

After years of litigation,
Legal battles, bitter fights,
Comes the passing of the Fur Farm,
Giving way to public rights.
Soon the barrier will be lifted,
Court decisions swept aside.
With U. S. flooding of the Delta,
All in common must abide.

Then the Indian, naught to hinder,
In canoe may go his way,
Through Trempealeau marsh and bottom
To the haunts of early day;
And the sportsmen, nature lovers,
May go forth with rod and reel,
On the waters, now forbidden,
Unmolested fill their creel.

True, the muskrat, houses flooded,
Likewise, too, the mink and coon,
Must migrate from the area,
But new homes they'll find soon.
And the game fish, now impounded,
Up the Trempealeau River'll go,
When the Delta gates are opened,
So the water through will flow.

And when the storms of Autumn
Start the ducks on southern flight,
We'll see an old-time picture,
As the northern birds alight.
There again will grow the lotus,
Wild rice, celery and duck weed—
Ample food from Nature's planting,
On which all the birds may feed.

When, at last, the Nine-foot Channel
Uncle Sam's new waterway,
Has submerged the weeds and mudflats
In Trempealeau marsh and bay,
On the past we'll drop the curtain,
The bitter fight will be forgot,
Then again with admiration



The Delta Gates Closed and the Entrance Filled with Brush and Rock, to Prevent Their Being Opened, Shutting Out the Fish from This Vast Spawning Ground