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A Chippewa Indian Tells The Story of Her Life

by Edward Ehlert

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INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH- EASTERN WISCONSIN

A map of Wisconsin, in 1934 shows that the Chippewa Indians resided in northern Michigan, between Marinette and Lake Superior. The Menominees and Sauk were located in the area between the Wisconsin boundary and Green Bay. To the west of Lake Winnebago were the Winnebagoes, and to the south near present day Port Washington and Milwaukee were the Pottawatomies.

Since the Indian was a person who lived very close to nature, and depended on his immediate environment for all his needs as to food, clothing and shelter, they were content to remain in an area so long as those needs were adequately met. However, from time to time there were pressures from other Indian tribes, who too sought the good life, and those places which most adequately met their needs. Thus Indian wars were fought and it was a matter of the survival of the fittest as to who would occupy a given territory.

As we look at a map showing the Indian tribes and their location in 1700, we see that the tribes were located in about the same area as about 75 years earlier, except that the Pottawatomies had now migrated to northern Wisconsin, near the Marinette area.

During the late years of the 1700's the various tribes migrated a bit to the south, each otherwise occupying their relative position. Følge in his History of Manitowoc County reports that "some Chippewas of northern Wisconsin and some Ottawas from northern Michigan migrated to this region (Manitowoc County) in the middle of the eighteenth century, in time completely supplanting the Pottawatomies who again withdrew southward. There were stray bands of Menominees and Winnebagoes who mingled freely with Indians of the other tribes."

In spite of the fact that the Indians of Manitowoc County in the years around 1800 were primarily Chippewas, Ottawas

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The Story of How The Chippewa Indians Realized Their Basic Human Needs

as told by Mrs. Alice Randall, a Chippewa Indian.

(Editor's note:

Mrs. Alice Randall lives at Crandon, Wisconsin. Several years ago she spoke at a meeting of the Marinette County Historical Society. We were privileged to receive a copy of the manuscript which Mrs. Randall used as she addressed the Marinette County Society.

We are further privileged to publish the picture of the Indian burial ground which is typical of those where the Chippewa Indians have buried their dead. The picture is published with the permission of the Milwaukee Journal who used the picture in connection with an article relating to the Chippewa Indians in a May, 1973 issue.)

The history that I am going to give you is the same as what my brother Willard, the Chief Willard Ackley, had told me years ago. It's everything that he has remembered since he was a young boy as he sat around the council fire (you know with all the old people) and he heard these stories and has remembered them all these years. He is now 81 years old. So I hope that I'll be able to give a good talk and tell you just as much as I can about the history of our people.

We are called the Sokoagan Chippewa Band and Sokoagan means a post-in-the-lake. It is shortened. The Indian name for Post Lake is Sokoagan In-e-wag but it was shortened for Sokoagan because it was better that way in order to have others to remember our Tribe as the Sokoagan because it would be easier for them. Now according to what my brother had told me, our people lived in the area of Langlade County, Forest County and Oneida County for more than a century ago. They lived there around all the different lakes. If any of you have been around Forest County you'll know that there are a lot of lakes and streams there where our people settled and because they usually always went where there was water. Our people

migrated from Madilin Island — oh long before any treaties were signed. We were always known as Lake Superior Chippewas and because most of our people — the Chippewas came from the Lake Superior region years ago, many years ago. Now as I have my story here I'll read some of it and some I do remember.

Our first chief was Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi and Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi means great marten, the animal marten. He was our chief for a good many years. He was the one that brought the band to Post Lake because Post Lake at that time was known as the largest Indian settlement in that area. He also lived at Mole Lake as well as Pelican Lake. Our people at that time numbered in the thousands. To some of our white friends that are living there, they are actually surprised to find that our people did number in the thousands more than a century ago. But according to my brother's stories, our people were so happy when they got there because there they found rice, wild rice beds and plenty of game and hunting and fishing and trapping. They were a very happy people. It says here, that our Chief Great Marten (I'll call him Great Marten, because Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi takes too long) so I'll say that he the supreme Chief performed all the marriages among his bands of people that he brought over. The parents taught their children to work and to work in harmony. The boys were taught to make their bows and arrows and they were taught to trap fur bearing animals. They were taught how to fish, in the old primitive way because everything that they done was in their own way of hunting, fishing and trapping. They didn't

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INDIAN TRIBES continued

and Pottawatomies, the eastern half of Wisconsin was acknowledged by the U.S. government as belonging to the Menominees. Thus, it was with Indians of that tribe that the treaty of 1831 was signed. In this treaty all of the land to the east of Green Bay, the Fox River, Lake Winnebago, and the Fond du Lac river was sold to the U.S. government. Following signing of this treaty, the land was surveyed and in 1835 a land office was established at Green Bay, and the land in the territory sold to land speculators and white settlers.

There were three Indian villages in Manitowoc County at the time of the coming of the white man to Manitowoc County. These were located at Two Rivers, at Manitowoc Rapids, and at the forks of the Manitowoc River in the western part of the county. There were approximately 200 Indians living in each of the villages. The Indian village at Manitowoc Rapids was known to be one in which the Chippewa Indians were the predominant tribe.

After the treaty of 1831 was signed, the Indians remained in Manitowoc County as long as no white man claimed the land on which they resided. However, when proof of ownership was established, the Indian quietly left this county and sought residence on a reservation somewhere in northern Wisconsin, or in some other state. The Chippewa Indians today have a reservation in northern Wisconsin which is known as Lac Court reservation. It is located south of Ashland. There are scattered families elsewhere in northern Wisconsin, with the Randall family living at Crandon.

The manuscript written by Mrs. Alice Randall, a woman of about 83 years, describes well the customs and traditions of this tribe of Indians who once inhabited Manitowoc County.

CHIPPEWA INDIANS cont'd.

have the white man ways of doing things then. You know they had to do the work in their own way. The girls again were taught how to help with the tanning of the deer hides, the curing of the furs from the fur-bearing animals so they could use that fur for bedding and for clothing. You see there weren't any stores and they didn't have any money anyway to buy the stuff. They had to live off the land. Each day a hunter went out to kill any game. He always shared his game as far as it would go among his people. It was the same with the fish and everything else that was on the reservation, even the wild

rice. When they harvested the wild rice, that was shared, too, among their people. That is what I have always liked about my people because they even to this day, believe in sharing whatever they have.

Now I could go on and tell you all about how the meat was cared for, how it was cured and all but I don't know if I have the time to do it.

But I thought that I would first tell you that our people even found molding clay near Mole Lake and Pickle Lake that they used to make their bowls and any kind of container to hold food and they, of course, made their canoes. They used the birch bark for the canoes and birch bark for their baskets that they used for catching sap for making maple syrup for the storing of their food. Even when they had the food ready, now for instance the meat all cooked and dried, they would store their meat in birch bark containers and also their fish that was smoked. They were put in these birch bark containers with a tight cover and then a hole was dug out wherever they wanted to have their food stored. They would dig a hole past the frost line. Then they would first put in the container holding the fish or the deer meat and put it in that hole and then cover it good with raw deer hide and with birch bark then marsh hay and then the dirt you put back over it. Then in that way the food could stay right there and all winter long for as long as they wanted it and it would always be in good shape so that it was ready to eat. We call that deep freeze that you talk about now (that would be similar to the deep freeze you know) because the food even the wild rice was stored that way. After it was thoroughly dried in the sun that was stored in the hole like that, too, over winter because they didn't always have room in their wigwams to store a lot of food so that is the means that they had for storing their food for winter's use. Our people raised Indian corn. This Indian corn was ground up with stone to use for bread or cakes and for cornmeal or mush as we call it now and for thickening of soups you know.

Our syrup, our maple syrup was made by using a chip off a tree and put in the tree for the sap to run (you know to run on the chip) and then they would have birch bark containers made to hold the sap and in order to hold the sap, they would have to after they make the birch bark container, they would have to seal the seams with pine pitch that they made in their own way. It says right here the pine pitch was made into a putty like mass mixed with ashes from hickory wood and this was used to seal the birch bark canoes as well as all birch bark con-

tainers. They always carried this putty like mass of mixture as they travelled their canoes because whenever a canoe started to leak why all they have to do was go to shore and build a bon fire and warm this putty mass and pitch and use with their hands. They would spread over the seam that was leaking you know and then go on with their canoe.

Oh first, I should have kept on with the maple syrup shouldn't I. Well the containers were made out of birch bark and sealed a seam seal with this pine pitch to keep them from leaking and in the way that caught the sap and then they would take the sap and boil it over a bon fire in copper kettles, that was given to our people many years ago. I think it was under the treaty of 1847 that we got the copper kettles (wouldn't that be right Mr.) These copper kettles then we used but before they ever got copper kettles to use, they would take a large stone and chisel a hole in the middle and then they would put the sap in that stone kettle. They would take stones and water and get them good and hot on the bon fire and throw them into the sap and in that way the sap was cooked you see but just using the real hot stone. That's long before the kettles were ever even thought of you know. It was hard work but they got their maple syrup and their maple sugar but it meant a lot of hard work on their part. Then after, it says in the spring of the maple syrup season, I have heard the women made the birch bark baskets sealed with a pine pitch to catch the maple sap and the sap was cooked in copper kettles given to us in 1847. While the sap was boiling and began to thicken they would use a hemlock branch dipped in cold water and touched the foam and in that way the syrup would never boil over. They made the maple cakes first and then the maple sugar, as it was the easier to store in birch bark baskets for their year 'round use. After the making of the maple cakes and the sugar then the syrup was made from the last run of the maple syrup. Then sap from the following trees — soft maple, yellow and white birch, elm, cherry bark, were all boiled together with the sap from the last run of maple. That they used for their cold syrup. When the berries grew and were ripe, the women and children would gather the berries in birch bark baskets while the men and boys would make a framework, a pole, over a trench dug in the ground with a low smoldering fire beneath the birch bark that was used. The poles and the birch bark was like a table you see. They made the poles to use as the legs of the table and birch bark was sewed together like a tablecloth and laid

on those poles and then the berries were spread on the birch bark to dry from the heat of the smoldering fire as well as from the sun. Of course, they always had grandmas and grandpas that would watch the berries you see and keep turning the berries and in that way, during the day, it kept someone busy all day to watch those berries and keep turning them and then to watch the fire, the smoldering fire, too, because in that way the berries dried. If they didn't dry out in the sun one day, they were put out again another day. Then when evening came, they would take the berries and pack them into birch bark containers and hang them in the wigwams to finish drying and when they were dry they too were stored in birch bark containers and put in this hole that was dug outdoors to keep for the winter use. In the winter when they wanted to use the berries, they would just put some of the berries in a kettle and add about two quarts of water to a kettle of berries. Oh possibly about two cups of berries to a quart of water and then after they were cooked, they were sweetened with maple sugar. This was a very good treat for the whole family.

Then before fall, before it got too cold in the fall of the year, they would go out and gather their wild potatoes. They had to go to a hardwood country to gather their wild potatoes and they would have to walk miles to get them. They had to gather all they could find. The potato was not very big. I've never seen a wild potato myself. My brother has told me many times that he would get a wild potato for me so I could see what it looked like, but I haven't yet. They would gather these wild potatoes and dry them up in the sun, hang them up by the tops you know. I suppose they grew something similar to rutabagas or something like that. They would tie the tops and hang them out in the sun to dry and they, too, would after they were dry, they were hung out — either hung in the wigwam to finish drying or if they were dry enough, they would store them in birch bark containers. The reason I wanted to tell you all this is because I think none of us realize the work that was connected to try to get everything taken care of before the winter came. It usually took them all summer long to get ready for winter, so that meant that the whole family had to work together so that was a sort of togetherness. They worked side by side. The parents taught the children, and I think they were all happy, too, by all being able to work together.

Now in order to make their wigwams — that is a big story, too. That would take quite a while, but I can give you just

a little of it. Right here, it says the raw deer hide was also used in the construction of their teepees and wigwams, as some of the members lived in teepees and wigwams. Each family making their own by first cutting poles in the size and the amount, then tying the poles with the raw deer hide strips and if that was not available, then basswood strips also moosewood strips were used. After the poles were secure, then a heavy braided or woven framework of full length cat-tails were used for the base of the teepee or wigwam, with either birch bark or cedar barks slabs to be used to house in the rest of the teepee. After the exterior was complete, then the women would lay the mats. They had made these from brushes. They had been made either on the ground or a framework off the ground in the height of 16 to 18 inches. Then the mats were laid to sit on and the bedding put to the wall of the homes during the day. The mats were made by mothers and girls from brushes gathered from lakes nearby, but sometimes they had to travel far to get enough brushes to make the mats. The brushes were first dipped in very hot water (you see they didn't have wash tubs or anything like that that we have). They had to take a big log and hew out a hole in the log a certain length that they want it, and then they would pour water in that boat and get it hot by dropping hot stones into the water and that is what kept the water so that it would be hot enough to put the brushes in for a few minutes. Then they were taken out and dried in the sun. Then after they were dried in order for them to make them into mats to sit on they would have to dampen them again to make them pliable so that they could be woven on to a frame where they usually made a framework of poles and then they would use the basswood or moosewood strips to make the framework you see and then they wove the brushes through.

Well, there is a lot more to this, but I probably better tell you first about our people coming here. I guess first I should have said my name, shouldn't I, I forgot that. I better introduce myself. Well my name is — my English name was Alice Ackley and my Indian name is Wow-we-ah Ge-get-o-qua. Wow-we-ah means "around" and Ge-get means "sun" or "sky" rather and qua means "lady". So my Indian name means "around the sun lady" or "around the sky lady". It would be more like "around the sky lady". Now I want to give you the background — my Indian ancestral background. My great-great-grandfather signed the treaties of 1826, 1837, 1842 and 1847 and my great-grandfather signed the

treaties of 1854 and 1855. My uncle was a Chief as well as my brother, Willard, is a Chief of our band and has been since 1929, and he will soon be, well he is 81 years old. Then I'll give you a little of the background of some of our people that are living on our reservation.

Now the Vinzial family. We have a Vinzial family. All those that bear the name of Vinzial are all direct descendents of a great logger, a prominent logger, that did nothing but log the woods around Crandon and different places. Then the Polars. All those that bear the name of Polar are all direct descendents of a great logger, too, and his name was Hiram Polar and all those that bear the name of Polar are all direct descendents of this same Polar. He lived in the town of Polar and he married a Chippewa wife from our reservation from Post Lake rather and they had six children. Then we have the families by the name of Fox. Then we have families by the name of Smith and then families by the name of McGeseo and Sturdavent. I don't know too much about the history of those. Our people came there long before any treaties were signed. Our people remember the first treaty that was signed in 1795 and under this treaty that was made in 1795, it says, I'll read it as it was copied from a marker at Greenville, Ohio. It says 'At the beginning of the Treaty of 1795, a treaty to close many years of warfare, the President of the United States told our Chief that he was going to bring our people here and they would build homes and will plow the ground to raise food for their families. And our Chief, told the President of the United States that he could bring his people here and that they could plow the ground but that they could only have to the depth of the plow but the rest below the depth of the plow would belong to the Indians — meaning gold, silver, oil and other minerals. These old members also told me that the President of the United States granted them rights under their treaties to hunt, fish and trap on the Indian territorial lands as long as the waters flow and grass grows.' The President of the United States agreed to pay annuities to all Indians forever. (\$50,000 per tribe each year, \$100,000 to all Indian warriors each year). But they never lived up to their agreements. See our people fought in the war of — I think my brother says some of our people fought even in the Revolutionary War and some fought in the Civil War as well as in the War of 1812.

So you see this agreement here was supposed to pay the warriors at that time all this money, but they had never lived up to it. So I feel, too, that our people

should have gotten something. In fact, we haven't even gotten anything from any of the treaties that we have signed yet either that our Chiefs had signed. Now when they had the battle there in Mole Lake in 1806, our members believed that the war was really in the late 1700's but on the marker that is right across the road from where I live, it says 1806. Now this battle that they had with the Sioux nation was to preserve the land, the wild rice beds as most of the lakes around there had wild rice in them and the hunting, fishing and trapping were their prosperity. See that's why they have always lived there and for over a century now, because they feel that that is their land but now, of course, it is different. They feel that they are satisfied (really) the way things are now. They are happy. When our people came there, they named all the lakes. They gave them all an Indian name and when the white people came, they asked the Indians what the Indian name meant for the different lakes and he said the Indians told them. Now for instance Post Lake. Post Lake was named Post Lake for a post or a stump or a tree that was in the lake for many years and our people held it sacred and that is why they gave it the Indian name of Post Lake. It means post-in-the-lake. Then we have another lake called Rolling Stone Lake and this Rolling Stone Lake means hundreds of years ago or more than a century ago rather, our people knew of a big rock that would roll from one side of the lake to the other and it took it a year to roll from one side of the lake to the other and that stone our people held sacred, too. Because it all had a meaning you see.

Then the other treaties (you see I read you the Treaty of 1795) and the other treaties I told you about, too. They were signed by my great-great-grandfather and my great-grandfather. Now I want to read to you about how our people came to Peshtigo, Wisconsin, to get a payment of \$1.50 per person (the parents getting the children's share). They had to walk here to Peshtigo, Wisconsin, to get this in 1872 and some stayed here and some went back to Mole Lake and Post Lake and all those other places. Now since my brother, Willard, has been Chief of our band, he tells this story of himself. It says "While seated around the campfire with some of the older members such as Old Joe, Pete, Old John Smith, Old Long John Bear, Old John Duck, Bill Ma-Gee-See, Bill Miracle, Charley Gunzial, Old John Ma-Gee-See and other members of the name of Polar. I would ask them why we have never gotten any land and money like other tribes of Chippewas in Wisconsin, and they told

me that our first two Chiefs who signed treaties with the United States government were promised many things but have never heard from the government. Then they told me that all the necessary evidence for our band could be found at Henry Places in Peshtigo, Wisconsin, and also at Marinette, Wisconsin. So they collected about \$7 and appointed Old John Smith and I to go and get the evidence and that we did as Henry Place told us that this evidence was supposed to go to the Ackley heirs and also two silver medals. One was marked 1825 and the other was marked 1853 of which I still have in my possession.

Our first Chief who signed the treaties were Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi or Great Marten, and Ma-Gee-See or Great Eagle. The head speaker was Nee-get. They all signed treaties. My uncle, Edward Ackley, the Indian name of Me-sa-be was our Chief at this time in 1918. So he and I went to Green Bay, Wisconsin, to talk with an Indian lawyer, Dennis Wellocks, and after telling him of our problems, he told us that we told him the truth and that he would write to Washington D.C. for us and ask them to send an inspector. So in 1919, Inspector Coleman came and with the help of an Indian agent, a tribal roll was made but nothing more was done. Our Chief, Me-sa-be or Edward Ackley, representing the Mole Lake band presented resolutions adopted by the band in counsel and on August 5, 1921, he sent to the Indian office a petition signed by 51 Chippewa Indians of Mole Lake along with a history, a list of the Chiefs of date. Chief Me-sa-be or Edward Ackley, made one trip to Washington D.C. to try and get the long promised reservation for his people as they were a destitute band of Chippewas with no land to live on. As the white settlers bought the land here, they would tell the Indians to move and that they have done for many years. Chief Me-sa-be died in 1927, a disappointed man knowing he could not do more for his people. In 1929, I was nominated to be Chief. My nomination papers were approved in Washington, D.C. After being recognized as Chief of the Mole Lake Band, I was asked to attend a meeting at Hayward, Wisconsin, to help with the approval of the Weller-Howard Bill for the Indians so that all the members of our band I took along with me voted in favor of the bill but we never heard any more about it. Then in 1933, I and some of my members attended a three-nation Chippewa meeting held in Odana, Wisconsin on the Odana reservation with Chippewas from Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin. At this meeting I was again officially recog-

nized Chief of our band. In 1934 I and some of our members were called to Ashland, Wisconsin. My people were still a destitute band but still they sold all the bead work, mocassins and other art craft and fur that they had trapped to raise enough money to send their Chief to the meeting as there they met with Commissioner John Collier who asked Chief Ackley where he wanted his reservation and he told him that he wanted it here, here at Rice Lake for the wild rice beds, as wild rice was food for his people. He showed Commissioner Collier a hand full of wild rice. After this meeting, we got our reservation of 1850 acres of land. In 1936, we signed the first contract with lawyers from Duluth, Minnesota. The first signers were James B. Polar, George Polar, Sr., and myself, Willard LeRoy Ackley. We still have the same lawyers from Duluth, Minnesota. In 1962 we signed a contract with them which was signed by Mrs. Alice A. Randall as secretary of the Mole Lake Tribal Counsel and myself as chairman of the counsel. The lawyers have not been successful in getting any kind of settlement in our behalf with the Indian claims commission or the United States government. All they do is promise us that they are working on our treaty claim cases. In 1962 we sent another resolution to the United States Senators and the Congressmen. My uncle, Charley Ackley, who lived to be 101 years old and Mrs. Oge Marke Smith, who lived to be 114 years old, both bore testimony to the truthfulness of our treaty counsel and to this story and this was signed by our Chief Willard LeRoy Ackley.

So now let's see what else can I tell you. Our chiefs, for instance (we are speaking about chiefs again) I thought I would tell you, too a little about our chiefs. Our grandmother Ackley married my grandfather Ackley in the town of Ackley four miles from Antigo and her Indian name was Mad-de-shen-o-quaa. Our first Chief Gitshee-Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi or Great Marten signed all these four treaties and he was her grandfather and then the Chief that signed the other two treaties of 1854 and 1855 was her father and Chief Wab-ski-ben-i-she or the White Eagle was her brother and Chief Me-sa-be or Edward Ackley was her son and Chief Willard LeRoy Ackley or Ga-bish-com is her grandson. I just thought I would tell you all our history dates back to these chiefs.

Now I don't know whether I should tell this part or not, but my brother, Willard, on July 5, 1966, made a proclamation, "I Willard L. Ackley as the present and sixth chief of the Sokoagan Chippewa tribe and also known as the

Post Lake Band, Lakes Band, Pelican Lake Band and Mole Lake Band. (You see our tribes are known by these names in Washington, D.C. that is why I have to sign all our papers as the Post Lake Band, Lakes Band, Pelican Lake Band and Mole Lake Band). Do hereby make this proclamation to my people, members of the Sokoagan Chippewa Tribe, old and young alike, never at anytime take termination on this 1850 acres of land held in restricted status by the United States of America but given to us by the President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Collier, Washington, D.C. under the re-organization act of 1934. I word that the Bureau of Indian Affairs give to me and my people members of the Sokoagan Chippewa tribe a deed to this 1850 acres of land so that it would always remain tax free to my people and to remain as a whole (meaning when we say remain as a whole, we don't want it cut up like they do when they make out allotments, we want it all left as a whole) I word that my people, members of the Sokoagan Chippewa tribe to feel that they have the freedom to come back to their Mole Lake reservation to live, old or young alike, at anytime they wish, build homes if they need be. I word that the members of the Sokoagan Chippewa tribe teach each other the importance of keeping this 1850 acres of land held in restrictive status for their use, as it is the only security that they will have."

Of course, I could tell about the Indian tobacco but I have brought some along that a friend of mine sent to me because he makes this tobacco in his factory. Some of you have seen it, but I thought that I would bring it along so you could see it. This kinnikinic that our people used was — this is called the old Chippewa strait that this man makes and (I don't know how he makes it) but our Indian people, when they made kinnikinic, their own tobacco they would take the branches from a bush that grew for it was quite wet you know (you probably see it a lot on the side of the road) but it is a branch with a red bark. I don't know what you would call it. They would take the red bark off first and then the inner bark is what they would scrape off the branches and dry that in the sun and that is what they used for their tobacco. That is what they called kinnikinic. I don't know just how this is made but I just thought I would bring it along so you could see that our people used kinnikinic as their tobacco.

Now here I have a copy of our treaty, not our treaty but our payroll of 1843 with all Indian names and these are of our band. Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi was

Chief at that time and was called the Pelican Lake Band at that time and his son Ne-gee-see is on here, too (1843). When we make our tribal roll, we have to just put members that are direct descendents of all these people. So when I helped with the tribal roll of 1957 I had to make sure that only members that were direct descendents of 1843 were put on the tribal roll. We never adopt anyone that is outside. We never adopt anyone. On our tribal roll as you see it today, it has only direct descendents of those of the 1843 roll. Now when my brother had me write to our superintendent, this was when he was 77 years old that he had me write this, "As Chief of the Sokoagan Chippewa tribe, I do this day want to express my wishes as to the deposition of funds after the recovery of all our treaty claim cases. The reason for this is because I am now 77 years old and my health is not too good and I like my wishes to be honored. I want first to reserve \$50,000 more or less to be used for reservation improvements. Second — to give to all old members from 60 years and over the full amount of payments due them under the treaty. Third — I want to arrange monthly payments to all children under 21 years of age, and after they do reach the age of 21 years, they, too, should get their full amount to use as they wish. I do not want at any time the tribal roll to be revised. I want all that my people — the Sokoagan Chippewa Tribe — as their names appear on the tribal roll of 1957, their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to receive their share equally in monies from the treaty claim payments. Our secretary, Mrs. Alice A. Randall, has since the tribal roll of 1957 been completed, has only been adding the names, birth dates, birth places of children born to the adult members whose names, birth dates and degree of Indian blood as they appear on the Indian tribal roll to only $\frac{1}{4}$ degree of Indian blood according to an ordinance that our tribal counsel and tribe had passed and approved sometime ago and to date we have almost 800 members enrolled on the 1957 roll." Signed by Willard. If you would like me to, I can tell you about some of the things that our people got under the different treaties. Now under the treaty of 1826, my brother first got the friendship medal, that he called the "peace and friendship medal", from President John Quincy Adams in 1825. These medals are the only thing that we can show that we can prove that our Chief did sign those treaties. That is why the President at that time gave these medals to the Chiefs when they went there to sign those treaties. Now under this treaty

of 1826 our band, it was known then as the Pelican Lake Band. At that time he made his home on Knick-knock Point in Pelican Lake and they received mackinaws goods, many yards of heavy goods, broadcloth, ribbons, sewing oils, guns, powder, shot, netting, twine and knives. That is what they got under that treaty. Now under the treaty of 1837. It just says that 40 signers signed this treaty but it doesn't say that they got anything under that treaty. But in 1843, our people got \$4.46 for each one and it was at this time that they received \$4.46 for each one that they got this 1843 tribal roll and that is why we still have it yet.

Now under the treaty of 1847 our people got jean cloth, guns, powder, shot, netting, twine, knives, wedge axes, iron and copper kettles, hooks and chains (that was 1847 when they got all that). Now my brother says when those copper kettles were given to them — one kettle was large and the other one was just made so that it would fit into the large one and on and on. And I think each family got 4. Well, anyway, I think that my brother said that each family got 4 of these kettles one fit inside of the other and that they got in 1847 and it was after 1847 that our Chief Gitshee Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi died (signed the treaty of 1847). Then in 1854 our Chief Ma-Gee-See, a son to Gitshee- Ki-ji-wa-be-she-shi signed the treaty of 1854 and under that treaty he was promised a reservation but he never received it. Something went wrong but our people have never been able to find out just what caused — well just what took place. They just didn't know. But at that time, he was promised a reservation — a 30 mile reservation, and he never got it. In 1855 he met with more officials and there he told them that he was promised this 30 mile reservation and wondered why he never got it but all he got under the 1855 treaty was a silver medal or a token marked President Franklin Pierce of 1853 and that is all he got under that treaty. So that concerns all the treaties.

Wab-i-ski-ben-see, a son to Chief Ma-Gee-See didn't get anything for his people. Now I'd like to tell you, too, about my grandfather Johnson. That's my Grandfather William Johnson. He was my mother's father. He had a trading post on Wolf River crossing and in Mole Lake and here is what they call Johnson's Falls (is what I was told). Well, I was told that he had a trading post at Johnson Falls and the Falls was named after him and he also was an interpreter. He was a Norwegian but he learned our language so well that he was able to help the government officials plot out the different reservations and he was the one that got

all our young warriors together and sent them to fight in the Civil War. He, too, had a payment at his trading post in 1854 but that wasn't very much either. I don't just remember the amount that they got but it wasn't much. It was just like coming way here to Peshtigo and getting \$1.50 a piece, but they walked here because it was a payment you know. Now I think in closing, I will give you a prayer. This is an Indian prayer by the Sioux nation. Seems strange because we fought the Sioux but we are still great friends you know now. But I had better tell you first about the Indian drum. I think that would be the best before I read this prayer. I think I'll tell you of the Indian drum that we have. As I was telling the ladies, the designs on my bags are taken from the design in the beadwork of the ceremonial drum. This drum we have had for more than a century and this drum was given to us. Really, in fact, the story goes that an Indian girl was standing in water during a battle and she said the Great Spirit came to her. You see our people believed in the Great Spirit and of course, the Great Spirit is God to all of us and the Great Spirit since more than a century ago, the Great Spirit told an Indian girl how to make a drum, a drum to bring peace and friendship to all Indians and also taught her 300 different songs to sing with the friendship drum and ever since that time, the drum has been held sacred by all Indians throughout the whole United States of America because it has been only since the drum that they've had peace and friendship with each other and will continue to do so as long as they use the drum and sing the 300 different songs that were taught to them for that purpose. Our neighboring friends, the Poladamees dance, sing, beat the drum with our people, the Chippewas, as that is the way the Great Spirit has wanted them to do.

Our friends come whenever we have a funeral or a feast to thank the Great Spirit. At this feast (I should have told you long ago) that at this feast that we have, it is always the feast at ricing time as we call it. The time when we start harvesting the wild rice. We all get together and have a feast — that is each one brings whatever they want to bring and we all eat together and have what we call friendship together. We do that to thank God for the wild rice harvest and that is such a wonderful thing because I think it brings us all closer to each other. It makes us mindful of the blessings that we do get. So our Poladamees friends come over and we all sing and just have a wonderful time together and that is why I mentioned here a feast you see. Now

when they come over for a funeral, we get the ceremonial drum out and we sing the songs that are appropriate for a funeral. The Poladamees know our songs, too, because these 300 different songs are the same that all of our Indians know. So that really makes it so nice because then they all can join in with the same songs and the same beat of the drum you know and so I think that is a wonderful thing and I think that has really helped our Indians to be closer together.

Now I'll read you this prayer to the Four Winds. This prayer was given by the Sioux Indian called the Singing Tribe of the Wa-Who in Rapid City, South Dakota. Now at the time that this was made, these people sing to their different visiting people that come and even a number of famous Americans including former President Eisenhower heard this prayer and was impressed by it. Now this is the prayer.

"Great Spirit I invoke the peace pipe in reverence and gratitude of Thy vast creation of which I am a part. To the life giving of Thy servant, the sun and all heavenly bodies, the blue sky, the great everlasting rocks, the magnificent mountains with the fragrant forests, pure streams and the animal kingdom — we thank Thee for all these gifts. To the North and its guard, the White Eagle, keep us pure and clean of mind. Thoughts as white as Thy blanket of snow. Make us hearty. To the East and Thy centurion, the Red Eagle, grant us life that we may see our faults and have better understanding with everyone. To the South, and Thy Centennial, Brown Eagle, the beautiful one, grant us warmth of heart, love and kindness toward all. To the West and the Thunderbird who flies over the universe hidden in a cloak of rain clouds and cleanses the world of filth, cleanses our bodies and souls of all evil things. To mother earth we come from and will return to Thee. Keep us in plenty that our days may be long with Thee. Great Spirit we thank Thee and appreciate all these wonderful gifts due us. Have pity on us."

So we feel that our Great Spirit is what watches over us at all times. Our Great Spirit is what blesses the earth. We always believed that the Great Spirit blessed the earth everyday and even as I have here, a little verse, here it says:

"The American Indian was deeply religious not just on week ends but from day to day and from dawn to evening they believed that God blessed the earth every morning and even when doing their bead work, the designs were of nature like birds, flowers, leaves and the colors of the rainbow. All had a meaning show-

ing that our people worshipped the Great Spirit even before the coming of the white man in this area."

SOME MENOMINEE INDIAN FOLK TALES

Folk tales were recited by Indians during the long winter evenings. The tales explained the why and how of everyday happenings. Some of them were stories of battles with the evil spirits of the underworld, the anamaqkui.

Reprinted from Badger History, a publication of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, are several folk tales of an Indian tribe that once inhabited Manitowoc County. These legends were told by Shy-nien, an old Menominee Indian.

THE MOON

Once upon a time Keso, the Sun, and his sister Tipikeso, the Moon, lived together in a wigwam in the East. The sun dressed himself to go hunting, took his bow and arrows, and left. He was gone such a long time that his sister became alarmed. She went out into the sky to look for him. Tipikeso traveled twenty days looking for the Sun. He finally came home, bringing with him a bear which he had shot.

The Sun's sister still comes up into the sky and travels for twenty days and then dies. For four days nothing is seen of her. At the end of that time, however, she returns to life and travels twenty days more.

THE CATFISH

Once when the Catfish were assembled in the water an old chief said to them, "I have often seen a Moose come to the edge of the water to eat grass; let us watch for him, and kill and eat him. He always comes when the sun is a little way up in the sky."

The Catfish who heard this agreed to attack the Moose. They were scattered everywhere in the grass and rushes. The Moose came along picking grass. He waded down into the water where he began to feast. The Catfish all watched to see what the old chief would do. Then one of them worked his way slowly through the grass to where the Moose's leg was. He threw a spear into it. The Moose said, "What is it that has thrown a spear into my leg?" Looking down he saw the Catfish. He began to trample on them with his hoofs. A great number of them were killed. Those that escaped swam down the river as fast as they could. The Catfish still carry spears, but their heads have never recovered from the flattening they received when they were trampled into the mud by the Moose.

(continued on page 8)



Some of the Chippewas are buried in a cemetery at Hayward, Wisconsin. Their graves are covered with house-like structures with an opening at one end for the passage of spirits. Friends often leave food or tobacco on the shelf for the spirits.

There is another Chippewa cemetery at "Skunk Hill" near Arpin in Wood County, Wisconsin. This cemetery is enclosed with a stone fence . . . presumably also to keep the evil spirits away.

FOLK TALES (cont'd)

THE ORIGIN OF NIGHT AND DAY

One time as Wabus (the Rabbit) was traveling along through the forest, he came to a clearing on the bank of a river. He saw Totoba, the Saw-whet owl, perched on a twig. The light was poor and the Rabbit could not see well. He said to the Saw-whet, "Why do you want it so dark? I do not like it, so I will cause it to be daylight." Then the Saw-whet said, "If you are powerful enough, do so. Let us try our powers, and whoever succeeds may decide as he likes."

Then the Rabbit and the Owl called all the birds and the beasts together. Some of the birds and beasts wanted the Rabbit to win so that it would be light. Others liked the dark and wanted the Saw-whet to win.

The contest began. Rabbit began repeating "Wabon, Wabon" (light, light), while the Owl kept repeating "Uni tipa qkot, Uni tipa qkot" (night, night). Should one of them make a mistake and repeat his opponent's word, he would lose. So Rabbit kept saying "Wabon, Wabon," and Saw-whet continued "Uni tipa qkot, Uni tipa qkot." The birds and beasts cheered for their hero. Finally Owl accidentally repeated Rabbit's word "Wabon." He lost the contest.

Rabbit decided that it should be light. He also decided that night should have a chance for the benefit of the loser. This pleased everyone.

HOW THE HUNTER DESTROYED THE SNOW

There was a family of four — a hunter, his wife, and two children — who lived in a wigwam. Each day the hunter went out for game. He usually returned with all that he could carry. He hunted all through autumn and into the winter. Kon (the snow) froze the hunter's feet so badly that he could scarcely walk. He was sad that Kon had injured him. He decided to punish Kon. He took a large wooden bowl, filled it with snow, and buried it in a deep hole where the snow could not run away (melt). The hole was covered with sticks and leaves.

When midsummer came, the hunter went out to the place where he had buried the snow. He dug it up and let the summer sun melt Kon. Thus he punished Snow. When autumn came and the hunter was again in the forest he heard a voice say, "You punished me last summer, but when winter comes I will show you how strong I am."

The hunter well knew that the voice was Kon. He at once built another wigwam next to his own and filled it with firewood. The season changed and winter came. One day the hunter heard the voice again. He listened and heard these words, "Now I am coming to visit you, as I told you I would do; I shall be at your wigwam in four days."

Then the hunter got more wood ready and built a fire at each end of his wigwam. After four days had passed by, it

began to get cold and everything froze. The hunter kept the fires burning and got more robes for his family. On the morning of the fifth day the temperature dropped lower. Toward night a stranger came to the wigwam. He entered, but strangely enough, he would not go near the fires. This puzzled the hunter, and he began to watch the stranger. As the cold became greater after the stranger entered the wigwam, the hunter went to his fire and added more wood until they roared higher. The stranger appeared to get warm. Perspiration broke out on his forehead and trickled down through his beard. Soon the stranger's head and body began to shrink as though he were melting away. The hunter kept piling more wood on the fire until he completely melted Kon — for it was he who had come to destroy the hunter and his family. But man is more powerful than cold, and thus Kon perished.

THE AURORA BOREALIS

In the direction of the north wind live the manabiawok (giants) of whom we have heard our old people tell. The manabaiwok are our friends, but we do not see them any more. They are great hunters and fishermen. We know where they are out with their torches to spear fish because the sky is bright over the place where they are.

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