

War According to Custom.

By Alan Doon.

Being in the neighborhood of Wewoka, the old capitol of the Seminole Nation in Indian Territory day, I dropped over to see my old friend C. Guy Cutlip. Wewoka, (Barking Waters in the Muskogee language) is one of the historic cities of Oklahoma. Here the Seminoles held their tribal council, made their laws and tried their criminals. The old "Whipping Tree" still stands near the present day court house. The "Execution Tree" has been removed and reposes in the historical rooms at the state capitol. The old "Trading Company" building has long since burned down. It was here the tribal money was made (choka sodke) and redeemed and paid out. And it was here the shipment of specie, gold and silver from the federal government was stored in the great vault rooms. Dashing "Lighthorsemen" accompanied the shipment as the light wagon drawn by the fastest team to be had in the nation raced from the little depot to the waiting vaults. It was in Wewoka that General George Custer sojourned just prior to his fateful trip to the Little Big Horn in the northwest and Phil Sheridan built the old Indian Agency. The ghosts of old Indian chiefs still stalk the streets out of the history of yesterday. And even since the coming of the white man and statehood Wewoka has contributed its bit to the history of the State and the Nation. For it was just south of town that the " W.C.U. Rebellion" started in 1917 as a protest against the entrance of this nation in the World war. And it was within two miles that the first oil was struck in 1923, ushering in the great Seminole oil fields.

But the small country town that I had known with its unpaved streets of mud and dust, its frame buildings and its few inhabitants had vanished and in its stead I found a modern city with miles of paved streets, fine business blocks, churches and schools and every modern convenience.

Time had wrought its changes in a miraculous, beautifying manner.

The first person I struck, however, knew my old friend Outlip and informed me that he had been elevated to the Superior judgeship of the county and held his court in Seminole, twelve miles west. I wanted to see him because there was always a good story to be had, told in his own whimsical, humorous style, so I drove on over to where he held his court. He was in his judge's chambers reading a Western novel of action and hard shooting when I entered. He shook hands and waived me to a chair in a casual, everyday manner although I had not seen him for a number of years. His philosophy of life makes time but of little importance to him. He laid his book aside and leaned back, comfortable, in his big office chair and I noticed the same old humorous wrinkles about his keen blue eyes and knew that time had been kindly to my old friend.

While the judge can instruct a jury with the succinctness and diction of a master he prefers the idiom and easy conversation of the old West of which he is part and parcel when talking with old friends and acquaintances. It is this makes him so entertaining and delightful. Drawing, as he does, upon the varied and exceptional experiences of an active life on the last great frontier. Probably no man living has a better understanding or a closer knowledge of the history of the Seminole people and I sought to draw him out into some story that I might utilize should occasion present itself.

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the Seminoles were disporting themselves under the straightened condition of affairs. Luckily I had hit upon a proper device to elicit the very thing I was looking for.

"Oh! they are at the top notch. Oil has made many of them rich and the government has prevented them squandering it for moonshine whiskey and phonographs. They are the original communists, when one has plenty the whole community participates until it is gone. The old warriors who use to raise a small patch of corn, a few sweet potatoes and a pumpkin or two and a whole lot of cattle and horses have died off and the younger generation has taken up education and football. The nation is full of quarter breeds and quarterbacks, half bloods and halfbacks, fullbloods and full backs. This generation knows what it wants, all right. They have quit buying hearses to carry the children around in and now have the biggest sedan to be found. They sure are hellyons after automobiles. During the cold spell this last winter one of them built a fire under his car to get it started. It did. He was telling me how it acted. "Build it fire on terrapin's back he crawl off; I built it fire under automobile, he blow up."

Drawing his chair up close to the desk and gently tapping on its top he proceeded, with a droll light in his eyes:

" They build themselves big fine houses all equipped up with electric lights and persuade the Department to buy the finest furniture and fixtures to be had, and then all the neighbors, with grunts of delight, come in and live with them. Amos Jokada, a full blood who had oil struck on his allotment, built himself a big, fine modern home out in a secluded spot among the black jacks. He had his own private stomp ground and telephone line. It was a beauty spot of geography, scenery and seclusion. He could sleep in peace and awaken to the sweet singing of the red bird, blue bird and blue jay and avoid the white man's disquieting noises. Out there were no sundays and no ice, plenty of flies, no rent and no troubles.

Work was adjourned as the Department was liberal with the monthly allowance. He could sit on the front porch and gaze out over the black jacks with the impersonal and expressionless dignity of an Arab shiek, while the women folks did the work and wound up the phonograph. His greatest ambition was to have a larger car or locate a wildcat still nearer to his domicile. Here in his seclusion he was filled with peace and a tired feeling. However divers merchants and filling station owners in the nearby towns were not so peaceable but did have the tired feeling, tired of waiting.

A short time ago a friend of mine from the Indian Department called on Amos in order to make a satisfactory report to Washington showing his official activities and devotion to duty. While examining the spacious home with its private lighting plant- which had ceased to operate on account Amos was too tired to put water in the batteries- my friend noticed a large electric refrigerator. It was of gigantic proportions, large enough for the biggest butcher shop. It, of course, had ceased to function along with the electric plant. My friend, being of a bold and restless nature and perhaps with a thought of corn liquor or other liquid edification, opened one of the large lower compartments. What was his surprise to find stored therein a saddle and bridle. Incited by Departmental curiosity and governmental inquisitiveness, my friend opened one compartment after another and found in one a mildewed ham and the wagon harness and an electric fan in the others. This was modern equipment for Amos but he put it to a primitive use.

These redskins may have ceased to be what Alexander Pope wrote about when he said:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Prompts him to put his britches on forepart behind."

You dont find any cigar stores slipping up and standing behind him these days. He is of a peculiar plaintive and inquisitive disposition and he buys the first curious looking thing that happens along when he

gets his pay check from the government. He stands the grocery man off till the next pay day unless in an unsuspecting moment he is euchered into signing an order to the Indian Agent. But you cansay to his credit that he has not taken up Contract bridge as yet. While he does buy an incubator now and then to roast his potatoes in he has become refined and selfsufficient. Instead of the breech clout and the scornful smile that his forefathers wore he indulges the finest broadcloth suit, an undershirt and a red handkerchief. He has ceased to raise his own cattle like his forebears did but buys himself a sirloin steak, on time, at the butchers together with a can of tomatoes; and he buys in small quantities so as to have an excuse for driving his car to and from town more often. He sells his land two or three times and brings a dozen law suits to get it back. He is as familiar with process, subpoenas, summons and allegations as the average lawyer and can furnish testimony on any point at issue. This selling and recovering is just a game with him; he laughs when he wins and when he loses. He insists on talking through an interpreter when testifying because it gives him more time to digest the questions while the interpreter is repeating the question to him. He is full of guile and gullability and odd notions. He is as vain about his ability to take care of himself as a fishworm in a bunch of robins. He hires his law by the year and pays him by the century. He is just a child of nature with quaint and langerous notions of work."

"But I judge he is making progress. ^{I interpret} He has all the facilities of farm agents and governmental supervision. Surely he has made great strides through these means?" I asked with a serious expression calculated to keep my friend on his subject.

"The white man wants him to learn farming and wear suspenders but the Seminole runs to big hats and bootleg whiskey. The redman as a standard bearer of progress aint much. His idea of progress is to talk the

Department out of a bigger allowance and run a gasoline bill at some unsuspecting filling station. Some of them attend these football colleges and come out with a sly grin and still talking Seminole. His fathers used the branding iron and scalping knife and left the gridiron to him. As a ward of the government he is always looking forward to bigger and better allowances. As a citizen his vote is open to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand. The old timers had their own medicine men but the young ones patronize the white "medicine-man" and buy everything from a pair of red garters to car polish. They crowd around the fakir and laugh and grunt and yearn for color and gaiety and a new car. They spend their money on the "medicine-man" and tell the grocer they havent got their last month's allowance."

They are quaint, child like and bland. One young Seminole said to me: " Government a funny business; stick it me in a college once and a jailhouse three times. College, I dont know why. Jailhouse, corn liquor. Quit it the college but no quit it the jailhouse until pay him fine."

We are all the time trying to do something for the poor Indian when we dont owe him for anything except the land the United States is built on. No wonder they are not warlike any more, the white man taught them the pen is mightier than the tomahawk."

Just here a transient peddler of roach powders came in offering his wares to the judge, volunteering the information that he was an ex-service man and was gassed in France. Before he could tell the virtues of his powder he was interrupted-

"What do you want for it?" said the judge

"Two bits".

"I'll take it, would rather pay the two bits than listen to the sermon.

"It'll kill the roaches"

"If it does I'll bless you instead of cussing you, like I am now."

As the man went out the judge remarked that he was the reserve fund for all the ex-service men in the country- that he furnished the Legion a hall for their meetings over at Wewoka, and that he believed they ought to have their compensation now, if they wanted to take it, so that many men and families would keep from being hungry.

Settling back with his heels on the desk and his hands in his pockets, apparently at peace with all the world the judge asked: "Did I ever tell you about the Seminoles who were soldiers in the World war?"

And without waiting for an answer but with a soft chuckle, he continued.

" In the old days, and today as a matter of fact, the Seminoles celebrated Christmas in their own peculiar fashion. Their idea of "peace on earth, good will to men" is to have a big stomp dance on Christmas eve, plenty fortified with contrband liquor. Did you ever see a "stomp dance?" No. Well outside of a few delinquencies it is much more modest than the modern dance the white boys and girls perform in. Its no necking party like ours. The women and the men dance at different times and whatever necking goes on, is at least out of sight. As the dance progresses and the Indians partake at more frequent intervals of the white man's solace the prayer of every constable and deputy sheriff on the grounds is that the Lord will let them do only bailable and finable offenses. But as long as the "law" hangs around the reman^d is as quiet as a lamb, but in the early hours of the morning when the tired officers have taken themselves to their virtuous couches, the noble scions of Columbus' great discovery start the fireworks with firewater. They turn back to their ancient state of mind and become as mean as a stock broker in 1929 and you'd think their ancestry ran no further back than to

a corporation. With a wild cry of delight and Christmas spirit they stagger off in pairs and one or the other, with a fence rail, neck yoke or singletree and a carefree disposition beats his friend to death. Some times a knife is used and less often a gun. Many times a free for all, with clubs and knives and guns takes place. But when Christmas morning rolls around, with its peace and good cheer, there are always two to five Indians souls seeking their appointed places in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." Some times they know who did it and many times not, but a grand time is had by all.

Now during the World war many of the Seminole boys were taken to France as soldiers. They made good ones, too. If you remember they used them to talk orders over the trench and line telephones so the Germans couldnt get next to the coming troop movements. And a Choctaw is accountable for the statement that the war was fought to make the world "safe for the democrats." That was before Harding took Cox to a cleaning.

Well, anyway, during one of the early engagements a friend of mine of the fullblood persuasion was shot almost to pieces and sent home as an invalid. After he had been back and was able to get around on crutches a little, he came into my law office to see about some business and after he had concluded whatever it was I began to pump him for his war experience. He told me about the fight in which he was shot up. As he talked he became more and more excited and when he finished he gave a yell of blood curdling quality that must have made old Tecumseh jump plumb out of his grave, threw a crutch into a spittoon and sprang up on his crippled legs. ~~But I was not satisfied with his story and I~~ I grabbed up a paper weight and sat ready to envoke the law of self defense. But let me tell the story to you something like he told it to me, it is real elucidating and to the point. He said-

" They take it us up front in little box cars, every body tight in like little fish in a can. Then we walk a long time in night. Come up to country all dug up. Put it us in a long ditch come 'bout up to our necks. Every body lay round quiet all night smoking cigaretttes. Directly long time next to morning officer come around and he say, have it a drink. Every body take it drink rum. Feel purty good. Directly feel purty damn good. Then nother officer he come long and say, get it ready goin it over some top. Every body get busy, put hard hats on head, stick it knives on guns, hitch up belts. Then officer he yells, go it over some top. Every body jump out of that ditch and run like hell- fight like hell. Big guns goin "boom"- "boom". Little guns goin "bing"- "bing". Sky rockets goin up- baloons goin up, Jump right into em- fight em here, stick em there. Y-e-e-i-p! G-- damn, all same like Christmas at home."

They're a quaint and cur~~ous~~race. They have laid aside the tomahawk and the bow and arrow and taken up gold and tiddlewinks. But just fill up their boilers with redeye and they lapse right back into their ancestral prerogative. And they fight their wars according to the ancient Indian ^{Christian} custom."

Being in the neighborhood of Wewoka, the old capitol of the Seminole Nation in Indian Territory days, I dropped over to see my old friend Guy Cutlip. On investigation I found Guy had been elevated to the Superior ~~Judship~~ Judgeship of Seminole County and held his court in the city of Seminole about twelve miles west. Not having visted Wewoka for a number of years ZI proceeded to look around at the little, dust and muddy streeted town I had known a few years. It had grown into a beautiful and modern city with paved streets and fine homes and big churches and fine business houses. A few years had made great changes. I wanted to see Guy because there was always a good story there to be told in his own whimsical, humerous style so I drove on over to where he held his court. He was in his judge's chambers reading a western novel of action and hard shooting when I entered. He shook hands and waived me to a chair in a casual, everyday manner, although ~~had~~ I had not seen him for a number of years. His philsophy of life makes time his body servant and its passing is not strange but the thing to be expected. He laid aside his book and leaned back, comfortable, in his big office chair and I noticed the same old humerous wrinkles about his keen blue eyes and knew that time had been kindly to my old friend.

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" OH! they're at the top notch. oil has made many of em rich and the government has prevented them squandering it for moonshine whiskey and phonographs. They are the original communists, when one has plenty the whole community participates, until its all gone. The old warriors who use to raise a small patch of corn, a few sweet potatoes and a punkin or two ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and a whole lot of cattle and horses have died off, and the younger generation has taken up education and football. The nation is full of quarter breeds and wuarterbacks, half breeds and half backs and fullbloods and fullbacks. This new generation knows what it wants, all right,. They have quit buying hurses to carry the children around in and now have the biggest sedan to be found.* They build themselves big, fine houses all equipped up with lectric lights and persuade the department to buy the finest furniture and fixtures to be had and then all the neighbors, with shrieks of delight come in and live with them. A short time ago a friend of mine in the Department was visiting Amos Joshua in his new home. Amos had bought himself an electric refrigerator big enough for any butcher shop and had it installed in his house.

Amos had built him a big, fine modern home out in a secluded spot among the black jacks. He had his own private stomp ground and telephone line. It was beauty spot of geography, scenery and seclusion. He could sleep in peace and awaken to the sweet singing of the red bird, blue bird and blue jay and avoid the white man's disquieting noises. Out there was no Sundays and no ice, no rent and no troubles. Work was adjourned for the Department was liberal with the monthly allowance from oil. He could sit on the front porch and gaze out over the black jacks with the impersonal and expressionless dignity of an Arab shiek, while the women folks did the work and wound up the phonograph. His great ambition ^{was} to have a larger car or locate a wildcat still nearer to his domicile. Here, in his seclusion, he was filled with peace and a tired feeling although divers merchants and filling station owners in the nearby towns were not so peaceful but did have the tired feeling, tired of waiting.

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"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
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You dont find any cigar stores slipping up and standing behind him these days. He is of a peculiarly plaintive and inquisitive disposition and he buys the first curious looking thing that happens along when he gets his pay check from the government. He stands the grocery man off till the next pay check unless in an unsuspecting moment he is euchered into signing an order to the Indian agent.

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The light plant was out of order and my friend was curious to know what Amos was using it for. He took the first opportunity to investigate. Opening one of the big doors to a lower compartment he found Amos' saddle and bridle stored there, in the other a mildewed ham and in the upper compartment the wagon harness. It might be modern equipment for Amos but he put it to primitive use. "

" The white man wants him to learn farming and wear suspenders but the Seminole runs to big hats and bootleg whiskey. The redman as a standard bearer of progress aint much. His idea of progress is to talk the department out of a bigger allowance and run up a gasoline bill at some unsuspecting filling station. Some of time attend these football colleges and come out with a sly grin and still talking Seminole. His fathers used the branding iron and left the gridiron to him. As a ward of the government he is always looking forward to bigger and better allowances. As a citizen his vote is open to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand. The old timers had their own medicine men but the young ones patronize the white "medicine-man" and buy everything from a pair of red garters to car polish. They crowd around the fakir and laugh and grunt and yearn for color and gaily and a new car. They spend their money on the "medicine-man" and tell the grocer they havent got their last month's allowance."

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" Did I ever tell you about the Seminoles who were soldiers in the World war?"

And without waiting for an answer continued:

" In the old days the Seminoles celebrated Christmas in their own peculiar fashion. Their idea of "peace on earth, good will to man" was to have a big stomp dance on Christmas eve fortified with plenty of contraband liquor. Did you ever see a "stomp dance"? No. Well outside a few delinquencies, it is much more modest than the modern dance the white boys and girls perform in. Its no necking party, like ours. The women and men dance at different times and whatever

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Now during the World War many of the Seminole boys were taken to France as soldiers. They made good ones, too. If you remember they used them to talk orders over the telephones so the Germans couldnt get next to the coming movement of troops. And a Choctaw is accountabl for the statement that the war was fought to make the world "safe for the democrats." That was before Harding took Cox to a cleaning.

Well, anyway, during one of the early engagements a friend of mine by the name of Amos Marks was shot almost to pieces and was sent home as an invalid. After he had been back a while he and his wife came into my law office to see about some business and after we had concluded whatever it was I began to pump him about his war experience. He told me about the fight in which he was almost shot to death. Let me tell it to you about like he told it to me:

Time had wrought its changes in a miraculous, beautifying manner.

The first person I struck, however, knew my old friend Cutlip and informed me that he had been elevated to the Superior judgeship of the county and held his court in Seminole, twelve miles west. I wanted to see him because there was always a good story to be had, told in his own whimsical, humorous style, so I drove on over to where he held his court. He was in his judge's chambers reading a Western novel of action and hard shooting when I entered. He shook hands and waived me to a chair in a casual, everyday manner although I had not seen him for a number of years. His philosophy of life makes time but of little importance to him. He laid his book aside and leaned back, comfortable, in his big office chair and I noticed the same old humorous wrinkles about his keen blue eyes and knew that time had been kindly to my old friend.

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Drawing his chair up close to the desk and gently tapping on its top he proceeded, with a droll light in his eyes:

" They build themselves big fine houses all equipped up with electric lights and persuade the Department to buy the finest furniture and fixtures to be had, and then all the neighbors, with grunts of delight, come in and live with them. Amos Jokada, a full blood who had oil struck on his allotment, built himself a big, fine modern home out in a secluded spot among the black jacks. He had his own private stomp ground and telephone line. It was a beauty spot of geography, scenery and seclusion. He could sleep in peace and awaken to the sweet singing of the red bird, blue bird and blue jay and avoid the white man's disquieting noises. Out there were no sundays and no ice, plenty of flies, no rent and no troubles.

Work was adjourned as the Department was liberal with the monthly allowance. He could sit on the front porch and gaze out over the black jacks with the impersonal and expressionless dignity of an Arab shiek, while the women folks did the work and wound up the phonograph. His greatest ambition was to have a larger car or locate a wildcat still nearer to his domicile. Here in his seclusion he was filled with peace and a tired feeling. However divers merchants and filling station owners in the nearby towns were not so peaceable but did have the tired feeling, tired of waiting.

A short time ago a friend of mine from the Indian Department called on Amos in order to make a satisfactory report to Washington showing his official activities and devotion to duty. While examining the spacious home with its private lighting plant- which had ceased to operate on account Amos was too tired to put water in the batteries- my friend noticed a large electric refrigerator. It was of gigantic proportions, large enough for the biggest butcher shop. It, of course, had ceased to function along with the electric plant. My friend, being of a bold and restless nature and perhaps with a thought of corn liquor or other liquid edification, opened one of the large lower compartments. What was his surprise to find stored therein a saddle and bridle. Incited by Departmental curiosity and governmental inquisitiveness, my friend opened one compartment after another and found in one a mildewed ham and the wagon harness and an electric fan in the others. This was modern equipment for Amos but he put it to a primitive use.

These redskins may have ceased to be what Alexander Pope wrote about when he said:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Prompts him to put his britches on forepart behind."

You dont find any cigar stores slipping up and standing behind him these days. He is of a peculiar plaintive and inquisitive disposition and he buys the first curious looking thing that happens along when he

gets his pay check from the government. He stands the grocery man off till the next pay day unless in an unsuspecting moment he is suchered into signing an order to the Indian Agent. But you can ^{say} to his credit that he has not taken up Contract bridge as yet. While he does buy an incubator now and then to roast his potatoes in he has become refined and selfsufficient. Instead of the breech clout and the scornful smile that his forefathers wore he indulges the finest broadcloth suit, an undershirt and a red handkerchief. He has ceased to raise his own cattle like his forebears did but buys himself a sirloin steak, on time, at the butchers together with a can of tomatoes; and he buys in small quantities so as to have an excuse for driving his car to and from town more often. He sells his land two or three times and brings a dozen law suits to get it back. He is as familiar with process, subpoenas, summons and allegations as the average lawyer and can furnish testimony on any point at issue. This selling and recovering is just a game with him; he laughs when he wins and when he loses. He insists on talking through an interpreter when testifying because it gives him more time to digest the questions while the interpreter is repeating the question to him. He is full of guile and gullability and odd notions. He is as vain about his ability to take care of himself as a fishworm in a bunch of robins. He hires his law^{yer} by the year and pays him by the century. He is just a child of nature with quaint and languorous notions of work."

"But I judge he is making progress. He has all the facilities of farm agents and governmental supervision. Surely he has made great strides through these means?" I asked with a serious expression calculated to keep my friend on his subject.

"The white man wants him to learn farming and wear suspenders but the Seminole runs to big hats and bootleg whiskey. The redman as a standard bearer of progress aint much. His idea of progress is to talk the

Department out of a bigger allowance and run a gasoline bill at some unsuspecting filling station. Some of them attend these football colleges and come out with a sly grin and still talking Seminole. His fathers used the branding iron and scalping knife and left the gridiron to him. As a ward of the government he is always looking forward to bigger and better allowances. As a citizen his vote is open to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand. The old timers had their own medicine men but the young ones patronize the white "medicine-man" and buy everything from a pair of red garters to car polish. They crowd around the fakir and laugh and grunt and yearn for color and gaiety and a new car. They spend their money on the "medicine-man" and tell the grocer they havent got their last month's allowance."

They are quaint, child like and bland. One young Seminole said to me: " Government a funny business; stick it me in a college once and a jailhouse three times. College, I dont know why. Jailhouse, corn liquor. Quit it the college but no quit it the jailhouse until pay him fine."

We are all the time trying to do something for the poor Indian when we dont owe him for anything except the land the United States is built on. No wonder they are not warlike any more, the white man taught them the pen is mightier than the tomahawk."

Just here a transient peddler of roach powders came in offering his wares to the judge, volunteering the information that he was an ex-service man and was gassed in France. Before he could tell the virtue of his powder he was interrupted-

"What do you want for it?" said the judge

"Two bits".

"I'll take it, would rather pay the two bits than listen to the sermon.

"It'll kill the roaches"

"If it does I'll bless you instead of cussing you, like I am now."

As the man went out the judge remarked that he was the reserve fund for all the ex-service men in the country- that he furnished the Legion a hall for their meetings over at Newoka, and that he believed they ought to have their compensation now, if they wanted to take it, so that many men and families would keep from being hungry.

Settling back with his heels on the desk and his hands in his pockets, apparently at peace with all the world the judge asked: "Did I ever tell you about the Seminoles who were soldiers in the World war?"

And without waiting for an answer but with a soft chuckle, he continued.

"In the old days, and today as a matter of fact, the Seminoles celebrated Christmas in their own peculiar fashion. Their idea of "peace on earth, good will to men" is to have a big stomp dance on Christmas eve, plenty fortified with contrband liquor. Did you ever see a "stomp dance?" No. Well outside of a few delinquencies it is much more modest than the modern dance the white boys and girls perform in. Its no necking party like ours. The women and the men dance at different times and whatever necking goes on, is at least out of sight. As the dance progresses and the Indians partake at more frequent intervals of the white man's solace the prayer of every constable and deputy sheriff on the grounds is that the Lord will let them do only bailable and finable offenses. But as long as the "law" hangs around the ⁴reen is as quiet as a lamb, but in the early hours of the morning when the tired officers have taken themselves to their virtuous couches, the noble scions of Columbus' great discovery start the fireworks with firewater. They turn back to their ancient state of mind and become as mean as a stock broker in 1928 and you'd think their ancestry ran no further back than to

a corporation. With a wild cry of delight and Christmas spirit they stagger off in pairs and one or the other, with a fence rail, neck yoke or singletree and a carefree disposition beats his friend to death. Some times a knife is used and less often a gun. Many times a free for all, with clubs and knives and guns takes place. But when Christmas mornin' rolls around, with its peace and good cheer, there are always two to five Indians souls seeking their appointed places in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." Some times they know who did it and many times not, but a grand time is had by all.

Now during the World war many of the Seminole boys were taken to France as soldiers. They made good ones, too. If you remember they used them to talk orders over the trench and line telephones so the Germans couldnt get next to the coming troop movements. And a Choctaw is accountable for the statement that the war was fought to make the world "safe for the democrats." That was before Harding took Cox to a cleaning.

Well, anyway, during one of the early engagements a friend of mine of the fullblood persuasion was shot almost to pieces and sent home as an invalid. After he had been back and was able to get around on crutches a little, he came into my law office to see about some business and after he had concluded whatever it was I began to pump him for his war experience. He told me about the fight in which he was shot up. As he talked he became more and more excited and when he finished he gave a yell of blood curdling quality that must have made old Tecumseh jump plumb out of his grave, threw a crutch into a spittoon and sprang up on his crippled legs. But let me tell it to you about like he told it to me for it is real elucidating. He said-

" They take it us up front in little box cars, every body tight in like little fish in a can. Then we walk a long time in night. Come up to country all dug up. Put it us in a long ditch come 'bout up to our necks. Every body lay round quiet all night smoking cigarettas. Directly long time next to morning officer come around and he say, have it a drink. Every body take it drink rum. Feel purty good. Directly feel purty damn good. Then nother officer he come long and say, get it ready goin it over some top. Every body get busy, put hard hats on head, stick it knives on guns, hitch up belts. Then officer he yells, go it over some top. Every body jump out of that ditch and run like hell- fight like hell. Big guns goin "boom"- "boom". Little guns goin "bing"- "bing". Sky rockets goin up- balloons goin up. Jump right into em- fight em here, stick em there. Y-e-e-i-p! O-- damn, all seem like Christmas at home."

They're a quaint and courteous race. They have laid aside the tomahawk and the bow and arrow and taken up gold and tiddlewinks. But just fill up their boilers with redeye and they lapse right back into their ancestral prerogative. And they fight their wars according to the ancient Indian ^{Christmas} custom."