

CHADWICK, JOSEPHINE E. INTERVIEW 8319

10

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

11

Field Worker's name Zaidee E. BlandThis report made on (date) August 20 19381. Name Josephine E. Chadwick.2. Post Office Address Altus, Oklahoma3. Residence address (or location) 505 W. Walnut4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 10 Year 18515. Place of birth Alabama6. Name of Father George Smoot Place of birth South CarolinaOther information about father Wheel Wright7. Name of Mother Thresia Pie Place of birth Georgia

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 5.

Zaidee B. Bland  
Field Worker  
August 20, 1937

The Experiences of an Oklahoma Pioneer,  
Mrs. Josephine E. Chadwick, Altus, Okla.

We had six boys and wanted them all to own land right around us and that was impossible where we were in Texas as land there was too high. We sold out everything, fitted up two wagons and one buggy with everything that any one could need on a long journey. Only two of our boys would come. They all had girls. One of them married and came with us on his honeymoon. We turned one of the wagons over to this son and his bride.

The other boy took the buggy and every time we would stop he would say to me, "Ma, I am going back the very next town we come to" but he never did. I drove one wagon and Pa sometimes rode with me and sometimes I rode in the buggy.

We trailed all over this north west Texas. We brought an old binder with us and that was packed with fine cotton seed and canned fruit, vegetables and preserves. We had plenty to eat so we just wandered around looking and looking. Sometimes we would come to a place where they were laying off a town and we might camp a day or two there. They were just surveying Altus and talking of moving it

2

from Bitter Creek on account of flooding. Mr. Chadwick bought several lots. He bought other places but some way we never sold these lots and that is why we are here now.

We did not stay then however but on north we went. We had this fine cotton seed and we were driving very fine mules to one of the wagons. My husband was a farmer but he could work as a carpenter as could both the boys and we would travel along, stop and pick up work, finish and go along. We got within forty miles of Guymon and here we decided to file. We plowed around the land and went to the nearest point for lumber only to find that part of the country was not opened for settlement yet.

We began to wander again. I do not know how many years we wandered. It was a regular picnic for me. I enjoyed every day of it. This whole country was just full of dugouts which were little mounds on the ground and since we drove in any direction we wanted to we would be right on a man's home before we would know it. If we were out of coffee or meat no one would ever have money for supplying us. Everywhere we were invited to come in and eat at the table or spend the night.

I was terribly afraid of Indians and we saw a great many of them but had no "truck" with them.

Mr. Chadwick would buy and sell. I would put my name to any paper he asked me to until we got back to Altus. He built me a little house and built a house for the married boy and his wife and he and the boys had all the work they wanted to do but one day Mr. Chadwick came in and said, "Wife, I am going to sell and go to Lawton and buy and there we will stay."

I said, "Look here, Dave ain't that where all them Indians air? I tell you, Dave, I ain't going to sign no more deeds. I got a nice little house here and I have got to begin to plant flowers and trees and make it look like home; we have wandered around enough." Stay. I did and here I am.

All the boys but two came to us. I hauled with us everywhere my home made blankets, spreads, quilts, sheets, pillow cases and towels.

When I was a girl we had to make everything we had. I mean we had to spin the thread, weave the cloth. Mother did the carding and old negro Mammy, who never left us, and I did the spinning and Sister did the weaving. I still have

some of the sheets and coverlets that we made. When I married I had eleven pairs of stockings that I had knitted after I had spun and bleached the thread. I had never had these stockings on until I was married and they came pretty near lasting me a life time. We did not deal in store bought truck much as we did not think it was good or lasting. We dyed everything any color we wanted to from barks and herbs. We had pretty reds and blues and yellows too and blacks and browns were easy.

For winter we knit our hoods and "fascinators" for the summer we wove them out of grasses. I had a hat made of palmetto that my chum and I gathered and wove the hat and dyed it black. Then we went to a millinery store and had it shaped, put a coat of gum arabic on it and every summer we would change the flowers and ribbons on it and I wore this hat more than twenty five years and sold it to a negro for \$3.00 We made fans out of peafowl's feathers and used the feathers on our hats too.

The Good Book says that "A lion and lamb shall lie down together" "I have seen a peafowl and dogs swimming in the same pool."

My friend Annie Brown and I made everything alike. We wove our bed ticks and sent to the gin for cotton but mostly we had feather beds.

I have had a good life and my boys are all good to me. I go to the store for everything I want now but I am no happier than I was when we made everything at home. Things made at home lasted a long time.

Every generation for its own pleasures and pains.

I guess God's ways are not our ways but I am satisfied.