

GADDIS, SALLIE.

INTERVIEW

8583

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

GADDIS, SALLIE

INTERVIEW

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John F. Daugherty

Field Worker's name \_\_\_\_\_

This report made on (date) September 21 1937

1. Name Sallie Gaddis (full blood Chickasaw)

2. Post Office Address Mill Creek, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month unknown Day \_\_\_\_\_ Year 1876 about

5. Place of birth East of Mill Creek, in Johnson County

6. Name of Father Joe Benton Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about father Hunter and Trapper

7. Name of Mother Lizzie McGee Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

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 3

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John F. Daugherty,  
Interviewer,  
September 21, 1937.

An Interview with Mrs. Sallie Gaddis,  
Mill Creek, Oklahoma.

My parents were Joe Benton and Lizzie McGee Benton, full blood Chickasaws. I was born east of Mill Creek about 1876. I had one brother. Father was a great hunter. This is the way he made a living. He sold hides each winter. The trees around our cabin were always full of hides in the curing process. Father made his own tobacco. He gathered sumach leaves, dried them and smoked them. Mother had a few hens and ducks. She often found a wild turkey's nest in the spring and would get the turkey's eggs and set them under the chicken hens. Then we had our own turkeys. But the wild turkeys usually would go back to the woods in the fall.

One fall I noticed that the turkeys went to roost higher in the tree each night until one night they were in the top. Father said the turkeys would leave us the next morning. Sure enough when daylight came they flew far away and we never saw them again.

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One fall Mother had some ducks swimming on a pond near our place. Some wild geese came down and swam with them. These wild geese didn't leave, but stayed with Mother's ducks and she raised some young geese in the spring from which she got feathers for a bed. In those days the young boys wore long shirts until they were almost grown. Our beds were made of poles and fastened to the corners of the house. We had straw mattresses, and feather beds on top of these.

We had a dirt floor and swept it with a broom made of broom weeds. Those were happy days for my brother and me but they were not to last long, for Mother and Father both died when I was about ten years old, and we had to go to live with an aunt. My little brother soon died.

My aunt was unkind to me and one summer I took the measles, and each morning my aunt made me take my quilt and go out back of the house. I cried for water, but she wouldn't bring me any, so I crawled over to the chicken trough and drank with the chickens. When I was well I determined I would not stay with her any longer. I was then about fourteen years old.

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One evening I cooked supper earlier than usual and after I was through with my work I sat down and planned a way of escape. I was afraid to run off, for I knew if my aunt caught me, she would whip me unmercifully. So after they were all in bed and asleep I crept silently away and down to the creek. I was frightened almost to death when I heard voices not far from me. I discovered it was some Indians so I went to them. They were strangers to me, but I told them of my plight, and they took me with them to Stonewall. There I found a home with a good old man and woman. I did the work for this old couple and they were good to me. I remained with them until they both died. I married my first husband a short time after their death. I have been married three times and have five children and fifteen grandchildren.