

HOLDENVILLE TIMES

Holdenville, Ind. Ter.  
Friday, June 29, 1906  
Vol. 11, No. 10  
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THE INDIAN PART BY ALEX POSEY

"Well,so," Hotgun he say, "I like to know who done it, anyhow."

An' Tookpafka Micco he smoke 'is ol' hatchet-pipe slow an' say, "Well,so, in olden times, seven cities want to be Homers' birthplace; an', same way, all the politicians claim the credit for statehood an' dispute with one 'nother. Delegate Makefire he say he done it an' couldn't tell a lie 'bout it. He say if the fight he put up for statehood wasn't worth a decent burial in the statesman's corner o' the capital buildin' it wasn't worth takin' the Father 'o His Country's example in vain. Clarence Duglast he say he done it -- with Washington Post interviews written by 'imself -- an' he want a outside lot facin' the main aisle in the Poet's corner; also 'is statue, with a sword buckled on, standin'

'straddle o' lot o' carpetbaggers. An' they was some commissioner court lawyers an' not'ry publics claim the honor, too, but they wasn't entitled to it no more than Crazy Snake."

Then Hotgun he say, "Well, so elegate Makefire an' Clarence Duglast was imposin' on that razorback the statehood rooters take to congress last winter an' someone ought to report 'em to the humane society."

(Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo give big grunt an' spit in the rag-weeds an' pay close 'tention.)

Then Hotgun he go on an' say, "Well, so before statehood they was too much sentiment mixed up in the Injin problem. The missionary he tell the Injin he must lay up treasures in heaven, but he didn't show 'im how to keep body an' soul together on earth an' lay by for the rainy day; an' the school teacher he learn 'im how to read an' shade 'is letters when he write, but didn't teach 'im how to make two blades o' grass grow out o' one; and the philanthropist remind 'im o' the century o' dishonor instead o' the future individual responsibility; an' the government dish out beef an' annuity to 'im instead of a mule an' a plow. Everthing like that make the Injin no count,

except give jobs to government clerks."

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so the ol' order was passed away. Maybe so now the politician tell the Injin how to win salvation in the Democratic party, or Republican party, an' party bosses teach 'im how to put on two votes instead o' one."

Then Hotgun he go on an' say, "Well, so if the Injin know his business, he was better off than before. All he had to do was to be a Injin an' stay to 'imself like an ol' bull in winter time. He don't want to be Democrat or Republican. Maybe so 'is hair was long enough for a Populist, but he better not. If he take sides he won't' mount to nothin' an' couldn't be dog pelter."

An' Tookpafka Micco he say, "Well, so I was raised on democrat sofky an' don't care who find it out, but I don't vote for yellow dogs on 'count o' the color."

(Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo grunt an' spit in the ragweeds ag'in an' move further in the shade.)

Then Hotgun he go on an' say, "Well, so we was all one people now an' neighbors, anyhow, regardless o' race or politics or religion. Instead o'

Choctaws an' Chickasaws an' Seminoles an' Creeks an'  
Cherokees an' Boomers an' Osages an' Sequoyahans, we  
was all Oklahomans. Muskogee wasn't in Injin territory  
an' Oklahoma City wasn't in the short grass country.  
You dinn't had to slip over the line for the stomach's  
sake now. You could be at home in Beaver county  
same as at Hickory Ground. You could say, 'I'm  
from Oklahoma,' an' be proud of it same as if you was  
from Ol' Dominion."