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Opal H. Brown
Margie Snowden North

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A scene to love

Oklahoma Prairies
By Opal H. Brown

I love the prairies, where I can see the pale horizon beyond the lea.
I love the prairies, where I can gaze on distant scenes through purple haze.
I love the prairies, where I can hear the freight trains whistling far and near, lorn coyotes answering in the dark, the peeping of the meadow lark.
I love the prairies, where I can smell the new-mown hay in yonder dell, the upturned earth, when spring comes 'round to soak the moisture-famished ground.
I love the prairies, where I can romp in summer’s sun without much pomp.
I love the prairies, where I can trod along in vastness and talk with God.

The best route—beginning in ’26

Old 66
By Margie Snowden North

Ghost road, Crumpled, sometimes threadbare ribbon that tied the nation together starting 1926, Pitted and pock-marked now by time and Oklahoma elements and by tires of a half-century’s worth of hurrying automobiles.
Road to freedom for dust-weary Okies, Road back home when a way out was no longer needed, snaking over humps and gashes in the terrain, through patches of shinnery and sage and sunflowers, once host to tourists and Model T’s, to hobos and wagonloads of watermelons, to new-fangled motor courts and Burma Shave signs and neon lights beckoning from big cities.
From west to east, Texola to Quapaw, a strip of concrete sections that once made Oklahoma the very heart of the Main Street of America. Old 66, Phantom from the past, cracked and fading, obliterated or by-passed--but remembered still.