

T-512

August 26, 1969

Index side A, recording time 10 minutes.

Informant: Frank Tyner, 80-year-old Cherokee of West Cabin Community, Craig County, Okla.

Subject: Of the many Indians Mr. Tyner has known in his time was Red Cloud Duncan with whom he was well acquainted. Redcloud used to visit the Cherokee Male Seminary where Frank and three or four of the Duncan boys attended. Redcloud would play the fiddle for the boys, and Dick Griffin, Fred Chouteau, and Redcloud's son Bob would bring out their string instruments and they would make some good music. Back in his home country of Rose Prairie, Redcloud would play for the country dancers until midnight, then go home. Instead of going to bed he would gather his hounds and go fox hunting until daylight.

Frank relates a story told to him by Red Duncan. An Indian lived near Bob's father on Rose Prairie. One day an Indian came to Redcloud and asked him to write a letter to his wife who was staying with relatives down south. Redcloud wrote the letter exactly as it was dictated, which read something like this. "Life: Tell it come home, I's one of the best longshore. Chicken and cut sit in hillside, think is good all day long. Tell it come home."

He talks about Arch Dequichie, Bill Sheena, O. Blumjacket, Noah Brown, and others, Indians who lived on the upper Vermilion and Big Creek country of Nowata County. At one time many Indians, Delawares, Shawnees, and Cherokees lived in this river bottom country, but now most of them are gone.

Frank was born and raised on Coney Creek in Adair County, and knew many of the colonial Cherokees in Indian Territory days. One of these was Charley Young, a man of many qualities, which included school teacher and lawyer. At one time he was High Sheriff of his native Flint District. When an old man was talking to Frank one day about his experiences as a kinsman, he said, "I was High Sheriff long since. I never did cock it at any white man on my pistol."

During World War I Frank served in the Home Cavalry. He was training in the Home Cavalry and was a rough rider. He was assigned to it. At some time he was an artillery battery stationed at Fort. He was in charge of the artillery with the artillerymen. He was in charge of the artillery with Major Monroe in the Philippines. He was in charge of the artillery in charge of the artillery in the Philippines. The Lieutenant took delight in riding on the artillery every night. The Sgt. told the Major that he could not ride on the artillery. The Major took the Sgt. to the aid. The next morning the Sgt. started in on the artillery, but he went way back in the kitchen and got a hot iron and cold-cocked him (knocked him out, so to speak). Of course, the Sgt. was taken to the guard house. The Major took some action, quickly. Soon the Lt. was transferred to some camp in the southland. Finally, the Sgt. was transferred over to the Mount Station. It was not