

Robert Morris Clinch III, aka Chief

April 24, 1945 – July 8, 2025

Baraboo, WI. - Robert Morris Clinch III, aka Chief, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, passed away on Tuesday, July 8, 2025 at his residence surrounded by family and friends. He was born on April 24, 1945 the son of Robert Morris Clinch II and Harriett Fosberg of Escanaba, Michigan.

Robert was raised in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but spent his adult life in the Portage and Baraboo area. He is a proud American Native and a member of the Oneida Nation Tribe.

Robert held a variety of jobs which included tree trimming in the Portage and Baraboo areas, a welder who worked at Devils Head Resort building the chair lifts, and a self-employed painter.

Robert has done extensive traveling in the western part of the United States, mostly hitch hiking where he had met many people along the way. He was a good friend to many and lived life to the fullest.

Survivors include his daughter, Tracy Lowe of Pardeeville WI; grandchildren, Caris (Jon) Presutti, Ian (Analisa) Lowe; great-grandson, Jaxon Lowe; good friends and extended family, Lenny and Debbie Zeman of Baraboo, WI, Don and Becky Phillips of Baraboo, WI; and numerous others. Robert was preceded in death by his parents. A special thanks to all of those who spent time with Robert and provided care for him throughout the past year.

Family and friends are invited to a Celebration of life visitation on Wednesday, July 16, 2025 from 4:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. at Baldwin Funeral Services, 520 East St., Baraboo, WI.

An Indian Prayer: Oh Great Spirit, whose voice I heard in the winds and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me! I am small and weak, I need your wisdom. Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may understand the things you have taught people. Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength not to be greater than my brother, but to fight my greatest enemy – myself. Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes so when life fades as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you with no shame.