



SHADBONNA SHAUB-NEE

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AN HISTORICAL JOURNAL OF NORTHWEST INDIANA

VOLUME 3 of 4 1998

By *LAMP'S GLOW*.....

When She Was Least Alone

The solitude 'Diana of the Dunes' purposely sought was of a writer and researcher, a person who needed to touch the stars with her fingertips

Written by
Diane Blount-Adams

*Beneath the nightly gathering of stars on an isolated silvery beach, Alice Mable Gray embraced her newly adopted terrain. Often she had camped, hiked, spent afternoons writing in the empyreal setting of the dunes. Every time she rose from the sand and took up her blanket to return to Hyde Park, where she was editorial secretary for *Astrophysical Journal* at the University of Chicago, Alice Gray considered what most deem unlikely. What if she stayed, even for another day?*

One mid-autumn night she did not leave. Had she planned never to return to the daily tread of the city from that night in the dunes, when she wrapped in a blanket without a camp roof overhead?

Had she brought with her the reported revolvers which she used to hunt ducks and ward off strangers? Were the only tools she brought on this journey but a few utensils with which to eat? Did she intend to live her life in the single dress on her back and walking shoes on her feet?

The cosmic night sky brought to clear focus this astronomer-at-heart's life. There, within the bounds of the lake energy, Gray had found her home, her place to search for wisdom.

The knowledge she gained in years of study at the University of Chicago, 1897 through 1912, and additional postgraduate work from 1915 to 1917, at the University of Goettingen in Heidelberg, Germany was not enough for Gray. She was not interested in vague theory; she wanted to put to use her knowledge.

Gray was born a philosopher, a student of, and for, life. She was a woman of extraordinary intelligence who believed society suffered from the same myopia she was accused, especially her seeming short-sightedness for self-emancipation from the daily wage.

Had she found living without a stipend, an investment income, an allowance or trust necessary in her spiritual growth and work? At the University of Goettingen a movement called Wandervogel, or Birds of Passing, was en vogue. In this lifestyle young people of a walking commune relinquished material possessions and lived by nature.

Gray is quoted, an alleged interview with the



Photo courtesy of Barb Menn
Alice Mable Gray left the trappings of society in the early 1900s to seek her desired autonomy at Lake Michigan's edge in the Indiana dunes. She displayed a special gift of self-reliance and seemed awless of the life and work she had chosen.

first newspaperman from the *Chicago Examiner*.

It was a poem of Byron's called 'Solitude' that gave me my first longings to get away from the conventional world, and I never gave up the idea,

Least Alone continued on page 5

AUTUMN FEATURES

By *LAMP'S GLOW*.....

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HEARTH-SIDE RECIPES



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PATH OF LIFE.....

Forgiveness Brings Indian Summer

Adapted from Earl H. Reed's Tale of Naeta, Silver Arrow 1926

Retold by Diane Blount-Adams

The Algonquin Nation told of the Spirit of the Dunes, Naeta, an Indian maiden whose heart recklessly chose for her the man she only desired but did not love. Taqua, her husband fled their home, aching to outrun his anger and hatred for the faithlessness of his bride and to revenge the man who had stolen her affections. His heart was gripped with the blackness of hatred.

One day as he rested at the shore Taqua was given by the Creator a red flint which he flaked into an arrowhead. He carried the red arrow to the highest and strongest land where he was certain of catching the attention of Manabush, who was the hero god. Taqua sought the intervention of Manabush for himself to the manitous.



Taqua told Manabush of the revenge he must have on the man who had created the wrongs in his life and he consecrated to death that man through the arrow given to him by the Creator.

Years upon his path he tramped in the footsteps of others who also deemed vengeance as their soul's purpose of life. A heavy lightless heart gave the deep grave paths of sorrow on his face, as the faces of others mirrored him in their quest.

The end of Taqua's summer came. His raven hair was the snow of winter, his body leaned into the remorse of every step.

Indian Summer cont. page 8

EDITOR'S TALES

BEAR COUNTRY DURING BEAR SEASON MEANS PARANOIA IF YOU ARE NAMED BEAR

At first the Appalachians of southcentral Pennsylvania, where I lived for a few years, seemed to be civilized territory to our 7-year-old Newfoundland. He was basically content until the day he decided everyone was still shooting at him, just as he thought they'd done when he lived in Detroit before we adopted him.

Unfortunately, Bear had reason to believe it could be true because Pennsylvania practically celebrated bear hunting season. And he was a monster of a black, furry male and had a sorry resemblance to an ambling bear cub.

The first few days at his new home Bear spent hours sitting on the lane as he gazed across to Black Log Mountain. Since we were totally secluded, almost half-a-mile from the nearest county road, he didn't have traffic or dognappers to worry about.

But there wasn't a day went by that he didn't hear one of the locals say, 'My word, he looks just like a bear. You'd better not let him go near the mountains in bear season or someone will surely shoot him.'

Bear didn't really understand, did he? Life was good for him at last.

He decided his problems began when I started to shoot mark (target practice). Now I knew he was afraid of lightning and thunder because he heaved his shaggy 180-pound body onto my bed one night so I could protect him through a storm. But I was not aware that he had a strong aversion to a .22 or anything that resembled a gun. He was even horrified by my camera until he trusted me.

I set up my box for mark...loaded the .22...aimed. Bear charged across the porch and threw all his weight against the oak door, panting from the horror of it all. And I hadn't even shot the rifle.

I expected my new partner to be fearless and loyal to the bitter end. But I supposed he would become accustomed to the fact that his new master really liked to shoot mark. He didn't.

I shot a few and he was so pathetic that I opened the door for him. He skidded across the great room, on carpet, mounted the stairs with considerable agility and grace, all things considered. There he climbed into my daughter's bathtub and managed to roll into a trembling 180-pound ball of fur behind the shower curtain.

This was a truly disconcerting sight for me. Now I knew that if I had to face off a rabid raccoon or a wild mountain man my 'silly old Bear' would wait in the tub.



Photo/story by Diane Blount - Adams

In honor to the life of Benjamin Bear-Bear who passed on September 1997. He was always smiling - almost.

A lot is expected of a dog because of its largeness but Bear never cared about his reputation. If a car backfired, someone fired a gun or lit a firecracker while he was being walked he simply pulled the walker home. The walker only had two choices...go on their feet or chin.

Even before deer and bear season started, when the hunters were practicing at nearby camps, the dog was petrified, hiding beneath tables, footstools and houseplants. He also could open a closet door with his chin, reorganize the contents and fit inside. Saturdays we did the only humane thing, loaded him in the Suburban and removed him from the mountain before dawn.

I was concerned about his nerves. I was also really concerned he would be shot. So...creative me...I dressed him. He resembled The Great Pumpkin.

The costume was designed from two netted, orange vests that strapped behind his haunches, under his stomach and around his chest. He hated that vest but wore it every time I sent him outdoors. He hated his cap more, though he usually would wear hats for awhile. But this one was an orange hunting cap with orange elastic that tucked under his chin. Across the brim was the most important message of the season: *Bear in name only.*

Our wonderful old dog survived that hunting season and moved back to Indiana with me before next season. We were basically inseparable and he was always smiling, except when there was a loud noise or he noticed a gun.

Whip-poor-will.....

Earthkeepers: Sacred Land At Dunes

John Armbruster, also known as Heart of Many Voices, brought ceremonies and the Sedona Sun Pipe to the Dunes forest which helped people lift spiritual energy of the land and begin to build another sacred vortex at the forest and lake shore

Written by Diane Blount-Adams

Echoes through the forest...songs of the earth...ceremonial music...drumming reverberated spiritual energy in the sacred land of the Dunes. People from across the country gathered in the camp for ceremonies and to learn Native American traditions from teachers.

The encampment brought John Armbruster, an Earthkeeper and geologist from Arizona, to lead nightly ceremonial dances and guide practitioners through the purification of the sweat lodge.

"Before 1972," said Armbruster, "it was illegal to do a sweat lodge. The only religion ever outlawed in the United States was the Native American. It was also illegal to do the Sun Dance. But the laws have been changed.

"Most indigenous cultures have a strong practice that is related to their land. The belief is *The*

king is the land. The land is the king.

"The people never separated themselves from the land. Where you buried the placenta was important. We're discovering things they always knew...that without connection to the land people were literally starving.

"In Hawaii," says Armbruster, "the *ina* (ey-naa) is the special presence of the earth. This is what we work with when we are doing the ceremonies. The *mana* is the accessibility of that energy to the people. The dance changes the way people feel about themselves. The ceremonies are more than a campout. They are about intimacy with nature. This is compared to meeting someone on the street...the campout. To have them over for dinner is the ceremony."

Joseph Many Horses Davis and Sherry Colosi, friends of Armbruster traveled from Chicago to help with the ceremonies.

They regularly lead ceremonies and participate in them, across the United States, in the Indiana Dunes and Sedona, which is another powerful energy vortex central to the immense Kaibab, Prescott, Tonto and Coconino National Forests. The ceremonies, the constant flow of energy, which is one of the basic laws of being an Earthkeeper, helps people to heal.

"As we heal," Colosi says, "we help the earth heal itself."

"The healing for people," says Davis, "is to make them more conscious of who they are and where they are going. The work is an opportunity for people to learn about themselves...to learn about the baggage of life they carry...to learn the spiritual flow. The spiritual side of themselves is carried into the other three aspects of man...physical, mental and emotional."

"The work we do," says Armbruster, "helps to bring people to their human potential."

What was a plan to hold the Children's Honoring Dance became a weekend long Spiritual Encampment. The circle overflowed with sisters and brothers upholding the Earth Mother in song. The Maiden's Dance, the song of forgiveness, stars sending their spiritual energy to the ceremonies brought the unity of the universe and the people.

Men drummed as the Grandmother's Dance brought the women together, joining hands for the gentle sway of the powerful unification of this dance which commenced in a meditation circle that was nearly impossible for them to bring themselves to break.

"There were no hidden agendas," says Armbruster. "The people in the group had no agendas...they were open to the natural flow of energy. There really is a flow. Some can sense it...and some can't. The energy flow here was way out there...far beyond average."

"We are all relations," says Joseph Many Horses Davis. "Not just the two-legged, but the standing (trees), the grass, the four-legged, the stone. All things of the Universe are related. We are all the same people."



John Armbruster carries an Earthkeeper Pipe, the Sedona Sun Pipe, which is dedicated to the power and synergy of a community within the spirit. He is a Master Dowsler and drum maker. Visit website at www.sedona-web.com/earthkeepers/

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NATIVE AMERICAN LEGEND Shaubnee and Puk Kuh Nah No Qua

Retold by Diane Blount - Adams

The love story of the Peace Chief Shaubnee and his wife, Puk Kuh Nah No Qua, as told by Francis Rose Howe. Note: Even Miss Howe admitted her tales highly idealized.

Marie Bailly, wife of Joseph Bailly of Baillytown in Westchester Township, was related to Chief Shaubnee. When Marie was small her mother and sister were taken in by Shaubnee's father, Pukwana, Chief of Ottawas.

Marie and Shaubnee, therefore, were distant cousins and grew up together. Chief Pukwana declared they should be called brother and sister and not able to marry when they came of age.

Shaubnee, according to Miss Howe, entertained a young man's love for Marie and when she married he left his home and wandered in the wilderness until his heartbreak subsided.

Shaubnee became very ill and found a camp where he was cared for by the Potawatomi Chief Spatke (Spotka) and his daughter, Puk Kuh Nah No Qua (Wiomex Okono). The daughter was a healer among her tribe, trained by her mother.

Puk Kuh Nah No Qua realized the young Ottawa carried typhoid fever and tended to his healing and fever immediately with herbs and cool baths. Her remedies and sweetness kept him alive and he was well healed within weeks.

Note: The possibility lies that Shaubnee simply was entertained at the Potawatomi village.

Chief Spatke was impressed with Shaubnee and arranged for the marriage of the Potawatomi and his daughter. Shaubnee wooed Puk Kuh Nah No Qua. He did not prowl her lodge with a tightened taper or pipe on a flute, as this was beneath the dignity of their positions. Shaubnee hunted for a day and proposed by giving his intended the day's hunt; dozens of animals and many kinds of fish of the lake. The proposal was accepted, the marriage feast immediate, as was custom.

Shaubnee and his bride were blessed with the first of many children the following year. They were together for nearly sixty years.



Courtesy of Illinois State Museum and Chicago Historical Society
Chief Shaubnee and Puk Kuh Nah No Qua, his wife, daughter of Potawatomi Chief Spatke. Settlers of the Northwest Territory often owed lives to this great man.

TRAIL OF DEATH CARAVAN.....

Dedication Markers

The Trail of Death Caravan was organized to travel the 1838 route of forced removal of the Potawatomi Indians from Indiana to Kansas.

A third caravan will travel the route beginning September 21 at the Fulton County Historical Society Museum, Rochester, Indiana. They will cross Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and conclude their journey at Osawatomie, Kansas, a distance of 660 miles in 10 days. The 1838 trip took ten weeks, but these modern trekkers will travel in cars and campers, stopping at nearly every campsite every 15 to 20 miles, and camping nights in town parks and campgrounds. The travelers will include historians, Potawatomi Indians and other interested persons.

The Trail of Death Regional Historic Trail is a project begun in 1988, the 150th anniversary of the removal. Many counties participated, planning ceremonies and meals, planting commemorative trees and erecting historical markers.

All four state legislatures have passed the resolution so the trail is now officially the Trail of Death Regional Historic Trail.

Historic markers are needed for the trail. The Indian Awareness Center, a branch of the Fulton County Historical Society, has taken on this project. Their goal is to place a marker every 15 to 20 miles. Counting the five new markers erected in 1997 and one in St. Louis in 1998, there are now 40 Trail of Death historical markers.

Several markers are still needed: Indiana 2, Illinois 7, Missouri 12, Kansas 1. People are needed to do the leg work. Funds are needed to purchase the metal plaque. A 12-inch by 24-inch plaque costs between \$300 and \$400.

Tom Hamilton, member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation and a descendant of Abram Burnett, who was on the Trail of Death, designed the map for use on the Regional Historic Trail.

"For American Indians," Hamilton wrote, "the scars of injustice inflicted upon them in the past are deep, painful and tragically, are inherited from one generation to the next. Those injustices have become ghosts in the cultural memory of a people crying out for justice. We must fully disclose the past in order to deal with the many years and generations of unresolved grief and distrust."

If you would like to help sponsor a Trail of Death historical marker contact, Shirley Willard, Fulton County Historical Society, 37 E. 375 N., Rochester IN 46975

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HEARTH-SIDE RECIPE

MOOSE STEAK WITH HERBS

5 T butter	2 cloves garlic, slices
1 tsp marjoram	5 T dry mustard
2 tsp thyme	1 tsp black pepper
1 tsp tarragon	3 T red wine
1/4 tsp powdered cloves	2 T currant or plum jelly
4-5 lb moose steak, cut 1 1/2 in. thick	4 T chopped parsley

Venison, elk, caribou or bear may be used.

Combine soft butter w 3 herbs and cloves. Cut 1/2 in. deep cuts in steak at 1 1/2 in. apart. Insert garlic slice and 1/4 teaspoon butter in each. Make paste of mustard, pepper, wine and jelly. Spread on both sides of steak, a few hours before broiling. Broil herb-butter side up 9 min. Turn, broil 3-4 min. more. Spread with rest of herb butter, parsley. Broil 3-4 min. Slice on slant, 1/4 in. slices. Serve with hollandaise or bearnaise if preferred.

When She Was Least Alone

from front page

although a long time passed before I could fulfill it'

Is this a woman who simply walked out on her employment position? Or a woman who was planning ahead? Or a woman who had at last completed her university studies and gained the knowledge to live off the land, that knowledge being met by her experiences with Wandervogel?

Though she reported that she had lived two seasons off her last two-week pay envelope, accounts of her paying at local stores with five- and ten-dollar bills, and checks, make the plausibility of Gray using an income of some type as the means to support her work and minimalistic lifestyle.

Gray had not been content with the lifestyle of travel to and from the city with the membership of the weekenders Prairie Club, a group of fellow intellectuals from the South Side of Chicago. Their lobby, along with other groups, for the dunes to become a State Park, leading to its supposed salvation, was a cause Alice Gray believed.

Along with Thomas Woods Stevens, dramatist and artist, and Lorado Taft, leader in the arts establishment of Chicago, both of who took the stage at Fullerton Hall, The Art Institute of Chicago, April of 1917, was Alice Gray.

Her dissertation in college had been on the dunes. Gray had held an A.B. degree from the University of Chicago for fourteen years and spent nearly as many quarters in doing postgraduate work. She had worked steadily toward a doctorate for years. She earned honorable mention in astronomy, mathematics, Latin and Greek. She was a Phi Beta Kappa honor society member. She was a freelance writer, researcher, editor in respects, activist, naturalist, bachelor woman, and blue-blooded individualist.

Gray worked toward the salvation of the dunes with her peers and colleagues. She had been raised with many, schooled with children of Chicago's barristers and doctors. She was one of the first students enrolled at the University of Chicago after the college opened doors in 1892. She was essentially one of the first women at the college, largely due to the fact her father was the prominent Chicago physician, Dr. Ambrose Gray.

Gray stood among her peers, was invited to speak due to her vital accomplishments, philosophies and knowledge.

When the Pageant was held at Port Chester, Indiana in Jens Jensen's Big Blowout in May, Gray was a participant. The 25,000 in audience stood on her lawn. She didn't have far to run when the torrential summer storm drove pageant organizers to hold the event the next scheduled weekend.

Gray was contentedly grounded, now year-round, in a tarpaper shanty in Ogden Dunes which she built after she returned from Germany. This shack, she dubbed 'Driftwood,' was one of her many homes at the dunes. Other times she simply built a tent-like shack north of the Baillytown homes or lived in a lean-to at the foot of Oak Hill Road.

Through the years of her eccentric autonomy, Gray's recreation and survival were one in the same...berry picking, jam making, possibly rabbit and duck hunting, fishing, swimming, reading, studying the ecology and wildlife of her terrain, writing, sewing her own clothing. She began a side occupation after she had gained experience in the craft of furniture for her shanty, always creating rustic pieces from driftwood.

'Everything here is driftwood,' she said. 'including myself.'

Gray carried through life an indigenous, deep-rooted spirituality.

Gray was a poet, her persuasion provocative.

Her essay, given at Fullerton Hall, 1917, gave the audience the physical conception of the dunes.

'Chicago is used to thinking of herself as the child of Lake Michigan, in the prosaic sense of her commercial origin; for the lake not only gave her her waterborne trade, but deflected the land routes between East and Northwest...But when we come to form myths on our geological knowledge—as the Greeks did on their guesses—as to the origin of

our city, we shall think of her as the child of Lake Michigan in a more poetic sense....

'In this the Northwest Wind, having shared with Chicago its vigor and joy and renewed its delight as it passed over the lake, has moulded the Dunes. So the Indiana Dune country, like Chicago herself, is the child of Lake Michigan and the Northwest Wind...

'Besides its nearness to Chicago and its beauty, its spiritual power, there is between the Dune country and the city a more than sentimental bond—a family tie. To see the Dunes destroyed would be...the sacrilegious sin which is not forgiven.'

Gray was wide-read, her shelters filled with books, novels, manuscripts, newspapers and magazines. Among the authors and poets whose work moulded and influenced hers were Reed, a true colleague, along with Wordsworth, Rilke, Muir, Hawthorne, Melville, George Eliot, Johnathon Swift, Audubon and Cardinal John Henry Newman.

Lord Byron's classical art, revolutionary spirit and idealism newly embraced, nearly 100 years past, awakened her with one stanza.

'Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude when we are least alone;
A truth,
which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone...'

Truly Gray was not sequestered in the dunes and reclusive to the extent that she did not speak to anyone. She lived alone, visited neighbors, met with friends who weekendend at the dunes, busied herself with errands, was a constant element at the Miller branch of the Gary library and occupied children from all walks of life who visited her shanty, even taking them on nature hikes.

The solitudinarian legend she was yoked with was developed on her displeasure for the publicity she received and the Toms peeping over the dunes and curiosity-seekers who rowed near her shore and entered her shanty when she was not home.

Finsherman Guy Stinchfield is reported to have been the man who tipped off Vidette reporter Bob Harrison that there was a woman living alone in the sandhills and swimming nude in the lake.

Bob Harrison is reported to have taken the distant view and wrote the first story, without an interview. A Chicago paper wanted Harrison to furnish copy of 300 words. Newspapers followed suit, mostly with their own versions. One newspaperman was allowed an interview with Gray, in which she served tea on the sand and pleaded for him to understand that she needed to be left to her privacy.

Still, Gray was among the wildest insignias of dunes country, be they mortals or spectres. She joined the ranks of Old Doc, Old Blagge, By Golly, Mad Nina, Naeta and Taqua, The Mermaid, The Unveiling Spirit Dancers.

Tales of her half-wild guard dogs and revolvers which she brandished with the fury of a wild woman, hair standing on end, were the heat of the scandal in daily newspapers, especially Chicago and the locale of Northwest Indiana.

What is claimed to have been the reason behind Gray's unending publicity escapade was her proposed short-sightedness, her indiscreetness, if you will, at swimming in Lake Michigan without clothing, and, again, proposedly, running along the shore to dry herself....not to mention naked dancing in the night and sunbathing in the day. Some of the newspaper copy was practically pornographic, especially for that era.

The bathing nude is undoubtedly truth. The

impracticalness of this act for a woman alone at the dunes, even along the nearly-deserted beach, is considerable, especially if the woman did not want undue attentions.

Alice Gray lost her identity where the country



Art by Nancy Fugate, Merrillville (formerly Nancy Brubaker, Valparaiso) Wild Heaven. The dunescape of Alice Gray's life where she wrote.

was concerned, except for those who admired her. Her distinction became that of a water nymph, Psyche, and later, Diana of the Dunes, goddess.

The attention of the nation turned to World War I after a time and Gray was given more privacy in which she continued to fashion driftwood furniture and write the tales of pioneers of the locale and to journal her experiences.

Paul Wilson, the alias of Paul Eissenblatter, met Alice on a day when she was rowing driftwood home from near the Michigan state line. He was an unsettled 'blue-jacket' — another way to say mariner- or boatman-at-heart. Wilson allegedly helped her unload her boat and asked if she knew where he could find work.

Wilson was undoubtedly a marauder and pirate. Wilson was undoubtedly a mason at Inland Steel. He was possibly an ex-rattlesnake hunter from Texas. He was possibly an ex-chicken thief, possibly a recluse, possibly a man who needed a cheap place to live because he recently had been displaced from his abode by a weary spouse.

Nonetheless, Alice Gray, a 40-year-old woman, found in Wilson a companion. She stood by him during the most formidable allegations of murder and theft. By the way, during the time he lived with Gray, he was always innocent. And Wilson worked side-by-side with Gray in the business she had built for herself. Wilson was a master carpenter, a skilled boat builder and mechanic. Harmony in their livelihood was evident.

Gray had been engaged at least once in her life. Wilson was not the first to finally come along.

Author Earl Reed introduced readers to 'the preacher' of the dunes. The preacher was a self-appointed minister. Theory has the marriage of Alice Gray and Paul Wilson conducted by the preacher of the dunes, which would be a good reason why there is not a marriage document for proof of a legal ceremony.

The villain in their romance was Eugene Frank, a deputy sheriff-boatman-watchman who repeatedly accused them of robbery. Frank also guided a nuisance boat tour past their home, no doubt charging a fee. He claimed his property extended to the water's edge and denied Gray access to cross. He was confronted by Wilson and Gray for this, once again, and for the accusations of crimes.

Frank was drunk when confronted and he shot Wilson in the foot. Gray was clubbed in the head with the butt of his pistol. She was hospitalized for weeks and reportedly handicapped in ways from the condition.

The Wren's Nest, their humble, shameless abode, was robbed of her manuscripts at that time. The couple planned to relocate in Texas. The home was sold for \$116 to real estate developer after Highway 12 targeted traffic at the isolated Ogden Dunes area.

Wilson built boats for himself, an attorney and fisherman. He built a last from salvages of the wreck of a steamship. The 24-foot boat, Nucess III carried them to Crystal, Texas where they lived for 18 months.

Gray and Wilson returned to the dunes in 1924 where Gray spent her last season before she died.

The weightiest question surrounding Gray's life is whether or not she was a victim of domestic abuse inflicted by Wilson. And did Wilson beat or kick Gray in the abdomen the night she went into a coma and died.

Why would a woman of Gray's intellectual

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Photo Credit: We wish to thank Brab Menn for the photo which was published in a community newspaper in recent years. We were unable to locate Ms. Menn prior to publication. The feature became more alive because of this photo. Thank you, wherever you are. DBA

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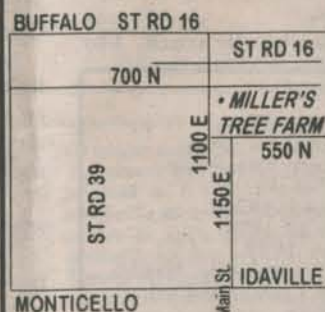
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AWAY FROM THE HEARTH

The trees haven't yet begun to blossom into their luxuriant autumn coats as this is written. Stop to enjoy them before and during their gift of color. The Doll & Bear Show & Sale will be at the P.C. Expo on Sunday, Sept. 13 from 9-4. 50+ bear and doll collectors. Adm. \$3, under 10 free. Oct. 2, 3, 4 Walkerton holds St. Patrick's Rendezvous... Oct. 16 - 18 is Annual Mississinewa 1812 at Battle Field, Marion, IN... Front Porch Folk Fest at Sunset Hill Farm Park on Sept. 5. 11-7. Adm...Natl. Woodland

Native American Conference coming to Spa Conference Ctr. Conf. adm chg. Call 765-423-4617 for info...A sight to see...the universe with Calumet Astronomical Society at Lemon Lake near Cedar Lake. 7:30pm to 10:30pm on Sept. 25 & 26. Free...Pekin Rainbow Dancers presents Friendship Pow Wow at Pekin, IL on Sept. 11 - 13. 300+ dancers in full regalia...Festivals of Kouts Pork Fest, Westville Pumpkin Fest

and Wanatah Scarecrow Festival are coming up. Also the Trail of Courage in Rochester and the Miller's Tree Farm Fest and benefit Pow Wow for Pine Ridge. And Land of Lakes - Gathering of the People in Warsaw. All ads this section. If not a festiva then try the Barker Mansion, Door Prairie Auto Museum or Hesston Steam Museum. Perhaps the Antique, Collectible & Craft Show by the Mental Health Association?

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THE TIMES

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When She Was Least Alone

from page 5

her financial support? Why a woman so fearless, who had such gumption and courage, who left behind the true materialism of society, why tolerate abuse and persecution from anyone?

Women, and men, from all walks of life, all eras of history, degrees of intelligence and courage have lived with abuse. If there was domestic violence in the home of Gray and Wilson, there is no why. It just was.

But was she beaten? Or was Wilson's presumed violence, his intimidating directness, simply a feeling of powerlessness at being constantly pushed and accused and questioned?

Newspaper accounts did not include that she had been beaten prior to her death. And Gray's death certificate only included two conditions. One was uremia with the duration of one month, indicated by Dr. DeLong. The contributory condition was myocarditis, inflammation of the heart muscle tissue, duration unknown.

Noteworthy is the fact that uremia is a condition of excess urea in the blood, characterized by headache, nausea, vomiting and coma. Consider a person about to become comatose, near to death, would go through a period of intense, violent vomiting and retching, become completely dehydrated. Could this cause terrible bruising of the abdomen?

Alice Gray passed at 12:15 a.m., February 9, 1925. She was 43-years-old. She did not ask for the assistance of a physician or to die at a hospital. She wanted to die in the dunes.

Alice Mable Gray was born on November 25, 1881. Her mother, Holly was a Hoosier. Her father hailed from Connecticut. Her siblings were as well-educated as she, and two of them lived in Michigan City. She visited her family often, corresponded with her father regularly, was loved and nurtured.

Her university schedule gives pause to the fact that she moved to the dunes perma-

nently in October of 1915. More than likely she made use of extended stays for her research between 1912 and 1917, then residing in the area for several years.

She wore mackinaw socks all the way up her legs when the snows hurled down the beach. She wore broad brimmed hats and khakis in summer. Shapeless cotton dresses were very much her unassuming, comfortable style.

Gray's hair was the color of cinnamon, oft blown by the dune wind so that she seemed to not have a care for what she looked like. Her eyes were nearly transparent blue-gray. Her complexion was so fair that dune weather turned her skin ruddy and burned her easily. By the end of each summer she was a bronzed, healthy tone, bespeaking a lover of outdoor activity and the chase.

She spent the last of her days guiding tours of the dunes which she loved.



Indian Summer

Continued from front page

Only when he could travel no further did he journey to the land where he knew he would call the attention of Manabush.

Taqua cried to the hero god, telling of the way which had not served him, of the path which had carried him only back to here without the completion of his life's quest.

The old warrior was granted a vision of the mercy that was life's offering to those with hearts which forgave and endowed themselves with love. The vision gave Taqua the deep understanding of the path beyond life and the Earth Mother, not recognizing the quest he had spent his every day seeking to fulfill. The vision Taqua received gifted him with new knowledge which told him that the hate and revenge of his lifetime did not bring him glory, remembrance or love.

After a lifetime of speeding, then wearily tramping, through the sand mounds along the lake Taqua found he had only outraced his life. For what cause to waste a lifetime? For what cause to waste the love of his days? Through the forgiveness of the red arrow sent through the forest by Taqua came the cascade of autumn's richest color.

Naeta's spirit came to his dream that night and spoke to him of the day their paths had parted in the ashes before their wigwam. She told of all the years she had longed for his return and forgiveness. Naeta told of the fire that had stayed in her heart as she waited. Then she told of her weary search for her love, that on her way to find him on this night she had held to the little trees of the forest as she walked through the land of the Dunes.

Taqua awoke and his old eyes searched the forest. The leaves of crimson were traced with gold. Indian Summer had come to the land of the Dunes. The great lake whispered to the forest of its beauty and glory.

Taqua rested in the golden light and his soul walked away to the next life and to the arms of the love who had waited a lifetime for his forgiveness.

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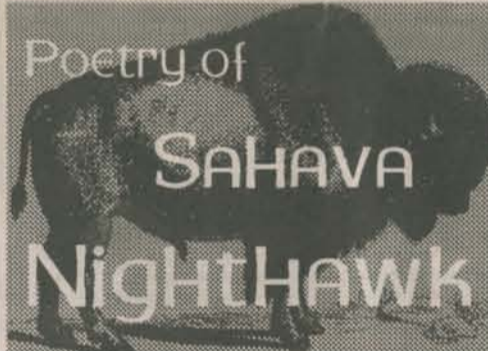
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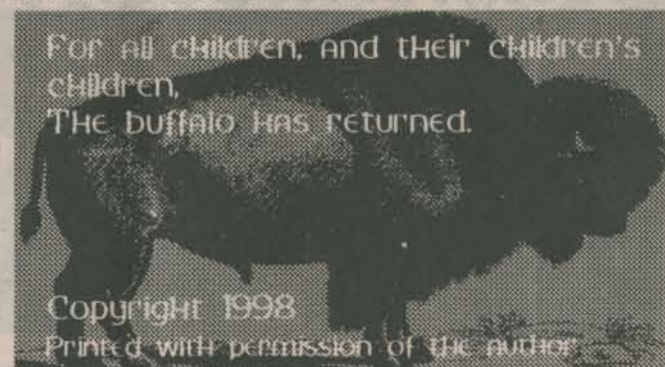
The buffalo has returned every time we honor the earth, we bring about their resurrection.

The heart of the people still beats, every time we pray to the Great Spirit with our actions.

The spirit of the land breathes through us, every time we remember our ancestors, who walked before us.

The time of change has already begun, every time we move humbly along a peaceful path.

For all children, and their children's children,
The buffalo has returned.



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