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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

So it was while the rain was comin' down on the clapboards an' Shell Creek was gettin' out o' its banks an' the socklebur was gettin' a good start in the sofky patch, Hot Gun an' Tokpafka Miece an' Wolf Warrior an' Keno Harjo was sit roun' the fireplace an' smoke slow an' spit in the ashes an' talk. What a Injin say on a rainy day was had meanin'. Fruit an' things like that get ripe in the sun, but a scrub Injin's thought don't get ripe till it rains.

"Well, so," Tokpafka Miece he say, "I think we need some fullblood Injins in the legislature. They could give the law-making body more dignity an' less insurrection. If the fullblood solon didn't had any gray matter, that don't make no difference -- C. N. Has Skill could give 'im all he need."

An' Hot Gun he say, "Well, maybe so, the full-blood could borrow 'nough gray matter to get 'long with, but he was no John L. Sullivan or Hercules. A nimble mind don't count for anything in the Oklahoma legislature an' couldn't get any emergency bills passed. You couldn't cover yourself with glory in Squirrel Rifle Bill's prize ring if you wasn't handy with your fists an' had lots o' hard muscle. The noble art o' self-defense was better than great knowledge o' Blackstone in the Oklahoma legislature. Roberts' Rules o' Order was a classic you didn't had to know anything about. The only thing you had to be up on was Marquis o' Queensberry rules. So, before you run for the legislature you better consider how hard you could lan' on the enemy with your fist or how straight you can hurl the ink bottle."

Then Tokpafka Micco he say, "Well, so I don't think my long experience in Creek council was train me for strenuous work like that. In the Creek council all I had to do was smoke an' spit an' hol' up my han' to vote if I was awake."