

VICK, CARRIE P.

INTERVIEW

#4168

SECOND INTERVIEW

#4196

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

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4168.

Field Worker's name Zaidee B. Bland

This report made on (date) May 25 1937

1. Name Carrie P. Vick

2. Post Office Address Altus, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) West Commerce Street

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 11 Year 1861

5. Place of birth Alabama

6. Name of Father W. B. Peace Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father. _____

7. Name of Mother E. Casway Byrd Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about mother Was a coat maker.

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 Two.

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Interview with Carrie P. Vick,
West Walnut Street, Altus.

I brought my pewter dishes to Oklahoma with me. I still have a few old things. I have a salt dish that has been in the family for over two hundred years.

I homesteaded just north of Victory on a very fine place of eighty acres. I lived in a tent and in a dugout while proving up. I sold my claim for \$500.00 and took the man's note, and never got but \$31.00 in cash. I was a widow and almost totally blind.

We did our dying in an iron pot out in the yard. After boiling the thread in the color we wanted it would take nine days to set the color before the thread was ready to weave.

After I sold my claim I sold toilet goods and soaps all over this country. I can see a little and can tell my goods by the way they feel. I can go anywhere on a train. When I would get to a town I would hire little boys to lead me around. I have

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always made a pretty good living and have kept my son in school but never have saved anything for every time I could get a little ahead I would go to some place and have my eyes treated but nothing ever seemed to do them any good. I have heard many strange stories in my time and seen some strange things myself.

We raised and cured our gourds for drinking purposes just as carefully as we did anything else. I have my mother's old medicine gourd yet. My second brother took all the medicine out of it the three weeks before he died. He got too hot cradling wheat and nothing that was done for him seemed to do any good. Mother always kept water made from soaking slippery elm bark in it for fever patients to drink. We took all bad tasting medicine in this slick water. For you could swallow it so quick that you would hardly get the taste of it at all.

I never took up gun toting and riding like the women did out here in the West. I never did learn to shoot.

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