

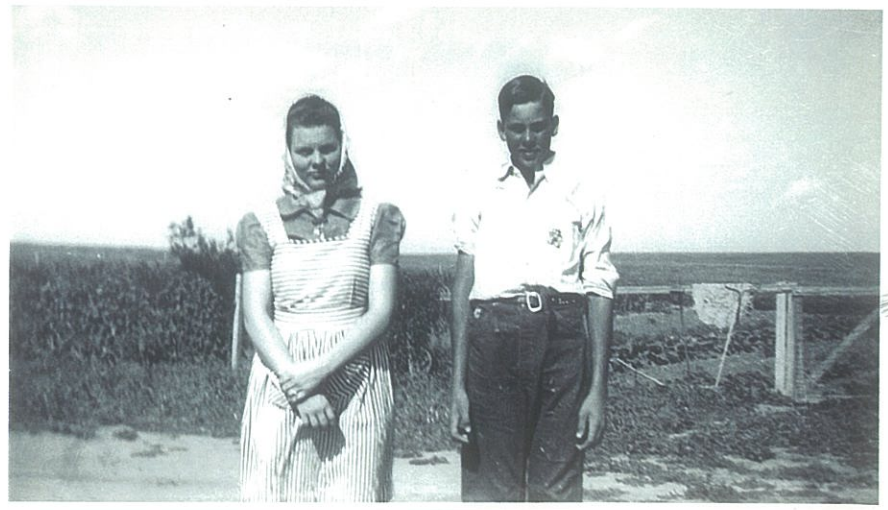
Chapter 6

Cloyd & Fern

Hawks



Cloyd Hawks -- 1940



Fern & Gip



Fern -- High School Band



B - Vincent, Dallas, Cloyd, Fern, Dale
F - Karen, Meredith



Fern, Dale, Cloyd Hawks Roy Wilson



Dallas & Donna Hawks
Family 1993



Cloyd & Fern Hawks -- 1991 -- 50th Wedding Anniversary



B -- Dallas, Dale, Vincent 5/97
 F -- Karen, Fern, Cloyd, Meredith



Meredith, Karen, Fern, Cloyd, Dale, Vincent, Dallas



Kenneth & Meredith Farr
Family 6/96



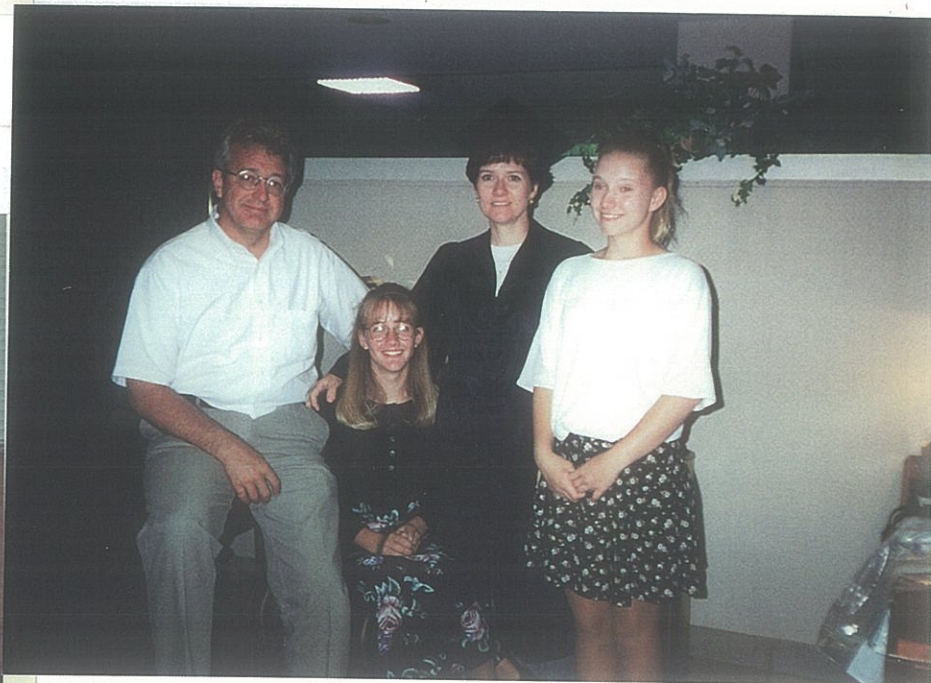
8/91

Dallas & Donna Hawks & Family



Vincent & Jani Hawks
Family 1981

Fern Hawks -- 1970
High School Graduation



Dan & Karen Amos & Girls
May, 1996

REMINISCING

By Fern (Wilson) Hawks

I was born on January 19, 1924 at the home of my mother's parents, Guilford and Cora Barnard, in Alfalfa County, Okla., which was located just across the state line from Waldron, Ks. Waldron, Ks. was 1 ½ mile north, 1 mile east of their place.

My mother, Nellie Wilson, and my older brother and sisters, Frances, Oren, Vivian and Mae were staying with my Grandparents during the winter of 1923 and 1924. My parents had been living on a rented farm in Sherman County, Ks. They had a farm sale and my Dad, Roy Wilson, stayed in Sherman County and worked. In the spring of 1924, he rented a place and brought his family back. In the fall of 1924, they bought a farm in Cheyenne County, 1 mile west of 27 highway on the Sherman-Cheyenne County line and ¼ mile north. I was less than a year old when we moved there and lived there until I was married. The rest of my brothers and sisters were born at this place, Guilford, Esther, Roy Jr., Eleanor, Ralph and Ellis. Ellis died at birth.

I attended first through eighth grade at a one room school, Pleasant Ridge, District 31, located 2 ¾ miles north of our place. There were usually 25-30 students attending and one teacher taught all eight grades. Some of the teachers I remember were Ruby Coons, Mrs. Steele, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Mazie Shults and Mr. Lowell Duell. Almost every year we would have a big Christmas program. It usually consisted of a three act play with readings and musical numbers. I remember in one of the plays I was an angel. I can't remember anything about the play but I was sure proud of my costume. The school house was always packed full and we always drew names for gifts exchange and we always got a sack of candy.

We also had what we called a Literary Program once a month if possible. Everyone in the community took part in these programs. I remember my mother giving readings at these programs. She was really good at it. We didn't have much of an opportunity to study music as there was no one to teach it unless we were lucky enough to get a teacher with such talent. Mr. Duell taught me to play the Hawaiian guitar, but I didn't advance very far. I did play and sing with a group at eighth grade graduation.

To graduate from the eighth grade you had to take county exams at the County Seat which was St. Francis. All seventh and eighth graders in the county took the exams and all graduated as a group at the Cheyenne County high school. I

remember being very scared. This was my first experience outside our own community.

I think playing softball was our main recreational activity during recess and noon hour at school. We would usually choose up sides for two teams to play against each other. The smaller children played on the merry-go-round and swings. Some of the other games we played were ante-ante over, Kings Corner, Kick the Can, Hide and Seek, and Fox and Geese (when it snowed).

Some of our closest neighbors and friends were Halley's, Rudder's, Wieck's, Rogers. Although I had many friends I think through all the years, Bessie and Jessie Halley were my closest friends. Except in bad weather we either walked or rode horses to school and because I didn't get along very well with horses, I usually walked.

In the spring of 1931 we had one of the worst blizzards I have experienced. We were already at school when it started, so we couldn't go home. Our school house had a furnace instead of a heating stove, so to put the wood in it was necessary to go outside to go down the stairs to where the furnace was located under the school house. It was the older boy's responsibility during this storm to keep the fire going. There was plenty of firewood and they did a good job of keeping us warm. We always took our lunch for noon meal, but of course, that was all the food we had. John Wieck and his wife lived about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of the school and he walked to the school by following the fence row and brought homemade bread and butter for all of us that evening. We had to sleep on the floor with just our coats to keep us warm. I imagine the older ones didn't sleep any that night. The next morning the sun was shining but the wind was still blowing hard and it was very cold. Mr. Wieck walked to the school again and he and the teacher had us all hold hands so no one would get lost and we walked that way back to their place. It was very hard to walk because of the deep snow. Mrs. Wieck made pancakes and homemade syrup and fed that hungry bunch of kids. I expect she thought those older boys would never get filed up. That same dear lady was the one who was always called to be with Mom when her babies were born. She was called a midwife.

I was in grade school during the "dirty thirties" or "dust bowl days". These times were very rough on everyone. The worst times were in the middle thirties. The worst dust storm was a day when I was in school. We watched it come in from the West. It looked like an enormous dark brown roll coming toward us and when it hit it was dark. The chickens went to roost because they thought it was night. My mother tried to keep some of the dust out of the house

by hanging wet sheets over the windows, but nothing would keep it out.

My oldest brother, Oren, died of what they called dust pneumonia on Jan. 4, 1937.

I don't know how our parents kept food on the table for all of us, but I don't remember ever being hungry. We always had cows to milk, chickens, pigs and a big garden. We had a large cellar with lots of canned food and most years enough potatoes to last through winter. The whole family worked to keep all the chores done. Although I was one that did more of the cooking and inside work than some of the others. I also helped in the garden and did some outside chores. As far as I know we all had to learn how to milk the cows.

Another provision for our food was the butchering of our own animals. Dad did his own butchering, with the help of Mom and the older children. I suppose they butchered a beef once in a while but what I remember most were the hogs. It was sort of like picking chickens only on a much larger scale. Dad would fill a very large barrel with water and heat it, however hot they needed it, to scald the hog. After killing the hog and letting it bleed, it was pulled up by a rope and pulley and dipped in the scalding water. When it was just right they would lift it out and start scraping all those bristly hairs off. The carcass was left to hang overnight before starting to cut it up. Then it was time to take care of the meat and render the lard. The fat all had to be cut up in small pieces and put in kettles to cook the fat out. This was done in the oven. Then it all had to be strained into containers. This was used for all of fried foods, pie crusts, and other cooking needs. Some people cured a lot of their pork, but we didn't much. Most of ours was canned in glass jars and processed in a water bath for several hours in boiling water in the wash boiler. Sometimes we would precook it and pack it in lard in large crock jars and store it in the cellar.

Mom always raised chickens in the spring of the year and sometimes turkeys and ducks. Sometimes they would be hatched by putting the eggs under an old hen but most of the time she would order the baby chicks from a hatchery, probably about 200. They were put in a special building called a brooder house with heat to keep them warm until they got older. When they were big enough to be eaten, the roosters were cleaned for fried chicken and pullets were kept for laying eggs. Meat for an extra special or company meal could be made from an old hen that wasn't laying, to make chicken and noodles or dumplings. Many times we had roast chicken for Christmas dinner instead of turkey.

One time when they were grinding the meat for sausage, or were getting ready to, my sister Edna Mae and I was looking the grinder over. I stuck my finger

down inside and about that time she started turning the handle. It cut my finger real good, but not so much that Mom couldn't doctor it. I'm sure they didn't appreciate having to stop and take care of it when they were so busy.

Making bread was another food provision with great memories of the smell of it baking and the taste of a slice with homemade butter when it was warm right out of the oven. This was a great after school treat, because the bread would come out of the oven just about the time we got home from school.

The food that we had to buy that wasn't raised on the farm, such as flour, sugar, etc., was purchased with the money received from selling cream and eggs. After the cows were milked, the milk was put through a hand cranked separator which separated the milk from the cream. The skim milk was fed to the pigs and calves and we saved some to use and make cottage cheese out of. We also used the cream we needed to make butter and for other things and sold what was left at the creamery in town. The same was done with the eggs. We used what we needed and the rest were sold. We didn't have any refrigeration. The cream that we sold was kept in a large can in the cellar. The milk, cream, butter, etc. for our use at home were kept cool by putting them in the water supply barrel. The water was pumped with a windmill. In the hot days of summer the windmill ran almost continuously if there was enough wind to turn it and most of the time there was. Our first refrigeration was an ice box which was sort of like a cupboard with one compartment that held a chunk of ice, probably 50 pounds. There was a drain tube in the back where the water ran out into a large pan under the ice box as the ice melted. It was very important to remember to empty that pan regularly or you had a big mess!!

Wash day was another interesting experience. It began by carrying lots and lots of water by the buckets full. The wash boiler was filled and heated on the range stove. Mom always boiled the white clothes in the boiler with some homemade lye soap in it; then they were lifted out with a stick made out of a broom handle, into the wash tub. It had to be a good sturdy stick because the clothes were boiling hot and wet and heavy, especially the sheets. Enough cold water was added so it wouldn't burn. Mom scrubbed everything on a washboard and had to wring it by hand. She always rinsed the clothes through two rinses. After the white clothes were done, the rest were washed according to color, light to dark. The white ones were the only ones that were boiled. The overalls and work shirts and jackets were last. The men didn't wear jeans then. Drying them in the summer was no problem unless a storm came up and we were hurrying like mad to get them off the line before it hit. On the farm in Cheyenne County where I grew up, we had four clothes lines about ½ block long with two or three braces in between to hold them up. All of them were clear full and sometimes

we had to take some down and hang up some more. In cold weather it was a different story. The clothes would freeze stiff. Sometimes before you could even get them pinned on the line. Many times we would have to bring them in still frozen and hang them where ever we could find room. One step I left out was starching. Almost all of the dresses, skirts, blouses and shirts were starched. The starching material was bought in a powdered form, a little went a long way. It was mixed with boiling water into a real thick consistency then cold water was added until was right for the clothes.

This brings us to the ironing which was another all day job. When the clothes were brought in off the line everything that needed ironing was sprinkled, rolled up tight and put in an oil cloth lined bushel basket. Usually we had about two baskets full. The irons were made of solid iron () and heated by setting them on the range cook stove. We had three that were alternated in use so one would be good and hot all the time. This was not so bad in the winter, but in the summer you had to keep a hot fire going all the time. There was a handle made separate to hook on to the iron. When one iron got too cold to use, it was placed back on the stove and the handle put on another one. I am writing this as I remember it when I was still at home. I don't remember when Mom got her first washing machine which would have been run with a gasoline engine. We never had electricity. When we got married, Cloyd's mother had a gasoline motor run washing machine so I used it while we lived with them, but after we moved to our own place I washed with a wash board for a while.

Our entertainment was playing games and making up things to do. We played a lot of softball. There were enough of us that we could have almost a full team and usually played "work up". There were two or three batters, a pitcher and catcher and the rest were somewhere in the field. As long as you could hit the ball and make it back to home with three batters without getting put out you kept batting, but if you got put out you went to the field and had to work up to batter again. On summer evenings we played games like hide and seek or kick the can after dark, because it was usually dark by the time the men got in from the field and we got the chores done and supper over and the dishes done. When I say dark, I mean it was dark, because there was no light outside. In the winter we played cards or other indoor games. My sister and I played paper dolls and played house a lot. We cut our paper dolls out of mail order catalogues and had whole families, Mom, Dad, and kids.

On winter evenings when we had studies to do, we all sat around the dining room table with a lamp in the center. It was either a coal oil or a gas lamp. The gas lamp gave a much better light.

Christmas was a very exciting time for us although the gifts were very simple and few. Usually just one gift each and some candy. After we got older we drew names and bought a gift for the person whose name we got. Most of our shopping was done through the mail order catalogue. We always had a tree of some kind. It might have been a tall weed of some kind, but usually it was a Christmas tree. We made most of our decorations by stringing popcorn and making paper chains and other paper cut outs.

We were fortunate to have a country church in our community that was close enough for us to attend. It was located four miles north and three miles west. It was Lawn Ridge Methodist Church. I'm sure it must have been hard for our parents to go that far sometimes, but I don't think we missed going very much. I do remember that Dad would take us if Mom wasn't able to go or someone was sick. We had a circuit preacher which means that he was pastor to more than one church. Our pastor preached at the Neville Church also, which was south and west of Lawn Ridge. The parsonage was located in St. Francis. After I was older I attended the youth meetings on Sunday evenings. I was baptized and joined the church August 27, 1939.

One story I remember that happened to me while I was growing up stand out in my memory. One evening I walked after the cows (I'm not sure why I went alone as much of the time more than one of us went). The pasture had hills and low places and there were places out of the sight from the house. This evening they were in one of those places. I went around the herd to start them home and the milk cows started home as usual, but the bull wouldn't go and I knew by the way he acted that I was in trouble, as when I tried to make him go he would turn to face me and if I took a step toward him he would move toward me and paw the ground.. I finally just stood still and thought someone would notice I was gone longer than I should have been, but in the meantime after I had left, Rev. Husted had come and they were visiting with him. The bull (after what seemed an eternity to me) decided to meander the other way. I don't know how far the fence was from me, but when I thought he was far enough away, I could make it. I ran as fast as I could and rolled under. When I got up on the other side he was coming on the run. I didn't suppose that fence would stop him, but he did stop and pawed the ground. I started for home on the outside of the fence and he followed me all the way on the other side. I don't remember what happened after I got back home, but I was one scared kid. I do remember that when sale day came that bull was gone!!!

An important part of my growing up years was the time I spend in 4-H. My projects were always cooking and sewing and I am very thankful for the help and learning experience I received. We did not get to compete to see how well

we did because they did not have a County Fair in Cheyenne County at that time. I also took Home Economics in high school. With what I was taught growing up at home, 4-H, and high school, I think I was pretty well prepared for what came later in my life of marriage and family as far as cooking and sewing for them.

When I was about ten years old my sister, Edna Mae, and I ask Mom if we could go over where Dad was working in the field. He was working in a field across the pasture probably about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the house. We walked over and after we got there we talked Dad into letting us ride on the planter, (I know he was planting because of what happened). We got ourselves settled where we could sit and hang on and Dad started through the field. It wasn't long until I was in trouble. Of course we wore dresses. Girls weren't allowed to wear jeans in those days. My skirt got caught in the planter and started tearing off at the waist. Mae saw what was happening and we were both afraid to holler because Dad wasn't too happy with us for interrupting his work. Mae finally screamed about the same time I fell. Dad stopped and got us off of there and sent us home. I don't remember what he said, but I had to walk home with no skirt on my dress. Maybe he thought that was punishment enough.

During the summers of my 7th and 8th grade years I worked for our neighbors, Charlie Duell's. I helped with the cooking and housework. This was my first job away from home. I stayed in their home during the week and went home on weekends.

I graduated from 8th grade in the spring of 1938 and started to high school that fall. My sister, Mae, and I stayed together in a basement room in a house in St. Francis. We fixed our own meals. I remember when we went home on weekends, Mom would help us fix food to take back with us. My sophomore year, I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keller and worked for my room and board. They lived on the outskirts of St. Francis on the west side. They had milk cows so my work consisted of milking the cows and feeding animals and mostly outside chores. Mr. Keller worked at the Port of Entry so wasn't home much. I did the chores night and morning and walked to school and back. The next winter I stayed with them again, but they had sold the little farm and moved into town. I still had to walk everywhere I went, but it wasn't nearly as far. It was in the summer between my sophomore and junior year that I met my husband to be, Cloyd Hawks. When he started dating me he was also dating my sister, Mae, but of course I didn't know that as she was working in St. Francis and living there. I was staying at home during the summer. It finally caught up with him though (as it always does), when he had a date with her and she said he would have to pick her up at home that weekend. I don't remember my

reaction when he came to get her, but they left together and I don't know what happened between them, but to my knowledge that was the last time they dated. We dated through that winter. Cloyd, Donald Wolfrum, and George Edward's usually came to St. Francis together and most of the time we went roller skating. One time he didn't tell me he was coming and I had a date to go to the movie with Charlie Riley. Cloyd always refers to that as the night Charlie pushed me down the stairs. Actually I fell down the stairs when we were leaving the theater. I wasn't hurt at all. We walked over to the skating rink and when we were on our way two of my girlfriends came to meet us to tell me Cloyd was there. We went on to the skating rink and skated awhile and Charlie took me home and that was the last time I dated anyone else. One time Cloyd came to St. Francis after me to take me to a family get-together of some kind in Goodland. He had to take me back to St. Francis afterward because it was a week night and I had school the next day. On the way back we had three flat tires. The first he put the spare on. The next time he patched the tire and the third time we went in on the rim. There was a station open all night so we took the car there and left it and walked on to Kellers. I got home about 4 AM. I explained what happened and of course, she told Mom. I don't think Mrs. Keller believed me, but Mom did.

We got married the next fall so consequently I didn't finish high school until many years later. During the winter of 1969 and 1970, I took G.E.D. classes and got my high school diploma. On August 31, 1941, I married Cloyd Hawks. We were married by Rev. Richards, who was the pastor of the Lawn Ridge and Neville church at that time, at the parsonage in St. Francis. We were married at 8:00 AM, and then went to church at Lawn Ridge. Our reception was in the form of a picnic in the City Park (now Chambers Park) in Goodland.

We lived with Cloyd's folks, Vint and Dessa Hawks, about 1 ½ years on a farm 11 miles north of Goodland on 27 highway and 1 mile west. Cloyd was helping his Dad with farming. During this time our oldest son, Dale, was born on July 6, 1942 at the Boothroy Memorial Hospital in Goodland. This was during World War II and since Cloyd was helping with the farming he was not drafted. Our first home was a farm we rented 4 miles west and 6 ½ north of Goodland. We moved there in the spring of 1943. This place didn't have very much farmable ground and Cloyd continued to help his Dad. We had a few cows and acquired more through the years. Also had pigs and chickens.

On October 19, 1943 our second son, Dallas, was born at Boothroy Memorial Hospital. While we were living on this place, Cloyd helped to supplement our income by helping neighbors with their threshing and binding feed. His parents quit farming and bought a home at 910 W. 17th St. in Goodland.

On September 15, 1945, we had our third child, a little girl Evelyn, who was stillborn. She is buried in the Goodland Cemetery. The next year on November 3, 1946, our third son, Vincent, was born. We had some very bad weather and the roads were almost impassable. The only way Cloyd could get to town was early in the morning while the ground was frozen. His Dad had a little Ford tractor and he drove it back and forth as the ruts were too deep for a car. The boys and I stayed with Cloyd's brother and wife, Henry and Pearl, until he could get to town with the car and take us home.

We bought a second tractor and Cloyd started doing some custom farming to help make a living. Farming was not a good occupation for us. Our of seven wheat crops planted, six years we were hailed out and finally decided it was time to change to something else so had a sale in the fall of 1948, and bought a house on the corner of 15th and Texas St. in Goodland. Dale had started school that same fall to a country school about 1 ½ miles north and 1 mile west. After we moved into town, he and Dallas both went to school. Dale in 1st grade and Dallas in Kindergarten at Grant school on West 12th St. Earlier that fall, before we moved to town, we had a very scary incident happen. Cloyd had gone to our neighbors to help with the threshing and on his way he stopped to feed our cattle across the creek. The three boys were outside playing while I was doing my housework. When I went out to check on them, Vincent had disappeared. Dale and Dallas were playing and hadn't missed him. We started looking everywhere and calling, but couldn't find him anywhere. I don't know how many times I looked in the stock tank. Finally, I made an emergency call on the party line (on our country telephone you would keep ringing a long time and everyone would pick up their receivers). I told them what had happened and soon all the neighbors were there to help. They even shut down the threshing machine and the crew all came to help. I finally noticed that our dog was going toward the creek by himself so I followed him and sure enough Vincent was down in the creek bed and couldn't get out. It was a dry creek with steep banks in some places and he was only two years old. When I found him he was standing up against the creek bank and had cried himself to sleep. He had streaks of tears and mud down his face. I'm sure he had seen his Dad over there feeding cows and had tried to get to where he was. That little dog was an angel from God that showed me where to look.

After we moved to town Cloyd continued to do custom farming for a while and then ran a dray line. His main employer was Rasure Lumber Co. Their material (lumber, bricks, cement, etc.) came in on the railroad and he would haul it from the railroad yards to the lumber yard. He did some dray work for others, too.

I want to tell another story here before I go on. In the early spring of 1949, Dale

and Dallas were walking home from school. There were no sidewalks in the west part of Goodland at the time, so they were walking in the street and were hit by a grocery delivery truck. The young man driving the truck said he was blinded by the sun and didn't see them. He took them to the hospital. Dallas was unconscious. He must have just bumped them as neither was hurt seriously. I was at a club meeting out in the country and Cloyd was at a John Deere meeting at the theater. Someone finally located him and when he got to the hospital Dale was sitting in the waiting room all alone. When he walked in Dale said, "Dad, Dal's dead". Of course he wasn't, but Dale thought he was. He must have been scared to death sitting there all alone.

Vincent started to kindergarten in the fall of 1951. There was no longer a need for dray service as the lumber company got their own trucks. Cloyd had various other jobs and was driving a truck to Colorado Springs every day, hauling milk from the Goodland area. He had to go every day and after working several days straight he decided to take a day off and have someone drive for him one day. It was Sunday, December 7, 1951, and we were all at his folks for dinner. In the afternoon he and his nephew, Richard, were wrestling and somehow he landed on his head. He wouldn't let anyone help him up and when he got up he wanted to go to Dr. Taylor, chiropractor, so since it was Sunday I called and Dr. Taylor told me to bring him. He just looked at Cloyd and said "You need to go to a medical doctor and have x-rays taken". The x-rays showed a disc fracture in his neck. It hadn't damaged the spinal cord, but he said he had a broken neck. The next two weeks he laid flat on his back in a hospital bed with 16 lb. of weight pulling on his head with a strap fastened under his chin. At the end of that time they put him in a full body cast which he wore for six weeks. He was home in time for Christmas. We had a nice Christmas, thanks to some organizations that brought food and toys for the boys.

At the time this all happened, I was pregnant and on June 13, 1952, we were blessed with a baby girl, Meredith.

When Cloyd was able to do some work we had the opportunity to buy the Kent Service Station on the corner of 13th and Main. The work helped him to gain his strength in his arms and with some help it worked out real well.

During this time of raising our family, I was busy keeping things running at home. The boys participated in many sport activities, both in city recreation and school. They played little league baseball in the summer and Kiwanis sponsored a boxing program for a few years that they took part in. After they got in junior high, they really kept us hopping with keeping up with football, basketball and wrestling. They also worked starting out with paper routes and

on to other jobs. On February 19, 1956, our youngest daughter, Karen, was born. I will add here that all of our children were born in the Boothroy Hospital in Goodland.

We moved to Denver for 1 ½ years because Cloyd couldn't find work. He worked as a custodian for Jefferson County Schools. We came back to Goodland because I didn't want to raise our family in Denver and Cloyd was able to work as a custodian for the Goodland High School. We sold our place at 15th and Texas and bought a larger home at 1524 Clark St. The boys all finished high school and graduated from Goodland High School. Dale in 1960, Dallas in 1961, and Vincent in 1964. Meredith and Karen were attending Central School until the spring of 1964, when we moved to Kanorado and Cloyd went to work on an irrigation farm for Marvin Matthew's. Meredith and Karen attended the Kanorado School until 1969, when Kanorado Consolidated with Goodland. We moved back to Goodland and Meredith and Karen finished their schooling and graduated from the Goodland High School. While we were in Kanorado, I worked at the Kanorado Cafe and cooked at the school.

Cloyd went to work for Rhoads Construction in 1970 and worked for them until he retired in 1985. After we came back to Goodland I worked at C and G Cafe, Bikes Burger Bar, Mode O'Day (a women's wear shop that Violet Roeder, Cloyd's sister ran), Vo Tec Cafeteria, and homemaker for S.R.S. (working for elderly people in their homes). The reason for so many different jobs was because we would go on trips in the winter when Cloyd couldn't work on construction. Two winters we spent two or three months in Georgia where Dallas and Vincent live. One winter we finished the basement of Meredith and Kenny's house. These extra jobs helped us to buy a small place (seven acres) at Almena, Kansas where we moved in May 1985. This was a very enjoyable time for us. We went back to the way we started except on a smaller scale, with a cow to milk, chickens, pigs, goats, a garden and the great outdoors. After a few years of the wonderful life, we had to make another change. Cloyd's health began to fail so we had to sell our little farm. We decided the best thing for us to do was come back to Goodland and as the years have gone by, we are sure it was the right decision. In October 1991, we moved into Handy Towers and are still here. We have a very comfortable apartment and everything we need. God has been good to. As I look back over the years of my life, I don't think anyone could have been more blessed with a wonderful family and memories than I am.

At the time of this writing we have five great kids and their wonderful spouses. Eighteen grand kids and ten of them have spouses and we have twenty-two great grandkids and one on the way that I know of and I love you all very much. Thank you for being a part of my life.

Clara Fern (Wilson) Hawks, December 5, 1997

As for
me and my house,
we will serve
the Lord.

Josh. 24:15.

Jesus Christ, the
same yesterday, and to-day,
and for ever.

Heb. 13:8.

God is love: and he that
dwelleth in love dwelleth in
God, and God in him.

1 Jno. 4:16.



This Certifies

That on the 31st day
of August in the
year of our Lord 1941
Lloyd Hawks
of Godland, Kansas
and Glenn Fern Wilson
of Godland Kansas

were by me united in

Holy Matrimony

at St Francis Kansas

According to the Ordinance of God
and the laws of Kansas

Witnesses

Bernadette Cook
Wilton Zimmerman
George Richard
Pastor

STATE OF KANSAS

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH - DIVISION OF PUBLIC HEALTH

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

City of Lawrence No. 191 street. Reg. No. 6

Full Name of Child Clyde Donald Hauwax { If child is not yet named, make supplemental report, as directed.

Sex of Child Male Twin, triplet, or other? No Number in order of birth 5 Legitimate Yes Date of birth (Month) 4 (Day) 1918 (Year) 1918

FATHER: Full Name Vincent Otto Hauwax MOTHER: Full Maiden Name Essie Thorne Linnell

Residence Lawrence, Dept. Norton Co. Kans. Residence Lawrence, Dept. Norton Co. Kans.

Color White Color White Age at last birthday 26 Age at last birthday 24

Birthplace Kansas Birthplace Kansas

Occupation Farmer Occupation Housewife

Number of children born to this mother, including present birth 5 Number of children of this mother now living 5

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was born alive at 1:30 A.M. (Born alive or stillborn.)

When there was an attending physician or midwife, then the father, brother or other should make the return. A stillborn child is one that either breathes or shows other evidence of life after birth.

(Signature) Al. J. ...

(Physician or midwife) Al. J. ...

Given name added from supplemental report 191

Address Lawrence, Kansas

Filed Feb 27 1918 B. Linnell

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Oklahoma State Board of Health

BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

County Woods
Township Woods
or
Village Walden, Ok
or

Registration
Dist. No. 99
Primary
Dist. No. 0770316

Register No. 02252

City _____ No. _____ Street 2-28 Ward _____
(If in a hospital or other institution, the name of the same to be given, instead of the street and house number)

2. FULL NAME OF CHILD Clara Fern Wilson
(If the child dies without a name before the certificate is filled, enter the words, "Died unnamed." If the living child has not yet been named at the date of filing certificate of birth, the space for "Full name of child" is to be left blank, to be filled out separately by a supplemental report.)

3. Sex of Child Female 4. Twins, triplet or others? _____ 5. Number in order of birth 10 6. Legitimate? Yes 7. Date of Birth Jan. 19, 1924
(month) (day) (yr.)

FATHER
8. Full name Roy Elmer Wilson
9. Residence Walden, Kansas
10. Color or race White
11. Age at last birthday 31 years.
12. Birthplace, at least state or foreign country if known Norton, Co. Kansas
13. Occupation
(a) Trade, profession or particular kind of work. Farmer
(b) General nature of industry, business or other establishment in which employed (or employer) General duties of farming

MOTHER
14. Full maiden name Nellie Ann Barr
15. Residence Walden, Kansas
16. Color or race White
17. Age at last birthday 29 years.
18. Birthplace, at least state or foreign country if known Quincy, Illinois
19. Occupation
(a) Trade, profession or particular kind of work. Housewife
(b) General nature of industry, business or other establishment in which employed (or employer) General duties of housewife

20. Number of children born to this mother, including present birth Five

21. Number of children of this mother now living Five

22. CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE
I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child who was (1) born alive at 5 A. M.
on the date above stated.
(1) When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householders, etc., should make this return. A stillborn child is one that neither breathes nor shows other evidence of life after birth.
Give name added from supplemental report. Quincy, Okla 3-10-1924
[Signature]
Address Anthony, Kansas
Filed 9-10 1924 [Signature]
Registrar.

23. Did you use a one or two per cent silver nitrate solution in this infant's eyes immediately after its birth?
Yes Yes No _____



State Department of Health

COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH
R. Le Roy Carpenter, M.D., M.P.H.

State of Oklahoma
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA 73105

CERTIFIED COPY MUST
HAVE EMBOSSED SEAL

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy, original of which is on file in this office. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the official seal to be affixed, at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, this date.

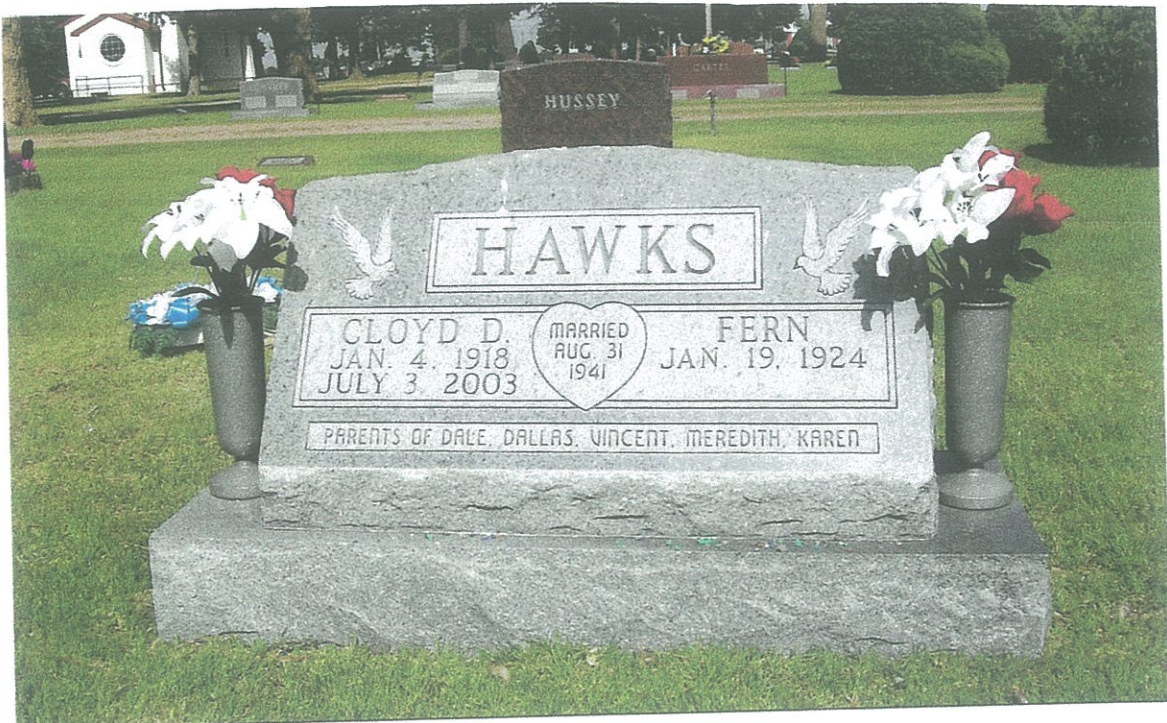
SEPTEMBER 19 1975

[Signature]
STATE REGISTRAR

Cloyd & Fern Hawks SR.



Name: Cloyd Donald Hawks Sr. Clara Fern Wilson
Birth: January 4, 1918 January 19, 1924
Place: Almena, Kansas Amorita, Oklahoma
Death: July 3, 2003
Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas
Married: August 31, 1941; St. Francis, Kansas
Children: Cloyd Jr., Leo, Clara, Vincent, Meredith, & Karen.



Cloyd Hawks Sr.

Cloyd D. Hawks Sr., 85, a retired Goodland construction superintendent, died Thursday, July 3, 2003, at Goodland Regional Medical Center.

He was born Jan. 4, 1918, in Norton County, the son of Dessa (Linnell) and Vincent O. Hawks. The family moved to Sherman County in 1925 and he attended a rural school.

On Aug. 31, 1941, he married Clara Fern Wilson in St. Francis. The couple lived in rural Sherman County and were farmers until they moved to Goodland in 1948.

Mr. Hawks was a carpenter and retired as superintendent at Rhoads Construction Co.

He was a member of the First United Methodist Church and the Moose Lodge.

In 1981, he was awarded "Excellence in Construction" by Ossman & Associates Architects of Topeka.

He coached Little League and K-18 Baseball from 1953 to 1958. He was an avid fan of Goodland High School sports, especially wrestling, throughout his lifetime.

Preceding him in death were a daughter, Clara Evelyn Hawks;

his parents; three brothers, Orville, Lowell and Lyle Hawks; and a sister, Violet Roeder Lampe.



Hawks

Survivors include his wife, Fern Hawks; three sons, Dale (Bonnie) Hawks of Goodland, Dallas (Donna) Hawks of Rydal, Ga., and Vincent (Jani) Hawks of Powder Springs, Ga.; two daughters, Meredith (Ken) Farr of Leoti and Karen (Danny) Amos of Liberal.

A brother, Henry Hawks of Goodland; four sisters, Beulah McClung of Goodland, Lelah (Jay) Sweitzer of Greeley, Colo., Ina Mae (Glen) Gwin of Longmont, Colo., and Zona (Dale) Price of Goodland.

Also surviving are 18 grandchildren; 36 great-grandchildren; and a great-great-grandchild.

Services were at 10:30 a.m. Monday, July 7, 2003, at the church with Pastor Janet Hernandez officiating. Burial will follow in the Goodland Cemetery.

Visitation was from 3-7 p.m. Sunday at Koons Chapel and at the church before the service.

Memorials may be made to the church or to the American Cancer Society in care of the funeral home at 211 N. Main, Goodland, Kan. 67735-1555.

CARD OF THANKS

Our heartfelt gratitude to all who have generously given their help, food and memorial gifts, expressions of love and all other gifts to our family during this time of loss. We joyfully acknowledge your thoughtfulness and have the realization that Dad was rich in his life as evidenced by the gracious out-pouring of so many wonderful people.

Thank you especially to Dr. Younger and his wonderful staff; the ambulance crew and Goodland Regional Medical Center (especially the angel nurses!) for such tender and loving care; and to Pastor Janet for helping us to celebrate a wonderful gift of our husband, father, grandfather and friend.

The family of Cloyd D.
Hawks

Cloyd & Bonnie Hawks, JR



Name: Cloyd Dale Hawks Jr.
Birth: July 6, 1942
Place: Goodland, Kansas
Death: October 14, 2010
Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas
Married: February 3, 1981; Goodland, Kansas
Children: 1st Marriage; Sammi, Michael, Step-children; Kort, Kyle,
2nd Marriage; John (Charles), 3rd Marriage; none.



Bonnie Sue Dunker
January 4, 1951
Chappell, Nebraska



Cloyd Dale Hawks

Cloyd Dale Hawks, 68, retired employe of Northwest Tech, died Thursday, Oct. 14, 2010, at his home.

He was born on July 6, 1942, to Cloyd and Fern Hawks at Goodland. In 1960 he graduated from Goodland High School and attended Emporia State. For 10 years he worked for the Rock Island Railroad and for 10 years he was a construction superintendent for Rhoads Construction. In 2004 he retired from Northwest Tech after 15 years.

On Feb. 3, 1981, he and Bonnie Dunker were married in Goodland.

Mr. Hawks was a marathon runner, enjoyed golf, Bike Across Kansas and attending Goodland High School sports.

Preceding him in death were his father and an infant sister, Clara Hawks.

Survivors include his wife of the

home; a daughter, Sammi (Steve) Lynes of Lakewood, Colo.; three sons, Mike Hawks of Parker, Colo., Kyle Hawks of Goodland and Kort (Becky) Hawks of Ellsworth; his mother of Goodland; two brothers, Dallas (Donna) Hawks of Rydal, Ga. and Vincent (Jani) Hawks of Dallas, Ga.; two sisters, Merideth (Kenny) Farr of Leoti and Karen (Danny) Amos of Nixa, Mo.; 11 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Services will be at 10:30 a.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 19, 2010, at the Calvary Gospel Church, 402 College, Goodland with burial in the Goodland Cemetery.

Visitation was from 3 to 6 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 18, 2010, at Bate-man Funeral Home, 211 E. 11, Goodland.

Memorials to the Goodland High School athletic department or Northwest Tech Relay for Life may be sent to the funeral home.

Clara Hawks

Name: Clara Evelyn Hawks
Birth: September 15, 1945
Place:
Death: September 15, 1945
Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas

