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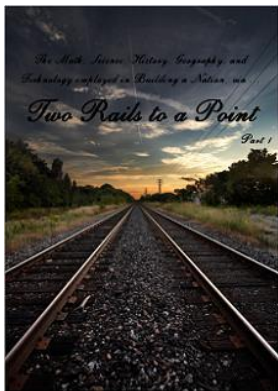
ABOUT TOWN
A look at
historical, famous,
and ordinary
people, places,
things, and events

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an autoSOCRATIC PRESS publication
Michael Lee Round

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Michael Lee Round

From Here to There
Local History, told through Science and Poetry



an autoSOCRATIC PRESS publication
Michael Lee Round

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Center for
auto SOCRATIC EXCELLENCE





“The Adventures of Tom Sawyer”
Thomas Hart Benton

AUNT POLLY AND THE GET-BACK PLAN

The September 11, 2011 edition of the Kansas City Star announced the Book Club selection: “*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*”.

The accompanying image was Thomas Hart Benton’s famous illustration of the fence whitewashing. What’s *less* known is Mark Twain’s unpublished sequel (or not) to this episode.



The Background

To lay the groundwork, when we last left our good friend, Tom Sawyer, you’ll recall Aunt Polly had set aside Saturday as the day of reckoning for Tom’s skipping school Friday. The task? Whitewashing the fence.

You may also recall what happened that sunny Saturday. Tom, in his haste to abandon the work assigned by his Aunt, had tricked Ben Rogers and other neighborhood boys into painting the fence for him! Not only that, but his trickery was so well conceived the neighborhood boys actually paid Tom for the privilege of doing the “work”!

What you may not know is “the rest of the story”.

The Rest of the Story

By Mark Twain - Possibly

Having corralled an apple, a kite (in good repair), a dead rat and a string to swing it with, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar (but no dog), the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash, the idle but rich Tom sauntered off to inform Aunt Polly the job was complete.

The unbelieving Aunt, unaware of the shenanigans behind the whitewashing, lavished praise on the gleaming young lad, and let him off to the water hole.

About an hour later, Aunt Polly, while doing dishes, spied Billy Fisher moping down the lane, occasionally but violently winging rocks at squirrels scrambling for cover up the trees. “Billy Fisher!”, she yelled, “What’s wrong, you pickin’ on those innocent squirrels?”

“I borrowed my older brother’s kite this morning, and now that Tom’s got it, I’m sure-enough in for a licking!”

“Tom stole your kite? I’ll fix him good. And here I sent him off to the watering hole thinking he was a good boy!”

“That’s just it, Mamm ... he didn’t steal nothing. I gave it to him on account he let me take a turn whitewashing the fence.”

Aunt Polly took it in at once. Tom hadn’t done a drop o’ work. He’d tricked the other kids into doing the fence-work, probably charging them for the privilege! She marched up to Tom’s room, and removed the case covering the secret opening in Tom’s closet, knowing what treasures lay concealed in the darkness. Down the stairs she came, kite in hand.

“Don’t you say nothin’ about this to nobody, Billy. You understand me? You take this kite home to your brother, ask your mom if you can do a little work for me, and then come back here with a good appetite. We’re going to do a bit of work, have some apple pie, and set a trip ol’ Tom Sawyer will fall right into!

Revenge is a mighty sweet motivator, and Billy was off right quick.

Taking Stock in Mathematics

The insightful reader will, of course, remember the (in)abilities of Mr. Huck Finn and math. “I had been to school most all the time and could spell and read and write just a little, and could say the multiplication table up to six times seven is thirty-five, and I don’t reckon I could ever get any further than that if I was to live forever. I don’t take no stock in mathematics, anyway.”

Neither did Tom Sawyer.

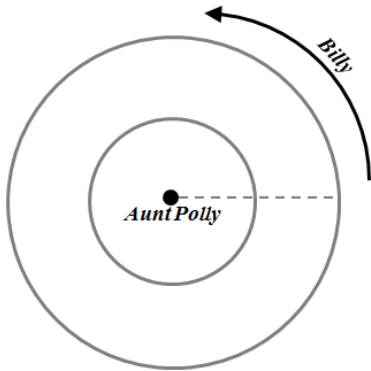
But Aunt Polly did take stock in mathematics, and she had a plan.

The Plan

Billy Fisher returned, relieved with the kite now back in the hands of its rightful owner. He saw Aunt Polly in the backyard, standing in the middle of a well-worn garden in need of repair. “Hurry, child: we don’t have much time. Likely Tom will be struttin’ down the road in about an hour.” She stood in the middle of the garden, string in hand, and told Billy to take one end. “Go out until the string is tight, and then walk in a circle. As you walk, scratch your feet into the ground, leaving a mark.”

The rough circle complete, Aunt Polly continued. “You ready to do a bit of work for half an apple pie?” The lad eagerly agreed. “Take

this rake and hoe, and first hoe all around the circle. After you’re done, rake it all into a pile, and then we’ll wheel it out into the forest. I’ll get to cookin’ your apple pie. I reckon it will take you ‘bout an hour. Think you can do it?”



“Yes, Ma’am,” and off he went.

You’d have thought there was treasure under that garden, with Billy Fisher hackin’ and rakin’ and diggin’ and tuggin’ at the dirt. With sweat dripping from his forehead, he knocked at the door, and was greeted by Aunt Polly, holding an apple pie fresh the stove, steam rising from the crust.

“You’ve done a great job, son. Sit down here at the picnic table and have yourself half a pie. Think you can eat that much?”

Again, the young boy responded simply, “Yes, Ma’am!”

The Get-Back Plan

Aunt Polly smiled. Here came Tom, ambling up the walk just as Billy was finishing his half of the pie. Tom peered at the apple-pie-stained face of his grinning friend, and filed his protest. “What’s it all about, Aunt Polly. What’s Billy Fisher doin’ eatin’ a pie at our house? Was that my pie?”

“Tom - you settle down, you here. I needed work done in the garden, and you weren’t around. I saw Billy walkin’ a’ways and told him if he did a bit of diggin’ in the garden, I’d give him half-a-pie.”

“Half a pie for diggin’ in the dirt?” Why didn’t you save some of the work for me?”

“Well, I do have a bit more to dig, and Billy has to get home. I told his mom he’d be back by 3:00.”

“You mean if I do what diggin’ is *left*, I’ll get some pie?”

“That’s it, Tom, but I have to tell you, Billy worked that rake like there’s pirates attackin’ him. Can you do the same?”

Tom started to smell a trap. Sure, there was work to be done, with pie as the reward. Could it be Billy did just a part of the work, leaving the most for Tom himself? That’s how Tom would play it if he were laying a trap for Billy!

“Let’s just see how much work there’s left,” the suspicious Tom chimed. “I wouldn’t want Billy feelin’ cheated I did more than him, you know.”

“That’s kind of you, Tom,” Aunt Polly said, innocently. After sending Billy home with a “thanks”, she took Tom to the garden, and stood in the middle, and told Tom to take the string and walk to where Billy’s footprints ended. “That’s how far Billy went out. You stay right there – I’m comin’ to you.” Aunt Polly approached Tom, and then told him to go out until the string was again taught.

“That’s the same distance as Billy, right, ‘cause the string’s the same length?” “Sure enough,” the still-skeptical boy responded. “Now, let me walk back to the center of the circle. You hold your end tight.” He did, and the string was again taught, one end at the middle of the circle, one end held by Tom.

“Now you walk in a circle, scratchin’ your feet like Billy did.” Tom responded, and a new outer circle resulted.

“Billy stretched out the string a’ways, made a circle, and then did all the work inside that circle. You did the same thing, right, Tom? Now, with this new circle, you just do the rest of the diggin’ Billy didn’t.” The logic was infallible, and he admitted to himself maybe Aunt Polly was a good person after all, despite the thrashing he sometimes got.

“You get to work, Tom, whilst I keep this half-a-pie steamin’ for you”

The Sweet Taste of Justice

Three hours later, a weary Tom Sawyer presented himself to the front door of the house and pounded. Aunt Polly answered, pie in hand. “If I live to be a hundred,” Tom said, “I don’t think I’ll be as dog-tired as I am right now.”

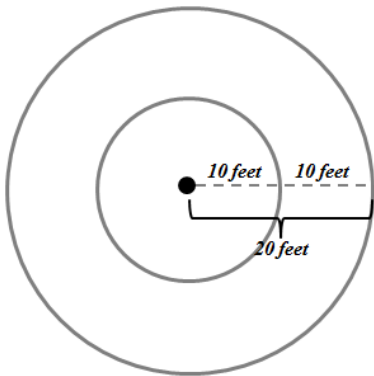
“You did a good-bit of work, boy. Let’s go out back and you finish that pie, while I wheel some of that trash out into the forest.

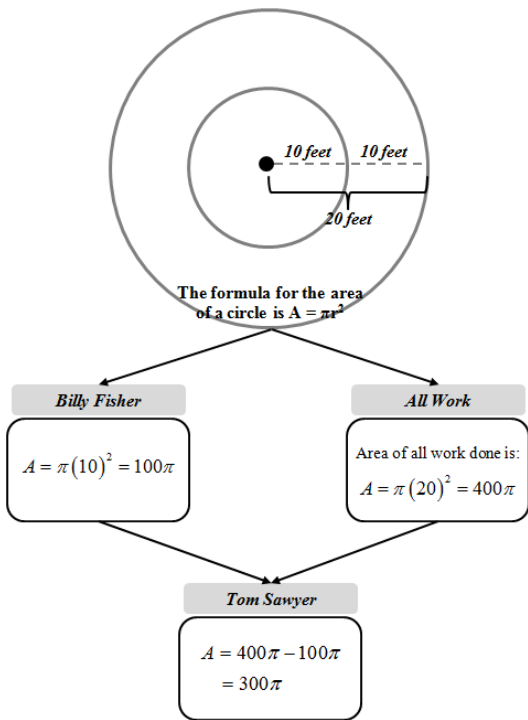
The hungry Tom Sawyer clawed at the pie, watching his Aunt and thinking of Billy Fisher. “How long was Billy here?” “Just under an hour,” she replied.

Tom Sawyer thought ... “Naw – not my sweet Aunt Polly ...”. And Mr. Tom Sawyer smiled

An Aerial View of the Circular Garden

A pictorial and mathematical analysis of what exactly took place that sunny Saturday afternoon, with an aerial view and Aunt Polly’s logic ...





The area Tom worked was 300π , while Billy only worked 100π . Therefore, Tom did *three* times as much work as Billy!

Taking Stock in Math

Now realizing the importance of taking stock in math, Tom, his mouth dripping from pie, asked of Aunt Polly: “How big would the circle need to be so I would have done the same amount of work as Billy”?

THE DOWNTOWN EXHIBIT

Mark Twain and Tom Benton: Pictures, Prose, and Song

September 3 - October 30, 2011
Central Library, 14 W. 10th St.

The Kansas City Public Library unites Missouri's most renowned author and its most prominent artist with the exhibit **Mark Twain & Tom Benton: Pictures, Prose, and Song** on display from **September 3 - October 30, 2011**, in the Guldner Gallery at the **Central Library**, 14 W. 10th St.

This exhibit features several original Benton illustrations for a limited edition of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, including classic scenes (such as the whitewashing con and the courting of Becky Thatcher) that capture the spontaneity, humor, and fun in Twain's prose. Also featured are original illustrations Benton drew for *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and Twain's autobiographical *Life on the Mississippi* – all of them among Missouri's greatest artistic treasures.

Twain and Benton were kindred spirits who found inspiration in Missouri's people, places, and practices. Both represented ordinary people and found beauty in everyday life. Their creative work not only epitomized Missouri's cultural character, but also introduced the Show-Me State to a worldwide audience.

Benton (1889 - 1975) was a renowned muralist whose major works include murals for the Missouri Capitol in Jefferson City, the Harry S. Truman Presidential Library & Museum in Independence, and the Joplin City Hall. He was named after his great-great-uncle, U.S. Senator Thomas Hart Benton (1782 - 1858).

Admission to the exhibit is **free**. Mark Twain and Tom Benton: Pictures, Prose, and Song is on loan from **The State Historical Society of Missouri**. Additional support for this exhibit comes from the **Missouri Arts Council**, a state agency.



Image Courtesy:
The State Historical Society of Missouri

A Last Note

Twain and Benton never met. Twain was from Hannibal, Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton was from Kansas City. We recently visited the Home and Studio. A remarkable place and a great tour. In next month's "about town", we'll look deeper into the life and times of Thomas Hart Benton.




“A Race Around the Sun”

TODAY IN THE PAPER

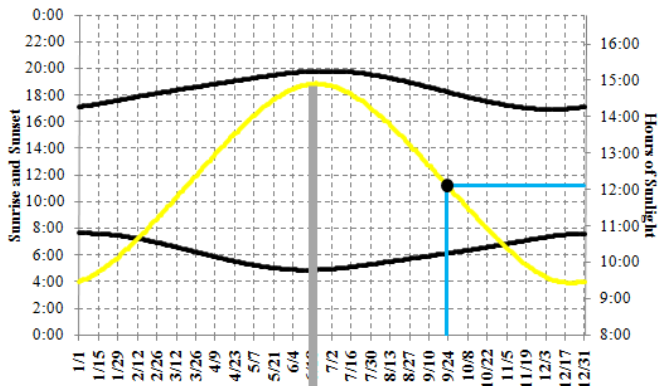
The September 23rd edition of the Kansas City Star announced the end of summer and the beginning of fall – *the Fall Equinox* – with sunrise / sunset data on the weather page.

Not only do I *not* see what I expected – “equal” sunrise / sunset – but looking at the online version, I see times different than the paper!

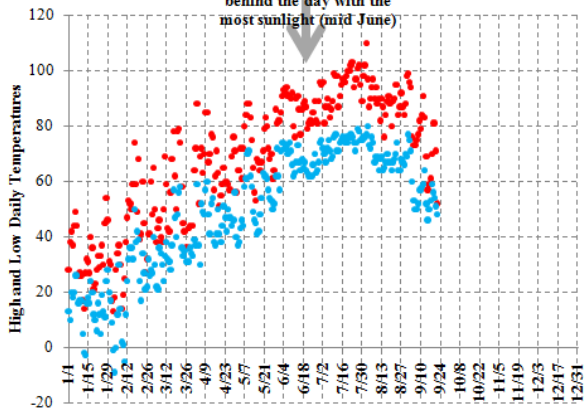
KANSAS CITY STAR

Paper Version	Internet Version									
Temperature History for September 23 <table border="1"><thead><tr><th></th><th>Today</th><th>Normal</th></tr></thead><tbody><tr><td>High</td><td>73°</td><td>77°</td></tr><tr><td>Low</td><td>53°</td><td>57°</td></tr></tbody></table>		Today	Normal	High	73°	77°	Low	53°	57°	THE SKY Sunrise 7:07 Sunset 7:14 Day of year 266 Length of day 12:07 MOON PHASES New Sep. 27 First Oct. 3 A.M. planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter P.M. planets Venus, Saturn Full Oct. 11 Last Oct. 19
	Today	Normal								
High	73°	77°								
Low	53°	57°								
Sunrise/Sunset  7:07 AM 12.2 hours 7:16 PM										

While I investigate further this discrepancy, let’s look at data over time – sunlight and weather:



The highest temperature (early August) is weeks behind the day with the most sunlight (mid June).



ASTRONOMICAL CONSIDERATIONS

And as the earth races around the sun, there's many things to consider:

- equinox and solstice;
- the tilt of the earth giving rise to the seasons;
- the Tropics – of Cancer and Capricorn;
- the circleness of the “elliptical” orbit;
- a whole lot more!

And recognize there's lots of work to do!

“When You Take a Risk . . .”

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

100-Octane Fuel. A key to the Allies defeating the axis in World War II. And it stemmed from Jimmy Doolittle taking “a calculated risk”.

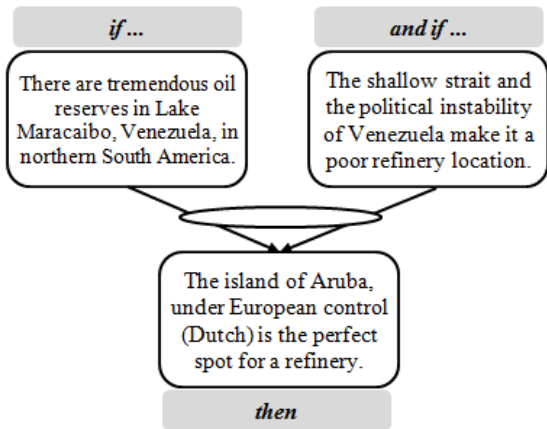
Where did this fuel come from?

Mostly, the tiny island of Aruba, off the northern tip of South America! The story of how – and why – there came to be an oil refinery on the island of Aruba is an amazing one. Primarily, it’s due to the tremendous oil reserves in Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela, just south of Aruba.

Why were we getting our important high-octane fuel from Aruba, after this crucial decision to convert our post-1938 military planes to it?



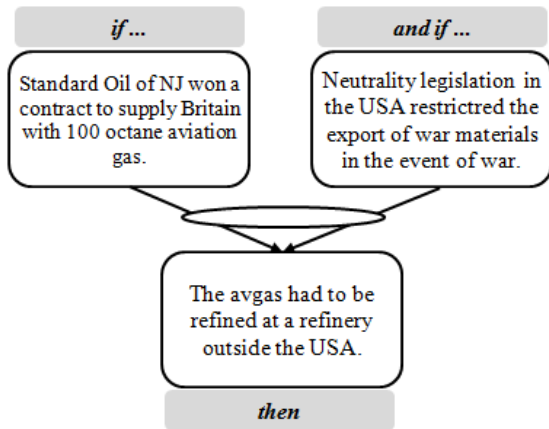
Because of the large reserves at Lake Maracaibo, it only made sense for a refinery to be somewhere near. But because of the shallow straight leading from the Lake to the Caribbean, it made sense to have the refinery outside the lake. The only question was: in Venezuela or not? Due to the instability of the Venezuelan government, a refinery was built in Aruba, an island off the northern coast of South America, and under Dutch control:



And it became the largest refinery of high octane fuel in the world? Why? As tensions in Europe rose in the late 1930s, Britain needed this new aviation fuel. *Where would they get it?* The logical answer was the United States. However, the US was neutral in the European conflict, and neutrality legislation restricted the export of war materials.

However, Aruba was under no such contractual agreement, though the Aruban *refinery* was owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey!

And the refinery grew to become the largest refinery of high octane fuel in the world:



ARUBAN HIGH-OCTANE FUEL: THE IMPACT

And “non-USA” fuel made its way to Britain. We already talked about the impact. Let’s add a few specific details:

In the 1940 “Battle of Britain”, www.Lago-Colony.com reports “From September 4 to the 30th, the Germans lost 955 planes while the British only lost 267 planes. No longer able to sustain the high loss of aircraft, the Germans switched to nighttime raids. This reduced their losses but not the ratio of German to British aircraft lost and they were not as successful in causing damage to the targets. In November of 1940 the Germans sharply reduced their night raids on Britain.”

And as the allies were aware of the causal reason for the dramatic turn-a-round, so too were the Germans.

The Germans understood what was going on.

And they attacked.

On the night of February 16, 1942, the German High Command sent a task force of U-boats to disrupt the shipments of crude oil to the refineries. In this attack, four

tankers were torpedoed. Three sank, and the fourth was beached with her mid-section destroyed.

Fortunately, an attack on the refineries was thwarted when a cannon exploded on the German U-Boat 156, rather than sending the arsenal towards the refinery.

How might the war have been different had that shell / attack continue?

And with the USA now in the war, we needed this refined oil – this aviation gold! But how does one get this fuel from Aruba to the USA mainland in tact – with German U-boats patrolling the sea?

A convoy.

And it was aboard one of these escort ships our own Ewing Kauffman sailed. As a signalman.

“In order to prevent the enemy from learning of their plans by listening to the convoy’s radio frequencies, sailors trained as signal men transmitted messages from ship to ship, either by flashing light or with flags, outlining the various maneuvers for their nocturnal journeys.

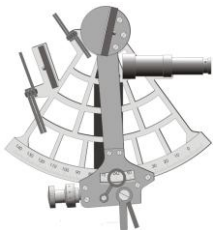
Kauffman “had all the natural attributes to become a superior signalman. His facility with words, a quick and agile intellect, and the love of almost any competitive enterprise all combined to establish his prowess in this endeavor.”

But he wouldn't be “just” any signalman.

While Kauffman was on deck one early morning, the Captain approached, pointed to a star, and asked Kauffman if he knew what the star was. He didn't. “That is Sirius, the brightest star in the sky and so large that if you put the earth in the center of it and the sun ninety-three million miles away from the earth ... the sun could revolve around the earth and never get outside that star. Kauffman was fascinated.

And he took it upon himself to go to the ship's library to study more. The Captain was impressed. He suggested Kauffman enroll in a correspondence course on navigation.

After the next shore leave, the Captain gave Kauffman a sextant – the Captain's own sextant – with permission to take sights along with the ship's navigational officer.



It's important to remember: Kauffman's job was signalman – to signal other ships in the course of radio silence. The navigational officer was responsible for navigating – longitude, latitude, ocean depth, and most importantly, coastline.

And there were plenty of coastal barriers between Aruba and the United States, i.e., the Caribbean:



At night. Without radio communication. No GPS. And the real fear of German U-boats combing the waters!

THE CONVOY HEADS NORTH

The convoy of approximately fifty ships traveled north, escorting these valuable oil tankers back to the United States.

(Mike note here: were these oil tankers bringing oil from Aruba, or avgas – the high octane aviation fuel already refined? If oil, where to and for what purpose? Was Aruba the sole source of oil in the USA during WWII? Where were our refineries? Lots of things to look into here, logistically. I'll 'refine' this whole process as I learn more.)

“We were passing between the straits by Cuba and, because we were going to be doing it at night, we had to tell the ships that we'd make a turn at one o'clock in the morning. So we passed the message during the daylight before the sun had set, stating that we would make a turn to 095 degrees at one o'clock in the morning. That would enable us to

miss the islands because [the] ships were spread out at approximately a five-mile-wide radius across the front.”

Consider what’s involved here. The convoy is heading north, and, while in daylight, has to determine when they’re going to turn at night. Not only do they need to know where they *are* – which is hard enough – they need to know where they’ll *be* hours away, taking into account currents, speed, etc. And if they’re wrong? Grounded? And all this, with the real possibility of being sunk by the Germans!

And this would be hard enough if it were just one ship. This convoy is approximately 50 ships, spread out over many miles!

Kauffman, on deck, has taken his sightings to determine their ship’s position. And he disagrees with the navigator. Kauffman “had us approximately eight miles further ahead than [the navigator] did, but naturally the captain had to take his sightings because he was the officer and I was still just an enlisted man.”

What would you do?

Kauffman went to bed.

CONFIDENCE

Yes, Ewing Kauffman went to bed.

But he could not sleep. He *knew* he was right. And if he was right, then he knew three ships would run aground at the designated turn-time.

What should he do?

Tell the navigator. After all, it's his job, and he would want to know the ships are going to run aground. *Did Kauffman?* I don't think so. Why not? Likely, Kauffman reasoned to himself, "If I show [the navigator] he's wrong, he's going to take offense a signalman was doing a better job than a trained navigator. If the navigator has to go to the captain to announce the error, likely he's in fear for his job." There are probably several scenarios Kauffman raced through in his bunk, unable to sleep, but they all culminate in his belief: If I show the navigator, he will do nothing, and we will run aground.

What should Kauffman do?

Go tell the Captain directly? And tell the Captain to change course based on Kauffman's recommendation? Kauffman continued to himself: *if I'm going to tell a convoy*

to change course, *then* I'D BETTER BE CERTAIN I'M RIGHT!

It was too late to take more sitings, but he could use the ship depth charts to determine where they were right now. “If I’m right, then our depth right here should be x ; if the navigator is right, then our depth right here should be y .”

But to use the fathometer was a risk – and also against regulations. Like sonar, it sends a pulse through the water, measuring the time change, as the sound returns from the sea floor.

And a sound cascading through the water can be detected – by the Germans.

“But to the determined young seaman, the risk seemed worth the prize”

And he was right.

“Without a moment’s hesitation, Kauffman went straight to [the Captain’s] cabin and awakened him. When the captain asked what he wanted, Kauffman announced, “I think there is a mistake in our navigation and we better make our turn earlier.”

As soon as Captain Crenshaw reviewed Kauffman's fathometer readings, he broke radio silence and ordered the ships to take the turn at 12:30 P.M. instead of 1:00 A.M. "I was right.

"As a result, when we got to New York, he had me made an ensign and he named me as his navigation officer."

In reflecting on the episode, Kauffman mused, "[This story] illustrates that when you take a risk, sometimes you lose but sometimes it pays off big, and that certainly did."

Yes, Kauffman took a risk. But there are many types of risk, and there's many ways to deal with risk. Confidence in his ability, verified via the fathometer, suggests this was more than a mere risk: it was a calculated risk.

“A CALCULATED RISK”

In Search of a Meaning

Jimmy Doolittle took a “Calculated Risk” in advocating for 100-Octane aviation fuel. Shell Oil did not agree. The military did not agree. Yet he argued on – and was right. Thankfully.

Ewing Kauffman took a “Calculated Risk” in advocating for a course-correction over the recommendation of the ship navigator. He argued on – and was right. Fortunately.

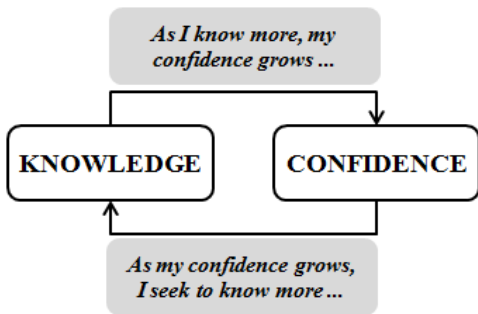
They *knew* they were *right*.

And in this brief sentence resides to me, two necessary attributes to truly take “a calculated risk”:

KNOWLEDGE

CONFIDENCE

And these two are not mutually exclusive. The more I know, the more confident I become. The more confident I become, the more I seek to know.



Is this it? Is this the “Secret to Their Success”? It’s been said Seneca responded to the phrase, “That was luck” with: *“Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity.”*

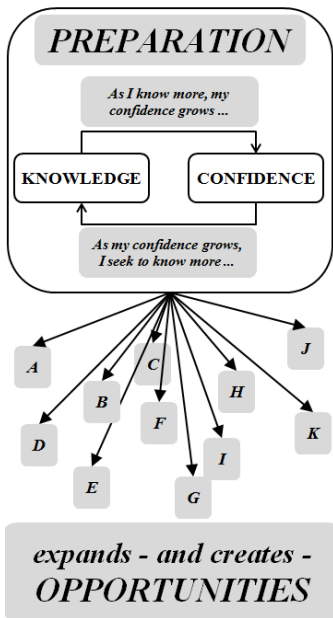
Is this what happened in our two incidents? “Preparation met Opportunity”? Something is missing, for our two heroes didn’t “Prepare” for these “Opportunities”, did they? Doolittle didn’t study to make a decision about aviation fuel. Kauffman didn’t study to become a navigator about a convoy ship. Yet there they were.

What is the relationship between “Preparation” and “Opportunity”?

If “Opportunity” is viewed as one line in the grid, and “Preparation” an intersecting line, then the point of intersection *is* “lucky”. We’re talking about something different here. They were prepared – to meet *many* opportunities!

But describing “opportunities” like this gives the impression there are many opportunities we face, and we must be prepared to meet them. What about the opportunities – challenges – of designing a new cockpit? Advocating for a new gas? Building a new company? These don’t even exist, but we’re prepared to meet these challenges as well! Therefore, merging “calculated risk” with Seneca’s sentiment, we have:

A CALCULATED RISK IS WHEN PREPARATION MEETS OPPORTUNITY!



“He Knew the Horse”

AN ARTISTIC HISTORY OF THE EQUINE

“Typically, most of the first fountains in Kansas City served practical rather than decorative purposes. In 1904, the Humane Society of Kansas City (Kansas) – established to prevent cruelty to women, children and animals – built a characteristic fountain near the west end of Minnesota Avenue at N. 3rd Street. Water poured out of spigots in lions’ mouths so people could get clean water in their cups. This water fell into a granite basin at a height for horses to drink. The overflow from the basin went into four small pools at street level for dogs to drink. A street light was on top. The Humane Society went on to mount more than 100 fountains, including ones made of bronze created for people alone for sanitary purposes.”

Wikipedia Article

THE CITY OF FOUNTAINS

Kansas City *is* The City of Fountains. And now you know a good reason why! Dogs? Yes. People? Yes. Horses? You bet.

And we were a city of horses. 70,000 horses in the Kansas City area, around 1900.

And it seems natural, where there are horses needing water, one way to merge beauty and utility is to make the fountains – of horses! One such fountain is the beautiful J.C. Nichols Memorial Fountain on the Plaza:



But this was the 1920s, and the automobile was already replacing the horse. This was pure decoration over utility. These four horses, in fact, are mere metaphors for the four great rivers of the world: the Mississippi River, Volga River, Seine River, and Rhine River.

What's striking to me, however, about the decorative use of the horse in our City of Fountains is the number of *statues* featuring the equine!

Volker Memorial Fountain

Volker Boulevard & Rockhill Road



The Wagon Master

South of Ward Parkway, West of Wornall,,Kansas City



Westport Memorial Marker

AKA: (Westport's) Pioneer Mother Memorial, Daughters of
Old Westport
28th & Wyandotte, Penn Valley Park, Kansas City



The Scout

North of 700 West 31st Street, Penn Valley Park, Kansas
City, MO 64108



George Washington Memorial

Pershing Road and Grand, Washington Square Park, KC MO



Andrew Jackson

Jackson County Courthouse, Kansas City, MO
415 East 12th Street, Jackson County Courthouse, KCMO



Bronco Buster

12th & Wyandotte, Barney Allis Plaza, Kansas City, MO



Frederic Remington

“The Man Who Knew the Horse”

The great Frederic Remington – the man “who knew the horse”. This bronze sculpture “represents a human struggle to control nature, and has become a classic symbol of the American West.”



In addition to being an artist / sculptor, Remington was war correspondent and illustrator during the Spanish-American War in 1898, and witnessed the assault on San Juan Hill. When Theodore Roosevelt and Rough Riders

returned to the United States, the Rough Riders presented Roosevelt *The Bronco Buster*. Remington replied, “the greatest compliment I ever had ... After this everything will be mere fuss.” Roosevelt responded, “There could have been no more appropriate gift from such a regiment.”

In the Oval Office, there still sits another bronze copy of *The Bronco Buster*.

Frederic Remington. “The Man Who Knew the Horse”.
And yes, he was, at one time, a Kansas City resident!

“about town” Issue 10

Fall Season – Just Don’t Fall on Me

The Changing Colors of the Season

The 4-Legged Majesty

The Remarkable Greyhound

Going’ Round-a-bout

Rethinking Traffic Flow “about town”

Huron Indian Cemetery

A Remarkable Story

Ready for Take-Off

Airports in Kansas City – Now and Then

ON THE BACK Photograph of the Month

A field of sunflowers in our neighborhood, south of 135th,
between Quivira and Pflumm.



