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LETTER OF ALEX POSEY TO THE PHOENIX

"Well, so," Hotgun he say, "after all the dear people was had to settle it; an' maybe so, this time next year be lots hamlets in commonwealth of Sequoyah day-dreamin' roun' the court house square, watin' for the fall trade up an' the circus calliope to come 'long an' break the mont'nd."

An' Tookpafka Micco he look inocent at Hotgun, like he want to know what he was drivin' at anyhow.

An' Hotgun he go on an' say, while the autumn leaves was driftin' down, "Well, so if the plans a the big constitution powwow don't mis-carry an' the machinery stay in gear, the Injins an' niggers an' the white element could exercise they great American privilege an' pile up a staggerin' majority for separate statehood November the seventh. That be a big day it the winin' a the west an', maybe so, it be set aside so it won't get mixed up with work days.

After this battle a the ballots, all Injuns be constituents instead a wards a the big man at Washington. Secretary Itscocked was had to wind up his tape an' let go the scepter then an' bow to his time subjects. An' the picnic orator could climb up on the dry goods box in the shade a the scrup oaks an' talk about this grand an' glorious country!"

(Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo they was spit in the leaves an' look troubled.)

Then Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so I hear heap talk all time lately 'bout county seats an' things like that. Lots a places I see nestors stan'in' in the middle a the cotton patch arguin' like they was more into it than fillin' the long sack with fleecy staple. I like to know what's a county seat anyhow, an' what makes people quit work to talk about it."

An' Hotgun he look down his old pipe stem, like he was takin' sure aim, an' say, "Well, so a county seat was a kin' of a bush groin', only it was more assumin'. It was had big brick buildin's with rock posts in front instead of bush arbors, an' upholstered chairs to set on instead a split-log

benches, an' waxed floors to dance on instead a the bare groun', an' whiskey to drink instead of physic. They was forty-eight counties in the state of Sequoyah, but looks like they wasn't enough to go roun' an' they was heap a squabblin' between railroad flag stations an' star route postoffices an' back district neighborhoods."

(Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo they was pay close 'tention an' dream an' sigh for old times, like when Locha Harjo was chief an' you could pick up your rifle an' kill a deer back a the sofky patch,)

Then Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so you reckon we get statehood separate from Oklahoma? What's your honest conviction, anyhow!"

An' Hotgun he puff out big clouds a smoke an' put near shut his eyes an' say, "Well, so that depen's; it was a hard question to answer; it make wise men scratch they heads where it don't itch, an' bring ever'-body to the pattin' a the ways. I couldn't look far 'nough into the lobbies an' cloakroom at Washington to tell what congress was had up its sleeve, but separate statehood prospects right now look so flatterin" they was a big howl goin' up over in the Short Grass country."

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so wolves

don't howl till they was after prey, an', maybe so, this time we be the prey."

An' Hotgun he nod his head and go on and say, "Well, so the coyote with the lonesonest voice an' hungriest mouth was Delegate Makefire, an' the one next to him was Dennis Flynn, an' when these two get together with Plenty Sofar an' Colonel Duglast, that constitute the pack after the fat calf. An' once in a while some more coyotes howl 'way off an' you couldn't hear 'em hardly. That was Kansas congressmen and Illiniois senators scentin' the air. They was all coyotes; the Lobo wolves don't go in packs an' make the night hedious."

Then Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so the language a the treaty was plain an' the honor a the United States was staked on it. So I vote for Sequoyah an' the nearest post-office for county seat when the time come." -- Alex Posey in the Phoenix.