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U. S. Russell, Editor

LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

"Well, so," Hotgun he say, "if I was had the nerve and the old handpress and no family to support, maybe so I like to be a country editor, with five thousand readers in some town that was had a good future and but near two hundred souls in it. The country editor was a big man in the community and was received lots a compliments. The prominent farmer was lugged his pumpkin into his sanctum for remembrance, and the women a the ladies aid society was left fresh boquets on his desk for advertising the ice cream festival, and the candidate for office was dropped in and paid up his back subscription for his support, and the business men was cut down they space in his weekly so he could had more space to boost the town and blow they horn."

(Tookpafka Micco and Wolf Warrior and Kono Harjo they was looked kind a mystified, like Hotgun was

getting too far away from the sofky pots and they didn't know what he was driving at. But they was smoked slow and watched the red ants and paid close attention and wait for a chance to grunt.)

"Well, so," Hotgun he go on and say, "sides that maybe so I could be toastmaster for the press association and called on Editor Holden, a the Post, for a story about Ft. Gibson the time old Heroditus was come there to write up the town. Or maybe so I was called on Colonel Clarence Dug Last, a the Phoenix, for a sonnet on Secretary It's Cocked. Or maybe so I called on Sidney Suggs, a the Ardmorite, for a talk on how to graft in the newspaper business. Or maybe so I called on Editor Rustle, a the Capital, on how to fill up the front page on a tip or grapevine special. Or maybe so I was called on Kirt Whitmore, a the Enquirer, to tell why he run a thumb sheet daily in his town instead of a monthly. Or maybe so I was called on Bert Greer, a the Times, for a set speech on how to be afraid a your shadder in politics and gobble up the patronage after the election. Or maybe so I was called on the Durant News and Wagoner Record man to explain how to swipe stuff without credit.

(Tookpafka Micco and Wolf Warrior and Kono Harjo they was looked like they was more interested in the red ants.)

And Hotgun he go on and say, "Well, so If I was a country editor I could had lots a mileage sticking in my vest pocket that wasn't good on the Katy Flyer nor in Texas neither."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so I was druther had a pass to ride on, like a flunkey a the federal court or maybe so a roustabout for the Dawes Commission or Injin agent. So when the conductor was come around and holler "tickets! all I had to do was flash the paste board and keep my eye on the landscape like I was had a deed to it."

Then, Hotgun he say, "Well, so, anyhow I druther I had my name to the head a the column and lots a snap shots hanging under it than a pass on the railroad and privilege to bog up when I want to in the palace car carpet and no votes to make me sanitary policeman."