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Tulsa Ready for 100 A message from



The #ReadyFor100 campaign is challenging cities across the United States to lead the way transitioning from dirty fuels like coal and gas to 100% clean energy sources like solar and wind. Tulsa, along with Edmond and Norman, Oklahoma, is one 164 cities which have begun Ready for 100 campaigns and 5 cities have already achieved it.

It is time for Tulsa up to its motto, "A New Kind of Energy." Modernizing our city with 100% clean and renewable energy will not only improve public health and air quality, but also save money and natural resources, create jobs and boost our local economy.

Wind and solar energy prices are rapidly falling, and renewable energy jobs are growing at five times the rate as those in the fossil fuel industry. Okla-

homa is projected to become the second largest wind energy producer in the nation by 2018, and could be one of the top ten solar energy producers with the right private-public investment and support.

Let Mayor G.T. Bynum know that you support the Tulsa Ready for 100 campaign by signing our online petition and please share with your friends and family: AddUpp Petition: Get Tulsa Ready for 100% Renewable Energy

DATA MASTER: Nikkie Hamilton

Editor's Note

I received a call from one of our readers who were upset about the contents of the last issue. The reader especially objected to the two poems, "The Lesson" by Maya Angelou and, "Life Through My Eyes" by Tupac Shakur. Here, I would like to share with you some background about the authors and some analysis of the two poems. I hope, after reading this note, you will agree with the appropriateness of including such lyrics in our paper.

Maya Angelou

She was an acclaimed American poet, storyteller, activist, and autobiographer. As a civil rights activist, she worked for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. She was also an educator and served as the Reynolds professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University. Angelou was recognized "as a spokesperson for all people who are committed to raising the moral standards of living in the United States.

Angelou was also a prolific and widely-read poet, and her poetry has often been lauded more for its depictions of Black beauty, the strength of women, and the human spirit; criticizing the Vietnam War; demanding social justice for all—than for its poetic virtue. Yet *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'fore I Diiie*, which was published in 1971, was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize in 1972. According to Carol Neubauer in *Southern Women Writers*, "the first twenty poems describe the whole gamut of love, from the first moment of passionate discovery to the first suspicion of painful loss." In other poems, "Angelou turns her attention to the lives of black people in America from the time of slavery to the rebellious 1960s. Her themes deal broadly with the painful anguish suffered by blacks forced into submission, with guilt over accepting too much, and with protest and basic survival."

Poem: The Lesson

I keep on dying again.
Veins collapse, opening like the
Small fists of sleeping
Children.
Memory of old tombs,
Rotting flesh and worms do
Not convince me against
The challenge. The years
And cold defeat live deep in
Lines along my face.
They dull my eyes, yet
I keep on dying,
Because I love to live.

Poem analysis

The title of this poem, 'The Lesson,' is particularly interesting, as it is found nowhere throughout the poem. However, upon reading the title, the reader becomes aware that there is a lesson to be taught. Thus, as one reads the lines of this poem, the lesson becomes clear. The Lesson is about life and death. The speaker begins the poem by claiming that she has died already, more than once, and that she will keep on dying. She describes death and pain in such vivid detail that the readers can sympathize with her. Then, she explains her reason for continuing to live through all the pain that she has endured. At the end of the poem, the reader can remember the title and conclude that The Lesson is to embrace life, even at its most bitter moments, and to press on through the hard times to make an opportunity for the good times.

Line 1

"I keep on dying again."

The first line of the poem, which can be read in full here, strikes interest in the readers. The speaker makes a bold claim, that she has died more than once and that she continues to do so. This is the first implication that the speaker is not talking about death in the sense that most people think of death. Death, to her, is not something that happens only once. Somehow, she believes that she has experienced death already, even though she is clearly still alive to speak these words.

Line 2-4

These lines create vivid imagery that helps the reader identify with the speaker. She has already said that she died once, and now she describes it in vivid detail. The reader can picture the "veins [as they] collapse." The metaphor of the opening and closing fists of a sleeping child helps the reader to feel the kind of death the speaker is referring to.

Line 5-11

With line five, the speaker recalls some "old tombs." These are perhaps the tombs of people she has known that have passed on before her. Any reader who has experienced the loss of a loved one knows that it can feel like death itself. Thus, line five sheds light on why the speaker is claiming that she "keeps on dying." She thinks about the "rotting flesh and worms." If these are her friends and family, those she held dear, now rotting in tombs, being eaten by worms, it makes sense that the speaker, upon thinking about these lost ones, would feel as though she keeps on dying. Yet, in all

the pain that she has experienced in her life, she is not persuaded to give up. Rather, she presses on. She says that even the thoughts of her dead and decaying loved ones “do not convince [her] against the challenge.”

This reveals that she views life as a challenge and that she is not about to give up on it, no matter how many times she has to face death. No amount of pain or suffering can convince her to give up this challenge. With lines ten and eleven, she describes the physical effect that her suffering has had. She claims that “the years and cold defeat live deep in lines along [her] face.” This helps the readers to put a face to the speaker. The reader can then further understand her. She is an old woman, with lines along her face. Those lines represent the pain and the suffering that she has experienced over the course of her life.

Lines 12-13

With these lines, the speaker explains why she will not give up the challenge. Even though the pain and the suffering can be seen in the lines of her face and in the way that her eyes have dulled over time, she claims that she will “keep on dying.” In the final line of *The Lesson*, she explains that the reason she will continue to die is because she loves to live. This last line brings in an entirely new aspect to this poem. Thus far, it would seem that life has been nothing but misery for this speaker. She has described the way she feels when she loses a loved one. She has claimed to have experienced death over and over again. Yet, she will not give up the fight. One might wonder why. Her life seems to be so full of pain. Why does she continue to press on and rise up against the challenges life presents to her? Her last line offers a reason. She loves to live. This reveals that the joys of life, though she has not mentioned any specifics, are worth going through the pain. She is grateful for every day of her life, and so she is willing to go through the pain and the suffering because she loves life. This is why she submits herself to the reality that she will “keep on dying.” Rather than wanting to put an end to all the suffering she has experienced, she wants to go on experiencing it, because even the pain produced by the death of a loved one is worth the joy that she gets out of living.

Tupac Shakur

Poem: *Life Through My Eyes*

Life through my bloodshot eyes
would scare a square 2 death
poverty, murder, violence
and never a moment 2 rest
Fun and games are few
but treasured like gold 2 me
cuz I realize that I must return
2 my spot in poverty
But mock my words when I say

my heart will not exist
unless my destiny comes through
and puts an end 2 all of this

Tupac Amaru Shakur was an American actor and rapper. Tupac was born in June 16, 1971, in Manhattan New York City and passed away September 19, 1996. His writing was best know from life experience and his outside life. Throughout his life Tupac used literally devices to express himself in poetry. Shakur used allusion, metaphor, and imagery to develop a body of work around the theme of identity.

Shakur used metaphor to define a body of work around the theme of identity. For example in the poem “*The Rose That Grew From Concrete*” in his fourth stanza Shakur states “Providing natures laws wrong it learned 2 walk without having feet”. This stanza shows us that is a metaphor because Tupac described how the rose grew in his own creative way. Tupac also used metaphor in his poem “*Liberty Needs Glasses*” on the ninth stanza. He states “justice stabbed her big toe on Mandela”, this is an example of metaphor leading to personification because Mandela is not actually a person is a special day people celebrate.

Tupac used imagery to connect to his identity. For example in the poem “*Life Through My Eyes*” in his first stanza he states “Life through my bloodshot eyes”. This stanza indicates us and also helps us visualize what Tupac went through a lot of violence throughout his lifetime. In his poem called “*When Ure Heart turns Cold*” Tupac also used imagery. In fourth stanza on this poem he states “like a ruthless feeling disease” this stanza makes us imagine how the pain is so crucial like a ruthless disease.

Another literary device Tupac used in his poems is allusion. For example in the poem “*Sometimes I Cry*”. In the fifth stanza Tupac states “I cry because my heart is torn” he used allusion in this stanza because he gives an indirect meaning to what he trying to say in this stanza. Shakur also used allusion in the poem “*The Rose That Grew From Concrete*” in the first stanza of this poem Shakur stated “Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete”. This stanza also gives an indirect meaning because it makes us have a thought and think about what his saying in this stanza but is really doesnt gives us an specific meaning of what he trying to say.

In conclusion, Tupac uses a lot of literary devices in his body of work around the theme of identity. He uses metaphor, imagery, and allusion to convey the main message of his life struggles. Tupac also uses all these 3 elements to express himself in a unique way and to

relate to the outside world. While Tupac wrote his body of work of identity his goal was to also have the outside world relate to him, this is why people still listen to his music and poems.

Analysis of the Poem: Life Through My Eyes
By: Dominique Martin Speaker

Speaker - The speaker of this poem is Tupac Shakur because he uses words like my & I to show how he feels about his life. This can be found in lines 1, 6, 7, 8, and 9. Life Through My Eyes.

Theme - Living in poverty could affect ones dreams or goals.

You can see that the poets eyes are red and knowing who the poet is and where he came from could mean that he has been on the streets and seen many things and may be using drugs to deal with his pain or struggles on the street that he may have had. Life Through My Eyes

In lines 5 and 6 the poet uses the word "like" to compare the fun times that he is able to have to being as valuable as gold because he may never know when it may be his last time enjoying himself and not being worried about what is happening on the streets. Simile Symbolism Life Through My Eyes

In line 2 the poet uses the word square, maybe to symbolise someone who hadn't lived in poverty and were not faced with the same struggles.

Tone - Line 3, "poverty, murder, violence"

Tone - Line 4, "and never a moment 2 rest"

Frustration- the poet feels like living in poverty causes him to act the way he does and is tired of living this way.

Line 5, "Fun and games R few"

Line 6, "but treasured like gold 2 me"

Line 7, "cuz I realize that I must return"

Line 8, "2 my spot in poverty"

Anger- the poet's rage comes from him knowing that he must return to his place in poverty although he is having fun for the moment.

Line 10, "my heart will not exist"

Line 11, "unless my destiny comes through"

Line 12, "and put an end 2 all of this"

Hope- the poet has hope because he knows that if he can make it out of poverty then he will be able to reach his dreams.

Speaker- the voice talking in the poem (not necessarily the poet).

Theme- the meaning or main idea of the poem.

Tone- the poets attitude toward the subject, audience, or a character.

Imagery- Visually descriptive or figurative language that can compare to the five human senses. Symbolism - words that have a symbolic meaning or representation for an object.

Simile- A figure of speech involving the comparison of one thing with another thing of a different kind by using "like" or "as".

DATA MASTERS: Doug William Stone
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THE FOX THAT WANTED NINE GOLDEN TAILS



Highlights of previous chapters

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. He decided to get those tails. After enduring many hardships and sleeping in swamps, he found a wonderful and safe place to live in the forest. While living in this safe place, he forgot his enemies and got fat, saucy, and lazy. One day, late in the afternoon he heard a sound. He stood trembling. "The dogs!" he groaned. He darted like an arrow through the forest. Nio Kuro, a prince, had come for hunting. He released his leopards to start chasing the fox. Finally, the fox reached a place where the dragon lived. When leopards got too close to the fox, the dragon went between the fox and the leopards. Since the fox had lived for one hundred years without any dog chasing him, the dragon offered to turn him into a beautiful woman. The fox to get out of this situation accepted the offer. When the prince sees her, he falls in love instantly. He takes her to his castle as his bride. The castle was a very safe place to live, and the prince provided her with a very comfortable life. However, after awhile remembering the life in the forest caused her to become impatient, bored, and disagreeable. One day, the prince asks her if there is anything that he can get or do to make her kind and sweet again. The princess tells him to take her back to the forest where he found her. And, that is what the prince does. In the forest, the princess asked the dragon to change her back to fox, and he did. The fox told himself "Now I'll wait until the thousand years are up. Nothing will satisfy me except to be a fox with nine golden tails." The fox was now five hundred years old. Years were not kind to fox. He became gray and withered. When he asked the dragon to change him to a wizard the dragon said "I thought you wanted to be a fox with nine golden tails. Why have you disturbed me?" The fox answers "A fox with nine golden tails is a nice thing to talk about, but a wise man is better than a dead fox, even if it had twenty golden tails, so make me a wizard, Great One, and then will I trouble you no more." As he became a wise man, he became greedy and used this opportunity to collect wealth instead of helping others with his wisdom. "A wise man is greater than princes or kings," he boasted. "Someday I will rule the land, and all men shall pay tribute to me." And he grew richer and richer every day. But still, he was not happy. He was never satisfied. He became so mean and miserly that at last, the good king decided to stop the wizard. So, the king ordered to arrest the wizard. The king told the wizard that he will keep him in prison until he learns to be good and happy as well as wise. The wizard's wealth was sold and distributed among the poor. There was feasting and rejoicing everywhere, for every one had grown to hate and fear him.

One day the mother queen went to visit the wizard. The wizard used this opportunity to scape the prison by raising the mother queen's hunger for power. He told her that there is a pearl with the dragon that any woman that wears it becomes the loveliest woman in the land and she can use this power to take kingdom away from her step-son. The mother-queen agreed to help the wizard with his scape from the prizon if he come back with the pearl in seven days.

While the wizard was running away he heard people talking about the bounty that the king has put on his head. However, after reaching the Napatantutu, the forest, he felt safe again. He went to the dragon again requesting to turn him into a Fox. The dragon turned him back into a fox.

By Nikki Hamilton and Steven Burdick

CHAPTER V

AGAIN the fox went back to his old sly ways, and for a time was quite pleased to be only a fox and live in beautiful Napatantutu. Of men and men's ways he had quite enough, he was often heard to say, and he would cock his head to one side and wink and grin every time he thought of the poor old lady who was still waiting for her pearl.

The animals came and went, and their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, and still he lived on. Most foxes would have been happy to have such a quiet, comfortable time in an enchanted land and wouldn't have found anything to worry about. But after a few hundred years he again got restless and tired and nothing was good enough for him. He spent all his time planning what he would do when

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he was a fox with nine golden tails. He talked of nothing else, and became the greatest bore in the forest. And he made so much fun of the peacock, saying it wore painted feathers, that the poor bird got ashamed to spread its tail.

Soon he was shunned by all of the animals. The frog hopped away when it saw him coming, the grasshopper whirred up to the top of the tallest tree, the owls rolled their eyes at him, flapped their wings and away they went, and even the lazy old tortoise, that every day came out to take its nap in a little spot of sunshine, tried to crawl away in a hurry when it heard him coming, and sometimes in its haste rolled all the way down the river bank.

Year by year he went from bad to worse. He found fault with everybody and everything, and was so cross that after a while he didn't have a single friend. He not only quarreled with all of his neighbors and snapped and snarled at every one who spoke to him, but he greedily swallowed any little helpless creatures that crossed his path, so that at last all of the animals hated him even more than they feared him.

Then, too, he refused to have anything to do with any other foxes that found their way into the peaceful wood, and made their lives miserable with his airs.

"You are nothing but common beasts," he told them haughtily. "You will never have even one golden tail, while I will one day be the wonder of the world."

"Hadn't you better wait until you get your fine tails before you brag so much?" asked one saucy young fellow. "It may not be any better than being a woman or a wizard or even an old gray fox."

"A fox with nine golden tails is the most magnificent thing that was ever seen or heard about," he snarled. "I will be the King of Beasts and even men will worship me," and he walked away switching his one bushy tail angrily. And he could only console himself by thinking what a sad thing it was not to be appreciated.

"They are all jealous of me," he told himself, as he didn't often get a chance to talk to any one else. And he fretted and fumed from morning until night, counting the years that must pass, and he grew old and thin

worrying because the days were so long.

But everything comes if you only wait long enough, and at last the day came when he was a thousand years old. He had stayed all night by the hollow tree so that he would be on hand early in the morning, and long before it was day he began to knock and bark and call for the dragon. Even before the sun had touched the treetops the dragon came out rubbing its eyes sleepily. "How dare you wake me up?" cried the angry creature, blowing out fire and sparks and smoke until it looked like a volcano.

"This is my thousandth birthday, and I want my nine tails of gold," whined the fox.

"You are a blithering old bother," roared the dragon. "You don't know what you want and you don't want anything after you get it. Well, this is your last visit to me. Don't let me ever see you again." With another snort it raised its forked tail all covered with silver scales high above its head, opened its huge mouth and yawned furiously.

Then it slowly wriggled back into its dark bed, and standing without was a fox with nine big, bright, glittering, golden tails. Never, never had such a thing been seen by man or beast!

Even the fox was stunned for a moment when he found what had happened to him. Then he puffed out with pride until he almost burst, and held his head so high that he nearly fell over backward. He stood alone—the wonder of the whole world!

His first thought was to run and show himself to all the animals of the forest. And he started to skip joyfully away, but alas! he was as one rooted to the spot. Now he found to his horror that his golden tails were so heavy he could not walk, much less run. He had never thought about this, and he stood trembling in his tracks, wondering just what he would do about it. Besides, although he knew they must be very beautiful, he could only twist his head far enough around to see the tip end of one of them, and he wanted so to see them all and know how very grand he really did look. He kept lifting up first one foot and then another, and straining and tugging in his struggle to trot off and let

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himself be seen. But never again would he be able to run through the cool weeds and leap over the streams and roll in the soft moss and kick up his heels in rustling beds of leaves, for nine tails of gold were an awful load to carry. As he grew more used to them he found he could manage to totter along with slow and painful steps, but it was very hard work. But when he thought of what the other poor animals would think and say when they beheld him in all his glory he again puffed out with pride.

After all, if he couldn't get about very well now, he would have all of them to wait upon him, so it didn't much matter. All he need do was to stand up and be admired. It is true he wasn't a bit comfortable, for the tails were like lead, and already his poor back was aching, but still one would be willing to have back-ache to be the most splendid creature on earth. There never had been, there never again would be anything like him. He was the one superb ornament of the world. He kept repeating this to himself with much satisfaction. And if he couldn't walk, he could ride in the future on the backs of his adoring slaves and perhaps that was better. As the fox strutted feebly and slowly through the leaves and over the dewy grass where he had once scampered and frolicked, suddenly he saw a procession of all the creatures of the wood, with the monkey ahead, coming to meet him, for they were very curious to know if he would get his golden tails. He stopped and stood silent and haughty, waiting for them. They gathered around him, but said never a word. And so he cried out shrilly:

"Behold your King! I am the most wonderful animal in all the world. Never again on land or on sea will there be bird or beast or fish or fowl that can compare with me. Stupid things that you are, fall down and worship me."

Now, what the animals saw was not anything beautiful or wonderful, but just the same old gray fox, with his back bald in patches, his legs trembling and his body twisted crooked by the weight of nine stiff yellow tails that stuck out behind him. And the more they looked at him the funnier figure he cut. As he ended his proud

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speech he tried to spread his magnificent tails and strut as he had seen the peacock do, but he toppled over backward and kicked and squirmed in his efforts to get on his feet again.

At this the animals set up a shout that echoed through the forest. The monkey laughed until he had to hold on to the limb of a tree by his tail to keep from falling off, the bear grinned at first and then let out loud ha! ha's! the hen cackled, the owls whoo-ed, the crickets chirped, the pigeons coo-ed with such glee they gurgled and choked, the rooster crowed, the parrot shrieked, the peafowl screamed, the ducks squawked, the frogs croaked and young Luxuriant-Thick-Mud-Master bellowed until the earth shook.

The fox was at first dazed. Then he thought that he was so marvelous an object they had all gone crazy at the sight of him, and he waited for them to come to their senses. When they had quieted down a bit he said scornfully:

"Foolish things of the wood, I am not going to hurt you. If you obey me I shall treat you kindly. But you must find me the daintiest food and carry me everywhere I wish to go. Now hurry and get me my breakfast."

But the animals saw that a fox with nine golden tails was but a helpless thing, not as much to be feared as the spry and snappy old fellow they had known for so many years. So some of them laughed and some of them sat down to watch him.

"Obey me!" he screamed, his tongue hanging out with rage. "There never before was anything made like me."

"No, because you are useless," said the tortoise.


"A fox with nine golden tails is the greatest thing in the world," he went on, not noticing the tortoise.

"How do we know they are not brass tails?" asked the owl, and winked wisely.

"And who is going to keep them polished?" asked the practical ant, who was known as a good housekeeper.

"Who? Who-oo?" hooted the owl.


"Not I," said the grasshopper promptly, for he was afraid of work.



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The fox, puzzled, helpless and angry, could only grit his teeth and glare at them. A spider, remembering how he had killed her whole family with a blow of his paw, crept up and stung his leg, the wee soft rabbits that he knew were such toothsome dainties hopped around him and laid back their pretty pink ears and sniffed, the fat and fuzzy little chickens, who had been taught to hide under mother's wing and hold their breath when he came in sight, now flapped their baby wings under his very nose and then ran away and cried "peep! peep!" at him, and the monkey giggled and threw a nut that hit one of his fine tails a sounding whack.

For once the quick wit of the fox deserted him. He could only turn up his nose and snarl slowly, for he was trying with all his might to plan what to do next. He was the richest fox in the world—the only living creature with nine golden tails—but what good were they to him if these silly creatures would not wait on him and worship him? In all the years he had lived among them he had been greedy and selfish and cross and ugly, and now he had not a single friend. But he didn't blame himself, he blamed them. And the rage shut up within him boiled and bubbled until he foamed at the mouth. How he hated every one of them! Oh, if he could only take off his golden tails long enough to whip the saucy monkey! And how very nice one of those downy little chicks would taste! "I have all the gold in the wood," he said at last. "I am your King and you are too stupid to know it."
"Only men are ruled by a man because he has gold," said the wise old tortoise. "We know better. Had you been brave and kind and good we would now be proud of you. But you have thought only of yourself, now help yourself. You have all that you wanted—be satisfied."

"As it is daylight I don't see very well," said the owl, blinking, "but it doesn't seem to me that you are any handsomer with your nine golden tails than you were with your old gray brush."

The fox started. Could he believe his ears? Not any handsomer than any common fox—he who had nine wonderful, glittering tails of purest gold?

"You are jealous of me—jealous—jealous," he barked. But as the animals did nothing but laugh a great fear came over him. Perhaps after all his tails were put on wrong! It had really been quite dark when the dragon came out, and as he was not used to giving away golden tails, he might have made a mistake and stuck them on backward. Something surely was the matter with them. He must go to the river at once and see for himself.

But he who had once been so light of foot that he hardly left a track in the softest mud as he skipped along, now found it very, very hard to get across the little strip of grass and weeds that lay between him and the forest mirror. He put forth every bit of his strength and swayed and tottered along, and all the animals followed him, scampering and laughing and pushing and shoving each other. And when he at last reached the bank, squirm and twist as he would, he could not get a glimpse of himself. He screwed his head around until his throat hurt, he twisted his thin body until his ribs stuck out, he stood on three legs and fell over on his nose trying to stand on two, but always the tails seemed to turn around the wrong way, and the very best he could do was to see one of them. The animals kept making fun of him as they watched him.


"What are you going to do with them?" politely asked the bear.

"Do you have to wear them all the time?" quacked the goose.

"Oh, no, he is going to lend them to the tortoise sometimes," snickered the monkey. The fox, who had almost tied himself into a knot in his efforts to throw a proper shadow, did not take the trouble to notice them. "One tail is enough for me," screamed the peacock, as he spread his shimmering fan and danced until he got so pigeon-toed he had to stop.

"My grandmother—who was nine hundred if she was a day—told me it wasn't any fun to be better than anybody else," said the parrot, snapping his bill. "One got so dreadfully lonely."

But the fox only turned his head first to one side and then to the other in his struggle to find out how he looked. He strained and tugged until his tongue hung

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out and water dripped from his jaws, he tried so hard to move his stiff tails that his muscles cracked, and all the time he kept backing out, out, until he stood on the very tip edge of the high bank. But he was so busy looking for his shadow that he never thought about anything else, and suddenly the dirt crumbled under his feet and without a moment's warning he tumbled backward into the river with such a mighty splash and splutter that all the animals got a shower.

When he hit the water he struck out with all four of his feet, for he was a good swimmer, but the tails of gold were like iron weights upon his back, and he only churned the water into foam as he kicked and snorted. Then with one great struggle that sent the ripples flying in every direction, he shot down like a torpedo to the very bottom of the deep river. And he never came up again! The animals shrieked and ran to the river bank.

The stork, who had been standing on one leg all the morning, took down his other in a hurry and hopped over into the rushes, where he stretched his long neck as far as ever he could and peeped into the muddy stream, the monkey wrapped his tail around a bush to keep from falling as he screwed up one eye and tried in vain to see what had become of the fox, Luxuriant-Thick-Mud-Master toppled off the bank in his fright and made another splash, a fish, not knowing what to make of so much noise, jumped out in the grass and turned a somersault, the owl snapped both his glassy eyes, but saw nothing, the bullfrog dived down as far as he could and came up coughing and choking, but the fox, golden tails and all, was gone forever.

“He made a plunge where the stream was deep
And saw too late his blunder,

For he had hardly time to peep
Before his foolish head went under,”

sadly said the tortoise, who prided himself on knowing a lot of real poetry. But the rabbit winked his long ears and whispered to the ant: “Good riddance!”

Once again hundreds and hundreds of years went by, as they always do if you wait a while. Every animal

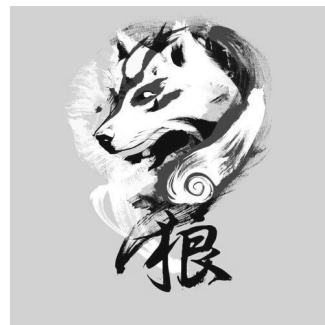
that had known the poor fox had been dead a long time, and those that came after them told this tale as I have told it to you, only they weren't quite certain it was true, and some of the young beasts said it was nothing but a fairy story.

But one day a pearl fisher came up the river in his little boat, and while he was diving down in the deepest part of the water he found a queer-looking object sticking up in the mud, and when he had brought it ashore and washed and scrubbed it, he found it was a tail of pure gold. Hardly believing his good fortune, he took it away with him, and many wise men looked at it through spectacles and microscopes, and weighed it and thumped it and tasted it and wrote long papers about it filled with so many big words that no one ever read them.

And to-day you may see this very same tail, looking rather old and rusty, in one of the museums of a foreign city, and beside it is a card telling that this is undoubtedly the golden feather that the great King No-Thing-Fan of Japan once wore in his crown, which shows that even very wise people sometimes make mistakes. But it was the fairy godmother to the poor pearl diver, who sold it for so much money that he was able to buy a cozy little bamboo cottage for his family and to ever after give them as much as they wanted to eat, and so one of the tails of the fox did some good in the world after all.

THE END.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton





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Getting to know the Lutherans

TAKING DOWN WALLS — The Berlin Wall, the Great Wall of China, Hadrian’s Wall, a wall on the border with Mexico? - we humans are good at wall building. Some walls are good, others are not. Walls of hatred, prejudice, injustice, anger, pride, and the like that arise from our sinful nature are definitely not good. Thankfully, in St. Paul’s Letter to the Ephesians, we hear about One who came to take down walls - Jesus. He came to make “us both one”; to “break down...the dividing wall of hostility” (Ephesians 2:14). Of Jesus, we can affirm: “He himself is our peace” (Ephesians 2:14). Now we are “fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of God” (Ephesians 2:19). Jesus’ Holy Spirit is eager to help us take down walls between us and God, us and others, and others with each other. The Lutheran churches near you are places to help you do this with worship, prayer, and study of God’s word. Join us!

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

<p>Messiah Lutheran Church 460 N. Wilson, Vinita, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:00 a.m. 918-256-3223 Email: messiahvinita@aol.com</p>	<p>St. Paul Lutheran Church Washington and Pine, Fairland, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-676-3059 Email: stpaulluthch@aol.com</p>
<p>Bethlehem Lutheran Church 6911 West 380 Road, Adair, OK 74330 Worship 9:00 a.m. 918-785-2994 Sunday School and Bible Class 10:15 a.m.</p>	<p>Immanuel Lutheran Church 706 Rockwood Drive, Grove, OK. Worship 9:30 a.m. 918-786-4585 Website: www.lutheransonline.com/lo/Groveok</p>
<p>Mt. Olive Lutheran Church 2337 North Main, Miami, OK 74354 Worship 2:00 p.m. (918) 542-4681 Sunday School and Bible Class 3:00 p.m. Email: mtolive@cablone.net</p>	<p>Redeemer Lutheran Church 220 N. Seminole, Claremore, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-341-1429 Email: rluther@sbcglobal.net – Website www.rlccok.org</p>
<p><i>Guests are always welcome. See you Sunday at worship.</i></p>	<p>St. John Lutheran Church 607 SE 9th Street, Pryor, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-825-1926 Email: stjohncpyor@sbcglobal.net - Website: www.stjohncpyor.org</p>



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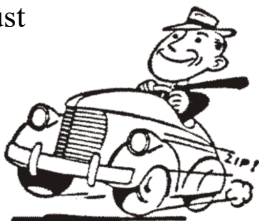
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3							2	6
4	9				2	5		
	7	1		3	8			
2								8
				1	9		6	7
		2	9				3	1
9	8							5
	4		8					7

Hardship level: Moderate


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

Solutions are printed in page 37.

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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

Chelsea Dance and Jam Session—Every Friday Night 6:00 pm—9:00 pm—Bring a dish for potluck at 6:30 pm. Musicians are welcome. Civic Center 618 Pine street Chelsea, OK 74016

Big Cabin Senior Exercise Program—Fitness program for seniors held at the Big Cabin Baptist Church gym three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 10 to 11 a.m.

Aug 10, 2018 - Sep 22, 2018 Cherokee Homecoming Art Show—Come to the Cherokee Homecoming Art Show at the Cherokee Heritage Center in Tahlequah for arts and crafts, live entertainment and more. Marvel at amazing artwork by citizens of the Cherokee Nation, United Keetoowah Band of Cherokees and Eastern Band of the Cherokees at this show

featuring first-class examples of traditional and contemporary art. The judged artwork categories in the past have included pottery, basketry and painting. Food trucks will be onsite, so you'll definitely want to bring your appetite. Whether you're a connoisseur of Cherokee art, or you're just looking for a fun day of culture, food and fun, you won't want to miss the Cherokee Homecoming Art Show in Tahlequah. Cherokee Heritage Center 21192 S Keeler Dr Tahlequah, OK 74465 Phone: 918-456-6007 Toll Free: 888-999-6007 Fax: 918-456-6165



Sep 04, 2018 - Sep 08, 2018 Delaware County Free Fair—The Delaware County Free Fair in Jay is an old-fashioned county fair that features livestock events for the young and old. Come to the Delaware County Free Fair in Jay to celebrate the rich agricultural heritage of the area and to enjoy a wealth of exhibits, vendors and delicious fair food. There will be children's activities and numerous awards given to the winners of livestock competitions. Delaware County Fairgrounds 38267 Hwy 59 Jay, OK 74346 Phone: 918-253-4332

Sep 04, 2018 - Sep 08, 2018 The Pittsburg County Free Fair is an annual fair showcasing 4-H and FFA exhibits, livestock, art and more. Peruse the fair's exhibit hall for art, photography, fabric and food exhibits. Other categories include science, model rockets, woodworking, forestry, wildlife, crop management, home gardening, farm exhibits and plenty more. The Pittsburg County Free Fair also features a carnival with popular amusement rides and a wide array of food vendors and concessions. Children will enjoy a magic show and a talent contest. Come to the Pittsburg County Free Fair and enjoy the annual horse show featuring halter and performance classes. Timed events include barrels, poles and stakes. All barns will be open during this event, allowing fair-goers to peruse a variety of livestock exhibits. Animals featured at this event include chickens, pigeons, rabbits, goats, cows, sheep and wine. Judging contests for livestock will take place during the run of the fair, and visitors are

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welcome to watch as participants attempt to clinch first place in their divisions. Southeast Expo Center 4500 W Hwy 270 McAlester, OK 74501
Phone: 918-423-4120

Sep 06, 2018 - Sep 16, 2018 American Miniature Horse Registry National Show—The American Miniature Horse Registry and American Shetland Pony Club are bringing their National Show to Tulsa's Expo Square during a ten day display of equestrian skills in different classes and categories. Don't miss out on miniature horses competing for awards in hunter, jumper, showmanship, halter obstacle, obstacle driving, country pleasure driving, fancy turnout, roadster, roman chariot and much more at Tulsa's Expo Square. This prestigious event features more than 1,500 horses, making it the largest show of this kind in the world. Tulsa Expo Square 4145 E 21st St Tulsa, OK 74114 Phone: 309-263-4044

Sep 10, 2018 Alice In Chains in Concert—Legendary rock band Alice in Chains is making a stop at the historic Brady Theater in Tulsa this fall. Head to this charming venue and hear fan favorites like "Man in the Box," "Rooster," "Would?" and "No Excuses" along with fresh tracks off their latest record, The Devil Put Dinosaurs Here. Brady Theater 105 W Brady Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-582-7239

Sep 11, 2018 Cain's Ballroom presents: Hannibal Buress—Get your tickets for an evening of hilarity when Hannibal Buress holds court at Cain's Ballroom in Tulsa. This hardworking actor, comedian and podcaster made a name for himself on both the small and big screens with appearances on everything from the comedy series, "Broad City" to roles in blockbuster's like "Spiderman: Homecoming." Fans of his podcast, "Handsome Rambler," have enjoyed Buress' incredible conversations with a variety of guests from Jon Hamm to Chris Rock. Cain's Ballroom 423 N Main St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-584-2306

Sep 11, 2018 Bad Bad Hats in Concert—Make your way to the Vanguard in Tulsa as Bad Bad Hats returns for a headlining set. Guests are invited to sing

and sway along as vocalist Kerry Alexander croons out her retrospective lyrics, complemented with upbeat guitar licks. Experience the unique indie pop rock creations of Bad Bad Hats through a variety of feel-good tracks, from "Super America" to the "Things We Never Say," and hear new tunes off the band's latest album release. The Vanguard 222 N Main St Tulsa, OK 74103
Phone: 918-800-9886

Sep 12, 2018 - Sep 15, 2018 Osage County Free Fair—The Osage County Free Fair celebrates the agricultural abundance of Pawhuska and the surrounding area with livestock shows, a horse show, ranch rodeo and plenty of 4-H exhibits set up for visitors. Come to the Osage County Free Fair to browse through exhibit halls filled with educational and vendor booths. Don't miss this year's talent show and secure a seat in the stands for the fair's school choir, band and cheerleader competitions. Bring the entire family to the Osage County Free Fair where kids will enjoy the giant inflatables. This year's fair will also feature the much-anticipated chili and salsa cook-offs, so bring your taste buds to Pawhuska and see if your favorite team claims the top prize. Osage County Fairgrounds Pawhuska, OK 74056
Phone: 918-287-4170

Sep 13, 2018 Air Supply in Concert—Former drummer for the biggest pop rock band of all time, Ringo Starr performs with His All Starr Band at Tulsa's Hard Rock Hotel & Casino for one night only. Known as a member of The Beatles in the 1960s and 70s, Ringo Starr still tours performing songs he sang for the world renowned band as well as new work. He is scheduled to take the stage at the casino's 2,700-seat performance venue, The Joint. Hard Rock Hotel & Casino Tulsa 777 W Cherokee St Catoosa, OK 74015

Do You have an event that you would like to share ?
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DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley



Groundwater Contamination from Oklahoma Coal Ash Dumps and Noncompliance with the Federal Coal Ash Rule

The Environmental Integrity Project and Earthjustice have conducted an analysis of groundwater monitoring data from Oklahoma that recently became publicly available pursuant to the federal coal ash rule. Oklahoma facilities made the groundwater data available in a form that was difficult to understand and required technical and legal analysis. While the federal rule intended that groundwater quality data be widely accessible to the general public, some utilities, like the owner of the Hugo Power Station, obscured relevant data by publishing a report 3592 pages long.

After our analyses of the data available for the four Oklahoma coal ash dump sites that reported groundwater testing pursuant to the federal rule, we found groundwater contamination at all sites. The test results show that the following toxic chemicals, which are released from coal ash, were among those present in groundwater at the Oklahoma coal ash dumps sites at concentrations above federal health standards. Not all the following chemicals were present at all sites, but all sites had groundwater that contained more than one of the following coal ash pollutants:

Arsenic, which causes multiple types of cancer, neurological damage, and other health effects. The federal drinking water standard (Maximum Contaminant Level (MCL)) for

arsenic is 0.010 milligrams per liter (mg/L).

Boron, which can pose developmental risks to humans, such as low birth weight, and can result in stunted growth and plant toxicity in aquatic ecosystems. The U.S. EPA's Child

Health Advisory for boron is 3 mg/L.

Cobalt, which can affect the heart, blood, thyroid, and other parts of the body. The U.S. EPA has a "Regional Screening Level" (the limit used for Superfund clean-ups) for cobalt of 0.006

mg/L.

Lithium, which presents multiple health risks including neurological impacts. The U.S. EPA

has a Regional Screening Level for lithium of 0.040 mg/L.

Molybdenum, which at high concentrations can damage the kidney and liver. The U.S. EPA

has a Lifetime Health Advisory for molybdenum of 0.040 mg/L.

Radium, which is a radioactive element that can cause cancer. The federal drinking water

standard for radium is 5 picocuries per liter (pCi/L).

Selenium, which is toxic to fish and other aquatic organisms, and can also be toxic to

humans. The federal drinking water standard for selenium (MCL) is 0.050 mg/L.

Sulfate, which can cause diarrhea, which is very dangerous to young children. EPA established a Drinking Water Advisory of 500 mg/L to prevent this.

At every coal plant or coal ash dump in Oklahoma with available data, the groundwater is contaminated with unsafe levels of one or more of these toxic pollutants. We do not know whether or not any of the groundwater tested is presently used for drinking water, but regardless of use, these levels represent a significant deterioration in water quality by coal ash. In addition, violations of the federal coal ash rule were found at each facility, and these have not been addressed by the State of Oklahoma.

The Big Fork Ranch Landfill is a 55-acre landfill approximately 450 feet south of the Arkansas River in Noble County. The owners of this landfill have failed to post most of the required groundwater monitoring data, but we know that the groundwater has unsafe concentrations of boron and sulfate, and may also have unsafe concentrations of other pollutants like arsenic, cobalt, and lithium.

Boron concentrations as high as 4.5 mg/L, and Sulfate concentrations as high as 1,140 mg/L Federal rule violations: The Big Fork Ranch Landfill has failed to analyze the groundwater for numerous heavy metals required by the EPA's coal ash rule (e.g., cadmium, chromium, lead, radium, thallium, and more.) In addition, the data show that the landfill should now be in stage two

“assessment” groundwater monitoring, which may ultimately trigger corrective action at the site.

But there is no indication that the landfill is proceeding with the required monitoring of heavy metals, despite the data that show the landfill is leaking.

The GRDA (Grand River Dam Authority) Landfill is a 116-acre landfill northwest of the Neosho River in Mayes County. GRDA has also failed to post most of the required groundwater data. The groundwater has unsafe concentrations of at least two pollutants, arsenic and sulfate.

Arsenic as high as 0.060 mg/L, and Sulfate as high as 4,340 mg/L

Federal rule violations: GRDA has failed to post most of the groundwater information required by the federal coal ash rule. Like the Big Fork Ranch, GRDA has posted very limited data for heavy metals, far short of the eight samples for each Appendix IV pollutant required by the federal rule. GRDA's data however, show that the landfill should have initiated enhanced (assessment) monitoring and will have to conduct groundwater cleanup according to federal law. GRDA, however, does not appear to have begun such monitoring.

The Western Farmers Electric Cooperative operates the Hugo Power Station in Choctaw County, where it maintains a 42-acre fly ash landfill and a bottom ash impoundment. The groundwater at the Hugo Power Station has unsafe levels of boron, lithium, molybdenum, and sulfate in multiple wells. The assessment monitoring results for the landfill show that Hugo will have to undertake groundwater cleanup pursuant to the federal coal ash rule:

Boron as high as 10.1 mg/L (landfill monitoring well); Lithium as high as 0.247 mg/L, (landfill

monitoring well); Molybdenum as high as 0.503 mg/L (landfill monitoring well); and Sulfate as high as 2,470 mg/L (pond monitoring well).

Federal Rule Violations: The Hugo Power Station has failed to comply with several important requirements

of the federal coal ash rule. The plant has not initiated enhanced monitoring for the landfill and has failed to post landfill inspections. In addition, the Hugo coal ash pond fails to meet federal stability standards and, according to federal law, should have ceased receiving coal ash by April 2017 and must initiate closure immediately. There is no indication that dumping into the Hugo pond has stopped.

It should also be noted that the upgradient wells at Hugo (at both the landfill and pond) appear to be contaminated by coal ash, with high concentrations of boron and sulfate. This suggests that there are additional, unregulated coal ash deposits upgradient of the regulated areas. An effective groundwater remediation program must take these unregulated sources of contamination into account.

AEP's Northeastern Power Station in Oologah, Rogers County, has a bottom ash pond and a coal ash landfill. Groundwater data posted pursuant to the coal ash rule show unsafe concentrations of boron, cobalt, lithium, molybdenum, radium, and sulfate. Older data (from 2010) compiled by the Environmental Integrity Project show unsafe levels of arsenic, cadmium chromium, lead, selenium and other pollutants.

Boron as high as 10.2 mg/L, Cobalt as high as 0.049 mg/L, Lithium as high as 1.440 mg/L, Molybdenum as high as 0.934 mg/L, Radium as high as 26.5 pCi/L, and Sulfate as high as 1,630 mg/L.

AEP has chosen to analyze most pollutants on an “intra-well” basis, meaning that each well is compared to historical data from the same well, rather than to a background or upgradient well. This method cannot determine whether downgradient groundwater is statistically different from upgradient groundwater and is therefore incapable of addressing whether the monitored coal ash unit is contaminating groundwater. Intra-well statistical analysis violates the federal rule, which requires that downgradient groundwater be compared to background values from background wells.

The Muskogee Generating Station in Muskogee County has three ash ponds, but it is not yet required to post groundwater monitoring data.

The Sooner Generating Station in Noble County has two inactive coal ash ponds, but the plant claims it is not required to post groundwater monitoring data.

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth

Need Some Good News? Clean Energy Is Winning

While the news out of Washington is regularly dire and depressing (can we please get rid of Scott Pruitt already?), inspiring stories of progress on clean energy are rolling in from across the country. Trump may be desperately trying to prop up fossil fuels, but he doesn't stand a chance against these grassroots-powered victories. Decisions about how we produce electricity are made in states and cities, not in Washington, DC, and as communities and businesses embrace renewable power and energy efficiency, there's nothing Trump can do to turn that tide. Here are some recent highlights:

"Solar and wind power was responsible for a remarkable 98 percent of all new U.S. power generation capacity that came online in the first two months of 2018." - ThinkProgress. It doesn't matter how many times Donald Trump says he loves coal and that he'll bring it back, coal is on its way out in favor of solar and wind power. The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission states that "the overwhelming majority of new power plants set up in January and February were renewable energy projects."

The Sierra Club's Ready For 100 program recently saw its 68th communities commit to 100 percent clean energy. But let's talk number 66: Clarkston, Georgia, where the city council is the first majority millennial elected body in the U.S. The city has also been called "the most diverse square mile in America," due to the large number of refugees and immigrants who have relocated to the city in the past 20 years.

"Clean energy is the future. One of the benefits of having a majority millennial city council is that we have a keen eye towards what our community will be like decades from now," said Clarkston councilwoman Andrea Cervone. "Our hope is to chart a clear path to a future Clarkston with cleaner air, water, and more economic opportunities. We look forward to working with the City of Atlanta and communities across the metro area to make a clean energy transition, which will help us tackle climate change and create a more resilient future even quicker."

The week before Clarkston made the commitment, Minneapolis voted unanimously to achieve 100 percent clean, renewable electricity citywide by 2030. I am especially pleased with this highlight from their plan:

"The City Coordinator's Office blueprint shall also include strategies 'to ensure that all consumers, especially those who have been left out of the benefits of energy programs in the past, communities of color, low-income communities, renters, and communities that have borne the brunt of past environmental racism, receive equitable benefit from this transition.'" The mayor echoed the need as well.

"One effective way to make sure that energy remains affordable and that the transition to clean energy meets the needs of those most marginalized and historically impacted by pollution is persistent and intentional community engagement from a wide range of people," said Minneapolis Mayor Jacob Frey. "Resolutions like the one we passed are more than just a statement of values – they're a roadmap for shifting our systems to serve everyone in our communities."

Members of the Sierra Club team had worked since last year with Minneapolis City leaders and partners to achieve the 100 percent commitment with strong measures that center justice and equity.

Sierra Club North Star Chapter director Margaret Levin added that this resolution calls for specific strategies to developed for the city's designated Green Zones, which are communities that face the cumulative effects of environmental pollution as well as social, political, and economic vulnerability. She noted that this resolution also signals to local utilities that the region wants clean energy.

"For years, Beyond Coal Campaign work in Minneapolis has focused on Xcel Energy, which provides electricity to Minneapolis and the surrounding area," said Levin. "The ambition of this 100 percent clean energy resolution and the city's leadership sends a clear signal to Xcel that coal, gas, and nuclear plants are not what its customers want."

Finally, let's not forget the power of energy efficiency. In Pittsburgh, Sierra Club's Ready for 100 organizer is collaborating with a number of groups to ensure low-income homeowners in communities of color can lower their energy bills through a local program that assists with efficiency upgrades:

One resident told (Sierra Club organizer Eva) Resnick-Day her utility bill was more than \$400 the previous month. "Some of the people we met are on disability, so their response was, 'Even if I save a few bucks a month, that would help me,'" said Kelsey Salerno, one of the Sierra Club volunteers. "Homeowners wanted to talk about what was going wrong inside their homes," Resnick-Day said, "how high their energy bills were, the areas where wind was getting through the crack in the window or show us the mold on their ceiling." They've signed up about 250 Homewood residents for the program but are hoping that by the time the program kicks off on May 12, they will reach their goal of 300 homes.

Together we can continue ensuring that clean energy keeps leading the way and that the switch from fossil fuels to solar and wind power is equitable and just. We're proud to see how many groups nationwide are leading the way in this switch.

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This Month in History — August

Sept 1

1914 St. Petersburg Changes Name To Petrograd
1923 Great Kanto Earthquake and Great Tokyo Fire
Japan

1939 Germany Invades Poland
1954 Hurricane Carol Strikes Long Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island
2004 Chechen Rebels Take 1,000 Children Hostage

Sept 2

1935 Labor Day Hurricane strikes Florida Keys
1945 Japan formally surrenders to the Allies

Sept 3

1929 Dow Reaches Peak of 381.17 Before Stock Market Crash
1939 Britain and France Declare War On Germany
1984 Typhoon Ike Strikes Philippines

Sept 4

1959 Labor Reform Act Passed US
1972 Mark Spitz wins a record seventh gold medal

Sept 5

1972 Black September Attack Israel Athletes During Olympics
2007 Apple Launches Itouch

Sept 6

1901 President McKinley Assassinated
1941 Jews Ordered To Wear Yellow Star Of David
Germany

Sept 7

1940 Battle Of Britain To Protect British Cities
1979 ESPN Debuts On Cable
2008 Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac into government control

Sept 8

1944 First V2 rocket Lands on London

Sept 9

1950 Truman Fireside Chat To Explain new Controls
1956 Elvis Presley appears on Ed Sullivan's show
1965 Hurricane Betsy Makes Landfall
1971 Attica Prison Riot New York

Sept 10

1942 Gas Rationing US
1973 King's Cross and Euston station Bombings

Sept 11

1978 Georgi Markov Killed Using Poison Umbrella
2001 9/11 Attacks On World Trade Center and Pentagon
2004 Hurricane Ivan Causes Massive Destruction

Sept 12

1940 Lascaux Prehistoric Cave Paintings Discovered In France
1953 John Fitzgerald Kennedy marries Jacqueline Lee Bouvier
1953 Nikita Khrushchev Takes Over In Soviet Union
1960 Hurricane Donna Strikes Long Island
1977 Steve Biko Killed In South Africa
1988 Hurricane Gilbert Strikes Jamaica

Sept 13

1959 First Man Made Object (Luna 2)Reaches The Moon
1960 OPEC Created
1966 Minimum Wage Raised To \$1.40 in US
1982 Princess Grace of Monaco Dies
2001 Osama bin Laden Named As Prime Suspect
2006 E. Coli Breakout U.S.

Sept 14

1920 Wall Street Bombing
1928 Okeechobee Hurricane Strikes Florida
1932 Mahatma Gandhi begins his hunger strike
1997 Steve Jobs Returns to Apple

Sept 15

1975 Inflation Hits 26% in the UK

Sept 16

1970 Jimi Hendrix Dies From Overdose

Sept 17

1960 Chubby Checker has a number 1 record with The Twist
1978 Carl Bridgewater Murder UK
1995 Unabombers 35,000 word manifesto New York Times

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley



LINKS Word Search



You will find solution at <http://links.qitg.net>
 You may also find the solution in page 33

D O L L S R E J E C T I O N S M R O W T
 N D O G S R O L L E R C O A S T E R S H
 F O S E K A N S P I D E R S N R G T E U
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BASEMENTS
 BATS
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 BIRDS
 BLOOD
 CLOWNS
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 CROWDS
 DEATH
 DENTISTS
 DOCTORS
 DOGS
 DOLLS

DRIVING
 ENCLOSED SPACES
 FAILURE
 FALLING
 FIRE
 FLYING
 FROGS
 GERMS
 GETTING OLD
 GHOSTS
 HEIGHTS
 HORROR MOVIES

HOSPITALS
 INSECTS
 LIGHTNING
 LOUD NOISES
 NEEDLES
 NUMBER THIRTEEN
 OPEN SPACES
 PAIN
 PEOPLE
 POPPING BALLOONS
 PUBLIC SPEAKING
 RATS

REJECTION
 ROLLER COASTERS
 SHARKS
 SICKNESS
 SNAKES
 STORMS
 THE DARK
 THUNDER
 WASPS
 WATER
 WORMS





Colour the pencil pink.
Colour the squirrel brown.
Colour the shovel black.
Colour the glove green
Colour the paperclip orange.
Colour the book orange.
Colour the worm purple.
Colour the egg blue.

Colour the bottle orange.
Colour the banana yellow.
Colour the toothbrush blue.
Colour the boat purple.
Colour the horn brown.
Colour the heart red.
Colour the fish yellow.
Colour the crown pink.

The Monkey's Paw

by W. W. Jacobs

The Monkey's Paw is a classic "three wishes" story that doubles as a horror story and a cautionary tale; reminding us that unintended consequences often accompany the best intentions. This widely read story is a favorite in classrooms around the world. After reading the story, students may wish to review our The Monkey's Paw Study Guide and our Gothic Literature Study Guide. The Monkey's Paw was first published in 1902 and then featured in *The Lady of the Barge*, a collection of W.W. Jacobs' stories published in 1911.



"Be careful what you wish for, you may receive it." --Anonymous

Part I

Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour of Laburnum villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical chances, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

"Hark at the wind," said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

"I'm listening," said the latter grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. "Check."

"I should hardly think that he's come tonight," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

"Mate," replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," balled Mr. White with sudden and unlooked-for violence; "Of all the beastly, slushy, out of the way places to live in, this is the worst. Path's a bog, and the road's a torrent. I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let, they think it doesn't matter."

"Never mind, dear," said his wife soothingly; "perhaps you'll win the next one."

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. the words

died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin grey beard.

"There he is," said Herbert White as the gate banged to loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut!" and coughed gently as her husband entered the room followed by a tall, burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.

"Sergeant-Major Morris," he said, introducing him.

The Sergeant-Major took hands and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly as his host got out whiskey and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

"Twenty-one years of it," said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. "When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him."

"He don't look to have taken much harm." said Mrs. White politely.

"I'd like to go to India myself," said the old man, just

to look around a bit, you know."

"Better where you are," said the Sergeant-Major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass and sighing softly, shook it again.

"I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers," said the old man. "what was that that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw or something, Morris?"

"Nothing," said the soldier hastily. "Leastways, nothing worth hearing."

"Monkey's paw?" said Mrs. White curiously.

"Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps," said the Sergeant-Major off-handedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him again.

"To look at," said the Sergeant-Major, fumbling in his pocket, "it's just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy."

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

"And what is there special about it?" inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.

"It had a spell put on it by an old Fakir," said the Sergeant-Major, "a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it."

His manners were so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter had jarred somewhat.

"Well, why don't you have three, sir?" said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. "I have," he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

"And did you really have the three wishes granted?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

"And has anybody else wished?" persisted the old lady.

"The first man had his three wishes. Yes," was the reply, "I don't know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw."

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

"If you've had your three wishes it's no good to you now then Morris," said the old man at last. "What do you keep it for?"

The soldier shook his head. "Fancy I suppose," he said slowly. "I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It has caused me enough mischief already. Besides, people won't buy. They think it's a fairy tale, some of them; and those who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward."

"If you could have another three wishes," said the old man, eyeing him keenly, "would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I don't know."

He took the paw, and dangling it between his forefinger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

"Better let it burn," said the soldier solemnly.

"If you don't want it Morris," said the other, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his possession closely. "How do you do it?" he inquired.

"Hold it up in your right hand, and wish aloud," said the Sergeant-Major, "But I warn you of the consequences."

"Sounds like the 'Arabian Nights'", said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. "Don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me."

Her husband drew the talisman from his pocket, and all three burst into laughter as the Sergeant-Major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the

arm.

"If you must wish," he said gruffly, "Wish for something sensible."

Mr. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second installment of the soldier's adventures in India.

"If the tale about the monkey's paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time to catch the last train, "we shan't make much out of it."

"Did you give anything for it, father?" inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

"A trifle," said he, colouring slightly, "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away."

"Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked."

He darted around the table, pursued by the maligned Mrs White armed with an antimacassar.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. "I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact," he said slowly. It seems to me I've got all I want."

"If you only cleared the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you!" said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. "Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that'll just do it."

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn face, somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down and struck a few impressive chords.

"I wish for two hundred pounds," said the old man distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted his words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

"It moved," he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. "As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake."

"Well, I don't see the money," said his son, as he picked it up and placed it on the table, "and I bet I never shall."

"It must have been your fancy, father," said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. "Never mind, though; there's no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same."

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled on all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the rest of the night.

"I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said Herbert, as he bade them good night, "and something horrible squatting on top of your wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."

He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last was so horrible and so simian that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey's paw, and with a little shiver he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

Part II

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the side-board with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.

"I suppose all old soldiers are the same," said Mrs White. "The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father?"

"Might drop on his head from the sky," said the frivolous Herbert.

"Morris said the things happened so naturally," said his father, "that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence."

"Well don't break into the money before I come back," said Herbert as he rose from the table. "I'm

afraid it'll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you."

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road; and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband's credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman's knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired Sergeant-Majors of bibulous habits when she found that the post brought a tailor's bill.

"Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home," she said as they sat at dinner.

"I dare say," said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer; "but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I'll swear to."

"You thought it did," said the old lady soothingly.

"I say it did," replied the other. "There was no thought about it; I had just - What's the matter?"

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connexion with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed, and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her furtively, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband's coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

"I - was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. "I come from 'Maw and Meggins.' "

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interposed. "There there mother," he said hastily. "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure sir," and eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry - " began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother wildly.

The visitor bowed in assent. "Badly hurt," he said quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that! Thank - "

She broke off as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned on her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the others averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling hand on his. There was a long silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, "yes."

He sat staring out the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm wishes me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman's face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible; on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

"I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility," continued the other. "They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.

Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

Part III

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to the house steeped in shadows and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen - something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectations gave way to resignation - the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

"Come back," he said tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for my son," said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sounds of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

"THE PAW!" she cried wildly. "THE MONKEY'S PAW!"

He started up in alarm. "Where? Where is it? What's the matter?"

She came stumbling across the room toward him. "I want it," she said quietly. "You've not destroyed it?"

"It's in the parlour, on the bracket," he replied, marveling. "Why?"

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

"I only just thought of it," she said hysterically. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" he questioned.

"The other two wishes," she replied rapidly. "We've only had one."

"Was not that enough?" he demanded fiercely.

"No," she cried triumphantly; "We'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again."

The man sat in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. "Good God, you are mad!" he cried aghast. "Get it," she panted; "get it quickly, and wish - Oh my boy, my boy!"

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. "Get back to bed he said unsteadily. "You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," said the old woman, feverishly; "why not the second?"

"A coincidence," stammered the old man.

"Go get it and wish," cried his wife, quivering with excitement.

The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. "He has been dead ten days, and besides he - I would not tell you else, but - I could only recognize him by his clothing. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now?"

"Bring him back," cried the old woman, and dragged him towards the door. "Do you think I fear the child I have nursed?"

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlour, and then to the mantlepiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized up on him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

"WISH!" she cried in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wicked," he faltered.

"WISH!" repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. "I wish my son alive again."

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but sat silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock came so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

"WHAT'S THAT?" cried the old woman, starting up.

"A rat," said the old man in shaking tones - "a rat. It passed me on the stairs."

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!"

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's my boy; it's Herbert!" she cried, struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door."

"For God's sake don't let it in," cried the old man, trembling.

"You're afraid of your own son," she cried struggling. "Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert; I'm coming."

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman's voice, strained and panting.

"The bolt," she cried loudly. "Come down. I can't reach it."

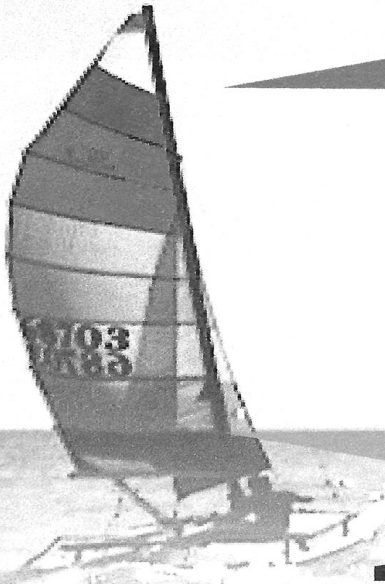
But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him the courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

Data Master: Alyssa Hollingsworth



W. W. Jacobs



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429 S. 9th St. Jay, Oklahoma (918) 253-8521

Web: www.eodls.lib.ok.us/jay.html

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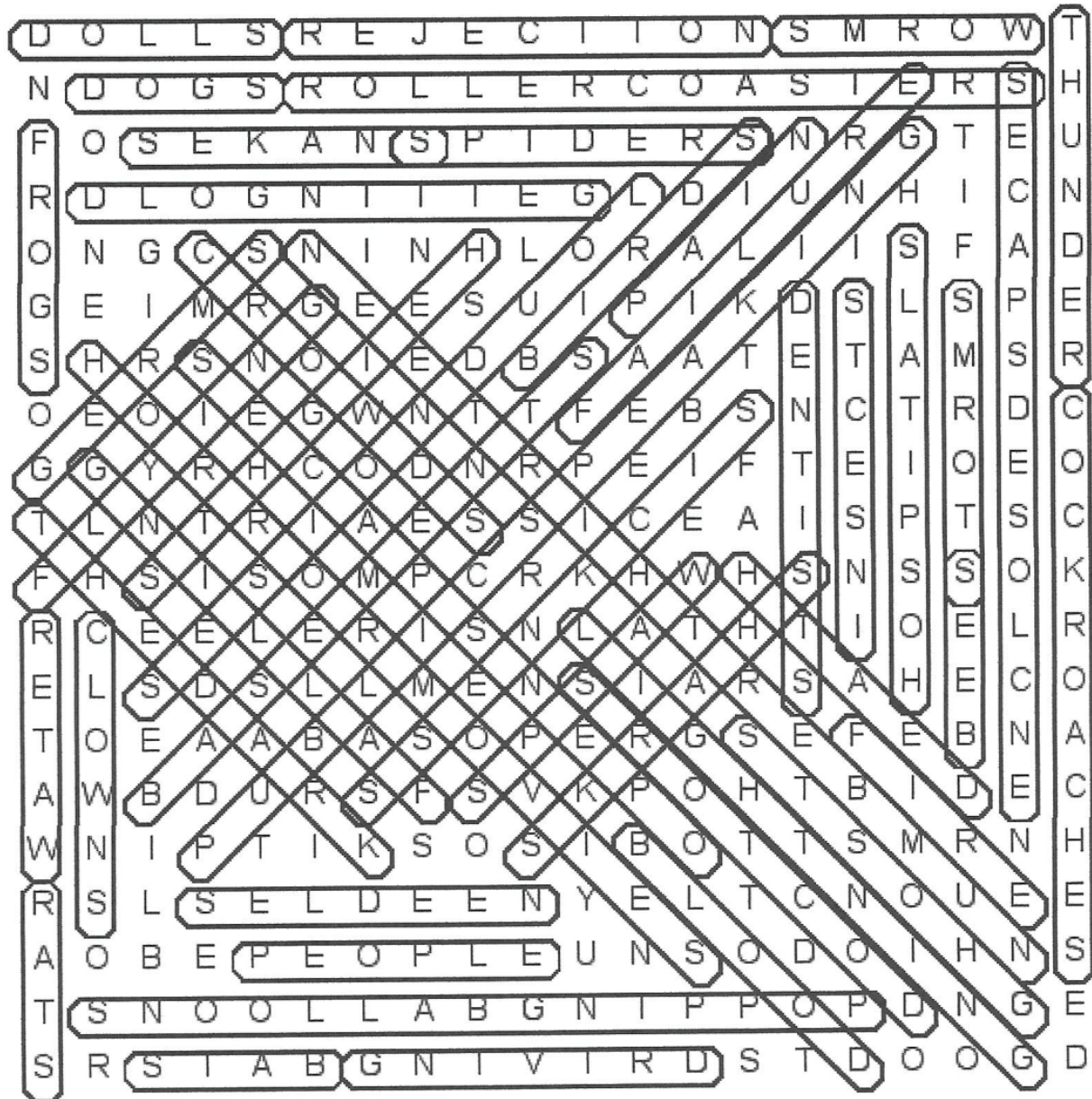
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Word Search Puzzle Answer



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DOGS
DOLLS

DRIVING
ENCLOSED SPACES
FAILURE
FALLING
FIRE
FLYING
FROGS
GERMS
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GHOSTS
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HORROR MOVIES

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LIGHTNING
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NUMBER THIRTEEN
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Lunch & Learn: Small Business Financing

Vinita, OK, – The Vinita Area Chamber of Commerce invites the public to its third Lunch & Learn event of the year. “Lunch & Learn: Small Business Financing” will be held on Tuesday, October 9, 2018, from 11:45am to 1:00pm at the Cherokee Nation Vinita Health Clinic. Financial experts from Arvest Bank will be leading the session.

Attendees will learn about:

- Increasing business sales with credit cards and different ways to accept them
- Business loans and how to complete a financial statement
- The importance of planning for retirement and the options available
- Business checking account alternatives and services to manage your money

“The financing process can be complicated and frustrating,” says Monica Bagwell, VACC Executive Director. “This Lunch & Learn will provide financial and business management tips and advice for new and aspiring business owners.”

The deadline to register is October 5. The cost to attend is \$8.00 for VACC members and \$10.00 for non-VACC members. Lunch will be catered by The Artichoke. Register online at www.vinita.com/events or call the VACC office at (918) 256-7133.

Lunch & Learn is a quarterly workshop series conducted by local business experts, VACC board members, and associates of VACC partners. The workshops feature a wide variety of topics that are helpful for anyone involved with a business, from owners and managers to entry-level employees. They are designed to provide valuable information on subjects vital to the success of their businesses.

The VACC recognizes and appreciates its Legacy Members for their commitment to the organization and Vinita’s business community: Arvest Bank, Bank of Grand Lake, Cherokee Nation Businesses, City of Vinita, First National Bank, The Junction Internet, Oklahoma State Bank, and U.S. Cellular Premier Locations. If you would like more information regarding Lunch & Learn, please contact the Vinita Area Chamber of Commerce by phone at (918) 256-7133 or by email at chamber@vinita.com.

DATA MASTER: Tino Hensley

American Indian Science And Engineering Society

Over 2,000 Native STEM Students and Professionals will gather in Oklahoma for the AISES National Conference

Conference site is Downtown Oklahoma City Cox Convention Center
October 4-6, 2018

Who:

The American Indian Science and Engineering Society (AISES) was founded in 1977. With a rapidly expanding membership of more than 4,000 individual members, AISES sustains 190 chartered college and university chapters, 15 professional chapters, and 158 affiliated K-12 schools supporting over 55,000 students. AISES has awarded over \$11 million in academic scholarships to over 5,000 American Indian science, technology, engineering and math (STEM) students. Through scholarships and internships, workforce development and career resources, national and regional conferences, science fairs, leadership development and other STEM-focused programming, AISES is the leader in STEM opportunities for indigenous people of North America.

What:

AISES three-day National Conference is the best line-up of presenters from all backgrounds representing STEM in higher education, pre-college, research and global industry. We design conference tracks that are aligned to major themes or topics in STEM. They are developed with the trends, challenges, and developments in STEM that are set to shape the future of exploration, teaching, and learning. Participants can select one specific track or embark on multiple tracks to learn more and gain a well-rounded perspective on all things STEM. Pre-conference workshops are also available for hand-on learning to increase pre-college and college experiences in STEM and spark the imagination of the next generation of STEM leaders.

When:

Wednesday, October 3 through Saturday, October 6. Tentative agenda is available at conference.aises.org. Official agenda will be available soon.

Pre-Conference Wednesday, October 3, 2018

Events: STEM Day featuring hackAISES - Free to Oklahoma high school students. Native Links Charity Golf Tournament requires registration fee and sign-up at the AISES National Conference registration page.

Conference Thursday, October 4, 2018

Events: Opening Ceremony, STEM Sessions, Native

Artisan Marketplace, Networking Suites, Sponsor Reception

Friday, October 5, 2018

Events: Student and Professional Poster Presentations, STEM Sessions, Student Caucuses and College and Career Fair. A one day, \$35.00 pass is available to Oklahoma residents for the College and Career Fair. Register online at conference.aises.org.

Saturday, October 6, 2018

Events: Sequoyah Breakfast, STEM Sessions, Student Awards Luncheon, Closing Banquet, Professionals Awards, Partner Awards, Ely S. Parker Award, Traditional Social Powwow.

Where:

Cox Convention Center 1 Myriad Gardens Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Why:

The American Indian Science and Engineering Society was established with the goal of developing North American Indigenous students, professionals, and leaders in the areas of STEM. The AISES National Conference attracts over 2,000 attendees annually. It is the best, most engaging and relevant career development opportunity event with career placement, and personal and professional takeaway moments.

Top 10 Reasons You Should Attend the AISES National Conference

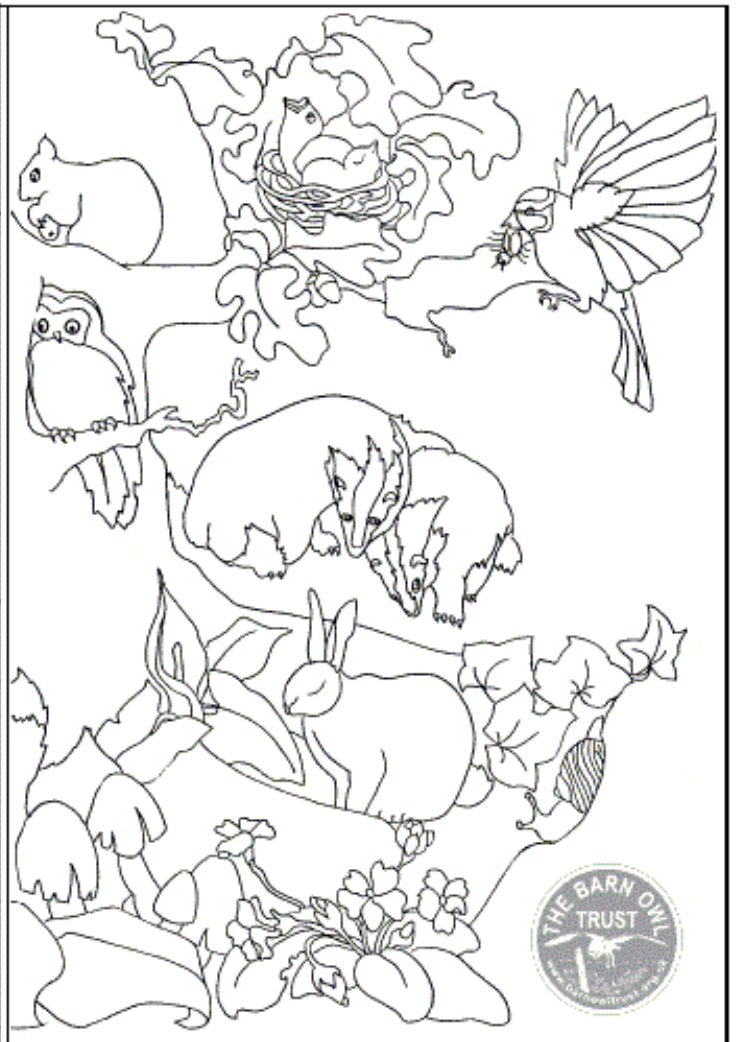
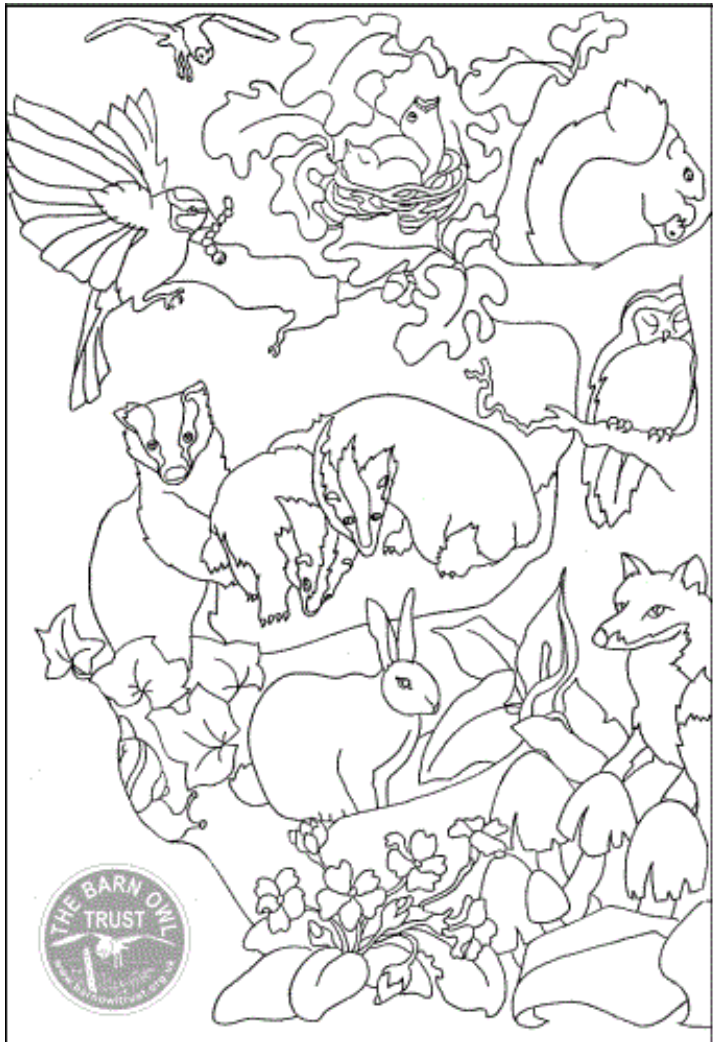
1. Superb Networking
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3. Deep Individual Discovery
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6. Indigenous Elder Wisdom
7. Welcoming Atmosphere
8. Real-Time Trends and Information
9. Price and Location
10. Inspirational Insights

Media Credentials Please contact Emerald Craig, Marketing and Communication Officer, at ecraig@aises.org for more information.

DATA MASTER: Doug William Stone



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Sudoku Puzzle Easy Solution

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

Sudoku Puzzle Moderate Solution

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

WE NEED YOUR FEEDBACK

Links newspaper belongs to our community. Your opinion is important to us. We strive to print what you are interested in reading. To know what you want to see in this newspaper we have created a feedback page on our website and would like you to share your opinion with us. Please go to the following website and give us your feedback.

<http://links.qitg.net>

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

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Claremore Nursing Home
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Wood Manor Nursing Center

Commerce

Eastwood Manor

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Fairland Family Restaurant
Fairland Sr. Citizen's
Kristy's Hair/Nail
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Foyil

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Dixie Finance
Drakes
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Limbs
Grandwood
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Grove Sr. Citizens
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MidCo Clothes & More
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Tom Cat Corner

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Delaware County Library
Jay Senior Citizen's
Savannah Park Apartments

Ketchum

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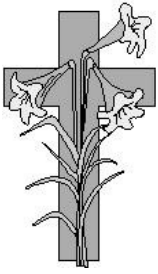
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JEWELS FROM THE WORD

YOUR HOMETOWN It's time for school to start in Vinita, Oklahoma, and many other towns, but Vinita is probably one of the few towns that lets school out for the rodeo parade. This year will be the 82nd

annual Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo.

Will Rogers came to Vinita in 1935 to visit his buddies from school days at Worchester Academy and he told them, "If you'll have a rodeo next year, I'll come back." However he and Wiley Post died in a plane crash that year, so in 1936 Vinita held the first Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo in his honor.

Vinita is known for the rodeo, the railroad crossings, Clanton's Café, and Eastern State Hospital which was replaced by Oklahoma Forensic Center. I've lived in Vinita almost all my life, except 7 years when I moved away for college. Vinita was always still home. I used to joke that I drove back to Vinita every two weeks, no matter what.

Do you ever go back home? Jesus did. He visited home

several times during his ministry, even held a revival there. "Then He went out from there and came to His own country, and His disciples followed Him. And when the Sabbath had come, He began to teach in the synagogue." Mark 6:1-6 New King James Version.

Sometimes we must go home, even if only in our heart. There's an old saying that you can't go home again, but it's not true. No, things are never the same, but home will always be there for you. Home isn't always where your relatives are, or where you were born.

Some people haven't had a wonderful home life, or good experiences. Some might not have had good parents, or they had no parents at all. Some might have had bad experiences in school or with prejudice, but God has promised to be with you through it all.

"If anyone loves Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him." John 14:23 NKJV.

Home is where Jesus is.

DATAMASTER:
Karen Deffenbaugh

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotions, go to:

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