

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.

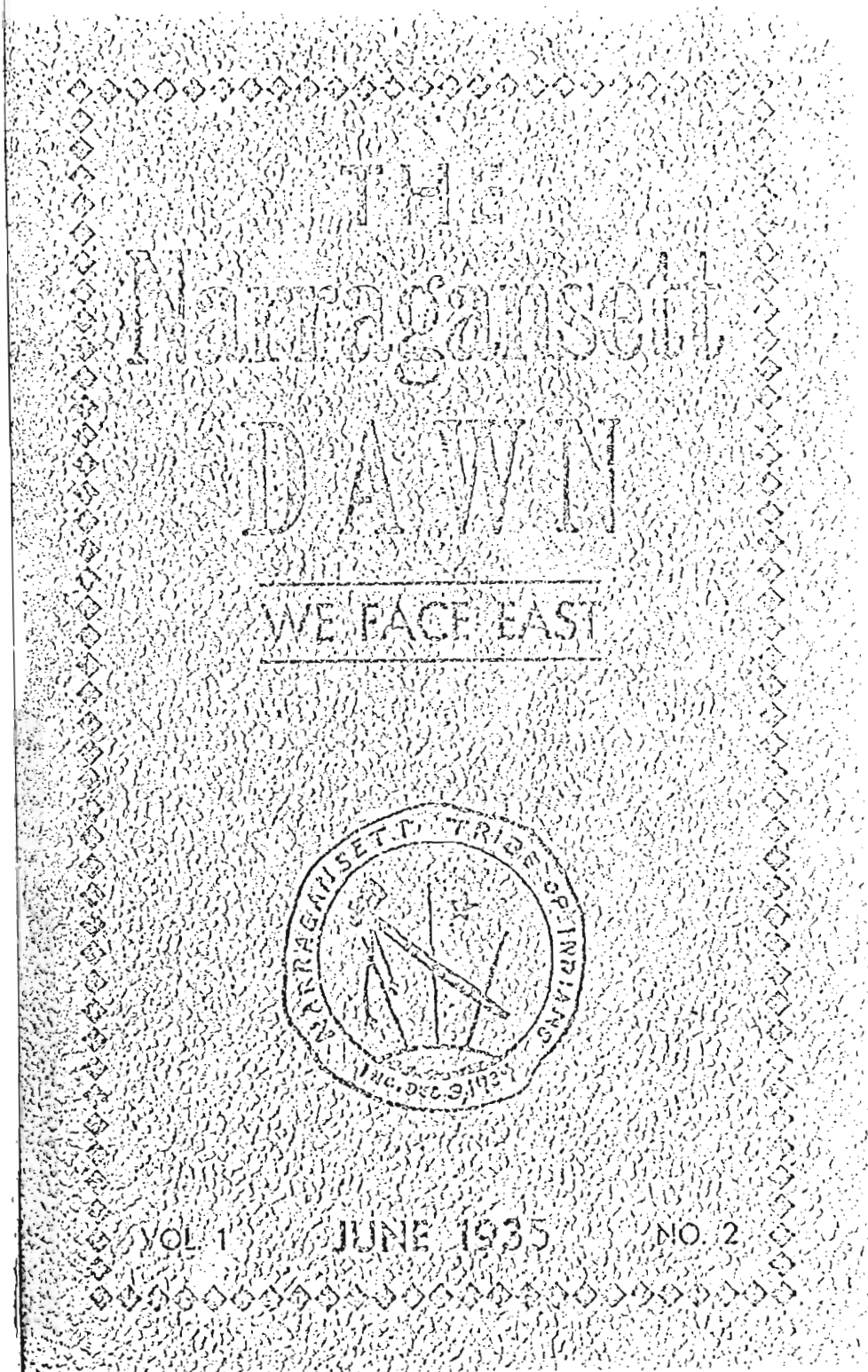
His charming wife comes from pure Narragansett blood, but has no children. Standing Elk is a member of our own Council and is Food Commissioner for the Tribe. The whole countryside knows of Harry Peckham's dinners.

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."



THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

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

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WHEELER-HOWARD BILL

The editor has been asked various questions on the Wheeler-Howard Act. Some who have read it, do not clearly understand it. *The Indian Truth*, a paper edited by the Indian Rights Association, gives this Article:

"On June 16, 1934, in the last hectic hours of Congress, both houses passed the Conference Report on Senate bill 3645, substitute for the original Wheeler-Howard bill. It was signed by the President on June 18.

Many features of the Act are good; it is much better than the original bill but it contains some doubtful features that certainly will need revision. Wisely administered, however, it may result in much good to the Indians who may elect to come under its provisions.

The extension of the trust periods on lands until otherwise directed by Congress is excellent. If this provision is to be of general application, with or without Indian sanction, it takes away the necessity for periodic frantic efforts to secure legislation extending the trust period for some given tribe where such legislation is required. It is most unfortunate that Oklahoma reservations are not included in this provision, for they represent one-third of the entire Indian population.

The provision for building up and conserving Indian land holdings are the most valuable features of the Act and should result in much good. They should be made to apply to Oklahoma by act of the next Congress.

The re-opening of the Papags reservation for mining should not have been attached to this Act. It ought to have been considered separately on its merits.

The exemptions of Oklahoma Indians from the vital provisions of the Act, and of the Klamaths of Oregon from Section 4 are unfortunate and weaken the application materially. The exemption of Indians from Civil Service places an unnecessary burden upon the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, ignores a valuable service already set up and elastic enough to meet the needs of the special situation of the Indians.

The restriction of the \$10,000,000 loan to chartered corporations may withhold aid from many worthy Indians. It also tends to bring pressure upon all Indian groups and individuals to accept a certain plan of organization. There is danger that the provision for employment of legal counsel by all tribes will not only lead to their exploitation, but will also tend to have tribes represented in their dealings with the Indian Office by such legal

counsel and thus deprive the Office of valuable direct contact with the Indians themselves.

Indians should be brought into the management of their affairs to the fullest extent possible, but the requirement upon the Commissioner to consult Indians before applying for appropriations may result in some unfortunate delays. For instance, the destruction of a structure by fire or flood calls for an emergency appropriation. This provision calling for references of all such matters to the tribe might cause a year's delay.

There has been a real demand for a definition of an Indian. The working out of the definition of one-half quantum of Indian blood for persons not already enrolled as members of an Indian group will be watched with interest.

There seems to be considerable confusion in the minds of Indians and whites as to the application of certain general features of the Act. Section I states explicitly that "hereafter no land of any Indian reservation . . . shall be allotted in severalty to any Indians." If any tribe happens to vote against acceptance of the Act, will this section apply to it?

There is confusion in the Indian mind concerning the Wheeler-Howard Act. He remembered the original text that was explained to him, but he has not grasped the changes that were made to insure the passage of the bill. He has not forgotten the great emphasis that was placed on the financial benefits, which probably created expectations that are not likely to be realized.

While it was stated officially that the Indians were not to be stampeded into accepting the bill, the closing paragraph of Mr. Collier's "interpretation" contrasts the great good to be gained through acceptance of the provisions of the Act with the almost certain stagnation that will follow its rejection.

It was officially announced on September 29th that thirty-two Indian tribes were being called upon "to hold a referendum October 27th, on the acceptance or rejection of the modified Wheeler-Howard bill, designated as the "Indian Reorganization Act" by the Interior Department."

The result of these elections will be awaited with interest.

from the *Indian Truth*.

FROM THE PROPHET ERNEST HAZARD (Eagle Eye)

I know of no better way, friend, to speak to you, than to speak that which is on my heart, so if you take your Bible and turn to Second Timothy 3 and read the first seven verses you will read these words.

"This know also, that in the last days, perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy,

Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good.

Traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God:

Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away.

For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts,

Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

I don't believe there ever was a time since the flood, that there was so much religion in the world and so little Christianity. How can things be any different? If this is the condition of men in the last days.

But if these things must be, does it excuse you and I? No, it does not, for God made a plan whereby all men might be saved. Less of self, more of Thee, that is Christianity. We have a lot of Church people, and we hear them say a lot, but their actions speak so loud we can't hear what they say.

Now let us, as a tribe, remember, that the things that are seen are only temporal, and the things that are not seen are the things eternal. So let us remember that lots of times just a pleasant look upon your face is a great deal better than a piece of change in the hand. Jesus said that if we loved one another, men would know we were His disciples. Now let us ask ourselves what must I do, and then go forward to do good, and knowing that if we do labor, and have not Charity it will profit us nothing.

If you are ever in Charlestown on a Sunday afternoon, visit the Indian Church. Services start at 2 o'clock every Sunday afternoon. We are welcome.

IF YOU HAVE NARRAGANSETT BLOOD — JOIN US

If you are a Narragansett, send in your name and join the tribe, for a house divided against itself shall not stand. This is not a saying of mine, it is a saying of Jesus our Lord; you can read it in the 12th of Matthew, if you will read the first twenty-five verse you will see why He said it.

They said His power to heal was of the devil, why? Was it because He bungled the job? No! it was because through jealousy they hated Him, so remember, to envy is to admit inferiority. We can read in Proverbs the 29th Chapter, where there is no vision the people perish; this has been proven over and over again, now let us remember, that December night in 1934, when we assembled ourselves together and declared we would make a new start; now if we labor that God may be praised we will succeed, but if we get a selfish spirit our second state will be worse than our first.

Let us seek first the kingdom of God and His Righteousness for we know then that all the other things will come in line, we will be able to love our enemies, do good to those that do us evil, love the bretheren and we can understand how the wound of a friend is far better than the kiss of an enemy and when you are reviled you won't revile again. When a man reaches this state, it is the gift of God; Never has a man lived long enough to learn it of himself so he could practice it. Now those people that stand back and make all manner of fun of us, because we declare we are Narragansetts pray for them! Remember every good and perfect gift is of God, so you that are for us, tell it to everybody, but argue it with no one, for God's plan doesn't have to be argued, it will succeed in spite of all opposition, for a people that will obey God, there isn't enough devils in Hell to stop them; and those that won't, there isn't enough Angels in Heaven to make them! Praise God for His wonderful power.

If we would work in harmony we must be in the will of God, we must honor and obey our officers, regardless of what station they may hold, "for inasmuch as you do it unto one of the least of these, my little ones, you do it unto me," said Jesus.

Don't be a floater or a drifter. Be a *man*, one who dares to stand true to his convictions; if you believe a thing is true, stick to it, if it costs your very life, for remember eternity is a long time to be in torment for a moment of ease.

The world would not have steam power today if Fulton had not stood true to his convictions, the slaves would still be sweating under the lash today if Lincoln had went back on his convictions; we would still be without electricity if Franklin had given up his idea and said, "what is the use." What would have happened if these men had joined the rank and file of their day. I will tell you, God would have given the vision to others; see what a blessing a man is when he stays true to his convictions, and sees it through. These men were all laughed at, and considered

queer, so let us older ones stick to our convictions, that the young may take heart; let us make the August Meeting a three day affair where the people can exhibit their work, have a chance to receive spiritual aid, and learn there is more to life than seeing how many conquests they can make; but rather to have a God-given desire to be a *true American* and stand for . . . the highest ideals of Americanism.

"EAGLE EYE"

GREETINGS FROM FRIENDS

Mohegan Hill Place,
Norwich, Connecticut.
April 9, 1935.

PRINCESS RED WING,
Historian Narragansett Tribe,
Oakland, Rhode Island.

Dear Princess Red Wing —

I should like to extend my good wishes to the members of the Narragansett Tribe and may your endeavors be crowned with success. Have emerged from a glorious past you may be justly proud of your great leaders of long ago. May the young be instructed by their elders so that they may have a better understanding of the culture of the Narragansett Indians. The purpose of perpetuating the history and traditions of your tribe is a noble one. May your council fire continue to burn as a symbol of your faith and courage.

I shall look forward to the speaking leaf of the Narragansett, *The Narragansett Dawn.*"

Sincerely yours,

GLADYS TANTAQUIDGEON,
Secretary Mohegan Indian Association.

The Rutland Daily Herald,
Rutland, Vermont,

Dear Princess Red Wing —

I am very much interested in your booklet, designed to perpetuate the traditions of your tribe and pass them on as a heritage to your children and the children of your people.

There is a close affiliation between the Narragansetts and Vermonters and many of my colleagues and contemporaries will be interested in your efforts to preserve the traditions of your people.

I hope your book will be highly successful and add to the very meagre store of information about American Indians. May I express my own deep personal appreciation of what you are doing with a genuine wish for the success of your tribe and the welfare of your people.

Sincerely yours,

HOWARD L. HINDLEY,

Editor, The Herald.

OUR FAMILY BIBLE

by JANE BENT HAZARD of *Westerly, R. I.*

I am seventy-three years old, born on Narragansett territory of Narragansett mother and father. Joseph Bent, who received his \$15.43 from the sale of our reservation. I remember my father and grandfather Prince Bent, who walked to Norwich from Westerly at the age of 90.

One of the proofs of our family line is our old family Bible, which I still have. It is a large book, 20 by 11 inches, and was weighed more than a hundred years ago, on an old fashioned steelyard. It weighs 17½ pounds, and was published in Boston by Joseph Teal. It was printed by J. H. A. Frost, on Congress Street, opposite the U. S. Bank. That was back in 1822, so maybe that bank and printing office aren't there now. This Bible was the first American edition to contain engravings, which are interesting. The doctor's names in the front of this Bible are Poole, Brown and Clark. There were additions by Coke Scott, Doddridge, S. C., and other distinguished biblical critics of a hundred years ago. Mentioned there, are, Michael, Lowth, Newcome, Blaney, Horsley, Campbell, Gerard and Macknight. It contains ancient Hebrew and Greek manuscripts, and the Maccabees between the Old and New Testaments.

Libraries want this old Bible. They consider it a valuable relic. I think it does credit to the Narragansett Tribe of Indians. We have so few records, but memory travels with our old Family Bibles. Here stands many names of births, deaths and marriages, not on town records, so far back. Here is the faith of our forefathers, who could not read, as we can but accepted the Bible, as the Blessed Book, just as soon as they understood white people. They seemed to understand, without schooling, here is written the Promises and Laws of the Great Spirit, the Living God of the Universe, to the people of all races.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

CASSIUS CHAMPLIN OF PEACEDALE, R. I.

My father's name was Rev. Winfield Scott Browne. My mother died when I was four years, and my father when I was six years old. My father's sister Mrs. Samuel R. Champlin adopted me, gave me their name, a nice home, education, and religious training, of which I am proud. My brothers were Otis B. Browne of Alton, James and Hazard C. Browne of Westerly. Mrs. Stella Babcock of Alton, and the late Mrs. Marie Smith of Providence were my sisters. I was adopted, August 12, 1901, and found my family record in my aunt's scrap book. My grandmother Turner was the granddaughter of Mollie Rodman. This makes my family of four children and myself, relatives of Chief Sunset of Providence and heirs to the Mollie Rodman estate in Charlestown, near the Church. We still hold our deed to the land.

The late Mrs. Hannah Browne who departed this life January 2nd, last, at Narragansett Pier, where she resided with her daughter, Mrs. James Helure, was 77 years old, the widow of Henry H. Browne, drowned in Carolina River, 37 years ago. They both resided in South Kingstown 59 years ago, but moved away in the early forties to the town of Richmond where they bought and stocked a farm. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Brown assumed the management of the farm and reared her eleven children. Seven are now living—Mrs. James Helure, Mrs. Ezekiel Perry, Miss Laura Browne, all of Nattagansett Pier; Rev. W. S. Browne of Carolina, R. I., deacon George A. Browne of Cape Cod (in painting business), C. Louis Browne (tonorial business) Wakefield and Samuel R. Champlin of Wakefield.

The deceased was an excellent Christian woman, often sacrificing her own comfort for the comfort of her neighbors. She was held in high esteem by all who knew her. She was the daughter of deacon Samuel Noka, who died many years ago and was a direct descendent of the once powerful Narragansett Tribe of Indians. Surely hers is not a vanishing line.

FROM ONE WHO KNEW HER.

LINEAGE OF THEODORE DENNIS BROWN

Member of the present Narragansett Tribal Council, Chief

ANCESTORS

CAROLINE NINIGRET Born 1805—Died 1861
 Married Isaac Rodman, son of Molly Rodman

Children

CAROLINE RODMAN HANNA RODMAN
 MARY RODMAN CHRISTOPHER RODMAN

Descendents of MARY RODMAN

MARTHA RODMAN married FRANCIS VINTON HELME, son of
 DAVID and FRANCIS (NILES) HELME

Children

FRANCES SUSAN RODMAN

ABBY JANE HELME married LORENZO A. ROVELTO. No children.

MARY JANE NOKA Born 1852—died 1928

Married

SAMUEL CHAPMAN HELME, son of DAVID and FRANCIS (NILES) HELME

Children

MARY FRANCES HELME married HARRISON GLASFORD NOKA,
 son of GIDEON and ABBY (PERRY) NOKA

Children

MARY RODMAN NOKA EDWIN BROWN NOKA
 FRANCIS GLASFORD NOKA, died in infancy

CAROLINE HARRY NOKA, unmarried Born 1853—died 1882

SARAH ABBY NOKA Born 1855—died 1892
 Married HENRY BROWN, son of HENRY and HANNAH (NOKA) BROWN

Children

THADDEUS BROWN FREDERICK VINTON BROWN
 THEODORE DENNIS BROWN

THADDEUS EAMS BROWN married SARAH E. SEKATOR,
 daughter of WILLIAM R. and JOHANNA (CONGDON) SEKATOR

Children

EDITH EAMS BROWN, married JOSEPH GROVER BRISCOE
 SARAH ABBY BROWN, died in infancy

CLAUNCY BROWN, died in infancy

THEODORE DENNIS BROWN, married ANNIE E. SEKATOR,
 daughter of WILLIAM R. and JOHANNA (CONGDON) SEKATOR
 (our present chief)

Children

Two died in childhood
 CHESTER BROWN, living

THEODORE DENNIS BROWN

Mr. Theodore Brown, of Peacedale, R. I., member of our present tribal council was three years old when the reservation was sold. His allotment was placed in the bank for him, where it remained until late years. He is a weaver and a good barber. Everybody seems to know Theodore Brown, and he seems to know all the relationships in South County, back to who your grandma married. He is a very interesting talker and very humorous. He married Annie Sekator, of an old Narragansett family, who always lived in South County. To know Mrs. Brown is to love her. The greatest gossips only have a good word to say about her. And she never gossips about anyone, is the general opinion people have of her. They have reared one son and one adopted son.

Mr. Brown will be very helpful to any one seeking the historic landmarks of Rhode Island. He knows the location of every interesting spot in South County and the full story, tradition or history of the place. He can direct or guide you, into Big Swamp, Royal Burying Grounds, old forts, Devil Paw Rock, Hannah Robinson Rocks, Crying Rocks and other interesting historic spots.

COUNCILMAN — CHARLES BABCOCK

Mr. Charles Babcock, a stone mason, living comfortably with his wife, in their own home in Alton, is one of our present Narragansett council men, and a very interesting one at that. Visiting his home unexpectedly, we found Mrs. Babcock preparing to entertain the Community Club of the town, which in itself showed the progressiveness of these people, born, bred and married on Narragansett territory. Both were healthy, stalworth, jolly folk, typical of New England gentry.

Mrs. Ruth Babcock was a Watson, before marriage, and her forebear, Mr. John H. Noka, and on back, go to the royal family. Mr. Babcock, was one of the Indians living on the reservation when it was sold, and received his allotment in 1880. When asked what he did with his \$15.40 he said, "I did not see the money, but my folks got me a new suit, the first store clothes I ever had. I also got a new overcoat and a new pair of shoes." And he chuckled good naturedly as memory pictured the pride of that first suit.

Since those days, he has tilled his land, builded his houses, married, raised and educated a good size purely American family.

"How many grandchildren have you," asked his visitor.

"Fourteen," he answered proudly, "All Indians." Well, it looks like the term "Vanishing American" is not quite in order.

In speaking of his trade, he produced pictures of many grand looking fireplaces of solid rock, that he had built in southern New England. We were curious to know the price of such remarkable jobs.

"Oh, \$1,300 or \$1,400" was his easy answer without an ounce of exaggeration or boastfulness. We then turned to more carefully inspect the graceful fireplace in his own cozy living room. It was worth a second look. He then went on and mentioned the different club houses, bridges and buildings, throughout South County, where in lay his stone craft. He has promised some of these interesting and helpful stories for these columns. As we passed out he pointed to other new houses on Babcock Hill, around about his—the homes he had helped to build for his married children. Narragansetts who will spend their days on Narragansett territory. Surely, here stands an all American, Chief "Wabeek" (the *Rock* of our present age), a permanent fixture of "Historic South County," of a rare typical Indian character. Watch for his stories.

KNOW YOUR DOGS

by STANDING ELK

The editor has asked me to write a column called "The Chase." Sitting here thinking of the wonders of the chase, and just which stories will be best to share with the public and at the same time give credit to the Narragansett Tribe of Indians, I have decided to talk (not write) on dogs, for I am a hunter, not a journalist. You know, dogs are important items in a hunter's life. Yes, sir, they are as important as your gun. Dogs are your pals of the woods and fields, and enjoy a hunting trip as much as their master. I've raised some mighty fine dogs, and a great many of my stories of the chase are wrapped around my dogs.

One bird dog I owned had forty pups. These pups sold from two hundred to three hundred dollars. When you buy that kind of a dog, you realize they need careful attention or they will decrease in value. Get a pup when about 8 weeks old if you wish to be his master and then train him your way. If he is shifted from master to master, he becomes confused and may lose some valuable traits. Train your dog at an early age with a kind voice, this gives him a better disposition, than one trained with a harsh voice. Yet you must be firm and teach him obedience. It is good to reward him for obedience and a dog likes praise. Ugly dogs are often

the result of a thoughtless trainer, or because the dog was fooled with, or tormented when young. This should not be. An ugly dog is not a good hunter, or hunter's pal.

It is simple to teach a dog to go to a newspaper in a bathroom, as he naturally looks for something absorbent. A clean dog is always more intelligent. It is better to teach him to start out correctly from the beginning. Put him out the last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, and always right after eating. The silliest and most common idea and the one that is positively least productive is that of "putting-his-nose-in-it" rule. From the puppies own standpoint, he thinks it wrong then it go anywheres, and often becomes constipated. Constipation breeds diseases. When constipated, he needs a laxative. Most veterinarians advise mixture of castor and olive oils. But see a veterinarian early when your dog is not functioning properly, or his nose is hot and dry.

Dogs should be kept from chills and drafts, as they catch cold. Do not overlook the need for proper dentition. Remove first teeth, as they loosen up, with your fingers. There is no need to use forceps. When the teeth of a young dog becomes coated with mineral salts, generally called tartar, it is a sure indication that he is actually sick, or that he is getting wrong kind of food. Brownish looking back teeth are forerunners of distemper. Dogs suffer with teeth more than humans imagine.

When a dog becomes old you can look into his mouth and see his teeth crumbled down to the gums. It is a good idea to have these stumps removed to prevent misery to your dog. Another help to old dogs is to be sure his food is not too hot or too cold. Foods as hot as we humans can stand will often blister a dog's mouth, and should always be cooled.

For hunting, English Setters, Pointers and Spaniels are good for birds. Hounds hunt rabbits and foxes. A dog is called a pointer because when he sees a bird he stands rigid and points at it with his nose. That is a pretty picture! A dog carries his tail up on a trail, so his hunter pal can follow him through the bushes. He is trained not to bark, or rather when to bark.

Do not lie to your dogs, or fool them for they know what you say, even if they cannot talk back to you. A good dog, is a real friend.

A NIAN TIC REVIEW

by FRED V. BROWN

Many wonder or speculate, on what became of the Niantic Tribe and why the name Niantic is so completely wiped out. This part of the country was peopled by several small tribes, including the Niantics, and were all more or less confederated with the Narragansetts, into which they finally emerged. The Pequots were the Mohicans from out beyond the Hudson River, and being driven away wandered into Massachusetts and Connecticut. In those days there were not state lines. Sending out scouts for new territory, they found eastern Connecticut a favorable spot. Being fierce and warlike people, they bore down upon the tribes already there and waged bitter wars. They took possession and drove out and divided the tribes. Part of the Niantics settled near what is now Lyme Connecticut, where the name is still remembered.

The part of the tribe driven west, settled near Bradford, R. I., which was formerly called Niantic. Thus with Pequots between, the tribe was never united, and became attached to their neighbors, losing their own identities. Ninigret, alias Janemo, must have been very young at this time, and we can only speculate as to whether he was old enough to be a Sachem or not. Many historians mention Sassacus as Sachem of the Pequots, but we find in an earlier period, Wapegoot, as Sachem. We do not exactly know how long the Pequots were coming into New England but in all probability it was Wapegoot, who led his tribe into new country. He was later slain by the Dutch.

In the early days of the Pequot disturbances, we find the Niantics, more or less, allied with them, for when the traders Stone and his companion were killed by the river, we are informed that both Ninigret and Sassacus shared in the plunder. Alvin G. Weeks, who has apparently made extensive research, casts some doubt upon Ninigret being of real Narragansett lineage. Still facts have been gathered that Ninigret was a brother-in-law, also a nephew of Cononicus; also Miantononi's wife has said that he was her uncle. It is probably not clearly known whether the Indians had uncles in their classifications, until the English came. We read and hear they called cousins, brothers and most older men were called fathers. Late writers call Niantononi a son of Cononicus, earlier records say nephew. In the early days the Niantics intermarried with the Narragansetts, their allies, up to the time of King Philip's War. We find them there with the English, led by Catapazet, son of Ninigret. They were most active in pursuing Cononchet, the Narragansett Sachem, who they helped capture, and burned the quarter of his body.

Quinapen, whose father had been Sachem, succeeded Cononchet and was the last Sachem of the old regime of the Narragansetts. Quinapen was re-captured, court-martialed and shot. He left two papooses by his younger wife.

Cononicus died a peaceful death in body, but not in mind, and was laid lovingly away with much ceremony; but his successors all appear to have met violent deaths. Persecution was the order of the day and the Narragansetts and Wampanoags were scattered, and wanderers; finally finding a partial haven in Charlestown, R. I., where many have remained and intermarried. Ninigret appears as the only possible blood heir to the Narragansett Sachemdom, which he was allowed to assume. Many neutral Indians were slain, but from a fore-going statement we find that Ninigret was not neutral. You will find the Niantics and the Wampanoags with the descendants of the Narragansett Tribe. For it is but natural, as the white settlers crowded them they should come together as one body.

LESSON 2 – NARRAGANSETT TONGUE

Salutations among themselves and neighboring tribes:—

Askut-ta-squomp-sin—how do you do!

Wig wo san—good day.

As-cowe-quassi num-mis—good morning.

As cowe-suchau-hoek sacki—good evening.

Cuek-que-na-mieh—I beg your pardon.

By this you see that the long words in "Narragansett Tongue" were not really words, but phrases, clauses and sometimes whole sentences, or a complete thought.

Keenetop—(your friend) means, is that your friend?

Yo committamus—is this your wife?

Yo cuppappoos—is this your child?

Yo cummuskquackeuecks—is this your son?

Yo euttanis—is this your daughter?

Answers:—

Netop—this is my friend.

Committanus—this is my wife.

Nippappoos—this is my child.

Muckiang—this is my son.

Wockeum—these are my children.

Manake—this is my daughter.

The next question would be:—

How are they or are they well—Aspaumaanton?

Answer:—

They are well or their health is good—Konkeeteaug.

The Narragansett was always polite and expressed himself:—
 I am glad they are well—taubot ne paump maunthettit.
 I am glad you are well—taubut naump mauntman.
 I am very well myself—Asnpaumpmauntam.

Verbs:

to be, aiwat	to work, anakonsu
to think, amantam	to love, cowamkamish
to go, kuttome	to talk, iwat
Is it so,? ciu, or, niu	Yes, nux
I, being	I, working
I, thinking	I, loving
I, going	I, talking

These are all a different "I", therefore the Narragansett did not add "neen" to each verb to make his sentence. The "neen" syllable is often found in the middle of the statement like:—cowamma "nen" sh—I love you. They thought of one in a different village as "one being gone from here"—kautanaushaut "she being gone from here"—kautanaushnis, I will be going—nummanchemin, you shall be going—sauopcummauchemin, he shall be going—ntanneteimmin.

BOOKS ON INDIANS

"AMERICAN," by FRANK B. LINDERMAN

Mr. Linderman was for many years a trapper, hunter, cowboy, adventurer—in short a fellow who went places; and the American Indian, in his last frontier, became his intimate friend. In his book, "American": The Life Story of a Great Indian (John Day) he tells his graphic story. Every Narragansett should read this book.

"THE UNKNOWN INDIAN", by GERTRUDE BELL BROWNE

The real Indian, unknown to most of America of to-day is made known in this book, so rightly named. His life is revealed as he lived it and he stands forth in his true character, a figure vividly picturesque, intensely human, simple and trusting. The author has treated the subject with an unusual depth of understanding and sympathy.

The book is noteworthy in that it gives no place to the usual misconceptions which have been the bane of so many books purporting to describe the Indian. It dispels, very effectively the mistaken notion that the life of the Indian was a succession of barbarously cruel orgies. This book tells of the New England Indians.

LISTEN TO THE MEDICINE MAN

When the cat's eye is narrow, or the pupil one thin line, the tide is in.

When the tide is out, the cat's eye is round—the pupil covers nearly the whole color spot.

If you want to know if there is a dry season ahead, look at the new moon, if you can hang a bucket of water on the lower corner, the season will be dry. If your bucket would fall off and water spill, the Narragansett predicted a wet month ahead and expected many showers.

Thunder in the early spring says, winter is broken and spring days at hand.

Thunder in winter, the Great Spirit says to all nations heed thy ways.

Thunder in summer Great Spirit speaks, "Prepare for chilly days while yet it is warm."

You are not to blame for how you look, but you can keep out of sight.

CAMP KI-YI FOR CHILDREN 5 to 12

Located among the pine scented hills of New England, with Spring Lake close by, this little camp is a place where boys and girls really live; meeting problems of life on their age levels, being taught to suggest and try solutions to those problems, contrasting one solution against another; always in attempt to make life more interesting and more worth while.

This conception of camp does not lessen the importance of equipping small boys and girls with facts, knowledge, skills, but does agree with that modern philosophy of education which assigns as one of the most important functions of the camp that of discovering, developing and directing into useful social practice all the powers of the individual. Habits of critical analysis, powers of evolution, standards of conduct and desirable attitudes and ideals are among the outcomes of good teaching, and strict discipline. Each of which should have as much consideration for our youth, as the acquisition of academic information. This informal private camp has this aim through discipline of the right kind. It is a place where children are active instead of passive, where they learn through their own activities, in groups, or as individuals. This camp offers the greatest possible amount of freedom—the freedom of body, mind, and soul, in God's great out of doors.

All children sleep out, are given careful home care and oversight. All vegetables are raised on the farm. All menus sanctioned by special children's doctor. Each child must be examined by a doctor before leaving

home. Proper camp togs—khaki shorts, sunbath suits or overalls and sweat shirts; outing flannel pajamas for all; woolen bathing suit, warm sweater, sneakers, towels, washclothes and tooth brushes. Camp kit.

MRS. ELLA GLASKO PEEK, *Camp Mother,*

OAKLAND, RHODE ISLAND, BOX 103

Phone Pascoag 175-J.

Rates—\$50.00 entire summer.

July 4th to Sept. 4th.

"WHERE DID THE INDIAN COME FROM?"

Tradition

"Well!" said one very old, old, brave to Red Wing—

When, the Master of Life went about His business of making men to inhabit His perfect universe, He had rather a troublesome time. First, He gathered the soft white clay and fashioned it with his own fingers into a strong, big, muscular man and endowed him with a soul of music and rhythm, thinking he would be in tune with the rest of the world. Then He put him in his great sunoven to bake. Content with his work, the Great Spirit sat down to rest and took a nap. When He awoke, He found his man baked too long, and almost black, but He smiled upon him the breath of life and the black man with his sunny smile, smiled back.

Manitor said, "You may be black but your heart is white within, for I have made you of the finest substances. I have put music in your soul and sunshine in your disposition, so shall you live." And He placed him in the warm corners of the earth, so he wouldn't fade, while Manitor went back to work.

This time He gathered the fleecy white clouds for his man's complexion and plucked the blue of the sky for his eyes and the yellow of the goldenrod for his hair. For his teeth he found the pearl from the oyster and tinted him with the red from ripe fruit. He was content with his labor, but not wishing it overdone by the sun, he waited until the afternoon, before He put his fair man in the great sunoven to bake.

The sun warmed him to life; but the sun soon went down, and the moon came out, and adopted the figure. When the Great Spirit came in the evening, He beheld his pale face man, gazing up at the moon. He was romantic, yet serious and studious. Still, He was not quite satisfied. One man was too dark, and the other too pale, so he went to work again, with more care, too create a perfect man. My pale face man is beautiful; I'll put him in a moderate temperature for he would burn and peel in a hot climate, and freeze in a cold climate. He shall work by day and by night, while always before him will be a new field to explore, a new world to con-

quer. Therefore he will never be at peace because of his restlessness. He has gazed at the moon too long. My next man shall be one that can stand the cold, the hot, and the moderate weather. He shall be a man of mystery, and man shall question his origin. He shall grow up like the pine and the oak from red clay.

In an opening in the forest, on the side of a sunlit hill the Great Spirit sat and pondered, with his finger He traced the figure love, the pines whispered an inspiration, the fir trees breathes sweet balm, the birds furnished music, the foxes many tricks, and the Great Spirit laughed within himself. The lions roared "give him strength; the deer echoed" "give him a fleet foot;" the eagle screamed, "give him a keen eye." The sun said, "I will warm him by day," and the moon answered, "I shall light his path at night." The voice of the hills spoke, "he shall lift his eyes to me in the early morn and I shall give him the great passions of life." All nature sang, "Here we will teach his young the mysteries of life, through our own pulse." And the Great Spirit moulded a creature from the red clay and breathed in him the breath of life, and endowed him with the understanding of nature.

And He said to him, "I give you this earth, the sun to light and warm you by day, and the moon by night. Listen to the voices about you for that which your heart questions and Mother earth will explain. The streams have fish, the forest animals for meat, and the fields have vegetation. Live in peace, be content with nature, for I am not far away, you will hear my voice in the thunder, lest you forget.

And the red man breathed in, the breath and the deep understanding of life. He raised his hands to the hills for it was at dawn, and praised the Great Spirit for the great wide, wonderful world He had given him. Manitou was pleased with his red man and said, "He is last; but in the far, far, future, when men are tired of fighting one with another, he shall be first, and shall teach brotherly love and peace to all men."

THE LOVE SIGNAL

Translated from the Sioux to English and then into the Narragansett tongue

Pa ha ta
Na wa jin na si ni ci co ze
Ma yan ma yan le cis
Ku wa na.

On the hill
I am standing waving to you dear
Won't you, won't you
Come and meet me here.

(Narragansett)

Ki tum shem
Neenyo pon which
Pi yaushon netop
Taw hiehmat, taw hieh pat
Iteami wetuck

INDIAN HUMOR

Selected by FRED V. BROWN

Mr. Winslow, of Plymouth colony, while on a journey, met Massoit, who offered to conduct him home. Before starting on the return journey, Massoit sent one of his Indians in advance, to tell the colonists, that Mr. Winslow was dead, and how he died. The colonists were filled with sorrow and fear. They arrived in Plymouth the next day and met with great rejoicing. Mr. Winslow learned upon inquiring why such a message had been sent, that it was the usual custom, so that when you did come home, you would be more welcome.

KING TOM

Thou best of kings of Niantic blood,
 Erst honored here with sway;
 Regardful where thy kingly feet once trod
 We fain would tribute pay.
 To rulers ever be the honor paid
 That rank and wealth demand
 And whose'er has goodly record made
 Shall reverence command.
 Thy form rests mantled in the royal ground,
 But with us lives thy name
 To stand in grateful history's volume bound
 Enfold in its fame.
 The royal blood coursed proudly through thy veins
 As back thy eyes were cast
 Upon thy sires who ruled these hills and plains
 In the unmeasured past.
 Heir to a Pagan throne, thou didst behold
 The fading of the light;
 But brightly rising o'er the gloomy old
 The guiding Bethlehem light.
 The while thy father's hunting ground grew less
 And manners new arose;
 With all thy hopes and fears of changefulness
 Depart to thy foes.
 And when at last thy westering sun went down
 And oped the gates ajar

'Twas thine we trust to leave thy crathly crown
 To wear one brighter far.

Peace to thy ashes, as to all thy sires
 And to thy people's graves

Long live the story of thy council fires
 And memories of thy braves.

Author Unknown

MILESTONES

APRIL, 1935.

The last measure passed by the Senate was a bill restoring to the Narragansett Indians, ownership of a Meeting House, two acres of land and a right of way, in the town of Charlestown, R. I.

Providence Journal, April 5, 1935

APRIL 3, 1935—CHARLESTOWN COUNCIL MEETS.

Voted—That George A. Hazard be appointed special constable to serve and officiate only on property owned and controlled by the Indian Church or Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

Westerly Sun, April 3, 1935.

BIRTHS:—

April 9th—born to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Franklin Brown, of Bradford, R. I., a son, Junior.

April 26th—born, a daughter, Rita L., to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox, of 41 Franklin Street, Westerly, R. I.

MARRIAGES:—

ALICE NINA BROWN is Bride of G. H. CHAMPLIN

George Henry Champlin, son of Nehemiah and Abby Monro Champlin, of Peacedale, South Kingstown, and Alice Nina Brown, of White Rock, daughter of Byron O. and the late Grace E. Babcock Brown, were united in marriage at the parsonage of the Carolina Free Baptist Church, by Rev. Leon F. Kenney.

The bride was attended by her sister Grace Ethel Babcock Brown and Ellison M. Brown, well known Indian marathic runner, acted as best man. Following a short wedding tour the young couple will make their home in South Kingstown, R. I.

WOMEN IN INDIAN TRIBAL COUNCILS:—

Ft. Washakie, Wyo.—April 27th—For the first time in the history of the Shoshone Indians a woman will take part in the tribal deliberations. Mrs. Mary Mead, a graduate of the University of Wyoming was elected to a seat in the tribal council.

January 19th—For the first time in the history of the Narragansett Indians, three women were elected to seats in the tribal council and executive board, where they take part in all tribal affairs. They are Mrs. Marion Brown, keeper of records, of Westerly, R. I., Mrs. Ella Peck, keeper of wampum, Oakland, R. I., and Miss Mary Peckham, of Narragansett Pier, assistant secretary.

The Back Yard Dramatic Club will present the "Law of the Tribe," in June, at Shannock, R. I.

The Ladies of the Executive Board gave an exhibition of untutored arts, crafts and handiwork, Monday, May 20th, at Peckham's Inn, Westerly. They served tea and the younger girls performed the ceremony of the Pure Maidens. Mrs. James Carmack, president of the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs and Mrs. Winthrop H. Saunders, Chairman of the Indian Department of the Federation were among our guests.

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."