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THE Narragansett DAWN

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VOL. 2

MAY 1936

NO. 1

THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

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

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Oakland, R. I.

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VOL. 2

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EDITORIAL

by Editor

This being the spring of the year, the general conversation in all circles is dress, styles and decorations. Even new decorations for house are discussed on the radio. In our circles more and more individuals are considering ceremonial clothes for the coming ter-centenary celebrations. What can this one wear, and what signs and symbols are they entitled to wear?

In the midst of this pleasant confusion of modeling dresses and jackets, drawing symbols for beaded designs for head bands and belts, came a letter from a modern lady mildly, yet firmly criticizing the use of ceremonial clothes by descendants of Indians. She says the people honor Washington but do not go back to knee breeches. We know the court of St. James still clings to ceremonial clothes. The Redmen of America have their uniforms of Indian nature and feathers for parade and ceremonies. The Scotchmen on parade go back to kilts and bag pipes instead of saxaphones. The V. F. W. get out their uniforms for ceremonies and parade. What would a drum and bugle corps be like without shining satin-lined capes and tasseled hats; and their major in a bright colored suit with gold trimmings? Do not those trimmings tell the people that he is the drum major? Do not the general's decorations tell the public, his standing in the army? Does any scout parade without his uniform or without his troop flag? They have signs and symbols. They have ceremonial dress.

So we Narragansetts go back to buckskins, beads and feathers for ceremonial clothes. Our children might as well learn the meaning of every little design, as to have a boy scout tell them the meaning. We think the beautiful beaded legging bands on a brave, a pleasant sight. Our children must learn from us, why they are worn by some and not by others. The American public still loves Indian ceremonial clothes and asks that we shall wear them to their ceremonies, as well as to our own. When I am asked to speak on a program, in Indian clothes, I unconsciously lay my hand upon the big red wing on the front of my dress, which means a great deal to me. At the Century of Progress, in Chicago, a man said to me, "Give me the history of your dress and I'll give you one of my poems." He was one of America's beloved poets and not only gave me a poem but made a poem to my ceremonial dress.

All the symbols upon our clothes have a meaning. Our children could join the scouts and learn them and Indian lore, but they would come home and ask, is that so? Your child learns and comes home to verify his teachings. So our children with schools and civilized associations, come home to us, to learn how to cope with life from the Indian's standpoint. The more he lives in a white man's world, the more he realizes he is an Indian. When he forgets that, he drops to vice, crime and degradation. Each true Indian Mother gives her son and daughter the Indian signs of life. She teaches him the things hidden in her heart, which time can not wipe out, or civilization change. If the Americans of to-morrow are to know of the aboriginals of her fair acres, why shouldn't we teach our children? Why should we who are the descendants put aside all that is Indianesque? Our children of to-day must learn, that they may teach the children of to-morrow as well as white historians.

IN 1524

The Frenchman, Verrozzano, records, Nahagansettes were larger handsomer tribe of Indians with mild, pleasant expressions and had better clothes and food. They had sharp faces, black hair, much adorned, eyes black and sharp. There are about 10,000 of them west of the bay. They wear a "machequace," or girdle or scarf about the shoulders. Their summer clothes are of "mooskins" or deer and in winter they wear beaver (noosuppanog), otter, wolf, racoon and squirrel. All their clothes are greatly decorated and their hair much adorned. They used pine bark and red earth for paints to color their ornaments. They have red, yellow, blue, white and black paints. These they use on turkey feathers, skins, grasses and bones. They meet often in great meetings and seldom quarrel. They make a playing arbour called a "puttuckquapuoneck." This play house is made of long poles set in the earth from square, sixteen or twenty feet high on which great store of their stringed money is hung, because they have great stakings towne against towne. They play foot-ball, at great meetings in summer upon some broad sandy shore. Their foot-ball meeting is called "pasuckquakohowauog."

NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

THE PRINCESS RED WING, Oakland, R. I., Box 103,

Our dear Princess Red Wing

Your polite invitation to act as judge during the proposed Indian Pageant, Camp Ki-Yi, Oakland, on July 29th, is accepted with pleasure; with the proviso that I am free, physically able and in the country at that time. It is possible that I may go abroad during the summer, to visit dear friends in Norway. I shall keep that day open for you, in my engagement book, however, and shall hope to be present on that gala day.

You have surely set forth a most alluring list of speakers and sporting events. I am especially interested in archery. I was a member of an archery club in New Hampshire and became champion archer of the State, receiving a cup.

Thanks for your kind tribute of appreciation, so gracefully expressed in the February issue of *Dawn*. It was a pleasure, I assure you, to welcome you and Chief Owls Head to our wigwam and to show you our simple treasures gathered in many lands. In this connection, I would state that we have a few interesting souvenirs of Indian life, which could be loaned for your exhibition cabinet at Burrillville, provided safety be guaranteed.

Yes, we white men, too, not to be outdone by our redskin brothers, have runic or tribal formal names. I am happy possessor of a Viking name, bestowed by dear friends in Norway. It is *Starheart*. This is far better than being created a "Knight of the Garter." It affords its owner more peace and comfort than any empty honors that could be passed on to him by any of Europe's trembling monarchs who, when not seated on their tottering tinsel thrones, are usually found hiding behind the door.

Loving the Indian, I have always tried to help him in a quiet, brotherly way. Ashamed of the white man and his bloody record (who, in so far as his treatment of the redman is concerned, is really a black man). I have always fought, as a one-man army, for the "gentle savage"; endeavoring to atone in a measure for the atrocities heaped by the new-comers upon the trustful, long-suffering aborigines. Hoping thus to show that the spirit of honor and the apprecia-

tion of truth and justice have not wholly perished from the hearts of white men, I am offering this simple expression of sympathy and regard.

Allow me, quoting an American historian, to say to you in the holy spirit of brotherhood: "Not many generations ago, where you now sit circled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized man, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing upon the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate."

It is with sorrow that we read the blood-stained history of the white settlers in America. For shame, then, on the "Christian" whites, whose aggressive, repressive and unjust treatment of the so-called "savage" has well-nigh brought about the extermination of a peaceful, trustful and noble race. Though this blot on the white man's scutcheon can never be erased, let us forget the past and give the redman a square deal; granting to him, liberty of life and limb and the pursuit of happiness.

That the above beautiful description of a vanished race may never fade from memory's picture; that the nobility and holiness of the simple life, dwelling nigh to Nature's heart and close to the Great Spirit, whose love for all mankind, white, black, red or yellow, is revealed in the glory of sky, land and sea, is the prayer of an honoring Pale-face in behalf of our "first families," the Indians.

Forgetting all the indignities thrust upon the original settlers and owners of our great country; notably that of the Great Swamp Fight, Kingston (formerly *Little Rest*) Washington County, R. I., where the Narragansetts, with a scattering of Pequots and Wampanoags, surrounded in their last stronghold, were wantonly butchered in cold blood, to the last brave, old man, squaw and pupoose, by their no less "savages," the whites, let us make the *amelioration*, granting the Indian the treatment to which he is justly entitled; thereby giving the warring nations of Europe, now engaged in the alluring pastime of leaping at each others' throats, both a wholesome example and a stinging rebuke.

Wishing for you abundant success in your ambitious and plucky undertaking, we remain,

Very Sincerely yours,

DR. WILLIAM HALE,
A life-long friend of the Indian.

Kingston, R. I.
March 20th, 1936

Kingston, R. I.
April 4, 1934

To Princess Red Wing —

With congratulations on the splendid work you have done for your people and wishing you all success with it in the future, I am pleased to send my subscription to the *Narragansett Dawn* for another year.

(signed) JOHN R. ELDRED

Medford, Mass.

Dear Princess Red Wing —

Please find enclosed check for another year's subscription for the *Narragansett Dawn*, for May 1936 to 1937 and also change for a second copy of the number that had such an interesting article on Indian names of places and states. In an earlier number you asked for contributions, however small, for various projects you had for the future, so that was why I sent a small contribution for the cause.

Very truly yours,

(signed) LUCY M. BRIGHAM

We wish to thank Miss Brigham for the contribution and to say that it was used for the *Narragansett Dawn's* mailing expenses which are made up wholly from donations, mostly by tribal members. We are thankful when our friends send a helping hand.

United States Department of the Interior
Office of Indian Affairs
Washington, D. C.,
April 13, 1936

Princess Red Wing
Box 103, Oakland, R. I.

Dear Madam —

This office would be interested in the yearly report of the Narragansett Historian and would appreciate receiving a copy, if available. Mr. Collier is now in the field and will return to Washington shortly.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN,
Assistant Commissioner.

THE RIVER

In the sunlight and the starlight
Flowing on, and on, and on,
When the moonbeams peace is mellow
Where the joy of night is born;

Flowing, growing, bowing, going
Down the incline to the sea,
Mine the beauty it is showing,
Yes, it's grandeur is for me;

Like a disembodied spirit
From the distant mount and wood
How it gathers rills and brooklets
In the unity of good;

What is there as grand as nature?
What as sweet as sylvan scene?
How it sets the brooks to murmur
By the meadows lush and green;

Oh, the spirit is enchanting
Pleadings to the infinite
Leave the care you thought you harbored
Lest the soul of man forget!

All the wealth of rolling rivers
Feeders of the mighty main
Bearers of the King of Givers
Which our souls are worshipping.

What is man of condescensions
Could he ever be as great
As a river mutely teaching,
Flowing on from State, to State?

So resistless is it's current,
Bearing vessels to the sea,
By the shipyard's toiling hundreds
For the Launching's Jubilee.

By the Fort, where guns have spoken,
Booming welcomes o'er the deep,
How the music of it's motion
All the rhythms of Nature keep;

'Tis the heart of all it's beauty
That hath sped the soul to Love
All the grace of perfect motion
Rolling under clouds above.

CHARLES T. POPE, SR.

Written for the Narragansett Dawn.

BRIEFS

by FRED V. BROWN

We find records that United States had two ships named after Canonicus and Miantonomi.

The eldest son of Canonicus was slain in a fight with the Pequots, and to show his grief he burned his house and doubtless many of his possessions.

Roger Williams presented Canonicus with a box of sugar and Canonicus was probably the first Narragansett to taste that sweetness.

A delegation of colonists called upon Miantonomi on matters that were very important to themselves, but word was received that the Sachem was very busy. It is said that he was just sitting still, apparently in the midst of his devotions and he would make no movement to receive his visitors until he had ended his communion.

Certain Indians were commenting how the English openly showed their curiosity by crowding around and staring at strangers or those who might be of more or less importance.

The Indian liked to see just the same, but we go behind the bushes and peek through.

MINUS ALL PENNIES

by A. B. COLES

Sing a song o' no pennies—
O' pockets, full o' holes;
Made by unwilling fingers—
Digging up, taxes—for doles.

When the facts are gone over—
All one's able to find;
Is that we're forced under—
A load o' debt, for a long-long-time!

IS DOOMSDAY NEAR?

What means this hulla'looo, that's perturbing the wide world? History is replete with double-crossing-diplomacy and crooked politics; men have been envious of each other, since Cain slew Abel; they have sought to take advantage of one another, even before Esau and Jacob. They have persecuted, yes, killed those who tried to teach them rightcousness and justice. They have carried on in a manner, that seems as though ordained; and yet we know such was not the case. We are taught by some religious sects, that there is to be a Millemnium; but! before it, there's to be Armageddon-followed-by-Judgment, or so-called, "Doomsday." If preparations can be interpreted as rumors; then, the entire world seems more inclined towards war, than peace. Those people who are not actually fighting, appear to be trying harder to get into one, than to stay out. Strife has the upper hand of folks minds, in all walks of life; labor is arrayed against capital, government and business are at each others throats; various groups are daily seeking to use politics, for self-aggrandizement, instead of public good. Triangles and divorce, vie with crime and murder, for headline space: even the different churches, seem more concerned with showing faults of each other, than saving-men's-souls. Is mankind losing a grand opportunity, in life, for securing a blissful Eternity? Have we lost faith? Will there arise some, sagacious enough to stem the devastating tide; or, are we by destiny, being driven to our end? Alas! So soon!

by A. B. COLES

TOTEMS

The totem of the Narragansett Tribe is the calumet, the peace pipe meaning good will and brotherly love to all mankind.

The Night Hawk is the totem of our Sachem. The hawk was a sacred bird of the Narragansetts which they often tamed to chase away the crows from the cornfields. It means our sachem gives a helping hand to all difficulties and troubles.

The pine tree is the totem of the medicine man. It means he is a balm in sickness, a comfort in trouble and a help in need.

The Owl's Head is our business manager's totem. He is wise and can see through darkness and confusion.

Eagle Eye is our prophet's totem and means his eyes are into the clear blue as the eagle flies. His message come from above.

The water fall is our keeper of records totem meaning records clear as the crystal waters and voice of the wild woods.

The left wing of a red wing blackbird is the historians totem which means her mission is to wing a burning message to all ears which harken for the uplift of her race.

The for-get-me-not is the totem of little Fairflower, the delicate flower withers with time but the fragrances lingers. Her little life is a flower in the Great Spirit's garden, may her character breathe sweet perfume to others.

The sun rays are totem of little Manake which means a life shooting up to Jesus and spreading warmth and joy.

The fires of two Hearths is the totem of Neesqutton, our Martha's Vineyard reporter. This means she knows the joys of both the white race and the Indian.

The Lone Wolf marks our fir builder. He travels alone with nature as his companion.

The deer foot is the totem of Ellison Brown, the runner, meaning he is ever swift of foot and graceful in his stride as the wild deer.

The rolling mist is Wahana's symbol, for she is looking always to know her God's children better. God has promised we shall know each other better when the mist has rolled away.

And each has an individual symbol which if they do not live up to will rob them of their name.

NEWS ITEMS

by MARION W. BROWN

ALTON, R. I.—*March 19, 1936*—Miss Margaret P. Picton of Maine and Mr. Thomas A. Babcock of Alton were united in marriage by the Rev. Ralph Marrihew of the Baptist Church, Alton. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Babcock were their attendants.

The Lenten Supper held March 21st., at Mrs. Charles Babcock's of Alton, was successful. There were about sixty friends and neighbors present.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anderson of Boston, were callers on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Babcock, Sunday, March 22nd.

Mrs. Charles Babcock of Alton, R. I., gave a Centenary Tea for the Bradford W.C.T.U. at her home, March 26th. There were twelve members present and a number of visitors from Bradford, Ashaway, Alton and Woodville. A program of songs and games was arranged by Miss Margaret Collings. One new member was reported.

Wed., April 8, 1936—The Ladies Helping Hand Society of the N. T. I. met at the home of Mrs. Stella Babcock of Tomaquag, R. I., with fourteen members present. As new business it was decided to hold a Social Tea and Fancywork Sale at the home of Mrs. Ruth Babcock, Alton, R. I., Wednesday afternoon and evening, April 29th. There will be an Amateur program with Cake and Ice Cream for sale. The next business meeting will be at Mrs. Ella Wilcox, 34 John Street, Westerly, R. I., April 22nd.

Chief Pine Tree and family, Chief Clearwater, Princess Red Wing and several other sport fans of the N. T. I. will follow our star Marathon Runner "Ellison (Tarzon) Brown" to the Patriots Day Marathon, Boston, Mass., April 20th. It is expected that the Narragansett Indian Runner will be a likely winner of the Boston Race and will be picked to represent the United States in the Olympics at Germany this summer.

Miss Marjorie Dove of Westerly, entertained several friends from Providence last Sunday.

Mr. Christopher Noka, Wakefield, R. I., sold the largest number of separate copies of the *Narragansett Dawn* for the past year. Princess Red Wing secured the largest number of yearly subscriptions.

Miss Naomi Fayerweather of Westerly, R. I., spent the week end with her Grandmother Mrs. Ada Fayerweather of Williams St., Providence, and attended the Easter morning services at the Church of Our Saviour, Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilcox and family of Westerly, R. I., spent Sunday afternoon with their son Lawrence Wilcox, at Putnam, Conn. You could see the destruction caused by the flood in that area, one bridge on the State Highway had been washed away and all traffic was detoured through Dayville.

A large delegation from Westerly and Wakefield attended the reception given at the Twin Elms night club on the Putnam Pike to Providence, April 18th. It was under the auspices of the Marathon Club of Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox, Mrs. Marion Brown, Misses Josephine Wilcox, Marjorie Dove, Naomi Fayerweather and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilcox of Westerly attended the Fashion Show given at Infantry Hall by the Social Committee of the Church of Our Saviour, Providence, R. I.

Princess Red Wing chaperoned a group of small boys and girls to New York city for the Easter vacation. They visited the Heyes Foundation, where Dr. Blossom and Mr. Coffin of the Huntington Library received the group and personally conducted them through the building and into the vaults where priceless Indian treaties and scripts are kept. They visited the American Museum of Natural History, Radio City, Empire State Building and saw the circus at Madison Square Garden.

Dr. Frederick Blossom promises that if nothing happens, a party from the Heyes Foundation will attend the Historic Indian Pageant on July 4th at Camp Ki-Yi, Oakland, R. I.

Princess Red Wing called on Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brown of White Rock, this month and was sorry to find two children not well. One had the flu and another is troubled with his eyes. Mrs. Brown stated her case very plainly and frankly. She said she would appreciate any piece of clothing or underwear for the five small youngsters. She said while waiting for things from the relief committee her child had taken cold and had been in bed two weeks.

We are filling a box to send this mother.

The Tarzon Brown fund to aid the Narragansett Indian runner closed at \$39.55. Final contributions were received from Joseph Coduri, Jr. and the Hilltop Base Ball Club. While Brown may not need the funds for the present race, having been taken in hand by the Tercentenary Club, he will probably be able to use the donation in his next race.

PLANS FOR TRICENTENARY CELEBRATION

JULY 4th & 5th AT CAMP KI-YI, OAKLAND, R. I.

Miss Laura Neves of Peacedale, Miss Nettie Davis of Charlestown and Mrs. Marion Brown of Westerly are serving as program committee for historic Indian Pageant for July 4th at Camp Ki-Yi.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hale of Kingston, Mrs. Sara Algeo of Barrington, Mr. Arthur Bidden of Providence and Dr. Frederick Blossom of the Heyes Foundation will be the judges for the pages of history which are being prepared by individual members of the tribe. The most interesting page will receive a prize of five dollars. Decision of the judges will be final. We hope also to secure a prize for the most humorous scene and yet true to history.

There was a rehearsal, April 18th, at Miss Neves' home for the children of the pageant.

The Indian dinners will be under the direction of the Narragansett Ladies Helping Hand Club.

The music will be under the direction of Francis Glasko.

The stage setting under the direction of Lone Wolf, who hopes also to put up a long house.

We wish to inform those who would lend articles for exhibition that a room will be set aside in the house for this show and honest attendants will be at all times with the exhibition. We would like a history of all articles that our attendants may intelligently explain them to small groups at a time. We will charge a small toll for the exhibition to carry your expenses of getting your collections here. We are sure you will find our town folks an appreciative audience, so may we hear soon from any who wish to send articles. We shall take all precautions for the safety of loaned articles.

Indian merchants who wish to sell articles please send in your names and business that we may advertise your novelties and arrange for your locations.

All ready we find a strong interest in the archery which will be under the direction of Chief Man-Me-Saw-War.

Mrs. Stubbs of the American Indian Federation will give a demonstration of basket weaving, Mrs. Samuel Neves a demonstration of beading and Chief Red Arrow a demonstration on an old Indian whistle or flute.

Rev. Ohitaka now in New Mexico writes he is making plans to reach Rhode Island by July 4th.

Rev. Irving G. Hoff of Harrisville, R. I., has promised his help and will have an enlightening message for all races, all creeds, for he is a man of God.

Chief Black Hawk has promised his assistance. This man has pleased thousands with his gentle simple Indian philosophy. He also brings his family. His squaw Princess Snow Feather is an expert in Indian handicrafts, which will be on sale at their tent. She will also have a colorful array of Indian jewelry.

The James E. Keegan Post, No. 1023, V. F. W., of Burrillville, R. I., sent a favorable answer to our invitation for them to celebrate July 4th with us. The Junior Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps will portray the "Spirit of 1936."

AVE, ELLISON BROWN, RHODE ISLAND'S HERO SON. "CHAIRETE NIKOMEN!"

Dear Princess Red Wing —

Please accept hale and hearty congratulations on "Tarzon's" brilliant victory. He has immortalized his noble tribe and race. He has honored his heritage, his State, his country. We are delighted. We rejoice with you, his family, his tribe, the noble Narragansetts. Kindly convey to Tarzon our heartiest congratulations. We shall hope to meet him at your Oakland Pageant, July 4th, if not before.

Who says that "Lo, the poor Indian" is dead? We should worry. On the contrary, he is very much alive. He is still on the war-path, and going strong, showing a clean pair of heels to his pale-face rivals, who limped across the finish line hopelessly in the rear of our plucky redskin, a mere stripling of twenty-two, the youngest and brainiest athlete ever run in a marathon. No, the Indians are by no means asleep. They are wide awake, "facing East", full of pep and grit, of spit and spunk; packed with ambition and hope, johnny-cake and "buckies". They are still on the war-path of brave endeavor, rejoicing in the blessing of blood and fire; and in a "rugged individuality" handed down to them through generations of fearless fore-

