The Narragansett Dawn

Princess Redwing
Narragansett Tribe

Ernest Hazard
Narragansett Tribe

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THE Narragansett DAWN
WE FACE EAST

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NARRAGANSETT TRIBE OF RHODE ISLAND
INC. DEC. 31, 1984

VOL. 1 MAY 1935 NO. 1
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STANDING ELK AND THE CHASE
No white person can read the heart of the Indian as can a son or a daughter of the Red Man's own race. Judge these pages from the Red Man's views. These columns come not from the experienced pens of journalists, but from the hearts and minds of Narragansett Indians, who have not forgotten the faith of their forefathers. To-day we open for our public of all races, "the great unwritten book of the Narragansett, sent down from father to son," portraying from time to time, many old stories, folk laws, ideals, principles, and traditions, which we hold as a sacred heritage.

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

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

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

The stories of these allotments are in many cases very amusing. Some have banked that $15 for all these years. Many were children. Many have children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. We find many have married out of the Narragansett blood, and have never lived out of Narragansett territory. Some retained farms and homesteads in southern R. I., paid their duties and taxes, and still live upon land that has never been occupied by white men or black men.

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

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

Some come to the front as performers in many different ways. Some went to war. Now and then one comes to public notice, denouncing the rest of the tribe. Some lag the grandchild. They were told to go play in our own back yard," have resolved to clean up and make pleasant every Narragansett back yard. We have resolved to plant there, little seeds of kindness, beside big seeds of honesty, to keep company with the sweet flowers of brotherly love. We have elected scouts and officers to clean up the weeds of jealousy and backbiting, to clean up the trash of sin, drinking, and poverty of body, mind and soul. Our workmen have a hard long job, but they will make the grass green again in our back yards, and when our seeds bloom, the flowers of our father's faith, our children will go forth and pluck the lovely red blossoms of courage, and generosity, the beautiful blue flowers of truthfulness and kindness, and the white purity of the divine "Lady of the Valley"—thus they find the heritage of the Narragansett fathers and mothers, and loyally to our country in their own back yard.

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

One Narragansett poet says—

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

To the youth of coming generations, we dedicate this booklet. Let us forget.
DEDICATION

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

CHIEF SACHEM NIGHT HAWK.

“WHAT CHEER NETOP”

by Prophet

A Word of Welcome and Encouragement

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

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

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

The most of us have read the story of the children of Israel being delivered and some have read the story of Rip Van Winkle. The Israelites longed for the old life and Rip Van Winkle did return, but there was no welcome there. So seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, and look unto Him who has brought us out of darkness into the light.

We say we have been brought into the light, then let us set the part. God is a spirit and wants to be worshipped as a Spirit and in truth. Read St. John 4:23-24. So let us serve God in a manner that men may see our good works and glorify God which is in Heaven. So as a tribe we welcome you from all corners of the earth.

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

ERNEST HAZARD

GREETINGS FROM FRIENDS OF THE TRIBE

The White House
Washington
My dear Princess Red Wing:

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

Very sincerely yours,

Eleanor Roosevelt
San tee Normal Training School
Santee, Nebraska

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

Your friend,

Rudolf Hertz,
Principal
Rhode Island State Federation of Women’s Clubs

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

In these worthy efforts the Federation wishes to lend its encouragement and support, and hopes that from humble beginnings, the movement may grow, and through the issues of the “Narragansett Dawn” many friends will help make prac-tical the visions of the few sincere Narragansett Indians who pray a new deal and a dawn for their people.

Very truly,

Ernest Hazard,

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

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

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

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

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

Very truly,

signed; Jonathan M. Steere,
President

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
“Wee Kirk O’ the Healer”
Glendale, California

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

Dear Princess Red Wing:

I have read with great interest, your letter regarding your efforts to make a shrine for your tribe of the little Narragansett Indian Church of Charlestown,
Rhode Island. It seems, indeed, a splendid project.

With full cognizance of the fine potentials of this Narragansett Indian Memorial Project, I regret that I cannot be more helpful to you. Your interest in Forest Lawn's Little Churches is greatly appreciated and I hope that they may furnish in inspiration what I am unable to do in words.

Cordially yours,

(signed) Hubert Eaton
Chairman of the Board

Little Eagle, Box 256 South Dakota

My dear Princess:

May the Great Spirit go with you and your tribe all the way. Hope, faith, and love sustain you. I send you and the Narragansets my best wishes and prayers for success in all you undertake. Some day I hope to stand in your little puppet so many years and tell you the simple words of Christ as the Sioux knows them.

Dr. Hertz has sent you under separate cover a Dakota Indian Book.

Your fellow worker in Christ
Ohtata
Rev. Ben Brave

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

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

Princess Red Wing of 7 Crescents, Narragansett Historian

Dear Princess:

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

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

Best wishes,

(signed) HARKA
H-Bar-O Ranch

"Whiteneville"
Rahway, New Jersey

To little Paurewflower,

Dear Friend:

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

We wish we could come to Rhode Island to see you but we can’t do this to say hello to all the little Indian boys and girls from their radio friends, Peter and Pan, and to thank them for interest in us. Because you are going to print this letter we thought it would be better to have it typewritten. So our Daddy Billy who is really Raymond Knight; said he would do it for us.

(signed) Pan Batchelor
(Emile Vase)
Peter Batchelor
(Bobby Jordan)

2016 No. Main Street
Fall River, Mass.
February 26, 1935

Chief Black Hawk Speaks:

Greetings from the Powhatan Indians of Virginia:

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

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

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

The noble and indestructible spirit of the American Indian is the most beautiful chapter in our country’s history. Since the early period of our colonial history each succeeding generation of the Eastern Seaboard Indians has labored in vain to rally together the few that have been left for the human reason only of self-preservation.

To hold and to keep, give to those children the most merited right known to the Indian Race:—To be, to live and to die American Indians.
The Agonquins should be classed as a nation, not as a tribe. The Agonquins reached along the whole Atlantic seaboard from Nova Scotia to The Carolinas or the far end of the Seminoles, and westward to the Mississippi. There was no one tribe called the Algonquin in New England. But the Narragansett Tribe belonged to the Algonquin Nation.

Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Princess Red Wing:

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

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

Success always to the Narragansetts

Cordially,

Mabel F. Knight, Ta-de-wian,

adapted member of the Omaha Tribe

THE NARRAGANSETT INDIAN CHURCH

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

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

The Agonquins, who was ordained in 1858, was the last prominent Indian preacher of the church until recent times. From the end of his ministry he began to decline, until Rev. Frederick Denison, a Westerly pastor, writing in 1875, said concerning the church, "It is now a Union Church in a weak condition, agitated by Advent doctrines conspicuous chiefly for its annual mass meetings in August, after an old Indian custom.” These August meetings in later years degenerate until the tide was stemmed by the efforts of Rev. Le Roy C. Perry, Chief Ousa-Moquin, of the Wanamaug Tribe, who worked in this vicinity to bring to the meetings a religious vein. Together with the efforts of Chief Night Hawk Philip H. Peckham and his family, of Charlestown, services were carried on and the church kept in good condition for the past several years.

by Philip Peckham,

Church Commissioner

THE BROKEN TREATY"

by Fred B. Brown

Philadelphia

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

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

The ratio was about four English to one Indian in the New England of 1675. Having driven King Philip from Bristol formerly Mount Hope, and not being able to find him, the English troops marched into Warwick formerly Shewmet; to make a treaty to prevent the Narragansetts from joining Philip in the war. Here Punham, one of the most powerful petty Sachems, ruled. At least one writer tells us that Canonicus could not be found, but Canonicus died in 1647. Most of the Indians fled as the troops approached and it was three or four days before anyone could be found to make a treaty with. This treaty is referred to as more versed which the Indians little understood, and apparently they were not in a mood to agree to anything. This treaty was made at the point of gun and made with inferior Sachems chosen by the Canonchet was proclaimed Chief Sachem in 1671, his name or Punham's is not found on this document.

"The Treaty"

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

Petaquasscot,

July 15th, 1675.

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

We hear of Punham as a petty Sachem of influence in 1672. He made himself Chief Sachem for a brief period but was apparently not recognized beyond his own followers and the English, who seem to have encouraged him. It seems that
he had a certain right to do this if he could get it. Pumham at one time was a disciple of the English, but if adhering to one's own is a virtue, he redeemed his character by returning to his own people. Not caring to face his former allies, this may have been the reason that they ran away. Mortally wounded in Philip's war, Pumham died in a frenzy, literally fighting with bare hands until he was dispatched. Pumham's lineage is apparently obscure, but comment at the news of his death is as follows: If it be so, the glory of that nation is sunk with him forever.

At the beginning of King Philip's war, the old men, women and children were sent to the Narragansetts for protection, and from the fact that Philip was able to get about so easily, it seems possible that this was done before the consummation of the agreement. Some writers have referred to the Fort as Philip's, but it seems more reasonable that it was the Narragansetts, and that Philip and his warriors had intended to avoid the winter there as guests. The Indian was much given to hospitality, and the treatment of a guest was a very sacred consideration, although very prudently extended. Even an enemy was safe if he had been received as a guest.

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

Canochet was called to Boston in October and apparently humiliated and forced into agreeing to avoid bloodshed. He was undoubtedly ratified the treaty of July. His mark is found on this article of October 18th, 1675, his name was no doubt written by the authorities. At this time he was presented with his silver trimmed coat, which among other things it cast away, the following year in his attempt to escape. This cost positively identified him and they knew it was Canochet. Canochet was accused of harboring the Wampanoags and given ten days to deliver them to the English. Whether he intended to abide by the terms at the time or not is probably not known. Serious counsel must have been held before Philip's reverses had really begun, and it would have been unnatural for him to have stood calmly by to see his people delivered to their enemies and had Canochet so desired. At the end of ten days the Wampanoags were still with the Narragansetts, and Canochet was called to account for his failure to carry out Philip's orders. The ultimatum was: Not a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail shall be delivered up; this reply and the suspicion that the Narragansetts would openly join Philip in the spring is what led to the Swamp fight.

Some writers have referred to the Sachem's action as Canochet's perfidy, but he was an Indian as were the Wampanoags, and blood appeared to have been thicker than water. Canochet was quite a different character than Unass, who has been lauded by some as being the friend of the Pequot, but to win the favor of the English he led in the destruction of the Pequot, and not even his own relatives were spared. Referring to the invasion of Narragansett, this was contrary to the advice and without the consent of Rhode Island. Philip was directed violation of the charter and royal order of the King of England. Afterward the shattered troops withdrew from the state, and left Providence entirely without garison to the mercy and fury of the savages. The English were dictators of both units of the newly organized Tribe of Pequots and it is not generally known that one hundred and fifty Pequots and Mohegan Indians went with them to the Swamp fight, and that this army was led by a renegade Narragansett, who lay in wait and was their guide. If an Indian chose to hide, it also took an Indian to find him, otherwise the Swamp Fight would not have occurred in 1675. Information is had from early authorities that this army was not composed of weak Englishmen, but men who had seen service in no respect. Rough sea captains, buccaneers and pirates, and no doubt many young men who had but recently seen service. Bitter cold, there was a run on all pork and in the swamp being frozen, and was one cause of the rout. Conditions indicate that the defenders ran out of gun powder, although most writers do not state this fact. All of the local tribes had been repeatedly disarmed even before the threatened war with King Philip.

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

The suffering of the troops has been too often portrayed to be repeated, that of their allies does not appear to be recorded, and it is only an occasional unprejudiced writer that has sought to describe the horrors of winter and burned women and children many left to die in the wintry blast without shelter or care. Nanunteco, alias Canochet, did not immediately succeed his father. Quantaonim, and some writers assert, for there is record of several other Sachems. Comparing dates he could hardly have been more than a small boy when his father was slain, and there doesn't appear to be much record until he is chosen Chief Sachem in 1674. He was captured in Fawtucket, about four months before Philip was slain, and taken to Stoughton near Stonington, and executed. Canochet was offered his life if he would influence and lead the Narragansetts against Philip, but he spurned the offer. Many who have attended public school are familiar with the dramatic Indians including King Philip, Jesus, and the Fall of the Indian tribes.
the Red Race, an individual and original race. Writers of the present have referred to them as the “Vanishing Race”, but records show that there are living to-day, six million of the Red Race in North America alone. We find two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred, in the British Possessions, one hundred and thirty thousand, in Central America, one million five hundred thousand, in Mexico, four million, in South America ten million, many of them being more or less civilized and Christians.

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

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

The Indians of Canada and the United States believe in the two antagonistic principles of good and evil, and a strong belief in spiritual beings, one being them being spoken of as the Giteke Mani- to or Great Spirit, high above all things, creator of the universe. Some believed in the transmigration of the soul into other men, and in demons. Others believed in life after death, where the spirit surrounded by pleasures according to brave deeds in life. New England Indians believed death to be the “great mystery” and did not speculate upon it or explain it to their young. Their doctrines were much the same as the Christian doctrines, deep and profound. They believed in prayer and supplication for righteous desires, to a living God of the universe.

They adopt a totem or symbol of the name of the family, which is the mark of families even when expanded into tribes. Their morals were like nature’s, free and easy, and when one man choose his mate, made his choice and his rights. Mating was thought out, well advised by elders and entered into with simple and solemn vows.

In ancient times the body was covered with furs and skins according to the seasons, but now the white man’s clothes and blankets have generally superceded the native dress; the moccasin of deer and musk ox were thrown aside, and the经营理念 leggings and headdress are largely retained. They use them as ceremonial clothes, to-day, both in the east and west, and also in making feather work for jewelry. They are made of bark, skins and matting of their own making, stretched on poles fixed in the ground. These are known as long houses, round houses, wigwams, and tepees. Their long houses were copied by the French, who formed a league of nations, believing in the security of the group and not the security of the individual. They traveled in canoes made of logs hollowed out, oared, and propelled by long poles or a long frame, skillfully fastened with deer’s sinews and rendered water-tight by pitch.

The Indians of the United States are now largely gathered into reservations, and their former dress, music, and habits are being changed for those of the white people. The invasion of civilization is driving out their old characteristics. The arts of the red man are complex.

The Sioux group occupied the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, and included the Assiniboines, Winnebagos, Iowas, Dakotas, Omoshas, Osages, Kansas, Crows, and Mandans. West of the Mississippi were the Pawnees, near Nebraska and Patte River, and southern part was the Choktaws and the Chichasaws. In the Rocky Mountain regions were the Shoshone or Snake Indians, including the Comanches and others. The Cherokee tribes, which inhabited North and South Carolina and Georgia, the Creeks and Seminoles of Georgia and Florida formed a detached group, and are still detached from the other tribes and white civilization.

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

Of the numerous families occupying Mexico, the Nahua or Aztecs were the most powerful and civilized. The Oromes, speaking a peculiar language were so a numerous people in Mexico. In Central America the predominating family was the Maya, including the family Quiches, Taquichaques, etc. The Incas race and the Aztecs were the chief. The Arawans, to the south of these, in Chile had a considerable resemblance to the Agonquins and the Iroquois of North America.

The remaining portions of South America, including Atlantic slope, were principally occupied by the Indians, by the Inca and its northern coast were found the Caribs who spread also over the Antilles and most of the West Indies. The extreme southern part of the continent live the tall Patagonians or Tehuelches and squalid families in some respect resembling the more debased Australians.

by historian of the Narragansett Tribe

Princess Red Wing of 7 Creesents

Mrs. Julia Davis

This little lady of ninety-one summers, smiled up at her company, bringing her tiny black eyes almost together, and replied to the ladies with the straightforwardness of her ancestors. Her hair straight and white with age was combed smooth under a little cap. She sat in the window; with her two years has been close to her and she patted the arms of it daintily. This cheerful little lady has no legs. Years ago, when Indians were trying to adjust themselves to white civilization and ways of living, we find many a mishap has left its trace in a once nearly perfect race, leaving to-day cripples and残疾人. It was then that this child had her legs frozen, and lost both them.

In the window seat beside her were tall, green, fresh-looking plants. These are her daily companions, and between them, one could sense a beautiful language that truly existed. With her, live her children, who have kept the dear little lady and her surroundings immaculate. The fire burned merrily, keeping her warm and comfort-
able and she showed, she was well fed and cared for by her own. Surely here was preserved the Narragansett
—"henceforth the old and the feeble shall be cared for by the younger one."

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

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

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

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

"A fine, fine record," said her inquirer. "Now tell me something of your eventful life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Davis, "I went over into Connecticut and lived there for a while then I came back here. I got a daughter in Nebraska and my son went to war."

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

CHIEF PINE TREE

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

"Son," said his Mother, "We are citizens of the State of Rhode Island and the United States of America, but our reservation is gone, and soon will be gone these few pieces of silver. The world may forget—but young one, out there sleep your sires of a thousand years. This very ground is made up of the bones of Narragansetts. I, your Narragansett Mother, charge you by all the holy law of nature and the God of the Narragansett, "let not the Spirit of the true Narragansett die." Be a Narragansett brave and truehearted, let all the character that shall come along your future path; and let not your sons and grandsons forget their forefathers of these fair acres. Every hill in South County has been a shrine of prayer; and a million dawns have found the graves of our tribe communing with the Great Spirit.

"They were brothers to the storm and the sunshine, and they understood the whisper in the pine trees. For civilization and Christianity we have traded our unlimted inheritance; but even now we have watched the crowding in of the pale face and many of our brothers have journeyed westward, to the land of the setting sun. But son, my heart is old and my father's land is gone. We must live upon a small rented plot; we must work for a white man's dollar, in order to live in a white man's world."

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

He jingled the 13 cents in his pocket, rich from his allotment from the reservation, which he spent for a jack-knife.

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

"Other words were never spoken; and through the years, the Pine Tree lives in the commercial world with his fellowmen of all other races. Advancement in civilization brings us new laws, but always there was a struggle for something new in order to live on the same standard with his neighbors.

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

When Chief Pine Tree speaks, it is like the whispering of wild winds, eroded in the mighty pines, hushed by the voice of mother nature. He speaks low, but firmly by a quiet assurance, or a roomful of arguing people, pause, lean forward to catch each thought; and then having caught it, relax comforted by his simple words of wisdom. He cannot preach like Peter, he cannot pray like Paul, he cannot give an oration like Patrick Henry, he cannot judge like Hughes, he cannot figure out a living life. He cannot write like McCormick, he cannot fight like Perching, he cannot fly like Lindburgh,—but he has written his records of brotherly love on the hearts of many. He has told others of the love of the Master of Life, he has kept alive the true spirit of the Narragansetts thru simple, every day thoughts and actions.

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

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

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

We Indians, alive with the spirit of our ancestors, standing upon that sacred spot,
sensed a deep thrill at those words, "the home of the brave and the land of the free."

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

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

TO THE PINE TREE
by Orville Leonard
from the "Conic in the Jar"

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

So even must God grow
Because of that outgrowth in me
Greater than my life,
That I add to the heart of the universe.
He is ever changing
Even as I change
And if the Spirit in me
Outgrows its earthly vehicle
As it must—
Then God must grow through me
Because of what I, and myriad others—
Add to the volume of his spiritual force.

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

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

As my needles pick out sharp tracey
Against the moonlight cold,
From the edge of a hole in my sturdy bole
The night owl's cry is rolled.

The chipmunks scamper along my limbs;
The squirrels chatter and said.

Though I snap and crack when the frost
Kings and Queens;
Though I stand as straight as a line
Yet I sing you the sweetest lullaby
With the wind through my needles fine;
For I am the restful, gentlest tree,
Although I'm a mighty pine.

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

John H. Noka
The death of John H. Noka of Westerly, formally of South Kingstown, where he was a resident of the community of Matunuck for many years, should have more than a passing notice, as much as the maternal line of his family is a descendant of royalty: also for his kind and obedient disposition in his youth to all whom he met.

Mr. Noka became an orphan in his youth by the loss of his father, who then resided in Wakefield, and hence his acquaintance and regards among us in his boyhood.

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

To where the surges and the billows of the great ocean of time has lifted the life, the memory and the importance of our youthful and unrowned prince we stand and look back over the two hundred years since his great ancestor was dethroned, and are thankful to have known him and that remnant of the family of kings who ruled these fair hills still lives among us.

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

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

NARRAGANSETT TRIBAL CREED

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

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

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

LISTEN TO THE MEDICINE MAN

Cut your hair on the new of the moon
if you want it to grow.
Cut your hair on the dark of the moon
and it will not do well.

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

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

Do every day what belongs to that day.

Chief Pine Tree has spoken
LESSON IN OUR NATIVE TONGUE

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

“We the children of a favored day, Inheriting their homes, Would guard their history from decay, And mark their moulderling temples.”

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

Lesson Number 1

What Cheer, Netop meaning “all is well friend,” is the general salutation to all English and the first greeting Roger Williams received when he landed at the head of Narragansett Bay; “Wunnegeth cowish.”

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

Let us All Read

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

Read—“Wesley and His Witnesses”.

Milestones

Births

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

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

Deaths

John Noka, died in 72th year. He was of fine old Narragansett family, and several years ago he sought restitution from the Rhode Island Senate for land he alleged was illegally taken from his tribe. He died at his home in Charlestown after a long period of failing health. He was born in Charlestown, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Noka. For many years he was employed as a stone cutter. He was always prominent in Indian activities in this state and was a member of the Narragansett Indian Church at Charlestown. He is survived by two brothers, James and Alpheus. He is buried in the old family lot at Charlestown.

Miss Eva Harry, died in her 36th year, at her home in Pascoaled, R. I. She was the daughter of Luther Harry and the late Eva W. Harry. Burial in Oak Dell Cemetery.

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

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

“What never oh Pine Tree?” said Sunset in his frank open manner.

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

Chief Sunset stood up, gave an Indian sign and raised his hand to heaven. “As long as a grasshopper, when one drop of Narragansett blood exists, may the Narragansett Tribe never die, and may it’s spirit live forever.”

“Amen,” murmured his listeners, and I jotted down his words.

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

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

“But,” said Chief Sunset, “the Narragansetta need to unite and pull together. The younger folks ought to give to it that all Narragansetts pull together. Don’t have a little group in Providence, another in Westerly, another in Charlestown.”

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

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

“He’s dead,” said I, “Just died this winter.”

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

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

“Bring those memories back to us, please, Chief Sunset,” said I, “they are golden memories, they must not be lost. They were my son’s and his son too. Don’t you see?”

And Chief Sunset opened that “great unwritten book of the redmen.”
things down in his brain, and on his heart.
What a grand 2 hours we spent after that.
Mrs. Michaud served us piping hot biscuits and home made jam and tea. Over the tea cups we listened to the chief talk. He brought out old relics, books, newspapers, pictures, etc. But the picture that interested me most, was that of Mollie Rodman, hanging on the wall. She was a fine looking Indian lady of three generations ago, or more. She, it was, who married into the royal family of the Ninigretts and produced so many descendants now living in South County. Often, I have heard the name. Now I stood gazing into her keen, sharp features, seeking the resemblance to many who were grandchilren, great grandchildren and still another great. Mollie Rodman helped to keep us from being a "vanishing race." And we sipped our tea while he told us of his famous grandmother. He had other old family pictures. Bristole Michaud, a counsilman in 1880, Chief Sunset's father was one who "signed the reservation away." But the story of that signing, the Chief will give you in his own words.

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

We smiled and understood.

THE LAST OF THE SACHEMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE SACRIFICE

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

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

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

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

SOCIAL NOTES

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

The Social Club of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians, gave a very successful and enjoyable dance at the Shannock Memorial Hall, in Shannock, R. I., March 2nd. It was well attended, and the Chief and Council were pleased with the efforts of our young club and their management of the large assemblage. Miss Gladys Babcock is chairman of the club, and was in charge of affairs, Mr. William Glasko, of Framingham, Mass., was the floor manager. Mrs. Babcock and Mr. Theodore Brown managed the refreshments.

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

Canonius spoke in the gone by days:
"I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed, nor never will. If the Englishman speak true, if he mean truly, I shall go to my grave in peace, and hope that the English and my posterity shall live in love and peace together."
Canonius
"A warrior may lose his spear, his bow and arrows, his knife, but his thoughts may still remain with him and prove to be his most powerful weapons."

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

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

Our riches vain, of blood wring,
We seek and ever desire,
To crown our Lord of Kings, the King,
The lamb for sinner's slain.

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

Fred V. Brown
a social hour was enjoyed by all.

Friday, March 8th, the Rainbow Drum Corps of South Kingstown gave a Minstrel under the direction of Mr. C. H. Graves, Wakefield, R. I., in the Guild Hall, Peace­dale, R. I. They had their own orchestra and Mr. Charlie Hazard was master of ceremonies. The comedians, Mr. Harry Chester and Lillian Red, Mr. Morris Fairweather, and Gilbert Reel, showed original talent and good singing. Lillian Froud and Julia Sampson were pleasant to watch as they gracefully tapped thru their solo dances and received many encores. Helen Taylor's singing was clapped back also. The chorus was well trained and entertaining. One of the popular songs was "Boys of the Redwoods," and it was very influentia'l. There were im­­perations of radio, screen and stage stars over Mr. Glaasko's microphone with sound effects in the next room. Vernon Scott and Mrs. Robinson of Providence and Mr. Glaasko of Oakland furnished music for dancing and singing. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Peck, both received many beautiful and useful presents.

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

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

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

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

MOTHER'S PAGE

Succotash

As far as I can remember, some of the early cooked dishes of the Narragansetts were parched corn, broiled fish, roasted game, boiled corn meal, stewed beans and succotash. The game, wild fowl and fish were always here, according to their thre­ory, having been created within four land, by the Divine One, many moon ago, for the maintenance of man.

But tradition says the corn or malaze and the bean were brought by the crow, and therefore were cooked together and called succotash. It means corn and beans cooked in a pot together. Manusqueus­tash, which is an old word for beans, and mossquattash means boiled with corn —put them together and drop unnecessary sounds, we have succotash. Since the corn became very scarce, it was not easy to kill, and became a tribal totem. The Indians caught, tamed and trained hawks to chase the crow from the cornfields and all kinds of scarecrows were also used.

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

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

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

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

The old medicine man realized soon would only be this young nation with no mothers and fathers to lead them, so he took in his 2 year old grandson aside. Daily he taught him all the laws of nature and the tribe, that he considered worth saving. Then they threw to the four winds all the careless, unprofitable and unladyly laws. The new nation must be ruled by love of the Good Spirit and love of their comrades.

"In a few more moons," the old man said, "this old hickory has passed away and a new world will be yours. You must seek heavenly wisdom daily and the great passions of life will unfold to you as nature reveals the true glories of its creator. Old heads will pass and soon you will depend upon the voices from within in response to the voices about you. You are the beginning of a new era, lead by Mother Nature and Father Time. The Good Spirit has made you tall and strong to seek new lands for In the earth is your livelihood, plants, roots, bars, herbs, fruits, minerals and the water is filled with life. Nature will tell you when to go and when to stop, that the streams may always be filled.

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

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

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

One morning as they prayed, there came a big black raven, a messenger from out of the clouds, carrying in one ear, a kernel of corn, the precious wa wat came in and in the other ear, the bean, the manuscripts, you speak, saying, "Mossquattash," meaning to be cooked together. His mouth was then sealed and all he said thereafter was, "Caw, caw, caw."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chief Pine Tree, Medicine Man of the Narraganset Tribe of Indians was elected for a two-year term: Chief Sachem, Philip Peckham; nine councilmen, Casius Champlin of Wakefield, William Glasko, Oakland; Theodore Brown, Peace Dale; Harry Peckham, Westerly; Charles Babcock, Alouet; George Hazard, Charlestown; William Wilcox, Westerly; Clifford Reckling, Narragansett Poi, and Ernest Hazard, Charlestown; secretary, Mrs. Marion W. Brown, Westerly; assistant secretary, Miss Mary Peckham, Charlestown; treasurer, Mrs. Ella Peckham, Oakland; assistant treasurer and prophet, Ernest Hazard, Charlestown; legal advisor, Thomas P. Gardner, clerk of the Washington County Superior Court.

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

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

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

OFFICERS ELECTED AT TRIBE MEETING
Peckham Named Chief Sachem for Two-Year Period at Shannock Session.

Held Under New Charter

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

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

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

As spring rolled around, the women were busy with their gardens. The spirit of life too rolls around for many a lad and lassie. They are like young untrained horses prancing in the sunlight. Life is theirs, but many questions would they ask of older members. Often they are warned that all is not well, and carefully are they watched. The Narragansetts had a great love and pride in their offspring. Still they did not fondle them or call them by pet names, as we do to-day. But they showed love by careful watchfulness and guidance, in the right path as the Great Spirit gave them wisdom. They taught them the fear of God very early in life, and if they were bad the evil one would rule them, and bring harm. Is it so far from our rules of to-day? “Obedience is the first law of youth. Care for the aged, yet a few more years and your hair greys. Consider the land of darkness is no place for repentance—there is no repentance in the grave. Be rather careful of what you do, rather than what you have; for that which you have only lasts for a while, you take it not with you in death and when sick is useless. But what you do is yours, and will follow you to your grave, and plead for or against you at your resurrection.

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

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

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

**TRADITION**

**INDIAN PHILOSOPHY**

**YOUTH LEARNS THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE FROM GITCH MANITOU, THE GREAT SPIRIT**

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

Busily the mother went on as if weaving the very deed of life into the rapidly forming basket. Cuttana, wide eyed, expectant, speaks not; for she knows from the earnestness of her mother's voice, this is no time for idle questioning. Her mother, anxious not to frighten her or burden her young mind with weighty life questions, which only life itself can answer, speaks more lightly. "See, Cuttana, when the Spirit speaks to you, this basket will be finished and, in it you will find many useful articles, of your very own, which will make for happiness in the home. All the squaws will help me fill it, that my daughter may not want."

The days grew warm, as spring advanced. Restless, listless, longing grew the little girl of fourteen summers, fearing less the Good Spirit call and she misses the sign. She had been kept back forth unconsciously to the brook, until she knew she would not fail by night. Sheltered under a secret rock were her toilet articles of those days. She, kept rather close to mother, feeling the magnetic source of strength there; until one day, the mother, watching carefully less ill befall her, gave her a cup of tea for Cuttana. When the shades of evening grew long, the mother patted Cuttana's fevered cheek, "Fear not, Cuttana, the Good Spirit will guide you, be not afraid Manitous is almost the great Sun obeys him, the thunder and lightening is his mighty voice and the heart beat of men is His gentle touch. Trust now in your Creator for He would make you useful to His mighty ends."

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

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

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

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

TROUT FISHING

by Lone Wolf of Putnam, Conn.

Spring is here and you have a feeling of new life. The fisherman is looking over his outfit. The Old Indian of Cuyamus days at this time of the year, got his fish spears and nets. Then he went to the rivers with the white perch and salmon came up the rivers to spawn. He went to shallow rapids and waded out; and when a big fish came along to his likes, he would speary it. But the fisherman would get the season's fish. They knew how to dry it, and used it for other purposes than food. They only fished in season, so that the fish would have a chance to grow plentiful.
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the
ragan sett Indi a ns had no ruling sac hem.
and suck ed
followed by his son by his second wife, the
lenving
c..lo
When
first
feed on worms and slugs and grubs and
He married
Roy ;d
1735.
just :t twiu :h
minor son Charles

minnows, so they are not anxious to try
anything new. I advise you to use
worms, they are a very good bait. Use
big bait, to catch big fish. The trout has
a mouth as big as the base or pickerel.
For instance, one weighing a pound
has a mouth that you can put three fingers
in. If you use small hook and bait you will
catch small trout. It is not well to catch
under size fish.
Fish at the edge of fast streams and at
the bottom of the water, in all holes, under
the banks and at the bottom of small
raptides. Here lay the big trout. Later in
the season, when treas and plants blossom,
you use flies. Try it and see
how it works out.

Lone Wolf
Lawrence W. Wilcox

ATHELETICS

RACING
Ellison “Tarzan” Brown, the lanky
young Indian mara thon runner from Alton, led
the parade of amateur athletes in this
territory, and turned in the outstanding per­
formances of any simon -pure sports com­
petitor.
The 19-year-old runner forged into the
front ranks of New England’s leading
marathoners, and in one instance paired
with Clarence DeMar, veteran Boston
marathon hero, to establish an unofficial
26-mile speed record.
Brown opened his racing season in the
Boston Marathon on April 19, but suffered
an injury in the event which forced him
back in the list and he could finish no
better than 32nd, the same position in
which he completed the distance in 1933.
Several weeks later he turned in a fine
showing in the ten mile A. A. U. race at
Norwich, finishing sixth. His next start
at Arctic saw him just begin to his true
stride, and he finished the ten mile
handicap race in fourth place.
A month later he engaged Leslie Paw­
son, Pawtucket marathon runner, in the
closest race of the latter’s career.
Over a 12 mile course the two battled
either to elbow, Pawson finally sprinting
at the finish to educe a big trout. Later
Pawson’s time was only one second faster
than Brown’s.
In his final race of the season, Brown
received the start in the Narragansett
Marathon, and finished second, the
second place finisher.

CHIEF CLEARWATER
President of the Athletic Club of the
N. T. I.
In 1927, Chief Clearwater, Horatius
Stanton, of Westerly, famous Indian
marathon runner, was scheduled to run in
Massachusetts with other Indian and white
runners from all over the United States
and Canada. At the athletic headquarters,
each signed up. To questions asked
Stanton, he replied, giving his nationality
as pure “Narragansett from Rhode
Island .” His inquirer looked up, stopped
writing and said, “Sit down, see you a
little later.” He then waited until all
men were signed in, wandering what
this bird had on his mind. Stanton knew
his records and standings were good and
his A. A. U. card paid up. When the rest
of the men passed on, the registrar came
up to Stanton and held out his hand.—
“Boo h, chief, you’re the first Narragansett
I’ve heard of since King Philip’s war.
How many more you come from?”

“About 200,” said Stanton.

“Most interesting, thought they were
all wiped out. How many now?”

“New York,” said Chief Clearwater.

“They talk at length on the possibili­
ties of Narragansett in the future, and
how many more can come out. But
there’s a small trouble. They’re a
member of the A. A. U. and holds more
marathon trophies than any other
Indian in the United States.
He is a member of the Rod and Gun Club
of Rhode Island; the Public Library of
Westerly, Y. M. C. A., and the
Empire Indian Base Ball League of
Rhode Island.
He is 39 years old, born and
raised in South County of the noted
family of Indian stereo players. They
were out. — From the un defeated
Chief Clearwater.

DeMar and Brown ran the other entries
in the 20-mile race right into the dirt,
forced way out front at the first quarter
and then hauled down the remainder of
the stretch to set new marathon marks.
Both were under the old records by
five minutes. DeMar’s greater experi­
ce over the stiff New Hampshire course
enabled him to beat Brown by 25 yards.

Chief Horatio Stanton, long the dean
of Rhode Island marathons, retired during
the past year, and his familiar figure
was missed not only at marathon and sev­
eral of the distance events in this State.

Eddie Cotter and Elise Brown, both
students at Rhode Island State College,
former winners, though Leaders, were out­
standing in the undefeated duel meet
meets established by the Rams and the
Ramelts.

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

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

Daniel Ninigret Harry, born 1807, died
1865.

Children: Eliza, Sarah, Daniel,
Lydia, Mary, Luther.

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

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

Hannah Rodman, born 1832, died 1901,
mature William Fayerweather. Several
sons, one Ieaming James W.

Recorded, April 21, 1939, in Charles­
town. B. L. by George Cross, Town Clerk.

LINEAGE OF THE NINIGRETS

The first Ninigret who reigned over the
Narragansett Tribe of Indians was called
the Elder Ninigret. Upon his death, which
occurred soon after the close of King
Philip’s war in 1676, his daughter by his
first wife was crowned, but was shortly
followed by his son by his second wife, the
Younger Ninigret, who died about 1722.
leaving behind him, Charles Augustus,
who succeeded his father, and George.

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

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

Thomas Ninigret’s only son and also
his brother Esther, being crowned in
1770. Queen Esther in turn was succeed­
ed by George, who at the age of
22 was killed by a falling tree. His death
occurred during the War of the Revolu­
tion, 1775-1782. After this time the
Narragansett Indians had no ruling sac hem.
THE BOSTON MARATHON

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

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

VOTING TWO GENERATIONS AGO

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

The men cut a long pole. One pulled it, while another rode on it,—thus making a deep mark on the ground. One side of the mark was for Old Joe Stanton and the other for Iris Michenal, is how the story was told to me. Everyone voting, must jump over this line, on the side for whom he or she was voting. More jumped over to Joe's side, so he cut the cedars in "Great Swamp." To vote again, a new mark must be made and they went through the same procedure. The father of Cassius Champion, one of our present council men, won the vote and got the job of hauling the wood out of the swamp.

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

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

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

Art Work—Interior decorating. Prices reasonable. Hints free. Appointments call Pascoag 175-J, write Mrs. Ella Poek, Box 165, Oakland, R. I.

Her last wish being that he run, we felt that he was brave to follow out this wish, irregardless of his mental grief. He had a graceful stride as he passed the 11th mile point, where the tribe cheered him and Chief Stanton, pacing alongside, offered him water. "Tarzan" smiled and ran on, making a finish, the 13th man, and looking as though he could run a few more miles. Three cheers for Tarzan!
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.”