

I MENTIONED earlier that my Dad, before he even met my Mom, who was a teacher in town, was employed by a government make-work program; The CCC or Civilian Conservation Corps. Following is an article he wrote, for publication, about those days:

"In one of our few moments of leisure, for we are very, very busy looking after the needs of our boys and our camp," Says Mr. Marvin E. Dillman, Manager of the Conservation Emergency Works, District No.1 Camp at Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin, "my assistant, Mr. St. Germaine told me the following story" continues Mr. Dillman.

"An old Indian lady told me the story of how my Great-Grandfather, the Great St. Germaine, and the Head Chief of the Great Lake Superior Chippewa tribe lost their lives while in Washington, D.C. working in the interests of one of the tribes' earlier treaties with the United States Government."

"I was a young girl when, one sugar making time we heard in the distance, a musket being fired by someone at regular intervals. We understood the signal and it meant some dear one was passing or had passed away from our midst. Further listening we soon heard a voice hollering, 'Woe is us for our Chiefs have gone forever. No more will they return to us'!

She then told how the Head Chief Am monse had been inveigled into a hotel in Washington, D.C. that was under quarantine for Small Pox and he was quarantined because he had been exposed to the contagious disease as soon as he had entered into the infested hotel. This was done at the instigation of some politician who was lobbying for the lumber interests of the day.

It seemed, as the story goes, that my Great Grandfather and the Head Chiefs had powerful friends in Washington at that time who were helping them protect the Tribe's timber holdings from the greed of the lumber barons. The lobbyists, fearful that the Indian Chiefs, with the able help they were receiving by friends of the Indians, would defeat their schemes to rob the tribe's timber holding, had conceived the dastardly idea of letting the Chiefs catch the dread plague by inveigling their Head Chief into an infested hostelry.

Their Head Chief being quarantined, the fight to have incorporated certain clauses in the Treaty favorable to the Indians ceased. When the delegation were told they could go home, my Great Grandfather, the Great St. Germaine said, 'I will not go until I have seen and talked with my Head Chief and I demand to be permitted to council with him before I leave!' He was let into the hotel. This done, he was immediately quarantined. The other 8 Chiefs, one by one, demanded to be permitted to council with their Head Chief and their Speaker, the Great St. Germaine before leaving for their homes. One by one they were quarantined. Only one Chief, a mere boy of 16, was not permitted to enter the infected hotel. He was the one who would finally get back to his people and brought the sad news that caused the firing of the musket that we heard on that fatal spring day."

Compare the treatment the Indian received those days to the way he is being treated today. Then it was to get his possessions at all hazards, even to the committing of murder. Today, lend the Indian a helping hand is the cry and policy of our paternal Government towards its' wards, the Indians.

Here at Lac du Flambeau we have builded a camp where we are housing and feeding approximately 100 Indians under the direct supervision of the Indian Bureau at Washington through its Indian Agent in the

Field Service. In addition to this number we have nearly as many on the pay roll who house and feed themselves at their homes.

In order to give work to the Indians all over the United States, certain projects are underway. In this locality conservation of the natural growth of pine forests and other timber is the project. To accomplish this, it has been necessary to fight forest fires, make truck roads, fire lanes, etc. so that the natural growth of the timber will not be retarded by forest fires and the damnable blister rust which is the common enemy of all forests. Blister rust eradication has been one of the main projects in this vicinity.

Perhaps a brief outline of the camp activities might prove of interest to the reading public.

At 6 am we have the gong sounded as a signal for all the boys to get up from bed and attend to their morning ebullitions (sp?). At 7:30 the gong for breakfast is sounded. The meals last 20 minutes or more. Between the time the boys are through eating and the time they get on the trucks which takes them to their various places of work for the day; this period is spent in playing outdoor games such as baseball and football. Some write letters to their homes and friends, and groups of them can be seen engaged in good natured ribaldry, or on some political question or popular topic.

The camp cooks and cookies get the noon lunches ready in time to take them to the men and boys who are out working at the projects assigned to them. The men and boys return from their projects around 4 pm. Those who are young and full of life immediately engage in outdoor sports. Those who are tired go into their tents to rest and get ready for supper which is served at 5:30. Others go into our "library" tent and engage in reading current magazines and in playing the radio; a gift of some of the many friends who make visits to our camp.

After supper they again engage in outdoor sports and in the other leisure time activities mentioned herein. A number of the boys go into their tents to practice on their musical instruments and to attend band practice in the Indian school auditorium, a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile.

The scale of wages at this camp are from \$30 and on up. The boys are permitted to draw \$5.00 in a month's time for their "pin" money. $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{5}{6}$ or \$12.50 are used for their clothing and in purchasing other needs of the employee. The other half of the $\frac{5}{6}$ is kept from the boys for future use by them, or, at their request, sent home to their dependents.

On Saturdays and Sundays the boys are permitted to go home for the weekend. Those who remain in camp go to church; conveyances being provided for them. Now and then we give a dance for the boys and their friends at the camp. We furnish our own orchestra and hold our dances in our mess hall. Thus far these social dances have been a huge success! Not a few of our better class townspeople attend these dances on their own invitation and seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves."

And a grand time, I presume, was had by all! I can imagine Dad, typing away in his "few moments of leisure time." I wonder, who was the recipient who gave it to me? And, how this document came to reside in my hope chest...