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Gary W. Hooper  
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# DUST

## FOREWORD

My Uncle Gary was quite a character as a young boy growing up on the farm in Western Oklahoma, and he remained so throughout his life. As you read through his *Memories in the Dust*, you will be able to clearly gather that he inherited "The Farrell Temper" from his Mother, but quite honestly, there's not a Farrell descendant that I know that didn't inherit "The Farrell Temper". Happily, there's a balance that comes from also inheriting a fierce and tenacious love for family, friends, and mankind in general, traits that come from both the Hooper and Farrell blood lines. We may be quick to whip you in an argument, but most of us are equally quick to smother you with unconditional love and loyalty, even if we disagree with you.

*DUST* is a collection of the memories and imaginations of a boy on the farm in the 1940s. He primarily explores his relationships with his older brother, R.E. (my Dad), and his parents, Frank and Marvell Farrell Hooper. He also explores his relationships with his grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, and even with his farm animals. Throughout *DUST*, Gary is open about his vulnerabilities, including a tender story about his love for his "rubber doll" and a story about his "Blue", a Coonhound he would have gladly died for.

We cannot argue with the memories of childhood, but there is a lengthy hero-worship story about an old Cheyenne man named Hawk that seems, date-wise anyway, somewhat questionable. Hawk went by a few different names through his life, White Shield, Hawk, and Phoenix, but his "white name" was *Charles Hawk, Chief of the Cheyenne*. According to his headstone in the Mound Valley Cemetery located in Thomas, Custer County, Oklahoma, Hawk was born in 1882 and died in 1968. His wife, Nellie "Cutter" (Howling Carne) Hawk, lived 1890 - 1970. This couple lived on a farm just South of Gary's grandparents homestead (Enos and Lizzie Pike Hooper) on a red dirt hill at the State Highways 54/33 Junction. After Enos and Lizzie died, Frank and Marvell moved to this farm, which is where I spent most of every summer of my own youth. In addition to owning their own farm, Enos and Frank Hooper both rented the property between the Hooper house and the Hawk house to farm. I clearly remember as a youngster of maybe 8 or 9 years old riding up the hill to the Hawk farm for my grandfather to pay the rent. As we approached the house, he said, "Stay in the truck. Don't make any sudden moves. And don't say anything." Of course, by the time we stopped at the front of the house, I was wide eyed with both excitement and the anticipation of danger. The truck was suddenly surrounded by several Cheyenne. An old Indian woman approached my grandfather's driver side window. They talked for a while, but I haven't a clue about what, as I was so absorbed at looking at her, and all the various dark faces around the truck. It was thrilling! After he paid the rent, we drove away, and he said to me, "That was Nellie Hawk, the Chief's wife." In the story Gary relates about Hawk, the two of them conclude Hawk must have been born about 1860. If this estimate of birth is correct, then his headstone is wrong and he would have been roughly 108 years old when he died. Or, perhaps, something was lost in translation and Hawk was telling his Father's story as if it were his own. In the end, I guess it doesn't really matter which is historically correct, the love and respect Gary developed for this Old Cheyenne Chief is more the point of telling the tale.

In recent times, there has been an interest in obtaining a copy of Gary's book, particularly from folks that have roots or ties to the locations described herein, expressly by those from, in, or

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around, the Thomas, Custer County, Oklahoma area. As Gary's book is tightly bound and impossible to run on a copier, I undertook the task of retyping it, in his honor, and out of love for my Uncle Gary. I have made some spelling and punctuation corrections, but left the flavor of his writings as he wrote them. Any editorial comments made by me are found within [brackets] such as these. All (parenthetical) remarks are his, and typically denote something he was thinking at the time. Some words, like "ask", which should have been "asked", were left as he wrote them. Likewise, the word "set" may mean "sit, sat, set" or any variation of those, such as, "sitting or setting". They were left as he wrote them as well. The photographs included in the book are of poor quality. Gary only made a few copies of his book, particularly for his children, brothers, and a few relatives. Production was accomplished on his dining room table, a real home publishing effort. His printing press was a simple home copy machine, thus the photographs are only copy machine copies from his collection of photographs. Rather than trying to copy the photographs and drawings, I decided it was better to take a picture of each one, which is what is found within these pages. The drawings are also of a simple nature, but were most likely created by his wife, my Aunt Joyce, who always possessed an artistic flare. The pair were devoted to each other and she lived her life, literally, as his "God Ordained Helpmeet".

Gary Wayne Hooper passed away on April 10, 2013 at his home in Enid, Garfield County, Oklahoma. Aunt Joyce Ann Smith Hooper, died on October 17, 2008, also at home.

You're sure to fall in love with this little boy, Gary Hooper, and his *Memories in the Dust*.

Clay Hooper  
July 2020