

BOOK of
The HISTORICAL PAGEANT
of **The DUNES**

PORT CHESTER INDIANA
ON LAKE MICHIGAN

MAY 30 and
JUNE 3, 1917.



TWENTY FIVE CENTS

Here shall the prophet's vision flame, the song
Of free and lofty trails, and purple smokes
Of dreaming fires ascend. The Dreamers come:
Show them through me the years of this thy home
Great Manitou; the tribes who trod this trail.
The trickling stream of life along thy waste.
The marching pageant of thy sacred sands.

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THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

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THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT
OF THE DUNES
OF INDIANA

Across these drifting sands the drifting snows
Of many winters fall, and many springs
Fill the moist shadows with the gentian's blue,
And deeper sink the trails between the hills;
And treaties by my people's council fire
Bargain my people's hunting grounds away

Words of the Book by
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

PRODUCED BY
THE DUNES PAGEANT ASSOCIATION
(INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1917)
IN PORT CHESTER, INDIANA
MAY 30 AND JUNE 3, 1917

THE DUNES PAGEANT



DONALD ROBERTSON
Director of the Pageant, as
"THE PROPHET"

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

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THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

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THE DUNES PAGEANT

FOREWORD

For many years there has been an active propaganda for the conservation of natural beauty about Chicago, the preservation of the Indiana Sand Dunes as a protected state or national park, being especially desired.

This association believed that in no better way could the value and beauty of the Dunes be shown the residents of Indiana and Illinois than by an historical pageant which would in the first part accent the remarkable connection of the Dune country with American history, and in the second part project the wonder and beauty of the Dunes, through poetry, music and dancing.

The Prairie Club have given each year since their Beach House was opened in the Dunes an annual open-air festival, with attendance ranging from a few hundred to 1,500 in the Spring of 1916.

From such experience the Club believed that with proper local publicity many more thousands would attend the more elaborate production planned for 1917, thus being brought into contact with the romantic beauty of this historic region for the first time, and thereby, with national publicity, giving great help to the movement to "Save the Dunes" as a public park for all to enjoy. This belief having gained currency among many nature-loving groups, The Dunes Pageant Association was the result.

AUTHORSHIP AND PRODUCTION

With the idea of securing the most sympathetic author in the United States, choice was made of Thomas Wood Stevens. As president of the American Pageant Association, head of the Department of Dramatic Arts at Carnegie Institute of Technology, and producer of the very successful pageants at St. Louis and Newark, Mr. Stevens has made himself known as the chief author of pageants in this country.

Donald Robertson, the director of the pageant, who interprets the part of the "Prophet," needs no introduction to the public.

CO-OPERATION OF OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

All civic and state organizations in Indiana and Illinois interested in conservation and public welfare have been invited to coöperate in this production. The responses have been most cordial and marked by a friendly unanimity.

Many of these bodies have been called upon to furnish player groups or entire scenes and episodes during the action of the pageant and masque.

A LAND OF DREAMS

Theodore Jessup has said: "The Dune Country of Indiana represents the work of one hundred times one thousand years, by such artists as the glaciers, water, wind and sun, until you find there a park perfect, beautiful; a fairy land; a land of dreams; a land of remoteness; a land of solitude; a land of long beaches; a land on whose frail shore strong waves beat at times with a thunderous roar; a land so fair and fine no city park could be made to equal it by the expenditure of countless millions."

URGES PARK IN SAND DUNES

Secretary Lane Gives Arguments for Northern Indiana Purchase

From Chicago Daily News, Feb. 28, 1917

Strong arguments for the establishment of a national park in the sand dunes of northern Indiana, between Millers and Michigan City, is contained in a report made to Congress by Secretary of the Interior Lane, the report being prepared by Stephen T. Mather, director of National Parks. Mr. Mather gives unbounded praise to the sand dunes as objects of scenic beauty and scientific interest, and estimates that from 9,000 to 13,000 acres of the sand dune country should be included in the project. The cost of the purchase of a strip a mile wide and fifteen to twenty miles long on the southern shore will be from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. The estimated cost of maintenance of the park is \$15,000 a year.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

EXCERPTS FROM THE REPORT TO CONGRESS BY STEPHEN T. MATHER, ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

These sand dunes are classified as among the finest in the world. They are deposits which constitute the action of the elements for ages past and are beautiful at all times of the year. The beauty of the trees and other plant life in their autumn garb, as I saw them recently, was beyond description. They constitute a Paradise for the artist and writer.

The sand dunes are admittedly wonderful. Of surpassing interest to the visitor are the dunes which are in the building or are being destroyed by the winds. A stretch of unoccupied beach twenty-five miles in length, a broad clean safe beach, affords splendid bathing facilities. There are hundreds of good camp sites on the beach and back in the dunes.

In my judgment, a large section of this dune region should be preserved for all time. Science and education virtually demand that it be safeguarded forever. The dunes are accessible to 5,000,000 people and are ideally located in the center of population.

GOVERNOR LOWDEN WRITES FROM SPRINGFIELD, MARCH 21, 1917

"I am heartily in sympathy with the project for saving 'The Dunes.' They have natural beauty and at the same time are very suggestive of the early days, before this portion of the country was settled. I should like greatly to see them incorporated into a National Park."

GOVERNOR GOODRICH WIRES FROM INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 27, 1917

"I am heartily in favor of National Government taking over Sand Dunes as a Park."

GLIMPSES OF DUNE COUNTRY HISTORY

1800 TO 1850

By Miss Caroline M. McIlvaine, Librarian of the Chicago Historical Society

By the famous Ordinance of 1787, sometimes called "The Magna Charta of the West," the region north of the Ohio river became a political unit, later to divide itself into the sister states christened with musical Indiana names, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

By 1800 the population of the Northwest Territory had so increased that Sir William St. Clair could no longer preserve order and just at the time that Spain was ceding Louisiana back to France, it was divided and all west of the present state of Ohio was rechristened the Territory of Indiana, with William Henry Harrison for its governor. This territory extended to the Mississippi and northward to Canada an unbroken wilderness, save for the old French settlements Cahokia, Kaskaskia and Vincennes, microscopic as compared to the vast region.

FORT DEARBORN ESTABLISHED

The first movement on the part of the United States to protect the new frontier was the building in 1803, by order of President Thomas Jefferson, of Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago River, the outmost post of civilization.

The establishment of the Government Post at Chicago had considerable influence upon the settlement of Porter and adjoining counties in Indiana, through which the thoroughfare led that was to be the main artery by which emigration flowed to "the far west" as the Mississippi was then called. The thoroughfare that connected the east and the west was the Detroit-Chicago road coincident in part with the Great Sauk Trail and its branches.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

THE "LITTLE CALAMAS"

The military journal kept by Lieutenant Swearingen, in 1803, relates that troops from Detroit under his command, camped successively at "Kinzie's Improvement" (Niles), New Buffalo, and at the mouth of the Portage River, where Michigan City now is; and on August 15th he records "Proceeded on our march at 5 o'clock A. M., 39 miles and encamped at half past 5 P. M. near an old fort." General Hull's map of 1812 locates "Little Fort" on the creek that now enters the Lake beside the hospitable cabin of "Fish" Johnson. The ruins of this fort must have been in evidence for many years. The next day they camped on the "Little Calamas," having crossed the "Grand Calamas" at 8 o'clock A. M. Near this crossing now stands the Bailly mansion, built here about twenty years later.

In 1806 it was first learned that a plot had been devised to surprise Detroit, Mackinaw, Fort Wayne and Chicago. This plot culminated in 1812.

The fall of Fort Dearborn, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of its sister post, Fort Wayne, to lend succor needs no repetition here. The two posts were in constant relation, transfer of officers and men being frequent, and the Dunes afforded sanctuary to Dearborn's refugees.

In 1822, while Illinois was still part of Indiana, Joseph Bailly removed his fur trading station from Parc aux Vaches, to the region of the Calumet, known as Baillytown, and there built the log mansion house that for more than a century has been not only a landmark on the Sauk Trail or Chicago Road, but in earlier times a place famous for hospitality and its extraordinarily handsome daughters.

Of City West, old and "New," that fabled metropolis of the lakes, which Daniel Webster visited in 1837, Waverly, Furnessville, etc., there is not time to speak, but we believe that our historical survey of this region has shown that the Story of the West—the Progress of the Frontier—could not be written without the dunes of Porter county.



Dorothea Bock as "A Tree-Heart"

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

EPISODE NO. 1

THE PROPHET	- - - - -	DONALD ROBERTSON
(1671)—MARQUETTE SCENE	- - - - -	University of Valparaiso
MARQUETTE	- - - - -	R. A. Tallcott
PORTRET	- - - - -	J. W. Zellner
JACQUES	- - - - -	T. Galvin
CHIEF	- - - - -	F. Dendy

INDIANS

L. Dowdell	H. Jackson	H. Haneman
G. Hauff	H. Johnson	M. Yarey
A. L. Christman	W. Brunsvold	J. C. Breuninger
H. Miller		

PACK BEARERS—FRENCH

J. Moneypenny	P. Billings	J. Siemion
C. Thume		

SQUAWS

Jennie Lisle	Edna Agar	Meryl Holloway
Alberta Miner	Mary Tallcott	Ruth Bennett
Thelma Passow	Vesta Benby	Vera Conover
Rose Heikens		

INDIAN GIRLS

Nellie Loomis	Myrtle Willing	Phyllis Hisgen
Thelma MacMillen		

INDIAN BOYS

L. LePell	E. MacMillen	D. Ervin
W. Blase	D. Seymour	C. Bennett
L. Willing		

EPISODE NO. 2

(1681)—LA SALLE SCENE	- - - - -	} Prairie Club of Chicago } Wendell Phillips High School } Nicholas Senn High School
LA SALLE	- - - - -	
MIAMI CHIEF	- - - - -	

LA SALLE	- - - - -	G. H. Fenn
MIAMI CHIEF	- - - - -	J. A. Brown
IROQUOIS CHIEF	- - - - -	H. J. Hale
MOHEGAN CHIEF	- - - - -	R. Hilbert
INDIAN SQUAW LEADER	- - - - -	Princess Wynomah Tseneubia

IROQUOIS INDIANS

E. A. Krueger	E. Wolfe	A. J. Clauter
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MOHEGAN INDIANS

F. Davis	M. Mills	H. Bernstein
T. Phillips	R. Heinrich	S. Kantor
E. E. Webster	F. Schell	E. McDonald

MIAMI INDIANS

J. Dinkelman	A. Lassers	M. Borouszak
J. Lyons	L. Weiss	A. Maremont
H. Lovenhart	H. Barnes	D. Goldberg
A. Barney	M. Griswold	E. Bensinger
R. Eisel	R. Graham	P. B. Dudley
H. Tremaine	B. Richman	C. Stone
T. La Pres	A. Klawans	R. Reeve
B. Thomas	A. Goldstein	C. G. Dudley
J. Eadie	E. Siegel	N. Field
W. Kinally	L. Kaatz	S. Millenbach
R. Hammer	J. Forslew	B. Harrison
D. Hammer	G. Strayer	

FRENCHMEN

W. Wessling	L. McLaughlin	H. Schlosser
G. Krumm	E. Henning	C. Buscher
G. Michael	B. Maloney	H. Lifvendahl
J. Chapman	B. Smith	F. Albin
C. Price	M. Fowler	

THE DUNES PAGEANT

INDIAN WOMEN

Merva McCaig
Norma La Rue
Mary Foley
Ina Caldwell
Vera Hale

Harriet Burnham
Diana Hilfer
Miriam McCauley
Miss Pennington

Gertrude Hess
Clara Radzwill
Sarah Seplovitz
Miss Simmons

INDIAN GIRLS

Caroline Wineberg
Carolyn Mowab

Dorothy Locke
Dorothy Jacobs

Virginia Mueller
Ione Hudac

INDIAN BOYS

J. Lyons
A. Klawans
A. Maremont

R. Bloom
A. Lapine

R. Locke
H. Locke
Thorwald Bock

EPISODE NO. 3

(1779)—DE LINCTOT SCENE - - Notre Dame University of Indiana

DE LINCTOT	John Lemmer
HAMELIN	J. Phelan
CHAMPION	Bernard Voll
INDIAN GUIDE	O. A. Lanazolo
LIEUT. DE QUINDRE	John Madden
BRADY	L. Yeager
OFFICER	E. Lindeman
THE TRADER	John T. Balfe
OFFICER'S AIDS	{ M. King
	{ E. Basten
PRIEST	T. Kelly

CHAMPION SOLDIERS

L. F. Brahan
B. Cramer
R. O'Hara
J. Rosenthal
V. Walsh
G. L. Sullivan
E. L. McGovern
T. Barry
Van Wand
E. Anleitner
F. Kirkland

E. Douglas
R. Rademacher
J. McGinnis
J. Flanagan
O. McCarty
F. Saino
W. Cramer
E. Donahue
J. Hogan
J. Garkler
N. Barry
R. Maloney

J. S. Meyers
J. Hanlon
E. J. Lally
T. Decker
A. E. Sheridan
L. Blake
T. T. Ryan
R. Doyle
H. Downey
P. Barry
W. Lawless

BRADY MEN

H. Leslie
A. O'Sullivan
W. Conway

E. O'Toole
F. Farrington
T. F. Farrell

L. Maroney
F. Mulligan
P. Hagen

FUR TRADERS

D. Miller
G. Cleary
I. C. Foohey

W. E. Rice
B. McGarry
M. R. McGlynn

W. H. Kelly
T. Tobin
I. C. Powers

FUR TRADERS' WIVES

Ruth Bengston
Marie Martin
Vera Cooper
Jennie Gemmack
Ruth Whitcomb

Bernice Wayne
Esther Fulton
Ruth Kuss
Mildred Lane

Ina Peregi
Elizabeth Beyrer
Dorothy Pershing
Hester Viskniski

EPISODE NO. 4

(1780)—SPANISH MARCH - - The De Paul University of Chicago

CHEVALIER	Richard Campbell
INDIAN RUNNER	Alex Jarema
TAYON	Lawrence Prendergast
VIRGINIAN	Don. Cunningham
DON EUGENIA	Robert Ward

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

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C. O'Malley	H. Adamson	R. Griffin	S. Schnucker
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V. Vallee	T. Stanton	F. Kerney	M. Beatty
J. O'Rourke	K. Kock	H. Keegan	C. McCue
K. Finnegan	J. Huber	L. Duch	S. Bunchy
T. Gleason	J. Brodie	M. Wendt	C. Flood
G. Stanton	J. Carr	C. Schmitt	E. Hynes
G. Rettig	J. Bowles		T. Walsh
			M. Shine
			P. Breen
			P. Deutsch
			S. Martin
			T. Lyche
			J. De Cencier

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C. O'Malley	J. Montague	F. Ulveling
M. Waller	T. Foy	H. Temple
R. Kennedy	A. Warner	W. Connor

FRENCHMEN

M. Fitzgerald	F. Burke	P. Pearce
E. Griffin	J. Baggett	R. McCormack
E. Gould	E. Morgan	J. Sheridan
A. Sharkey		

EPISODE NO. 5

(1804-1812)—FORT DEARBORN SCENE - Turner Society of Chicago

LIEUT. SWEARINGEN	I. Benware
JOHN KINZIE	V. Kristen
INDIAN CHIEF	W. W. Marvin
CAPTAIN HEALD	F. Roebeneck
CHANDONNA	W. H. Caswell
SERGEANT	F. C. Roth
MRS. HEALD	Eleanor Greisbach
SQUAW	Gertrude Hemingway
MRS. KINZIE	Miss Myram Butler

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Mrs. Ross
Mrs. Bock
Miss Methven
Mrs. Robert Kyle
Mrs. C. B. King
Mrs. C. M. Carver
Mrs. M. R. Stewart
Dorothy Davis
Alice Burns
Marie Bulder

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Neuman	G. Wilson	F. Northland
L. Traeger	E. Minahan	S. Schmidt
W. J. Weir	D. Capion	F. Wurzbacher
J. W. Bird	H. Theobald	W. Wise
J. Nimietz	E. Wilson	S. Fitzell
E. Shreke	R. Munsell	S. Lawson
R. Kusswurm		

INDIANS

H. Fischer	W. Chaveriat	A. Wiedner
H. Loeding	W. Wursbacher	L. Tenney
M. Shannon		

WHITE MEN

D. Caplow	J. Lawson	S. Fitzell
E. Minahan	W. Wise	F. Brusenbach

INDIAN WOMEN

Amy Knuerr	Irene Rohn	Hazel Stahl
Margaret Neumann	Mae O'Brien	Elizabeth Fellegi
Dorothy Schumacker		

THE DUNES PAGEANT

EPISODE NO. 6

(1834-1837)—CITY WEST - - - - - Gary, Ind.

JOSEPH BAILLY	- - - - -	A. Z. H. Chandler
JEAN	- - - - -	H. Spellman
MADAME BAILLY	- - - - -	Mrs. J. Ferguson
DAUGHTERS OF BAILLY	- - - - -	{ Dena Szold Carver
OLD PRIEST	- - - - -	{ Genevieve Michaely
YOUNG PRIESTS	- - - - -	- J. W. Thiel
MR. MORSE	- - - - -	{ J. Soultar
THE INDIAN	- - - - -	{ R. McClennan
SERVANTS	- - - - -	- L. B. Boyed
DANIEL WEBSTER	- - - - -	- M. Pinneo
MR. BIGELOW	- - - - -	{ J. W. Lyddick
MR. HOBART	- - - - -	{ R. Maloney
MR. BRADLEY	- - - - -	Harvey Watson
HARVEY BALL	- - - - -	- Bernard Syold
SALLY	- - - - -	Ralph Banks
		C. L. Brownell
		W. A. Baumgarten
		Rose Marie Cook

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Mrs. L. B. Boyd	Catherine Thomas	Miss Aronson
Mrs. John Lyddick	Mrs. Joseph Cothery	Anita Bailey
Mrs. J. C. Pisor	Mrs. H. J. Carr	Mrs. Paul Hake
Mrs. R. H. Snyder	Mrs. Bennett	Miss Grace McNeil
Mrs. A. B. Oren		

CITIZEN MEN

H. R. Snyder	B. Davidson	J. C. Pisor
S. Miller	W. Lowry	J. R. Bain
R. P. Smith	D. R. Jones	H. B. Snyder
C. L. Day	J. Cothery	F. A. Remenstein
G. B. Hoke	S. A. Huff	J. Dough
G. Sykes	G. C. Dooge	

CITIZEN GIRLS

Thelma Batezell	Bonnie May Ridgely	Jennie Hodges
Elizabeth Betts	Eileen Sibley	Grace MacNeill
Ellen Rooda	Aileen Szold	Ruth Dils
Martha Pisor	Miss Fannie Werner	Lillian Heflich
Miss R. Finkelstein		

CITIZEN BOYS

Clifford Hood	Leroy Cough	Edward Smith
Joe Sisson	Clarence Starkey	Fred Oren
		Harold Cox

INDIAN BRAVES

Donald Cameron	Rundell Wood	M. Isay
Harold Peterson	Ralph Hobson	B. Davidson
Zim Viant	John Kyle	John Smith
Eugene James		

INDIAN WOMEN

H. R. Jones	V. B. Young	R. Miner
Erna Bruns	Olive Richardson	J. C. Searing
R. Glassow	F. Gingel	Mrs. C. Day

CHILDREN

Myrtle Hancock	Marion Bain	Emma Bond
Martha Ridgely	Marion Carr	Virginia Moe
Marjorie Dils	Lucile Bryce	Dorothy Hansen

MEDICINE MEN

Milford G. Chandler	William R. Thompson	Geo. M. Pinneo
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THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

CAST OF THE DANCES

MISS MARY WOOD HINMAN

WAVES

Lola Besse
Helen G. Blaine
Jessie E. Blaine
Jessye Branscomb
Miriam Burkitt
Gertrude Chalmers
Margaret Clonan
Helen Collier
Gladys Day
Florence Dickson
Louise Doty
Genevieve Evans
Lillian M. Evans
Clara Fahrenbach
Margaret Fellegi
Maysie L. Gedultig
Ruth Haass

Florence Halin
Margaret Hartley
May Hartley
Laura E. Henning
Isabel Jarvis
Ida M. Joseph
Katherine Kitchen
Esther Kingsbury
Anna Lagergren
Lillian B. Lorscheider
Helen Martin
Katherine L. Mesereau
Pauline Mullin
Isabel H. Noble
Ethel Ormes
Lulu L. Ose

Bernadine Pech
Josephine Pech
Margaret Ridlon
Florence Roberts
Blanche Salzor
Ilona Schmidt
Bertha Seabury
Laura Terbush Sorenson
Margaret Stainers
Helen J. Strong
Louise M. Strong
Phyllis Swaim
Edna C. Taylor
Ruth Westlund
Anna Wey
Esther Williams
Miss Rowe

WINDS

Irene Bonamy
Pearl Carr
Edith Cobden
Louise Doty
Fannye S. Hart
Henrietta M. Heyn
Margaret W. Heyn

Emily Hillmann
Kathryn Holland
Margaret Hough
Edith Klampt
Isabelle Losee
Dorothea Pettkoske
Sylvia Regent

Maytie Sheldon
Virginia Smith
Mary Stripeka
Angela Voda
Gwendolyn Wells
Florence Williams
Elsie Zeit

NYMPHS

Madeline Kile
Margaret Kingsbury
Florence Lamb

Loretta Lamb
Marjorie Latimer

Ona Smith
Dorothy E. Winefield

TREE HEARTS

Dorothi Bock
Dorothy Dean

Helen Dean

Drucilla Schroder

BIRDS

Harriet Bendle
Mildred Gray
Frances Kilts

Genevieve Laubach
Virginia Pearson
Mary Philbin

Dorothy Roberts
Ruth Reid
Marion Smith

INDIANS

B. Davidsen
Milton Isay
Geo. M. Pinneo
Eugene James

Towner Root
Jack Watters
R. Wood

Don Cameron
Ralph L. Hodson
H. Peterson

INDIAN DANCE

INDIAN MAIDENS

Catherine Albright
Mary Baird
Jessie Bowen
Pearl Burford
Doris Davidson
Eva Dunlap
Elizabeth Graff
Mrs. Geo. Pinneo

Lucile Harris
Elizabeth Milgram
Marion Monroe
Freda Nyland
Rosella Ralph
Miriam Swartz

Louise Smith
Irene Spiker
Irma Stevens
Sylvia Tittle
Evelyn Vizena
Ruth West

THE DUNES PAGEANT



A Dune Forest

PHOTO BY A. L. FITCH

PROGRAM

MAY 30—2:30 P. M.

FLAG RAISING

on

**Mt. Tom, the highest point in The Dunes
By The Boy Scouts, of Kouts, Indiana**

In view from the Pageant Site

Flag donated by A. F. Knotts

THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF THE DUNES

THE PROPHET—I

To Nanabozho, the High Manitou,
Here on the place his fires made bare, the place
Where his great lodge was standing in the time
Before he first created men, I call,
And breathe my prayers upon the wind to him.

Great Nanabozho, send my soul thy dreams,
For I am thine—thy prophet—and my feet
Tread here thy sands, mine eyes turn to thy sun,
My hands
Scatter the sacred seed of thy desire;
Take me and fill me with thine ancient lore.

Here stood thy lodge when pale Tawiskaron,
Thy brother, stole the sun which thou hadst made,
And bridged thy waters with his flint-ribbed ice;
Here in the chase around the world's blue rim
Thou didst o'ertake him. Here the battle raged,
Jostling the stars apart, that fight of gods,
When thou didst break Tawiskaron asunder,
And from this place, when that dark battle ceased,
Thou didst forbid the prairie grass
Ever to heal the scars of thy dead fires.
Thy sacred ground is this, and wandering feet
Alone shall tread it through the lonely years.

Here shall the prophet's vision flame, the song
Of free and lofty trails, and purple smokes
Of dreaming fires ascend. The Dreamers come;
Show them through me the years of this thy home
Great Manitou; the tribes who trod this trail,
The trickling stream of life along thy waste,
The marching pageant of thy sacred sands.

*Note—Na-na-bó-zho, the manitou of life and summer. Ta-wis-ka-ron, the manitou of winter and death.

EPISODE I—1675

Marquette returning from his mission to the Illinois
Indians dies on the shores of Lake Michigan.

CHARACTERS:

PERE MARQUETTE
JACQUES

PIERRE PORTERET
AN INDIAN CHIEF

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Marquette: My children, my good friends, it grieves me so to burden you.

Pierre: Do not speak of it, Father. We are blessed not burdened.

Marquette: The way is long, my son, and cold. You have suffered much for me—suffered that I might complete my voyage. I have only asked of God that I might return to the mission at St. Ignace to die beneath its cross. I know that I should not have asked so much.

Pierre: Why do you say this Father? How can you know?

Marquette: If I had not asked too much it would be granted me.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

Pierre: Be of cheer, Father. The days grow warmer and we will take you there before another moon runs out.

Marquette: No, my son.

Jacques: For God's love, Father, do not lose heart.

Marquette: It is hard that I should burden you but I have few days left me and there are certain matters I must tell you. It is now four years since I went with Louis Jolliet among the Illinois. Four years and I had hoped before this time to bring them all God's message. They are my children, they love me well but my work with them I could not finish. You must carry my word back to my brothers. The Illinois must not be left in darkness.

My children, the end of my journey now is clear before me. Dear God, pardon me the work undone, and send a stronger spirit to go on with it. My children, you have heard of the claiming of these lands for the King. Hear me now and in your hearts bear witness. I too claim this land, these lakes and rivers, these hills and bitter sands. I claim them all in Christ, His Name, for Him. I claim—

This I must tell you, my sons, before I rest. We go on and as you paddle, I watch. I see now a place where you must beach your canoes and help me up the sands of a high point looking westward; and from that hill my soul goes home. There you shall make my grave and mark it with a cross. I had hoped to come to St. Ignace. It was too much to ask.

(Enter a group of Indians, threatening. Marquette raises the Calumet.)

My children, do you not know me? I am your brother. I am him you call the Black Gown.

You know me my children?

The Chief: You are the Black Gown who brought his medicine to the river of the Illinois last time of the harvest of the corn. I have seen your face; I have heard your voice but it was not so you stood, like a sick man, and spoke to the men of the Illinois.

Marquette: Not so, my son. That was last year.

The Chief: Is your medicine an evil medicine?

Marquette: It is a medicine of the Spirit, my son. I am weak but God is strong I am sick yet his love comforts me. Come nearer, my children.

Pierre: I beg you, Father, spare yourself.

Marquette: I shall not die before He wills it, Pierre. Let them come here that they may hear my voice.

(To the Indians.) Listen, my children, for I have come to teach you of the Life that lives for ever, of the Great Spirit who sees and pardons all, of the Virgin who intercedes for us in Heaven. Kneel down my brothers. All you who listen, whose hearts are open, who are ready to learn and love the name of God,—

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

THE PROPHET—II

Peaceful the Black Gown came. We welcomed him.
He taught his faith. We listened and we loved,
For he was patient, brave and kind. He lives
In drowsy annals of our winter nights.

But those who followed in the Black Gown's trail
Brought harsher magic, and a hopeless war.
Seeking the paths that we had never trod.
They searched the blue horizon for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas;
They spoke to us of mysteries, shoulder-wise,
As they with tireless footsteps hastened on.

So the four hunters in our mystic tale
Pursue each year the Bear who never dies,
And stain the woods of autumn with his blood
Till all the oaks and maples flame with woe,
And the still snows come down on them like sleep;
But in the spring the Bear awakes, his wounds
Healed, and the hunters take their bows and strike
The chase that follows through the fruitless years

La Salle, and Tonty of the Iron Hand,
Great captains in this idle pale-face quest,
Came hither long ago, and leagued the tribes
For some old king beyond the sunrise. These
Were strong-heart men, these finders of the way
Who hunted the great rivers to their ends—
Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold.
Wan children of the sheltered lodges, these
Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes
And trod our trails out with intrepid feet,
The Captains of the white man's outer march.

EPISODE II—1681

La Salle enters the Council of the Miami in the name of the King of France,
and flouts their Enemies of the Long House—the Iroquois,
who are pursuing a small band of Mohegan refugees.

CHARACTERS:

LA SALLE and Followers
MOHEGAN CHIEF and Followers

MIAMI CHIEF and Followers
IROQUOIS CHIEF and Followers

INDIAN WOMEN

The Mohegan Chief: Chiefs of the Miami Nation, we ask of you leave that we may speak in your council, for we are lost and wandering men far driven from our homes. We come to beg food and fire and shelter for our women and our children.

The Miami Chief: We know your trails. We have never refused food and fire to the wanderer nor to him who has no field or lodge to call his own.

The Mohegan: We are come from far to the sunrise, from the shores of the great salt water, we have been beaten in battle by our enemies, but give us food and rest and we shall again be ready to take the war trail to fight for you forever against your foes.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

The Miami: Who are the enemies who have taken from you your fields?

The Mohegan: The mighty nations of the Long House—the Iroquois—have driven us from our hunting-grounds.

The Miami: We have heard your speaking and the chiefs of the Miami nation will remember what you have said.

(Enter three Iroquois Chiefs.)

The Iroquois Chief: Chiefs and warriors of the Miami, we find here in your council our enemies. We speak in your council for the Five Nations, for the Iroquois. We speak to you as we do to all tribes who displease us. We find in your council speaking to you as chief to chief, before the fire, these whom we have broken who are our enemies, who shall not find with us, while the sun burns in the sky, peace nor rest from our warfare. We warn you, men of the Miami, drive them away, lest the Five Nations fall upon you and destroy you also.

The Miami Chief: The chief who speaks for the five Nations speaks in this council by our leave. We are not at war with the Iroquois; let him speak in peace.

The Iroquois Chief: We make no peace with these whom we have conquered, whose hate is strong against us forever, but whose hearts are the pale hearts of cowards.

The Iroquois Chief: My words to you are as the smoke from this brand, and into smoke shall your lodges go up in the night if you do not grant our demands, for the Five Nations are leagued with the English and as we are strong so are our friends and brothers. And the enemies of the English, the French, are the enemies of the Five Nations. Weak and skulking and cowardly beggars and thieves are those Frenchmen.

If you would not bring upon you the war of the Five Nations, sweep from your fires and your lodges these women of wandering feet, these cowards who have won only the hatred of the English and the mighty Long House of the Iroquois.

The Miami Chief: The men of the Iroquois stand near to our fire in this council.

The Iroquois Chief: The men of the Iroquois will tread out your fire if you defy them.

(Enter La Salle, followed by a small group of Frenchmen and a half-dozen Indian pack bearers.)

La Salle: Chiefs and men of the Miami nation, am I welcome?

The Miami Chief: The great captain of the Frenchmen is welcome to sit in council with the Miami.

The Iroquois Chief: The war chiefs of the Five Nations shall know who sits among you by the council fire.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

LaSalle: Before I speak to you I must blow from your fire the ashes which cover it. I must clean from your lodge the creeping snakes which contaminate it.

Dogs of the Long House, you have come into the lodges of my brothers with lies in your mouth. You tread here trails that I and my people have forbidden to the Iroquois. You speak here words you dare not speak when I stand before you, and that my brothers, the Miami, may know you and me I will show you my way in any council where we meet.

Go now with this shame upon you.

And now, chiefs of the Miami Nation, we bring you this gift of tobacco that its smoke may clear your heads for the better hearing of what I have to say.

And further, to cover the graves of your dead against the snows of winter I give you this gift of cloth woven by the Frenchmen beyond the great waters.

I have heard that a great chief of the Miami Nation has but lately died, and I bring you these hatchets that you may build a great scaffold in his honor; and these beads and bells that his kindred may be worthily dressed at the funeral feast. And, as your chief was a great chief, mighty in war and wise in council, and because I love you, men of the Miami, I will bring him back to life, and that this may be done I lay by your fire a gift that the women and children of his lodge may never be hungry.

The Miami Chief: We have heard your speaking. We cannot wonder that our brothers from the eastward wished to be your children. We should have wished it, too, if we had known how good it is to be your children.

La Salle: I speak to you for my master, the mightiest of the chiefs, beyond the water, the king of the land of France. His goodness reaches even to your dead and his subjects come among you to raise them up to life. It is well that you should obey his laws and make no war without the consent of Onontio, who commands, in his name, in Quebec. You have had causes for quarrel with your neighbors, to the westward, the Illinois, but their defeat has avenged you. They are still strong, but they wish to make peace with you. Be content with the glory you have won. Join with them; league with them, against the tribes of the Long House for, if the Iroquois destroy them they will next destroy you. Let us glorify the great king and live together in his protection, for this is his will, my will, the will of France upon this land. Will you, chiefs and men of the Miami, join with me and these children [indicating the Mohegans] and with the nation of the Illinois, against the black hearts of the Iroquois?

The Miami Chief: Great Captain of the Frenchmen, we make you the master of our beaver and of our lands, of our hearts and of our lodges. We take the great captain for our father because he is the son of the great king.

(Holding out to the chief two belts of wampum.)

La Salle: Chief of the Miami, I give you this day, these belts of wampum in token of the league we have made together, and the friendship that shall be forever between your people and mine and the men of Illinois. I have spoken.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

THE PROPHET—III

Across these drifting sands the drifting snows
Of many winters fall, and many springs
Fill the moist shadows with the gentian's blue,
And deeper sink the trails between the hills;
And treaties by my people's council fire
Bargain my people's hunting grounds away.

Then Pontiac, the last of our high sachems, rose
And with a mighty war-belt bound our tribes
To battle with the driving foe. These sands,
These sacred scars of Nanabozho's fire,
He trod, and conquered. Even now I hear
His drums resound * * * The war drums of our doom!
Great Pontiac falls.

The war belt breaks asunder. Peace to him,
And fortunate hunting in the woods of Death.

And now again the living hills move on,
And new tribes come, and banners yet unseen
Barn in the wind: The English and their kin,
The long Knives of Virginia, bring their war,
Their bitter war of father and of son,
Here to thy sands, O Manitou, and we,
Hating them both, laugh loud and go our way.

EPISODE III—1779

The Revolution in the Dune Country—(A) The British
flag gives place to that of Virginia at Little
Fort, or La Pay, on Fort Creek.

CHARACTERS:

GODFREY DE LINCTOT,
Commander at La Pay

VIRGINIA OFFICER,
Aide to George Rogers Clark

FRENCH PRIEST
FUR TRADERS

The Officer: Major De Linctot, I cannot return to Colonel Clark without knowing your decision.

The Parish Priest: My son, you can have in your heart no question of the justice of the American cause.

Major De Linctot: That is true, Father, but I cannot commit myself without further knowledge. Can you tell me, sir, what Col. Clark intends in this territory?

The Virginian Officer: You are aware, sir, that he has already taken certain British possessions to the southward and now holds the Illinois Country?

Major De Linctot: I know that. I am friendly to Virginia and to the American cause. But what does Col. Clark wish of me?

The Officer: He has need for a safe and resolute man. You will take possession of this territory; guard it in the name of Virginia and of the American states.

Major De Linctot: And what further?

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

The Priest: Knowing this much you must be aware of the inevitable steps which follow.

Major De Linctot: I have my reasons for wishing to know more.

The Officer: Then, sir, allow me to speak frankly. Col. Clark, if God pleases and his arms succeed against the British at Vincennes, will attack the position at Detroit. To do this a firm base must be established here near to the Lakes. It must be strongly manned and commanded with courage and discretion. You have been highly recommended to Col. Clark and he offers you the opportunity, the glory, and the risk of this undertaking. Will you accept it?

Major De Linctot: Now I understand what you wish. My friends and comrades, I have word here from the Virginian, Col. Clark, who commands the Americans at Kaskaskia. He calls upon us to help him.

A Trader: Ah, but Monsieur, we have nothing to do with the American's war.

Major De Linctot: We who are of French blood must join the American cause, because it is a just cause, and free, and fair to our religious liberties. France will not hang back when the hour comes. And you, my friends who have followed me—you will not fail me now. Col. Clark must take the West, and we must do our part, for the great future of the American State. Are you with me, *mes enfants*?

The way is clear before me.

Tell Col. Clark I accept his commission, and report to him further that I will, before the month is over, raise the Virginia flag over the fort on these Dunes which we call La Pay. I will hold this fort against the British if I am attacked and from it I will render what assistance I can when he is ready to march upon Detroit. But, meantime, I must come closer in his service.

The Priest: What do you mean, my son?

Major De Linctot: Over this fort of La Pay I will raise the Virginian Flag and I will leave it well guarded. Tell Col. Clark this and further that with all the force I can raise beyond this garrison I will come to his assistance against the forts to the south of the Illinois country. This is my decision, sir. Tell Col. Clark. I salute you.

The Revolution in the Dune Country—(B) The capture of the American expedition under Tom Brady, at Trail Creek (Michigan City) after his raid on the British Fort St. Joseph.

CHARACTERS:

TOM BRADY,

A citizen of Kaskaskia, in command

HAMELIN,

A French half-breed, also of Kaskaskia

FUR TRADER,

From the Illinois Country

MR. CHAMPION,

British fur trader of Fort St. Joseph

DEQUINDRE,

Commanding detachment from Ft. St. Joseph

SOLDIERS

INDIAN GUIDE

RANGERS AND TRADERS

Brady: These infernal sands will be the death of me. Marching, I do not mind, nor fighting, but packing the spoils of war across this Egypt—.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

Hamelin: This is no place to stop, Brady. Our trail is a plain as an army's.

Brady: And why not? We are an army. Consider, Lieutenant Hamelin, our exploits. We have pulled the beard of the British Lion. We have taken King George's Fort St. Joseph and burned it; confiscated, according to all the laws of war, the stores and military supplies of it.

Hamelin: We have the furs, Brady, but when their garrison comes back they will follow us. Where is that guide?

Brady: Now, my trusty Chief, answer the Lieutenant's question. Where are we?

The Indian Guide: Sand fields, by Sauk trail.

Hamelin: Is there a post near?

The Indian Guide: Little Fort, La Petite,—that way.

Hamelin: How far?

The Indian Guide: One day trail.

Hamelin: Too far, Brady, we can't make it without rest.
What camp-place is near?

The Guide: Trail Creek.

Brady: Who holds the Fort La Pay?

The Guide: The Long Knives, De Linctot.

Brady: Aha, the flag of Virginia! We are safe now, Hamelin. We have only to reach Little Fort.

Hamelin: Safe when we reach it.

Brady: Set down your contraband, lads. We will eat a bite before we go on and drink a toast to the American Cause in the British commander's liquor.

Brady: One moment, my friends. There is a small matter next to my heart I must be speaking to you about. Some of you are from the Cahokia district and the rest of you, by the grace of God, will be also, for I'll be getting you all lands if you choose to come and it's surely a place like Eden itself to be livin' in. Now in Cahokia, we'll soon be settin' up courts and I may as well admit to you that I've an ambition gnawing at my vitals to be the Sheriff. And this day, and in this excellent poteen which was left to us by the British commander, I want you all to promise me your votes.

(A drum is heard and a party of fur traders and British soldiers from St. Joseph appear over the Dunes from East, led by Mr. Champion. The men leave Brady and run.)

Mr. Champion: Who is in command here?

Hamelin: I am.

Mr. Champion: You are, prisoners, all of you. Down with your arms. Now pick up this property you have made off with and take it back to our camp by the portage.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Hamelin: What do you mean to do with my men, sir?

Mr. Champion: That will rest with our commander. He may have them shot as thieves or he may send them to Canada. Fall in!

Hamelin: You must have me carried or leave me. I am hard hit, sir.

Mr. Champion: Your own men can carry you.

(Enter by the same route as Mr. Champion and his party, a detachment of British soldiers led by Lieutenant DeQuindre.)

Lieutenant DeQuindre: Ah, so we have taken them, horse, foot and dragoons.

Mr. Champion: I believe we have recovered all the furs, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant DeQuindre: I am not thinking about the furs, Mr. Champion, but about the battle and the disposition of these prisoners of war.

Brady: Major, I yield no prisoner of war. I throw myself upon your mercy. I am willing to submit to any honorable parole.

DeQuindre: And who are you, sir?

Brady: I am Thomas Brady, sometime commander of this expedition, American volunteer.

DeQuindre: Ah, you the commander of this expedition?

Brady: I was Major in that misguided state of honor, but I am no longer.

DeQuindre: I shall require of you, Captain, certain information for my report and shall then submit you to the action of my superior officers.

Brady: I am quite at your service, Major, and anything I can do for the magnification and elaboration of your report is yours for the asking and in return, Major, for this assistance rendered to a victorious enemy, I hope to see you interesting yourself in my parole, for I am willing enough to swear never to bear arms against King George, God bless him, and I am hoping not to be sent to Canada for I have a secret ambition, Major, to go back to the Cahokia district where I may as well tell you there is a strong popular movement to make me Sheriff.

Mr. Champion: It is growing late.

Lieutenant DeQuindre: Quite right, sir. Men, fall in! Prisoners, take up your duffle. Forward, march.

THE PROPHET—IV

Still, still upon mine ears the beat of drums,
And scattered battles down the sunrise trails;
And here, across the frozen marshes to thy sands
Comes a new war-coat, and another flag
Crimson and gold, shadows the battle ground.

What do these nations warring far from home,
Smiting and bleeding, boasting high and loud,
All for a paper tracked with totem signs,
All for a medicine they never need?
What do these Spaniards on this winter trail,
Men of the sun-land, lost amid the snows,
Seeking the flag of England that has flown
These many moons above the English lodge?

THE DUNES PAGEANT

They call us children, and they claim our lands,
And make their paths across our fathers' graves,
These pale-face hunters, but not here—not here
Shall they find rest. And when they have marched by,
Thy winds, O Manitou, shall sweep their track,
And leave upon thy sacred sand's wan face
No ashen spot marked by their fiery flags!

EPISODE IV—1781

The Spanish, marching across Indiana, from St. Louis, take Fort
St. Joseph.

CHARACTERS:

LOUIS CHEVALIER, Interpreter
INDIAN RUNNER
CHARLES TAYON,
Second in Command
DON EUGENIO PIERROT,
Commanding the Expedition

SPANISH SOLDIERS
FRENCH SOLDIERS
AMERICAN RANGERS,
led by a Young Virginian
INDIAN RUNNER

Chevalier: Welcome, my brother. You come to speak for the chiefs of the Miami?

The Indian Runner: I come to carry your word, Chevalier, to my people.

Chevalier: First I give you these presents that you may remember my words, which are the words of our commander, the great Spanish captain, Don Eugenio. We ask of the Miami no help in this warfare. We do not seek the axes of your young men for our battles. The great Spanish captain, Don Eugenio, is strong enough.

The Indian: That is good, for our chiefs have promised not to fight against the English.

Chevalier: We know that the English have been your friends but they are false friends to you. We speak to the Miami for the three great nations who are at war against the English, the nations of the King of Spain, the King of France, and the American Government. We ask of the Miami only that they take no part in this warfare, that they carry no word of our march to the English and for this we promise to the Miami that when the English have been driven out from Fort St. Joseph, the Miami shall be free to carry away whatever is left, since our captain, Don Eugenio, seeks nothing but the flag of the English, which is over the fort.

The Indian: I take your words, Chevalier; I go back to my people.

Chevalier: Stop! Will the Miami do as I have bidden them?

The Indian: I do not speak with the smoke of the council fire in my mouth but the Miami will be pleased with your words, for they are good words, Chevalier, and true talk.

Tayon: Do you mean, Captain, to give the Miami all the fruits of our undertaking, as we have heard Chevalier promise?

Don Eugenio: I do, Monsieur Tayon.

The Virginian: This is a high price to keep the Miami out of it. For our part we would rather have fought them along with their English masters.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Don Eugenio: It may be useful to my country hereafter to have their friendship.

The Virginian: Their friendship is always for sale, Captain. But my people and the French have joined you at great expense and labor and hardship. We had hoped to pay our men from the takings of the English fort which you have now given to the Miami. We now believe, sir, that you and your Government have other motives for this expedition than those you have told us. Can you not treat us openly, Captain?

Don Eugenio: I have given away the spoils of this fort we are going to take because His Excellency, the Governor of New Spain, and my master, His Catholic Majesty, have no need for the stores of the fort. I have another purpose. I have come thus far and I mean to go on to haul down the English flag that flies over St. Joseph.

The Virginian: And what then, Captain?

Don Eugenio: Then I will raise another flag, the ensign of Spain.

Tayon: We have not been fairly treated in this, Captain. Our expedition represents the Americans and the French allied with Spain against the English,—not Spain alone. You command us by election because you brought more men than we.

The Virginian: Of what use can it be to you to fly the flag of Spain? I do not understand.

Don Eugenio: My friends, we are all allies against the English. What does it matter? I have my orders and I must obey them.

The Virginian: Don Eugenio, we have followed you thus far, long marches in the dead of winter, blindly, without question. Now you tell us you have orders of which we know nothing. We are near the end of the march and now we demand to know your instructions and your intent in this expedition.

Don Eugenio: I will tell you, sir, and you Tayon. I am ordered to take the British flag, to raise the flag of Spain, to proclaim in this territory and through the territory of Illinois, the sovereignty of His Catholic Majesty, Charles III, and of the Royal Government of Spain, to proclaim that this land is part and parcel of our province of the Floridas and secured to our dominion by our sovereignty of the Eternal River.

The Virginian: And if we forbid you to make this proclamation, sir, representing the force of France and of Virginia?

Don Eugenio: I have no discretion. We are allies.

Tayon: It is true, we are allies, and these great matters are to be decided far above our heads.

Don Eugenio: You are right, Monsieur Tayon. We have only to obey, but what we do, we three, our nations will do hereafter. To-day I command you and my orders leave me no discretion.

The Virginian: You are mistaken, captain. What we do to-day is merely what we can to-day. As you have said, these things are to be decided far above us.

Make your proclamation, but the destiny of Virginia, the destiny of the American nation which is to be, will smile at it in the years to come.

Don Eugenio: Your men will still be faithful, gentlemen? Forward!

(The expedition moves on toward Fort St. Joseph under the Spanish flag.)

THE DUNES PAGEANT

THE PROPHET—V

Now clearer grows my vision, Manitou.
I see the war-coats of the Long Knives thread
In a blue line, the sand fields of thy home.
I see yon portage made a house of war,
And our tribes gather round its gates. They tell
Of a new law, made by the Great White Father
In his high council—law for all the land—
Law for my peoples' justice in his sight.
But laws of his can never bind our hands,
As they can never bind his heart.

We hear

Far off the mutterings of the end of peace,
The peace we never loved. Now through our villages
Goes the black war-belt on its embassy,
And young men raise the hatchet to the sky,
And twixt their forts and our abandoned fields
The roads are closed. And by the midnight fires
The war song rises thundering on the wind.

The gates beside the river open wide.
They march, they march! O warriors of my dream,
Strike now. Behold the captive's trail from where
In the fulfillment of my peoples' hate,
The crimsoned beaches snared our enemies!

EPISODE V—1803

- (A) The Westward movement—Lieutenant Swearingen, leading a troop of U. S. regulars by the Detroit-Chicago Road to build a fort at the Chicago Portage, camps near Little Fort. He has been escorted to this point from Kinzie's Improvement, near Niles, by John Kinzie who in 1804, removed his trading post to Chicago.

CHARACTERS:

LIEUT. JAMES S. SWEARINGEN, JOHN KINZIE
DETACHMENT OF U. S. INFANTRY

Mr. Kinzie: And now, Lieutenant Swearingen, I must bid you farewell. You will see Major Whistler at the Chicago portage? I beg you to take him my regards.

Lieutenant Swearingen: I must thank you heartily, Mr. Kinzie, for the hospitality at your Improvement on the St. Joseph. We have had a long march from Detroit and the rest there was most welcome.

Mr. Kinzie: I have no intention of inquiring into your orders, Lieutenant Swearingen, unless it should be proper and discreet for you to tell me. You go to Chicago. Do you purpose to camp there?

Lieutenant Swearingen: I am surprised that you have not heard, Mr. Kinzie. Major Whistler is to build a garrison there. I had understood that it was partly on your recommendation that the place was selected.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Mr. Kinzie: I had indeed suggested the value of a post near the Portage. I am delighted to know of your plans. Sooner or later I shall hope to establish myself in the Illinois and Wisconsin country, a great region for the fur trade, bare and lonely, and this trail of the sand hills is a proper gateway to it. To the eastward the settlements are creeping in, and I, for one, like to be close to the real frontier. Good luck to your garrison at Chicago.

Lieutenant Swearingen: Amen. For, if it doesn't thrive, there are bad times to come with the Potawattomies. Let us hope for the best. Good bye, sir.

(B) Refugees from the Fort Dearborn massacre being carried to Mackinaw by canoe, camp on the Indiana shore and are rescued by the strategy of Chandonnai.

CHARACTERS:

CAPTAIN NATHAN HEALD
MRS. REBEKAH HEALD
CHANDONNAI, a Half Breed

A POTTAWATOMI CHIEF
A SQUAW
A SMALL GROUP OF INDIANS

The Chief: No. The white squaw shall not speak with the white captain.

Captain Heald: Chief, I have something to tell you about the white squaw.

Chief: No. I will not hear. White squaw white devil.

Heald: If I were with my people, I would give you gifts to open your ears. But I can not do that now. Only this you should know. The white squaw, my wife, is of the family of Epi-con-yare, the bravest of our chiefs. You knew him, both at Fort Miami and Fort Dearborn. We called him Captain Wells.

Chief: Is the white woman of the tribe of Epi-con-yare?

Heald: Yes.

Chief: He killed three of my brothers yesterday.

Heald: He was a brave man.

Chief: That is true talk.

Mrs. Heald: Nathan! Nathan!

Captain Heald: Rebekah!

Mrs. Heald: Speak quickly while we may. Where are they taking us?

Captain Heald: To the fort at St. Joseph, I believe.

Mrs. Heald: For what fate?

Captain Heald: I can not tell. Perhaps to sell us to the British. Perhaps—

Mrs. Heald: And Chandonnai—where is he?

Captain Heald: I do not know. What of him?

Mrs. Heald: He saved me yesterday—bought me and brought me to this band. I thought it was so that we might be together.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

Captain Heald: I thought he meant us well. But he is gone now. He may have changed sides again—God knows. We can trust none of them.

(An Indian woman comes forward with food, which she offers to Mrs. Heald.)

The Squaw: Will the white squaw eat—Epi-con-yare?

Mrs. Heald: I thank you.

Mrs. Heald: That's the way of it all, Nathan.

Heald: Yes, Rebekah.

Mrs. Heald: Tell me, Nathan—why did you lead us out? Why did you not hold the Fort?

Heald: My orders left me no choice, Rebekah.

Mrs. Heald: You could not have delayed?

Heald: It was my duty to obey.

Mrs. Heald: But Lieutenant Helm said we might have waited.

Heald: Lieutenant Helm was not responsible for my actions. I know he did not wish to take the risk.

Mrs. Heald: There were warnings, then?

Heald: Yes—from Black Partridge, days ago; from Kinzie; from your uncle, Captain Wells.

Mrs. Heald: So uncle advised you to wait?

Heald: No. He advised me to march. But he warned me. He was a brave spirit—and now—

Mrs. Heald: I saw him die—yesterday.

The Chief: White Captain, we go back. Chandonnai has lied to us. He gave us his word to meet us here with the price for you and the white squaw in his hand. He has not come. We go back.

Heald: Where do you mean to take us?

Chief: To our own village, to our own fire.

Heald: Fire?

Chief: We will see if the white Captain and the squaw of the Epi-con-yare are so brave as they say.

Mrs. Heald: He means the torture?

Heald: Yes. God forgive me, Rebekah.

We will not go. You may kill us now, but we will not go back.

Chief: You will go back.

Heald (Firmly): No.

(Enter Chandonnai.)

Chandonnai: The white squaw is my prisoner. I, Chandonnai, bought her.

Chief: That is true, Chandonnai. But the white Captain is not yours.

Chandonnai: I bring you the price for the white Captain.

(He offers money in a leather bag.)

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

The Chief: I will not sell the white Captain. He shall go to the fire of my village.

Chandonnai: You will not sell? You pledged me yesterday—

Chief: I will not sell the white Captain.

Chandonnai: I am sorry. The white squaw is mine. I thank you for bringing her here for me. For this I bring you a gift.

(Holds up a demijohn of whisky.)

The Chief: Bring me the gift, Chandonnai.

Chandonnai: Come for it. It is not a little gift.

(He starts to pour out the whisky.)

Chandonnai: Take this. As you live, never speak of what I have done. Trust me.

To the Indians): They are mine—they are both my prisoners.
White Captain, give up your knife.
Now, prisoners, we go on to the Fort Saint Joseph. Take them on.

THE PROPHET—VI

Manitou, these are idle things. I see
Through all the flame and fight, the winter fall;
We come from barren councils home to beg
For food. And while we stand aside and sulk,
Desiring war but never daring it,
The pale face beaver people build their dams,
The furrows creep across the hunting grounds,
And foolish treaties bind us to our woe.
Their beaver work stands firm against the frost
While eagles flee before the winter stars.

Our trail leads on to sunset and the night,
And all the lands we wandered, all our fields
Are lost. But here the Manitou abides.
Here where the great White Hare first took the sands
Caught in the diving Muskrat's claw, and made
The solid earth to grow from it, and made
The warm sea thunder back from its new shores;
Here where thy lodge of cloud was lifted high,
Red Nanabozho, and the strife of gods
Struck the first fire—here shall thy spirit dwell.
The footprints of thy ever-living tread
Shall waste in beauty under changing skies;
Thy medicine and magic of the soul,
Of wrongs forgotten, peace, and brotherhood
Shall bloom forever 'mid thy sacred hills.

And I depart, fulfilled of dreams, thy seer,
Leaving thy house forever to thy sons,
My brother-spirits, dreamers, wanderers,
Who dance upon the dunes beneath thy stars
And lift their hearts to thy mysterious night,
And light new fires upon thine ancient hearth.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

EPISODE VI—1834

City West at the mouth of Little Fort Creek, is surveyed with the idea that it may be the metropolis of the West. Daniel Webster is induced to visit the site with a view to obtaining harbor improvement.

CHARACTERS:

MONS. JOSEPH BAILLY,
Of Baillytown, Fur Trader
JEAN, Factor for Bailly
MME. BAILLY
A PRIEST
MR. MORSE

MR. BIGELOW
MR. HOBART
SALLY
DANIEL WEBSTER
MR. BRADLEY,
Proprietor of Bradley House

A LITTLE GIRL, CITIZENS, LADIES AND CHILDREN

Bailly: What does this mean, Jean? This Sauk man says he has brought us all his catch of beaver and that you would not give him new traps and that his supply of powder is too small.

Jean: That is true, Monsieur, but he did not tell you how small was his catch.

Bailly: You mean you paid him the full value of his beaver?

Jean: I paid him more, Monsieur.

The Indian: I bring all my pelts to him. I have not great catch, but I bring all.

Jean: He brought us only thirty pelts, Monsieur.

The Indian: My catch was good. I lost many by my canoe which sunk. I bring you all I had.

Bailly: Give him his traps, Jean. He is a good hunter. I will trust him another season.

Jean: Oui, Monsieur.

Bailly: And Jean—have I not often told you, trust the Indian who is a good hunter. He is always right in his accounts, whether you see the pelts or not. You will go back to my house, Jean, and give him the goods. We are to wait here for the Father.

Bailly: You are most welcome, Father.

The Priest: I am very glad to see you, Joseph.
My brothers, this is Monsieur Bailly, who has come to meet us. I commend him to you and you to him. His house has been a home for us, a refuge for churchmen in this wilderness the past ten years.

Morse: Ah, Mr. Bailly, we are delighted to see you in City West.

Bailly: In City West, sir?

Morse: Yes, sir. That is what we have decided to name the town and this is the site of it. Come again a little later, sir, and you will find the new hotel ready to receive you.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Bailly: I thank you, sir. I shall wait for the new hotel.

Bigelow: Mr. Bailly does not seem friendly to our city.

Bailly: I have not seen your city.

Morse: But you will, Mr. Bailly, next year. We are just beginning the survey.

Bailly: If your hopes do not fade as mine have, gentlemen. These sands are strewn with hopes of cities that have never come to be. A little to the westward you will find my town surveyed. Beyond that, Monsieur Beaubien's. Beyond that, Chicago, and to the eastward, Michigan City, and all these, like yours, are cities in hope that may never be more than hopes. We will wait. Gentlemen, I wish you well.

(Three years later—1837. Enter women and children.)

Children: Is it true? Is he really coming? Is it Daniel Webster, himself?

Mr. Hobart: Yes, children—yes, yes, yes—be quiet. Now listen to me. The great Mr. Webster, Daniel Webster, is coming. I want you all to come out to meet him very politely. And where are the little girls with the flowers? Do you all know what to do, little girls?

The Little Girls: O yes, sir, we know.

One Little Girl: We are all to throw the flowers, sir, and Sally is to say her speech, and—

Mr. Hobart: Where is Sally?
Do you know what you are to say, Sally?

Sally: O yes, Mr. Hobart.

Mr. Bigelow: Hurry, Mr. Hobart, hurry. Is everything in readiness?

Mr. Hobart: I am just trying to get the children instructed—

Mr. Bigelow: It is a very important occasion, Hobart. A great day for City West. Where is Mr. Morse? We must make a good impression upon Mr. Webster—the attitude of Congress and of the nation may depend on what he thinks of our city—

Mr. Morse: He's coming, gentlemen. He's coming. Mr. Webster has taken a carriage up from the stage post. Is everything in readiness? Bradley should be here, too. Have you made all the preparations?

Mr. Hobart: I believe so, Mr. Morse. Will you welcome him, sir?

Mr. Morse: If you please, gentlemen. Now I had thought of saying something about his legal learning, and his tremendous services to the cause of the Constitution and the nation. And then something about his being the guiding star of the Whig party, and then—

Mr. Bigelow: O, I wouldn't do that, Mr. Morse. He knows all that. Tell him about City West—the metropolis of the future—

Mr. Morse: Possibly you can make the address yourself, Bigelow —

Mr. Bigelow: Not for the world, Mr. Morse—I only—

(Enter Daniel Webster in a carriage.)

THE DUNES PAGEANT

Sally:

We greet you, sir, for City West
Which here you see, the loveliest
Of hamlets on this lonely shore,
And if you will but raise your voice
In distant Congress for our choice
A hamlet shall it be no more.

For words of yours can move the hills
And dig the sands and turn the mills
And give our harbor high renown;
We greet you, sir, for City West
The youngest and the loveliest,
And crave your favor for our town.

Mr. Morse: Mr. Webster, in welcoming you to City West we are deeply conscious of the honor you do us in coming. For City West, sir—

Mr. Webster: City West, gentlemen—I do not understand. I do not see. (He looks about for the city).

Mr. Bigelow: That's just what everybody says—

Mr. Morse: The dwellings of our citizens, Mr. Webster, are just beyond the dunes yonder. But you are standing where our public square is to be. Our city is in the future, sir, but we have a magnificent site, and at the mouth of our little river a magnificent harbor—also in the future, sir. May I present to you this map, showing the survey of the proposed harbor, with its soundings? And may we hope, as good Whigs and your most loyal supporters, for your influence in Congress on our behalf?

Mr. Webster: Fellow citizens, who dwell, as our country dwells, in the rosy hope of the years to come, I salute you—men and women of the inland frontier. You petition me, and I am honored in replying to your greeting. For how is it with this inland frontier? How is it along the vast lakes and mighty rivers of the north and west—the theatre of our nation's future? Do our constitutional duties terminate where the water ceases to be salt? I never could doubt about this, and yet, my friends, I remember participating in a warm debate in the Senate, upon the constitutional right of Congress to build a pier in the harbor of Buffalo. That argument is over, but your case is parallel, gentlemen, and hopeful. We are citizens of the whole land, and citizens of this republic can not sever their fortunes. Let us then—you far and few, the pioneers of the inland frontier, and we, the men of the original states, stand by the Constitution. Let it be a truth engraven on our hearts that we have One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny.

(Mr. Webster enters his carriage and is driven away.)

Mr. Bigelow: He took our survey with him.

Mr. Hobart: He's even greater than the papers have made him out.

Mr. Morse: A great man, my friends, and a gracious presence. He made no promises, but I feel sure the account of our prospects which he took with him will bear fruit. We ask Congress for so little—a mere matter of five thousand dollars for harbor improvement—and we offer so much—a new metropolis for the West, a great lake port for the state of Indiana. I have great hopes, gentlemen.

Mr. Bigelow: Ah, here's Bradley.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

Mr. Morse: Bradley, you should have been here. Daniel Webster has just driven off. He made a great speech, and he's taken a copy of our survey, and our prospects. What's the matter, man?

Mr. Bradley: Mr. Morse, can you raise twenty thousand dollars to save our prospects?

Mr. Morse: No, sir. What do you mean?

Mr. Bradley: I have just had word from our Cincinnati bankers. They warn us that we can expect no capital—that they can, only with difficulty, hope to survive the financial crisis of the year. Similar news from Detroit. Congress will not even hear our petition. Mr. Morse, we can not proceed without large sums of money. The warehouse must be stocked—the harbor dredged. I have no more. Our city is done for.

Mr. Bigelow: You say the country faces a financial crisis. I have heard reports, but this is—

Mr. Bradley: A crisis—Bigelow, it's a national disaster. Read that.
(He hands over a newspaper.)

Mr. Morse: Well, gentlemen, what's to be done?

Mr. Bradley: Nothing. The game's up. City West goes the way of many another great scheme.

Mr. Morse: My friends, I've a confession to make to you. I've been as hopeful as any of you—worked as hard, paid as much. But I must confess, now that it's over, that I never believed, down in my heart, that we could tame these sands to city ways. Moonlight nights, most of all, I've come out and looked over these dunes. They could never bear to have streets upon them. They could never be broken to business. They're beautiful, but God made them just to play in the breeze. We wanted to do something else with them—we had great commercial ambitions for them—but we may as well leave them, my friends, as they are, for the Indians, and the children, and the winds of heaven.



PHOTO BY LEWIS B. MAYO

The Pathway of the Winds

THE DUNES PAGEANT

DANCES INTERPRETIVE OF THE DUNE COUNTRY

MARY WOOD HINMAN
Director



"Come out unto these yellow sands
And there take hands
* * * kiss'd
By the wild wave's mist."

—*The Tempest.*

DANCE OF THE WINDS AND WAVES

The winds and the waves playing upon the yellow sands build the Dunes.

"Look, when the clouds are blowing,
And all the winds are free;
In the fury of their going,
They fall upon the sea."

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the winds' feet shine along the sea."
—*Coleridge.*

DANCE OF THE SHORE BIRDS

Borne on the swift current of the wind the Sand Pipers alight upon the new formed shores and lightly dance with slender feet on the silvery sands.

"Flutter on the shore,
Saucy birds!
Foaming waves will roar,
Merry words!
See—they follow after—
Bold are they!
Dance on wings of laughter—
Fly away."

Written for The Dunes Pageant by
Harriet Monroe.

THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

DANCE OF THE WOOD NYMPHS

The Wood Nymphs of the forest find this new enchanted spot and dedicate it as their sanctuary.

"* * * Who made the sun,
Clothed you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
God!—let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let ice plains echo God!"

—Coleridge.

"Return, O dreams of my heart,
And sing in the Summer twilight;
By the creek and the almond thicket,
And the field that is bordered with lupins."

—Mary Austin.

THE SORROWING TREE-HEART

Among the Wood People is one Tree-Heart who feels the approaching doom of the Dunes. She strives to overcome her fear and to join her sisters in their dance, but dread once more overtakes the sprite and she reveals her secret woe, begging them to join her in pleading for the PRESERVATION OF THE DUNES.

Mute are the waves and the woodland, still with dread, still with dread.
Silent the shores and the treetops; hope is dead, hope is dead.
"Grant us these haunts of beauty, Heart of Man, Heart of Man!
Do but thy tith of duty to Great Pan, to Great Pan.
Gladly He'll give thee guerdon, free as air, free as air—
Lifting the heavy burden of thy care, of thy care!"
Written for The Dunes Pageant by

Mabel McIlvaine.

DANCE OF THE INDIANS

The Indian warriors and their women rejoice in the discovery of the enchanted Dune Country favored by Great Manitou, as are all particularly beautiful spots. They adopt it as their home land, performing here the ritual of the Calumet by which the place is consecrated to Peace, Love and the Fireside.

"On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
He the Master of Life descending
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together . . .
Spoke to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses
Warning, chiding spoke in this wise:
'O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom . . .
Wash the war-paint from your faces
Wash the blood stains from your fingers.
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace Pipes.
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
[Raise] the Calumet together,
And as brothers live hence forward!'"

—Longfellow.

"Far stars and fair in the skies bending
Low stars of hearth fires and wood smoke ascending,
The meadow lark's nested
The night hawk is winging;
Home through the star-shine the hunter comes singing."

—Mary Austin.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

REVIEW

RALLY TO THE COLORS

THE CALUMET

FRENCH FLAG

BRITISH FLAG

SPANISH FLAG

UNITED STATES FLAG

THE PROPHET BEARING THE UNITED STATES FLAG LEADS THE SINGING OF
"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Under the Direction of C. Gordon Wedertz

Overture—International Fantasia - - - - - Rollinson
French National Defile March - - - - - Turlet
Old English Airs - - - - - arr. by Sargent
Hymne de Riego (Spanish National Hymn)
Indian War Dance - - - - - Bellsted
Battle Hymn of the Republic
Incidental Marches, Bugle Calls, etc.

MUSIC FOR THE INTERPRETIVE DANCES

Prelude in G Minor (Winds and Waves) - - - - - Rachmaninoff
Shepherd's Hey (Birds) - - - - - Grainger
Deep River (Nymphs) - - - - - Coleridge-Taylor
Serenade (Nymphs) - - - - - Drigo
Dagger Dance from Natoma (Indians) - - - - - Herbert
Polovetian March (Indians) - - - - - Borodin
Star Spangled Banner

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Miss Mary Glassow	Miss Holbrook	

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Work of Preservation**

I hereby apply for membership in the Association. I enclose one dollar
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Name

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Sign anyway without the dollar and give us the help of your interest.

THE DUNES PAGEANT

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THE DUNES UNDER FOUR FLAGS

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Prairie Club
Municipal Art League
Chicago Historical Society
Arche Club
Chicago Chapter D. A. R.
Chicago Woman's Club
Gary Departmental Club
Chicago Woman's Out-Door Art League
Lake View Woman's Club
Woodlawn Woman's Club
Every Woman's Literary Club
Rogers Park Woman's Club
Oak Park Sorosis
Ravenswood Woman's Club
Daughters of Indiana
Wicker Park Woman's Club
The Ridge Woman's Club
Southern Woman's Club
Martha Washington Club
Warren Woman's Club
St. Charles Woman's Club
Terre Haute Woman's Club
Sherman Park Woman's Club
Chicago Teachers' Federation
La Grange Woman's Club

Chicago Lawn Woman's Club
Woman's Club of Chicago Heights
Hammond Woman's Club
Chicago Literary Score
The Every Day Club of Chicago
Roseland Woman's Club
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Woman's Club of Hinsdale
Armington Woman's Club
Chicago Political Equality League
Woman's Club of Wilmette
Chicago Div., Ill. State Teachers' Assn.
Chicago Woman's Aid
Woman's Club of Evanston
Woman's Club of Joliet
Lowell Woman's Club (Indiana)
West Side Co-Educational Club
Central Eleanor Club
The Ind. Ger.-Amer. Woman's Club
East Chicago, Ind., Woman's Club



Thomas Wood Stevens
Author of the Book

THE SILENT SANDS

How still it is! no motion in the leaves,
 The restless waves are silent on the shore,
 The quiet noontide shadows creep no more,
 The grey tern's cry low murmurs on the breeze.

Upon the sandy height sleep solemn trees;
 The spirit, islanded from city's roar,
 In this deep silence lulled, seems evermore
 In Fancy's realm to wander where it please.

Hush! in my heart enmeshed in tangled care
 The voice of this sweet solitude is heard;
 When, worn by strife, forth to the forest fare,
 Seek shining sands and floating clouds afar;
 Flood thy tired soul with evening song of bird,
 In brooding sky adore the evening star.
 —Florence Holbrook.

SAVE THE DUNES

The National Dunes Association is incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana, with its home office in the City of Gary, Indiana. Its objects are to secure, establish, improve and perpetuate a public natural park or parks along the southerly shore of Lake Michigan. In order to attain the objects of the Association it is necessary to have advocates and funds. A large membership and substantial contributions are therefore desired. Every member is requested to secure at least two other persons for membership, and to promote, in every way possible, the objects of this Association.

There are two funds, the Park Fund and the Expense Fund. The Park Fund is composed of membership fees and contributions to such fund, which is to be used exclusively for the purchase or improvement of the Park. All money contributed to this fund may be sent to the Association at Gary, or, if so desired, may be deposited in a local bank, which bank shall have been first approved by the Board of Directors of the Association, and such fund shall remain in said bank until needed to carry out the objects of the Association, whereupon it shall be subject to draft by the Association.

The Expense Fund is composed of special contributions for expense purposes only. This fund alone can be used for the cost of printing, stationery, postage and other necessary expenses.

Unless within five years, from the first day of May, 1916, the park has been secured or there is a reasonable prospect of its being secured soon, the Park Fund shall be returned to the several respective contributors.

The annual meeting of the members of this Association shall be held at the office of the Association in the City of Gary, Indiana, on the first Saturday of April, at 2 P. M., and no notice of such meetings, other than this, will be given.

