

METHVIN, J. J.

INTERVIEW .

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

METHVIN, J.J.

INTERVIEW

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Field Worker's name Lillian Cassaway

This report made on (date) April 27 1938

1. Name J. J. Methvin

2. Post Office Address Anadarko, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 709 West Alabama St.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month December Day 17 Year 1846

5. Place of birth Jeffersonville, Georgia.

6. Name of Father John Methvin Place of birth Georgia

7. Name of Mother Mourning Glover Methvin 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 3.

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Lillian Cassaway,
Investigator,
April 27, 1938.

An Interview with Mr. J.J. Methvin,
709 West Alabama St., Anadarko, Okla.

When I came to Anadarko with my family in October of 1887 to do missionary work among the wild tribes there were no houses to rent or get any other way for everything was Government property. There were only the Agency Officials and Indian Traders with their families here. There was no place for us to stay except at the mess house. This house was very roughly made with the barest necessities. It was made of posts which stood upright in the ground and were plastered over with some mixture which the Indians knew how to make. We stayed here until we could get possession of a little three-room house that had been offered us, but which was at that time being used for a kitchen and dining room by one of the traders. This house was 20' x 20'. There was one room 10' x 10' and the other half was divided into two rooms. We lived in this little house for about two years when the parsonage with an annex church was finished. In this little house we entertained all, from the highest church official to the carpenters.

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One day a Mr. Dereck came to our house with his son. He learned that I was planning to have a church built and persuaded me to let him do the work. There were already seven of us so when I employed him, he and his son boarded with us. Some of the boys had to sleep out in the wagon. One day Mr. Dereck's son was taken ill with pneumonia and Mr. Dereck wired his wife. She lived in Texas somewhere about twenty miles away from a town. The message cost Mr. Dereck \$21.00 by the time it reached her. She came at once bringing three small children with her. There were fourteen of us in that 20' x 20' house. It is a wonder the boy didn't die, but he didn't. Such was pioneer life.

It used to take me all day to go from here to Fort Sill or to the Wichita Mountains. We would leave here early in the morning in a buggy or wagon, or even on horseback, stop near where Apache is now, eat our lunch and feed the horses and rest awhile, then go on to Fort Sill or to the Red Store about two miles farther on and stay over night. Sometimes when I was alone I would stay at the Fort at the Mess House. It was a mess house, too. One night when I stayed there, I

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slept in a room where there were several beds. I hadn't much more than dozed off when I felt someone running his hands over me as if searching me. I grabbed the man by the sleeve and called out: "Who is that?" But I got no answer and the man jerked away. The next morning I told the manager about what had happened but made no demands to find the man and he made no offer to do so. After spending the night here I would go on to my appointment. If it was at Mount Scott, where I met with the Kiowas I would get to Colonel Sneed's store about noon.

Sometimes, we would go direct to the mountains and miss Apache camping for the noon hour on Cache Creek, and reaching Sneed's store about sundown. This way we had to go over the foothills. These foothills were rough owing to the rock formations. Though it was rough and we felt that all the bones in our bodies would be out of place there was a little stream of water running through the rocks that was so beautiful and refreshing that all discomfort was at once forgotten when it came into view. Then after the foothills were past, the valley between the foothills and the mountains was one grand view of virgin soil.