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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

"Well, so," Hotgun he say,
"My ol'-time frien', Yedeka Harjo,
He
Was died the other day,
An' they was no ol'-timer left but
me.

Hatulk Emathla he
Was go to be good Injun long time
'go,
An' Woxie Harjocke
Been dead ten years or twenty,
maybe so.

"All had to die at las';
I live long time, but now my days
was few;
"Fore long, poke weeds and grass
Be growin' all aroun' my grave
house too."
Wolf Warrior listen close
An' Kono Harjo pay close 'tention,
too,
Tookpafka Cimmo he almos'
Let his pipe go out a time or two.

Hot Gun, whose Indian name was Mitcka Hiyah,
one of the most famous of Creek medicine men, and a

character who figured prominently in the Fus Fixico letters, satirical Creek logic upon the political administration of Indian affairs by the white man, died yesterday at his home in the forest between Eufaula and Wetumka, at the age of 60 years. He was seized by that disease so fatal to Indians, pneumonia, and lived but a short time.

Hot Gun was a genius. He was an Indian tinkerer of great fame. It was said that he could make anything. His inventive genius was remarkable. He was a philosopher, carpenter, blacksmith fiddler, clockmaker, worker in metals and a maker of medicines. Out of scraps of iron and wood, old wire springs and small wheels that he had collected, he set to work and made a clock that kept excellent time. It was a crude affair, but it was faithful. In the early days when the government paid a blacksmith to do the work for the Indians when they needed any, Hot Gun was the government blacksmith. Near his old home there stands the same old blacksmith shop, and until he died he worked when so inclined in his old shop.

Among the Snake Indians, to which faction he belonged, he was the most highly regarded medicine man, and it was said of him that he could cure gunshot

wounds better than any white doctor. In this he seemed to be especially skilled. He used medicines of his own manufacture and kept his formulas secret. His practice was a strange mixture of modern ideas and the old-time witchery. While he used medicines, he also chanted over his patients, looked into clear, deep water for advice and guidance and did many other strange things to obtain wisdom.

Hot Gun, Wolf Warrior, Kono Harjo, and Fus Fixico were a quartet of Creek philosophers who used to spend much time together, and criticisms became as proverbs among their fellow Indians. Hot Gun was a Snake Indian, and at the time the government decided that the Snakes must be subdued, Hot Gun was at the big camp making medicine for them. He was taken along with a lot of leaders among the rebellious Indians and thrown into the "bull pen" at Muskogee that served for a jail and kept there for several months. His long hair, of which the Snakes are so proud, was cropped close, and this Hot Gun regarded as the one shameful incident of his life.

On an eminence in the deep timber stands Hot Gun's

house. He has lived there since the civil war. The government allotted the land to him without his knowledge or consent, but allotted his wife's land elsewhere, and neither she nor her husband know or care where it is. The house is a little log cabin without windows. Out the back door leading down to a magnificent spring there is a path that is worn a foot deep in the soil by constant use.

This spring used to be a stopping place for travelers along the old trail leading west from Eufaula. Hot Gun levied tribute on all persons who camped there and used his spring. When the government sent field parties out to survey and appraise the land they located a camp at this spring. Hot Gun went down to levy tribute upon them, and when the government men flatly refused to pay, he threatened to overrun their camp with tarantulas and rattlesnakes, using his power as a medicine man to call them forth. But Hot Gun was up against civilization this time and he had to let the camp remain without getting his usual tribute. That was one of the bitterest experiences of his life, for he hated the government and the policy of allotting lands to the Indians.