

ROACH, JOHN.

SECOND INTERVIEW

10647

372

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

ROACH, JOHN SECOND INTERVIEW

#10647

Field Worker's name Bessie L. Thomas

This report made on (date) April 30 1936

1. Name John Roach

2. Post Office Address Cache, Oklahoma

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

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

5. Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

6. Name of Father \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

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

7. Name of Mother \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

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 2

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Bessie L. Thomas  
Investigator  
April 30, 1938.

Interview with John Roach  
Cache, Oklahoma.

Ever since a young man and since I've been on my own, I have always owned and worked with cattle, riding the range in the Chickasaw Nation years before coming to Western Oklahoma.

While working as a cowboy on the Cal Ferguson ranch, near where Walters is today, I contracted typhoid fever and was confined to my bed for several weeks. While down with this fever, I had a little Indian girl friend about twelve years old who visited me every day, waiting on me and keeping me company. She was always near and ready to help, while all the other cow-hands were busy on the ranch.

Ona, which was my little friend's name, would gather wild flowers and bring to me each day cheering me with stories about how she would chase squirrels in the woods, how they, and the other wild animals, like rabbits would talk to her, and the meaning of the many different kinds of wild flowers.

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After I was able to be up again I was riding the range one day and Ona was riding along with me on a small, native pony. She noticed some moving object in the tall, blue-stem grass quite a distance ahead of us. She galloped over to see what it was and before long she was tearing back toward me as fast as her horse could run. Two coyotes were following her and snarling and trying their best to catch the pony, which was running wild, in the attempt to keep ahead of them. As soon as I discovered what they were I grabbed my lariat rope and used it as a whip, to beat them away. They went yelping off across the prairie.

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