

FIELD WORKER W.T.HOLLAND  
Indian-Pioneer History Project S-149

INTERVIEW WITH ASHLEY W. GUFFEY  
916 W. 20th, Tulsa, Oklahoma

I was born in Caldwell County Missouri on the 18th of April, 1860.

My father, Ashley R. Guffey, was born in Kentucky in 1833. My mother, Dian (Halfield) Guffey, was born in East Tennessee, in the Cumberland Mountains; but I don't remember the date.

My first trip to Oklahoma in 1884. A man in Carthage was having timber cut, and cross ties made in timber, in what is now Ottawa County, about 10 miles south of Baxter Springs. I rode horseback from Caldwell County to this timber land, which was on Grand River, about where Wyandotte now is. I worked here helping make cross-ties. This was before any railroad had been built in Oklahoma. The railroad only extended to Baxter Springs. The cross-ties were hauled to Baxter Springs on wagons. I stayed here and worked for several weeks when I returned to Missouri, my home.

A while after my return to Missouri, I married, and then my wife and I came to Oklahoma to live. This was in 1888. I had traded for a wagon, and had two

mustangs, which made a pretty good team. We came through Quapaw, Miami, Afton, Vinita, all of which were small trading posts or towns. We came down a trail, which ran something along the route over which highway 66 now runs. We settled on the Arkansas river, about 3 miles north of where the Cimarron River empties into it. Here, we, my brother-in-law and I, began to cut timber, or logs, to build our houses. We cut and built two one room houses, of logs. One for my wife and I, and one for my brother in-law and his wife. These houses were about 14 X 16 feet in size and had stick and clay chimneys. Not having any lumber, and there not being any saw mills in the country, we had to make clap-boards with which we covered the houses. These clap-boards were "rived" from timber with straight grain, and split easily. A "fro" was used to "rive" them with.

Not having any bed steads, we constructed them from clap-boards, and the floors, too, were made of this same material. We didn't ceil the houses over head.

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We had a cook-stove and some cast iron cooking utensils. We also brought along feather beds, but having no mattresses; as are used to day, we went down near the river and cut grass, and when cured, we filled "ticks" of that, and this, with the feather bed made a very comfortable sleeping arrangement.

Well, life here was very pleasant. I trapped for beaver and otter along the river, and caught quite a lot of them. I sold these hides for from \$750 to \$12.00, the same now would bring probably \$100.. Our needs were very few then. What we needed from the stores, in the way of coffee, sugar, flour and dry goods, we got at Red Fork which then was a larger place than Tulsa. I sold my furs here, at Red Fork, or traded them for what I needed at the store.

There were quite a lot of deer, and plenty of wild turkeys, I've seen, and counted, as many as 200 turkeys in one flock. So, when we wanted fresh meat. I would go out and kill a deer or some turkeys, and a wild hog when I wanted one.

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The hogs, originally belonging to the Indians, were allowed to run wild in the timber, and they were really wild. Any hog found which wasn't "marked" was considered belonging to the finder. So, you were privileged to kill any unmarked hog, or at least every body did it. These hogs, in the fall and early winter, were fat and made good pork.

While we lived here, Cherokee Bill made us a visit, came one night and wanted to spend the night with us. Of course, we didn't refuse him. He was very courteous, and seemed to appreciate our hospitality. His reason for coming to our place, he explained, was that he was being chased by the U.S. Marshals, who had run him out of the Osage county, where, he said, he had been selling whiskey. I know, or have seen the Daltons, and Bill Doolie, but had no trouble with any of them.

I made the "run" in to Oklahoma Territory in 1889, but failed to stake a claim. I also made the run in Sept. 1891, into the Sac & Fox Territory. Dr. Sam Kennedy, a

resident now of Tulsa, and I, made this run together. We went on to the old Turkey Track ranch, but, as in 1889 run, I failed to locate any land. Was beat to it by others.

On September 16, 1893, I made the run into the Cherokee strip. I was successful in this run, filing on 120 acres 4 miles northeast of Keystone and I lived there until July, 1894, when I sold my filing.

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I went to Guthrie to file my claim. The only cost was \$14.00-pretty cheap for 120 acres of good land. I transferred my claim to Bill Tellup, who is still living, and who still owns this tract.

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After seeing this land, we moved to Tulsa, and have lived here since.

I remember two Postoffices which have been discontinued. One, named Sinnett, located 4 miles northwest of Keystone; and Leroy, located 4 miles northeast of Keystone. These were in existence along about 1890. I knew Jeff Archer, Jim Egan, Bob Bynum, J.M. Hall, Lon Stanberry, Arthur Antle, Vic, Shurtleff, and Sam Kennedy and a multitude of others in Tulsa, all of whom were my

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friends. I recall the death of Jeff Archer, who was killed by an Indian, a son of Legus Perryman, one time Chief of the Creek Nation, and brother of George Perryman. This Indian went into Archer's store to buy some shells for his pistol, and he was given these by Archer. He tried to load his gun but, being drunk, he couldn't do it, so Archer told him he would load it for him, which he did. Then the Indian, being drunk, decided the next thing to do, was to shoot his pistol, which he did firing it across the counter and hitting a can of powder, which exploded. Perryman was blown across the house and killed instantly, but Archer lived about a week before he died.

When I came to Tulsa George Perryman lived where the Court House now stands, which is the Northeast corner of 6th and Boulder. He had a good house for that day. He hauled the lumber from Coffeyville, Kansas, with which to build the house. His brother, Legus Perryman, had a house across from George, about where the Medical Arts building now is.

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My brother-in-law and I established the first ferry across the Arkansas near Keystone, in 1888. Our ferry was 4 miles east of Keystone. We went up in the hills 10 miles northeast of Keystone and found some fine cedar timber. This we cut and hauled to our place, near Keystone, where we built the boat. The "gunnels", or side pieces of the ferry boat, were 30 feet long, made of two pieces, spliced together. We hewed this timber down with broad-axes to a thickness of about 4 inches. We tapered the side pieces and joined them in the middle with wooden pens, and spike nails, using pitch to seal the joint. We used cedar for the bottom, hewing this out, but we used planes to smooth the edges which were leveled. These planks were joined, pitched and domestic strips were used to colk the seams, which held good this way. We also covered the top with the same material and in the same way. We had spike nails to nail in the bottom on top. The sides, or gunnels were about 16 inches high. This made a good boat and one that could and did carry big loads. But ferries, or no ferries, the old timers just forded a stream when they came to it, when there were no ferries, and when the banks were not too steep. After the run in 1889, I sold the ferry boat to an old man by the name of Molen."