

HENRYETTA FREE-LANCE

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MEMORIAL ON ALEX POSEY (ISPARHECHER)

In the death of Alexander Posey, Oklahoma loses one of its very brightest and most versatile men. He was born in 1873, at the ranch home of L. H. Posey on North Canadian, not many miles from the present Posey homestead at Bald Hill. As a lad, he worked with the stock and on the farm for his father. He was educated at Bacone, near Muskogee.

He came into political notice in 1895 when Ispahecha was elected Chief of the Creeks. Young Mr. Posey was made Special Deputy Treasurer of the Creek nation, and was afterwards appointed Superintendent of the Creek Orphan School, at Okmulgee.

In turn he served as Superintendent of public instructions of the Creek nation, and of the Wetumka boarding school and of the Eufaula High School. He

made good in all these places.

He was Secretary of the Sequoyah convention, and an enthusiastic advocate of two states.

As editor of the Indian Journal he attained wide fame by his pungent style, and by the celebrated Fus Fixico letters. As a classic English scholar he had no superior in the west. His memory was marvelous. His relish for the best in literature was remarkable, even while he was yet a boy. In after years he developed an aptitude for dialect writing that found its way to the keenest satire in the Fus Fixico letters.

His family has lost a devoted and patient husband and father. The state, a very useful and highly cultivated citizen, and the editor of Free Lance has lost the best and closest friend he had. Posey was absolutely and always loyal. He never wavered. His was the soul so great and noble that littleness never found place therein. He was one of nature's noblemen. Nobility became him -- rested as naturally upon him as a halo fits a star. He is gone. There is no one to take his place. The world will move on, and other hands will take up the work left undone; but all loyal sons of Oklahoma will keep a tender place in their hearts for Alex Posey. The state may grow

great and proud in art and literature, but the
impress he left on the literature of his day cannot
be effaced. It will live. "To live in hearts we
leave behind is not to die" and Posey will live as
long as Oklahomans live and read.