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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

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ROOSEVELT IS ENROLLED AS TEXAS INDIAN CHIEF

Inducted Into Small Tigua Tribe at Ceremony in Dallas

June 12th, President Roosevelt became an honorary chieftain of the small Tigua tribe of Taxas Indians. He was inducted into the tribe by Chiefs Damasio Colmenero and Cleoious Calleros and smilingly accepted a peaceck feather headdress and deerskin moccasins.

TERCENTENARY

It is 300 years since the Mohicans transferred the tract of land extending along the Hudson River to the Bronx River, known in the Indian tongue as Nepperhaem, by granting to the West India Company. The company never exercised any control over the land, but granted its rights to Adriaen Vander Donck, a native of Holland, who repurchased the rights from the Indians. He named the land Colendonck and gave it to his wife in 1655.

In 1664, the English, then in possession of New Amsterdam, gave this land to James, brother of King Charles, who did not dispute the settlers on their farms. So Colendonck remained in the hands of Van der Donck's widow and her second husband until it was divided among her heirs, into rich country estates.

Records of early transactions in these properties reveal what they were thought of as farming lands. In November, 1762, Samuel Berriam bought from Stephen Tippitt, 375 pounds sterling, the farm immediately north of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, along the Hudson River. Later he sold this \$170 acre plot to his nephew Abraham Berriam for \$2,000.

Fifty acres of the original village were held for nearly a century by the Johnson family. Their farm was just across Spuyten Duyvil Creek from Inwood Park, the site of the new Hendrick Hudson Memorial Bridge. Indian relics are turned up here frequently, and recently Garret C. Pier, archeologist, examining an old Indian mound in Inwood, on the south bank of the creek, discovered a remarkable collection of old arrowheads and relics identified as originally belonging to the Mohicans.

The Johnson property will now be developed, according to George Howe who has been appointed to handle the project. It is planned to develop a model garden apartment colony, and create a model Dutch village near the railroad station.

CHRISTIANITY AND HONESTY

A Christian and Dutiful Housewife Braves Incleement Weather to Pay Debt Overlooked by Creditor, Although Suffering a Bad Cold

It would be interesting indeed, to know the reaction that took place in the minds of the manager, two clerks and a customer in a certain uptown chain store, on Monday, January 20th, when in walked a buxom Colored Lady and inquired if there was found any shortage in the previous Saturday's receipts. On being told no, she produced a cash receipt from her hand and giving \$1.18 to the manager said, "This is yours. Your man forgot to get it and I was busy when he came with the goods C. O. D. I told my husband and he said, 'If they didn't send for the money, it was my gain'—but I couldn't have it on my conscience. It doesn't belong to me. I have my groceries and God does not like unfairness." The manager and clerks smiled and thanked her profusely; up and light hearted; she returned home singing about her work, for she is a devout Christian and beloved for her religious fervor.

A. B. Coles.

EDITORIAL

by the Editor

Our present Meeting-House, now 259 years old, stands in the midst of the Charlestown woods in southern R. I. There are two acres of land belonging to this church now under control of the descendants of the original builders, preachers and parishoners. The pink granite structure is built over the original wooden frame-work. This remodeling was done in 1859. The old wooden church went up in 1750. At the rear of the building is an old Narragansett grave-yard. There are some crude markers, but the whole hill shows signs of century old graves, now wooded and wild.

At the left of the building is a path which leads to spring over which there has been much dispute as to ownership. The Narragansetts still have it. Do not fail to get a drink from it when visiting the historic spot. Going on from the spring into the woods you will find a path leading to the old Indian school now a private club, whose members are careful to preserve the original likeness of the old school-room proper where our forefathers and mothers first learned to read and write the English language.

Further to the south and back in the woods are the "crying rocks," curious to view and reaking with Indian legends. On August-Meeting days most of the Indians visit these rocks and tell the younger generation stories of other days, when baby's cries could be heard from their caverns.

For generations the church has been used by various denominations, but at August-Meeting all denominations came home to worship and socialize. Of late years many white people have taken an interest in these meetings which are held the second Sunday in August. Even the Governor of the State has attended, and the Narragansetts, in clinging to their faith have gained many friends in other races. Among these friends are the women of the Rhode Island State Federation of Women's Clubs and several of its individual clubs. In the last two years, while the present tribe have made a definite effort to save the church as a religious shrine and historic possession, they have been lauded by many noteworthy people who have become good friends of the Narragansetts.

At present we have no regular pastor but meetings are conducted by our Prophet, Eagle Eye, and his helpers. The present church organization has a State charter which gives the worshiping group the right to carry on their business transactions according to church laws in this state and to hold a certain amount of property. Mr. Cassius Champlin of Peacedale is president of the church board. A co-operative spirit was shown this spring when Mr. William L. Wilcox, also of the church board, fixed the church steps. A co-operative spirit is shown when meetings are called. The yard is becoming small for parking grounds to the many machines which bring the members from forty miles around. This year a special program is being prepared by the Chief Sachem for August-Meeting, August 9th, in connection with the R. I. Tercentenary.

"THE END OF A PRAYER"

by A. B. Coles

Almighty God as 'tis Thy will for me to stay, Midst sin cursed-mortals day by day; Grant I may keep my self-respect—
Let some o' Thy Goodness thru me reflect!

OF THE NARRAGANSETT TRIBE.

At this time I wish to welcome each and every one to our Annual August Meeting which is always held the second Sunday in August. Real old-fashioned spiritual meetings will be held at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. We expect the noted Indian preacher Rev. LeRoy C. Perry, Ousa Mequin-Yellow Feather, Wampanoag. He has preached here at these and other occasions for several years and everyone will be anxious to hear him.

This month should be of particular interest to every Narragansett Indian as the most historical record ever made will be made this month for our tribe. The Narragansetts have been in the background heretofore but as the last shall be first, so we are now at the dawn of great recognition. WE were always kind and sympathetic to strangers, and those traits are at last realized by a great many. It was the Narragansetts that Roger Williams found here in Rhode Island and there are still Narragansetts here living on our native land. Of the historical record I speak of none other than the Olympic No. 1 Man, Ellison Myer Brown (Tarzon) who is a Narragansett Indian and I know he will return from the Olympics with the laurels that will mean champion of the world in Marathon. What could be more fitting than to have one of our very own tribesman win this race. He deserves all the honor and praise he will receive as he has climbed the ladder of fame under difficulties and often alone, which tells for itself the strength of character of a Narragansett Indian. The Indian Still Lives!

by Рипле Н. Рескиам

FESTIVAL DANCE

Danced by Narragansett Children at Tercentenary Celebration

The main step is heel and toe with a count one, two.

The tom-tom play the beat one, two.

MAGIC CIRCLE (first figure) Seeking favor of the Great Spirit they do main step slowly with arms folded. Circle once. Arms stretched high above the head, head up, circle again and form two lines each side of the field or stage.

The Appeal (second figure) They are now facing the center of the stage. Main step, one, two, to the center, two lines meeting, backing back to place. Up to center second time, arms up, bow, turn, bow; back to place, bow, turn and face center.

Action (third figure) Two lines facing, both feet together, hop on count one followed by 3 quick hops,—counting the tom-tom beats one loud beat, two, three, four, (quick light taps). Repeat hop, 1—(about two feet ahead on each count of one) 2, 3, 4. Repeat 1, 2, 3, 4. Rest on loud beat. Turn on next beat. Rest on next beat. Hop 1, 2, 3, 4. Repeat hop 1, 2, 3, 4; repeat hop 1, 2, 3, 4, rest, turn, rest.

Pivor (4th figure) Children in the two lines facing the center stand arm's length from one another; weight on left foot tap with the right foot to the front first. They face in turn the four winds of heaven. The left foot does not leave the ground in the search of the four winds. First front together one, tap 2, 3, 4. To the side turn on one, tap on 2, 3, 4. To the tack one, tap 2, 3, 4. To the other side one, tap 2, 3, 4. Rest. They are now in place. Place the weight of the body on the right foot and tap to the front will carry the body around in opposite direction to communication with the four winds. (Hands on hips during pivot) When the tapping with left foot is completed they are facing the center of the stage and each other.

MAGIC CIRCLE (5th figure) Line at the right, face the back, line at left face front and do main step; circle once. swinging arms as if going home. Circle twice and form a semi-circle at the back of the stage and be seated arms folded. Sing a song of gladness.

"THE INDIAN"

by Flying Squirrel

All that eye and heart could own, Rich domains to roam at will When the morning star went down; See him on his eastern hill! Where the mighty river rolled Down its reaches to the sea See the man of Nature's womb. Trace hs hidden ancestory Where the crag outcropped in gold, And the eagle's eye surveyed; Where the bounding buffalo And the timber-wolf have strayed— Oh his Golden Age hath vanished Like the moonlight from the hill For his graves alone are witnesses That his Past can love him still. When the Indian Summer gathers All the beauty of the year And the autumn colors redden, Lo! His Spirit doth appear; Let us evidence his goodness Of the silent Long ago Tho' the wrecks of Time surround him As the reef of Norman's woe!

JOHN, THE BAD INDIAN

John was walking along the road one day, in North Devons, N. B., and met a priest. The priest reprimanded John for being drunk, saying, "John, if you aren't careful and mend your ways, you will go to hell."

"What is hell?" asked the Indian.

"Haven't you heard?" asked the man of God.

"No, Indian never heard that."

"Well, John," said the priest, "You come to the rectory tomorrow morning at ten and I will show you a picture and explain to you."

Next morning at ten John made his way to the rectory. The priest welcomed him and showed him into the house. He showed him a big picture representing hell, with fire and distorted souls.

John looked and looked for a long, long, time and then shook his head very solemnly, saying, "John, no 'fraid!"

"Why aren't you afraid, John. Bad people burn and are tormented," said the surprised priest.

Seriously John pointed to the picture, "No feathered heads there; Indians not go there; look that white man's place."

Sure enough the picture, only pictured white men.

by Princess Fire Fly, Canada

FROM THE BLACK HILLS

True Story

by Ohitika, Mission, South Dakota

My father's name was Long Feather and he was a cousin of Sitting Bull and was in the great fight in the Black Hills. I remember much, but I was a small boy then. My Mother took us, my brothers and I, and journeyed southward with our ponies. Such trouble we had, but my Mother teach me how to overcome these troubles. She had never seen a Bible or heard a sermon preached in a church for there were no missionaries in that country at that time While my father go to fight we travel over the hills I was about six or seven years and had big brothers Early in the morning my Mother go out on the hill top and stretch her hands up to the sky and I hear her talking to some one. As a small boy I wonder to whom she speak. Looking around I see no one and I ask, "Mother, to whom are you talking?"

"Wakantan (meaning the Creator of man and all things of the earth)." Then she explained the creation of the world by the Great Spirit who made us. She told me when in difficulty for me to call from the hilltop and the Great Spirit would help me if I was good and honest and loved my fellowmen. She taught me many beautiful lessons on that rough troublesome journey and I saw her prayers answered many times and this she pointed out to me. My mother soon went on the long, long journey and left me a small boy along and I cry and cry until I think, "Wakantan." Then I run out into the hills along and lay down and pray and pray to the Great Spirit, while I cry as any sad child. I wanted to die too. Then I hear a voice over me, and a kind aunt sister to my Mother pick me up in her arms and she cry too with me. My father he gone too, so my aunt carry me with her. Instead of dying the Great Spirit showed me how to live.

I remember the old council when Spotted Tail and Red Cloud were the prominent men. Government agents come and want to rent the Black Hills for \$7,000,000 (seven Million dollars). The Sioux hold big council meeting for many days. They talk and many disagree. Some think if they rent the Black Hills the government will not give them back. They made a law, no man must touch a pen and sign. My father had been a Peacemaker when the last big treaty had been signed. Three fourths of the Sioux had signed this treaty and then no must touch pen after. That was 1868. But that treaty was broken and many were taken aside and influenced to touch pen and then came the big fight. Custer's army were killed; but many Sioux killed also. The government sent many soldiers and take the Black Hills. For twenty five years we fight for them. I was then a young man and went to Washington with others to talk to Commissioner. In 1917 we get a bill passed in the congress in Washington in our favor. Pres. Wilson was then at the White House and I talked with him.

After education at Hampton under General Armstrong, I worked as a missionary among my people and always remembered my Mother, as she prayed in the morning, when I could see no one, and she talked out loud, to the Great Spirit.

INDIAN LIFE

Everybody is familiar with the summer wigwam, but let us remember that the building of a winter wigwam is a somewhat different proceeding than the erecting of a summer camp. First of all, four stout poles crotched at the top are driven into the ground, then poles are placed in the crotchts so as to form a horizontal square. The lodge poles or rafters pole are then placed quite closely together in a leaning position against them, so as to form the frame of the wigwam. Layers of birch bark are then laid on these poles from the base each overlapping the other. An opening is left in the side for a doorway. A tanned moosehide or some other animal hide hangs over this doorway which is fastened in such a way that it flaps back in its position as one goes in and out. A small log usually lays across which one has to step over.

As a fire is built in the center of the wigwam an opening is left at the apex for the smoke to go out. Three poles are placed horizontally on the square inside; one over the middle of the fire from which to suspend cooking pots and one on either side some distance from the fire for the purpose of hanging garments to dry. Boughs are spread down inside for beds. On each side of the door are usually placed the boxes of provisions and water pails. These are made out of birch bark. The former are made something like the old-fashioned telescope valise, the top fitting over the bottom and is called "wisgomoti." The latter is made to resemble a water pail, but instead of the top being bigger than the bottom the bottom is bigger than the top, and this is called "boojgajoo."

On one side of the fire the master and mistress sit, while on the other side the younger people. The men sit cross-legged, the women with their feet twisted around to one side and the children their feet extended in front. The wife has a place next the door, by the side of her husband, as an Indian woman would never be seen sitting above her husband. Towards the back of the wigwam is the place of honor, and to this visitors and strangers are invited when they are welcome. When a stranger of a neighbor comes into the wigwam he pauses by the door and says "kme," which means "hello" in English. If he is welcome he is immediately invited to the back part of the wigwam by being told "upchelase," meaning "come up higher." If he is invited not to the back part of the wigwam he knows he is not welcome and soon departs.

The Indians in hunting, used bows and arrows and in trapping, as they had no steel traps, they made traps out of wood which were called "dead falls." In snaring rabbits they made snares out of sinews of animals. They did their fishing mostly by spearing. They cured their meat by cutting it in strips and hanging it over poles on each side of the fire to dry, and when it was well dried they packed

it in birch bark boxes, the "wisgomoti," as I have said before, made something like the old fashioned telescope valise and tied down with strings of rawhide or the inside part of cedar bark which can be shredded into strips easily and was much used by the Indians in place of rope or rawhide. In curing fish they used the same methods as in curing meat. The fish was split and the backbone taken out, then hung over the poles to dry. When well dried it was packed in birch bark boxes the same way as the meat.

The method they used in cooking dried meat was by soaking it in water over night and cooking it over the hot coals on a split stick, turning it over as it was done. The same method was used in cooking fish. Sometimes they fried fish and meat on hot stones and to them it tasted very good. The cooked bread in the ashes, scraping the hot coals to one side the dough was put in the ashes and covered with the ashes and hot coals. In about ten or fifteen minutes the coals were scraped to one side and the bread turned over. Then the ashes and coals were spread on again. In another ten or fifteen minutes the bread was taken out, it being burnt quite black. When the ashes and burnt part were scraped off it was nice and brown and ready for wating. They also cooked potatoes in this way.

They ate their food off birch bark, picking it up with the hands as they had no forks. When their hands got smeared with grease they rubbed it off on their heads and that is why the Indians had such long shiny hair. But they did make spoons out of seashells, putting wooden handles on them, they also made them out of birch bark and knives out of rib bones of animals, and hard flint rock, the same as used for arrow heads. Cups were also made out of birch bark.

The Indian used birch bark for many different things, including the making of canoes. In building a fire an Indian will mostly always look around for birch bark. Truly then the birch bark is the Indian's friend.

EVA M. DEDHAM, North Devons, Canada

THE 259th ANNUAL AUGUST MEETING NARRAGANSETT TRIBE

AUGUST 8TH AND 9TH, 1936

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH-

Exercises and Ceremonies at the Narragansett Indian Village at Goddard Park.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH-

Religious Services at the Old Narragansett Meeting-House in Charlestown, R. I.

THE TRIBE WILL REPEAT THE PAGEANT—

"Rhode Island and Her Indians from the Great Unwritten Book of the Narragansetts"—written by the Narragansett Historian. Goddard Park on August 8th, in the afternoon.

The public is invited.

CHARLESTOWN NEWS

by Princess Kathitha

Among the Narragansetts who attended the Tercentenary celebration July 4, at Oakland, were: Miss Nettie Davis, Mrs. Hannah Hazard, Eagle Eye Charles E. Hazard and quite a few children.

On behalf of the trike we wish to extend our heartful sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. George S. Peckham, Jr., on the untimely passing of their little girl.

Many summer colonists are returning to Charlestown Beach and there are more visitors than ever to the interesting historical places including the Narragansett Indian Church, Indian Burying ground and others.

Mrs. Charlotte Cook, her daughter, Misses Janette Brown and Ellen Jennings, from Newport, were recent visitors at the home of Chief Sachem Philip H. Peckham. Services were held at the Indian Church, Sunday July 12 at which a large number attended. A visiting preacher, Rev. Ben Brave, from Mission, South Dakota, brought the message.

Miss Beatrice McCloud, of Apponaug, R. I., was a recent week-end visitor of Mary Peckham, daughter of the Chief Sachem.

A good time was enjoyed by all that attended the Narragansett Indian village July 9. Due to the inclement weather the field sports were postponed but the Indians had a pleasant time inside the long house. After the picnic supper, we were invited by Col. Thomas J. H. Peirce, to the golf house to see the movies taken a few Sundays ago at the exercises.

SUNRISE NEWS

by Keeper of Records

Mr. Charles T. Pope, Sr., of Sandwich, Mass., champion roller-skater of Massachusetts, was among the campers at Camp Ki-Yi, on July 4th.

Rev. Ben Brave, of Mission, South Dakota, was the speaker at the Narragansett Meeting House, Sunday, July 12th. The church was filled and a very attentive audience listened for an hour to stories right from the "Land of the Dakotas." Solo by Mrs. Harold Mars; duet by Miss Marion Hazard and Mr. Arthur Weeden.

Mr. Herwald Lawrence, of New York, is a guest at Applehill House, Glasko's Farm, Oakland.

Chief Pine Tree and family, Princess Minnetonka and family, and Princess Red Wing and family enjoyed a visit to the Indian village at Goddard Park, where they camped for the week-end of July 18th.

More than a hundred Narragansetts gathered at Goddard Park on Thursday, July 9th, at the Indian village for ceremonies and feasting. They were also entertained by moving pictures of themselves taken at the ceremonial opening of the village in June.

Miss Eva Dedham, of North Devons, N. B., Canada, enjoyed a month's visit at Camp Ki-Yi as the guest of Princess Red Wing.

Rev. LeRoy Perry will speak at the August Meeting on August 9th at the Narragansett Church.

The Narragansett Tribe celebrating the Coming of Roger Williams to the Lodge of Canonicus, July 4th and 5th at Camp Ki-Yi, Oakland, R. I., were pleased with the co-operation they received from many friendly folk of other races. They wish to thank the veterans for participating and the Sons of Veterans of the James E. Keegan Post for their lovely tribute to the tribe. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves.

Indians of forty-three different tribes were represented from the Micmac of Canada to the Seminoles of Florida and the Sioux of South Dakota and Cherokee of Oklahoma. White people from seven different states drove in to the affair and many camped over the week-end. One historian said the celebration was the best he had seen since Rhode Island had started her Tercentenary celebration and it far surpassed many that cost \$1000 to produce. This celebration cost the Narragansetts just \$200 to produce and a bit of work by the tribal members.

NARRAGANSET WE FACE EAST SEPTEMBER 1936 No. 5