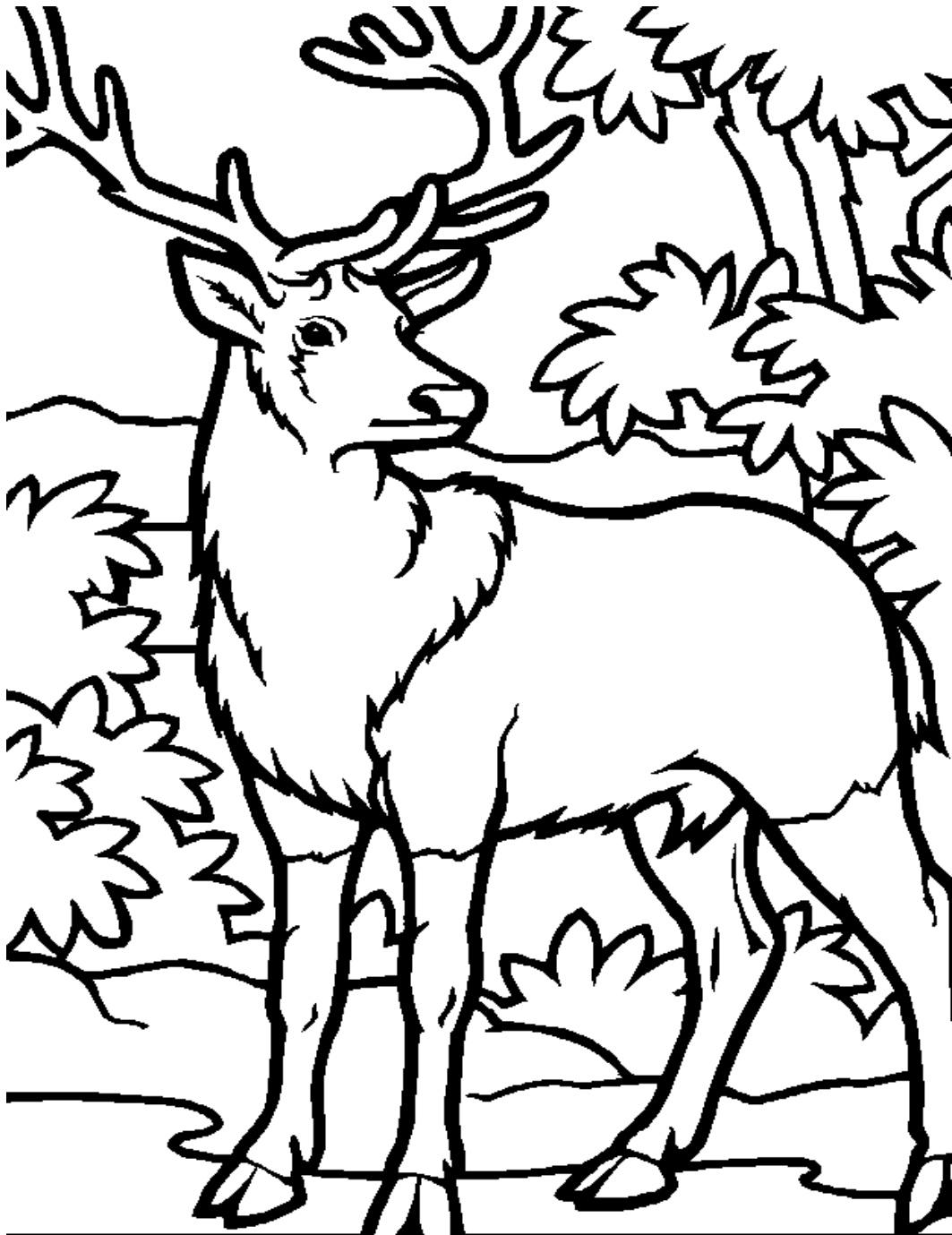


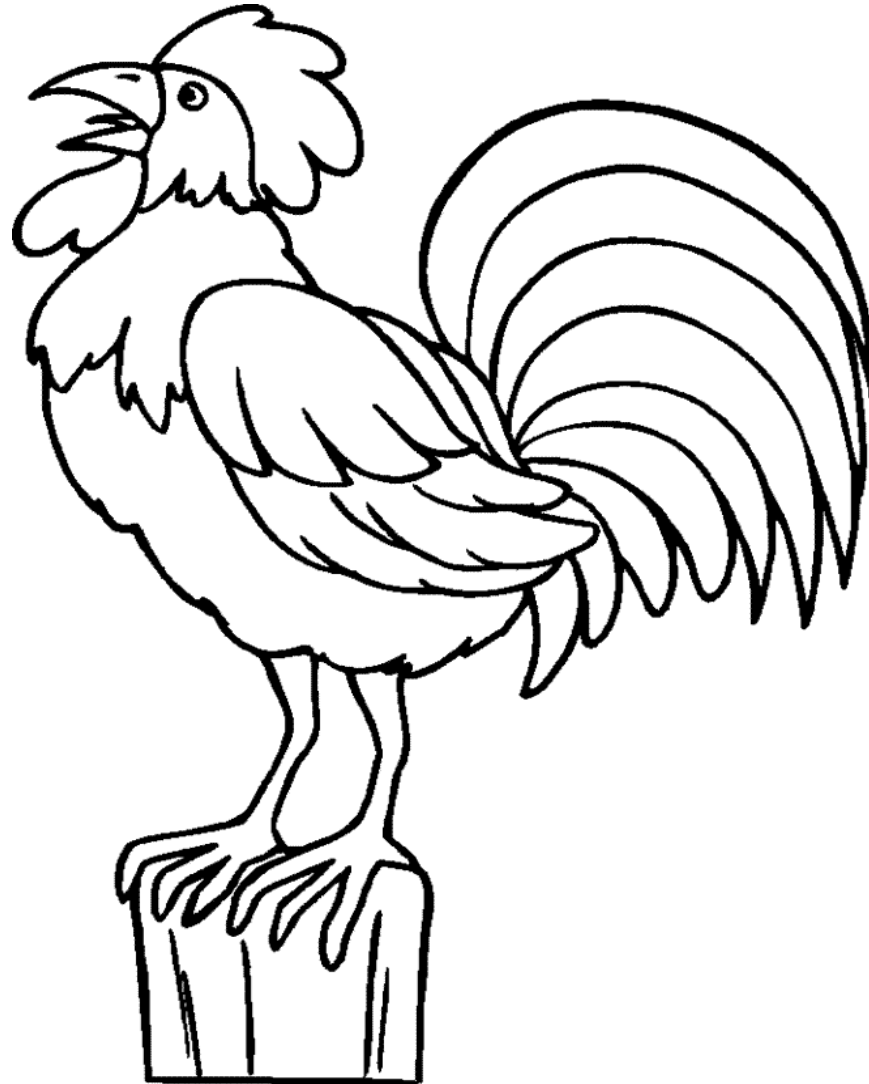
# Ecorse River Ramblings: An Ecorse Creek Coloring Book





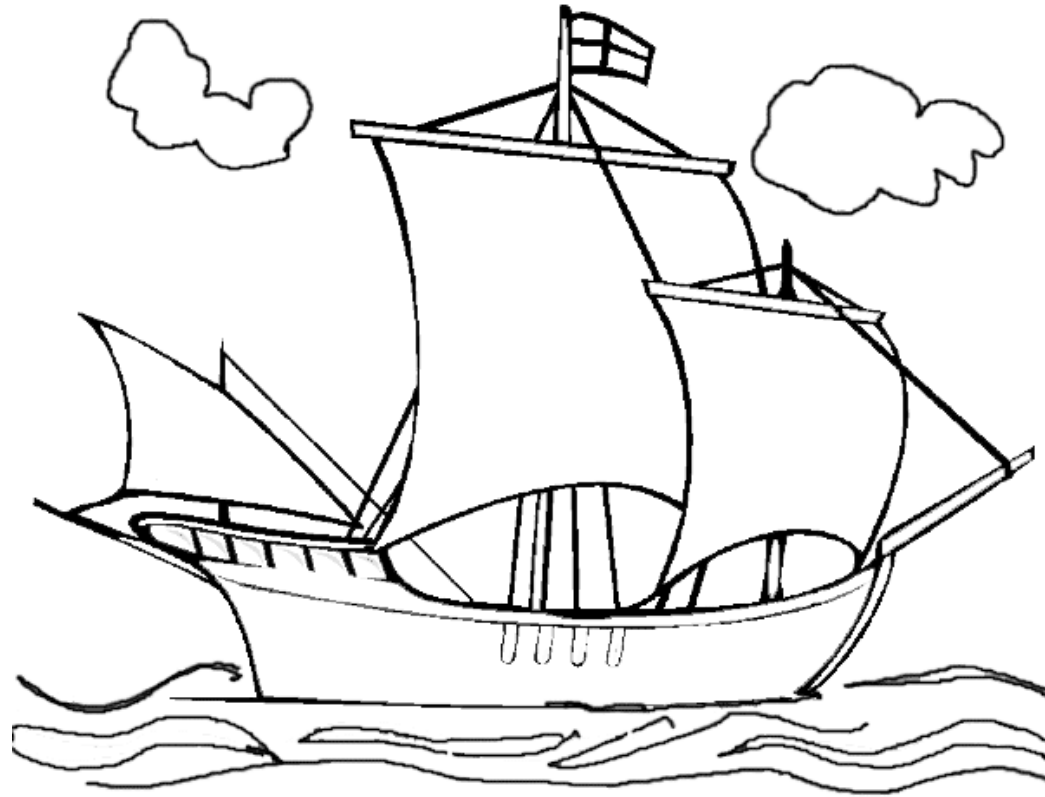
I am La Riviere aux Ecorces which is French for ‘the River of bark.’ The French translated my name from the Huron language. Legend has it that the Huron Indians buried their chiefs near my banks after wrapping their bodies in the bark of the trees that grew along my banks.

French and British settlers came to farm beside me after the American Revolution. Some of the first roosters crowing on my banks came from the farms of the Labadies, Campaus, Saliots, and Roberts families.



The French and British and Americans fought over ownership of me and the land surrounding me. In 1763, an Ottawa Chief, Pontiac, called a meeting on my banks. “We will throw out the English,” he vowed.



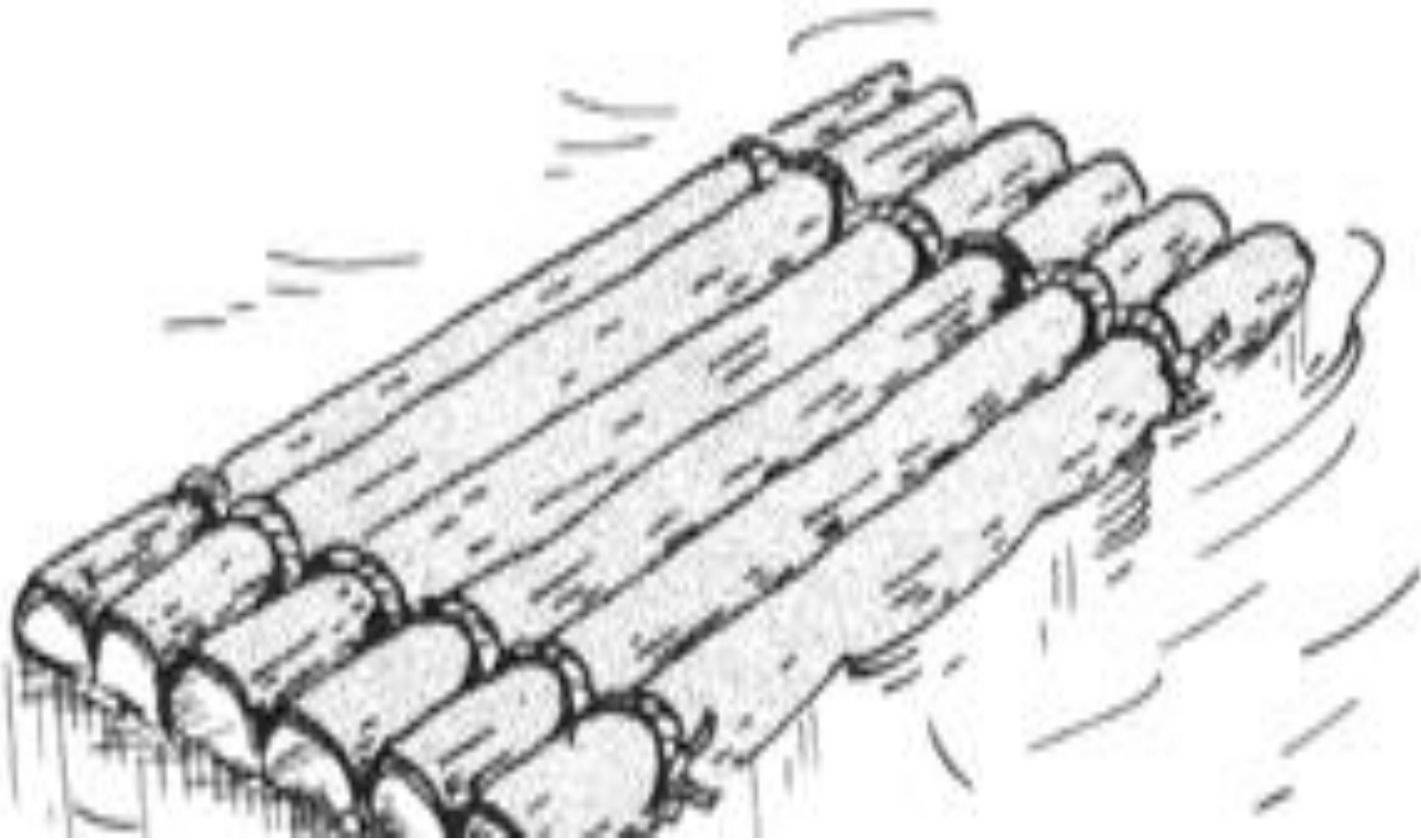


My owners changed as quickly as the wild turkeys in my woods can run. First the Native Americans owned me, and then the French, British, and Americans. Pontiac didn't drive out the British, but the Americans did with their Revolution against the British. After the Revolutionary War ended, people began to develop industry and commerce along my banks.

The Indians  
stretched nets across  
my mouth to catch  
the sturgeon that  
swam into my  
channel to spawn.  
White men, too,  
caught many fish  
from my depths.



In the human division of time called the 19<sup>th</sup> century, men guided rafts of lumber down my face to the Detroit River to markets in other cities and states.

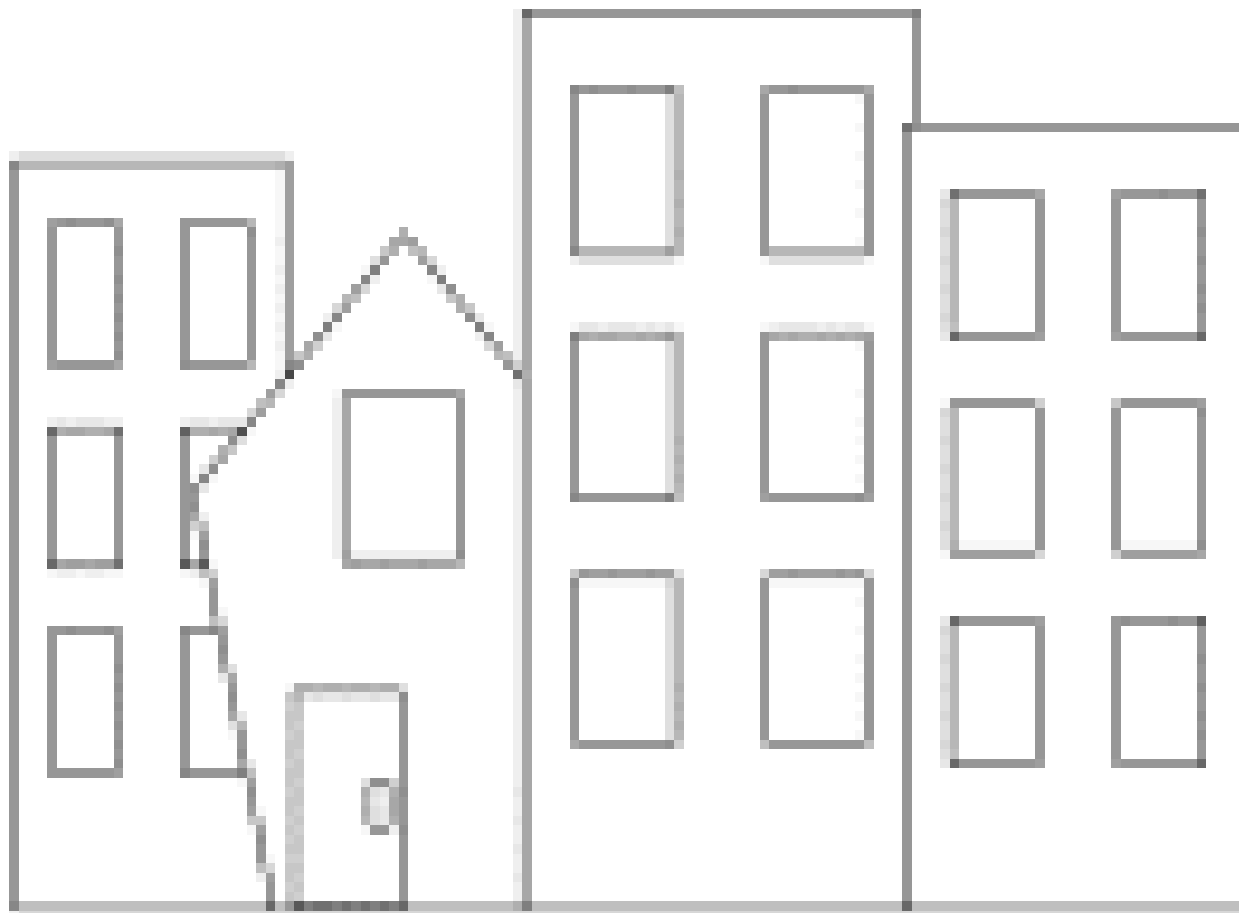




In 1850, John Copeland founded a saw mill and lumber company in Ecorse, where I join the Detroit River. In 1876, G.A. Raupp and Alexis M. Salliot took over the company which supplied lumber for buildings and businesses.



In the time humans call the Twentieth Century, they built the Michigan Steel Company along my banks as well as other sawmills and industries. I became so polluted that many of the fish that used to swim up and down my face disappeared. Then in the Twenty First Century, humans realized how important it is for me to be clean and healthy and now my face sparkles in the sunshine.

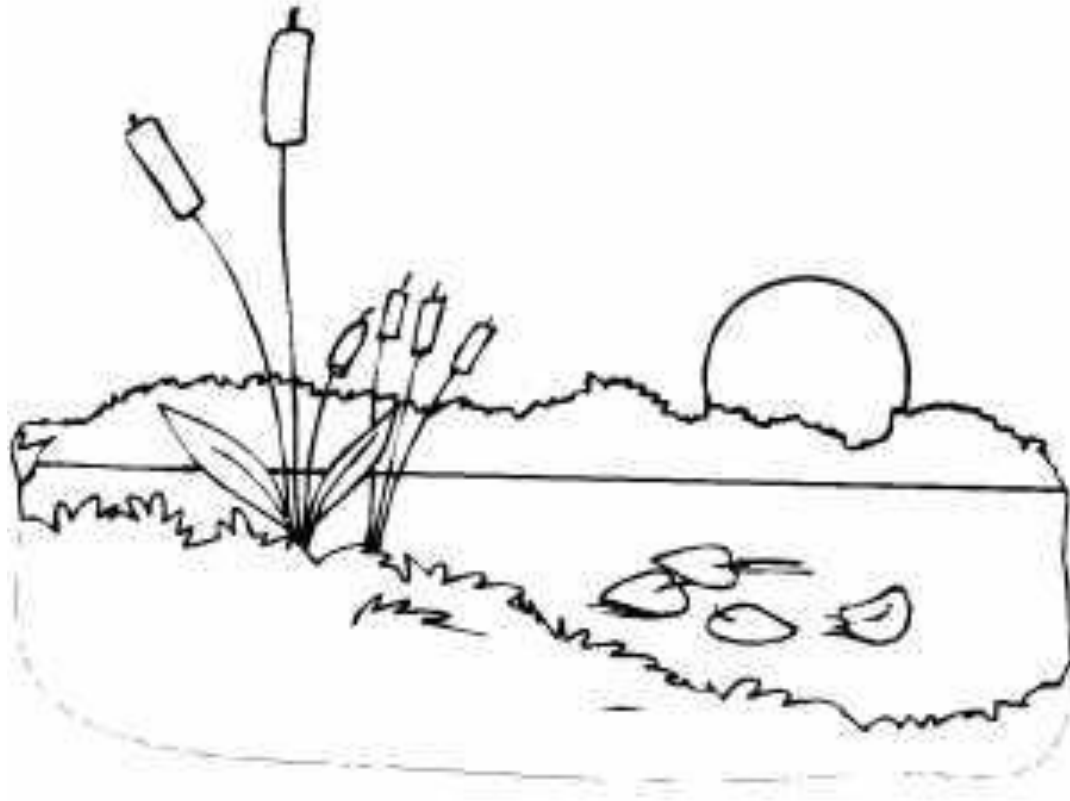


Just to remind humans of my presence and power, I often overflow my banks. I created a big flood on Ninth and Mill Streets in 1904 and I provide smaller ones at least once every ten years or so.





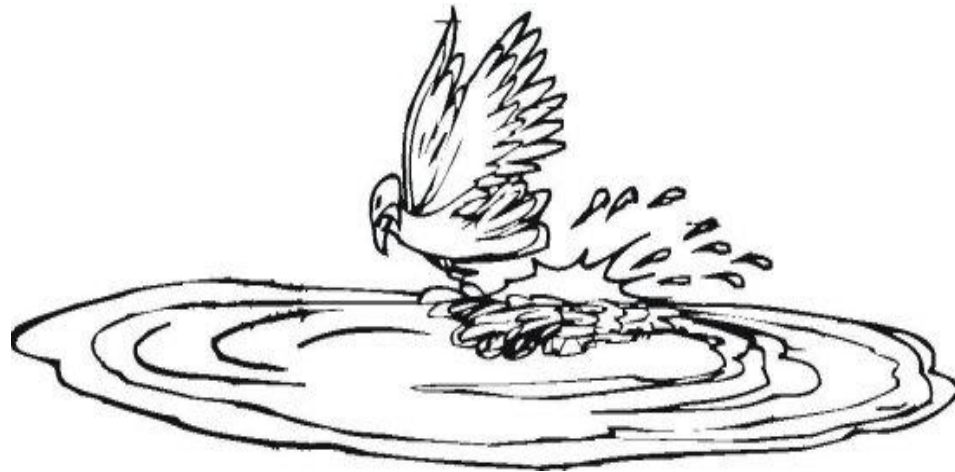
I cannot tell you all of the stories I have accumulated over 300 plus years in one book, but I can tell you that I am a survivor! I have survived lumbermen and farmers cutting down the trees that gave me my name. I have survived the damming of my waters and humans polluting them. Some have even proposed covering my face permanently with concrete! I don't think that's such a good idea!

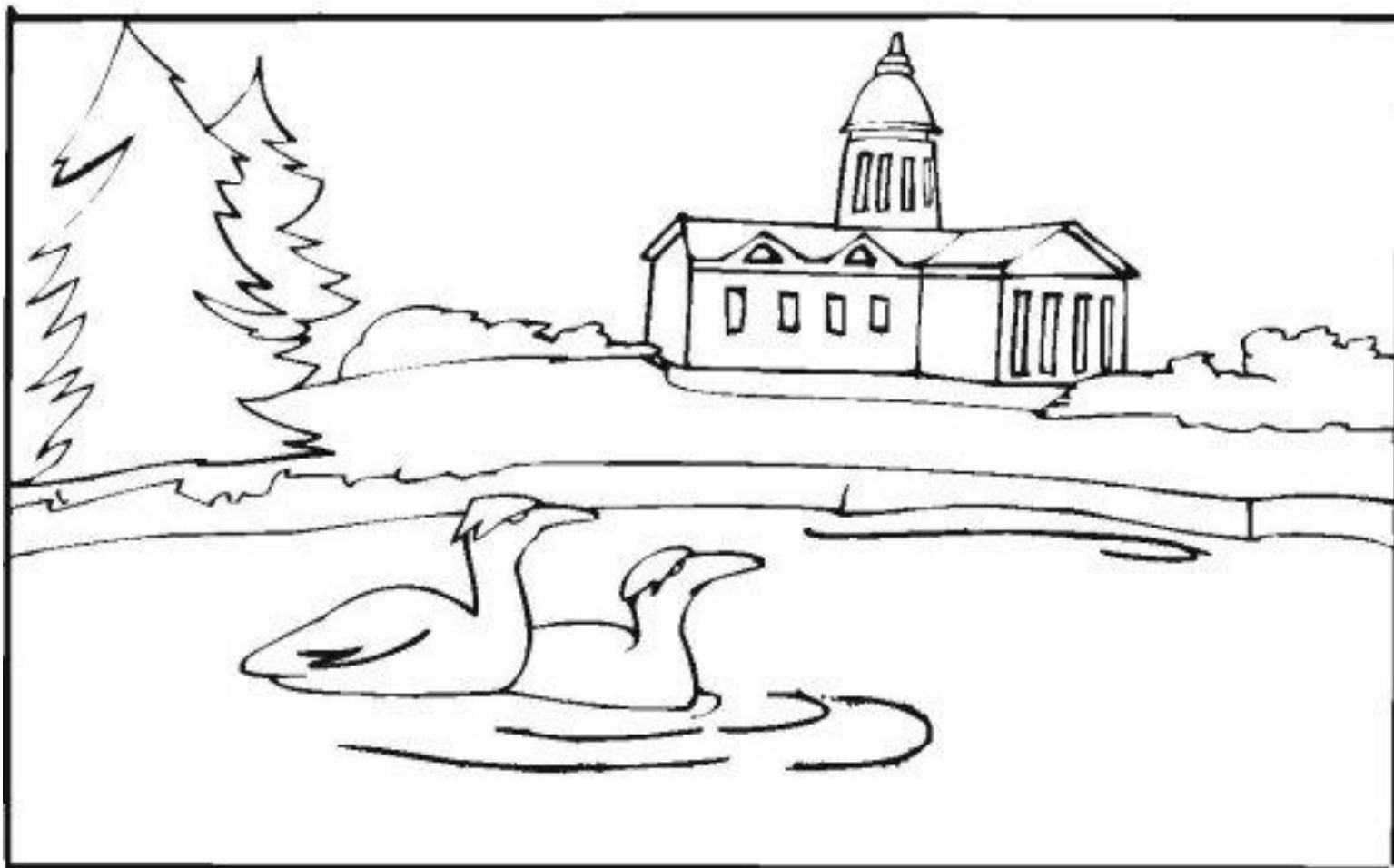


I still have many stories to tell, and I will keep winding my way through Ecorse to the Detroit River, telling my stories and watching the humans who are the characters in my stories. I am the Riviere aux Ecorces, the River of Bark.

## Rapping with the River

Mother Nature gave me some good life chances,  
When she shaped me into two separate branches,  
On the north through Romulus, Dearborn Heights and Allen Park I go,  
And along the southern border of Melvindale, Ecorse and Lincoln Park I flow.  
My southern route goes through Romulus, Taylor, Allen Park and Lincoln Park,  
My path is deep and my banks are stark.  
After all of this weaving north and south is revealed,  
I flow into the Detroit River at Southfield.  
A marina sits on both of my shores and I take a dip,  
Then I join the Detroit River and continue my trip.





Viva La Riviere aux Ecorces!!

