

(Hum)

He went up to Verdigris, went way up to Pryor, And went to Big Cap, and he started back. And he ran into them, up there. He ran into them up at Tulsa. And they got after him and said he rode his horse, he ran his horse all, on the other side of the river. And he came over to these hills over here. He lost them down there, but he was tried out and everything, and his horse give out. And he said he tied his horse, and lean up against him. And stood there and slept.

(Well: What was your grandfather's name?)

William Berryhill.

(William Berryhill.)

And he just stood there and slept, just like that. Ha! Ha!

(Them were hard times, in the civil war.)

Oh, Yeah! And he said, and after, when it start to get daylight, he said, he went on. He went back to Fort Gibson.

(Ah-huh)

Go down another mile.

(In the chronicle of Oklahoma, in somewhere I can't find it again. There was a roster, reprinted, one of Stan Watie's companys.)

Yeah. And in there was one of my ancestor, Sequoyah Tyner. He was a full blood. And I would like to find that thing again. And I'm gonna go up through that library, up at Pryor. And find it somehow. But I --. I got the roster of the Lighthorsemen, down here at Ft. Gibson.

(Well)

But you couldn't tell who they are, or anything about it, the all Indian names. Creek, it's ah -- I forgot what Lighthouse Creek, Creek Indian Lighthorsemen. I forgot what division, or whatever it was. And check