



# SHADBONNA

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AN HISTORICAL JOURNAL  
OF NORTHWEST INDIANA

VOLUME 1 OF 4 1998

*By Lamp's Glow.....*

## Lassen Empire

*Built from one small, old steamboat on Cedar Lake*

*Story by Dyan Adamms*

*Dim oil lights shone yellow at the edge of the lake, couples strolled through the dark, piano players, nickelodeons, three piece orchestras entertained during the season those elite guests who came from Chicago and, eventually, nationwide.*

*The Cedar Lake season - said to be one of the finest in the country - and Lassen's empire favorably compared to The Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island in Michigan.*

At the very end of the 19th century, possibly 1896, Thomas Lassen, of Chicago, purchased one of the first homesteads which stood on the eastern shore of Cedar Lake. The homestead was described as a 'two-story, single-sided, lathe and horse hair-lime plastered house.'

Thomas was the father of four; Christ, Harry, Mathilda and Thomas Jr. Christ, pronounced as in mist, was also called Chris. Born in 1874, he was approximately

By Lamp's Glow,  
continued page 6



Courtesy of Cedar Lake Historical Association

*Lassen Hotel, built, in part, from lumber floated across lake in summer and another hotel sledged across in winter. Anne Zimmermann and Linda Elswick dress up the lakeside of the hotel. Auto brought for the occasion.*

### SHADBONNA FEATURES

*By Lamp's Glow.....*

LASSEN EMPIRE AT RED CEDARS

*Tales of Woodland Tribes.....*

CHIEF SHADBONNA, WIFE URSA

*Whip-poor-will.....*

GRAND MARSH RESTORED...

HOPE, PIPE DREAMS?

*FIRST ADVERTISER.....*

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*Also.....*

SHOPKEEPS

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AWAY FROM THE HEARTH

*AND.....*

EDITOR'S TALES

NATIVE PLANTS

HEARTH-SIDE RECIPES



HOOSIER SKYES - SHADBONNA

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### Tales of Woodland Tribes.....

## Shadbonna Deposed As War Chief, 1814

*Member of dynasty saved lives of own  
people and whites, lost son and home....*

*Written by Dyan Adamms*

*Shadbonna... Shabonna... Sha-bau-nee...  
Shadbauney... for every culture that came to America there  
began a new spelling of the heroic peace chief of the  
Potawatomi. The spelling for SHADBONNA is taken from the  
pre-1900 writings of Frances Howe, granddaughter of  
Joseph and Marie Bailly of Porter, Ind. area.*

Chief Shadbonna and his wife, Ursa, also known as Canoku: Fat Woman, often strode through Westchester Township on their way to visit with Frances Howe's grandparents. She tells of the heavy opulence of jewels and silver that Ursa wore, stating her dress was 'truly barbaric.'

Howe's memory of Shadbonna and Ursa's visit on December 17, 1836, the day after her grandfather's death, reveals the heart of this great peace chief. Howe says they came to the Bailly home, and, in the small log house Joseph had built for the Indians, they sat silently 'all during the day of the funeral.' Shadbonna and Ursa remained after all visitors departed. They went with Marie Bailly to the graveyard where they stood as she prayed.

Shadbonna's seminomadic custom was to travel the Grand Marsh of the Kankakee for the winter months, trapping and hunting until spring, often visiting Indian Village near Hebron. No doubt this placed him in close proximity to the Bailly family at the time of Joseph's death.

During warm seasons Shadbonna spent much of his time near Little and Big Indian Creeks in Paw Paw Grove and Shabonna Grove, both in DeKalb County, Ill. A park and town were also named after him.

This Potawatomi Indian chief had the gratitude and respect of many whites later in his life.

Tales of Woodland Tribes, continued page 7



Courtesy of Illinois State Museum  
*Oftimes a visitor to the Grand Marsh, Indian Village,  
and Northwest Indiana, Chief Shadbonna saved the  
lives of many whites during the Black Hawk War, and  
his own life was endangered. He was sardonically  
named 'White Man's Friend' by the Indians.*

# EDITOR'S TALES

## An Ongoing Skunk Saga

I remember the first week with my pet skunk, Sequoia. I placed a bowl of animal food on the floor. Sequoia was about three inches high. He stood next to the bowl and stomped his tiny, front feet so the other animals wouldn't try to take any food - and none of the five did try, not even my 185-pound Newfoundland wanted to argue. Sequoia was king of the house from day one.

People always ask if my two pet skunks are descended. They haven't always been. That's love.

Sequoia was an orphan.

One day my daughter and I noticed a tiny skunk digging in the hot June sun. He was in our neighbor's front yard digging the sandy earth for bugs. I knew he was in trouble.

When I stopped the truck and shut the door the baby skunk kicked its hind end up and sprayed. Remember, this is a baby so the smell wasn't too lingering or staunch.

My daughter brought a big cardboard box from the barn and we followed the baby into the cornfield. He was so cute waddling down the row ahead of us. Sometimes he stopped and looked back at us. I felt so sorry for him.

When we had him in an opening in the corn row we covered him with the box. He sprayed again, not near as bad this time because he was basically down to fumes. I



**Two-month-old Sequoia with his raccoon puppet.**

knew better than to endanger myself with a wild animal so I stuffed corn stalks and weeds in the box to make him go inside as I turned it upright. We took him to the barn and put seeds, water, fruit, dry dog food in the box so he would be comfortable until morning.

The next day I had to be in town so I stopped at the vet, hoping they would volunteer to take the baby skunk and keep him until he was strong enough...and wise enough to survive. The assistant tried to convince me he was old enough. Fortunately for this orphan, I knew that baby skunks live with their mothers and siblings until October, if not the winter through.

I decided to call the Department of Natural Resources and ask permission to help the orphan by building an out

of doors cage where he could scavenge food that I hid and he could create his own den. Once his needs were cared for then his natural nocturnal instincts would take over again.

But when I arrived home that day and checked the orphan I found him spread out, stiff as death. My instincts for safety and caution of being sprayed were forgotten as I began to resuscitate the baby skunk, rub his legs and body. My daughter heated milk and we fed him drops for the next hour. Soon he was skipping around the porch and playing with our rabbits and kitten.

Baby skunks imprint, as in adopt a person for family, very easily. Now I realized I really had an orphan on my hands and he needed well fed to keep his strength up. Regular feedings, every three hours, were necessary.

But then the baby got pneumonia and there wasn't much hope of him ever returning to the wild and living.

I was a skunk's mama. Our 185-pound dog decided he wanted to be mama, too, and he gave the baby a thorough bath everyday. And no, the baby wasn't descended.

I were able to get the license to keep him and had him descended. But first he had sprayed from the distress of the pneumonia, then he fell down the stairs and sprayed from fear, and our cat jumped on the bed and the baby sprayed from the shock. Oh, and there was the time he was playing with the dog and decided to spray. I suppose to establish his new domestic status.

Remember, this was just a baby, so tiny he curled onto the palm of my hand, so the aroma wasn't terribly offensive. Fortunately, he was descended before he got much bigger.

We named our orphan from the wild Sequoia, after the Indian who gave his language the written word.


*(Geronimo is our youngest skunk. He's descended, too.)*

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NEXT ISSUE:  
**JUNE 1**

And to the advertisers who have helped give Shadbonna this start - THANK YOU! Dyan

## Whip-poor-will.....

# Grand Marsh Restoration...Pipe Dreams?

*"This is what actually happened," said Anderson. "East of Mokence, Ill. is a place called 'rock ledge.' It's a limestone outcropping about six miles from the state line. In the 1800s the land speculators went to that rock ledge and blew away three feet of that ledge. That's what drained the marsh more than anything....."*

**Written by Dyan Adamms**

"If you were in a canoe right now," says Anderson, "crossing the marsh to get to an island, mosquitoes would be stinging you all over. You would try your best to get there fast, where there is a breeze up higher."

The magnificence of the expanse of water...the islands...oak savannas and wildlife paradise, mosquitoes excluded, of course, are an image of early Indiana - pre-drainage of the Kankakee Grand Marsh.

Anderson, of Cedar Lake Fish and Game, the Izaak Walton League and Fur Takers of America, a conservationist, hunter and trapper, has dedicated much of his life to the reestablishment of the Grand Marsh through the National Wildlife Refuge Project.

Anderson remarks, "The Grand Marsh, before it was drained, was as spectacular as the Florida Everglades."

Imagine, in your own backyard, all of this. There is the rainforest...and there is the Kankakee Grand Marsh. Conservationists do not have to travel the globe to have a cause.

In our area are men, who along with Howard Anderson, average one to three meetings a week on their personal time. Izaak Walton League activists...all of them with an incredible love for the Kankakee Marsh as it was known to the Native American. All of these men sincerely hope for a return of the marsh and habitat balance which made the haven so spectacular it called the attention of the entire world back in the 1800s.

Anderson, of Griffith, has the energy of a lightning bolt, all of it directed to the restoration of the magnificent land that once was our 'rainforest.'

Jim Sweeney, of Schererville, carries a card with his life purpose stated in a silhouette of cattails: *Indiana's Wetlands, an endangered natural resource.*

Jim Fallis - the man in the wool native American jacket and boots - remembers the hunt clubs of the Kankakee Marsh. Fallis, who lives near the entrance of the Dunes State Park near Chesterton, became actively involved with the Izaak Walton League in the 1950s, and with the Kankakee restoration in the 1980s when the wide levee proposal was

considered and dropped.

Forest Clark, biologist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in the Bloomington Field Office, has prepared for a life's work. Young and empowered with the ideal of the salvation of the Grand Marsh, he knows the power of the evaluations that will affect thousands of homeowners in the Grand Marsh area.

According to the Izaak Walton League: "Once the marsh disappeared, the wildlife soon followed. Starting in the mid-1800s and culminating in 1918, the river was converted into the 90-mile Marble-Powers Ditch. The Grand Kankakee Marsh was drained and converted into crops. Only a few thousand acres remain in state and county properties.

"Indiana top soil that should be growing crops in Indiana is filling the channel and back waters downstream, destroying habitat and compounding flooding and erosion concerns elsewhere."

"And after the drainage of the marsh," says Anderson, "farmers noticed the river was high and their farms were flooding. They said, 'Look, the river silted up.' But the fact was that the farmland had gone down."

In 1944, Bob Becker stated in the *Outdoorsman*, a national magazine, that the next move in the restoration project was up to the sportsmen themselves...that they needed to demonstrate they wanted this restoration.

Will the ball be passed again...how long will the iron stay on the back burner? Who must demonstrate that they desire this refuge now - in 1998?

"People don't realize how magnificent it was," says Clark. "People don't have the frame of reference to compare it," says Fallis, wizened activist. "There's one chance left and that's not killed yet."

"The marsh first changed when it was drained," says Clark, "but then it was stable for 50 years. Now the area is being hit by this suburbanization."

Concerning erosion, flooding, extinction of habitat and refuge for wildlife, the Izaak Walton League, as well as state and federal agencies believe the best way to prevent further problems and loss is to 'revegetate sensitive lands and provide landowners an incentive to leave the land idle.' Today all agencies feel their task to move forward is well underway but that they are missing the state support from representatives.

"We realize there are agricultural concerns and concerns about government intrusions," says Sweeney. "But please call you representatives, or write them."

"Eminent domain will not be used to acquire land from landowners who do not want to sell. Private land remains in control of the owner."



**Photo by Dyan Adamms**  
*Howard Anderson and Jim Sweeney at Kankakee. Proposed refuge is 30,000 acres in a 500,000+ acre area.*

The year is 1998 - and still we are witnessing, every year, homes lost throughout the Midwest...and in our area towns and building continues to crowd the Kankakee and take the surface storage capacity which also leads to flooding.

"The worse case scenario," says Sweeney, "is that this will end up like the Little Calumet River, which is just 5,000 acres. They now have a \$150 million problem - they use \$150 million for the flood control project for a 12 mile area. The surface storage capacity is lost in that area (through suburbanization and pavement)."

Clark reminds us, "It is not possible, nor is it desirable in this day and age, to restore the Grand Kankakee Marsh as it once existed. The intent of this refuge proposal is to allow the marsh to come back, in a few places, and restore a part of the remarkable natural heritage of northern Indiana and Illinois."

"The National Environmental Policy Act enforces a federal law...we have to evaluate the impacts of our actions."

"This is a chance to do some outstanding conservation work in the next eight to ten years," says Clark. "Despite the fact that there's been wetland drained, it's a fantastic place. This is an opportunity for a lot of people."

"And remember," says Anderson, "refuge land doesn't have to be right on the river."

Thirty thousand acres of wetland living again...a National Wildlife Refuge which was hoped for six decades ago...living.



# Ottos Warm Farm House

*Hebron proprietors fill old farm house with antiques, love, kindness, appreciation....*

Laura Otto feels privileged to be engaged in her retirement career...a feeling she has had ever since a dealer gave her a book by James Whitcomb Riley when she was eight-years-old. That book, she says, is what started her quest for antiquing. Today she and her husband, Fred, who easily acquired the appreciation of antiquing, thrive in an 1893 Victorian farm house at 409 South Main Street in Hebron.

Historic homes are enriched by antiques, as the Ottos have found over the years, especially when they owned the 1854 Wehner home in Merrillville. Their collections and displays have taken them to shopping malls and antique shows through the years when they could not pursue the business full time.

"I've never forgotten the feeling I had when the man gave me that book," Laura says. "We get so much pleasure from it (collecting and the business). I can't think of a better way to spend our days.

"Many of our customers are regulars, and the new ones quickly become friends. We encourage folks to stop in and look around. Meeting new people is one of the things that make it so enjoyable."



Photo and story by Dyan Adamms  
Old white house near Hebron School is again abode for antiques and, now, for warm-hearted proprietors, Fred and Laura Otto.

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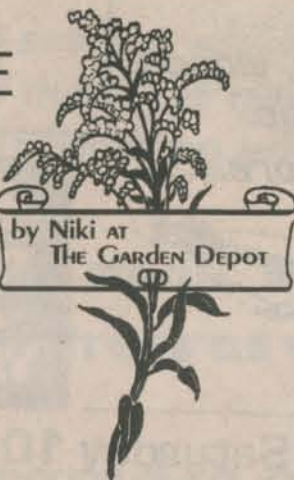
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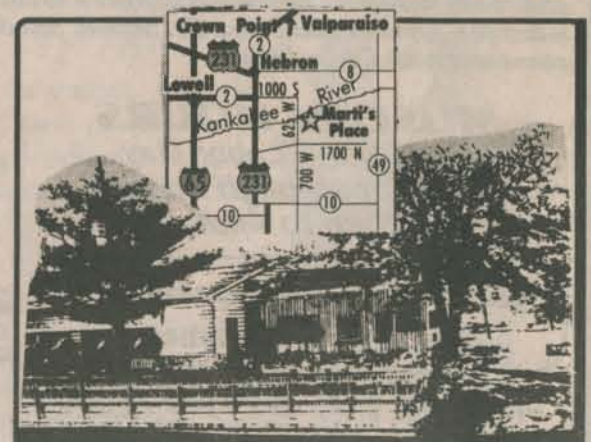
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## AWAY FROM THE HEARTH

Last week I went walking in the morning along a lake that had a mist as perfect as an English lake. I was at Lemon Lake County Park. It was spring, beautiful.

There are so many ideas for entertainment. I'm just going to throw them at you- forget a format. May 16 & 17 is *Voyager's Rendezvous* at Grand Kankakee Marsh... 10-4, small fee. WWII Reenactment at Buckley Homestead, May 2 & 3, opens 10, fee. Sheep shearing time at Buckley entices me... May 24 from 12-5, park fee. Artisans

Day at Deep River Park is May 17, 1-4....and wildflower walks April 25 & May 16, at 1pm. Photo contest exhibits at Deep River's grist mill during May & June...free. Memorial Day Service is at Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Stoney Run, May 25, 2:30pm. Consider a genealogy workshop at Valpo Library... April 22 from 6:30-9pm, free. Puppets show at Dorothy Buell Visitor Center-Dunes, May 3, 1pm- The Night Shift' is about night animals. Taiko Drummers of Midwest Buddhist Temple




& Amy Lowe, singer, storyteller, songwriter, Ravenswood Manor Park, Manor & Eastwood Sts., Chicago, June 19, 7-9, free. Jazz concert at Main Gary Library, every 3rd Sunday, 3-5, free. Visit historic Coombs House in Chesterton, May 1 - Oct 31, 1-5, closed Mon., free. *Luxury of Lace*, LaPorte County Historical Museum, Tues - Sat in April, 10-4:30, free.

*Send your info if it's free.*

### FIG BARS

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| <b>Dough</b>      | <b>Filling</b>   |
| 1/2 c soft butter | 12 oz dried figs |
| 1/2 c honey       | 1/3 c sorghum    |
| 1 egg             | 1 T lemon juice  |
| 1/2 t lemon rind  | 2 T water        |
| 1 T lemon juice   | 2 T orange juice |
| 3 c wheat flour   |                  |
| 1 t baking powder |                  |
| 1/2 t soda        |                  |



*Grind figs, cook filling over low heat 10 min, stir occasionally, cool. Dough - cream butter and honey to fluffy, add egg. Stir in grated rind, juice, add rest. Divide dough in 1/2, press 1/2 in oiled 9x13 pan, spread filling over, roll rest of dough between waxpaper, lay over filling. Press down to seal. Bake 400 degrees 12-15 min. Cool, cut in 1 1/2x 2" bars. Makes 4 1/2 dozen.*

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## Lake of the Red Cedars Museum



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*The Lassen Hotel, a Victorian resort hotel, was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1981. The Cedar Lake Historical Association now operates the old Lassen Hotel as a museum.... enjoy our antique costumes, historic photographs, theme room exhibits*

**Lassen Hotel on the shores of Cedar Lake is now a museum with tours.**

*Come...sit on our wrap-around porch...enjoy the scenic view. Imagine the era when the hotel flourished. Visit our exhibits from those years in Cedar Lake and the surrounding area...a time when the doctor was flagged by hanging a white cloth outside the family sickroom window...when the flapper's dress was 'the bomb.' Learn what the Armour Meat Co., Dr. Scholl, Shedd Aquarium have in common with Cedar Lake.*

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## The Lassen Empire from front page

22 years of age when the family moved from Chicago. Chris was the most enterprising as far as business and the public.

Known for wearing a commodore's cap with a sun shield and gold emblem, he was already captain of an old steamboat, the first of the Dewey Line of Boats which eventually became a fleet in 1915, and, for about 15 cents, chartered passengers from the Monon Depot to one of many hotels around the lake, and their growing complex.

When Chris was 30 and his brother, Harry, 18, in 1904, the family built the Lassen Dance Pavilion on their 700-feet of east shore property. The piling-stilted pavilion, built completely over the water and surrounded by a wide pier-porch, was constructed in winter when carpenters could work over the lake on ice.

Chris managed the pavilion, keeping nonsense at a low, retaining the 'socially correct' atmosphere, charging 25 cents to enter. A long, slim saloon with an even wider porch-pier was added soon after, and an ice barn to supply summer ice. Ten years later the kitchen and dining area were added, known as Lassen's Buffet.

The Lassen empire had Indiana's largest on-water dance pavilion, catering to guests and locals. The cottages, bathing beach, bath houses, snack concessions, motor boats, launches, garage and repair service, and sawmill completed the empire....until 1920.

The eastern shore occupants at that time, Lassens every one, including siblings and spouses and children, were; Thomas Sr. and his wife, whom everyone called Grandma; Harry and wife, Lena Schlisler, who also had a daughter named Harriet; Chris and wife, Hazel; Thomas Jr. and his wife, Helen O'Leary; and Mathilda Lassen, who is said to have married many times, once to the owner of the *Chicago Daily News*. The family managed the complex, with Chris concentrating on the pavilion and fleet, and Harry and Tom, Jr. managing the saloon. Lena was main manager of the buffet. When Chris was 46, in 1920, his wife, Hazel, had a challenge.

Chris decided to build the Lassen Hotel, which Hazel managed. Hotels, inns and rooming houses of the area have numbered 52, and all are accounted for by the Cedar Lake Historical Association. There were 14 operating hotels on, or near, Cedar Lake's shores when Chris Lassen made his decision.

Chris made a deal, tore down the Armour Brother's ice barn for part of the lumber to build the 65-room hotel. To get that lumber to the building site, it was floated from the west shore, across the lake, then the lumber was reshaped as it stood on end to dry. The bunk house for ice cutters became the original section of the hotel. The Armour Brother's Hotel was in a later deal and became the right-wing of the Lassen Hotel.

The Lassen's Pierce Arrow truck was used to pull the wood-framed Armour Hotel, during the winter, across the deeply frozen ice. It is said that the driver stood outside the bulky truck and steered, at the same time prepared to jump, as were others on the fenders, just in case the ice cracked. So from a village on the northwest shore the hotel was miraculously sledged to the northeast corner of the Dance Pavilion.

Under the supervision of Nicholas Mager, 131 double-sashed windows and plumbing was installed - every two bedrooms in the newly built wing had a bath, and old Armour Hotel rooms were given wash bowls.

The Lassen Hotel was grand....elegant....a brick fireplace in the lobby, walnut handrails on the staircases....a veranda for lake watching with wide-opened sunporches boasting bannisters and white columns....and the romance of swings...rocking chairs and even hammocks in the picnic area.



Courtesy of Cedar Lake Historical Assoc. Hazel Lassen, wife of Chris, managed hotel.

# Chief Shadbonna

from front page

After his first battle, at the Thames where Tecumseh fell, Shadbonna understood firsthand the consequences of Indian tribes thwarting federal agents in attempts to move white civilization onto Indian lands.

Shadbonna realized the imminent slaughter of his people, both by British and American governments.

He knew there were no allies for the native Indian. The only salvation would be on his own compromised terms: to live in conjunction with the whites.

His later years were given to the cause of peace chief for three tribes...and ultimately for the benefit of white settlers destined to die at the hands of desperate Indians who wanted nothing but to remain in their homes...on the land they farmed and hunted.

## The Battles

Grandnephew of Ottawa Chief Pontiac, Shadbonna was born in 1775, after Pontiac's rebellion. The location of Shadbonna's birth is disputed...but must have been very near the Canadian-Ohio border on the Maumee River.

At age 25, he accompanied a hunting party to the Calumet region of Potawatomi country where he married Ursa, daughter of principal Potawatomi Chief Spatke of the 1800-era Indian village, Chicago.

Shadbonna was later elected chief of the



Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society  
Shadbonna's wife, known as Ursa and Canoku.

Potawatomis and admired by his people.

Tecumseh, brother of religious Indian leader, The Prophet, met with Shadbonna on his journey to unify the Indian nation. Along with contemporaries Main Poc, Senachewine, Topinbee, Waubensee, and mixed-bloods Alexander Robinson and Billy Caldwell, Shadbonna supported Tecumseh, becoming war chief to the Potawatomi and Ottawa and assisting in gathering 4,000 warriors, even from west of the Mississippi.

At the Battle of the Thames, Tecumseh was serving as brigadier general in the British Army. Caldwell, usually his second in command, was not at the location.

When Tecumseh was

killed, Shadbonna, next in command, called retreat of the sparse number of warriors who had followed Tecumseh and the British officer, Procter to the Thames.

Thereafter, having witnessed the way the British were using his people - and especially being disconcerted with Procter, who retreated from the Americans near Ohio, taking all the ammunition...leaving behind most of those 4,000 warriors who could have used their ally's ammunition, and possibly won the War of 1812.

Though Tecumseh had pleaded with Procter, the only allegiance the British officer showed was just before the Battle of the Thames when he went through the motions of

standing up to the Americans as they pursued, yet when the American troops charged, Procter's army fled, leaving those few Indians at the battle open for American slaughter.

October 5, 1813 - the day Tecumseh fell.

The British dissension, and thus the American victory was too disheartening. The loss of Tecumseh, unifier of the Indian nations brought the Indians to contemplate their demise.

Thereafter, Shadbonna sided with the Americans, as did many of his contemporaries, especially Caldwell and Robinson.

He realized settlers were being used as pawns, sent out front of the government of their people to claim lands, being asked to pay for the land that the American government had not actually purchased to sell.

But he witnessed the slaughter of entire villages by that same government when the Indians attempted to unite as a nation against the movement of the whites.

Shadbonna knew the way the British used the Indians to wage their own war for land against the settling American government. The British had said that if they, themselves, did not utilize the services of the Indian tribes, then the American government would do so.

Foremost, his realization as a man who traveled the entire region of the Midwest, was that the Indians were 'surrounded.' Where could they turn? The only possible vision was American settlers and Indians side-by-side.

He did not take up arms against Americans again after the Battle of the Thames. He stood as practical peace chief for the Potawatomi, Ottawa and Chippewa tribes from then until 1834.

During the Winnebago Rebellion of 1827, Shadbonna was the contemporary sent into Big Foot's camp to learn his intentions. Though he was held prisoner he managed to let others know the plans which saved white lives.

His people began to call him 'White Man's Friend' in reproach.

Shadbonna's actions to save his people during the Black Hawk War brought him the hatred of many of his race which cost him the lives of his son and nephew.

Black Hawk's 'rebellion,' was after Sauk and Fox tribes were forced across the Mississippi and led three years of hand-to-mouth existence.

Starving Sauk people, who once had been agriculturists, crossed the river again, led by 50-year-old Black Hawk who promised to lead them back to their ancestral lands, who believed his appeal would be understood by the whites who now lived in western Illinois, and he could convince them to return the lands.

The Sauks sought negotiations with the strong militia sent to expel them but Black Hawk's emissaries were killed. The Indian led raiding parties for three months, losing many of his own.

Shadbonna had feared for his own people during this time and settled them as near to Chicago as possible, as many chiefs did, assuring American agents they were not involved in this stand against the whites.

Early on, Shadbonna, his son and nephew traveled to settlers, warning them Black Hawk may attack. Still, fifteen settlers holding up in at blacksmith's were killed.

Potawatomis were not held responsible for Black Hawk's attacks, yet the removal of their tribe was begun almost immediately.

## More of the Same

Indians were removed to the west and received the same treatment by whites who despised and feared them. The reservation was established because there did not seem to be a way the Indians and whites could live side-by-side.

Though Shadbonna had been given 200 acres in Illinois, in 1837 he traveled to Council Bluffs, Iowa to help his people adjust to the new country. There his son and nephew were killed by old enemies.

He returned near to his old homes of Shadbonna and Paw Paw Grove, Ill. where white settlers had built the first log homes in 1836.

In 1838, he had surveyed those 1,280 acres the government reserved for him in the treaty made at Prairie DuChien in 1829. He and his wife, along with 20 to 30 of his family occasionally resided there. In 1845 he sold part of the land to Gates, and lived on the rest.

From 1847-1852 Shadbonna lived on a reservation in northern Kansas, again assisting his people with their new situation.

When Shadbonna and Ursa returned to the land reserved for them, the part of those two sections he had not sold, he discovered that his home had been taken by 'fraud and force.'

Though a third treaty in

1833 allowed him the privilege to sell the land, in 1834 that privilege was repealed. He was not informed.

In 1848 settlers who bought land from Gates were required to pay for the land a second time, again without Shadbonna's knowledge. An investigation by the government deemed the deed of Shadbonna to Gates was void and Shadbonna had, by 'giving up possession,' forfeited his right to the reservation in DeKalb County, Ill.

White friends purchased 20 acres on the Illinois River near Seneca, Ill. where he and Ursa lived with their family in a long log house.

Shadbonna died, at age 84, on July 17, 1859. He was buried with honors, in the city cemetery near Morris, Ill. His grave was marked by a large boulder.

Ursa died November 30, 1864. She drowned at Mazon Creek near Morris.

Shadbonna is remembered for his 'manly and generous treatment' of the whites. His cause in life was that the whites and Indians could live together, sharing the land of his ancestors, which was the only way he could foresee his own people surviving.

Yet with the acculturation of the Indians, as their dependence upon white culture grew, the possibility of them remaining in the old Northwest Territory, namely Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, was diminished.

Shadbonna was well esteemed by the Indians of Lake and Porter County, he walked the roads and visited each township as they were established, befriending traders, settlers, tribes alike. His journey to the funeral of Joseph Bailly spoke of his compassion of that old friend.

The memoirs of Bailly's granddaughter states that Shadbonna and Ursa had even slept in blankets on the porch of the homestead while the family was away.

Though the old Indian and his wife were infirmed, they traveled through the Grand Marsh and Calumet region often to visit their daughter, Sibiqua, and friends from the era before their removal.

Shadbonna...Shabonier... Shadbonnay...Shabonney. His heart and strength distinguished this Ottawa blood-Potawatomi chief as friend. The lives he saved in Indiana, Michigan and Illinois were ancestors of those of us who have pioneer stock in our blood.

*Author's note: History is the breath of the living, untouchable, never repeated. Though we attempt accuracy, there is nothing written that is an honest truth, except, of course to that writer. I have attempted accuracy in a short piece which could have been a novel. Reviewing facts and memories gives an account of the life Shadbonna may have led, but so much, as always, is left to the weaving of several stories by many historians and authors into one. Any inaccuracies in actual facts are my own.*

# The Lassen Empire

from page 6

As at all hotels, entire families would spend the summer, male members usually visiting on weekends and holidays.

From 1920 until 1933 the Lassen Empire was exultant in 'the season.' Then competitors, struggling through the Depression, cut costs, sometimes even to free beverages. The hotel business was not as lucrative, especially in the age of the automobile when guests could come to the lake and spend only a day.

Chris Lassen cut prices in 1933, and sought other business in 1935, when he came up with the boxing bouts that were held in his garage. This was of assistance to the area financially, but not enough. His brother and partner, Harry, died in that year at age 49.

The dance pavilion, too old to hold a crowd, was seldom visited, and closed after the Cedar Lake Fire Department's fundraiser in the early 1940s.

Chris Lassen, who had become a Democratic State Representative in the 1940s, sold his 'empire' in 1944.

Chris and Hazel built a new home on the east shore and waited for a custom boat to be built, which they sailed from Michigan to Florida via connecting rivers and waterways.

Chris died in 1955 and Hazel in 1977. Both are buried in Ft. Lauderdale.



Courtesy of Cedar Lake Historical Association  
Chris Lassen, informal.

*The Lassen Empire, with children shrieking on the beach...teenagers flirting on the pavilion's porches eating sandwiches...chickens cold in pots of water, soon to become one of the famous dinners...green river beverage...Edehweiss, Seipps, MacAvoy and Tosseetti beer brought by Monon Railway from local depots...maids polishing the oil lamps in the hotel with the wax paper from the boughten bread...Chris and Hazel Lassen retiring to the bedroom nearest the*

*hotel register so they could attend needs of guests at any hour... a long season for the family who served, who had all their eggs in one basket' dependent on the lake for their livelihood...the footsteps of Chris Lassen resounding on the porch in the earliest morning hours...the echo of his boat as he goes to meet the train...you can still hear them from the porch of Lake of the Red Cedars Museum at Cedar Lake.*



Courtesy of Cedar Lake Historical Assoc.  
Hazel Lassen, Lottie, guest from Chicago, Gus Lipschitz, Chicagoan, owned meat packing company, Lena Lassen, Chris Lassen. Notice boat from Dewey Fleet.

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# GRAND OPENING

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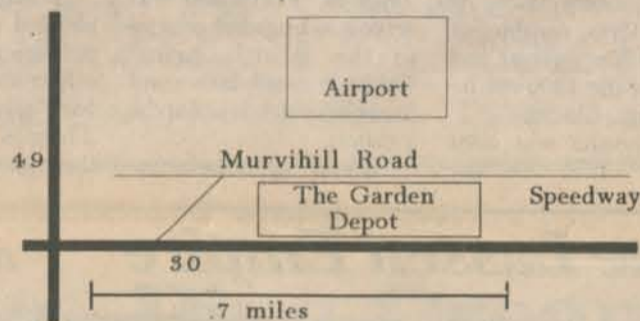
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