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An Interview with George Foreman, of Guymon, Okla.

Carl H. Mayfield, Field Worker  
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I was just an old big-footed kid when the wind blew me into the Oklahoma Panhandle, from Texas in 1897.

Since that time I have seen many changes. Being naturally of a tramping inclination, despite my father's protest, I became a cowboy, less a saddle, spurs, and boots. I had for a mount an old one-eyed burro, but I went to every round-up that I could hear of for miles around.

Mr. Foreman worked for most of the major ranches in the entire country. The early-day life of a cowboy was greatly different from that of today. He has stood night guard on many a stormy night, rode day herd in all kinds of weather, broke some of the wildest mustangs that roamed the open range, and batched in line camp for months at a time; part of the time seeing no one except the man who brought supplies, or some stranger going through the country.

In 1904 he opened one of the first blacksmith shops in Guymon. He has sharpened his share of the nesters' plow points, and repaired wagons in great numbers so that they might continue on their westward way. He was considered an expert at shoeing the meanest bronc or ox.

In his spare time or during off times he would roam over the country, just looking around. As he says, "I was just a tramp at heart and liked to be on the go." During such times he has been over the entire Panhandle and neighboring country.

He still operates a machine shop on the original site of his first blacksmith shop, which he opened in 1904.