

The Oil Well

I've sold my mules, and the brindle cow,
The spotted pony, and the turning plow,
And the old brood sow I bought last spring
And I've bought some stock in an Oil Well by jing.
Twas the finest fellow you ever seen,
That sold me the stock, and he says, says he,
A fellow is a fool to sweat and toil,
Instead of putting his money into oil,
That'll make him rich in a little while,
His folks can live in the finest style,
Move to town and dress like sin,
With nothing to do, when the oil comes in.
When I told old Pete (who runs the bank)
That I'd bought the stock, the darned old crank
Said, a man's just a pure darn fool
To sell off every thing he has to sell
To put his money in a wild-cat-well.
But you just wait and watch me grin,
At old Pete, when the well comes in.
When the well comes in, I'm going to buy
A great big car all geared up high,
And dress myself from head to foot,
And drive to the bank to see old Pete.
I'll make him feel like a pair of fools,
For advising me not to sell my mules,
And other things I had to sell,
And put my money in an oil well.

Report From The Well

I've heard from the well and they've made a bust.
The reported sand proved nothing but dust.
The Rig's pulled down and the drillers gone,
And I wish to my soul I'd never been born.
My money's all gone, and my favorite cow,
Just how it happened I can't tell you now.
My wife needs dresses, and we're short on meat,
And I owe a small balance to old PETE.
I owe him some—(just a small amount),
Brought over (he says) from an old account.
I've worked mighty hard, had little to eat.
But I'd rather meet the devil, than meet old PETE.
But there's just one thing I'd like to know,
That smart oil man, where did he go,
That sold me that stock, and talked so sweet,
I want him to fix this matter with PETE.
It sounds like a dream, as I view it now,
And I wake up calling that old brood sow.
And the whole world's wrong, and I find but few
That can hold their own, with the stock selling
crew.
But the slickest fellow in the whole flock,
Is the glass eyed fellow that sold me the stock.
He showed me the figures, and made it appear,
That I'd be rich inside of a year.
He's gone now, they say, far, far away,
Where ten thousand suckers are born each day.
Only one thing that's left that's consoling me,
And that's, Once I was blind, but now I can see.*

—Henry Nephi Hayes

*The oil venture took place in 1923, according to a letter from Henry's brother Will to his son Emmett, who was serving a mission in Germany. The letter was dated June 28, 1923, excerpt follows:

. . . I had a letter from Uncle Henry today—He has been in Calif—all winter & summer and is now feeling fine and in ?? shape—He is in the Oil business up to his eyes and thinks he is going to make a fortune—I hope he does for he has had tough luck long enough . . . [William L. Hayes]



Henry N. Hayes on podium addressing prospective investors.



Henry (Center, white vest) with oil sharks. Is that a Heppler relative to his left?