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C. Guy Cutlip

To State Lions Convention  
Ada, Oklahoma  
June 9th, 1936.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for that round of applause. I assure you I would rather have at this time than take chances on getting it later on. A lion is the only member of the cat family that cannot climb a tree, you may be sorry of that fact before I get through this line of punishment.

I am never introduced to a group of people, many of whom I do not know and who do not know me, but what I am reminded of an introduction I received to an old gentleman in Oklahoma city by my friend, John E. Dickson. John said: "Mr. Dickerson, meet Guy Cutlip, of Wewoka". The old man shook hands with me and said "what was the name?" I said: "Cutlip, Cutlip, Guy Cutlip." he said: "Hah! And I yelled "Cutlip, Guy Cutlip": The old man said " OH! Hell, I can't understand what you say; seem s like you said Cutlip all the time."

I live over at Wewoka and hold Court in Seminole and both those cities claim me. Wewoka claims I belong over at Seminole and Seminole claims I belong to Wewoka. So I am a man without a country, as it were.

But you know one who is rather hard of hearing creates some very startling situations. I use to have an old friend over at Wewoka, Judge Bradley. Judge was a very learned and erudite man, but he was as deaf as a board. He was a great fisherman. One day he and one of the boys took their fishing poles over their shoulders and started toward Wewoka Creek to do a little fishing. At the edge of the town, as it was in those days, they met an old fellow by the name of Alex Sadler. Alex was a quaint old character and just about as deaf as Judge Bradley. When they met Alex said: " Good morning, Judge, are you going afishing?" Judge said: "No, I'm going fishing." "Oh!, said Alex, "I thought maybe you were going fishing." The old Judge was coming down off the hill where he lived one fine, bright June morning and he met Charlie Steph, a baber of those early days and the Judhe was holding his hand on his neck, he had a mean boil that was botherin g him, there. Charlie said:" Good morning, Judge, its a fine morning isent it?" "Yes," said the judge, " and Charlie, the damn thing hurt me all night long."

Well sir, you know I never started to make a speech to a group of people in my life but what I was scared to death when I started out. I am as confused right now as a woodpecker in a petrified forest. I feel just about as confused as the cross-eyed judge that had three cross eyed prisoners up before him. The cross eyed judge said:to the first fprisoner: "What is your name?" and the second prisoner said: "John Smith." The judge said: "I wasnt talking to you" and the third prisoner said: "I didnt say anything."

But at that I am not as full of folly as the negro I heard talking to another over in Wewoka some years ago. It seems that Sunny Crawford had given a friend a note for twenty dollars that he had borrowed off him. They met down in front of the Security state bank and the holder of the note said: "Look here, Sonny, I want you to pay this note." Sonny said, "I aint got any money." "That is what you always say", returned his friend. "I want my note paid." But Sonny said he didnt have any money and the other negro said " You always say that, you just dont aim to pay this note. I am just going to tear it up." Sonny said: "Dont you dare tear that note up, if you do I'll pop a lawsuit into you." Now I am not that bad. The truth is I have some ten or twelve I would like to have torn up. I been hoping my creditors would ~~take~~ tear them up. That's what I been hoping and praying for these many years. Like the preacher's parrot: A preacher had a female parrot and he taught her to pray. And she prayed long and loud, and the preacher was very proud of her. One day the preacher was talking down one of the

streets in the city where he lived and he heard another parrot yelling and talking. That parrot was praying by any means. He was cussing, cussing every language known to man, both savage and civilized. The preacher was duly shocked and went to the door of the house where the parrot belonged and knocked and a sailor opened the door. The preacher introduced himself and asked: "Is that your parrot I hearing cursing back there?" Yes, sir, said the sailor. "Well, that thing is a disgrace to the community" said the preacher. "Is there nothing you can do about it?" "No, said the sailor, "he learned that language on a passenger steamer, listening to mixed couples play bridge". "Well, " said the preacher I have a female parrot over at my home and I have taught her to pray and she does and I believe if you would allow me to bring her over here the association with her would have a good influence on your bird." "All right," said the sailor, " but parson, remember you are preaching your own funeral." So a day or two later the preacher brought his parrot over and they turned her into the cage with the sailor's parrot. They sat on the end of their perch and looked at each other a minute and then the sailor's parrot ruffled up his feathers and cocked an eye over at the preacher's bird and took a step or two toward her and said: " How about a little lovin, baby?" The preacher's parrot took a step or two in his direction and said: " What do you think I have been praying all these years for?" But such emotions are not peculiar to the parrots, not at all; we have the same idea, ourselves. There were two old maids in an insane asylum, they had been there three or four years. They were sitting in their sunroom knitting one day when one of them spoke up and said: " Mary, do you know what I would like better than anything else on this earth." "No, said the other, what?" "I'd like for some great big, strong, fine looking man to come right into this room and grab me and hug me and kiss me pretty near to death." The other old maid said: " Now, you talking sense, sister, you'll be out of here in three or four days."

Talking about parrots though, some years ago, when Wewoka was just a little dried up town, without sidewalks or paving; just dust when it was dry and mud when it was wet, we made our visits to neighbors by means of foot paths. One time Arthur Seran's wife was away some where, and he had been to California and brought back some good wine, etc., and he invited some of his men friends over for the evening. There were five of us and of course we all carried our lanterns so as not to step into a mudhole or a hog wallow, and we sat them down out in front of the door on the enclosed porch. We had our time, drank some and played some poker, and some of the boys got pretty tight while the evening went on. When it got time to go home we all picked up our lanterns and started for our homes. The next morning bright and early, Arthur, sent a note over to one of the boys by his son Joe, the note said: "Here is your lantern and please send my wife's parrot and cage back by Joe." I could see that old boy carrying that parrot cage and peering into the dark spots, drunk as a lord. When Mrs. Seran got back home she found her parrot's tail feather's burned out, the old boy had been trying to light his lantern all the way home.

You never can tell just what is in a fellow, here you all seem to be having a pretty good time from this folly of mine. Shows you never can tell a great man from looking at him. Like the old Arkansas girl who was standing in the little cross roads store listening to the men folks discuss the affairs of the nation. Among other things they got to discussing the really great men that our nation had produced. One thought that Washington was the biggest, Another that Edison was and some of them that <sup>H</sup>enry Ford must be. After they had gotten about run down, the old Arkansas girl, with a slug of snuff in her under lip, spoke up: "Well, them fellers may be pretty big men, but I want to say that that fellow Levi Garrett ~~wasn't~~ <sup>ain't</sup> no dang fool."

You see, its the way a fellow looks at the situation. From that old girl's viewpoint they just didnt come any bigger than Levi. She may have been mistaken but that was the way she saw it. Like Ned Cudjo, one of our Little River niggers, a descendent of the old Seminole slaves. They talk a lingo of their own. Durin g the war Wewoka, like all the little towns and cities over the country, built a little War Savings Stamp Bank. We had a speaker down from Oklahom City to make a speech and we dedicated the Bank to its proper purposes in good style. Some of the boys over there, among them Senator A. Nichols, who were more patriotic about making speeches and talking than they were about going to war and fighting, printed a sign board about three feet long. On it they had "To Hell With The Kaiser." They nailed it up on the front of the little bank and it stayed there a week or so until the Baptist took it down. One day while it was up there Ned Cudjo come walking down the street, and he was looking up at the sign on the bank. He met Roy Parmenter a banker over there just in front of the Savings Bank and Ned said: "What's the matter with the little bank?" Roy said: "Nothing, I guess, Ned, Why?" "Well, I see it says "to hell wid the cashier," I thought maybe he done gone wrong." Ned knew what a cashier was, but he had neverheard of Kaiser.

Now you have listened to foolishness long enough. Let me speak to you just a moment seriously, about something that is of vital interest to us all. Let me speak to you about government, your government. I can say your government because it is in fact a government of the people. Few of us, however, realize the important part our government plays in our every day life. Yours is the finest government on the face of the earth, because it gives to the central government ample power ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> all <sup>of</sup> its needs and yet reserves to the average citizen in the street personal liberty and freedom. No other government on the face of the earth affords to its citizenship the same rights and immunities as does our constitutional government. See that you maintain that status, because when POWER becomes enthroned in your central government, then your rights must necessarily vanish. You then live according to the edicts of that central power.

In Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey, personal liberty cannot be had. Such a thing would destroy the kinds of government they have there. To a lesser extent is this true in England and in France, but the privileges you enjoy is not afforded by either of these last two nations. Your constitution and its amendments furnish you your freedom. You should study diligently to find out just what those provisions are. Very few of our citizens, even those in the highest places of trust, are ~~un~~ familiar with the theory of our constitutional government. Yet under such a government the generous and intelligent cooperation of the citizenship must prevail or it cannot endure. An intelligent vote is necessary to the perpetuation of our form of government.

Had I my way I would have the history of our country and our government so thoroughly drilled into the minds and hearts of the school children of this nation that each of them would understand just what the purport of the words "liberty and freedom" is. I would have them so well versed in government history that when Massachussetts were mentioned their minds would immediately fly in memory to old Samuel Adams and the other patriots of that commonwealth, and to Bunker Hill and the Co mons where men died that we might enjoy the freedom and liberty of a free government. When Virginia be mentioned that they would immediately think of the surrender of Cornwallis and peace, would remember Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence; think of the fight for Religious Freedom, and of the Bill of Rights which guarantees us our immunities. That when Pennsylvania is mentioned their minds would immediately see the half clothed soldiers, with naked feet, leaving blood stains upon the snows at Valley Forge that you and I and our child en might have liberty.

That when Illinois be mentioned they would think of the words of Lincoln in his Gettysburg address that yours and ours is a "government of the people, for the people and by the people.

And then I would have those children so well versed in the political affairs of the world that when Germany, Italy or Russia were mentioned they would think of men who had NO liberty; who could not own property, if the government needed it; whose homes were not sanctified ground; who were not able to resort to the writ of Habeas corpus; who could not worship their God as the conscience dictated and where such privileges as you and I are enjoying here in this room today could not be allowed to the citizenship under any circumstances.

And I would have them know that when Russia is mentioned that there men can own no property of any kind; that there they cannot eat a meal in their home or a public place without having a ticket granting them that right from government; where the profit system has been abolished; where men are liquidated, which means starved to death, for criticising the government or making a mistake in a government factory; where parents are not allowed to raise their own children but where those children are cooped up in a government institution and taught to dispise God. Then when they remembered those things they would appreciate their own government and fight to retain the liberties which they enjoy. Those rights will never be directly attacked, but they will be attacked in some roundabout and devious manner. You will be slipped up on, and before you know it those rights will vanish in the name of some GOOD scheme.

If those rights and immunities were of sufficient worth to fight and die for as did the founders of this republic, then, my friends, they are of sufficient worth to FIGHT to retain. DO that and your children will bless you, neglect it and their lives will be a curse. Fight to retain your liberties.

Like the Seminole Indian who was drafted into the army during the World War. In the old days when Christmas came about the full bloods of the Seminole met at their various stomp grounds "busks" and enjoyed themselves. They had a quantity of liquor stored away nearby and as the morning hours came around they were all liquored up; and some of them with a stick of stovewood, a single tree; club; knife or perhaps a pistol would take the life of his friend. And when the glorious Christmas day arrived, with its peace on earth and good will to men, five or six dead Seminoles would be found around over the county. Well, many of these Seminoles were in the World War. A friend of mine, Amos Marks was drafted and went over there. He was all shot up in the battle of St. Atteinne. A scalp wound; shot in the legs and a string of machine gun bullets almost severed his right arm. He was sent back home and after he had recovered sufficiently to get about he and his wife came into my office one day on some business and after we had attended to that business I asked him to describe the engagement he was in to me. This is the way he described it: "Well, take it us on little train way off. Come to big ditch, every body get out get in that ditch. Stay all night. Some time along come officer and he say: "have it a drink", every body take drink rum. Feel pretty good, directly feel pretty damn good. Then nother officer he come it along and he say: "Ever body get it ready, goin it over some top". Ever body get it ready; put it iron hats on top heads, fix it big knives on end of guns. Then officer he yell: " Go it over some top." Ever body jump it out that ditch, run like hell. Gight like hell. Big guns goin Boom! boom!, little guns goin, "bing! bing! Skyrockets goin up, baloons goin up. Fight em here, stick em there; Ye-e-e, God Damn, just like Christmas at home.