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BIOGRAPHY OF: Sallie St. Francis (Goldsby)
McCoy, Oklahoma City, Okla.

BORN: 18 53, near Baton Rouge, La.

PARENTS: C. R. Goldsby, white
Nina Ann Mizzell, Indian

I came to Oklahoma in 1869. I was about thirteen or fourteen years old at that time. I had gone to school a little before coming to Oklahoma. My people came here from Louisiana. My father had been in the war four years, and had been wounded. We had a great many slaves and I remember their watering the confederate soldiers as they came by our place.

In 1869 we migrated here. There were nine of us in my family, three brothers, three sisters, my father and mother and myself. We moved in wagons. The roads were very bad. We had to wait when the creeks were swollen until the waters went down. Our chief obstacle was the Red River, which we crossed with no special difficulty. We first came to Atoka; later we moved to Colbert, on the Katy road.

I attended school where a man by the name of Murrow was my teacher. He was a minister also. Later I went to Bluefield Academy. I did not finish school but while still in the eighth grade I quit to go home and help my mother care for the baby.

Bluefield was a fine school with nice brick buildings which would compare with the schools for the white people. Professor Henshaw, Mr. Cole, and Governor Johnson were some

of the teachers. Mrs. Johnson was matron. They gave us very careful instruction.

We had a lovely home. It was well kept and we had everything in the way of conveniences that was necessary to keep us comfortable and happy. We had lots of servants and some of the white people were living in dug-outs. We did not have to work. Negroes did our carding, spinning, weaving, cooking and all of the menial labor. Father even had a colored man as foreman over the plantation. I was not obliged to work at all unless I wanted to. I just waited on my mother and helped care for the baby. I never went to many parties.

I was interested in my grandfather's home in Louisiana. They came to visit us occasionally. Their name was Goldsby. I never cared much for politics. Although I was half-Indian I was always more or less afraid of the full-blood Indians. I went to church with my folks.

I did not marry until late in life, about thirty years ago. My husband's (C. M. McCoy) family was from Georgia. He was a man of leisure. He had little to do except to sit at home with me. He practiced medicine to some extent. He died about eighteen years ago.

If you think my life different from what you would expect, just remember that there are aristocrats among the Indians the same as there are among white people.

THE END