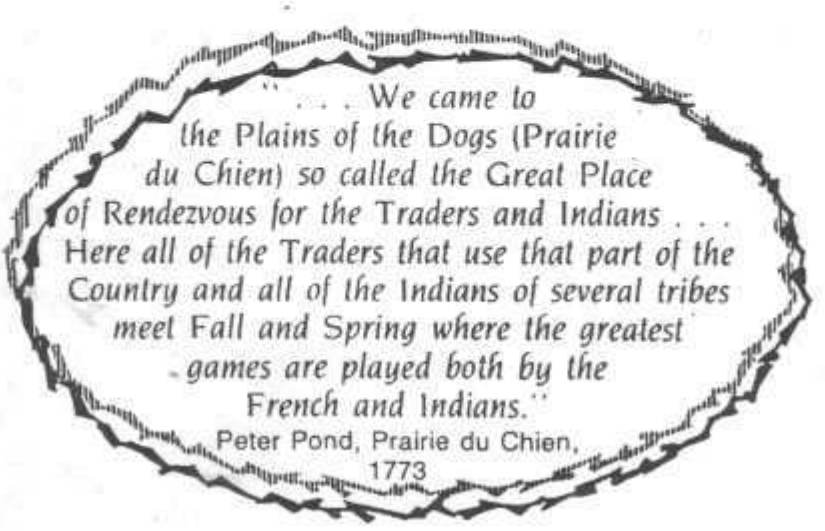
HISTORY TALKS

FROM PRAIRIE DU CHIEN



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Martinus Dyrud

THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

816 STATE STREET / MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706 / JAMES MORTON SMITH, DIRECTOR

Historic Sites and Markers Division

June 5, 1975

Mr. M. J. Dyrud
Prairie du Chien
Wisconsin 53821

Dear Marty:

Perhaps the salutation for this letter could very appropriately read "Dear Mr. History" as surely you must be one of our most knowledgeable historians in the field of Wisconsin history.

It was in October 1947 when I was first brought to Prairie du Chien by Clifford Lord, then Director of the State Historical Society, to discuss with you the possibility of the Villa Louis being transferred to state ownership and operation. A Prairie du Chien committee had been studying this possibility for several years and if the transfer had occurred, Director Lord was considering me as a prospective curator.

It was on that night that I first met you and during the quarter-century that followed, I was to learn about your many talents as a researcher, scholar, writer and historian. Your knowledge of history was not limited to the academic, to the written history, but also included great skill and judgment in the collection of maps and artifacts, and in the interpretation of the unwritten history of Indian mounds and other prehistory.

During more than twenty-five years, you were a pioneer in the field of historical preservation and the leader in persuading the State Historical Society to assume operation of the Villa Louis, which this month will welcome its one millionth visitor under state operation.

As a member of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, you were the acknowledged and respected leader of its historic sites and markers committees. Those programs helped to preserve and record history out where history actually happened and converted the State Historical Society into an organization that literally became statewide in its interests and in its service, rather than serving basically the University campus in Madison.

Beginning with the Villa Louis as the foundation, the Society now has a family of six sites, extending to Stonefield at Cassville, Pendarvis at Mineral Point, Wade House at Greenbush, and Madeline Island Museum at La Pointe, as well as the Circus World Museum in your old home-town of Baraboo.

Your contributions have been numerous, varied and distinguished, and this recognition during the Villa Louis Tea of 1975 is but a small reflection of the profound gratitude we feel for your truly significant contributions.

When I met you in October 1947, the negotiations for the Villa Louis were to require nearly five more years before it was transferred to the state. In the meantime, Director Lord, unable to defeat my persistent requests to work for the Historical Society, finally said that he had sufficient funds to employ me for a three-month period beginning April 1, 1948, to help with the State Centennial program that year. I think I was something of an April Fool joke. That three-month job has lasted more than twenty-seven years and I'm still around.

Sincerely,

Ray

Raymond S. Sivasind
Director
Historic Sites and Markers Division

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Father Marquette and Joliet entering the Mississippi River



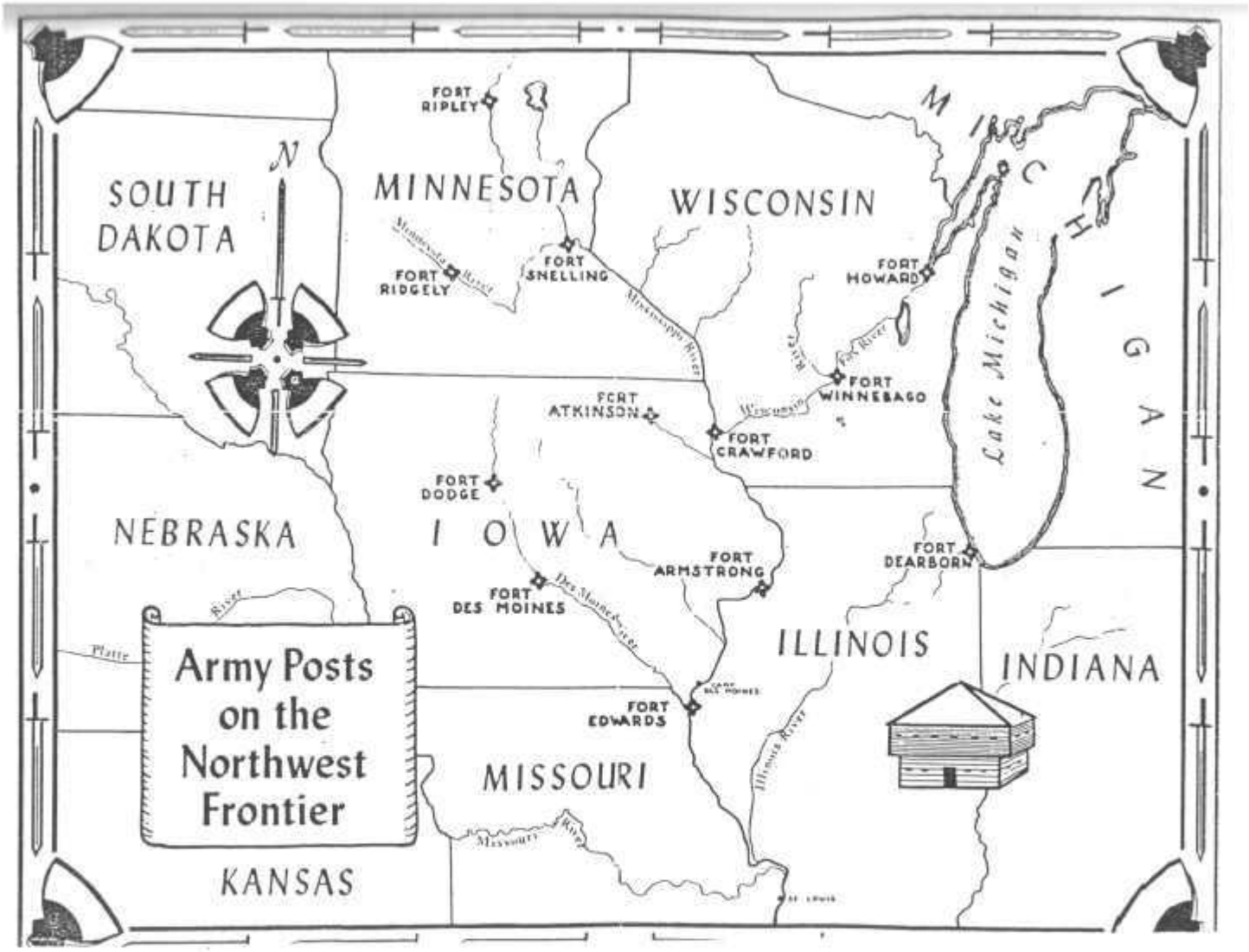
Marquette and Joliet on the Mississippi



"Marquette on the Mississippi" is based upon an 1867 painting by William Lamprecht entitled *Father Marquette and the Indians*



Plate 31. THE MOUTH OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER
Henry Lewis


Army Posts on the Northwest Frontier
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
IOWA
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
MISSOURI
Lake Michigan
FORT RIPLEY
FORT RIDGELY
FORT SNELLING
FORT HOWARD
FORT WINNEBAGO
FORT ATKINSON
FORT CRAWFORD
FORT DODGE
FORT DES MOINES
FORT ARMSTRONG
FORT DEARBORN
FORT EDWARDS
Minnesota River
Mississippi River
Fox River
Wisconsin River
Des Moines River
Illinois River
Missouri River
Platte River

ORIGIN OF COUNTY NAMES

by Marty Dyrud

The dates when new counties were carved out of Old Crawford County and the origin of their names will interest Sesquicentennial visitors. Here is a little additional information on two county names.

PRICE COUNTY was named for William Thompson Price (1824-1886) Judge of Jackson County 1854-1859; Crawford County Treasurer 1856-57; Wisconsin Senate 1857, 1870 and 1878-81; collector of internal revenue 1863-65; deputy sheriff Crawford County 1849; Wisconsin legislature 1851 and 1882; Congressional representative from Wisconsin 1883-86.

GRANT COUNTY. An amusing story is told about Grant, the man after whom the river and Grant County are named. He hunted this region in the early 1800's. Dressed in buckskin, Grant wore a wolf-skin cap and carried a gun over his shoulder. A large leather belt circled his middle, from which dangled knives, powder horn, shot bag and traps. On his back he toted a blanket roll with spare clothing and dried food folded inside. Grant was an unusual and distinctive person, for he carried a special brass kettle to cook his food. Fortunately, this kettle just fit over his head, and that is where he wore it, covered by his wolf-skin cap.
Traveling then wasn't too safe. Lead prospectors so disturbed and enraged the Indians that they forbid whites from their lands. But, this warning did not stop the intrepid Grant. One day, lurking Winnebago Indians spied Grant moving on their trail. Rushing him from the rear, they struck Grant on the head with savage blows of their tomahawks. Grant, protected by the kettle, calmly turned around and stared. The astonished Indians, sure such hard blows would kill him, were amazed to see Grant still standing. Then, the awed Indians raised their arms toward heaven, and bowing low, exclaimed Manitou...Manitou.

Derivation of County Names within Old Crawford County

County		*Established*	*Origin of County Names*
Jackson	Feb.	1853	Andrew Jackson
Juneau	Oct.	1856	Solomon Juneau (1793-185,) Fur trader, 1st mayor Milwaukee
La Crosse	Mar.	1851	Marquis de Lafayette
Lafayette	Jam.	1846	Marquis de Lafayette
Lincoln	Mar.	1874	Abraham Lincoln
Marathon	Feb.	1850	Marathon Greece
Monroe	Mar.	1854	James Monroe
Oneida	Apr.	1885	Oneida Indians
Pepin	Feb.	1858	Pepin le Bref
Pierce	Mar.	1853	Franklin Pierce
Polk	Mar.	1853	James Knox Polk
Portage	Dec.	1836	Fox-Wisconsin portage
Price	Feb.	1879	William Thompson Price (1824-1886) Judge, Jackson County
Richland	Feb.	1842	descriptive
Rusk	May.	1901	Gov. Jeremiah McLain Rusk (1820-1893) Formerly Gates County
St. Croix	Jan.	1840	Named for St. Croix, who was drowned at river mouth.
Sauk	Jan.	1840	Sauk Indians
Taylor	Mar.	1875	Governor William Robert Taylor
Trempealeau	Jan.	1854	French translation 'la montagne qui trempe a 1'eau' " meaning the mountain

			that is steeped in water."
Vernon	Mar.	1851	Mount Vernon, home of George Washington
Wood	Mar.	1856	Judge Joseph Woods

Marty Dyrud/source

MINNESOTA (now within that state), of Wisconsin

Benton	Oct.	1849	U.S. Senator, Thomas Hart Benton
Mille Lac	May	1857	French name for a thousand lakes
Chisago	Mar.	1851	Name, Indian word "kichi" for large and "saga" for fair. The first syllable was dropped.
Isanti	Feb.	1857	Iztays Indians, now Santees
Serburne	Feb.	1556	Moses Sherburne(1848-1868) Associate Justice Supreme Court of Minnesota Territory 1856-57
Anoka	May	1857	Dakota or Sioux Indian word for "on both sides of river"
Washington	Oct.	1849	George Washington
Ramsey	Oct.	1849	Alexander Ramsey (1815-1903), first territorial Governor of Minnesota 1849-1853. Second Governor Minnesota

WISCONSIN

Adams	Mar.	1848	John Adams
Barron	Mar.	1859	Henry D. Barron. judge of circuit court.(Formerly Dallas county, name Changed to Barron County Mar.4, 1869)
Buffalo	July	1853	descriptive
Chippewa	Feb.	1845	Chippewa Indians
Clark	July	1853	explorer, George Rogers Clark
Columbia	Feb.	1846	Christopher Columbus
Crawford	Oct.	1818	William Harris Crawford, U.S.Senator, Secretary of War & Treasury.
Dane	Dec.	1836	Nathan Dane (1752-1835) Mass. judge
Dunn	Feb.	1854	Charles Dunn, first Chief Justice, Wisconsin Territory
Eau Claire	Oct.	1856	French name for clear water
Grant	Dec.	1836	early fur trapper named Grant
Green	Dec.	1836	Nathan Greene or the color
Iowa	Oct.	1829	Iowa Indians



Hunting The Buffalo
Rindsbacher, 1837

EXPLORING PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

by Marty Dyrud

Join me in reviewing the many names denoting the Prairie du Chien area. Chippewa and Algonquin Indians called this location KIPISAGEE, the place of the jet or outflow of the Ouiskonsin River.

White man's discovery of the Mississippi River on June 17,1673 is generally credited to Louis Jolliet and Fr. Jacque Marquette. They reported no signs of any Indian village near the confluence of the two rivers. Nor, were their canoes upset by river demons Indians had warned them they might encounter. Actually these river monsters were huge catfish, which frightened Indians and some early travelers.

Writer Louise P. Kellogg says, "The beginnings of Prairie du Chien are difficult to trace, although a French Fort, no doubt existed there in the seventeenth century." Between 1680-1685 FORT ST. NICHOLAS was constructed. Local people generally refer to the "OLD FRENCH FORT" in Lower town erected by the French military commander Nicholas Perrot.

Prairie du Chien historiographer, Dr. Peter Scanlan mentions an Indian village at this location in 1732. Henry Lewis, the frontier artist, records a LA SALLE'S POST here in 1734. American State Paper refers to a French Fort at this location in 1755.

Johnathon Carver, who negotiated a huge land claim on the upper Mississippi from Indians in 1766 said, "The Ottigammes (Indians) built the town of La Prairies Les Chiens (Dog; Plain) on the east bank of the Mississippi, near the Ouisconsin River in the Indian manner."

Trader Peter Pond came to this site in 1773, calling it "PLANES OF THE DOGS" His interesting commentary and unique spelling may be seen on the wayside marker between Prairie du Chien and Bridgeport.

In 1780, John Long denominated this location LA PRAIRIE DES CHIENS or Dogs' Field. Henry Lewis, early painter, used the same French name but translated it "Meadow of the Dogs."

In 1781, a letter from R. Matthews of Quebec to Lieutenant Governor Patrick Sinclair refers to La Prairie Du Chien. In this same year, this British Governor at Mackinac, presided over a treaty, whereby local residents Pierre Antaya, Augustine Ange and Bazil Giard purchased nine square miles of prairie land from the Fox Indians. This land was located just north and east of the junction of the Ouisconsin and Mississippi Rivers. Payment was made in trade goods.

The Fox Indian village here was ruled by a chief named ALIM (Dog). French residents referred to this location as the prairie of the DOG (Alim). Thus PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. Many strangers incorrectly interpret the name to signify the presence of prairie dogs, but this animal is not a native of the area.

PRAIRIE DES CHIENS (Prairie of the Dogs) was used in 1811 by our French-Canadian, Indian Agent, Nicholas Boilvin because some Fox Indian warriors used the Dog as their symbol or totem, their group was called "Dog soldiers."

When the War of 1812 broke out, the Americans wanted to strengthen this outpost and began construction of FORT SHELBY. The British reacted with a superior force, captured the post, and renamed it FORT Mc KAY. The treaty of Ghent returned this area to the Americans. In disgust, the British burned the fort as they withdrew their forces. Then, the returning Americans built FORT CRAWFORD. Later in 1830, to get away from flooding,

a new FORT CRAWFORD was built upon higher ground on the mainland. FORT CRAWFORD was deactivated in 1870.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN was formally used in an 1816 petition by local residents, sent to the United States, Government, asking that their land claims be confirmed.

Judge James D. Doty in a 1827 report to Congress on northwest settlements mentions "PRAIRIE DU CHIEN or MINDOTY."



James Duane Doty

The Borough of PRAIRIE DES CHIENS was established in 1821 and continued until 1828, when the name was changed to TOWN OF ST. ANTHONY. In 1849, the latter became to the TOWN OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

Explorer-author Schoolcraft, writing about his canoe trip of 1825 refers to "TIPSAGE", translated "PRAIRIE."

In 1828, POPPLE, was used as a name of an early settlement in the Town of Prairie du Chien, located about two miles north of Blackhawk Avenue and Main Street. In 1850, Popple was changed to FRENCHTOWN.

ST. FRIOLE, upper FRIOLE and lower FRIOLE all refer to early sections of what is now called PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, which borders on the MARAIS de ST. FRIOLE, a slough separating the island (or 4th ward) from the mainland.

PETITE Gris, French for small mountains, was reserved for the elevated land, bordering the prairie, southeast of Prairie du Chien.

July 6-1977 Marty Dyrud



Nicholas Boilvin
Appointed Sub Indian Agent 1806, Indian agent 1811 for the Fox and Sacs along the Mississippi River
Resided in Prairie du Chien from November 19, 1808 to May 1812
Died on a keel boat reroute to St. Louis about the summer 1824

THE MYSTERY OF LOST CAVE

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society and avid local historian. Nice to see you Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is always good to be here.

Q...I know that our past history is pretty well documented.... but, are there any mysteries or unsolved aspects?

A...Oh yes. One is the location of Lost Cave on the Wisconsin River, east of here on Highway 60.

Q...You mean that a cave which pioneers discovered, cannot be relocated?

A...That is right. Gordon Peckham aroused my interest and gave me the information, which he had concerning it.

Q...I am anxious to here about it.

A... Let me read portions of an article, which appeared years ago in an Austrian newspaper, written by an Austrian nobleman, and I think you too will become intrigued.

This is quoted from an article which appeared in the Vienna Courier headed the "Rose Colored Spear: and translated as follows:

"Here, I sit in my studio in Linz Austria having returned last week from a trip to Wisconsin, U.S.A. of America. Before me, on my desk lays a spear of Wisconsin quartzite of ancient American workmanship. It is a splendid specimen, 13 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide in the middle. On that specimen hangs a tale; I will try to give the reader.

Before I commence my story, I will try to give you some idea of myself and the principal actors in this tale. I am the son of an Austrian nobleman. I was sent to the University of Leipzig, Saxony Germany, to study philosophy, following the custom of all young men of my station.

I arrived in the spring of 1865, and on arrival met on the campus two brothers, sons of an Austrian aristocrat. These two men were Joseph and Paul Seifert. We went into War in 1866. A great battle took place. On the evening of the next day. I was carried wounded from the battlefield.

Joseph Seifert fell wounded under the terrific charge of the Prussian Fort at Stralsund, as I was informed later. Now, I commence my tale of the rose colored spear.

In the spring of the year 1887... one morning, I received my mail from the post office...quite as usual. But, among the letters was one postmarked Richland City U.S.A. You may judge my surprise, for I could have known no one in that far off country.

I opened the letter. It was from Paul Seifert. He wrote that he had escaped from Stralsund, went on board an American ship, landed in New York, drifted to northern Wisconsin, came down the Wisconsin River on a raft and became acquainted with a German Patriot living in Richland City, (is no more, vanished on Wisconsin river

near Gotham). He married this man's daughter, a beautiful girl of 17, was living happily, had four daughters and still had his old disease hanging over, consumption of the pocketbook.

Q...That's a quaint expression for being broke, consumption of the pocketbook.

A...I enjoy that phrasing, it is very novel.

The writer went on to say. ...we renewed our friendship by letter. My being an archeologist, and my hobby is collecting relics from different countries, I asked Paul, in one of my letters, whether he could send me some relics of American aborigines. In a short time, I received a letter through a New York Transfer House.

It contained the most magnificent relics of the American prehistoric times, great ancient copper spears, arrows and spears of different colored quartzite, great flint spears and arrows of different and rare forms, two spears of obsidian, butterfly ceremonial, bird stone, belt of flint, breast-plate of ancient copper, battle lace, etc. And so he sent me package after package at different times, until I have a collection of ancient American relics, which the Imperial Museum of Vienna could not duplicate.

In 1880, I received a letter from Paul Seifert's wife. She wrote " If you ever want to see Paul once more, come soon. He cannot live half a year longer".

I packed my suitcase and started for Gotham. Something in Paul's letter kept running through my mind. "These relics cost me nothing more than a little work and a few chills across my back. If you ever make me a visit I will show you the place where I find them."

On arrival I found Paul, better than I had expected. We had many happy days together, hunting, fishing, visiting ancient village cities around Richland City, living in memories of the past.

Q. ..Was there actually a man by the name of Paul Seifert?

A. . .Yes, I have checked and verified this---descendents still live on farms south of Gotham, and he would never tell the location of his Indian treasures, but he showed them to the Austrian nobleman. Here is his account:

Finally the last day of my visit came. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I spoke to Paul about his promise to show me the place where he had found the relics. He said, "Will you promise me, to follow where I lead? My reply was "I shall be your shadow."

His wife looked concerned and said, "Don't endanger your friend and yourself." Paul replied: "We shall be back for breakfast, little wife, and don't worry."

His boat, he kept in the shadow of a magnificent large maple below the house. He put some rope, a bull's eye lantern horn and some torches in the boat. One of the ropes had a large iron hook on the end

I stepped into the boat and took the oars. We floated down the beautiful river until we reached the foot of old historic Bogus Bluff. Here he locked his boat to the roots of an old cottonwood tree.

Then we climbed to the summit of old Bogus Bluff. What a beautiful sight met our eyes. Across the gleaming shallows of the southern bluffs, little Avoca sleeps securely. Far down stream, among the green of the forest, flashlights of Muscoda, and miles in the other direction, on the north bank Lone Rock show dimly. From the gloom of the river, bursts, the hard call of the great horned owl, shadow and voice of the forest.

"Let us go", Paul said, "Time flies". We passed from ridge to ridge sometimes through large timber, sometimes through underbrush, until we had gone, as nearly as I could tell, about two miles.

Q...The nobleman gives a detailed description that appears easy to follow.

A...Yes, it is a detailed account. He said, At last we stopped on a ridge here and there covered with large fragments of rock. in front of a large ledge. Here. Paul unloosed the rope with the iron hook. He threw the hook over the root of a cedar about ten feet above us. He climbed up and told me to follow. We landed on a very narrow ledge, before us a very narrow crevice, hardly wide enough to let us in.

Inside the crevice, a dark hole, lay before us. Paul lit his lantern horn and commenced to go down the black passageway, and told me to follow.

We went down and down, into the mountain, how far I could not tell; sometimes we slid, until at last we reached the sand bottom of a great cave. Fragments of rock were everywhere; amongst those were great bones of prehistoric animals. Here and there were also fragments of antlers of deer and elk.

We left that cave, Paul leading along passageways, looking like dried beds of underground rivers. A last we stood at an abyss, black and dangerous looking. I followed. We went down 35 to 40 feet and landed in just about the same type of place we had been above. We continued until we reached another large cave. Here Paul lit one of the large torches.

What a beautiful sight, the light reflected from the pendant stalactites, with which the ceiling was covered, forming a miniature imitation of a starlit heaven.

Paul would not let me stop here long. We went through large passageways winding through the mountain, until these got so small that we had sometimes to creep on hands and knees. At last we reached another cave.

Darkness and damp air surrounded us. Paul lit another torch. FRIENDS, I cannot describe the horror I felt. The bottom of the cave was covered with skeletons of a vanished race. Skulls were everywhere. Here perished a tribe:...very near I could say a nation. Their belongings were scattered among the bones.

Battle axes of stone, ancient pottery, whole and in fragments, flint arrows and spears, whole and broken, everywhere. "Here" said Paul "is the mine of relics I sent you."

Now.. .1 understand his remark "Work, and chills run down my back." How true. And in this horrible place he had gone many times to please me.

Here on a shelf of stone, I found that beautiful quartzite spear, I described in the opening chapter of the tale.

So, we went along the cave until we entered another passageway; beginning to hear a curious noise. He said it was falling water and the rushing wind through the crevices above.

All at once I saw a blue light flickering here and there. It came nearer. I could stand no more. Weird sounds rang in my ears, shadows flittered here and there, bats brushed my head, bones rattled, and we were in the cave of dead. "Oh how terrible: Oh Paul let us get out of here."

So we retraced our steps through the cave of the dead. We stopped before the skeleton of a woman; around her neck she had a necklace of matchless beauty, composed of quartzite discs of different colors, held together by bands of ancient copper.

I wanted to take it. But, Paul said. "It was put there by the hand of love. Her spirit will mourn, if we took it. We retraced our steps to the long rope, climbed up, passed through cave and passage, until we stood on the ledge, ready to descend to the ground and make our way home.

Day was breaking as we landed at Paul's home. His wife welcomed us. Breakfast was ready. After that Paul escorted me to Gotham and the train started... Goodbye Paul, and my love until we meet across the great divide." I reached home after an eventless voyage and never will I forget, as long as I live, the terrible journey to the cave of the dead, under the bluffs of the old Wisconsin.

Signed S von W.

Q. . .Truly one of the weirdest tales I have ever heard. Someday an adventurer may find this Lost Cave and another tale can be added to those you have already.

Our time is gone, so we must thank you for sharing on of the mysteries of history with us today.
For more Local history, tune in next week, same time, same station.

JOHN MUIR, A STRANGE INVENTION AND PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

Q. .Once again the time has arrived for another interesting local History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and president of the Crawford County Historical Society. Hello. Marty and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is always nice to be here and talk history with you.

Q…Congratulations on your recent election as the new president of the Crawford County Historical Society.

A... It presents an interesting challenge. We have a fine group of history lovers and we hope to grow in numbers and in the scope of our activities.

Q. .Say Marty, just how do you dig out so many facts about early days?

A...Just curious, I guess.

Q. .Would you explain one of your curiosities and how you approach the matter?

A...Tuesday, I was asked by the State Medical Society to guide one of their associates on a tour of historic sites in Prairie du Chien. This proved rewarding for me too, for Mr. Mulder is now planning the development and promotion of the Medical History Museum here.

Q. .Oh, the Beaumont Medical Shrine.

A. .Yes, Dr. Beaumont's historic experiments in physiology, here at Prairie du Chien covers one of the brightest pages in our local history.

A. .Sometime you will have to tell us the Beaumont story, but I don't want you to lure me away from my question. What excited your interest this time and prompted your further study of Prairie du Chien history?

A. .Well, no tour of Prairie du Chien would be complete without a tour of the Villa Louis and Museum. Mr. Mulder marveled at this fine historic home and the rich history so skillfully portrayed in the museum.

For me, this probably is the thirtieth time I have taken the tour. Still, each time I find some new facet of history, which intrigues me. This, day was no exception.

0.. .And, what was it this time?

A. ..A photo of the Lady Franklin.

9...Are you falling for the women?

A. .Yes, this lady intrigued me, very much.

0.. .Well, I suppose you will lead me on and on, and finally I will learn that your lady friend is a boat.

A. .No, but you are very close. Lady Franklin was a very strange creature, a passenger coach designed to travel over the river ice during the winter, when steamboats were beached for the cold season.

This novel coach had a boat bottom, and was fitted with two sled runners on each side, which could be lowered to support the vehicle. A steam boiler back of the passengers supplied the power, and cordwood supplied the heat. I had difficulty ascertaining from the picture just how the coach was propelled, but I would guess that there was a traveling belt, which when lowered, had cleats, which would dig into the ice and move it forward.

Q...Sort of a steam operated sled with an enclosed cab for the passengers.

A...Yes, it was apparently designed to operate both on the ice and in water. My best guess is that the coach could carry 35 passengers.

Q...Sounds like a weird contraption. What need was there for the unit?

A...One of the greatest handicaps of the steamboats on the upper Mississippi was their failure to function during the winter, when ice clogged the river. There were many businessmen and settlers, who wished to travel in the winter if they could find a convenient and comfortable means of doing so.

Q...I can appreciate that. Did they have a proposed route in mind?

A...The name, which appeared along the top of the coach was the Prairie du Chien & St. Paul Minn. & Mississippi R.R. Line, so I judge it was intended to operate between Prairie du Chien and St. Paul in the winter.

Q...Who invented this Ice-Chariot...and when?

A...A New York man, named Norman Wiard, who started building it in about 1856. He spent four years developing this Queen of the water and ice travel. On January 8th in 1860 Wiard made his trial run of the Lady Franklin, here in Prairie du Chien, making the crossing of the river between Prairie du Chien and McGregor Iowa in three minutes.

A cord of wood was required for every 10 hours of operation; railroad officials present recommended certain other changes in the design and construction. But, the improvements were not made; the unit was parked on the waterfront and eventually fell apart.

In the fall of 1860, the Lady Franklin was transported to Madison, where it was displayed at the State Fair. There a young farm boy inventor inspected the strange vehicle and talked with Mr. Wiard the inventor. Wiard induced this farm boy, John Muir to come with him to Prairie du Chien to assist him in the further development.

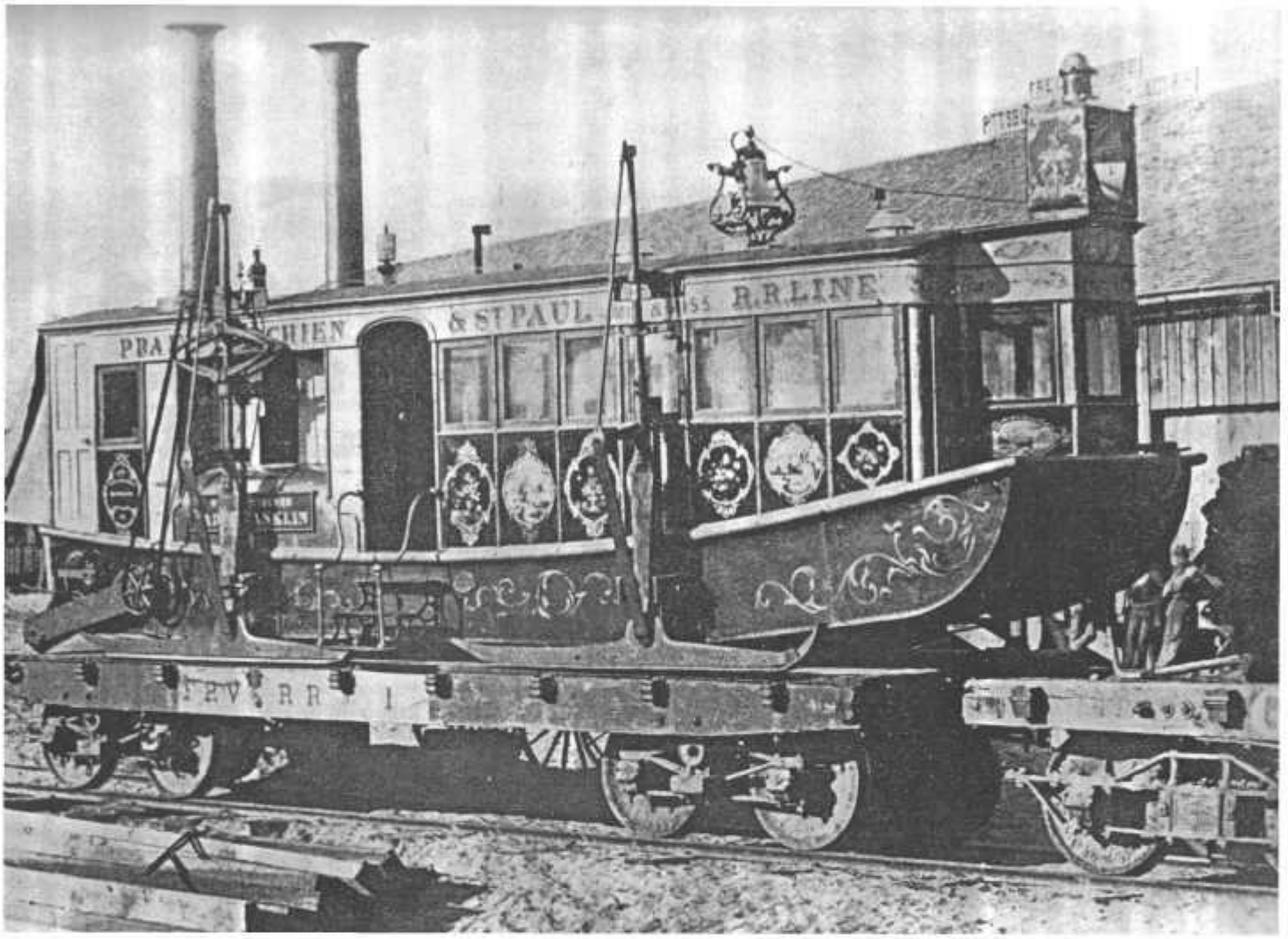
Q...Who is the John Muir? I think I have heard his name before.

A...Yes, John Muir was one of America's earliest and greatest naturalists, and now considered by many to have been the father of our National Park System.

Q...And how did you happen to link these two people?

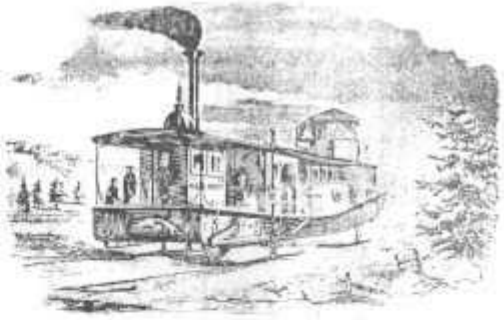
A...While no mention was made of Muir in connection with the picture of Wiard's invention at the Villa, I remembered that Muir had once worked for an inventor in Prairie du Chien. This association sent me scurrying home to dig into Muir's life and see if I could find any connection. Sure enough I found Muir's account of the association.

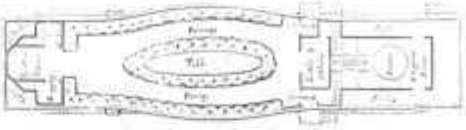
Q...Tell us about it.


&St PAUL
R.R.LINE

IT WAS A WIARD IDEA

CONSIDERABLE attention has been attracted to this enterprise and a widespread interest in its success was established in the public mind. A large car was constructed by Mr. Norman Wiard, of Janesville, Wisconsin, at that time at Prairie du Chien, designed to run on the Mississippi River from that point to St. Paul's. Some delays in the receipt of machinery manufactured in New York to form a part of this car, preveated a practical trial of the machine before the ice passed out of the river. During the past summer and autumn, Mr. Wiard has remained in New York City and has finally succeeded in placing his invention and business arrangements in the hands of John Cleveland, Esq., 38 Wall Street, acting in the capacity of trustee for all parties concerned. This disposition has relieved the enterprise of all embarrassments, and induced several gentlemen of character and capital to join in the development of the undertaking. Ample funds have been subscribed and paid into the hands of the trustee, to enable Mr. Wiard to construct a twenty passenger car and to finish it in the most elaborate and efficient manner. This car was ready for the painters and decorators by the third day of December, and was completed and taken by the way of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad through on a car to Prairie du Chien, where it will be ready for operation by the 20th of December. The illustrations we have given represent; the car raised on its runners, passing through deep snow on the ice; and the method of drawing the car from the water, giving a spirited and beautiful view of the car resting upon its continuous runners, with the ordinary travelling runners suspended and raised at the front to prevent their interfering with the passage of the car out upon the ice on the continuous runners, designed for that purpose. This beautiful car was named the Lady Franklin and was decorated by oil portraits and paintings of dog trains, reindeer sledges and other appropriate and suggestive devices, among which the white bear king of the ice-world was not forgotten. The diagrams represeat the floor-plan





of the car, with the seats arranged around a table in the centre, which was also surrounded by a continuous seat for the convenience of passengers. A mail and baggage-room is represented, together with toiletrooms; also the space occupied by the machinery and engineer's department.

This was reported by Leslie's Magazine in 1859.

The photograph above shows the car which was built. Even the DUKW ("Ducks") used in World War II couldn't skate on ice.

A...John Muir was born in Scotland, and when very young, had accompanied his family to America, and to a farm north-east of Portage Wisconsin. As a Boy he whittled out strange wooden inventions by hand. At 22, he left home lugging his wooden contraptions on his shoulder to Madison. This was the fall of 1860, when a State Fair was being held there, and Muir thought he might display his works.

Muir tells us in his own words, his thoughts:
I was looking around in the meantime to find out where I should go to seek my fortune. An inventor at the Fair, by the name of Wiard, was exhibiting an ice-boat he had invented to run on the upper Mississippi from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul during the winter months, explaining how useful it would be, thus to make a highway of the river, while it was closed to ordinary navigation by the ice.

"After he saw my inventions, he offered me a place in his foundry and machine shop in Prairie du Chien, and promised to assist me all he could. So, I made up my mind to accept his offer and rode with him to Prairie du Chien in his iceboat, which was mounted on a flat car.

I soon found, however, that he was seldom home and that I was not likely to learn much at his small shop. I found a place where I could work for my board and devoted my spare hours to mechanical drawing, geometry and physics. .making, but little headway, however, although the Pelton family, for whom I worked, were very kind. I made up my mind after a few months stay in Prairie du Chien to return to Madison, hoping that in some way I might be able to gain an education...I was desperately hungry and thirsty for knowledge and willing to endure anything to get it."

Q...What unusual circumstances. Marty, who were the Pelton's, here in Prairie du Chien?

1...Edward Pelton was an early Prairie du Chien merchant, who came here in 1837 from Massachusetts. That year there was a large influx of people from the east into Prairie du Chien.

Pelton's first wife was a daughter of Rev. Alfred Brunson, a prominent citizen and first Methodist Bishop In Wisconsin. In 1859, Pelton sold his store and took charge of the Mondell House. Then in 1866, he and Julius Famechon opened the Pelton Steam Flouring Mill in Prairie du Chien.

Q...We are certainly learning much about some of our early settlers, but getting back to John Muir, tell us what inventions did he make?

A...A strange assortment. .Suppose we let Muir tell us in his own words- "So (at the Fair) I went up to the Fine Arts Hall and looked in, wondering if they would allow wooden things in so fine a place.

I was met at the door by a dignified gentleman, who greeted me kindly and said "Young man, what have we got here? "Two clocks and a thermometer", I replied. "Did you make these? They look wonderfully beautiful and novel and must, I think, prove the most interesting feature of the fair."

"Where shall I place them? I inquired.

"Just look around, young man, and choose the place you like best, whether it is occupied or not. You can have your pick of all the building, and a carpenter to make the necessary shelving and assist you every way possible!

So, I quickly had a shelf made large enough for all of them went out on the hill and picked up some glacial boulders of the right size for weights, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the clocks were running.

They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper-reporters. The local press reports were copied into the eastern papers.

It was considered wonderful that a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things, and almost every spectator foretold good fortune. But, I had been lectured by my father above all things to avoid praise that I was afraid to read those kind newspaper notices, and never clipped out or preserved any of them, just glanced at them and turned away my eyes from beholding vanity. They gave me a prize of ten or fifteen dollars and a diploma for wonderful things not down in the list of exhibits.

Q... How nice. .you felt his modesty and understand the thoughts of a young man from the farm in a city, facing the future. Tell us more about this great man.

A...Muir says- while at the University, "I still indulged my love for mechanical inventions. I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in dark winter mornings, just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp.

Then after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open and allowed to remain there the number of minutes required.

Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall, then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on, all the day being divided according to the times of recitation, and the time required and allotted to each study.

Besides this I thought it would be a fine thing in the summer time when the sun rose early, to dispense with the clock controlled bed machinery, and make use of sunbeams instead. This I did simply by taking a lens out of my spyglass, fixing it on a frame on the sill of my bedroom window, and pointing it to the sunrise. The sunbeams focused on a thread burned through it, allowing the bed machinery to put me on my feet.
When I wished to arise at any given time after sunrise, I had only to turn the pivoted frame that held the lens the requisite number of degrees or minutes. Thus I took Emerson's advice and hitched my dumping wagon bed to a star.

Although I was four years at the University, I did not take the regular courses of studies but instead picked out what I thought would be most useful to me, particularly chemistry which opened a new world and mathematics and physics, a little Greek and Latin, botany and geology.

I was far from satisfied with what I had learned, and should have stayed longer. Anyhow I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a name, urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty. I leave one university for another, The Wisconsin University for the University of the Wilderness."

Q...An unusual person.

A...Yes. of those who wrote of nature. Muir was the wildest. He was the most active; the most at home in the wilderness, the most daring, the most capable, the most self-reliant. John Muir covered most of the American wilderness alone on foot, without a gun, without a sleeping bag, with only a sackful of stale bread and tea.

In 1867, when he determined to devote his life "to the inventions of God" Muir walked a now famous 1,000 mile jaunt from Indiana to California, exploring the Yosemite Valley, tracking rivers to the glaciers that had formed it. He would later take Theodore Roosevelt with him to convince him and others of the importance of national conservation program.

Q...Marty, I am fascinated with this man Muir and would like to hear more of him, but our time is up for today. Thanks for showing us how you get your ideas and track down these enchanting glimpses of our history heritage in Prairie du Chien.

For another History Chat with Marty Dyrud, tune in next week same time, same station.

The Passing of the Diamond Jo Steamboat Warehouse

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another informative HISTORY CHAT with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and researcher in our local history. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am glad to be here.

D...Marty, so many questions are being asked about the old warehouse building on the river front which is being torn down, that I wish we might find out more about its history.

A...I'll be glad to answer any questions about it. The old Diamond Jo Steamboat Warehouse on the Mississippi river here in Prairie du Chien won't be with us much longer.

During the past year the stone foundation has been crumbling away making the building unsafe. Two weeks ago, a large cave-in of the river wall dropped the floor 3 feet in one place and raked the vertical timbers, so it was feared the entire structure would collapse.

Q...It's too bad it could not be saved.

A...Yes, I hate to see this historic building junked for it is nearly 100 years old and is our only remaining link with the old and colorful steamboat-packet days on the Mississippi. But, it would cost about $20,000 to just repair the foundation and main timber supports and there is little prospect of securing this money for temporary preservation.

Q...How big a building would you say it is?

A... It measures 60 feet by 444 feet. The stone foundation rises up about fifteen feet above the water forming a basement and on top of this is a white brick main section about 15 feet high capped with a V shaped roof.

Q...Tell us what the building has been used for?

A...Originally, it was built as a warehouse building for the Diamond Jo Steamboat Line to facilitate transfer of shipments from the steamboats to the railroad.

When the railroads had pushed the steamboat packets into oblivion the Milwaukee railroad used the building as a "Lock-up" where damaged freight was collected, classified and sold.

Still later the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mill stored wool stock in the building and recently the National Decorated Metal Co. bought the building and used it for storage of some of their raw materials.

Q...I noticed a couple of old buggies and a sleigh. Where did they come from?

A...During the early Villa Louis Opening Days, George McClure, Robert Paris and Joe Dunne collected old carriages, a sleigh and a horse drawn hearse for parade use, and stored them in this building between seasons.

Q:...Marty, have you any idea when this building was built?

A...Yes, during 1863 and 1864, during the Civil War. Six years earlier in 1857 the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad had reached Prairie du Chien.

In 1863 the McGregor Western Railroad just across the river began its runs 25 miles inland. In those days, freight and passengers had to be transported across the Mississippi by steamboat. Prairie du Chien was then a busy port and rail center.

Q...I thought that the railroad terminated in Lowertown?

A...When the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad first reached Prairie du Chien on April 14,1857, 100 years ago, the first station and yards were in Lowertown. Shipments were transferred to steamboats at "Pig's Eye" slough, where the Fertilizer Plant now stands. Low water in 1863 caused so much difficulty at this location, that the railroad decided to relocate its yards in the country at that time, but also built a huge hotel called the Railroad House. Later it was called the Dousman Hotel. Then too the railroad also built a $75,000 grain elevator, which had a capacity of 20,000 bushels of grain.

It was at this same time that Diamond Jo built the large steamboat warehouse which is being torn down. The elevator has already been dismantled and you can now see the foundation stone just south of the bridge.

Q...Just how did they make the transfer of freight shipments from the railroad cars over to the steamboats?

A...A spur track then ran into the basement of the Diamond Jo warehouse on the north side. A switch engine pushed railroad cars into the basement and there was only a very short distance to truck goods between the cars and the steamboat, tied up along side of the building.

Q...I can certainly see that this simple and well thoughtout transfer method would work well. Someone told me that Lawler had his pontoon bridge operating across the Mississippi.

A...That was ten years later, in 1874.

Q...Were these facilities widely used?

A...Oh, Yes. The first railroads ran east and west. The north-south lines were to come later. So the steamboat packets were very busy. For a short time Prairie du Chien had the distinction of being the only railroad terminus on the Upper Mississippi. Then, Minnesota, and all the country north of here to St. Paul including northern Wisconsin, were importers of the necessities of life.

Few people would now think that Wisconsin was once the greatest wheat producing state in the union. For instance in 1859. Minnesota and Iowa grain came in huge quantities through Prairie du Chien for rail shipment to Milwaukee. At this time Milwaukee was considered the wheat center of the United States.

Q...That is something I never realized. I am rather intrigued by this man Diamond Jo; tell us did he wear a big diamond?

A...No, but he was a picturesque figure. His name was Jo Reynolds. In the late 50's, he operated a tannery in Chicago. It seemed that there were two Jo Reynolds one in Chicago and and one in Prairie du Chien and their mail was constantly mixed up.

So the Jo Reynolds we are speaking of adopted a trademark of a diamond outline with Jo in the center. From then on he was called Diamond Jo and there was no more mix-up in mail deliveries.

Q__By the way, how did Diamond Jo come to be located in this area?

A…In 1860, when Diamond Jo was buying furs in McGregor Iowa, just across the river, he visualized a great future in the grain business. So, he sold his tannery in Chicago, moved to McGregor and started in the grain business.

Q…How then, did he get into the steamboat business?

A…He found it difficult to ship grain regularly out of McGregor so Diamond Jo built his first steamboat, the Lansing. This boat proved so successful that he decided to build others.

Q..How long did Diamond Jo have the LANSING?

A..He sold it in 1867, to the Rambo family to transport passengers across the Mississippi down at Davenport. Shortly thereafter tragedy struck the boat at Hampton Illinois, just above Moline.

On May 13,1867, her two boilers exploded and several people were killed. Van Dyke, the clerk on the boat was blown across the Mississippi river and his body later found in Iowa. The pilot, Bob Smith was blown into the air and across the town of Hampton and his body found by a farmer in his field.

Q...Marty, that is fantastic, do you mean to tell me that these two men were thrown in opposite directions by the force of the explosion so that their bodies were found four to five miles apart?

A...That is the history record that still stands. Strange, but true.

Q..I can hardly believe it. Did Diamond Jo have other boats?

A..Yes, for several months I have been digging out his boats, data on them and now I believe I have pictures of all of them, including his old boat yard at Eagle Point, just north of Dubuque.

Q..Fine, tell us more about his boats.

A..His next boat was named DIAMOND JO. It was a stern-wheeler, 165.5 feet long with a 32 foot beam and a 4 foot. hold.

Q ...Where was this boat built?

A...Interestingly enough on the Wisconsin River. Captain William Fleming superintended the construction and was master with Charles W. Cox as clerk. When the hull was completed it was towed to Prairie du Chien, where the upper structure was installed and the boat fitted with equipment.

Q...Right here in Prairie du Chien... and in what year?

A..In 1863, the same year that Diamond Jo was building his warehouse. This boat saw 20 years of service; the first six in the Fulton Burlington trade, and the last 14 years in the St. Louis to ST. Paul trade. In 1883, this boat was dismantled at Dubuque.

Q...What boat came next?

A...The ARKANSAS, which was 184 feet long, with a 36 foot beam and a 6 foot hold. He bought this boat in 1872, used it six years and sold it in 1878, to Captain Davidson in La Crosse.

Also in 1872, he purchased another boat, the stern-wheeler, TIDAL WAVE, which he also sold in 1877 to Davidson.

Q...Sounds like a trader.

A...Yes, I guess he was. Then in 1873, he built the JOSIE, named for his wife, which he later sold to the Eagle Packet Co.

Following came the JOSEPHINE, which he built in 1878 at Dubuque, which gave Diamond Jo 21 years of service.

Then came the SAINT PAUL, a side-wheeler, one of his largest boats, 300 feet long, nearly a city block long. It may have proved too long, for in 1892 Diamond Jo shortened it by 23 ½ feet. In 1911 it was sold to the Streckfus Lines in St. Louis and rebuilt into an excursion boat. Later, this boat was again rebuilt and renamed to SENATOR.

After this came the PITTSBURGH in 1883. The 1896 cyclone in St. Louis demolished this boat. The hull was saved, a new upper works built on, and it was renamed the DUBUQUE.

Q...Diamond Jo must have been quite a successful steamboat operator.

A...Yes, 1850-1870 were the hey-days for the steamboats. From 1870 to 1900 was a period of cutthroat competition. But Diamond Jo survived and in 1900, he was the largest steamboat line operator on the upper Mississippi.

Q...When did he sell out?

A... In 1911, all his remaining boats were sold to Streckfus in St. Louis. His two largest boats were converted into excursion boats. The QUINCY became the J.S. a deluxe excursion craft until it was dismantled in 1938.

The big side-wheeler DUBUQUE became the CAPITOL and many local people remember having fun on these boats. The CAPITOL was scrapped in 1945, so we will never see them again.

People in McGregor have a constant reminder of the colorful Diamond Jo for the redbrick post office there was his office and apartment home. Diamond Jo died in 1891 leaving an estate of seven million dollars.

His heirs carried on until 1911, when all of the boats were sold. With the demise of the Diamond Jo Warehouse in Prairie du Chien we are losing our last link with this colorful era of the puffing steamboat packets.

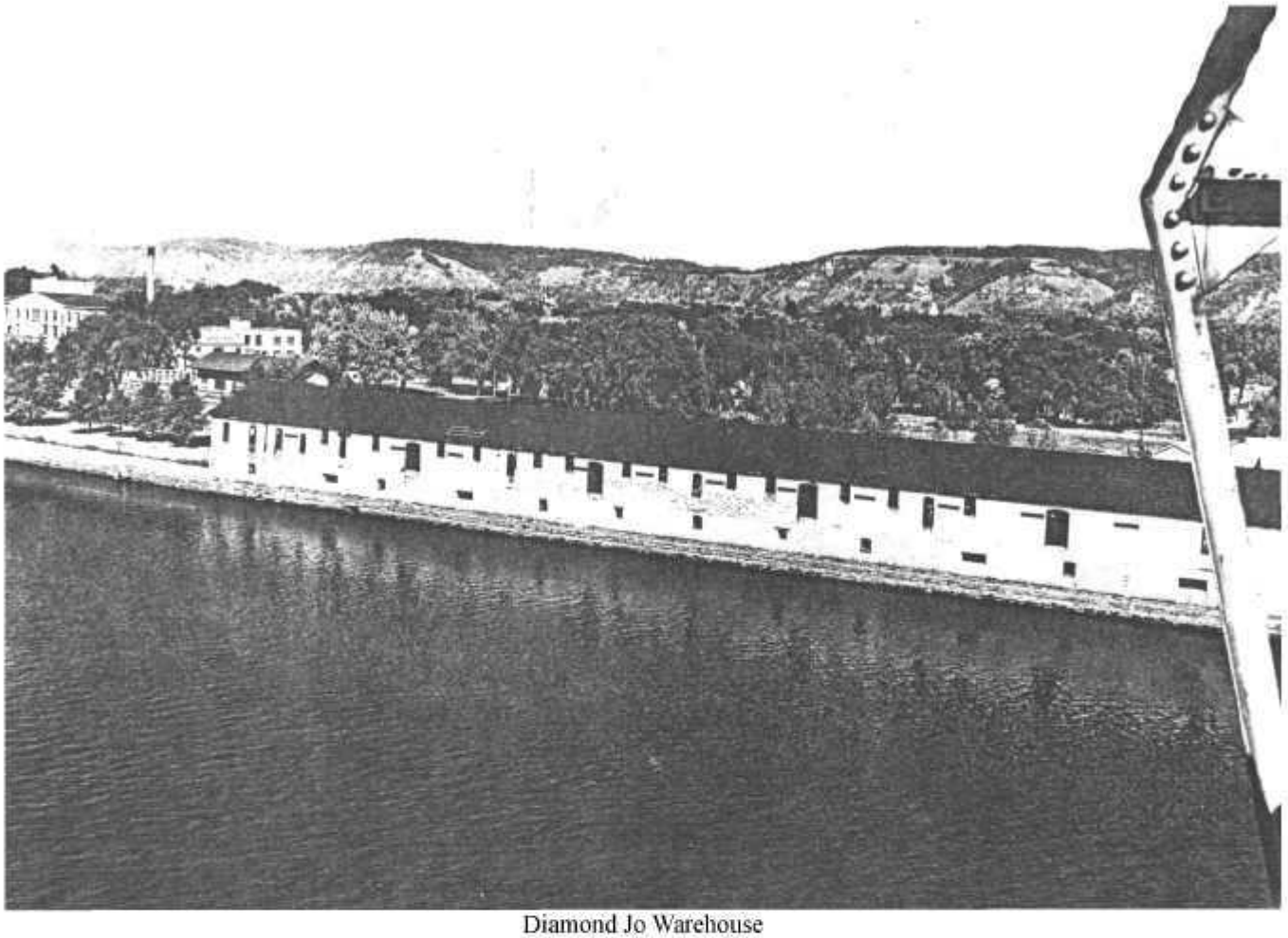
Q...You have certainly painted an excellent word picture of the buried history associated with an old building. I wish we might hear more, but our time has run out and we must await another day. Thanks so much Marty. For more history heritage of the Prairie du Chien, McGregor, and Marquette area, tune in next week, same time, same station.



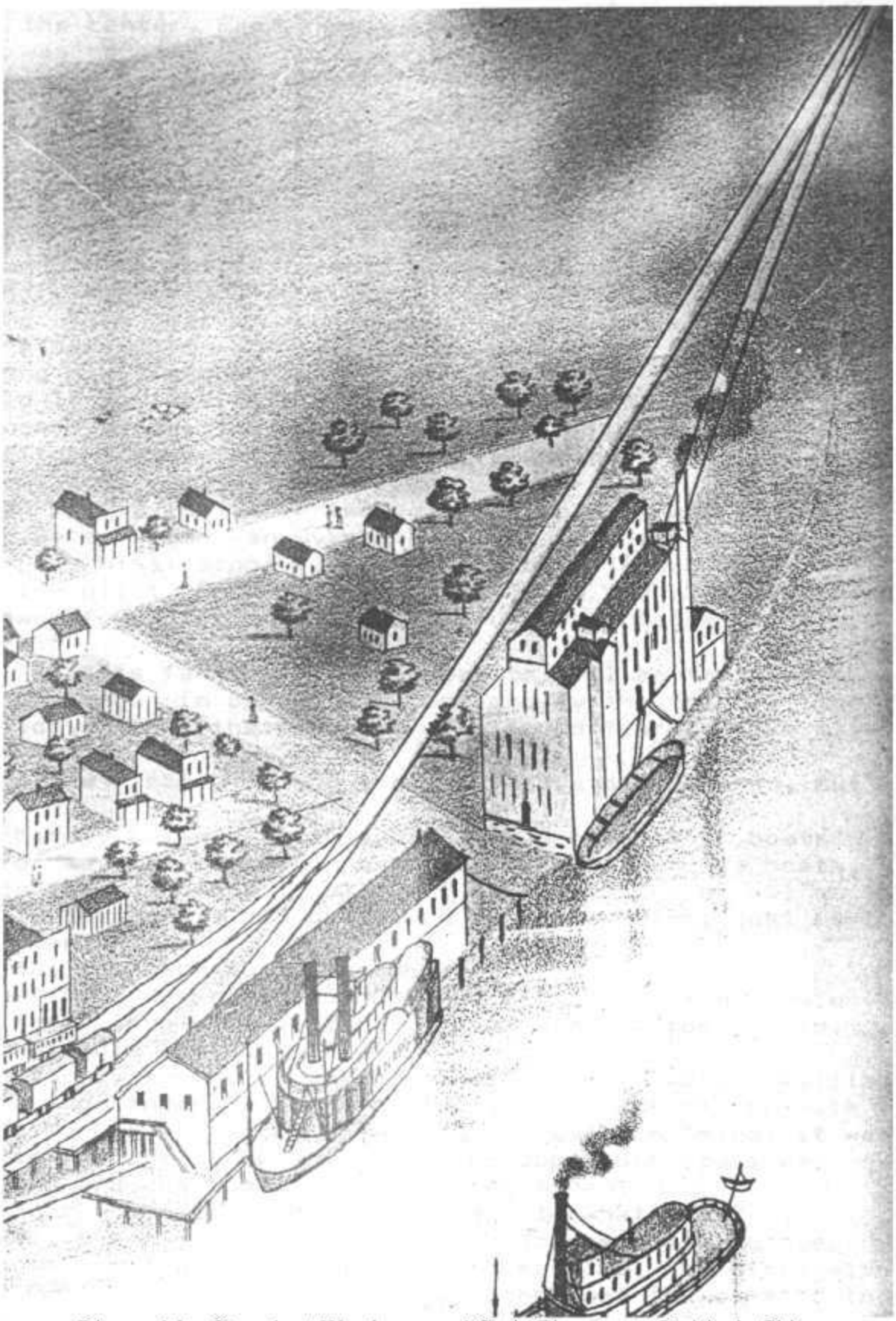
Diamond Jo Reynolds



1. Stone Astor Fur Co. building built in 1808. **2.** Voth Cottage, built in 1930. **3.** Brisbois mansion, built 1808, by Michael Brisbois. **4.** Site of Hudson Bay Fur Co. log warehouse, c. 1890. **5.** Site of Northwest Fur Co. building, built in 1808 and torn down in 1912. **6.** Tremont Hotel, built in 1826-7 by H.L. Dousman, made into a hotel in the 1860's. Part of the building was the Joseph Rolette home. **7.** Railroad house (Dousman House), built in 1861-2. **8.** Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad station. **9.** Diamond Jo Reynold's steamboat warehouse, built in 1861-3. 10. Sherman house, built in 1875 on the site of the Basil Giard home.



Diamond Jo Warehouse



Diamond Joe Steamboat Warehouse and Grain Elevators at Prairie du Chien
Circa 1870

ADVENTURE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

This lecture was given to the State Historical Society of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, June 20, 1961

We are honored to welcome such a distinguished group.

Speaking of Adventure on the Upper Mississippi. I will touch but a few. of the many facets of our rich heritage. Time is short, and you will want to hear the many fine programs this afternoon.

Prairie du Chien is the second oldest city in Wisconsin. Still, some of our proud residents insist it came first in INTELLECT. This claim, they trace to an ancient sign at Green Bay, labeled Prairie du Chien, pointing in this direction. Voyageurs at Green Bay, who could read paddled on to the Prairie of the Fox Indian chief called THE DOG, while the less literate stopped at La Baye. This friendly rivalry is now a part of Wisconsin folklore.

If we can believe Radisson & Groseilier, who with questionable modesty claimed to be "Ceasars" of the Wilderness, then they were the first white men to view the upper reaches of the Great River, "which divides itself in two." But, many reputable historians discount the records left by these rascals.

Bold adventure and vision of a fortune in furs prompted these French soldiers to desert their posts in Canada, and knife their way into the western wilderness. Then, European fashions dictated beaver hats for men. Great was the demand for beaver skins.

Trading with Indians, near the northern Great Lakes, these French traders exchanged rum and merchandise for fur pelts. Returning to Canada in 1660, Radisson & Groseilier transported $300,000 in furs. Only $20,000 remained after paying their fines, dealing with an inefficient French trade system, and satisfying corrupt officials.

Stung by the injustice they later carried their gripes to France. Failing to obtain satisfaction from the French King, they traveled on to London. There they met with success, selling the English on chartering in 1670 "The Company of Adventurers of England Trading into the Hudson's Bay."

Now, 291 years later, we marvel, how this company adapted itself to the many changes, wrought by time. I doubt, if any more daring pair of fur traders and international promoters, can be found in the history of commerce, than Radisson & Groseilier.

1673, brought Joliet and Father Marquette down the Wisconsin into the mighty Mississippi. Cal Peters painted this historic scene. which hangs in the Villa Louis Museum. The broad talents of this gifted artist are generously revealed in his portrayal of Prairie du Chien heritage on canvas, and in diorama.

Father Marquette left this obscure birch bark sketch of their party shooting a rapid.

Bingham's painting, Fur Trader on the Missouri, might well typify Fr. Hennepin, the first white man to leave a record of stopping in what is now Prairie du Chien. The date 1680, to dry meat. Below here, Fr. Hennepin was captured, and taken north as a prisoner by the Indians. Sieur Du'Luth affected his release.

Records indicate, La Salle and his traders were active here, building fur warehouses like the one pictured here.

Later, Nicholas Perrot, in 1685, erected the French Fort St. Nicholas a short distance above the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. French, then British traders stored furs in this defensive outpost.

Spanish troops came north periodically, to capture and confiscate furs originating west of the river. Before one of these raids, the British traders loaded all the good fur pelts into canoes, sending them to Mackinac, then burning the remaining damaged furs and log fort.

1754, saw the first permanent settlers landing at Prairie du Chien; Jean Marie Cardinal his wife, and Mandan Indian slave, Cola. Cardinal was a hunter, trapper, and fur trader. Buffalo, fording the river, delayed their canoe landing.

Seldom do we think of the Revolutionary War evidencing itself in this area. Yet, Cardinal was killed in 1780 defending St. Louis, as a British expeditionary force from Prairie du Chien attacked. Cardinal fountain and Cardinal Avenue in St. Louis are reminders of this gentleman.

Mrs. Cardinal established an unique niche for herself on the frontier. She was a vital woman who at the tender age of 120 years married a third husband. When I read of the Weaker Sex, I stop and wonder.

The Wisconsin Historical Collection is not all dry reading for Brisbois' Recollections tell of the laughs in Prairie du Chien around 1820, when the 120 year old bride kicked her husband out of bed and home three days after their blissful union.

And who was her third husband? None other than Joseph Crelie. Joseph must have been impressed with his wife's mastery of age for we later find Crelie lionized during the Civil War period for reaching the venerable age of 140. Some contemporary newspapers refer to him as "the oldest in the world."

In 1766, Johnathon Carver came to this settlement via the Fur Trade Route. We can thank Carver for, officially christening us Prairie du Chien. Cartographers soon added our name to their maps. Moreover, Carver's redundant spelling of Mississippi also proved the accepted form.

In the Register of Deeds Office of the Crawford County courthouse is recorded one of the most famous land claims in America. Two Nadowessi Indian chiefs attested to the grant with their pictographic signatures, the SNAKE, and the TURTLE. They conveyed 12,000 square miles of land in northwestern Wisconsin to Carver.

1781, saw Michael Brisbois at Mackinac witnessing a Treaty whereby Prairie du Chien residents purchased nine square miles of this Prairie du Chien, where he and his family would grow to prominence. I believe we have Michael to thank for the accepted meaning of the Mississippi River. He translated the Indian-name, MISI, to mean Great and, SISI, into River.

Wisconsin is another Indian name, with a host of interpretations, but here, too Michael Brisbois' translation "Gathering of the Water" had proved the accepted translation.

Since 1837, Michael has slept in a subterranean, vaulted crypt of stone with marble topped tomb exposed high atop Mt. Pleasant overlooking the city of Prairie du Chien. Legends tell that he chose this location so that he might look down on his trade rivals, Rolette and Dousman.

Often, historians raise a lot of dust which takes time to settle. I can think of the Crawford-Richland County historian Butterfield who in about 1886, dropped a verbal bombshell here. Butterfield, claimed that the locations which local residents considered earthworks of Fort St. Nicholas were actually Indian mounds. My, My, did he raise a stink!

Judge Lockwood, Judge Brunson, Horace Beach, and a host others were joined by Lyman Draper to pile up an almost incontestable array of data. Mr. Draper became so irate that he forbid Butterfield and his family from ever setting foot inside his samstum, the Society's headquarters. To assure performance, Draper prepared a written edict for staff guidance. The dust finally settled when Dr. Lord allowed a descendent to enter the Grand Old Lady of State Street just a few years ago. Transition of our French/Canadian population from British to American rule was trying and often exasperating. Strong pressures from both sides were exerted.

Young Joseph Rolette is a representative of the early fur trade aristocracy. Born in Prairie du Chien, Joe is now idolized by Minnesota residents for saving their capital in St. Paul, by absconding with the bill passed by the Minnesota Territorial legislature If he had not done so the capital would have been moved to St. Peter.

Everyone should know that the Rolette family and the Brisbois family were neighbors.

During the War of 1812, Michael Brisbois, Jr. wanted a better view of the British attack on the American Fort Shelby. Young Michael climbed atop a wooden fence in front of his home and while he did so a whistling bullet was fired between his legs. This bullet lodged in his home.

The shot came from a rifle on the American gunboat guarding the river side of the fort.

Following the War, Michel Brisbois Sr., was charged with treason and sent to St. Louis. Thomas Benton is thought to have gained his release.

Let us next listen to a conversation at the Julien Dubuque home in Prairie du Chien, as he is pouring glasses of wine for s friends. Dubuque raises his glass to toast those present, for they have previously visualized for him the possibilities of lead mining on the Upper Mississippi.

On this memorable evening of September 1788, Julien Dubuque, fur trader is celebrating the successful negotiation of a Treaty with the Fox Indians, whereby this day, in Prairie du Chien, he purchased 99 square miles, of what is now, Iowa land bordering the Mississippi river, including the Peosta Lead Mines.

In seeking Spanish confirmation of his claim, Dubuque diplomatically called his tract "The Mines of Spain."

Basil Giard, another Prairie du Chien resident, also held a Spanish claim across the river from this site.

Little Cloud, as Dubuque was called by the Indians, was ingenious. Once, he magically set a river on fire to gain his point with the Fox Indians. It seems, the Indians persistently refused to meet one of Dubuque's demands. So. he had a confederate empty a barrel of turpentine on the Catfish Creek, above the bend. As. the liquid floated past the Indian village, Dubuque set the river on fire. The Indians marveled and hastened to grant Dubuque's request. Then their friend Little Cloud as though by his will, extinguished the fire

Following the Louisiana Purchase, Lieutenant Pike headed a government expedition on the Upper Mississippi. He and his party camped at Prairie du Chien. Here, Pike raised the American flag at an early date over Wisconsin soil in the year 1805.

The War of 1812, left a deep impress on the Prairie du Chien area for both the British and Americans realized the strategic value of this fur trade center. The Americans constructed Fort Shelby on the present Villa grounds.

This frontier painting by the British Captain Bulger may well be the earliest painting made on Wisconsin soil.

Hardly was Fort Shelby completed than a British force with Indian allies, appeared and captured the weakly defended post. The fort was renamed Fort McKay in honor of the British commander. This honor irked Captain Anderson, who directed the attack with Anderson insisting Colonel McKay was drunk at the time.

With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this area reverted to the Americans. The British evacuated. Either they burned the stockade on leaving or a phenomenal meteorological storm fired the fort.

Which explanation is correct, may never be known.

This appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812, fought on Wisconsin soil. Next year marks the 150th Anniversary this futile war.

The Americans constructed a new fortification at the same location calling if Fort Crawford in honor of Secretary of War.

Foundation outlines of this fort showing fireplace locations, as well as the dungeon, can still be seen.

Illuminating our past is the Great Treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1825, when approximately 6.000 Indians gathered here. Although, several other Indian treaty meetings were held here this conclave appears to have been the largest Indian treaty meeting ever held in America.

J.O. Lewis, a government artist was present to paint the scene and the colorful Indian chiefs attending. The glum looks on the Indians that Lewis painted is explained by the fact that Governor Cass aided by Temperance Society members, bashed in the heads of the liquor casks before the eyes of the awed and bewildered Indians. Seeing the precious elixir wasted and soaking into the ground erased any Indian smiles which may have existed.

This tactic is not recommended in Dale Carnegie's book "How to Make Friends and Influence People."

Dr. William Beaumont arrived in 1829, at Fort Crawford. Soon fur traders located and returned with Alexis St. Martin so the doctor could pursue his experiments. Voyageur St. Martin was truly embarrassed for he didn't like being laughed at as a "Queer", with a plastic rubber tube and medical paraphernalia hanging out from the opening in his side.

Please let me be like other normal people, mirrored his thoughts.

I wish I had the time to tell you about the river packets, lumbering, lead mining, agriculture, or even pearling and the button days.

Then there are the frontier artists, like Peter Rindisbacher, J.0. Lewis, Henry Lewis, Seth Eastman, George Catlin, as well as panorama painters of the Mississippi, which deserve more time attention, than can be allotted today.

Colorful figures strode our town. To mention a few; such as Zachary Taylor and the German recruit, who felled the commandant with his fists on the parade ground for "wooling" his ears when he failed to obey a command. When "Old Rough & Ready" learned the recruit didn't understand English, Colonel Taylor apologized and commended the soldier's spirit.

Lieutenant Anderson modestly served here, in those days. Later his good judgment and stubborn defense at Fort Sumnter gained him acclaim as the Civil War opened.

The Red Bird Incident or Gagnier Massacre on this prairie which sparked the Winnebago War, is a story by itself. The eleven month old baby shown under the bed, was scalped, and had a silver dollar pounded out into a skull plate, lived, raising a large family. A large group of her descendants live in this community.

Better known is the colorful Chief Blackhawk and the War he precipitated, trying to preserve for his people. their homes and sacred graves.

Neither Blackhawk's fighting resistance or Keokuk's cooperation with the Americans, would save their lands.

Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected..."There are more whites, than the leaves on the trees. They had to Win."

Or, perhaps, you would enjoy learning more of the thrilling romance of Jefferson Davis and Knoxie Taylor, which enlivened frontier life. Here was true love and irresistible force meeting parental interference and an immovable object.

Jeff Davis was intent on challenging Zachary Taylor. his commandant to a duel. Fortunately, more sober minded officers talked the impetuous Davis out of his rash threat.

I have long sought a youthful picture of Jeff Davis. Only recently I had the good fortune to receive this excellent portrait from Jeff Davis' great, great grandson. a friend of mine in Colorado Springs. The painting hangs in their home.

Not well know is a claim that Jeff Davis swore Abraham Lincoln into the army at Dixon's Ferry, during the Blackhawk War. Neither realized that they would later face each other as heads of rival government during the Civil War.

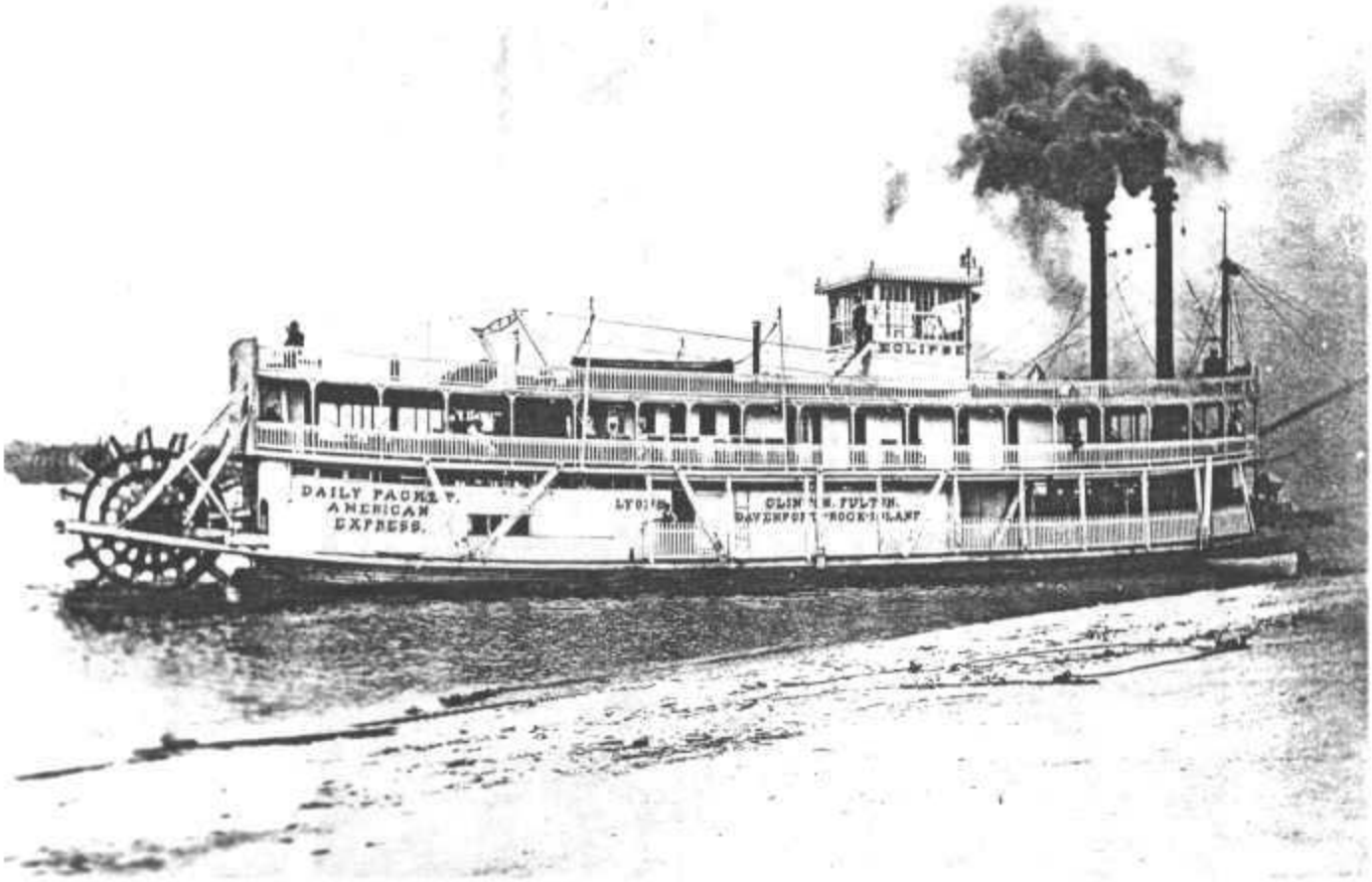
Indian legends abound, near here. A short drive north, along the river and you are at Winnishiek's Bluff at De Soto, said to be the resting place of Hiawatha immortalized by Longfellow in his poem.

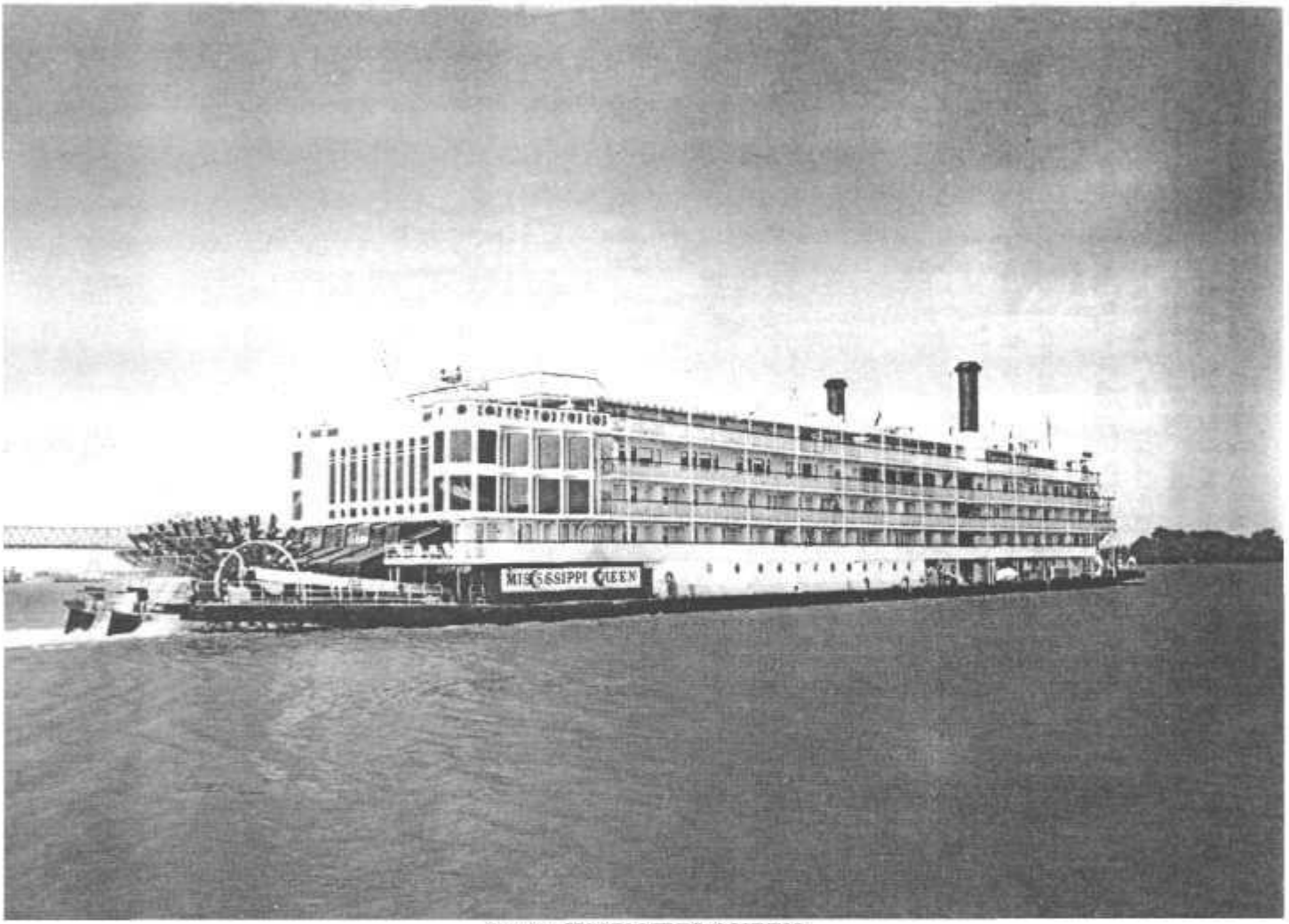
Here you can study people who fashioned Wisconsin. To and from here the Great River carried people who guided our nation to its destiny. Here also may be found the lighter hearted who laughed and feasted on the fruits of nature.

If we will but learn to know these fashioning artists better they can enrich our lives.

Thank you.

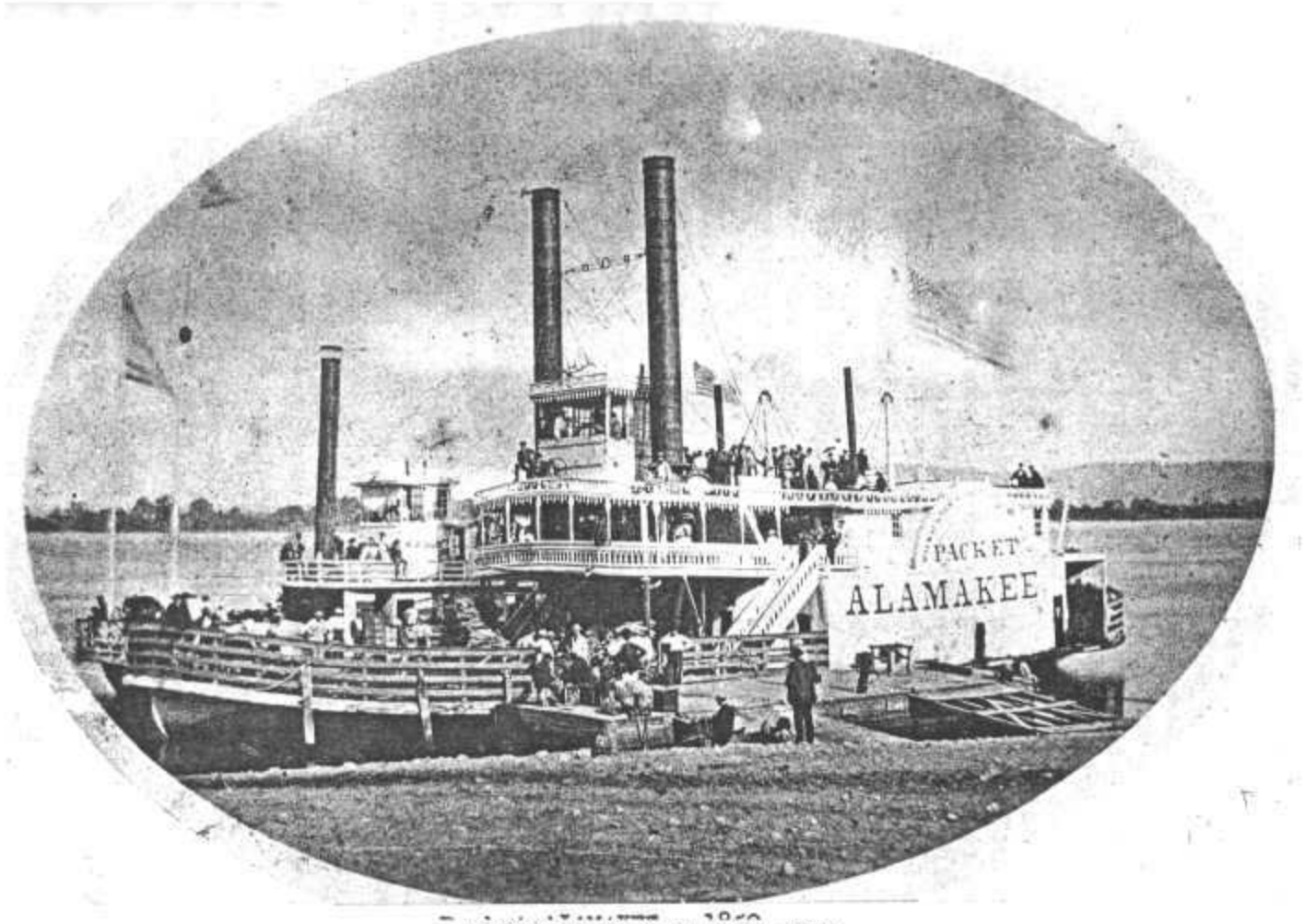
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ECLIPSE
DAILY PACKET.
AMERICAN
EXPRESS.



THE MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

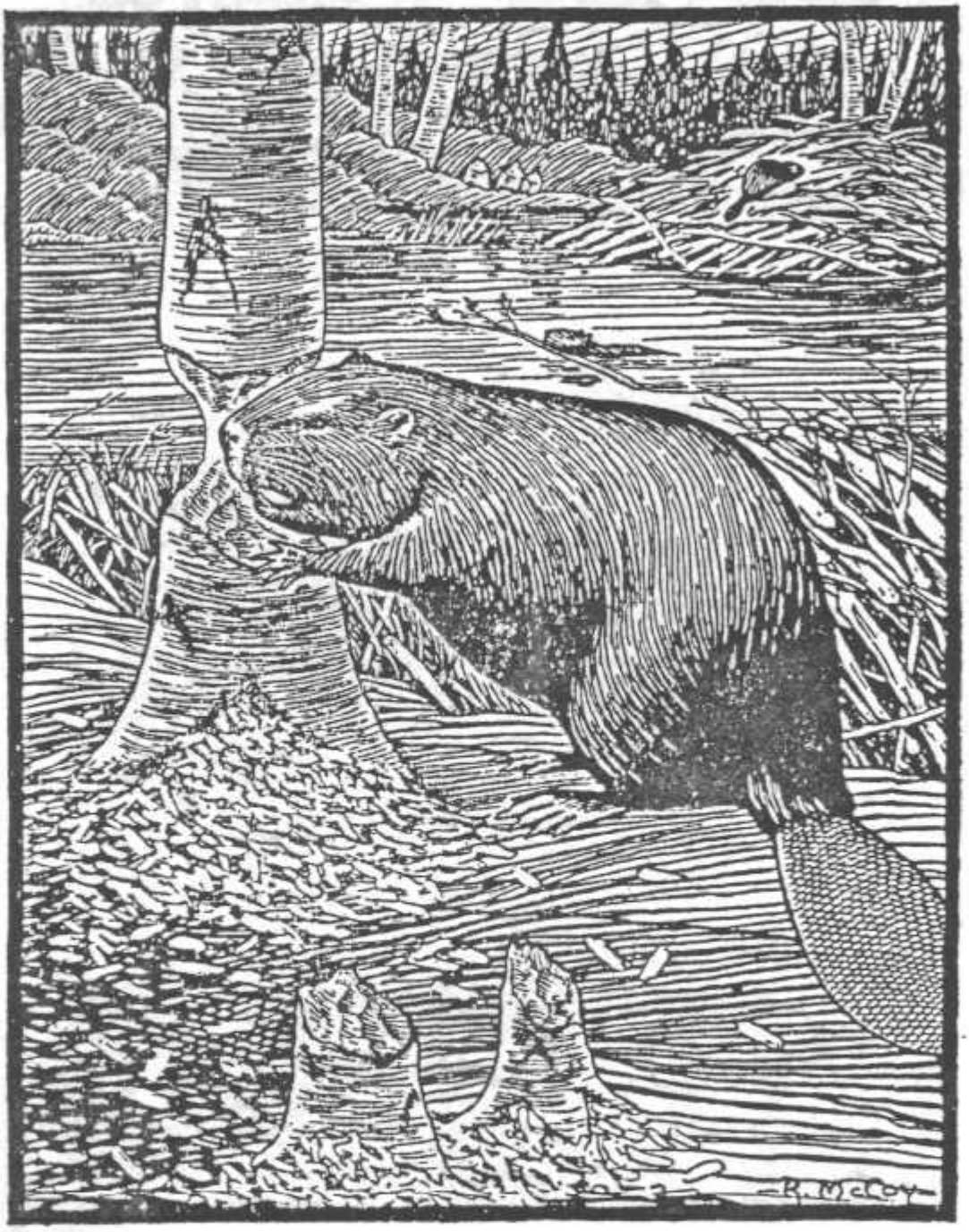
This new steel hulled steamboat is a veritable floating palace. It is a sister of the Delta Queen, and like her is a sternwheeler in the tradition of the old riverboats



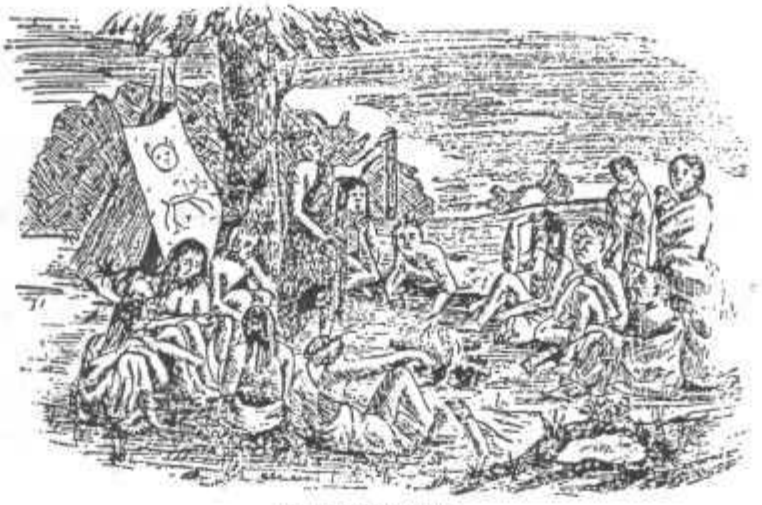
PACKET ALAMAKEE 1899

Built by Col. Hercules L. Dousman for the Milwaukee & Mississippi RR Co., and launched in 1859, the steamer Alamakee was a magnificent ferryboat used to transfer passengers and freight across the river from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin to McGregor, Iowa.

The Milwaukee & Mississippi RR Co., reached Prairie du Chien in 1857. In 1863 the McGregor and Western began its 25 mile run inland. At first freight was transferred to steamers for trans-Mississippi shipment. Then came Lawler "Transfer Barges", constructed and fitted with railway tracks. Cars were run onto the barges, then taken in tow by the Alamakee. Two barges were hauled at one time; one on either side of the steamer. This system was used for rail transportation across the river until 1873, when Lawler & Spetel devised the pontoon bridge.



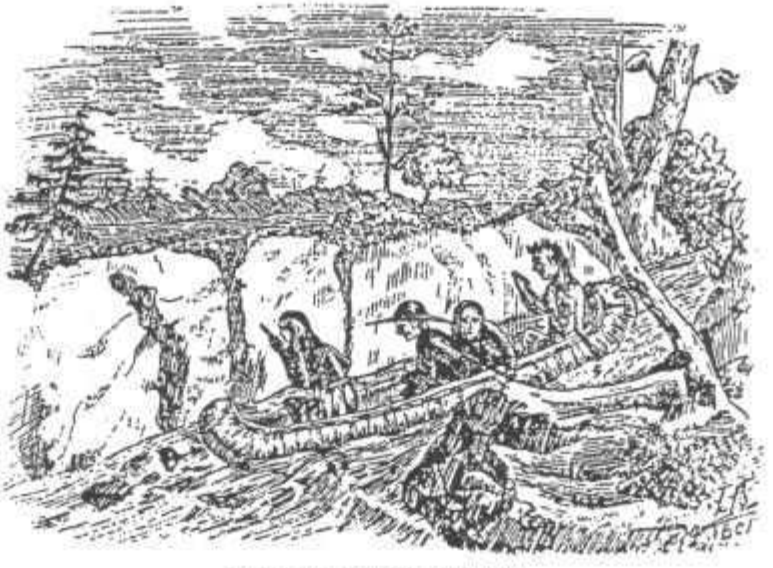
An American beaver, with a beaver dam and lodge in the background. It was the skin of this animal—along with the skins of other fur-bearing animals—which served to attract the first white men into the Great Lakes region. This resulted in the exploration, and finally in the settlement, of the country by white men.



AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

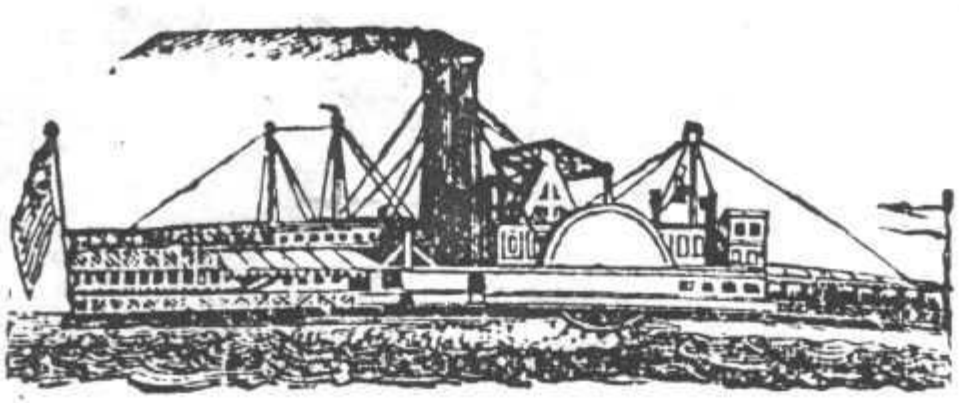


AN INDIAN WIGWAM.



MARQUETTE'S CANOE IN A RAPID.

BIRCH-BARK DRAWINGS BY MARQUETTE.



THE VIRGINIA IN 1821.

This is the first steamboat to come as far up the river as Prairie du Chien

Description of the "Virginia" taken from the Niles' Register, Vol.XXV, pp.94,95; Measurements from the Permanent Enrolment No.92,December 21,1822,Collector of Customs Office at New Orleans.

Built at Wheeling, Virginia, in 1819,the "Virginia" was a small sternwheeler of 109.32 tons, owned by Redick McKee, James Pemberton, and seven others.

She was 118 feet long, 18 feet 10 inches beam, and her depth was 5 feet 2 inches. She had a small cabin on deck but no pilothouse, being guided by a tiller at the stern. James Pemberton acted as master occasionally, and John Crawford, it seems, held the official position of captain



Travelers portaging
(Painting by T. Lindberg)

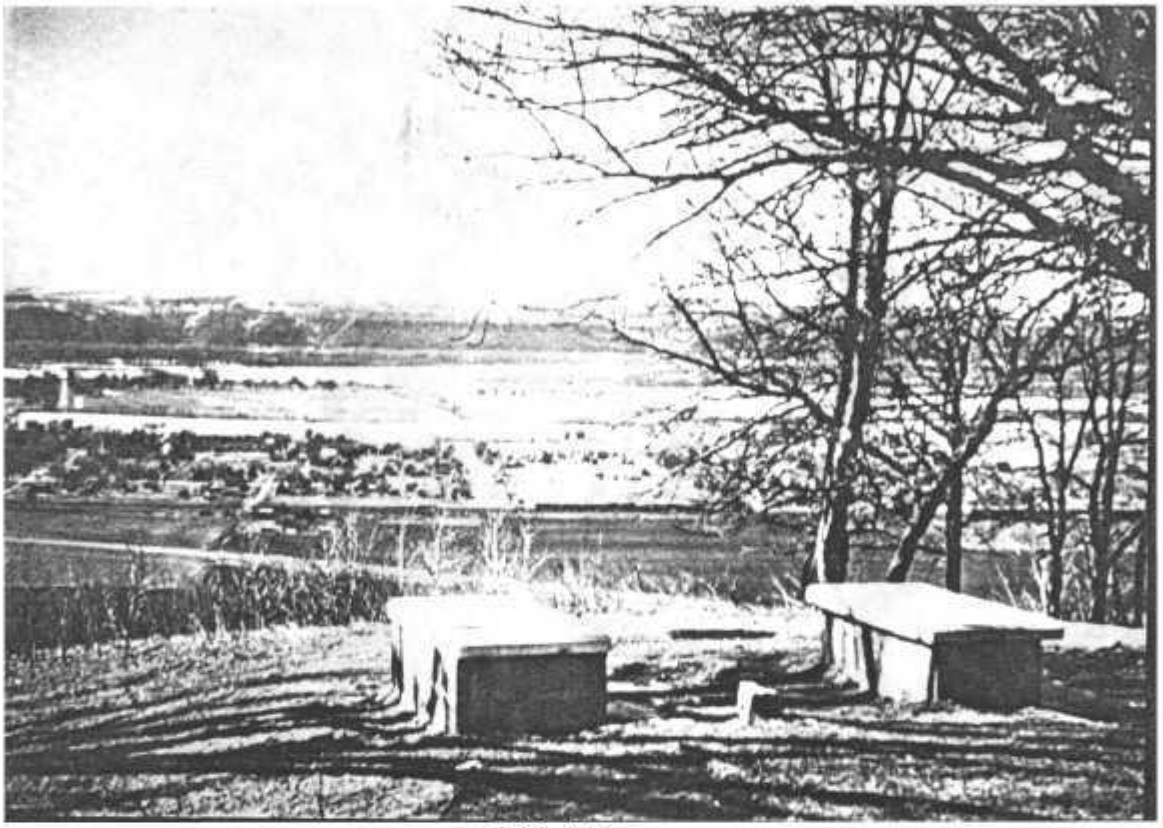


Believe image is that of **Michael (Michel) Brisbois** 1759-1837
Fur trader, merchant, helped found permanent settlement in Prairie du Chien in1781



Brisbois house built in 1815





Brisbois Graves
On Mount Pleasant overlooking the Mississippi River, Prairie du Chien
Said: "Glad to look down on rivals Rolette and Dousman



Graves 1925



Brisbois graves circa 1920



Joseph Rolette



Joe Rolette, Jr.

THE ROMANCE OF JEFF DAVIS AND KNOXIE TAYLOR

While a century of time has obliterated many pioneer events, there still lingers a haunting and refreshing memory. The Romance of Jefferson Davis and Sarah Knox Taylor. This immortal love story, embroidered with a wealth of legends, had its setting on the upper Mississippi. It is timely and appropriate for us to recall this affair as honoring the Centennial of the Civil War.

Reminders of this romance come to me as I open my front door in Prairie du Chien and gaze at the picturesque site of the Taylor home which once stood across the street. At dusk, I sometimes think I see the aristocratic Jefferson Davis walking down the wide, bricked, carriage lane to call on Sarah Knox Taylor.



Zachary Taylor's House
circa 1940



Zachary Taylor's home in Prairie du Chien, 500 Block of Beaumont Road
Building has been torn down since this 1960 photo in order to build a parking lot adjacent to the community facility

Looking to my left I still see the Hospital Section of the 2nd Fort Crawford where Jeff Davis consulted his doctor the famous army surgeon Dr. William Beaumont. This building now houses the Museum of Medical Progress.





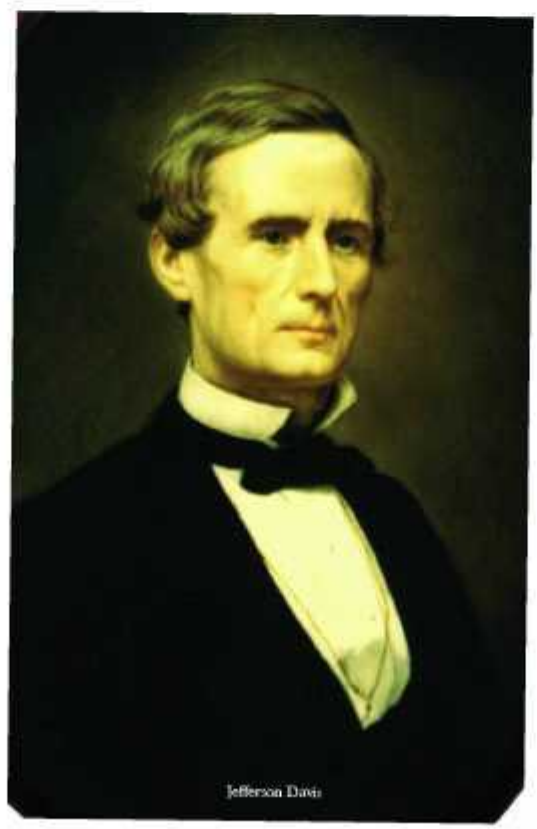
A half block to the right is the U. S. Military Cemetery with a bronze plaque memorializing Lieutenant Jefferson Davis in front of the gate.



Fort Crawford Military Cemetery

Prairie du Chien has had eight cemeteries, but only three are in use at the present time. Three of the ancient burial places never had any permanent markers and are the last resting places of pioneers who came before tombstones were in vogue in these parts and city buildings cover the spots. This one is the government burial ground where officers of Fort Crawford and members of their families were buried from 1832 to 1849, on an Indian mound in the block on South Church Street.

I recall the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who journeyed north to place this maker honoring their native son. Then, it was my privilege to give the dedicatory address and my pleasure to visit with Jefferson Davis' great great grandson and his fine family. For years I have sought a picture of Jeff Davis as a young man. All I could find were older pictures. Then, to my delight, this Davis' heir sent me a copy of a portrait painting which hangs in their home in Colorado Springs.



Jefferson Davis

First, let us recall the early life of Jeff Davis, and a little later we will meet Knox Taylor.
On the third day of a Kentucky June 1808, the wife of Samuel Emory Davis presented her husband with a fifth son and tenth child. Their home was a log cabin on a farm in Todd County. Samuel called his last boy Jefferson for the contemporary President of the United States whom he strongly admired.

Since the eldest son Joseph was twenty-three, it seemed unlikely that Jane Davis would ever bear another child. Perhaps. for this reason the mother suggested the baby Jefferson be given FINIS for a middle name.

When Jeff was two the family moved to Mississippi, but he was to return at an early age for grade school and then attend Transylvania University at Lexington. Father Samuel successfully arranged a West Point appointment although Jeff had planned a law career.

A companion at West Point was Robert E. Lee, who would later cast glory on Davis' administration and prove a friend, ever loyal cooperative consoling and admiring. His friends included J.E. and Albert Sidney Johnston, Polk, Henry Clay Jr., and Robert Anderson whose unhappy destiny it would be to command Fort Sumter.

Graduating at barely twenty years of age he was 23rd in a class of thirty-three. Jeff's high spirits, fun loving nature and independent temperament did not make for a perfect record like the exemplary Robert E. Lee, who got only one black mark in four years.

At the time of graduation there was little in his Academy record to foretell that Jefferson Davis was destined to play an extraordinary role in American history. But, in personality he was outstanding. Discipline instilled at the Academy helped give him a sovereign self-control useful in later years when he was all but overwhelmed by uttermost tragedy.

Reporting for duty at Fort Crawford in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, his first task was lumbering for an expansion to the fort. Later in the fall he headed a scouting assignment to Sinsinawa Mound where he surprisingly met his Transylvania schoolmate George Wallace Jones, afterwards a loyal friend general and U.S. Senator from Iowa. I have wondered if this could be relative of our genial Colonel Supt.?

During a tour of duty near the portage at Fort Winnebago, he grew fond of an orphan Indian boy "The Otter" because of his skill in diving after fish. From the prow of his canoe he would hurl his spear at a fish and dive into the water and seize the injured prey with his hands. The lieutenant admired the boy's pluck and independence. Jeff enjoyed buying him raisins and other treats.

At this time Davis had a horse "Red Bird" named after the noted warrior shown here, whose surrender in 1827 ended the Winnebago War. giving settlers enough security to move in and about the lead mines of Galena. Illinois.

In 1831, Lieutenant Davis was recalled to Fort Crawford and ordered to construct a sawmill on the Yellow River in Iowa. Making friends with the neighboring Indians they affectionately called him "Little Chief" because of his youth. The frontier artist J. 0.Lewis painted this squaw and her papoose about that time.



Chippeway Squaws

Pushing for early completion of his project in the bitter cold and fall rains, Davis contracted a virulent case of pneumonia. Only by the constant attention of his body servant, James Pemberton did Davis survive. After his near-fatal illness, Jeff Davis had repeated seizures of facial neuralgia, which would render him literally blind with pain. This affliction would devil him later at critical times demanding momentous decisions.

His next major assignment was an aggravating squatter situation at the Dubuque lead mines. This Henry Lewis painting, not many years later, shows the fast growth immediately following the end of the Blackhawk War.

Lieutenant Davis proved himself an able diplomat handling a tense mob which had baffled previous officers. Not a drop of blood was shed, not a blow struck. Even the squatters were satisfied, for Davis' promises came true, as they repossessed their houses and claims, at the conclusion of a treaty. Many people associate Davis with the military road between Fort Crawford and Fort Winnebago.



Dubuque, Iowa

A long time site of lead mining, in the 1840s Dubuque was a commercial center along the upper Mississippi River. Artist Henry Lewis sketched and painted scenes along the upper Mississippi River between 1846 and 1848.

In 1832, Colonel Zachary Taylor commandant at Fort Crawford made Lieutenant Davis his aide. They had much in common, both being farmer-soldiers, and got on splendidly for some time. As an aide, Lieutenant Davis was punctual and efficient. During off time, Davis was voracious reader. Still he found time to be an attractive asset in post society.

When Jeff Davis left Fort Crawford on March 26,1832, to visit his family in Mississippi, he little realized that a cunning Indian would cut short his stay.



GENERAL TAYLORS PLANTATION.

Eleven days later, Blackhawk made his forbidden crossing of the Mississippi River into Illinois. Davis was ordered back. A legend tells of Lieutenant Davis reporting at Dixon's Ferry swearing in Captain Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois militia who many called "The Rail Splitter" had called him into service. Facts are not available to confirm this legend.



Abe Lincoln

Records do show Lieutenant Davis present at Fort Crawford, when Chief Blackhawk surrendered. Davis was chosen to conduct Blackhawk to Jefferson Barracks located nine miles south of St. Louis. From here, the prisoner would be taken east, for imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. Not even Davis' wildest dreams warned of the avalanche of future events which would carry him to a similar fate. For, some years later, he too, would be a prisoner, manacled in Fortress Monroe.

Blackhawk left an interesting appraisal of Lieutenant Davis "The young war chief treated us with much kindness he is a good, brave, young chief with whose conduct I am well pleased.

When the twenty-four year old Lieutenant Jefferson Davis returned to Fort Crawford his fascination for the bright eyes of Colonel Taylor's 2nd daughter blossomed into a romance. This picture suggests the young lady, Sarah Knox Taylor eighteen had recently returned from Pickett's School in Cincinnati. She was gay and charming. Her figure was slim, her hands and feet petite. Crowning her head was a mass of brown, wavy hair, which she parted in the center, and divided into four graceful curls, which hung to her bosom. "She had her father's splendid hazel eyes and strong teeth and her mother's domestic traits and amiability. Sarah Knox was an accomplished dancer and said to be the best in Kentucky, charming and witty in conversation. Composed, self-reliant, and with a flair of independence she would later choose a life different from that planned by her parents.

What splendid match, Knox sparkling, lovely, and lovable, beauxed by her tall, slender and distinguished lieutenant, who stood straight as an arrow. Background, education and similar likes rushed their companionship into a deep love and early engagement.

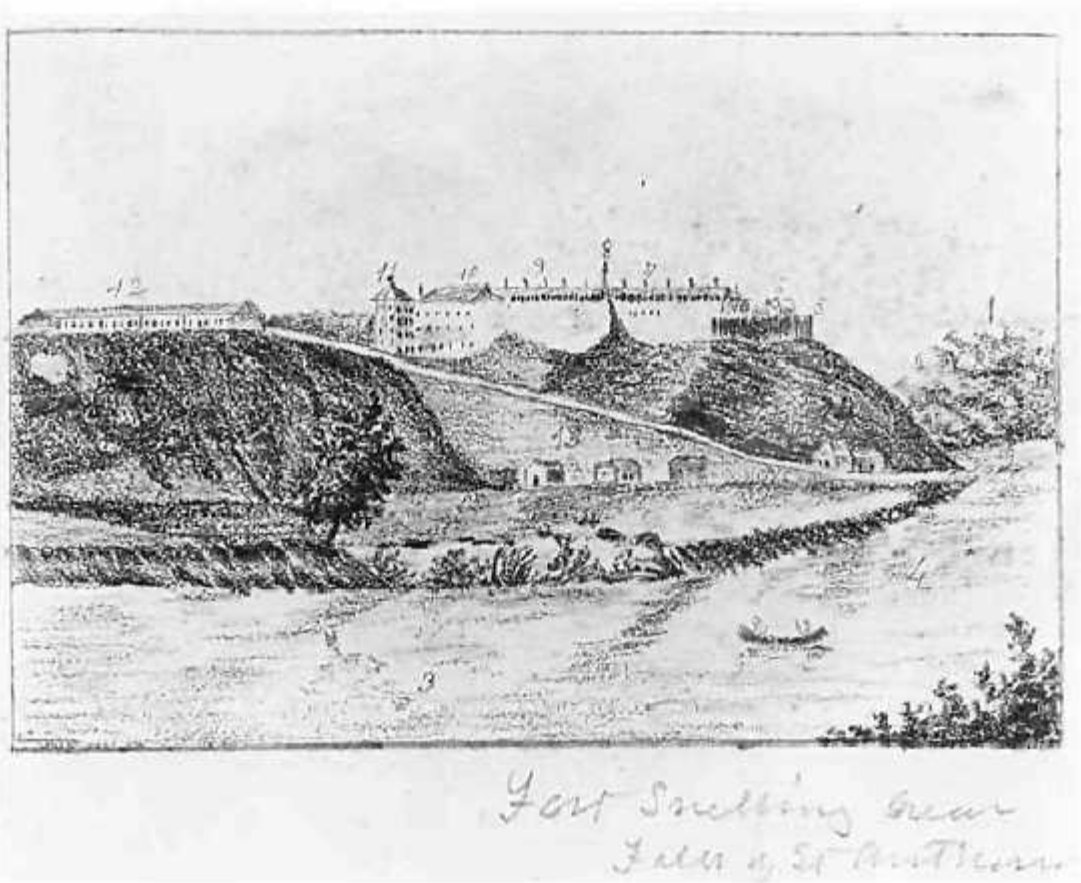
This is a soldiers sketch of "Old Rough and Ready" Zach Taylor during the Mexican war.



When Jeff spoke to his chief of the hope of marrying his daughter some day, he found that Colonel Taylor frowned on the union. To close friends, he spouted, "I will be damned if another daughter of mine shall marry into the army." Roaring, he continued, "I know enough of the family life of officers. I scarcely know my own children, or they me. I have no personal objection to Lieutenant Davis."



His eldest daughter, Ann, had married Dr. Robert Wood, and army surgeon, and had recently borne a baby in most primitive surroundings at remote Fort Snelling in Minnesota, pictured here. He was too painfully aware of the wretched life, his own wife had led, moving from frontier post to frontier post, with few amenities, and suffering tortures of anxiety when he was absent fighting.





Fort Snelling

Jefferson realized there was considerable truth in the Colonel's contention about the trials of army wives. Besides, since he had no private means, a 2nd Lieutenant's pay was barely enough to keep a single man and his body servant. But he had not the slightest intention of giving up Sarah Knox. Biding his time, he continued to court her. Parental objection to the match only made the attachment stronger.

Jeff and Knox's meetings brought an ultimatum, barring Davis from the commandant's home. But, the romance thrived in spite of the handicaps. Sub-rosa meetings were held. The situation was tense, Davis considered challenging his commandant to a duel but gave up the idea.

No doubt, the couple considered eloping, as legendary stories go. The thrilling, romantic elopement of Sarah Knox Taylor, climbing through her bedroom window into the waiting arms of Jeff Davis has been told many times. How they took a steamboat down river and were married. The best authenticated information shows however, that they would be married later in Kentucky, at the home of her aunt. On March 4, 1833, Davis was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon under General Henry Dodge, and left for Arkansas. Dodgeville, Wisconsin takes its name from this pioneer lead miner and soldier shown here.



Henry Dodge

In that exciting year of 1832, in which he met his first love, Jefferson faced another decision; whether he should obey a Federal command, or be true to what he regarded as the sacred constitutional principle of liberty and States Rights.

South Carolina was seriously threatening to "nullify" a tariff, protecting New England industries. John C. Calhoun's famous "Exposition" argued that (1) The tariff was ruinous to the South, (2) "Protection" for privately owned industry was unconstitutional, and (3) Any State had a constitutional right peaceably to nullify the law within her borders until Congress should be sustained by three-fourths of the states.

On November 24,1832 by a majority of 126 to 26, South Carolina declared the tariff laws void in the state and promised, armed resistance. President Jackson warned the South Carolinians that the laws would be enforced. by bayonets if necessary. But at the same time, he urged Congress to make a further revision of the tariff.

Jefferson Davis later wrote, in the troubled sunset of his career..."The compromise of 1833, prevented the threatened calamity and the sorrowful issue State Sovereignty or Federal supremacy of independence or submission."

"By education, by association and by preference I was a soldier, then regarding that profession as my vocation for life. Yet, looking at the issue squarely in the face, I chose the alternative of abandoning my profession, rather than be employed in the subjugation or coercion of a State of the Union."

Her then thirty years before the Civil War, was the ominous storm warning. "The Ides of March" were casting their shadows of coming events.

During Jeff's absence, Sarah Knox divided her time between Prairie du Chien and Kentucky relatives. One of Knox's letters prompted Jeff to seek out a lonely and quiet spot, like this one where he could better think through his problems and share his thoughts with his love. In Jeff's letter of December 16, 1834, we see his thinking, as he wrote: "I have read your letter kind dear letter. I have kissed it often and it has driven away mad notions from my brain. Sarah, whatever I may be hereafter, neglect by you would be worse than nothing. And, if the few good qualities I possess shall under your smiles, yield fruit, it, shall be yours, as the grain is the submersions."

It has been a source of regret with me, that our union must separate you from your earliest and best friends. I am prepared to accept all that intellect and dignified pride brings."

"The questions as it occurred to you, is truly startling. Your answer is the most gratifying to me; (it) is that which I should have expected from you. For, you are the first with whom I ever sought to cast my fortune, so you are the last from whom I would expect desertion."

"I approve entirely of a meeting elsewhere than in Prairie du Chien, and your desire to avoid embarrassment, which might widen the breach made already (which) cannot be greater than my own."

Shall we not meet soon, Sarah, to part no more? Oh, I long to lay my head upon that breast, which beats in unison with my own. Write to me immediately my dear Sarah, my betrothed no formality between us. Adieu, ma chere.

"Jeff"

Perplexed, Jeff requested a furlough to talk everything over with his brother Joseph. At Joseph's plantation "Hurricane" Jeff bared his heart to his brother, confessing he could not see much future for an army officer. Joseph told him if he wished to become a planter, he would give him some 1,800 acres of cleared land, from his 6,900 acre holding, and lend him the money to buy the needed slaves. Though Jeff had never farmed, he felt he could learn with Joseph as a mentor, for he had been eminently successful.

Above all else, Jeff desired Sarah Knox. So, to provide a respectable living for her, he determined to resign from the army and become a planter. With his plans formulated he left to join Sarah Knox at her aunt's home, near Louisville and arrange the marriage.

On the morning of her wedding day, Sarah Knox penned this loving letter to her mother, who remained with the Colonel at Fort Crawford.

Louisville, June 17, 1835

You will be surprised, no doubt, my dear mother, to hear of my being married so soon. When I wrote you last, I had no idea of leaving here before fall, but hearing the part of the country to which I am going is quite healthy, I have concluded to go down this summer.

You will be surprised, no doubt, my dear mother, to hear of my being married so soon. When I wrote you last, I had no idea of leaving here before fall, but hearing the part of the country to which I am going is quite healthy, I have concluded to go down this summer. I will leave here this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Will be married as you

advised in my bonnet and traveling dress. I am very grateful that sister Ann is here. At this time, having one member of the family present, I shall not feel entirely destitute of friends."

"But you, my dearest mother, I know still retain some feelirgs of affection for a child, who has been so unfortunate, as to form a connection, without the sanction of her parents, but who will always feel the deepest affection for them, whatever their feeling toward her."

"Say to my dear father, I have received his kind, affectionate letter, and thank him for the liberal supply of money sent me. Sister will tell you all that you wish to know about me. I will write as soon as I get down, and as often as my mother may wish to hear from me. And do, my kind ma, write. I send a bonnet by sister, the best I can get. Farewell, my dear mother, give my best love to pa and Dick. Believe me always your affectionate daughter."

As Jeff arrived for the wedding, he took Mrs. Gibson Taylor and Hancock Taylor aside and told them of an unexpected, last minute snag. On Jefferson Street in Louisville, as he was driving out to his wedding, he had been hailed by Pendleton Pope, the county clerk, who had issued the license. Pope asked to see the paper again, and Jeff, sitting in the buggy handed it down. To his consternation, the man declared it invalid. "I am informed", Pope stated cooly without reading it, "that the young lady is not of age and her father is intensely antagonistic to the marriage. Then, he tore the license to bits, dropping the pieces in the street and walked away. Dreading a public scandal the indignant young bridegroom restrained his fury and drove as fast as he could to consult with Knox's family.

While the wondering guests and the shaken bride waited Hancock Taylor drove into Louisville with Jeff to force the issue of the license. When Pope was located and he finally agreed to issue a new license if Hancock Taylor would swear under oath that his niece was of age. This he did and they left, a new license in hand.

Knox's sister Ann and Taylor relatives were relieved when they returned and the Episcopal service began. The bride wore the traveling suit and a small matching hat. The bridegroom wore "long-tail cutaway coat, brocaded waistcoat, breeches tight-fitting and held under the instep with a strap..."

Leaving by river packet, they leisurely made their way to Palmyra Island in the Mississippi to Brierfield, Davis' plantation home. To Knox, who had spent so may of her years in frontier army posts, "Hurricane" had aspects of an Eden. She seemed delighted with the daily routine and had no yearning for town life. Jefferson mistrusted the fog from the ferns, thought then to carry the contagion of malaria, and urged his bride to remain indoors until the sun had dissolved the mist. Here on August 11th. Knox wrote her last known letter to:

"My Dearest Mother:
I have just received your affectionate letter forwarded to me from Louisville. You may readily imagine, the pleasure it afforded me, to hear from you. I can imagine, I see you moving about, attending to your domestic concerns, down in the cellar skimming milk or going out to feed the chickens.

Tell Dick I have a beautiful colt. Mr. Davis sends his best respects to you. Did you receive the letter he wrote from St. Louis? My love to Pa and Dick. Remember me most affectionately to sister and Doc. Kiss the children. Do not make yourself uneasy about me, the country is quite healthy.

Knox"

But, the country was NOT healthy as she thought, for already the Taylor's had lost two children at their Louisiana plantation, nearby. Along with Jeff, at his sister's home in Louisiana, they contracted malaria. Too

sick, to be told of his wife's dangerous condition, Jeff Davis heard her singing "Fairy Bells" a song linked with the days, he had wooed and won her.

Crawling from his bed he stumbled into her room reaching her side to see her die unconscious in his embrace. This was 15th day of September, less than three months after their wedding.

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Broken hearted, the young husband was led back to his own bed. To his critical condition, was added, the complication of a searing grief and a troubled conscience. If he had not persisted in marrying her, against her father's objections; if, he had not brought her to the Delta, Knox would now be alive. The physician and the family feared Jeff would die too. Weak as he was, however, he insisted that the funeral service be held in his sickroom, Knox was buried in the family cemetery.

For a day or two Jeff's life hung in the balance then a turn for the better. His recovery was slow. Shocked by the loss of his Sarah, he shut himself into his library and read with rapid desperation to ward off despair. For eight long years he remained a recluse.

When he finally emerged from his white tower, we find a reborn Davis. Gone was the gay, lighthearted, witty, debonair adventurer. Now revealed was a cooler, more stoical gentleman. Ten years of plantation life had proved him a successful planter. At Bierfield, he developed a system that was almost a model in relations of master and slaves. He gave the servant community a large measure of self-government, and left in its hands an interesting jury system, the trial of all petty offenders.

Intellectually stimulated by years of hard reading, toughened adversity there arose a wise and dynamic leader. Now Dame Fortune would smile for a while on Jefferson Davis. His feats in the Mexican War would gain him a hero's acclaim. His statesmanship as a U.S. Senator would merit admiration. As Secretary of War he was a progressive. It was natural then that the South would later choose this resourceful champion of States Rights to become the President of their Confederacy.

Even today, more than 100 years later, we still face the serious problem of states rights. We can learn much from Davis as we seek to find that balance between States Rights and Federal Control.

We, on the upper Mississippi are proud of the days Jefferson Davis spent with us, and the romantic nostalgia he and Sarah Knox Taylor added to our American heritage. Thank you.

MJDyrud/me
Aug.2, 1961

RINGLING BROS. and the CIRCUS WORLD MUSEUM

Since Roman Days, the circus has brought entertainment to many people. Permanently etched in circus history are lasting contributions spawned in the reaches of the Upper Mississippi.

Future historians may overlook Wisconsin as the "Mother of 76 Circuses" during the past 150 years. The oldest Mabie's, a pioneer circus of 1847 origination at Delavan, Wisconsin, may warrant mention. But NO circus history will ever be complete without recording the story of Ringling Bros. Circus, "The Greatest Show on Earth". That it was in 1928, the Zenith of the Big Top. I doubt if any future circus will ever equal the opulent splendor of Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey Combined Shows.

Too often in the past, we have failed to recognize the valued contributions of close friends to our national heritage. Thank goodness, this will not be true of the Tent Circus we loved so much for the Circus World Museum at Baraboo, Wisconsin, is a treasure chest filled with tantalizing reminders from this nostalgic era. Preserved is the fantastic world of sawdust and sequins which delighted the children of all ages. This glittering, laughing, exciting spectacle of exhilarating sensations, with lingering recollections.

While we all recognize the name Ringling Bros. Circus, few people are familiar with the exciting story of how the five Ringling brothers with their glossy-black walrus mustaches, rose to fame, fortune and leadership in the circus world. In their experiences we can all find ways of making our lives more meaningful and productive.

I will trace the story of the Ringling Brothers for you. I feel qualified for it was my good fortune to have been born in Baraboo. As I grew up, I came to know most of the Ringling brothers and went to high school and college with John Ringling North, now president of the circus. Now, each month I meet with the directors of the Circus World Museum to review progress and establish policies.

Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois have all contributed this success, in one way or another.

Let us go back one hundred years and look in on the Ringling family, housed in a cottage type home at McGregor, Iowa. Here, four of the brothers were born. With their oldest brother Albert, called Al, we have the "Famous Five". The mother Marie Salome, must have had her hands full managing these miniature dynamos.

The father, August Ringling, of Alsatian extraction, was a harness maker and carriage trimmer attracted to this busy river port by the long lines of horse-drawn wagons arriving each day laden with wheat for river packers to carry down river. At this time, railroads were just beginning to stab their way into the heartland of the world's most fertile plain, Iowa.

Scant was the entertainment for the industrious pioneer. They worked from dawn to dusk. Welcomed were the visiting river packets disgorging mail passengers and freight along the riverbanks.

Excitement was rampant in mid 1870, anticipating arrival of Dan Rice's Show Boat Circus. At the riverbank in the low hanging early morning fog were the Ringling boys. Al, the oldest had promised his mother to watch over the younger brothers. At last, the deep-throated, throbbing steamboat whistle signaled a landing. Flaming, pine torches lined the bow of the steamer, lighting a path towards shore.

Then the life lingering thrill of watching the gaily-painted wagons, sleek horses, jungles animals and performers moving to shore across the wide gangplank. Beautiful percheron horses strained to move the heavily laden wagons in the damp sand, as the show gear was hauled to the Lot in preparation for the afternoon show. Instinctively, the roustabouts brought order out of chaos.

At noon the children ran for home, gobbled lunch and raced back. Clutched tightly in their fists was their spending money. My what a thrill for the wide eyed Ringling boys. That performance of Dan Rice's one ring circus must have been spectacular, for it motivated Al Ringling to run away from home with his friend Adler and join the show boat circus, soon after.

History sometimes repeats itself. Twenty years later, Adler' son Felix also ran away from home to join Ringling Bros Circus at Clinton. He made a name for himself, for many people still refer to Felix Adler as one of the great clowns of all times.

In 1874, the Ringling family resided at Prairie du Chien, where a sister Ida was born. She is important, as mother of John Ringling North, who now owns control and heads the circus. At Prairie du Chien in those early days, Al Ringling trimmed carriages, and in his spare time perfected juggling, rope walking, acrobatics and horse training. During summers he join traveling shows. Later he managed and even produced show in partnership with others.

The year 1882, looms large in Ringling history, as Al visit his family, then living in Baraboo, convincing his brothers to join him in producing Ringling Bros. Classic & Comic Concert Co. This "Hall Show" made its first stop at Mazonmanie, showing in the Town Hall. Receipts $13.00, expenses $25.00. They moved on to Spring Green, Prairie du Chien, and McGregor Iowa. After two months tour in Iowa and Minnesota, they returned to Wisconsin, ending the season at Viroqua on February 27, 1883. The brothers were no richer, but much wiser.

In 1883, Al Ringling changed from a "Hall Show" to a "Mud-Show" Traveling in nine wagons. Moreover, he convinced Yankee Robinson, the veteran circus manager to join them. They had only one caged animal, a sad, moth-eaten hyena, hardly living up it's billing as a "Ferocious, Man-Eating Jungle Beast". Twenty-one people rounded out the caravan. With youthful vigor they braved prolonged spells of rainy weather and mud roads, until sunshine made going easier and profits returned, proving Yankee Robinson's prediction that the Ringling Bros. were on their way to success.

Al Ringling, the oldest brother was gifted with a pleasant, cheerful personality. Patiently, he steered each brother toward his responsibility, fashioning an efficient organization with selfless devotion to the future success of Ringling Bros. Circus.

Circus performers admired "Uncle Al" who set the pace, never asking others to do more than he was will to do himself.

Al married Louise Morris during the "Mud Show days". She confirmed the saying "Behind every Great Man, stands a Great Woman. Mrs. Al would sacrifice anything for her husband and his circus. She made costumes, cooked for all hands, acted as adviser and house-mother to the female performers. She became the first equestrienne. (Female performer on horseback.) During a shortage of wagon drivers she once drove a four-horse hitch for four days. When necessity arose, she even did some snake charming.

In 1890, the brothers changed their circus once more this time to an eighteen-car railroad circus. This improvement was feasible following the adoption of standard gauge tracks, allowing cars to transfer from one railroad line to another.

A spirited rivalry developed with the Great Wallace Shows, John Robinson's Ten Big Shows, Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and the Four Sells Brothers. Competitors scornfully called Ringling's the Sunday School Circus, when they drove pickpockets and gamblers away. In time, the Ringling's were admired for cleaning up their circus.

When Ringling Bros. decided in 1895 to show in the east, P.T. Barnum bought into Buffalo Bill's Wild West, routing this show into the same area hoping to zap their profits. Surmounting normal hazards and overcoming stiff competition, the Ringlings continued to expand and perfect operating technique.

With the death of P.T. Barnum in 1907, the Ringlings capitalized on the opportunity, purchasing Barnum & Bailey's Show for $410,000. Running this circus separately from their own, they paid for it out of profits the first year. Now, the Ringling Bros. owned America's two largest circuses.

My circus interest stems from childhood associations in Baraboo. We lived across the street from Al Ringling. Certain of their horse acts were trained in our buggy sheds. Mr. Al was thoughtful and gave me Canadian money for my coin collection. Mrs. Al was an attractive lady, a good friend of my mother's. I still remember Mrs. Al's parrot, Polly, who would pick up Mrs. Al's chant, when she called her husband for lunch.

When I was young we didn't play cowboys and Indians in grade school as so many youngsters do today. We had Circus Fever. It was only natural, for we lived and breathed circus life.

Hearing that the Ringling Bros. had once put on a Penny Circus next to the jail, we decided to repeat part of their success story. Our gang decided that our circus would show the following Saturday. We would have our own parade and make a lot money. It seems strange now, but I still can remember the thought of the pennies rolling in so fast we could easily buy all the cookies and ice cream in Baraboo.

We would set up on the vacant lot next to Grotesqueries. First we must collect empty wooden boxes and orange crates to use as animal cages. Wooden cleats nailed over the open ends would serve as bars. Rugs draped over the tops would give the color and decoration we needed. There were plenty of pets, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and birds for display. If, we all brought our coaster wagons, we could put on a big parade. Harlan would have his Mom make pink lemonade. This we would sell for 3 cents a glass and we should make a $ here. Henry's pony would lead the parade and perform. Curt's dog was clever and he could do a lot of tricks. We would borrow chairs from the neighbors not their dining room chairs. The kitchen chairs would be OK. Bill had some black paint and Jerry had a sheet he could get. So, the Saturday Circus seemed almost complete. Of course we would wear crazy clothes to assure success.

Almost too quickly the Saturday afternoon arrived, following a feverish half-week of brain storming, gathering equipment, building cages, improvising tents and running home for supplies. The parade was late and I regret to say disappointing. Sure people looked quizzically, but they did not follow us back to the circus lot. Only a few stragglers appeared. A quick meeting of the circus chiefs pointed up the difficulty. We needed Wild animals not the peaceful sleeping ones in our cages. High-powered executives make quick decisions, and we wasted no time. The Von Wald boys (sorta hangers-on) were elected to get into the large cages and act as wild lions and jungle tigers. They half agreed and before they could change their minds they were wild animals nailed into their cages. At first, I didn't think they were too good. Their high-pitched voices didn't match the deep-throated roar of the lion or snarl of the tiger. Later, we even considered releasing them for they hardly howled or growled. As a matter of fact, we were disgusted. Then one of the Von Wald boys caught the inspiration of the circus and clawed the bars and gave wild sounds. Here were the actions we wanted. Now we had wild lions and jungle tigers. The longer they were caged the fiercer they acted. Now that they had risen to the occasion, we would have a good show. We proudly delegated an animal trainer to watch their cages with a hammer, pounding their bars as they tried to force their way out. Now the show was a success.

But, fortune is so, so fickle. Who should arrive but Papa and Mama Von Wald to see our spectacular? With innocence and pride we escorted them to the stellar attraction: the roaring lion from untamed Africa and the terrible Bengal tiger from Ceylon. THAT was our undoing.

We had always thought Old Man Von Wald a good guy. But, for some reason he got sore at us. He threatened to call the Chief of Police and tell our parents we were mistreating his kids, and mind you, said he would even tear down our whole circus. Papa Von Wald in his rage was very nasty and wouldn't listen to our Circus chiefs explain. When Mama Von Wald cried, we decided to let their two boys go.

This disaster snuffed out the Saturday Circus, considered by a select group of Baraboo boys to be the Greatest Show of All Times. For years we couldn't understand why Old Man and Mama Von Wald never liked us. Shakespere says, "There is a time and tide in the affairs of man, which if taken at the flood tide, leads on to fame and fortune." I regret to report the time and tide were not on our side. That ended the Saturday Circus. perhaps one of the most unusual shows on earth.

Still circus activities enchanted me. Each day, I would cut through the alley to Gollmar's blacksmith shop and watch them tire wagons or shoe horses. It was thrilling to watch the smithy heating the steel rims of a wheel in his forge, place the glowing metal over the wood rim and spokes. The wood would smolder and often catch fire before the wheel could be doused in water to shrink the metal rim tightly on the wood.

Next, I would cross the street into Moeller's Wagon Works. They built the huge, gaudy circus wagons. Made mostly of oak. they looked almost indestructible. When the rococo trim was applied and the gilt and bright paint added, these wagons seemed come alive stirring emotions of adventure within me.

When friends and relatives came for weekend visits, I was thrilled for then father usually obtained passes to the winter quarters down by the river. Off we went to a row of low brick buildings housing the animals. Opening one of the wide doors, we saw snow-white polar bears leisurely pacing their dens. They seemed out of place with the stilt legged giraffes austerely turning their heads high atop two-story necks at the other end of this building. No wonder giraffes eat leaves from trees, for eating off the ground required spreading their front feet in an awkward splayed stance. This building also included rearing pens for the playful baby lions and tigers, fed by the veterinarian.

After this came the Cat House where the lions, leopards and panthers glided in noiseless grace. Most were serene, stretched out resting on their shelves. What a sight at feeding time, as the caretakers forked big slabs of horse meat through slots below the bars. Snarling, howling and with vicious looks, food had reactivated their jungle instincts. It was well to stay well clear of these gates. A building extension housed the mammoth hippopotamus and the fierce rhinoceros. armed by nature with a ram head tusk below the eyes. As we walked the narrow isle separating these powerful creatures I feared they might easily crush the sides of the runway if disturbed.

Then to the Elephant Barn, a huge building with thick walls to view the ponderous pachyderms, tethered by leg chains around the walls, a huge pile of hay in the center. Their bodies swayed in slow jungle rhythm, their long trunks were ever active reaching for hay or siphoning water. At times, they would suck in water and with a swing of their huge trunk give themselves a shower bath. How weird the sound of these trumpeting beasts. How peculiar the pungent musty smell which permeated our clothes for several hours.

One summer the traveling circus returned with a wild bull elephant, which was staked out in the open at the rear of this barn. As I watched an adventurous plumber offer food a keeper rushed up warning us back, telling that

this elephant was wild and dangerous during the mating season so, stay away, for he was unpredictable and might easily kill, even a friendly person.

Many other sights filled our tour, the camel barns, the wardrobe department, the hotel, the car barns, and paint shops.

In 1919, Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey show was combined into the Greatest Show on Earth. Street parades were discontinued, a necessary time-conservation measure for such a large show, still regrettable omission for circus fans.

1928 is considered the apogee, the peak, or greatest height reached by the Big Top Circus. So, let us examine this monstrous complex at closer range. The crew 1,000 or more employees ranging from the "razor-backs" unloading railroad cars to talented aerialists like Lillian Leitzel performing high overhead with faultless grace. Here was curious mixture of jungle natives, wild animals, rough roustabouts and talented performers. It was as explosive a mixture as anything Nobel ever cooked up it his dynamite days. Rigorous discipline was essential to this delicately timed operation. In spite of the unexpected... **The Show Must Go On**.

The logistics of the circus, by that I mean the science of having men and materials at the right place at the right time, had reached a perfection attracting foreign army observers in rotating groups, to learn and copy the technique.

One hundred and eighty special-built railroad cars moved the show in four sections.

THE FIRST SECTION: pulled out of town at 3 AM and set up first on the Lot, at the next city. Included was the Layout Dept., Side Shows, the Cook House and the Cook Tent. In the cook tent were seats for 1,500 people and 5,000 meals could be served daily.

THE SECOND SECTIONS: came next with the Big Top, Canvas Dept., the personnel, Rigging, Trunks and Baggage. Fifty tents were erected besides the Big Top. Most spectacular of course was the Big Top, 30 tons of canvas forming a sprawling tent 510 ft. long and 210 ft. wide, accommodating 16,000 patrons. Long center poles, tall as the mast on a clipper ship supported the sky canvas.

Next train arriving was the **THIRD SECTION:** carrying the Grand Stand (called Bibles) for they folded like the Big Book. Here were seats for 12,000. Lights, wardrobe and attendant personnel, completed the load.

Last to reach town was the **FOURTH SECTION**: consisting of Rings, Stock, Elephants, 1,000 wild animals, together with the performers and staff. Coupled to this train was usually a private car for the Ringling brothers manager. On a nearby flatcar was his Rolls Royce automobile.

All this equipment would be transferred to the LOT, as the show area is called. Parking space for 3,000 cars, plus 15 acres of land was necessary.

Intriguing to me has always been the Back Yard, the rear of the circus Lot. Actually it was a small, semi-mobile, self-contained town complete with bank, store, dining rooms, barbershop, lawyer, doctor, detective, and even a blacksmith.

Out front by the Side Show Bannerline, pitchmen lured all ages to the notable collection of Freaks, the Tall Man, The Skeleton, Bearded Ladies, Sword Swallowers, Snake Charmers, an. a host of other captivating

attractions. Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, pop and cotton candy were there too, to fill the bottomless pits of youngsters and ease the hunger of the older set who may have eaten a light lunch.

Moving toward the Main Entrance, a stop at the Ticket Wagon, then past the Ducat Grabbers as the ticket-sellers and door tenders are called. Then on to the menagerie with strange animals from remote corners of the globe.

Roaring lions, barking seals, and trumpeting elephants provided a weird musical accompaniment while watching the antics of the monkeys or viewing the terrifying gorilla Gargantua.

On we walked through the connection to the Big Top. Reserved seats occupied all the good viewing section, so it seemed best a buy a reserved seat. The band directed by Merle Evans, gave a spirited recital. Soon, the announcer called out in his rich, sonorous voice: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Greatest. Show on Earth welcomes you, and is proud to present…" The show started. A flare of trumpets and a glittering pageant of oriental splendor began is procession around the arena. Circus people call it the Spec Entry. This time it was a regal reception for the Maharajah of India with a visiting troupe of colorful Bengal Lancers, recapturing that brilliant image which once thrilled Kipling.

A whistle signal and band cue brought equestriennes to the three rings with caprisoned horse trained to perfection. Beautiful ladies with a few running steps mounted moving horses with ease. Dancing atop a prancing stead or a somersault from one horse to another was but a sample of their extensive repertoire.

Clowns added laughs to this world of wonders. Ten or more of these baggy trousered characters with huge feet would emerge from a single midget car which looked like it might crowd one person. How so many people could come out of this miniature auto was a mystery.

Just then, a lady was wrestling a lion in a far off ring. I almost didn't see her place her head inside the beast's mouth. There were so many things going on at the same time and I wanted see Emmet Kelly, the clown.

A whistle, a band flare, a roll of drums, terminating in a mighty explosion and Zachini, the human cannon-ball was shot out of a huge cannon into a far off net. Butchers hawked refreshments, almost diverting my attention from the bicycle riders high in tent heaven, performing phenomenal feats of balancing. And mind you, not with nets. What a tragedy if someone clipped and fell. They would certainly be killed. The two-hour and a half hour show seemed only minutes long. Still my eyes were tired, trying to watch too many things at the same time, for I didn't want to miss a thing.

Then preparing to leave, in raced Indians and cowboys, shooting and shouting World Famous Wild West Show to follow...something no red-blooded American could afford to miss. Even though it took my last cent, I must stay and see my favorite western movie hero...Tom Mix or others in action.

Leaving, I was sure this was really "The Greatest Show On Earth". How could they pack so much entertainment, so many star-studded acts into a couple of hours? It seemed impossible but Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey Combined Shows did it.

This was the tent circus at its glorious peak in 1928. Words fail to adequately describe the glorious spectacle... the laughs, the fears, the exhilaration, the splendor of this massive spectacle.

This brief sketch can but prompt recollections of the thrill of the tent circus in all of its colorful details.

From their humble beginning with lonely moth-eaten hyenas, the Ringling Bros. had spent a life time expanding their circus until it became a mighty giant, perfected to move with the precision timing of a jeweled watch. The delicate balance was so easy to disturb. Like the mastodons of prehistoric times, tremendous size brought susceptibility to malfunction and extinction.

Germs festering future troubles were inhaled in the optimistic days of 1929, when John Ringling, last of the brothers purchased the American Circus Co. for $2 million dollars so he could obtain a Madison Square Garden opening in New York City. The depression of the 30's taxed the strength of the circus. Revenues fell. John Ringling, sick, old, and lacking youthful vigor, defaulted on a payment for the new circus, losing control of the Greatest Show on Earth.

He died in 1936, with only $311 in the bank, although his estate was appraised at $23,500,000. Seven years before it had, been valued at $120,000,000 million dollars. His fortune was willed to the State of Florida, including the priceless art collection of the Ringling Museum at Sarasota Florida.

John Ringling's death opened an avenue for his nephew John Ringling North to finagle control of the circus and later majority ownership. As a schoolmate I followed his activities with considerable interest.

The greatest tragedy in circus history and in the long career of Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Shows came in July 14,1944. I speak of the disastrous fire at Hartford Conn. As the first flames licked at the canvas, Merle Evans swung his band into the "Stars and Stripes Forever" a disaster signal to circus performers. Eight thousand patrons panicked, rushing to escape from under the burning Big Top. In the end, 168 were killed, 4 injured. The half million dollars insurance proved only a token payment on the five million-damage claim.

Rather than declare bankruptcy the Ringling family steadfastly resolved to carry on and gradually pay off the monumental claims. Within ten years they succeeded.

A few years profit and baffling new problems arose, rising costs and inflation. Already railroad transportation cost had quadrupled. Equipment prices skyrocketed. Living costs moved constantly. Truckers compounded new and unbelievably large union wage demands.

The Greatest Show on Earth could no longer "Crack the Nut" the circus expression for paying all show expenses. In 1955, operations had already shown operating costs of six million dollars, with only five million dollars revenue, leaving an aggravating one million dollar loss.

At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the end came on July 16,1956. The circus packed and headed for winter quarters at mid-season with the terse announcement..."This is the End of the Big Top Circus"

In desperation, a plan was later devised by Arthur Concell to streamline the circus with showings only in 150 large cities which had large open air arenas, auditoriums, or amphitheater. The plan was radical but necessary to salvage part at least of what had been the Greatest Show on Earth.

Eliminated was the picturesque Big Top. Eliminated were the circus trains. Eliminated were free lodging and meals for employees. In the future, expense accounts would cover traveling costs. Eliminated were 900 men... 100 remained. Hundreds of items studied were either eliminated or simplified. Overhead was sliced from $25,000 a day to $10,000 a day. NOW, would this tally-simplified circus survive? A test was necessary. A season of operation using the new streamlined plan proved profitable. The famed Mother Circus had died from the extensive surgery which brought to life a new streamlined circus. Yet it doubtful if it will ever recapture the

glory of by gone days. Lost in the shakeup was the impressive Big Top of the circus much of the nostalgia, cherished by fans who knew the tent us in its brilliant days.

With the passing of the Big Top circus enthusiasts clamored preservation of circus artifacts. This need stimulated the **Circus World Museum** at Baraboo, Wisconsin, where the wonders of tent show era found a welcomed home. Sponsorship by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin assured continuity and permanence.

How fortunate, how appropriate, that the winter quarters of Ringling Bros. Circus could house this fast growing museum. Precious reminders of the Golden Age of the Circus and the captivating life under the Big Top are displayed in each building. Operating is an aggressive program of collecting circus facts from performers, managers and fans.
Striking originality is displayed by a dedicated circus fan Wilbur Deppe of Baraboo, who is doing something. much more valuable and interesting than erecting a tomb stone to honor circus life. He has formed and financed Deppe's Classic Country Circus performing each day with exciting elephant, horse and clown acts in classical tradition.

We who live within the reaches of the Upper Mississippi can be proud of our regional contributions to circus heritage.

Creation of the Circus World Museum, with its novel concepts, is a singular institution collecting and preserving valuable material for enjoyment by the public and study by students...another outward symbol of our inner awareness to and appreciation for our valued heritage.

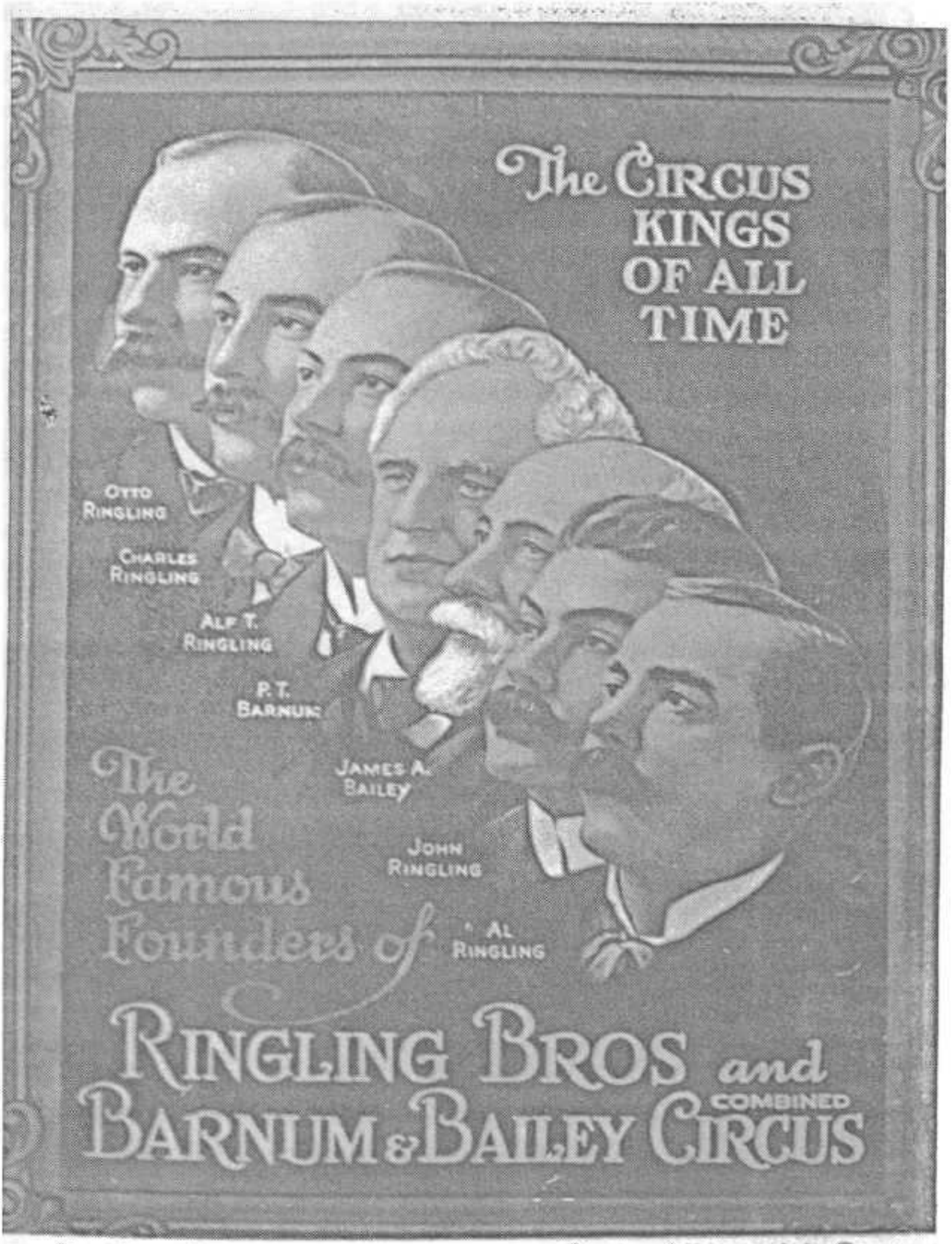
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1972

Wisconsin Then and Now

HERE COMES THE CIRCUS!





Ringling Museum of the Circus


EQUIPAGE.
GENERAL TOM THUMB.
BORN IN 1832 IS 28 INCHES HIGH, AND
WEIGHS ONLY 15 POUNDS.



Wedding of Tom Thumb, 1864

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES S. STRATTON (GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE).



Artist's Drawing of the Circus World Museum, Ringling Winter Quarters
"A gorgeous harbinger of inimitable sights" along Water Street

CIRCUS WORLD

Al, Alf T., Charles, John and Otto

To the circus fan (and their number is increasing every year) the names appearing at the top of this column could belong only to one family, perhaps the greatest circus family out in history: Ringling.

These five brothers (later joined by brother Henry) performed their first show in the performed their first show in the backyard of the Baraboo, Wis., May 19, 1884. Many years and many successes later that first straggling show had become "The Greatest Show on Earth" and required a 10-acre lot to accommodate its three-ring glitter and glamour.

Baraboo and Wisconsin are justly proud of their association with the Ringling circus family. Dozens of other Wisconsin towns also take maternal pride in the more than 70 other circuses which sprouted and grew on their soil. Wisconsin has earned with just cause the title, "Mother of Circuses."

To recall and preserve the sights and sounds of Wisconsin and American circuses is the purpose of the new Circus World Museum, slated to open early in July at Baraboo. It will be operated by the State Historical Society.

History on Water Street. The Museum will be located on Water Street, the site of the old Ringling winter quarters. The quarters cover nearly three blocks, but the Museum will open in two of the original buildings, the horse and camel barns. It is hoped that eventually the Museum project will encompass the entire street.

The two exhibit buildings will be richly colorful worlds of circus lore, displaying unique and unusual items gathered from all over the world. The great steam calliope "America" will boom out circus music and flamboyant circus posters will advertise strange and wonderful attractions.

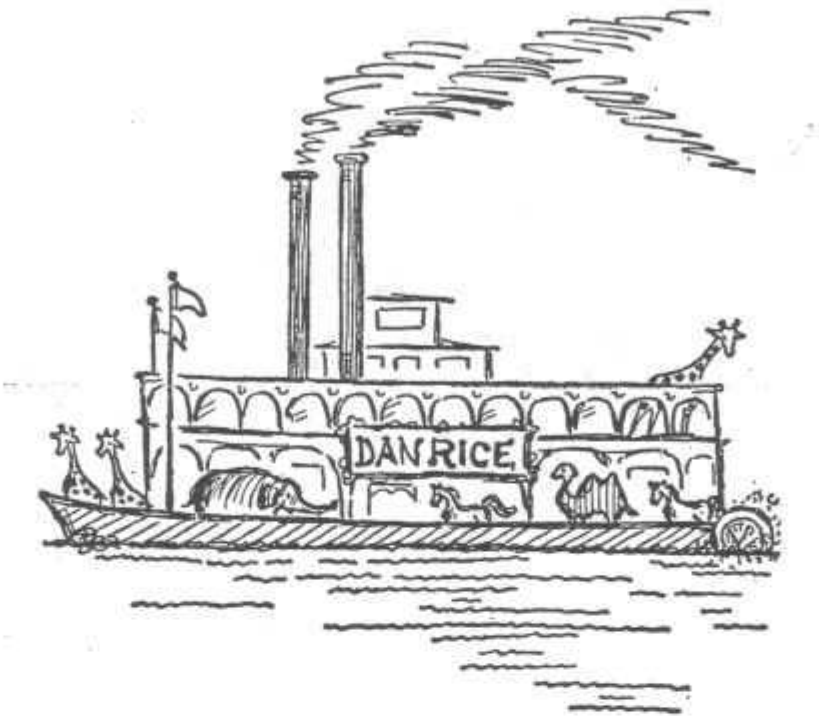
Those unique examples of the circus wagon makers' art, the Columbia and Mirror band wagons, and the fanciful fairy tale floats (Mother Goose and The Old Woman in the Shoe) will gleam with brilliant color and glimmering gold. There will be rare photographs of daring aerial artists and wild animal acts. There will be gorgeous circus costumes of yesterday's famed ringmasters, clowns and equestriennes.

Or, in the words of a circus poster of anther era, "An overwhelming feast of extraordinary features." And pink lemonade.

Years of collecting and historical research have been poured into this newest of the Society's historic site projects. Circus history is so rich in anecdote and incident that it would indeed take the whole of Water Street to unfold the story of this American spectacle.

Simply listing the numerous circuses which came out of Wisconsin, would take quite a bit of space for in addition to the Ringlings there were the Mabie Brothers (first in Wisconsin, transplanted from New York in 1847)

14 other circuses which originated in Delavan; the Gollmar Brothers Circus (Baraboo), the United Circus of George W. De Haven (Beaver Dam, 1865), the Dode Fiske Circus (Wonewoc), the Seils-Sterling Circus (Sheboygan), the Hiram Orton Circus (Portage), the Burr Robins Circus (Janesville) and dozens of others which grew and prospered for a time.



The First Parade

The circus as we know it has always been a family business. I do not speak of its fearful ancestor, the blood baths in the Roman Coliseum, but of the glittering, laughing, exciting spectacle for children-who-never-grow-up which had its beginnings in the small European road shows of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

PERSONALITY

RINGLING NORTH, at 48 the guiding spirit of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, is a burly, ... man with an air of natural vigor about him. His thick ... are black, the color of his face is high, and the flesh ... his nose and jaw inclines to coarseness. He moves fast, ... a short, brisk stride, and makes rapid gesticulations with ... short-fingered, square-palmed hands when he talks. (He is ... often silent.) There is nothing light or graceful about him ... he stands chunkily on his own two feet, but on a horse he ... as well as any man could wish ...

... who see little of him think ... as a garrulous, facetious and ... nightbird whose one aim in ... to figure in the list of spurious ... who make up café soci... Those who have seen him from ... the circus know him as a stub... man of uncommon determination, ... whole life is devoted to prov... himself as big a man and a bet... showman than his uncle, John ...

... LEGEND surrounding old John ... is a hard one to live up ... ambition and drive helped build ... Ringling show up from a family ... with four performers and one ... to "the greatest show on earth," ... horses, 2,000 employees, a ... circus train. Ringling's favor... was "I've got no use for ..." He liked big, eye-catching ... He bought thousands of acres of land in Minnesota, ..., Wisconsin and Florida. He built a bank, a hotel and ... Italianate palaces in & around Sarasota, speculated ... and oil, was the first extensive collector of baroque ... in America (because they were bigger than the paint... in any other style). He lived high, wide & handsome, ... like a raffish fashion plate, ate grossly, drank fine wines ... magnum and jeroboam, kept pretty women about him, ... most of the day, and worked and played all through ...

... Ringling North lives as much like his uncle as he can. ... sleeps till noon or later, and is torpid and drowsy till ... By midnight he is fully awake, and his best hours run ... then till 5 or 6. Around the circus he wears riding ... but towards evening he assumes a somber elegance. In ... he goes on the town dressed like a career diplomat, ... a cane or tightly rolled umbrella, black hat in the ... Eden style, gloves carried but not worn and suits ... the English fashion.

... HOSPITALITY is lavish and memorable when he enter... in his uncle's old private railroad car, the *Jomar*, which ... permanently in a barn at the circus winter quarters ... The guests are warmed up in the car's pale green ... room with North's own brand of Old-Fashioneds, then ... moves to the dining room, which is dominated by a ... of Lady Godiva setting out on her ride. A French ... produces a four- or five-course meal (with three vintage ... and the meal is rounded out with liqueurs. Towards ... the party moves off to the hotel North owns in Sara... to take in the cabaret, which is entirely composed of acts ... prepared for the circus.

... 1 in the morning, North moves from the ballroom ... where he sits radiating good will and telling stories ... past, present and future of the circus. The barmen ... to show a clock, and North then ...



JOHN RINGLING NORTH

The circus is usually in training at the Sarasota winter quarters for about 100 days before the spring opening at Madison Square Garden at the beginning of April. North spends the last couple of months in this period in the *Jomar*, living inseparable from his henchman and chief of staff, Arthur Concello, who was one of the best trapeze men in circus history, assembling and tuning up the new show. He lives with the circus through the New York season, and travels with it for the first half of its 200-day season on the road. He then hands it over to Concello, and spends the rest of the year in Europe, scouting new acts. He takes a month or six weeks off in Spain to watch bullfights—the only thing he considers to be in a class with the circus as a spectacle. (He would incorporate a bullfight in his circus if he could figure out some way around the humane prejudices of U.S. audiences.) But in Spain, as everywhere else, his mind is on the job and he often picks up acts there, traveling thousands of miles in pursuit of new material.

NORTH is always ready to add extra mileage to his itinerary if he hears of a good restaurant. He makes a point of getting to such gastronomic meccas as the Pyramide at Vienne, or the Mère Fillioux at Lyon, but he also follows up tips from food-loving friends, and constantly tries out new places. When he returns to America in the autumn or late winter, he generally has to diet hard to get himself down from the 200 lbs. he has ballooned up to, and back to the 160s that his doctors recommend as reasonable.

North's gifts as a showman are not to be denied. Circus purists say that he has defiled a form of folk art and turned it into an unholy middlebrow hybrid, part circus, part girl-show, part musical comedy. He has engaged such men as Norman Bel Geddes to modernize and direct style, and now employs Miles White, one of the best Broadway designers, to plan his spectacles and costumes. Stravinsky has composed music for his oompah circus band, and George Balanchine devised an elephant ballet for him. All this profoundly shocked those who loved the garish color, the curlicued baroque style and the blare of the old circus. But, as North points out, the oldtime circus was limping along when he started to modernize it, and since he has put girls, tunes and fresh color into it the great show has been making more money than ever.

THE CIRCUS' survival is due partly to North's showmanship, partly to his efficient organization. The circus gives a bigger show than it ever did in Ringling's day, but it travels on a train with 30 fewer cars. North cut out the army of horses which fans used to say was one of the chief draws of the circus, and replaced it with a fleet of high-powered tractors. He has trimmed the number of hands from a thousand to just over 600.

North has had his share of luck, too. His uncle, suspicious of everybody, and bitter, in his last years disinherited him and left his $23½ million fortune to the state of Florida. A syndicate, headed by North, bought back part of the estate—including John Ringling's 30% of the circus stock—for $1,250,000 in 1947. A section of what was supposed to be worked-out oil land in Oklahoma was included in the deal. Soon after North had closed with the state, three deep wells came in on the property. The Rockland Oil Co. has given North back his $1½ million a couple of times already, and there are several more millions in it for him yet. But that was only a byproduct. North wanted a majority interest in the circus, and by 1948 he had accumulated enough stock to give him what he wanted. He beams radiantly when he speaks of it. "Fifty-one percent is enough," he says. "If you have 51% of a thing nobody can tell you what to do." He



In Uncle Ai's "château" in Baraboo, where we Norths grew up.

BELOW: At three Brother John was an angel; RIGHT: At three I was a wild Indian. *(Lawrence Studio)*







Even when we were grown, Mother would caution us as we took off on the great circus train: "Be careful of those tracks! Please be careful in the railroad yards. Watch those trains, they're dangerous!" *(Steinmetz)*

Ida Ringling North with her two sons



John Ringling
From rags to riches

Chicago Tribune, Sunday, October 11, 1987

By J.G. Nash

Sarasota, Fla.—Seven sons of a poor Iowa farming family created the "Greatest Show on Earth."

By 1930, when John Ringling had become absolute ruler of the world-famous circus, Fortune magazine described him as "the best millionaire alive," reporting that: "He dresses superbly. He (spends) a vast fortune . . . magnificently on a 5th Avenue home, a Venetian palazzo in Sarasota, Fla., a steam yacht and a private (railroad) car. . . . He bought $50,000 worth of statues from the Metropolitan Museum, (and) has collected more square yards of Rubens than any other private individual on Earth."

Nickles and dimes from small-town America made John Ringling one of the 10 richest men in the world; the Ringlings made Sarasota, Fla., one of the world's richest centers of art.

Shortly after the turn of the century, when the Ringlings decided to build their

FOLLOW THE SUN

winter home in the South, Sarasota was a sleepy fishing community on Florida's west coast. Today, largely because of Ringling's vision, Sarasota has become a major cultural center and a bustling city of about 50,000 permanent residents. Steadily increasing numbers of "snow birds" return here each year to escape winter's chill. Ringling's 38-acre estate is a major attraction to visitors and natives alike.

The Ringling residence (Ca'd'Zan, or "House of John") was completed in 1926. As one might expect from a couple whose life had been so closely tied to the hoopla and screaming facade of a circus, the building is hardly conventional: its architecture generally follows that of a Venetian palace, but the classic design is incongruously topped by a tower copied from New York City's Madison Square Garden, where the circus so often played.

Some 30 rooms and 14 baths were lavishly—often strangely—decorated with $400,000 worth of tapestries, imported antiques and a $50,000 built-in organ. Not the most modest of people, the Ringlings' own images appear sometimes in lofty ceiling murals, painted by the man who designed sets for the glittering Zeigfield Follies.

As they also later did for other buildings on the estate, the Ringlings personally selected and purchased everything used for construction, landscaping and furnishing. For example, Mabel Ringling sailed to Spain to buy tens of thousands of red tiles used to cover the roof; English, veined marble was procured for 13 steps leading from an 8,000 square-foot, varigated marble terrace, to the dock where she moored her Venetian gondola; and every window in the opulent showplace is covered with obviously handmade Venetian glass. It is said that one of the biggest problems faced during construction was management of the fleet of ships arriving to unload exotic cargoes from around the world.

There was indeed so much art being offloaded at Sarasota that a private museum was needed to house and display the treasures. Its construction was started at about the time the residence was completed. John and Mabel watched and agonized over every inch of progress. Mabel died a year before their museum was opened to the public, in 1930.

At that time, the Ringlings' personal collection consisted of 625 paintings and hundreds of other art objects; today, there are more than 1,000 paintings, an equal number of prints and drawings and a treasure trove of miscellaneous art, such as musical instruments, ceramics and tapestries. It is the largest art museum south of Washington, D.C., and has been authoritatively called "the most important collections of Italian baroque art, and Flemish artist Peter Paul Rubens, in the United States."

Some 400,000 visitors come here every year to enjoy not only the galleries, but the central courtyard, throughout which are displayed dozens of bronze statues, each authentically copied from classical European originals.

The courtyard's focal point is Michelangelo's masterpiece, "David." This copy was cast in Naples in 1925, using the same mold from whence came the statue which today commands a promontory overlooking the Arno River in Florence, Italy. Eighty-four carved columns support the roof of the loggia bordering the gardens; 76 stone figures top a high balustrade above the loggia's ornate arches. One can wander happily here for hours, enjoying great, European art, available nowhere else in this country—indeed, not in most of the world.

When John Ringling died, in 1936, the Sarasota estate consisted essentially of the rococo residence, the richly endowed museum of art, and acres of restfully landscaped gardens, featuring gently splashing fountains and dozens more statues.

It was in 1948, after the state of Florida took title to the complex, that another museum was added, this one to house circus memorabilia, which had, after all, been the source of all else here.

The vast confines of the circus galleries contain enough of those brightly painted, ornately carved, lumbering wagons to make up the world's greatest, circus parade; even more are being restored while visitors watch. Here also are educational models of the circus, as it was in those days when ballooning, white tents blossomed over stubble fields all across heartland America.

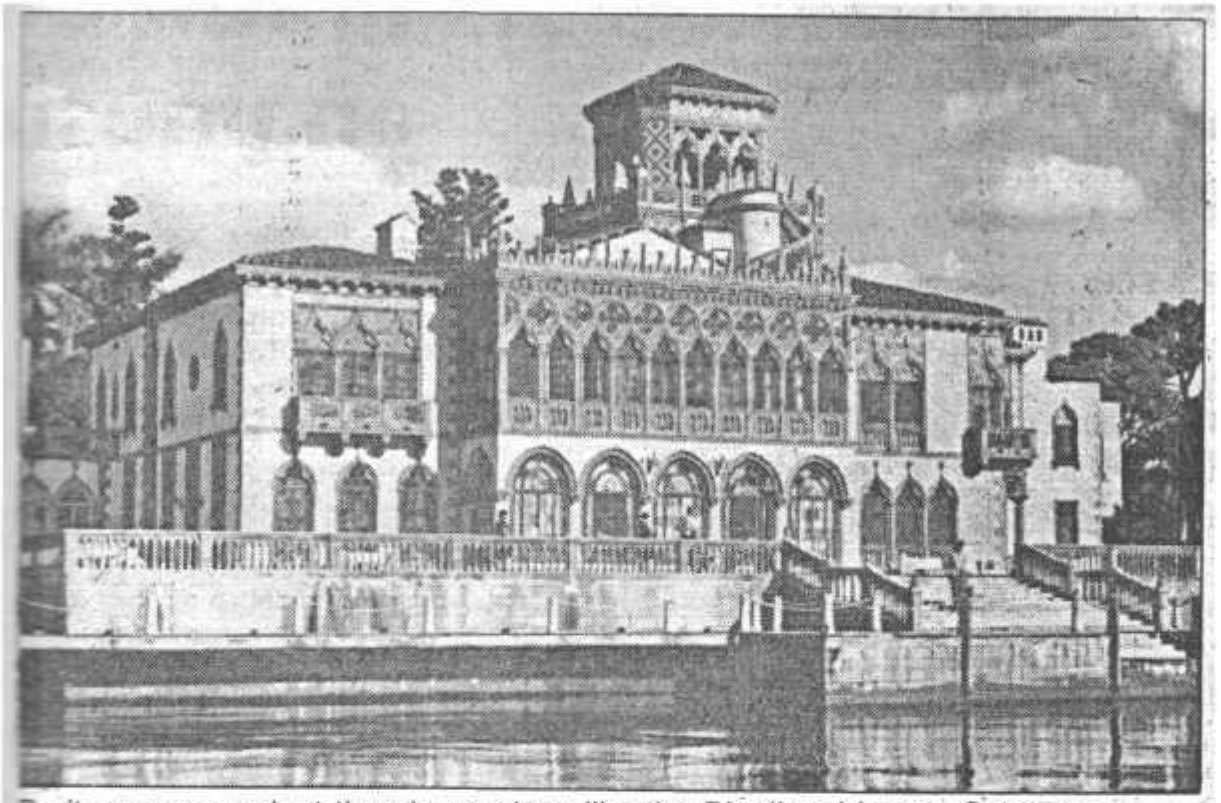
A glass case houses poignant remnants of Emmett Kelly's immortal character, Weary Willie. Everyone marvels at a display recalling "The one and only—the world's smallest man—Tom Thumb." The coach in which the famous dwarf and his wife rode, as part of their highly publicized marriage ceremony, is hardly taller than a seated woman.

The most recent addition to the grouping—all of which are now officially called The John & Mabel Ringling Art Museum—is an 18th Century theater of performing arts, whose interior was brought here from the original building, as it once was, in Asolo, Italy. It's a rather small and personal theater: only 300 seats are available in three tiers of ornately scrolled, horseshoe-shaped, boxes, decorated in pastel and gold, then softly illuminated with candles or little lamps. A repertory group stages performances from December through July.

Admission to the grounds is free. There are restfully shaded spots beside the residence, snuggled up to Sarasota's gently sparkling bay. A carefully tended garden of mature rose bushes will delight any botanist, amateur or professional.

Except on each Saturday, when, as dictated by John Ringling's will, admission to the art museum itself is free, tickets are required for entry to interior portions of the complex. Doors open at 10 a.m. every day of the year except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission is $5 for adults; $1.75 for children from 6 to 12 years; infants are admitted without charge.

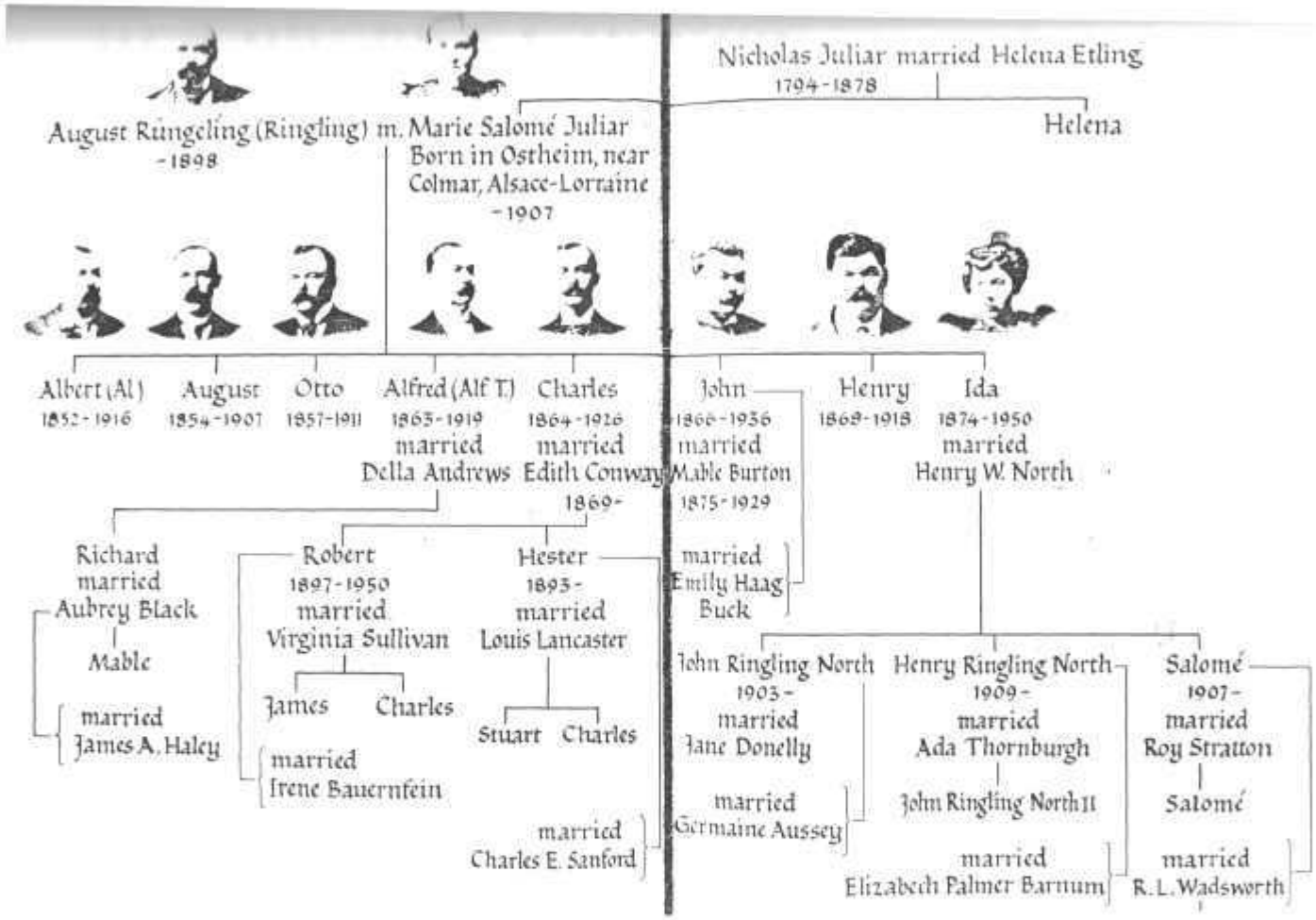
As an unusual option, private groups or individuals may rent any of several sections, inside or out, for social functions. For example, a small reception (up to 250 people) may be staged in front of Ca'd'Zan by the pool and spreading banyan trees for just $500. The entire house is available for only $2,750. And for a wedding reception which will be the talk of any social season, invest a paltry $5,000 to reserve the art gallery's statue-studded courtyard and loggia, complete with Il David.



Be it ever so opulent there's no place like the Ringlings' home, Ca'd'Zan.



A "little gardening" in Sarasota, as viewed by the Ringling family.


August Rüngeling (Ringling)
-1898
m.
Marie Salomé Juliar
Born in Ostheim, near Colmar, Alsace-Lorraine
-1907
Nicholas Juliar married Helena Etling
1794-1878
Helena
Albert (Al)
1852-1916
August
1854-1907
Otto
1857-1911
Alfred (Alf T.)
1863-1919
married
Della Andrews
Charles
1864-1926
married
Edith Conway
1869-
John
1866-1936
married
Mable Burton
1875-1929
Henry
1868-1918
Ida
1874-1950
married
Henry W. North
Richard
married
Aubrey Black
Mable
married
James A. Haley
Robert
1897-1950
married
Virginia Sullivan
James
Charles
married
Irene Bauernfein
Hester
1893-
married
Louis Lancaster
Stuart
Charles
married
Charles E. Sanford
married
Emily Haag
Buck
John Ringling North
1903-
married
Jane Donelly
married
Germaine Aussey
Henry Ringling North
1909-
married
Ada Thornburgh
John Ringling North II
married
Elizabeth Palmer Barnum
Salomé
1907-
married
Roy Stratton
Salomé
married
R.L. Wadsworth



Buffalo Bill Cody



Buffalo Bill 1903



Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill
1895



1911





Ringling Brothers Elephants and Trains


RINGLING BROS'
WORLD'S GREATEST
SHOWS.
A PAIR OF
GIANT GIRAFFES
ONLY FULL GROWN SPECIMENS
SEEN IN AMERICA.







Saratoga, Florida



Ca'd'Zan, Saratoga Florida




RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM & BAILEY
COMBINED 100 RAILWAY CARS SHOWS
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
THESE TRAINS MORE THAN ONE AND ONE THIRD MILES LONG
LOADED WITH TEN THOUSAND WONDERS FROM EVERY LAND



Henry Ringling North



John Ringling North

ROMANCE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

Mr. Chairman, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen; I am privileged to participate in your activities.

Speaking of Romance on the Upper Mississippi, I will touch but a few of the many facts of our rich heritage. Time is of essence, so I will be brief and not intrude on the distinguished speakers to follow.

We might properly call this a family reunion, for Ouisconsin Territory in 1836 included Minnesota and Iowa. Though now separated, we have a common heritage and mutual interests. Working together, we can multiply our accomplishments.

Nature has richly endowed us with a treasure of world fame; the beautiful, the majestic, the romantic Upper Mississippi. Here is our legacy of rare and wondrous value calling for ingenuity, to exploit it's many attributes.

George Catlin, the renowned Indian artist, conducted his "Grand Tour" on the Upper Mississippi, about 125 years ago, bringing to this mecca world travelers. The colorful packets of frontier days have faded from view. Yet today, we have a new unity, for certainly the Great River Road can energize this huge magnet, drawing myriads of tourists to this paradise. Barely scratched is the huge dollar potential which awaits transformation of your vision into reality.

The economics of tourism have been extolled and simplified by Mississippi planter, who drawled..."A visiting Yankee is worth 5 bales of cotton.. .and half as easy to pick."

Traveling to the Great River Road, along the Upper Mississippi, can be delightful adventure. Romance is lurking everywhere, and known. Here is our proud heritage, our challenging future.

Many are curious about the origin of this regal waterway which embraces within it's broad spreading arms nearly 40 % of continental United States and revered as a celebrated river of the world. Geologists tell us that eons of time ago in the dim and distant past, waters from melting glaciers ran high between the bluffs, carving a broad channel searching for the sea.

Obscure is the fact that Vikings made exploratory trips into Minnesota in 1362...130 years before Columbus, according to one account, Sir Paul Knutson directed this expedition by way of Hudson's Bay. Here is a replica of the Kensington Runestone at Alexandria Minnesota. Dr. Stirling of the Smithsonian Institute describes this find as "Probably the most important archeological object yet found in North America."



Kensington Runestone at Alexandria Minnesota



Capt. JONATHAN CARVER.

From the Original Picture in the possession of J. C. Wilson, M.D.

1766 saw Johnathon Carver arriving in this area, via the fur trade route. We can thank Carver for officially naming Prairie du Chien. Moreover Carver's redundant spelling of Mississippi proved the accepted form used by cartographers.



Pictured is the Brisbois House on the banks of the Mississippi River in Prairie du Chien. In 1781, saw Michael Brisbois at Michilimackinac witnessing a treaty, whereby Prairie du Chien residents purchased nine square miles of prairie from the Fox Indians.

Brisbois continued onto Prairie du Chien where he and his family would grow to prominence.

Basil Giard, a Prairie du Chien resident held a Spanish claim on the west side of the river. This gentleman is sometimes called "the First Dirt Farmer in Iowa."

Following the Louisiana Purchase Lieutenant Z. Pike headed a government expedition to the Upper Mississippi. He visited Dubuque and tried to gather data on Julian Dubuque's lead mine. Pike's party camped at Prairie du Chien and raised the American flag at an early date on Wisconsin soil. The year was 1805.



Zebulon Pike

Looking for a good fort site Pike selected a premonitory on Iowa side of the river, overlooking the mouth of the Wisconsin River, which became known as Pike's Hill. Inevitably it became Pike's Peak, now an attractive park. Further up the Mississippi Pike selected another defensible bluff which later became known as Fort Snelling.

The War of 1812 left a deep impression on the Prairie du Chien community, for both the British and Americans realized the strategic value of the fur trade center. The Americans constructed Fort Shelby near the river on the present site of the Villa Louis. Pike's proposed site was side tracked. Captain Bulger's painting may well be the earliest painting on the Upper Mississippi.

Hardly was Fort Shelby completed when a British force with Indian allies appeared and captured the weakly defended post. The fort was renamed Fort McKay.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14¼ x 23⅝ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

This deference irked Captain Anderson who directed the attack with Anderson's insisting Colonel McKay was drunk at the time.

With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this area reverted to the Americans. The British evacuated. Either they burned the stockade on leaving or a phenomenal meteorological shower fired the fort. Which explanation is correct may never be known. This appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812 fought in area. The year 1962, marks the sesquicentennial of this futile war.

The Americans built new fortification at the same location calling it Fort Crawford in honor of the Secretary of War. Iowa's talented Bill Peterson has written a delightful and scholarly book on "Fort Crawford and the Fontier", now out of print. He recently condensed this account to about 1/50th the original scope. I trust that this action will not set a precedent and prompt a further telescoping, for with one more scalping the fort will be reduced to oblivion.

Army surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, arrived at Fort Crawford 1829. Soon fur traders located and returned with Alexis St. Martin, the injured voyageur with the hole in his side so the doctor would pursue experiments on the digestive process. The French Canadian St. Martin was truly embarrassed by his benefactor for Alexis

didn't like being laughed at as a "queer" with rubber tube and medical paraphernalia hanging out from the opening in his side. Please let me be like other normal people... mirrored his thoughts.

Dr. Beaumont's monumental work laid cornerstones on which the science of physiology has been built. In the Hospital Section of the second Fort Crawford, the State Medical Society of Wisconsin has opened their Museum of Medical Progress, memorializing Dr. Beaumont and other notable state doctors who advanced medicine from the crude practice of frontier days to the present state of perfection.

Picturesque figures forged this area. To mention few: Zachary Taylor and the German recruit who felled the commandant with his fists on the parade grounds for "wooling his ears" when he failed to obey a command. When "Old Rough and Ready" learned the recruit didn't understand English, Colonel Taylor apologized and commended the soldier's spirit. The War with Mexico brought Taylor's heroic accomplishments into the public spotlight and popularity elevated him to the presidency.

Here also, Lieutenant Anderson served modestly. Later, his good judgment and stubborn defense of Fort Sumnter gained him acclaim as the Civil War opened.

Deep and subtle were the consequences which Dred Scott, a slave of an army surgeon at Fort Snelling would later trigger. Because of his residence in the non-Slave Territory of Wisconsin he claimed freedom. Scott's case was carried progressively up to the United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice Taney should have been satisfied in disclaiming jurisdiction which he in fact did claim. Instead, he strayed afield in a tirade, upsetting Federal Laws limiting slavery and was a major cause of the Civil War.

Or perhaps, you would enjoy learning more of the thrilling romance of Jefferson Davis and Knoxie Taylor, which enlivened frontier life. Here was true love and an irresistible force, meeting parental interference and an immovable object.

This picturesque and sagacious chief proved that "Slick deals foisted upon drunken Indians can return to haunt the maker." An early injustice, festering in Blackhawk's mind, brought on a costly war for their vast domain...their homes....and their sacred graves.

Blackhawk's resistance would not have saved their lands. Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected, "there are more whites than the leaves on the trees. They had to win."

Those were the "Good Old Days" when women didn't have to worry about certain tranquilizing pills, producing deformities in their children.

Indian legends abound in this region. Winnishiek's Bluff at De Soto is said to be the resting place of Hiawatha immortalized in Longfellow's poem.

Maiden Rock and Lake Pepin tells a moving story of devotion and sacrifice by the beautiful Winona for her lover.

On the Chippewa River we face fact not legend in "Old Abe" called the most famous bird in the world. This bald eagle a pet of young McCann, a cripple went to war in his place and became a regimental mascot, gaining immortality.



Old Abe

Hercules Dousman was called by an early Washington official "The most valuable man on the Upper Mississippi", Astor agent and fur trader who built "The House on the Mound", the present popular Villa Louis. It was he who suggested the name Minnesota when that territory was delineated. I doubt if many people would know the meaning of this Indian name were it not for the catchy beer chant..."The Land of Sky Blue Water."

Young Joe Rolette, is a representative of the early fur trade aristocracy. Born in Prairie du Chien, and like his famous father a fur trader, young Joe moved north into Minnesota. There he is known for his pranks and idolized for saving the capital of St. Paul, by absconding with the bill passed by the Minnesota Territorial Legislature which would have moved the seat of government to St. Peter.

Historic highway markers give people a sampling of our fascinating heritage. These have been fine and they have accomplished their purpose but they will soon lag in effectiveness.

Now, we need to employ the latest techniques to strengthen the dynamic sales motivation of modern display...light...action...color...and eye appeal...in three dimensions

Development and visualization of the idea, has already been has already been worked out in our Historic Sites and Markers Committee of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, incidentally, at no cost to the state. Submitted to the State Markers Commission it was approved. But, now, it languishes in the highway commission. Our progressive Governor Nelson, could greatly aid at this juncture by checking and giving this revenue builder a Good Strong...Heave Ho, so we can get a trail marker at Baldwin.

Tourist appeal can be magnified and measured. Why keep a revenue producer in cold storage it needs activation.

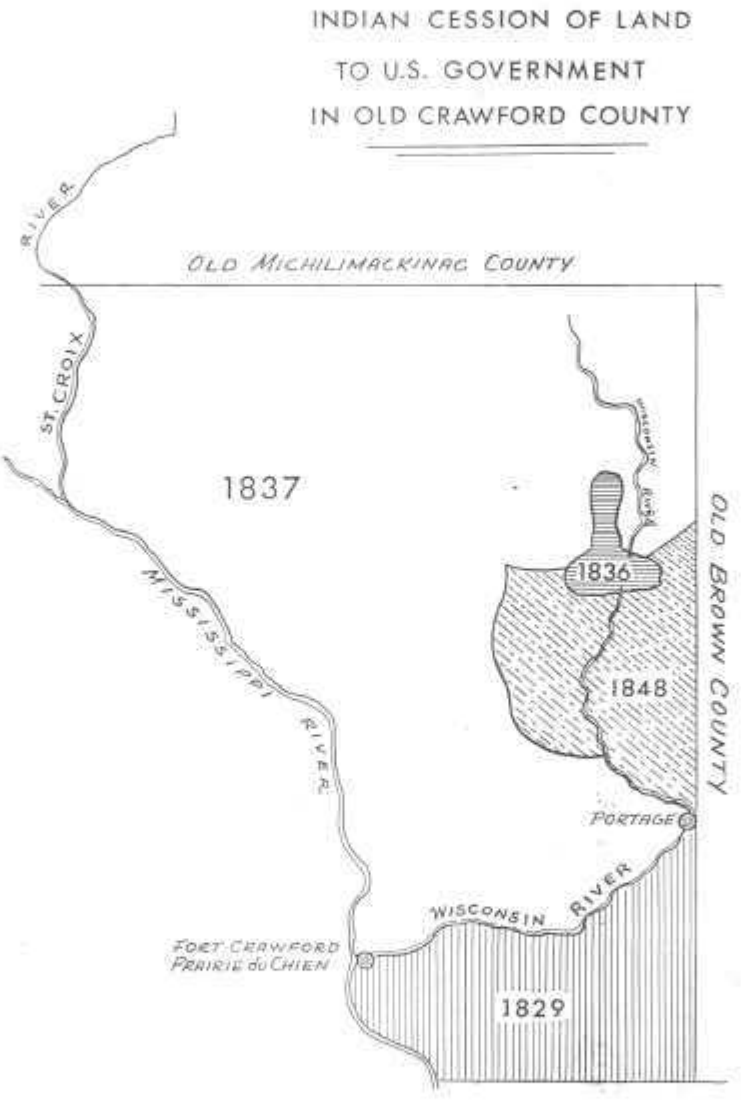
I wish I had the time to tell you about the river packets, lumbering lead mining, agriculture or even the pearling and button days. Then, there are the frontier artists like Peter Rindisbacher, J. 0. & Henry Lewis, Seth Eastman, George Catlin, as well as the panorama painters of the Mississippi, (some with canvasses a mile long,) which deserve more attention than can be allotted today.

The March of Time has etched countless reminders on our gorgeous landscape, of romantic people and stirring events for all to enjoy.

The Great River Road is the magic key that when properly fashioned will unlock this Treasure Chest so others may feast upon the wonders which enrich our lives.

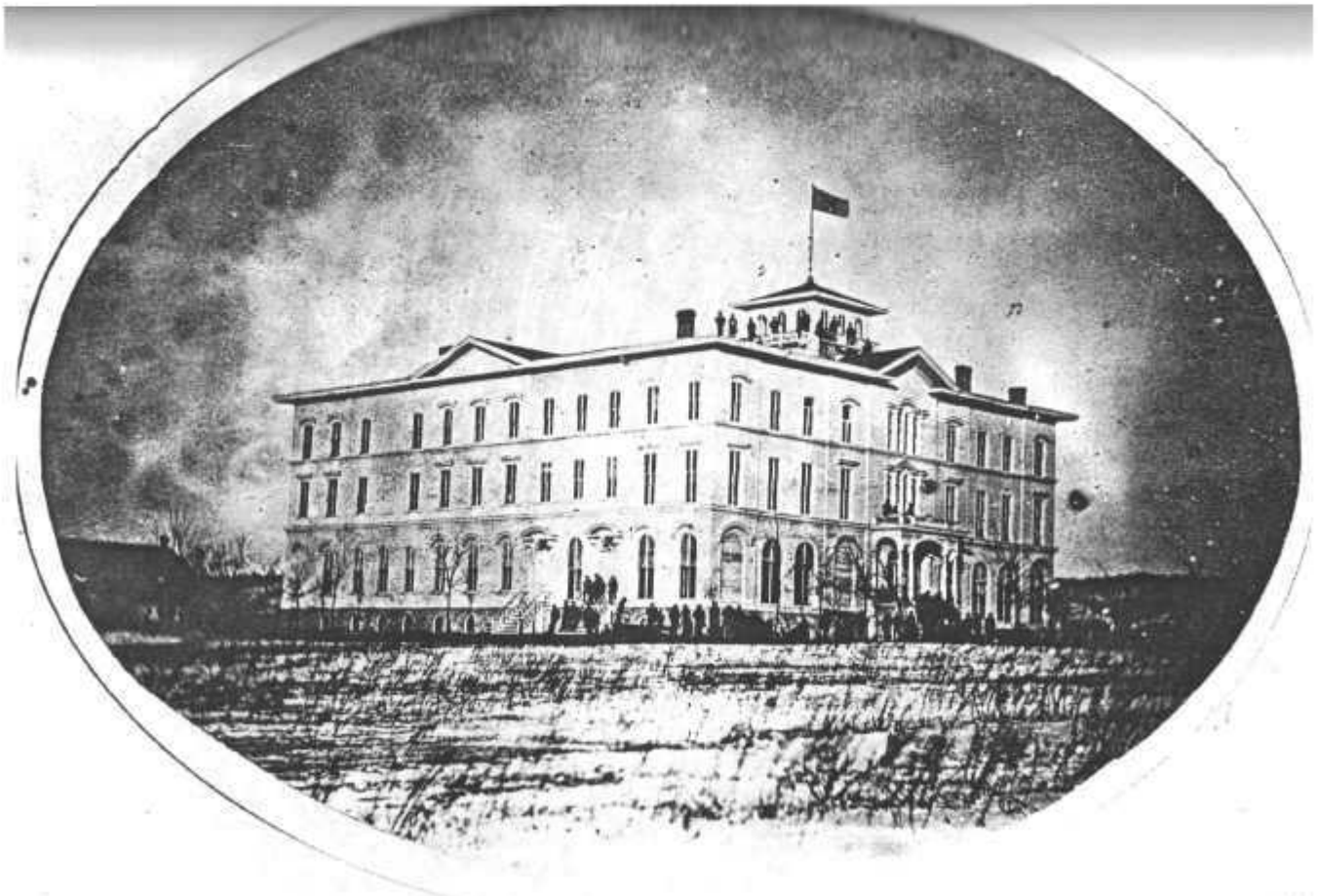
Thank you.

MJDyrud/me
August 7-1962

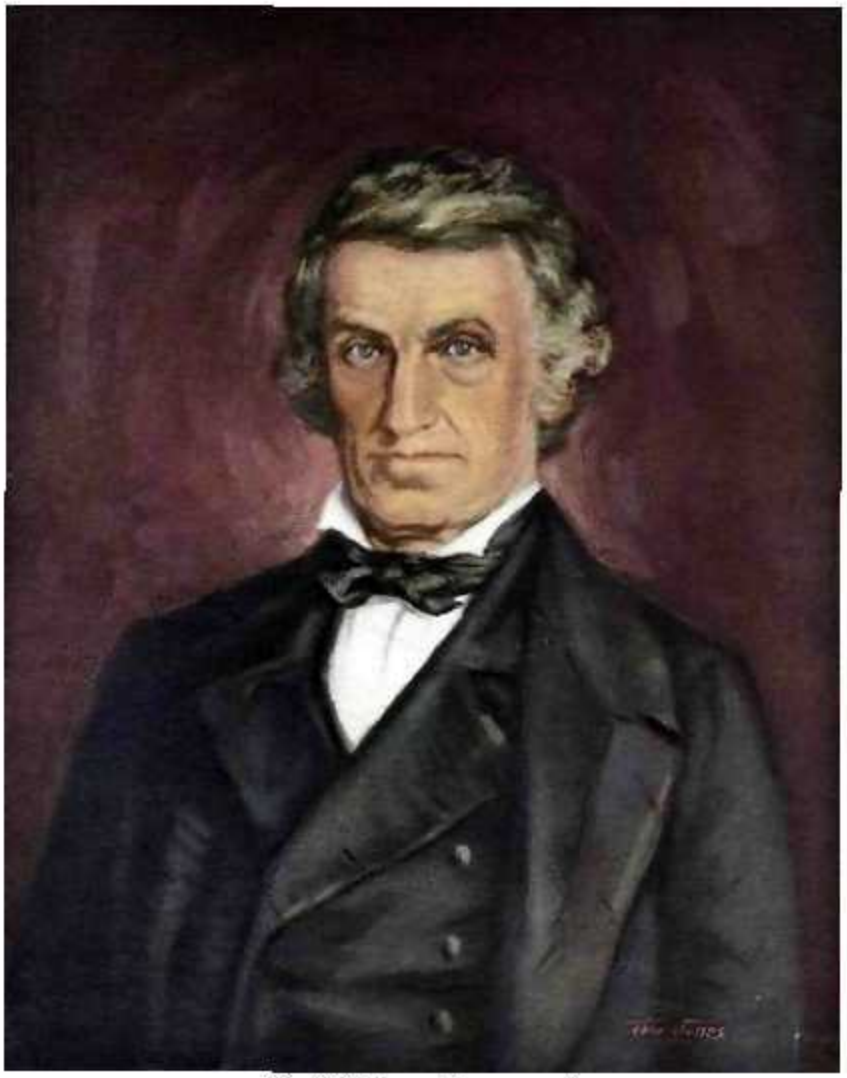




Fur Trading at Prairie du Chien
Painting by Cal Peters



Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin 1864-1865
U.S. Hospital
Formally it was the Brisbois Hotel



Dr. William Beaumont



Blackhawk





Blackhawk

INDIAN NAMES & REMINDERS

Junior Program...30 Minutes

I would like to talk to you about Indian Names and Reminders. This is part of our heritage, our history and our legacy handed down to us from the past.

What is Heritage? When grandmother or grandfather gives us a ring, a silver spoon, or an old gun, or arrowheads, because they love us, this remembrance later becomes part of our heritage, our personal heritage. Many old names, many former customs, many pioneer stories, and countless lingering legends have also become part of our common heritage.

Each day we see, we speak, we hear, we touch some of these names, these reminders. They recall the past and are intimately woven into the fabric of our lives. If we learn to recognize and know some of these better, they can illuminate the past in our mind's eye and enrich our lives.

Long before 1634, when Jean Nicolet was sent to this area by Champlain to bring peace to western tribes and perhaps discover Northwest Passage the Menominee Indians lived on wild rice, and were known by other Indians as "The People of the Wild Rice", harvesting the crop was the tribes main industry. Hunting and fishing gave them meat for stew and hides for clothing. Bones, stone and shells provided them with utensils.

Recently at a meeting of the Board of Curators of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, I joked with Mr. Frederick Sammond of Milwaukee, saying " Fred, I am privileged to know you, for you may be the only man living, who created a county." This man a lawyer, piloted the Menominee Indian Reservation into Wisconsin's newest county. Menominee County. It is located a little northwest of Green Bay.

At midnight, April 30, 1961 the Menominees gained their independence after 107 years of federal control, becoming the first Indians to be freed from government guardianship as a single unit. The 234,000 acres in the new county is all that remains of the 9 ½ million they once occupied.

I told Mr.Sammond, "I wish you would make a tape recording of some of your experiences for posterity." Here was a man making history, important history. In the years to come, people will be asking why was this done? Why was something else not done? Today Mr. Sammond can tell us. When he is gone, the correct answers may not be so clear.

Here was a man hewing a new projection at one end of a long trail extending way back into the dim and distant past of Indian life. Many thoughts came to mind, including a remark a businessman in Baraboo had made to me years ago when we were starting the Circus World Museum. Mr. Marty he said, "I am not interested in the past, I am only interested in the future for that is where I will be living." He is not the only person who has made this remark. So, let us examine this idea a little closer.

We can all learn, from observing how intelligent successful people handle matters. Let us take Mr. Sammond, an intelligent successful and gifted lawyer who created Menominee County and see actions his actions as Indians retained him to protect their interests. Should Mr. Sammond forget the past and only look to the future? Mr. Sammond first studied the past history of these Indians in detail so he might profit from past actions, before he would try to chart their future course. It was a big job. It took a long time, but Mr. Sammond wanted the full picture not just part of it.

In July 1951, the Menominees won a $7,650,000 award from the government for inefficiency and mismanagement on the part of the United States prior to 1910. If Mr. Sammond had pushed aside the past he would have lost nearly $8,000,000 for his clients the Menominee Indians. Here was a man practicing the wisdom of Confucius who said, "If you project the future, study the past."

As we move forward we must learn and understand the past. We must avoid repeating the mistakes already made by others. Just as in traveling we must know where we have been where we are if we are to correctly reach our future destination. The road signs of history are valuable guides pointing toward the future.

I think it would be well if we became a little more familiar with the Indian before we get closer to our specifics.

The American Indian is actually not correctly named for when Columbus sailed west in 1492, he planned to arrive in the East Indies, the spice rich islands of the near-east. So, when he accidentally landed on this continent he incorrectly thought natives to be East Indians and called them Indians. The name stuck and has gained such long usage that I doubt if it will ever be changed.

Nor, are these natives "red skins". Fondness for painting themselves with red ochre or vegetable paints led the America aborigines to be called red skins by early explorers, fur traders, and colonists. Thus arose the erroneous idea that the Indian's skin is naturally red or copper colored. Actually, they are brown sometimes shading almost to white.

What was the origin of these people? Anthropologists, those scientists who study the history of man tell us that possibly 25,000 years ago, people from Asia crossed over a land and ice bridge along what we call the Aleutian Island chain into present Alaska and came down into North and South America.

So completely, did these Asiatics establish themselves that when Europeans arrived the two continents and practically all-adjacent islands were occupied from the Arctic on the north to the southern tip of South America.

When the first white men came to America, it is estimated that there were 846,000 Indians in the United States. This is a rather small number as we think of populations today, for Wisconsin now supports about five times that many people.

Even today, few people recognize that the Indians had a worthy culture. Picture, for a second in your mind's eye, the Spanish Don following Cortez to Mexican shores in 1519, expecting to find native savages living in a primitive state. Imagine his surprise, to discover flourishing people whose civilization out glittered their own. Palaces filled with gold, silver and jade art made their head swim.

Canals they came upon eclipsed those in Venice. A huge stonework laid with such precision, that matched stones met so closely a sheet of paper could not be wedged between. No mortar was used. The great pyramid of Cho-Lu-La was larger that those along the Nile.

Even 20th Century man smug with the awareness of his own technical accomplishments marvel at the imperial highway of the Incas, knifing 3,000 miles down the ice-clad Andes, tunneling through living rock, spanning dizzy chasms. Irrigation stems soaring into the clouds.

You will probably be astonished to know that the Indians of the Andes successfully performed delicate brain operations that amaze present day surgeons.

The wonders of the Incas and Aztecs are startling even more commonplace today. Half the world feeds on the potato. Millions owe their subsistence to corn and beans all foods first cultivated by American Indians. The traditional Thanksgiving dinner is all Indian.

Drink hot chocolate, munch peanuts or chew gum at a ball game or light a cigarette and you are indebted to the Indian. Don't let the principal or your parents catch you with a cigarette however, or you may have to pay a penalty for this heritage.

Speed along the highway and you are riding on rubber from the Indian. Indians taught us the pain relieving effect of cocaine the advantages of quinine in the tropics.

Our forefathers capitalized on many of these Indian assets and gained for America an important trading position in the world.

Few people realize our Wisconsin Indians introduced one of most startling cultural advances in the world. I speak of the Metal Age.

It has been a long held universal concept, that the Egyptians introduced Metal Culture. Recently archeologists, using the newly developed method of carbon dating, discovered that Wisconsin Indians revealed this new art 1,000 years before the Egyptians. Our Indians pounded out float copper into tools and ornaments.

Wisconsin is an Indian name. It was first used to identify river, which cuts through the state. There are perhaps fifty different meanings, depending on which Indian tribe was asked to interpret the common translation "Muskrat Hole."

Michel Brisbois of Prairie du Chien appears to have given the interpretation which is most generally accepted, "gathering of waters".

Indian history you must remember was handed down from one generation to another by storytellers. They had no written language. That is why you may see Indian names with various spellings. White men tried to phonetically transfer Indian sounds into English words.

The Winnebago Indians have a picturesque legend, explaining the formation of the Wisconsin River, which goes like this..."The Bed of the Wisconsin River was formed by an immense serpent. He was a Manitou (God, spirit) and had his home in the great forests near the Big Lake (Referring to Lake Michigan), his powers were very great and all the other animals were afraid of him."

"Once, this great serpent started to travel from his home in the northern woods towards the sea. In crawling over the land his great body wore a deep groove or channel thought the forests and prairies. Into this bed the water flowed."

"When he moved his tail, great masses of water splashed from the channel through the forests to form lakes. Many lakes and ponds were made in this way. All animal life fled before him as he traveled. Other less powerful serpents made haste to get out of his course and they fled in all directions before him. Thus came the beds of the smaller streams, which pour their waters into the Wisconsin."

"In places where the water pours over falls, there were rocks in the path of the great serpent so he crawled down over them. The water below is deep. It now rushes over the rocks, making the same loud noise which he made."

Near the Wisconsin Dells, he encountered a great body of rock. Finding a crack in this, he thrust his claw into it and rent the stonewall by the contortions of his powerful body. The queer shapes of these rocks are due to his struggle to get through them. Where the banks of the river are wide, he rested. Below the Dells, he changed his course of travel to the west finally reaching the Mississippi River."

You might well ask, how did the State of Wisconsin get its name? About 18S3, Judge James Duane Doty of Prairie du Chien started a drive to create a new territory west of Lake Michigan to be split from the Michigan Territory, of which we were once part. This prompted introduction of a bill in Congress to create the **Territory of Huron.** Huron was not considered appropriate. Then the names Chippewau, Mackinac and Sault were substituted considered and rejected.



Judge Doty

Then in 1830, Doty vigorously agitated for action using the name Wiskonsin. This appears to be the first use of the name for this state. Doty's suggestion of Wiskonsin was accepted but later his political rivals in the state passed a law changing the spelling slightly, substituting k for c to embarrass Doty.

Indiana is named directly for the Indian. Wisconsin is not the only state with an Indian river name.

Hercules Dousman of Villa Louis fame, suggested the name Minnesota when that territory was formed. The meaning would be generally known, were it not for the catchy beer chant." The Land of Sky Blue Waters".

Then there is Missouri, "The Big Muddy River." Ohio, "The Beautiful River". Connecticut "Long River". Kansas, "Smoky Water" and Michigan, named for the Lake, which means "Great Water."

It seems rather strange that neither of the names suggested by Joliet and Fr. Marquette were used for the Father of Water, which they discovered. Instead, the Indian name Mississippi was chosen. Here again, the French fur trader Michel Brisbois of Prairie du Chien gave the accepted translation. Brisbois explained MISI was Great and SIPI as River, Great River.

Johnathon Carver the intrepid explorer, before the Revolutionary War receives the dubious credit for the peculiar spelling. His book of travels was once a best seller in England and mapmakers copied his spelling of the Indian name for the Great River.

The state of Mississippi honored the river by choosing it for their state name. Iowa takes its name from the Iowa tribe of Indians. This use is also typical of the state names of Illinois, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and the Dakotas.

The meaning of a few may be of interest. Dakota signifies "allies" in the Sioux language. Illinois is believed to be part Indian and French, indicating a "tribe of men."

Michigan seems to have two meanings. It is the Indian word fish trap. Lake Michigan is generally translated into "Great Water." Iowa signifies "Beautiful Land." The nickname "Hawkeye State" is a reference to the Indian chief Blackhawk.



Harvesting Wild Rice

WISCONSIN COUNTIES WITH INDIAN NAMES:

Eleven counties in Wisconsin bear Indian Names, eight of which are for Indian tribes, namely:

Chippewa, Iowa, Outagamie (Fox), Ozaukee, Oneida, Menominee, Sauk, Waukesha, Winnebago

The other two Indian county names are Marinette, memorializing an Indian woman and Milwaukee, which is interpreted "gathering place by the river."

STORIES &, LEGENDS:

The stories and legends which Indians handed down through succeeding generations are rich in poetry, tradition and imagery.

Longfellow drew on these fascinating accounts gathered by the explorer Schoolcraft for his immortal poem Hiawatha. No one is sure, just where Hiawatha is buried. But, there is one legend that she rests atop Winneshiek Bluff at De Soto, overlooking the Great River. Some students theorize that Hiawatha may have been a Manitou, an Indian legendary spirit, and was not actually a person, although several Indians were so called.

Henry Lewis an early artist reporter, found a strange rock along the Mississippi River near Alton, Illinois, on which the Indians had chiseled and painted a weird bird.

The Pisau Bird is chiseled in rock at great height. Pisau is an Indian name meaning " The Bird Who Swallows People." There is a strange legend among the Indians, 1,000 months before the pale faces came and when mastodons roamed here, there existed a giant bird, which carried away Indians and ate them. Whole villages were depopulated.





Henry Lewis (1819-1904)
Piasa Rock, 1847, color lithograph
Plate 58 in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal (The Valley of the Mississippi Illustrated)* published in 1850

One night, after a month's fasting, the Great Spirit came to Chief OWATAGA and said, take 20 warriors, with bows and sharpened arrows, go near the home of the bird, and offer a warrior as sacrifice. Then all the warriors should shoot at once, and the bird will be killed.

OWATAGA offered himself as bait, and stationed his twenty warriors strategically around himself.

When the Pisau bird appeared, OWATAGA began his death song with lightning swiftness. The Pisau swooped on OWATAGA. The same instant the twenty warriors loosed their arrows. The Pisau was wounded and cried, and shrieked and died.

Miraculously, OWATAGA was not hit by a single arrow nor he receive a claw mark. A GOD being who had visited him had protected him through the ordeal.

In remembrance of this event, the Indians carved an image of the bird upon the rocks. Since then Indians passing in their canoes always shoot at the bird

Henry Lewis, the artist, who visited the place about 130 years ago wrote that large nearby caves are filled with bones several feet deep victims of the Pisau's meals.

Isn't it strange, that the Indians tradition should accurately portray the Mastodons and huge flying birds now confirmed in prehistoric days?

We have all played Indian at some time or other in our life. It's fun living in the great outdoors and learning more about nature's wonderland. The Indian is at home in the wilds. He hunts, he fishes, he picks berries and nuts for food. He travels light and lives off nature with little equipment. He doesn't have to have a pickup truck or station wagon to carry his gear

At times we all yearn to get away and explore nature, track animals, fish, shoot game, or just lazy along paddling a cane

When we think of Indians, we are reminded of war-hoops, of tepees, war bonnets with trailing feathers. Sitting Bull, ponies and buffaloes. In other words, we have come to think of only one kind of Indian, the Plains Indian as the genuine Indian, the ideal Indian, the very quintessence of Indian-ness. In many ways however, the Plains Indian, usually pictured in the movies or TV was a highly distinctive type and lived in a rather specialized way; or at least in a manner quite different from other kinds of Indians.

In general, this area had two distinct types of Indians, the Woodland Indians living East of the Mississippi and the Plains Indians living West of the Great River. Their characteristics were different, for they adapted themselves to the different land upon which they lived.

The woodland Indians lived in bark wigwams, while the Plains Indians had Buffalo skin covered tepees. Here in the forests deer abounded and small game hunting was easy, for the woodland tribes. The Plains Indians, farther west on the open prairies had to depend on the buffalo for meat. This necessitated horses, which they stole from the Spanish and raised. The long feather trails and elaborate headdresses are typical of the plains Indians and not characteristic of the woodland tribes



Medicine Dance of the Winnebagoes



Dakota Encampment



Within each of these two broad groups were many bands, each with variations of speech, appearance and habits. The more you study and learn about Indians, the better you will be able to understand these differences, and not be misled by the liberty taken by certain movie and TV producers.

The Upper Mississippi is one of the most beautiful waterways in the world. Maiden Rock on Lake Pepin has an unusual story linked to the bluff.



The Maiden Rock

Indian legend tells us that Winona, beautiful daughter of the Dakota Chief Red Wing, leaped from the 700 ft. cliff to her death. She unfortunately fell in love with a handsome Chippewa Chief White Eagle. Her father would not listen to her pleading to wed an enemy of their tribe. Instead, Winona's father had selected Chief Kewaunee, an old man for her husband.

The lovers met, discussed their difficulties and laid plans I run away and settle in the west. But, on the night they fled towards a hidden canoe, they were met by the jealous Kewaunee and his friends, who killed White Eagle, with a volley of arrows. Yet they could not capture Winona.

Lifting her lover's body in her arms, she ran toward the top of the cliff and over the edge dashing herself and the lifeless body on the rocks below.

Indians say the Spirit of the Lake raised a great wave, which swept the lovers from the rocky ledge to a quiet grave in Lake Pepin.

Red Wing loved his daughter Winona, and was so grief stricken; he continued his mourning until death. In remembrance Winona's devotion, this bluff is called Maiden Rock and a town nearby is similarly named.

Winona, which signifies eldest daughter, is used for the name of the Minnesota city of like name. Red Wing farther up the Mississippi reminds us of her father.

I wish we had the time to examine Indian life more fully to meet the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh and let him tell us how he introduced Indian tobacco to Europe....

To make a trip to the famous Catlinite quarries near Pipestone Minnesota, where Indian Peace-Pipes were fashioned...

To become a Detective and investigate closer, some of the Indian mounds, for which this area is renowned.

Or attend a Party for an Indian Tribe, which Jane Fisher Dousman held at Prairie du Chien, to calm an ugly gathering, bent on revenge.

These and many other fascinations may be found in our Treasure Chest of Indian Heritage all inviting examination.

Still, we have explored a fair sampling of Indian Names and Reminders, including states, counties, lakes, rivers, and cities.

We gratefully acknowledge our debt to the Indians for adding foods like the potato, corn and beans to improve our meals. The rubber which makes our cars travel quieter and also cocaine and quinine, which may sometime save our lives.

Then we have learned from an intelligent man, that the Indian past extends it's long arm up into the present, that a knowledge of the past can prepare us for the future, and prove rewarding in both accomplishments and dollar values.

Just as satisfying can be the added pleasure, which stimulates us, when we learn to know our country better. Ask questions dig a little deeper, and you will uncover new and intriguing facts.

When we partake of our next Thanksgiving dinner, which is all Indian, I think it would be appropriate and thoughtful, to add a prayer of thanks to the Indians, for sharing their many blessings of nature with us.



Henry Rowe Schoolcraft
1865 photo



Henry Rowe Schoolcraft
Woodcut



Seth Eastman

Our Heritage on the Upper Mississippi

Junior Program 35 min.

Blackhawk, a strong minded chief proved the futility of fighting whites. An early injustice festered in Blackhawk's mind and brought on a costly war as he tried to preserve for his people a small remnant of their once vast domain, their homes and sacred graves.

Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected, "There are more whites, than the leaves on the trees. They had to win."

The Chippewa River was once the home of "Old Abe" called the most famous bird in the world. Hungry Indians traded this bald eagle to a young man named McCann for a bushel of corn. McCann, a cripple was sad when he could not enlist with his friends during the Civil War, so he gave his prize possession to his soldier friends as a mascot. "Old Abe" flew above his regiment as they met the Confederates in battle. The more intense the fighting, the louder would "Old Abe" screech, as he flew overhead and would dive at the enemy. This fighting spirit gained him immortality.

Seldom do we recognize or honor pioneer women. Still their quiet and valuable contributions deserve attention. One of these assistant architects of mid-America was the lovely, charming Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman.



Jane (Genenive) Fisher Roulette Dousman
1804-1882

She first married a prominent fur trader called King Rolette. After his death, she married Hercules Dousman, also a fur trader who built the famous Villa Louis for her.

She was resourceful. Once, when her husband was away, word came to her that a band of Indians in an angry mood were coming make trouble thinking that her husband Mr. Dousman had cheated them.

Now just what would you do if you were placed in that situation? Would you get a gun? Would you leave and hide? Would you call in a group of men and arm them to resist the mob?

Jane Fisher Dousman was the master of most situations. She sent a servant, inviting the Indians to a feast on her lawn adjoining her home. There she received them, greeted them as guests, offered them food, refreshments, and organized games as entertainment .

The Indians ate, they drank and had such a good time that they forgot their gripes. On leaving, the Indians showed admiration for their capable and gracious hostess. With bowing thankful gestures and smiling faces they departed friends.

There is much that we can learn from this charming Ambassador which we can well practice in our lives. Young Rolette, Jolly Joe was a son of Mrs. Dousman by her first husband. Young Joe Rolette is a representative of the early trade aristocracy.



Joe Roulette, Jr.

Born in Prairie du Chien, and like his father, a fur trader, Jolly Joe moved north into Minnesota as fur trade declined around here. In Minnesota he was known for his pranks, for he was practical joker, and idolized for saving the capital for St. Paul. As a member of the territorial legislature, he took a bill didn't like, which passed the territorial legislature, moving the seat of government to St. Peter and he was missing for ten days. The missing bill would not be effective unless it could be signed during the session, so he is given credit for saving the capital for St. Paul.

The March of Time had etched countless reminders on our gorgeous landscape of romantic people and stirring events for all to enjoy,

The Great River is sprinkled with our heritage. You can easily unlock this Treasure Chest of Lore and feast upon it's many wonders. I am sure it will enrich your life as it has mine. Thank you.

MJ Dyrud/me
Oct. 24, 1962

AESCALAPIUS AND CLIO

Clifford Lord at Medical Museum

This is an occasion worthy of remark. Here we are with 208 made satellites orbiting overheard; with the corpus of human knowledge doubling every eighty years; with the population of the world quite literally exploding; with new nations appearing almost monthly (with all the complications of their urgent aspirations and virulent nationalism entail); with a compelling drive for equality of opportunity regardless of race consuming energy and passion and wisdom both in these United States, the cradle of the concept and abroad; with the clearly emerging position of the white race as a minority group lending new urgency to the search for world brotherhood; and with all of us painfully aware than man has it in his power to wipe himself from face of the earth in the next half hour. Here we are on the banks of the Father of Waters opening another unit of a significant historical museum. This, I submit is remarkable, something to be remarked upon.

It is remarkable, too. that in this day and age this rite of dedicating a museum or a historic site or restoration is occurring in these United States an an average of once a week. I wonder about this sometimes, I wonder about the rapid proliferation of historical societies. I wonder about all the time and energy and money we are putting into the preservation of past both here and abroad. Does it represent as some have suggested, a frantic search for roots, a desperate clutching at straws in the stormy troubled seas on which we are adrift? Is it escapism, a way to get our minds off the world's troubles?

I think not. Everyone has some sense of history, as a minimum knows that there is a past, a peopled past. He knows that the United States of America did not come into being with JFK or DDE or HTS, or even FDR. He knows that the West has a background. He may even know that Russia existed before 1917, Not so many know the VALUE of history, the rewards its techniques and discipline bring: the story of how we got where we are; knowledge of the background of present problems; the perspective which comes from realizing how far we have come as homo sapiens, or as Westerners as Americans in how short a time, and which makes for a rational if impatient conservatism; the wisdom which comes from watching generations of people, individuals, groups, societies, working together or against each other, watching the wheels go round; and above all, perhaps, the emphasis on the importance of the individual which supports a tenet basic to the concepts of the West and the Judeo-Christian heritage. These are the products that give the study of history importance.

And so the present enormous activity in history, historical societies, historical sites, historical museums is not escapism by involvement. It is a deliberate, organized, conscious attempt to bring to more people the values the leaders of these projects have found for themselves. It is both an effort to conserve the physical elements of heritage and to disseminate the interesting and significant things about that heritage and its values to the public as a whole. This is encouraging. It is laudable. It good.

But today, we focus on one part of this huge movement: the historical museum, an institution with a long and honorable history of its own. Collectors of strange or exotic treasures can trace their lineage at least to Alexander the Great. who sent to his former teacher Aristotle interesting plunder taken in conquest. But the museum of classical antiquity was literally the home of the muses (one of the Clio), an institution for the pursuit of the higher branches on learning. Such was the Museum established at Alexandria by Ptolemy Soter, more of a very great library than a museum in the modern sense.

Later, there were collected trophies of Roman conquest, collections of religious relics. But the impetus for the modern museum stemmed largely from the rediscovery of Greece and Rome during the Renaissance and from the discovery of America. Both deeply stirred man's curiosity. Excavators and explorers alike brought back specimens, trophies as it were, for their patron and rulers. Such collections formed the bases of the first great museums of western Europe: the Uffigi Gallery (Florence), the Museum Civico (Bologna), the Dresden

Museum, the Louvre. These were in no sense public museums, they were the private preserve of the ruler, the de Medicis, the electors of Saxony, the kings of France. Their curiosities and treasures were available only the nobility, the guest and the occasionally invited scholar. The British Museum created in 1743, when Parliament accepted the notable collections of Sir Hans Sloane, marked the first attempt at a national museum to open on more generous terms to a broader but by no means all-inclusive public. Spain followed with the Museo Nacional in 1771; the Louvre became La Museum de la Republique with the French Revolution. The American counterpart was on the one hand the Smithsonian and on the other the large private museums made possible late in the 19th century by the amassing of large private fortunes.

The more typical American museum stems from the random collection of objects of interest in a cabinet in the public house in the States (or earlier in England and on the continent) the predecessor of the parlor whatnot of the Victorian years. Many of our 19th century museums were quite properly and logically denominated "cabinets of curiosities", a mixture of everything under the sun, each object in itself a curiosity, to be seen for itself and not in connection with or in relation to any other object. This type of display, educational, curiosity-stirring in its day, quickly degenerated into what came to be known as "visible storage".

From the Smithsonian by the end of the last century, G. Bron Goode was calling for the reform of the museum, its modernization, specialization, its reorganization along lines pioneered by the British Museum: story-telling exhibits for the general public separate from research and study collections for the scholar, the use of light and color, and even specific devices and techniques to attract the casual passerby for his own education and improvement.

Here in Wisconsin our own Reuben Gold Thwaites, father of the western-type progressive historical society and crusader for the free public library, was equally devoted to the free public museum. Operating in the heady atmosphere of the Progressive Era, as the still young country rapidly matured from an economy and society conferring conspicuous rewards primarily on the few to one visibly benefiting the many, Thwates felt that the showcase exhibit, though less profound than the book, was more attractive and stimulating to the "masses" (if I may borrow from his fin de ciecle vocabulary). Education was the key to salvation, and faith in the perfectibility of mankind was universal. The museum was now to become what the Crystal Palace Exposition of 1851 had so clearly indicated it could be: an important vehicle of general, public education.

Indeed in this county the educational role of the museum has developed phenomenally. For adults, the structured exhibit with a purpose and a story to tell from typical rather than precious objects caught on more widely and more quickly than abroad. And for children, the open encouragement of school visitations, the later the circulation of museum materials to the schools, radio and TV museum programs designed for them, the appearance of education officers on museum staffs, even special children's museums, were all developed in the United States. Yet research and study collections for the scholar have also been given their full due.

Parallel to the development of greater accessibility to the public and the acceptance of the museum as an educational institution has come a third major trend: specialization and the development of classes and subclasses of museums. There are remarkable few general museums today. Instead we have art museums, science museums, sports museums, historical shrines, industrial museums there's even a whiskey museum in Kentucky now. And we have increasingly specialized divisions with each class modern art, primitive art, European Art, African art, etc., etc. Science museums first appeared in mid-century in Europe, developed hereafter on 1869. Latest derivative of the science museum is the medical museum, the very latest development in which we meet to celebrate today.

Today there are over 8,000 museums in the world; some 1,500 of them in the United States. Their present number, their rapid proliferation is a sign of the times: a sign of accumulated wealth (museums do not grow on

the frontier); of maturity to enjoy and cultivate culture. A century ago there was in Wisconsin only a single natural history collection on Capital Square in Madison; a medical museum Would' have been laughed out of court. The doctors were much too busy scratching out a living to contribute to such a scheme. The profession was absorbed in practice in "today" lacked time and inclination for reflection on the the larger story, background or public attitudes. The same production and accumulation of capital that makes possible skyscrapers and interstate highways, jet aircraft and huge mechanized and fertilized farms, foreign aid and domestic comfort, pipelines and space rockets, makes possible the fabulous growth of our educational and cultural resources school, college and university; historical society, library, theater, symphony and museum. It marks the difference between the frontier and the affluent society.

So much for the Bride, the museum, abode of the muses and its evolution from treasure house of the conqueror or ruler, or the local cabinet of curiosities, into an affective instrument of general democratic education. We have noted something of the democratization of the museum in the 20th century; its rapidly accelerating interest in educating the public, young and old; rapid growth in the flowering of the United States in the 20th century. Now a brief note on the groom who customarily gets shorter shrift.

In medicine, too, we have the scholar the research scientist or team, classifying, experimenting, putting this bit of knowledge together with that and with a dose of shrewd intuition to advance the horizons of knowledge. I spoke earlier of the estimated doubling of the corpus of human knowledge every eight years. Nowhere more than in medicine with the possible exception of space - is the :public more aware of the rapidity and radicalness of change. May I remind you that the antiseptic treatment of wounds is less than a hundred years old? That Kock discovered the germ of tuberculosis just 80 years ago? That Schaudinn was isolating the germ of syphilis five years after the twentieth century began? That only with the building of the Panama Canal did the effective attack on yellow fever begin? That it was 1906 when Hopkins formulated the doctrine of vitamins in foods? Those discoveries are so old-hat that today they seem antediluvian. But the last three bring us to the birthdate of perhaps half of us in this audience! And what we have seen discovery of of the viruses, the antibiotics, new and more effective anesthetics, radical and daring and effective surgery of the heart, of severed limbs, of the nervous system, and early perambulation!

But the perfection of the new discovery or the new technique is not enough. An informed public is also essential in a democracy, essential in this instance to its own better health and essential to the ultimate well-being of the medical and associated professions. And how do you communicate highly technical intelligence to the public? Especially a public on the one hand pre-conditioned to medical progress, enjoying a euphoristic sense that things medical are progressing with amazing speed, ready to accept the latest claims for a new drug, a new procedure, a new cure: a public on the other hand skeptical of the costs of drugs, of hospitalization, of medical service: perplexed by problems of birth control, abortion, euthanasia, medicare, socialized medicine? How to communicate with such a public? Headlines, feature articles in newspapers and magazines, lectures, radio and television of course: better in books: best of all perhaps in elucidated exhibits.

There are a few other major medical museums in this country.

Some are frankly presentist, almost propagandistic in approach: telling you what YOU should be doing or government is doing to promote public health. At least one other, is a genuine chamber of horrors-acres of slices of enlarged hearts, cross-sections of innumerable carcinoma, pickled legs, etc.; an old-style cabinet of curiosities on a large scale. Modernization has hit this museum only in a few scattered exhibits, and it is interesting largely as a survival of museum techniques common a century ago.

The Museum of Medical Progress on the other hand is something new and different. It is not just a medical museum, but a museum of medical history. And history is introduced not just in terms Dr. William Beaumont

and military medicine of the 1830's; it is used as history must be used, to place one development next to another; to show interrelationships; to place events in time and perspective; to give background to present developments and the current situation; to make us realize our debt to those on whose shoulders we stand and to those who have left our better health, our longer lives, our better nutrition as their monuments. It is a. mark of the maturity of history that it reaches out to embrace within its discipline the field of medicine. It is a mark of the maturity of American medicine that it thus turns from pure practice to the enhancement of culture, understanding and citizenship. Both are recent developments, both are present here at Prairie du Chien.

Here indeed is the wedding of Clio a muse of history, and Aescalapius, god of medicine. Here are combined the commemoration of the historic experiments here performed by Dr. Beaumont in the physiology of Alexis St. Martin's stomach, with the historical story of medical and public health development of historic shrines in Prairie du Chien and in the preservation of the Second Fort Crawford has been great indeed; the dedicated enthusiasm of a Don McNeil, who, as a young graduate student seeking medical records, first projected the historical collaboration between the State Medical and Historical Societies from which evolved the Historical Section of the former and the Museum of Medical Pogress; the stubborn statesmanship of a Charley Crownhart who made all of us then at the State Historical Society feel good when it became clear that this museum had be come his project; the deep historical interest and knowledge of distinguished medical practitioners of the calibre of R. G. Aveson and H. Kent Tenney; and the remarkable talent of the gentleman from Mississippi who never quite lost the last trace of his Southern accent, who certainly never lost an iota of his Southern charm and grace, and who became very much one of us Wisconsinites and has made a great contribution both to his profession and his adopted state.

This is a natural union, for medicine is of great importance in our history. It is a natural union because the historical approach and perspective is important to public appreciation of medical progress and to medicine's knowledge of itself. And it is timely for, in addition to attesting the economic and cultural climate of the times, surely Clio and Aescalapius are now old enough to know what they are in for. So, I look for a long, happy and productive union here at the junction of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi Rivers.

I have suggested that this is a remarkable occasion; that this is a remarkable museum, breaking new ground in public education in history and in medicine. And we all know that we are honoring ourselves today in letting a remarkable man know what we think of him. Dr. Stovall, you have heard again today something about yourself as doctor, historian and teacher. To what has been said, I would add only that it may be one of the most lasting marks of your "teachmanship" that you have loosed upon Wisconsin and the entire American medical profession, a whole generation of Wisconsin physicians exposed to an interest in and appreciation of medical history, knowledgeable in the role of the museum as an educational device; philosophers as well as practitioners concerned with the past and the future as well as the present of their profession, and with its place in the public appreciation and understanding. My prophecy is that they like you, like the Stovall Hall of Health will have a growing impact on the profession for years to come.

So, I greet you neither as a doctor nor historian you are, nor even as the chief collector of funds and artifacts for this museum, but as the "learned gentleman", I used the phrase advisedly, who made firm the published bans between the State Medical Society and the State Historical Society, the godlike Aesacalapius and the gentle Clio, in this pioneer venture, this teaching museum of medical history, whose full impact can scarcely be foreseen today. And we all rejoice that the central teaching section of this burgeoning museum is to bear your name. It will mean the more to all of us that this is so.

1962



Représentation imaginaire de Julien Dubuque et de sa femme supposée

JULIEN DUBUQUE & THE MINES OF SPAIN

Julien Dubuque & The Mines of Spain is an typical study of regional transition on the upper Mississippi. Bringing action and drama to the scene, were painted Indians, Spanish conquistadors, French legionnaires, British red-coats and American troops. In this colorful setting, Julien Dubuque a fur trader and lead miner created a frontier dynasty reflecting medieval France. What he left was a prelude to modern America.

In the fading days of French rule in Canada January 10th, 1762 be exact, Julien Dubuque was born of French-Canadian parents near Three Rivers Canada on the St. Lawrence river. Being the thirteenth child, he did not lack for a supply of baby sitters, with six brothers and six sisters.

Julien Dubuque grew to manhood, he became enchanted with the adventurous life and glowing fortune awaiting the fur trader. At twenty-one he left home, lured toward the fur trade route to Western wilds. Ascending the Ottawa river, he portaged to Lake Nippising and came down the French river into Lake Huron. A pause at Michilimackinac, then on to Green Bay, up the Fox River, a portage to the Ouisconsin, then down to Prairie du Chien. This was the famous fur trade center of the Northwest.

Young Dubuque's arrival in 1783, coincided with the treaty granting independence to America's thirteen colonies with General Washington the popular hero. Thirteen proved a lucky number for the colonies, perhaps also it would bring wealth to this thirteenth child.

Theoretically, land east of the Mississippi was now American, but unsettled questions remained about portions of present Wisconsin. Well, in isolation the French-Canadian community of Prairie du Chien was little affected. It would take years to consolidate the eastern seaboard area. Changes would probably be deferred for some years along the wild interior fringe of a young America. To the West of the Mississippi River lay Spanish territory with authority centered in. Louisiana.

Ever since explorer Louis Joliet and missionary Father Marquette discovered the Father of Waters. on June 17, 1673... the junction of the Ouisconsin and Mississippi Rivers had become a favorite rendezvous for Indians and fur traders. Rivers and lakes were nature's paths of travel by both the Indians and explorers. The far reaching arms of the Mississippi offered ready access to nearly two-thirds of America. Just when this town, at the confluences of the Ouisconsin and the Mississippi, was first called Prairie du Chien is cloaked in a haze of mystery. The name Prairie du Chien refers to the prairie of an Indian chief named The Dog, who had his village at this location.

In a 1682 letter, Sieur La Salle commenced an establishment here. La Salle was a French fur trader, but is best known for his explorations on the lower Mississippi. Nicholas Perrot followed erecting Fort St. Nicholas on the north bank of the Wisconsin adjacent to the Mississippi. His fort was evidently named in honor of his patron saint.

A permanent settlement at Prairie du Chien appears about 1775, when Jean Marie Cardinal, his wife Marie and Indian slave Cola established their home on Mill Coulee Creek. Cardinal was a hunter and trapper.

The young and handsome Dubuque, arriving at Prairie du Chien was eager and anxious to learn more about the Indian customs and operations of the fur trade. This proved easy for the French Canadian voyageurs, courier du Bois, and traders were flattered to be asked about their experiences. A bottle of wine proved a stimulating aid as he tried to pry loose confidential information. Mention was made of Jean Marie Cardinal, his fur trading activity and his having worked lead deposits about sixty miles down river in earlier days 1673 to 1680. Julien found he could not talk with Cardinal for he had been killed in 1780 helping defend St. Louis as the British attacked during the Revolutionary War.

But, he found he could talk with Cardinal's wife, a vital Pawnee Indian, who still lived here with her family. Marie Cardinal, was intimately familiar with her husband's activities and did not hesitate to tell him that her husband had made friends with the Reynards and they allowed Cardinal to mine on the Indian land west of the river. By Reynards, she referred to the Fox Indians. This lead was brought by canoe to Prairie du Chien and forwarded east. Lead was important for casting bullet and shot, a trade commodity in great demand. Here was a promising opportunity to slip into the vacant slot left by the death of Cardinal, he must first build good will among the Fox Indians and gain their confidence, their loyalty. So he decided to become a roving ambassador, making friends of the Fox Indians. In pursuing his fur trading rounds, he made sure his dealings were eminently fair. With thoughtful presents given to influential chiefs of the Fox, he gained admiration in their several villages. From the first Julien Dubuque displayed that genius for gaining the respect, the admiration of the Indians and for winning their firm friendship. That was more often found among the early French pioneers than among other groups. The quick and volatile nature of the French traders and explorers found a certain kinship among the savages.

It was now five years since his arrival at Prairie du Chien. He was twenty six and ready for the most crucial portion of his grand plan. Confident as he would ever be following years of hard work, he invited twenty-six important Fox chiefs from five villages to join him in Council at Prairie du Chien.

Late in the Indian month of the Corn Moon, when the river bluffs were wrapped in kaleidoscopic fall colors, canoes bearing the Fox Indians made their way to Prairie du Chien landing on the main village island. Julien Dubuque was on hand to greet his friends, conducting them to the council grounds where he offered rum to quench their thirst followed by delectable roast deer and delicate sturgeon to satisfy their hunger. Afterwards they settled back to smoke the calumet and watch Indian games. Then the Council convened. The crux of their deliberations can be best understood by examining the contract which Dubuque drew up, and after a friendly discussion, was agreed upon by the Fox delegation.

The original contract in French has been translated into English for the records of the U. S. Court.

Copy of the Council held by the Foxes, that is to say, of the branch of five villages, with the approval of the rest of their people, explained by Maurice Blondeau, selected by them in their presence and in the presence of us. The undersigned, that is to say the Foxes permit Julien Dubuque, called by them the Little Cloud to work at the mine as long as he shall please, and to withdraw from it without specifying any term to him.

Moreover, that they sell and abandon to him, all the coast and the contents of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man or Indian shall make any pretension to it without the consent of Sieur Julien Dubuque; and in case he shall find nothing within, he shall be free to search wherever he may think proper to do so, and to work peaceably without anyone hurting him or doing any prejudice in his labors.

Thus we chiefs and braves, by the voice of all our villages agreed with Julien Dubuque, selling and delivering to him this day. as above mentioned. in presence of the Frenchmen who attended us, who are witnesses to this writing.

At the Prairie du Chien, in full council, 22nd of September, 1788

Signed
Blondeau (A fur trader)
Ala Austin
Antaya

Basil Giard, his seal)
Blondeau, sealed by his ring mark)
Joseph Fontigny)

When the writing was executed. September. 22, 1788, Julien Dubuque paid the Indians for the grant in goods.

The chiefs of the Fox Indians a few days afterwards agreed erection of monuments, or markers, and these were installed at the mouth of the river Little Maquoketa to the north of the mines: and to the Tetes des Morts (Heads of the Dead) to the south as evidences of the upper and lower bounds of the tract

Just how, much land was staked out? In the French land measurement it was 72,324 arpents. The claim ran twenty-one miles along the west bank of the Mississippi and extended back to a depth of nine miles. In other words it consisted of 189 square miles or 120,960 acres, a large domain.

Dubuque settled his ten employees which he had hired at Prairie du Chien, on the Catfish Creek, just south of the present city where the Kettle Chief had his Indian village. Thus began the town of Dubuque.

During his long residence on the Iowa shore he exercised great influence over the Indians on both sides of the Mississippi River. The Winnebagoes on the east of it and the Foxes on the west of it were in the habit of consulting him on all their important problems.

Legend pictures Dubuque marrying the Indian princess Potosa. Yet. no authoritative facts have been found to prove he was even married or had children. His success was so spectacular that many credit him with overawing the red-men with a repertoire of tricks.

The most popular tradition handed down recounts an occasion when the Foxes refused to agree to some demand. He threatened set Catfish Creek on fire and leave their village high and dry. The Indians still refused him so at night his associates emptied a barrel of turpentine on the water above the bend and when it had floated down to the village, Dubuque set fire to it. In a few moments the entire creek was apparently ablaze.

The terrified Indians hastened to concede all that Dubuque had asked and supposedly by exercise of his will, the fire was extinguished.

True, Dubuque did use magic at times to dramatize his power but I think his influence was founded on much more basic capabilities. Julien deserves credit for magnetic leadership, foresight, ingenuity and hard work. These attributes through the years proved much more effectual in maintaining the loyalty and devotion of his Indian friends and white associates.

Dubuque made many improvements on his lands: he cleared an extensive farm, and constructed upon it houses and a horse mill. He cultivated the farm and dug lead ore which he smelted in a furnace constructed for the purpose.

Moreover, he was successful in his Indian trade, skillfully utilizing his Indian influence to expand volume. He vigorously guarded his fur territory and mining rights. He enforced No Trespassing. By that I don't mean he posted any signs which read... BEWARE... No Trespassing... My Indians Will Scalp You...Stay Away. Still, at that time it was common knowledge among the frontiersmen.. don't encroach on Dubuque's territory, his Fox Indians my take a shot at you.

Like a feudal baron, he built a stockade fort in his village and mounted a cannon for defense.

The wily Frenchman did not confine his mining operations exclusively to the west of the river. His Indians and white employees prospected east of the river also. The Winnebago Indians were friendly. He appears to have opened lead mines on the Apple river, near the present Elizabeth illinois; and as. early as 1805 operated the Old Buck and Hog lead diggings on the Fevre river.

Dubuque appears to have largely employed his Indian friends in prospecting for lead mines. When. their discoveries were reported to him he would send Canadians and half-breeds to prove the claims and sometimes work them; although in many cases he was content with proving the claim and allowing the Indians to work it themselves; the product being brought to his large trading house on the west side of the river. In this manner the entire region of the lead mines in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois became more or less occupied by Dubuque's men before any permanent American settlement.

Indian lead mining was crude. The hoes, shovels and crow bars which Dubuque made available to the Indians at his trading house were a big improvement over the stone axes and wooden implements previously used. The Indians loaded their ore at the bottom of shaft into tough deer skins, the bundles being hoisted to the surface or dragged up inclined planes by long thongs of hide. Indian mining was wholly conducted by the old men and squaws and the bucks doing the smelting.

No reference is made about the Indian maidens. So in my researches I tried to dig out what the pretty Indians girls were girls were doing while all the others were so busy. I didn't find the answer. Perhaps they were powdering flour on their noses and massaging bear grease in their hair, getting ready for an evening date.

Getting back to lead mining, I feel sure that Dubuque's main mining operations were characterized by better methods and much more equipment than was used by isolated Indian diggers.

As time passed, his wealth and holdings increased. In 1796, Dubuque applied to Baron De Carondelet, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana at New Orleans for confirmation of his claim in an extremely polite request.. Cleverly, Dubuque's petition referred to his operations as "The Mines of Spain". After some delay, his request was granted. Dubuque was now fortified in his claim, and a princely claim it was.

Seldom did this miner get embroiled in the strife between the British and Spanish, who carried their Old World conflicts to this continent. However, in 1797, English traders at Prairie du Chien were pillaged by the Sac and

Fox Indians, headed by some traders from St. Louis. A contemporary Prairie du Chien trader, Brisbois once commented: Occasionally the Spaniards at St. Louis would send up a gunboat to seize fur and peltries as confiscated property, having been gathered by British traders on Spanish territory and without license. Dubuque and his friends may have participated for he was extremely jealous of his monopoly within his territory.

Lead and furs made Julien Dubuque an astonishing wealthy man at least on the upper Mississippi. His name became famous up and down the valley. Wealth gave him prestige and affluence. His establishment on the Catfish, with his home, his stables, his warehouses, his cabins for his French-Canadian and half-breed foremen, and and workers must have been an impressive one...a small kingdom. An early traveler referred to it as a fortified settlement on the banks of the river.

Twice a year he went to St. Louis with his boats filled with valuable ores and furs..."the richest argosies on the upper Mississippi during those years." He brought back to his settlement in the wilderness a wealth of wares, merchandise and trinkets for the Indian trade.

His smelting furnaces for lead ore were the largest in the west. He controlled the boats which carried the product down the river to market. In gaining absolute supremacy over the lead industry he displayed a remarkable talent. For whatever lead ores he purchased, he established the rate. In the market he fixed the price of the refined product. By a hundred and twenty five years, he anticipated the policies of later mining magnates.

In middle life, Dubuque was described as well below the usual stature of black hair and eyes, wiry and well built, capable of great endurance, and remarkably courteous and polite, with all the suavity and grace of the typical Frenchman. To the ladies, was always the essence of politeness.

A new Era was ushered in when America made the famed Louisiana Purchase in 1803 from Napoleon of France. The purchase of Louisiana for $15,000,000 doubled the area of the United States by acquisition of land lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The treaty did not define exact boundaries. While the Gulf of Mexico was fixed as the line to the south and the Mississippi as that to the east, there was no clear understanding as to whether the cession included West Florida and Texas.

Our government's first step was to explore, to map, to evaluate and to defend this newly acquired territory. Lieutenant Zebulon Pike was chosen to head an expedition up the Mississippi in 1805. On September first Pike grounded his keelboat in front of Dubuque's establishment, landing his twenty soldiers. This was the first appearance of the flag with the stars and stripes at Dubuque.



Zebulon Pike

Pike reported: "We were saluted with a field piece and received every mark of attention by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses at the house and it was six miles to where the mines were worked. I

therefore proposed ten queries." On the answers my report was founded. Dubuque's answers were guarded, giving a minimum of information without offending his guest.

In about 1804, Fickle fortune began to frown on Julien Dubuque, at least in matters financial. Whether his program of commercial conquest was too ambitious, or his speculations too daring, he somehow became heavily indebted to the fur prince of St. Louis, Augustine Choteau. Unable to meet his payments on October 4, 1804 Dubuque conveyed to Choteau seven undivided sixteenth of all the land included in his claim. The debt amounted to about $10,848.

Dubuque was to enjoy possession of his land during his lifetime. In 1806, Dubuque and Choteau obtained confirmation of their Spanish title from William Henry Harrison and the Board of U. S. Commissioners at St. Louis. The report of the findings was forwarded to Washington where Albert Gallatin, Secretary of of the U. S. Treasury took issue with the findings, but his interpretation were not forthcoming until 1810.
Julien Dubuque died on March 24, 1810 of pneumonia. Legend depicts the sorrowful Indian procession winding its way to the top of the noble bluff overlooking his home and the village of the Foxes with mournful chants and the eloquent splendor and solemnity they could bring to bear. Sometime later a cedar cross was placed over the tomb by his faithful French-Canadian followers.

OUR HERITAGE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

Junior Program 35 min.

I feel privileged and honored to meet with you.

Speaking of Our Heritage, I will be brief recalling but a few highlights in the March of Time on the Upper Mississippi. Heritage is a gift to us from the past.

The regional history of this area has received little attention, yet this is our home and we should know more about the colorful procession of people and events, which fashioned this section and our lives.

I have found research in this field fascinating, luring me on into a twenty year study which has enriched my life and I sure I can enrich yours also.

Ouisconsin Territory was created in 1826, and included Minnesota, Iowa and parts of the Dakotas. Though later divided into separate states we a common heritage and mutual interests.

Nature has richly endowed us with a treasure of world fame, the majestic, the romantic Mississippi River. Here is a legacy of rare and wondrous value calling for ingenuity to exploit it's many attributes. The Mississippi River system may be likened to a huge artery energizing the central United States. The economic potential is scarcely scratched.

Traveling the Great River Road, which hugs the banks of the Father of Waters, can be a delightful adventure. Romance is lurking everywhere and little known. Here rests much of our proud challenging future.

Obscure is the fact that Vikings made exploratory trips into Minnesota in 1362, 130 years before Columbus, according to Runestone accounts. Sir Paul Knutson directed this expedition into Hudson's Bay, then moving south by rivers and lakes into Minnesota.

This revelation began unfolding in 1898, when Olaf Ohman, a farmer cut down an aspen tree. Imbedded in the roots was a large stone with strange hieroglyphics carved in the face, which he could not translate. Years later Hjalmar Holand found this stone being used as a step into a barn and deciphered the message which explorers had left.

Here is a replica of the Kensington Runestone at Alexandria, Minnesota.



Runestone



Mr. Ohman and the Runestone

The first permanent settlers landing at Prairie du Chien were Jean Marie Cardinal his wife and Indian slave Bola. Bola may have been the drinking member of the party for later his children called him Pop. Cardinal was a hunter, trapper, and a fur trader. Buffalo fording the river delayed their canoe landing.

Seldom do we think of the Revolutionary War evidencing itself in this area, still Cardinal was killed defending St. Louis as British Expeditionary force from Prairie du Chien attacked. Cardinal Fountain and Cardinal Avenue in St. Louis are reminders of this man.

When Fort Shelby was captured by the British and renamed Fort McKay, there was some dissatisfaction among the British officers. This honor irked Captain Anderson, who directed the attack with Anderson insisting the Colonel McKay was drunk at time.



With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this region was returned to the Americans. The British left. Either they burned the fort, or a phenomenal meteorological shower fired the stockade. Which explanation is correct may never be known. It appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812 fought this area.

The Americans built a new fortification at the same location calling it Fort. Crawford in honor of the Secretary of War. Foundations of this fort, including fireplaces, barracks, and dungeon can still be seen.



William H. Crawford

A bright star in our past is the Great Treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1825, when approximately 6,000 Indians gathered. Although several other treaties were held at this location this conclave appears to have been the largest Indian treaty meeting that was ever held in North America.



Dr. Beaumont's monumental work laid the cornerstones on which the science of physiology was built. In the Hospital Section of the 2nd Fort Crawford, the State Medical Society of Wisconsin opened their Museum of Medical Progress, memorializing Dr. Beaumont, and other notable state doctors, who have advanced medical practice from the crude beginnings to the present state of perfection.

Just dedicated, is the Dr. Stovall Hall of Health in this complex. Carefully prepared displays explain the many new techniques, safeguarding our health. Here the public, the teacher and student can keep abreast of this fast moving science. When we realize our store of knowledge doubles every eight years it seems important that we utilize this newest of teaching method.



Représentation imaginaire de Julien Dubuque et de sa femme supposée

JULIEN DUBUQUE

Miner of the Mines of Spain
Died this 24th Day of March, 1610
Age 45 years and Six Months

His exact age was forty eight years, two and half months.

His burial spot attracted many travelers. Trader Shaw's recollections of a visit in 1816 are:
"Dubuque's tomb, Julien Dubuque was buried on a very high promontory on the western shore of the Mississippi at some period prior to 1815, about a mile below the present city of Dubuque. A tomb was erected over the grave, covered with tin and on a bright day when the sun's rays would reflect from it, could be seen from a distance of a dozen miles below."

So great was the veneration of the Indians for Dubuque's memory that they constantly kept vigil for years over his tomb till the whites became quite thickly settled in the country. The tomb has since gone to decay.

Beltrami a titled Italian visitor in 1823, reported: Dubuque reposes with regal state in a leaden casket in a mausoleum of wood, which Indians erected upon the summit of a hill that overlooks their camps and commands the river.

A respected gentleman, a friend of Dubuque's attempted to persuade me that this juggler was in the habit of taking rattlesnakes in his hands and speaking to them in a language they understood, could tame them and render them gentle as doves.

Now there was quite a feat, if a person could be clever enough to speak to rattlesnakes in a language which they understood. That is one experiment I am not going to make. Anyone who could master that trick should get a professorship in "snakeology".

George Catlin the renowned Indian painter visited the spot in 1835 and painted a memorable picture of the great Miner's Grave a bluff. I understand that the grave of the Indian chief who asked to buried next to Dubuque is not marked. In 1897, an imposing tower was erected as a monument over his tomb.



Place of Dubuque's Grave



Dubuque Tower

You may ask, what became of the Dubuque-Choteau land claim after Dubuque's death? Well, Secretary of Treasury Gallatin report of 1810, prompted the Board of Land Commissioners at St. Louis to reverse their favorable decision of 1806. Gallatin's legal logic is rather involved, but it might be simplified as follows: Dubuque in good faith, but mistakenly thought he owned and the land.

All he had was a temporary concession to mine and use the lands. After his death, they reverted to the Foxes.

Consequently it was maintained later on that in the Blackhawk Treaty these lands were secured by the United States unencumbered by any claims of Dubuque or Choteau. Therefore, they could be sold by the United States directly to the new settlers.

Chateau and other claimants fought for years to retain possession of this tract but finally in 1854, the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the government contention and rejected Chateau's plea. This was a late date to settle this controversy for the gates to Dubuque had long ago been opened to settlers on June 1, 1833, twenty-one years before. By 1854, it was a sizable city.

Julien Dubuque, founder of Dubuque, the first white settler in the state,was in many ways one of the most remarkable men of his times in the west. Certainly the most picturesque white man early Iowa. A dominant figure in fur trading and lead mining.

INDIAN PRINTS

Prairie du Chien Indians ..... nomadic.....Red Bird

This gun prompted my early interest in Indians. It was the trusty companion of Blanche's great grandfather, an early settler. The octagonal barrel with no rifling is typical of these early hand made guns. It is nice looking, but Indians didn't like this heavy a gun. It weighed too much to carry all day.



The old gentleman who owned this gun farmed a few miles here. One November afternoon his cattle strayed along the bluffs, the old pioneer grabbed his gun and started out after his herd. A severe blizzard came up unexpectedly. The family were worried but did not know where he had gone.

Later, a rap on the window revealed Indian Joe's scary face. On opening the door in came Indian Joe carrying the dead man and his gun. Indian Joe had found him frozen sitting against a tree with the gun across his lap. Frontier life was rugged...and Indians not always bad.

When I learned that Prairie du Chien was named by the French for an Indian chief called The Dog, my interest in Indians was increased.

Then, when I read that the largest Indian treaty meeting ever held in the U. S. took place here in 1825, I tried to visualize just what this group looked like. Did they have features like the on the penny and nickel? Were they the same as the red-skins in the movies? Would they look like Cochise and Tonto? Many surprises were in store for me, for the Indians who gathered at Prairie du Chien looked very different. They were individualistic. They were not cast from a single mold as in most and TV programs.

Going back to the treaty of 1825, I copied names of the Indians signing. The Indians had no written language, so on the treaties they had signed with X's and the interpreters wrote in their names judging the spelling by the sound and meaning.

Would pictures be available? Photography did not come west until about 1850. And, it was well after the Civil War until we find many photographs. This forced me back to the early painters.

To my surprise, I found an interesting group of frontier artists, some artist reporters lured west, to capture and preserve on canvas the fast disappearing native Indian for the rolling western frontier was fast engulfing the natives.

I found many, now famous artists had visited Prairie du Chien. Some were the panorama painters capturing the beauty of our regal waterway the Mississippi. Others specialized largely on Indians. Wimar & Bierstadt went farther west. Rindisbacher was perhaps the best early resident artist in Wisconsin.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14¾ x 23⅝ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

Rindisbacher



War Dance of The Sauks and Foxes
Rindisbacher



Isaac Winneshiek, Winnebago Chief in La Crosse, Wisconsin
Peter Rindisbacher 1829

Rindisbacher immigrated with his parents to Lord Selkirk's Colony in 1821 (a colony near the present Winnepeg, Canada.)

I found that J. 0. Lewis, Henry Lewis and Captain Seth Eastman had made some paintings here. Basically they were primitive artists, in keeping with the time. This was the period from 1825 to 1850.

The originals of these paintings are difficult to trace. Some are in the Smithsonian Institute and other museums, some in private hands, some have been burned, and some lost. To make a collection of oils would require a fortune.

Most of these artists distributed Aboriginal Portfolios, The complete folios are still to expensive for most collectors, but broken folios or separate prints can be purchased and assembled. In many ways, this is a better procedure for the amateur. In this way he can select prints directly related to his interest or study.

I found in Scotland, prints of 22 Indians who signed treaties here in Prairie du Chien. Character studies from these prints give many interesting reactions. How good are your at reading the character of person from his picture? Perhaps a few words about the Indians in general is in order.

There are three primary racialgroups:

Caucasoid	{white)	
Mongoloid	(yellow)	Indians
Negroid	(black)	

Migrated from Asia across the Aleutian chain into America
Clean faced, few whiskers, no beard

Name... Indian... Columbus called them Indians.
Red-skin: no red, actually brownish skin
Fondness for painting their skins. prompted the name red-skin, protection from sun and wind.
Decoration with insects, societies. deeds, occasions.
Appearance Movie & TV...none look like Hollywood characters

Plains Indian... become stereotyped. Feather War Bonnet and tails
Two main divisions of the Indians...Woodland...Plains
Mississippi roughly the dividing line
Both visited Prairie du Chien

Individualistic dress each unique, self expression

Carver...Indians...about 1780.

Deerskin loin aprons, leggings, moccasins, buffalo robe, wood war club, bow and arrows, porcupine quill work, shell, pearls.

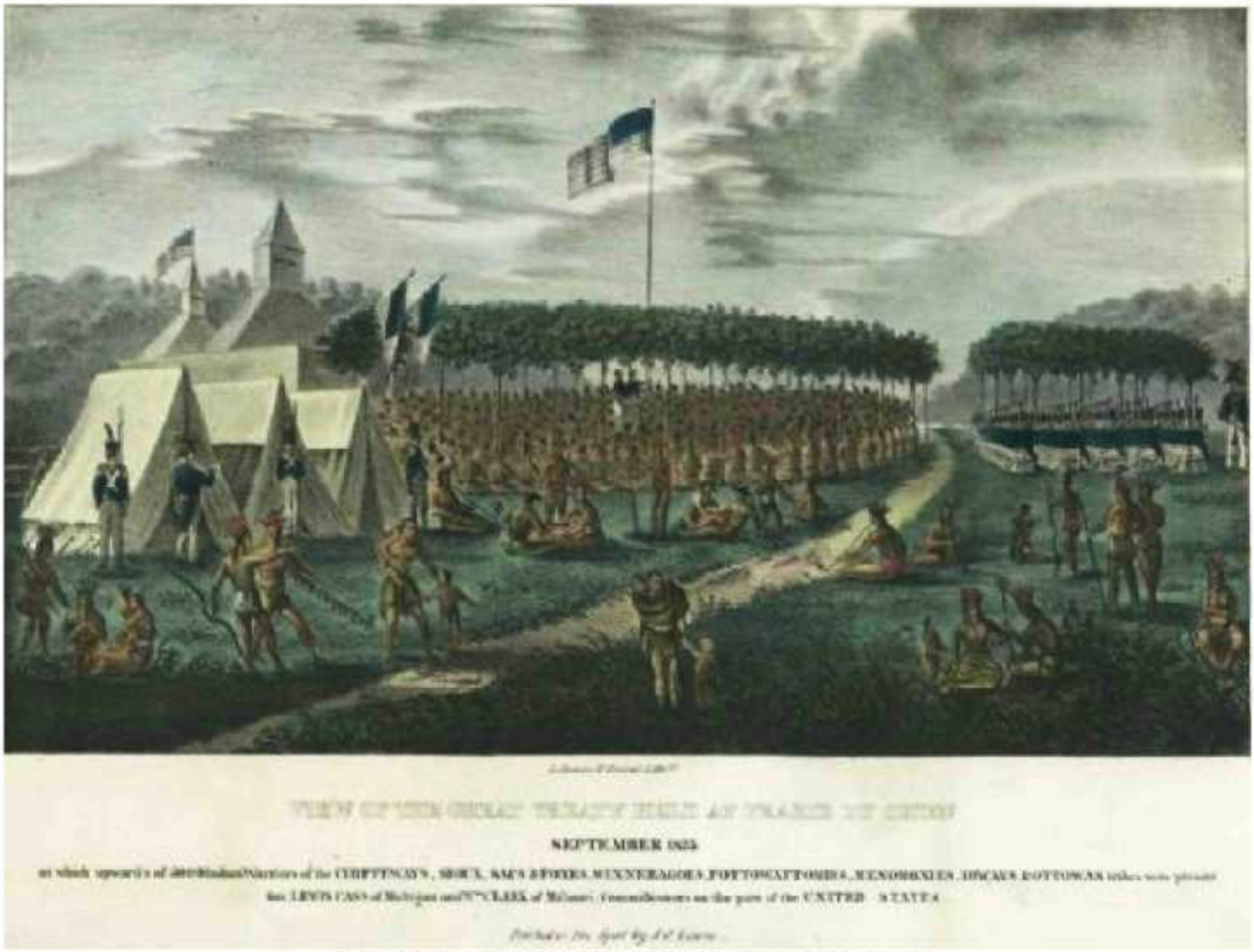
Trader Influence: Iron points, war clubs and spears, arrow tips, blankets-woven woolens, medals, necklaces, arm bands, bracelets, jewelry, looking glass, bells, beaded designs, store bought coats, gifts, woolen and cotton printed cloth.

The hat designs of the Indians were unique.
Let me point to a few interesting Indians in this group. Prints from McKenney & Hall Indian Tribes of North America. A book that was published in 1835. C. B. King painted many.
J.0. Lewis prints from his Aboriginal Portfolio.

1. Treaty Meeting .... 5000 Indians, sour faces as there was no liquor.
2. Eagle Bed... Fox.... War Club, very typical of this time.
3. Mauck-Coo-Maun...Ioway...The Indians names were usually rhythmic, fluid, metal crown with feather decorations.
4. Berry Picker, a Chippewa... Apron, leggings & moccasins. masculine type.
5. Blackhawk...Sauk..Detroit 1835. Clothes given on leaving prison... Character study. Many people thought Blackhawk should have cooperated. Keokuk cooperated, but neither Keokuk's cooperation with the Americans nor Blackhawk's resistance would save their lands.
6. Pe-A-Jick...Chippewa...Three feathers. necklace.
7. Weesh-Cub..The Sweet. .Felt Feather Hat, nose ring, painted face-blue army coat.
8. Snagle'd Tooth... Chippewa...Huge Nose
9. Pe-Schick-Ee...Shirt...Presidential Medal...(show)
10. Wa Ba Shaw...Sioux...Main village where Winona now stands. Eye put out by a willow, parted hair down over, or patch. Kept peace in Prairie du Chien. Sister married to Brisbois.
11. Red Bird & Wekaw...Winnebago...Murder on Prairie brought on the Winnebago War. Goaded into the crime by his tribe.
12. Wadt-He-Doo-Kaana...Winn....black hand
13. Little Elk. . .Winnebago.. fine masculine features, handsome.
14. Wesh-Cubb...Chippewa...Hereditary chief...father disappointed as he looked and acted like a woman.
15. Wa Kaun, the Snake.. .Winnebago, Believe born and died in Prairie du Chien, Yellow River Indian school.

16. Waa-Na-Taa...Foremost in Battle...Sioux..-A stern figure dyed horse hair headdress, elaborate deer-skin costume beautifully ornamented bead and quill work.

Talk-council of Local History
Prairie du Chien April 6, 1963



View of The Great Treaty Held At Prairie Du Chien
J.O. Lewis



WAA-TOP-E-NOT



MAUCK-COD-MAUN

A Celebrated Ioway Chief



KAA-NUN-DER-WAAGUINSE-ZOO
Berry Picker



MAC-CUT-I-MISH-E-CA-CU-CAC
Blackhawk, a Celebrated Sac Chief



PE-A-JICK
A Chippewa Chief



WEESH-CUB
Sweet, A Noted Chippewa Chief



CAW-TAA-WAA-BE-TA
Snagle'd Tooth, A Chippewa Chief



PE-SCHICK-EE
A Celebrated Chippeway Chief



WA-BA-SHAW
A Celebrated Sioux Chieftains



RED BIRD AND WE-KAU



WADT-HE-DOO-KAANA
Chief of the Winnebagoes



O-WAN-ICH-KOH
Little Elk



WEESH-CUB
Sweet



WAA-KAUN-SEE-KAA
Rattle Snake



WAA-NA-TAA
Foremost in Battle

HISTORIC CAYA LOG HOUSE SELECTED FOR PRESERVATION

One of the oldest log cabins in Crawford County is being dismantled near Lynxville for reassembly and preservation in Prairie du Chien.

This pioneer dwelling built by Michael Caya, Lynxville's first permanent settler in 1846, is a fine example of hand hewn oak log construction of territorial days. Four generations of Cayas proudly called this home. The last occupant was Mrs. Frank (Francis Traub) Caya who died in 1962. Her son Michael Joseph (called Mitchell) a friendly gentleman, built his new home overlooking the family cabin shrine.

Gazing down on the site in his golden years brings nostalgic recollections. Seeing the old home moved to Prairie du Chien does not make him sad, not at all. Prairie du Chien was where his grandfather was soldier in Captain Wyram Knowlton's Company during the Mexican War. Moreover Fort Crawford protected her grandmother Caya when she fled there for safety during an Indian scare and within the fort walls, Charles was born January 1, 1846.

True of many early residents Michael Caya was born in Quebec Canada of French parents in the year 1822. When he was eighteen the wilderness lured this young adventurer to the upper Mississippi where he joined his brother who had come two years before. Here, besides adventure he also found romance. After marrying Rose Leya of Prairie du Chien, he decided to build a home and settled down. In 1846 he chose a picturesque location north of Prairie du Chien on the east bank of the Mississippi, near an old Indian trail that ran along the bank. Later he would find himself on the edge of a small settlement known as Viola, now a ghost town. Lynxville was to be founded later in 1857, would be three miles above cabin. Both Lynxville and the Town of Seneca claim Michael Caya as their first permanent settler.

Here Michael and Rose Caya's eleven children, eight boys and three girls would find happiness. True the Winnebago Indians had a favorite camp on the nearby bluff, but they were friendly. From old documents it appears that Michael Caya was joined in partnership with Louis La Force as merchants and fur traders, at this location. They obtained 42 acres that year and in 1848 entered a claim for 80 acres more. Eventually the Caya land holdings expanded to 500 acres. After nine years of close association with Caya, Louis La Force married Harriet St. Germain and moved up-river.

To see the Caya home before dismantling, it would be hard to believe that the clapboard house was actually of log construction. Over the 119 years many additions had been made, a basement (dirt floor) a metal roof to quench any of the sparks from passing CB&Q locomotives, and clapboard siding.

The log a structure is a story and half in height, 24' 5" long and 21' 5 " wide, built of island-swamp oak with half bark attached. The front door revealed a charming view of the broad Mississippi with a bluff etched backdrop. Surprisingly, after more than a century the logs are generally in very good condition except for some rotting of the sill members and the heavy wear at door openings.

Spaces between the logs are filled with wood chinks plastered with river mud. The interior walls were originally whitewashed though later lathed and plastered. There is no evidence of fireplaces. Stoves were used for heating and cooking vented by brick chimneys to the exterior. Wooden pegs of hardwood tied the door and window frames to the logs. Wood shakes first covered roof.

When Michael had finished building his wilderness abode he was curious to learn whether he had any white neighbors. Accompanied by a brother, he walked three miles north to the present site of Lynxville, then turned east up the coulee. After 15 a mile walk they heard someone chopping wood. The two men stopped, listened

and thought. Was this an Indian or white man chopping wood as they could not see him? They finally decided that it must be a white man for it didn't sound the way an Indian cuts wood. Walking toward the sound they came upon a man from the rear working with his gun at arms length, leaning against a tree. The woodsman, hearing the rustle of the intruders, seeing they were white, he lowered his rifle saying "I thought you were Indians." So Michael and his brother met a neighbor Mr. Fisher an early settler in the Eastman area.

During the winter when ice had frozen over the river, they received a visit from a second neighbor. He was a man named Gavin who had settled across the river on a broad crowned bluff in what is now the present state of Iowa. Mr. Gavin said he had seen a light every night for almost a year from the spot where the Caya cabin cabin stood. At first he thought it an Indian campfire but he finally decided against this as it did not move from place to place. So, he decided to investigate. Thus, the Cayas met a nearer neighbor, probably only seven or eight miles away.

Much has happened since March 1965, when Mr. M. J. Dyrud, president of the Crawford County Historical Society and curator of the State Historical Society first discussed with Mr. Michael Caya and his family the possibility of acquiring and removing their historic log cabin to Prairie du Chien and restoring it as a voyageurs cabin in the fur trade complex near the Rolette House. By far the most exasperating was the worst recorded flood on the upper Mississippi which prevented the move and snarled the careful placement and marking of logs.

The Caya cabin had its own record of floods, metal tags on the cellar door frame marking record stages of several previous floods. At no time had the water come above the floor of the cabin. The 1952 flood did get close enough so that if a person jumped on the floor the water in the basement would splash. This time it took 119 years to break the record at this site. This time the water rose 4.7 feet above the previous high water mark of 1952. Michael Caya remembers his father wondering how high the Mississippi could rise. The question is still open for discussion. The Caya's latest water mark record is a heavy nail driven into a stately elm on their lawn showing the 1965 high.

To isolate and protect the valuable logs, they were boomed in an adjoining ravine safe from any water stage known before. Even is precaution did not work too well. Rising flood waters only made the ravine an integral part of the larger flood plain. With shifting winds the logs scattered in all directions. Fortunately the CB&Q embankment and tracks kept them from floating into the main river channel. As the water subsided, began the arduous task of collecting the runaways.

Fred Reed of Lynxville, a river guide and individualist helped with his outboard equipped boat. Like a hard driving cowboy riding a wild stallion he charged the willow thickets in his boat from all angles and directions to reach the logs which too often were lodged behind uprooted trees and mountains debris. Marty Dyrud who accompanied Reed and his son on this log safari insists, "It topped any boat ride I've ever had for excitement, pilot skill and motor stamina. " But, with patience and industry, the logs were finally corralled and transported to Prairie du Chien."

Caya log cabin, Lynxville, Wisconsin, Built in 1846, dismantled 1965



Caya Log Cabin
West Elevation
Front of house facing the Mississippi
3 miles south of Lynxville
Michael Joseph Caya, Donor



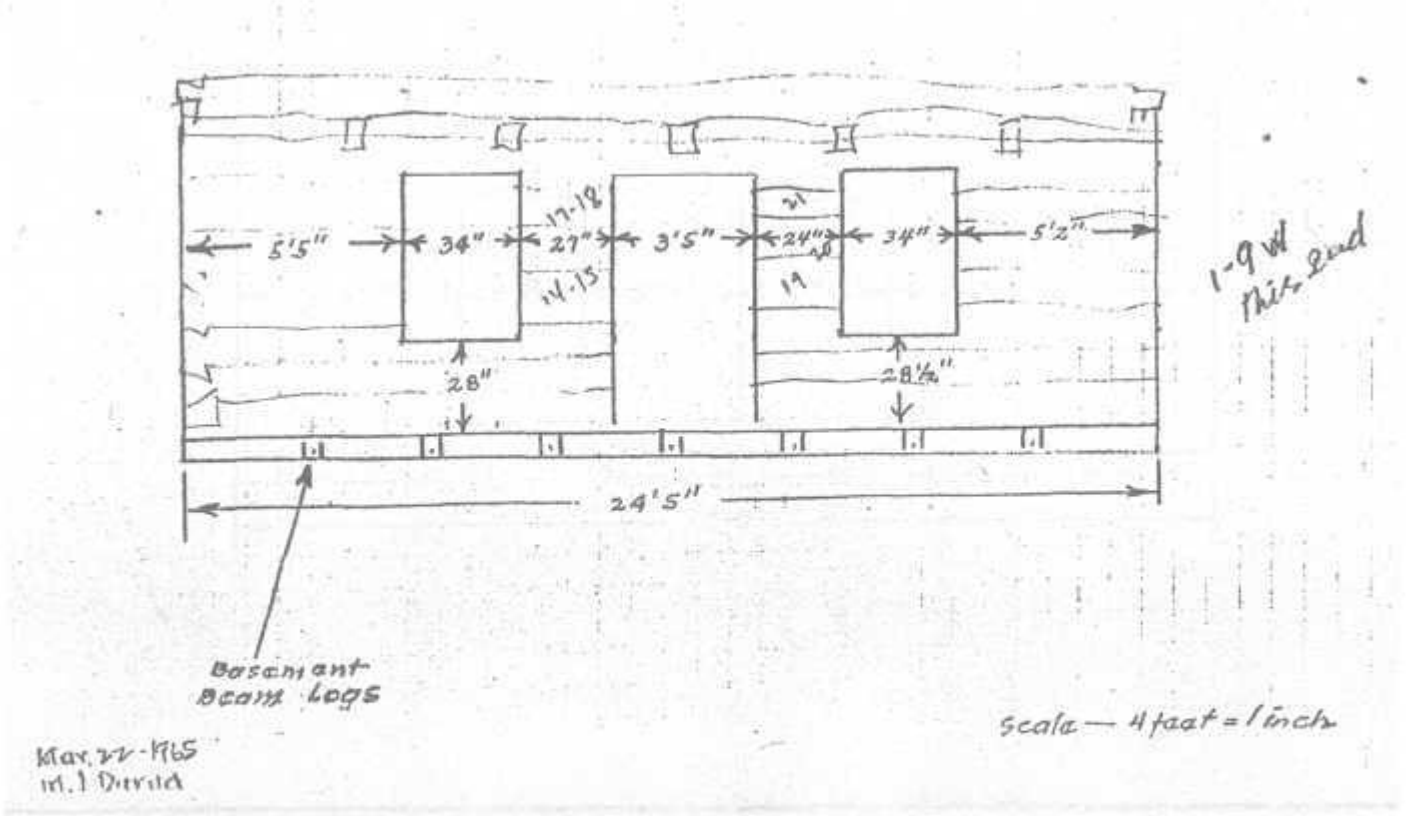
West side of house after clapboard was removed



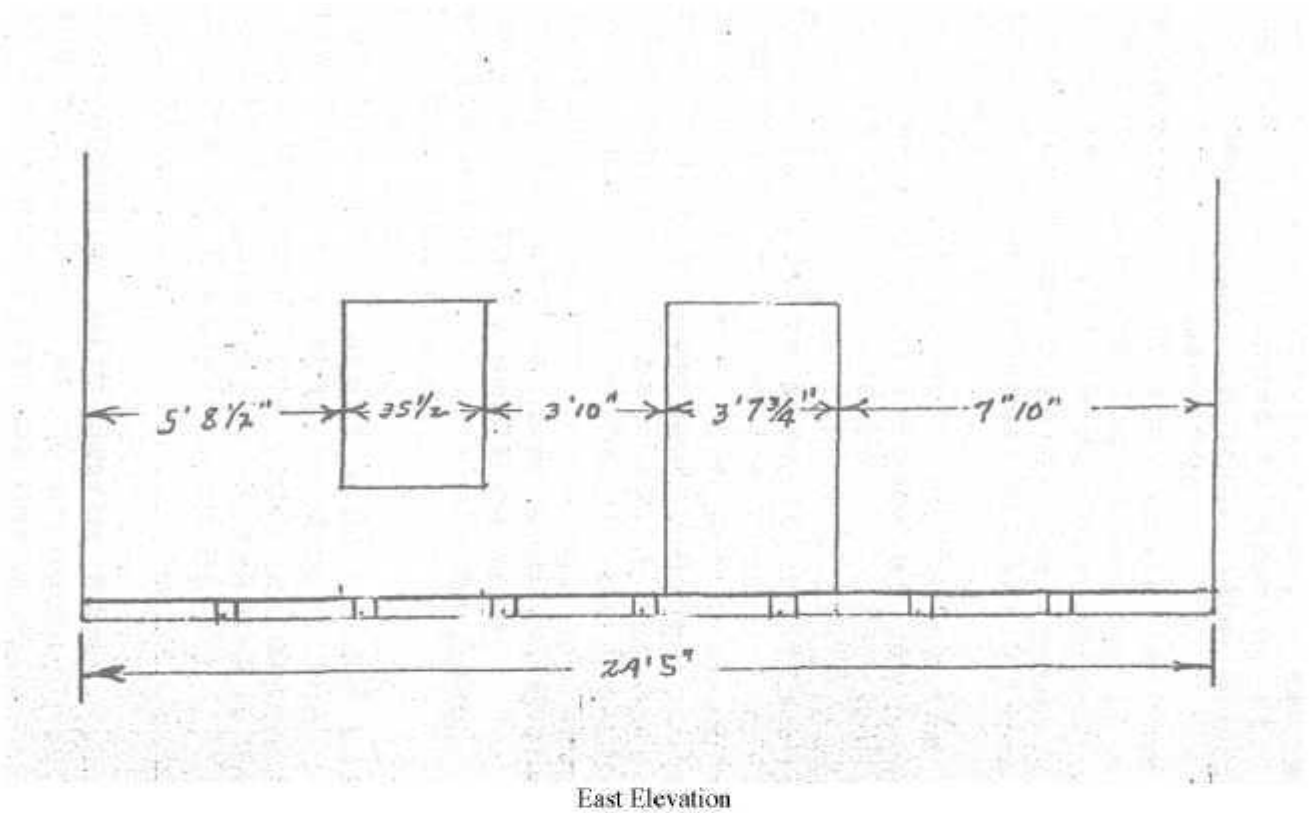
East side of house after lean-to kitchen and clapboard was removed



East Elevation



Caya Log Cabin, West Elevation



East Elevation

EAST LOGS			WEST LOGS			NORTH LOGS			SOUTH LOGS		
6 logs	24' 5"	long	4 logs	24' 5"	long	6 logs	21' 5"	long	6 logs	21' 5"	long
1 log	18'	long	1 log	16'	long	6 logs	9'	long	6 logs	9'	long
2 logs	12'	long	2 logs	10"	long	1 log	3'	long	2 logs	8'	long
1 log	9'	long	3 logs	9' 6"	long				4 logs	2'	long
5 logs	6' 6"	long	1 log	7'	long				2 logs	2'	long
1 log	5'	long	6 logs	5'	long						
2 logs	4'	long	5 logs	3'	long						
5 logs	3'	long									

CAYA LOG CABIN

From an interview with Michael Joseph Caya and wife Rose, March 22, 1965 by M.J. Dyrud of Prairie du Chien.

MICHAEL CAYA: (b.1833, d.1893)
Born: Quebec Canada in 1822, of French parents. Died in 1893 in Seattle, Washington of heart attack & buried in a Catholic cemetery.

A veteran of the Mexican War: (Captain Wyram Knowlton`s Co. at Fort Crawford.)

Married... Rose Layes of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.
Rose Layes: b. August 15, 1824...d. June 15, 1883
Children: eleven in all... 8 boys and three girls
- Margaret: oldest child married Akin Verro. buried in Catholic Cemetery at Seneca.
- Julia married Frank Bull
- Charles Caya: (b. Jan.1, 1846 d.1933) Born Jan. 1, 1846, at Fort Crawford during Indian scare. Died 1933, Duluth, Minnesota, aged 87.
  - children: 3 sons, 3 daughters
    - Louis... Sparta, Wisconsin
    - Lulus... Duluth, Minnesota
    - Mrs. Trimble
    - Mrs. A. Eddin, Florence, Kentucky
    - Mrs. John Young, Duluth, Minnesota
  - Father a veteran of the Civil War
- Louis Caya (b. Prairie du Chien, March 8,1846, d. July 24, 1923...aged 82...Crawford Press)
- Morris Caya:
- Frank Caya: (b. Nov. 8,1856, d. July 24, 1938) Buried Dickson Cemetery, Eastman, lived at Lynxville, 81 years old.
- Married: Frances Traub, May 14, 1894
- Children: two sons
  - Michael Joseph
  - Frank... .died in infancy
- Lelander Caya: (b. 1857 d .....
- Wife of Alice Kansas
- Virginia: (b. June 6, 1861, d. June 24, 1881) thought to be called Aunt Jeanette by Michael Joseph Caya
- Albert: (b. Feb. 16, 1863, d. April 18,1884):

MICHAEL JOSEPH CAYA (called Mitchell) (b. April 10, 1897, d....living 1965)
- Married ... Rose L. Michel (b..... d.....)
  - Children: eight
    - Michael, oldest, born 1930 -
    - Grace
    - Rose Mary
    - Agnes
    - Charles
    - George
    - Margaret
    - Tom

Michael Joseph Caya says all the Caya Children were baptized at St. Gabriel's church in Prairie du Chien.

MJDyrud/me
June 22, 1965

MICHAEL CAYA

The roof rafters are small diameter logs, in good condition. The roof was originally covered by shakes. After the Chicago Burlington & Northern Railroad was constructed on the east bank of the of the river (believe middle 1880's) sparks from the engine once set the roof of this home on fire. The Caya's consulted Ball & Huard the lumber dealers in Lynxville. They suggested a metal roof which was then new. They obtained standing seam metal roofing but were at a loss to install it. After some delay they consulted dealers at Prairie du Chien and obtained the use of a crimping iron so they could properly install the metal. The floor they say, lasts very well and was frequently painted.

When the Chicago Burlington & Northern first built their tracts along the east side of the Mississippi River they cut across the slough very near and directly in front of the Caya house. Later, about 1930 the CB&Q straightened out some of the curves along their line. In front of the Caya Cabin they laid out a new roadway closer to the river when the railroad double tracked in 1930 and the old roadbed now serves as a part of state trunk highway N. 35.

In earlier days when fixed stops for trains were not so rigidly maintained many passengers asked to be let off at the Red House (Caya Cabin). The train slowed so passengers could step off at this place.

In March 1965, Mr. M. J. Dyrud, President of the Crawford Historical Society and curator of the State Historical Society discussed with Mr. Michael Joseph Caya and his family the possibility of removing his historic log cabin to Prairie du Chien where it could be restored near the Rosette House and made a part of the Fur Trade complex which is being developed at that spot.

The Caya's, a fine old family were very cooperative in this preservation of regional history and are to be congratulated .

The bluff near the Caya home was once a favorite Indian camping ground. In early days Indians frequented the place and were always friendly to the Cayas who seemed to have no trouble with them. There are several mounds at this location. Some have been opened and the ground replaced.

June 23, 1965, notes by M.J. Dyrud received added information from Mr. Caya. The flooring and lumber used inside of the house was obtained from Stilwater. Square nails or cut nails were found in the dismantling. The first floor is wood grooved, of random width, white pine flooring, later overlaid with plain pine boards. Linoleum covered attic in cold weather.

Gold hidden in cabin: According to Michael Caya the depression of 1908, left many of the people of this area doubtful about the safety of banks. Michael's father was Frank Caya, after selling considerable property to the Burlington (probably in 1913) Caya was paid off in a gold coins. This he did not deposit in a bank but buried it under the cellar steps to the cabin. Here it remained for some years until Roosevelt's call in of all circulating gold. It was only after considerable persuasion that Frank Caya finally cashed in his gold hoard. If I recall correctly, the gold buried here was $3,000.00.

According to Charley Valley of Prairie du Chien, Tom Caya is buried in the north-east corner of the Old Frenchtown Cemetery

Fr. Demand's burial records at St. Gabriels show many early burials in the Old Frenchtown Cemetery. In 1819 he recorded burial of Taya or Caya. He gave no date for the burial but is placed between other burial dates of June 20, 1819 and December 7, 1819. No age if given. Comment...no priest present at burial. No doubt this was Caya.

Our youngest son Eric, was active in dismounting the log cabin and reusing the logs. in an historic manner.

CAYA CABIN at Lynxville, Wis.

M.J.Dyrud, notes:

Tuesday, March 16, 1965:
Driving back from La Crosse, when just south of Lynxville and just before coming to the Lynxville dam, I saw some people dismantling an old log house. I stopped to examine it. This log cabin was said to have been built in 1845. (The History Crawford County, p. 718 says the year was 1846)

I talked to young George Caya asking if they would let the Crawford County Historical Society have the log structure if we agreed to tear it down and move it to Prairie du Chien for reconstruction as a part of our fur trade complex. He seemed agreeable. I said I would consult other interested partied and him know our decision in two days.

I called Ray Sivesind from Florence Bittner's office at the Villa Louis saying it would make a fine addition in back of the Rolette house as a cabin for Rolettes voyageurs. In addition it appeared that we could also use some of the random width flooring from the attic of this log house to replace some of the flooring that had rotted away in the northwest room on the ground floor.

Ray asked how much it would cost to tear down and transport the house to Prairie du Chien. Thinking that George Adney could supervise the work and hire two men on his payroll, I estimated it would take two men two weeks, about 160 hours. If paid $1.25 hour this would be roughly $200 plus the trucking. Ray said he would be out the following day to look it over and would check that afternoon with Fishel to see if there was some money available in the Personal Service account that could be used.

Wednesday... March 17, 1965...bad snow storm

Thursday.....March 18, 1965.. .bad storm

Ray called me at the office about 4:30 PM and said he had consulted Dick Erney and Len Benke. They would like to have the work done under a contract and it was possible to go as high as $245. Ray said he would be out here on Tuesday, March 23 or Wednesday, March 24th

Friday, March 19,1965 (3 hrs)

Discussed Ray's suggestion with George Adney. George is paying his helpers $1.50 an hour. This would mean $240 in direct labor payments plus trucking, etc. Told him a contract would be hard to get, for a contractor would want higher wages, need supervision, needed profit and project difficult to estimate.

I have also checked with Florence Bittner, Gordon Peckham, Buster Kieser and others of the Crawford Historical Society. They are very thrilled with the idea of preserving a historic log cabin of this area and believed that we should give all the assistance and financial help we could to effect completion of the project.

I went out to tell the Cayas that we would take the house. I was well received by the elder Mr. & Mrs. M. J. Caya. Their son Tom listened to the conversation. After several hours of conversation the following was revealed:

The original Caya...Michael Caya, came to this area in 1840. He appears to have come with a friend, Louis La Force. Later Caya & La Force purchased 42 acres from the Government at the Mineral Point Land office. In 1843, he built this log cabin of island swamp oak and the house has been lived in continually until 1963, 120 years. Michael Caya was a member of Captain Wyram Knowlton's Company stationed at Fort Crawford during

the Mexican War. They showed me his Pension certificate from the Government for this service. For a while his wife lived at Ft. Crawford where some of his children were born when there was Indian scare.

They showed me a picture of the house, which they say was taken an 1893 showing clapboard siding on the house and two chimneys. It was painted red with white trim. It was 1½ stories, with a lean-to kitchen on the east, rear side. The latter has been removed and destroyed.

The Caya family is now living in a new house to the east and rear of the log house. They wish to get this old house removed as quickly as possible. I told them I would have it out in five weeks and would stave off the State Highway Department if they complained. I think we can do it much sooner but did not wish to give them a date I would have to violate. Caya hoped that we could have this work done before April 1, 1965.

Tom Caya is buried in the north-east corner of the Old French town cemetery according one of his uncles, Charley Valley of Prairie du Chien .

They have removed the roof of the log cabin and have taken the rafter poles to the dump. Their son Charles tells me that these poles are in good condition and we can have the them if wanted. The window have been saved and we can have these also.

The logs are generally in good condition. They broke one of the top logs getting it down. The sill logs are rotted, but this is to be expected.

NEIGHBOR story: After Michael Caya had completed his house and had some free time, he wondered if he had any neighbors. So, one day he and his brother (or cousin, they are not sure) set out for an exploratory walk. They went up to the present site of Lynxville, three miles away and then started up the coulee to the east. After a considerable walk, they heard somebody cutting wood at a distance. They stopped and discussed whether this might be an Indian. But, they decided it sounded like a white man, so they followed in the direction of the sound. Before long they saw a man cutting a tree, with his gun resting against a nearby tree. As they approached him from the rear, and coming close the man dropped his axe startled by the sound of their approach, picked up his rifle and leveled it at them. Seeing that they were white men, he lowered the gun and said "I was surprised and thought you were Indians." The man proved to be a Mr. Fisher, an early settler of Eastman. It is not clear how far apart the two lived, but it must have been 10 miles to their closest neighbor.

Later during the winter months, when the ice was on the river, they received a visit from another neighbor. He was a man named Gavin, who lived on top of a bluff peak on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. He told them for about a year, he had seen each evening a light coming from the spot where the Caya's lived and decided that it could not be an Indian' fire. Thus, the Cayas found a closer neighbor, only eight miles away, across the river.

March 22, 1965
Took Eric Dyrud out at 8 A.M.' to remove lath and plaster from the ground floor room in the Caya cabin. I took dimensions of the structure, window openings, door openings, etc. for preparing sketches.

Mr. Caya asked me in for a visit. He showed me a very fine arrowhead he found on his property, which matched a stone found near his home. The artifact was made of sedimentary rock, something I have seldom seen. Also he showed me a nice, small axehead of black rock found in one of the graves on the bluff adjoining the house. Likewise he had found in a draw nearby, a small hammer with a cast copper wedge-shaped head attached to an iron handle. This is a curious piece, which looks as though it might be a gunsmith's hammer.

Mr. Caya said an old doctor in Prairie du Chien once took the piece to the Field Museum in Chicago and reported it to have a petrified ebony handle of Aztec origin, perhaps carried by. the Spanish upriver. The Field Museum was much interested in the piece and wanted to keep it, for this was the farthest north that such a specimen had been found. They`were usually found in a belt from Tennessee southwest to Panama.

The American Eagle

Q....Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your series of History chats on pearls uncovered a lot of unusual information.

A...Yes, we were very fortunate to have the benefit of a lifetime of experience from Mr. John Peacock who I think was the dean of pearl buyers in Prairie du Chien. His reminiscences are a part of a fast passing local era. I hope some of this information can be preserved.

Q....What has captured your imagination to-day?

A...I was very much intrigued when Mr. Burgess, our Federal Conservation Warden recently reported a sizable group of eagles migrating north thru Prairie.

Q...Well, that is a interesting subject, but I know very little about it. Do the eagles migrate like ducks?

A...Yes, the eagles migrate south in the fall, and north in the spring. We have some eagles who stay here during the winter, but they have actually migrated here from farther north in the fall.

Q...That is strange?

A...Years ago, no eagles wintered here but since the installation of the high dams, we have some eagles wintering here now.

Q...Why is that?

A...At the dams there is some open water all through the winter. This allows the eagles to feed during the winter season.

Q...What do the eagles feed on?

A...The Bald Eagles feed almost exclusively on fish, both dead and live.

Q...You mention the Bald Eagle. Are there other types?

A...In all there are about 300 varieties of eagles and hawks throughout the world. Here in North America we find mostly Golden Eagles and Bald Eagles. The Golden Eagles stay mostly along the Rocky Mountains. The Golden Eagle is also found in Europe and Asia.

However the Bald Eagle is a native of North America and make up almost 100% of the eagles we see near here. Once in a while a Golden Eagle may stray in here, but that is seldom.

Q...Some people say that eagles carry away small children to their nests?

A...Glad you brought that up. I know you do not believe that. It is just another old wives tale that has come down through the years. There is absolutely no truth in these fairy tales.
Q...Well, all eagles don't live on fish?

A...No, the Golden Eagle is a predatory bird and will kill animals such as mice, rabbits, grouse, and even sheep. However, the Bald Eagle lives almost always on fish. Only when their regular food supply is cut off, do they hunt animals.

Q...Eagles have been famous for centuries.

A...Yes, the eagle is one of our largest birds. They are generally considered birds of prey that forage for their food during the day. This may not seem important, but there are other birds like the owls that seek their food at night, so there is an important distinction.

Eagles are characterized by feathered heads, a strong hooked beak and great talons. Eagles have a remarkably keen vision.

Eagles as a broad race of birds, range throughout the world and are famous for their powerful wings and stately-soaring flights.

Q...Do eagles nest here on our bluffs?

A...Some people think so but no nests have been found. It is known that they build their nests and raise young farther north in Wisconsin. There may be a few birds that build nests and raise their young here but such incidents are not typical.

Q...Where would they normally nest?

A...Farther north along the Mississippi River bluffs, North East in the Flambeau flow age is a favorite retreat and nesting area. There civilization does not bother them much.

Q...I don't think I have ever seen a wild eagle.

A...They generally nest in pairs and require perhaps a minimum of 10 square miles of ranging area. If other eagles try to encroach, they are driven off. An eagle will protect its feeding area from invasion by other eagles.

Q...How many eggs does an eagle lay?

A...Once a year they lay from one to four eggs, most often 2 or 3 eggs. These are large white eggs mottled with brown. It takes 35 days to hatch an eagle's egg. Both parents share in sitting on the eggs during incubation.

Q...How about the young birds?

A...Here again both parents care for the young by bringing food keeping them warm and by guarding the nest.

The young are covered with down and have a smoky grey color. This grey down is replaced by dark brown plumage in about 8 weeks.

Q...Tell me Marty is a Bald Eagle really bald?

A...No, the Bald Eagle does not have a bald head. The head as well as the tail of a bald eagle is covered with white feathers. Because the white feathers of the head from a distance gives this bird the appearance of a bald head. Guess that is why it has been so referred to as a Bald Eagle.

Q...How long before the eaglets fly?

A...Bald eagles must be 10 to 13 weeks old before they are ready to fly. It is not until they are four years old, before they have the famous white head and tail feathers.

Q...How big a wing spread does the eagle have?

A...About seven to seven and a half foot wing spread.

Q...Why are you so interested in the eagle?

A...I think it is the most famous bird we now have in America. The American Eagle is the national emblem of our United States.

Q...How many. people have seen this famous bird?

A...Here in Prairie du Chien and vicinity we have the privilege of seeing the Bald Eagle, the symbol of our country, if we will but play naturalist. Our Bald Eagle might now be extinct except for conservation measures.

Q...Have you. seen a bald eagle here?

A...No, I am sorry to say I have not, but I consider it a must and it is a pleasure I am going to realize some day soon I hope.

Q...Certainly the eagle has a rich history.

A...Yes, the Romans used a golden figure of an eagle to stand for strength, skill and bravery.

In the middle ages, the two favorite emblems placed on the shields of the colorful knights were first the Lion and second the Eagle.

It was 1787 when the United States took as its emblem a Bald Eagle with outspread wings and a shield on is breast, and olive branch in one foot, and a sheaf of arrows in the other.

Q...Does Wisconsin have an eagle emblem?

A...Not in our state emblem but probably there was no more celebrated bird in all history than "Old Able" the illustrious bald eagle from Wisconsin.

Q...Seems to me I. remember something, but it is not very clear to me now.

A..Old Abe was Wisconsin's famous Civil War eagle, which was originally captured by an Indian on the upper Flambeau.

This bird's feats of heroism makes colorful bedtime stories for children that they enjoy and ask to have repeated.

After capture this eagle was sold at Jim Falls to an Eau Claire soldier, who was then helping organize the 5th Wisconsin Infantry, later known as the Eagle regiment.
"Old Abe" was carried by our Wisconsin soldiers through 17 southern battles. Screaming, he would fly over the Confederate lines giving heart and courage to our tired troops. After the Civil War, "Old Abe" was exhibited at all reunions.

The sale of pictures of Old Abe brought in $16,000. P.T. Barnum offered $25,000 for the regimental mascot to be exhibited with Jumbo.

In later years "Old Abe" lived at the state capitol building and was a colorful attraction to all visitors. It was there he died in 1881.

"Old Abe's" name made a lasting imprint on history not only of Wisconsin but also on World History, becoming the world's most famous bird.

Q...Even the Indians before us had a love for the eagle didn't they?

A...You are right. The Indians revered the eagle and its feathers were highly prized. There was a certain Indian heraldry designated by feathers. Some Indians even worshiped the eagle.

Q... How did the Indians get their eagle feathers?

A... When a young brave had earned the right to be recognized for his honors particularly in battle, and was eligible to wear eagle feathers, he would set out to collect his eagle feathers.

Leaving the camp the young brave would set out and go to the bluffs where eagles might be found. Here, he would make camp and conduct ceremonies to appease the spirits of the birds he was about to kill.

On top of a hill he would then dig a pit deep enough to stand up in. In doing this, he was careful to carry away and scatter the earth as it was removed. The pit was then carefully covered over with sticks, brush, earth and grass so that when it was finished no trace of the excavation could be seen from above.

After sitting up all night and singing eagle songs and purifying himself in the smoke of the sweet grass, the brave would leave his lodge early in the morning and go to the pit on the hill.

Before leaving, he would warn his wife not to use a sewing awl or any other pointed object while he was gone. He believed that if she did he would be scratched by the birds he captured.

Sometimes he would take a human skull with him because he believed it would make him as invisible to the eagles as was the spirit of the skull's owner.

On top of the pit he would place a piece of buffalo meat or liver. Near the bait he would set up a stuffed skin of a coyote so it would appear to be eating.

Then, he would climb into the pit carefully covering the entrance. Small openings were left in the pit cover so he could see the sky above. Waiting, he watched for the eagles to come. If other birds or coyotes came near he would drive them away by poking a stick through the cover.

When at last the eagle darted down it would alight at one side of the trap and then walk over to the bait. Quickly, the brave would push his hands through the branches and seize the bird first by one leg and then by other.

Pulling the bird down in the hole the brave would break birds back with his foot. By killing the bird in this way the wings would fall to either side and the feathers were uninjured.
When the bird was dead the brave would place a bit pemmican in its mouth. Pemmican was powdered buffalo meat that had been dried. This action he thought would so please the spirit of the dead bird that it would hasten to tell other eagles how well it had been treated and so induce them to come and be caught.

Eagle hunting could be dangerous in more than one way. When grizzly bears were about eagle hunting was extremely dangerous. Once an Indian was in his eagle trap and when a big grizzly started to drag the bait away the brave had a thong attached to the meat and withdrew it into the pit. The bear would turn back to investigate. With a sweep of his heavy paw the bear would tear off the brush covering and upon finding the Indian would drag him out and kill him.

Q...I can see that eagle hunting was quite a feat.

A...The eagle is a wily bird and very hard to capture or kill.

Q...I can understand that.

A...When the brave had his feathers there was a feast at village and work began on his headdress. The feathers and how they were worn, all had a particular significance especially to the Dakota tribe of the Sioux Indians.

Those who knew the significance could tell what the wearer was honored for. The Indians's wearing of eagle feathers can be compared to campaign ribbons medals awarded to our modern soldiers.

Because, the Golden Eagle and the Bald Eagle are facing extinction the Audubon Society, with the help of naturalists encouraged Congress to enact laws protecting these birds. It is now against the law to trap or shoot eagles or to have in one's possession or unprocessed eagle feathers.

Q...Marty, I never realized there were so many interesting phases of history associated with the eagle. Thank you sharing your knowledge with us.



Bald Eagle



Golden Eagle

Frontier Prairie du Chien as Pictured by Early Artists

Q...Once again WPRE is Pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society for another of his interesting chats on local history.

Marty, you have certainly given us a fine picture of the parts the Beaumonts and Ringlings played in early Prairie du Chien. Just what do you have for us today?

A...Glad to be back Walt. I enjoy doing these programs but I find that it takes considerable time to dig out enough good material to make a program.

While I could tell you much more about the Ringling family after they left Prairie du Chien, I have decided it would be better to develop another phase of local story.

I have often wondered just what Prairie du Chien looked like in the frontier days. What did our forts look like? Did the Indians look like the ones we see today? This longing for a picture of Frontier Prairie du Chien has led me a on quest of pictures of early Prairie du Chien.

Q...Are photographs available of the early days in Prairie du Chien?

A...Photographs became popular during the Civil War. Even so, there are few photographs from that time and therefore it is hard to piece together a comprehensive picture.

Before this time no pictures are available.

Q...Well then, how do you get back to the frontier days?

A...Early artists made sketches and paintings which reveal considerable history. The old Chinese saying "A picture is worth a thousand words" seems to be very true as we study early history.

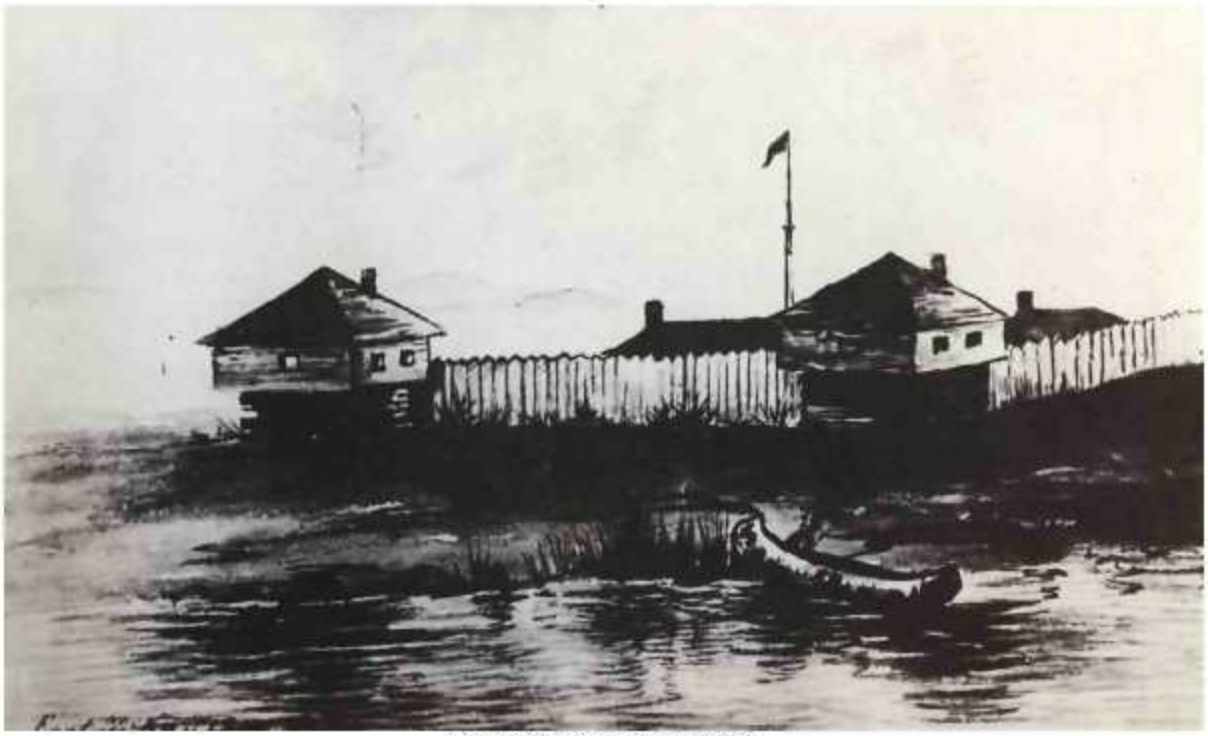
I suppose my search could be called "Frontier Prairie du Chien as Pictured by Early Artists."

Q...Were there artists here in those early days?

A...There were no professional artists living in Prairie du Chien that I know of. However, some of the early American artists visited the American frontier and Prairie du Chien, wishing to paint the frontier scenes and preserve the fast vanishing frontier.

Q...What is the earliest picture you have found of Prairie Chien?

The earliest drawing, I have been able to find is a sketch of Fort McKay made by Captain Bulger in Prairie Chien in 1814. This sketch is with his papers in public archives in Ottawa Canada, I have a photo print of this early sketch which I value.



Fort McKay circa 1814

Captain Bulger was not a skilled artist but he made a crude sketch and it is still very picturesque and revealing. We can get an excellent picture of the British fort in those early days. Bulgers' view of the fort is from the river showing the crude fort in the bank with an Indian and canoe at the rivers edge.

The sketch accompanying the picture reads as follows: In the War of 1812, Captain Andrew Bulger, of the Royal Newfoundland Fensibles, British Officer in Command on the Upper Mississippi was stationed at Fort McKay. "The principal trading post on the Mississippi: The principle trading depot of the fur traders: the ancient meeting place of the Indian tribes." It was captured by the Americans in 1814." On finding the old trading post to be in almost ruined condition, the Americans on taking possession of Prairie du Chien, erected a new fort on a mound in the rear of the village, which they called Ft. Shelby after the celebrated American General of that day. Shelby, besides being a general was a well known as the first Governor of Kentucky in the early days.



Isaac Shelby
Dec. 11, 1750 – July 18, 1826

The Prairie du Chien area prior to the establishment of a fort here was claimed by the British. Zachary Taylor sent a party of American soldiers up the Mississippi to occupy the old trading post here and secure their position. Finding the old fur trading post on the mound where the Villa Louis now stands, to be in poor condition the American soldiers tore it down and erected a wooden fort. Log palisades served as sides and block houses were at two of the corners. The fort was named Ft. Shelby. Not long after it was built, the British and Indians under the command of Colonel McKay attacked the fort. This siege forced surrender of the Americans to the British. We can thank the British for holding back the Indians who wished to take the scalps of the American soldiers that were captured.

Cal Peters has a remarkable diorama in the Villa Louis museum depicting the surrender. In front of the battered fort you see Colonel McKay accepting the tendered sword, signifying the surrender of the Americans. The miniature figures are in authentic military dress with the Indians being held back. You can see their menacing look.

If you have not seen this diorama, please do so by all means. Cal Peters who most of us remember, is respected as the finest diorama maker in America. Think of this, right here in Prairie du Chien, we have a group of dioramas which are world renown and considered the finest in America.

After the surrender of Ft. Shelby, it was renamed Fort McKay. It was soon after that Captain Bulger made his historic sketch. The War of 1812 was brought to a close with the treaty of Ghent. The Americans were ceded Prairie du Chien. The British burned Ft. McKay and returned to Canada.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14⅛ x 23⅞ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

Q...Have you been able to locate any paintings of the French period in Prairie du Chien?

A...No I haven't. The Jesuit missionaries left a most complete and convenes written record but as far as I know no paintings.
The French fur traders were too busy and probably not skilled at painting so we have no portrait record from them.

Q...So Fort McKay appears to be the earliest.

A... Yes, as far as I can find.

Q...What do you find following the Fort McKay drawing?

A...I have located "a few paintings by Seymour. It seems that in 1823, Major S. M. Long was commissioned by the American Republic to make a reconnaissance of the head waters of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers.

Our government sent artist Seymour with Major Long. As a result we have some early landscapes of this area.

This expedition set out from Chicago and traveled overland on foot to Prairie du Chien they then embarked in canoes and traveled north on the Mississippi.

Seymour made several paintings of the river and bluffs between here and La Crosse.

Porter Butts, an authority on Early Art in Wisconsin claims " Seymour was the first painter at least the first, whose name and work we know to make a record of the natives and places in Wisconsin. Seymour's original

paintings do not exist, but lithograph copies published as plates in Keating's Narratives at Philadelphia in 1824 tell a measure of his story."

I don't find too much of interest in Seymour's paintings.

There is little that he adds as a frontier reporter in oils to our knowledge of history. Apparently Porter Butts did not know of Bulger's sketch of Fort McKay.

Q...Well, do you have some artist who has really added a lot to our early history?

A...You bet, the painter whose work fascinates me most is J. 0. Lewis, who comes on the scene next. When the government was planning for their treaty with the Indians here in 1825, they arranged for J. 0. Lewis a capable artist to accompany our representatives and make paintings.

He painted 20 portraits and one general view of the fort, Indian tribes, and soldiers, prominently labeled "Painted on the Spot by J. 0. Lewis."

Colored lithographs of these paintings are all that survive today and I am proud to have collected most of these.

Q...You mean you have this collection?

A...Yes. I have most of the paintings or rather the lithographs of Lewis's paintings he made in Prairie du Chien. I have been collecting them for years. They are colored and most picturesque. The original paintings were lost in a fire at the Smithsonian Institute.

Q...What was the purpose of this treaty in Prairie du Chien?

A...In 1825, the government held a treaty with nine tribes of Indians in Prairie du Chien at Fort Crawford. Governor Lewis Cass of Michigan territory and William Clark of Missouri were the government commissioners at this treaty which opened Wisconsin for safe settlement of the whites.

J.O. Lewis' painting of the Treaty of Prairie du Chien most interesting. The treaty was held adjacent to the fort. As there were no trees on the prairie, small trees were dug up and transplanted giving shade for the treaty. A platform was erected for the speakers. The soldiers were drawn up at attention facing one side of the stand. The Indian chiefs sat around the platform. Indian squaws and children hung around the edge of the parley.

Q...Tell me more about Lewis.

A...James Otto Lewis was of German extraction, born in Philadelphia in 1799. As a young man he became acquainted with General Lewis Cass and followed him to Detroit where he was employed both as a copper plate engraver and as a draftsman and portrait painter. He made several trips into Indian' country with Cass and Cass probably recommended Lewis to the Indian Department. From 1823 to 1834, Lewis made Indian portraits following a general plan of Barbour then Secretary of War.

Lewis cannot be regarded as a great artist, taking full value of the artistic composition, full benefit of lights and shadows, of skilled expressions on the faces of his figures or of the many factors we are now trained to judge present day painters by.

Lewis did however record in oil pictures as he saw them and in detail. He was a typical Frontier Reporter artist. Here we have a priceless record picturing that day the events and those Priceless Indian chiefs, which would soon be lost with the advance of the settlers.

His paintings are a valuable history record, so valuable now and their value will grow as the years progress.

You will find that there is a sameness in the frontal portrait poses. This may be explained partly by practical considerations. When the Indian sitter of the portrait observed he was being drawn in profile, he drew his knife, shouting "You have left out half of my face. Put it in or I'll scalp you on the spot." Guess we had art critics in those days too.

Similarly an excuse is offered for the uniform mournful upraising of the eyes and dour mouth. A dozen kegs of whiskey were spilled on the ground among the Indians at the Prairie du Chien Treaty as an object lesson in temperance and the expressions on the Indian faces as they witnessed this waste, seems to have been caught by Lewis.

Painting in the wilderness was certainly a trial for the artist. The treaty time was limited for the artist to catch the principals involved and record them on canvas.

Q...I can see that Lewis had no easy Job.

A...Yes, but he had a strong urge to preserve the Indians as he saw them for generation to come, so they later generations could visualize the scene.

Blanche's favorite is a Lewis painting in Prairie du Chien of the Pipe Dance and the Tomahawk Dance.

You see the Indians in their loin cloths with feather headdresses and strings of feathers on their legs, dancing with spears, guns and tomahawk. Spread on the ground is a bear skin with tail and claws attached on which the drummer pounds out his mournful Indian rhythmic beats. All in all it is fascinating and rather eerie.

Lewis's painting of the Indian chiefs attending the meeting are most interesting. You see them in color, with painted faces. Each chief seems to have and individual dress. Their faces reveal many of their characteristics. Some look cruel, some kind, some athletic some small. You see few are fat as we see Indians today except perhaps the squaws.

Q...Pictures certainly tell an interesting story.

A...Yes, I wish I had the time to build a picture history of Prairie du Chien that could fully tell our story. There is much more to tell of the picture history of Prairie du Chien, but this will have to wait for another occasion.

7/30/54 MJDyrud



THE PIPE DANCE and THE TOMAHAWK DANCE

of the Chippeway tribe.



SEPTEMBER 1825

at which upwards of 5000 Indian Warriors of the CHIPPEWAY, SIOUX, SACK & FOXES, SINNEBAGOES, POTTOWATTOMIES, MENOMONIES, IOWAYS & OTTOWAS, in their
were present ... viz: LEWIS CASS of Michigan and Wm CLARK of Missouri Commissioners on the part of the UNITED STATES.

Painted on the Spot by J. O. Lewis

2ND FRONTIER PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AS PICTURES BY EARLY ARTISTS

Q...Another week has came and gone, since our last chat on local history, glad to be with you once again. Well Marty, what history do you have on tap for us today.?

A...Last week I opened a discussion of "Frontier Prairie du Chien as revealed by early artists." I should continue this interesting story.

Q...Perhaps, first, you had better give us a "thumb nail" sketch of your talk last week and then we can carry forward.

A...I'll be glad to Walt, a great deal has been written about frontier days but we have only a meagre authentic picture history of this period. During this era there were no photographs so we have to fall back on sketches and paintings for our early views of Prairie du Chien.

Fortunately, Prairie du Chien is the locale for a good share of the early art in Wisconsin. Many early artists visited Prairie du Chien, the Gateway to the Early Northwest.

The earliest sketch I have been able to find is Captain Bulger's drawing of the British Fort McKay. This sketch was drawn in 1814 of the fort which stood on the present site of the Villa Louis.

The next paintings were made by Seymour in 1823. His panorama paintings of the Mississippi capture the beauty of the river and bluffs but add little to our picture of the town and its inhabitants.

The earliest artist, who gave us any wealth of paintings in Prairie du Chien is J. 0. Lewis, who painted 20 portraits of the Indians and one general view of the Treaty meeting.

While Lewis' paintings were lost in the Smithsonian institute fire of 1865, colored lithographs preserve our only remaining record. I have collected these scarce lithographs for years, and now have nearly a complete set of his paintings in the Prairie du Chien locale.

No one interested in the early history of Prairie du Chien, can get an accurate feeling of the Indians without absorbing the color of the quaint dress and customs we find in these paintings.

Q...Your are right Marty. Your pictures give a fascinating and beautiful image of Prairie du Chien in Indians days. Last week you showed us the colorful picture of the Treaty meeting of 1825 by Lewis and also his characterization of the Pipe and Tomahawk dances. Do you have any more?

A...Yes, here is a group of 18 chiefs, who were in Prairie 1825. Lewis painted them here at that time on the spot.

Here is an Ioway Chief called **Mauch-Coo -Maun**. It is a bust sized portrait of the copper skinned chief, bare to the waist. He has a good physique, high cheek bones, a very prominent nose and inquisitive eyes.

A silver crown with three protruding prongs, surrounds his head. His hair is covered with a pink feather cap. A bead necklace is worn close around the neck and hanging from a cloth band he wears a Presidential medal.Wide silver bracelets are shown high on his arms.

This is a picture of **EAGLE'S BED** a Fox Chief. You will remember that the Indians who lived on the prairie

here were of the Fox tribe.

This chief is a heavy built man, wearing a wrap around blanket. A quaint wood and metal tomahawk rests in his hand. His face is intelligent. Red paint cover his forehead, nose and one side of his face. His hair is cold black and cut close to the head, long feathers and ornaments adorn his hair.

PLAYING FOX, Prince of the Fox Tribes

Q...So these were Indian chiefs who lived in this area?

A...Yes. the chances are right in the Indian villages, here in Prairie du Chien. While the Fox Indians lived here in the early 1800, the land was originally Sioux territory.

Q... Who is this?

A...This is a famous Chippewa Chief, **THE BERRY PICKER.** In this full length portrait you see a wonderfully
developed physical specimen as he wears few clothes, you can admire his fine proportions. Around his waist is tied a small apron. How strange his legs are covered with cloth leggings. On his feet are moccasins. His hair hangs in long braids down onto his shoulders. Multi colored feathers decorate his hair. In his hand is a long spear also decorated with feathers. Here is a broad head, high forehead, a large nose, alert eyes. All in all you see an intelligent individual. kindly in appearance, an Indian you would judge that you could like.

Here are 5 other Chippewa chiefs:

BIG BUCK, (KITCH-EA-I-AA-BA) a small, but very handsome chief dressed in buckskin wearing a black snug cap with his face painted half red.

PE-A-JICK, a large Chippewa chief.

Here is **SWEET** a noted Chippewa chief with a silver ring in his nose. Certainly very strange character.

And here is old **SNAGL'D TOOTH,** a Chippewa Chief. His flat berry cap and huge nose make him a weird but a most picturesque figure.

This Indian wearing a Presidential medal over his shirt is a celebrated Chippewa chief, **PE-SCHICK-EE.** He looks like a smart person.

Q...What about these presidential medals, Marty?

A...As the government commissioners would meet with the Indians they would make gift to the chiefs. One of their favorite gifts to the chiefs would be large coin sized medals from the Great White Father in Washington. Embossed in the medal would be the head of the President. I believe the British used this gift approach of medals prior to the Americans.

Q...That's a strange chief.

A...Yes, he is **SPECKL'D LOON** a Miami chief dressed in a fancy buckskin coat. Notice the large silver ornaments on his dress but most strange is the coin ring in his nose. The feather headdress he is wearing is most elaborate.

Q...Were there Miami Indians around here?

A,..Not that I know of. To the best of my knowledge the Miami Indians came from around Indiana.
It may be that they visited Wisconsin frequently, coming by Lake Michigan to hunt and fish in this area. I don't think they lived here permanently however.

Then I have 4 Winnebago chiefs who were here at the Treaty that Lewis painted.

WADT-HE-DO-KANNA apparently there was no translation for his Indian name. Maybe it is Pig Latin, I still can't figure it out.

Here is **LITTLE ELK**

WA KAUN, THE SNAKE, this Winnebago chief looks like a woman from his picture don't you think?

Q...Sure does.
Here is my favorite Chief, **Blackhawk** a Distinguished Sac Chief.
First, I should tell you that this picture was not painted in Prairie du Chien. It was painted by J. O. Lewis in Detroit in 1833, after Blackhawk was captured. Because Prairie du Chien is so closely linked with Blackhawk,I have included it with this group. I prize this picture highly.

Oh, isn't that excellent.

A...Yes, it is very fine and certainly most colorful.
Blackhawk was a smart Indian. He was acknowledged to be the finest Indian military strategist in this country. His high forehead reveals a high intelligence. His eyes are keen, analytical and absorbing. We can catch a measure of his magnetic personality. His has a magnificent bearing, composed, confident, still not braggartly but rather a wise look.

Here is a beauty of a Sioux Chief **WAA NA TAA**, Foremost in Battle. This full length portrait show a fancy dressed Indian chief leaning on his flint lock gun with an Indian village in the background bordering on a lake. The chief is wearing a most elaborate elk skin robe decorated with hair and fur. This is the most unusual Indian dress I have ever seen. Around his neck is a large bear claw necklace. A red hair shawl draped over his head and is capped with a sunburst of feathers. On his shirt be has a bull's eye design over his heart. His face is stern, his features chiseled a strong character certainly.

Here is a **A Sioux** chief in shirt, apron and leggins. It looks like he forgot to pull on his pants.

Q....Lewis has certainly given us a fine record of the famous Indian chiefs in Prairie du Chien. I wish all of the people listening could see these colorful portraits. Were there other artists that contributed to the picture history of Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes,.Eastman and Catlin both added extraordinary pictures of the Prairie du Chien scene but I think we will have to wait until another day for these for the time is too short today.

Q...Marty, will you come back and tell us more next week?

A...I will be glad to.

Aug. 1954 MJDyrud-



Fort McKay circa 1814



MAUCK-COO-MAUN



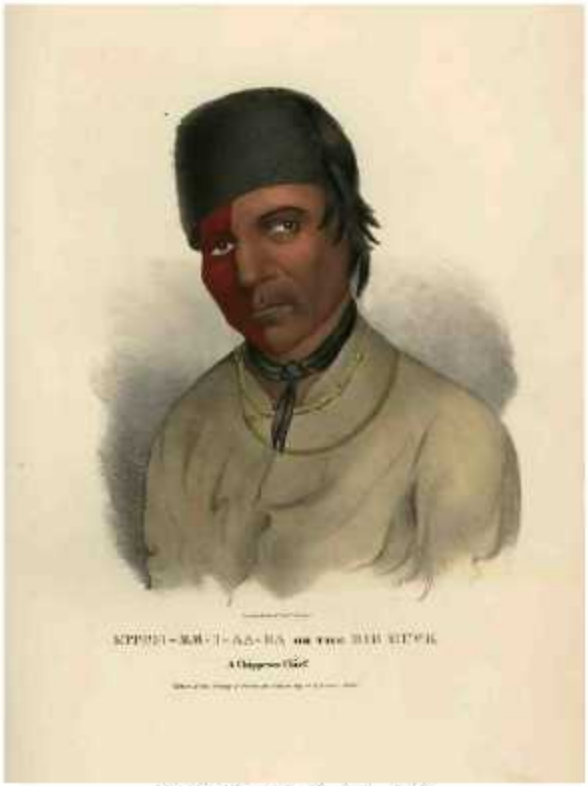
WAA-TOP-E-NOT
Eagle's Bed



WAA-PA-LAA
Playing Fox



KAA-NUN-DER-WAAGUINSE-ZOO
Berry Picker



KITCH-EA-I-AA-BA
Big Buck



PE-A-JICK



WEESH-CUB
Sweet



CAW-TAA-WAA-BE-TA
Snagle'd Tooth



CAA-TAA-KE MUNG-GA
Speckle'd Loon



WADT-HE-DOO-KAANA



O-WAN-ICH-KOH
Little Elk



WA-KAWN
The Snake



MAC-CUT-I-MISH-E-CA-CU-CAC
Blackhawk



WAA-NA-TAA
Foremost in Battle



A Sioux Chief

Artist Reporters and the Charles Russell Story

About one hundred and thirty-five years ago, talented artist-reporters came from the east to this area to record and preserve the colorful and fast fading Indian scene. Indian life was fast disappearing by the western movement of our frontier before 1850, this was in the days before photography. These artists wanted to paint the Indians in their wild and native surroundings. This subject was popularly desired by Easterners and Europeans.

Artists like J.Q. Lewis, Banvard, Catlin, and Eastman and many others made many paintings. I have been attracted to collect many of them.

Charles Russell Story: Charles Russell lived later but as a great friend of the Indians while he was ranching. He was a great artist and story teller. He told one story illustrating how strange some of the white man's customs appear to the Indians.

"An Indian Chief needed money. Friends told him to see banker. The banker was rather cool at first, for the Indian had no collateral that is security, so if the loan wasn't repaid the bank would not lose money. After some talk, the banker asked how many ponies the chief had. He relayed fifty. This satisfied the executive who told the chief he could have the money.

Only a week or two passed before the Indian chief returned with a bulging fist full of bills, paid off the loan and had a lot of money left. The bank now saw an opportunity to increase his deposits so he advised the Indian to deposit he surplus money in the bank. When the Indian wanted to know why, the banker told him it would be safer and there would be no chance of the chief losing his money or having it stolen. This prompted the perplexed an chief to ask the banker and how many ponied do have?" It seemed only fair if the banker required ponies of the chief he too should know how many ponies the banker had.

3RD FRONTIER PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AS PICTURED BY EARLY ARTISTS

Q...The time has arrived for another of our interesting chats on local history. And, we welcome back Marty. Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Now from radio station WPRE located on the ground where the famous Indian treaty of 1825 was held, we bring you Marty Dyrud.

A...A great deal has been written about the frontier days but we have very little picture history of this period. What we have been able to find is most interesting.

During this period there were no photographs so we have to fall back on drawings and paintings for early views of Prairie du Chien and the people here.

Fortunately Prairie du Chien is the locale for a good share of the early art in Wisconsin. There are more early paintings of early Prairie du Chien than of any other town in the state. Here we have another first that few people recognize.

The earliest sketch I have been able to find, is one made by Captain Bulger of the British Fort McKay in 1814. This British fort stood on the spot where the Villa Louis is now located.

Next, we find Seymour in 1823 making sketches of the river and bluffs at this spot or near here.

The earliest artist who really gave us any great wealth of paintings in Prairie du Chien, was J. 0. Lewis a government artist with the Indian department. Lewis attended the Treaty of 1825 in Prairie du Chien and painted 20 portraits of the Indian chiefs as well as a general view of the meeting.

While Lewis' paintings were burned in the Smithsonian Institute fire of 1865, fortunately we have a few colored lithographs of these paintings.

No one interested in early Prairie du Chien. can obtain an accurate image of this locale unless they absorb the color and quaint appearance of this area and the Indians here as viewed in these early paintings.

Last week we described the 20 Indian chiefs painted here at the Treaty of 1825. They were of the Fox, Chippewa, Miami, Winnebago, Sauk, Iowa, and Sioux tribes. Lewis painted them very realistically.

The land in Prairie du Chien was once Sioux territory but they yielded to the Fox Indians, as the whites pushed the aborigines westward.

Q....Marty, I can vividly see even now the beautiful headdresses of the Indian chiefs you showed us last week their painted faces and fascinating hair do's.

And, Lewis' painting of Chief Blackhawk is so life like that it almost seems he could step out of the picture and walk away.

A...Yes, I think Lewis' painting of Blackhawk is his finest work.

Here are two fascinating sketches of the First Fort Crawford made by Seth Eastman in 1829, 125 years ago. They are photographs of sketches in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

The first is a rough sketch by Seth Eastman, it is his working sketch. Then here is the finished sketch made of Fort Crawford, isn't it a gorgeous drawing?
They are labeled by the Artist:
Mississippi River, Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, 537 miles above St. Louis, October 1829.

Eastman's view of Fort Crawford is made from the river looking east. You see the wooden Fort set well back from the bank of the river. Block houses are set at diagonal corners of the fort. On the north the barracks form one side of the fort. Palisades of logs close in the fort between the block houses and the barracks.

Eight quaint houses of wood or stone are shown along the bank of the river south of the fort. Notice the Brisbois home standing out from the others and. Nearest the river bank.

North of the fort are several Sioux tepees on Eastman's rough sketch.

In the background on the mainland where our business district now stands, we see about 12 houses and one large fenced pasture. I would guess that this was a horse corral.

Notice the large sally port in the middle of the fort on the side facing the river, from this a well beaten path is leading to the river bank and pier. Next to the pier are tied several large bateaus. It was in these large boats that the traders carried furs and the army transported supplies.

In the immediate foreground on the river is a canoe with four Indians paddling down stream.

Note that there are no trees anywhere on the prairie or on the east bluffs. The Indians would burn off the prairie each year. It certainly looks much different than we see it today with the many large shade trees that now line our streets.

Q.. How did Eastman happen to make this sketch of Fort Crawford?

A...Eastman was a young 2nd Lieutenant at Fort Crawford. He came here in 1829, after having graduated from West Point. Eastman had a natural talent for drawing and painting. Apparently this sketch was not ordered by the army but Eastman did it for his own pleasure.

Two years later the army recognized his talent for drawing and made him an instructor of drawing at West Point. It is interesting to know that the famous artist's Whistler's grandfather was then also instructor of drawing at West Point.

Eastman made sketches of the fort, a river scene 17 miles north of Prairie du Chien, that you see here.

Q...It doesn't look much like La Crosse as we see it today.

A...No it doesn't. Prairie du Chien was the big town of this area in those days.

This is a most novel painting by Eastman made in Prairie du Chien. It is called **Squaws Playing Ball** on the Prairie. Eastman made this painting in 1830 of the Menominee women. The people of the east were so fascinated with this portrayal of an Indian game and the fine way that Eastman had executed it, that it quickly brought him fame as an artist of the frontier.

Later most of the frontier artists also made painting of the same scene.

It is a most interesting picture of two groups of squaws with sticks in their hands running to keep mastery of the ball.

Spread in a circle around the playing field are colorful Indians, the men enjoying the game.
Today we know this game as La Crosse. I believe that Prairie du Chien was first place where the whites found he Indians playing La Crosse.

Q...Is this game played much today?

A...No, not much but it is played some. I have seen games played at Yale University. The game is very rough.

Here I have another famous painting of the game by artist Catlin, it too was made in Prairie du Chien in 1848 portraying the Dakota Indians.

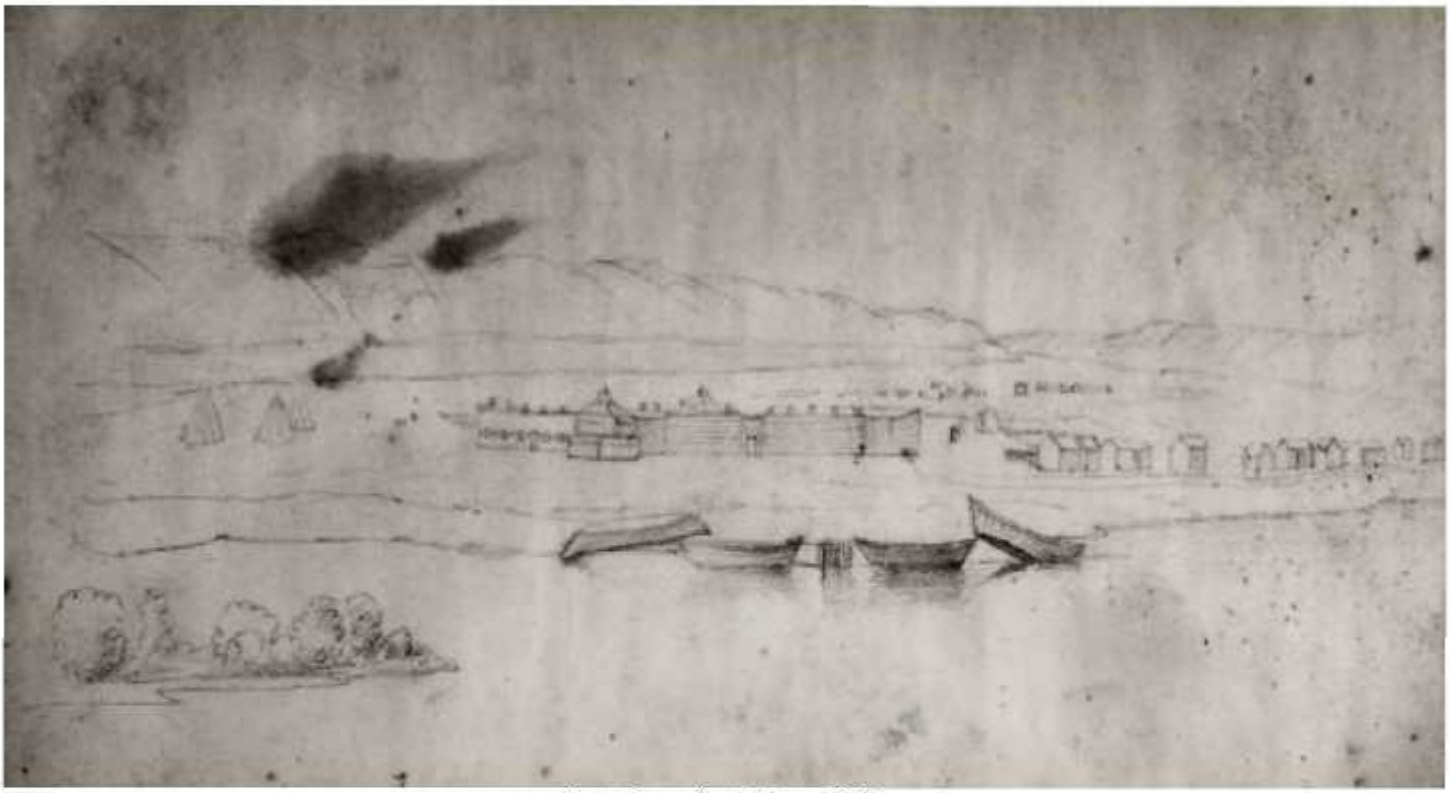
It is labeled Ball Play of the Women in Prairie du Chien, this painting no hangs in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

At one end of the field you see two poles with leather thong lines across. On the line are calicoes and other presents, placed there by the Indian men. The squaws chose sides and played for the presents to the great amusement of the men.

Q...How picturesque.

A...Here is another sketch of Eastman of the Sioux Indians playing ball. Notice this is of the men. Each man carries a racket, which is a stick with a small basket net into which the ball is scooped up and carried

MJDyrud/Aug 1954



Fort Crawford circa 1830
Seth Eastman artist



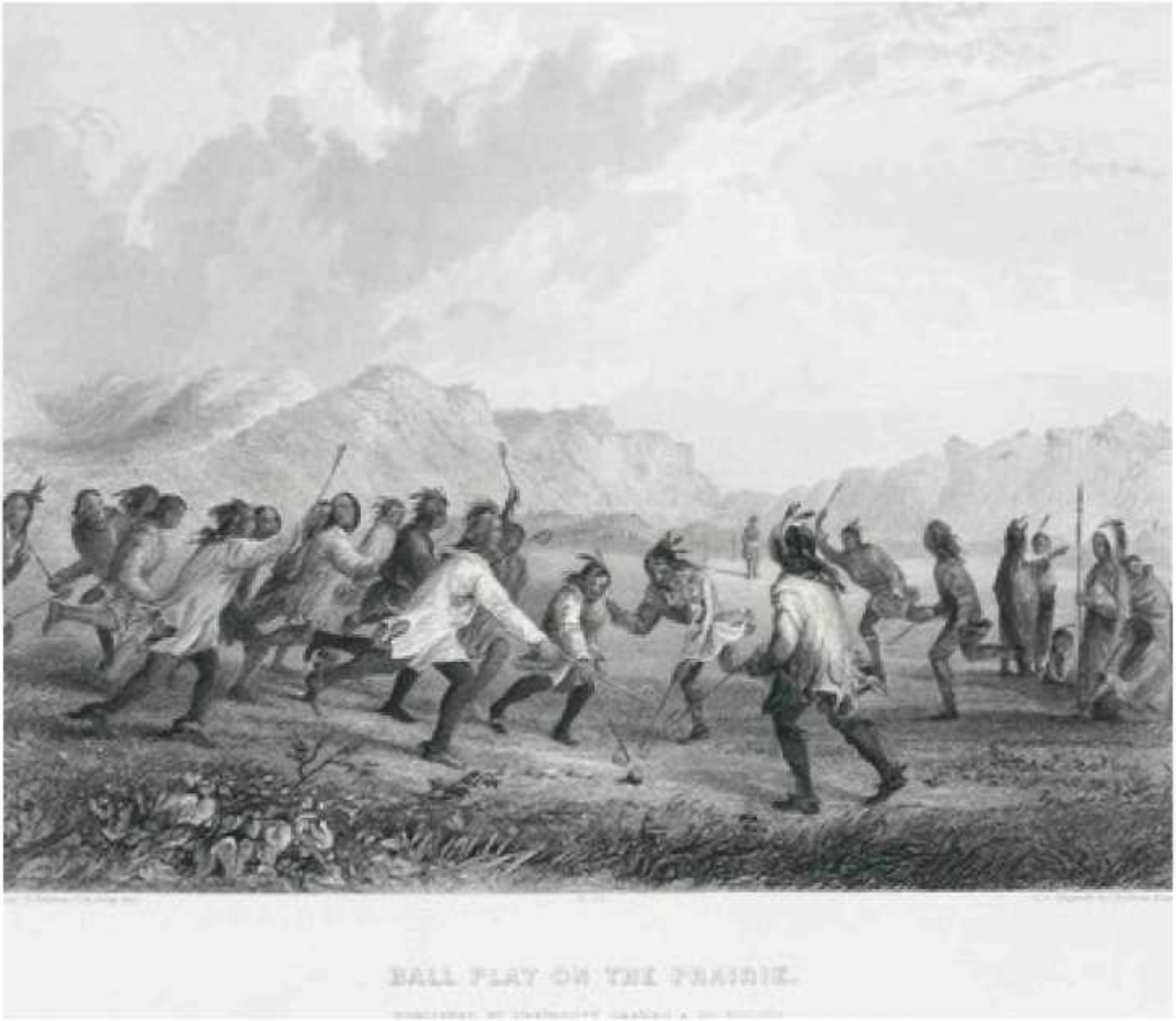
BALL PLAY OF THE WOMEN IN PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
by George Catlin 1848



BALL PLAYING AMOUNG THE SIOUX INDIANS

SETH EASTMAN, 1851

Corcoran Gallery



Ball Play on the Prairie
Seth Eastman

La Crosse

A...The time has arrived for another of our history chats with Marty Dyrud, Curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society. So now as a public service program of WPRE we are happy to present Marty Dyrud.

A...Thank You Walt, radio communication is certainly a big improvement over the Indian smoke signals thatIndians used to communicate news across the country.

Q...I wonder what the Indians would have called our radio tower in the frontier days had one existed?

A... Well, probably The Sky Tree of the Great Spirit. They revered the Great Spirit and radio would have been one of those mysteries, beyond their comprehension.

Q...Say Marty, I was fascinated with your pictures of La Crosse being played here on the prairies here in Prairie du Chien.

A...I have gotten a kick out of collecting them, I find that few residents of Prairie du Chien, realize that their are such fine paintings of Indians playing ball here.

Q...I believe you told us last week that the Indian ball play called La Crosse did not derive its name from the city north of us.

A...No, I don't think the game was named after the city north of us, but rather the name was derived from the cross of the stick used in playing the game. I notice that the early painters refer to the game as Ball Playing and not La Crosse. The name La Crosse was no doubt a later identity which became popular. It would differentiate La Crosse from base ball, foot ball, rugby and other types of ball games.

Q...Were the Indian tribes here the only ones who played La Crosse?

A...No, the game La Crosse, seems to have been played by all the Indian tribes we know of in the U. S. and Canada. This is rather strange for the various tribes seemed to have different languages but La Crosse playing was a common sport.

Q...I noticed a tail on one of the players of La Crosse.

A...The tail was a part of the costume of the Chotaw Indians of Arkansas. These Indians had a costume with a mane around the neck and a tail of horse hair protruding from the back of the player. This tail was a part of the loin cloth they wore. This costume seems to imitate a horse. In the Southwest the Indians were great horsemen, more so than in the north.

This tail affair was not used by the Indians here playing La Crosse.

I do find some later accounts of the Indians here playing La Crosse here on ponies.

Q...Was the game of La Crosse the only Indian entertainment?

A...No, the Indians had varied sports for entertainment, sometimes horse racing then there was dancing in a varied pantomime for may occasions. Also, wrestling and foot racing but La Crosse was the most picturesque and beautiful mass sport of the Indian world.

Q...How many Indians would play La Crosse?

A.... Sometimes as many as six to eight thousand. There might even be 5 to 6 times this many spectators, men, women, and children, surrounding the ground and looking on.

Q...You mean that 6 to 8,000 players would join in a game of La Crosse?

A.. Yes, at the large gatherings of the Indians.

Q...How many players are there in a modern day game of La Crosse?

A...Perhaps 14 to 20 at the game I saw. I am not sure of exact number.

Q... An Indian game of La Crosse must be a very colorful affair.

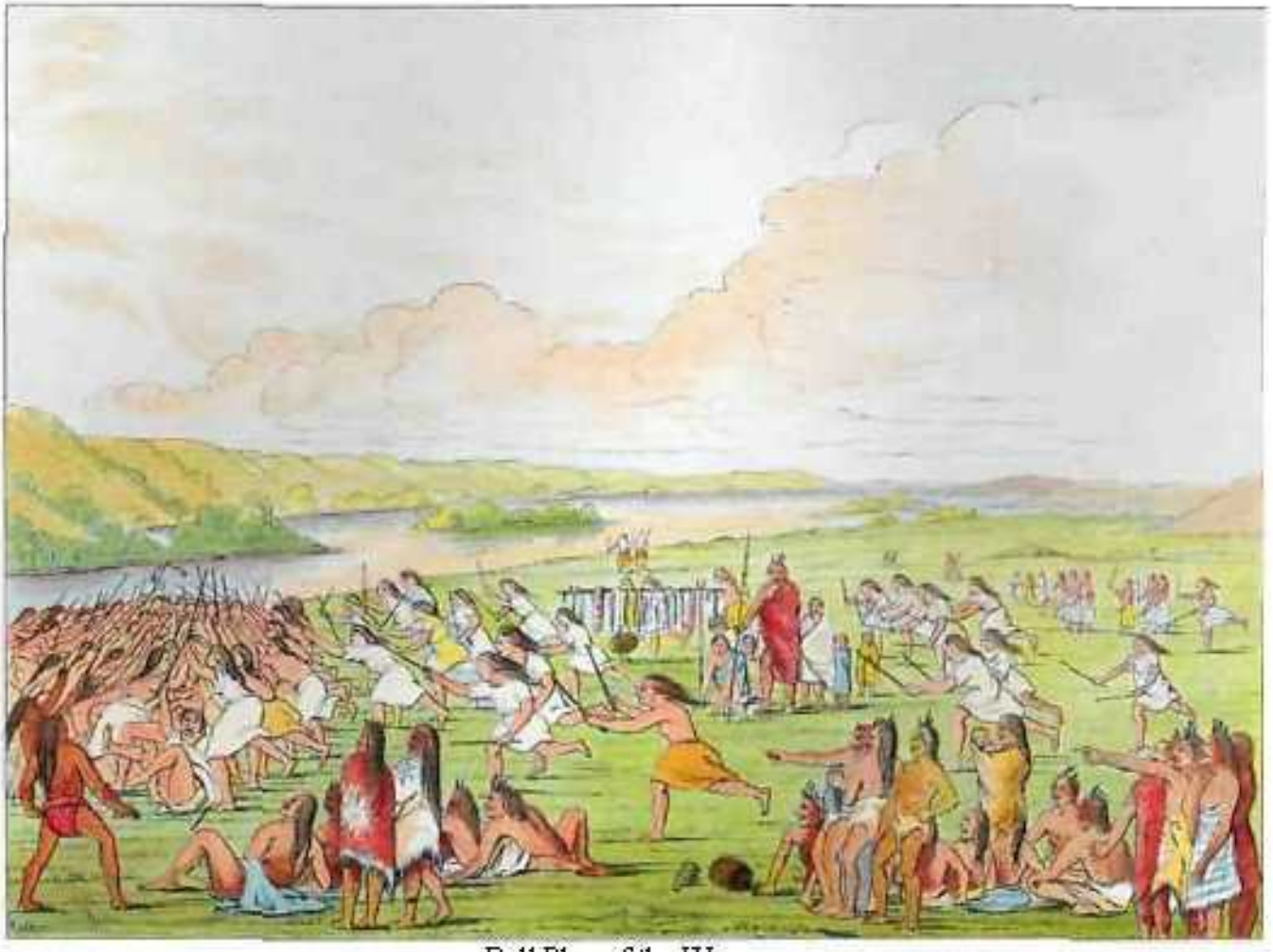
A...It certainly must be, just picture hundreds of Nature's beautiful models, nearly nude, painted in various colors, running and leaping in the air. Think of a sea of human forms in a desperate struggle for control of the ball.

Q...The early artists must have been amazed at these games. No wonder the game was painted by so many artists.

A...Yes, Catlin tells us in his 1841 account:
"I have made it a uniform rule whilst in the Indian country, to attend every ball-play I could hear of, if I could do it by riding twenty or thirty miles: and my usual custom has been on such occasions, to straddle the back of my horse, and look on to the best advantage. In this way I have sat, and often times reclined, and almost dropped from my horse's back with irresistible laughter at the succession of droll tricks and kicks and scuffles which ensued in the almost superhuman struggle for the ball. The plays generally commence at nine o'clock, or near it, in the morning; and I have more than once balanced myself on my pony from that time till near sundown, without more than one minute intermission time, before the game have been decided."



Ball Play Dance



Ball Play of the Women
George Catlin



Ball Play
George Catlin



BALL PLAYERS.

2nd La Crosse

La Crosse, is the name given by the French settlers of Canada to Indian game of "Baggataway" because the implement used, the curved netted stick, resembled a bishop's crozier. La Crosse is the oldest organized sport in America. It was played by the Six Nations tribes of the Iriquois, throughout the territory now known as New York State and lower Ontario, before Columbus landed on San Salvador in 1492.

The Iriquois Confederation adopted the sport as training measure for war, the extremely brutal pastime underwent some changes as the game was taken up by the French in 1740 and the English in 1847. La Crosse is the national summer sport of Canada and played by many schools and clubs.

There are twelve men on each side in the. present game, making 24 in all. The Indians played the game with hundreds and even thousands of players when they had large gatherings..

Early explorers have reported 6-8,000 braves playing the game ay one time, and as many as 40,000 Indian spectators.

Q...Thats fine Marty. I am anxious to hear more of the game description on you started last week..

A...Fortunately, we have an excellent description of the game by the artist Catlin recorded in his notebook in 1841. His description is so colorful, I will give most of his words:

"The two competing Indian tribes would arrive at the scene of the game and make camp on opposite sides of the field. Each side erected their own goal with upright sticks, about 25 feet high and 6 feet apart. These posts were set firmly into the ground, and a pole across at the top. These goals were about 40-60 rods apart."

Gambling was an active part of the game. The squaws could gather and bet all their possessions on the game knives, dresses, blankets, pots-and kettles, dogs and horses and guns. Bets were given to stake holders, who would guard the holdings until the game was finished. The game was played barefooted by the braves.

The Passenger Pigeon

Q...Marty, I am quite anxious to know what you have for us today.

A...Well, Walt the other day I was reflecting on a comment that an ornithologist made to me several years ago when he said that the Prairie du Chien area has a greater variety of bird life than any other spot in America, perhaps in the world.

Q... Is that right?

A...That is what I was told, but I have no way of telling how correct the statement is. Nevertheless, it was such a striking statement from a man who should know that I was intrigued. Soon the duck season will open and our hunters will be nestled away in their blinds waiting for the sun to creep over the horizon.

Q...Now you are talking about my favorite sport. I imagine we have the same variety of bird life now, that the early settlers had, except for fewer birds.

A...Yes, there are fewer birds and I think the variety is the same with one notable exception.

Q...What exception do you have in mind?

A...I am thinking about the Passenger Pigeon.

Q...Were Passenger Pigeons native to this area in the early days?

A...Yes, Passenger Pigeons were once a very common bird here, and found in large flocks. There is a monument to the Passenger Pigeon in Wyalusing State Park in memory of this most interesting bird.

Q...I guess that is right. By the way Marty, can you tell me how the bird got its name, Passenger Pigeon?

A...The American wild pigeon, which was sometimes referred to as a Wood Pigeon, attracted the early attention of explorers for its conspicuous habit of flying from one part of the country to another in immense flocks. The flight of these birds was remarkably swift, for they had powerful wings. Because of these characteristics they were called Passenger Pigeons.

Q...When you say these birds fly swift, what do you mean? For instance, how many miles per hour would you say they fly.

A...The passenger pigeon could fly 60 miles per hour. On long flights of 200 to 300 miles they are know to have averaged 40 miles per hour or better.

Q...That sounds remarkable. Well, did these birds migrate far?

A...The movements of the passenger pigeons were not migratory in the strict sense of the term, except when they ranged into Canada. Their flights were made "en masse" in huge flocks in search of food.

Q...How far north would they go?

A...Usually southern Canada. Here in the central states, the passenger pigeons would stay all year. When heavy snow would cover the ground and cut off their feed, they would move a little south until they could find feed. These birds were not often found much west of the Mississippi, but ranged east to the Atlantic.

Q...When you say they would travel in flocks, do you mean in groups like blackbirds in the fall?

A...Early travelers and explorers in this area astonish us with their accounts of the immense flock of passenger pigeons flying at one time.

For instance, Audubon the famous bird painter reported in 1813 seeing a flock of passenger pigeons that seemed to fill the air. Viewing this flight about noon, Audubon reported that the number of birds was so great that they shut out the light of the sun, as in an eclipse. Just imagine so many birds that it became dark on the ground. Audubon estimated in this one flock alone there were one billion, one hundred million birds. He said they flew in a continuous stream. He calculated these birds would consume 8,500,000 bushels of grain a day.

Q...I can't believe it? Was Audubon given to exaggeration?

A...No, I am sure Audubon's account is correct. The birds flew in such large numbers that the sound of their flight was like rolling thunder. The sound could be heard three miles away..

About five year before Audubon, a famous ornithologist named Wilson, reported a flock he saw, which he estimated to number 2 billion, 230 million passenger pigeons. This flock was 240 miles long. Just think of .a flock of birds extending from Waukon to Chicago, filling the sky and obliterating the sun.

Q...Its fantastic... Just what did these birds live on?

A...Their food consisted mainly of small acorns and thin shelled nuts, especially beech nuts and a variety of seed and small fruit.

Where they found food plentiful, the passenger pigeons would gather in vast numbers. They like wooded areas. They would frequently settle so thickly on trees that they would break the branches

It is reliably reported that these birds would sometimes cover the ground so thickly, turning over leaves in search something to eat, that the moment one bird rose upon the wing, another was ready to take its place.

These pigeons would remain at such "Roosts" as long as the food supply held out. In early May and June, they would make their nests in such large company. sometimes loading the tree so that it would break down. The nest were rude platforms of twigs, holding usually two eggs. Sometimes as many as 100 nests would be found in one tree. That would mean that 200 birds made their home there.

It is said that the male and female passenger Pigeon mated for life.

Q...How interesting, such large flocks must have caused considerable damage?

A...Yes, the flocks did damage areas. Strangely, the birds did not bother growing crops, but the birds did wreck some forested areas.

One flock is reported to have covered 150,000 acres of woodland. It is said they gathered all the living berries and nuts in this area.

The worst damage, which was great, came from bird excretion, the droppings, which covered the ground two inches thick and destroyed all living vegetation and most of the trees.

Q...I thought the hunters killed many of the wild pigeons.
A...Yes, hunters from 1800 to 1860 hunted these birds so strenuously that they finally destroyed the species.

The passenger pigeon was a very tempting meat, a delicacy. At first the killing was done, only for home needs. Each family perhaps salting down a few barrels of bodies. However, late, when transportation facilities improved, large numbers of birds were taken and packed for sale elsewhere.

When a large flock would make a roosting, the white men were little better than the wild animals, for both would gather for the feast.

Many hunters made a business of commercially hunting passenger pigeons. They would travel wherever the pigeons were plentiful. They would kill immense numbers with guns, poles and clubs. Sometimes they used sulfur pots. Many were caught alive and fattened in pens, other sold live to gun clubs.

Audubon records that in 1805 he saw schooners at the wharves in New York City loaded in bulk with wild pigeons, caught up the Hudson River, and sold for one cent each.

Q...Didn't the early sportsmen protect these birds?

A...No, it was too early to think seriously of conservation. The conservation movement was to come later and the passenger pigeon was to be a tragic example of annihilation.

The so called sportsmen of that day, created a large demand for live pigeons to be shot at, when released from spring traps, merely as amusement and for tests of marksmanship. As many as 20,000 wild pigeons were used on a single occasion in some tournaments.

This incessant slaughter and persecution, together with the clearing away of large tracts of forest, rapidly destroyed the wild pigeons. Their disappearance was greatly hastened by a series of very cold winters between 1860 and 1870.

Q...Does anyone know just when the last passenger pigeon died?

A... Yes, there is a good record. The only known bird of this species in captivity died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden on August 24, 1914 at the the age of 29 years. The opinion prevails among competent ornithologists is the time the passenger pigeon became extinct was the death of this bird.

Q...What a tragic ending to such a fascinating story.

A...Yes, it is. I wish we could find a stuffed passenger pigeon that we could have in our museum here, as a reminder of this picturesque bird with its colorful place in our pioneer history.

A...Seems to me I remember when some of the older people made collection of stuffed animals and birds.

A...I am sure there must be some people in our audience here who could aid us in getting a stuffed passenger pigeon.

Q...I bet there are too, if they would be good enough to let us know.

A...Help us if you can. Just write a letter or card to this station or me, Marty Dyrud, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

0...Just what did a passenger pigeon look like? I guess I forgot to ask you that?'
A...The passenger pigeon is about the size of a turtle dove. The male was about 17 inches long. About half of this length was the tail. The passenger pigeon had a narrow, graceful and pointed tail. The middle feather in the tail was brown, the others pale blue.

The female was smaller than the male and less colorful. The upper feathers of the bird were purplish or brownish red, fading into a violet pink.

Q... Thanks a lot Marty for your fascinating story and, I hope that somebody will aid you in getting a stuffed passenger pigeon for historical display.

A...I sure wish so too.

Q...Will we see you next week?

A... I'll sure try to be here.

Broadcast 9/26/54



Passenger Pigeon

After John James Audubon. Plate 62 Passenger Pigeon from *The Birds of America*. Hand-colored etching with engraving and aquatint by Robert Havell. First state.



In the autumn of 1813,1 left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before. The air was literally filled with Pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse. Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The Pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers and continued to do so for three days in succession. The killing of these birds reached legendary proportions. The last specimen died at the Cincinnati Zoo, September 1, 1914.



1896

Indian Canoes

Q/..The time has arrived, once again, for another of our interesting chats on History. We are pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society to the WPRE microphone.

A...Thank you Walt. This area has a rich heritage of history and I enjoy digging out the interesting phases of our frontier days.

Q...I had almost forgotten the Passenger Pigeon, until you opened up last week and told us about the tremendous number of these birds in this area in the early days. I believe you mentioned flocks of as many as 2 billion birds. It almost seems beyond comprehension.

A...Yes, it does seem fantastic. If the white men in those days had practiced some restraint and conservation, we might still have these wonderful birds with us today. Unfortunately, the ruthless killing of the passenger pigeon was big factor in the annihilation of the species. The last bird in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden died in 1914.

Q...By the way Marty, did you get any leads on a stuffed passenger pigeon for the museum here.

A...No...no yet.

Q...Well, you may find some help, one of these days in locating a stuffed bird. Personally, just now I would rather be out hunting some ducks.

A...I suppose with the opening of the duck season, you would like to pick up pointers from a good Indian hunter.

Q...I wouldn't mind learning more.

A...Well, Walt, the Indians hunted all their life for food. A good portion of their diet was meat. As a result they roamed over large tracts of land hunting animals, game birds, fishing and gathering grains and berries.

Unfortunately, the Indians did not store food in times of plenty, for times of want, so they frequently were hungry.

On the contrary, the white man stored food when he found plenty, which carried him over the periods of scarcity. He therefore could exist on a much smaller land area.

Q...I guess that's right.

A...This time of the year the Indians would hunt ducks and gather Wild Rice in their canoes.

Q...Are the duck boats a modified canoe?

A...In many ways they are similar, but generally they are very different in that the duck boats have a covered top deck, with, only a hole for the paddler. To me, they resemble the Eskimo "kayak" more closely.

Q...Are the canoes today like those the Indians used?

A...The finest Indian canoes in all North America were developed a little north of us. The Chippewa Indians designed a birch-bark canoe, which was, and still may be the lightest and most graceful craft on the water.

Our canoes of today stem from these famous Chippewa birch-bark canoes.

Q...Tell me more about the birch-bark canoes.

A...Well, the birch-bark canoes of the Chippewa Indians, are perhaps the most beautiful and the lightest model of all water crafts, that was ever invented.

They are generally are made completely from the rind of one birch tree. Ingeniously, they are shaped and sewed together with the roots of the tamarack (Which the Indians called "wat -tap". The finished canoe is waterproof. These canoes ride high on the water and are light as a cork.

The Indians developed a great skill in handling their canoes. They would gracefully lean and dodge about in the water. Even the ugliest squaw could handle a canoe with consummate skill.

It looked so easy to the white man, that he thought could duplicate their skill. However the white man found was certainly not easy, but with patience and practice the early traders became expert in the canoe.

Q...Did all the Indians use birch-bark canoes?

A...No. Most Indians and primitive tribes, on or near water developed some means of water transportation.

First the primitives used rafts, but these were awkward. Next came the Dug-Out. These were made from logs, hollowed out by fire and shaped with crude tools into boats. The dug-outs were faster than rafts. The Indians through America used dug-outs for water travel.

Canoes were a higher development of the early boat builders. Primitive canoes were usually light frameworks of wood over which were stretched skins like the Eskimo "Kayak".

When Columbus visited the West Indies he found a word "Cana'oa" in use. It generally refers to a small boat with both ends sharp, open from end to end and propelled by a paddle. Usually the paddles were single bladed. I think the double bladed paddle is rather peculiar and characteristic of the Eskimo and his "kayak".

Our Chippewa Indians distinguished themselves by making a fine canoe that was light, graceful, beautiful and very serviceable, using a birch-bark covering. The Chippewa Indians used birch-bark, sewen together as a covering for their huts, which they carried along with them. It was light and served better than skins.

Q...That's interesting.

A...The Mandan Indians of the Upper Missouri River, that would be in the Dakotas, had a form of boat which was sometimes incorrectly referred to as canoes, which were made round like a tub. Buffalo skins were stretched over a willow framework in these boats.

The Mandan Indians paddled these by standing in the bow by reaching out and pulling the paddle towards the boat.

Q...Present day canoes are then a descendent of the Chippewa canoe, made of birch-bark?

A...Yes, that's right.

Q...The white men must have recognized the advantages of the Chippewa birch-bark canoe and copied it for that reason?

A...Yes, the early traders and explorers found the Chippewa canoe light and best in the water. It did require considerable skill to handle it.

Most people picture explorers and Indians in canoes. That glamour is with us today and I think will remain. Of course you have to be a good swimmer to operate a canoe but today most people swim, so there is not much danger if you turn over and get a dunking.

Q...How long are canoes?

A...In the early days when portages were common, the canoes were smaller than today. The early explorers and traders used canoes from 10 to 16 feet long, that is when they traveled alone. When they traveled together their canoes would range from 16 to 20 feet.

The Indians had war canoes up to 30 feet long that would carry 9 men easily. The early traders used this type of canoe for freight carriers.

The voyageurs, mainly French Canadians, became very skilled with canoes. Very strangely they would measure distances in "pipes". After paddling so long they would stop for a pipe smoke, which came to be used as a measure of distance in the early days on the waterways. The voyageurs had many songs that have come down through the years.

Getting back to canoes, now with few portages, our sportsmen like the 17 foot canoe, which has a 34 inch width. The usual depth is 12 to 14 inches. The bow and stern are about 4 to 6 inches higher. One man can handle this sized canoe.

Q...Do the Canadians use the same kind on the Lake of the Woods?

A...No, their canoe is smaller, about 1 foot shorter and only 30 inches wide. In Canada, portaging is frequent so the smaller size is better. All wood canoes are the favorite in Canada, while the canvas canoe is the favorite in the United States

The wood canoe is faster. The canvas canoe is the more buoyant. The birch-bark canoe, the original, while almost impossible to obtain now, is slower than the other two, but the birch-bark canoe will keep going under stress of wind and water, that would drown any other type.

Q...Sails?

A... Yes, not rigged, but propelled by blankets. They served the birch-bark canoe.

Q...Did the Indians ornament their canoes?

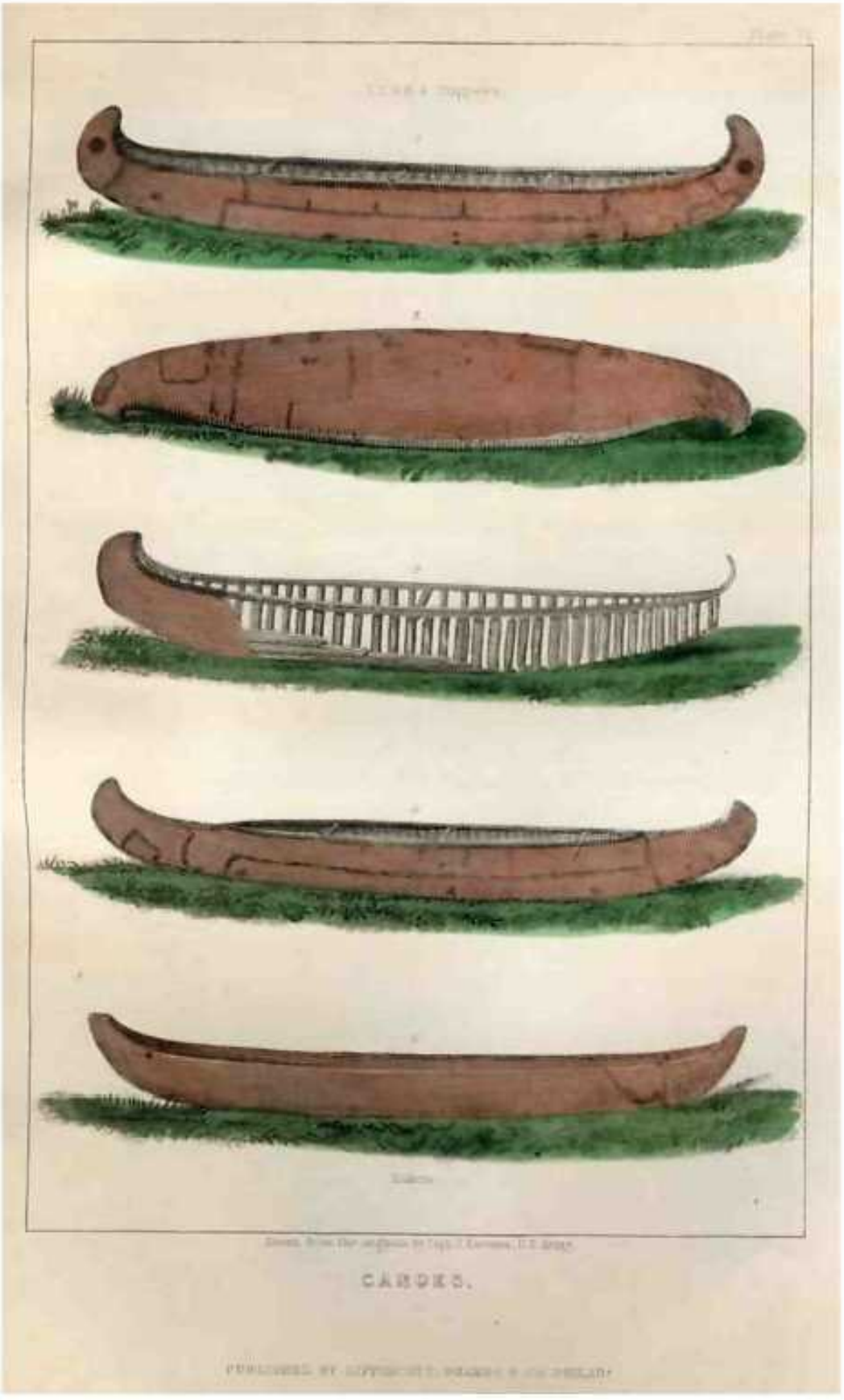
A...Yes, the Indians would paint designs on their canoes, which made them all the more attractive. Frequently there would be a star or a flower emblem on the curved prow or stern of the canoe. Some running design or a series of colored bands would go along the side.

Q....The boats came later?

A...Yes, later the traders used bateaus, large boats to transport furs. These boats had oars and fixed positions for them. They were of course much heavier and more stable and they would stand more abuse.
Q...Then I suppose large steam boats.

A...Yes. the steam boats came as the territory opened. The famous stern wheelers and side wheelers for the shallow water.

MJDyrud Aug 1954



CANOES.



Canoes of the Sacs and Foxes
George Catlin



Two of the Companies Officers Traveling in a Canoe Made of Birchbark Manned by Canadians, **c. 1823**
Rindisbacher

The Indian Peace Pipe

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our History chats on Pioneer Prairie du Chien.

A...Thank you Walt. I am glad to join you once again. I am so glad you are giving attention to our history.

Q...I didn't realize that the Chippewa Indians were so famous for their birch-bark canoes, until you gave us the story last week.

A....Yes, the Chippewa birch-bark canoe set a standard as the finest canoe in the world. Even now, more than 100 years later, our canoe designs are based on this vary famous craft.

Q...Those early days must have been very picturesque when you could see so many Indian chiefs draw their canoes up on shore near this station and visit Fort Crawford for their treaty meetings.

A...Yes, they were. It must have been a very colorful spectacle, the Indians in their colorful dress, the fancy feathered head-dresses. The treaty meetings were interesting too, for there were many orators among the Indian chiefs. Chief Blackhawk was an orator and highly respected. After discussions, and when agreements were reached, the Indians with great ceremony would smoke their "Pipe of Peace" with their great white brothers.

Q...Marty, just what is or was a "Peace Pipe"?

A,,,Well, that's quite a long, but interesting story.

Q...Would you be good enough to tell us about it today?

A...Sure, The Indian "Peace Pipe" was a highly respected Indian symbol of friendship. When the Indians smoked the "Peace Pipe" with the white men, it symbolized their agreement,with a blessing from the Great Spirit.

Q...Much like we shake hands, when we make a binding promise today.

A...Yes, that's right. I would think the "Peace Pipe" was more solemn and binding for they invoked the Great Spirit as a witness of the agreement.

You see, the Indians when they held their councils, talked and agreed verbally. They didn't sign written contracts as we know them today. When the Indian chiefs agreed, they smoked the "Peace Pipe". With considerable ceremony, the "Peace Pipe" was passed to each member of the council and party to the agreement. Each Indian took a few whiffs and passed the pipe along.

Q...What made the "Peace Pipe" such an important symbol?

A...The very earliest Indians were intrigued with the mystery of smoke. They saw the smoke rise and later believed it carried messages to The Great Spirit, their God, creator of the world, who dwelt in the heavens.Smoking the "peace pipe" had a religious significance, as the Great Spirit joined in witnessing the agreement.

Q...Did the Indians smoke for pleasure?

A...Yes, they did. The pipe they used for pleasure was however a different pipe. By the way, did you know that tobacco is a native plant of North America? The U. S. is the, place where tobacco first came from. Tobacco smoking is an Indian custom.

Q...Wasn't there smoking in other countries at that time, when Columbus and other explorers visited America?

A...In Africa and Europe, the primitives smoked hemp. Maybe that's where we got the expression of a bad smoke as "Smoking rope." In China in those days the people smoked opium.

However, tobacco chewing, pipe smoking of tobacco and the use of snuff were Indian customs that the white men discovered and later adopted.

Q...How interesting. Was tobacco then introduced into Europe?

A...Yes, Sir Walter Raleigh had more to do with the popularity of smoking in Europe than any other person. Before Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the scaffold, he had a pipe smoke of tobacco from Virginia with an Indian pipe.

Q...That's probably why we find Sir Walter Raleigh's name or tobacco products today.

A...Yes, they tell an interesting legend that Sir Walter Raleigh's servant threw a bucket of water upon him when he first saw his master smoking a pipe. His servant thought was on fire.

Q...Ha, Ha, Sir Walter really got the shock treatment that time.

A...Yes, he sure did. The pipe, as we know it today, with the pipe bowl and stem is of Indian derivation.

The early explorers, who came to Prairie du Chien were inquisitive to know the source of the famous Indian pipestone as most of the Indian tribes of North America used this red stone in their ceremonial pipes.

All Indian tribes made expeditions to a small area northwest of Prairie du Chien for their stock of the pipe stone.

Catlin, the early artist explorer, was so fascinated that he organized an expedition to locate and visit this sacred quarry of the Great Spirit.

Q...Would the Indians let him visit their sacred area?

A...The Indians tried to discourage Catlin, but finally, after several harrowing experiences he reached the spot. This is now referred to as Pipe Stone National Monument, near Pipestone in South West Minnesota.

Catlin judged from the great excavations and from the graves and ancient fortifications, that the place must have been frequented by many different tribes of Indians for many centuries.

The legends regarding this spot that the Indians tell are most fascinating.

Q...Tell me more about the Peace Pipes.

The hallowed pipe stone was used by the Indians to make their pipes. Some pipes they smoked for pleasure. The Peace Pipe, which the French called the CALUMET was a very special ceremonial pipe. Offering a Peace pipe to God the most sacred pipe performance.

The man selected to do this, held the pipe toward the North, the South, the East, and the West and finally to the sky above. Offering a few tobacco leaves or a filled pipe to a guest was a mark of respect and friendship.

Q...How did the Indians make their pipes?

A...The Indians carved out the bowl piece from the sacred stone. Usually the bowl was plain, sometimes decorated by bands and ornaments of lead which appear to have been run into depressions made to receive the metal and then smoothed down. The stems are long and curiously carved sticks of hardwood sometimes flat, frequently ornamented with gaily colored feathers of birds and horse hair dyed a scarlet hue.

Q...Today tobacco smoking is almost a universal custom, throughout the world.

A...Our soldier boys found cigarettes sought by people all over the world.

Now that women are popularizing pipe smoking. It may not be long before ladies will smoke the picturesque Indian pipes with their unusual ornaments. For if they add as much fashion to pipe styles as they do to their hats, we will have something interesting to see in the days to come.

MJDyrud Oct. 9 1954.



Pipestone Quarry on the Coteau des Prairies, 1836-1837

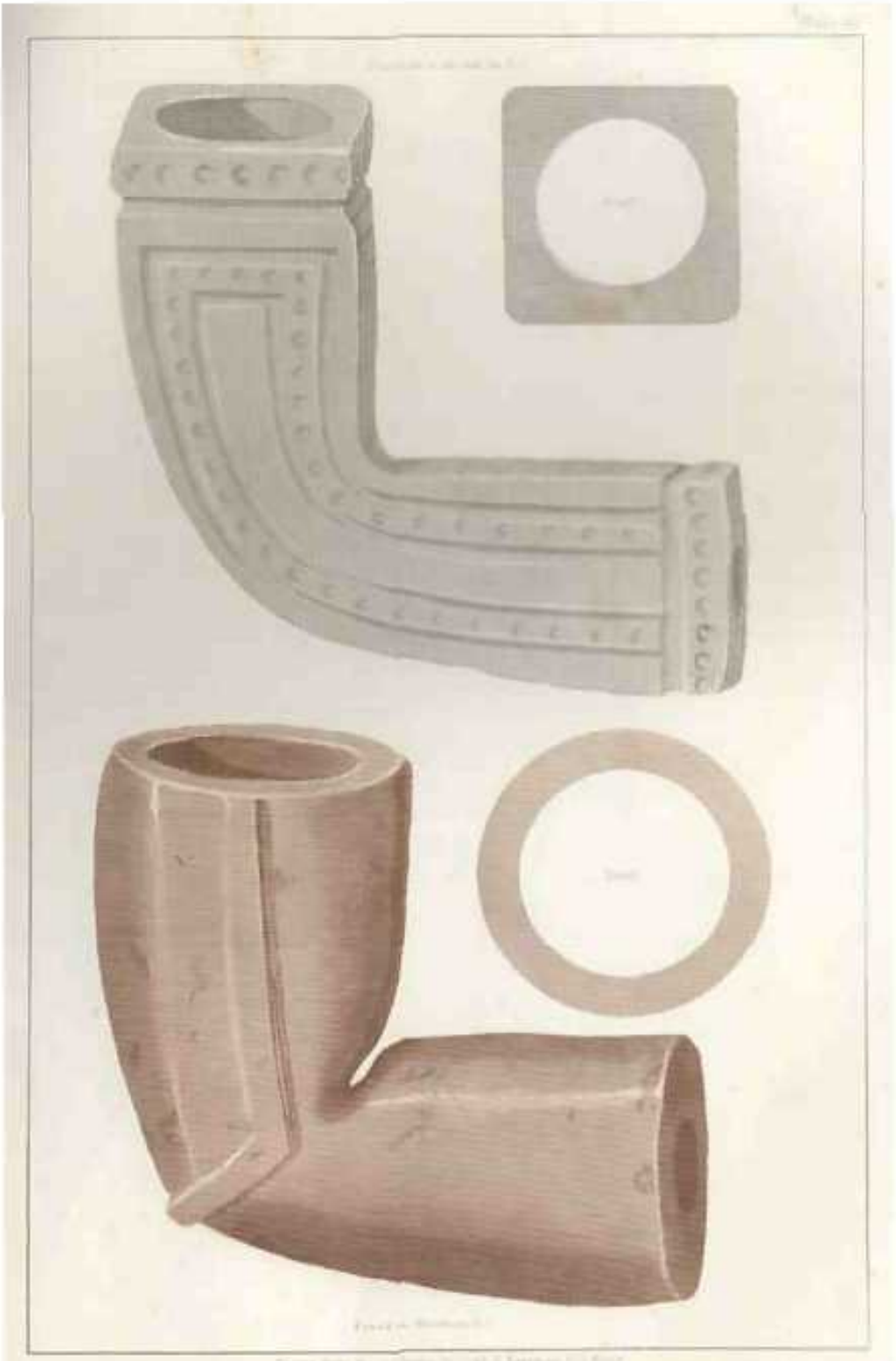


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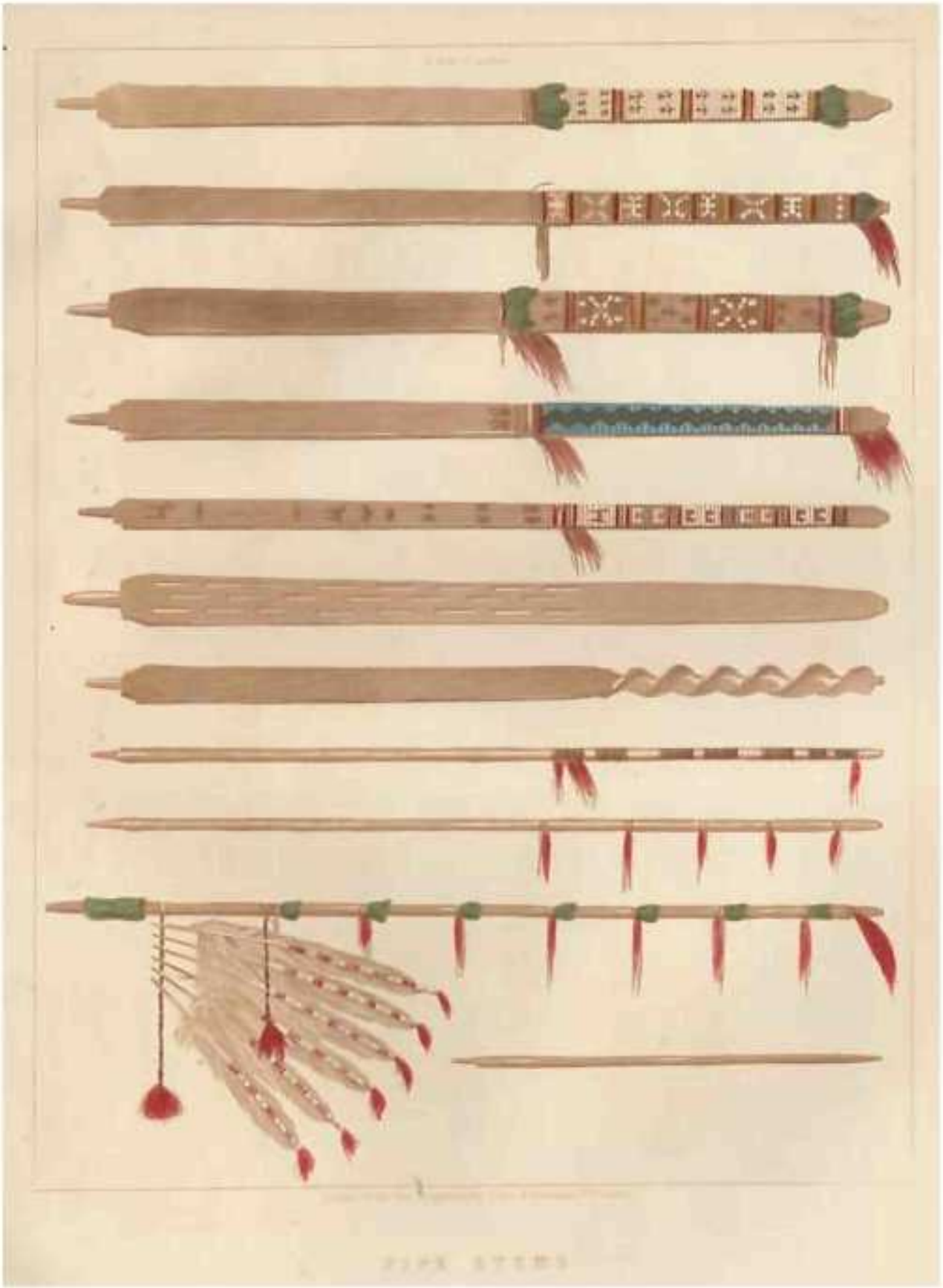
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ANTIQUE CLAY PIPES



DAKOTA PIPES



PIPE STEMS

Indian Legends

Q...It has been the custom of WPRE, as a public service, to devote a period each week, to the history of the Prairie du Chien area. We have been very fortunate, so far, to have had as our guest, Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Once again, Marty is with us and as I say hello, I want to also say thanks for sharing your wealth of local history with us.

A...Thank you Walt, you have been most cooperative and I enjoy being with you for these History Chats.

Q...I got a generous education from your talk last week. I had never realized that the Indians introduced tobacco and pipes to the white men.

A...Yes, the tobacco plant is a native of North America. When the white explorers found the Indians smoking, chewing and snuffing tobacco, they tried the custom and quickly adopted the habit. It is still with us. Now, the use of tobacco is a universal custom throughout the world. As a result, we have large export market for tobacco.

Q...Marty, would you be good enough to give us a "thumb nail" sketch of the interesting history of the famous Indian "peace pipes"? Your account last week was most intriguing to me.

A...Surely, while the Indians smoked pipes for pleasure, smoking the Peace Pipe had a very special significance. When the Indian chiefs smoked a Peace Pipe at their councils or at treaty meetings with the white men, it meant that an agreement had been reached. The act was binding and the event was honored in friendship with considerable ceremony. The Indian custodian of the Peace Pipe passed the Peace Pipe to each participant, who drew a few whiffs. Then the Indian with pride and solemnity extended the pipe in each of the four directions North, South, East, and West, and then toward the sky invoking the blessing of the Great Spirit in the heavens.

Q...Tell us again about the special stone used in this famous pipe and its origin.

A...The Peace Pipe of the Indian tribes, nearly all of them throughout North America were made from a special red stone, obtained from a revered and haloed spot in southwest Minnesota. The various Indian tribes would make pilgrimages from time to time to this sacred area to mine pipe stone to replenish their supply, which they would carry to their tribal homes.

The Indians had an interesting legend about the spot, which is near Pipestone Minnesota. Here, according to Indian tradition, happened the birth of the re-pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the Continent: which has visited every warrior and passed through the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here also, the peace breathing Calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

The Great Spirit at an ancient period called the Indian nations together and standing on the precipice of the red pipe stone rock, broke from its walls a piece and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them and pointed to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red, that it was their flesh and that they must use it for their pipes of peace; that it belonged to them all, and that the war club and scalping knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe, his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardiens of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet, answering to the invocations of the high priests or medicine men, who consult them, when they are visitors of this sacred place.

Q...That's certainly a fascinating Indian legend.

A...There is another legend about this area.

Near the pipe stone rocks is a high mound called the "Thunder Nest". Here, according to Indian legend is where very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather. At the hatching of her brood, the skies are rent with bolts of thunder as the storm approaches.

She has often been seen by the medicine men, and is about as large as the end of my little finger. Her mate is a serpent whose fiery tongue destroys the young ones as they are hatched and fiery noises dart through the skies.

Q...What a strange tale, it sounds like a medicine man's dream,

A...That kind of a dream would be a nightmare. Some of the Indian tales are rather awesome and frightening, but there are others of mysteries, some of love, others of hunting and then some about war. There are even some Indian legends about Prairie du Chien.

Q...I hope that the Prairie du Chien legends aren't too long, for I am most anxious to hear about them.

A...There is a very interesting one that came to light when Johnathon Carver, the famous English explorer descended the Wisconsin river in 1766 and visited Prairie du Chien.

From his journals, we have this interesting account. He says; "I observed the ruins of a large Indian town, about five miles above the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers."

That would apparently be a little north of Prairie du Chien.

Continuing, Carver recounts; "On inquiry of the neighboring Indians, why it was deserted, I was informed that about thirty years ago, the Great Spirit appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks which lay a little distance to the west, and warned them to quit their habitation; the land on which they were built belonged to him, and he had an occasion for it. As proof that he who gave them their orders, was really the Great Spirit, he told them that the grass should immediately spring up on those very rocks from whence he addressed them, which they knew to be bare and barren. The Indians obeyed, and soon after-discovered that this miraculous alteration had taken place."

"They showed me the spot, but the growth of grass appeared in no way supernatural."

Q...How interesting, I have never heard this legend before.

A...Carver went on to say; "I apprehend, this to have been a stratagem of the French or Spaniards to answer a . selfish view.."

Q...What would be the motive?

A...Carver inquired further and learned that "soon after their removal they built a town on the bank of the Mississippi near the mouth of the Wisconsin, at a place called by the French, La Prairies les Chiens", which signifies the Dog's Plains.

Q...Then the Indians moved from north of our present town site to a place near what we now call Lower-town.

A...Yes, that's right.

Q...Do you know just where the sight of the Indian town was north of Prairie du Chien?

A...No, not exactly, but with a little scouting and study we should be able to find it.

If we measure up 5 miles from the junction of the Wisconsin, we come to a spot near the opening of the west channel, which would be a little north of this station.

The rocks they refer to are not familiar to me but it may be that they can be located, for the description should still apply.

Cal Peters, believed that Gremore Lake area was an Indian village site. So, I would be inclined to think that the area would be somewhere between the Villa Louis and the Ambro.

Q...By the way, did Carver give any description of Prairie du Chien in those days?

A...Yes, he refers to it as "A large town (now remember, he is reporting in 1766) ten years before our declaration of Independence containing 300 families (that was 1500 souls). The houses are well built after the Indian manner and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raise every necessity of life in great abundance. This town is a great spot where all the adjacent tribes and even those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose to the traders."

Q...Do you think the traders tricked the Indians into moving?

A...We will probably never know, it is one of those question marks in history.

Q...Why would the traders want them to move.

A...One speculation is that the traders wanted the Indians to move farther south where the traders thought a town site was better and that it would develop into a better trading community.

Q...Who was this explorer Carver anyway?

A...Johnathon Carver was a fabulous person, an early English explorer. He wrote books on his travels which captured the English public and became best sellers in England in those days.

Perhaps Carver is best known, and will be long remembered for a deed of land which he obtained from Indians, that is recorded here in our Crawford County courthouse. It is one of the most fabulous grants of land and a deed that has stirred up more controversy in England and America, than I think any one other grant.

Q...You have my curiosity aroused.

A...I doubt if we will have time today to cover this fascinating story.

Q...Perhaps you will tell us about it next week

A...Yes, I will be happy to.

Q...We will be looking forward to your Carver story next week but just now I would like to thank you for being here and sharing your History thoughts with us.

A...Thank you Walt, Goodbye.

Oct. 14-1954 MJDyrud

Jonathon Carver

Q...Each week, we try to bring you some noteworthy phase of our rich local history.

A...History is valuable to everyone. The lessons of the past are the sign posts that should direct our steps today, more accurately and quickly toward our goals. We can profit from the mistakes of the past. We can draw inspiration from the accomplishments of our forefathers. -

Q...I have been waiting to hear about Carver, who you mentioned last week. As I recall you didn't feel we had sufficient time to talk about this man. Marty, just who was Carver?

A...Johnathon Carver was a Yankee from Connecticut who travled in this area in 1766 and 1767 and has become a prominent figure it early Wisconsin history.

Q...Just how did Carver gain his fame?

A...Carver died a pauper in London England but if his plans had clicked, he could have been one of the richest men of his day.

Q...I don't quite understand?

A...Let me read you a deed, which is registered here in the Crawford County court house.

Q...You mean you have the answer in a deed on file here in the Register of Deed's office?

A...Listen to this and I will let you decide whether Carver and his heirs are rich or poor. Here is a deed from two famous Sioux Indian chiefs, signed on May 1, 1767 granting Johnathon Carver 10,000 square miles of Wisconsin territory with a little in Minnesota. The part in Minnesota happens be the city of St. Paul.

Q...Just a minute Marty, did you say ten thousand square miles?

A ...Yes, 10,000 square miles.

Q...What would that amount to in acres?

A...Well there are 640 acres in a square mile, so that would be 6,400,000 acres.

Q...Whistle, my oh my, that would be a tremendous fortune at only a dollar an acre.

A...That's right.

Q...it seems almost unbelievable. How would a person describe the land?

A...Would you want me to read the deed?

Q...Sure.

A...Here it is:

To Johnathon Carver, a chief under the most mighty and potent George the Third. King of the English, and other nations, the fame of whose courageous warriors have reached our ears, and have been more fully told to us by our good brother Jonathon, aforesaid, whom we rejoice to see come among us, and bring us good news from his country.

We, chiefs of the Naw-dow-issies, who have set our seals do by these Presents, for ourselves and Heirs forever, in return for the many Presents and other good Services done by said Johnathon, and his heirs and assign to ourselves and allies, give, grant and covey to him the said Johnathon, and his heirs and assign forever, the whole of a certain tract or territory of Land Bounded as follows:

Vizs, From the Fall of St. Anthony, running on the east bank of the Mississippi, nearly Southeast as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa River joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days travel, accounting for twenty English miles per day, and from thence North Six days travel at twenty miles per day, and thence again to the Fall of St. Anthony, on a direct line.

We do ourselves, Heirs and assigns forever, give unto the said Johnathon, his heirs and assigns all the said lands with all the Trees, Rocks, and Rivers therein; reserving for ourselves and heirs the Sole Liberty of hunting and fishing on the land not patented and improved by said Johnathon, his heirs and assigns- To Which we have fixed our respective seals; at the Great Cave, May first, 1767

signed the Turtle and the Snake

Both of the Indian chief's names are so long I couldn't pronounce them.

Q...I have never heard anything like that in my whole life.

A...They say that truth is stranger than fiction. Here is a grant of land compassed by a rectangle on which you have travel 120 miles on one side and 100 miles on the other,

Q...Amazing is all that I can say.

A...Carver went to England to establish English citizenship so he could have his land grant approved by the King.

Q...Do you think the grant was freely given?

A...In 1821. four Indian chiefs of the Sioux attested to the correctness of the deed from the standpoint of the Indian tribe.

Q...I want to hear more. You said he went to England to establish citizenship and have his grant confirmed.

A...Following the deed is a deposition by the Rev. Samuel Peters a respected man of character, and Episcopal minister that best tells of the events following;

I read from this document in our court house-.

The deponent Samuel Peters, clerk in Holy Orders, under solemn oath testifies and says he was in London AD 1774 and saw Captain Carver, a native of Canterbury in the colony of Connecticut in New England, and knew he had laid a petition before his Majesty George III, praying his majesty to approve of and ratify a certain deed

of a tract of land to himself, heirs and assigns forever, given by two Indian chiefs of the Naw-dow-issies tribes dated the Great Cave on May 1, 1767, lying on the east side of the Mississippi river near the Fall of the St. Anthony and Lake Pepin, which could not be approved of or satisfied by, any governor in any of his Majesty's colonies in North America, because the land laid not within any British Colony; and all Governors were forbidden by proclamation of King Charles 11 dated October 7, 1663.
The deponent saith further, that the King and Lords of his council, held a Court in the month of February AD 1775 on petition of said Carver. and ordered said Carver. Mr. Iron (Carver's counsellor learned in law) and this deponent to attend and they obeyed:

The court said Carver, Is this; your petition? Carver answered YES. The court asked Carver, Is this deed from the two Sachems to you genuine and bona fide, upon your honor? Carver answered, Yes, Genuine and bona fide, upon my honor. After many other questions to Carver, the Court asked Mr. Iron, as you have drawn Carver's petition and seen all his papers, have you discovered any reason why this prayer of Carver's petition ought not be granted? Mr. Iron answered, I have not.

The court then asked this deponent (Peters); How long have you known the petitioner and his character. The deponent answered from AD 1754, he was born in Canterbury, the colony of Connecticut, near where I was born; he is a great grandson of John Carver, the first English governor that settled Plymouth, in New England AD 1520.

He served as Captain under General Lyman, in the Connecticut troops against Canada, in the Year 1755 and supported a brave character. during that war, and ever after a moral character. He served also under General Wolfe in taking Quebec, and under General Amherst in taking Montreal and all Canada. He also served at Fort William Henry. After peace was made in 1763, he traveled in the northwest part of North America with two servants, one Frenchman, the other a Mohawk to visit the distant Indians and discovered a country where no white man had ever been seen before.

Questioned by the court; Do you believe the Indians would give so much land to Carver, for his services and presents? The deponent answered, Yes, for the Indians are generous and grateful to their friends and benefactors, and Captain Carver made peace between them and other powerful tribes, which was worth to them more than the Territory given in their deed, and besides the Indians had lands and wilderness enough and they love Carver and wanted him to settle and abide with them as a Sachem and protector, which he promised to do.

Questioned by the court; of what religion is Captain Carver? The deponent answered he is by profession an Anabaptist, and deemed to be a good and honest man and worthy of full credit in his native country.

Then was read Lord Amherst's certificate. Viz " I knew Captain Johnathon Carver in America of the troops from Connecticut, under my command, to be a brave and faithful officer and soldier."

Then Carver, Iron and his deponent, were ordered to retire into another room; after some time, were again called before the court and the minister said to Captain Carver:

His Majesty has graciously granted your petition, and has ordered a gratuity of £ 1373, 8s, 8d to be paid to you and that you prepare to sail for New Orleans next June, and take possession of you territory with 150 men of whom will be the commander; and his Majesty will provide ships men and necessities, to convey you there.

Captain Carver received the money, and all things were making ready, when news arrived of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which put a stop to Carvers return. After leaving court Mr. Iron said to Captain Carver.... "I give you joy; this is satisfaction, sufficient of your deed from the two Indian Chiefs.

Q...That's really the most amazing tale I have ever heard.

A...Yes, but true.

Carvers land grant ended in disappointment for him. I suppose he had to return the money the King had given him. If the Americans won their battle for Independence he have to start all over again.

Q...What happened then?

A...Carver published his travels, which became a best selling book in England. That was in 1778. In 1780 he died and was buried in the paupers field in London.

Q...What a sad ending?

A...While it was the end for Carver, when the third edition his book was published in 1781, the. author of the foreward gave a sketch of Carvers life and printed the deed, the original of which was is his possession. This man Dr. Lettsom, stated a few years later that the deed had disappeared.

The heirs, Edward and Ruth Houghton in Vermont sold their interest for $5.00 to the Mississippi Land Company.

They and others tried unsuccessfully for. many years to have this grant acknowledged by the U.S. Government.

Q...I see that we have run over our time and Marty please back and tell us some more about this incident or others of your intriguing tales.

A...I sure will. Until then thanks and good-bye.

Oct. 22,1954
M.J Dyrud/me



Capt.n JONATHAN CARVER.

From the Original Picture in the possession of J.C. Allcom M.D.

Published as the Act directs by B. Stevens, N.o 28, near St. Dunstans Holborn, Nov.r 1.1780.

Memorandum also
Delivered to Jon. Carver
a Token of Love
from Jon. Carver
Father to
Miss L. & C.

To Jonathan Carver

a Chief under the most mighty and potent
George the Third. King of the English, and
other Nations, the fame of whose Courage and
Warriors have reached Our ears, & have been
more fully told to us by our good Brother
Jonathan aforesaid, whom we rejoice to
See Come among us, and bring us good
news from his Country: We, Chiefs of
the Naudowessies, who have hereto
Set Our Seals, do by these Presents, for
Ourselves and Heirs forever, in return
for the many Presents and other good
Services done by the said Jonathan, to
Ourselves and allies, give, grant, and
Convey to him the said Jonathan, and
to his Heirs and assigns forever, The
whole of a certain Tract or Territory
of Land, Bounded as follows: Viz.
From the Fall of St. anthony, running on
the east Bank of the Mississippi, nearly
South-east as far as the South end of
Lake Pehin, where the Chippeway River
joins the Mississippi: and from thence
Eastwards, Five days travel, accounting Thir-
-ty English miles per day, and from thence
North, Six days travel at Twenty Eng-
-lish miles per day, and from thence
again to the Fall of St. anthony, on a
direct Straight line. ——— We do

Received
for a Copy of
my Office this
twenty Second
day of September
A.D. 1832. at
Six o'Clock P.M.
By Bradley
Reg. of Deeds

for Ourselves, Heirs, and Assigns forever, give unto the said Jonathan, his Heirs & Assigns all the said Lands with all the Trees Rocks & Rivers therein; reserving for ourselves & Heirs the Sole Liberty of hunting and fishing on Land not planted or improved by the Said Jonathan, his Heirs and Assigns

In which we have fixed our respective Seals; at the great Cave, May the first, one thousand seven hundred and Sixty Seven

Hawmopawyatin  his mark

Otchtongoomlisheaw  his Mark.

The foregoing with the Signets from Two Indian Chiefs of the Naudowessie Tribes near the Fall of St. Anthony on the River Mississippi to Captn Jonathan Carver, dated at the Great Cave on May First, one thousand Seven hundred & Sixty Seven is a true Copy of an Original Deed Compared according to the testimonies of the Revd Dr Samuel Peters & Doc John Coakley Lettsom M.D. as Stated in a petition to Congress by Samuel Harrison on behalf of the Heirs of Capt Jonathan Carver praying for recognition of the Same as on file in the Secretaries Office of the Secretary of the State Senate of the United States: Examined this 25th day of April One thousand eight hundred & Seven at the Capitol in the City of Washington

attest Samuel A Otis Secretary of the Senate of the United States

The Summer Maker

An Indian Legend,
An Odjibwa Tale (Chippewa)

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi, Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Thanks for telling us last week about our Indian heritage.

A... There is one phase of Indian life that most of us know very little about, but I find extremely fascinating.

Q.. And, what is that?

A...I refer to the legends of the Indians, the stories they told. Longfellow took one of the Indian legends and made into the great poem Hiawatha. I think there are few people that know that our Wisconsin Indians are represented in the poem.

Q...No, that is news to me. But, now that you have my curiosity aroused I would like to hear an Indian legend.

A... This tale or legend in Chippewa is called O-Heeg-An-hung, meaning a group of stars in the northern hemisphere, sometimes called the Fisher Stars and believed identical with group of the Plough.

This legend might be called The Summer-Maker, and here is the Indian tale.

Many, many, years ago there lived a celebrated Indian Hunter on the southern shores of Lake Superior, who was considered a Manito by some, for there was nothing he could not accomplish.
He lived off the path, in a wild, lonesome place, with a wife whom he loved and they were blessed with a son, who had attained his thirteenth year. The hunter's name was O-Jeec or the Fisher, which is the name of an expert, spirited little animal, common to this region. He was so successful in the chase, that he seldom returned without bringing his wife and son a plentiful supply of venison, or other dainties of the woods.

As hunting was his constant occupation, his son began early to emulate his father in the same employment and would take his bow and arrows and exert his skill in trying to kill birds and squirrels.

The greatest impediment he met with, was the coldness and severity of the climate. He often returned home, his little fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation at his disappointment. Days and months, and years passed away, but still the same perpetual depth of snow was seen covering all the country, as with a white cloak.

One day, after a fruitless trial of his forest skill, the little boy was returning homeward with a heavy heart, when he saw a small red squirrel gnawing the top of a pine bur. He had approached within a proper distance to shoot, when the squirrel sat up on its hind legs and said to him; "My grandchild, put up your arrows and listen to what have to tell you.

The boy complied rather reluctantly when the squirrel continued; "My son, I see you pass frequently, with your fingers benumbed with cold and crying with vexation for having killed any birds. Now, if you will follow my advice we will see if you can accomplish your wishes. If you will strictly follow my advise, we will have a

perpetual summer, and you will then have the pleasure of killing as many birds as you please and I will also have something to eat, as I am now myself on the point of starvation.

"Listen to me. As soon as you get home, you must commence crying. You must throw away your bow and arrows in discontent. If your mother asks what is the matter, you must not answer her, but continue crying and sobbing. If she is offers you anything to eat, you must push it away with apparent discontent, and continue crying. In the evening, when your father returns from hunting, he will inquire of your mother what is the matter with you. She will answer that you came home crying and would not so much as mention the cause to her. You must not leave off sobbing.

At last your father will say, "My son, why this unnecessary grief?, tell me the cause. You know I am a spirit, and that nothing is impossible for me to perform." You must then answer him and say that your sorry to see the snow continually on the ground and ask him if he could make it melt, so that we might have perpetual summer. Say it in a supplicating way, and tell him this is the cause of your grief. Your father will reply, "It is very hard to accomplish your request, but for your sake and for my love for you, I will use my utmost endeavors." He will tell you to be still and cease crying. He will try to bring summer with all its loveliness. You must then be quiet, and eat that which is set before you."

The squirrel ceased talking. The boy promised obedience to his advise and departed. When he reached home, he did as he had been instructed and all was exactly fulfilled, as had been predicted by the squirrel.

O-Jeeg told him that it was a great undertaking. He must first make a feast and invite some of his friends to accompany him on the journey. Next day he had a bear roasted whole. All who had been invited to the feast came punctually at the appointed time. There was the Otter, Beaver, Lynx, Badger and Wolverine. After the feast they arranged it among themselves to set out on the contemplated journey within three days.

When the time arrived, the Fisher took leave of his wife and son, and he foresaw that it was for the last time. He and his companions traveled in company, day after day, meeting with nothing but the ordinary incidents. On the twentieth day they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, where they saw tracks of some person who had recently killed an animal, which they knew by the blood, that marked the way.

The Fisher told his friends that they ought to follow the track, and see if they could procure something to eat. They followed it for some time, at last they arrived at a lodge, which had been hidden from their view by a hollow in the mountain.

O-Jeeg told his friends to be very sedate and not to laugh on any account. The first object they saw was a man standing at the door of a lodge, but of so a deformed shape that they could not make out who or what sort of a man it could be. His head was enormously large; he had such a queer set of teeth, and no arms. They wondered how he could kill animals. But, the secret was soon revealed. He was a great Manito. He invited them to pass the night, to which they consented.

He boiled his meat in a hollow vessel made of wood and took it out of this singular kettle in someway unknown to his guests. He carefully gave each his portion to eat, but made so many odd movements that the Otter could not refrain from laughing for he is the only one who is spoken of as a jester. The Manito looked at him with a terrible look and then made a spring at him and got on him to smother him, for that was his mode of killing animals. But the Otter, when he felt him on his neck, slipped his head back and made for the door which he passed in safety but curse of the Manito followed him.

The others passed the night, and they talked on many subjects.

The Manito told the Fisher that he would accomplish his objective, but that it would probably cost him his life. He gave them his advice, directed them how to act, and described a certain road which they must follow and they would thereby be led to the place of action.

They set off in the morning, and met their friend, the Otter, shivering with cold; but O-Jeeg had taken care to bring along some of the meat that had been given him, which he presented to his friend. They pursued their way, and traveled twenty days more before they got to the place which the Manito had told them of. It was a most lofty mountain.

They rested on its highest peak to fill their pipes and refresh themselves. Before smoking, they made the customary ceremony, pointing to the heavens,the four winds, the earth, and the zenith; in the meantime, speaking in a loud voice, addressed the Great Spirit, hoping that their objective would be accomplished. Then they commenced smoking.

They gazed on the sky in silent admiration and astonishment, for they were on so elevated a point, that it appeared to be only a short distance above their heads. After they had finished smoking, they prepared themselves. O-Jeeg told the Otter to make the first attempt to try and make a hole in the sky. He consented with a grin. He made a leap, but fell down the hill stunned by the force of his fall; and the snow being moist, and falling on his back, he slid rapidly down the side of the mountain. When he found himself at the bottom, he thought to himself, it is the last time I make such a jump, so I will make the best of my way home. Then it was the turn of the Beaver, who made the attempt, but fell down senseless; then of the Lynx and Badger, who had not better success.

Now, said the Fisher to the Wolverine, try your skill; your ancestors were celebrated for their activity, hardihood, and perseverance, and I depend on you for success. Now make the attempt. He did so, but also without success. He leaped the second time, but now they could see that the sky was giving way to their repeated attempts. Mustering strength, he made the third leap, and went in. The Fisher nimbly followed him.

They found themselves in a beautiful plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there we clusters of tall, shady trees, separated by innumerable streams of the purest water, which wound around their courses under the cooling shades, and filled the plain with countless beautiful lakes, whose banks and bosom were covered with waterfowl, basking and sporting in the sun.

The Fisher and his friend beheld very long lodges, and the celestial inhabitants amusing themselves at a distance. Words cannot express the beauty and charm of the place. The lodges were empty of inhabitants, but they saw them lined with cages of different sizes, filled with birds and fowls different plumage.

O-Jeeg thought of his son, and immediately commenced cutting open the cages and letting out the birds, who descended in whole flocks through the opening which they had made in the sky. Warm air of those regions, also rushed through the opening, and spread its comforting influence the north.

When the celestial inhabitants saw the birds let loose and the warm gales descending, they raised a shout like the thunder, and ran for their lodges. But it was too late.
Spring, summer and autumn had gone; even perpetual summer had almost all gone; but they separated it with a blow, and only a part descended; but the ends were so mangled, that wherever it prevails among the lower inhabitants, it is always sickly.

When the Wolverine heard the noise, he made for the opening and safely descended. Not so the Fisher. Anxious fulfill his son's wishes, he continued to break open the cages. He was at last, obliged to run also,but the opening was now closed by the inhabitants. He ran with all his might over the plains of heaven, and it would appear, took a northerly direction.

He saw his pursuers so close that he had to climb the first large tree he came to. They commenced shooting at him with their arrows,but without effect, for all his body was safe except the space of about an inch near the tip of his tail. At last one of the arrows hit the spot, for he had in this chase assumed the shape of the Fisher, after whom he was named.

He looked down from the tree, and saw some of his assailants bearing the totems, the family arms of his ancestors. He claimed relationship, and told them to desist, which they only did at the approach of night. He then came down to try and find an opening in the celestial plain, by which he might descent to the earth, but, he could find none.

At last, becoming faint from the loss of blood from the wound on his tail, he laid himself down towards the north of the point, and stretching out his limbs, said, "I have fulfilled my promise to my son, though it has cost me my life: but I die satisfied in the idea that I have done so much good, no only for him but for my fellow beings.

Hereafter I will be a sign to the inhabitants on the earth below for ages to come, who will venerate my name for having succeeded in procuring the varying seasons. They will now have from eight to ten moons without snow." The Fisher was found the next morning, but they left him as they found him, with the arrow sticking in his tail as it can be plainly seen, at this time in the heavens above.

Q...What charming Indian folk-lore. I can see why you are attracted to these tales, for they are intriguing stories. As the seasons come and go, also when I look at the northern heavens at night, I will look for the Fisher and remember your delightful Indian story.

Thanks Marty for sharing your research with us, and we shall look forward to hearing more History of the Prairie du Chien area next week.

Join us then, same time, same station.

The Carver Claim and Doty

Q...Each week WPRE tries to bring its listeners some interesting history of this area. So far, we have been very fortunate in having Marty Dyrud with us. Once again we welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, for another of his interesting History Chats.

A...Thank you Walt, it is always fun to join you and talk about history.

A...Well Marty, the tale you were telling me sounds fantastic

A...You mean the Carver story?

Q...It is hard to imagine how any man, who could acquire 6,400,000 acres of land from the Indians could die a pauper.

A...Yes, that's right. They say that truth is stranger than fiction.

Q...In this case it sure is. Where did you find this. information?

A...Right here in the Register of Deeds Office of the Crawford County Court House in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Marty, would you go over the high spots again of the Carver deed. I would like to keep this story in mind.

A...I sure will. The deed is dated May 1, 1767 and signed at the Great Cave to Johnathon Carver conveying irrevocably land starting at the Fall of St. Anthony in Minneapolis and running along the east bank of the. Mississippi river to the south end of Lake Pepin to the mouth of the Chippewa River, thence eastward five days travel at 20 English miles per day, and thence north six days travel at 20 miles per day and thence back to the Fall of St. Anthony.

Signed by two Sioux Chiefs
The Turtle
The Snake

Q...Then this piece of land was about 120 miles long by 100 miles wide.

A...Yes that is right. It covered better than 10,000 square miles.

Q...That was during the time that the British occupied this area?

A...Yes, and it is the reason why Carver, a Yankee from New England went to England to establish citizenship and have the King confirm his grant.

Q...Marty, without going into too much detail, would you summarize the events that followed?

A...Carver appeared with his lawyer and a witness before King George III and the Lords of his Council in February AD 1775. Carver was thoroughly questioned about the grant of land, and after some deliberation, the King's Minister said:

"His majesty had graciously granted Your petition, and has ordered.a gratuity of £1373, 8s, 8d to be paid to you and that you prepare to sail to New Orleans next June, and take possession of you territory with 150 men of whom now will be the commander, and his Majesty will provide ships men, and necessities, to convey you there."

Captain Carver received the money and all things were making ready, when news arrived of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. which put a stop to Carver's return.

Q...Then, instead of being the owner and ruler of 10,000 square miles of Wisconsin territory, Carver's fortune disappeared with the announcement of the start of our Battle for Independence?

A...Yes, one minute a multi-millionaire, the next a pauper. Five years later he died in London and was buried in the pauper's field.

Q....Was that the end of Carver's claim?

A...No, in 1822, Edward and Ruth Houghton, heirs of Carver, living in Guilford Vermont, sold their rights to this vast claim to: James Bell of New York, Charles Graham of New York and George Blake of Boston for $5.

These gentlemen formed the Mississippi Land Company and tried for many years to have the U.S. Government confirm their claim.

A...Well isn't the land you refer to north of Prairie du Chien a considerable distance and out of Crawford County?

A...Yes, the land is north of here. While it is not now in Crawford County, it was once.

Q....You mean that Crawford County at one time was larger than is now?

A...You bet it was. When Wisconsin was part of the Michigan territory they divided the state into three counties. The very northern strip across the top of Wisconsin was known Michilimakinac County.

Below this, all land west of the Wisconsin river was Crawford County. All land east of the Wisconsin River was Brown County.

Crawford Count was later split up several time and new counties created. From a very large county, Crawford was finally whittled down to its present size.

Q...I never knew that before.

A...It is Just one of the interesting facets of our history an that of Wisconsin's also.

Q...I guess I got you off the track, as we were talking about Carver.

A...About the time that Carver got his grant of land from the Indians, he visited Prairie du Chien and gave this city one of the earliest accounts in history. I believe that I am correct, when I say that Carver was the first explorer who recorded the name of Prairie du Chien in history records.

Q...Then Carver is sort of a God Father to the name Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, we can honor him for that.

Q...Did the Carver heirs visit Prairie du Chien?
A...No, but the two parties, that had acquired rights to Carver's claim visited here to get information to bolster their claims.

In 1817 a Rev. Samuel Peters, an Episcopal clergyman who had purchased some rights from Carver heirs, came to Prairie du Chien to have the Indians verify the deed which had been given Carver.

Incidentally, Rev. Peters married King Rollette, the fur trader, and the beautiful Jane Fisher, while he stayed here. You will better remember Jane Fisher as Mrs. Hercules Dousman, for after the death of Rolette, she married Hercules Dousman.

Rev. Peters was frustrated in getting the information he wished, for the commandant of the fort, said he lacked authority to allow Peters to travel into the Indian country.

Peters spent the winter here at the fort. Threats of Indian uprisings foiled his plans for interviews with the Sioux Indians again in the spring of 1818 and he returned to New York, thinking that he could better approach this matter from another direction.

Q...Was Rev. Peters alone one his trip here?

A...No, there were five men in his party. However, when Peters returned to New York, two young members of his party stayed in Prairie du Chien. One of these men was Willard Keyes, who started an English school here in Prairie du Chien in 1818.

The other of these young men was Constant Andrews. He apparently was a skilled wood worker, for he built a water powered mill for grinding wheat in the Mill Coulee. He also built several saw mills near here.

Q...Then these two men, who stayed contributed a good deal towards the development of early Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes they did. There is another man associated with the establishment of the Carver claim, who is an honored figure in Wisconsin history today.

Q...Who was that?

A...I am referring to James Duane Doty.

Q...Seems that that name is familiar to me, but I can't just place it?

A...James Duane Doty was the first Federal Judge to sit in Prairie du Chien. As a matter of fact his first session of court was held in Prairie du Chien that was the first Federal court session to be held in the State of Wisconsin.

James Duane Doty was also the first postmaster of Prairie du Chien. Then too, James Duane Doty donated land to Crawford County for a Court House in Prairie du Chien.

Q...He was a leader at that time in early Wisconsin?

A...Definitely. Judge Doty was very much interested in the Carver Land claim. He investigated the claim himself and talked with a great many of the traders and Indians about it. As judge he could not enter into the affair.

But as soon as he was replaced as Federal Judge, he lost no time in making a deal with the owners of the Carver claim and tried his best to have them legalized. If he had been successful, here was a chance to gain his fortune in one broad stroke. Doty persevered for many years, but was never successful in having the government confirm this claim.

Don't feel sorry for Doty, for he was one of the biggest land speculators in Wisconsin. Not only did he acquire huge chunks of land for himself but he bought land for the American Fur Company, John Jacob Astor, and many other wealthy Easterners.

Q. So Doty saw the possibilities of making money on land in Wisconsin.

A...He did, and was very shrewd also. He acquired large block of land in Green Bay, Fond du Lac, Milwaukee, Janesville, Madison and Prairie du Chien. As a matter of fact he owned the land on which the Capital in Madison is built. I believe that he donated the land on which our state capitol now stands. There was intense rivalry for the Capitol, but Doty was a trained politician and he saw that most of the territorial legislators received lots near the Capitol, so they would vote for the location at Madison.

Q...My oh my, what a wealth of information you can dig out of of court house records?

A...There are several other unusual events recorded in the Register of Deed's office.

Q...And what are they?

A...There is a record of a negro slave, who bought his freedom from and Army officer for $1,200.

Q...How unusual?

A...Yes, and there is a strange deed here also of an Indian girl to a white man. The Indian girl was to do housework for her white master, and he in turn agreed to see that she would get an education.

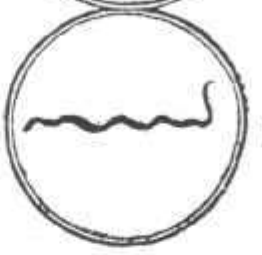
Q...Strange isn't it. But, I find it isn't strange to run out time, when I hear such interesting tales.

MJDyrud/me
October 28-1954



Judge Duane Doty

Hawnopawjatin  his mark

Otohtongoom-
liſheaw  his mark

Soon after the above period, our author concluded to return to Boſton, where he arrived in 1768, having been abſent two years and five months, during which time he had travelled about ſeven thouſand miles. After digeſting his journal and charts, he ſailed for England, and arrived there in the year 1769. The reaſons which induced him to undertake this voyage, are amply related by himſelf in his travels (page 177.) to which I refer.

Few objects have excited a more general enquiry than the diſcovery of a north-weſt

Judge Doty, Wisconsin Promoter

Q...Once again we come to that interesting time, when we open our doors to a discussion of local history and we are pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society.

A...Glad to Join you, Walt.

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Q...Last week, you rather amazed me, when you said that Crawford County once covered all of the state west of the Wisconsin river, including southwest Wisconsin.

A...That's very true. The once huge Crawford County was gradually split into a large number of separate counties. In a way we could call all these counties children of Crawford County.

Q...Was Wisconsin always the same size as we now know it?

A...No, Wisconsin was first laid out to be a very much larger state. It included what we now call The Upper peninsula of Michigan and also Chicago and a broad strip across northern Illinois.

Q...You mean that Chicago was once included in Wisconsin territory?

A...Yes, Wisconsin was early laid out with a southern boundary which extended from the bottom of Lake Michigan westward to the Mississippi river.

Q...That would include the highly industrial section of northern Illinois

A...It sure would, including the cities of Chicago and suburbs, Elgin, Rockford, Dixon and many others, as well rich farm areas.

Q...Well just what happened?

A...The clamor for adjustments in boundaries began when a bitter dispute developed between Ohio and Michigan on the latter's southern boundary. Ohio wanted the Toledo area included in their state. Ohio finally won out and took a slice off the southern part of Michigan's territory.

Q...Why should that affect us?

A...Well, this concession, altering the basic plan, set a precedent. Illinois was quick to capitalize on this situation and successfully pushed her upper border northward

Q...What about Michigan?

A...When Michigan had to give up territory to Ohio, a strip across northern Wisconsin was added to Michigan as compensation for her loss to Ohio.

Q...Then Wisconsin was caught in a series of squeeze plays.

A..,That's right. Even the St. Paul area, which lies east of the Mississippi was originally in Wisconsin. The people of area petitioned to be a part of Minnesota as their interests and trading was with Fort Snelling in Minneapolis, Minnesota so we lost that area also.

Q...Well, wasn't somebody looking out for Wisconsin's interests?

A...Yes, our staunchest defender was Judge Doty. But political rivalries of those days, shackled many of his constructive activities. Enemies often put Doty on the defensive. Doty claimed that; "The boundaries of Wisconsin should embrace 117,000 square miles, which would make her the "Empire State of the Northwest."

Q...You mentioned Judge Doty in your talk last week, didn't you?

A...Yes, Doty was a familiar figure in early Prairie du Chien, a most amazing man, lawyer, circuit riding judge, member of Congress, governor of two territories, land speculator, railroad promoter, founder of cities and all-around booster and optimist.

Q...Didyou tell me he was the first Federal Judge in Wisconsin?

A...That's right, Doty held his first court session right here Prairie du Chien, the first in Wisconsin. You will remember Doty also as our fist postmaster. Doty also owned the land on which the 2nd Fort Crawford was built.

Q...When you say that Doty was frequently on the defensive, just what do you mean?

A...In early Wisconsin, there developed a very strong rivalry between Judge Doty and General Dodge. They were both strong men and aggressive leaders. They were Political opponents. There was a constant fight to see who would be "top dog."

You will remember General Dodge as our first territorial governor. Doty's political maneuvers made him the next governor. Then Dodge gained the inside track and replaced Doty.

When Doty was territorial member of Congress, it was a good bet that Dodge or one of his clan would follow up Doty at the next election.

Q...How did Dodge gain his leadership?

A...General Dodge gained fame as resourceful Indian fighter in the Blackhawk War. His home was in Iowa county and Dodgeville is named in his honor. His home was close to Mineral Point and the lead mining area. This strong and rich group of lead miners supported Dodge for many years. General Dodge was a born leader and played a strong hand.

Q...Were politics rough in those days?

A...Were they ever! Dodge and his close friend, Moses Strong from Mineral Point at one time almost snowed Doty under in bankruptcy. They really had Doty on the ropes fighting for his very existence.

Q...You have whetted my curiosity, just how did Dodge do that?

A...Well, Doty donated some of his land in Madison, for the State Capitol. General Dodge, who was then governor, stayed aloof of the battle for a Capitol site. However Dodge really wanted Mineral Point, Cassville or Dubuque.

Doty won out and the legislature made him one of the three commissioners with modest funds to build the capitol building. Doty made a fatal error in not asking for bids, by starting work immediately, for time was important.

This area was then a wilderness and Doty who owned the area, promoted the development, naming the community Madison, after the death of James Madison in honor of this famous American of revolutionary fame.

Doty reasoned that the members of the legislature needed some place to stay, so work was started on the capitol building, a hotel, and other service buildings. The legislators, were well pleased that Doty and the other commissioners had made accommodations for them available, for they knew the area was wilderness.

Doty had overstepped his legal authority in using the money for anything except the capitol building and General Dodge and Moses Strong waited for a propitious time to embarrass Doty.

When Dodge came into power, the legislature was prevailed on to investigate the use of state funds.

General Dodge and Strong maneuvered to open questions on the title of all the land Doty owned in Madison. It seems that Doty had given a power of attorney to a friend, who as partner was to develop the Madison land area. This partner deeded Doty's interest to another, a Mineral Point man.

Strong stuck his fingers in the pie and advertised Doty's title and all titles of Madison land from Doty as defective.

Just when they had Doty squirming, a depression came along, and now Doty had "a fight of his life on his hands." Litigation on the land title of the capital and residential property lasted for ten years. It was a running fight all the way. When Wisconsin was admitted to the union as a state, Doty's adversaries dropped their attack and the matters were amicably settled.

However, these deviling tactics prevented Doty from pushing the land claims for Wisconsin as they should have been promoted.

Finally, the committee on boundaries were so anxious for early statehood that they waived their claims for territory other than we now have in Wisconsin. In gaining early ratification, we passed up many of our inherent rights to land.

Q...What did the people think about this?

A...Doty had his following and so did General Dodge. Each group thought the other "stinkers", the size of each group was rather evenly divided in the state.

Q...Well, what did Doty do with all the land he owned?

A...Doty was worth about $300,000 before the grudge fight started. He narrowly missed complete bankruptcy. Doty sought money from his friend John Jacob Astor. After considerable pressure, Doty got some money from Astor, but only after Doty had sold many of his choice land holdings to Astor at bargain prices. Astor was Doty's friend, but the dollar came first.

Q...Then, Astor drove a hard bargain?

A...Definitely, Astor was a shrewd man. That's why he made millions and founded one of the largest fortunes in North America.

Q...Where did Astor stand in Doty's fight.

A...All the fur traders were behind Doty. While General Dodge had the lead miners strongly behind him.

Q...Did Doty ever recoup his wealth?

A...Yes, Doty became well to do later on.

Q...Where did Doty live?

A...At various time he lived in Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Madison, and Washington; but his real Wisconsin home was on an island in Menasha, he named "The Loggery". Now it is a historic showplace.

Q...Oh, Menasha is the Paper Capital of Wisconsin and maybe of the nation.

A...Yes, Doty owned large land areas there and aggressively developed that vicinity. He had an eye on the waterpower and rich agricultural land in this now famous Fox River Valley.

Q...We in Wisconsin have much to thank Doty for, in our early development?

A...Yes, we have. Very interestingly, Doty wanted the state name to be spelled more closely to the way the Indians pronounced it. He advocated WisKonsin and used this spelling as governor and for many years in his correspondence. This irked his enemies. Finally they had a joint resolution passed by both houses of the legislature making the official spelling as we now have.

Q...How interesting. Say, Marty does the name Wisconsin have any meaning?

A...Wisconsin is a modification of a Winnebago Indian word which means The River of the Flowery Banks."

Q...Was Doty the man who first gave the name to the territory?

A...Not that I know of. Actually, Wisconsin was the Indian name for the river. Traders and explorers found it convenient to name this territory by the same name as the large river that drained most of the area.

Stephen Long, an early American explorer seems to have been the first to publicize the name Wiskonsin. This spelling included the K that Doty used.

Q...Where did the Badger State reference come from?

A...The miners of South West Wisconsin digging for lead burrowed holes in the ground. These people and our state were frequently referred to as Badgers. From this developed the term Badger State nicknaming.

Q...Did you know last week that Doty had donated land for the Crawford County courthouse?

A...Yes, Doty bought several farm lots for $130. These were located where ST. Mary's and the General Hospital now stand and extended to the bluffs.

A choice spot in this area, where St. Mary's now stands, contained three Indian mounds. Doty donated the mounds for county buildings, and in Detroit the following summer, secured the passage of a territorial law requiring the county courthouse to be on that spot. The expected effect of this move was, of course to enhance the value of Doty's own holdings, which surrounded the proposed county square.

But here again, Doty's well laid plans went awry, for the county did not erect a courthouse for several years and as long as Doty held court at Prairie du Chien, the session met in buildings "Provided by the sheriff." The center was town was then on the island and county buildings so far removed was not popular then.

Q...Where were these court sessions then held?

A...As I understand, in buildings located on what we know as the parking lots.

Q...The land on which the courthouse now stands was acquired from what people?

A...From Brisbois, Dousman, Rice and Gentil.

Q..That is very interesting, but we have run over our time, so we must say Good-bye.

Nov. 7 1954 MJDyrud



Cassville



Henry Dodge

Josiah Wedgwood

Q...Once again, we meet for another fascinating Chat on History, and we are happy to welcome back, our teller of amazing tales. Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

A...Thank you Walt. it is always nice to be here talking about history.

Q...Your talk last week opened up a wealth of new information on Wisconsin. James Doty must have been a most colorful figure.

A...Yes, Judge Doty was one of the most picturesque characters the frontier history of Wisconsin. He added to the color of Prairie du Chien in those early days and contributed to our early development.

The early trail he traveled was not an easy path. His political rivals, particularly General Dodge, put many obstacles in Doty's path, so his life was running fight. At one time General Dodge and his cohorts almost succeeded in bankrupting Doty. But he fought on valiantly, even when the going was tough and finally gained financial success and historic fame.

Q...Judge Doty was a great promoter. of Wisconsin wasn't he?

A...Yes, Judge Doty was famous in many ways. Prominent as a land speculator, we can also look at him as a founder of cities. He owned and founded what he called Madison City, our present capital, and named it in honor of the fourth president of the United States, who had recently died.

Green Bay, Menasha, Neenah, Fond du Lac, and Milwaukee, to point out the most prominent, can give Doty much credit for their early growth.

Q...I suppose, you would say that Doty had a VISION, a mental picture of the future, to guide his activities?

A...Yes, Doty had a vision of things to come but, more than that, Judge Doty used his boundless energies in a constructive way.

Q...Marty, just WHAT makes one man a SUCCESS and another a FAILURE?

A...Well, that is really a $64 question, but I think I can answer it. I truly believe, that each one of us has within ourselves a tremendous potential. Now, if we can harness a direct this energy properly, we too, can make a success.

You know there are too many people, who are satisfied with things as they are. If they should be dissatisfied enough with their present state they should adopt a goal and work for its realization.

There is a MAGIC in a GOAL, whether it is to own you own home, send your children through college, be a successful business man, or what ever objective you bring into focus.

Q...But, it seems so discouraging, when the road ahead seems to blocked.

A...Sometimes we invent some of our own obstacles. I once heard a story that I have always remembered. It seems that a Bishop stopped to visit a church in the process of construction. His approach was a simple and easy one, but it very revealing to him.

Instead of visiting his clergy first and having them show him through the partially built structure, he went alone to view the rising edifice.

The bishop stopped to talk with the first workman and said "What are you doing?" The workman looked at him with some amazement and disgust and said; "Why, I am pounding stone."

The bishop moved along to another workman and asked the same question "What are you doing? to which the worker replied, "Why cutting stone, of course." The bishop smiled and continued his tour. Coming to another workman he again asked, "What are you doing? The workman's face lighted up and he said "Sir, I am building a Cathedral"

Q...I see What you mean, the point of view is very important. The workman building a cathedral loved his .work, he had a goal, he was putting something more than stone into the building.

A...Too many people are pounding stone. They are putting in the hours, but they lack purpose. We need more people with a love for their work. We need more people with a goal in life. Success of people is a measure of their vision and resourcefulness in their labors.

Q...Marty, you have expressed a very noble thought that young people can live by. Do you have some historic figure in mind that lived and practiced this philosophy?

A...Yes, the other day I ran across some Wedgwood dishes, they were fine pieces of old china, which will live forever and their value to collectors will increase. This fine, old china bought to my mind the amazing story of an ugly boy.

Q...I have heard that Wedgwood china is perhaps the world's finest china, but what does the ugly boy have to do with it?

A...Draw up your chair and I will tell you a true story about the Richest Man of His time.

Q...You have my curiosity aroused Marty, I would like to hear the story.

A...Everyone in little Bursiem, England seemed to be working for a wage rather than a goal. It was a pittance of a wage, too, for Bursiem was one of the most disreputable places in the world. It offended the eye and smelled like a zoo.

It was a pottery town. Every backyard had its own small pottery beside the outhouse, when there was an outhouse.

Waking hours were devoted to making cheap stoneware, drinking, and fighting. On Sundays a few folks attended church, mostly for the fun of interrupting the traveling preachers.

Thomas Wedgwood had a little pottery in his backyard and thirteen children. But, even with the labor of all thirteen children, he could not pay off his mortgage.

When Thomas died, his eldest son inherited the place, including the durable mortgage. The other children worked for their brother, except those who had attained the age of independence.

The youngest, Josiah was nine when his brother took over the backyard establishment. For ten years Josiah worked for his brother in the mud of the pottery.

Josiah had a painful limp; his right knee had been crippled by smallpox. Later he was to have the leg amputated, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Squire Wedgwood, a dignified cousin of the Burslem family, drove over from Cheshire one day with his motherless daughter Sarah, to inspect the poor relations. The squire owned three times as many horses as the entire town of Burslem.

Sarah was a traveled young lady, but she felt sorry for the nineteen-year-old cousin, who sat with his lame leg in front of him, his face yellow from years of child labor in the pottery shed..

She gave him a book she had been reading.

Josiah could read, though most of his brothers and sisters could not.

He memorized the book before returning it to Sarah, with grateful letter. She sent him another book. He could not send her books, but he made a porcelain box in a beautiful new shade of green which he had developed.

The ugly, pock-marked potter and the tall slender girl who played the harpsichord were in love; and Wedgwood now had a goal for which to work.

The goal seemed impossible. A rich attorney had already spoken to Sarah's father about marriage. The squire.. harrumphed to his lame cousin; no Burslem potter could marry his daughter. She would have a dowry of several thousand pounds, and the man who married her would have to match it, shilling for shilling.

They must not see each other for a year, the squire commanded.

"I'm sorry the dowry is so much.." Sarah told Josiah as he left, but you can match it, I know you can.."

The timid lad went to Sheffield, where he made pottery ornaments of knife handles. He was no longer an ordinary potter. His ornaments were beautiful and were found to be harder and more durable than others. He worked toward his goal for five years and laid away a thousand pounds. Then back to dirty Burslem he went to start his own business.

He wrote Sarah, "Burslem shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true; and I'11 be the best potter England has over seen."

More goals for him. He was out not only to marry Sarah but also to remove the odium from the expression "a common Burslem potter."

He started a flower garden, something new in dirty Burslem. He bought a horse so he could ride the forty miles to visit Sarah. The squire grumpily chaperoned every single minute they were together.

Burslem potters had been working four days out of the week, drinking two, and hectoring the preacher on the seventh. They had been satisfied with their low condition and miserable living. That is the pathetic aspect of poverty; people get used to low conditions and are satisfied.

The young man with the limp and a goal gradually changed that. His flower garden was the start. He interested some of the villagers in new kinds of pottery, though many remained more interested in the two days drunk. He hired a young artist to teach them color harmony and design.

He changed Burslem. Instead of the old, coarse pickle jars, the potters now made vases and dinner sets of exquisite lightness and glaze, which the nobility bought for fancy prices.

At thirty Josiah invited the squire to Burslem, to take another look at the potters' town which his lame cousin had improved. The squire harrumphed and wiped his brow. He inventoried Josiah's property and regretted that it did not quite equal his daughter's dowry; the squire's investments had increased the dowry.

So Josiah worked toward his goal for four years more, when the inventory more than matched the dowry. He and Sarah were married. One goal had been reached. But Josiah had other goals now. He was determined to remove the village and the potters' trade from the disrespect that had always been their lot.

Sarah and Josiah labored together toward these goals. Burslem became the art center and was recognized the world over as the home of Queensware; for Wedgwood had been appointed Potter to the Queen.

He extended, his goals as he continued to do more things; he became the richest man of his time.

He gave goals to others, too. He awoke the decrepit, satisfied town by making the people dissatisfied, and then showing them how to, improve their products and themselves. Burslem became a show place.

That is the story of the ugly boy who became the Richest Man of His Time.

Q...That is one of the most extraordinary stories I have heard all my life. Marty, all young people should hear this story, it would give them inspiration. But, tell me, just how do you get people to take that first big step and set a goal for themselves?

A...Well satisfied people do NOT get things done. The satisfied person has reached his goal, if any, and works only for the necessary wages to keep him from starving and freezing.

First we have make people dissatisfied with their present state. The dissatisfied person has the urge to get things done. Then they can set a goal and work for it.

Q...I don't think that I or the average person has the natural gifts that Wedgwood had to accomplish as much as he did.

A...That may be true, many of us wonder just where we can use our ability to the greatest advantage. Remember however, many apparently ordinary people do extraordinary things. Most of us are too modest in rating our capabilities we use only a fraction of the ability and energy we are capable of. Too many of our efforts are wasted in various ways; we do not make our shots all count in advancing toward our goal in life.

Q...What a marvelous door you have opened for our listeners to travel. Do you have any further comments, Marty?

A...Yes, first, money is not everything. Many people will have goals that are not rated with the dollar sign. Their happiness will come as they accomplish their goals.

To the women who are listening, you will have to cooperate with your husband if he is to be successful. If you and your husband share the same ideals and goals if life and strive for them, your lives will be happy and rewarding

Q...History today has opened a very sound philosophy for all of us. I would like to talk longer, but our time is running out.

Nov. 14,1954
MJDyrud

The Indian Horses

Q...And now the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your story, last week, on Wedgwood was an inspiring tale.

A...Yes, Josiah Wedgwood gained undying fame with his famous china. With physical handicaps and burdened with an odious background, Wedgwood pulled himself up out of the mire of his surroundings, and created a beautiful community, a fame for fine china, and with it he became the Richest Man of His Time.

Wedgwood was a man of imagination, for he forecast the development of photography. Some years later his prediction came to life, when De Guerre, the Frenchman actually made the basic invention.

Q...Well, Marty, what do you have on tap for us today?

A...As I have read the reports of early explorers, I find no reference to the early Indians having ponies or horses. Later on however, there are frequent references to the horses of the Indians. This difference puzzled me, so I decided to find the answer.

Q...Isuppose that started you off on another history search?

A...Yes, that's right, and it proved most interesting and I want to share my findings with you and our radio audience.

Q...Well, the horse is a native animal of the Americas, isn't it?

A...No....The early native Indians had no horses, and there were none in America at the time of Columbus. The Spaniards brought the first horses to America which the Indians had ever seen.

Q...So we have the Spanish explorers to thank for our horses in North America?

A...Yes, strangely, the most complete fossil remains of horses are found in North America. The accepted theory.is that our horses all died out toward the end of the. Mammal Age in America. There were no horses in America for a considerable time, until the Spanish occupation when they were brought again into the country.

Q...Do you think the earliest horses were native to North America. In other words do you think the horse originated here?

A...I am afraid you are getting me into rather deep water. The anthropologists have a hot dispute between themselves as to where the first horse originated. Most authorities think the birthplace of the horse was in Asia.

Then how did the horse get over to America in the very earliest times?

A...There are strong evidences that the horse as well as other animals and maybe people crossed over from Asia to America by land-bridges, which existed ages ago.

Q...Just where were these land bridges?

A...I think I am right when I say that there appear strong possibilities that the land bridges, referred to connected Alaska with Siberia or Japan.'

Q...Another question Marty. Why should the horses which once inhabited America have all died out?

A...Well, that too, has been a puzzle to the scientists. From the fossil remains, they think the horse died out near the end of the Tertiary Period. By Tertiary Period is meant the Mammal Age, when mastodons and other large mammals had their day. You know of course that the mastodon and those other freaks, big as elephants, died out too.

As to the cause of the extinction of the horse at that time in America, we can only guess at the cause. Food and climatic conditions did not change sufficiently in a detrimental way for other animals, like the bison or buffalo to die. The buffalo survived, so it would appear that the horse should too.

Perhaps the most likely explanation is that some insect-borne disease, like the tsetse fly disease of North Africa, broke out and spread before the horse race had time to acquire immunity.

Q...How strange. Well Marty, are there truly Wild Horses now in existence?

A...In the west there are roving bands of untamed mustangs. The anthropologists say the only true Wild Horses in existence today are those found in western Mongolia. These were discovered by a Russian explorer in the 1890's. They are more primitive than our wild horses, from an evolution standpoint. These horses are small, about 4 feet high, with large heads small eyes, and generally characterized by a wicked expression. The few that have been captured are bought by zoos and shown as displays of this singular animal.

Q...When you refer to evolution, do you mean that there has been some charges in the basic characteristics, of the horse?

A...Yes, the ancestor of the horse once had four toes on the front feet and three toes on the hind feet. Gradually, in evolution, the toes were lost and we have the type of hoof we know that horses now have. '?

The present day horses are all larger, and a much gentler and more intelligent animal than the early wild horses. This is a result of selective breeding. To-day, I think you could say that the horse is the most intelligent animal that we know.

Q...Marty, this may sound like a peculiar question, but just what brought the horse to the fore with the advance of civilization?

A...I am inclined to think that warfare was the greatest reason. A nomad who fought on horseback was a swifter and more successful warrior than the fighter on Foot.

While I have not checked this, I believe Genghis Kahn, the greatest conqueror in all history could be given credit for the success of his horse mounted soldiers. Now we call them cavalry. They used horses skillfully, fought bravely and set a new pattern for warfare at that time.

Q...Weren't horses used for work in the early times?

A...No, the use of the horse as a beast of burden came very late in history. Oxen were for centuries the favorite beast of burden, for farm work. Even in this country there are many people who can remember the ox team. In southern Europe, northern Africa and the middle east, the camel and donkey were and are still familiar sights, as beasts of burden.

Q...When did the Spaniards bring horses into North America?

A...The Spanish explorers de Navarez and De Soto brought horses into North America around 1540. It was close unto two hundred years later, under the Spanish occupation that the Indians appear to have first had horses.

We assume that the Southern Indians, impressed into Spanish service, learned to ride and tend horses. No doubt some Indians stole or captured horses and brought them into their villages.

Q...When did the explorers first find the Indians using horse in this area?

A....In 1766, reports show the Dakota Indians of this area area and Mimesota had no horses. However 6 years later, the Indians did have horses. That would be just before the start of Revolutionary War. By 1796, horses were replacing the canoe for Indian travel.

Q...What did the Indians use as a beast of burden before they had horses?

A...Well, the squaws did most of the work. Strangely enough the Indians used the dog as a beast of burden. Perhaps that is the reason there were so many dogs around an Indian camp.

Q...But, a dog couldn't carry very much?

A...Most Indians were roving hunters. When they moved camp, they fitted a pack saddle on top of the dog's back and on 35 to 50 pounds of gear. Sometimes the Indians strapped their tent poles also to the dog, who dragged them along on the ground.

Q.... Were the Indians good horsemen?

A...The Indians in this area were not famous as horsemen, but in the southwest the Indians were skilled horsemen. They, no doubt showed our early cowboys the tricks of riding. I think you will find the finest early cowboy riders coming from area too.

Even in the Indian days they lassoed horses, using strings of rawhide, instead of the ropes the cowboys use today.

Some Indians could lasso a wild horse, and within an hour have under riding control, to the amazement of the early explorers.

From Catlin's notebook around 1840 we have an interesting account of the Indian horsemen. Catlin says, "The Comanchee Indians, like the Northern tribes, have many games, and in pleasant weather, seem to be continuously practicing more or less of them on the prairies.

In their ball-plays, and some other games, they are far behind the Sioux, but in racing horses and riding they are not equalled by any other Indians on the Continent. Racing horses is their principal and constant gambling sport; and a more finished set of Jockeys cannot be found, for they have practiced since childhood.

Amongst their feats of riding, there is one that has astonished me more than anything of its kind I have ever seen or expect to see in my life. It is a stratagem of war. The rider drops his body upon the side of the horse at the instant he is passing, effectually screening himself from his enemies weapons.

He lays in a horizontal position, behind the body of his horse, with his heel hanging over the horses back. The rider has the power of throwing himself up again and changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. He will hang while his horse is at fullest speed, carrying with him, his bow and shield and also his 14 foot lance. Moreover, he can also use the weapons. On rising, he can shoot arrows over the horse's back, or with equal ease and success under the horse's neck. This astonishing feat, completely puzzled all of us and it appeared to be MAGIC rather than an acquired skill.

Incidentally, Catlin was a fine horseman, and could sit in a saddle all day without tiring.

Continuing, Catlin says: "I found the answer, but it is still a remarkable feat. The riders have a short hair halter passed under the neck of the horse, with both ends tightly braided into the mane, on the withers, leaving a loop to hang under the neck and against the breast. Catching this loop in the hand, makes a sling into which the elbow falls, taking the weight of the body on the middle of the upper arm.

Into this loop the rider drops suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse, to steady him, and also to restore him when he wishes to regain his upright position on the horse's back.

With this and other feats of horsemanship, I am ready, without hesitation to pronounce the Comanches the most extraordinary horsemen that I have seen in my travels, and I doubt if any other people in the world can surpass them.

Q...Were the Comanches tall people, like the cowboys?

A...No. Catlin tells us that the Comanches are low in stature and approaching fatness. In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful; and on their feet, one of the most unattractive and slovenly looking races of Indians.

But, the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once to be metamorphosed, with the ease and elegance of their movements. A Comanche on his feet, is out of his element, really awkward, but the moment he 'lays his hand on his horse, his face even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being.

Q...Isn't that fascinating. Rodeos and riding horses are about all we have left today in the horse world.

A...Yes, I guess that is right. As I reflect on the interplay of the Indian and white man, it is interesting to note that the Spaniards gave the Indians horses, and the Indians in return gave us the pipe and tobacco.

Q...Marty, you are making history live and be of value to us in your many fine chats, which we all, enjoy. Now it seems the clock is trying to ....Your time,is up.

Nov. 20, 1954.
MJDyrud

Local History Letters & Comments

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt. I am glad to be here. I see you are busy adding an addition to your studio.

Q...Yes, we are in the throws of adding an addition so we can better serve the community. Well, Marty we look forward to your visits each week. Incidentally, do you have any public comments to these history chats?

A...Yesa good many people have stopped me from time to time to comment on the programs. I think most people liked Ringling Story the best, although I can't be sure,

The other day I was picking up some cement blocks at Prairie Concrete Products, when Charley Kahler said I like your history talks on Indians over the radio. He went on tell me, that when he was a boy they occupied what is now Jackson place on the south end of town. This near the railroad tower, not far from the Junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers.

It seems when he was a youngster, which would be a good many years ago, a group of Indians lived near his house. In those days, Sundays were times to hitch up the horse to the buggy and go for a ride. A good many people from town would drive out to their place, particularly on Sunday.

A favorite pastime of these buggy riders at that time was to test the marksmanship of the Indian lads as they used their bows and arrows. This was done in a very novel way. The city visitors would stick a short branch into the ground and spit the top end. Into this slit at the top of the stick, they would place coins for the young Indian boys to try and shoot and knock out of the sticks. If the Indian boy would knock a coin out of the stick, the coin was his.

Q...Could the young Indians do it?

A...Yes, they were very good shots with the bow and arrow.

Q...My what marksmanship. Well, Marty, how far away would they stand while shooting at the coins?

A...Charley Kohler tells me that they would be 25 to 30 feet away from the coin.

Q...Well, isn't that interesting. A dollar on a stick 30 feet away would require good marksmanship as this is not a large target?

A...Walt, I think these Indian lads were better shots than you think. I doubt if they shot at dollar coins in those days. That was a lot of money. At that time laborers were very lucky to have a job that would bring them a dollar for a full days labor, and that amounted to about 11 hours.

Q...Yes, I guess times have changed.

A...Yes, I imagine that these Indian lads shot at a lot of pennies and were happy when they had a nickel for their target. Possibly some generous soul would sometimes put up a quarter, and that was a big event. I didn't think to ask Charley about what coins were put up, I will have to ask him sometime.

Q...Are there any Indians living near here now?

A...Yes, near De Soto there are several families of Indians. You may have seen during the summer a very interesting elderly squaw in McGregor, she is Mama Big Bear. She is a picturesque and fine old Indian lady that does some nice Indian embroidery and basket work.

You young people should get to see and talk to Mama Big Bear, for she is a fine example of an older Indian type that is fast fading from our scene. Talk to her sometime now while she is living and when you grow old, you will remember her and be delighted to tell about her to your grandchildren.

Q...What tribe or tribes do these Indians belong to?

A...I don't know what tribe Mama Big Bear belongs to, but the Indians we have in Crawford County, I learned are all Winnebago Indians.

Q...I thought you r referred to this area as being inhabited by Fox Indians.?

A...Yes the city got its name from a Fox Indian. Before this time and very early in our community history, before there were records, the Sioux occupied this area. Indians from the east were pushed westward, so the Fox pushed the Sioux west. No doubt these Winnebago Indians are later occupants, for their natural home is around Lake Winnebago in the Oshkosh-Appleton area.

Q...I bet the grandparents of many Prairie du Chien residents could tell some most interesting Indians tales.

A...Yes, there must be many that should be brought to light. My wife Blanche Paris had great grandparents who came here in the early 1800's. She tells about her great grandfather, who lived on a farm near Bridgeport, going out on the bluffs in the middle of the winter "to fetch the cattle." He became lost in a blizzard on the bluffs and froze to death. "Indian Joe" later came to their home carrying the frozen man he had found. The family had been kind to "Indian Joe" and when he' came upon the old gentleman sitting on the ground frozen with his gun leaning against the tree, the Indian recognized him and carried the body back to their farm home.

Q...Frontier days must have been rugged.

A...Yes, you bet they were, some times tragic. It was not many years ago that Mrs. Cherrier. I believe was 103 years old. Walt, this lady was scalped by the Indians when she was a baby and lived to a ripe old age.
Her father was killed in his cabin and she as a baby, was scalped in what was called the Gagnier massacre. This is the Red Bird Incident. If you want to get a picture of this moving scene, you will find an excellent painting of the incident by Cal Peters in our museum.

Q...So you can be scalped and still live?

A...Yes, it is possible, there were quite a few people in the early days who had a bald head from scalping.

Q...Your story last week telling of the feats of Indian horsemanship intrigued me.

MJDyrud/me
Dec. 4, 1954



Mama Big Bear



Marie Gagnier Cherrier



Red Bird and Wekau

Indian Peace Medals

Q... It is our pleasure, to bring you another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Good afternoon Walt. I am glad to join you once again.

Q...We are glad to see you. Last week you said that you might talk this week on either the Mississippi River or Peace Medals. Personally I was more interested in Peace Medals.

A...I Judged that, so Peace Medals it will be.

Q...I am happy. Ever since I saw the picturesque medals which the Indians wore in some of your early prints, these medals have intrigued me.

A...The Indians prized the Peace Medals highly and wore them proudly.

Q....What were the earliest medals given the Indian chiefs?

A...The earliest were Spanish medals given by our first explorers to the Indians in the southern part of the United States. You will remember that Iowa was once claimed by the Spanish while Wisconsin was claimed by the French. The Spaniards had little contact with Iowa, so I doubt if any Spanish medals were given to the Iowa Indians.

Q... Were French medals given to Wisconsin Indians?

A...Yes, I believe that medals bearing the likeness of a King were given to early Wisconsin Indians.

Q...When did the British take over from the French?

A...After the fall of Quebec, the French withdrew from Wisconsin and in about 1761 British occupation began.

Q...Do you have any British Peace medals?

A...Yes, Here is a replica of the George II Peace Medal date 1757. This medal and others like it were given to Indian chiefs and other Indian dignitaries.

Q...Why do you call it a Peace Medal?-

A...If you will look on the back of this medal you will find the inscription "Let us look to the Most High, who blessed our fathers with Peace." On the back is also is an embossed scene of an Englishman and an Indian sitting near a camp fire smoking the pipe of peace.

Q...This is a beautiful medal, about the size of a dollar, with the sculptured face of King George II. That date of 1757 was a long time ago. Where did you get this medal?

A...I obtained it from the U.S. Mint.

Q...Why would our government reproduce a British Peace Medal?

A...I don't know. I was so happy to get it I didn't ask the question. When I find out the reason, I will probably have another interesting story.

Q...Well, Marty what did the British do when they found Indians wearing the French medals? Would they also give these chiefs the British medal?

A...No, the British told the chiefs that their King would be vexed to see them wearing the French medals, and it would please the King very much if they would exchange their medal for one of the British. In this way they got the French medals out of circulation and the British medals used.

Q...Marty, do you have any American Peace Medals?

A...Fortunately yes. Here are 10 Presidential Medals nine of which are Indian Peace Medals.

Q...My, my, what beauties these are. They look like gold.

A...They are cast in bronze.

Q...These medals are much larger than the British medals.
A...Yes these medals are about 2 1/2" in diameter. I suppose the Americans thought they would have to have a more attractive medal than the British to attract the Indians chiefs.

Q...What magnificent sculpturing.

A...Each medal is a work of art.

Q...I hardly know where to start in examining these fine pieces. Marty, perhaps you could start off by telling us which is oldest?

A...The Washington Peace Medal given by our first president, which is dated 1789. On the front is a sculptured likeness of George Washington. Around the edge are the words "George Washington President of the United States" together with the date 1789.

On the back are the word "Peace and Friendship". There are two illustrations. The top one shows a tomahawk and peace pipe. The lower figures shows a hand shake between the Indian and the American soldier.

Q...I can see now why they are called Peace Medals.

A...All the peace medals have the same illustration on the back. I am proud to have this fine piece of our founding father.

Q...Then this is the first American Peace Medal?

A...This is the first official Peace Medal given to the Indians. There were a few medals given prior to this time informally by eastern groups in an unofficial way. These early medals were hand engraved, generally oval,in silver, and rather crude.

After gaining independence, our government found it advantageous to follow the British custom and give medals to the Indian chiefs when they cooperated in a friendly way.

The first official die cast medals were prepared in England. They are like this one. It took so long to get dies and have the medals cast that none were distributed during Washington's presidency.
John Adams was president before the Washington Peace medals were distributed.

Q...Was there a John Adams Peace Medal?

A...Yes, here is a John Adams medal. It is dated 1797, eight years after the Washington medal.

Q...Which comes next?

A...Thomas Jefferson. The Jefferson Medal bears the date1801. Lewis and Clark took a goodly supply of these medals on their expedition to the Pacific Coast.

Q...Were there any Jefferson medals distributed in this area?

A...No doubt, Lieutenant Zelulon Pike distributed the Jefferson Peace Medals to Indians here in Prairie du Chien in 1805 and 1806. when Pike held councils with the Indian chiefs here at that time.

Pike's peak on the Iowa shore was named in honor of this famous American military man.

0...What reason do you have for thinking that Pike distributed Jefferson medals?

A...Pike in his diary refers to Prairie du Chien, and says "a council was held with the Sioux and Winnebagos, the latter of whom delivered up their British medals and flags."

It was customary to retrieve the British medals and give American peace medals in return.

Q...Did the Madison medal come next?

A...Yes, the James Madison Peace Medal comes next. Our Wisconsin capital city is named in honor of President Madison. Judge Doty, who founded Madison wished to honor President Madison who had died shortly before.

Q...What comes next?

A...The James Monroe medal. Here it is dated 1817.

Q...I see it has the familiar back of "Peace and Friendship".

A...Walt, I would like to point out one interesting illustration on the back of this and the other peace medals. Notice the Tomahawk, it is a combination tomahawk and peace pipe all in one. The handle serves as the stem of the pipe. On the end of the handle pipe stem is the tomahawk blade facing down. Above the blade and above the stem is a pipe bowl.

This particular tomahawk design is unique for it's combination peace pipe. This unit gave rise to the expression "bury the hatchet". After a war or strife, the Indians chief would sink the tomahawk blade into the ground and all that remained to be seen was the peace pipe, which was smoked in friendship after the hatchet was buried.

Q...How interesting.

A...Then comes the John Quincy Adams' medal dated 1824.

Q...Isn't that the date of the famous treaty in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, that is the correct date. I doubt if the John Quincy Adams' Peace Medal was given chiefs at that time for it usually took several years to prepare a new medal. The Monroe medals were probably the only ones available.

Q...Which medal came next?

A...The Andrew Jackson medal in 1829. He was nicknamed "Old Ironsides" our famous general president. His medals were probably given at the 1829 treaty meetings at Prairie du Chien.

Q...Did each president have an Indian Peace Medal?

A...Yes, while we were making treaties in the early days with Indians. These are also referred to at times as Presidential medals, especially after there was no further need for Peace Medals.

Q....I see that here are the Tyler and Van Buren Medals.

A...And here is one of the Zachary Taylor Peace Medal.

Q...Didn't Taylor command a fort here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, Taylor commanded Fort Crawford. He later gained tremendous fame in the Mexican War and became President the United States.

Q...How long did the Indian Treaty meetings continue in Prairie du Chien?

A.... Roughly from 1805 to 1839, only minor meetings were held in Prairie du Chien, by then most land in Wisconsin was am ceded to the white men.

Q...Where did you get this handsome collection?

A.. From the U.S. Mint.

Q...But Marty, as I recall from your pictures the Indians had these medals hung around their necks by ribbons, and I see no provision for that?

A...Sometimes a watch stem was attached to the top of the medal.
In other cases a hole was drilled through the top edge of the medal to take a ribbon threaded through the opening.

Q...Oh, I see. Then too, Marty, I have noticed some prints showing Indians wearing smaller medals.

A...These are the large Indian Peace Medals given to the Chiefs. Two smaller sizes were also made from time to time. These smaller medals were given to less important Indians. The chiefs and more influential Indians received the largest medals, while the lesser dignitaries received the smaller sizes.

Q...For how long were Peace Medals given by our government?

A... For 100 years, between 1789 and 1889.

Q...Who gave these medals?

A...The President of the United States, or other authorized officials, including the War Dept.
Schoolcraft an early American explorer and Indian as tells of a medal he inquired about on an Indian at Rice Lake. He found this medal was inherited. It had original been given to Chief Day at Prairie du Chien by Colonel Nicolas Boilvin.

Q...I imagine the Indians prized these medals very highly?

A...Yes, frequently the chiefs specified that when they died, their medal should be part of his ornamentation as he was buried.
So attractive were these medals to the Indians that Ramsy Crooks got the War Dept. to approve his having a madal made. The Astor medals were also given to a great many Indian chiefs.

Q...Were medals the one and only valued gift given to the chief.

A.. The gifts varied. The medal was the most important. In addition, I find that our government officials gave:

Silver arm bands
Silver hat bands
Jewelry for nose and ear decoration
Flags of the United States
and military uniform, among other smaller gifts.

Q...Well, this is all so interesting, but I see our clock tells us that our time has run out and we must wait another day for more Indian lore.

December 9.1954
MJDyrud /me


GEORGIVS · III · DEI · GRATIA
1783


GEORGE WASHINGTON PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
1789
PEACE
AND
OUR
FRIENDSHIP


JOHN ADAMS PRESIDENT OF THE U S
A. D. 1797.


PEACE
AND
FRIENDSHIP


JAMES MADISON PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A. D 1809


PEACE
AND
FRIENDSHIP


PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.


PEACE
AND


JOHN QUINCY ADAMS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
1825


PEACE
AND
FRIENDSHIP


ANDREW JACKSON PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES A.D. 1829.


PEACE
AND
FRIENDSHIP


JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
1841


PEACE
AND


MARTIN VAN BUREN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
A.D. 1837


PEACE
AND
FRIENDSHIP

Indian Peace Medals

Q... Your talk last week contained so many interesting facts, Marty, that I wish you would take a few minutes now to summarize it for us.

A...Sure, Walt. The Americans dealing with the Indians, followed the custom of the Spanish, French, and British in giving Peace Medals to the Indian chiefs, who were friendly and would cooperate. The Indians valued these medals highly, and would wear them with evident pride. While Spanish Peace Medals were not given in Wisconsin, the Indian chiefs here did receive the French, British and American Peace Medals. The British during their occupation tried, and very successfully, to replace the French medals by exchanging them for British medals. Then the Americans tried the some switch and replaced the British medals.

Last week I showed you and described the British Peace Medals, particularly the George II medal.

I have with me again today nine of the American Peace Medals. These cover all of the Peace Medals given the Indians here in Prairie du Chien at Treaty and council meetings.

Beginning with George Washington, Peace Medals were struck by our government for each President over the period of a hundred years. Typical of the Peace Medal is the president's sculptured head on the front and on the back the inscription "Peace and Friendship". There are also two illustrations on the back. One shows a crossed tomahawk and peace pipe. Lower down is a had shake between the Indian the American soldier.

Q....Well Marty, I was so thrilled last week with your story as to the origin of the expression "Bury the Hatchet" that I think you should repeat the story for us.

A...Oh yes, I will be glad to. I mentioned that one of the illustrations on the back of the peace medal was a crossed tomahawk and peace pipe. This tomahawk has a very novel design, for it is a combination tomahawk and peace pipe in a single unit. The handle of the tomahawk also serves as the stem of the pipe. At the end of the handle-pipe stem is tomahawk blade facing down and above is the pipe bowl.

With the end of a war of hostilities, the Indian chief would sink this tomahawk into the ground and the only portion that showed was the peace pipe portion of the unit. This particular tomahawk design and the ceremony gave rise to the expression "bury the hatchet"; after which the Indian and white man sat down and smoked the pipe of peace; or French called it, the Calumet.

Q...Thank you Marty, I always wondered where the expression came from. Now I know the interesting story. Is there any link between the custom and Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, the custom was practiced here, but I think the expression is not linked specifically with any definite place.

Q...Lets see, we saw last week your George II British Peace medal and then the American Peace Medals of George Washington, Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe and Quincey Adams.

A...Yes, that's right. Next came the Andrew Jackson Peace Medal in 1829. Remember him, "Old Hickory" our famous general president? There was a good sized treaty meeting in Prairie du Chien in 1829, but I doubt if the Jackson medal was ready. The Indians were probably given the John Quincy Adams Peace Medals.

Q...These Tyler and Van Buren Medals, are such fine sculpturing, they really are beauties.

A.. President Tyler had 14 children. President Van Buren was the first President who was not born a British Subject.

Next came a medal that will interest you... The Zachary Taylor Peace Medal.

Q...Didn't Zachary Taylor command a fort here in Prairie du Chien?

A...He sure did. He commanded Fort Crawford for a good many years. It was during his stay here that his daughter Nancy fell in love with Jeff Davis, much to the disgust of the commandant Taylor. As a matter of fact Jeff Davis almost lost his self control and challenged Taylor to a duel, because
taylor forbade his daughter ever to see Lieutenant Jeff Davis again.

Q...That must be an interesting story.

Recollection on the Buffalo Bill Incident

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Hostorical Society and avid local historien. Well, Marty, your Buffalo Bill tale certainly ran the bell for excitement.

A...There are many people who remember the incident so well that each one tells me some interesting phase.

Q...Yes, I'll bet it recalls many fond memories.

A...For instance the other clay, Leo Chabala stopped me on the street and said Marty, Your story on Buffalo Bill was sure swell, I really liked that. B He went on to say that his father had a shoe store at that time, where Ridge Motors now stands and when the excitement became too tense, they locked the store door to keep out the roving circus men.

Q...Marty, it looks to me that we are going to have another interesting session on Buffalo Bill, so I would suggest that you give us first a summary of this colorful affair and then, we can qo on from there.

A...Sure, will Walt.

Throughout the past 60 years, I believe that the Buffalo Bill incident stands out stronger in peoples memories, than any other local happening. Perhaps that is because the incident was packed with lots of Wild West action and spiced with some humor. It is the story of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West circus showing in Prairie du Chien.

Our city in those days was smaller; a rough river town, with plenty of excitement in the 20 saloons that lined Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Ave. Prairie du Chien residents were anticipating with aroused curiosity the coming of Buffalo Bills Wild West and congress of Rough Riders.

Colonel William F. Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill himself, was in commend of a brilliant assemblage of the mounted soldiers of the world, and Rough Riders of the east and west. The whole constituting a genuine and glittering spectacle of the world's warriors from the primitive savage to the finest mounted soldiers of that day, displaying their remarkable feats of horsemanship.

Tents were set up behind, what is now the Badger Wholesale Grocery, east of the Burlington tracks, for an afternoon and evening performance.

That Monday morning of August 20-1900, a colorful Parade, headed 'by Buffalo Bill marched through the city streets. You could see the famous Deadwood Stage of frontier fame, the 125 Indian riders, replete with lances and feathered costumes. Following were Irish Fusiliers, German Cavalrymen, Russian Cossacks, Arab warriors from the desert, Mexican Ruraliers, So. American Gauchos, all parading in colorful array before the dazzled spectators.

The renowned Johnnie Baker and the immortal Annie Oakley were there. At the show, they would perform their magical feats of marksmanship in a western setting of cowboys and Indians.

Thrilling to the young and old alike, were the Rough Riders, back from their memorable charge on San Juan Hill. There under the command of Teddy Roosevelt, they had gained undying fame.

All in all, it was to be a thrilling show that everyone wanted to see.
Q...Even today the show sounds thrilling, the famous riders the colorful Indians and the trick shooting of Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker.

A. ..That's right, maybe it is one reason why the show will live in the pages of history.

Well. about 5 PM following the afternoon performance. several canvas-men crossed over to Stabin's Saloon. It stood where Dagnon"s Garage is now located across from Ed. Benish's store.

An argument developed, over paying for some drinks. One story I heard says, that Stabin went into the back room behind his bar, and came out flashing a Smith & Wesson pistol. The showmen wrestled the gun away from Stabin and roughed him up. Stabin's Yelling attracted the attention of a Special Policeman Vavra, who was passing by.

Cigar maker Vavra, deputized for the day, came to Stabin's rescue, So violent was Vavra in ejecting the trouble making showmen, that they had it in for Vavra.

A canvas-man was badly hurt in the scuffle. He went back to the show, gathered some of his gang and returned to renew the fight.

The showmen spied Vavra and chased him down Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Ave. Some of the showmen caught up with Vevra. before he had run a block west. In defense, Vavra shot one of the-showmen in the ankle, and continued his flight up town.

The crowd of showmen caught up with Vavra again, near the entrance of Artesian Alley, between what is now Prohaska's Hardware and the Telephone Company. They rained a shower of stones at Vavra. L ::

Policeman Vavra, again turned and shot another showman in the hip. This slowed the charging showmen, but it fanned the flames of their hatred to and even higher pitch. Vavra wasted no time, he ducked into Vadiska & Quilligan's Saloon, escaped out the back door, near where the post office is now located.

Trouble filled the air. City Marshal Lidner ordered all saloons closed. Marshal Lidner and his aid tried to quiet the enraged showmen, but all efforts failed. Negro soldiers. cowboys and cossacks from the show joined the tense mob. Feelings ran high and might burst into violence any minute.

The mob was led by a Herculean negro in U.S. Soldier's pants, along with a big German artillery man.

Q...I suppose they were after Vavra, who had shot two of their buddies?

A...That's right. The Wild West mob were after Vavra and they were uncontrollable. They thought Vavra had taken refuge in Mrs. O'Dey's saloon, then located where Geisler's Tavern now stands. Forcing an entrance, they wrecked the interior, but failed to find Vavra, who had not been there.

In desperation, the gang hunted down the Marshal and Officer Lindner. The mob turned on Lidner, stoning Lidner, his aid and also bystanders. The mob threatened to wipe out the town_

This so aroused the citizens that they sought hastily to secure arms and prepared to defend their lives and property against the wild, rampaging showmen.

Sheriff Hunter came to the aid of Marshal Lidner and Officer Merrell, but they were no match for this large Crown of mad showmen seeking revenge.

Marshal Lidner was shot in the hand, the gang fractured his arm, broke his leg and by way of good measure they gave him a terrific beating. Marshal Lidner was hauled home in a wagon by friends. Fred Schrader tells me he visited Lidner six weeks after this affair and Marshal Lidner was still in bed.

Q...With such mob hysteria what could be done?

A... District Attorney O. B. Thomas, wired Governor Scofield in Madison, that mob violence prevailed in Prairie du Chien, that the County and city authorities were unable to cope with the situation and requested troops to restore order.

Fred Schrader tells me that the governor's telegram came . at 6:20 PM. and he carrried the message over the footbridge on W. Washington Street to Colonel Cody's tent, which was located near what is now the Burlington train depot.

An orderly was guarding Cody's tent, sitting under a big umbrella, for it was a beastly hot day. The orderly said Schrader would have to wait for an hour until the Colonel awakened, for he wee taking a customary two hour nap, after the performance and was not to be disturbed.

After considerable persuasion. the orderly awakened Colonel Cody. Soon Buffalo Bill appeared in high BVDs and fringed buckskin trousers. He was a handsome Man with a Van Dyke mustache and long white hair, flowing down over his shoulders.

He opened the telegram, read the message, called the orderly, and directed him to bring his horse at once.

The governor's message commanded Colonel Cody to withdraw his men from the streets of Prairie du Chien, or state troops would be dispatched immediately to the scene. Buffalo Bill, mounted his horse, spurred the animal to a gallop and that was Schrader' s fading view of the famous frontier scout Buffalo Bill.

We know that he rode down Bluff Street, (Blackhawk Avenue), as far as Main street, blowing his whistle. His. men immediately gathered behind him and marched back to the show.

Q... And what happened to Vavra?

A...Well, Vevra eluded the mob by hiding, where the bravest man would hesitate to go. The mob never did find him because he crawled through one of the holes in the outhouse, behind Mrs. O'Day's Saloon and stayed under the seat, scared for his life, until the whole town had quieted down again.

Vavra left town immediately and never returned.

I have been very curious as to why Vavra made the showmen so mad, in Stabin's Saloon, for this really started the whole affair.

Q...Did you find out?

A...Yes; Leo Chabela gave me the answer, or what I think may be part of the answer. It seems that when Vavra was deputized as a special Policeman, there was no extra billy-club for him. So, Vavra got an axe-handle and

used it as a billy club. He thought this was even better than a billy club, for he could swing an axe handle with both hands. Now I can see why he badly hurt one of the showmen while ejecting them from Stabin's saloon.

Q...My, my that would be a wicked billy club.

A...Leo says he paraded at first along the railroad tracks, near Dagnon's garage carrying the axe handle so the show people probably all saw Vavra with it.

Another interesting angle Leo Chabela and Fred Otto mentioned was that the Indians joined in the mob too. They say the Indians wore wrap-around blankets. The Metro theater was being built at that time, or remodeled. Next to the Metro was a large pile of bricks. The Indians would come along and pick up these bricks, which they would tuck under their blankets. Now I know where the flying bricks came from.

Leo tells me also that there was a bath house where the San Hotel now stands. He wondered if someone had a picture of it. Today that would be very interesting to see this early spa.

Q...Yes, wouldn't it.

A...Mrs. Fred Otto found this tale of Buffalo Bill interesting. She tells me she lived over Kozelka's store at that time. I believe at that time the Poehler's had a grocery store, where Kozelka's store is now. She watched from a balcony porch and saw the running fight between Vavra and the showmen.

Q...I wonder what stores are in business now, that were also open then.

A...I was thinking about that also. Two is about all that I can think of. Wachuta's Store was being run then by their father, I believe. Then there would be Cornelius' Jewelry. That is all that I can think of.

Q...Well, 55 years is a long time and there have been many changes.

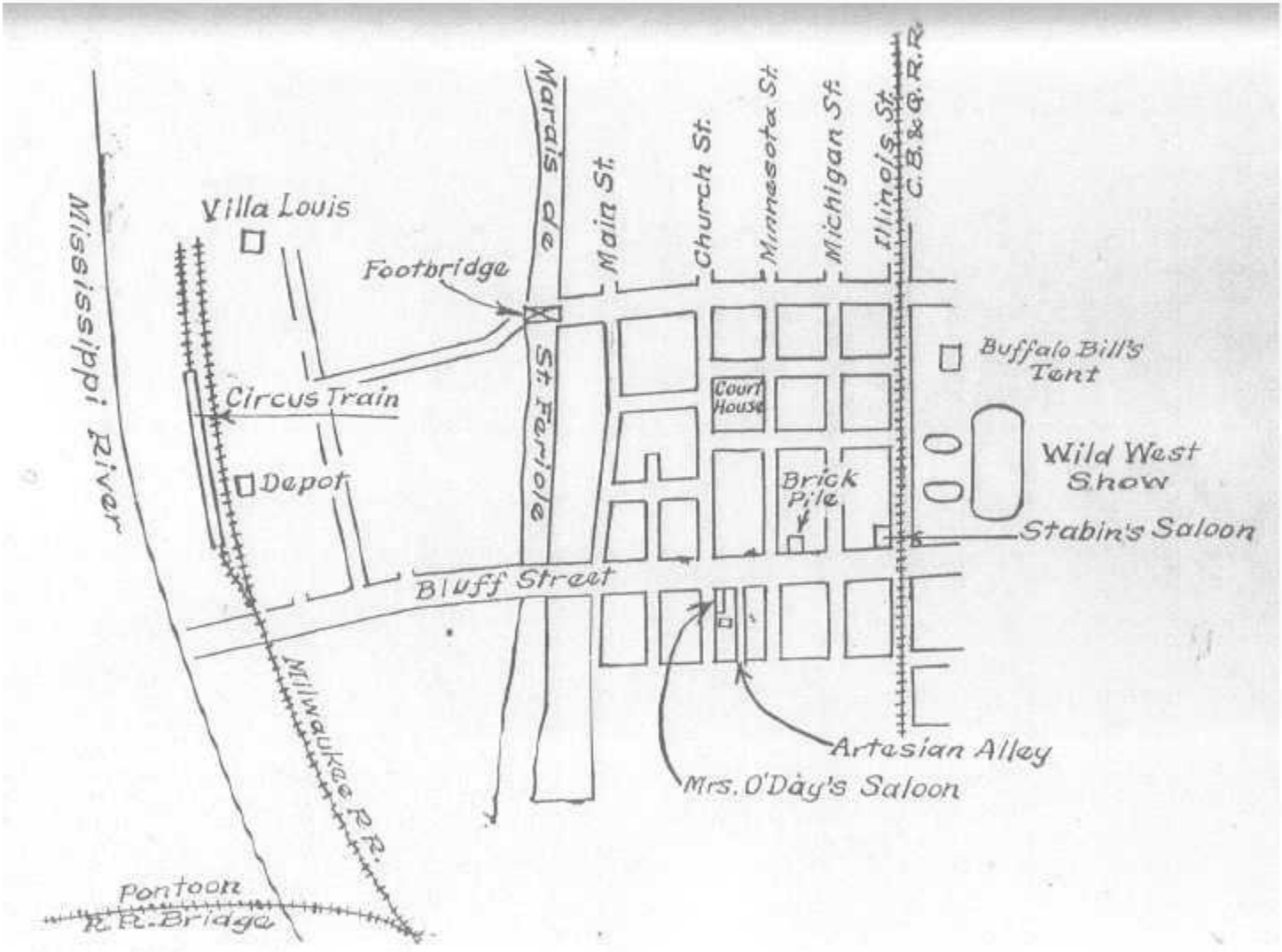
A...One more interesting comment I ran across. Fred Schrader said that when he visited Marshal Lidner in bed, six weeks after the affair, Lidner said if he saw the two negroes again he would shoot first, and let the law, take its course afterwards.

Interestingly enough, at that time, Bluff Street was not paved, just a dirt street with wood sidewalks on either side.

There were two artesian fountains, one by what is now Kazelka's Shoe Store, the other by Wachuta's Store. If I remember right, you could water the horses at both places. The water flowed down the gutters toward the river.

Note: Dell Richman's Saloon was on artesian Alley where the Telephone Co is now.

January 15, 1955


Mississippi River
Villa Louis
Footbridge
Circus Train
Depot
Bluff Street
Milwaukee R.R.
Pontoon R.R. Bridge
Marais de
Main St.
Church St.
Minnesota St.
Michigan St.
Illinois St.
C.B. & Q. R.R.
St. Feriole
Court House
Brick Pile
Buffalo Bill's Tent
Wild West Show
Stabin's Saloon
Artesian Alley
Mrs. O'Day's Saloon

Tales of Hidden Gold

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Marty, I am glad to see that you got back from Madison in time to make your weekly broadcast

A...Well, I was not sure, when I left Friday that I could make it. This weekend they had the Founder's Day meeting of the State Historical Society in Madison.

Q...Just what went on in Madison that is of interest to us?

A...For those of us in Prairie du Chien, you will be interested in learning that the Ville Louis is the leading Historic Site operated by the Society. The attendance here outstripped Wade House and Stonefield. 1954 was a good year and 1955 has very promising outlook.

Q...Your legends on Bogus Bluff and the Lost Cave had a definite lure and parts of your story gave me an eerie feeling.

A...My son James and his friend Bud Palmer are all excited and want to hunt for the treasure on Bogus Bluff. They have already propostioned me to go with them next spring and hunt or the treasure.

Q...Is that right? Hearing your legend, certainly gives a person the fever to start out on a search. Say, Marty are there other legends about Buried Treasures in this area?

A...Yes, there is an interesting legend about a buried treasure of gold over in Iowa, not far from McGregor,

Q...Is that right? Just where?

A...Have you ever noticed as you go west of McGregor a sign that reads "Gold Mine Farm"?

Q...Is that the farm on highway 18?

A...Yes, that's the one.

Q...Is there a story connected with the name?

A...Yes, the name aroused my curiosity and I have dug out some information on it.

Q...Well, just what did You find?

A...There is a legend of $60,000 in gold coin buried on this farm. The farm is owned by a family named Meyers.

Q...What do they think about the treasure?

A...Mr. Meyers doubts if there is a hidden treasure on his farm, but that does not stop the fortune hunters from their searches.

Q...So there have actually been searches made for the gold?

A...Yes, the two sons, Stanley and Morris Meyers have searches several times during the past few years for the treasure without results. Others, also have made searches without success.

Q...Well Marty, tell us why they think that there might be a buried treasure on this farm?

A...Way back in the 1843. a government agent accompanied by soldier guards made a trip from Fort Crawford in Prairie du Chien to Fort Atkinson in Iowa carrying a payroll of $60,000 in gold. As evening approached they made camp on what is now the Meyer's farm. That was 112 years ago.

As the guards were setting up their tents and the campfire was lighted the government agent pondered, how best to guard the large payroll. About the time the party was ready to roll into bed for the night, the agent decided that would be best to hide the gold, rather than to have it in camp.

The government agent left the camp and hid the treasure, just where, no one knows. Some believe he placed the gold in a cave about 500 yards from the camp. On returning to camp, the government agent suffered a heart attack and died. His death was so swift, that he was unable to tell anyone where he had hidden the gold. The guards who accompanied him made an extensive search in the morning, but were unable locate the payroll in gold.

Dejected, they continued their trip to, Port Atkinson and reported the loss. After elaborate questioning and further searches by parties sent out by the commandant, the incident became wrapped in mystery. The $60,000 in gold was lost and could not be found.

The tale of the lost gold was soon widespread and quest for the treasure started, almost at once. These searches have lasted ever since, now for more than a century.

Q...Is-this tale correct?

A... Mr. Meyer says his father, the late William A. Meyer, out of curiosity, checked the story, after he had acquired the farm in 1887. He learned that the loss of the payroll had been reported by the government.

Mr. Meyer believed, that if the gold was placed in cave, some fortune hunter must have found it years ago

Q...What about this cave?

A...Where the cave used to be, there is now a deep sink hole and a small creek winds its way to the spot and vanishes. Searchers forty years ago explored the sink hole and found that at a depth of about 60 feet, it ran on a level for 100 feet or more.

This sink hole has been the objective of most of most the recent treasure hunters. A bottomless bucket, once was unearthed.

Q...So Mr. Meyers has let people make their searches?

A...Yes, Mr. Meyer tells with great amusement, about a spiritualist, who came every six months, for ten years, he didn't find the treasure, but the spiritualist never lost faith in his seances.

Q...Do you think that the bottomless pail might have held the money?

A...I don't know, I would be inclined to think that the gold would ordinarily have been transported in a small locked chest. Within the chest would usually be the gold coins in bags.

Q...Could one person carry such a chest, filled with money?

A...Yes. I think it is possible for one person to carry a small chest filled with $60.000 in gold.

Q...Now a days there are instruments for detecting metals, could these be used.

A...There may be instruments for detecting gold, but if there are I don't know about them. I do know, that there are magnetic needle instruments for detecting magnetic metals like iron and steel, but this instrument doesn't work with gold.

Q...Someone should invent such an instrument.

A...There would certainly be a good market for it, yes. I think you could make your fortune with such an invention.

Q...What do they use to detect uranium?

A...A Geiger Counter is generally used. This instrument measures the radiation of the electrons escaping from the uranium. Uranium has a tendency to degenerate by giving off particles of energy. Gradually it is changed into another substance. This usually takes millions of years.

I understand that a person with a Geiger counter has to be very close to an ore body of uranium to detect its presence. For instance, you cannot ordinarily walk along the ground and accurately check for an ore body of uranium that is located deers underground.

Q...I hear that people in the southwest are going wild on uranium speculations now.

A...Yes, the gold fever has changed into uranium fever.

Q...Are there any of these mineral deposits around here?

A...Not that I know of, not at least in sufficient concentrations to be economic. Your know that we once had a gold mine near Prairie du Chien.

Q...No that's new to me. You mean a Gold Mine? Where was that?

A...Yes, there was once a gold mine operating in the Mill Coulee, just a few miles north of Prairie du Chien.

Q...Who owned that?

A...Mrs. Louis Dousman of Villa Louis fame, was the owner and director of the mine. During the summer she would drive up and watch the mining.

Q...Marty, are you kidding me?

A...No that is correct. Mrs. Dousman actually had a Gold Mine in the Mille Coulee. They tell me that there is still a shaft opening into the bluff there.

Q....How did she ever get into gold mining here?

A...One story I heard was that there was a Geologist staying here at the Commercial Hotel in Prairie du Chien. They tell me that the Commercial Hotel has since been renamed the Fort Crawford.
Each day, people down town could see this prospector in his broad brimmed hat, jacket coat, riding trousers and high boots, walk up the street with his stone hammer, headed for the bluffs where he was exploring for minerals.

Apparently he discovered some gold in the Mill Coolee bluff and thought it was a valuable discovery and would yield a handsome profit, if mined. It may be, that as long Mrs. Dousman had lots of money, he sought her out to finance the mining operation..

During the summer weather Mrs. Dousman would have the servants fix a nice picnic lunch and often drive up to Mill Coulee to talk with the mine foremen and watch the mining and enjoy her picnic lunch.

Apparently the mining operation proved to be a fizzle. One story I heard is that the geologist planted some fine nuggets and ore, so when these were assayed the report was very favorable, while there was actually no gold in the bluff.

Q...That would be a swindle?

A...Yes, it would, but it has been pulled many times. People who had money were often played for suckers by unscrupulous promoters. In this case the geologist could get considerable money for his discovery and services before the hoax was discovered.

Q...So this was a swindle?

A...I don't know, that is one story I heard. Another story is that several gold nuggets were discovered and on this basis the mining operation was started. As they continued to mine there proved to be no large vein of gold and the ore they found was unprofitable to process.

Often gold does not appear in large quantities, but in small amounts, so it costs more to mine and process the than it is worth.

There have been large gold finds. I think it was in 1880 that Mackey an Irish immigrant, discovered a fabulous gold mine which he called the Bonanza Mine. In one year he took out $100,000,000 of gold.

Frank Svacina tells me that Sutter the famous discoverer of gold deposits that started the California gold rush came to Prairie du Chien and bought and fitted a boat for explorations on the Mississippi out of here. The boat ran aground and sank and Sutter lost all of his money in the venture. This is the first time I have ever heard this story.

There are a large number of people around Prairie Chien that can however tell you about the Dousman gold mine.

Q...That certainly is very interesting Marty. Was there ever any successful mining in this area?

A..I find in the government census figures from 1820 to 1840 that there was lead mining and smelting in Crawford County. It apparently didn't last very long. Farther south in Grant and Dodge counties lead mining was once the largest in the nation. Those days are gone however.

1955

Indians spearing Muskrats in Winter

Q..Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and avid local historian. Welcome to WPRE, Marty.

A...Thank you Walt, it is always a pleasure to join you in these history talks.

Q...Marty, just what do you have for us today?

A...Well, with fishery in full swing, it seemed like a good time to talk about the Indians hunting and fishing.

Q...You are right down my alley, for I love hunting and fishing, particularly hunting.

A...The Indians were excellent hunters, for they needed meat or fish each day to eat. By tradition, the Indian brave was the hunter and supplied the meat, while his wife raised the vegetables and kept house. Not much different than today, the man is still the bread winner.

A...Yes, I guess you are right, but we see many women today, who are very capable providers. With women's suffrage we are seeing a gradual change.

Q...Was hunting and fishing much different in the Pioneer days?

A...Yes, before guns were introduced, the Indians hunted and fished in a very primitive manner. The spear, the bow and arrow were their chief weapons.

Q...I had never given much thought to the hunting and fishing when there were no guns or fishing tackle. What about the spears of the Indians, how could they make them with no metal.

A...The Indians just sharpened a long stick when they wanted to spear fish or game. Of course, later the metal spear heads produced a much more efficient weapon.

Q...What would the Indians spear this time of the year?

A...Fish, where the water was open. Most important, this time of year, was spearing muskrat.

Q...I thought the Indians trapped muskrat?

A...That is right, after the Indians had metal traps. These traps were used most often in the spring. This time of year their favorite sport and food was the muskrat which they speared.

Q...Marty, tell us about this kind of hunting, which we don't see today.

A...I have a very interesting account, written by Mrs. Mary Eastman, the wife of an army officer stationed here at Fort Crawford. Her husband, Seth Eastman was a frontier artist, a very capable painter whose pictures are valuable to-day.

Seth Eastman painted Indian scenes and his wife filled in with a word picture of the background and event.

Q...How nice to have such an authentic account from a pioneer women.

A...Here is Mrs. Eastman's account written in the early l8oo's from her Aboriginal Portfolio:

"It is a grand amusement, demolishing the houses of the muskrats in winter. The Indians, in their warm winter clothes, are keen for the spot, and destroy a settlement these industrious little animals for the enjoyment of bracing exercise, as well as for the money they hope to receive as their reward. The lake is dotted with the houses along its grassy sides, where the evergreen-covered with snow-bends toward it.

In the distance, the hunter holds up-to the sight of comrade, the rat he has just speared; while the successful one in the foreground can hardly take time to look, so busy is he in filling his sack, which lying on the ice, is almost half filled with game. When the day is gone and gloomy shadows begin to fall over the lake, they will have much to carry home to their wigwam.

In the lakes and streams that flow into the Upper Mississippi, the musk-rat abounds. The skins are used for making hats; numbers of them are sent to Europe, and many of them are used in the United States. The demand for them has greatly decreased since other materials have been found for hats and such purposes. The Indian hunter now gets a small price for a dozen skins, when some years ago, the same number would have paid quite a bill at the hunter's store where he dealt, or have obtained, in exchange, blankets, powder, clothing, or whatever he might most need at the time.

The musk-rat is a playful, sagacious animal, and constructs his house differently in different situations and according to the season of the year. It is worth while visiting one of their settlements on a moonlight night. Like our fashionables, they live only at night; that is it is only then that their brilliant qualities are to be displayed.

They are seen indistinctly in the day, and appear to pass the time heavily, but at night all their faculties are wide awake.

The pond or stream, the scene of these revels, is sort of ballroom, more splendidly illuminated by the moon beams than ever a gas chandelier lit up our rooms. On the little tufts of grass on the edges of the lake, some of the more sedate and thoughtful of the fraternity stand and look on with a patronizing air, while the others frolic in the gay moonlight.

They cross and re-cross, they plunge in and out, they swim, they dive and, when fatigued, extend their little dark bodies over the water to rest. They represent a pleasant social picture of society. Observe them closer. There is one at a little distance swimming calmly along; he dives suddenly out of sight, and the bubbling water closes over him, and becomes tranquil. There he is again. quite close to us, joining his companions in their wild freaks, slapping water with his tail, in a state of exultation."

Q...She certainly writes with an easy style and in a most interesting manner.

A...Yes, I enjoy her accounts. She continues: "This muskrat is quite a contrast contrast those sober, industrious ones on the bank, who are dragging about the roots of small plants growing near, to repair their houses, or it may be, to build new ones. From under the old tree stumps near which they are working, are starting out a couple more merry fellows, who have been engaged in some speculation, and have just found time to come to the gay party. They are already splashing and dashing in the middle of the pond, enjoying the opportunity of throwing off the cares of business or of state.

But, though we cannot guarantee the business or the cares, we can the gayities of these happy little animals; for look you, sir, if ever you saw fairies themselves enjoy their revels more under the silvery moonbeams, than do these humble, but wonderful little creatures!
If, however, you have come not to observe but to kill, be wary! One flash of your gun will scatter the party, and in the depths of the little lake, on whose surface they are disporting, will they crouch and lie, until you are tired of waiting for them."

Q...That sounds like a word picture of those fascinating Walt Disney "Nature Pictures'" where, unnoticed we watch the animals work and play.

A...Yes doesn't it. Mrs. Eastman goes on;

"If found near the banks of rivers, the houses of the musk-rats are built where the current is not very strong. They always take care, too, in selecting their homes to be out of the way of the freshlets.

We know not if they have prophets or spiritual rappers in their society, but many things look strange in their political and domestic economy. In the seasons that the freshlets are most powerful, the musk-rat has to know all about it before-hand, and has built his home upon such a foundation, that when the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow upon it, it will not fall. May we not learn from him?

Yet are there imperfections in their state of of society as in ours. They sometimes fall out with each other, though this is when hunger has closed the door of benevolence in their hearts. and in seasons of famine they go so far as to eat each other. At other times they get along very well--they build houses, take care of their young, and enjoy the passing hour.

The musk-rat builds his house of two stories. He lives generally in the-upper one, but when disturbed or alarmed quickly takes refuge in the lower. He makes comfortable beds of grass in his house, on which to repose when he has worked or played too hard. My reader knows that from this animal musk is obtained, but no doubt, there are many things about this and all of God's work that would make us wiser and better did we know them all.

One of the floors of the musk-rat's house is under, and the other above water. The Indian knowing his habits seeks thus to take him. He has a long iron spear, and going softly up to the south side of the house, and judging from the shape and size of it, the position of the upper chamber, thrusts his spear in.

They are a clannish, gossiping set, these muskrats, and the hunter is sure to find enough there to render it easy for him to kill one or two of them.

The rest escape to the water, and the Indian Pulls away the roots of which the house is built, and takes off the dead rats. He then fills up the hole, and goes to the next house attacking it after the same fashion, and so on until he has one or more victims in every house in the lake.

By this time, those that he first attacked have recovered from their panic, and returned. They are probably_ discussing the disappearance of their friend, and the damage done their domicile. Again the spear is thrust in, and again the party is routed, and thus in the next house. In this manner great numbers are killed, especally in the winter.

In summer, the Indians use a trap, setting it can the borders of the lake; when the musk-rats-come to feed. they step on the springs, and are taken. A good hunter will, in this way, catch a hundred rats a day.

When the Indian takes them home, his wife skins them prepares the skins for drying. She cooks the musk--rat for her husband's supper. He considers them very palatable when he has no other food.

Yet the spearing musk-rats in winter gives far more satisfaction to the Indian hunter, than the supper he afterwards makes. He greatly prefers mallard duck, the wild turkey, or the dainty venison."
Q...Isn't that interesting. By knowing the animal's habits, they are able to make a big haul of muskrats

A...That recalls a story that I have heard many times in Prairie du Chien. It seems that someone asked an old river hunter and trapper whether muskrat was good eating. The old Frenchman said, well first you skin him, then you remove the stink gland from him, then you eat him. Taste good? Geeps, cripe, I just soon have duck?

Q...Did the Indians spear fish also?

A...Oh sure, in the winter spearing and shooting fish was another way of providing food. When there was a good snow fall as have now, the Indians would much have preferred deer. With a snowfall, tracking was good and the Indians would be on their trail.

Q...I would prefer venison.
A...Me too. For the Indians a deer provided leather as well meat, so they preferred a deer for the family food. The heart and tongue were generally taken out first and carried home. Sometimes the brave would mark the spot and send the women back to lug the deer home.

Q...It sounds as if they put their squaws to work.

A... Yes, the brave was the hunter, and the menial jobs went to the women.

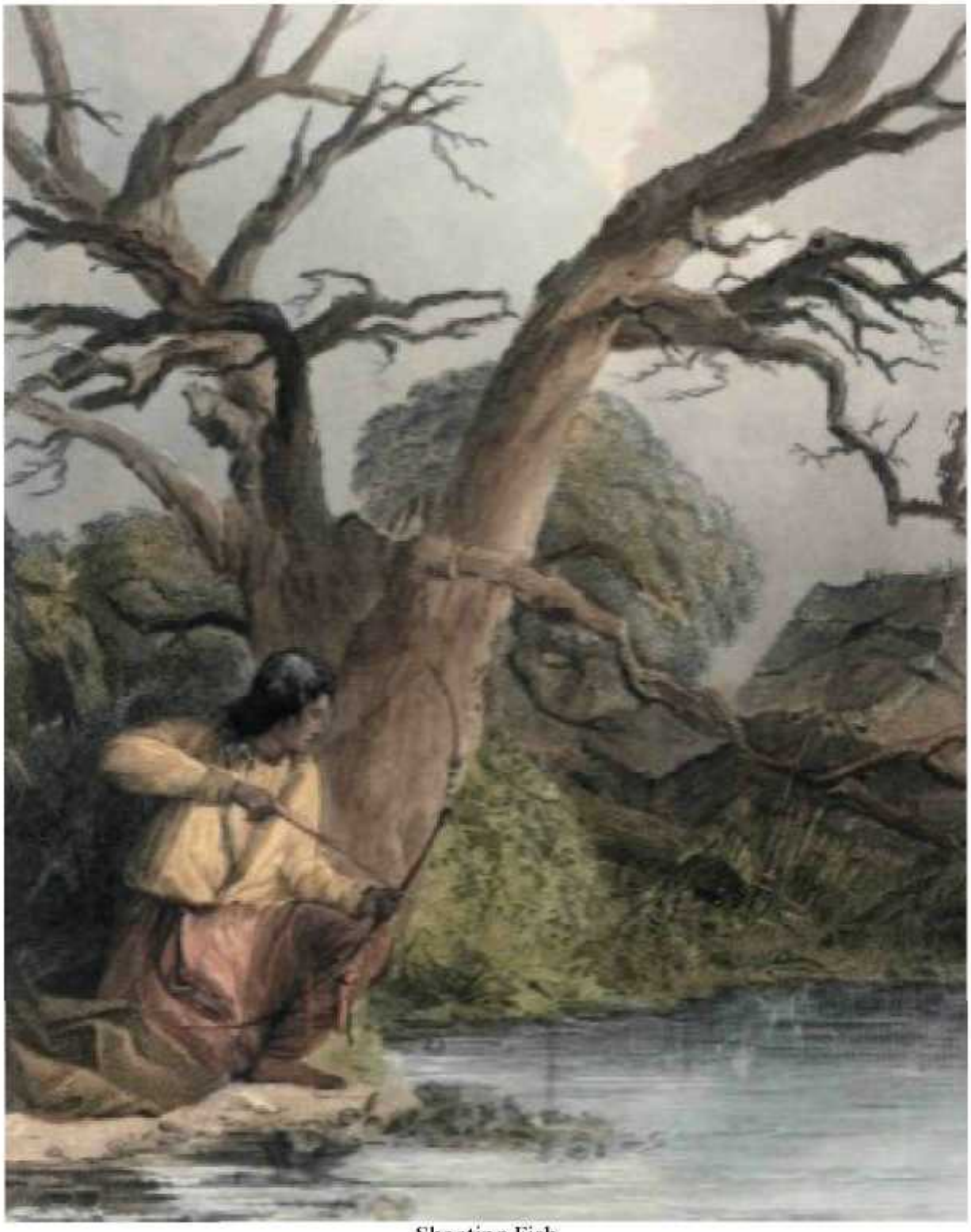
February 5, 1955
MJD



Spearing Muskrats in Winter
Seth Eastman



Indians Spearing Beaver
Rindisbacher



Shooting Fish
Seth Eastman



Spearing Fish from a Canoe
Seth Eastman

Historic Markers, Treasures, Etc.

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society prominent local historian. Welcome back to WPRE Marty.

A...Hello Walt, thanks for the generous introduction, and glad to be here.

Q...How about it, did you spear some muskrats since you last told us the interesting story of the Indians spearing muskrats, this time of the year, in early days?

A...No it has been much too cold and I would rather leave that to the Indians anyway. As the trapper said "Geeps Cripe, just as soon have duck."

Q...Well, I don't imagine that you had time to hunt for buried treasures either?

A...No, but I had a most interesting talk with Charley Fuka about the Gold cache.

Q...You mean the $60,000 in gold that was hidden over in Iowa?

A...Yes, Charley Fuka has some information on this affair.

Q...Guess I don't know this gentleman.

A...Well, Charley Fuka is a County Supervisor of long standing from the 1st Ward and he lives near Campion. Charley is a delightful older man with a ready smile and very active. Charley is famous for raising fine vegetables and delicious berries. Every year we look forward to the summertime and the fine berries he raises. It was several days ago, when Charley Fuka stopped me in front of the post office. He said, Marty I like your history programs on the radio, but I would like to correct you on one cart of your story.

Charley Fuka told me that the government agent carrying gold coin from Fort Crawford to Fort Atkinson in Iowa, did stop with his guards not far out of McGregor as I said.

But, says Charley, my father told me that the Indians stole the gold from the government agent during the night. It seems that the guards went to sleep at their post, the Indians crept in and stole the payroll of $60,000 in gold and escaped.

Q...Did the Indians take the government agent prisoner too?

A...No they were only interested in the gold.

Q...Well what did the Indians do with their loot?

A...Charley says his father told him, that the Indians carried the gold back across the Mississippi, then crossed over the Wisconsin river near where the Burlington bridge now is and hid the gold near the top of a bluff on the other side of the Wisconsin river in Grant County.

Q...Does he have any idea, gust where'?

A...Charley Fuka's father believed that the Indians hid the gold near the top of the bluff near Walnut Eddy, which is about 1 ½ miles up the Wisconsin river from the Burlington bridge.

Q...That should make the spot easy to locate.

A...Charley Fuka tells me he went over there with this father one afternoon, years ago and hunted for the treasure but could find no cave.

Q...Was the money supposed to have been buried in a cave?

A...Apparently. I know of a cave in Wyalusing Park, but I don't know much about Walnut Eddy, or any caves there.

Q...That would make a nice week end search some time next spring.

A...Yes, it would then, you could enjoy a nice picnic in the park also.

Q...Marty, this account differs from the other story you told us several weeks ago. Which is correct?

A... Search me Walt, I don't know. Remember I don't guarantee accuracy of these stories. They are legends, and we have a great many handed down through the years. No doubt, there is much in these stories which is correct. and in repeating the stories there probably is some fiction added.

Even though I cannot say that they are correct. these legends always interest me for they are an account of some incident, which has taken on some embellishment in passing from mouth to mouth through the years.

Q...Sure Marty, you are right, we all like to hear legends even fairy tales.

A...These are legends that have come to light, but I would not call them fairy tales.

A very interesting legend, that I have often heard through the years, concerns the Blackhawk Tree in Prairie du Chien.

Q...What is that legend?

A...First of all there is a marker showing where the tree once stood. On Blackhawk Avenue, between the new Piggly Wiggly Store and the Pumping Station, you will find red brick sunk in the concrete pavement which reads The Blackhawk Tree.

About 1900 there still stood a large tree, I believe a cottonwood, right in the center of the road on what is now Blackhawk Avenue, then called Bluff street. Buggies would have to pass on either side of this tree as they went to and from town. On the exact spot where this tree once stood is the marker we can see today.

This tree was revered for many years because of the interesting legend connected with it.

In the Blackhawk Wars of 1832, our Fort Crawford was a bustling place for the Blackhawk War was in progress. The decisive battle of this was was fought north of Prairie du Chien at the mouth of the Bad Axe River. In our museum Cal Peters has painted a very moving picture of this battle, the Indians and American soldiers righting, hand to hand, to the death, the Indian women caught in the melee.

While Blackhawk's forces were routed and almost annihilated, he and some of his braves escaped to the island. Some fled into Iowa.

Legend has it, that Blackhawk in his escape, came back to near Prairie du Chien, hid in this tree which once stood on Blackhawk Avenue, while the soldiers were scouring this area for him. Since then the tree has been revered and was named the Blackhawk Tree.

Q...How interesting? Why was the tree cut down.?

A...It was thought that it interfered with the highway. Then too, the tree was old and would not last much longer. As the concrete highway was put in leading to the Mondel Coulee, the tree was cut down and the red brick marker placed in the middle of the road.

Q...I have driven over this street many times a day in the last couple of years but, I have never seen the marker.

A...Well Walt, next time drive real slow and look closely at the middle of the concrete between the new Piggly Wiggly Store and the Pumping Station and you will see the marker.

Q...Well, I will sure look for it.

A...Every day we in Prairie du Chien, pass many interesting places packed with a romance of history, but they are not marked.

I think we should have some permanent markers placed at the spot of greatest historical significance in the city.

Q...Just how does one go about such things?

A...I happen to be a member of a committee on the Wisconsin State Historical Society charged with approving historic markers for the state.

I think that our Crawford County Historical Society should recommend deserving sites here in the city to the State Historical Society.

Then, when approved, the markers are either put up by the State Conservation Commission or by local groups.

Q...What kind of markers are these?

A...There is a state marker in front of the Villa Louis. It is a handsome bronze plaque, mounted at the top of a substantial metal pipe. The tablet with the historic message is cast and should last a life time. These markers bear the state seal and are very attractive.

Q...Could we get the Conservation Commission to put up the Blackhawk Tree marker?

A...No, the State Conservation Commission only puts up the markers along the highway, but not inside of the towns or cities. Markers inside cities have to be paid for by the city of some local group.

Q....How much does the state marker cost?

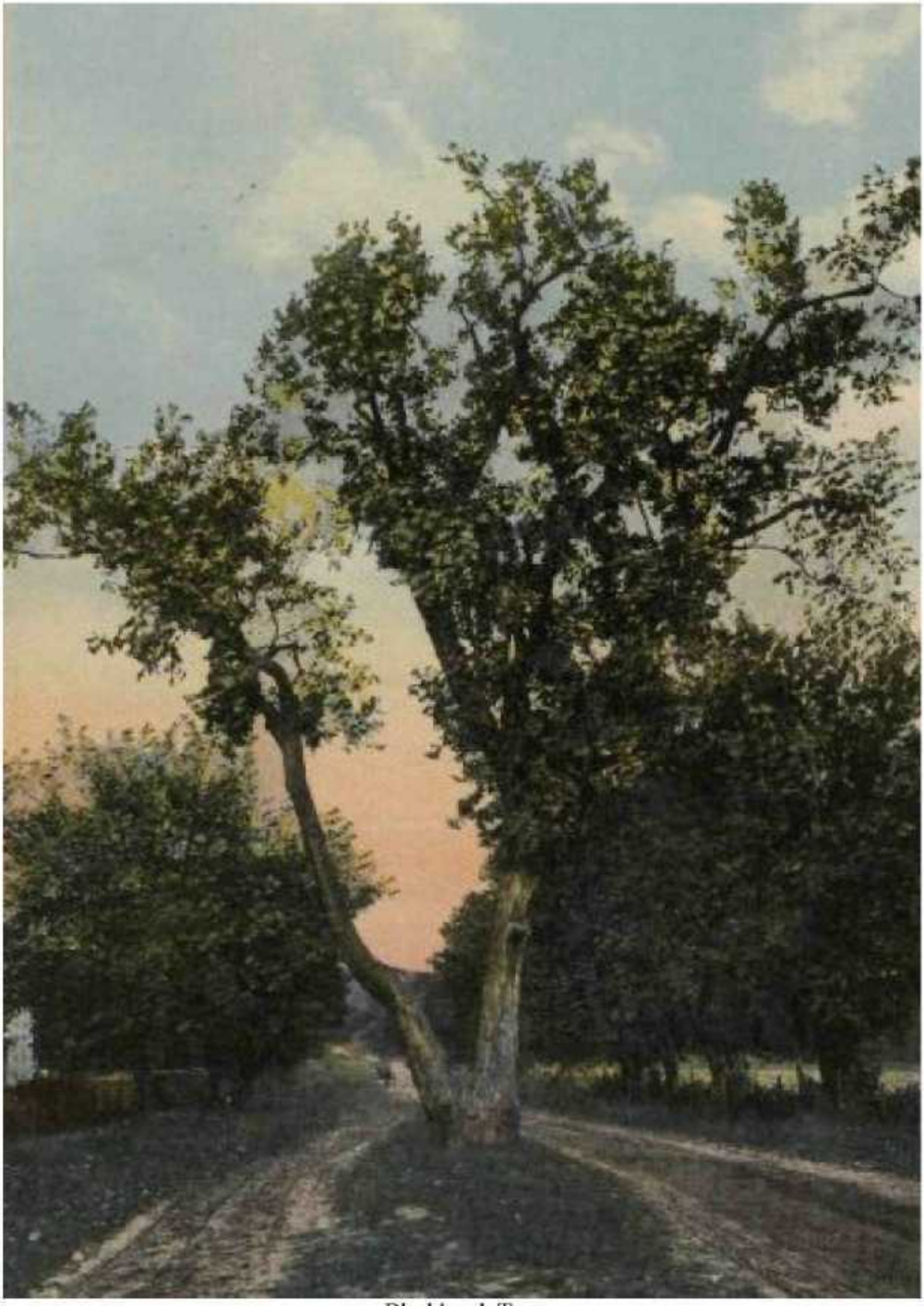
A...As I remember about $125.00.

Q...That would be a good project for the Lions Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Crawford County Historical Society or some other group.

A...It sure would, particularily during the tourists season, there would be many of our visitors who would enjoy seeing it.

Q...Well our time is running out and we must wait for another Sunday to learn more local history

February 12, 1955
MJDyrud



Blackhawk Tree
circa 1915

Villa Louis

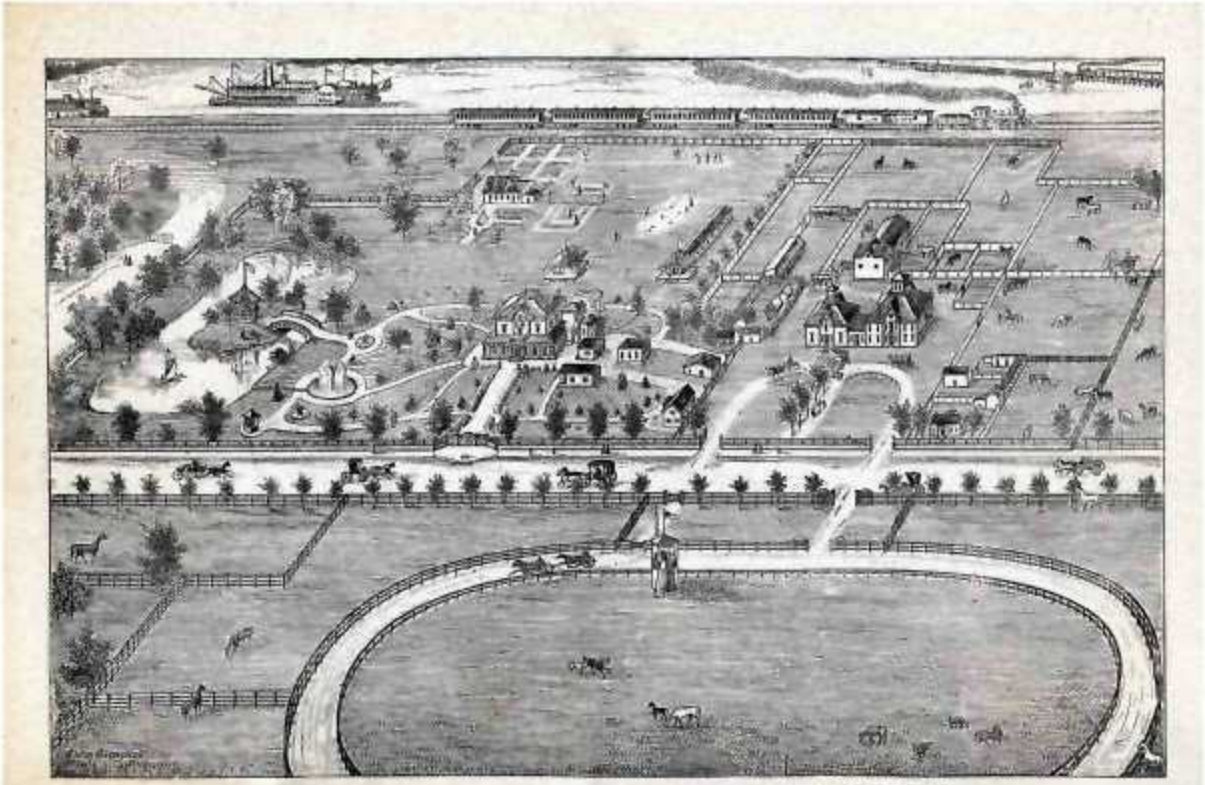
The Villa Louis, also known as Dousman Mansion, is a National Historic Landmark located on St. Feriole island in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Today the site is restored to its appearance during the late 19th Century, when it was the estate of the prominent H. Louis Dousman family. At the center of the estate is the elegant Villa Louis mansion, designed by E. Townsend Mix and built in 1871. Earlier the estate had been home to Louis's father Hercules L. Dousman, and before that the land was occupied by Fort Crawford. Prior to this, in 1814, the Battle of Prairie du Chien was fought at the site by American and British troops hoping to control Fort Shelby during the War of 1812. Still farther back, the site was of importance to American Indian tribes, especially the Mound Builders, as is evidenced by the large mound upon which Fort Shelby, Fort Crawford, and the homes of Hercules and Louis Dousman have all stood. Currently the site is a historical museum operated by the Wisconsin Historical Society.



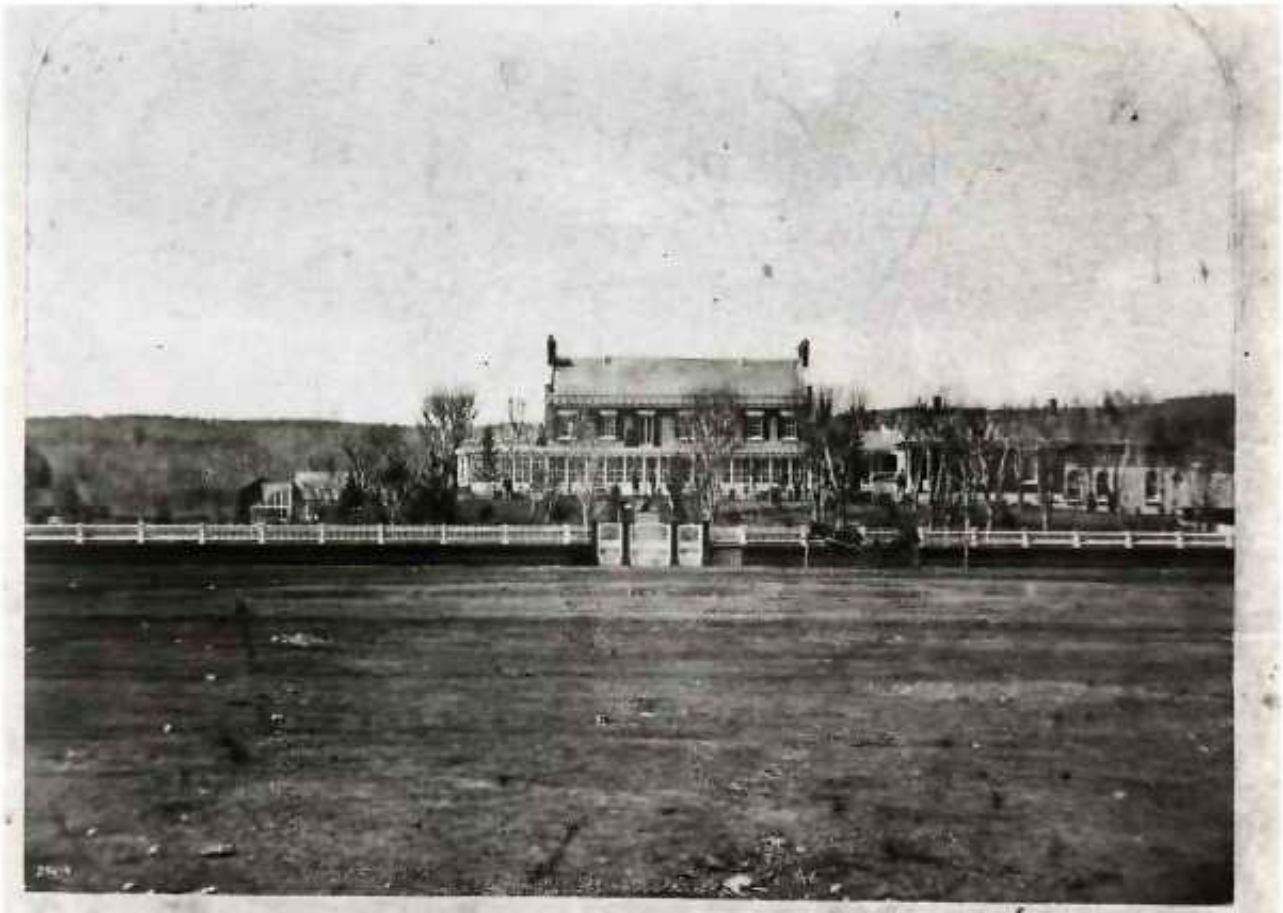
The Villa Louis in Prairie du Chien is a distinguished and charming house overlooking the Mississippi River. Built in fur trade days on the very site of Fort Crawford I, by Wisconsin's first millionaire, Hercules L. Dousman. It was first called "House on the Mound."

In early 1800, many merchants were fur traders, exchanging clothing, guns, traps, powder and metal goods for furs. They traded with the Indians and early settlers. Both Rolette an Dousman were shrewd and successful. Joe Rolette came in 1808, Dousman in 1827. Both worked for the American Fur Co. Headed by John Jacob Astor.

In 1844, Hercules Dousman married Jane Fisher Rolette, widow of his former partner. They were blessed with a son Louis in 1848. To honor him the home was referred to as Villa Louis. Son Louis' death came in 1886. The father Hercules Dousman accumulated a fortune. He is well known for having suggested the name Minnesota for the state to the north of us.



ARTESIAN STOCK FARM, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN.



Residence of Col H. L Dousman
Prairie du Chien

Col. H. L. Dousman



1953



Dousman Stables







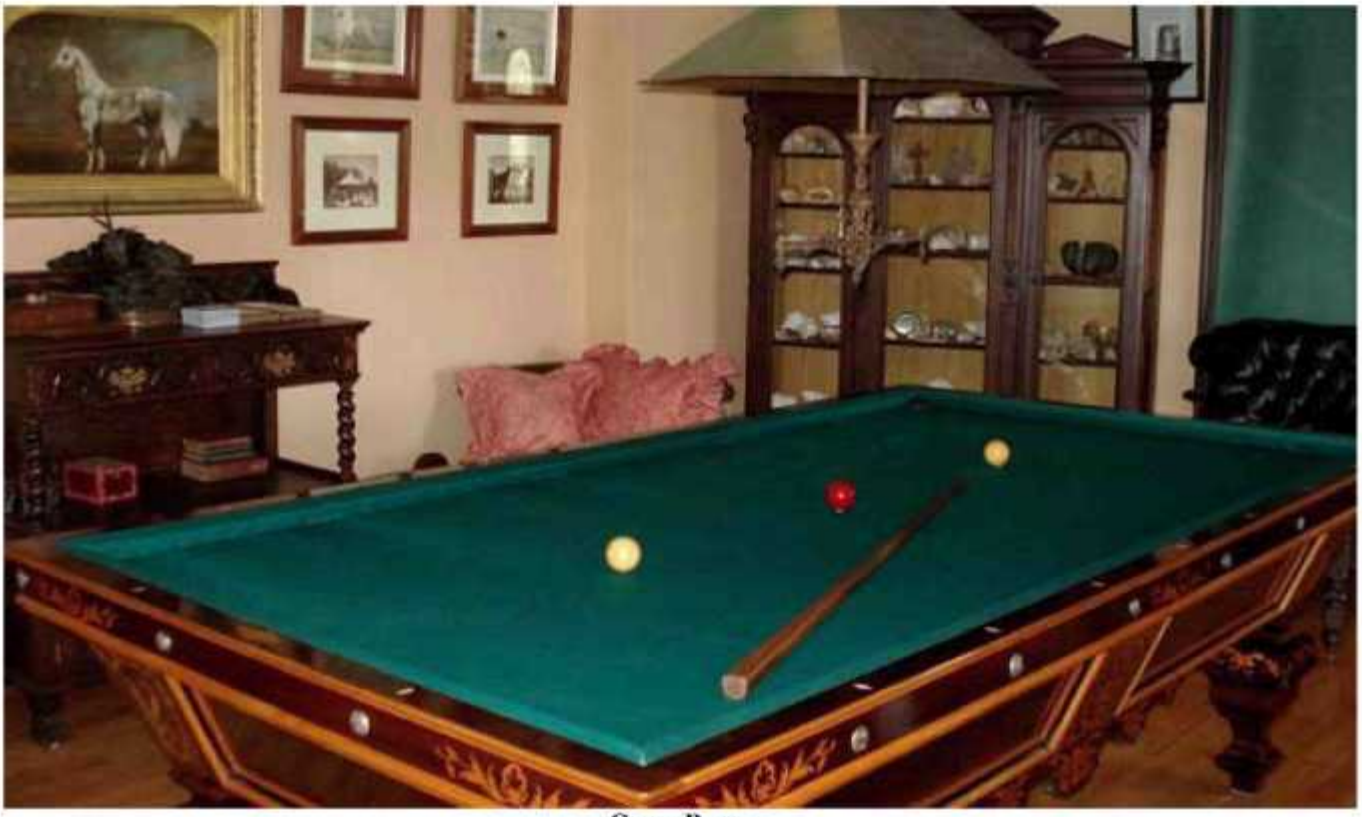






Office





Game Room



Dousman Stables

Red Bird Massacre - Winnebago War

It happened in WISCONSIN



By HOWARD KANETZKE

RED BIRD - A NOBLE CHIEFTAIN

As we page through histories we read of men who have started wars. Seldom have these people given their lives to *stop* a war they started. But this is what Red Bird, a Wisconsin Winnebago chieftain, did!

Though Red Bird was over forty years old when he surrendered, he looked to be under thirty. Six feet tall, he was dignified and graceful. It is said that he was so physically perfect that even his fingers were models of beauty.

In 1827 *Wanick Choute*—The Red Bird—and his people lived near the banks of the lower Wisconsin River. For many years the white men had been slowly moving into Winnebago land, searching for lead and furs. The Winnebago, upset and angry, found themselves crowded off their land. For centuries the Indians had lived by their own tribal laws. Now suddenly they were expected to obey the laws of the white man. As Red Bird soon found out, these laws often did not agree.

In 1827 rumors sped through the Indian villages that Winnebago prisoners at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, had been murdered and their bodies torn apart. There was no truth to the story, but the Indians believed what they heard. According to their beliefs, an Indian needed his whole body to get into the "Great Beyond." So the braves at Fort Snelling could never enter the happy hunting ground!

To the Winnebago, revenge was a sacred duty. A council of chiefs was held. At the meeting they decided that Winnebago law must be upheld. It stated that when an Indian was killed, two enemy scalps must be taken. The chiefs decided that Red Bird should avenge the deaths of the murdered braves.

Red Bird had always been friendly towards the "men with hats", as the Indians called the whites. He was a welcome guest at the tables of the settlers. Traders knew him as a man of great honesty.

Not wishing to harm his friends, Red Bird made a trip through white territory and returned to his people, saying he found no one. This plan failed. When he came back without scalps he was jeered and called a coward. So Red Bird again set out. He traveled to Prairie du Chien with his son and two braves, *Waniga* (the Sun) and *Chickhongsic* (Little Buffalo).

Arriving in the village a little after sunrise, they went to the store of James Lockwood. Mr. Lockwood had just left on a trip to the East to buy supplies for the next season. Mrs. Lockwood, her younger brother and a servant girl were tending the store. Entering the cellar kitchen, the Indians loaded their guns in front of the terrified servant girl. Then, slipping through a hallway, they entered the room where Mrs. Lockwood was resting. Certain that they meant to kill her, she rushed down the hall to the store. There she found her brother and Duncan Graham, a veteran trader. Running up to Graham, she begged him to protect her. Because he was an Englishman, and thus a friend, Graham was able to persuade Red Bird and his braves to leave.

The Indians wandered from the town. That noon they came in sight of two cabins on a ridge at the entrance to McNair Coulee. They went to the house where Registre Gagnier lived with his wife, two children and a hired man. As Red Bird was well known to the family, he was invited to eat with them. Hardly had the Indians come into the house and been seated before they sprang up, shot, and killed Gagnier.

At High Cliff State Park, the statue of Red Bird looks toward the glowing heavens over Lake Winnebago. The chieftain seems to be repeating his words of long ago, "I have given my life—it is gone."



The surrender of Red Bird, 1827. His jacket was pure white elkskin, his appearance dazzling.

Solomon Lipcap, the hired man, ran into the fields. He was chased and scalped. Mrs. Gagnier grabbed a rifle from one of the Indians. Then, with her son, she escaped to the village. William Ellery Leonard, a Wisconsin author, wrote the following in his play *Red Bird:*

> *Red Bird:* Two for one! Blue Heron *(one of the Indians supposedly killed by the whites at Ft. Snelling)* had done the white men no wrong. The white men killed Blue Heron. Two for one! These dead have done the Winnebago no wrong. But their faces are white. If your skin had only been red—red like the turning leaves. You should have been the brother of Red Bird. Why did the Great Spirit dip your face in the white, white snow?
>
> *Two for one*
> *To ease the pain at the Hill of the Dead*
> *To keep the law of the Winnebago.*

News of the tragedy traveled quickly. Soon crowds of frightened settlers were fleeing to Prairie du Chien. At the village some of the men barricaded Burnet's Inn. Others repaired broken muskets left in the abandoned Fort Crawford. Mr. Lockwood heard what had happened and returned home right away. He provided shot and powder from his store for the muskets.

Meanwhile Governor Lewis Cass quickly ordered troops from St. Louis, Galena, Fort Snelling and Fort Howard to meet at the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Colonel William Whistler's men from Fort Howard arrived at the meeting place first.

On September 1, 1827, three messengers from the Indian camp came to Colonel Whistler, one at noon, a second at three o'clock, and the last at sunset. Each promised that Red Bird would surrender the next day. They asked the soldiers not to attack the Indians. The following day an unarmed group of Indians, some mounted and some on foot, were seen approaching the camp. They carried three flags. Those in the front and rear were American. The one in the center was white. Having followed the Indian law of revenge, Red Bird was now about to give himself up. This he hoped would prevent "a road from being cut through Indian country with guns."

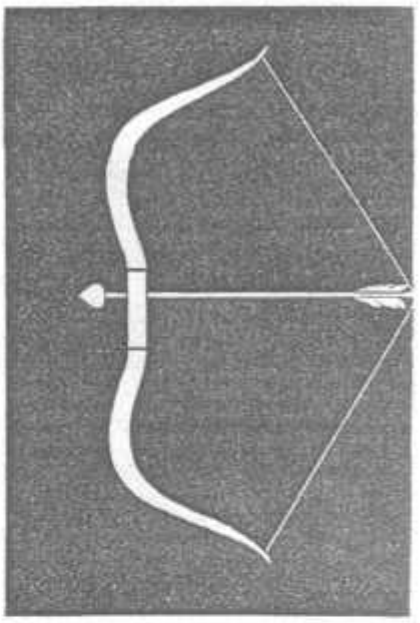
As the Indians drew near, the voice of Red Bird could be heard singing his death song. The Indians formed a semi-circle. Red Bird and his companions stood in the center. They faced a long line of soldiers as the band played Pleyel's Hymn.

Red Bird's appearance was dazzling. His jacket of pure white elkskin had long fringes. A collar of blue and white wampum was decorated with panther claws. A broad scarlet cloth, slit in the middle for his head, hung over his back and chest. On one shoulder was a white

feather, on the other a black one. Beautiful stuffed red birds were perched on each shoulder. One side of his face was painted red, the other green and white. Across his chest hung his three-foot war pipe.

The leader spoke: "They are here —like braves they have come—treat them as braves—do not put them in irons." After the others spoke, Red Bird, who had been sitting cross-legged on the ground, rose. Looking at the soldiers he said, "I am ready." Then stepping forward he continued, "I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given my —it is gone." Taking a pinch of dust from the ground he blew it away, adding as it disappeared, "Like that. I would not take it back. It is gone."

Red Bird was taken to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. When he arrived Colonel McKenney wrote, "The man has already parted from life, and has his eyes fixed more upon the spirit-land than upon the bitter realities of the world about him." In prison Red Bird was true to his words, "I have given my life —it is gone." He refused to eat, and on February 17, 1828, he died. By sacrificing his life, the noble Winnebago was able to stop a war and save many of his people from death.



RED BIRD

By SUSAN MACK

Grade 7, Peckham Junior High, Milwaukee

Teacher: Martha Ross

Red Bird was an Indian chief
Who saw the white men kill two braves;
It filled his heart with such great grief
He killed three soldiers in his rage.

The chief surrendered for his tribe,
Was sent to prison to pay his debt;
Before his time was up, he died—
His sorrow in his heart was kept.



Marie Regis Gagnier Cherrier
Scalped as a baby by Red Bird but lived and raised a large family.



Surrender of Red Bird



Death Whoop
Seth Eastman



Red Bird and Wekau

Cemeteries in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

Military Cemeteries:

Fort Crawford I .....approximately 1817-1830 located north of fort.
Fort Crawford II.....approximately 1830-1870
an enlisted men's cemetery was discontinued and burial transferred to this officer's cemetery.

Civilian Cemeteries:

Island Cemetery.....approximately 1790-1817
"General Smith came to Prairie du Chien in 1816 to erect Fort Crawford. The ground selected encroached upon the ancient burying ground of the Prairie, so the inhabitants were obliged to remove their dead to another place."

Old French Cemetery ..approximately 1817-1862
Here on ground, long used by the Indians, the French began their cemetery. Recorded burials date from 1817.

Brisbois Cemetery .....approximately 1837-1903
B. W. Brisbois gave 18 acres in 1866 for public use. Oldest graves: 1837 Michel Brisbois, 1849 Theresa Brisbois, 1879 J. Tilmont, 1903...Henry Brisbois

Calvary Cemetery .....approximately 1850
Land a gift from H. Dousman
Oldest graves: 1851 Daniel Felton, 1874 Emilie Barrette, 1874 Julian Marsden, 1881 Coryer, 1882 Pion, 1886 Louis Stram

Evergreen Cemetery.....approximately 1850.
Lockwood gave land in 1842. Oldest graves: 1858 Fredrick. Believe Mrs. Lockwood's remains transferred here.

St. Gabriel's Cemetery.....approximately 1860
Strange (Poze) Powers gave land in 1836 for church.
Oldest graves, 1847 Lt. Charles. Brisbois marker, no burial, 1869 W. Lawler, 1870 Rafferty


L'ANCIEN CIMETIERE FRANCAIS
Blessed by Father Dunand May 6, 1817
Here, on ground long used by Indians,
French "hommes du nord" buried their loved ones.
PRESENT MARKERS - Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Gardipi 1845
Jean Joseph Rolette 1842
Elizabeth Rolette 1843
Mary Gaffney 1860
UNMARKED GRAVES with burial dates where known include
du Grand La Jour 1817
Jean Amiote 1817
Josete Antaya 1819
Charles Bazil
Marie Blondeau 1827
Lieut. Charles Brisbois
Benjamin Cadotte
Jn. Baptiste Cardinal 1823
Marianne Soulighle Cardinal 1824
Caya 1819
Francois Chenviere
Denis Courtois 1827
Augustine Courville 1828
Josette Crely 1829
Capt. Henry Monroe Fisher
Claude Gagnier 1836
Francis Regis Gagnier 1827
Pier Gauselin 1824
Basil Giard 1817
Joe Kapi
Archange La Batte 1829
J. Bte. Lemaire
Depier Lezard 1823
Augustin Mason 1824
Josadefe Marie Mercie 1819
Claude Menard
J. Bte. Ouillemette 1828
Jean Baptiste Paquette 1818
Zavier Paquette 1818
Michel Perian 1825
Victoir Plamme 1823
John Prince
Jacques Reed
Thomas Rivard
Charles Rivaux
Angelique Rolette 1825
Laurent Rolette 1849
Margaret Du Bois Rolette 1817
Virginia Rolette 1839
Hyacient St. Cyr
Abraham Trepagnier 1823
Victorie Urtubise 1825
Francois Vertefeuille

John Marsh



John Marsh
Pioneer, while US Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien in 1828, he gave confidential information to his Sioux Indian wife, which upset US Government plans. He quickly left for Illinois, then turned West to California.

John Marsh, The tightwad who battled for statehood

"The MEANEST man in California."

That was how John Bidwell described John Marsh in letters to friends after telling them he'd arrived in California on November 4, 1841.

Marsh nonetheless played a big role in California becoming part of the U.S.

Bidwell was at the head of a pioneering band of 32 emigrants who had abandoned their wagons and had struggled over the Sierra well before the Gold Rush of '49 was to lure tens of thousands in their footsteps. At Marsh's crude adobe house near the foot of Mt. Diablo, 40 miles east of what was later to become San Francisco, Marsh welcomed them effusively. After all, it was his letters that had inspired their grueling six-month trip. He'd confidently described the overland trail that ended near his ranch, though his account was based on hearsay about the travels of mountain men like Jedediah Smith. Marsh himself had come West on the Santa Fe trail. That was after the authorities, following up on an old arrest warrant for selling guns.to Indians, got too close.

Marsh wanted people to head his way. In a barrage of letters to Missouri, where he had been a merchant until the big depression of '35, he extolled an "Eden the West." With hundreds of new settlers on California soil, he reasoned, it would take only a few years for the U.S. to claim or buy California from Mexico, which was finding the province a costly drain of resources. Bidwell's group was the first of what would soon become a wave of American settlers.

Marsh rode to Mission San Jose for the group's passports, but because he was upset with Bidwell, bring one for him, Fuming, Bidwell coaxed his tired horse up to the mission to get his own, then almost exploded. The Mexican officials, he found, gave passports out for free but Marsh had already collected belongings of IOU's from the destitute travelers to cover his $5 charge for each passport he delivered.

Miserly acts like this were a trademark of the man who used his Harvard bachelor of arts degree (written Latin) to obtain a license to practice medicine in Los Angeles soon after he'd arrived there in 1836 at age of 38. He thus became the first American doctor in California. Fortunately, he had learned a bit asbout medicine at Harvard and while teaching in Minnesota, then as an Indian agent in Wisconsin.

Within a year he cashed in his fees of cowhides and tallows for $500 and headed north where San Francisco storekeeper Jacob Leese played host to the freeloading doctor. Marsh once spent 50 cents on fresh fish Mrs. Leese to cook. After he ended his 11-month visit, he billed her for the half-dollar.

In 1837 he gave Jose Noriega $500 as full payment for the 50,000-acre *Rancho Los Meganos,* which included what is now Brentwood, Antioch and Pittsburg.

As the region's only doctor, Marsh found a way to add cattle to his vast ranch. His fees for house calls ran as high as 300 head. A rancher who owned 150 head was aghast when Marsh wanted 50 of them for curing his child's headaches.

"Go ahead and pay it, " said the rancher's wife, a plucky spirit who then billed Marsh for 25 head of cattle for washing two of his shirts!

In 1845, Marsh, along with other naturalized foreigners, was drafted to serve in the army of General Manuel Micheltorena, whose assignment was to expel all U.S. citizens from the province of California. This pitted conscripted Americans on the Mexican government's side against other Americans supporting the native *Californios*, who actually had Marsh's sympathy.

"You don't want Americans fighting each other, do you?" he kept asking the Americans serving with him.

Marsh arranged a meeting of Americans from both sides. They decided to sit out the big battle. This led to Micheltorena's defeat and hastened the day when California would become a state.

In the primitive solitude he craved, Marsh lived alone in an old adobe cabin. He stocked his ranch with 6,000 cattle and horses, extended his holdings, fought Indians and cattle rustlers and battled squatters who invaded his ranch. By night he read classics. .

Yet for. all his solitude, he became a wealthy and an influential figure. He married and built for his wife a big stone house--which still stands today on Marsh Creek Road in eastern Contra Costa Cpunty—but she died before they could move in.

Marsh had a son, Charles, by a French-Sioux Indian woman. He had left the boy behind in Illinois when he moved so hastily to California. Charles headed West in search of gold, traced his father and by a strange twist of fate, fell exhausted through Marsh's cabin door one stormy night. Neither the son nor the father knew who the other was until Marsh's idle questions brought about the discovery.

At 57, Marsh was slain by three disgruntled men who felt he'd cheated them. The rancho was divided among the heirs and other claimants and Dr. John Marsh became to most people an enigmatic and shadowy figure of history.

Blackhawk War

Background

An 1804 treaty between the governor of Indiana Territory and a council of leaders from the Sauk and Fox Native American tribes ceded 50 million acres (200,000 km²) of their land to the United States for $2,234.50 and an annual annuity of $1,000. The treaty also allowed the Sauk and Fox to remain on their land until it was sold. The treaty was controversial; Sauk Chief Black Hawk, and others disputed its validity because they said that the full tribal councils were not consulted and the council that negotiated the treaty did not have the authority to cede land. After the discovery of lead in and around Galena, Illinois during the 1820s, miners began moving into the area ceded in the 1804 treaty. When the Sauk and Fox returned from the winter hunt in 1829, they found their land occupied by white settlers and were forced to return west of the Mississippi River. Angered by the loss of his birthplace, Black Hawk led a number of incursions across the Mississippi River into Illinois between 1830 and 1831, but each time was persuaded to return west without bloodshed. In April 1832, encouraged by promises of alliance with other tribes and the British, he again moved his so-called "British Band" of around 1,000 warriors and non-combatants into Illinois. Finding no allies, he attempted to return across the Mississippi to present-day Iowa, but the undisciplined Illinois Militia's actions led to Black Hawk's surprising victory at the Battle of Stillman's Run. A number of other engagements followed, and the militia of Michigan Territory and the state of Illinois were mobilized to hunt down Black Hawk's band. The conflict became known as the Black Hawk War.

The period between the Battle of Stillman's Run in May and the raid at Sinsinawa Mound in late June was filled with war-related activity. A series of attacks at Buffalo Grove, the Plum River settlement, Fort Blue Mounds, and the war's most famous incident, the Indian Creek massacre, all took place between mid-May and late June 1832. Two key battles, one at Horseshoe Bend on 16 June and the other at Waddams Grove on 18 June, played a role in changing public perception about the militia after its defeat at Stillman's Run. The Battle of Apple River Fort on 24 June marked the end of a week that was an important turning point for the settlers. The fight was a 45-minute gun battle between defenders garrisoned inside Apple River Fort and Sauk and Fox warriors led by Chief Black Hawk.

The next day, after an inconclusive skirmish at Kellogg's Grove, Black Hawk and his band fled the approaching militia through modern-day Wisconsin. The Sinsinawa Mound raid occurred on 29 June, five days after the Battle of Apple River Fort. As the band fled the pursuing militia, they passed through what are now Beloit and Janesville, then followed the Rock River toward Horicon Marsh, where they headed west toward the Four Lakes region, near modern-day Madison. On 21 July 1832, the militia caught up with Black Hawk's band as they attempted to cross the Wisconsin River, near the present-day Town of Roxbury, in Dane County, Wisconsin, resulting in the Battle of Wisconsin Heights.

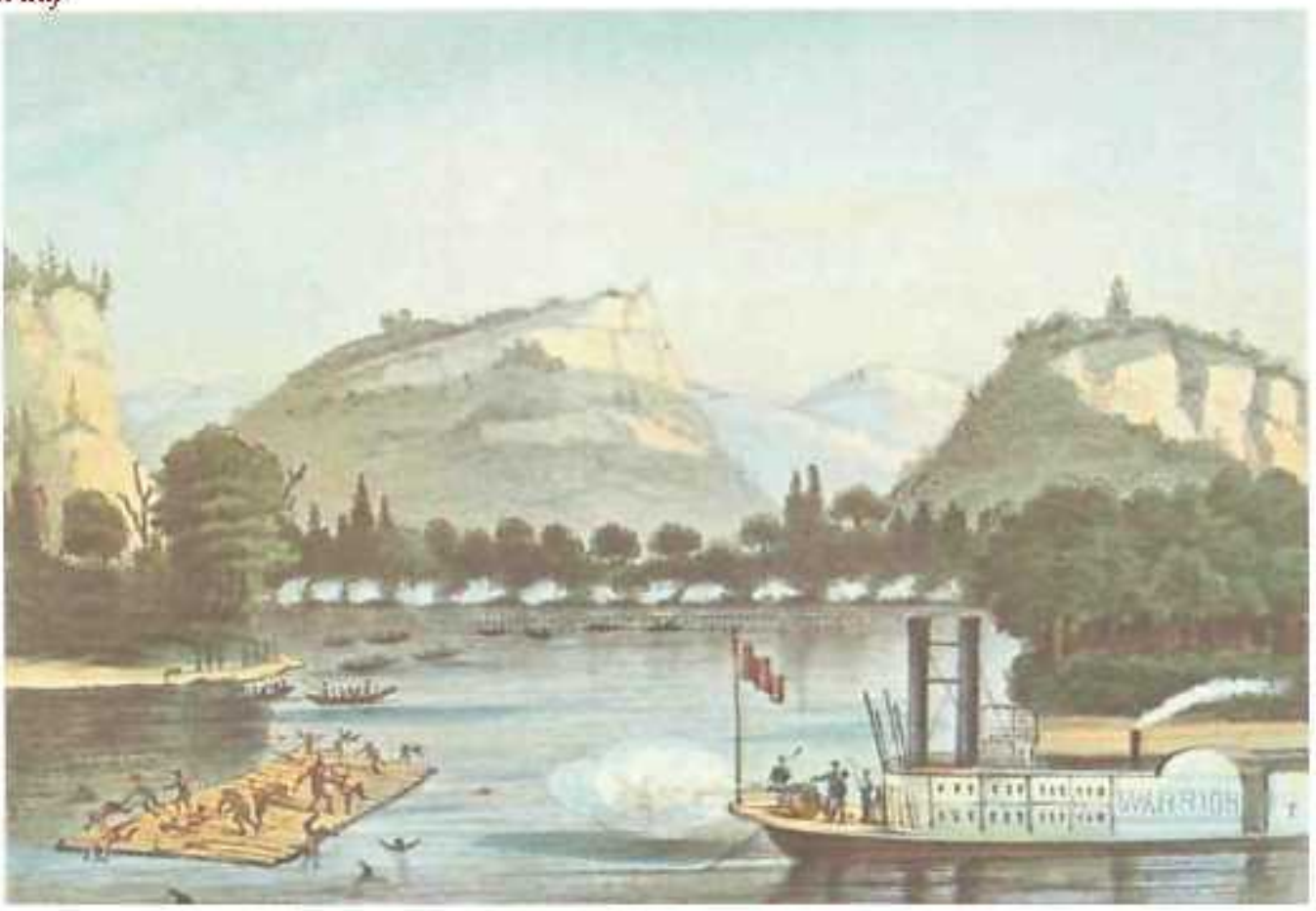
A few hours after midnight on 22 July, with Black Hawk's band resting on a knoll on the Wisconsin Heights Battlefield, Neapope, one of the key leaders accompanying Black Hawk, attempted to explain to the nearby militia officers that his group wanted only to end the fighting and go back across the Mississippi River. In a "loud shrill voice" he delivered a conciliatory speech in his native Ho-Chunk language, assuming Pauquette and his band of Ho-Chunk guides were still with the militia at Wisconsin Heights. However, the U.S. troops did not understand him, because their Ho-Chunk allies had already departed the battlefield. Following this failed attempt at peace, Neapope abandoned the cause and returned to a nearby Ho-Chunk village. The British Band had slowly disintegrated over the months of conflict; most of the Ho-Chunk and Potawatomi that had joined were gone by the Battle of Bad Axe. Others, especially children and the elderly, had died of starvation while the band fled the pursuing militia through the swamps around Lake Koshkonong.

Following the engagement at Wisconsin Heights, the militia decided to wait until the following day to pursue Black Hawk. They heard, but did not understand, Neapope's speech during the night, and to their surprise, when morning arrived their enemy had disappeared. The battle, though militarily devastating for the British Band, had allowed much of the group to escape to temporary safety across the Wisconsin River. The reprieve was short-lived for many – a group of Fox women and children who attempted to escape down the Wisconsin following the battle were captured by U.S.-allied tribes or shot by soldiers further downstream. During the night, while the non-combatants escaped in canoes, Black Hawk and the remaining warriors crossed the river near present-day Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin. The band fled west over rugged terrain toward the banks of the Mississippi River, with a week's head start on the militia.

While the band fled west, Commanding General Henry Atkinson trimmed his force to a few hundred men and set out to join militia commanders Henry Dodge and James D. Henry to regroup and resupply at Fort Blue Mounds. Under the command of Atkinson, around 1,300 men from the commands of Henry, Dodge, Alexander Posey and Milton Alexander crossed the Wisconsin River between 27 July and 28 July near present day. The well-fed and rested militia force picked up Black Hawk's trail again on 28 July near present-day Spring Green, Wisconsin and relatively quickly closed the gap on the famished and battle-weary band of Native Americans. On, August, Black Hawk and about 500 men, women, and children arrived at the eastern bank of the Mississippi, a few miles downstream from the mouth of the Bad Axe River. On arrival, the leaders of the band, including Black Hawk, called a council meeting to discuss their next move.

Battle

First day



The Steamboat *Warrior* at the Battle of Bad Axe.

Near the mouth of the Bad Axe River, on 1 August 1832, Black Hawk and Winnebago prophet and fellow British Band leader White Cloud advised the band against wasting time building rafts to cross the Mississippi River, because the U.S. forces were closing in, urging them instead to flee northward and seek refuge among the Ho-Chunk. However, most of the band chose to try to cross the river.

While some of the band managed to escape across the Mississippi River that afternoon, the steamboat *Warrior*, commanded by Captain Joseph Throckmorton, appeared on the scene and halted the band's attempt to cross to safety. Waving a white flag, Black Hawk tried to surrender, but as had happened in the past the soldiers failed to understand and the scene deteriorated into battle.[1] The warriors who survived the initial volley found cover and returned fire and a two-hour firefight ensued. The *Warrior* eventually withdrew from battle because of lack of fuel, and returned to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

At the time, newspaper reports stated that 23 Native Americans were killed, including one woman estimated to be 19 years old; she was shot through her child's upper arm as she stood holding the child watching the battle. Her child was retrieved by Lieutenant Anderson after the battle, and taken to the surgical tent, where the baby's arm was amputated. The child was then taken to Prairie du Chien, where he is believed to have recovered. The fight convinced Black Hawk that refuge lay to the north, not west across the Mississippi. In one of his last actions as commander of the British Band, Black Hawk implored his followers to flee with him, to the north. Many did not listen, and late on 1 August, Black Hawk, White Cloud and about three dozen other followers left the British Band and fled northward. Most of the remaining warriors and non-combatants remained on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. Forces on the *Warrior* suffered only one casualty – a retired soldier from Fort Snelling was wounded in the knee during the fight.

Second day

At 2 a.m. on 2 August, Atkinson's forces awoke and began to break camp, setting out before sunrise. They had moved only a few miles when they ran into the rear scout element of the remaining Sauk and Fox forces. The Sauk scouts attempted to lead the enemy away from the main camp and were initially successful.[1] The combined U.S. forces fell into formation for battle: Generals Alexander and Posey formed the right wing, Henry the left wing, and Dodge and the regulars the center element. As the Native Americans retreated toward the river, the militia's left wing were left in the rear without orders. When a regiment stumbled across the main trail to the camp, the scouts could only fight in retreat and hope that they had given their comrades a chance to escape the militia, while the Sauk and Fox kept retreating to the river. However, *Warrior* returned after obtaining more wood in Prairie du Chien, leaving the refueling point about midnight and arriving at Bad Axe about 10 a.m. The slaughter that followed continued for the next eight hours.

Henry's men, the entire left wing, descended a bluff into the midst of several hundred Sauk and Fox warriors, and a desperate bayonet and musket battle followed. Women and children fled the fight into the river, where many drowned immediately. The battle continued for 30 minutes before Atkinson came up with Dodge's center element, cutting off escape for many of the remaining Native warriors. Some warriors managed to escape the fight to a willow island, which was being peppered with canister shot and gunfire by *Warrior*.

The soldiers killed everyone who tried to run for cover or cross the river; men, women and children alike were shot dead. More than 150 people were killed outright at the scene of the battle, which many combatants later termed a massacre. The soldiers then scalped most of the dead, and cut long strips of flesh from others for use as razor strops. U.S. forces captured an additional 75 Native Americans. Of the total 400–500 Sauk and Fox at Bad Axe on 2 August, most were killed at the scene, others escaped across the river. Those who escaped across the river found only temporary reprieve as many were captured and killed by Sioux warriors acting in support of the U.S. Army. Sioux brought 68 scalps and 22 prisoners to the U.S. Indian agent Joseph M. Street in the weeks following the battle. The United States suffered five killed in action and 19 wounded.



The most Indian mother and her child.

1847 illustration of a dead Sauk and her surviving child being discovered by a U.S. officer at Bad Axe.
The Battle of Bad Axe was a mostly one-sided affair that has been called a massacre by both modern and historical accounts of the engagement, as well as by those who participated. On 3 August 1832, the day after the battle, Indian Agent Street wrote to William Clark describing the scene at Bad Axe and the events that occurred there. He stated that most of the Sauk and Fox were shot in the water or drowned trying to cross the Mississippi to safety.[6] Major John Allen Wakefield published an account of the war in 1834, which included a description of the battle. His description characterized the killing of women and children as a mistake:

> "During the engagement we killed some of the squaws through mistake. It was a great misfortune to those miserable squaws and children, that they did not carry into execution [the plan] they had formed on the morning of the battle -- that was, to come and meet us, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. It was a horrid sight to witness little children, wounded and suffering the most excruciating pain, although they were of the savage enemy, and the common enemy of the country."

Black Hawk's own account, though he was not present at the battle's second day, termed the incident a massacre.[6] Later histories continued to assail the actions of the whites at Bad Axe. The 1887 Perry A. Armstrong book, *The Sauks and the Black Hawk War*, called Throckmorton's actions "inhuman and dastardly" and went on to call him a "second Nero or Calligula [*sic*]".[6] In 1898, during events honoring the 66th anniversary of the battle, Reuben Gold Thwaites termed the fight a "massacre" during a speech at the battle site.[6] He emphasized this theme again in a 1903 collection of essays.

Modern-day historians have continued to characterize the battle as a wholesale massacre. Mark Grimsley, a history professor at Ohio State University, concluded in 2005, based on other modern accounts, that the Battle of Bad Axe would be better termed a massacre.[6] Kerry A. Trask's 2007 work, *Black Hawk: The Battle for the Heart of America*, points to the writings of Wakefield as evidence that delusional beliefs about doing brave deeds and magnifying manliness spurred the U.S. forces to revel in and pursue massacring and exterminating the Sauk and Fox.[6] Trask concluded that Wakefield's statement "I must confess, that it filled my heart with gratitude and joy, to think that I had been instrumental, with many others, in delivering my country of those

merciless savages, and restoring those people again to their peaceful homes and firesides," was a viewpoint held by nearly all militia members.

Aftermath

The Black Hawk War of 1832 resulted in the deaths at least 70 settlers and soldiers, and hundreds of Black Hawk's band. As well as the combat casualties of the war, a relief force under General Winfield Scott suffered hundreds deserted and dead, many from cholera. The end of the war at Bad Axe ended the large-scale threat of Native American attacks in northwest Illinois, and allowed further settlement of Illinois and what became Iowa and Wisconsin.

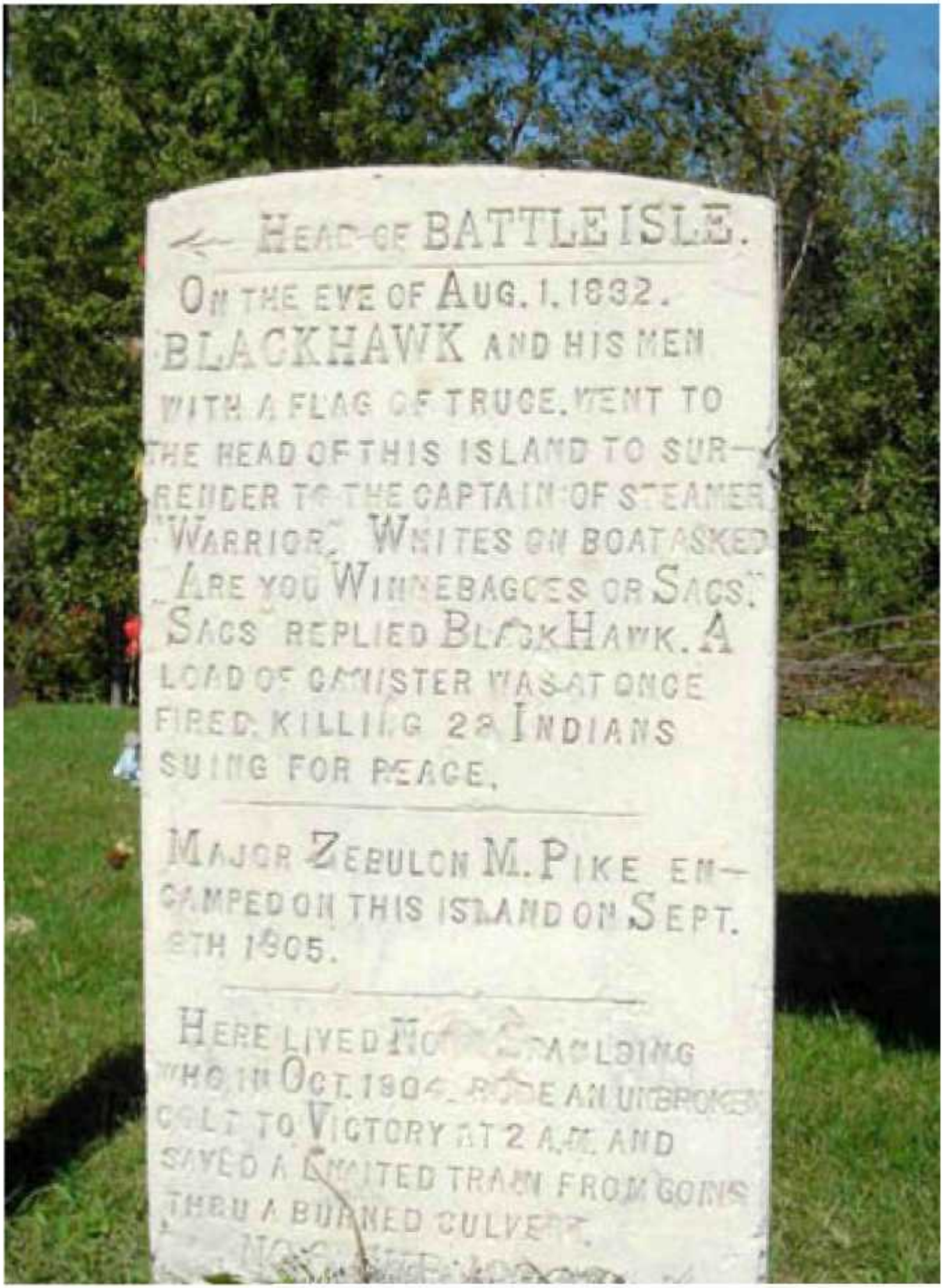
The members of the British Band, and the Fox, Kickapoo, Sauk, Ho-Chunk and Potawatomi that later joined them, suffered unknown numbers of dead during the war.[22] While some died fighting, others were tracked down and killed by Sioux, Menominee, Ho-Chunk, and other native tribes. Still others died of starvation or drowned during the Band's long trek up the Rock River toward the mouth of the Bad Axe. The entire British Band was not wiped out at Bad Axe; some survivors drifted back home to their villages. This was relatively simple for the Potawatomi and Ho-Chunk of the band. Many Sauk and Fox found return to their homes more difficult, and while some returned safely, others were held in custody by the army. Prisoners, some taken at the Battle of Bad Axe, and others taken by U.S.-aligned Native American tribes in the following weeks, were taken to Fort Armstrong at modern Rock Island, Illinois. About 120 prisoners – men, women, and children – waited until the end of August to be released by General Winfield Scott.

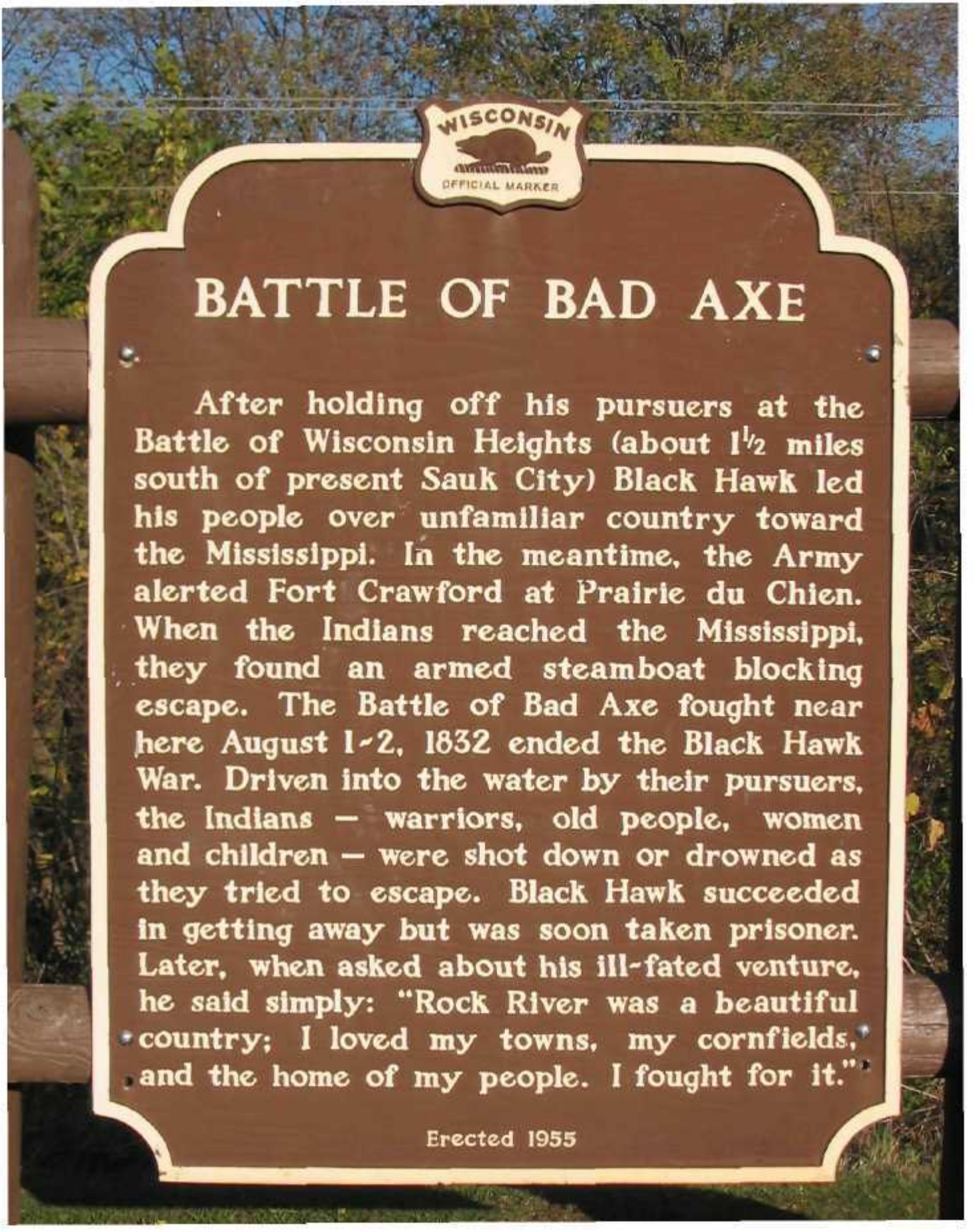
Black Hawk and most of the leaders of the British Band were not immediately captured following the conclusion of hostilities. On 20 August, Sauk and Fox under Keokuk turned over Neapope and several other British Band chiefs to Winfield Scott at Fort Armstrong. Black Hawk, however, remained elusive. After fleeing the battle scene with White Cloud and a small group of warriors, Black Hawk had moved northeast toward the headwaters of the La Crosse River. The group camped for a few days and was eventually counseled by a group of Ho-Chunk, which included White Cloud's brother, to surrender. Though they initially resisted the pleas for surrender, the group eventually traveled to the Ho-Chunk village at La Crosse and prepared to surrender. On 27 August 1832, Black Hawk, White Cloud and the remnants of the British Band surrendered to Joseph M. Street at Prairie du Chien.

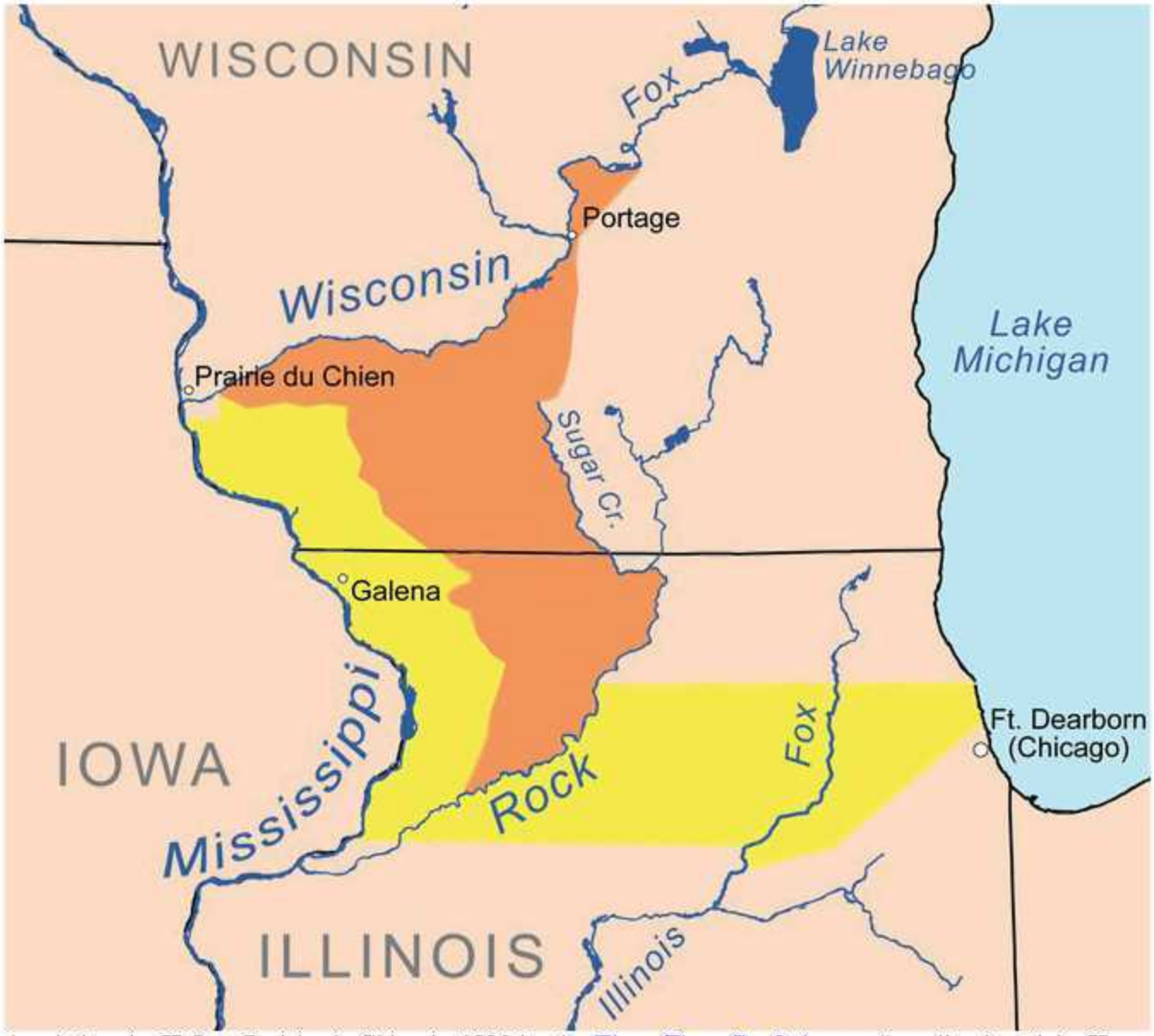


Map of Black Hawk War sites

✕ Battle (with name) ● Fort / settlement ● Native village


← HEAD OF BATTLE ISLE.
ON THE EVE OF AUG. 1. 1832.
BLACKHAWK AND HIS MEN
WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, WENT TO
THE HEAD OF THIS ISLAND TO SUR-
RENDER TO THE CAPTAIN OF STEAMER
"WARRIOR." WHITES ON BOAT ASKED
"ARE YOU WINNEBAGOES OR SACS."
"SACS" REPLIED BLACK HAWK. A
LOAD OF CANISTER WAS AT ONCE
FIRED, KILLING 28 INDIANS
SUING FOR PEACE.
MAJOR ZEBULON M. PIKE EN-
CAMPED ON THIS ISLAND ON SEPT.
9TH 1805.
HERE LIVED
WHO IN OCT. 1904
COLT TO VICTORY AT 2 A.M. AND
SAVED A
THRU A BURNED CULVERT.


WISCONSIN
OFFICIAL MARKER
BATTLE OF BAD AXE
After holding off his pursuers at the Battle of Wisconsin Heights (about 1½ miles south of present Sauk City) Black Hawk led his people over unfamiliar country toward the Mississippi. In the meantime, the Army alerted Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. When the Indians reached the Mississippi, they found an armed steamboat blocking escape. The Battle of Bad Axe fought near here August 1-2, 1832 ended the Black Hawk War. Driven into the water by their pursuers, the Indians — warriors, old people, women and children — were shot down or drowned as they tried to escape. Black Hawk succeeded in getting away but was soon taken prisoner. Later, when asked about his ill-fated venture, he said simply: "Rock River was a beautiful country; I loved my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for it."
Erected 1955



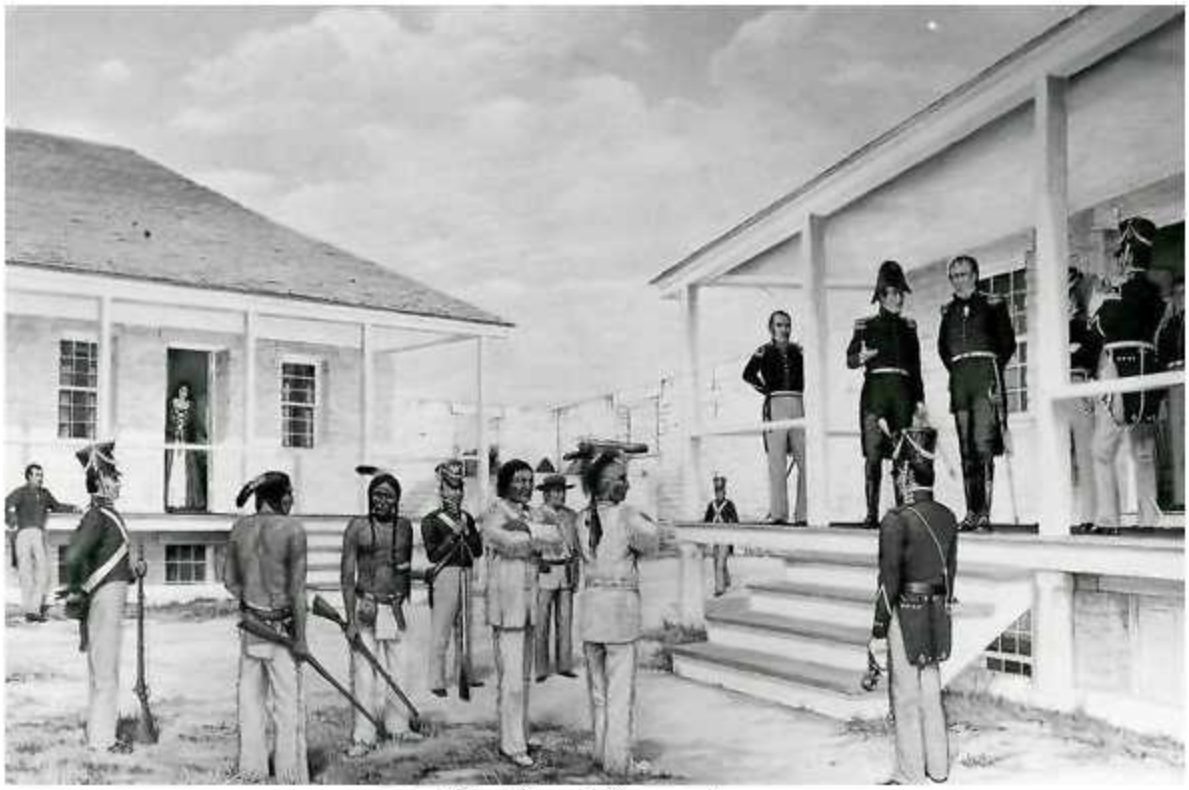
Land ceded to the U.S. at Prairie du Chien in 1829 by the Three Fires Confederacy (in yellow) and the Ho-Chunk tribe (in orange). Land Surrendered



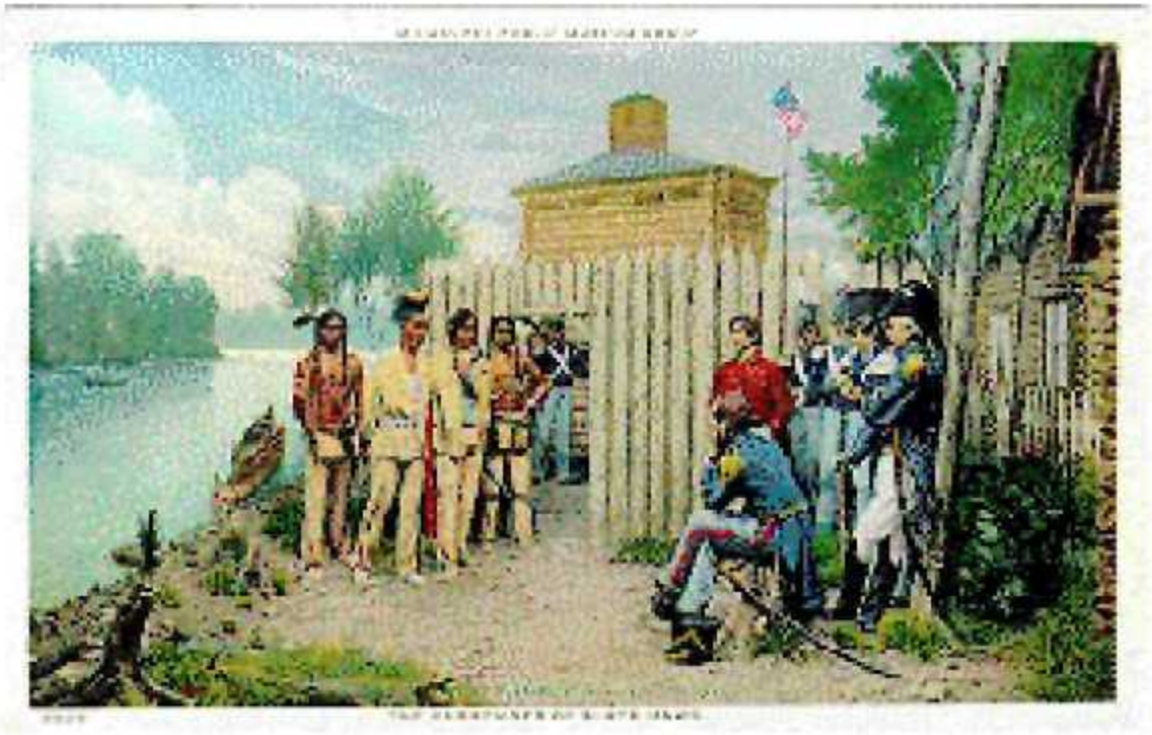
Bad Axe Battle
Cal Peters



General Atkinson's victory over Black Hawk.



Blackhawk Surrender
Cal Peters



Blackhawk Surrender

Black Hawk's Surrender Speech, 1832

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and took at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

An Indian who is as bad as the white men, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat [sic] up by the wolves. The white men are bad school-masters; they carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers.

We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises, but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The oppossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die.... We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse-they poison the heart, it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

Farewell, my nation. Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.





MUCK-A-TAY MICH-E-KAW-KAIK,

THE BLACK HAWK.

We herewith present the only correct likeness yet published of this individual. It was sketched by an officer of the army, who served with General Atkinson during the whole of the recent campaign on the frontiers of Illinois, was in the action in which the Indians were finally defeated, and was subsequently stationed at the military post where the captured chiefs were for a long period imprisoned.

Black Hawk is a man of near sixty years of age, agreeably to his own statement, though he does not appear quite so old; he is about five feet eight inches in height, and well proportioned—of a dignified and majestic manner, though, since his misfortunes, manifestly much depressed in spirits. His dress as represented, is that which he wore during his confinement, and the pipe and fan which he holds in his hand, he was, for a long time, never seen without—believing, probably, that carrying these, rather than any thing like a weapon, would be thought by the officers under whose charge he was, as an evidence that he considered himself and his nation no longer at war with us. As a proof that this is his idea, the following fact is stated: recently, while a painter of some celebrity (Catlin) was, with the permission of the commanding officer, engaged in painting the likenesses of the principal chiefs who were confined at Jefferson barracks, he proposed to Black Hawk, that he should be represented with a spear, as being more emblematical of his recent pursuits. "No!" said the Black Hawk, apparently indignant at the proposal, "no spear for me! I have forever done with spears!"

It may not be amiss here to relate an anecdote of Nah-pope, another Sauk chief, notorious for his bitter, implacable, and unforgiving hatred of the white Americans. This chief (who was also a prisoner at Jefferson barracks) it was deemed necessary to confine in chains. The painter above spoken of, when about to commence the likeness of Nah-pope, asked him if he chose to have his pipe (as the Black Hawk had done) represented?—The chief stooped down, took up his chain, wound it round his arm, and struck it two or three times violently. "There," said he, "paint that! and let the Americans see that they have Nah-pope—a prisoner, and in irons!" The commanding officer (General Atkinson) answered that there could not be the smallest objection to this, so that the painter also placed in the other hand a representation of the scalps of women and children taken by him during the war.

The Black Hawk is (or was) the chief of a band of Sauks and Foxes, consisting of about four hundred warriors, and previously to the cession of the country, residing on the Rock river, about three miles from its mouth. This land was, in 1821, sold by the Indians to the Americans, with the understanding that the Indians were to be suffered to remain there until the land was placed in market by the American government. In 1829 or 30, the land was sold to individuals who settled on it, and the Indians left it and moved across the Mississippi. In 1831, they recrossed and attempted to retake possession of the site of their old village and corn-fields—committed many acts of violence and insolence, and were only prevented from doing much mischief, by the movement of General Gaines and a military force to the spot. This difficulty was settled, by the Indians again signing a treaty in July, 1831, at Rock-Island, one article of which is, that they would never, on any pretext, recross the Mississippi again, without the consent of the government of Illinois, and the President of the United States. In violation of this, the Sauks attacked the Menomines at Prairie des Chiens in the fall of 1831, and refused to surrender the aggressors—and finally, after attempting in vain to induce every other Indian nation to join them in a war of extermination against the Americans, asserting that the English had promised to join the Indians, they resolved to commence the war themselves. This they did, by invading our country in April, 1832, in numbers, seven or eight hundred warriors, headed by the Black Hawk, Nah-pope, Wesheet, the I-o-way, and other chiefs; and they were joined by Waw-be-ga-zick, (the Winnebago prophet,) with his band, after crossing.—General Atkinson, the officer commanding our troops, after mildly but positively urging their immediate return, and receiving nothing but outrageously taunting and insolent messages in return, advanced on the Indians.—The campaign was an exceedingly arduous one, but was prosecuted amidst many difficulties, with the utmost perseverance, energy, and skill. The Indians being all well mounted and armed, were enabled to scatter their war parties over the country, by which means they succeeded in destroying many lives and doing much mischief—breaking up the settlements, and killing whole families—waylaying the roads, and cutting off travellers—until the army reached their neighbourhood. After a very severe pursuit through the country north of Rock river, and across the Wisconian, over mountains and rivers, through woods and marshes almost impassable, the rear guard of the Indians was attacked and defeated by the troops under General Henry on the banks of the Wisconian; and their main body was finally defeated (with great loss) by the army under the immediate command of General Atkinson, on the bank of the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the upper I-o-way river, on the 2d of August, 1832. The Black Hawk escaped from this fight, but subsequently surrendered himself to the commanding officer at Prairie des Chiens.

MUSEUM OF MEDICAL PROGESS

Aug. 18,1974--Plaque Dedication

It is fitting that we pause from time to time and reflect on the march of time. We stand on hallowed ground,. first sighted by Fr. Marquette and Jolliet on a June day 501 years ago . Here, in the years from 1829 to 1832, the U.S. Army built Fort Crawford II with military hospital attached.
Attracted to this frontier post were many young men, who would later gain fame.

One of these young men was US army surgeon Dr. William Beaumont. He was once called to treat a voyageur at Mackinac, who received a shot in the stomach and was believed near death. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Beaumont, the patient Alexis St. Martin, recovered. The hole in the stomach of St. Martin never completely closed. This stomach entry afforded Dr. Beaumont an opportunity for experiments, and from these studies Dr. Beaumont established the basis for the science of physiology.

In 1833, Dr. Beaumont began writing his famous book called,
"EXPERIMENTS and Observations on the Gastric JUICE and the PHYSIOLOGY of DIGESTION." It proved a remarkable contribution to medicine. Few of Beaumont's findings have been overturned, most are still applicable today.

Forty-eight years later, the year 1871, Prairie du Chien became the birthplace of Walter B. Cannon, who was to become Beaumont's successor the second greatest physiologist in America.

Ever vigilant in the preservation of our rich history heritage, the fort Crawford Chapter of the Daughter of the American Revolution purchased the ruins of Fort Crawford II Hospital in 1921 from Will Graves at a modest cost.

In 1934, during the depths of the depression, the D.A.R. deeded the property to the City of Prairie du Chien, so restoration work could be started under WPA grant. After substantial progress, the project was terminated by legal obstruction. In 1943, a group of local citizens formed the Dr. Beaumont Memorial Inc. and the D.A.R. deeded the fort property to the State Medical Society of Wisconsin. They completed the hospital building, installed displays and in 1960, opened the MUSEUM OF MEDICAL PROGRESS to the public. Two years later the STOVALL HALL OF HEALTH was added.

Many people, women as well as men, have freely given of their time and resources to create this LIVING MEMORIAL. The D.A.R. merits our gratitude for preserving this historic site. And, we will remember the members of the Beaumont Memorial fort for their reconstruction efforts, and their wisdom in memorializing Beaumont's contribution to world medicine.

We must be ever mindful that the past is the prologue to the future

MJ Dyrud/me
August 18, 1974

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

created by an Act
of the Territorial Legislature
of 1841
Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Whereas, When it became apparent in mid-1943 that the continued restoration of the Second Fort Crawford Hospital was in jeopardy, Martinus J. Dyrud and a group of Prairie du Chien civic leaders, physicians, and others established a nonprofit organization known as the Dr. William Beaumont Memorial Foundation to raise funds and develop exhibits in a restored hospital museum to commemorate the unique contribution of this great American physiologist; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of the State Medical Society and the Board of its Charitable, Educational and Scientific Foundation jointly express to Martinus J. Dyrud their great appreciation for his inspiring and dedicated efforts to complete the restoration of this National Historic Landmark as a fitting American medical shrine.

Thank you, Mr. Dyrud, for bringing this proud recognition of medicine's heritage to the attention of the profession and the public.

Adopted by these Boards, July 17, 1982.

A. A. Tuffanelli M.D.
Chairman of the Board
State Medical Society of Wisconsin

Attest:

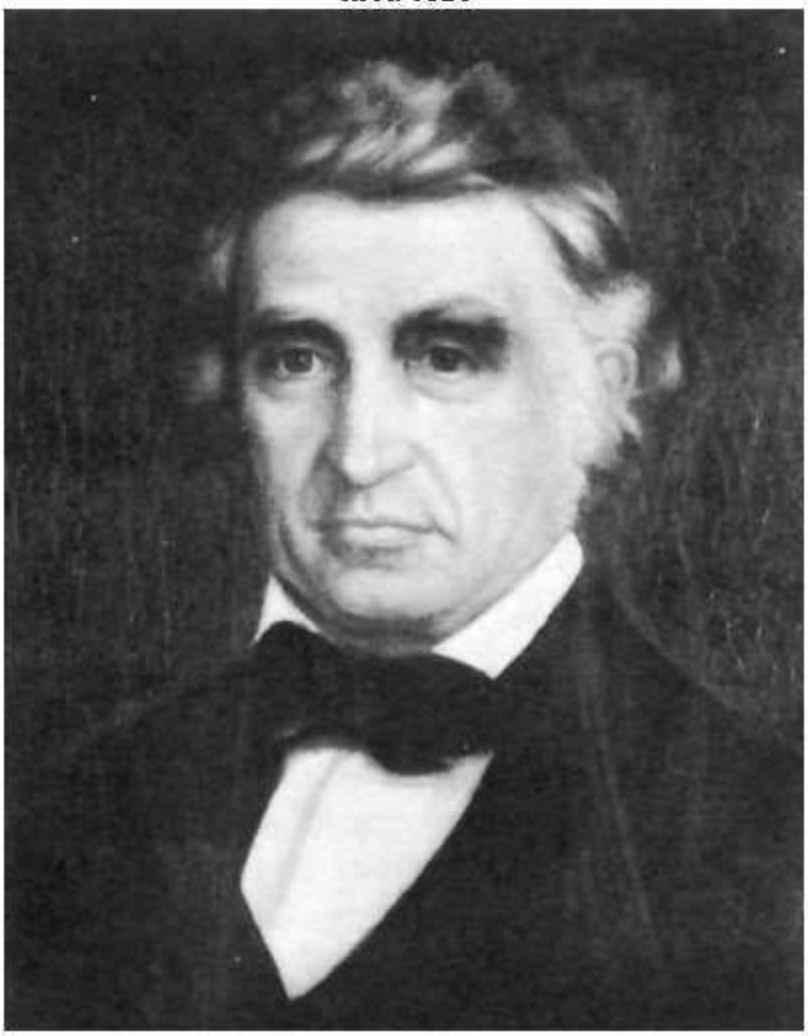
Earl D. Thayer
Secretary

Robert T. Conway M.D.
President, Charitable, Educational and Scientific Foundation, Inc.





Dr. William Beaumont
circa 1821



Dr. William Beaumont



Alexis St. Martin
81 years of age

"Pearling" new to you? Help yourself **to this colorful bit of history out of Wisconsin, centered on the "Pearl Capital" of the State. You'll like it!**



Family Busily Opening Clams in "Lowertown," Prairie du Chien. Note Boil-Out Tank and Cover in Foreground.

Pearling in Wisconsin

by M. J. Dyrud

It is thrilling to find a pearl in a clam shell. I had that exhilarating experience as a little boy, when I discovered a small, blue pearl with iridescent coloring on the Little Sugar River in southern Wisconsin, near Albany. With a shout, I announced my good fortune. Shortly afterwards, Ed Kittelson, a pearl buyer, told me interesting tales of a trader's luck and profit.

Forty years later in Prairie du Chien, I learned that my experience touched the fading edge of a colorful era in Wisconsin history. This city, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, once was considered the "Pearl Capital" of Wisconsin. Each summer thousands of prospectors gathered in this area to dig clams in the upper reaches of the "Father of Waters." Each sought to wrest from nature a hidden treasure in pearls.

Dame Fashion ushered in this exciting period during the last decade of the nineteenth century when women sought pearls with the same avid desire that later motivated their longings for mink coats.

The humble start appears to have occurred on the Sugar River, when Bunde and Upmeyer Company in Milwaukee offered fishermen attractive prices for pearls found in clam bait. Visions of fortunes quickly blossomed in many minds. Tales of easy money prompted exploration of the clam beds of the Pecatonica and Rock rivers, and then extended into the mighty Mississippi. The seemingly inexhaustible clam beds of the Upper Mississippi brought an influx of fortune hunters.

In the summer clammers' tents lined the Mississippi River shore. An enterprising Prairie du Chien grocer operated a store launch, delivering food and supplies to river customers. This service was welcomed by the rivermen, who were up at dawn and worked until dusk, raking clams into their boats after each floating pass across the submerged clam beds.

Mississippi River procedure was cleverly conceived and productive. Each operator used a clam boat, flat bottomed, with sloping prow and stern. From the sides of the boat, the clammer threw out his "crowbars." These were small rods fitted with short lines to which were attached many small grappling hooks. As the hooks dragged the mud bottom of the clam beds, they caught in the open shells of the feeding clams or mussels. The clams reacted by closing their shells, actually hooking onto the clammer's lines. These crowbars then were laid straddle a rack in the boat and the clams removed. Again a floating pass was made over the clam beds.

How different from my boyhood experience with my uncles along the Little Sugar river

on grandfather's farm! Then, we would roll up our pants legs and feel for the clams with our feet. We would reach down, pick up the shell, and toss it over on the bank. Later we would cut the shells open with a knife. This was hard work and often exasperating, for the muscle hinge of the clam is very strong and the shells difficult to pry open.

The Mississippi River clammers had an easier way. They called it the "Boil Out." Water was heated in a large cauldron, the clams tossed in and steamed. This opened the shell wide so that the meat could be shaken out and inspected for pearls.

Thanks to the vision of J. F. Boepple of Muscatine, Iowa, the pearl button industry soon thrived. Small cylinders were first cut out of the shells with tubular saws. These were then split into discs, which were shaped by a steel tool, drilled with holes, and finally polished with rottenstone and soft soap.

Clam shells, sold to button factories, afforded bread and butter income for the clammers. During good years about 55,000 tons of shells, niggerheads and others, largely obtained from the Mississippi between Quincy, Illinois, and La Crosse, Wisconsin, were sold annually. However, it was the pearls that provided the dominant lure, the speculative urge.

For people with inquisitive minds, nature stores her hidden treasures in a very logical manner. Still, the pearl-hiding pattern is elaborate and intriguingly difficult to reconstruct. The mussels or clams vary in size, in shape, and in color. Certain shell types yield the more valuable pearls. The color of fresh-water pearl matches the interior color of the mother-of-pearl shell. Nature is a skillful decorator.

"Washboard" clams generally have pink tinted pearls, as do the "wavy-back" clams. "Three ridged" clams usually yield colored pearls in shades of blue, green, and lavender. The shells we called "niggerheads" have iridescent pearls, which are white gems with shifting tones of pink and blue. From the "muckets" come fine pink pearls, from "sand-shells" often salmon colored or salmon pink pearls. Some days near sundown, you will see these intriguing color tones in the sky, or in the clouds, as the setting sun flings its last shafts of light across the horizon. From the "lady-finger" clams, whose mother-of-pearl is often slate colored, perhaps bluish-black, come the prized black pearls. These black pearls

Clam Boats an' Cows Having a Leisurely Time of It. Here the Placid Meandering Mississippi Is Viewed at "Lowertown," Looking South.



have flames dancing iridescently, sometimes blue, frequently violet, but always a delight to the eye.

Pearls are a malformation within the clam, originating when a foreign substance enters the pearl-bearing film or mantle covering the inner shell. The clam tries to isolate the intruder by making a pearl nacre deposit around it, at the same time a new pearl layer is placed on the shell. Pearl hunters look for damaged or deformed shells, for these are most likely to yield pearls.

John Peacock, now president of the Prairie City Bank in Prairie du Chien, has been a pearl buyer for fifty-four years. He lived and loved this colorful period. Even today he may reach into his inner coat pocket and withdraw a tissue paper fold, so typical of a pearl buyer, and show you interesting pearls with their delicate opalescent colors.

I was fascinated to learn about the biggest fresh-water pearl Mr. Peacock ever handled. It was the "Genoa Pearl," from the famous bed at Genoa, Wisconsin, and was found by Willis Hastings. It was nut-sized, found in 1903 and weighed 210 grains.* Measuring $1\frac{5}{16}$" in diameter, this pearl was too big for any gem use. Mr. Peacock pointed out that this huge pearl was only good as a collector's specimen. As a matter of fact, it now graces an English pearl collection. Mr. Peacock sold this pearl for $1,500, less than he received for many smaller pearls, but it still looms large in his keen memory as the largest fresh-water, quality pearl he ever came across.

Another story from our dean of pearl buyers deserves repetition. One evening a spotter friend called Mr. Peacock from Harpers Ferry, Iowa, reporting a fine pearl found by a commercial fisherman and urging Peacock to come at once. Mr. Peacock arrived late in the night and made his appraisal by lantern light. Here was a 42½ grain iridescent beauty. It seemed that all of the colors in the rainbow danced seductively in this gem. "Never before or since have I seen a finer coloring," recalls Mr. Peacock. "I knew it was a fine pearl, but I was not sure how much I should give this man. I paid him $1,500, the largest amount I had

*Pearls are sold by a special unit of weight called the pearl grain. Four pearl grains equal one carat.

A Mississippi Clammer in His Boat with Clamming Equipment, Two Miles South of Prairie du Chien. McGregor, Iowa, Seen in Background.





J. F. Boepple of Muscatine, Iowa, Is Considered the "Father" of the Pearl Button Manufacturing Industry, Began on the Mississippi about 1891. Pearl Buyer Bird Holds the Balance. Photo Taken at Newport, Arkansas.

ever paid for a pearl up to that time. I think it was the finest pearl I have ever seen, although later I paid more money for others."

This gem was known as the "Ismal Pearl," named for the man who found it. Mr. Peacock was now the owner, and as he proudly carried it in his packet, the gem seemed to induce a tingling sensation in his body, a reflection of his inner excitement. Off to Chicago he went, where, with a lump welling up in his throat, he nearly choked getting out his $5,000 asking price before a fine arts dealer. The dealer bought the pearl and told him later that he had sold it to a New York buyer for $10,000. The Chicago man told Peacock to call on this New York buyer the next time he was there. Mr. Peacock did. The New York buyer remembered the pearl and said he had sold it in England for $20,000.

A few pearl buyers developed a skill for peeling, skinning, and shaping pearls. These men were few and far between, for the work was exacting, every attempt a gamble with unknowns, but then the rewards were high. To buy a pearl for $500, peel it, and resell it for $1,500 back to the same dealer proved a rewarding gamble for John Peacock and a very select group of men.

From 1890 to 1920, fresh-water pearls enjoyed a broad and thriving market. Prairie du Chien in the north and Newport, Arkansas in the South were the pearl centers. Buyers from all over the world visited these focal points. Prairie du Chien buyers included John Peacock, P. O. Heide, Frank Honzel, Bill Moore, and Ed Mertner. W. H. C. Elwell in McGregor, Iowa, also bought here. Other Wisconsin buyers included Ed Kittelson, Thurman of Albany, and Young of Brodhead.

While ocean pearls from Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and the Polynesian Islands were on the market for centuries, there was a time when the enchanting colors of Wisconsin fresh-water pearls captured world attention.

This era was disrupted by a talented Japanese scientist named Kokicha Mikimoto. He died recently at the age of ninety-three, I believe. Just before the turn of the century, Mikimoto developed cultured pearls. His first pearls lacked quality, but soon the quality improved and Mikimoto's cultured pearls nearly destroyed the market for natural pearls.

Wisconsin pearling never recovered from this rude shock. But the memories of this unique period hold a captivating charm, which will be long remembered in Badger history.

END

Did You Miss It?

The announcement which appeared in the autumn *Wisconsin Magazine of History* stating that the ten-year *Magazine* index was off the press? Copies are moving, but some of you have delayed to request yours. The price is only $3.50. Those of you who already have accumulated *Magazines* through 1952 really are limiting the usefulness of your reference libraries. There are 159 pages of closely printed entries. Binding extra-durable.

State Historical Society
816 State Street
Madison

Pontoon Bridges

A...One of the very interesting sights in Prairie du Chien, are the two pontoon bridges of Milwaukee Railroad across the Mississippi. These are the oldest pontoon bridges in America. This type of bridge was invented here in Prairie du Chien, by Lawler and his engineer Spetel. They are famous but we could show them off very well and I don't think it would be necessary to raise any money locally.

(1) Get a request for the marker started into the Historical Society so the Conservation Commission can be authorized to erect these markers. Just now they are looking for real historic markers to install.

(2) Get the State Highway Commission to fill in places on the island between the two Mississippi river bridges, so there would be a drive out, next to and south of the present road. Then at either end of the island have these markers. Then tourists could pull out, read the history of the pontoon bridge spans, enjoy a few minutes of contemplation beside the mighty Mississippi, the father of waters, before they continue their journey.

Q...How would we get the drive out?

A...We would have to get the city and county working on the state highway commission to make this fill and arrange the drive out. Gee, that sounds like and excellent project.

Q...It sure is, at this spot the State Conservation Commission would stand the cost of the markers and I feel sure our committee would approve these markers.

Q...You mean, if we organize the campaign locally, no one in Prairie du Chien will have to raise any money?

A...That is right, with an organization and pressure, we could get the State Highway Commission to make the fill at either end of the island on the south side and then the Conservation Commission would put out the historic markers for the Pontoon Bridge.

Q...Now there you have a really sweet deal. Why hasn't someone done that already?

A...I guess, no one has thought of it before. Then too, it was just last fall that the State took over the Bridge and made it free.

Q...Why doesn't some group get going on this?

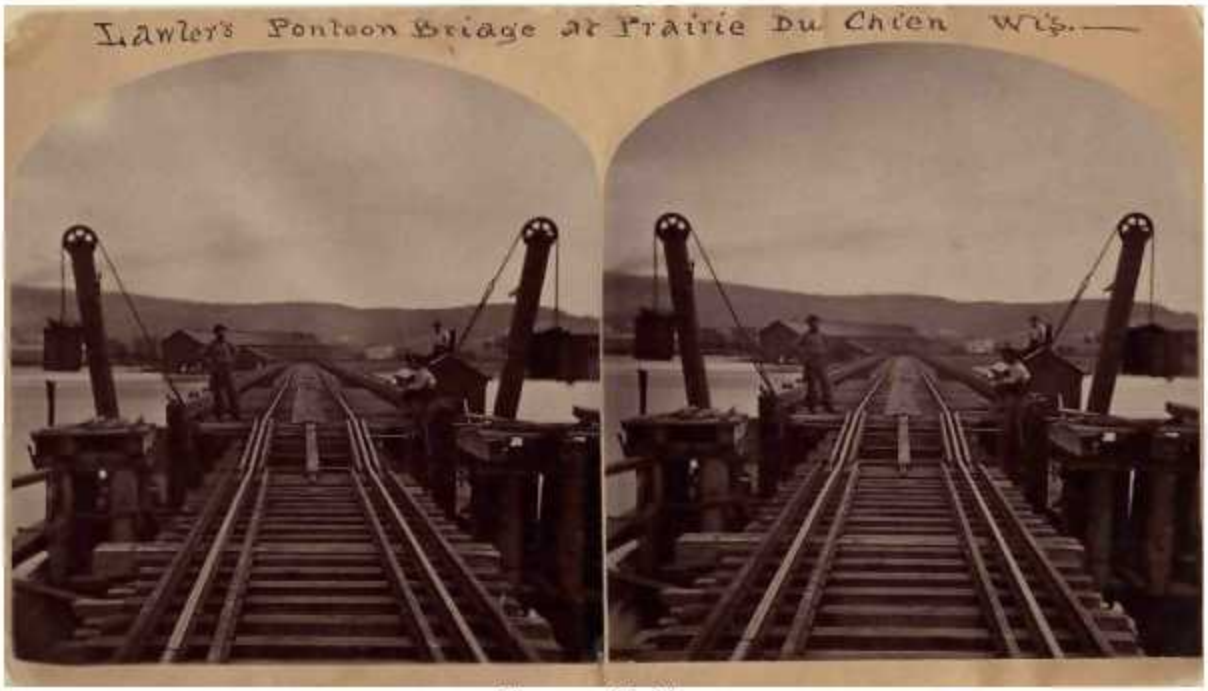
A...I have suggested it to Kiwanis.

Q...Fine, they or some other group will probably be working on it soon. I hope so.

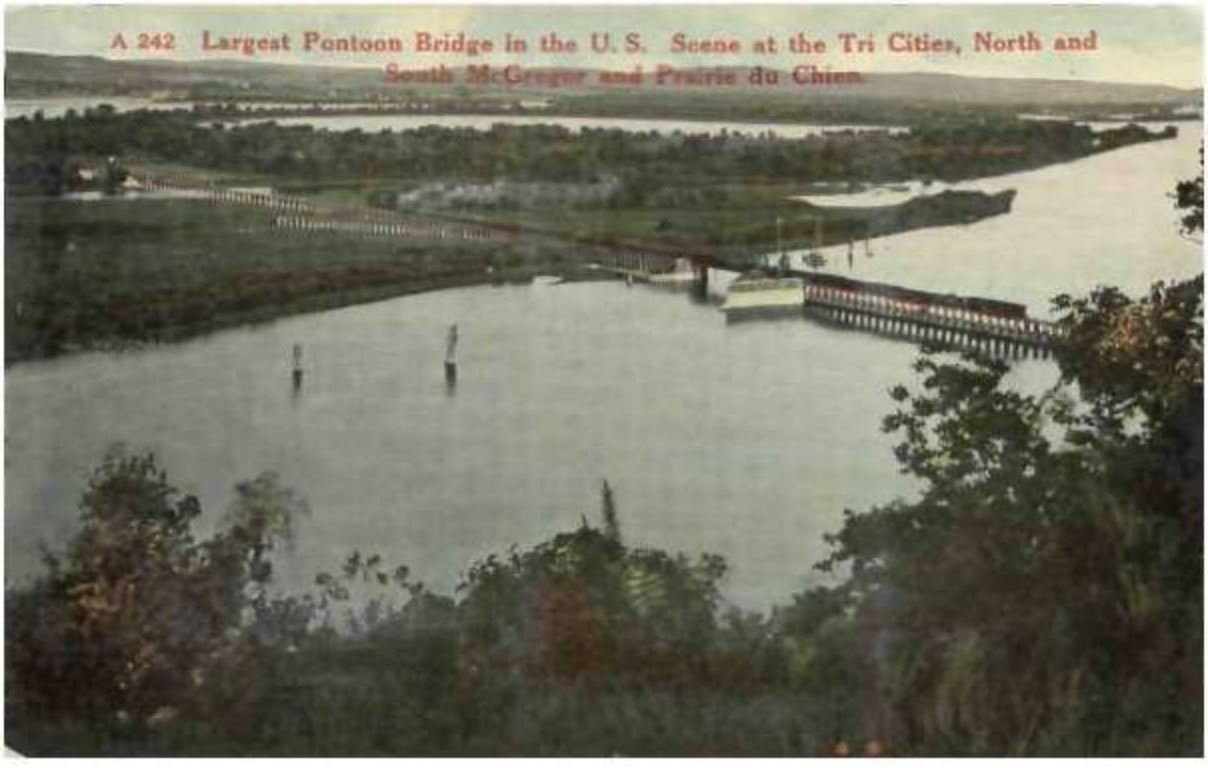
Q...What else do you have for us today?

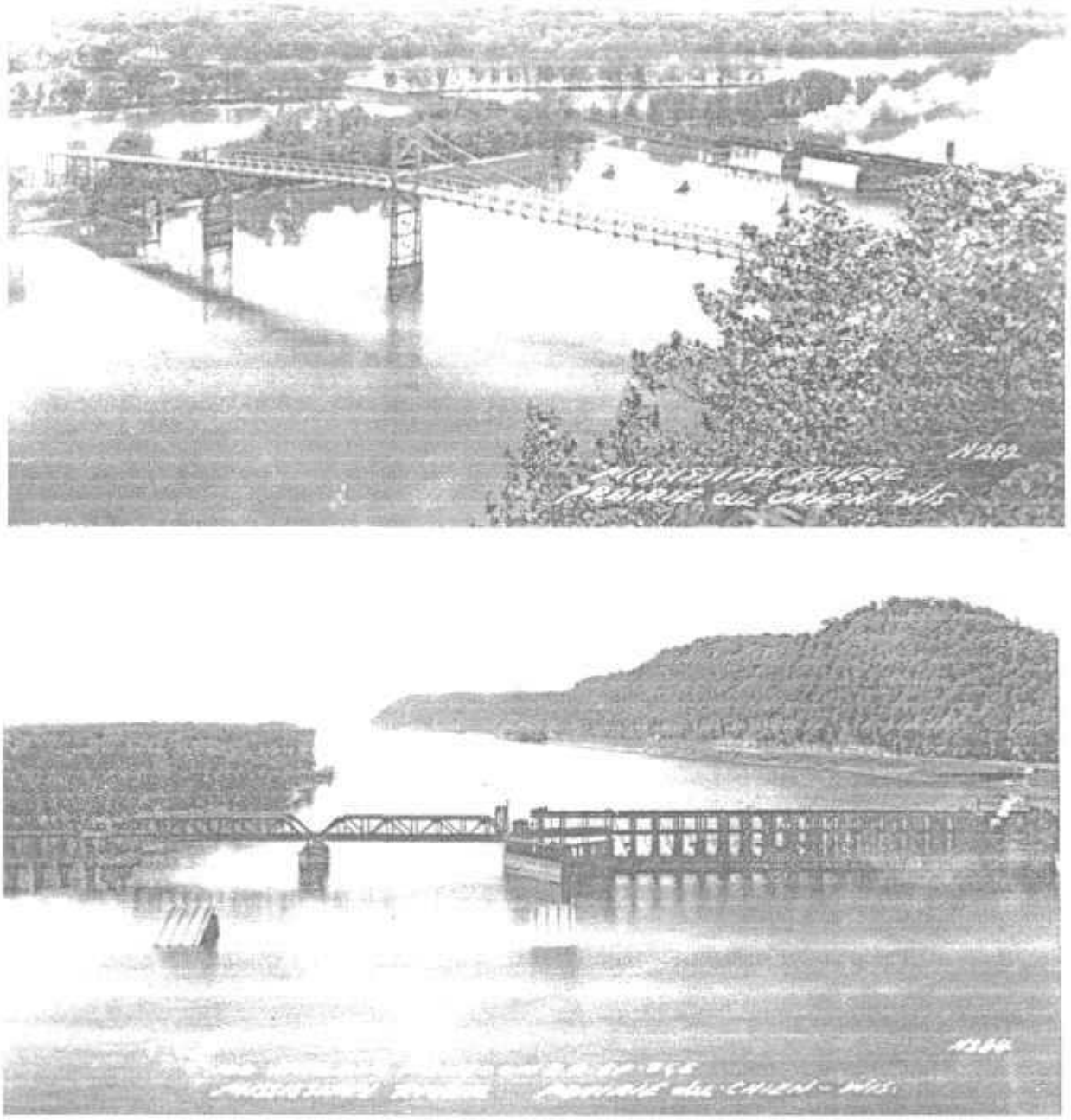
A...Walt, did you read the story in the Courier about Raymond Larviere, man 51 years old, living in Minneapolis, but born in Prairie du Chien who had been married 55 times and now wants to settle down and be married once more for good?

Q.....Yes, I could hardly believe the story.

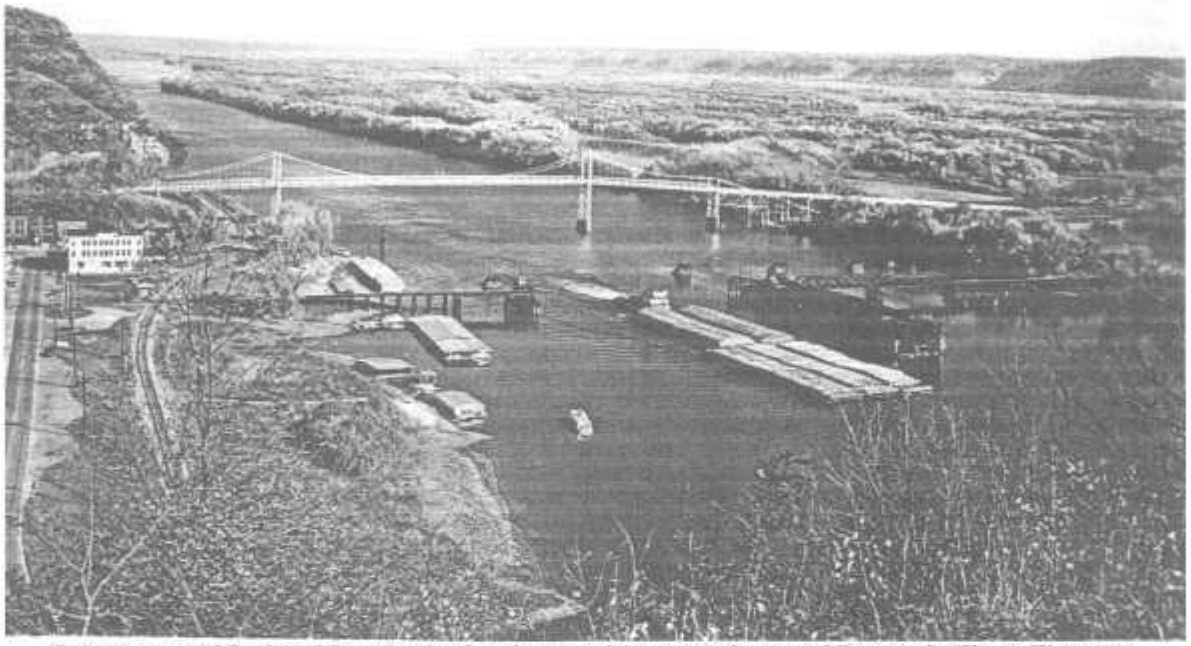


Pontoon Bridge
circa 1874

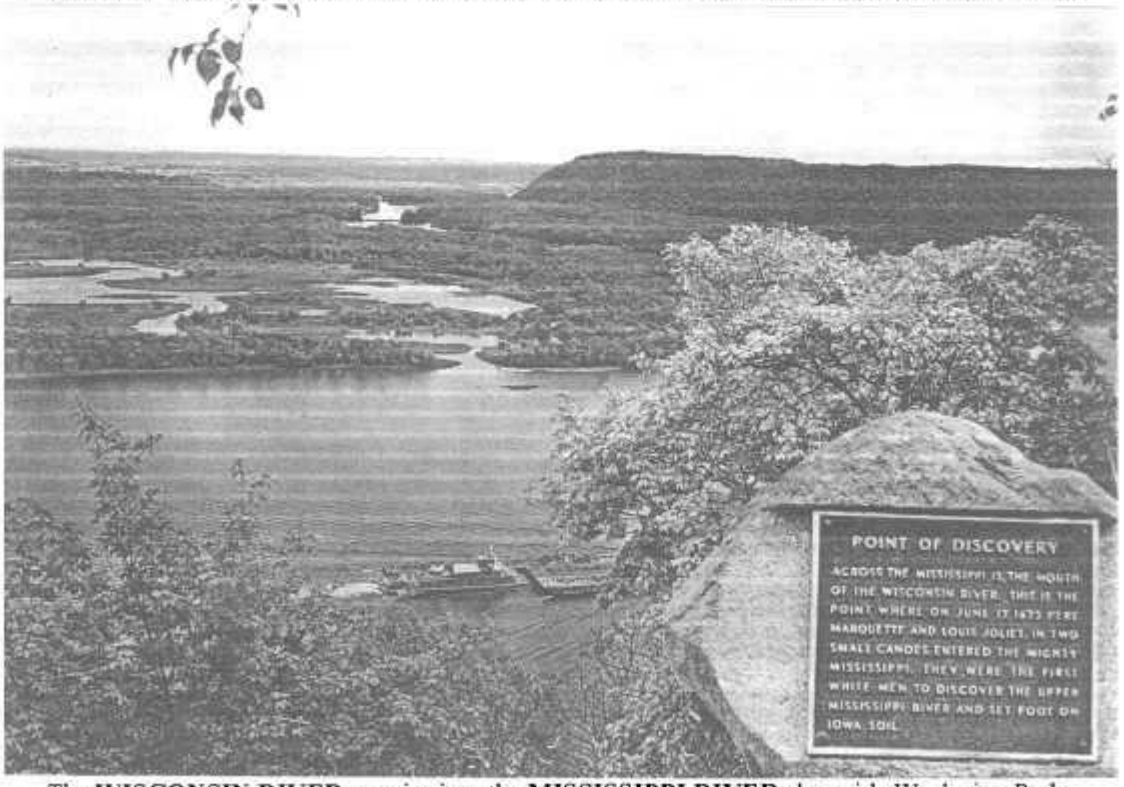




Pontoon Railroad Bridge, between Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin and Marquette, Iowa



Suspension and Railroad Pontoon bridges between Marquette, Iowa and Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin
Floating Draw-bridge was built in 1874 by the Prairie du Chien and McGregor Railroad Company



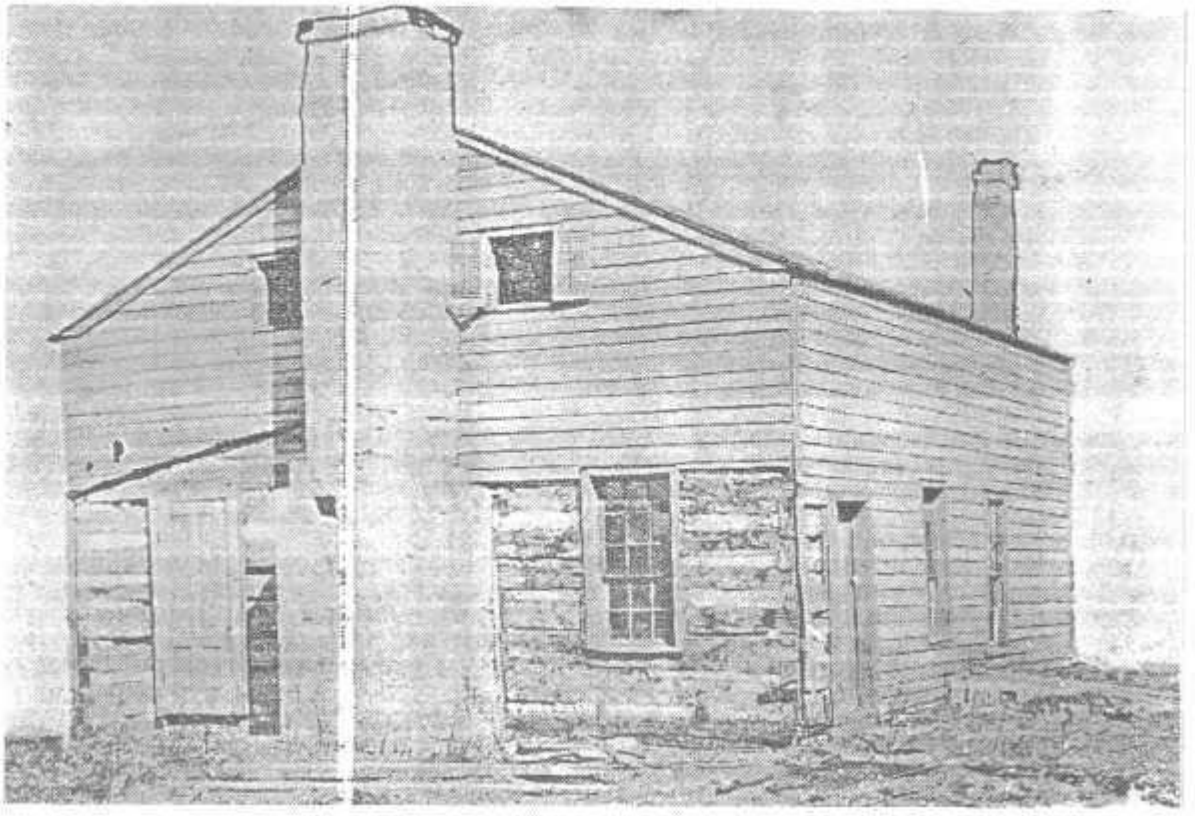
The **WISCONSIN RIVER** empties into the **MISSISSIPPI RIVER** alongside Wyalusing Park,
Wisconsin and across from Pike's Peak State Park, McGregor, Iowa



Meeting of Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers
Franz Holzlhuber



Mouth of the Mississippi River
Henry Lewis



Prairie du Chien's Oldest Log House

Location August 1986: NW corner of South Beaumont Road and Wisconsin Streets.

This old building was a familiar sight on South Church Street, less than a block from Bluff Street, until three years ago.

It was built in 1817 and was used until the early 60's as a "factory" which was the government's early designation for what we know as a store.

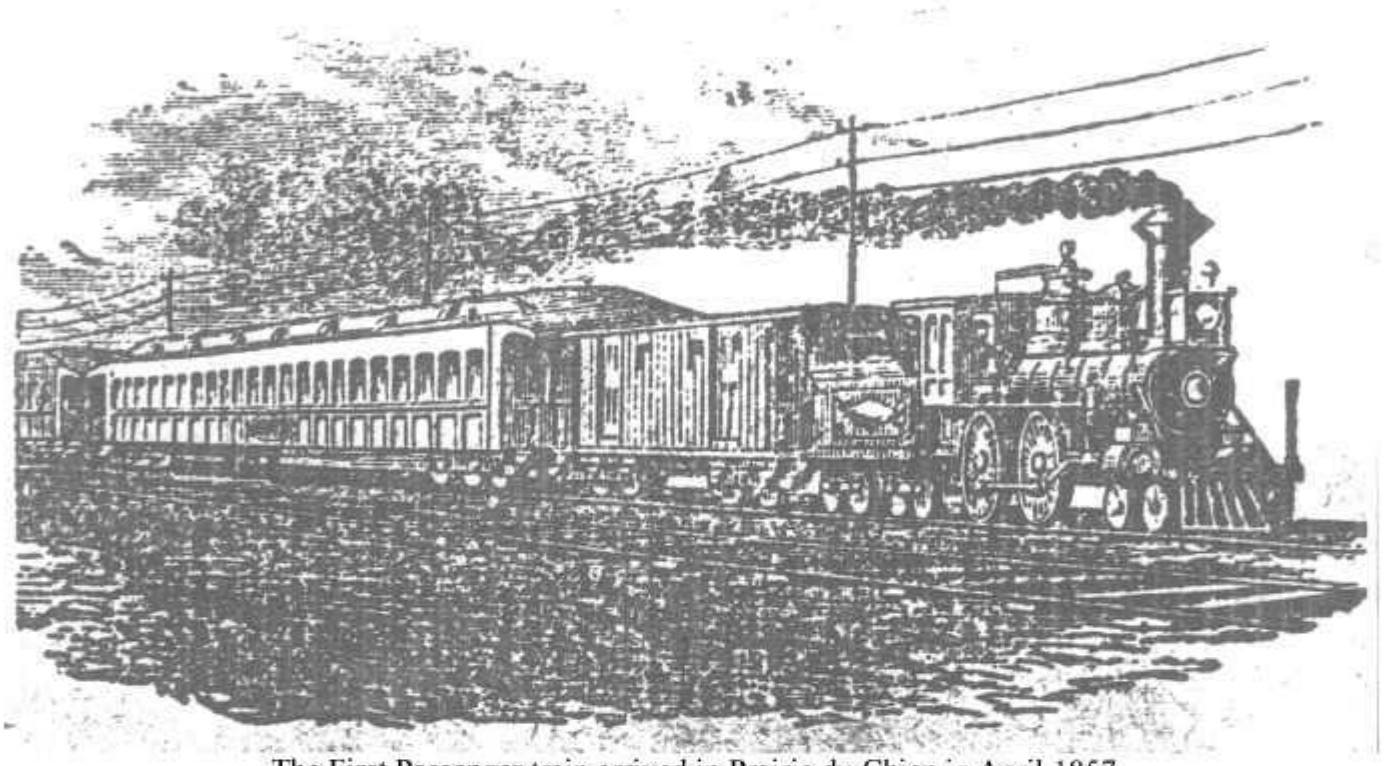
Here Indians bartered furs for ammunition, beads and whiskey. It was the home of many families in the 102 years, which it stood. It was plastered on the inside onto the logs. The lime for the plaster was burned from clam shells.

In the late 1980's Paul Schmidt owned this location as a part of his Ford Agency.

CRAWFORD COUNTY, WISCONSIN COURIER PRESS JULY 11, 1962



This is an old Rambler and believed to have belonged to Dr. Steiger



The First Passenger train arrived in Prairie du Chien in April 1857



Maiden run of Mississippi Railroad from Madison

Franz Hölzlhuber