

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

HOSTICK, SHERMAN (MRS.) INTERVIEW.

8534

Field Worker's name Lillian Gassaway,

This report made on (date) September 16, 1937

1. Name Mrs. Sherman Hostick,

2. Post Office Address Verden, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 18, Twp. 7N, R 8 West .

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month January Day 19 Year 1975

5. Place of birth Douglasville, Georgia

6. Name of Father P. T. McWhorter Place of birth Carrolton, Georgia.

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Isor Phillips McWhorter Place of birth Atlanta, Georgia.

Other information about moth. _____

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 _____.

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Field Worker, Lillian Gassaway,
September 16, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Sherman Hostick,
Verden, Oklahoma.

My father, P. T. McWhorter, was born in Carrolton, Georgia, and my mother, Izor Phillips McWhorter, was born in Atlanta, Georgia. My mother lived in Atlanta on Peach Tree Street through the Civil War and the period of Reconstruction. My father was sent to what is now Maysville, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, by the Indian Mission Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. He came to Beef Creek (now Maysville) in 1890 as a pioneer preacher. He served here one year. In 1891 he was sent to the east side of Oklahoma City. He stayed there one year, then he was sent to Yukon. While there he made the Run in the Opening of the Cheyenne country. He secured a place near Union. He lived here four years. He was then sent to Arapaho, then the county seat of Custer County, where he served four years. At this time all of the western part of Oklahoma was one big district from El Reno west to Texas, and from

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Texas on the south to Kansas on the north and it all had to be served by one preacher. It took a month to cover the district. There were no railroads and all this district had to be driven over in a buggy, over all kind of roads or maybe no road at all and in all sorts of weather. It was hard to get a preacher to undertake this work because of the privations and sacrifices that he would have to make. At this time the railroad only came as far as El Reno. After four years Father went back to the farm near Union. But in the meantime the railroad had been extended to Weatherford. His last charge was at Tecumseh and after that he was superannuated. The Western District was so large and the northern part was so hard to get to, that when the northern church came down that northern part of the district was given over to them.

It was while we were at Beef Creek or Maysville that Reverend and Mrs. J. F. Methvin stopped over night with us on their way to conference. There was an Indian couple with them, Tahawain and Unkamah, his wife. The

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Indians had brought their tent with them and set it-up in our front yard and slept in it, while Mr. Methvin and wife stayed with us. In a little while the next morning the Indians were ready to go on. Mr. Methvin was Superintendent of the Methodist Mission at Anadarko. In 1891 my sister, Emma, was employed as girls matron in this mission. On account of some work she had to stay on a while through the summer. We didn't know that so my father and I went after her to go home. Mr. Methvin said that he didn't see how she could go unless I could stay in her place. I was only sixteen years old then, but I stayed for five weeks. When I came to the school the railroad only came as far as Minco, but when I went home it had been extended to Chickasha, so I went home on the train. Mrs. Gregory, another employee, was leaving on her vacation at the same time. Mr. Bunton, the industrial teacher at Riverside then, but recently Indian Agent at Anadarko, was going to Chickasha after supplies. Mr. Methvin asked him if he would take us to Chickasha. We went in a spring wagon. We ate dinner at the old Robinson Hotel that stood near the old Rock Island depot.

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It still may be standing, I don't know.

It was while I was at the Methvin Mission that I met Sherman Hostick, who now is my husband. Mr. Hostick was acting as Industrial teacher while the regular teacher, Andres Martinez, was away. Mr. Hostick had come to Chickasha, in 1887, and had gone to work for Mr. Doss. Then he went to Anadarko to work for Mr. Deitrich until he could get to the Conover Ranch. Here he worked for some time. For nineteen years he worked around on the different ranches. When he first came to Oklahoma the mail was brought from Fort Reno to Fort Sill by stage.

Ever since 1906 he has lived at places within a radius of twenty miles of each other.

After I was married and we moved to a place near Cottonwood Grove, now Verden, my church membership was in the Indian church at Anadarko. There was one other member of this church who lived in my neighborhood, Mrs. Hattie Rose, now Mrs. Lay. The church at Anadarko was so far and so hard to get there every Sunday that we decided that we needed a little chapel in our

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neighborhood. We, Mrs. Rose and I, got up a subscription paper and took it around to every one we thought might be interested. Every one gave something toward the building of the chapel. It didn't take us long to get enough money. When we had gotten the money I went to my brother-in-law, Andres Martinez, and told him that we had enough money and asked him how to go about getting enough ground to build a chapel on. He talked to the Indians and got their consent to ask the Government for eighty acres of land. "Now" he said, "we have the Indians' consent, we will use Brother Methvin's brains to get this through at Washington." We were granted the land. The lumber was hauled from Chickasha by interested men and we secured a Mr. Webb to build the house, who did the work more reasonably than any one else would. He boarded at my house while at work on it. The church was owned by the Methodists and Mr. Methvin preached the first sermon and came as often as possible to hold services. He often came and held two services a day but many times only in the afternoons. The little church was always full, people coming from miles around,

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some in buggies, and some on horseback. Though the Methodists owned it, the church became a community church. We had preachers of every denomination to hold services. Every Sunday we had basket dinners on the ground. Mrs. Rose and I were the only members of this church at first, but it wasn't a great while until a family moved into our midst who brought our membership up seven more. It wasn't long before we had a very nice membership. Both of us who were charter members are still living and until very recently we were both in the same neighborhood. Mrs. Lay has moved to Chickasha to be with ^a daughter but still owns her home in Verden. After the country opened and our little chapel wasn't needed any more we sold the property for \$4,500.00 and turned the money to the Foreign Mission Board of our Church. This money was to have been used in the Indian work. Sometime later Mr. Hostick bought this same tract of land and we built our home there. The chapel was made into a barn, and stands only a few yards from this original site. I now live just outside the town limits of Verden on the $N\frac{1}{2}$, $SW\frac{1}{2}$, Section 18, Twp 7N, Range 8 West.

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One time when I had typhoid fever Mrs. Pat Pruner stayed with me and nursed me. Mrs. Pruner was Black Beaver's daughter.