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Field Worker: John F. Dougherty
May 10, 1937

Interview with Emory O. McGuire
Route 1
Davis, Oklahoma.

Born April 11, 1866
Illinois

Parents Louis McGuire
Iowa (Farmer-Doctor)
Mother, Eliza K. McGuire
Illinois

LIFE OF A PIONEER MAN.

My parents were Louis McGuire, born in Iowa,
and Eliza Kimbrell McGuire, born in Illinois. (Dates un-
known.) Father was a farmer and doctor. There were
ten children. I was born April 11, 1866, in Illinois.

I came to the Indian Territory in 1883, with
a brother-in-law, in a covered wagon drawn by an ox
team. It took us three weeks to make the trip. We
stopped at Redland where I worked on a farm for George
and John Gunter. We farmed with single stocks and
double shovels.

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I had several friends among the full blood Indians. Among them were Tandy Walker and Billie and Dr. Wilson. The Indians were true friends to one whom they liked.

One night while attending a dance near Redland, a friend said, "Let's go get some firewater." So we went down to the Arkansas River near where the "Split Log Railroad" (Kansas City Southern) crossed the river. There was a huge hollow cottonwood log there. We pounded on this with a stick. The noise this made was to be heard for a distance. The whiskey peddler had his headquarters across the river from the log. He came to the bank on the opposite side and asked us how much we wanted. We gave him our order and he gave us his orders. We were to go to a certain place and not move until he told us to. We left the money on the log and retreated. He got in his boat and rowed across, leaving our whiskey. He got his money, got back in his boat and rowed again across to the opposite bank. When he was safely out of our reach he told us we could now get the whiskey.

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The marshal found out about this and decided he would catch the peddler. So they went to the log and ordered six quarts. He told them to place their money on the log and retreat. He brought their order across the river to them, got their money and rowed away. When the marshal went to get his whiskey he found six quarts of Arkansas River water. Those peddlers were very clever and cunning and hard to catch.

I moved to Durant from Redland. On this trip I crossed a toll bridge over San Bois Creek east of Stigler. It was operated by a full blood Indian. I paid fifty cents to cross.

Here at Durant I lived in a log cabin with a dirt floor. We drank water out of a branch.

I was married to Carrie Whittle in 1896. We had six children. We moved to Murray County in 1907 and have been here since.
