

GUY, H. E.

INTERVIEW

#9421

435

BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

GUY, H. E.

INTERVIEW.

9421.

Field Worker's name Ida B. Lankford.

This report made on (date) December 9, 1937.

1. Name H. E. Guy.

2. Post office address Cordell, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 5 Year 1857.

5. Place of birth Obion County, Tennessee.

6. Name of Father John Guy. Place of birth Tennessee.

Other information about father Preacher.

7. Name of Mother Mary Jones. Place of birth Tennessee.

Other information about mother Housewife.

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 4.

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Ida B. Lankford,
Investigator,
December 9, 1937.

An Interview With H. E. Guy,
Cordell, Oklahoma.

I was born in Tennessee, April 5, 1857, near the town of Troy. My parents moved to Troy in 1869. The little education I got was in common schools. In 1880, I was married to Miss Emma Lee Jackson. After thirteen years, we moved west. On April 1, I landed in Chico, Texas. The boom caused by the coming of the Rock Island Railroad soon collapsed, and again it was my move. One day a caravan wagon passed through Chico with this inscription in box car letters on it:

"In God we trusted,
In Texas we busted,
But just let her rip,
We are bound for ~~the~~ Strip".

So I said to my better half, "Why should I not go to the Strip". "Fair enough", she said, "Something has to be done".

So a man named Stewart and I in January, 1898, made the trip in a hack; two small ponies were the motive power and we arrived April 1, 1898. Stewart was a saddler and a good one. I was just an ordinary tinner. He opened a

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saddle shop at Cloud Chief. Soon I saw there was a county seat fight in the offing, so I moved my tinshop to Cordell, in 1898. Then there was not much sign then that this would become a city of three thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, a \$100,000.00 courthouse, four or five school buildings, electric lights and a good water system for a city of its size.

I filed on eighty acres of land a mile and one-half east, and three miles south of Cordell, and employed Henry Caldwell, (a man I called "friend", until his passing on, a short time back) to haul lumber to build a house on my claim. He hauled enough lumber in one load to build the shack. "How much do I owe you?" "\$5.00", he said. In those days everyone seemed to try to help the other fellow.

In October I built my house, about the only one to be seen. It was 14 x 28, and shed room 10 x 20; the ground for the floor, buffalo grass for a carpet. The house was plain box, cracks stripped, no ceiling. By this time my wife was getting anxious to see her new home.

I got two men with their wagons and teams to move my family and what little plunder we had.

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It was a sight to see my wife and four kids, when they saw that shanty. I had not yet put the windows and doors in, and the wind was blowing a gale.

They felt a little better when they saw that every other family lived in a dugout. It was some little time before they began to get acquainted, but I can truly say, we never had better neighbors.

For the first nineteen months, I walked to my tin-shop in the mornings, and back home at night, carrying all our groceries in a sack at night. Then I got a bicycle and rode it for five years.

I was put on the School Board and we built a new-school house while I was on the Board.

Our neighbors at that time were Floyd Taylor, a new comer, Mr. Christmas, Mr. Boggins, Robert Williams, Mr. Eichor, Rigney, Hurley and the Murdocks, Francis, John, and Pat, George Montgomery, and Britton. Montgomery is the only one left in the community now.

I shall always have a pleasant feeling for Mt. Pleasant; the country was wild those days. There was plenty of fish and small game, such as chickens and quail.

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There was no law to prohibit killing any kind of game, so we acted hoggish I will admit. I was as bad as anyone, for quail was about the only meat we had the first winter we were there.

Everything we got had to be freighted from El Reno, or Minco. Sometimes it would take three weeks to make the trip, then we would have to tighten our belts, or eat a little alum. In the Spring, groceries were a little cheaper, because of plenty of chickens, turkeys and eggs. Eggs were 5 cents per dozen. H. D. Young would take all the eggs his customers would bring him, then take them by the tubs full and empty them in the creek.

I remember he shipped some to El Reno via wagon. When they got to El Reno, they found one chick had hatched. There is only one man in Cordell who was here when I came, J. C. Harrell.