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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

So it was Tokpafka Micco want to konw if Sunnybrook was any kin to Senator Brook, an' Hot Gun he tell 'im, "Well, so they was no kin to one 'nuther; but, maybe so, they was good frien's socially."

Tokpafka Micco he didn't know no better an' think Sunnybrook was a man, an' Hot Gun was had lots o' fun out o' him before he get wise. An' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo didn't know no better neither, an think Sunnybrook was a young boy from Kentucky, like Hot Gun say. When they find out different they smoke slow an' look 'way off an' don't see nothin to laugh at. But the women folks was fixin' dinner an Tokpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo wasn't offended long. You can't make a Injin mad when the smoke is comin out o' the chimney an' the dog is lookin' in the kitchen dooF.

"Well, so," Hot Gun he go on an' say, "ever'thing was different since statehood. Instead o' busk groum's we got county seats; instead o' stomp dances, we got rallies; instead o' green corn feasts, we got primaries; instead o' fish frys we got the initiative an' referendum; an' instead o' fifty lashes on the bare back we got sixty days on the rock pile. So, instead o' the ol' time whiskey peddler that stayed in the woods till after dark, we got a dispensary agent. This new kind o' whiskey peddler was come out of the pulpit, an' you couldn't see the back o' his knee for the tail o' his coat. He was peddle Sunnybrook, an' it was put' near good as 'white mule' mixed with branch water, or the new kind o' peruny. He was handle no other bran' of firewater but this Sunnybrook. If you was drink any of it you wasn't accountable for your misdemeanors. It was the kind o' strong drink Solomon tackled in olden times an' called a mockery. (Tokpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo pay close 'tention an' look dry.)

An' Hot Gun he go on an' say, "The peddler o' this Sunnybrook stuff was a preacher, like I say,

an' he was had lots o' other peddlers under him,  
an' some o' them was women. Guess so that make  
the business more interestin'. You couldn't  
get any Sunnybrook if you didn't know how to tell  
big lie an' swear it was the truth. Makes no  
difference how husky you was you had to make a  
oath you was puny an' wasn't long for this world!"

Then Tokpafka Micco he say, "Well, so I  
think the new state whiskey law was breed lots o'  
graft an' cheerful liars, an' was make me sorry  
for religion an' womanhood."