

*Indian Mounds*



***THE BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB  
AND  
ITS HISTORIC INDIAN HERITAGE***

by

L. J. MARKWARDT, Honorary President



JULY 4, 1976



Indian Hills Garden Club



*Engraved by T. S. Arthur*

MAJ-GEN-AL-OF-ARTY-OF-USA

OR

**BLACK HAWK**

*A Celebrated Sac Chief.*

*Engraved from the original portrait of 1833.*

**CHIEF BLACKHAWK**

*Picture courtesy of State Historical Society.*

Black Hawk Statue.



*BLACKHAWK* by Lorado Taft

*The gigantic statue is located at Oregon, Illinois, overlooking the Rock River Valley.*

*Picture courtesy of State Historical Society.*

THE BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB AND  
ITS HISTORIC INDIAN HERITAGE

FOREWORD

*This paper was sponsored on behalf of the Blackhawk Country Club as a contribution to the 1976 Bicentennial Program.*

L. J. Markwardt  
Honorary President

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*Acknowledgment is made to Walter Scott for his invaluable assistance in providing some data and historical information on local history; to John Halsey of the State Historical Society for examining and identifying the Indian mounds at Blackhawk; and to the Wisconsin Archeological Society whose 1910 Proceedings relating to Indian mounds at Madison have been freely quoted.*

L. J. Markwardt  
Honorary President

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
5780 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

RECEIVED  
JAN 15 1964

TO: [illegible]  
FROM: [illegible]

[illegible text]

Very truly yours,  
[illegible signature]

## THE BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB AND ITS HISTORIC INDIAN HERITAGE

by

L. J. Markwardt  
Honorary President

### Introduction

As we reflect on our rich heritage in this Bicentennial year of 1976, it seems appropriate to review some of our early history. In this connection, Joseph Anderson reminds us:

There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like reading the nation's history, whether that history is recorded in books, or embodied in customs, institutions and monuments.

Pertinent also is the comment of Samuel Johnson:

We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentic history. That certain Kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend on as true; but all the coloring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture.

So history means many things to many people. Some wag once said that because history is a dead science, historians have no future. History can be uninteresting when it becomes a mere recital of dates and events, but it can become exciting when reported as a living presence, as it is by some competent visionary historians. A final comment by Robert A. Willmoth, an English author, sums it up in a glamorous perspective:

History presents the pleasantest features of poetry and fiction--the majesty of the epic, the moving accidents of the drama, and the surprise and moral of the romance.

### Perspective Orientation

Wisconsin is indebted to the ice age for its innumerable beautiful lakes and its wetlands and marshes. Geologists estimate that about 50,000 years ago, Lake Mendota and neighboring lakes were created by glacial action. They have given us a heritage of fish, wildlife and recreation areas with incomparable surroundings. Glacial lakes are not traditionally deep ones, and are subject to gradual silting. Lake Mendota has a maximum depth of eighty-four feet in an area near Maple Bluff. The receding glaciers left terminal moraines, which have been identified; these moraines characterize shore areas. A beginning of the unglaciated area comprising southwestern Wisconsin may be found near Pine Bluff, just west of Madison.

In our short perspective we often think of America as beginning with Columbus' famous expedition in 1492. We are prone to forget earlier discoveries, such as that of the Vikings:

*History tells ten centuries past,  
How Vikings brave by oar and mast,  
Not only Greenland did explore,  
But also America's verdant shore.*

—L. J. M.

But these discovery concepts overlook the Indians who were here long before and seem almost indigenous. It has been established that in the period 0-500 A.D. the prehistoric "Hopewell Culture" Indians lived in the Madison lakes area. Three mounds they built have been found on the south shore of Lake Mendota. Archeological studies have found a human burial and related artifacts in these mounds.

Indians who roamed the nearby Blackhawk area between 500 and 1500 A.D. were termed "Effigy Mound Builders." They built the bear mound and a related "linear" mound on the hill above the Spring Harbor school. The effigy and burial mounds at Blackhawk, described later, are attributed to these Indians. After the prehistoric Mound Builders Culture, and until about 1837, the Winnebago Indians occupied, with numerous camp sites, the Lake Mendota area and nearby Spring Harbor and Pheasant Branch. The largest



Winnebago campsite was at Pheasant Branch where several hundred lived under Chief White Crow and War Chief Yellow Thunder.

Finally, it would seem logical to designate the period 1800 to today as the modern era. The influence of the white man began to exert itself, and the historical records became more precise and clearer. It is interesting to summarize some of the pertinent events of this period to bring us up to date.

Chief Blackhawk signed a treaty with the government to evacuate lands east of the Mississippi and move with his followers to lands west of the river. He so enjoyed his Wisconsin and Illinois lakes, streams, forests, and cornlands that he regretted signing the treaty and tried to repudiate it. He had hoped to recruit a large force of followers and retake the land, but support did not materialize. The result led to the Blackhawk War of 1832 in which the Indians were defeated at Bad Axe on the Mississippi, August 1 and 2. Blackhawk later was captured.

Signs of the beginning of settlement in the Blackhawk Club area appeared when surveyor John Mullett ran exterior section lines that started the pattern of land subdivision. On the last line of Section 18 he found a bur oak 12 inches in diameter and reported: "Land stony and hilly; second rate and timbered with bur, white and black oak."

In 1834 Orson Lyon continued the survey by establishing the interior section lines of Township 7 North, Range 9 East, and reported that he found the Indian trails and Army wagon roads well defined.

Another sign that frontiers were vanishing occurred with the construction of a new military road from Fort Winnebago to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien in 1835 and 1836. This road passed through Cross Plains; evidence of it is clearly visible on the Stanley Herrling "Hillybrook" Ranch, three miles south of Cross Plains.

In 1835 Ebenezer Brigham of Blue Mounds was the only white settler in Dane County. With the establishment of Wisconsin Territory on April 20, 1836, the pace of settlement increased; Madison was started after it was named by the Territorial Government as the Capitol site. The oldest

sandstone farm house in Madison, built in 1842 and appropriately located on Hickory Drive, has been established as an Historic Landmark, "Hickory Hill House," by the city's Landmarks Commission. An even older sandstone house called "Honey's Tavern," is located at Cross Plains.

The pace of activity stepped up in the late 1840's and early 1850's. On February 3, 1846, the Village of Madison was incorporated with a sum total of 283 residents. By 1852 there were only 707 houses in the village.

Notable construction developments included the construction in 1849 of the Yahara River dam, which raised the level of Lake Mendota by two feet and later by five feet. Shortly afterward (1854) the railroad was brought to Madison.

### **Blackhawk War**

History records that in 1832 Chief Blackhawk and his followers--men, women, and children--passed along the south shore of Lake Mendota through the Shorewood Hills area as they fled Westward to escape the federal volunteer pursuers. The pursuit ended in the Blackhawk War, with battles at Wisconsin Heights (near Sauk City) and at Bad Axe on the Mississippi River, where his party was decimated August 1 and 2. Chief Blackhawk was forced to flee, only to surrender soon afterwards. Legend has it that Chief Blackhawk took refuge in a cave in the rocky southern shore of Lake Mendota, now in the Village of Shorewood Hills. The cave has since carried the Blackhawk name. The area thus early became associated with the Blackhawk tradition.

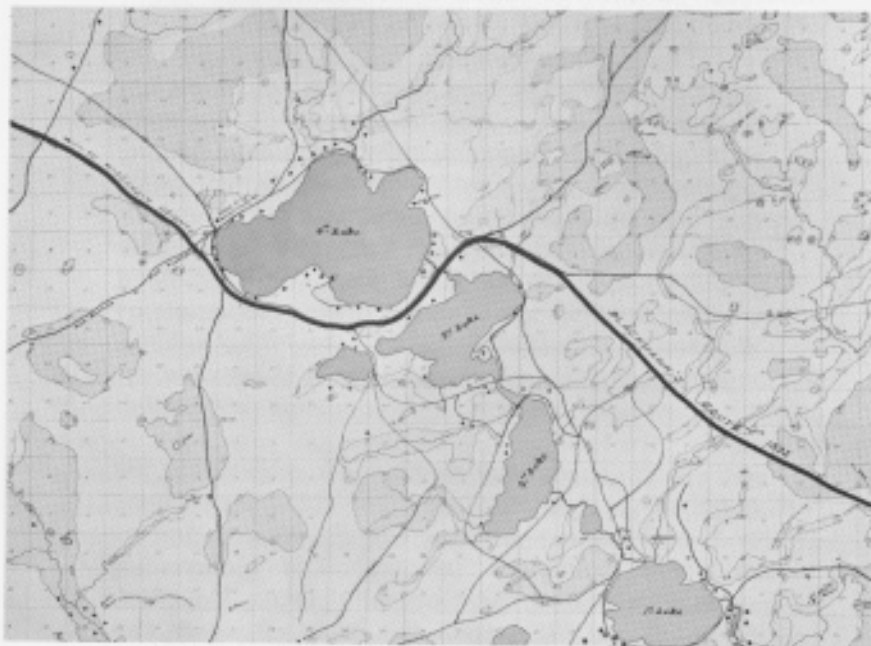
This is of course a mere myth, as the old warrior and his fleeing Indian band were being too closely pursued by the military to seek even temporary security in any cave. But this legend persists despite the efforts of historians and others to discredit it. The cave is entered from the water, and every year curious persons approach it by boat and enter it, believing it once harbored the famous Sauk Indian patriot of pioneer days.

As some Indian artifacts were found in this cave years ago,



# BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB

MAP OF MADISON AND THE HISTORIC  
FOUR LAKES COUNTRY IN 1832  
SHOWING THE BLACKHAWK AND OTHER INDIAN  
TRAILS, AND VARIOUS INDIAN CAMP SITES



THIS MAP COMPILATION AND FRAME  
WAS PROVIDED BY L. J. MARKWARDY

1974 AND REPRODUCED BY HERBERT HANSEN, INC.

LEGEND  
— BLACKHAWK TRAIL  
— INDIAN TRAILS  
• INDIAN CAMP SITES

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE TO CHARLES BROWN  
FOR ASSEMBLING THE DATA ON INDIAN TRAILS  
AND CAMP SITES AND TO WALTER SCOTT FOR  
ASSEMBLING THE DATA.

there is some reason for the mythical story. In 1890 a plat of land in the Shorewood Hills area was registered under the Blackhawk name.

Long prior to 1900, Madison and the five lakes area had been recognized by historians as one that was particularly rich in Indian landmarks and artifacts. Once a thousand Indian mounds were reported. Particularly noteworthy were the burial and effigy mounds. They included bear mounds, fish and snake mounds, an eagle mound, a panther mound, goose and lark effigy mounds, linear mounds, and conical mounds. Indian burials were made in some of these mounds.

### **Archeologists Visit Madison**

An interesting account of a visit to the Madison lakes by archeologists, historians, and friends is presented in the Proceedings of *The Wisconsin Archeologist* (9(3) August to November 1910). This report is of special significance to all who are interested in our Indian heritage.

The Archeological Society of Wisconsin had adopted the plan of holding summer field meetings of members and guests in regions of the state known to be rich in prehistoric remains. The purposes of these annual gatherings were to instruct its members by acquainting them with the character of the local archeological field and to increase popular interest in the educational value and need of the scientific investigation and preservation of Wisconsin antiquities.

At the annual meeting of the Society in Milwaukee in 1910 an invitation was extended to hold a two-day assembly in Madison.

It was urged that no more attractive place for a gathering of persons interested in the significance and preservation of the State's ancient Indian evidences could be selected. The picturesque shorelands of the three beautiful lakes, Mendota, Monona, and Wingra, in the midst of which the capital city of the State is located, abound in the sites of the Stone Age and of more recent Indian

villages, in remnants of trails and planting grounds, and in many instructive and as yet well preserved examples of the curious animal-shaped and other earthworks for which the State is so widely celebrated among American archeologists. The total number of mounds formerly existing about the five Madison lakes, it was stated, had been estimated by local authorities at nearly one thousand. Very many of these were still in existence, and the opportunity to observe these in their undisturbed state should not be neglected.

The Madison visit materialized on July 29 and 30, 1910. The first stop of the visit was made at the effigy mounds near the University Observatory. Here are found

. . . two interesting effigy mounds, all that now remains of an interesting group of ancient Indian earthworks formerly located in the vicinity. One of these structures is that of a large bird with outspread wings represented in the act of flying toward the south. The other effigy is thought to be intended to represent the turtle. It is peculiar among mounds of the turtle type in having two, instead of one, caudal appendage. It is represented in the act of crawling over the crest of a ridge. These fine mounds so favorably situated for public observation, have recently been marked by the University of Wisconsin Archeological Society's request, with temporary explanatory wooden signs.

A visit of the distinguished group was then made to the Vilas Park and Lake Wingra areas, where a great bear mound exists, one of the finest examples of this type of effigy. After an appropriate ceremony a descriptive bronze tablet was unveiled by Pauline Buel, one of the members of the party. Unfortunately this plaque has since been destroyed by vandals.

Professor H. B. Lathrop of the University of Wisconsin on this occasion presented an outstanding address on our Indian heritage that would bear bringing to light on this Bicentennial occasion.

### Professor Lathrop's Address

"The mound of earth at our feet is the work of hands long quiet, a memorial the meaning of which, by the time our race came to this region, had been forgotten by the very aborigines themselves whose ancestors, it is believed, here built it. On some summer's day, how many ages ago we know not, there labored here a band of dark-skinned men and women, bearing with them in sacks and baskets the earth, toilsomely scooped up with blade-bones, shells, and bits of wood, of which this figure is composed. It is not difficult to imagine the scene about them as it must have appeared on that day. The soft home-like contours of the hills enclosing the lake below us cannot have greatly changed. Some then, as now, were darkly hooded with a close growth of trees, but on most of them the oaks stood wide apart in the midst of an undergrowth of brambles and other rough bushes, or cast their shadows in park-like groves on grassy slopes. The brush was thick, no doubt, and sheltered bears and deer. The flocks of water birds on the lakes in spring and autumn were vast and noisy. There were no neatly painted houses ranged in order along straight white streets; and hollow trails led from one group to another of skin tipis near the lake shores, with great solitudes between them.

"In the level meadows below us, and a few hundred yards to the southeast, on what was then the edge of the rushy lake, was one group of such tents, the village of the builders of this mound. The oaks still standing in the park sheltered the village in its later days. The ground beneath is full of the signs of the life of the inhabitants: flint implements and flakes and potsherds, the homely and pitiful wealth of the villagers. Between the two oaks at the end of the little grove on the west may be found the remnants of ancient hearthstones

cracked by fire. The lake near by provided the inhabitants with the fish and turtles which formed so large a part of their food and were so important in their agriculture. Their cornfield and their burial ground have not been discovered, but must have been not distant. These people must have led a tolerably settled life; the region about them was rich in all the elements of savage prosperity, and vigorous enemies pressed at no great distance upon their borders. Why should they roam far from so fair a home? On this earth, then, grew the holy sentiments possible only where mankind have settled habitations. Here were homes and love, affection for the lake, the trees, the hills, for the graves of ancestors, devotion to the commonwealth--sacred feelings, however crudely or dimly manifested, however mingled with savage folly and savage cruelty.

"Dr. Samuel Johnson says, in words which as Matthew Arnold declares, should be written in letters of gold over every schoolhouse door, "Whatever causes the past, the distant, or the future to predominate in our minds over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Such words will not sound strange to the members of an archeological society. Its very existence is a call to its members to escape at times from the confusion and scattering of the spirit which come from the welter of daily business, to turn back to the simple elements of human nature in this day of many calling voices, and to become conscious for a moment of the long stream of life, unhalting, unrelenting, in which our own passes on as a drop on its way to the ocean. But it is not the mere outer life of the past which has an interest for us. What is the meaning of this heap of earth? With what thoughts was it built? Were the minds of those who made it alien to ours, or is this mound a little signal out of the past to let us know that the

thoughts of the past are still in us? To these questions no such easy and clear answers can be given as to those concerned with the mere externals of by-gone days, and yet they may be answered, if not with completeness, yet with certainty and with sufficiency.

“Those who peopled the village and built the mound were Indians of the Winnebago tribe, members of the great Siouan family; and in the stupendous western migration of these peoples from Virginia a band of the Winnebago stopped here on their way near their brethen, found the land good, unpeopled or dispeopled as it was, and here made their home. Those who settled this village were members of the Bear Clan; they had an ideal unity of descent from the bear, had the bear spirit in them, and were all conceived of as kindred. In course of time, after their life had become rooted in this spot, some of them formed this image of the protecting bear spirit. The bear was their ancestor, their guardian, at once the bond of their community, and the object of their religious devotion. Here this image, endowed with a mystic life, the home of the spirits of many ancestors, not a dead thing or a mere inanimate figure, watched over their village, removed from desecrating companionship and the disturbances of the village life, but near enough to exercise a watchful guardianship over it. To the west lay many kindred villages of the Bear Clan, often marked like this one by effigies. Rude as the mounds are, the artists who traced them were not without imagination and delight in the pictures they drew with so broad a stroke. The bear effigy--the black bear no doubt--is nearly always long-bodied and heavy-footed, but he is no mere conventional figure. Sometimes his head is lifted and he snuffs the air, sometimes it is thrust forward and at gaze. More often, as here, the great



beast is stolidly plodding his way through the underbrush. Each effigy testifies to the fact that the artist was drawing sincerely and with delight what he had seen and knew intimately.

"This mound is not in time so ancient as the Pyramids, but it is in spirit more primitive and more noble. It is more noble, since it is not the work of drudging slaves, set to glorify the vanity and selfishness of a despot, but of a community symbolizing its bond of communal life and its religious devotion. It is more primitive, for it comes from that childhood of the race when men believed that human souls and magical intelligence dwelt in the beasts. It is more mysterious than the Pyramids: we know not the builders' names, or where their dust has been laid, though of their purpose we have some inkling.

"Is this symbol of the sacred past and of the community life altogether strange to us! May we not find a chord in our hearts to respond to the sentiment which raised it."

### **Merrill Springs Farm**

In the Merrill Springs area there are several groups of mounds.

The first to be inspected was a series of three large bear-shaped effigies located in a small grass grown lot on the lake side of the driveway. Two have been needlessly mutilated by the mistaken agricultural operations of a former owner, and the third has lost a small portion of its hind quarters through the equally careless methods of some drive engineer. This mound is still a finely outlined specimen and measures about eighty feet in length and twenty feet across the widest portion of the body. These mounds are favorably situated for the study and contemplation of hundreds of Madisonians and other people who pass by on this road and their owner owes it to the public to restore and preserve

them. They add a value of hundreds of dollars to this bit of lakeshore property. This was the feeling of the distinguished company which viewed them on this auspicious day.

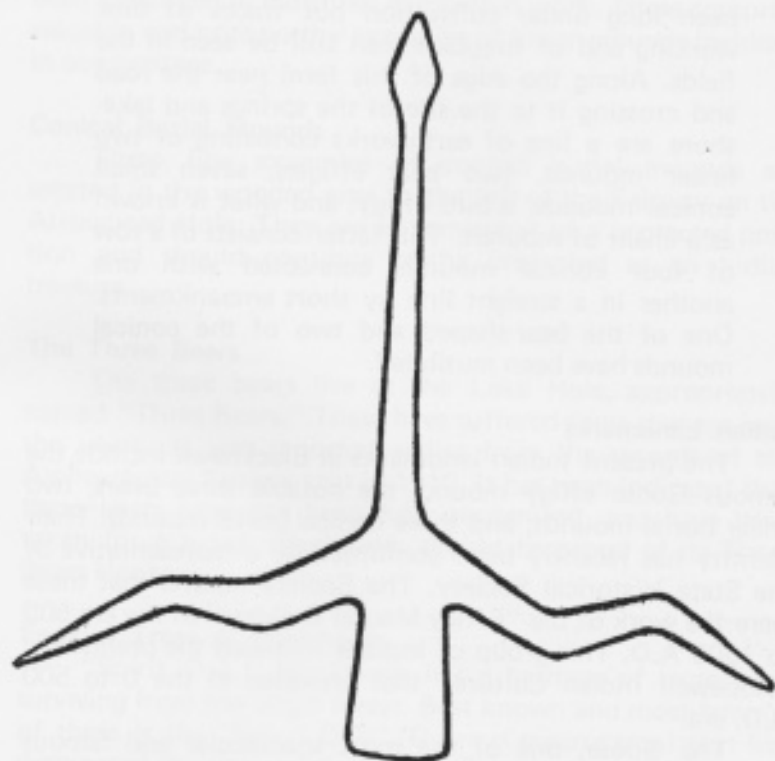
These are of course the three bears of the Blackhawk Country Club. After sixty-five years we can note the admonition and feel the responsibility delegated to the owners.

### The Goose

Crossing into a wooded pasture on the opposite side of the road a fine series of mounds was encountered. These included three inspiring linear mounds of large size, three conical burial mounds and two bird effigies. Most interesting of these is a remarkable effigy intended to represent a goose in flight. Its dimensions according to a recent survey by A. B. Stout are: length of the body, 50 feet; length of the neck and head, 108 feet; and wing spread, 135 feet. It lies upon the slope of a hill, its neck extending out upon the top. Its wings are twice crooked and there is no doubt in the minds of archeologists as to its identification. Only four other mounds of this type are known to exist about the Madison lakes. Of these this specimen is one of two that is still in good condition. Its preservation is greatly desired.

Since this observation in 1910 it should be noted that the left wing has been destroyed.

The largest of the linear mounds is about 240 feet long. Passing through this pasture in close proximity to the three burial mounds is a remnant of a well trodden Indian trail. This trail is thought to be the one pursued by the Sac Warrior Blackhawk and his followers in their retreat over the present site of Madison to the Wisconsin River in July 1832.



THE GOOSE  
Figure 2

### THE GOOSE

*The flying goose, one of the State's most famous effigy mounds, was constructed by the "Effigy Mound Builders" in the era 500-1500 A.D. Original length of neck and head, 108 feet; length of body, 50 feet; wing spread, 135 feet.*

### **Indian Camps and Trails**

On an adjoining Merrill Springs farm is the site of an early Indian camp or village. This site has been long under cultivation but traces of flint working and of fireplaces can still be seen in the fields. Along the edge of this farm near the road and crossing it to the site of the springs and lake-shore are a line of earthworks consisting of two linear mounds, two bear effigies, seven small conical mounds, a bird effigy, and what is known as a chain of mounds. This latter consists of a row of four conical mounds connected with one another in a straight line by short embankments. One of the bear-shaped and two of the conical mounds have been mutilated.

### **Indian Landmarks**

The present Indian landmarks at Blackhawk include the famous Goose effigy mound, the notable three bears, two linear burial mounds, and three conical burial mounds. Their identity has recently been confirmed by a representative of the State Historical Society. The Society reports that these were the work of the "Effigy Mound Builders" in the era 500 to 1500 A.D. This group of Indians followed the prehistoric "Hopewell Indian Culture" that prevailed in the 0 to 500 A.D. era.

The Goose, one of the most spectacular and famous effigy mounds in the state, is an invaluable treasure. It is found in the area comprising the twelfth tee, on the hole that is appropriately named "The Goose." The long neck stretches westward toward the Tomahawk Green (Hole No. 11). As has been noted previously, the left wing has unfortunately been destroyed, and should be fully restored as a Bicentennial project in recognition of our environmental obligation.

### **Linear Burial Mounds**

The best preserved and largest linear burial mound comprises the ridge extending from the Arrowhead Tee toward the green along the left edge of the Fairway. The

second linear burial mound is found on the Bannerstone Hole, and comprises the ridge along the left side of the Fairway. This mound is imperfect in that the eastern end has been destroyed in industrial excavation work. These comprise valuable and noteworthy examples of linear mounds included in our heritage.

### **Conical Burial Mounds**

Three fine examples of conical burial mounds are located in the wooded area to the left of the Fairway on the Arrowhead Hole. They are in somewhat of a protected position and should continue to be protected as an Indian treasure.

### **The Three Bears**

The three bears live at the Lake Hole, appropriately named "Three Bears." These have suffered some damage over the years, as was reported earlier from the records of the Archeological Society visit in 1910. It has been indicated that these bears have not been fully recognized, and have been taken for granted. Blackhawk should be proud of its Three Bears Heritage.

### **Famous Trees at Blackhawk**

"Spirit Oak."--Blackhawk has a heritage of large trees surviving from the virgin forest. Best known and most famous of these is the "Spirit Oak" (*Quercus macrocarpa*) that has dominated the view of the Fourth Fairway, which carries the name of the tree. The Spirit Oak fell in 1974. It was found to be 227 years old, covering the span from 1747, the year John Paul Jones was born, until 1974. It has been well known to golfers since the founding of the Club. A section of the trunk remains at the site in a memorial garden.

A full cross-sectional piece three inches thick was chemically treated, surfaced to a smooth finish, and made into a table. Another partial cross-sectional piece was mounted on a panel, and marked to show important historical dates during the life of the tree. These exhibits are on display at the Blackhawk Clubhouse and were also shown at the 1976 Bi-

centennial display at the Madison Memorial Coliseum.

The Spirit Oak belongs to the white oak group of trees that are famous for retaining their leaves until spring when the new ones sprout. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a poem about a venerable New England patriarch that he called "The Last Leaf," no doubt with the white oak in mind. The last verse, as well as the whole poem is notable:

*And if I should live to be,  
The last leaf on the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.*

#### **Shagbark Hickory**

Perhaps less spectacular than the Spirit Oak, but none the less famous, is the Shagbark Hickory (*Carya ovata*) that guards the Little Elk Green on the south.

It is reported to be the largest Shagbark Hickory in the state. It is eleven feet five inches in circumference at four and one-half feet above the ground. The large trunk divides into two stems as it towers skyward to dominate the area. Because it is just on the south edge of the green, it too often goes unnoticed. This large Shagbark Hickory was discovered and recorded by Walter E. Scott.

#### **Trail Marker Oak**

Another large white oak is entitled to recognition as a trail marker tree. It once had a limb (now removed) that was bent by the Indians, who used it as a trail guide. This tree is located at the west side of the course not far from the tee of the Bannerstone Hole.

#### **Origin of Blackhawk**

Blackhawk Country Club was organized in the period 1921-1922 by a group comprising a considerable number of University of Wisconsin faculty members. From Professor J. H. Mathews, who was one of the leaders, the author has heard of the vicissitudes encountered in the early days of

forming the club, but no written records seem to be available presenting the full, interesting story. The course was started with nine holes, then expanded to twelve, and then later to eighteen.

The Indian tradition was maintained when establishing the course by assigning each hole an Indian name. These names are indicated on the score card.

Professor Mathews frequently reported on some of the meticulous details followed in starting the course. He reports that the Arrowhead Green was constructed from detailed micrometer measurements of an actual arrowhead, then translated to the larger scale.

The Bannerstone Green was an exact replica of a Bannerstone, but maintenance problems probably contributed to abandonment of the exact form. Similarly the Three Bears Green was shaped to form an exact profile of an Indian head, but this too has long since been abandoned.

Hole Seventeen bears the name Walking Turtle. Though not readily recognized now, at one time the tee was shaped to represent a turtle, with the head and two front legs protruding from the front of the tee.

Over the years at least three projects have been undertaken by contributions from the membership in support of worthwhile progress.

The first of these efforts involved getting approval for the removal of a public road which passed around the Clubhouse to the west. The project sponsored by Professor Hool was successfully completed.

The second was the collection of funds by "Dad" Morgan, of malted milk fame on State Street, to drill a well on the course to provide drinking water. The present well near the Little Elk Green was the culmination of this project.

The third project enlisted support for the planting of additional trees to enhance the course. Memorial trees and member-donated trees replaced those lost in storm and wind.

### **In Revery and Retrospect**

With eventide at Blackhawk comes good food, good companionship, an incomparable scenic view, golden sunsets,

a magnificent lake with shimmering ripples, and a mood for reminiscing and for fancies.

With the many Indian mounds at Blackhawk, it is not difficult to visualize these early residents enjoying the friendly surroundings, the woods and trees, the abundant wildlife, and the repeating view of the sun disappearing in a ball of fire. Many impressions of sunsets have been written, but one that continually comes to mind is a verse from Robert Service's, *The Spell of the Yukon*:

*I've stood in some mighty mouthed hollow,  
That's plumfull of hush to the brim,  
I've watched the big husky wallow  
In crimson, and gold, and grow dim,  
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,  
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop,  
And I've thought I surely was dreaming,  
With the peace o' the world piled on top.*

And then come reflections of the passing seasons; golf clubs are put away, and winter sports prevail. Robert Service describes the Alaskan winter in terms of its severity and its appeal:

*The winter! the brightness that blinds you,  
The white land locked tight as a drum;  
The cold fear that follows and finds you,  
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.  
The snows that are older than history,  
The woods where the weird shadows slant,  
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,  
I've bade them goodbye--but I can't.*

Lowell in *The Vision of Sir Launfal* gives a colorful picture of the coming of winter and the formation of ice:

*Down swept the chill wind from the mountain  
peak  
From the snow five thousand summers old;  
On open wold and hilltop bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,  
And hurled it like sleet on the wanderers cheek;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;*



*The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winterproof;  
All night by the white stars frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight.*

The coming of spring and summer in turn has inspired many literary contributions, such as this well known quotation from James Russell Lowell:

*And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.*

Robert Service in a colorful way reflects on the memorable Alaskan summer season:

*The summer, no sweeter was ever  
The sunshiny woods all athrill;  
The grayling aleap in the river,  
The bighorn asleep on the hill.  
The strong life that never knows harness,  
The wilds where the caribou call;  
The freshness, the freedom, the farness--  
Oh God! how I'm stuck on it all.*

The seasons are short when reviewed by reflection, are even shorter as the years roll by. The falls can be beautiful with a wealth of colors, but they also have a melancholy flavor as philosophized by Bryant in this poem *Where are the Flowers*:

*The melancholy days are come, the  
saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods,*

*and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,  
the autumn leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust,  
and to the rabbits tread.  
The robin and the men are flown,  
and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow,  
through all the gloomy day.*

Reflections and reminiscences can be endless. In conclusion and facing the future one may ask, does Oliver Goldsmith's caution have any implications for us as we face the future?

*Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath hath made,  
But a bold peasantry, their countries pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.*

Then one may further reflect on the future in the Bicentennial year in this forward glance by Bennett:

*Man of the future, what shall be  
The life of earth that you shall see?  
What new facts the years will show?  
What wonders rare your eyes shall know?  
What new realms of marvel, say  
Will conquering science war its way?*

As we reflect on our Indian heritage, the many who tramped the Blackhawk hills years ago, one is in conclusion reminded of the *Vanity of Earthly Greatness*:

*The tusks that fought in mighty brawls  
Of mastodons, are billiard balls;  
The grizzly bear, whose potent hug  
Was feared by all, is now a rug;  
The sword of Charlemaine the just  
Is ferric oxide, known as rust;  
Great Caesars bust is on my shelf,  
And I don't feel so well myself.*

## A Bicentennial Message

In our historical review of Blackhawk we have noted the rise and disappearance of Indian cultures, and history is replete with examples of the rise and fall of civilization. Some say history repeats itself. At any rate the challenge is clear that every nation should learn and profit from experiences of the past.

*What is the future of America*

*That we should all be so proud of?*

*Who has a crystal ball so bright and clear*

*That can foretell the future year by year?*

*What will our Tricentennial have to show*

*That will aid more clearly our future to  
know?*

We hear much criticism of America, and since we are not perfect, some is of course justified. We are, however, sometimes over-zealous in criticizing ourselves, and in the process, provide information that can backfire on us.

One could review danger signs on the horizon, such as mounting public deficits, increasing welfare and gratuities, and continuing cycles of demands in trying to keep pace with inflation. Negatives such as these can be balanced against positive assets such as productivity, ingenuity, and technological progress.

Irving Berlin's great song has a cheerful message that is refreshing to reflect on:

*God bless America, land that I love,*

*Stand beside her, and guide her,*

*Through the night, with a light from above.*

*From the mountain, to the prairie,*

*To the ocean white with foam,*

*God bless America, my home, sweet home.*

It is one thing to extol one's virtues, but it is much more modest to have them expressed by an observant neighbor. To conclude on a cheerful note about America, the praise of America by a Canadian neighbor, Gordon Sinclair, is refreshing:

This Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly

the least appreciated people on all the earth.

Germany, Japan, and to a lesser extent, Britain and Italy were lifted out of the debris of war by the Americans who poured in billions of dollars and forgave other billions in debts. None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debts to the United States.

When the franc was in danger of collapsing in 1956, it was the Americans who propped it up and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris.

I was there. I saw it.

When distant cities are hit by earthquakes, it is the United States that hurries in to help. . . This spring, 59 American communities (were) flattened by tornadoes. Nobody helped.

The Marshall Plan and Truman Policy pumped billions upon billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, war-mongering Americans. . .

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the Moon?

You talk about Japanese technocracy, and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy, and you get automobiles.

You talk about American technocracy, and you find men on the moon--not once but several times--and safely home again.

You talk about scandals, and the Americans put theirs right in the store window for everybody to look at. . .

When the railways of France, Germany and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central went broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name you 5,000 times when the Americans raced to the help of other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone, and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their noses at the lands that are gloating over their present troubles.

I hope Canada is not one of these.

### **Lest We Forget**

It has been brought out that Blackhawk has been bequeathed with a rich heritage of Indian landmarks that represent a historical treasure. Through our location we have become stewards of this treasure. Our challenge is to make every effort to protect and maintain our Indian mounds, and as far as possible to restore any damage that may have been done unnecessarily.

Blackhawk members are urged to become familiar with these Indian landmarks that are an invaluable part of our Indian heritage.



*BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB*

*Map of golf course showing location of historic Indian landmarks. Map prepared by Paul Graven.*

THE BLACKHAWK COUNTRY CLUB  
AND ITS HISTORIC INDIAN HERITAGE

by

L. J. MARKWARDT, Honorary President

*In eighteen hundred and thirty two,  
Chief Blackhawk with followers loyal and true,  
Fled westerly along this lakeshore course  
Closely pursued by a volunteer force.*

*He found it hard to understand  
Why he should leave his favored land;  
The friendly forests, the lakes so blue,  
The camps and trails he so well knew.*

*His noble features are still well known,  
They were chiseled by Taft in durable stone.  
His monumental statue now prominently stands,  
Facing Rock River and fertile farm lands.*

*By historic choice we still bear his name,  
In fitting tribute to his lasting fame;  
We share the sights he loved so well,  
With mounds and earthworks which of history tell.*

*Many beauty spots in the world abound,  
But greatest of all at Blackhawk is found;  
The lake, the trees, the carpet of green,  
Picturesquely blend in a perfect scene.*

*Sturdy hickory trees at Blackhawk abound,  
But here the State's largest of all is found.  
It casts its shade on "Little Elk" green,  
Where its twin forked stems are readily seen.*

*Nearby dominating a very gentle slope,  
Were the spreading branches of the "Spirit Oak;"  
Golfers all admired its venerable charm,  
But often faced its hazard with great alarm.*

*After eleven score years and seven more,  
The "Spirit Oak" fell in seventy four;  
With Indian friends long since homeward bound,  
The "Spirit" has gone to their hunting ground.*

*Great towering trees still proudly stand,  
As reminders of our virgin forest land.  
Common are white oaks with leaves that cling  
To forsaken boughs late into the spring.*

*The red oaks with sharply pointed leaves,  
That early fall with the autumn breeze.  
The catalpa leaves that appear in display,  
Before white blossoms emerge in noble array.*

*Black walnut, elite of the hardwood fare,  
Provides us with products and beauty rare;  
The wood is prized in the furniture trade,  
And bears a name that does not fade.*

*Butternut that we less frequently see,  
Is a less famous cousin of the walnut tree;  
Ash and elm are both very well known  
As are poplar and maple so rapidly grown.*

*Among the needle leaved trees that are equally famed,  
As conifers or softwoods more properly named,  
Are the spruces, the cedars, and tamaracks galore,  
With murmuring pines and hemlocks of yore.*

*The "Mound Builders" left no written records behind,  
For future archaeologists and students to find,  
Nothing like the "Rosetta" stone exists,  
To aid in solving the Indian myths.*



*Over one thousand years ago and more,  
Before Columbus reached our verdant shore,  
Indians left landmarks that here are found,  
As an historic effigy or burial mound.*

*The mounds were discovered many years before,  
Blackhawk was formed near Mendota's shore;  
They were studied by historians of note,  
And then described in records they wrote.*

*The founders of Blackhawk knew very well,  
The historical legends that cast their spell;  
They drew fully on names by the Indian folk,  
In naming golf holes like "The Goose" and "Spirit Oak."*

*One of the State's best effigies of historic fame,  
Is "The Goose" at the tee bearing its name;  
One wing is missing, sad to relate,  
But the other received a kinder fate.*

*The effigy provides a spectacular sight,  
With the large wing spread as if in flight;  
The long straight neck is a beautiful thing,  
Assuring us the bird is full awing.*

*Extending from tee to the Arrowhead Green,  
A linear burial mound may be seen;  
It is quite well preserved, because of its site,  
At the fairways edge, where traffic is light.*

*South of the fairway where golf balls stray,  
Three conical burial mounds are on display;  
They enjoy a secluded and sheltered place,  
And are well preserved with slight traffic to face.*

*Another linear burial mound is shown  
On the northern side of the "Banner Stone."  
One end is missing to our great dismay,  
But still bears listing in this brief survey.*

*Last but not least of the Indian fare,  
Are three profiles of the familiar bear;  
They criss-cross the course between tree and green,  
On the "Three Bears" hole, called number sixteen.*

*As we review our heritage with humble respect,  
We can on the future with strong faith reflect.  
Blackhawk enjoys a picturesque site,  
And also shares treasures for everyone's delight.*

*What should we do this Bicentennial year?  
A suggested answer comes loud and clear;  
We must mark and preserve our historical treasures,  
So those who follow may share our pleasures.*

*As good stewards of historic treasures so rare,  
To us has come a trust to share.  
We must use both diligence and care,  
To make certain these precious landmarks we spare.*

*As custodians should we not any errors erase,  
And avoid thoughtless acts that monuments efface.  
Nothing to historians would give greater delight,  
Than restoring "The Goose" again to full flight.*





L. J. MARKWARDT AND THE "SPIRIT OAK" TABLE