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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

So it was Hot Gun he look 'way off to the
backside o' the sofky patch an' give his ol' pipe
a good start an' talk wisdom like this to Tokpafka Micco
an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo:

"Well, so they was no political bee buzzin'
'roun' in my warbonnet. I got no aspiration for
office an' no hide like a rhinoceros or C. N. Has
Skill. So no rival candidate could say, 'Well, so
long time ago Hot Gun he was out up at a stomp
dance; or, may be so, 'Long time ago Hot Gun he was
get drunk an' break up a big campmeetin', an'
spread evil report about me like that.

"The Injin was civilized -- he buy drop-stitch
hose for the squaw an' teddy bear for the papoose.
He was the only bonyfied pioneer in Oklahoma -- all
the rest was Arkansawyers an' Illinois politicians.

He could touch the pen better'n anybody.

"May be so, the buddin' statesman tell the people in the shade o' the scrub-oaks next summer 'This was a great an' gran' an' glorious country.' But no one was take him serious except the ones that didn't had the combination to the back door.

"So it was they was lots a talk about freek laws, like Bosco must not eat snakes, an' the woman folks must not straddle o' the bronco, an' hotel guests must not do battle with bugs under short bed sheets. Them kind o' laws was proposed to turn the 'tention o' the small fry legislators from laws that was goin' on the statute book."