

And this little boy shot this panther with an old single barrel shot gun. Think it was number six shot. But he crippled it pretty bad and that thing went 'bout six miles north here and an old boy finished killing it over there at another place. He said it has been shot all in the neck here. I asked the little boy, said, "How big was it?" He said "Oh, he was about that high." and said "He was about that long." Said "What color was it?" Said "He was brown." He said he shore did make a scary noise and said he squalled when he shot him. Well, they'd been hearin' a panther down there. They turned a lot of 'em loose over here across the line in Arkansas, around Devil's Den. they called it, State park. They turned lot of them loose. They all migrated cross into Oklahoma.

(Well maybe—(not clear)—).

It was her brother. Had a little old 22 single shot. And it had a short in it, you know. What I mean, you know what that's so. He was goin' down an old trail, big mountain back there and old sage grass growed up. He went looking you know, and directly he throwed his gun—he was a little off to one side, you know. Little old thing popped like strike one of them matches you know. And I just happened to see it when it fell—(complete sentence not clear)—and it was 80 some steps.

(Question not clear.)

Oh, he is young kith of mine, named after your mother.

(My mother?)

Um Huhh.

(You say you were named after Jeff Thmer?)

Jeff Thmer. Yeah.

STORY OF TWO OLD MILES - A GRAY AND A BAY

(What about the old miles you had? An old gray one and an old bay one.)

An old gray one and an old bay one. Yeah.

Third Voice: We took 'em with us up in Osage county. I mean Craig county.

Sold 'em after got up there. Kempt them a year or two. They finally died