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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

Well, so I was had bad luck Christmas times. I was fly out of bed soon about daylight and look in my socks, but I was see nothing in there but big holes. Maybe so, my deed was fall out in the fire, or, maybe so, Old Santa Clause think I was not want any deed, like Chitto Harjo and Hotgun.

So Micco Hutka was give a big dance, like I say last week, and Hotgun he was make music on the fiddle. Long time ago out in the mountain, Old Devil he was show Hotgun how to play on fiddle just like he do himself. So Hotgun was play some good Injin tunes like the devil till Choela's old rooster was crow for daylight before sun-up. They was lots a Injins be at the rag and lots a gals, too, what the preacher was not had chance to marry. Hotgun was pat his foot on the floor all time, like he was want to dance

together with them too. One Weo gufky Injin was beat on the chair with two sticks like big woodpecker by himself way out in the woods. He say he was do this to make more noise, like hail falling on top of a house while it was raining like everything. One Snake lighthorse was be at the dance and he was steal all the whiskey and run off to Hickory Ground and get drunk two days.

White folks was had a big times at Dogtown too. They was had more fun than what Micco Hutka was had. One white feller he was try to dance and had his hat on like out doors. Somebody he was tell him he was had to take it off, but he say he won't and so he get shot and the feller what shot him get killed.

Well, so I was had lots to eat Christmas. Maybe so, I was not had that much to eat till Porter was run for chief and give big barbecue. I was had lots visitors too. Hotgun was brought his families and eat, Choela was brought his families and eat. Old Nocos Emarther was brought his families and eat, and lots a others was brought they families and eat. They was all fetch they dogs, too, and they was eat up what they was left. I was tell my wife, maybe so, I was sick and hard up they all go some other place and eat.