THE TWO MIGHTY Choctaw hunters, Chula and Fani, met in Natchez, Miss., one day in 1806 after a particularly good hunt, and a celebration seemed to be in order.

They bought some whisky and, after they had drunk a sufficient amount, started fighting. At first the brawl was just the result of the two braves’ exuberant spirits combining with the bottled spirits. But gradually it took on a more serious nature.

When Chula awoke the next morning he discovered that his right index finger had been badly bitten in the fight. The bone was crushed, the finger crippled.

To be maimed thus was as bad or worse than death itself to the proud Chula. He began to brood, then to mutter about getting himself killed.

His squaw did her best to talk him out of his mood, but the hunter’s mind was made up. When next he saw Fani, he said: “You have killed part of me. I demand that you finish the job.”

Like his friend’s squaw, Fani exerted himself to the utmost, trying to change the morose brave’s mind. But it was in vain. Chula spoke long and eloquently of the exacting Choctaw code. At last Fani reluctantly agreed to meet his friend the following day. Chula came with his half-grown son.

Fani appeared with a rifle and a bottle of whisky. After taking several swallows, he sighted on Chula’s chest and shot him dead.

Then Fani emptied the bottle. Reloading the rifle, he handed it to Chula’s son and told the boy to shoot him, so that he could accompany his friend on his long journey. The boy complied. The two friends were buried where they fell.

—Submitted by William E. Sorensen,
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