



Photograph by A. Y. Owen



## the days that begin at 2 p.m.

Oklahoma is a lonely land Saturday afternoons in the fall. Lonely, if you are not seated in Owen Stadium. There thousands of Oklahomans and Southwesterners alternately sit and stand hypnotically—hopelessly addicted to one of the most agreeable habits devised by man. The day for these people begins at 2 p.m. And as long as their memories last, those Saturdays never seem to end. The tense roll of the kickoff drum, the brilliance of red against white, the dry smell of an autumn day bring them back and back and back.