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CHEOLA IS DEAD

Choela, the Creek medicine man legislator and one of the unique characters of Fus Fixico's letters, is no more. He passed away last Thursday at his home on Shell creek after a long illness. Choela was a conspicuous figure in the Creek house of kings and famous in his neighborhood as a medicine man. He was a unique character and among other characteristic stories the following is related. Once upon a time Choela ran short on bread stuff and went to every house in the neighborhood hunting corn to buy. Coming to an old grist mill he asked the miller, in sheer desperation, to allow him to go in and "dust" the mill. The favor was readily granted and Choela succeeded in dusting out about one half bushel of sand meal. This did not last long but it helped out. Wild game without

bread was hard living, but Choela toughed it out until the corn season arrived and the corn got hard. Then he hired a number of Indian women at 50 cents a day to pound corn for him while an equal number of others baked bread and stacked it up like poker chips. When a wagon load of bread was cooked he paid the women off and hauled the bread to a public road and rolled johnny cakes on both sides of it for eight miles, saying, "A few suns ago I wanted bread and my children ate sand and dust. Now I have and to spare. Let the stranger, the homeless dog, the cayote and the birds feast and be merry. The bread is free for all."

Then Choela drank a couple of quarts of sofky and retired to his deer hide happy.