

WELCH, J. C. INTERVIEW.

#135205

BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for OklahomaField Worker's name Warren D. MorseThis report made on (date) April 21 19371. Name J. C. Welch2. Post Office Address Ryan, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year 18775. Place of birth Texas, Cook County6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth Denton County, Texas.

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 _____.

INTERVIEW WITH J. C. WELCH
Warren D. Morse, Field Worker
April 21, 1937

The first time I came into Oklahoma I was just a kid. Father drove an ox wagon crossing the river at Red River station and going up the Chisholm Trail to near Pauls Valley where we were going to settle. A man told us that the Indians were still war-like and scalped men once in a while. This scared dad and he drove his cattle back to Texas.

When I came back I settled near Sugdon. Then there was a kind of boom on. It was just after the railroad was built through. The news got abroad that all North Ft. Worth was going to move to Sugdon. I bought a half block of property there. Sugdon grew to about eight hundred in population.

When the Comanche country opened, Sugdon was a kind of terminal from which the lumber was hauled to Lawton, and it was a busy little place for some time.

At that time we had lots of dances. I have danced many times until sun-up the next morning.

I made a hand on a ranch. I was better at heeling than ordinary roping. It was fun cutting calves and at round-up time we would rope a calf and drag him to the

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fire. We were a happy-go-lucky set, and didn't care whether we brought anything up except the calf's head. We were rough and cruel. We had our horses well trained or they learned just how to do when we roped a mean steer. The horse always faced the steer, keeping the rope tight. It doesn't take a horse long to find out just how bad it hurts to fall on a stirrup. A good horse will not let himself become entangled in a rope either.

One time I was going to see a girl. Her dad told me the coyotes were making a wallowing bed out of his wheat. I rode by the place late one day when a pack of these things attacked my dog. I got off my horse and tried to beat them off. I couldn't find anything to fight with except my boot, so I took it off and beat them with it. I had one hard time of it too. They almost killed the dog.

We had to go places then in wagons or buggies, and there were no roads, only trails here and there. Our trading point was Gainesville or Belcherville, Texas, and it took a week, and sometimes longer, to make the trip.

I suppose you would call Sudgon a ghost town now. There isn't anything there now except the schoolhouse and a store. You know it was started as a shipping point or loading dock for the Suggs ranch.

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When the Suggs moved to San Angelo, the people began to move out; some of them moved to Ryan, others moved up to Waurika. Sugdon is just about five miles north of Ryan.