

Judge Guy Cutlip Dies in Wewoka

Heart Ailment Takes Veteran Jurist.

Wewoka, Jan. 24.—(Special.)—C. Guy Cutlip, judge of the superior court of Seminole county, presiding at Seminole since 1931, died Monday afternoon at his home at the age of 57. He had suffered from a heart ailment for several years, and had been confined to his bed for the last several weeks. Retiring temporarily from the bench six months ago, he was not able to resume his duties.

He is survived by his wife and a daughter, Mrs. Claud Douglas of Fort Worth. No funeral arrangements have been made.

Judge Cutlip had long been a leader in state and civic circles, and for years was regarded as guide, philosopher and friend to Seminole county in general and to Wewoka in particular.

Born in a dug-out near Medicine Lodge, Kan., April 6, 1881, Cutlip came to Oklahoma as a small boy with his family, on the first train into Kingfisher in 1889. The family moved to Tecumseh in 1895 and to Wewoka in 1901.

Married to Miss Aura Butts of Holdenville in 1903, Cutlip went into politics as assistant county at-



Judge C. Guy Cutlip

Long Was a Leader In State Affairs.

torney in 1908 and has practiced law there continuously since. He served as mayor of that city from 1921 through 1926, and was a member of the state bar board of governors in 1930-31.

William H. Murray appointed the Wewoka attorney to the superior court bench in 1931 and he was re-elected in 1934. He served a term as president of the Wewoka chamber of commerce, and was a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1932. He was a member of the Christian church, and a Mason.

During a lean period in his early days, Judge Cutlip tried his hand at writing for newspapers and magazines, and never lost his interest in this hobby. He was especially interested in the history of the Seminole Indians.

His literary predilections are reflected in the furnishing of his home, containing one of the finest private libraries in Oklahoma. A fluent speaker, he traveled widely and was in demand for appearances on many occasions. He was the owner of extensive property holdings, including one of Wewoka's largest business buildings.

Editorial in Oklahoman

A Real Loss

THE bench of Oklahoma lost one of its brightest ornaments when Judge Guy Cutlip died at Wewoka. And Oklahoma lost one of her worthiest citizens when the Seminole jurist passed out of life.

The state had no judge who was more competent and efficient. His knowledge of the law was wide and accurate. He had a fine sense of the aloofness and the dignity of judicial position. He was a master of the world's best literature and possessed a rare measure of literary skill. In every sense he was prepared for service on the bench and in every respect he honored the position he held.

It was a treat to spend an hour in the presence of Guy Cutlip. His genial courtesy and his abundant sense of humor made him a companion to be prized. Then he had at his mental finger tips all of the riches of the old Seminole nation's history. He knew all of its tragedies and whimsicalities. He was an unexcelled imitator, and it was a joy to see and hear him ape some of the ludicrous characters of whom the old Seminole had its full share.

Had Guy Cutlip been demagogic at all, he might have attained to a high rank among the political successes of the country. But he scorned the art and the baseness of the demagogue. He even scorned what is called party regularity when obedience to its behests meant supporting an unworthy candidate. He was independent enough to outface mass sordidness and he was courageous enough to make his opposition positive and fully known.

Major oil activities have filled the Seminole with thousands of strangers who never knew Judge Cutlip personally and who are, therefore, unconscious of the real loss that his departure entails. But those who knew the old nation when its cities were shabby villages and its fields were hidden in the vines of the jungle will always think of Guy Cutlip when recalling the memory of the early days. To all of these the death of Cutlip is a poignant personal tragedy.