

HOSTETTER, EMMA JANE

INTERVIEW

4607 **242**

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

Field Worker's name Mildred B. McFarland

This report made on (date) June 23, 1937,

1. Name Mrs. Emma Jane Hostetter

2. Post Office Address Edmond, Oklahoma

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

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 30, Year 1868.

5. Place of birth Brunswick, Missouri

6. Name of Father Andrew Reddout Place of birth (New York. Yates County,

Other information about father Born February 25, 1837

7. Name of Mother Artemis Reddout Place of birth (Missouri Carl County,

Other information about mother Born November 2, 1846

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: \_\_\_\_\_.

HOSTETTER, EMMA JANE

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Mildred B. McFarland  
Interviewer  
June 23, 1937

Interview with Mrs. Emma Jane Hostetter  
Born July 30, 1868, Brunswick, Mo.  
Address Edmond  
Father-Andrew Reddout  
Mother-Artemis Reddout

I came to Ingalls in the spring of 1893 with my parents from Brunswick, Missouri. I was a widow with a baby girl four years old. My name was Emma Jane Sawyer at that time.

The Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement in September, 1893. For months before the run the United States soldiers burned the ground and cleared away all the underbrush.

My father had bought a claim about eight miles from the Strip. I was going to be married to William Hostetter, who owned a claim eleven miles south of Ingalls. He couldn't make the run, so I decided to run and file for myself, so we postponed our marriage. I was the only woman in that community to run. I rode horseback on my father's big white horse, "Old Fox", between my two brothers. One brother, Levi Reddout, rode a mule and the other one, John Reddout,

HOSTEPPER, EMMA JANE

INTERVIEW.

4607.

2

rode a pony. We waited a while until most of the crowd had started. They raced their horses and beat them so that a great many fell dead by the roadside. While most of their horses were tired out, ours were still fresh.

We found a trail which no one else seemed to find and we reached a place about four and one half miles from the line. I rode the white horse that distance in a hard lope.

My father and mother followed behind in a covered wagon with my little girl and a small boy of their own. They brought bedding, cooking utensils, a plow and an axe. I slept on my claim on the ground the first night as required by the law. It was located one mile east of Glencoe.

We cooked our meals over a camp fire for quite awhile and until I could get a house built I took the bows off the wagon and set them on <sup>the</sup> ground. These wagon bows were covered with canvas. We arrived quite early and blazed a tree and set my flag. Then I plowed a

HOSTETTER, EMMA JANE

INTERVIEW.

4607.

3

patch of ground.

A few weeks later the wind blew the blaze from the camp fire too close to the shelter of wagon bows and canvas, and burned it up.

Mr. Hostetter, my brothers and father dug a space twelve by fourteen feet below the ground and extended it about three feet above the ground with logs. My mother and I made a mud paste and chinked between the logs. I then covered the entire walls with old sheets. After I proved up on my claim, Mr. Hostetter and I were married. He sold his claim and came to live on mine.

There were quite a few prairie chicken, rabbits, quail and squirrel near our claim. The wolves and coyotes were pretty bad.

The people of that vicinity built a native lumber school house about one-half mile from us. We also used it for a church. All denominations attended this church. One Sunday, a Methodist minister officiated and the next

HOSNEFFER, EMMA JANE

INTERVIEW.

4607.

4

Sunday a different one. My husband preached there, too. He was a minister for thirty-two years. He was a minister of the Christian Union Church. He traveled from one place to another on horseback to preach. As far as I know, the little school house is still standing. It was one and a half miles east and a little north of Glencoe. Glencoe was a small place with tents for the stores. I have a clock that I traded eggs for from a tent store.

The Indians, what few there were, were very friendly. They were of the Pawnee tribe. There is an old Indian cemetery about one mile north of Ingalls.

We lived on that claim, near Glencoe, for ten years, and then sold it. During that time we had improved the place quite a lot.

We moved to Lincoln County near Fallis and bought a farm. I still own forty acres of that place.

I came to Edmond in 1928.