

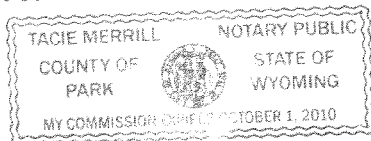
I, William Johns, a master engraver now residing in Cody, Wyoming, do swear to the following:

I had been personally acquainted with Marshal Ralph L. Hooker, a colorful retired law officer from Missouri, for several decades prior to his death in 2001. During the course of this friendship, I acquired a Colt Single Action Army pistol, serial number 241170, with a 7 ½ " barrel and one-piece, mother of pearl grips, which was owned by Marshal Ralph L. Hooker. I have kept this gun intact for many years as part of my personal collection.

On April 27, 2006, I traded this gun to Terry L. Hinkle of Cody, Wyoming.

William Johns 3-19-07
William Johns Date

Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this 19th day of March, 2007
2006.



Tacie Merrill
Notary Public

Really nice Gun Holster by the late Ralph Hooker of the Joplin Missouri area. Ralph retired US Marshal and has written several books including BORN OUT OF SEASON AND BADGES. This has a great stamp on these spurs. We got these in 1999 from

Holster Measures 8.5" long and is out of heavy leather

These have two of his stamps on them. One is the ROUTE 66 Stamp with Ralph L Hooker City Missouri and also on the back his small stamp R L HOOKER MAKE IT TO 66

Marshal Ralph Hooker

Marshal Ralph Hooker was a friend of ours and has been in our lives many times and we have done a lot of trading through the years.

Born in the western Missouri outlaw territory in 1906, Marshal Ralph Hooker has had a life which he says "seems unreal." He rode with outlaws, and had been a walking cowboy, a night watchman, a private bodyguard, a policeman, bank guard, city marshal, and a deputy. The marshal walked the Santa Fe Trail (a mere 800 miles), rode the Chisholm Trail (1,040 miles), and all 2,558 miles of the Ozark Frontier Trail on horseback.

And, as if that list of credentials wasn't enough for one man, Ralph Hooker also prides himself on being a gun maker, an exhibition shooter, a modern mountain man, historian, author, trail rider, and collector of curios and relics. With this multitude of experiences, it is no wonder when Ralph Hooker speaks, his wisdom is well heeded.

Before becoming a celebrated lawman, the Marshal had humble beginnings as a cowboy in Oklahoma. Although it was an era of fairly troubled times, the Great Depression and dust bowl didn't get Ralph Hooker down. In fact, it was one of the best times of his life. "It was hard but I was young and doing what I loved to do."

In his book, *Guns and Badges: Memoirs of an Old West Lawman* summed up his feelings on being a cowboy in the Old West, “You your feet lifeless in the stirrups, your hands are numb, but you lil wouldn’t have it any different. You would do it again if you could hungry, cold, thirsty, and tired on long rides, sometimes sleeping saddle. I look back and wish it was that way again.”

Marshal Ralph Hooker went from being a cowboy and riding wit outlaws to being a full fledged lawman. By this time, he was a ma when it came to using a gun. While traveling around the west and working as a police officer, Hooker participated in over 400 trick exhibitions. The marshal “would shoot small items held in his ass mouths, on their heads, in their hands.” How could he do these a feats? By practicing what he preached. As Ralph Hooker said, “t is important, but being accurate is far more important.”

It was because of his gunwork that Marshal Ralph Hooker was a meet one of the most famous lawmen of the West, Wyatt Earp. T marshal was “talking guns” in a crowd of men. During their conv they got Hooker to show them how he could handle his two single Colt six-shooters. When Ralph finished his demonstration, one of told him that there was someone he should meet. Ralph tells wha happened next, “he brought a nice looking man to me and said, ‘ you to meet Wyatt Earp.’ I just knew he was setting me up for a laugh, but sure enough it was Wyatt Earp. We had a very nice vi was courteous and bragged a lot on my ability to handle the guns

Ralph knew relatives of Wyatt Earp, including his brothers. He k Earp in Oklahoma, Gale Earp in Missouri, and George Earp of I Of Gale Earp, Wyatt’s third cousin, Ralph said he “was always h what dealing we had and like the other Earps, he was not a man around.” Gale must have respected Ralph equally, since in 1989, him a Colt Lightning Rifle .38-40 caliber firearm as a present.

Ironically, being on the side of the law put his life at greater risk. you put on a badge and strap on that pistol, you are fair game for and don't believe otherwise." During his 30 years in law enforcement marshal had his life repeatedly put in jeopardy. He wrote, "I have many bullets pass within inches, been knocked down, cursed, thr with guns stuck in my face and stomach."

His stories read like an eerie horror movie. Some of the following experiences:

A man in Missouri snapped a 12 gauge shotgun in Hooker's stomach as he watched him pull the trigger, it misfired.

In Silver Dollar City, an ex-convict snapped a Number 45 New Smith his face at one foot away. Again, it misfired.

In Sarcoxie, Missouri, a man aimed a shotgun at his head. Hooker and it barely missed his face.

He was arrested, himself, and put in jail in Raton, New Mexico for degree murder. He was found guilty and just before the hanging, man confessed.

At times, Ralph Hooker looks back at his own life in disbelief, remembering the times that he almost didn't make it. In his own "I think now of the fights alone, dragging someone to jail, so vicious some of them, really meaner than hell, trying to kill me." Indeed, truly amazing he survived to tell his story.

What better window do we have to the Old West, than through someone who actually lived it? We think that Marshal Ralph Hooker's life summed up best in his own words, "It just seems I have done it a



Marshal Ralph L. Hooker

Marshal Ralph L. Hooker passed on July 18, 2001. He resided in Webb City. He was born in Carthage, Friday June 13, 1906. He was the third of seven children born to Daniel Edward and Winifred Louie (Page) Hooker. He was the sole survivor of his siblings. Dan was a stone mason during the early part of the century. Much of the stone work in and around Carthage is the fruit of his labors. Dan passed on in 1941, Louie in 1943. While his parents died at an early age, many of his ancestors lived to the centurian age. Following his maternal line, his great Grandmother was Liza Sackette.

He was preceded in death by two wives, Naomi Wright and Katy Crider. Also preceding him was a son, Ralph "Sonney" Jr. who died in 1948 in an accident. Surviving him is one daughter, June; two stepdaughters; three granddaughters; five great grandchildren; and one great, great grandson.

Marshal was a man of many talents. He was a cowboy and a minister. In his early years, he intrigued audiences with his fast-draw, sharp-shooting, and rope tricks. He was always a horse man and loved the great outdoors. He worked with leather in Carthage, and was a saddlemaker, once employed by Porter Bros. in Arizona in the early 1940's. One of his more recent saddles is owned by a doctor in France. He also repaired and fashioned firearms throughout his adult life. Kit Ravensheer, England's top lock maker, and a friend of Marshal, personally fashioned a lock as a gift to Marshal. He has received many gifts from various friends of note.

Marshal served many years as an officer of the law in several capacities in various towns in Missouri and Casa Grande, Ariz. He was also awarded numerous honorary commissions/badges of law from states throughout the midwest.

Marshal Hooker would have been at ease in the company of such memorable frontiersman as Lewis and Clark, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and others. Hobos, laborers, the man-on-the-street and dignitaries alike counted him among their friends.

He, too, was trailblazer. In 1958, under the auspices of the Big Smith

"Author of the Year", 1989, and inducted into the "History Hall of Fame", Galveston, Ind. as outstanding author/historian.

Marshal was known throughout the Midwest as a respected gun collector and trader. At one time he was in possession of a firearm once owned by Tom Slaughter. Search and research led him to Steve Slaughter, in California a descendant of Tom. It always pleased Marshal when he could restore ownership of an article to one of the descendants of the original owner. This past year, in possession of an off-duty firearm of a former Missouri Highway Patrolman, Bill East, and a good friend of the Marshal, he was able to send "home" the firearm to Bill's son.

Following his trail walks and rides, he was the first Marshal of Silver Dollar City, Branson, Mo. remaining there six years. More recently he was at Red Oak II, and occasionally appeared at Precious Moments, both of Carthage.

Marshal represented his Southwest Missouri roots well. Somewhat of a loner, he preferred the idea of living off the land, like shooting and skinning a squirrel for his supper rather than sitting down to the table staring at the best steak the house had to offer.

Often a speaker on early American history, Marshal thrilled audiences young and old alike, with his knowledge of, and telling how the West was won, and honoring Missouri historians who described their great state as the "Mother of the West", best known for it's rivers and it's trailheads. Having an interest, and researching diligently the lives of early lawmen and outlaws, many everyday incidents in those people's lives have passed on down the trail with the Marshal. Some incidents he would speak of freely, others he was reluctant, or refused to speak of. Many of these happenings came from relatives of these famous people, such as Geo. Earp, a beloved friend of Marshal's, and a cousin to Wyatt. Many of these people knew personally of these things.

The names of living people have purposefully been avoided, for fear of omitting one of the seemingly hundreds who have loved, respected, and was a friend, so meaningful in his life, people from all over the US and a few overseas. You know who you are, and if you brought a smile to his face, or shared the bad times, Thank You. Thank You and God Bless You.

The following is a tribute to Marshal, written by a friend of long-standing. Marshal had breakfast with this lady and her husband the morning he left for his Santa Fe trail walk. Thank You, Nikki!

A Tribute To A Beloved Friend,
Marshal Ralph L. Hooker

The Prepaid Journey

A free pass for him was never sought
Each merit must always be full-earned

Examples left from ways he taught
Include so many lives he turned

that the cornerstone of a man's life should be his faith in God. No matter how tough a man thought he was, it took a wiser man to recognize the insignificance of his own existence next to the on-going mystery of our Creator.—I have brought you my efforts and you have shared them and encouraged me. For your wisdom, your courtesy and kindnesses, I thank you with all of my heart. I do not want you to go without knowing how rich I am because of you, what you did, and what you stood for."

The following tribute came from the soul of a beloved friend.

Goodbye, Old Scout

I sat beside you at the campfire,
far on our travels,
as nighttime unraveled,
with the sky burning orange and red.

As you slept,
wrapped in ancient memories,
I wondered if you missed the fields
and the rolling hills,
and the journeys that you had left
behind on that summer's day?

I held your old hand in mine,
holding back the tears,
afraid to believe,
that the dreams you had taught me
were all dead?

Looking down,
I could see the traces of a thousand
adventures,
engraved upon you gnarled palm.

Here was the hand that aimed
Boone's rifle,
reined in the mighty War Cloud,
and reached back into the 19th century,
to pass its legends on to me.

And now I sat beside your bedroll,
and watched the evening of your life
coming to an end,
as you dreamed of those you left
behind.

As you softly slept,
I recalled all the things,
you had been to me and many others:

Father, Husband, Scout, and
Horseman,
Man of Action with a deadly gun,
Prince of Peace with a healing hand.

You broke camp before the dawn,
left while I slept,
wandering away as you often did,
without a word,
gone to chase a prize that you could
never find.

My hand still held yours,
but your footsteps,
were far, far away.

That's when I discovered,
what you had left me.

Lying there in our hands,
beside your memory,
were the things that took up no
space in may saddlebag,
your friendship and affection,
and the courage to ride the road to
adventure.

I stood to leave,

and fashioned firearms throughout his adult life. Kit Ravensheer, England's top lock maker, and a friend of Marshal, personally fashioned a lock as a gift to Marshal. He has received many gifts from various friends of note.

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He, too, was trailblazer. In 1958, under the auspices of the Big Smith garment manufacturer, headquartered in Carthage, he "trail-tested" their garments by undertaking the long time ambition of walking the Santa Fe Trail, alone, a distance of 780, miles from Santa Fe, N.M. to the trails starting point at Independence, Mo. Enroute, he carried his muzzle loading Boone rifle, later written up in the National Geographic magazine as an authenticated icon of having once been owned by Daniel Boone. The rifle was traded by Boone for some livestock when Boone first arrived in Missouri, a few miles northwest of St. Louis. Marshal obtained this rifle from one of the descendants.

At the conclusion of this trail walk, Marshal and three executives of Big Smith Manufacturing Co. met with the former President Harry S Truman at his office in the Truman Library at Independence, Mo. When he handed the Boone rifle to President Truman, Truman sighted down the barrel and remarked, "This reminds me of my ancestors who came west in a covered wagon many years ago."

After leaving Independence, Marshal went to the capitol in Jefferson City, where he delivered a personal letter from then Governor of New Mexico to the Governor Blair of Missouri, a letter he carried on his trail walk days earlier.

In 1959, Marshal and a nephew, Mel, rode Appaloosa horses the length of the Old Chisholm Trail, 1,040 miles beginning at the King Ranch in Texas, and ending at the railhead in Abilene, Kan., where the herds of cattle were on-loaded for the trip east to the packing houses.

Continuing his trail adventures, Marshal rode horseback, alone, the Ozark Frontier Trail 2,558 miles. Intermittently, he walked the distance of Boone's Trace with various groups, and other trails of years past.

Marshal was the author of two books. He was awarded certificate of

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Marshal Ralph L. Hooker

The Prepaid Journey

A free pass for him was never sought
Each merit must always be full-earned

Examples left from ways he taught
Include so many lives he turned
A treasure house of honor
Stands as his noble legacy
It's door was ever open
His loyal service plain to see
Respect for law absorbed his living
Where love of God played the lead-

ing part
Souls touched along his path of giving
Find he still lives within their heart
When our Lord lifts him from the
Glory Road
Making all his walks on earth complete

If he insists to walk at least part way
Angels will put wings upon his feet
We'll know he's made a longed-for journey

And all our sad goodbyes below
Will be blessed with healing gladness
When we assess his heavenly hello!

Nicky Evans Neff

Marshal has been a long standing member of the National Rifle Association. He also belongs to the Missouri Fur Co.; Cowboy Poets; American Federation of Police; US Marshals Posse; International Association of Chief of Police; Missouri Sheriff's association; Single Action Shooting Society, Inc., Gods Redeemed; past member of the American Racing Pigeon Union, Inc. and a member of the South Side Community Church of God.

The following expresses the sentiments of many, now fathers and grandfathers, to whom Marshal was a friend and mentor during their formative years.

" - You have been my friend many years. You have inspired me on many levels. You showed me courage, helped me to believe in myself, that our dreams can be fulfilled— thank you for that example.— You entrusted me with stories I will never forget, and showed me tokens of a by-gone age that I never knew, a most precious gift, the past. You proved to me

Prince of Peace with a healing hand.

You broke camp before the dawn,
left while I slept,
wandering away as you often did,
without a word,
gone to chase a prize that you could never find.

My hand still held yours,
but your footsteps,
were far, far away.

That's when I discovered,
what you had left me.

Lying there in our hands,
beside your memory,
were the things that took up no
space in my saddlebag,
your friendship and affection,
and the courage to ride the road to
adventure.

I stood to leave,
one last time,
and forever,
reluctant to let go of the hand,
and the memory,
of a life that could not be described
in a page or a paragraph.

That's when I saw you smiling at me,
from the other side,
of the extinguished campfire of your
life.

You stood there young again,
a weathered wanderer in a battered
hat,
and whispered the last loving words
that you said.

"I never saw myself as a hero," you
told me softly.
No, you didn't, but we all did.

*To Marshal Ralph Hooker,
From his Saddle Pal,
CuChullaine O'Reilly*

Like Jubal Sackette, Marshal has
gone to explore "the far blue yonder".
With his passing, passes an era never to
be known again, and known only to a
select few still living.

Though you will be sorely missed,
you shall live on in our hearts.
Godspeed.

Those serving as pallbearers are
Arik Smith, Jerry Yeager, Larry
Kambler, Al Everitt, Merle Lortz and
Dick Ferguson.

Law Officers will be seated in a
body as honorary pallbearers.

Officiating are Vernon Nikkel and
Tom Smith.

Services will be held at Fairview
Christian Church, Carthage, Monday,
July 23 at 1:30 p.m.

Visitation will be Sunday, July 22 at
Hedge-Lewis Funeral Home, Webb
City, from 2:30 to 4:00 p.m.

Burial will be in Park Cemetery,
Carthage, Mo.

Arrangements are under the direc-
tion of Hedge-Lewis Funeral Home,
Webb City.



Ralph L. Hooker

**Marshal Red Oak II
Commissioned Law Officer**

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Carthage, Missouri 64836
417-368-1943

**Historian • Author
Trail Rider • Collector
Curios & Relics**

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Ralph L. Hooker

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