

HALL, G. B.

INTERVIEW

7954

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BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma
HALL, G. B. INTERVIEW 7954

Field Worker's name Lula Austin

This report made on (date) October 23 1937

1. Name G. B. Hall (White)

2. Post Office Address Durant, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 702 N. 3rd. St.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 18 Year 1863

5. Place of birth Tennessee

6. Name of Father Milton C. Hall Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father Major in the Civil War

7. Name of Mother Nancy Thompson Hall Place of birth Tennessee.

Other information about mother _____

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached _____.

Lula Austin
Interviewer,
September 23, 1937

Interview with
G. B. Hall
Durant, Oklahoma.

I moved to Durant from Texas, January 11, 1900, and bought the place where I now live for \$850.00, receiving a bill of sale later and getting a patent from the Government. Before moving here I sold Singer Sewing Machines through the Indian Territory as early as 1892.

I visited Tishomingo one day to take up a sewing machine on which payments were past due. When I called at the home of the white man to whom the sewing machine had been sold, I learned he had gone to New Mexico and had sold the sewing machine to Kelton Lewis, a full blood Indian, for \$20.00 and a pony. I explained to the Indian's wife, who understood and spoke English, that the sewing machine was not paid for and that \$30.00 was still due and she in

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turn told this to her husband who would only say "See white man." I offered to take \$20.00 and give the Indian plenty of time to pay but he would only say, "Go to white man and get it." I was afraid he might try and shoot me if I took the sewing machine, so I told his wife to ask him if he would help me load the machine on the wagon; he gladly took hold of one end of the machine and helped me load it, then he took a little book from his pocket and told his wife to have me write my name in the book.

Two years later I was in Tishomingo to make collections and while talking to a bunch of my salesman, this Indian walked in and told one of the boys to ask me if I was Mr. Hall. I said, "Yes" and then he told the boy to ask me if I remembered Kelton Lewis, the Indian I had taken the sewing machine from. I had just bought a box of cigars to treat my agents and

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I offered him one. He shook his head. I insisted, so he reluctantly took one, then I saw my chance and grabbed a handful of cigars from the box and stuffed them in his pocket and he looked up with a big smile which I certainly was glad to see, as I felt that he was not angry with me.

I sold a machine to Eastman Maytubby who lived on Blue Spring. He owed me \$25.00 and when I called to collect he said, "Skully Excho." The bill was a year past due and was secured by a horse so I told him that I would have to take his horse but he said, "No give another month." Which I did and when I started to leave he said, "Eastman can't ask white man eat, no tomfulla left excho."

I always said I would rather take an Indian's word than to have a note and mortgage from a white man.

My wife and I boarded at the home of George Adams, postmaster of Tishomingo, and one evening,

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late, a covered wagon drove up with a man driving who had a long white beard and in the wagon was a box with corn and hay thrown over it. I had noticed that Mrs. Adams had cooked all that day, preparing a large basket of food. The strange man spent the night, leaving before day next morning and a week later Mrs. Adams told us that they were slipping her brother, Charley Mc Swain, out of the Territory. He had killed an Indian named Homer McClish so they put Charley in this box in the wagon and hired this old man to drive him to Kansas.

I knew Dixon Durant well. I remember that we tried to get him to run for Mayor of Durant; he said "Maybe so; might do it; white man runs it all time."

I had a mortgage on a negro's horse and saddle but he didn't know the paper he had signed was a mortgage. I was having trouble collecting from him and I met him one day and

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said, "Look here, don't you fool around here and lose your horse and sewing machine." The negro looked up and said, "You can't take my horse."

In a few days I went back to Atoka and a man told me that a negro was walking around town looking for a man with a bill of sale for his horse. He had brought some of his fat cattle to Atoka and sold them to the meat market and was looking for me to pay for his sewing machine.