

(July 26, 1969. I'm visiting with Frank Tyner, a 79-year old Cherokee of Miles Community, Craig County, Oklahoma. Mr. Tyner is known for his story telling ability, and is recording...preserves many of these stories.)

(First part of interview inaudible due to static)

You remember where it was Jim, right north of the old cherry tree, up the road there, out on the rocks there, on the hillside. And here that quail came and a Blue Darter right after it. He just hit the ground, and he picked up a leaf and threw it right over his back, and he never moved. That hawk came...sitting on a bush there, he looked around awhile and he saw us, and he left. By golly, that's a fact. (laughs)

(Tell it again because I want to get it recorded. I don't think I've ever heard that one before.)

Oh gosh! Well, anyway, he got up soon, just went way out on top of the holler. Said, pretty soon, he said daylight come. (statements unclear)

He sat down and (static) Pretty soon he saw one comin' in and...looked over this way, saw two horses were comin' by. Said--

(Daylight come meeting me.)

Daylight come me, he said. Well, he was a stranger to me I didn't know him. I talked to him awhile, and I said where do you live? He said, I live way down Spavinaw, he said, 'bout 15 miles on this side. He said white hill on the house. White hill on the house. (laughs.)

They say, you know that's what I've been wanting to get a hold of me, he said.. That's what I've been a wanting to get a hold of me. I never forgot that.

(What was that fellow's name.)

Ranney Carpenter.

(Ranney Carpenter. There is much static on this tape and parts of sentences are not clear)

Dynamite. Cut them into pieces, you know. They had caps and fuse.