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Alex. Posey, Editor

LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

Well, so I was not write to you any news to put in for about a month nearly. But I didn't had no time to write. My cotton was bust open so much last two three weeks I was had to pick out every day about twenty-five pounds or little over, and my wife, he was pick out about fifty pounds maybe.

I was raise about two wagons plum full of sofky corn too, and lots of bushels of sweet potatoes, like what the white mens call "nigger-chokers" -- they wont choke Injins though, 'cause injins don't eat potatoes that was cooked dry like niggers.

I was raise lots pumpkins and turnips and things like that too. My wife was sliced up the pumpkins and hang it up all 'round the kitchen to dry for Christmas times.

Well, Chitto Harjo and his friend, was all

come back from jail, and was hold some councils in the woods already. They was make lots big speeches about old times. I think maybe so if they don't quit their monkey business the white man will round them up and put them back in jail for about ten years next time.

Well, one thing I like to know is if Porter was quit trying to issue them deeds. I guess maybe so he was had so many deeds to sign up he was just give out of breath and quit. I think the Creek council ought to elect some white man to fix up them deeds for us anyhow. It's too much work for one injin.

I don't know what I do if I don't get my deed pretty soon. The land buyer say he can't give me but 15c for my land if them deeds don't show up. So you see I was in a bad fix for Christmas times with nothing but sour sofky to make me feel good.