

METHVIN, J. J.

IN TELEVIEW

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

Field Worker's name Lillian Cassaway

This report made on (date) September 21 1937

1. Name J. J. Methvin

2. Post Office Address Anadarko, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 709 W. Alabama

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

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother Mourning Glover 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 \_\_\_\_\_.

Lillian Gassaway,  
Interviewer,  
September 21, 1937.

A Biographical Sketch of Itale Dunmoe  
From an interview with J.J. Methvin  
709 W. Alabama Street.  
Anadarko, Oklahoma.

It was in a war with the Kiowa Indians, in 1874, that Itale Dunmoe was found hiding among the bushes. The Government took charge of him and sent him to Carlisle to school. Carlisle was new then. The Presbyterians became interested in him and trained him for their work among his own people.

It was while there that he met and married Laura Ah-pe-ah-tone, a girl of his own tribe. After graduation they came back home and established a home about two miles east of Anadarko.

He was a great aid to me in my work. He interpreted for me at times and often we held group meetings in some tepee in the winter time, and out under an arbor in the summer. One day we had a big crowd at our meeting at the agency, near where the old commissary now stands. At the close of the meeting the Indians left, some expressing approval, others angry because Dunmoe, a fullblood Kiowa, was trying to teach them something that was not in accordance with the Indian belief. They said they would make medicine against us and we would die. Strange as it seems,

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the next day about the same time of our meeting of the day before, Dunmoe suddenly died. I was sent for, and went at once to his home. There I found a big crowd of Indians already gathered. The women were stripped to their waist, gashing their arms and breasts with sharp knives, smearing their faces with blood. Some had cut the ends of their fingers off. The men were also torturing themselves. Already Itale's things were being piled up to be burned, and could only be stopped by the police force sent out by the United States Agent, then only for a time.

The next day when we went away to bury the body, the police were left to guard the things, but before we had gone very far the police joined the procession, and looking back we could see the things already burning.

We buried Itale Dunmoe in the graveyard on a high hill, north of Anadarko about two miles.