


Native Americans and the Hawks Family

At Aztalan 1837 - 1840

A tall, feathered headdress with a central crest and long, flowing feathers.

"The Chief Osuchka was very sick from bilious fever, when father came, and given up to die by his attendants, who were having a grand pow-wow of mourning. Father went right into his wigwam, and understood at once what was needed, as he knew something of medicine. So he administered a heroic dose of calomel in the form of the old time "blue pill," and the result was a rapid recovery of the old fellow, who was prompt in expressing his gratitude, and calling the tribe together told them of what Estockara (big medicine) had done for him that he was a great medicine man and his friend. He owed his life to his new white neighbor, whose safety he should always guarantee. There fore he said, my command to you everyone is that his family be protected, and supplied with game, fish, honey and maple sugar. This command was faithfully observed and I have heard my father say that these Indians were the best neighbors he ever had and that an Indian's word was always good. The Chief Osuchka, his son Cicinkata and the -- Ochukata spent nearly every evening at the log cabin playing checkers which game father taught them. They were so fond of this that they would play as long as allowed, taking up...of time when father would tell them to "puck a chee," which meant vamoze. The old Chief became a very proficient player, and my father who excelled at the game was occasionally beaten to the great delight of his red neighbors. Father also traded with the Winnebagos and accepted buffalo robes, otter, mink, fox muskrat, and deer skin in exchange for calico, groceries. Beads and trinkets were in good demand and common brown sugar exchanged even weight for maple sugar. Just before he left his farm and trading post to go to Milwaukee the squaws made and presented to my father a full dress suit of the finest buckskin, including head dress and moccasins, all stitched beautifully and ornamented with bead work. During the progress of the work, the women would come down to measure and fit, and they would have lots of fun over it. They wished it kept a secret until finished so they could take father with a squad of Indians and visit some of the new white settlers, to see if he could be passed off as an Indian. This was at last carried out and successfully, to the great enjoyment of all the red people.

Scrapbook Nelson C. Hawks

At Delafield 1840's - 50's

"My Nurse an Indian girl eleven years old, named Sarah McComber given to Mother by Mrs. A. G. Miller we all loved her. Her death of scarlet fever was a great loss. She was buried at Nashotah the first burial in that cemetery."

"Cold weather reminds me of Mother's kindness to an old Indian who came one raw day late in the fall and warmed himself before the Franklin stove. His moccasins were old ragged and sopping wet. Mother made him take off his moccasins and she got a pan of warm water to wash his feet. Meanwhile going upstairs and bringing down a pair of yarn stockings and a pair of new moccasins. These she put on his feet with her own hands and you never saw a happier and more surprised Indian".

N. C. Hawks - Letters to his Sister Fanny

