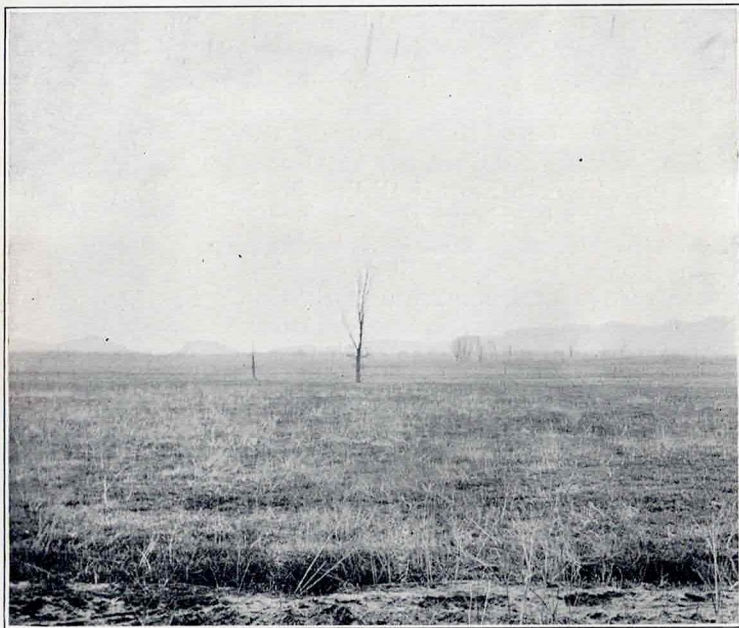




THE UPPER MARSH BEFORE DRAINAGE



UPPER MARSH AFTER DRAINAGE

THE VOICE OF TREMPEALEAU MARSH

Barren lake beds, waste and ruin,
Monuments that mark my fate;
Living things: fin, fur and feather,
Driven out beyond my gate.
Lillies, lotus, mammoth rice fields,
Homes and food for wild life gone—
All destroyed by worthless dredging,
No place left where fish can spawn.

Lakes Puldoo and Wilson linger—
They to drainage would not bow;
Pony crossing too, defiant,
Miring deep the tractor plow.
Livestock perish in the ditches,
Treacherous quicksand victims claim—
The drainage project proved a failure,
Ruined a paradise for game.

O'er the rustle of the rushes,
On the wind that whistles through,
An S-O-S call I am sending
To broadcast my fate to you;
I'm a devastated area,
Shorn of value by the dredge,
Give me back the Trempealeau River,
A wild life refuge I will pledge.