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Geo. A. Raker, Editor

LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

So it was Hotgun he had the woman folks make some sour bread an' some blue dumplings an' some hick'ry nut sofky an' some good sak ko-nip-kee an' lots of ol' time dishes like that, for New Year. Then he was invite his frien's to come an' feast with him. Tokpafka Micco he was there, an' Wolf Warrior he was there, an' Kono Harjo he was there. They was all come soon an' bring their folks an' dogs an' stayed till put near sun down. Hotgun he was had a little white jug sittin' back under the bed to 'liven the conversation.

"Well, guess so," Tookpafka Micco he say, "Alfalpa Bill an' Boss Haskell was put near ready to let their work so shine."

An' Hotgun he spit in the ashes an' say, "Well, so, not hardly. It was slow business to get started

out right. It was take lots o' time to draw up the plans an' specifications. So, they didn't had none o' the immortal document written yet but the scare headlines, an' they was had a big confusion o' tongues before they get that far."

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well so, what was the trouble anyhow?"

An' Hotfun he go on an' say, "Well, so, they couldn't decide, what name to give the Great Spirit, an' that bring up lots o' talk an' extra expense. Look like the Great Spirit was a stranger in the convention, an' none o' the delegates could remember His name. Boss Haskell he think it was God, but no one was second his motion. An' Henry Asp he think it was the Supreme Ruler o' the Universe, but no one was agreed with him. An' Alfalfa Bill he say he believe it was Divine Providence, but there was no second to his motion neither. They was all three right, but they didn't know how to go ahead. So, while they was lockin horns with one another, lot o' outsiders butt in with long petitions an' throw fat in the flames. There was a long petition from the unbelievers saying, 'Leave the Lord out.' An' there was another

long petition from the pawn brokers sayin,' 'Don't put Christ in it.' An' there was still another long petition from Zion City sayin' 'Dowie's the gen-u-wine article; beware of imitations.' Guess so, the petition about Misses Eddy was delayed."

Then Tokpafka Micco he smoke an' look under the bed an' say, "Well so, Alfalfa Bill an Boss Haskell an' Henry Asp could settled their differences an' saved lots o' work for the printer an' give general satisfaction if they had recognized Confucius for the Chinaman, an' Bhudda for the Hindu, an' Mohamet for the Turk, an' Saint Patrick for the Irishman, an' the totem pole for the Eskimo, an' the almighty dollar for the American." (Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo give big grunt.)

An' Hotgun he say, "Well, so, otherwise the delegates was worked like one man an' head off lots o' future legislation for the new state. If a delegate was kicked over the trace chains an' tried to be insurgent Boss Haskell was named a few townships after him an' all was serene along the Potomac. Boss Haskell was a big medicine man an' had mighty influence. If he could make his men shovel dirt

like he makes them vote ag'in their conscience, he could had the Panama canal dug maybe so in six weeks an' had time enough left to run for office on the independent ticket."

Then Tokpafka Micco he glanced his eye under the bed ag'in an' say, "Well, so, anyhow I druther kill time in the chimney corner an' spit over the backlog an' worry about what is goin' to become o' me than risk my political future in a one man pow-wow like that up to Guthrie."