is that he suffered from what he says was a “thorn in the flesh.” Having asked the Lord to remove it, God responds with the following – “My grace is sufficient for you; my power is made perfect in weakness.” (2 Cor. 12:9)

The same encouragement is given to us whatever the circumstances may be in our life – illness, unemployment, disruption in the family, the list goes on. The Lord is aware of the distresses and afflictions that we experience.

God enables and empowers us to deal with the difficult and trying times. We know and believe this because of what Jesus Christ has done for us out of his grace and love. His death on a cross and his victorious resurrection over death and the grave provide us with unlimited staying power to face any uncertainty.

Not all the problems and pains are going to be removed. But we do have the Lord nearby to help us through any difficulty. We are never without his loving care and concern. There is “power to the weak” through faith in Jesus Christ.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey

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Mustangs: Facts About America's Wild Horses

Classification/taxonomy

According to the Integrated Taxonomic Information System (ITIS), the taxonomy of horses, and therefore of mustangs, is:

Kingdom: Animalia
Phylum: Chordata
Class: Mammalia
Order: Perissodactyla
Family: Equidae
Genus: Equus
Species: Caballus

Conservation status

The mustang is not on any endangered list at this time, though there are people petitioning to change that. About 100 years ago, about 2 million mustangs roamed the North American terrain. Now, there are fewer than 25,000 mustangs left in the wild, according to the Humane Society.

Other facts

In the wild, Mustangs can live up to 40 years. Hurt or disabled horses are protected by the herd and can live remarkably long lives when compared with other animal species that live in the wild.

In the Wild West, cowboys would catch, tame and sell mustangs. These cowboys were called "mustang runners." Mustangs were also hunted for their meat in the early 20th century. Sometimes their meat was used for pet food.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Bear Lake Monster A Utah Ghost Story

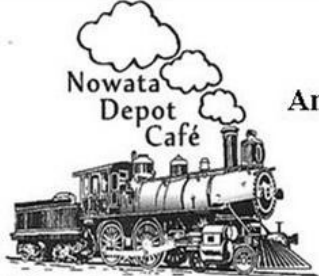
If you travel to Bear Lake in Utah on a quiet day, you just might catch a glimpse of the Bear Lake Monster. The monster looks like a huge brown snake and is nearly 90 feet long. It has ears that stick out from the side of its skinny head and a mouth big enough to eat a man. According to some, it has small legs and it kind of scurries when it ventures out on land. But in the water - watch out! It can swim faster than a horse can gallop - makes a mile a minute on a good day. Sometimes the monster likes to sneak up on unwary swimmers and blow water at them. The ones it doesn't carry off to eat, that is.

A feller I heard about spotted the monster early one evening as he was walking along the lake. He tried to shoot it with his rifle. The man was a crack shot, but not one of his bullets touched that monster. It scared the heck out of him and he high tailed it home faster than you can say Jack Robinson. Left his rifle behind him and claimed the monster ate it.

Sometimes, when the monster has been quiet for a while, people start saying it is gone for good. Some folks even dredge up that old tale that says how Pecos Bill heard about the Bear Lake monster and bet some cowpokes that he could wrestle that monster until it said uncle. According to them folks, the fight lasted for days and created a hurricane around Bear Lake. Finally, Bill flung that there monster over his shoulder and it flew so far it went plumb around the world and landed in Loch Ness, where it lives to this day.

Course, we know better than that. The Bear Lake Monster is just hibernating-like. Keep your eyes open at dusk and maybe you'll see it come out to feed. Just be careful swimming in the lake, or you might be its next meal!

DATA MASTER: Doug Stone



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A Simple Hug

By Johnny Ray Ryder Jr

There's something in a simple hug
That always warms the heart;
It welcomes us back home
And makes it easier to part

A hug's a way to share the joy
And sad times we go through,
Or just a way for friends to say
They like you 'cause you're you

Hugs are meant for anyone
For whom we really care,
From your grandma to your neighbor,
Or a cuddly teddy bear

A hug is an amazing thing -
It's just the perfect way
To show the love we're feeling
But can't find the words to say

It's funny how a little hug
Makes everyone feel good;
In every place and type,
It's always understood

And hugs don't need new equipment,
Special batteries or parts
Just open up your arms
And open up your hearts
DATA MASTER: Cody Welch



Ghost on the Tracks

A Colorado Ghost Story

The train rumbled around him as he adjusted the throttle. The night shift was always the toughest, in the engineer's mind. He had rumbled through Timpas a few minutes ago and was on his way to Thatcher. Not a bad stretch of road, and there was no better train in the entire Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

He stretched a bit and yawned, trying to stay alert. And then he gasped. The lights had picked up the figure of a beautiful woman with long red-gold hair and wonderful blue eyes standing near the tracks. Too near! He sounded his horn to warn her away. And then he realized that the light was shining right through her. She was a ghost!

She stepped into the center of the track, laughing and beautiful. She disappeared seconds before the train rushed through her. And then she was there, in the engine cab next to him. The scent of roses filled the air. He stared at the ghostly vision, bewitched by her beauty. With an enticing smile, she wrapped ghostly arms about his neck and kissed him. And was gone. Dazed (and disappointed!), the engineer finished the run to Thatcher in a trance, completely forgetting to stop at the station. The fireman had to pour water on his head to snap him out of it.

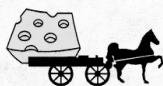
The engineer decided not to tell anyone about the ghost, fearing for his job. But he was plagued by curiosity. Finally, he confided the story to a close friend who was a fellow engineer. To his surprise, the friend had heard about the ghost before. The ghost's appearance on the train was by no means uncommon. No one knew who the woman had been in life. But she always appeared on that stretch of track after dark, beckoning to the men on the railroad crew with a bewitching smile. Sometimes, said his friend, sometimes she would come right onto the train!

"Better not tell your wife about it," his friend advised. The engineer never did. DATA MASTER: Doug Stone

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This Month in History—July

1916 After bombing the area of no mans land between German and English Forces in Somme region of France the English soldiers went over the trenches expecting little German resistance , but the Germans had large numbers of Machine Guns trained on the area and by the end of the day 20,000 British soldiers were dead and another 40,000 had injuries, this became one of the worst military decisions in history and the offensive was eventually stopped after 4 1/2 months with 600,000 British and French soldiers killed, wounded, or missing in the action.

1920 The nation of Germany reports its total debt as 200,000,000,000 marks as of this day in history. In addition to the nation's large amount of debt, food riots breakout in various locations including Lubec throughout the country.

1932 Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt was selected as the presidential nominee at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

1932 Japanese troops took over a Chinese customs office in a city on the Chinese Eastern Railroad . The Japanese forced the Chinese customs official and his staff to evacuate the building.

1942 After suffering earlier defeats at the hands of Rommel's Afrika Korps British troops after receiving much needed supplies and additional troops from New Zealand, Canada and Australia went on the offensive against Rommel's Afrika Korps at El Alamein in Egypt, thus stopping his advance and becoming a turning point in the war in North Africa.

1943 The allied Northeast African air forces bomb all of Sicily during a 24 hour raid. The attack was planned as an attempt to weaken Italy's outer defense during World War II.

1945 The American Air Force drops over 1000 tons of explosives on each of four Japanese cities . The attack was carried out by nearly 600 B-29 Super fortresses at 3 am. The places that were hit were the Kure Naval Base, Shimonoseki port, Ube, and Kumamoto.

1956 President Eisenhower called for \$50 billion to be spent over 13 years for the construction of over 42,500 miles of interstate highways using the Interstate Highway Revenue Act which was to be funded by taxing gasoline, currently this tax is 19 cents for each gallon of gas.

1958 Americans staying in Cuba become more fearful as

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Cuban rebels, headed by Fidel Castro, continued to kidnap people. Rebels were unaffected by the presence of United States Marines sent to rescue kidnapped Americans, but they did indicate that they may release 3 Canadian citizens. Cuban rebels showed no indication of releasing Americans or stopping the kidnappings which had grown to a rate of 10 American kidnappings per day over a period of five days.

1963 Zip Code Introduced in the United States

1964 The Civil Rights Act of 1964 is signed into law by President Johnson. The bill had a rough time going through the Senate when the "Southern Bloc" of southern Senators led by Richard Russell launched a filibuster lasting 54 days to prevent its passage. Said Russell "We will resist to the bitter end any measure or any movement which would have a tendency to bring about social equality and intermingling and amalgamation of the races in our (Southern) states." The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was a landmark piece of legislation that outlawed segregation in schools, public places, and employment. The bill also created the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission covering both race and gender for the first time in history.

1966 A new bombing offensive against fuel installations in North Vietnam's and over the next few days

destroyed 25% of North Vietnam's petroleum facilities. 1968 President Johnson announces that the United States and Soviet Union have agreed to hold nuclear arms talks in the future. The future discussions are set to include subjects such as the reduction and limitation of systems of defense against ballistic missiles and offensive nuclear weapons delivery systems.

1977 The United States Senate held a secret meeting debating whether or not the United States should start building neutron warheads . Neutron warheads leave buildings and structure intact and kill people only by radiation within one or two days of detonation and exposure to the radiation.

1994 The PLO leader Yasser Arafat, has returned to Palestine after 27 years in exile. The return of Yasser Arafat was part of the deal worked out at the Oslo Peace Accords signed in Washington in 1993.

1997 Hong Kong is handed back to the Chinese authorities after 156 years as a British colony. Tung Chee-hwa was sworn in as Hong Kong's new leader.

1999 The new Scottish Parliament is opened by the queen, this is the first time Scotland has had its own parliament for nearly 300 years.

2004 The international mission to Saturn, known as

110 Years Ago

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

Cassini-Huygens, reaches Saturn after six years and has successfully sent back the first close-up photographs of the Saturn's rings.

2006 China opens the world's highest railway. This railway stretches from Qinghai province to the Tibetan capital Lhasa. At its highest point it reaches 5,072 meters above sea level and has over 900 kilometers of railway that are at 4,000 meters or above sea level. There are concerns over how this railway will affect the culture and climate of Tibet.

2008 Nelson Mandela, the first post-apartheid president elected in South Africa, was no long on the United States terror watch list after then president George W. Bush signed the bill that officially removed him from the list. Mandela, considered by many to be a great leader, had originally been put on the list when South Africa's apartheid government listed the African National Congress as a terrorist organization.

2013 Citizens staged huge protests across Egypt calling for the resignation of President Morsi in the largest demonstration since the revolution in 2011. Protesters were upset that Morsi had not fixed economic and security problems in the country, there were a few deaths but the protests remained largely peaceful.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

Susan B. Anthony (February 15, 1820 – March 13, 1906) was an American social reformer and women's rights activist who played a pivotal role in the women's suffrage movement.



Hardship level: Moderate

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

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

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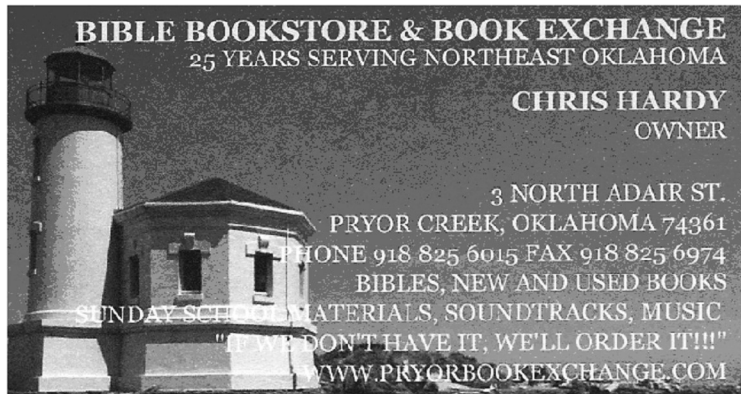
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Up-coming Events

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

Jul 04, 2018 - Jul 07, 2018 Quapaw Tribal Powwow—Head to Quapaw this July to experience American Indian traditions with the Quapaw tribe. The tribe holds an annual celebration over the 4th of July weekend that includes dancing, contests, vendors and plenty of family fun. Come celebrate the culture and history of the Quapaw Tribe. 5681 S 630 Rd Quapaw, OK 74363 Phone: 918-542-1853

Jul 06, 2018 Fireworks at the Marina—Come out to the Pier 51 Marina at Keystone State Park for a Fourth of July fireworks extravaganza. Bring the whole family out for a magical evening as fireworks light up the

night sky above beautiful Keystone Lake. Fireworks will be visible from within the park, but you'll want to arrive early for parking. Boaters are encouraged to watch from the water for a beautiful nighttime view. You won't want to miss your chance to celebrate the Fourth of July in a beautiful setting during this special state park event in northeastern Oklahoma. Kystone State Park 1926 Hwy 151 Sand Springs, OK 74063 Phone: 918-865-4991

Jul 06, 2018 - Jul 08, 2018 Terry Don West Bull Riding School—Learn the art of bull riding from a seasoned professional and world champion operating out of Henryetta. During three-day bull riding courses at Terry Don West Bull Riding School, PRCA World Champion Terry Don West will pass along priceless tips and bits of wisdom collected over his 25-year bull riding career. Aspiring bull riders can learn the basics, sharpen their skills and correct bad habits with the help of this Bull Riding Hall of Fame bull rider. 31965 Arbeka Rd Henryetta, OK 74437 Phone: 918-521-1068

Jul 06, 2018 Food Truck Friday - Once a month, food trucks create culinary treats from their kitchens parked in downtown Grove. Food Truck Fridays commence on first Friday evenings each month, giving community members an excuse to gather and chat in the name of good food. Come on by Broadway Street and sample different cuisine each month at this monthly food truck festival. In July, Food Truck Friday will also feature drag races and a show & shine. Downtown Grove, OK 74344 Phone: 918-786-9079

Jul 06, 2018 First Friday Art Crawl—Since 2007, the Tulsa Arts District has presented the community with rotating art displays as part of the monthly First Friday Art Crawl events. Every first Friday of the month, visitors can explore artwork inside galleries, studios and



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museums and catch a few live music performances or even an exciting fireworks display. As an added bonus, art crawlers can take advantage of free museum and gallery admission while shopping later than normal business hours would allow. Hit the district early for dinner, or stay a little later for a craft cocktail best enjoyed on an outdoor patio. Various locations in Tulsa Arts District Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-527-8170 918-492-7477

Jul 07, 2018 High Noon Shootout—At JM Davis Arms & Historical Museum, experience a High Noon Shootout straight out of an old Western film. The Tri-State Gunfighters will stage a bank robbery, jail break and other Wild West skits on special Saturdays throughout the year. Travel to this Claremore museum to witness 1870s gunfighters in the modern era. JM Davis Arms & Historical Museum 330 N JM Davis Blvd Claremore, OK 74017 Phone: 918-341-5707 Fax: 918-341-5771

Jul 07, 2018 Jennings Festival & Auto Show—Join the Jennings Volunteer Fire Department as they present a benefit festival and auto show you won't want to miss. Come to historic downtown Jennings and see cars, trucks and bikes of all makes and models on display at this fun community event. Prizes will be awarded in 38 classes, along with plenty of specialty awards. Stick around for a delicious barbecue dinner, followed by live music and a dazzling fireworks display. The town may be small, but

you're sure to have big-time fun at the Jennings Festival & Auto Show. Downtown Jennings, OK 74079 Phone: 918-290-9867

Jul 07, 2018 - Jul 08, 2018 All Star Team Roping Finals—Gather in the Ford Truck Arena at Tulsa Expo Square for a weekend spent watching the All Star Team Roping Finals. Team members will work hand-in-hand to progress through the Preliminary and Invitational Roping events with the championship title and cash earnings on the line. Cheer your team on as they seek to beat out 20-50 other roping groups aiming for top prizes. Tulsa Expo Square 4145 E 21st St Tulsa, OK 74114 Phone: 918-798-0159

Jul 10, 2018 Lunch & Learn: Getting and Keeping the Right Employees—The Vinita Chamber of Commerce invites the public to its Lunch & Learn event which will be held on July 10, 2018, from noon to 1:00 pm at Home of Hope, 960 West Hope Avenue in Vinita. The deadline to register is July 9. The cost to attend is \$8.00 for VACC Members and \$10.00 for others. Register online at www.vinita.com/events or call 918-256-7133.

Jul 11, 2018 Tulsa Athletic Heartland Conference Semifinals—Put on your green and yellow, and cheer the Athletic team to victory in downtown

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Tulsa. In their first season in 2013, the Tulsa Athletic National Premier Soccer League division team had a great record and advanced to the Conference Semi-Finals, coming out on top as the South Central Conference Champions. Come see them play and be a part of a crowd that averages the highest home game attendance in the NPSL as the Tulsa Athletic take on the opposing team in the Heartland Conference Semifinals. 1875 S Boulder Ave Tulsa, OK 74120 Phone: 918-584-8167

Jul 11, 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 12, 2018 - Jul 15, 2018 Children's Musical Theatre presents: The Little Mermaid—See Disney's The Little Mermaid live as this well-loved tale unfolds at the Bartlesville Community Center. Hear Ariel's lilting voice as she pursues her dream to leave the ocean for the land, and take a seat to witness a whole cast of favorite characters. As you watch the classic love story take place on stage, listen to live renditions of "Under the Sea," "Kiss the Girl" and "Part of Your World." This special show will feature elaborate sets, colorful costumes, intricate lighting design and a live orchestra.
Bartlesville Community Center 300 SE Adams Blvd Bartlesville, OK 74003 Phone: 918-336-0558

Do You have an event that you would like to share ?

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DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

Cherokee Rose

Retold by S.E. Schlosser



We lost everything after the treaty was signed. The white men wanted the Indian's removed, and so we were Removed. We lost our homes, our sacred lands, our way of life. We were thrust out by greed, and our hearts broke on the long, long journey west. We only had the few precious belongings we could carry, and many of us were not even given time to fetch that much from our homes before we were forced into camps and then marched west.

The weather turned cold, and still we marched, without adequate shelter, without blankets. Our men were grim with anger and pain. Our children were crying for comfort we could not give. Many were dying. And we Cherokee women, we wept. Our hearts were broken. Our spirits were drowning in pain. Our hope was gone. Such terrible grief made us neglect our families, our appearance. We were ready to die rather than go another step.

Seeing our pain, the Elders gathered together and began praying that some sign would come to ease the heart-numbing horror we felt at our loss, so that we might once again care for our children, comfort their tears, and walk proudly beside our men during this terrible journey. And the Elders were answered!

The very next morning as we began our long hard journey once again, we began to see white roses growing along the trail. They seemed to have sprung up overnight, and they were very beautiful. The petals of each rose were white like our tears. The center was yellow like the gold the greedy white men took from our hills. And we counted seven leaves on each stem -- just as there were seven clans in the Cherokee nation! The sight of the roses brought a strange peace into the hearts of the Cherokee women who saw them. There was a particularly large patch of them in the small glen where many of us had sat weeping the previous night. I paused to pick one, and one of the Elders stopped beside me and

told me there was a rose for each team we had shed during the journey. His words stayed with me as I took up my small parcel of belongings, hurried my children into line, and set out behind my husband. A rose for every tear. Could it be possible? In my heart, I already believed him.

It was a small wonder. A tiny miracle. But the best parts of our lives are made up of small miracles and tiny wonders. It gave us heart. Though we suffered much in the rest of the journey to Oklahoma Territory -- a journey later called the Trail of Tears -- and though we lost many children along the way, somehow we had hope that a better day was coming for the Cherokee. And so it has.

But the Cherokee rose continues to grow along the route of the trail today, as a reminder of the past and a hope for our future.

DATA MASTER: Cody Welch

Interesting Facts about Fishing—Fisherman Superstitions



- There are 32,000 species of fish which is more than any other group of vertebrates.
 - Lungfish can survive, buried underground, for years without water because they have both gills and lungs. That helps them survive dry spells.
 - There is estimation that there are over 15,000 fish species that are still not yet identified. Oceans are vast and who knows what waits for us there.
 - Not all fish spend all their time in water. Some fish can fly short distances.
 - There is archeological evidence that human race eats fish for 40,000 years now.
 - The first fishing reels were invented in 4th century China.
 - Philippine goby is the smallest fish in the world. It can “reach” 8mm when fully grown.
 - Oldest fish hook that we found until now is made of shell and is between 16,000 and 23,000 years old.
 - When the angling (fishing with a fish hook) became popular in 15th century, line for fishing was made by hand from horsehair.
 - If water that fish lives in doesn’t have enough oxygen - a fish can “drown” (suffocate).
 - Most fish have an air bladder (or swim bladder) which helps them to rise to surface or sink (when the bladder is empty).
 - Before angling that we know today, people used spears for fishing. Some places still use spears to catch fish.
 - The lateral line is a sense organ found mainly in fish. It allows them for instance to follow the vortices produced by fleeing prey, for orientation and to produce spatial awareness.
 - 97% of all known fish reproduce by laying eggs.
- FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations) statistics say that there are around 38 million fishermen and fish farmers in the world. Some 500 million people are, directly or indirectly employed, thanks to Fisheries and aquaculture.
 - Most fish cannot swim backwards.
 - Statistics from 2005, say that fish captured from wild fisheries and harvested from fish farms per year is enough for 21.8 kilograms of fish per every living human on Earth.
 - Catfish have no scales like other fish. They also have chemoreceptors across their entire bodies meaning they can taste and smell with their skin.
 - Some statistics say that anglers are more commonly hit by lightnings than any other sportsmen because the extra time required to seek shelter and because of general carelessness.

Fisherman Superstitions

Fishermen can be very superstitious. Here are some of their beliefs:

You will not catch any fish if you take your fishing rods into the house before you go fishing.

It is a bad luck if you let a dog (any dog) stand near the fishing equipment that you intend to use. On the other hand, black cats bring good luck if they are seen on the way to the fishing ground.

If you go fishing by boat, don’t look back once you cast off - it also brings bad luck.

One superstition that fishermen inherited from sailors is that a one who wear earrings or have tattoos won’t drown in case of a shipwreck or falling overboard.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey



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THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS

Part One (Continued on Page 23)



CHAPTER I

HE WAS a Japanese fox, and although he looked just like any other fox, he knew a few things that his American brothers have never heard about even to this day. One of these things was that if he lived to be one hundred years old without ever being chased by a dog, he could become a beautiful woman; if he lived for five hundred years and never a dog pursued him, he could be changed into a mighty wizard who would know more than any man on earth; but, better than all, after a thousand years of peace he would turn into a celestial fox and have nine golden tails.

Now a beautiful woman does very well in her place and it is a great honor to be a wise man, but a fox with nine golden tails is the most wonderful thing in all the world. For that reason when the fox was very young, only about sixty or seventy-five, he thought he would refuse to be changed into either a woman or a wizard

and would wait for his thousandth birthday.

“There are enough pretty women and wise men in the world now,” he explained to his friends of the forest. “The pretty women make the trouble and the wise men try to straighten it out, and they are both kept busy. They don’t have half as much fun as a fox.” But as the years went by he grew so tired of skulking and hiding about, and being nothing but a common, everyday, bushy-tailed gray fox that he almost decided to compromise the matter.

“After all, there are worse things in the world than pretty women,” he said, scratching his ear, “and wise men have their uses.”

What settled the question quite suddenly was a most exciting adventure he had just when he had begun to think he was cunning enough to outwit all the dogs on the Island of Japan. Now, he had had a great deal of experience in this line, and it was no wonder he flattered himself his dodging tactics were perfect. His ear



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| INSIDE | DUG | GRAVE-STONES | SHATTERED | BODIES | MANGLED | MINDS |
| UNCLE | SAM | MAJOR | GENERAL | SMEDLEY | BUTLER | BANKERS |
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A SACK FULL OF CHICKENS

Two rednecks walk down a dirt path. One man has a big sack over his shoulder. The other man asks what's in the sack.

The first man says, "I got me some chickens for dinner tonight."

The other man asks how many chickens are in the sack.

"Well, I'll tell you," replies the first redneck, "If you can guess how many chickens I got in this here sack, I'll give them both to you."

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

Q: WHAT DID THE DAD BUFFALO SAY TO HIS SON ON THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL?

A: BISON

GONE WITH THE SCHWINN

What do a bicycle, chicken, and frog have in common?

They all have handlebars! Except for the frog and chicken.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachy

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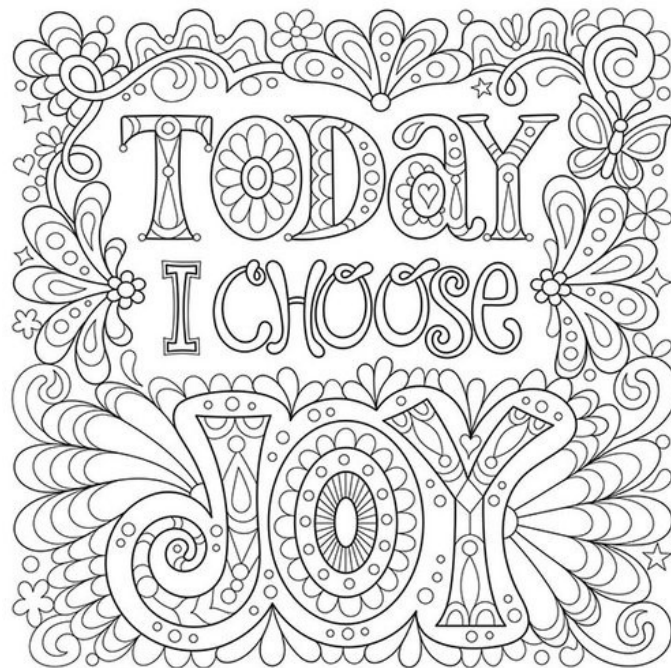
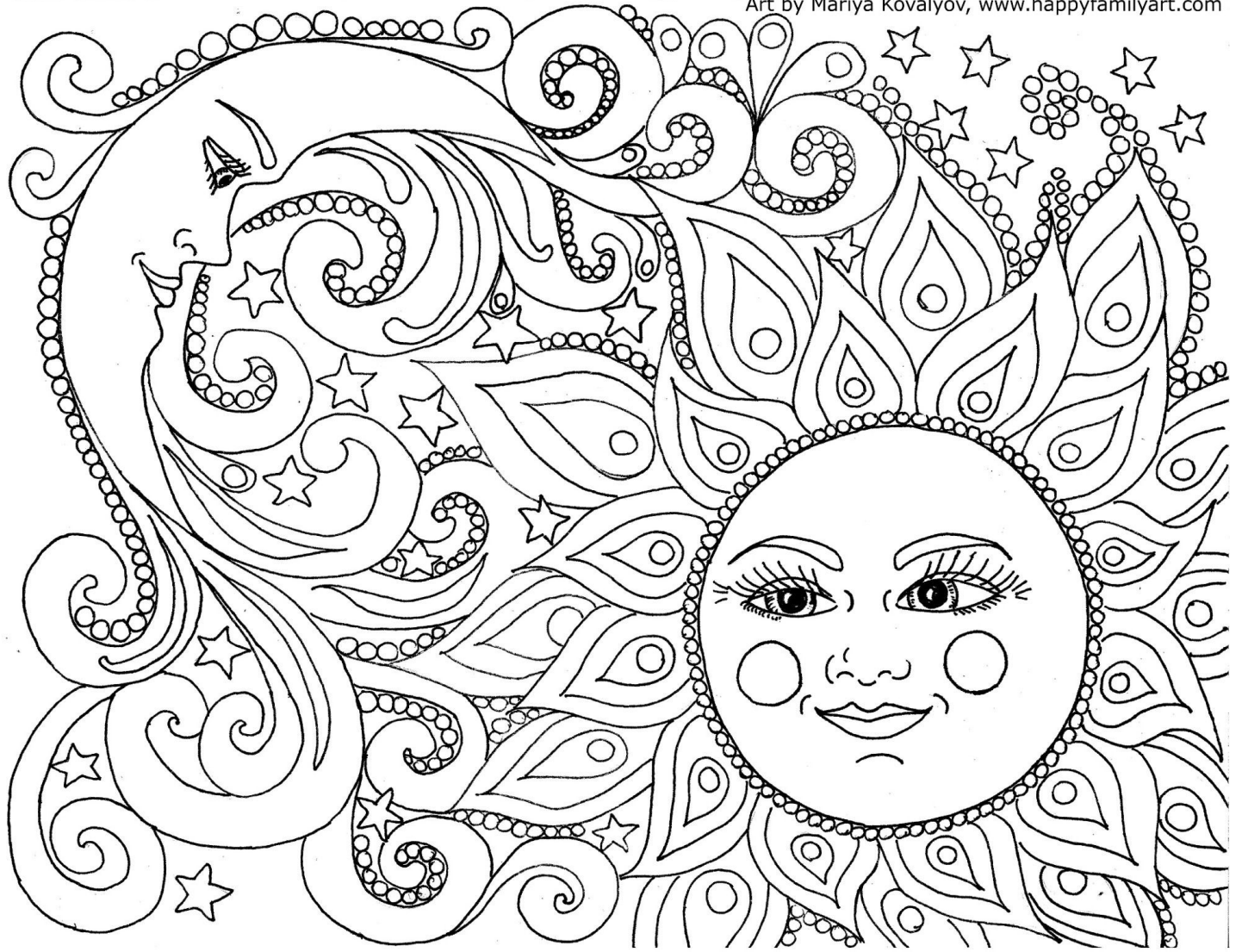
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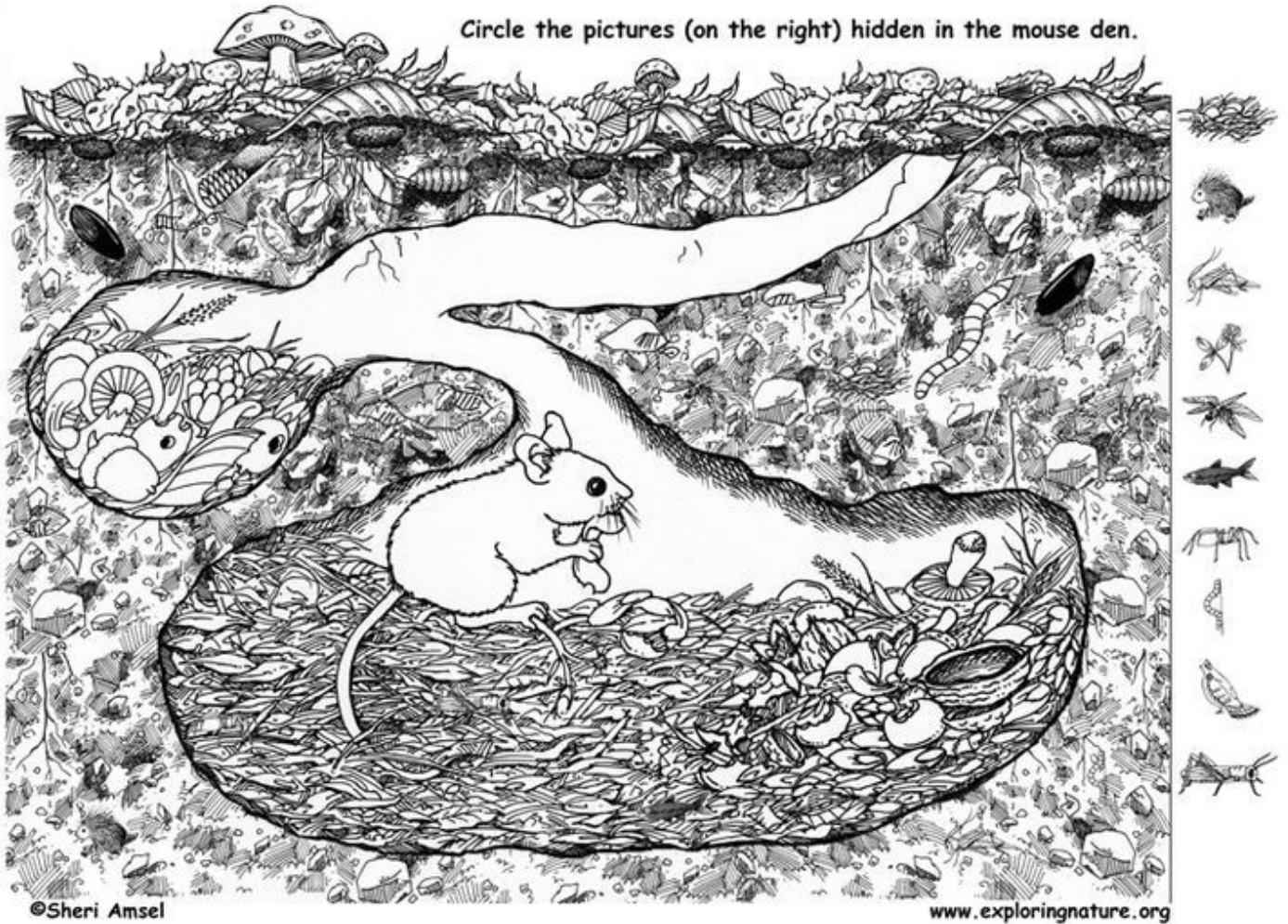
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THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS

(Continued from page 17)

was so trained he could hear a dog barking miles away, and he could smell a pack of hounds even further than he could hear them. Besides, when he looked at their tracks he knew exactly how long it had been since they passed that way, and as he had many acquaintances among the birds and bees and butterflies, they, too, often gave him timely warning.

He had also traveled extensively and knew all the safe places for a fox to stop. At last, after enduring many hardships and sleeping in swamps and on beds of nettles, and sometimes having to run all night and not sleep at all, and being forced to move so many times that he never had any home feeling, he had discovered the most delightful spot imaginable.

It was a beautiful wood toward the north of the island, where the gnarled old trees were so thick and crooked and the weeds so tall that the sun never touched the ground, and it was so dark and gloomy there men said it was the home of gnomes and goblins and no one could be induced to pass through it. Even the little streams gurgled hoarsely and their waters were black, and the great owls couldn't tell when it was night and so hooted throughout the day, and bats were always flying about with shrill screams.

As many wild creatures looking for peace found their way here and never again went out of the forest, he had much good company. There were foxes, bears, birds, deer, monkeys, rabbits, squirrels, pigeons, ducks, and a host of tiny things like worms, beetles, scorpions, mice, ants, lizards, centipedes, frogs, grasshoppers, eels, snails, crabs and caterpillars, and also a wild hen and her mate, who had a very hard time ever raising a family, a pouyou brought all the way from South America with the initials of a sailor who would never see it again cut on its brown shell armor, crickets that the Japanese call grass larks and that sing more sweetly there than any place in the world, a tortoise so many hundreds of years old he didn't remember when he was born, a rusty old crocodile who called himself Luxuriant-Thick-Mud-Master and a parrot that had known the misery of living in a cage until once the door was left open. Then he went away without saying good-by and flew straight over the hills and rivers and rice fields until he lit on a tree in this wood. How he chuckled when he knew he had reached the land he had so often heard about, the land the birds call Napatantutu, which in their language means Stay Here Always. And at first he thought it a great joke to scream "Look out," and a few other human words not so polite, and throw all the

animals in a panic. But after he had been there a while he either reformed or forgot how men talked and so bothered them no more.

The tortoise having lived longer than any of the others, had had time to find out more, and he said there was a huge monster in a far-distant part of the wood that was neither man nor beast, but more dangerous than either.

"Its eyes were bright as any glass,
Its scales were hard as any brass,"

he declared, and when it roared the whole earth grew dark with the smoke from its steaming nostrils, and when it laughed a flame came out of its mouth that lit up the sky, and this Terrible Thing was called a dragon. It goes without saying they were all very careful to keep away from the particular place where the dragon was said to live, and as none of them had ever seen it, they were not sure it was there.

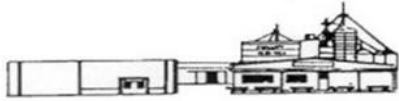
The snail had been heard to stoutly declare he wouldn't run from it anyway, but as the orang-outang reminded him, it was very easy to be brave before you saw it coming, but he had heard of snails that got in such a hurry they left their houses behind them. The bear asked the very important question: "How many legs has a dragon?" And when the tortoise said it must have at least a million, since a centipede had a hundred, the bear was comforted, for as he wisely told the fox, one need not be afraid of anything if it has more than four legs.

Now there wasn't much difference between day and night in Napatantutu, for both were happy times, and they could eat when they wished and sleep when they wished, and they didn't have to do anything unless they liked to do it. Sometimes they would eat and sleep all day, and at night, when the green eyes of the owls shone like lanterns and the fireflies lit up the wood with their little lamps, they would meet in a wonderful dell all lined with moss softer than velvet carpet, and there they would romp and play until morning.

The frogs would sit in a solemn circle on toadstools, the worms, because they wanted to see what was going on, would crawl up on the grand stand, which was the pouyou's back, the ants would hold wee pink and blue flowers over them for parasols because they tried to be fashionable, the monkey was always the clown, the quiet tortoise the judge and the fox was the mischief maker, but too sly to ever be caught in his tricks. The frog liked to show how far he could jump, the



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deer always wanted to run a race, the monkey would put up a target for them to throw at, the bear would dance on his hind legs, while the crickets and the grasshoppers were the band, and when the circus was over the porcupine would invite them to a quill-ting party.

Or if they grew tired of fun and frolic the pouyou would tell them stories about a land far beyond the Sun's Nest, where the birds and butterflies, the parrots and lizards were redder than red and greener than green; and again of a wide world of water with houses that rocked all the time floating on it, but where these houses came from or where they went he had been too sick to find out, although he had been in one for many sad months.

And when the thunder rumbled and flashes of lightning shot through the leaves, and the owls shut their eyes in terror and the poor little fireflies put out their lights, they would whisper to each other that the dragon was around, and scamper away and hide until morning.

And then when it was daylight they wouldn't be a bit frightened, and each one would say the other ran first, and he only ran because some one behind pushed him and he couldn't help it. And they would pooh! pooh! and declare in a chorus they didn't believe there was any such thing as a dragon. But the fox, who was usually a big talker, never had anything to say except once, when he told them quite seriously he hoped there was a real, true, live dragon. But no one believed him.

They did not know that when he was a baby fox, only about the size of a cat, and lived in the Fertile Plain of Sweet Flags, one cool and dewy night his mother made a bed of leaves behind a log, and as she cuddled him close to her warm bosom she told him how to know if the dogs were anywhere around.

She said when the wind brought him a hot breath out of a cold nose, a breath that smelt like it had a bark in it, he must listen with both ears, and after that if he heard a sound that was neither hungry nor angry, but came full tilt out of a throat just bursting with joy, he

would know that the dogs were on his trail, for they only chased animals for the fun of catching them, and because a fox was so cunning, it was great sport to run him down. And if he saw strange tracks, in which had lodged a caterpillar's hair or an ant's egg, the dogs had passed the day before, but if the tracks were bare, the feet that made them were not far away.

And she added if he were smart enough to never, never let the dogs get after him, when he was a thousand years old a dragon would give him nine golden tails.

It was true no one had ever seen a fox with more than one tail, but in the Kojiri, or Tails of Ancient Things, which was written on the bark of the oldest trees, it had always been told that there would be one fox who would in this way become the hero of his race, and perhaps he would be that very one if he learned to be clever and careful. And as his mother was the wisest fox on earth, he knew that she knew what she was talking about, and he was glad now to hear there was a dragon handy.

In fact, Napatantutu was exactly the kind of a home the fox was looking for, dragon and all, and he was quite sure he could pass a thousand quiet years here without ever hearing the bark of a dog. He no longer jumped at the sound of every crackling twig or put his ear to the ground before he sat down to rest, and often he would lie for hours on some cool knoll licking his paws and thinking up some prank to play on his neighbors. And he grew fat and saucy and lazy, and whisked his one insignificant tail proudly as he walked.

But, alas! there came an end to these delightful days. Late in the afternoon of his hundredth birthday, as he stood watching two ants wage a fierce battle over a grain of rice, close behind him 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 a second time, and nearer now, came the awful noise, and he darted like an arrow through the forest.

DATA MASTER: Steve Burdick



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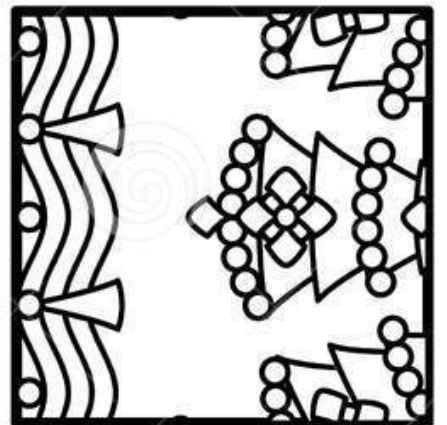
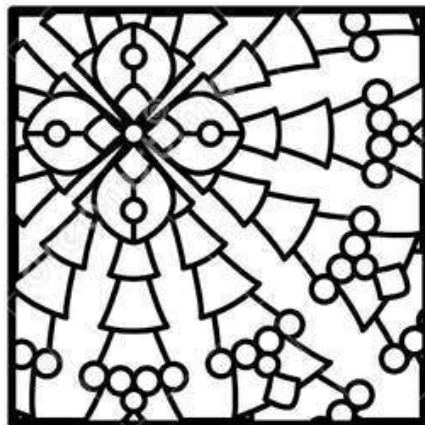
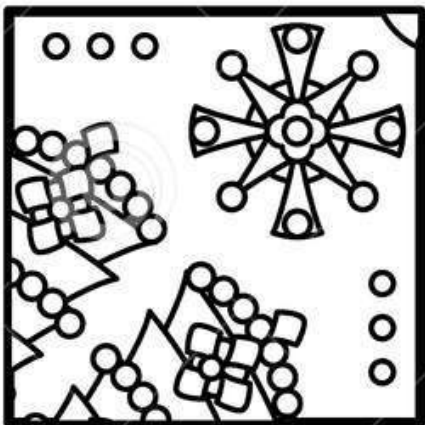
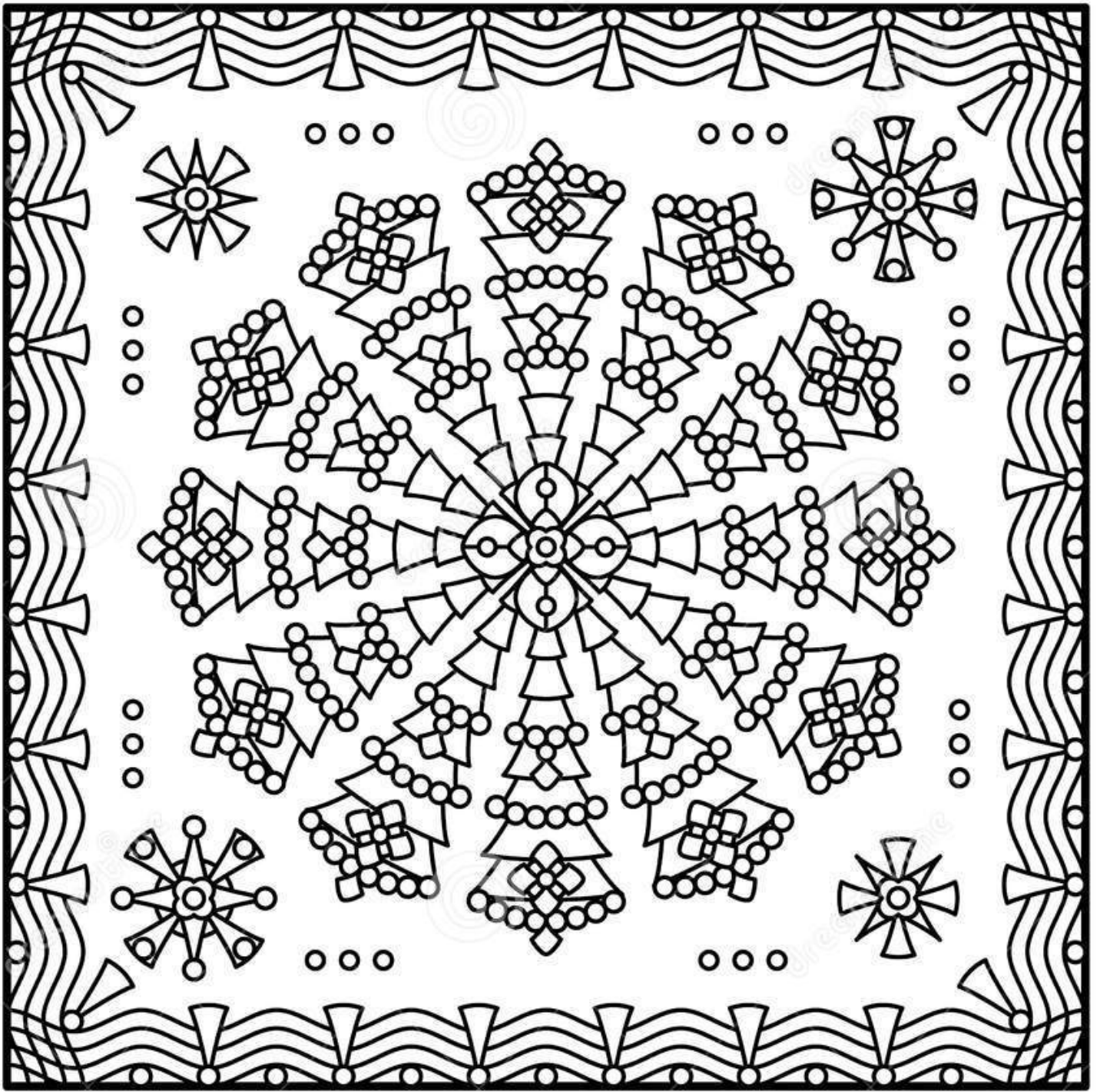
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U.S. Senate Committee Makes Animal Welfare Advances in the Farm Bill



Update— June 21, 2018: On June 21, the U.S. House re-voted 213-211 to pass their version of the Farm

On June 13, the U.S. Senate Agriculture Committee advanced its version of the Farm Bill containing an important provision to protect both people and their pets.

The Senate’s “Agriculture Improvement Act” contains the Pet and Women Safety (PAWS) Act, vital legislation that aims to protect victims of domestic violence and their pets by making crossing state lines to injure a pet an offense punishable by up to five years in prison. The bill, introduced in the Senate last year by Senators Gary Peters (D-MI) and Dean Heller (R-NV), will also allow victims to recover veterinary costs and establish grants to help house victims and their at-risk pets. The protections offered in the PAWS Act will help victims of domestic violence and their pets escape abusive environments and seek the safety and shelter they need. The ASPCA applauds the Senate Agriculture Committee for including this provision and encourages House and Senate leaders to retain the measure in the final Farm Bill.

Besides the PAWS Act, what’s most notable about the Senate Farm Bill is what it doesn’t include. The Senate did not add any dangerous measures, such as the King Provision that appears in the U.S. House’s version of

the bill, which would jeopardize state animal welfare laws across the country. The Senate also opted not to include proposals to weaken the National Organic Standards Board’s (NOSB) ability to recommend animal welfare improvements on organic farms. As the Farm Bill moves forward, the ASPCA will work to ensure that it does not contain the dangerous King Provision and maintains the integrity and authority of the NOSB.

Our work isn’t done yet. The full Senate needs to pass the Farm Bill and then reconcile any differences with the House, which will reconsider its version in the coming weeks. The ASPCA will continue to work with Congress to pass a Farm Bill that protects all animals from cruelty, but we need your help. Visit the ASPCA Advocacy Center to contact your lawmakers in Washington, D.C., and urge them to oppose any language in the Farm Bill that will endanger animal welfare protections.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

Rabbit Plays Tug-of-War

A Native American Legend



Now Rabbit had a favorite place on the river where he always went to drink water. It was on a bend in the river, and two Snakes lived there, one on the upper side of the bend and one on the lower. Rabbit soon learned that neither of the Snakes knew that the other Snake lived there.

Ho, ho, ho, thought Rabbit. I am going to have a bit of fun!

Rabbit went to the Snake that lived on the upper bend of the river. "I am a very strong Rabbit," he told the Snake. "I bet I can pull you right out of the water."

"I bet you can't!" said the Snake, who was very strong indeed.

"I will go get a grape vine," said Rabbit. "You will pull one end and I will pull the other. "If I pull you out of the water, I win the contest. If you pull me into the water, then I win."

The Snake on the upper bend agreed. Then Rabbit went to the Snake on the lower bend and made the same deal. He told both Snakes that he would be standing out of sight on top of the river bank and would give a whoop when he was in place and ready to start the contest. Both Snakes were pleased with the arrangement. They were sure they would win against such a feeble little Rabbit.

Rabbit took a long grape vine and strung it across the wide bend in the river. He handed one end to the first Snake and the other end to the second Snake. Then he gave a loud whoop from the middle of the river bank

and the two Snakes started tugging and pulling with all their might.

"That Rabbit is really strong," thought the Snake on the upper bank. He would tug and tug and the vine would come a little closer to him and then he would nearly be pulled out of the water.

"My, Rabbit is much stronger than he appears," thought the Snake on the lower bank after he was almost hurled out of the water by an extra strong pull from up the river.

Rabbit sat on the bank above both Snakes and laughed and laughed. The Snakes heard him laughing and realized that they had been fooled. Letting go of the rope, they swam to the middle of the bend and met each other for the first time.

Both Snakes were angry with Rabbit for making them look foolish. They agreed that Rabbit could no longer drink from his favorite place on the river bend where they lived. In spite of his protests, they sent Rabbit away and would not let him come down to the riverbank anymore. So whenever Rabbit grew thirsty, he had to turn himself into a faun in order to get a drink from the river.

After that, Rabbit decided not to play any more jokes on Snakes.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Funny Short Stories

The Child and His Mother

A curious child asked his mother: “Mommy, why are some of your hairs turning grey?”
The mother tried to use this occasion to teach her child: “It is because of you, dear. Every bad action of yours will turn one of my hairs grey!”
The child replied innocently: “Now I know why grandmother has only grey hairs on her head.”

Wrong email address:

A couple going on vacation but his wife was on a business trip so he went to the destination first and his wife would meet him the next day.
When he reached his hotel, he decided to send his wife a quick email.
Unfortunately, when typing her address, he mistyped a letter and his note was directed instead to an elderly preacher’s wife whose husband had passed away only the day before.
When the grieving widow checked her email, she took one look at the monitor, let out a piercing scream, and fell to the floor in a dead faint.
At the sound, her family rushed into the room and saw this note on the screen:
Dearest Wife,
Just got checked in. Everything prepared for your arrival tomorrow.
P.S. Sure is hot down here.

Will’s experience at the airport:

After his return from Rome, Will couldn’t find his luggage in the airport baggage area. He went to the lost luggage office and told the woman there that his bags hadn’t shown up on the carousel.
She smiled and told him not to worry because they were trained professionals and he was in good hands.
Then she asked Will, “Has your plane arrived yet?”

Clever kids:

A police officer found a perfect hiding place for watching for speeding motorists.
One day, the officer was amazed when everyone was under the speed limit, so he investigated and found the problem.

A 10 years old boy was standing on the side of the road with a huge hand painted sign which said “Radar Trap Ahead.”

A little more investigative work led the officer to the boy’s accomplice: another boy about 100 yards beyond the radar trap with a sign reading “TIPS” and a bucket at his feet full of change.

Mouthology:

A Professor was traveling by boat. On his way he asked the sailor:

“Do you know Biology, Ecology, Zoology, Geography, physiology?”

The sailor said no to all his questions.

Professor: What the hell do you know on earth. You will die of illiteracy.

After a while the boat started sinking. The Sailor asked the Professor, do you know swiminology & escapology from sharkology?

The professor said no.

Sailor: “Well, sharkology & crocodilogy will eat your assology, headology & you will dieology because of your mouthology.

Captain:

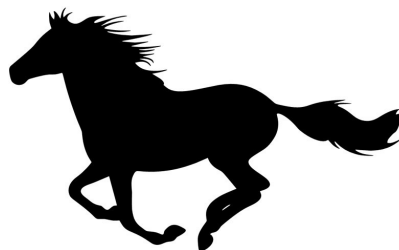
A navy captain is alerted by his First Mate that there is a pirate ship coming towards his position. He asks a sailor to get him his red shirt.

The captain was asked, “Why do you need a red shirt?”

The Captain replies, “So that when I bleed, you guys don’t notice and aren’t discouraged.” They fight off the pirates eventually.

The very next day, the Captain is alerted that 50 pirate ships are coming towards their boat. He yells, “Get me my brown pants!”

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley



How Moon Positions Impact Whitetail Movement



The first morning of a hunt is always filled with anticipation. And this one was no exception.

I was nearly 1,000 miles from my home in Ohio and more than halfway through the month of November. Every tree was bare, leaves stripped away by the strong Kansas winds. Every tree, that is, except for the pin oak into which I'd tucked my Lone Wolf stand. I'd chosen this spot for my first morning because of its central location on the farm and its advantageous view. I literally could see just about every square inch of the property.

This wasn't my first visit to the 80-acre parcel. With the two previous bow seasons and a 170-inch 10-pointer under my belt from 2012, I had a pretty good idea where I needed to be. Even though this tract was much smaller than most others I normally hunt in Kansas, it was a little piece of whitetail heaven. The place was laid out for bowhunting, and I knew it held a great population of does: perfect for this time of year. Not to mention there were three major bedding areas within earshot of my rattling antlers, and I was in a travel corridor smack in the middle of all of them.

I'd chased a really big 8-pointer on this farm the previous November and December, with nothing to show for my efforts other than a few trail camera pictures of the stud. But word was he was still alive and in the area; in fact, two weeks before my return, a friend had had an encounter with him but couldn't close the deal.

"He's a giant this year," my friend noted. "Easily over 170 inches, and looks like his tines are pushing 14 inches."

What more does a guy need to hear? Although the buck had been missing in action since that encounter, I had a hunch this would be the week he'd make another appearance.

As daylight broke across the 80, the landscape came to life — and deer were on the move. A narrow creek splits the farm in half, running diagonally from northwest to southeast, creating a main vein for activity. Deer were moving in and out of the cottonwoods all morning.

Then, with my naked eye I caught movement at the top end of the farm. As I focused my Meoptas on the spot, there he was! The buck had just emerged from a thick bedding area in the southwest corner of the farm, and he was marching downhill to the creek with a purpose. All I could think was, "That has to be the tallest rack I've ever seen . . . and he's heading my way!"

The Challenge We All Face

Shooting a mature buck is a challenge in itself. Trying to accomplish this goal within a week, hundreds or even thousands of miles from home, can seem like winning the lottery. How do you even begin to plan a

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trip like this?

If you're like most other whitetail hunters, you have only a week or two of vacation, and you want to make the most of it. Even if you're lucky enough to have a little more time on your hands and are hunting multiple locations, you're still in the same boat. Planning an out-of-state DIY hunt can be tough, and trying to time it for the best results can be nothing short of a strategic nightmare.

In the world of the whitetail, timing is everything. If you don't plan well, it could end up a wasted trip with few, if any, sightings of the class of deer you're after. There are so many variables to deal with. Preferred food sources are constantly changing; standing crops or the harvesting of them can drastically alter deer movement.

And the weather of course can have a big impact on your trip; nothing's worse than having a warm front settle in the day you arrive in camp. As popular as the rut is for some hunters, even it can be unpredictable. If anything's definite about hunting big bucks, it's that nothing is ever definite!

A Predictable Influence

But in this never-ending cycle of variables, there might be a way to predict with fair accuracy when your best

chance for catching a big buck on his feet during daylight will be. It's possible to predict the best days for optimal deer movement months in advance for anywhere you might be planning to hunt this fall. After paying close attention to the moon and its effects on mature deer movement over the last 16 years, I've found a consistent correlation between the two — and I have a handful of giants on my wall to prove it. Back in the late 1990s, I had my first conversation with the late Jeff Murray. We discussed the moon and his theories about its influences on deer activity and movement. I'd read everything I could get my hands on when it came to hunting big bucks, and after hearing Jeff's ideas and the research that had been done on this, I felt compelled to purchase his book, *Moonstruck*. Jeff believed the position of the moon — not its phase — is what directly impacts when deer feed.

His reasoning was simple. Within the moon's orbit around the earth, it's closest to us and has the most gravitational pull when straight above or below us. This pull is what controls ocean tides and triggers fish to feed — but it also has a subtle influence on land animals to do the same. That theory made sense to me — and besides, who was I to question this theory or anything else about deer at the time?

I really enjoyed reading the book. Through it I picked up some pointers about the moon and some techniques from Minnesota's legendary Myles Keller, whom Jeff had interviewed. Anybody who's been

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around whitetail hunting for more than a decade knows Myles was a big-buck-killing machine back in his day, so I paid close attention to what he revealed in the book.

The key to Jeff's moon theory was targeting a very specific handful of days each month ("red moon" days) when the overhead and underfoot moon times coincided with "prime times" for deer movement. Using this, he created a dial called the "Deer Hunters Moon Guide" for each hunting season, highlighting the red days and exact "red moon times" for every day of the overall season. He also gave a specific location type needed to be hunting at these times, whether in bedding areas, transition zones or field edges.

I was anxious, to say the least, to put this newfound information to the test. I happened to be on the trail of a really good deer that had managed to evade me for two seasons, so I needed all the help I could get. I read the book over and over and studied the guide for the best days and times in October for that fall and planned accordingly. Then I stayed out of the area until the moon was on my side.

On the evening of Oct. 19 that year, which was one of the "red days" on Jeff's dial, I shot my first 200-inch whitetail. Coincidence? Maybe. But I knew who was going to be paying close attention to those "red" days the following season: this guy!

There is without question a correlation between deer movement and lunar position. Every time I see a big deer on the move, get a trail cam picture of one or hear about somebody knocking one down I consult the "Moon Guide," and the majority of the time the link is there. In the off-season I even pay attention to deer I see feeding in fields at odd times of day. From what I've seen, there's clear evidence to support an increase in deer movement during the overhead and underfoot moon positions.

After enjoying success with the guide, I became such a believer that I began using moon times to predict the best summer days for catching big deer out in the soybeans before dark. While hunting season might be months away, a big velvet whitetail still doesn't like to be seen and won't be visible every evening.

A case in point was my second 200-inch buck. During July and August 2003 I sat in a tree more than 50 evenings, trying to get footage of him. The only evenings he showed himself before dark were "red" days!

If you still think all of this talk about moon position is fiction and that it doesn't matter because you're going to hunt no matter what the moon is doing, I say that's all the more reason to pay attention. These "red moon" times occur everyday, just at different times. Some can be at prime time (early/late in shooting hours), while

others hit during midday. And of course, half occur when it's dark.

Knowing the best times each day is only half the battle, though. You also need to think about where deer are going to be when these times occur. If the moon peaks midday, deer in general and the more mature animals specifically are going to be back in the cover, not in the open fields. Thus, you need to be in the cover as well. If a big buck gets up to feed midday, you'd better be close to his bed to get a crack at him. Likewise, when these times occur around midday, chances of a mature buck showing up in the field before dark are slim.

I'm not sure when I had my "light bulb" moment, but with all of my success over the years, planning my hunts and scouting trips based on the "red moon" days and times, it finally hit me. Why not use this information to plan my out-of-state hunts, as well?

And so, I planned my 2012 hunt in Kansas around the moon, planning to be there for a week of "red" days. My game plan was to hunt transition zones between bedding and feeding areas, hoping to catch a big buck cruising for does. The hunt started off slowly, thanks to a warm front that hit right when I showed up; deer just weren't moving.

But on the fourth day of my hunt, things changed. I hadn't seen a single deer that morning, so I climbed out of my stand around 10:30, planning to grab a quick lunch before changing locations for the remainder of the day. Before leaving the farm, though, I slipped into a bedding area close to the road to check a trail camera I'd hung over a big breeding scrape. I just about fell over when I saw a picture of the big 10-pointer I was after. He'd been right there at 10:19 a.m. —only a half-hour before I'd checked the camera, and just off the "red moon" time of 10:55 a.m.!

Needless to say, I skipped lunch and dived into a stand I already had hanging nearby. The big 10 didn't return that day, but the new plan was to slip back into this spot in the morning and hunt all day, hoping he'd return. The "red moon" time for the following day would hit at 11:55 a.m. If he moved again on that pattern, I surmised I might get a crack at him around noon.

The buck did show. In fact, I shot him at 11:45, as he came through following a doe — within 10 minutes of the predicted time! Middle of the day, "red" moon and hunting back in the bedding area brought everything together for me. Being in the right spot at the right moon time had paid off with my eighth buck grossing in excess of 170.

Last fall, I planned my out-of-state quest to Kansas around the moon again, picking the last 10 days to concentrate my efforts. In 2014, the "red" moon oc-



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curred during daylight at the end of the month, and I believed this was my best chance for catching mature bucks on their feet.

And so, let's return to the story with which I opened this look at moon position. As I watched the big 8 disappear into the thick creek bed a few hundred yards from my position, I couldn't believe I'd seen him on my first morning, moving within the hour of the "red" moon. I stayed vigilant and in place throughout the day, hoping he might emerge from the cover.

As I waited, I constantly questioned myself and wanted to move closer to where I'd last seen him. I convinced myself to be patient and not risk bumping him the first day. I remained in the pin oak stand all day and just before dark saw him again, heading back uphill into the bedding area.

With less than an hour of daylight left, I made the decision that once it was dark I'd take down my stand and move it to where I'd seen the giant twice that day. Unfortunately, a dozen deer decided to hang out around my stand for nearly an hour right at "dark-thirty," and I wasn't about to get down and spook them. By the time the coast was clear I figured the big 8 could be anywhere on the farm, so I opted to leave everything in the tree and return well before daylight the following morning.

With the "red" moon occurring an hour later the next day (Nov. 20) and peaking at 10:40 a.m., I figured the hunt would start off more slowly than previous day's had. And it did; I don't think I even saw a deer until after 9 a.m., when a group of does emerged from the creek being pushed by a really mature buck with only six points.

This deer had the body of a 5 1/2- or 6 1/2-year-old and a really heavy rack. The group of deer entertained me for at least 30 minutes, as the dominant buck chased off two younger ones that were circling the old monarch and his harem like a couple of satellite bulls.

As the deer all disappeared into the lower bedding area to my north, I checked my phone. It was 9:45: within the hour of the "red" moon. Only a minute or two later, I heard what I thought was a soft grunt behind me. I strained to listen. Yep, definitely a grunt, followed by another . . . then another. I raised my binoculars and saw a doe heading down the trail that led right past my stand, with an extremely tall-racked buck right behind her. It was him!

When she came to a stop, I could have leaned over and spit on her; she was literally standing at the base of my tree. The giant 8 had stopped 10 yards behind her but offered no shot, as he was facing directly at me. The doe turned and headed to my left, angling over the crest of the hill I was on. Instead of following her, the buck angled to my left also, keeping enough cover between us to eliminate any hope of a shot.

As the doe dropped out of the buck's line of vision, it was too much for him to take. He crossed through the cover and stopped just 36 yards away. My Mathews Chill was at full draw as I locked in on the only opening I had. Moments later, I watched my Lumenok clear the branches and disappear right into the boiler room. The giant 8-pointer — my ninth whitetail over 170 inches — was history.

In Conclusion

I hope by now you can understand why I pay such close attention to the "red" moon. Not only has it greatly impacted my success at home on big deer, I honestly believe it's the X factor when it comes to timing my out-of-state hunts. I guess the only remaining question is: Where will you be this fall during the "red" moon? I know where I'll be!

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth

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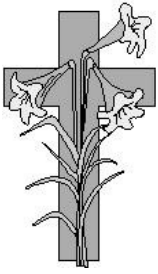
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JEWELS FROM THE WORD

TOTAL MAKE-OVER

Make-overs are all the rage these days. Make over your home, your garden, your hair, your clothes. Some people need a major overhaul, a total make-over, from their hair to their homes to their lives.

I had a major over-haul in 1975, when I rededicated my life to the Lord Jesus Christ and asked Him to change me, because I had made a wreck of my life. I needed someone to take control of my life and work out all the kinks, to show me what I was born for, what my life meant. It wasn't just my looks, although the Lord surely changed those too, but my attitudes and thoughts and feelings were all scrambled up, until I truly didn't know what I wanted or how I felt.

He didn't change me overnight like they do on those TV makeover shows, but little by little, my life started getting better. Oh, there were still bad times, when I regressed, two steps forward, one step back.

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotional, go to:

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One day years later while I was blow-drying my hair in front of the mirror, I started singing a little song, "Little by little He's changing me, line upon line He teaching me," My heart leaped in my chest and I started to cry. Jesus really had been changing me, while I wasn't looking. Jesus was making me into what He had intended for me to be all along.

II Corinthians 5:17-18 says, " Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold all things have become new. Now all things are of God who has reconciled us to Himself through Jesus Christ. . ."

The moment you ask Jesus into your heart, you are born again and become a new creation, a new creature, a new species of being that hasn't been known of before. Your spirit is changed and made new, but it takes a while for that change to work its way outside. I am just now beginning to be the woman God wants me to be.

Jesus changed me from the inside out.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peechey



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