

Re-discovering ILLINOIS

by LESTER COLBY

Black Hawk comes down to us in Illinois history as a sort of bold red devil of the woods. We think of him as sending his scalping crews against our frontiers to murder, burn, torture, steal women and children, and to rob. Such are the legends that have been handed down for a hundred years.

Shabbona was the white man's friend. He was a good Indian. When Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes, prepared for the warpath it was Shabbona, born an Algonquin but chief of the Pottawatomies, who rode day and night, borrowing a fresh horse now and then, to warn the settlers to flee for their lives.

How They Were Rewarded
Now let us see how the white man rewarded them:

Standing overlooking the valley at Oregon, Ill., is a great stone statue of Black Hawk glorifying his prowess. When our soldiers go to war we call one of the major units the Black Hawk division. We name concrete motor trails, fine hotels, restaurants and football teams after Black Hawk. But what of Chabbona, friend? He died a beggar, a pitiful old Indian going around in rags with his hand out. He lies buried at Morris, Ill., in a grave that is only little more than unmarked. And no one has ever built any monuments for him; neither has anything much ever been named for him.

Why this apparent injustice? I have wondered. And in seeking the answer I have read a number of books. Some of them speak highly of Shabbona. But now it seems to me I have found perhaps the psychology of it; have learned why Black Hawk is the hero and Shabbona the forgotten.

Dictated Life Story
Black Hawk, before he died, dictated a story of his life. He said he wanted to get his story set straight for the generations that would come after. He realized that he was a personage; that his doings were front page copy.

You can find his story as he told it in a book called the "Life of Black Hawk." The old chief rambles thru a colorful series of episodes having to do with inter-tribal war. When he is thirty-five years old, he relates, he has killed in battle with his own hand thirty-three Indian enemies.

Then the white man begins to filter into the frontier country. Fighting white men is a different business than fighting Indians. The Indians have customs governing warfare that might be called ground rules. After a battle both war parties go home to lick their wounds and relate the stories of the fight.

Each battle, in effect, constitutes a war. The victor is not supposed to return to the fight. The defeated alone is expected to strike the next blow. He has his choice of doing that or staying licked. Probably after a decisive fight he will not take the war path for a year or perhaps five years or until there is some new affront.

To the consternation of the Indian, Black Hawk reveals, the white men never stopped fighting, never retired to rest for long from his hurts, never admitted defeat. He was right up and at it again; just kept on. It was no pleasure fighting the white man.

Black Hawk War
Now a bit of the story telling of what led to the Black Hawk war. Black Hawk contends that his tribe, the Sacs and Foxes, were tricked out of their lands, swindled and cheated. Villainous white men, ranging the woods, would often shoot down an Indian trapper returning with a bundle of valuable pelts and rob his body.

Besides murder such a crime meant that the Indian's widow and children would be left in hunger and want because the peltries, to be swapped at the trading posts, meant food for the Indian's family, new traps and fresh ammunition.

Finally his tribe was ordered across the Mississippi. When they tried to harvest the corn they had planted, in the fields they had tilled, they were called thieves, he says, and were whipped and beaten. Indian women were clubbed and their arms broken. And finally his band flamed up in righteous ire. He cries:

"Why did the Great Spirit ever send the whites to drive us from our homes and introduce among us poisonous liquors, disease and death?" He pictures how the white man began to gather an army to put his band out. Listen to this from the heart of an old warrior:

"I directed my village erier to proclaim that my orders were, in the event of the war chief coming to our village to remove us, that not a gun should be fired nor any resistance offered. That if he determined to fight for them to remain quietly in their lodges and to let him kill them if he chose! I felt conscious that this great war chief would not hurt our people—and my object was not war!"

But war did come. The trouble got out of hand. There was killing, plenty of it, on both sides. Black Hawk's harassed band—men, women and children starving—fled up the Rock river past Beloit to Madison, Wis., kept on and like jungle beasts before the beaters reached the Mississippi.

Battle of Bad Axe
Comes now the battle of Bad Axe. More a massacre than a battle, Squaws lashing children to their

backs try to swim the broad Mississippi. White riflemen, like hunters potting wounded ducks, send up spurts of water about them. Now and then a squaw is hit and the wallows and sinks in the reddening flood, her babies with her.

Some reach the other side where bands of Sioux, hereditary enemies, set upon them and complete the obliteration. A few of the band, seeming unable to die, fade into the thickets. Black Hawk is among them.

A little more and non-combatant Indians accept his surrender and turn him over to the white man who puts him in irons. Finally Black Hawk is taken east and after some imprisonment is shown about. To some he seems a sort of a hero; to others a freak. Some places he was feted. After a visit to New York, this:

"Everybody treated us with friendship and many with great liberality. The squaws presented us with many handsome little presents that are said to be valuable. They were very kind, very good and very pretty—for pale faces."

Here is another quotation:
"I must correct the story of some village criers who, I have been told, accuse me of having murdered women and children among the whites. This assertion is false. I never did nor have I any knowledge that any of my nation ever killed a white woman or child."

And finally this:
"We will forget the past—and may the watchword between the Americans and the Sacs and Foxes ever be—Friendship. I am done. A few more moons and I must follow my fathers to the shades. May the Great Spirit keep our people and the whites always at peace—is the wish of Black Hawk."

Shabbona Story
Let us now turn to Shabbona. History says less of him. He fought against the Americans in the war of 1812 and was at the side of Tecumseh when he fell at the Battle of the Thames. He was then known as Chamblce. In that fight he got a drubbing that he never forgot and it is said that after the battle he remarked:

"If I ever fight another battle it will be on the side of the American and not against him."

When Black Hawk and his band started up the Rock river Shabbona went with the militia as a scout. When Black Hawk's end was inevitable it is recorded that Shabbona went to the commanding officer and asked for a favor that a certain squaw in the Sac band be spared from death.

He was told that none of those who surrendered would be killed whereat he is said to have remarked in surprise:

"Why not? They breed like lice."

Which?
It is a little interesting these glimpses into the minds of the bad Black Hawk and the good Shabbona. Both of them, brave and daring chiefs in their younger years, were crushed under the onrushing tide of white men. Black Hawk shook his battle flags to the last and went down crying loudly to the Great Spirit in protest of his wrongs.

Shabbona, foreseeing the inevitable, became submissive and calmly took his alms. Black Hawk died in the spotlight's glow. Shabbona ended his days submissively in rags, victim of the civilization he tried to understand.

Few Indians got their names into Illinois history but you will find pleasure in reading about these few. I think we rather like Black Hawk because he stayed Indian.

REVIVE LOST ART OF CALLING COWS
Indiana Stages Contest for This Purpose; Many Types of Calls

The all but vanished art of cow calling is being revived in Indiana. Before an audience of more than two hundred critical dirt farmers, the four premier cow callers of Owen county met in a voice to voice conflict to decide, once and for all, who was champion.

The honor went to Otis Kinney, one of the leading dairymen of that section, and he was awarded a Swiss cow bell, presented to him by the Blue Valley Creamery institute of Chicago. The institute seeks to promote better dairying and is fostering these unique cow calling contests to arouse farmer interest.

The contest at Spencer, Indiana, was staged as a feature of a two-day short course in agriculture, put on by the Owen County Farm Bureau, the Spencer Commercial club and the extension department of Purdue university. The first event, open to anyone who thought he could make a cow come, brought forth nineteen entrants, eleven of whom were women. The judges, instructed to choose the winners on the basis of applause, and "the probable appeal that the calling would make upon the cow as represented by the judges," narrowed the choice down to four, two men and two women, and the finals were called off at the banquet which closed the session.

In calling cows, as in everything else, the ladies have their own technique. The two gentlemen callers relied almost solely on volume of noise they could muster. But the ladies, not so well equipped for long distance projection, fell back on "personality stuff," and called each roaming cow by name.

Unlike pig calling, which is almost as indigenous to each section as its local dialect, cow calling is more or

less universal. Cows from Maine to the Mississippi at least, came ambling amiably home to the luring call of "So-o-o-o-o-Calf" or the more intimate "So-o-o-o-ook, So-o-o-o-ook" which can be heard across two counties.

THREE MILLION CARS CHEVROLET RECORD

Marking the latest spectacular achievement in its history as the world's largest builder of three-speed transmission cars, the Chevrolet Motor company today, announces the production of its 3,000,000th car. The epoch-making model, which happened to be a coach, was driven off the production line at the Flint plant by W. S. Knudsen, president of the Chevrolet Motor company. The first passenger was C. F. Barth, vice-president in charge of production.

Finished in St. James gray duc and fashionably striped in pistache green, the milestone car flashed off the production line with scarcely more formality than attended the debut of number 3,000,001, which followed nine seconds later.

Immediately after the final inspection, Mr. Knudsen stepped on the starter and the princely 3,000,000th car purred away to give room to the long line of sedans, coaches, roadsters, etc., that was moving up with clocklike precision to the final inspection post.

Equipped with balloon tires, steel disc wheels, one-piece full crown fenders, bullet-type head lamps, streamlined Fisher body and other improvements incorporated this year, the coach displayed a distinct advance over its most illustrious predecessors, the 2,000,000th Chevrolet.

THEATRE GUILD PLAY HERE JANUARY 24TH

(Continued from page 1 - d section)
eason, were such players as Otis Skinner, John Drew, Peggy Wood, Blanche Ring, James T. Powers, and William Courtleigh.

Fourteen Scenes
The North Shore Theatre guild's production of "Henry IV" will be in fourteen scenes, including the bedroom of the palace, the road on gads hill, the tavern scenes, and several characteristic Shakespearean street and battle scenes. "Henry IV" offers a large opportunity for music, and songs of the period are interspersed through the play. The costumes are all being made to order, and will greatly excel those of "Fashion" and "The Duenna," which have caused so much favorable comment in past years.

The production is to be strictly Elizabethan. A reproduction of the old Elizabethan theater has been designed and produced by Aleya Burtis, of Northwestern university.

It is said by some literary critics that American humor is on the decline, and this may be due to the passing of the old-fashioned country livery stable.



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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

P. W. Pettengill and wife to H. F. Edmeling and wife, jt tens. WD \$10. Lot 49, 2nd Ravine Forest sub, Sec. 21, Shields.

A. Erikson and wife to E. B. Metzler. WD \$10. Pt lot 12, Sec. 36, Deerfield. Catherine Jennings and husband to D. I. Dunn and wife, jt tens. WD \$10. Lot 7, blk 2, Ravinia Highlands, Bartletts NSS, Sec. 36, Deerfield.

Inga Anderson wife to F. Anderson. QCD \$10. Lot 3, blk 6 and pt lot 2, blk 6, Exmoor-add to Highland Park, Sec. 23, Deerfield.

H. G. Lanford and wife to Anna E. Schatz. WD \$10. Lot 11, sub of lots 11, 12, 13, and 14, blk 81, S. part of Highland Park.

M. H. Brook to J. J. Stanton. WD \$10. Lot 4, blk 3, Northwood Manor, Sec. 36, Deerfield.

C. T. & T. Co. to A. Lauridsen. WD \$1100. Lot 1, J. S. Hoylands 3rd add to Highland Park, Sec. 22, Deerfield.

F. H. Bartlett to E. G. Kadow. WD \$10. Lot 10, blk 36, Bartletts Shore Crest estates, Secs. 7 and 8, Shields.

C. T. & T. Co. to H. B. Neilson. WD \$10. Lot 24, blk 7, Branigan Bros. Sunset Terrace, Sec. 22, Deerfield.

C. T. & T. Co. to Mary W. Chase. WD \$10. Lot 20, blk 19, the Terrace, H. O. Stone & Co.'s sub, Sec. 20, Shields.

Union Bank of Chicago, tr to Catherine Amalia Boehning. Deed \$10. Lots 1, 10, 11, 12 and 13, blk 15, Lake Forest Heights, pt. Sec. 8, Deerfield.

H. S. Moses and wife to D. C. Watson and wife, jt tens. WD \$10. Pt lot 53, S. Highland addn to Highland Park.

Upion Bank of Chicago to Estelle Cummings. Deed \$10. Pt of E half of SW qr of SE qr of Sec. 28, Deerfield.

P. F. Aekva, et al to C. T. & T. Co. QCD \$10. E 10 acres of SE qr of SE qr of Sec. 21, also pt of Sec. 22, Deerfield.

F. H. Bartlett tr to R. L. Reynolds and wife jt tens. Deed \$10. Lot 1, blk 27, Bartletts Shore Crest Estates, pt Secs. 7 and 8, Shields.

C. A. Simmonds to S. Simmonds and wife, jt tens. WD \$10. Pt lot 301, Lake Forest.

State Bank of Chicago, tr to O. Levey et al. Deed \$10. Lot 4, Wood-

land addn to Lake Forest, pt Sec. 4, Deerfield.

State Bank of Chicago, tr to D. W. Jordan. Deed \$10. Lot 36, Ravinia Forest, pt Sec. 36, Deerfield.

E. Pincoffs and wife to P. Wilder and wife jt tens. WD \$10. Pt lot 8, subdn of lot 9, pt Sec. 28, Shields.

C. T. & T. Co. tr to J. Aitken. WD \$10. Pt lots 1 and 2 and all of lots 3 and 8, Bannockburn Fields, Deerfield.

Clara J. Tremaine to J. S. Glidden and wife jt tens. QCD \$10. Lot 3, McKillips Central ave subdn, pt Sec. 23, Deerfield.

H. J. Tallett and wife, et al to Grace W. Miller. QCD \$10. Lots 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 23, blk 126, South Waukegan, Sec. 5, Shields.

F. H. Bartlett tr to Jane M. Maroney. Deed \$10. Lot 10, blk 21, Bartletts Lake View Estates, pt Secs. 5 and 6, Shields.

A. A. Lauridsen and wife to R. J. Henthorn and wife, jt tens. WD \$1700. Lot 17, J. S. Hoylands 3rd add to Highland Park.

State Bank of Chicago, tr to R. A. Axcell and wife. Deed \$10. Lot 3, Woodland addn to Lake Forest, pt Sec. 4, Deerfield.

C. T. & T. Co. to D. Carlson and wife jt tens. Deed \$10. Lot 9, blk 6, Branigan Bros. Sunset Terrace, pt Sec. 22, Deerfield.

F. H. Bartlett to F. Wilson and wife jt tens. Deed \$10. Pt of lot 4, blk 1, Bartletts North Shore Manor, SE qr of Sec. 6, Shields.

L. F. Swift to City of Lake Forest. QCD. Pt Sec. 32, Shields.

E. M. Erb to H. J. Smith. QCD \$10. Lots 21 and 22, blk 7, Bartletts subdn of pt of NE qr of Sec. 32, Shields.

P. G. Kemp and wife to N. Hackett. WD \$10. Lot 8, blk 2, Northwood Manor, Sec. 36, Deerfield.

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