



There are two hundred, and fifty million stories in America, but only one
MEMORIES IN THE DUST.

John Steinbeck wrote "The Grapes of Wrath" about the people who left their land to travel West in search of an easier life, but they left behind them a people, many of whom were too poor to leave. So while the dust blew they covered their faces with handkerchiefs, and they stayed. When the Depression came they punched another hole in their belt, then cinched their belt down, and they stayed. When the World War came, they worked twice as hard while doing without, all the time burying their sons in the dust, and they stayed. Today the grass grows green over prairie hills and the trees stand tall above the fruited plain. Wild game has returned to the woodlands where once only the dust clouds came, and above it all, the prairie bird sings over mounds of dust in methodical gardens of stone, and still they stay. Sweet memories in the dust.



Gary W. Hooper