

HENRYETTA FREE-LANCE

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Geo. R. Hall, Editor

LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

"Well, so," Hotgun he say, "Ol' Cannon wasn't no clan kin to me, but he was a man after my own heart. He stan' flat-footed an' didn't has that homely look for nothin'. He tell ol' Senator Four Acre, 'I fight you till hell froze up an' then, maybe so, monkey with you some roun' on the ice.'"

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so that look like a slippery proposition an' maybe so, Uncle Joe fall down on it if he wasn't put a keerful."

An' Hotgun he go on an' say, "Well, maybe so; but his feet wasn't gone out from under 'im yet, an' waitin' fer statehood to come was mighty monotonous for the camp followers o' politics. They was gettin' excited an' keeping the wires to Washington not sendin' telegrams. They couldn't stan' the agony any longer. Some sign their name to the telegram Postmaster, an' some sign it Business

Man, an' some sign it Editor, an' some of 'em sign it Vox Pop a-lie. The postmaster he want to keep on cancellin' stamps an' puttin' your mail in somebody else's box; the lawyer he wants no end o'law suits over cloudy titles an' a chance to take the stump for office; the business man he want to exploit the Injin an' escape the tribal tax; the editor he want the county orintin' an' anything else he can lay hands on.

"But," Hotgun he go on an' say, "you couldn't find no full blood Injin's mark to any telegram to Washington, an' no farmer's John Hancock neither. The telegram signed Vox Pop a-lie was a false pretense on the face of it. The fellers that send it didn't come roun' an' say, 'Well, so, Tookpafka Micco, you want statehood, or, maybe so, 'Bill Jones wasn't you tired o' waitin' for statehood?'"

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so the common Injin back in the hills an' the white renter in the tall timber 'long the river wasn't consulted."

An' Hotgun he say, "Well, so the common run o' Injins an' white people was more anxious for a good crop year, an' liftin' the mortgage off the ol' dun mule than a constitutional convention, anyhow."

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so if we

happen to break into the Union they be something doin'.
The fullblood Injin an' his white renter maybe so come
out 'o the sticks an' be pall bearers at the polls for
the fellers that sign the telegrams Vox Pop-a-lie."

Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo give a big grunt
an' spit in the ashes an' 'bout that time Hotgun's women
folks say, "Hombux-che!"

THE VINITA LEADER

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F. S. E. Amos, Editor

LETTER OF CHUN CHUSTIE TO EDITOR OF LEADER

Spavinaw, Town, C. N.

Mr. Edit Dat Leadit Paper:

I thot I lite it letter tonite, and ax bout it dat commission Dawes. I hear he bin your town las week an stay hole week. I want know when he comin Spanivaw Town? Putty hard ketch em dat man, what you call em Dawes. I been Coo-y-yah town las week, I want see it putty bad dat Dawes. I want to ax him lot questions bout it Cherokee nashuns, what he goin do wid it? I gist been Coo-y-yah bout little while, on Satelday, an he tell it to me Sam Mais gis bin gone bout Too-lat dat Daws vinita. It he up there yit I wish lite it to me lite way letter. I live Spavina² kleek, klose other side. Well I want lite it letter your paper news too. I want to know who she is that fellow what she call her

"Ben-Dick and Cow-Peek?" I see where she lite it long items Ledit paper bout public skules. She lite back her friend Wasin City, I bleve you call Interior or Secety or something, nehaw she must be big mans but what want it say me was that fellow she don't no what she talkin all time bout. I see what she want first letter she lote she want take it way all Injun skules put in hans her uncle, I bleve she name Sam. He must be blackest kine Republican dat fellow and maybe so gives some Arkinsaw skule teachers what he can't git it job over dat plac and he want bling it down here teach it Injuns to civilize. Den he try to be so slick dat las letter las week he say had to hanle it awful easy that Ben-dick when she cum here flaid she blake it tribble law, maby so beter gist lern his way first dem Injuns. Well I gess she lern it putty good now she bin here bout to years, and took it all Injuns mony to pay herself. Now she wants do it somethin right way quick. She mak big it estimat of skule funds, bout what is cost run it male seminary and that female seminary an culled hi skule bout nine munths, but she fergot to menshun that she was drawin it out big alise bout \$5,000 and aint do nothin to. I gess she that it aint civilized much them

Injuns maby so think Uncle Sam, he foot it bill. Uncle Sam he say he my gardin, but I no like it much myself. I want see it dat Daws comishun and have it turned of. Den he talkin bout dem skule childens aught to learn it sew and plow and make needles work and cook. I bet pessel tale pony dat fellows he both married else she be lokin for Injun cook herself. I bet it dat Daws comishun say more white mans marry dat Injuns cause he smart to cook and smart to plow and make it needles work an any other kin what marys squaw mans. Den he say bout sellen skulls when he first come bord of education. Well he smart mans look like, why didn't she plossente it bord? Dats what law say. He no say take it way Injuns hans. Injuns got em some onest mans and some smart mans to. I no favor it, reb poor Injuns all his skules, gist put it in good mans an thow it out bad one's den maby so I stan it she git it on boed next fall myself. Well I all same lite too much, maby so I quit. "Aky," he's my wife, he done snowin long time. Dat Daws comishun he there yit lite it letter soon. I want toek to it bout skules inspectors an one thing an nother. Send it to me dat Ledit papers nex week. If aint there Daws comishun maby so I lite gin.

CHUN CHUSTIE.