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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

"Well, so," Hotgun he say, "if we didn't get statehood this spring, we could had poke greens an' wild onions scrambled with eggs, anyhow,"

An' Tookpafka Micco he spit back in the corner o' the fire place and say, "Well, maybe so, we have greens an' statehood both. The young hoosier statesman from the banks o' the Wabash was made a big spread eagle talk in the senate chamber an created a stir in the galleries an' lobby halls, an' politicians was hurryin' back from the capital like bees swarmin' an' workin' overtime. So it didn't take a firstclass prophet to prophesy 'bout statehood, an' you didn't had to put on your specs to see which way the wind was blowin' the straw,"

Wolf Warrior an Kone Harjo grunt like they didn't welcome the news an' shake they heads like they thought

the Injin was fall on evil days.

Then Hotgun he say, "Well, so I like to hear what kind o' spiel the young hoosier statesman from the banks o' the Wabash was gine 'em, anyhow."

An' Tookpafka Micco he go on an' say, "Well, so he tell 'em Oklahoma an' Injin Territory make a fine lookin' couple an' ought to had they picture taken together, so congress could have it enlarged an' hang it up on the map o' our common country. Then he go on an' warm up to the occasion an' pay a glowin tribute to the pioneers. He say they was overcome the coyate an' exterminate the beaver an' chase all the deer out o' the country with hounds. They was replace the wild animals with domestic ones, like the thrifty razorback; they was chop down saplin's an' buil' huts; they was dig in the sod an' throw up rude abodes; they was laid the foundation o' a new state, an' give civilization a home in the backwoods. An' the woman folks was had a hand in it an' did most o' the work, the lord bless 'em! They was nurse the tow-headed kid with one arm an' made butter with the other one; they was brought in the wood an' cooked; they was make the garden an' slopped the pigs an' put something to eat on the table; they was picked the cotton an' pulled

the corn an' made the children's clothes an' patched the old man's overalls; they was 'tended church on Sunday while the old man went to swapp horses or' maybe so, set on the damp groun' in the bush playin' poker an' caught 'is death o' cold instead o' the winnin hand. Then he go on an tell 'em that was the kind o' people that make the new country fit to live in. He say they was all typical Americans an' Arkansawers, an' they was 'bout a million o' 'em ready for civilization. He say they all go to the new country with nothin' but a big start o' children. Some o' them was squatters an' boomers an' sooners an' intruders with a past, but they was want forgiveness now an' a chance to get back in the Union."

Then Hotgun he spit over the backlog an' say, "Well, so the young hoosier statesman from the banks o' the Wabash wasn't up on facts an' ancient history. He was just puttin words together to see how many he had. The Injin was the only bona fide pioneer in this country, an' the Injin squaw was the woman that furnish the magic an' help overcome the wild animals an' carry civilization into the waste places with her sofky pestle an' mortar."

An' Tookpafka Micco he smoke slow and study long
time an' say, "Well, so the Lord helps 'em that help
'emselves -- except the Injin."