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## Oklahoma Prairies / Old 66

Opal H. Brown

Margie Snowden North

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## THRIFTINESS

## MEMORIES

*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.

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