

HOLDENVILLE TRIBUNE

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LETTER OF ALEX POSEY

So it was Hotgun he sat on his ol' split-log bench under the brush arbor at Oche Apofa, an' smoke slow an' look 'way off in the Injin summer long time. Then he was spit ag'in' a scrub-oak an' tell Tokpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an Kono Harjo, "Well, so the Great Spirit was manifest 'imself in lots o' different ways. In olden times in Isreal, He was showed 'imself in the burning bush, an' in Babylon, He was showed 'imself in handwriting on the wall an' in Egypt, in a pillar o' fire by night. He was appeared in different ways in different lan's to suit the occasion, an' He was appeared nowdays same as in the days O' Moses an' Pharoah an' Bill Shazzer. So Tuesday November 6, 1906, He was manifest 'imself in Injin Territory an' Oklahoma in the ballot box, an' dumbfounded the carpetbaggers an' put an end to their

iniquity. The mighty chief o' the pie counter an' the high priests o' Mammon was seized with big consternation, an' the people was delivered from the bondage o' Hitchcockism."

(Tokpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo they was paid close attention an' put near let their pipes go out.)

Then Tokpafka Micco he speak up an' say, "Well, so I think it was a democratic cyclone, for they was lots o' dead timber in the senatorial forest. Giant Plenty Sofar an' Monarch Duglast was uprooted an' prostrated an' they was no sturdy tree left standin' but Sequoia Haskell."

An' Hotgun he go on an' say, "Well, so statehood was a sad thing for the injin, but I didn't had no tears to shed over lost tribal rule, like Crazy Snake; for the new state politician was my shepherd an' I got all I want. He was tolled me off to one side an' had business with me for my local influence. He was cultivated my acquaintance for his party's sake. He was prepared a table before me in the presence o' the bartender an' hol' up two fingers an' call for a couple o' small ones. He was tell me, 'Eat, drink an' be game for mabe so, tomorrow I want you to vote for me.'"

Then Tokpafka Micco he speak up ag'in. He say, "Well, so long time ago the white man was put his arm 'roun' the Injin's neck an give whiskey an' big treaty medals for his lan'. But now it came to pass the white man was had ever' thing the Injin's got but his vote. So he was tolled him off back in the alley, if it was in Muskogee, or to the corner saloon, if it was in Shawnees, an' set 'em up to him an' give him entertainment an' try to trade him out of it. The paleface was too cunning an' the redman was too easy. He did sell his birthright for a nip. You hear lots o' talk about William Buzzabee, the coal baron, for senator, an' Bird Makefire for running mate, but if you was listened right close to hear what my ol' time friend Nokos Elle an' my ol' time friend Hotulk Emartha was runnin' for you could hear a pin drop. The newsgatherers wasn't lying in wait for ol' Cho Eka to interview him 'bout his chances for congress, an' my ol' time friend Chepon Holata wasn't livin' in retirement, like John D. Rockyfeller an' dodgin the kodak fiends an' stayin' out o' the lime-light.

(Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo give big grunt an' Hotgun he look 'way off in the Injin summer ag'in an smoke slow.)