July 11-13 & 15 Oilers vs. lowa (baseball) . . . Tulsa
July 11-13 & 15 89ers vs. Omaha (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
July 29-Aug. 1 Atoka Trailriders Rodeo . . . Atoka
July 29-Aug. 1 IRA Rodeo . . . Holdenville
July 30-Aug. 1 Roundup Club Rodeo . . . Clinton
July 31-Aug. 2 Sac & Fox Veterans Powwow . . . Shawnee
Aug. 1 Natl' Arabian Championship Horse Show . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 2-5 Festival of Arts . . . Shawnee
Aug. 2-5 89ers vs. Evansville (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 2-6 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Aug. 2-8 Checotah Indian Festival . . . Tahlequah
Aug. 3-9 Indian Week . . . Tulsa
Aug. 4-9 Lance Sports Arena Rodeo . . . Ada
Aug. 5-8 Osage Indian Fair . . . Owasso
Aug. 6-8 Sequoyah Roundup Club Rodeo . . . Salislaw
Aug. 6-8 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Aug. 7-9 Chisholm Trail Stampede . . . Wauka
Aug. 8-10 Professional Golfers' Assoc. Championship . . . Tulsa
Aug. 8-10 Checotah Indian Festival . . . Tahlequah
Aug. 9-12 Vo-Teach Teachers Conference, OSU . . . Stillwater
Aug. 10-16 Professional Golfers' Assoc. Championship . . . Tulsa
Aug. 11 Old Settlers Reunion . . . Sayre
Aug. 12-15 Bristow Roundup Club Rodeo . . . Bristow
Aug. 13-15 American Indian Rodeo . . . Valliant
Aug. 14-16 Blue Grass Festival . . . Hugos
Aug. 15-18 OSU VS. Oregon State (football) . . . Norman
Aug. 15-18 Oilers vs. Wichita (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 15-18 Cherokee Strip Rodeo . . . Perry
Aug. 16-21 American Indian Exposition . . . Anadarko
Aug. 19-20 Oilers vs. Wichita (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 19-22 Oilers vs. Denver (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 20-23 Barefoot Park Powwow . . . Canton
Aug. 20-23 Rodeo . . . Prine Creek
Aug. 23-24 89ers vs. Oilers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 23-26 Oilers vs. 89ers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 23-26 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 24-26 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 25-26 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 26-29 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 26-29 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 27-29 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 28-29 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 28-29 89ers vs. Flyers (baseball) . . . Oklahoma City
Aug. 29-Sept. 2 Homecoming . . . Yale
Sept. 1-5 Fair . . . Mangun
Sept. 3-5 Fair . . . Cache
Sept. 3-5 Depew Roundup Club Rodeo . . . Depew
Sept. 3-5 Modulin Rodeo Club Rodeo . . . Modulin
Sept. 3-5 Prison Rodeo . . . McAlester
Sept. 4-5 Fair . . . Stilwell
Sept. 5-7 IRA Rodeo . . . Tahlequah
Sept. 6-7 Labor Day Dance . . . Binger
Sept. 6-7 Labor Day Celebration . . . Henryetta
Sept. 7-9 Powwow . . . Celery
Sept. 7-9 Cherokee National Holiday . . . Tahlequah
Sept. 7-9 Powwow . . . Eufaula
Sept. 7-9 Caddo Indian Powwow . . . Binger
Sept. 7-9 Oilmen's Horse Show . . . Showme
Sept. 7-9 Fair . . . Enid
Sept. 10-12 Fair . . . Adakisko
Sept. 11-15 Festival of Arts . . . Shawnee
Sept. 11-12 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Sept. 11-12 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Sept. 11-12 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Sept. 11-12 Oklahoma Education Assoc., OSU . . . Stillwater
Sept. 12-15 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 14-17 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 14-17 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 14-17 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 14-17 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 15-19 Fair . . . Pond Creek
Sept. 16-19 Cherokee Strip Rodeo . . . Perry
Sept. 19-20 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 19-20 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 19-20 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 19-20 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 19-20 Fair . . . Wewoka
Sept. 20-23 Fair . . . Shawnee
Sept. 21-23 Fair . . . Ardmore
Sept. 22-26 Fair . . . Ardmore
Sept. 23-26 State Fair of Oklahoma . . . Oklahoma City
Sept. 26-27 Green Day Celebration . . . Hominy
Who would have thought in old days to see all the tribes dancing together?

We are like the crowded canvas of a summer night sky, a loom bright with many threads and color-mingled beads.

We are the keepers of the drums—here all the past and all the future burns and nothing yields and nothing is consumed.

The moon stains the sky pumping like a golden pheasant up the painted air—and we chant the old songs like totems whose blessings we remember, like grandfathers whose names we do not forget.

And we do the old dances—the one that curves like the snake-swarm waking to the sound of the first thunder of the year.

And we stomp as buffalo come back, run as the buffalo ran their horns be-ribboned by the sun through warm rain.

And we spread our arms, dressed with feathers, wide, wide and following the sacred eagle beat and circle slow.

What man would have thought long ago to see all the clans and all the peoples come to dance together?

KATHARINE PRIVETT

THE PAWNEE VETERAN'S HOMECOMING HONORS ALL VETERANS OF EVERY RACE AND CREED AND ALL ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.
RODEO 1970

THE NATIONAL FINALS RODEO WILL BE HELD FROM DEC. 5 THROUGH DEC. 13 AT THE STATE FAIR ARENA OKLAHOMA CITY. PRIZE MONEY FOR THE SEVEN EVENTS: SADDLE AND BAREBACK BRONC RIDING, CALF ROPING, STEER WRESTLING, TEAM ROPING, BARREL RACING, AND BULL RIDING WILL BE PAID FROM THE LARGEST PURSE OF ANY RODEO IN THE WORLD.
FORT RENO MILITARY CEMETERY, NEAR EL RENO...

Frontier soldiers, both cavalry and infantry, famed Indian scouts, Ben Clark who rode with Custer, rest here. World War II prisoners-of-war are buried here. On the day this picture was made the cemetery guest book carried twenty-two signatures of visitors from Germany: Heidelberg, Munich, Dortmund, Augsburg, Hamburg, Stuttgart, Frankfort, and smaller German towns with names unfamiliar; families who had traveled far to visit the graves of their war dead.
This fully accurate reconstruction of a cable tool rig is a replica, on the exact site, of the original Nellie Johnstone discovery well of the fabulous Bartlesville oilrush.

Other photos here are from the imaginatively conceived and effectively created History Room in the Bartlesville Library. History in every field, agriculture, business and finance, church, Indian military, outlaw, pioneer, press, sports, the culture of this tradition-rich area, is preserved here.

You are bound to find things of interest among these still growing collections.
Take a small town that is dying with its boots on, with about as much chance as the head rustler in a John Wayne western. The agricultural economy has changed or the oil boom is playing out or some other natural resource that sustained the town is fading. Population is dwindling. Streets consist mainly of the hollow-eyed stare of vacant buildings.

Then somebody in town sticks his head up and says he's not going to follow the script. He's got a new idea and he's going to use it to expand his business rather than folding up and quitting. His assets begin to grow and somebody else decides if he can do it I can, and the first thing you know the town has a housing shortage.

Expanding home-grown industries means added employees and bigger payrolls. They are highly popular with everyone who likes the color of money.

That's the way the people of Perry look on their Ditch Witch, even if the name does suggest a forced landing on a broomstick.

The "Witch" is in fact the nation's first and foremost small trenching machine. It's manufactured by the Charles Machine Works, which started in 1907 as a Perry blacksmith shop operated by Charles F. Malzahn.

Blacksmithing moved on to oilfield equipment repair, but the rich switch to Ditch Witchery came in the late 1940's with Ed Malzahn, a third-generation member of the family. One day he saw a large trenching machine digging a ditch for a pipeline in Perry. Then he noticed the machine sitting idle while two men with shovels dug smaller trenches for service lines to nearby houses.

Malzahn saw immediately that was no way to avoid sprained sacroiliacs. All that was needed was a small trenching unit for junior-size ditches. Before anyone could say, "Oh, my aching back!" the Ditch Witch was born, and right then trenching shovels began to turn rusty.

Last year the Charles Company dug up more than $15 million worth of orders in the U. S. and many foreign countries — more trenchers than all other makes combined. In March this year, with Ed Malzahn now its president, it began its ninth expansion project to reach a total of 435,000 square feet of space for 325 employees.

Not every company can be a world leader but, like Perry, most Oklahoma cities and towns can point to home-grown industries, payrolls that didn't have to be imported.

Gov. Dewey Bartlett paid his respects to this kind of industry early this year when he dedicated a new Tube Fab, Inc., plant at Sapulpa. He said, "It's best, I think, to see industry grow within the state . . . to see home grown industries grow and prosper."

Oklahoma-rooted companies range from such behemoths as Phillips Petroleum Co. and Kerr-McGee Corporation all the way down to one-room machine shops, but they offer an amazing variety of products sending the Sooner imprint across the nation and beyond. One problem in a report of this kind is that it can cover so few of them.

There are hundreds of stories to tell. Of three brothers named Sanditen, for example, who started with a single auto supply store at Okemah in 1918 and produced the still-expanding Oklahoma Tire and Supply Company, with nearly 500 stores in 13 states. Or how about three other young men with ambition and ideas who combined buying, warehousing and their initials into the dynamic T G & Y chain of 650 variety stores, now covering 17 states?

Some of the tales are familiar: The first parking meter, invented in the 1930's by an Oklahoma City newspaper editor, Carl McGee . . . the
supermarket folding cart developed by S. N. Goldman, an Oklahoma City grocery executive, which revolutionized a nation's shopping habits—and gave thousands of toddling future teen-agers their first inkling that every kid must have his own wheels. In Tulsa two brothers and a World War II buddy—Robert and Sam Zeligson and Sid Lieberman—started selling surplus military trucks in the 1940's and parlayed their business into the CCI Corporation, one of the state's most aggressive industrial combines today.

Oklahoma has even proved the "Till Wind" bit. It was cold air blowing through loose-fitted doors half a century ago that gave a young furnace salesman, L. A. Macklanburg, the idea that led to metal weatherstripping—and the formation of Oklahoma City's Macklanburg-Duncan Co., which now produces more than 7,000 building items.

It's said at least one M-D product is used in 80 percent of the homes built in the United States. (If you live in one of the other 20 per cent, look around—something may be missing!) Many of the successful local industries bear the mark of some innovator—an inventor or idea man, a creative force who wouldn't accept the old way of doing things—or a developer putting a new idea to work in a saleable package.

No city had to go farther for one of its better-idea men than Bartlesville, the home of a made-in-Oklahoma industry by way of Russia. The inventor was Armais Arutunoff, a Russian who left his homeland when he found it too small to hold him and Communism too.

To America he brought his submersible pump and motor, and in Bartlesville he put it on the market with the help of Frank Phillips, president of Phillips Petroleum Co.

Arutunoff's inventions netted him more than 60 patents; his Reda Pump Co. became a national leader in submersible products for oil and other industries—although somehow he forgot to invent the ballpoint pen that writes under water ...

Another creative talent at Sapulpa had to make five starts in business before he hit the jackpot, but John Frank had stamina to match his talent. He had and his wife Grace started making pottery as a hobby when he was a ceramic art teacher at the University of Oklahoma, but it took a while before their cash registers grew as hot as their kilns.

If he'd done nothing else, Frank would be entitled to a place of honor for giving commercial and social status to Oklahoma clay, which most people treat like dirt. But he did more than that. His Frankoma Pottery Co. survived such stoppers as fire and wartime foreclosure to become not only a worldwide shipper of Sooner-style earthenware but a major showplace. More than 100,000 persons a year visit the Sapulpa sales rooms and plant.

Frankoma dinnerware sets have been presented to presidents and governors, and the City of Tulsa gives visiting notables a specially designed Oklahoma ash tray instead of a key to the city.

Frank once explained his success: "We created our own place in the market. It was a field not being covered by anyone else, that of colored earthenware dinnerware. People innately desire beauty, and we try to produce a product that is both beautiful and useful."

That description also fits a product made at Norman, where two brothers, John T. and Robert Waugh, have found gold in jewelry. When they were students at O. U. in the late 40's they decided the existing school ring looked like a "dirty cigar band," so they designed their own . . . then others.

They couldn't get a finger up in the school-ring business at first; they were called "ring bootleggers" because they set up displays in campus-corner jewelry and book stores. But slowly they edged in with a product that couldn't be denied, and now their John Roberts, Inc., calls itself the world's largest manufacturer of college rings.

When John Steele Zink was at O. U. he wasn't designing rings. He was making up a list of the wealthiest, most important men in Tulsa, where he had decided to seek his fortune. In his first year after graduation he visited every man on the list to find out the secret of his success.

He must have found the interviews worthwhile. Last December he sold his John Zink Co. to the Sunbeam Corp. for $27 million. That figure fits in nicely with one of his memorable quotes: "Never be a rich man. Be a poor man with lots of money."

In some ways Zink himself is bigger than his industrial empire, which is built on furnaces, air conditioning, pollution control devices and combustion equipment for heavy industry. He is generally considered eccentric, a reputation he has never tried to discourage.

At 76 he comes on with a booming voice and the hearty manner of a man who has just sold his business
furnace manufacturing. His first step was to test all known brands of furnaces; then he worked out his own model, which he said "combined all the good points of these competitive furnaces and omitted the bad points."

For present college students it's only fair to give Zink's own secret of success: "I've always invested in the companies that bought my equipment, because I figured they had pretty good judgment."

If all of Oklahoma's home-grown industries were alphabetized, the closest one to Zink would be Zebco — the world's largest fishing tackle company. And if fish could organize, their first act would be to picket the Zebco plant in Tulsa.

Zebco goes back to a company called Zero Hour Bomb Co., which made an electric time bomb for shooting oil wells. That was fine until about 1948, when the market dropped off and the firm began looking for a new product. At just the right moment, up popped R. D. Hull.

He was a West Texas watchmaker who had fished in a lot of ponds and spent about as much time picking out backlashes in his line as he did hauling in fish. One day in a supermarket he happened to watch a packing boy pulling cord off the end of a fixed spool. Whammo! Hull got the idea of a lifetime.

It came to him in a flash — that's the way fishing reels should work.

Consider for example, the Halliburton Co. at Duncan, built into a $1 billion-a-year industrial complex on the running start given it half a century ago by a driving, scrounging, never-say-quit oil well cementer named Erle Halliburton. There's a story worth a book — and at least one has been written.

How about Williams Brothers Co. of Tulsa, the world's largest pipeline engineering and construction firm? And Parker Drilling Co., which has been writing new records for years as it developed fantastic equipment and imaginative techniques to reach ever-deeper secrets within the earth.

The longer one looks at the numbers and scope of Oklahoma-born industry, the higher the eyebrows rise. The products run from Mrs. Edna Looney's jeweled kits at Wewoka to the Seismograph Service Corp.'s electronic voting machines at Tulsa; from bathroom accessories of Novel Ideas, Inc., at Oklahoma City to farm tractor bulldozers made by Waldon, Inc., at Fairview.

Looking for heavy equipment? There's Unit Rig of Tulsa, producer of 200-ton trucks for mining companies and tractors that pull the giant 747 airliners. And CMI Corp. of Oklahoma City, maker of huge road builders used in its own modern construction system.

Variety? Native Oklahoma companies make wind tunnels at Perkins, school texts and workbooks at Oklahoma City, made-to-order rolling homes at Miami, sail boats at Henryetta, barbecue smokers at Boley, hardfaced tillage tools at Guymon, electronic fish-finders at Tulsa, industrial guidance systems at Oklahoma City, pecan-tree shakers at Madill . . . and on and on.

And oh, yes — there's a company at Noble that turns out products you can't find anywhere else in the world. They're called Okie pins.
The Book of Kings tells us of the prophet Elisha, in a time of trouble, unable to decide what to do, commanding, “Bring me a minstrel.”

While the minstrel sang, Elisha’s mind was calmed, he was able to think more clearly, and with new clarity of thought to devise a sensible course of action.

We spent a recent day with Dr. C. T. Shades’ creative writing class at Phillips University. As the students came, with their poetry and prose for us to read we felt not uncommonly perceptive, some vividly expressed, some humorous, some poignant, some obscure. The value of obscure writing may be questioned, but it is well to remember that when you are searching you encounter a great deal of obscurity, and searching is an essence of youth.

We urge you to be attentive to the words these young minstrels, for through their songs and thoughts we may see some of our problems in a new perspective.

_Take a quarter turn_
Moving slowly
Holding half
_of what was_

_Catching half_
_Of what will be_
_Arch to ninety degrees_
_Where left is right_
_And what was right_
_Is left_
_In continuous spin_
_Three fourths_
_of a wheel_
_PREVIEWs_
_Future and past_
_Both where you’ve been_
_The circle connects_
_And the journey begins._
---Jim Turpin

In our constant striving for comfort, we often overlook after-effects which may be detrimental to us.

Can comfort really be created? We all enjoy the comfort of the automobile, but our air is so polluted now that survival may well depend on a mutation of the human species.

Manufacturers claim to make cars safer every year, but the death rate due to automobile accidents is steadily rising.

We have developed such high powered weapons, that one miss-fire could literally blow man from the face of the earth. The ironic thing about this is that these weapons were created for the purpose of maintaining our safety and comfort.

Television commercials create an image of overwhelming enjoyment from smoking or enjoying a “cold-one.” Because of their chemical properties smoking and drinking really do relax you, but lives are lost each year because of the effects of these two comforters.

Many “weight-watchers” were tempted by low-calorie beverages which, several months ago, were blamed as the cause of cancer. What comfort is found in a cancerous body?

Wealth is supposed to signify comfort. Wealth is toughly achieved, and there is constant threat of losing it. Our nation is in a state of inflation. Can anyone find comfort in a nation where inflation can cause poverty?

Among those who comfort us is the doctor. For us he defeats smallpox, polio, diabetes, and we live longer. With an increase in the birth rate, we are faced with the problem of over-population. We are comfortable with our population now, but in a few years will we be?

Man tampers with the laws of nature. When he thinks he has defeated nature, problems arise, for her laws will be obeyed.

Really, are we more comfortable than primitive man?

---Gene O. Collins

We may be able to rediscover the forgotten earth.
---Susan Bese

These muscles-mine cry,

For they are imprisoned

_In a one-eyed boxed-up world._
---Brenda Willis

The tiny boy asked, “Did God have a mother?”
I took a deep breath.
He already had another question.
“Do you mean that God is right here in this room right now?”
I nodded.

He looked at me with outright skepticism. “Is He in the closet?”
“Yes, Willie. God is even in the closet.”

Nine boys are in my Sunday School class. They are lively and questioning and don’t like to sit still. In many ways these boys are like other little boys. But they are also different. They are retarded. Because they are retarded, it is perhaps more difficult for them to understand that God really cares about them. To them the world is frequently a frightening place. Darkness, a change in schedule, even a change in teachers can be petrifying to a retarded child.

Conversely, to people of “normal” intelligence, the mentally retarded are “scary.” Nearly everyone is frightened by his first experience with a retarded person.

---Annette Nunemaker

Sixteen
Oklahoma Today
Black cast iron
gleaming hot chrome
Massed together in rubber and
black leather

My thigh
squeezed so tightly in to the bulky complex
that it is not known where
tissue ends
and chain and gaskets begin
Violence rumbles in the very depths
of the grafted thing
and explodes
on four square inches
of road surface.

Power
Running
Strength 100 times greater
than any other man's responds to
the ends of my fingers and the sole
of my toes.

I taste
smell
hear
feel
and even see the quick air

Tear drops streak over the sides of my
head
my hair is shampooed with rays
of cool sunshine
I am a step-child of the wind.

... Mike Murphy

We shared common cups of wine
and milk
and scotch in Dr. Pepper.
Amen.
... Annette Nunemaker

A PLANET TO PARIS

EXT. AIRPORT—DAY—
ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. AIRPORT—MEDIUM
MOVING SHOT

The man is in his forties, walking at
a fast pace. Dressed in rumpled suit,
he is clutching a briefcase under his
arm. He looks from side to side mov-
ing his sun-glasses to the tip of his
nose, peering over them. He stops in
front of a phone booth.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The man struggles in the booth,
nervously fumbling for change, drops
his dime to the floor, retrieves it, puts
it in the slot.

SOUND

Dime dings, dial tone sounds. He
nervously dials a number.

MAN
Hello Freeman? Morris. I'm at
the airport.

... Jim Strain

Sandia
watermelon red
Manzano
deep purple glaze
Spread
as millions of
Diamonds
emptied down
and across
the valley
A city.

... Alvin Sallee

I started running down the line, still
feeling the sting of the bat,
watching the ball fly. It began rain-
ing. I had hit the ball so hard it must
have knocked a hole in the sky. It
was out of sight now, gone over the
fence.

It started raining hard. It cannot
rain now. I just hit a homerun.

Circling third, touching home, I ran
back to the dugout.

Coach laughed and said, "Gosh, Joe,
did you have to knock the rain out
of the sky!"

I was soaked wet but that did not
matter.

... K. L. Kyle

We broke bread together
also hamburgers
and oranges.
And the gentle everfresh water down
Carves everlasting little canyons in
my mind.

Alvin Salwe

God would let a woman die in childbirth? Giving birth to a deformed
child?

Marcia had launched a thousand ships with her eyes and prayed them safely home from battle. She had held Eddie's world in her hands, and realizing it had made her the divine protectress of it.

The whistling wet breeze of the river lifted Eddie's hair into soft tufts of bronze. The sun at his back had heated the silver bridge supports to a scorching hot, with the shaded sides cooled to a quiet dampness. The incessant blaring of an endless metallic stream of cars accented the cruel fact of man's noisy civilization. But Eddie had tuned himself out. In his numbness, thinking of Marcia, her child, and a God who did not exist.

His stillness aroused suspicion — thinking statues became floating corpses. The set of tires on concrete marked the end of Eddie's decision. Two blue uniforms racing from their
car-ridden siren. Eddie told himself that without God man has no hope.

There was no God, and the water was cold.

A scolded-child
Has hope of a
smile
A scorned lover
Has hope of another
love
The strife-torn world
Has only
hope.

On these days when I walk through words
I stop at one or this.
Frequent is the time when I read
the mood into actuality.
While my days leap forward my
thoughts weave in and out to tie
them together in far richer memory
than I ever would have had before.

Betinda Hughes

On a cool Tuesday afternoon
As I was walking my otter
I spied an eey weeny man
Taking a bath in the gutter.
Said I to him, "That's no way to get
clean."
But he replied,
"And who has said to you that I wish
to be clean?"
Being quite offended to be put down
by such a trite man,
I reached down and squished him.
It's such a drag talking to impudent
eives.

Bev Lincoln

Never understood. Never will. Ladies language! By blisters, I can say
as many four letter man-words as any of the guys around. Really never thought seventh grade would be so worthless. My mother! Talking about equality of the sexes! Tables and measurements in math. I'll swear I always thought boys were smart.

Dad told me sometimes boys' minds wander, sex and stuff like that. After twenty minutes of Miss Grubbe's class, guess you need something to occupy your mind. Anyway, I am disgusted. There sat my two best friends, the only ones of the bunch that treat me like I was half part of the gang, staring at Mary Ellen's back. Through her blouse, you could see outlined... her gear. And that's not half of that! Using the approximation-pencil technique they were measuring it. Even a tally tablet, they had.

Mary Pat Herlihy

I've eaten so much of Myself that
I'm sick.

Terri Jones

Communist plot!
Christian ideals!
Can the Vatican City
be protected
by a
thousand ABM's?
What's it like to have a
Split
Spirituality!
Reinstitution.
Destination.
Law. But then,
Does the Golden Rule
Require
a Two-Thirds Majority?
What earthly
difference does it make—
When it can be
Vetoed
by
one.

Who runs God's
Court of Appeals?...

Larry Loeppke

Ashen
Emaciated
Drawn and sour
Coloring book faces of weariness and
never-ever contact with a red-
graring turned on world.
The twisted little old ladies sat on a
cold park bench
Staring
For they didn't know tomorrow was
the first day of their lives.

Brenda Willis

Once the unremitting bridge of Un-
certainty is closed,
We are locked in — or out!

Terri Jones

The grass is greener
The sky is bluer
Trees have smiles
And sidewalks giggle.
Rain is liquid happiness
A storm is magnificence
Warmth comes
Trust grows
Love circumscribes.

... Terri Jones

"Are you ready?"
"I'm not sure."
"Your first dinner, huh? Well, no sense getting nervous. Just be careful. They never watch what they're doing around here. They're so busy gobbling down the food... oh, oh, here they come. Prepare yourself."

"What's wrong? You look pale."
"They're having spaghetti. Whenever they have spaghetti, one of us invariably ends up getting dropped."
"Ouch! Do they always grab this way?"
"Afraid so. It takes time to get used to. What a sorry bunch. If 'papa' doesn't quit eating so much he's never going to be able to get close enough to his plate. And their son! I'll never forget the night he had a tantrum. He threw nearly everything off the table. They got to him just as I would have been next. You know what 'mama' said? 'Now, son, you know good boys don't do that.' Try to anticipate that boy's every move. Your predecessor was too slow."

"What do you mean?"
"Last week, the boy got mad. He picked him up and threw him. He hit the wall and died instantly."

"How have you survived around here so long. What's your secret?"

"Oh, a simple philosophy really. I just take it all with a grain of salt."

... Patrick Overton

As a dragon-fly wanders aimlessly yet knowingly
So did I
Feeling the soft pull of beards
on brown, bare wrists
The wind, whispering its ripeness,
was washed me with sun
Around me
an ocean in motion
slender stems bent with heavy loads
How insane
to be in love with grain.

... Caroline Brune

A resounding crash in the kitchen; a paper sack giving up in one rip, empty cans in violent motion, clanking, bouncing, and rolling across the floor. I threw down my book and stomped toward the din to investigate and persecute.

Back out of what was once the side of a sack was a dark striped tail. The feline emerged. Seating himself before the wreckage, he squinted up at me calmly. Only his tail twitched.

... Betty Porter

As we wandered through our dreams
I wanted to gather a bouquet of sun-rays
Tied together by a bouquet of a prism's rainbow
To give you, my love.

You were kind
Leaving without getting involved
You said when you come back...
Please come back.

... Judy Russell

I can paint your eyes of yesterday
and say this is where I have lived
for an hour or more.

... Susan Bese

WINDOW WISHING, HOPEFUL PRAYER
Looking through the window, I can see the future on hand,
The changes that have occurred, the life led by the future man.
Through the window I can see no visible signs of discrimination or hate,
I can see men working together, side by side as if they were deciding each others fate.
I see little black kids playing with little white kids in the local park,
I see no fear in Americans, when the land loses light and gains dark.
The window shows me total integration, all over the world,
Love in the heart of each man, woman, boy or girl.
I see people loving each other, regardless of race, color, or creed,
The window shows no ghettos, slums, or unfortunate souls in need.
Even in the farest corners I can see happiness and smiling faces,
Enjoyment of public facilities, being exercised by members of all races.
I can see my mother shopping in a store, where she once wouldn't shop,
I see my soul sister, on the sidewalk with two white girls, playing hopscotch.
I can see my father working in a place that used to be closed to black.
Working closely with his white co-workers, making America a reality as much as a fact.
In the schools all over America, I see kids, singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee",
Thanking God in loving prayers that not one, but all men are free.
I can see "White Only" and "Colored" signs hanging on museum walls,
Guides telling their tourists, "This is the old American downfall."
He's telling them, that it's hard to believe, but it once was this way,
He's telling them all, to be thankful, that things are not this way today.
My window is only my imagination, mixed with my hope and my dreams,
I wish I could paint a picture of the things that this window could bring into being.
The picture would be the most beautiful portrait ever made,
Showing yesterday's struggles, and the price everyone paid.
But most of all the future, would be the main attraction,
Showing happiness in all, along with personal and self-satisfaction.
All would be happy in the ending, smiling faces and waving hands,
Happy, that all was accepted as he was, and was part of the new world's plans.

... Ivory Salone
While we are at work changing the definition of "Okie" perhaps we should seek the cooperation of Iowans in changing the connotation that goes with "corny."

I did not understand either word when I was a lucky little girl growing up in Oklahoma during the Thirties. Most of us were busy discovering the wonders of the world, and one of these was corn; hybrid, sweet, field, popped, frittered, escalloped, roasted, hominyed, breaded, boiled, and buttered.

From the day the first bright green shoot cut through its mound to the sun, the corn patch was the place to watch for good news. When ears began to form in the stalk we just had to peel one now and then. Those small white kernels, smelling of late snow in the ripeness of summer, made one doubt his memory of full golden kernels. So we waited.

And there was the sound of corn growing. On hot summer days when barefoot little boys ran joyously on the way to the swimming creek, and barefoot little girls were forbidden such pleasure, I would go grumbling through the sharp blades of corn to escape the sun and grass stickers only to pick up a cocklebur. When I stopped for rest and repair I heard the sound that tickled the back of my neck. There was no other sound but the crackling. The wind did not blow. The corn stalks crackled and stretched as they grew.

Until they were as high as an elephant's eye.

Then June had turned into summer, and quiet nights. Exhausted from games, and not ready for bed, we leaned back against the grassy slope of the storm cellar and made plans. Now the sounds were far-off sounds, a dog's barking, interrupted by an occasional nearby and ear-splitting answer from good ol' Spot. Then the low rumble of a distant train. An occasional June bug ricocheted off the screen door. In the garden the gentle tropical swaying of those ancient tassels of Indian corn, full of mysteries, were whispering of good things to come, such as the Fourth of July.

On the Fourth of July there were long tables with feasts; there were pottery bowls, china bowls, and porcelain tubs of buttered corn, with just enough salt to burn your lips so you'd almost cry from the sheer joy of the taste of it.

Fried chicken, baked ham, green peas with new potatoes, all other wonders were often scarcely touched, even though we knew that for a couple of weeks there would be corn for roasting in the shuck over black-jack coals, corn with ripened tomatoes, and corn with everything.

As summer paled and the corn dried it was ground to meal as it has been for centuries. It was stirred with eggs and milk into bread, its gold fully restored by melting butter, with an autumn brown from the oven on its crusty top.

When the harvested stalks were finally bound together, the only gold was that of the harvest moon rising behind them and the fat pumpkins ripening around their bases. We found a feeling of security from the bins of yellow corn still holding light in their corners of the barn after dusk shadowed the windows.

Recently I watched Camp Fire Girls enact the drama and meaning of corn to our ancient Indian ancestors. The girls were creating a ceremonial to celebrate the closing of a day camp. They had learned how the Indian made his daily life a part of his song and art. They touched the poetry inherent in working with basic elements, directing the wind to catch the tiny flame in the dry leaves of the camp fire, kneading air into dough to make flaky dried bread. I enjoyed the bright dragon-flies in the willow trees around the pond knowing, as the Indian did, that the dragon-fly had eaten the mosquito. And with the Camp Fire Girls, we had to some degree captured the feeling of our relation to the earth.

They had begun their ceremonial by stating, "It is the time of the small red suns in the small green trees and small white world in the red bird's nest . . ." and continued toward the green corn dance. They were guided by a program-aide mother who happened to be Osage, and had seen the green corn dance. There was a reverence in these girls as they symbolically poured the last of the old year's corn from a large pottery jug into the fire, then moved into the joyful circle dance celebrating the harvesting of this year's crop.

The participation of these girls, the perspective they found in relating themselves to growing in all its forms, separate from some of the artificialities we have evolved in modern living, were contacts with something undying in all of us, something much too great to be reduced to a word like "corny."

BY NORMA L. THOMAS
The lingo of the Oklahoma cow country was used first in our partner state, Tlaxcala. The North American West speaks a corrupt version of the Spanish of México. The word lingo itself is a corruption of the Spanish lengua, which means language or tongue. So vaquero became buckaroo, jácima became hackamore, la reata became lariat; virtually every word in the language of our cow country has a Spanish ancestor. Often we've even retained the original spelling — we just mispronounce such words as bronco, adios, látigo, angora, burro, ante, and remuda.

A favorite is cimarron, which in México means a big roan cow critter that has taken to the brush, gone wild, unruly and hard to handle; in Oklahoma the Cimarron is a big roan river alongside which we grew up; it has sure taken to the brush, and when it goes wild it is unruly and so hard to handle that you'd better just stand clear of it.

A ranch in México, in our partner state Tlaxcala, is not a rancho, it is a ganadería, and a rancher is not a ranchero. He is a ganadero. We have two major uses for cattle; those destined for the milking parlor are raised on a dairy, a word which is a
cousin to ganadería. But most of Oklahoma’s ranch cattle are destined for the slaughterhouse. In México there is a third use for cattle, in which our partner state specializes. They raise ganado de lidia, fighting cattle. There are twenty-seven ranches in Tlaxcala that raise los toros bravos, the brave bulls. A brave bull, truly a noble animal, is entirely unlike his bovine kin. You will not really believe him until you see him. He is as agile as a goat. He exudes the sense of power of a locomotive running under a full head of steam. And he has the same sense of fear as a railroad locomotive.

Behind him are more than a hundred generations of killers. Killing is his specialized knowledge, his desire, his skill, his purpose. He can be handled in a herd of other cattle, oxen, or even bulls. Alone, as he is when he confronts his adversary in the Plaza de Toros, his instinct is to kill anything that moves and he pursues that instinct with a terrible and relentless purpose.

Without being enthusiastic about the brave festival, it should be pointed out that probably nothing is less understood among us than the “bullfight.” In the first place, there is not even a Spanish word for “bullfight.” In México, in Spain, in South America, it is la fiesta brava, or a corrida de toros, a running of the bulls.

We lament the inhumanity of the bullfight, but if you were a bovine critter, consider which you would prefer; in Oklahoma we throw a calf, brand him, maybe crop his ears, and perform an operation on him which makes him a “steer.” Then, while he is in the prime of life, we ship him to the slaughterhouse. There he is, by one means or another, killed and butchered. If you were a bull would you prefer this Oklahoma fate, or would you prefer to take your chances in a “bullfight?”

So far as danger to the “bullfighter” is concerned, we must in fairness admit that more U.S.A. young men are injured or killed each year in several of our sports than are injured or killed in all of Latin America’s “bullfights.” So if we are not enthusiastic about “bullfighting,” neither are we in any position to be lofty in our criticism of this ancient spectacle.

It is life on the ranch where the brave bulls are raised that holds the true fascination for us. In his splendid book THE BRAVE BULLS, which in our opinion is superior to anything Hemingway wrote on the subject, author Tom Lea characterizes the life of the breeder of fighting cattle, “... you are grateful. You know the light of morning on the grass where your cattle are feeding. You know the smell of horse sweat and cow pens at noon, and the dry squeak of your stirrup leathers coming down the lane from the feed lots, and the dust ... 

“You know the long slanting afternoon light that makes the thicket of nopal seem so high above the old spring where the calves are bawling, and the water ripples going down to the corn patch. You know the smell of wood smoke at dusk when your cowboys sing going home to supper, and always you are hearing the talking of your bulls.

“You know the fun at the tientas; and the strong feeling that comes up in you, there with the crowd, when your bull comes out of the toril and charges the men resplendent with crimson and gold in the sunlight. You belong to an ancient art.”

Which sentiment sounds not unlike that which might be expressed by an Oklahoma rodeo stock rancher. Our pictures here were made on the ranch Piedras Negras in our partner state,
A matador asks the indulto, the privilege of sparing the life of a black bull who has just proved himself especially brave in the plaza at Tlaxcala. The indulto was granted.

Tlaxcala. Piedras Negras is this year celebrating its 100th Anniversary. Founded by José María Gonzales in 1870, the present dueño, Raul Gonzalez, is already preparing his son, Marco Antonio, to succeed him.

Only three ranches of fighting cattle in México are older than Piedras Negras — they are Atenco, Santín, and San Diego de los Padres.

Senior don Raul talks of the problems of cattle raising, as do Oklahoma ranchers. Piedras Negras is 8000 feet above sea level, almost eight times higher than much of Oklahoma's rangeland. Tlaxcala has a six month rainy season. During the following six month drought, which is also a season of cold, the cattle are difficult to sustain. Water must be stored for these dry months, and the cattle fed on corn and silage.

Don Raul is understandably proud of his brave bulls which appear regularly in the plazas of Caracas and Maracáibo, in Guadalajara, Monterrey, México City, and all over México. Piedras Negras is the only ranch in México which has shipped a complete corrida of fighting bulls to be fought in Spain.

As we talked, he asked to be remembered to Rodeo Cowboys Association president Clem McSpadden “que hemos hecho muy buena amistad” (that we have made a very good friendship). Oklahoma ranchers and Tlaxcala ganaderos have no trouble understanding each other. In the most fundamental sense they speak the same language, albeit one uses Okie words and the other palabras mexicanas.

The gate receipts of each Plazo de Toros provide income for many people, as is shown by this chart posted on the wall at hacienda Piedras Negras.
"Superb," says the letter from Carl Fischer, Inc., one of the world's most distinguished music publishers.

The occasion of the compliment was the release of the recording of new Carl Fischer music for concert band.

The Central State College Band, Edmond, made the recording.

The letter from Carl Fischer, Inc. continues, "We feel it is the best recording we have ever had, including one done by a professional band in England.

"Thirty-five thousand band directors will be reading about and listening to the Central State College Band."

They will be listening to a great musical organization.

Dr. Jack Sisson, head of Central's Music Department, and Dr. Melvin Lee, conductor of Central's Concert Band, have enhanced the reputation of Oklahoma around the musical world through the excellence of their splendid work.

On the 4th of July, in Atlantic City, Tulsa's Dr. R. D. McCullough will be installed president of Lions International. That worldwide service organization will be receiving the full-time services of quite an Oklahoman, for Dr. McCullough is a visionary, and capable of implementing his visions.

His services to Oklahoma in enterprises for the blind, the Board of Health, Youth for Christ, the Frances Willard Home, Tulsa Philharmonic Society, Arts Council, Gilcrease Institute, his church, the Masons, in every kind of worthwhile work and service have long proved he has that prime requirement for Lions Club membership, a heart to share.

For his year as international president of the Lions, Dr. Bob's vision includes special programs in four areas;

International Relations—to bridge the differences among people;

Good Citizenship—encouraging each Lion to be an example of personal involvement in his community;

Community Activities—he hopes for a Personal Service Day, a special day on which each Lion will do some special thing, some personal thing, large or small, for some other person. The important thing is that each Lion must perform this service himself.

Dr. McCullough's fourth area of concern is Friendship. He feels that in this time when almost all of us seem to espouse some extreme view, we ought to remember that we can still be friends. He is looking toward the establishment of a Quarter Century Club for those who have been Lions 25 years or more, and is especially interested in seeing these long-time members share their experiences, through friendship, with younger Lions, especially those under 30.

There are more than 925,000 Lions in 24,200 clubs in 146 nations and geographic areas on this planet earth. Their international headquarters is in Chicago, where they will be moving into a brand new and beautiful building in a park—like setting in Oakbrook next year. Lions International officially operates in ten languages. At least some of their publications and programs have been translated into every known written language of mankind.

Lions Clubs around the world operate crippled childrens' camps, camps for boys in trouble with the law, parks, youth camps. Here in the U. S. we have shifted to the government much of our responsibility for aiding those less fortunate than ourselves. In many countries abroad no such governmental agencies exist. If the unfortunate are helped, it is the result of private groups like the Lions.

Lions Clubs operate schools in under-developed countries. Their work and aid to the blind and in sight conservation occupies a full 20% of their activities for handicapped people, in response to a long ago challenge from Helen Keller. There are 5,000 Lion-sponsored Boy Scout Troops in the U. S. alone. They sponsor 4-H Clubs, FFA Clubs, schools for mutes, and world-wide exchange programs for youth.

Each of Lions International's 484 districts will be twinned with another, distant district at this summer's convention, to facilitate the exchange of ideas and further the realization of them. President McCullough will be traveling widely, to Korea, Japan, Southeast Asia, the Scandinavian countries, South America, Mexico Central America, the Philippines,
Thailand, Southern Europe, Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea.

Because he is a worker these will be working trips, furthering the purposes and goals in which he so enthusiastically believes. Because he is outgoing and dedicated, he will be making a lot of friends for us at the same time.

The world's greatest golfers will be competing at Tulsa's Southern Hills Country Club, August 10-16. The Professional Golfers' Association National Championship will tee off on August 13 after three days practice on the beautiful Southern Hills course which several of the most proficient shot-makers consider the nation's top course.

Sam Snead won the PGA tournament there in 1945. Babe Didrickson Zaharias won the USGA Women's National Championship there in 1946. There also, in 1953, Rex Baxter, Jr. won the US Junior Amateur Championship and, in 1958, Tommy Bolt won the US Open. The 70 par, 6,962 yard course record is held by Gene Littler's 67.

The defending champion this year is Raymond Floyd, who defeated Gary Player by one shot last year. He will be facing a formidable field of opponents this year, including Arnold Palmer who has won everything except the PGA title.

MISS RODEO U. S. A.

Diana Flynn, Tulsa, is Miss Rodeo U. S. A. for 1970. She won the title at the International Rodeo Association sponsored pageant in Monroe, La. Competitive events there involved riding horses she had never ridden before through an intricate routine of walking, trotting, figure eight at a canter, loping, clover-leaf, stop, and dismount. Oklahoma State University sophomore Diana was presented with a $400 trophy saddle, a huge Miss Rodeo U.S.A. trophy, a gold and silver trophy buckle, and a gorgeous western wardrobe — three $150 western tailored suits, five hats, three pairs of boots, two riding outfits, and three wrangler outfits. She'll be traveling all summer and well into autumn to IRA sponsored rodeos west, north, south, and east. Oklahoma Today congratulates a beautiful young lady. We are a state mighty enthusiastic about rodeo (see pages 6 & 7) and she has surely represented us well. May she enjoy her reign!
NEW BOOKS

THE HUMOR OF THE AMERICAN COWBOY by Stan Hoig, illustrated by Nick Engenhoefer (soft cover edition, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, $1.75). Author Hoig tells us about Lame Johnny, whose only claim to fame was a mouth big enough to plop a cantaloupe into. Lame Johnny stole a horse, was caught, hanged, and buried on Boot Hill where his epitaph reads:

"Stranger, pass gently over this sod. If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by god!"

He tells about Jake Saunders who made enough money selling a herd of wild mustangs he'd caught to retire from cowboy ing. Jake bought and began operating the hotel in town. Every cowhand in the country knew him, and Jake was too big-hearted to throw them out even though they practically ate and drank him into bankruptcy. But even Jake's generous soul could be overtaxed. An old range dog who had a reputation for borrowing but not repaying hit him up for a loan of twenty dollars. Jake gave him only ten.

"I asked for twenty," the man complained.

"That's all right," said Jake. "We're even. You've lost ten, and I've lost ten."

We'd better not repeat any more of Stan's yarns. There's a whole book full. Better maybe so that we advise you to buy the book and read 'em.

An Oklahoma production moves to the cultural front when the 15th Annual Southwestern Band Camp opens on July 5th in Weatherford. About 500 high school musicians from many places will move into the new Thomas Jefferson and Will Rogers dormitories on the Southwestern campus.

During the week they will live and breathe an atmosphere of music, instructed by professional musicians, band directors and counselors from Altus, Amarillo, Burns Flat, Clinton, Cordell, Del City, El Reno, Enid, Fairview, Geary, Guymon, Hobart, Kingfisher, Lawton, Midwest City, Muskogee, Oklahoma City, Purcell, Snyder, Texhoma, Thomas, Watonga, Weatherford, and Woodward.

Camp director Harlon Lamkin will supervise a curriculum that will include four concert bands, stage bands, drum majoring and baton twirling, theory of music, private instruction, chamber music groups, and a band composed of the directors on the camp faculty.

On July 11, a series of concerts growing out of all these activities will be performed. You'll be more than impressed, you'll be astounded at the virtuosity these young musicians display after a week of rehearsal under the batons of the master musicians on the camp staff.
Oklahoma has supplied new evidence in answer to a long-standing and elusive question: did the Norsemen, who came to America after Leif Erikson, explore what is now the United States and establish permanent colonies here?

The essence of the new evidence is found in ten Norse runic inscriptions. Five of these carved stones are widely scattered over the eastern half of the country. It must be accounted as unexpected that five of them are found in Oklahoma.

If these ten inscriptions were merely runic it would be significant. But the important fact is that they contain previously unsolved secret dates.

The pioneering scholar who discovered these dated puzzles is Mr. Alf Mongé. For several years he was a cryptanalyst with the United States Army and was active in breaking enemy codes. After his retirement in 1952 he spent several years in the study and design of perpetual calendars with the view to publishing a book on the subject. This project was delayed when he became interested in the often striking non-runic features of many runic inscriptions which the runologists did not seem to be able to explain. It was this that led to his discovery of dates which had been taken from the Norse perpetual church calendar.

Mr. Mongé possesses an ability to concentrate to an extraordinary degree. This together with his thorough grounding in cryptography and the perpetual calendar of the Roman Catholic church permitted him to succeed where others had failed.

A total of more than six thousand runic inscriptions have been recorded in Scandinavia. They were carved from about 300 to 1500 A.D. Others are scattered over the islands and lands to the west.

Figure A shows the two major runic alphabets that were developed and used in Scandinavia. The one at the top has twenty-four runes. It had been fully developed by 500 A.D. Because of its age these symbols will be referred to here as the ancient runes. The medieval alphabet has sixteen runes. It came into use after 900 A.D.

Above each rune is the English letter that has the same sound value. To each rune is also assigned a numerical value.

When they were used as numbers, runes could be, and were, used to pin-point dates from the Roman Catholic perpetual church calendar. When these numbers were "hidden" in a runic inscription, a knowledgeable colleague of the runemaster probably had little trouble in discovering and solving the date. However, when they were discovered by Alf Mongé in 1963, this ancient art had remained unknown for more than five hundred years.

The Roman Catholic perpetual calendar is deeply rooted in the astronomy of the ancient Babylonians. Its so-called Golden Numbers were incorporated into the calendar at the famous church council at Nicaea in Greece in 325 A.D. This calendar was a truly marvellous instrument. It could identify each Sunday in any one of the 532 years. It could determine the date of Easter Sunday or any other moveable holiday for any year. Until calendars came to be printed annually, sometime after 1500 A.D., the perpetual calendar was an almost indispensable tool of the clergy.

It is necessary to restrict discussion of the calendar here to that which is essential for the purposes of this article. An auxiliary table, known as the Easter Table, made the calendar "perpetual." A simplified form of it is shown in Figure B. Decimal numerals have replaced the Roman numerals or runes. The 19 lines, with 25
consecutive year numbers in each line, account for the 532 years.

The first year in each line is indicated at the left in the table. For example, in line 15 the first year is 1000 A.D. Therefore, the 13th number in Line 15 will be 1012 A.D. This position is circled in the figure. In the Easter Table, in place of the year number itself, the Golden Number for the year is always substituted.

We have learned from the Easter Table that the Golden Number of the year 1012 A.D. is 6. The number at the upper end of the column in which the year 1012 is located is 5. This is the Dominical Letter for the year.

These three numbers, 15 for the line, 6 for the Golden Number, and 5 for the Dominical Letter, fully identify the year 1012 A.D.

Although they have different numerical values and perform different functions, two of the numbers that identify the day of the year are also called the Golden Number and the Dominical Letter for the day. In the figure, only the months of November and December are shown. Beneath the day November 11 there is a letter G and the number 4. The G is the seventh letter in the alphabet (Latin or English) and represents the number 7. It is the Dominical Letter for November 11. The Golden Number for the day is 4.

The day, November 11, has not yet been fully defined. Normally there are at least two days during any year that have the same combination of Dominical Letter and Golden Number. A third number is needed. This is the count of the number of days from the day to the end of the Norse year, December 24. For November 11 this count is 43 days.

The three numbers from the calendar that pin-point the year and the three that state the day have been spelled out here for two reasons. They are the year and day for the Heavener inscription whose dated puzzle is solved below. It is also made clear that the perpetual calendar does specify a year and a day, without any need to refer to a month, or a day in any month.

THE NORSE PERPETUAL CHURCH CALENDAR—THE PRIMSTAV

This calendar (primstav), shown in Figure C, recognizes only two seasons and shows no months. Summer began on April 14 and winter on October 14. The side that is shown is the winter season. The symbol for the Norse New Years Day, December 25, is indicated by the arrow which has been drawn in. This illustration is taken from an authoritative volume by Ole Worm which was published in 1643 A.D. Further comment is not appropriate here except to call attention to the fact that the numbers in this calendar are carved with both ancient and medieval runes.

One factor that permitted the Norse version of the calendar to be developed was that the months need not be used. The calendar shown here is a Norwegian primstav from the early 14th century. It is carved on both sides of an eight inch long bone and was clearly intended to be attached, probably at the waist.
THE DATED PUZZLE AT HEAVENER, OKLAHOMA

It should be mentioned that we owe knowledge of the existence of the Oklahoma carvings to Gloria Farley, of Heavener. She first saw the Heavener inscription as a young girl. It was then known as the Indian rock. Some years later, she noticed the similarity between the Heavener symbols and Scandinavian runes. Meanwhile authorities on Indian pictograms had agreed that they were not the work of Indians.

Mrs. Farley continued to keep interest in the inscriptions alive. After much inquiry and research she determined that the Heavener carving had been known to the Choctaw Indians for more than a century. They had settled in the area about 1839 A.D. Beginning in 1890 white hunters and others had observed these markings from time to time.

The eight-rune Heavener runestone is now the center of attraction in Oklahoma's Runestone State Park. Its symbols are large and deeply cut into very hard stone. They can be easily identified from standard runic alphabets. Since the inscription was first described in 1961 by the historian Frederick J. Pohl in his Atlantic Crossings Before Columbus no difference of opinion has developed among runic experts as to what runes the symbols represent.

DIAGRAM OF THE SOLUTION

Above each rune in Figure E is the English letter which represents its sound. Their numerical values are shown below. A comparison with the symbols in the two runic alphabets illustrated in Figure A shows that the second and last runes in the inscription are from the medieval alphabet. The other six symbols belong to the ancient alphabet. This was all the manipulation of runes that the runemaster found it necessary to perform. The numerical values of the runes do the rest.

By taking the year separately, the solution can be more easily followed. In the Figure F each ancient rune is replaced by a dot. This is done to emphasize the fact the ancient runes were deliberately separated into groups of 1 and 5.

Only the count of the numbers of runes in each group of the ancient runes is significant so far as the confirmation of the year is concerned.

SOLUTION FOR THE YEAR

The two medieval runes deliver the year number directly. Their numerical values, 10 and 12, combine to form the year number 1012 A.D.

If at this point the reader should doubt that the year 1012 A.D. was actually intended, he would be justified. However, the runemaster confirmed that this is the correct year from the calendar. These are the three numbers: Line = 15, Golden Number = 6 and Dominical Letter = 5 which were located in the Easter Table above for the year 1012 A.D.

The method is as follows. There are a total of 6 ancient runes in the inscription. This gives the Golden Number 6. The second group contains 5 ancient runes. This is the Dominical Letter. When the 1 and the 5 are brought together as a decimal number, the result is 15. This is the line in the Easter Table in which the year 1012 A.D. is found. Here the decimal system is used for the second time in the Heavener dating. The first was the year 1012.

The arrangement is seen to be simple and yet complete. Each of the
A.D. by separating stav from the 14th century many not

GENERAL DISCUSSION

day in the years 1114 and 1116 A.D.

- The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation (Yale University Press, 1965).

 confirmation this one year and day only.

The probability that all these things could fall into place in this manner by accident is negligible. Note also that to each type of rune, ancient and medieval, distinct functions are assigned. The two medieval runes are required to do two things; to state the year number by supplying the numbers 10 and 12, and to separate the six ancient runes into groups of 1 and 5. If the latter was not the intention, why were the medieval runes not carved together at the beginning or the end of the inscription?

It is the ancient runes that are the workhorses. They state the day as 43 days from Dec. 24, and they also confirm this day, November 11, by Dominical Number 7 and Golden Number 4. They also confirm the year 1012 A.D. by separating the six medieval runes into groups that indicate the line as 15 in the Easter Table, the Golden Number as 6 and the Dominical Letter as 5.

In this connection, it is crucially important that the Heavener puzzle is the second in point of time of four dated inscriptions that are so similar in construction that they are most certainly the work of the same runemaster. The four are found in Massachusetts (1009 A.D.), Heavener, Poteau, and Tulsa (1012, 1017, and 1022).

All of the four inscriptions mix medieval and ancient runes and in the same way and for the same reason. It permits more effective and efficient cryptography with fewer runes. Some scholars have denied that the ancient runes were used much beyond the year 900 A.D. This is obviously not so, since in the Norwegian prim-stav from the 14th century many ancient runes are found mixed among the medieval runes. It may be that this is a Norse church calendar of the type the runemasters used to construct their puzzles.

Similarly, the ancient and medieval runes perform the same functions in the other puzzles as they do in the Heavener carving. It is not possible that all these intricate coincidences could happen by accident.

GENERAL DISCUSSION

Since 1963 Mongé has solved several dozen of these dated puzzles. They come mainly from inscriptions in Norway but also from Sweden, the Orkney Islands, Greenland, and the United States. Actually, the work of discovering and solving them is only well under way. Mongé estimates that there may be a total of two to three hundred in existence.

Of the ten dated stones in the United States, five are in Oklahoma, four are spread along 250 miles of New England shoreline, and one is in Minnesota. The latter is the famous Kensington Runestone. Three of the New England inscriptions contain the secret autograph of Henricus, but with the runes scrambled so as to permit their numerical values to indicate the day and the year. The first two dates in point of time fell on Advent Sunday in the years 1114 and 1116 A.D. The significance of the third date, which also indicates the year 1116, is not known.

Henricus was the Icelander Eiríkr Gnupsson. He was appointed special legate from Pope Paschal II to Greenland and Vinland, in which capacity he served from 1112 to 1122 A.D. In the Latin legends of the Vinland Map, which Yale University published in 1965, it is stated that Henricus sailed to Vinland and stayed there “a long time, summer and winter.” His Vinland must have been located, in major part, along the shores of New England.

The historical impact of these ten dated inscriptions is obviously great. What of the thousands of miles over which they are scattered from Scandinavia to Oklahoma, and the three-and-a-half centuries during which they were constructed?

Each dated stone pinpoints a cer-
taining year when Norsemen were present at that location. It must be assumed, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the minimum stay of the Norsemen in that locality was the difference between the year numbers of the earliest and the latest dated stone; in Oklahoma, ten years, from 1012 to 1022. In New England, the difference is more than a century.

There is no reason to suppose that, after a stay of many years, the Norse presence ended with the latest year number. The contrary would seem to be a more logical conclusion. That leaves the intriguing question of what became of the Norse colonists. From 1116, the latest date in New England, to 1362, the date of the Kensington inscription, is a span of nearly two-and-a-half centuries.

The first words in the Kensington inscription are: "(We were) 8 Goths and 22 Norwegians on a journey of exploration from Vinland —". Would these words have been used if Norsemen were not still occupying an area along the east coast?

What makes these problems more fascinating is that they no longer seem insoluble. To find the answers will require time and effort in many fields. Interest is growing rapidly, particularly among archaeologists and anthropologists.

It appears certain that dated puzzles were the product of Norse priests and monks of the Roman Catholic Church. Only they, with perhaps a few exceptions, possessed the necessary knowledge. They were trained in the use of the perpetual calendar in their monastery schools. The clergy were likewise taught the decimal system. This vastly superior method for stating and manipulating numbers had been introduced into the Benedictine monastery schools of Europe as early as 970 A.D.

That Norse priests and monks were devoted to writing with runes is evidenced by the large numbers of runic carvings still found in the medieval Norwegian stavechurches, of which there were once more than five hundred. Only about twenty-five still survive. Some of these contain more than two dozen runic inscriptions carved in their interiors.

Another sign of the involvement of the clergy is that some ninety percent of all known dated puzzles bear dates that are holy days of the church year or have other references to Christianity. Only one of the ten in the United States shows no such influence. Two in New England and one in Oklahoma are dated Advent Sunday for their years. Two others in Oklahoma use the double holiday November 11; this was the day of a favorite saint of the Norsemen, Saint Martin. It was also the first day of fast before Advent.

April 24, the date of the Kensington inscription, fell on a Sunday in 1362 A.D. In addition, line eight of the inscription contains the standard ecclesiastical abbreviation for the exhortation in Latin Ave Virgo Maria. This is A V M. The English translation is approximately Hail to the Virgin Mary. It is an entirely appropriate expression for a 14th century priest.

What brought Norse priests into the wilds of North America? It was the policy of the Catholic Church to assign members of the clergy to accompany dangerous expeditions into distant lands. Beginning with two missionary priests who were appointed by Norwegian King Olav Trygvason to accompany Leif Erikson to Greenland in 1000 A.D. the church in Greenland apparently grew rapidly. By 1124 Greenland had become a bishopric, with a cathedral at Gardar. Before the colonies finally succumbed, seventeen bishops had been appointed to Greenland. There were at least two monasteries.

From the middle of the thirteenth century the Greenland colonies fell upon difficult times due to a steadily worsening climate which brought with it other problems. It is nevertheless recorded that a church wedding took place in one of the districts as late as 1408. When the Greenland colonies finally succumbed, presumably some time after 1500, almost all church records were lost.

How did it happen that a group of Norsemen reached what is now eastern Oklahoma a scant ten years after Leif Erikson set foot in Vinland? The answer seems to be that they thought that Vinland was an island. These adventurous seamen promptly attempted to sail around their island. By the time they had rounded the tip of Florida they would have been well aware that this was a very large land. But the sailing was pleasant. Once they were in the Gulf, it was not difficult to reach Oklahoma by way of the Mississippi and the Arkansas rivers. It is tempting to speculate that, before they made their way in this direction, they had scouted the shores of the isthmus and found no way across.

An assortment of things, including a deliberate decision to stay where they were, may have prevented their return to Vinland. It seems certain that they did not make their way back. This appears from the fact that about a century later the well-informed and much travelled Bishop Henricus still refers to Vinland as Insula Vinlanda in his Latin legends on the Vinland Map.

It would be easy to simply remain sceptical that an expedition of Norsemen entered the Gulf of Mexico by 1012 A.D. But scepticism was never known to prove, or to disprove, anything. Among other things, it can not overcome the evidence of the five dated stones in Oklahoma. The sea route down the east coast, through the Gulf, up the Mississippi and the Arkansas Rivers, seems to be the only reasonable choice. These were seafaring men who were already stationed in the New England area, and they had already come at least the same distance over far more difficult and dangerous waters.

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THIRTY-SIX

OKLAHOMA TODAY

BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE
CHEROKEE - TSA-LA-GI
AMPHITHEATER, NEAR TAHLEQUAH

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*G-W-Y ARE THE SYMBOLS FROM SEQUOAH'S SYLLABARY FOR TSA-LA-GI, THE CHEROKEE NAME FOR THEIR OWN PEOPLE.
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