

2006

The Narragansett Dawn

Princess Redwing
Narragansett Tribe

Ernest Hazard
Narragansett Tribe

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THE
Narragansett
DAWN

WE FACE EAST

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VOL. 1

MAY 1935

NO. 1

R. T. OLI

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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

Published Monthly in the interest of The Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

EDITOR

PRINCESS RED WING

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ERNEST HAZARD

BUSINESS MANAGERS
HARRY PECKHAM
THEODORE BROWN
FRANCIS GLASKO

KEEPER OF RECORDS
MARION BROWN

VOL. 1

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EDITORIAL

by the Editor

No white person can read the heart of the Indian as can a son or a daughter of the Red Man's own race. Judge these pages from the Red Man's views. These columns come not from the experienced pens of journalists, but from the hearts and firesides of Narragansett Indians, who have not forgotten the faith of their forefathers. To-day we open for our public of all races, "the great unwritten book of the Narragansett, sent down from father to son", portraying from time to time, many old stories, folk laws, ideals, principles, and traditions, which we hold as a sacred heritage.

We have called this monthly booklet, "The Narragansett Dawn" because we are watching for the "sunrise of better times" in the "New Deal" with our fellow countrymen. To-day is our memorial dawn, when every true hearted, red blooded, Narragansett stands together on the hilltop of hope, and stretches forth his hands towards the sunrise, for—

"We face east at sunrise, and west at sundown;
Each hill has its memory holy,
Each valley its historic lore
Each enabled by our heroes
Who worked in the good days of yore."

Since those "days of yore" we have passed thru a long night—for nearly sixty years, the Narragansett Spirit has lain dormant, while civilization advanced on their old hunting ground. The August meetings at the Indian Church, in Charlestown, R. I., each year, have been the only star that has twinkled in and out, during this time. It was back in 1880 that our Indian lands were sold by a council of five men, who had hoped to prove themselves, the only surviving Narragansetts. But Narragansetts came from as far west as Wisconsin to prove their tribal blood. Rhode Island's General Assembly made a survey, recognized and paid about three hundred of these Narragansett Indians for their land, made them citizens of the U. S. and recorded the tribe as extinguished. It seems, they were, or they went to sleep. But you can not keep a real man down forever. All the recording in the country can not change the blood or wipe it out. Rhode Island had three hundred, in 1880, of full blood, half blood, and quarter blood Narragansetts, the remnants of that once powerful tribe, who since that time have continued to live and to multiply upon their ancestral territory. They it is, who have kept the faith; for many live to-day, who in 1880 received their \$15.43, as their share of Indian land in Rhode Island.

The stories of these allotments are in many cases very amusing. Some have banked that \$15 for all these years. Many were children. Many have children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. We find many have not married out of the Narragansett blood, and have never lived out of Narragansett territory. Some retained farms and homesteads in southern R. I., paid their dues and taxes, and still live upon land that has never been occupied by white men or black men.

In our recent investigation, we found one grandfather with fourteen grandchildren, another with forty-one descendants, my Mother has twenty-one at her family gatherings, while another has twenty-one grandchildren and one great grandson, bearing the name of four well known old Narragansett families, whose forebearers lived where he was born. We also found in old town records that the old full blood families have married and inter-married until nearly everyone of Indian blood in historic South County of our state is related by blood or marriage.

In our young tribal organization we have registered two hundred and fifty-nine, who have come thru that long night of oblivion. They have educated their children, some have attended colleges and trade schools and universities. They have tilled the land, worked in factories, builid buildings and bridges. We have doctors, lawyers school teachers, nurses, ministers, artists, poets, athletes, business men, mechanics, stone masons, carpenters and skilled laborers of all sorts. Some come to public notice from time to time as public nuisances, when civilized vices have downed them. The worst vice is liquor, or as the Indians rightly called it, "firewater". Nearly every public offence among the tribe has its origin in firewater. Some years ago the well behaved Narragansetts sent an interesting petition to the Rhode Island General Assembly, asking them to prohibit the sale of liquors by Whites and Indians on the Indian Church Grounds in Charlestown.

Some come to the front as performers in many different ways. Some went to war. Now and then one comes to public notice, denouncing the rest of the tribe. Some tag the footsteps of white people as commerical bigots, and flounce their feathered War bonnets in this land of peace and plenty. We smile; because it was King Philip who said, "There is eternal was between us." The Narragansetts said, "Come let us dwell in peace; there is room for the pale face to lie down with his red brother." And they offered Roger Williams the peace pipe, the *Calumet*, which is our tribal totem now and forever more.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says one is not a "snub" who refuses to pour at social teas for mere politicians. Wise lady. Therefore we two hundred and fifty Narragansetts, who were told to go play in our own back yard" have resolved to clean up and make pleasant every Narragansett back yard. We have resolved to plant there, little seeds of kindness, beside big seeds of honesty, to keep company with the sweet flowers of brotherly love. We have elected scouts and officers to clean out the weeds of jealousy and backbiting, to clean up the thrash of sin, drinking, and poverty of body, mind, and soul. Our workmen have a hard long job, but they will make the grass green again in our back yards, and when our seeds bloom the flowers of our father's faith, our children will go forth and pluck the lovely red blossoms of courage, and generosity, the beautiful blue flowers of truthfulness and kindness, and the white purity of the divine "Lily of the Valley"—thus they find the heritage of the Narragansett fathers and mothers, and loyalty to our country in their own back yard.

The free thinking, free hunting, free fishing Narragansett past during that long night and in that night past the real Utopia of America, whose happy citizens went share and share alike, in which generosity, courage and mercy flowed like the gentle rain from heaven. In that yester-year our Narragansett forefathers sent their youth into the hills and forests alone, to obtain for themselves the understanding of the deeper issues of life. To-day the wilderness of modern circumstances is not as kind as God's great natural wilderness of yore, and oh, how many have fallen by the way. The bears of unsexuality, the skunks of dishonesty, the foxes of greed, the wolves of poverty, the storms of wars, have moulded our Narragansett youths, as the white youth,—and together, shoulder to shoulder they bob along on the currents of public life.

One Narragansett poet says—

"White men all around us
And our children turn white too
Yet the whole world pauses to remember
Names and traits of Indians true."

To the youth of coming generations, we dedicate this booklet. Lest we forget.

DEDICATION

"Let us dedicate this work to the coming generations of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians."

CHIEF SACHEM NIGHT HAWK.

"WHAT CHEER NETOP"

by Prophet

A Word of Welcome and Encouragement

Friends, Indians, Countrymen, we welcome you. We, the Narragansett Tribe, like the Prodigal Son in the Bible, Luke 15: have learned a lesson. All these lands and lakes and rivers were once ours. Our portion given by God but it was spent in riotous living, and when our leaders were under the effect of firewater, they were tricked and robbed in every way, but in spite of it all, our spirit is far from being broke.

Our forefathers were Great, Bold and Proud and gloried in their greatness, and trusted in the arm of flesh and men and all failed, they did not know that the Great Spirit was God and had other gods, which we have learned is wrong. They were superstitious, which caused them to do many things that they would not had they known.

Therefore, today, we are like the Children of Israel, organized not to be in the wilderness for 40 years, but to go forward and prove God and get His name Praised. So don't go back to our old mode of living, but strain every muscle to get near to what God would have us be.

The most of us have read the story of the children of Israel being delivered and some have read the story of Rip Van Winkle. The Israelites longed for the old life and Rip Van Winkle did return, but there was no welcome there.

So seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, and look unto Him who has brought us out of darkness into the light.

We say we have been brought into the light, then let us act the part. God is a spirit and wants to be worshipped as a Spirit and in truth. Read St. John 4:23-24.

So let us serve God in a manner that men may see our good works and glorify God which is in Heaven. So as a tribe we welcome you from all corners of the earth.

And I the Prophet personally have desire that you all might be saved.

ERNEST HAZARD

GREETINGS FROM FRIENDS OF THE TRIBE

The White House
Washington

My dear Princess Red Wing:

I was very much interested in your letter and in what you are trying to do for the Narragansett Tribe of Indians. I send you my best wishes for success.

Very sincerely yours,
Eleanor Roosevelt

Santee Normal Training School
Santee, Nebraska

Greetings to the Narragansett Dawn May God's richest blessing rest upon you and your new enterprise. Remember, God helps him who helps himself. He does not do for us what we can do for ourselves. So, in the language of the Dakota buffalo hunters, I say to you:—Bliheiciya po—Be industrious

Your friend,
Rudolf Hertz,
Principal

Rhode Island State Federation of
Women's Clubs

It is with genuine interest that the Rhode Island State Federation of Women's Clubs learns of the organization of the few descendants of the original Rhode Island peoples—the Narragansett Indians. It is understood there are upwards of 160 Indians of proved Narragansett blood, who are incorporated under the Rhode Island laws into "The Narragansett Tribe of Indians". Their purpose is to revive, as far as possible, the fine traits and customs which made their forebearers the most influential tribe of the north eastern seaboard, and to foster and preserve these fine racial heritages in the education of the Indian children of to-day.

In these worthy efforts the Federation wishes to lend its encouragement and support, and hopes that from humble beginnings, the movement may grow, and through the issues of the "Narragansett Dawn" many friends will help make prac-

tical the visions of the few sincere Narragansett Indians who pray a new deal and a dawn for their people.

Vera G. S. Saunders,
Mrs. Winthrop H. Saunders,
Chairman, Division of Indian Welfare

The Indian Rights Association sends greetings to the Narraganett Indians of Rhode Island:

Our Association, which is nonpartisan and nonsectarian, during the fifty-two years of its existence, has tried to help Indians, wherever they might be, in gaining their legal, civil and religious rights. It is supported by public spirited citizens all over the country, and one of its former President served as Indian Commissioner during the Hoover Administration.

We are deeply interested both in the preservation of all that is good of Indian traditions and history, and also in those forward movements which will lead Indians everywhere into better ways of living.

We hope that the "Narragansett Dawn" will help to accomplish both of these purposes, that it will keep alive for future generations the fine Indian traditions of the past, and that it will serve as a means of bringing cheer and comfort at the present time to those who are left as representatives of our "first Americans".

Very truly,
Signed; Jonathan M. Steere,
President

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
"Wee Kirk O' the Heather"
Glendale, California

Princess Red Wing of Seven Crescents,
Narragansett Indian Church,
Charlestown, R. I.

Dear Princess Red Wing:

I have read with great interest, your letter regarding your efforts to make a shrine for your tribe of the little Narragansett Indian Church of Charlestown,

Rhode Island. It seems, indeed, a splendid project.

With full cognizance of the fine potentialities of this Narragansett Indian Memorial project, I regret that I cannot be more definitely helpful to your cause. Your interest in Forest Lawn's little churches is greatly appreciated and I hope that they may furnish inspiration what I am unable to do in words.

Cordially yours,
(signed) Hubert Eaton,
Chairman of the Board

Little Eagle, Box 256
South Dakota

My dear Princess:—

May the Great Spirit go with you and your tribe all the way. Hope, faith, and love sustain you. I send you and the Narragansetts my best wishes and prayers for success in all you undertake. Some day I hope to stand in your little pulpit of so many years and tell to you the simple words of Christ as the Sioux knows them. Dr. Hertz has sent you under separate cover a Dakota Hymn Book.

Your fellow worker in Christ
Ohitaka,
Rev. Ben Brave

P.S.—May God keep you always in the hollow of His Hand.

H-Bar-O Rangers
H-Bar-O Ranch
Buffalo, New York

Princess Red Wing of 7 Crescents,
Narragansett Historian

Dear Princess:—

All of us at the Ranch have read your letter and were very happy to know that you like our radio program. We are glad to know members of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians eat H-O oats and forced toasts and wheat flakes.

The work you are undertaking to organize yourselves is a most worthy one and I certainly wish you every success. I cannot now tell you whether I will be able to come to your Pow Wow next summer, but I shall certainly try to do so, if I possibly can.

Best wishes,
(signed) HARKA
H-Bar-O Ranch

"Wheatenaville"
Rahway, New Jersey

To little Fairflower,
Dear Friend:—

We were so pleased to receive your letter and hear that the boys and girls of the Narragansett Tribe listen in to our radio program.

We wish we could come to Rhode Island to see you but we can't so this is to say *Hello* to all the little Indian boys and girls from their radio friends, Peter and Pan, and to thank them for listening to us.

Because you are going to print this letter we thought it would be better to have it typewritten. So our Daddy Billy who is really Raymond Knight; said he would do it for us.

(signed) Pan Batchelor
(Emilie Vass)
Peter Batchelor
(Bobby Jordan)

2046 No. Main Street
Fall River, Mass.
February 28, 1935

Chief Black Hawk Speaks:—

Greetings from the Powhatan Indians of Virginia:

Words and deeds; if they are tempered with Truth and Justice, build for all times a foundation upon which Christian Civilization will stand.

A wise man said, "Truth crushed to the earth will rise again."

The dying words of the great We-Ro-Wancepechankanoe :The brother of Powhatan; said, "You may destroy the body but you cannot kill the soul."

The noble and indestructible spirit of the American Indian is the most beautiful chapter in our country's history. Since the early period of our colonial history each succeeding generation of the Eastern Seaboard Indians has labored in vain to rally together the few that have been left for the human reason only of self preservation. To hold and to keep, give to there children the most sacred right known to the Indian Race:—To be, to live and to die American Indians.

The history of the past is to pathetic for one to return and view, the Valley and shadows of death, the Wars of conquest, political scourge, economic problems and social changes. The hope of centuries are beginning to be realized by the Indian, slowly but surely. Their revival is apparent.

No greater example can be found in our history than that of the modern Narragansett Tribe of Indians of Rhode Island; out of the smouldering ruins of their council house a feeble spark of life has been rekindled by the warm breath of the human heart, of not only the noble descendants but to the many white friends and Co-Indian Patriots of Sister Tribes, predestined to do a noble act of human justice.

The Honorable Theodore Francis Greene, has not only restored the rights and glory to the Narragansett Tribe of Indians, but he has relit the ancient temple of humanity with the torch of truth and justice, that shall live, be honored and respected by every American Indian that knows the history of his people and country.

This twentieth century act of true Christian Civilization and human rights should be an example to every State Executive where groups of Indians have been grossly neglected and to the Federal Government.

That you cannot stay the hands of Providence or prevent man from desiring the higher and nobler things of life and his Race, in the upward trend of civilization; the American Indian should be considered. He cannot possibly survive as a race unless his culture essential to his well being and happiness are preserved and respected with a higher education to develop all that is good and noble.

One should not expect too much of the Narragansett Indian Tribe in their youth, or any reorganized tribe. The absorbing influence and culture of a mother race for over two hundred years has destroyed much of their language, art and craft, to adopt the culture of an other tribe :other than that of the sister tribes of the same family; would be quite as destructive in many instances as adopting the culture of another race. Whatever the results may be of his primitive culture being lost, does not impair his racial status, but instead, to possess the best that is in the Caucasian

Race and his own makes him more efficient.

The Indian unlike other races does not change as the seasons of the year, but he improves from the crude to the finer arts of the same pattern. With patience and study to regain all which has been hidden from them and with the help from State and Federal Government, the Narragansett Indians have much to draw from which only can be done through their untiring efforts to be distinct and original. Reverence to their Tribal Laws, respect and co-operation to those in authority, a thirst for a higher and better life, will not only add much glory to their tribe, but prestige to the great State of Rhode Island and a living monument to Truth and Justice.

Chief Black Hawk (Tribal)

*Field Chief of
The Powhatan Confederacy of Indians
of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware*

Trust and Wait

"And when forty years were expired, there appeared to him :Moses;—an angel of the Lord, saying—'I have seen the affliction of my people . . . I have heard their groaning, and am come down to deliver them.' Acts 7:30, 32, 24.

Moses was forty years in Egypt learning to be somebody,—the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Then he spent forty years in the backside of the desert, learning humility and obedience. It was an eighty year course of training, preparing him to lead a nation to its destiny. It was a long wait, but God was not inactive. He remembered and delivered according to His promise.

Today, The Great Spirit, The True and Living God, is still choosing and preparing his instruments in the furnace of affliction. He ripens powers so that at the appointed moment they shall rise equal to the task. Time is the hardest ingredient of discipline to endure. A short sharp pang is more easily borne ,than the long monotonous years of dull routine of seeming defeat. We may not now see the beautiful plan God is hiding until the hour is ripe to reveal the blessing. It may be long concealed, but faith rests in the promise, "All things work together for good, to them that love God." "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall

speak; and not lie; Though it tarry, wait for it because it will surely come, it will not tarry," said the prophet Habakkuk. 2:3;

Faith sees victory ahead. Faith hold on to the promise and prevails. Faith gives God the chance to do for us what is humanly impossible. Work as if all depended upon you. Trust as if all depended upon God. Wait and expect, and the great Jubilee will restore. The Bright and Morning Star is near at hand.

Irving G. Hoff,
Harrisville, R. I., March 25th

To Chief Sachem and Members of
Narragansett Tribe

Fred V. Brown, of Narragansett Pier
speaks.

I have found it difficult to think clearly until I get away from a meeting, and, I am sure I am not alone in that respect. There was a question of religion came up at the last meeting, in regard to dancing and worldly amusements. It might be well to realize that we have organized as a tribe, and every one of Narragansett blood is of the tribe irregardless of church and their ways of living and amusements are affairs that lay between themselves and their God.

The Agonquins should be classed as a nation, not as a tribe. The Algonquins reached along the whole Atlantic seaboard from Nova Scotia to The Carolinas or the land of the Seminoles, and westward to the Mississippi. There was no one tribe called the Algonquin in New England. But the Narragansett Tribe belonged to the Algonquin Nation.

Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Princess Red Wing:

Greeting to every Narragansett in your newly organized tribe and may you increase in power, supported by every loyal Indian who honors the ideals of his Narragansett ancestors.

I have visited your church in Charlestown and hope to be there this summer at your annual meeting. With the officers you have chosen and such advisers as my friend, Miss Gladys Tantaquidgeon, your organization promises to be not only a lasting one, but an influential one as well. I quote your own words—"If God is with you, who can be against you?"

Success always to the Narragansetts

Cordially,
Mabel F. Knight, Ta-de-winn,
adopted member of the Omaha Tribe

THE NARRAGANSETT INDIAN CHURCH

The Indian Church of Charlestown had its root buried in the time of Roger Williams, who exerted himself in the conversion of the Indians. In 1741 the Great Revival of New England which was also known as the New Light movement caused many Niantic tribes to embrace Christianity and seek a church for themselves in Charlestown. A church was organized and a building erected in 1750. The building was neither beautiful nor comfortable, but the physical features were forgotten in the warmth of spiritual fervor of the first pastor, James Simons, a member of the Narragansett tribe. Elder Simons was followed by Rev. Samuel Niles one of the most famous Indian preachers, he was born on Block Island and was graduated from Harvard College in 1699

Though he was a Presbyterian, he administered faith fully to this church which was essentially Baptist. He was followed by John Sekater and Moses Stanton and a number of strong leaders. In 1859, during the pastorate of Rev. Samuel Niles, 2nd, the present structure was erected. It is a stone building, 28 by 40, and 12 foot high. The seats are straight backed wooden pews. The pulpit has a unique arrangement, standing on a little platform which is banked to the rear and sides with seats for the clergy. In 1880, on the 15th of May, the tribal lands were deeded over to the State of Rhode Island, with the exception of Fort Ninigret and the two acres of land of which the church is the center. They retained the church and "that the congregation worshipping

in said meeting house shall have contro of the premises." It was Aaron Sekatur, who was ordained in 1858, was the last prominent Indian preacher of the church until recent times. From the end of his ministry the church began to decline, until Rev. Frederick Denison, a Westerly pastor, writing in 1878, said concerning the church, "It is now a Union Church, in a weak condition, agitated by Advent doctrines, conspicuous chiefly for its annual mass meetings in August, after an old Indian custom." These August

meetings in late years degenerate until the tide was stemmed by the efforts of Rev. Le Roy C. Perry, Chief Ousa-Mequin, of the Wampanoag Tribe, who worked in this vicinity to bring to the meetings a religious vein. Together with the efforts of Chief Night Hawk Philip H. Peckham and his family of Charlestown, services have been carried on and the church kept in good condition for the past several years.

by Philip Peckham,
Church Commissioner

"THE BROKEN TREATY"

by Fred B. Brown

Philadelphia

In 1644, the Narragansetts, with their allies the Niantics, fought the Mohegans, who were allies of the English, seeking redress for the part that Uncas played in the death of their beloved young contemporary or acting Sachem, Miantonomi. Uncas was hard pressed and English troops were raised in Boston to go to his relief, but they were not needed, as the Narragansetts were intimidated and forced to withdraw.

Tribute was levied upon them that they could not pay, more wampumpeag than the Indians could make, and it is doubtful if the full amount was ever paid. This was in the days of Quonoune, later called Cononicus, and his nephew, proud Pessacous, who succeeded his brother as acting Sachem. Later, adventurous spirits went to fight with King Philip, but as a tribe the Narragansetts had never fought the English until the Swamp fight, which was forced upon them. Afterward they were allies of Philip in earnest, but more or less forsook him after the execution of Canonchet, and later he was forsaken by the most of his own people, no doubt by many who had urged and goaded him to begin hostilities.

The ratio was about four English to one Indian in the New England of 1675. Having driven King Philip from Bristol formerly Mount Hope, and not being able to find him, the English troops marched into Warwick formerly Shawomet, to make a treaty to prevent the Narragansetts from joining Philip in the war. Here Pumham, one of the most powerfu

petty Sachems, ruled. At least one writer tells us that Cononicus could not be found, but Cononicus died in 1647. Most of the Indians fled as the troops approached and it was three or four days before anyone could be found to make a treaty with. This treaty is referred to as mere verbiage which the Indians little understood, and apparently they were not in a mood to agree to anything. This treaty was made at the point of gun and sword, and made with inferior Sachems chosen by the Canonchet was proclaimed Chief Sachem in 1674, his name or Pumham's is not found on this document.

*The Treaty

That said Sachems shall seize all and every one of Philip's subjects and deliver them to the English, dead or alive. That they shall use all acts of hostility against them and kill them wherever found. That if they seize Philip and deliver him to the English, they shall receive 40 trucking cloth coats, and for his head alone, 20 of such coats, and for every Sachem 2 coats if alive and 1 coat if dead, also all former sales of land be confirmed by the English.

Petaquanscot,

July 15th, 1675.

Signed by the inferior Sachems of the Narragansetts in the presence of the English and Indian allies.

We hear of Pumham as a petty Sachem of influence in 1642. He made himself Chief Sachem for a brief period but was apparently not recognized beyond his own followers and the English, who seem to have encouraged him. It does seem that

he had a certain right to do this if he could get away with it. Pumham at one time was a disciple of the English, but if adhering to one's own is a virtue, he redeemed his character by returning to his own people. Not caring to face their former allies, this may have been the reason that they ran away. Mortally wounded in Philip's war, Pumham died in a frenzy, literally fighting with bare hands until he was dispatched. Pumham's lineage is apparently obscure, but comment at the news of his death is as follows: If it be so, the glory of that nation is sunk with him forever.

At the beginning of King Philip's war, the old men, women and children were sent to the Narragansetts for protection, and from the fact that Philip was able to get about so easily, it seems possible that this was done before the consummation of the agreement. Some writers have referred to the Fort as Philip's, but it seems more reasonable that it was the Narragansetts, and that Philip and his warriors had later decided to spend the winter there as guests. The Indian was much given to hospitality, and the treatment of a guest was a very sacred consideration, although very often there was nothing to eat. Even an enemy was safe if he had been received as a guest.

The great magnanimity of aged Annawon should not be forgotten. Undoubtedly Annawon knew of the fate of Canonchet, and how the body of Philip, his own Chief, had been mutilated by the order of the very man who sneaked into his own camp to take him prisoner, and yet he welcomed Captain Church, whom he often fought, and ordered his women folk to cook him some supper, giving him his choice between horse beef and cow beef. Later leaving camp without guard and after a long while returning with the beautiful regalia of King Philip, which he presented to the Captain.

Canonchet was called to Boston in October and apparently humiliated and forced into agreements which practically ratified the treaty of July. His mark is found on this article of October 18th, 1675, his name was no doubt written by the authorities. At this time he was presented with his silver trimmed coat, which among other things he cast away, the following year in his futile attempt to escape.

This coat positively identified him and they knew it was Canonchet. Canonchet

was accused of harboring the Wampanoags and given ten days to deliver them to the English. Whether he intended to abide by the terms at the time or not is probably not known. Serious counsel must have been held, for Philip's reverses had not really begun, and it would have been unnatural for him to have stood calmly by to see his people delivered to their enemies even had Canonchet so desired. At the end of ten days the Wampanoags were still with the Narragansetts, and Canonchet was called to account for his failure to abide by the agreement. Canonchet's ultimatum was: Not a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail shall be delivered up.; This reply and the suspicion that the Narragansetts would openly join Philip in the spring is what led to the Swamp fight.

Some writers have referred to the Sachem's action as Canonchet's perfidy, but he was an Indian as were the Wampanoags, and blood appeared to have been thicker than water. Canonchet was quite a different character than Uncas, who has been lauded to the skies and was formerly a Pequot, but to win the favor of the English he led in the destruction of the Pequot Tribe, and not even his own relatives were spared. Referring to the invasion of Narragansett, this was contrary to the advice and without the consent of Rhode Island, and was a direct violation of the charter and royal order of the King of England. Afterward the shattered troops withdrew from the state, and left Providence entirely without garrison to the mercy and fury of the savages. The English were dictators of both units of the newly organized Tribe of Pequots and it is not generally known that one hundred and fifty Pequots and Mohegan Indians went with them to the Swamp fight, and that this army was led by a renegade Narragansett, who lay in wait and was their guide. If an Indian chose to hide, it also took an Indian to find him, otherwise the Swamp fight would not have occurred in 1675. Information is had from early authorities that this army was not composed of weak Englishmen, but men who had seen service in the mother country, rough sea captains, buccaneers and pirates, and no doubt many young men who had but recently seen service. Bitter cold, there was access to the Fort from all points, the swamp being frozen, and was one cause of the rout. Conditions indicate that the

defenders ran out of gun powder, although most writers do not state this fact. All of the local tribes had been repeatedly disarmed even before the threatened war with King Philip.

Even Uncas was under suspicion until he showed them what delight he took in slaying his own people. The Indians had doubtless learned to make bullets, but the sale of powder to them was forbidden, and could not be had in New England and except from some trader who would disregard the ban and sell. Writers have criticised Canonchet for what they call his military mistake in cooping his men up for slaughter, but while the troops had no one to care for but themselves, the Indians had their families and apparently the Fort was their only protection.

The suffering of the troops has been too often portrayed to be repeated, but that of their allies does not appear to be recorded, and it is only an occasional unprejudiced writer that has sought to describe the heaps of butchered and burned women and children many left to die in the wintry blast without shelter or care. Nanuntenoo, alias Canonchet, did not immediately succeed his father, Miantonomi, as some writers assert, for there is record of several other Sachems. Comparing dates he could hardly have been more than a small boy or youth when his father was slain, and there doesn't appear to be much record until he is chosen Chief Sachem in 1674. He was captured in Pawtucket, about four months before Philip was slain, and taken to Stoughton now Stonington; and executed. Canonchet was offered his life if he would influence and lead the Narragansetts against Philip, but he spurned the offer. Many who have attended public school are familiar with the dramatic

Jesuri-of King Philip being slain at the Narragansett Fort. This appears to be but the product of somebody's imagination. Brooding over his wife and son, deserted on every hand, but still game, Philip with faithful Annawon and a few followers went home to Mon Top; Philip was never to leave it again. Mon Top appears to be Indian English for Mount Hope;

In the small hours of the morning, August 12th, 1676, after being betrayed, the net was set to take him by eighteen English and 22 Indians. Church and Goulden are mentioned as officers. As usual Philip was the first to sense danger, but his sudden awakening probably deprived him of his natural Indian sagacity, for he took a used path, running right before the guards and his betrayer was his layer. The sun was high when his body was pulled out of the mud and water.

If past events had really ranked in the hearts of Canonchet and King Philip, one can readily understand their staunch alliance in 1675. The secretly condemning to death of Canonchet's father in 1643 by the Commissioners at Boston, has been conceded a gross act of injustice, much deplored by the informed present day Americans, and no less the violent arrest and subsequent death of Sachem Alexander, brother of, and preceding King Philip, by the Plymouth authorities in 1662.

*The treaty is copied from "Drake's Indians," but appears to be common property.

I have tried to make this article concise and many details are omitted.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON INDIANS

During my travels, I think, the question most frequently asked after a lecture; was "where do you think the Indians came from in the first place?" Many are curious, to know just what an Indian thinks of his origin. Theories are many. Traditions are humorous. But first we will take a few facts in general about Indians,—the name given to tribes and their descendants found inhabiting the contin-

nents of North and South America, by explorers from the eastern hemisphere, because they thought America to be part of India. The inhabitants of India later became distinguished as East Indians. The name Amerinds was proposed, as combined name for American Indians, by some early writers, but the most popular names which remained were the Red Men or Redskins, and so we are distinguished as

the Red Race, an individual and original race. Writers of the present have referred to them as the "Vanishing Race", but records show that there are living to-day, six million of the Red Race in North America; in United States alone we find two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred, in the British Possessions, one hundred and thirty thousand, in Central America, one million five hundred thousand, in Mexico, four million, in South America ten million, many of them being more or less civilized and Christians.

Records, old and new, preserved in U. S. libraries; from the best historians and ethnologists consider the American Indian an aboriginal and single stock. Various theories as to their Asiatic origin are current; some think they are a mixture of Mongolian, Polynesian, and the Caucasian type; by others, as derived from the grafting of Old World races on a true American race; but my personal opinion is swung to the fact, that so far as is known, their culture is indigenous, being the reaction of the Indian to his environment. The real origin of this Red Race found here with a civilization of their own, is a closed book of ages, closed long ago, when they too passed thru cave man age, the stone age and so on, into an advanced civilization, and was not imported.

They are generally characterized as having long, black and straight hair, scanty beard, heavy brows, receding foreheads, dull and sleepy eyes, a salient and dilated nose, full and compressed lips and the face broad across the cheeks which are prominent, but less angular than in the Mongolian. The hands and feet are small and well proportioned. The complexion varies from dark brown to almost white; a somewhat reddish tint is common. The North American Indian is generally described as of haughty demeanor, taciturn and stoical, cunning, brave, and often ferocious in war; his temperament poetic and imaginative, and his simple eloquence of great dignity and beauty.

The Indians of Canada and the United States believe in the two antagonistic principles of good and evil, and a strong belief in Manitou or Spiritual Beings, one of them being spoken of as the Gitche Manitou or Great Spirit, high above all things, creator of the universe. Some believed in the transmigration of the soul into other men, and in demons. Others believed in

life after death, where the spirit surrounded by pleasures according to brave deeds in life. New England Indians believed death to be the "great mystery" and did not speculate upon it or explain it to their young. Their doctrines were much the same as the Christian doctrines, deep and profound. They believed in prayer and supplication for righteous desires, to a living God of the universe.

They adopt a totem or symbol of the name of the progenitor of the family, which is the mark of families even when expanded into tribes. Their morals were like nature's, free and easy, and when one man choose his mate, no other trespassed his rights. Mating was thought out, well advised by elders and entered into with simple and solemn vows.

In ancient times the body was covered with furs and skins according to the seasons, but now the white man's clothes and blankets have generally superseded the native dress; the moccasin of deer and moose hide, and in wilder tribes, the ornamental leggings and headdress are largely retained. They use them as ceremonial clothes, to-day, both in the east and west, and also in Canada. Their dwellings were made of bark, skins and mattings of their own making, stretched on poles fixed in the ground. These are known as long houses, round houses, wigwams, and tepees. Their long houses were copied by many settlers. Their arms consisted of bow and arrows, spears, tomahawks, and war clubs, to which have been added the gun and knife of the white man. They traveled in canoes made of logs hollowed out, called dugouts or birch bark stretched over a light frame, skillfully fastened with deer's sinews and rendered water-tight by pitch.

The Indians of the United States are now largely gathered into reservations, and their former dress, arms, and habits are being changed for those of the white people. The invasion of civilization is driving out their old characteristics. The antiquities found in Mexico, Peru, and the ruins in Central America, prove that the semi-civilized races, there existing, had made considerable progress in sculpture and architecture.

To-day we have about one hundred and ninety-two tribes, speaking fifty-eight different tongues; each as different as the German from the French or English. The

Eskimo is the most northerly tribe, while south of these are the Athabascan group, consisting of the Len'a, Kajjuh'kho'tenne, and Tutchonekut'i'qion tribes on the Yukon River. The other Athabascans are chiefly found between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, but include also the Dogrib, Caribou eaters, Nahanes, Yellowknives, Slave' Indians of northwestern Canada and the Beaver Indians on Lake Athabasca; the large Navajo tribe is in Arizona and New Mexico, and the Apaches of Arizona are in New Mexico and Oklahoma. In Canada and the United States east of the Mississippi River were formerly found the Algonquin and the Iroquois Nations, consisting of many tribes. The extreme west of the Algonquin region was occupied by the Blackfeet Indians; the Abjibwas or Chippewas held the shores of Lake Superior; south and west of the Hudson Bay were the Crees. The Len'a-Lenape section of the Algonquin group comprised the five nations of the Delawares, including the Mohicans. The Mohicans we find in New England. The Iroquois included the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks, who formed a league of nations, afterwards joined by the Tuscaroras. The Hurons came from the Iroquois group.

The Sioux group occupied the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, and included the Assiniboins, Winnepegs, Iowas, Dakotas, Omahas, Osages, Kansas, Crows, and Mandans. West of the Mississippi were the Pawnees, near Nebraska and Platte River, and to south east were the Cherokees and the Chichasaws. In the Rocky Mountain

regions were the Shoshone or Snake Indians, including the Comanches and others. The Cherokee tribes, which inhabited North and South Carolina and Georgia, the Creeks and Seminoles of Georgia and Florida formed a detached group, and are still detached from the other tribes and white civilization.

The Texas Indians were comprised in many small and diverse tribes. Below these in New Mexico, a more advanced and distinct family is found called Moquis or Pueblo Indians and westward the Apaches and various other tribes.

Of the numerous families occupying Mexico, the Nahuatl or Aztec were the most powerful and civilized. The Otomis, speaking a peculiar language were also a numerous people in Mexico. In Mental America the predominating family was the Maya, including the family Quiches, Kachiquels, etc. The Inca race and the Aymarans were the chief. The Araucans, to the south of these, in Chile had a considerable resemblance to the Algonquins and the Iroquois of North America. The remaining portions of South America, including Atlantic slope, were principally occupied by the Guarani, but along its northern coast were found the Caribs who spread also over the Antilles and most of the West Indian Islands. In the extreme southern part of the continent live the tall Patagonians or Tehuelches and squalid families in some respect resembling the more debased Australians.

by historian of the Narragansett Tribe
Princess Red Wing of 7 Crescents

THE MOTHER OF THE NARRAGANSETTS

Mrs. Julia Davis

This little lady of ninety-one summers, smiled up at her company, bringing her tiny black eyes almost together, and replied to questions with the straightforwardness of her ancestors. Her hair straight and white with age was combed down smooth under a little cap. She sat in a chair which for years has been close to her and she patted the arms of it daintily. This cheerful little lady has no legs. Years ago, when Indians were trying to adjust themselves to white civilization and

ways of living, we find many a mishap has left its trace in a once nearly perfect race, leaving to-day cripples and diseased. It was then that this child had her legs frozen, and lost both them.

In the window seat beside her were tall, green, fresh-looking plants. These are her daily companions, and between them, one could sense a beautiful language that truly existed. With her, live her children, who have kept the dear little lady and her surroundings immaculate. The fire burned merrily, keeping her warm and comfort-

able and she showed, she was well fed and cared for by her own. Surely here was portrayed the "law of the Narragansett"—"henceforth the old and the feeble shall be cared for by the younger ones."

"When is your birthday," asked one visitor. Without hesitation, Mrs. Julia Davis answered, "I was born August 23rd, 1844, right here. Silos Lewis was my ancestor and the Anthony's."

"Do you remember your grandmother or grandfather," asked her visitor.

This took her back to olden days and she began to tell stories which your writer will relate from time to time in these columns. Slowly piece by piece she gave stories from the "great unwritten book of the Narragansetts" since the latter part of the 18th century when her grandfather was alive.

"On this land," she continued, "white man has never lived. We lived here long before the reservation was sold; and when it was sold we paid our duty and we kept up our taxes, so we still have our home."

"A fine, fine record," said her inquirer, "Now tell me something of your eventful life? Have you traveled far?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Davis, "I went over into Connecticut and lived there for a

while then I came back here. I got a daughter in Nevada and my son went to war."

This seemed to cover her traveling days and brought her thoughts back to South County. Here her memory covered events at the Indian Meeting House, a little way up the road from her home. Her eyes lighted up and she became very talkative and entertaining. She promised to find us many old stories, wherein lay the old folk laws of the tribe. She who danced in youth and then deprived of legs, taught Sunday School to little Narragansetts, who to-day are grandfathers, who sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name", holds in her cripple lap a store of Indian traditions. She was born and reared on a reservation as truly as those who came out of the west, and is a living example of the true spirit of the once powerful Narragansett of southern New England. Civilization has grown up around her, and although Indian at heart, has kept pace with all modernism. There was her radio, and from her warm, cheerful, room, in the old homestead, on the top of Anthony Hill, on the Road to the Indian Church, in the town of Charlestown, R. I., this Indian Mother of another age, travels in fancy to all parts of the continent, and meets the great men and women of all races.

CHIEF PINE TREE

From one of the finest old families in Narragansett territory comes our medicine man, Chief Pine Tree, members of our present Tribal Council, Mr. William Lincoln Wilcox, of 34 John Street, Westerly, R. I. Many winters have passed over his snow white head, since he stood at his Mother's knee, a husky lad of a few summers and heard the news. He remembers the men who were surveying the reservation in preparation for sale and the heated conversations that were going around at that time.

"Son," said his Mother, "We are citizens of the State of Rhode Island and the United States of America, but our reservation is gone, and soon will be gone these few pieces of silver. The world may forget—but young one, out there sleep your sires of a thousand years. This very ground is made up of the bones of Narragansetts. I, your Narragansett Mother,

charge you by all the holy law of nature and the God of the Narragansetts, "let not the Spirit of the true Narragansett die". Be a Narragansett brave and true-hearted, thru all the modern changes, that shall come along your future path; and let not your sons and grandsons forget their forefathers of these fair acres. Every hill in South County has been a shrine of prayer; and a million dawns have found the braves of our tribe communing with the Great Spirit.

"They were brothers to the storm and the sunshine, and they understood the whisper in the pine trees. For civilization and Christianity we have traded our unlimited independence. For generations we have watched the crowding in of the pale face and many of our brothers have journeyed westward, to the land of the setting sun. But son, my heart is old and my father's land is gone. We must live

upon a small rented plot; we must work for a white man's dollar, in order to live in a white man's world.

"Do not leave these lands, where I have given you birth. Leave not the grave of your Mother. This is the law of the tribe. Do not forget there are precious things in this world that dollars cannot buy. Hold fast to them, keep the creed of your forefathers, uphold your church, turn your face from the evil firewater, seek God early in the morning and you will be rich."

He jingled the 43 cents in his pocket, rich already from his allotment from the reservation, which he spent for a jack-knife.

"You will find life, love and happiness here for this is your own native land, son. Around you will grow up towns and a hundred years will still find them struggling and searching for what they haven't got—contentment and peace. Forget not the laws of your tribe and they will lead you to peace."

Wiser words were never spoken; and the young man took his place in the commercial world with his fellowmen of all other races. Advancement in civilization brought new duties, new laws, but always there was a struggle for something new in order to live on the same standard with his neighbors.

He took a wife of Narragansett and Pequot blood of a firm old Indian type, and together they have worked and reared, and educated a large family, now standing shoulder to shoulder with their white brethren; but still keeping alive the true Narragansett Spirit. One has but to look once, the square bronze jaw, to know the determination and square character of this man. His eyes, small with a native squint are eyes that see far into the future, that see right from wrong, that see when to speak and when to keep still, that see the prophecy of his Mother coming true, around about him. These eyes grow dim but fail not in gentle and kind looks to all mankind.

When Chief Pine Tree speaks, it is like the whispering of wild winds, cradled in the mighty pine, hushed by the voice of mother nature. He speaks low, but firmly; a riotous audience, or a roomful of arguing people, pause, lean forward to catch each thought; and then having caught it, relax comforted by his simple words of wisdom. He cannot preach like

Peter, he cannot pray like Paul, he cannot give an oration like Patrick Henry, he cannot judge like Hughes, he cannot figure equations like Einstein, he cannot sing like McCormick, he cannot fight like Pershing, he cannot fly like Lindburgh,—but he has written his records of brotherly love on the hearts of men. He has told others of the love of the Master of Life, he has kept alive the true spirit of the Narragansetts thru simple, every day thoughts and actions.

He often stoops to pat a little kitten, he can quiet a tiny child, he can shake the hands of presidents or dine with the ladies with as much dignity as our age requires; he can talk to judge and lawyers who dispute not his word. He can stand above his fellowmen in church and lift all to his level; he can drive his car with care that his passengers feel safe to ride; he can read from Emerson and Shakespeare and chuckle with delight. He is handy in assisting the ladies, and can dance the latest steps. He is jolly, content, and sheds Good Cheer wherever he goes. He is our medicine man, with the real medicine to heal the tired, the discouraged, the sinsick; for he brings to everyone alike fraternal love. He has not forgotten the heritage his Mother left him. His 43 cents is gone and the little jack knife long since lost, but he is rich in wisdom, beyond the laws of man; yet he is not blind to all that civilization has brought him. Yet our medicine man lives in a realm of nature wherein the greater issues of life vibrate peace.

When his church received the lovely silken flags of his state and his country, from the Rhode Island State Federation of Women's Clubs and Senator and Mrs. Graham, his patriotism and enthusiasm ran high. "Hurrah for old Glory," he shouted, "Hurrah Hurrah Hurrah," and all the Narragansetts stirred in their crowded seats for the little church was filled. His little granddaughter followed grandpa's spirit, stepping to the front and in a clear ringing voice saying,

"She's up there Old Glory
May she ever wave
O'er the home of the brave
And the land of the free."

We Indians, alive with the spirit of our ancestors, standing upon that sacred spot,

sensed a deep thrill at those words, "the home of the brave and the land of the free."

Chief Pine Tree, in defiance of all opposing influences, that have come to bear upon our little group, will keep the name "Narragansett Tribe of Indians", and all it stands for, as a standard of fine American citizenship for our posterity. It was his fearless spirit, that firmly and quietly lead the members of his tribe to rally for legal recognition. It was he who said, "If the Narragansetts need a charter, a charter we will get." And he with several others got it, properly signed and sealed by the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

My generation and my children's generation now living to witness this act, do pay homage to our medicine man. We will not let the charter become void thru our neglect. From the pages of that great understanding poet, Mr. Orville Leonard, who was the Indian's friend, and whose family in colonial days were a friend of King Philip, I am permitted to give this poem for our chief.

TO THE PINE TREE

by Orville Leonard

from the "Genie in the Jar"

The true God is in me
Even as he is
At the heart of the universe
And when I grow above this world
There is a something emanates from me
An outgrowth from my earthly life
But greater than that life
That cannot die.

So even must God grow
Because of that outgrowth in me
Greater than my life,
That I add to the heart of the universe.
He is ever changing
Even as I change
And if the Spirit in me

Outgrows its earthly vehicle
As it must—
Then God must grow through me
Because of what I, and myriad others—
Add to the volume of his spiritual force.

For God is a spiritual force
And, since I am part of Him
I'll not be trammelled
By any creed or dogma
For he who calls not to a distant God
But ever talks as to his closest friend
With his own highest self
And rests on that—
Nor seeks a fanciful prop to stay
His mental or his moral weariness—
Is the only strong, free man
In all the world.

Sometimes my voice is a thunderous roar;
Sometimes 'tis the softest sigh,
Elfin songs are sung at my door
 harbor the lion's cry,
And I sing to myself in my solitude
For a giant am I.

As my needles pick out sharp tracery
Against the moonlight cold,
From the edge of a hole in my sturdy bough
The night owl's cry is rolled.
The chipmunks scamper along my limbs;
The squirrels chatter and scold.

Though I snap and crack when the Frost
 King's free;
Though I stand as straight as a line
Yet I sing you the softest lullaby
With the wind through my needles fine;
For I am the restfullest, gentlest tree,
Although I'm a mighty pine.

I bring you strength through the hours of
 light,
And, when the shadows creep—
I breath my balsam to fill your night,
And send you slumber deep;
For I am the symbol of quiet strength—
And I am the spirit of sleep

INTERESTING INDIANS

John H. Noka

The death of John H. Noka of Westerly, formerly of South Kingstown, where he was a resident of the community of Matunuck for many years, should have more than a passing notice, inasmuch as the maternal line of his family is a descendant of royalty: also for his kind and obedient disposition in his youth to all whom he met. Mr. Noka became an orphan in his youth by the loss of his father, who then resided in Wakefield, and hence his acquaintance and regards among us in his boyhood.

In after years, Mr. Noka, with great pride and sincerity, mentioned his descent from the royal house of the Ninigrets as the story had been handed to him by his Mother. However silent and unhallowed may have been the fate of 10,000 princes, the name and memory of our young friend is certain and secure, not that it rests in the embrace of chivalry or of romance but softly guarded, aside from the traditions of his family, in the annals of the state.

To where the surges and the billows of the great ocean of time has lift the life, the memory and the importance of our

youthful and uncrowned prince we stand and look back over the two hundred years since his great ancestor was dethroned, and are thankful to have known him and that remnant of the family of kings who ruled these fair hills still lives among us.

Mr. Noka's direct descent from royalty comes from Thomas Ninigret who married Mary Whitford, April 1761. Christopher, a member of the tribe in good standing, married a daughter and heir of the above house, and many children were born unto them, among them were: Mary, Hannah, and Caroline. Caroline the second, married Isaac Rodman. Their children were: Christopher, Hannah, and Mary, etc. Mary married Moses Noka, and unto them were born: Mary, Sarah, Caroline, Daniel, John H., and Christopher.

If fate had dealt less rigorously with the house of his royal fathers, where may this child of royalty have been? At least he would have been a prince in his Mother's house, trusted to the leadership of armies, as well as a voice in her councils.

Potter

NARRAGANSETT TRIBAL CREED

Our fathers gave us many good laws, which they had learned from their fathers. They told us to treat all men as they treat us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his life or his property without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that He never

forgets; that hereafter He will give every man a spirit home according to his deserts, this I believe, and all my people believe the same.

(The chief repeats this at ceremonial meetings and the council answers)

An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue.

LISTEN TO THE MEDICINE MAN

Cut your hair on the new of the moon if you want it to grow.

Cut your hair on the dark of the moon and it will not do well.

The *New of the Moon* means the time from the new moon to the full moon and then it grows smaller until last quarter; this period is called the *Dark of the Moon*.

Plant vegetables that ripen under the ground on the dark of the moon, such as potatoes, beets, carrots and turnips.

Plant vegetables that ripen above the ground like corn, beans, tomatoes, peas, etc., on the new of the moon.

Do every day what belongs to that day
 Medicine Man—
 Chief Pine Tree has spoken

LESSON IN OUR NATIVE TONGUE

The Indians have left us no written landmarks in their history. Of their language there remains to us scarcely more than the names they gave to hills, brooks and rivers.

"We the children of a favored day,
Inheriting their homes,
Would guard their history from decay,
And mark their mouldering tombs."

Roger Williams put into print in English, words, sounds and phrases. As many as we can find we will endeavor to give to our public, because it is generally believed that nothing remains of the Narragansett tongue. So far we have divided our information into twelve lessons. You will find one in each edition for this year.

Lesson Number 1

What cheer, Nctop meaning "all is well, friend," is the general salutation to all English and the first greeting Roger Williams received when he landed at the head of Narragansett Bay; "Wunnegin cowish"

The Narragansett historian will appreciate all unwritten stories of your grandmothers and grandfathers of past Narragansett days. Send facts and stories to Princess Red Wing, Box 103, Oakland, R. I. You will find them preserved in these columns from time to time.

Let us All Read

"A Century of Dishonor" by Helen Jackson—The "Century of Progress Exposition" in Chicago gave no progressive showing for the Indians. Perhaps, in another century, if we all read on Indian affairs and subjects, we may become enlightened and progressive. If one does not go forward, then one slips backwards; in slipping backwards, let us wipe out the dishonor and gather up the lovely traits of our ancestors.

Read—"Westerly and Its Witnesses".

Milestones

Births

Eleazer—Feb. 11, 1935, in Westerly Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll N. Eleazer of 100 Canal Street, Westerly, R. I., a daughter, Barbara Delores.

The Narragansett Tribe sends greetings to Barbara Dellres Eleazer, the first born into our newly organized tribe. May the blessing of the faith of her forefathers attend her always.

meaning, let us dwell in peace or we can sleep together like brothers.
Nctop—friend. Nctompaug—friends
Neen, keen, ewo—I, you, he
Keen ka neen—You and I
Ka—and a connecting sound for unmusical syllables;

As cowe quas sin—Good morning
As cowe quasnum mis—Good Morrow
:cowaunek is generally a favorable sound such as,
Cowaunkamish—My service to you
Cuckquenamish—I pray your favor
Cowaunkamuck—He likes you
Cowam man unsh—I love you
Cowam ma nuck—He loves you
Cowam maus—You are loving
Cowau tam—Do you understand or love
Cowau tam—Do you understand or love me?
Neen wau tam—I understand
Calumet—The peace pipe

all unwritten stories of your grandmothers and grandfathers of past Narragansett days. Send facts and stories to Princess Red Wing, Box 103, Oakland, R. I. You will find them preserved in these columns from time to time.

Deaths

John Noka, died in 78th year. He was of fine old Narragansett family, and several years ago he sought restitution from the Rhode Island Senate for land he alleged was illegally taken from his tribe. He died at his home in Charlestown after a long period of failing health. He was born in Charlestown, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Noka. For many years he was employed as a stone cutter. He was always prominent in Indian activities in this state and was a member of the Narragansett Indian Church at Charlestown. He is survived by two brothers, James and Alpheus. He is buried in the old family lot at Charlestown.

Miss Eva Harry, died in her 25th year, at her home in Peacedale, R. I. She was the daughter of Luther Harry and the late Eva Hull; Harry. Burial in Oak Dell Cemetery.

TEA AT SUNSET COTTAGE

Sunset Cottage, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Micheal, is snuggled in among more officious buildings on the east side of Providence, R. I. Mr. Micheal is our oldest and most widely known Narragansett tribal chief. The cottage doorway, over which hang the signs and totems of his forefathers, faces the setting sun—an old custom of the Indians, symbolic of the going out of life as easily as the going down of the sun. The bedroom windows face the rising sun, that it may hear his morning prayers. Long the custom of many generations of Narragansetts. The fact that these same hills, which in past years, heard the appeal of many Indian sires, are now covered with the dwellings of the white race, does not daunt Chief Sunset, from adhering to his tribal customs. Inside and out of his property is typical "Indian of to-day"—by that we mean, a modern man, who forgets not the faith of his forefathers.

The little, old fashioned iron gate creeked a cheery welcome to Chief Pine Tree, Princess Minnetonka and myself, and we passed thru. Chief Sunset answered our knock at the door and offered a friendly hand, saying, "enter friends, Chief Sunset bids you welcome." The chief's manners are as easy and polite as his white brothers, and we were soon comfortably at home in the cozy sitting room. Mrs. Micheal came in and assisted in making us content.

"What news, oh Pine Tree?" said Sunset in his frank open manner.

"We came, chief," said Chief Pine Tree, the Narragansett medicine man, "to extend to you personally, an invitation to sit in at our tribal business meetings, which now meet the last Saturday of every month at the Old Meeting House. The executive board sends you greetings, hoping you will exert yourself in behalf of the new tribal union. We need every drop of Narragansett blood to keep alive the newly born organization of the old tribe, which for 53 years has lain dormant."

Chief Sunset stood up, gave an Indian sign and raised his hand to heaven. "As long as time shall be and one drop of Narragansett blood exists, may the Narragansett Tribe never die, and may its spirit live forever."

"Amen" murmured his listeners, and I jotted down his words.

Sunset continued, "But Chief, if it does die, it will go down fighting. The world may never understand what we are fighting for, or our principles, but we do. Our tribal spirit saw birth in these hills, a thousand years ago and I hope every thousand years to come, it will be born anew."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the medicine man and clapped his hands.

"But," said Chief Sunset, "the Narragansetts need to unite and pull together, you younger folks ought to see to it that all Narragansetts pull together. Don't have a little group in Providence, another in Westerly, another in Charlestown."

"That is what we are trying to do," said Princess Minnetonka, "We are calling all of Narragansett blood irregardless of other social societies for the uplift of Indians, to uphold the tribe, to register with it to work with it and enjoy tribal associations together. Thus keeping alive thru our activities all the fine old tribal laws and principles. If we don't get together on these things now, while men like you still live, the younger generations will soon be forgetting the faith of our forefathers."

"Well spoken, madame," said Sunset, "But what of such characters as old John Nokgeagg? Will he fall in line?" And he gazed curiously at his guest.

"He's dead," said I, "Just died this winter."

Chief Sunset arose and made another Indian sign. These signs he has promised to explain to us later. You will find them in these columns.

"I'll help you in anything that is purely Narragansett, or for the good of the tribe. I personally know about 193 Narragansetts and a few Wamps and Pequots—a Mohegan or two right here in Rhode Island. It will be a great thing to see a big and real tribal organization like I see in past memories."

"Bring those memories back to us, please, Chief Sunset," said I, "they are golden memories, they must not be lost. My son wants them and his son too. Don't you see?"

And Chief Sunset opened that "great unwritten book of the redmen." White men put everything down on paper, but the red man, who couldn't write, put

things down in his brain, and on his heart. What a grand 2 hours we spent after that.

Mrs. Micheal served us piping hot biscuits and home made jam and tea. Over the tea cups we listened to the chief talk. He brought out old reliques, books, newspapersclipping, pictures, etc. But the picture that interested me most, was that of Mollie Rodman, hanging on the wall. She was a fine looking Indian lady of three generations ago, or more. She, it was, who married into the royal family of the Ninigrets and produced so many descendants now living in South County. Often, I have heard the name. Now I stood gazing into her keen, sharp features, seeking the resemblance to many who were grandchildren, great grandchildren and still another great. Mollie Rodman help-

ed to keep us from being a "vanishing race." And we sipped our tea while he told us of his famous grandmother. He had other old family pictures. Bristol Micheal, a councilman in 1880, Chief Sunset's father was one who "signed the reservation away." But the story of that signing, the Chief will give you in his own words.

The chief told us many stories of his childhood. His mind seemed to pick them up like a good receiving set and he would say, "It seems but yesterday; it is strange that I can remember those things so vividly, the digging up of Indian graves, and yet can't remember where I put my glasses 5 minutes ago."

We smiled and understood.

THE LAST OF THE SACHEMS

Tashassuck was a mighty chief,
With son and daughter fair,
No worthy peers 'twas said with grief,
Were found to wed the pair.

A legend wedding day, with pride,
To lift the Sachem's gloom,
That regal daughter was the bride,
His son royal the groom.

Connonicus, that Sachem' sage,
And prince of royal birth,
To Narragansett Tribe, they gave,
To walk the ways of earth.

In days of yore, the sagamore,
Our chief Connonicus,
Twas love he for the English bore,
And war he'd not discuss.

The good old Chief Connonicus,
His arrows wrapped in snake,
He'd never seen a blunderbus,
And bullets made him quake

He could not understand the piece,
A charm, he thought the lead,
There's room for all and war should cease
The Narragansett said.

'Twas Roger Williams staid the tide,
The tide of English blood,
The price was Narragansett's pride,
And doom beneath the flood.

'Twas Philip sought to stem the tide,
When Narragansetts failed,
And for his home and country died,
Soon Narragansett wailed.

Old Massassott, the aliens
For allies, he entailed,
The Wampanoags paid the price
When Metacomet failed.

King Philip' head? 'twas sorely wound,
And never buried in the ground.
By traitor's hand he came to die,
His quartered parts were hung on high.

A body lies in Sachems Plain,
Mi-an-to-no-mi's royal fame,
Twas Uncas, of Mohegan strain,
While bound, he cleft that skull in twain.

A quartered body, and a head,
Mohegan ire, the blade was red,
Mi-an-to-no-mi's royal son,
Connonchet's days on earth were done.

The Pequots shot the noble Chief,
Mohegans cut his body brief,
Niantics, led by Ninigret,
They burned that royal Connonchet.

The Pilgrim's sought to own the land,
They saw, with fear, the owner's hand,
Divided was the Indian band,
Kingdoms divided cannot stand.

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Cononicus spoke in the gone by days:

"I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed, nor never will. If the Englishman speak true, if he mean truly, I shall go to my grave in peace, and hope that the English and my posterity shall live in love and peace together."

Cononicus

"A warrior may lose his spear, his bow and arrows, his knife, but his thoughts may still remain with him and prove to be his most powerful weapons."

THE SACRIFICE

Not all the blood they would release
On Jewish altars lain
Could set the guilty soul at ease
Or hide away the shame.

Before the hills in order stood
A lion he was slain
Emmanuel he said he would
The lamb unblemished came.

In eons wedded to the time
Was wrought with strain the ware
For tomb to hold the lamb divine
They laid the savior there.

While man in fear his darkest plight
For earth the blood had torn
Truth darkened wrought our Easter light
On that high Easter morn.

Anent, an ere that Easter lo
The tomb received it's dead,
What washes whiter than to know?
His rising as he said.

Light in the darkness and forsooth,
In darkness threw the might,
Grace, peace and mercy, with the truth,
To lead us in the light.

Our riches vain, of blood wring,
We seek and ever deign,
To crown our Lord of Kings, the King,
The lamb for sinners slain.

Shamed again on Calvary,
Freed from a Father's just decree,
Freed from the law, and died won,
Led to the Father by the Son.

Fred V. Brown

SOCIAL NOTES

The Rainbow Bugle and Drum Corps of South Kingstown made a good showing at a contest for buglers and drummers in Eagle's Hall, Providence, R. I. The first prize went to the Newport Boy Scouts, and the second to the Mu.-Co.-Lit. Providence Drum and Fife Corps.

The Social Club of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians, gave a very successful and enjoyable dance at the Shannock Memorial Hall, in Shannock, R. I., March 2nd. It was well attended, and the Chief and Council were pleased with the efforts

of our young club and their management of the large assemblage. Miss Gladys Babcock is chairman of the club, and was in charge of affairs, Mr. William Glasko, of Framingham, Mass., was the floor manager. Mrs. Babcock and Mr. Theodore Brown managed the refreshments.

The Narragansett Council met at the home of Mr. Cassius Champlin, Peacedale, R. I., Saturday, March 9th. Chief Champlin is president of the Council. After the business meeting, Mrs. Champlin served the guests with a delightful collation and

social hour was enjoyed by all.

Friday, March 8th, the Rainbow Drum Corps of South Kingstown gave a Minstrel under the direction of Mr. C. H. Graves, Wakefield, R. I., in the Guild Hall, Peacedale, R. I. They had their own orchestra and Mr. Charlie Hazard was master of ceremonies. The comedians, Mr. Harry Chester and William Reel, Mr. Morris Fairweather, and Gilbert Reel, showed original talent and good singing. Lillian Prout and Julia Sampson were pleasant to watch as they gracefully tapped thru their solo dances and received many encores. Helen Taylor's singing was clapped back also. The chorus was well trained and entertained with several songs. They were brightly clad in red slacks, with caps and scarfs to match and white tailored blouses. The men's costumes were to much a work of comic art to describe. They had to be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Harold Fairweather, Mr. Neal Johnson and Mr. Fred Micheal favored the audience with solos.

The general Tribal Meeting of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians meets the last Saturday in every month, at 8 p. m., in the Old Indian Meeting House, Charlestown, R. I. Every one of Narragansett Blood up to one eighth blood, is cordially invited and urged to attend.

Chief Night Hawk, Sachem

Princess Minnitonka, Secretary
April 11th, at Shannock Memorial Hall, Shannock, R. I., the Athletic Club of the N. T. I. gave a reception and frolic for Ellison Tarzon; Brown of Alton, R. I. whom they entered as their runner at the Boston Marathon, on April 19th. There was a general collection taken for the lad who has already made such a good showing for the tribe. Some of his cups were on exhibition with other Indian runners' trophies at the hall.

Music by Panny's Musical Merrimacs of Oakland, R. I. Manager, Mr. Francis Panny; Glasko, Narragansett Indian.

MOTHER'S PAGE

Succotash

As far as I can remember, some of the early cooked dishes of the Narragansetts were parched corn, broiled fish, roasted game, boiled corn meal, stewed beans and

The ladies of the Executive Board of the Narragansett Tribe are planning a delightful silver tea, to be held in Castle Hall, Kingston very soon. There will be an exhibition of untutored and original art and talent.

There was a meeting of the Back Yard Dramatic Club of the N. T. I., in Castle Hall, Kingston Hill, R. I., April 16th, 1935. They will rehearse a play.

Levi Wilcox, *Pres. of B. Y. D. C.*

About sixty attended the birthday party of Mrs. Ruth Ford, of Providence and her cousin Mrs. Ella Peek, at the latter's home in Oakland, R. I. Both have a birthday on the first day of spring and were given this joint party by their mothers and friends. The whole affair was a grand success. There were impersonations of radio, screen and stage stars over Mr. Glasko's microphone with sound effects in the next room. Mr. Vernon Scott and Mrs. Robinson of Providence and Mr. Glasko of Oakland furnished music for dancing and singing. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Peek, both received many beautiful and useful presents.

Mr. Earl Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brown of Peacedale, R. I., has returned home from the CCC Camp in New Hampshire, after spending six months there.

Mr. Harry Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Peckham of the Cross Mills, Carolina Road, R. I., has returned to Eastern Nazarene College at Wollaston, Mass., after having spent a week's vacation in Cleveland, Ohio, where he and five of the students of the college attended the wedding of a classmate.

Mr. Peckham is one of our best athletes, having a beautiful showing of cups and trophies.

Mr. U. T. Carter, Jr., of East Providence, student at Rhode Island State College, Kingston, has been elected president of the Young People's Forum, at the Second Free Baptist Church in Providence.

the bean were brought by the crow, and therefore were cooked together and called succotash. It means corn and beans cooked in a pot together. Manusquasdash was the Narragansett word for beans; and msickquatash means boiled with corn—put them together and drop unnecessary sounds, we have succotash. Since the crow brought the new food, he was never killed, and became a tribal totem. The Indians caught, tamed and trained hawks to chase the crow from the cornfields and all kinds of scarecrows were also used.

The old story goes like this—many, many moons ago, the red men on these shores became restless and discontent. This displeased the Great Spirit who had provided well for his Red children. So He stirred the heart of one young wayward son who had gone into the hills in search of knowledge and understanding, to follow the dictates of his own heart, instead of the voice of nature. He wandered on, far into unknown lands and found new things to crave.

At length he returned and made all the young feel, as we say to-day, "that the grass in the next field is greener."

The old men became doubtful and the medicine man prayerful. But at that time, the chief's council contained young blood, and it was very influential.

Soon a party of young physically fit Indians set out, to unknown land. To punish them, the Great Spirit lead them on and on, while on the sunny shore of the Narragansett Bay the old and very young struggled along. The old reared their little ones, but early in their lives the grandmothers and fathers traveled on into the "great mystery."

The old medicine man realized soon would be only this very young nation with no mothers and fathers to lead them, so he took his little 12 years old grandson aside. Daily he taught him all the laws of nature and the tribe, that he considered worth saving. Then they threw to the four winds all the careless, unprofitable and unlovely laws. This new nation must be ruled by love of the Good Spirit and love of their comrades.

"In a few more moons," the old man said, "the old things shall pass away and a new world will be yours. You must seek heavenly wisdom early and the great passions of life will unfold to you as nature reveals to the world the glories of its creator. Old heads will pass and soon you will depend upon the voices from within

in response to the voices about you. You are the beginning of a new era, lead by Mother Nature and Father Time. The Good Spirit has made you tall and straight, your strength is like yonder oak. In the earth is your livelihood, plants, roots, barks, herbs, fruits, minerals and the water is filled with life. Nature will tell you when to fish and when not to, that the streams may always be filled.

In the air are fowl, which will be pleasant feasting. But a new food will come as a blessing to a new clean nation. You will plant the seed and each year the Great Spirit will bring you a harvest on this ground, that you may not wish to wander away from the graves of your ancestors."

The old man passed away as did all the other old people and the grandson taught the others many wonderful truths. At dawn they prayed from the hill tops with their faces east. It is even said they built hills and in Charlestown, some historians tell of these sacred hills, built for morning worship.

Some believe this to be the theory of the perfect physics of the Narragansetts as well as the story of the succotash. You see this new nation was favored by the Great Spirit, they faced life unencumbered, keen in mind, pulses vibrating with the deep understanding of truly living. And the Great Spirit smiled upon his wonderful children and sent them a new food to prove his pleasure and as a blessing.

One morning as they prayed, there came a big black bird, a crow, from out of the clouds, carrying in one ear, a kernel of corn, the precious wa wat camen and in the other ear, the bean, the manusquasdash. The crow spoke, saying, "Msickquatash," meaning to be cooked together. His mouth was then sealed and all he said thereafter was, "Caw, caw, caw."

They blessed the seeds and planted them as the old medicine man had predicted. The Good Spirit brought forth a beautiful harvest in the fall and there was much rejoicing among them. The women took the kernels and the beans and cooked them with bites of venison and called their new dish succotash. Thereafter it was always a thanksgiving dish, and the harvest ceremonies grew more and more important until the white people took up the idea and made it a national time of being thankful and rejoicing over blessings sent from heaven.

Mother Glasko

KEEPER OF RECORDS

NARRAGANSETTS HOLD FIRST TRIBAL MEETING IN 53 YEARS

About 200 Narragansett Indians and the same number of guests met in Shannock Memorial Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, to receive messages of greetings from Miss Gladys Tantaquidgeon, a representative from the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Governor Theodore Francis Green, Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan of Newport, Representative F. B. Rollinson of South Kingstown and other spoke.

Governor Green told of his acquaintance with Narragansetts for over 25 years and said he had had great pleasure in following the old trails. He hoped that the Indians of today would still possess the splendid virtues of their ancestors. As Roger Williams once said, in his dealing with the Indians, he had never known an Indian to break his word.

Rev. Francis Russell, missionary of the Rhode Island Baptist Convention, spoke of his work at the Haskell Institute and said the first Baptist Church in Wisconsin was founded by a Narragansett Indian.

As to the Indian program. Chief Night Hawk :Philip H. Peckham; said he had been working on the Narragansett movement for many years and was glad that the Narragansetts had at last seen the need of organizing. To promote education and advancement of the tribe "we must prepare ourselves to advance with civilization but still keep the old Narragansett traditions," he said.

Chief Pine Tree, Medicine Man of the Narragansetts :William L. Wilcox; received applause when he explained that Secretary of State Louis W. Cappelli had granted a charter to the Narragansett Tribe, so that they could protect and increase their tribal lands.

The incorporators are: William L. Wilcox, Philip F. Peckham, Charles H. Babcock, R. Lewis Wilcox, Harry A. Peckham, Marion W. Brown, Clara F. Peckham and Rachel A. Peckham.

Susan and Walter Peck, children of Princess Redwing, a Narragansett missionary to South Dakota, sang songs in the Sioux language.

Miss Mary Peckham sang an Indian melody, "Hiawatha's Melody of Love."

Mrs. Adell W. Rhodes played a piano selection, "Love's Trail." Princess Minnetonka :Mrs. Marion W. Brown; sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka."

OFFICERS ELECTED AT TRIBE MEETING

**Peckham Named Chief Sachem
for Two-Year Period
at Shannock Session.**

HELD UNDER NEW CHARTER

The first regular meeting of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians was held last evening in Memorial Hall, Shannock. About 66 members were present. It was the first meeting held under the new charter granted by the Secretary of State last December 3rd. Ernest Hazard presided as moderator.

The following officers were elected for a two-year term: Chief Sachem, Philip Peckham; nine councilmen, Cassius Champlin of Wakefield, William Glusko, Oakland; Theodore Brown, Peace Dale; Harry Peckham, Westerly; Charles Babcock, Alton; George Hazard, Charlestown; William Wilcox, Westerly; Clifford Reckling, Narragansett Pier, and Ernest Hazard, Charagansett Pier, and Ernest Hazard, Chalrestown; secretary, Mrs. Marion W. Brown, Westerly; assistant secretary, Miss Mary Peckham, Charlestown; treasurer, Mrs. Ella Peek, Oakland; assistant treasurer and prophet, Ernest Hazard, Charlestown; legal advisor, Thomas P. Gardner, clerk of the Washington County Superior Court.

Chairman of the social committee, Miss Gladys Babcock, Bradford; historian, Mrs. Ella Peek, Oakland; musical director, Miss Mary Peckham, Charlestown; chairman of the food committee, Harry Peckham of Westerly; chairman of the dramatic club, Louis Wilcox, Westerly; chairman of the athletic committee, Horatio S. Stanton, Westerly; chairman of the sick committee, Mrs. Clara Peckham, Charlestown.

William S. Wilcox of Westerly was re-elected Medicine Man, having served in this capacity for over 15 years. The next regular meeting was held on the last Saturday in February at the Old Indian Church in Charlestown.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

Age is the glorified path to immortal youth. Care for the aged, yet a few more years and your hair greys.

Consider the land of darkness is no place for repentance—there is no repentance in the grave.

Be rather careful of what you do, rather than what you have; for that which you have only lasts for a while, you take it not with you in death and when sick, is useless. But what you do is yours, and will follow you to your grave, and plead for or against

you at your resurrection.

The evil spirit is a cruel master, for the services upon which he puts his slaves is to undo themselves.

The judgment day will be a great pay day. The wages of sin are death and will be distributed to all who earn it.

Death is one of the first settlers in every town. New Year's days are knotches towards eternity. Repentance is the greatest honor, next to innocence.

TRADITION

YOUTH LEARNS THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE FROM GITCHE MANITOU, THE GREAT SPIRIT

It was not the shores of Gitche Gumee but the shores of our own shining Big-Sea-Water, the Narragansett Bay, where lived and died the Narragansett Tribe for generations before the white man came. Over the hills of historic South County, in Rhode Island, have wandered the squaws and braves of yore with as much interest in life and with more peace than we find to-day in this same territory. When the snow heaped high, the smoke could be seen curling from many wigwams and the smell of cooking venison, fish or wild turkey told that all was well within. The footprints in the snow to yonder hill, showed that the father of the household had traveled there alone in the gray dawn to talk with his God.

As spring rolled around, the women were busy with their gardens. The spring of life too rolls around for many a lad and lassie. They are like young untrained horses prancing in the sunlight. Life is theirs, but many questions would they ask of older members. Often they are warned and carefully are they watched. The Narragansetts had a great love and pride in their offsprings. Still they did not fondle them or call them by pet names, as we do to-day. But they showed love by careful watchfulness and guidance, in the right path as the Great Spirit gave them wisdom. They taught them the fear of God very early in life, and if they were bad the evil one would rule them, and bring harm. Is it so far from our rules of to-day? "Obedience is the first law of

happiness, and brings freedom of consciousness." They were taught to be truthful and above all, to be brave. Indians do not like a coward in a girl or boy, and in days of yore, a coward was possessed with the evil spirit, they thought. Constantly they were taught "Be not afraid and stand in awe before the Great Spirit."

Shall we pause by a wigwam, where sits a squaw busily at work on a willow basket. Her fingers move swiftly to be sure, but faster move her thoughts as she raises her eyes, and her gaze rests, long and tenderly on the little girl fast budding into womanhood. She reminds the mother of the little spring flowers, opening in the valley or wild wood. They are not afraid of life, even though animals and people may crush them. Even a rain or wind storm may tear them to pieces. Yet fearlessly they turn their faces to the sun, and the mother wise in all the laws of nature, keen in mind, understanding all the deeper issues of life, and the great tempests of passions, so soon to play a havoc with her young blossom, ponders deeply. Slowly, quietly, she calls her daughter to her. The young girl, listless in the springtime sun is tired of her dolls, she cares not to run with the younger children and her brother has gone fishing with the elder men. She does not wish to concentrate upon the basket, weaving round and round, tired of smoothing and shaping the splints, she comes expectantly to her ever

resourceful mother. For it was always mother who understood when the world looked perplexed. It was always mother who never failed with a new thought, a new game, a new task. "Cuttana peeyauash," said the mother, come, daughter, mother would speak with you. Many things, my mother told me, and I have carried them in my bosom for you. You will secret them deep in your heart until the Great Spirit blesses you, and makes you a part of the great plan of life. Manitou, the Good Spirit will speak to you; your body will respond. It will be like a fountain in the side of a hill, fresh, bubbling, sparkling and life giving. The stones of life over which you will stumble will be as many as you see at the spring. Thru your soul will rush the deep passions of life, beating, lashing, sucking up your vitality, seeking supremacy of your very actions. Your heart will beat fast. Be not afraid little Cuttana. You will wake in the soft, thick darkness of night. You will hear the "Voice" and understand it. The friendly blackness will cover you, like a cloak, that you may know no shame. Go then and wash, in the brook, in silence, and become sweet and clean and a part of all nature. Wisdom will walk with you, an understanding will come to be your companion for life, never to leave you. You must then go back to bed before dawn. Lay upon your bed for three days and fast and pray. I will draw the curtains of the wigwam by day and only by night will you walk to the brook, wash and commune with nature. You will watch, a sign, soon will be given and only you shall know."

Busily the mother wove on as if weaving the very destiny of the child into the rapidly forming basket. Cuttana, wide eyed, expectant, speaks not; for she knows from the earnestness of her mother's voice, this is no time for idle questioning. Her mother, anxious not to frighten her or overburden her young mind with weighty life questions, which only life itself can answer, speaks more lightly.

"See, Cuttana, when the Spirit speaks to you, this basket will be finished, and in it you will find many useful articles, of your very own, which will make for happiness and love to come. All the squaws will help me fill it, that my daughter may not want."

The days grew warm, as spring advanced. Restless, listless, longing grew the

little girl of fourteen summers, fearing less the Good Spirit call and she miss the sign. She had wandered back and forth unconsciously to the brook, until she knew she would not falter by night. Sheltered under a secret rock were her towel and toilet articles of those days. She kept rather close to mother, feeling the magnetic source of strength there; until one day, the mother, watching carefully less ill befall her little girl, brewed some catnip tea for Cuttana. When the shades of evening grew long, the mother patted Cuttana's fevered cheek, "Fear not, Cuttana, the Good Spirit, will guide you, be not afraid Manitou is almighty the great Sun obeys him, the thunder and lightning is his mighty voice and the heart beat of men is His gentle touch. Trust now in your Creator for He would make you useful to His mighty ends."

The mother drew the deerskin curtains, to shield her from the eyes of the rest of the family and nodded wisely to her brave. Weary from waiting, feverish with anxiety, soothed by the helpful herbs her wise mother had given her, little Cuttana murmurs a prayer,—"Great Spirit, my body is ready, I will know your sign." She drifts into a fitful slumber and the night wears on. Another little one waits on God to open the door of life. Suddenly she is alone with her Maker, all is pitch dark about her, unloosened are the wells of passion, Cuttana's young body is slye, her soul palpitates with the great meaning of life—life that was, life that is, and life to come. She stretches forth her hand as if to grasp the loving hand of the Master of Life Himself and strength is given her to arise. Just before dawn, when the night seems darkest and the little stars seem millions of miles away and the whole world is quietly sleeping. The wind in the leaves seem to rest and the birds on their nests still have their heads hidden under their wings, while the fox, bears and little creatures of earth are still wrapped in slumber. So still the world seems that Cuttana walks, as one in a vision and she feels the nearness of the Great Spirit. His protection makes her unafraid. She walks to the brook as her mother bade her, and bathed in the clear, cool water; then creeping back to bed before dawn.

She is asleep when a little after sunrise, her mother brings her a different concoction of herbs, hot, rich and filling. Cut-

tana drinks and grows drowsy. Her mother draws the deerskin curtain and tiptoes out. All around the wigwam the braves talk in whispers lest they wake her or disturb her ponderings. The little lady figures, in her mind, many things now, that she knew not before. She closes her eyes and prays for more knowledge of the mysteries of life, that she too, may become a wise squaw, like her mother, wise in life, wise in love, wise in wifehood, wise in motherhood, loving to all. She drifts into a light fantastic sleep where dreams of other worlds, other than the childish world she has left, comes to her. She, in fancy, dances out on a dew sweetened meadow, like a woodland nymph, the halo of innocence lights her path as bright as a million fireflies to her. Down the path, from out the mist, a tall brave appears. It is springtime, the air is sweet with fresh green of waking nature, the little frogs make rythym for their feet, as they gayly trip along. It is Spring. It is the spring of life, their bodies and souls are in tune with the great universe in which they exist. They shout, "I must live and love and thus love to live." Then ahead of them a space, becomes a shining light, like a glamorous sunrise and from behind that light, a voice is saying, "Gitche Manitou, the mighty, He the Master of life, bids you pause awhile and listen to these words of wisdom and receive my blessing; for I must instill in your hearts, now, those things of which you should know."

Little Cuttana awakes; the knowledge overwhelms her, and she lies there weak

and trembling with the magnitude of it. Her mother comes when the sun is high, and gives her a cool drink; searching every detail of her countenance, she has no need to voice a question. All thru the warm afternoon the little girl tosses about in her bed, and as night approaches, she becomes anxious for it to hasten, that she may walk in the enveloping darkness again and let the cool water flow over her warm body.

The fourth night, Cuttana washed and returned to her bed, she found it changed, clean and fresh and the cover to her basket, off. Hardly can she await the dawn. She hears her father astir with the first ray of light and listens to his footsteps fade away towards yonder hill. He has gone out quietly to meet the sunrise and speak with the Great Spirit at the beginning of the new day. It is her new day and she steals out of bed and handles her precious gifts. This basket is to her what a young girl's "hope chest" is to her to-day. Not dainty silks and fine linens to be sure, but all the useful dainty things of her time and day, were there, everything required of her society in the virgin forest. For now she would go into the society of older women. Now she would sit at council with mother and older sisters and once a month, her father will give her a party, until she is wed. This party is called the "feast of the pure maiden" and a necessary ceremony in the life of every household with young ladies.

TROUT FISHING

by Lone Wolf of Putnam, Conn.

Spring is here and you have a feeling of new life. The fisherman is looking over his outfit. The old Indian of yonoe days at this time of the year, got his fish spears and nets. Then he went to the rivers where the white perch and salmon came up the rivers to spawn. He went to shallow rapids and waded out; and when a big fish came along to his likes, he would spear it. In that way they would get their season's fish. They knew how to dry it, and used it for other purposes than food. They only fished in season, so that the fish would have a chance to grow plentiful.

All the streams and rivers of New England had shad, white perch, smelts, salmon, trout, bass, pickerel and any number of other kinds. At the present day, the rivers have but few.

We Indians of to-day, do as our white brothers; some are woodwise as their forefathers. The first fish of the spring, that the sportsman looks for is the trout. Trout is where you find them, often in shallow brooks. Where you find a small, there is sure to be a big one. To catch him, you do not walk up to the brook and look. You fish very carefully and quietly. Fish so your shadow will not fall on the brook; and do not make any quick moves.

When a big fellow is feeding, he is watchful. If he sees your shadow, or quick movement, or feels the bank jar, he is gone in an instance, and Indian has no fish.

To catch this big trout, one must be patient and often for a long time. When you feel a nibble, be still, when he bites, do not pull; let him have the bait until you are sure he has swallowed it and the hook. Then pull up your slack line, and just a twitch of the hand will set the hook and the battle is on. Now do not give him a slack line, if you do, he will shake the hook out of his mouth.

When you fish in the early spring, you must know your brooks, and what the natural feed is there. The trout have been laying all winter in deep pools and feed on worms and slugs and grubs and

minnows, so they are not anxious to try anything new. I advise you to use worms, they are a very good bait. Use big bait, to catch big fish. The trout has a mouth as big as the bass or pickerel. For instance, one weighing a pound has a mouth that you can put three fingers in. If you use small hook and bait you will catch small trout. It is not well to catch under size fish.

Fish at the edge of fast streams and at the bottom of the water, in all holes, under the banks and at the bottom of small rapids. Here lay the big trout. Later in the season, when trees and plants blossom, you use flies. Try it and see how it works out.

Lone Wolf
Lawrence W. Wilcox

LINEAGE OF THE NINIGRETS

The first Ninigret who reigned over the Narragansett Tribe of Indians was called the Elder Ninigret. Upon his death, which occurred soon after the close of King Philip's war in 1675, his daughter by his first wife was crowned, but was shortly followed by his son by his second wife, the Younger Ninigret, who died about 1722, leaving two sons, Charles Augustus, who succeeded his father, and George.

At the death of Charles Augustus, his minor son Charles was acknowledged as sachem by a portion of the tribe, but the greater part adhered to his uncle, George. This dispute was ended by the death of young Charles, and George received the Royal Belt and other royal insignia in 1735.

George Ninigret left three children, Thomas, George and Esther. Thomas known as "King Tom", was born in 1738, and succeeded his father, George, in 1746. He married Mary Whitfield of Newport in April, 1761, and died in the latter part of 1769 or early in 1770.

Thomas Ninigret's only son and also his brother, George, having died previously his brother, George, having died previously, Thomas was succeeded by his daughter Esther, who was crowned in 1770. Queen Esther in turn was succeeded by her son George, who at the age of 22 was killed by a falling tree. His death occurred during the War of the Revolution, 1775-1782. After this time the Narragansett Indians had no ruling sachem.

Elder Ninigret
Younger Ninigret
Charles Augustus Ninigret
George Ninigret
Thomas Ninigret, the King Tom
Esther
George

A daughter of Thomas Ninigret married Christopher Harry, a member of Thomas Ninigret's council of Indians. Children were Christopher Ninigret Harry, Daniel Ninigret Harry, Mary Ninigret Harry, Caroline Ninigret Harry, Hannah Ninigret Harry, Martha Ninigret Harry, Anna Ninigret Harry.

Daniel Ninigret Harry, born 1807, died 1885. Children: Eliza, Sarah, Daniel, Lydia, Mary, Luther.

Caroline Ninigret Harry, born 1805, died 1861, married Isaac Rodman, son of Molly Rodman. Children Caroline Rodman, Mary Rodman, Hannah Rodman, Christopher Rodman.

Mary Rodman, born 1830, died 1891, married Moses V. Noka, son of John and Esther Rodman; Noka. Children: Martha Rodman, Mary Jane, Caroline Harry, Sarah Abby, Daniel Rodman, John Henery and Christopher Ellsworth Noka.

Hannah Rodman, born 1832, died 1901, married William Fayerweather. Several sons, one being James W.

Recorded, April 21, 1939, in Charlestown, R. I., by George Cross, Town Clerk.

ATHLETICS

RACING

Ellison "Tarzan" Brown, the lanky young Indian marathoner from Alton, led the parade of amateur athletes in this territory, and turned in the outstanding performances of any simon-pure sports competitor.

The 19-year-old runner forged into the front ranks of New England's leading marathoners, and in one instance paired with Clarence DeMar, veteran Boston marathon hero, to establish an unofficial 26-mile speed record.

Brown opened his racing season in the Boston Marathon on April 19, but suffered an injury in the event which forced him far back in the list and he could finish no better than 32nd, the same position in which he completed the distance in 1933.

Several weeks later he turned in a fine showing in the ten mile A. A. U. race at Norwich, finishing sixth. His next start at Arctic saw him just begin to his his true stride, and he finished the ten mile handicap race in fourth place.

A month later he engaged Leslie Pawson, Pawtucket, 1933 Boston marathoner, in the closest race of the latter's career. Over a 12 mile course the two battled elbow to elbow, Pawson finally sprinting at the finish to edge Brown by a few feet. Pawson's time was only one second faster than Brown's.

In his final race of the season, Brown reached the peak of his career, but unfortunately was pitted against Clarence DeMar on a day when the veteran was turning in his best performance in ten years.

DeMar and Brown ran the other entries in the 26-mile race right into the dirt, forged way out front at the first quarter and then blazed down the remainder of the stretch to set new marathon marks. Both were under the old records by five minutes. DeMar's greater experience over the stiff New Hampshire course enabled him to beat Brown by 25 yards.

Chief Horatio Stanton, long the dean of Rhode Island marathoners, retired during the past year, and his familiar figure was missed at the Boston marathon and several of the distance events in this State.

Eddie Cotter and Elex Brown, both students at Rhode Island State College, former Westerly High leaders, were outstanding in the undefeated ducal met marks established by the Rams and the Ramlets.

CHIEF CLEARWATER

President of the Athletic Club of the N. T. I.

In 1927, Chief Clearwater, Horatius Stanton, of Westerly, famous Indian marathon runner, was scheduled to run in Maine with other Indian and white runners from all over the United States and Canada. At the athletic headquarters, each signed up. To questions asked Stanton, he replied, giving his nationality as Indian—"Narragansett from Rhode Island." His inquirer looked up, stopped writing and said, "Sit down, see you a little later." Stanton sat and waited until all men were signed in, wandering what this bird had on his mind. Stanton knew his records and standings were good and his A. A. U. card paid up. When the rest of the men passed on, the registrar came up to Stanton and held out his hand.—"Well, chief, you're the first Narragansett I've heard of since King Philip's war. Any more where you come from?"

"About 200," said Stanton.

"How interesting, thought they were all wiped out. Do tell me about them? Ought to be the making of some good athletes among them."

They talked at length on the possibilities of Narragansetts. Chief Clearwater has 64 cups and 42 medals, besides minor ribbons. He is a member of the A. A. U. and holds more marathon trophies than any other Indian in the United States. He is a member of the Rod and Gun Club of Rhode Island; the Public Library of Westerly, Young Men's Club and the Empire Indian Baseball League of Rhode Island. He is 39 years old, born and reared in South County of the noted family of Indian Stantons, whose records date back to Canonicus. He is married and has one daughter. The Narragansett Tribe have elected him as president of the N. T. I. Athletic Club. Some of his worth while suggestions, which may later be realized are, a canoe team for both girls and boys, and an archery team for both sexes.

Next winter we will think on basketball and hockey. This summer we hope to have a good baseball team, train our young folks in tennis and horseback riding. We also invite contests in swimming and diving. The Athletic Club shows signs of being an interesting group. We hope all Narragansetts of the proper ages will join and co-operate with the Captains of the various teams now forming.

THE BOSTON MARATHON

About twenty Narragansetts in ceremonial clothes, were at Hopkinton, on April 19th, to see the take off of their runner, Ellison "Tarzan" Brown. The party was escorted by Chief Stanton, President of the N. T. I. Athletic Club.

"Tarzan" was in good shape, physically, but had the sympathy of the whole tribe in the loss of his mother.

VOTING TWO GENERATIONS AGO

The Town of Charlestown was to pay to have the cedars cut in the "Great Swamp." No one knows that swamp like the Indians, so they were all concerned about it. Some of "Great Swamp" is still Indian land. A council was called and they decided to vote on who should have the job. Indian men and women gathered from miles around, near the old Indian School on School House Pond, where to-day still stand the self same old council rocks.

The men cut a long pole. One pulled it, while another rode on it,—thus making a deep mark on the ground. One side of the mark was for Old Joe Stanton and the

other for Bris Micheal, is how the story was told to me. Everyone voting, must jump over this line, on to the side for whom he or she was voting. More jumped on to Joe's side, so he cut the cedars in "Great Swamp." To vote again, a new mark must be made and they went thru the same procedure. The father of Cassius Champlin one of our present council men; won the vote and got the job of hauling the wood out of the swamp.

The N. T. I. Athletic Club are grateful to Mr. Harry Peckham, who has donated the use of his truck, as a means of conveying any athletic teams to games.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Attention—Indian Head bonnets, Indian Roaches made reasonable price. Write (Red Fox) Lewis Wilcox, 41 Franklin St., Westerly, R. I.

Card Reading—Have your future read by the daughter of a seventh daughter. Appointments. Tel. Westerly 4762, Tahoma, 34 John St., Westerly, R. I.

Practical Nursing—Will go anywhere, take any kind of case. Can furnish certificate from the Providence Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Marion Brown, 34 John St., Westerly, R. I., Tel. 4762.

Music—Panny's Musical Merrimacs, music for all occasions. Harvey Greenhalgh, leader; Francis (Panny) Glasko, manager. Tel., Pascoag 175-J or 234-11 Oakland, R. I.

Needlecraft—Bead Work and Indian Curios. Princess Snow Feather, 2046 N. Main St., Fall River, Mass.

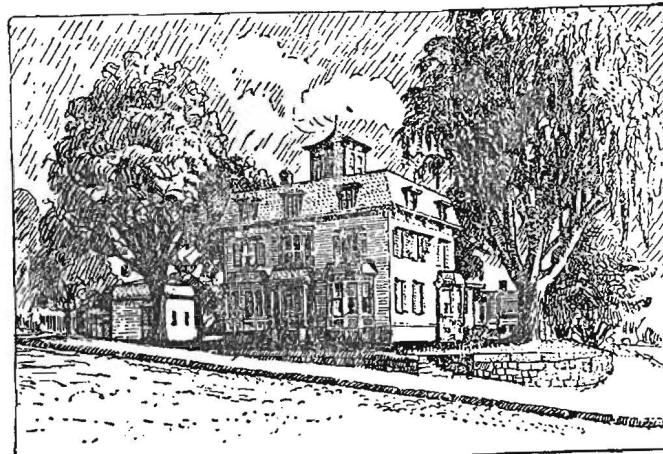
Chief Black Hawk—Lecturer, entertainer and exhibitor. 2046 N. Main St., Fall River, Mass.

Art Work—Interior decorating. Prices reasonable. Hints free. Appointments call Pascoag 175-J, write Mrs. Ella Peek, Box 103, Oakland, R. I.

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(Former Manager of Elm Tree Inn Dining Room)

TOURIST ACCOMMODATIONS

LIGHT AIRY ROOMS

We are pleased to announce the opening of Peckham's Inn at 59 Granite Street on the Boston Post Road, five minutes' walk and two minutes' drive from Westerly Post Office. It is under the management of Harry Peckham, who for the past eight years has been the successful proprietor of the Elm Tree Inn Dining Room.

In connection with the excellent Dining Room Service, which will compare favorably with the past efforts of Mr. Peckham, will be the Room Service. Guests will find large, airy, outside rooms with modern furnishings. As the Inn is located in the residential section of the town, where quiet and home comforts prevail, satisfaction is guaranteed to the most fastidious.

Ample parking space is provided at the rear of the Inn.

THE CHASE

When I mentioned this word to Mr. Harry Peckham, proprietor of Peckham's Inn, he smiled his broad, sunny smile and brushed back his greying hair. He gave the half smoked cigar an extra chew, "The Chase," he chuckled, "Well—I guess I know a few stories of hunting and fishing."

Harry Peckham, born in Brooklyn, Ct. of Indian mother and father, is our most famous Narragansett hunter. He is well known to all hunters, having brought down more deer, game and wild fowl than any other hunter in New England. His stories on the Chase will be instructive as well as interesting. But first, he says, we should all know our dogs. Mr. Peckham, who is known to tribal members as Standing Elk, has raised many valuable dogs for other hunters. He knows the proper care and training they need, besides many humorous stories of his dogs.

He also has a pile of interesting deer stories, smelly skunk stories, and wide-eyed duck stories, fascinating to all the family. Standing Elk has promised us his wealth of experience and knowledge of the hunt. Being in hotel

business most of his life, he has catered to many big hunting parties from other states. He is a member of many important gun and rod clubs of New England and is known to every real hunter on the eastern seaboard.

His charming wife comes from pure Narragansett blood, but has no children. Standing Elk is a member of our own Council and is Food Commissioner for the Tribe. The whole countryside knows of Harry Peckham's dinners.

As he talked, I looked up at the beautiful, mounted deer head in his office.

"What a beauty," said I.

"You know—" said Standing Elk, and launched off into the story. Boys, you should have heard it! But you will, in these columns. All the Boy Scouts of the State should find this humane hunter an interesting and influential friend and helper.

I take pleasure in introducing Standing Elk who will tell you, in our next edition, something on "dogs."

