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U. S. Russell, Editor

LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

Well, so Hotgun he say they was something doing all the time and the newspapers was had lots a things to talk about.

And Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so what kind a frauds been plowed up this time?"

And Hotgun he say, "Well, so Clarence Dug Last was chunked down a hornest's nest on Secretary It's Cocked and made 'im tear out through the woods with the swarm under his shirt tail so Tom Ryan was had to put a stray notice in the Phoenix. Chief Porter he say maybe so Secretary It's Cocked was out in the hills in New Hampshire picking the briars out a his foot and waiting for the swelling to go down."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say: "Well, maybe so if that been Bill Mellette he couldn't get a move on 'im like that, 'cause it was too hot."

And Hotgun he go on and say: "Well, so they was fixing to had a big war dance at Checotah putty soon to make the Big Man at Washington sic the land grabber on the Injin like when the Romans was sic the lions on the prisoner in olden times."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say: "Well, maybe so they was nobody mixed up in it but white people, 'cause no good Injin was help do anything like that."

And Hotgun he say, "Well, so that's where you ain't on to it, 'cause Henry Clay Fisher was made his mark to the call and was a delegate to it and couldn't hardly wait for his badge."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so then that's all right, 'cause the Big Man at Washington was knowed his business better than Henry and was not let Henry run through with his land like his daddy's store over to Fishertown."

And Hotgun he say, "Well, so I think you was had it down right, and 'cause the Big Man at Washington was knowed his business better than Henry, and was not let Henry run through with his land like his daddy's store over to Fishertown."

And Hotgun he say, "Well, so I think you was

had it down right, and maybe so that war dance was all whoops and no scalps and was a picnic for nobody but the soda pop man and the bed bugs in the hotel.

Then Tookpafka Micco he say: "Well, so what the newspapers say about the next chief?"

And Hotgun he say: "Well, so they was had a hot time in Creek politics and old Legus Perryman was sweating like a nigger at a 'lection. Chief Porter he was sweat, too, and was had a big barbedue up to Wetumka and made a stump talk to about two thousand Injuns and was pinned badges on they hickory shirts and took 'em to one side and tell 'em to vote it straight. Chitto Harjo was cutting up pretty considerable, too, and couldn't hardly stay in the chute. He say if he was had hold a the reins he was soon had buffaloes eating grass 'round Spokogee instead a carpetbaggers hunting leases and sofky and sour bread at Muskogee instead a Bud Wiser and pie."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say: "Well, so who you think was got there?"

And Hotgun he say, "Well, so I think Chief Porter was made old Legus Perryman and Chitto Harjo feel like sofky dogs after a jack rabbit."