within the vicinity of that Meeting House make a practice of selling strong drink on those appointed days for worship for whence it often happens that whilst the people are peacefully gathered together, performing their devotion, many of the foot, disorderly, vain and thoughtlessly rally upon the meeting repeatedly with language horrid to behold to the great grief and disturbance of those who believe it their indispensable duty to be paying their grateful acknowledgement and adoration to Him to whom they must give an account of the whole of their conduct in their life.

Your petitioners therefore pray that your honors would so far smile on this congregation as to prevent the like disturbance being given them in future whilst they are peaceably performing their Religious Duties and as their duty your petitioners will ever pray.

DANIEL FLETCHER (his mark)
DANIEL HARRY (his mark)

The Indians worshipping at the Narragansett Indian Meeting House Appealed to General Assembly to stop whites and natives from selling liquor around church on Sunday in 1787. Assembly acted favorably upon petition. It is against the law to sell strong drink on the church grounds on Sunday.

Old R. I. records at State House, Providence.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

as the missionaries give it out to Indians

The way to heaven is revealed in 4 words:
(1) Acquaint (2) thyself (3) with (4) God.
The guide to that is in 3 words:
(1) Search (2) the (3) scripture.
The Spirit of this divine doctrine is 3 words:
(1) Faith (2) Hope (3) Charity.
The privilege afforded in that way is 4 words:
(1) Call (2) upon (3) thy (4) God.
The essence of it is in 6 words:
(1) Love (2) to (3) God (4) love (5) to (6) men.
The mode of our salvation is in 6 words:
(1) Believe (2) in (3) the (4) Lord (5) Jesus (6) Christ.
The means of our obtaining it is in 9 words:
(1) Repentance (2) towards (3) God (4) faith (5) in (6) our (7) Lord (8) Jesus (9) Christ.

What enjoined thereby in 3 words:
(1) Follow (2) after (3) righteousness.
The result of our doing so is in 6 words:
(1) Peace (2) which (3) the (4) world (5) cannot (6) give.
The issue of that result is in 2 words:
(1) Eternal (2) life.

Truly the gospel is plain enough for the simplest mind.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN
Published Monthly in the interest of The Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

EDITOR
PRINCESS REDWING
Oakland, R. I.

KEEPER OF RECORDS
MARION W. BROWN
34 John St., Westerly, R. I.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ERNEST HAZARD
Kenyon, R. I.

BUSINESS MANAGERS
HARRY PECKHAM - 59 Granite Street, Westerly
THEODORE BROWN - Peacedale, R. I.
FRANCIS GLASKO - Oakland, R. I.

Price 25c a copy - $1.00 a year by subscription.
SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO EDITOR'S DESK
Box 103, Oakland, Rhode Island

VOL. I
AUGUST 1935
NO. 4

CONTENTS

Editorial
Education of the Redeemed
Listen to Our Medicine Man
Narragansett Colors
Keesaquannamun
Indian Meeting Day
The Narragansett Mail Box
The Narragansett Tongue—Lesson 4, Questions
Narragansett Numbers
News Items
"Dawn"
Mother's Page
Tribal Blood
Indian Humor
The Corn Dance
Milestones
Sioux Chief Iron Nation
A Foundling Becomes World's Richest Indian

Editor
Prophet Eagle Eye
Chief Pine Tree
Fred V. Brown
Keeper of Records
Charles Thomas Pape, Sr.
"Tahoma", Mother Glasko
Narragansett Historian
Brother-to-All
Tradition
Keeper of Records
Keeper of Records
The home of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians was and is today along the west shores of the Narragansett Bay in southern R. I., as far west as Watch Hill. Home to them in past years did not mean a fixed place, but a large area over which to roam in search of food and clothing. When the settlers came, our Narragansett fathers changed their conception of homes. Even then they were not fixed homes, in many cases. They would move to the woods in summer, putting up their long houses and tepees. Here they would gather herbs, berries, roots and barks; make baskets and mats. In the fall and winter they traveled, selling their wares, for they had learned the value of the white man's wampum, and liked to buy the modern things which civilization was bringing them.

At intervals throughout New England, there were homes or houses of more settled Indians, which sheltered all these travelers. Families oft times traveled. Mrs. Sarah Cisco Sullivan of Grafton, Mass. brings us an interesting picture of one of these centers or stopping places.

She says, "In those days the Indian used to travel fifteen to twenty miles a day. Coming through Grafton, this seemed to be the stopping place. I was a little girl then, but I remembered how grandma used to have the attic floor filled with mattresses, some times for men to sleep on. The ladies and girls slept down stairs.

After grandma, came father who also kept open house. Oh, how vexed Mother would become, at times! There was always, it seemed, someone coming or going. Many came from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. After resting awhile and getting something to eat, they usually brought out the accordian and jew's harp. Everybody sang and danced. Often neighbors came in, at these times. Indians came up from southern Rhode Island. One I remember quite vividly, is Dr. Ben Nokay.

I think he should be mentioned as a man with quite a little education of his day. Traveling up and down the country, selling medicine as he traveled, he saw and learned many things. He always stayed at our house for a day or two rest and visit. All the old folks came in to visit with him. We children, enjoyed sitting around the fireplace listening to his stories of the different things he saw and heard. In the places he had traveled through, during the winter. Dr. Ben Nokay came all the way up from the Charlestown Reservation, selling his medicines enroute and spreading good cheer. We still have some of his old pamphlets, advertising his medicines.

He spent the night wherever he landed at sun down and was always welcome and considered quite a "ladies man" of his day. As I look back, he was really not half appreciated for he really did a great deal of good with his medicines. At times when the New England's snows would be six to ten feet deep he would be held up in whatever place he happened to be, for days. There he would make up his medicines for the next lap of his journey. Dr. Nokay was always kind to us children and his coming was quite an occasion."

This little revelation gives a picture of Indians' hospitality, as well as those of traveling natures. There were others who learned early, the white man's idea of ownership of land and settled and made homes. But like their white brothers of a few generations ago many journeyed to the town and cities, leaving the old homesteads to decay, or be taken up by others. As we moved among old ruins in South County, R. I., this spring, it seemed the spirit of many old Narragansetts lured us. There was the old Peckham home site, where was born our present Sachem, and his brothers whose Mother was Kate Stanton married to Albert Peckham a relative of the historian's father.

There is the "Mollie Rodman" Estate of several acres of land and the houses gone, the cellar-hole filled with underbrush. Here and there stands an old half tumbled down chimney. The marks of old fireplaces fills one's mind with many pictures of other days.

Old Daniel Sekator's place is as the last descendant left it. Here the Sachem's wife, then Clara Perry was reared. The spirit of many old Indian families centers here and one feels the frolic of several generations around those firesides. It should be a historic shrine for all coming generations of Narragansetts.

The old Brown Homestead burned, but we have a good picture of it. The old Wilcox place is now owned by many wealthy people. Chief Pine Tree pointed out to us acres and acres of land, the site of his birth, the land of his grandmother's. A sort of sad pride filled his voice as his ageing finger pointed, "here were rows and rows of corn, how I hated as a child, to pull the weeds." Now the summer bungalows of wealthy white people reside there, where they too seek the calm and peace of our ancestral hills. You cannot buy today, one square foot, for what seven hundred and fifty acres went for, in that section around Watchaug Pond. Home! The graves of our fathers! Land where our Mother's gave us birth. Home!

Another pleasant site is the old Babcock Homestead, which has sheltered several generations of Babcocks. Here, in Bradford, lives Frank Babcock and his wife Stella Brown Babcock and their family. Mrs. Babcock is sister of Cassius Champlin, president of our present tribal council. She is mother of Mrs. Lewis Wilcox of Westerly, who is married to the son of Chief Pine Tree. She is sister-in-law to Mrs. Minnie Steele of Pawtucket who owns a lovely home on Mineral Spring Ave. of that city. She is aunt to Ellison "Tarzon" Brown our famous Narragansett runner. Her cousins are too numerous to mention. We tell you these family relations to show you our tribal blood has married tribal blood and therefore cannot possibly be lost. If some of these old roofs could talk,—they would laugh at some theories of the "vanishing American".
Lone Wolf married into the family of Tattoons and lives on the old Tattoo farm in Putnam, Conn., where he is raising a large family. Clifford Reckling, a member of our present tribal council lives with his family in the old family homestead in Narragansett, R. I. He married into the family of Fayerweathers. Mrs. Reckling is aunt to Charles Hazard, now a student at R. I. State and Miss Elsie Hazard, whose parents own a nice home in South Kingston. Mrs. Mary Deaubais lives with her mother, Mrs. Julia Davis, who was a Lewis before marriage, a relative of Harry Peckham's, whose mother was a Lewis, on the old Anthony Homestead, on the Meeting House Road in Charlestown and has never been owned by other than Indians. Ida Taylor Potter maintains a wonderful old homestead on Kingston Hill, near the college. She and her husband, also, own Castle Hall, in the rear of the house. College students often hire this Hall for meetings and parties. Fred Brown owns a home in Narragansett Pier, which has sheltered other generations of his family. Mrs. Grace Twist maintains her family homestead in Wakefield. She was a Sekator and is sister to Mrs. Theodore Brown. Mrs. Hannah Hazard and Mrs. Jane Micheal who are ladies with many connections in the tribe, both own their homesteads.

Several have built up new homesteads and some have purchased houses and farms. Among our many homeowners today we find:—Miss Esther Brown, Miss Belle Babcock, Charles Babcock, Thomas Babcock, Frank Babcock, Henry Babcock, Paul Babcock, Cassius Champlin, Mrs. Samuel Champlin, Dr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Hattie Bennet, Mrs. Hannah Glasko, Mrs. Hannah Fayerweather, Mr. Irving Johnson, Mr. Charles Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Harry, Mr. Harry Peckham, Mrs. Dora Mitchell, Mr. Albert Hazard, Miss Emma Powell, Mrs. Abby Perry, Mrs. Eunice Perry, Mrs. Abbie Rovelto, Mrs. Mary Thomas, Mrs. Maud Neves, Mrs. Emma Rhodes, Mrs. Rosebud Mars, Mr. Otis Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Helme, Mr. Herman Simons, Sr., Mrs. Emma Hill, Miss Maze Nile, Mr. Andrew Weeden, Mr. Frank Weeden, Mr. George Weeden, Mr. Otis Weeden’s heirs, Mr. James Weeden, Mrs. Fred Weeden, Mr. Harry Rhodes, Chief Sunset, Chief Pine Tree, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. Albert Thomas, Mr. George Watson, Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Mr. David Fayerweather, Mr. Rodman Noka, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Arthur and Mr. Bert Perry, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Peckham, Mrs. Mabel Graves, Mr. Albert Perry, Mr. Alpheus Noka, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Wilcox, Mrs. Charlotte Jones, Mr. Henry L. Williams of Norwich, Conn., Mrs. Lena Simons Crooke, New London, Conn., Mrs. Belle Michael Davis of Covington, Kentucky, Mrs. Laura Watson Gaskins of Omaha, Nebraska, Mrs. Grant Johnson (former Walter Michael Homestead), Mrs. Agnes, Mrs. Grant Johnson, Mr. Ernest Fayerweather, Mrs. Ellen Champlin, Mr. George Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Reckling, Mr. Fred V. Brown, Mrs. Bessie Montgomery and Willie O. Wilcox.

There are a few more homesteads, like the William’s Estate, the Noka Homestead, the Hopkins Homestead, the Fry Homestead and the Perry Homestead on Kingston Hill that are still owned by Narragansetts. All this acreage does not measure up to the sale of acres in 1880 for $5,000, but is worth many more thousands of dollars. We hope to figure up the exact worth of our holdings and our amount of taxes, paid, for our historic volumes and tribal books. Narragansett identity was lost in modern civilization, but very much alive in home and family life of the present Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

The Narragansett Historian will appreciate all unwritten stories of your grandmothers and fathers of past Narragansett days. Send all facts, stories and news to Princess Red Wing, Box 103, Oakland, R. I. You will find them preserved in these columns from time to time. For next month we are seeking all past stories or reports on August Meetings. We wish to report on ceremonies and religious activities.

EDUCATION OF THE REDEEMED

by Prophet Eagle Eye

The human mind is such a lofty thing, a man never knows just what is the proper thing to put in writing, but regardless, I will say what I have to say and trust God will allow the people to take it as I mean.

Education, edification in my mind can be made to mean the same: for I really believe that only a small part of our education comes from our schooling in different institutes. I have come to the conclusion that each individual is a teacher and will be responsible for the way they teach; and what they teach.

One surprising fact is that the human race is more concerned about its mental problems, than its soul problems. We read in Heb. 12:14, "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

Now, if we will take time to read this Twelfth Chap. of Heb. and let our minds dwell on it for a moment; we all that have honest heart and soul that are worth keeping will take a broader and deeper meaning of education read the Thirteenth Chap of 1 Cor.

Education in itself never did make honesty, virtue or anything of the like. But God has taken illiterate people, poor, rich, thieves and beggars; learned people of all classes and made men, women, children of them that has left witnesses to prove to us beyond a doubt, that education alone is vain, but education of the redeemed has lent the world all its courage and made education a thing to be envied by hosts of people.
LISTEN TO OUR MEDICINE MAN

by Chief Pine Tree

For poisoning, first wash the affected parts, then bath affected parts with a decoction of sweet fern leaves. Salt and water is also good.

For stings of insects find some plantain leaves and bind them on. They will draw out the poison. Mud is very good. Spit on a bee sting and cover it with salt.

Elder bark, bloodroot, ground pine and dandelion were sought for black medicine.

Boneset is still gathered by Narragansett mothers for colds. They brew a tea of the dried leaves and give the patient a hot bowl of it before retiring. They say, you must pick the leaves off very carefully. If you strip the leaves up, the tea will make you vomit; if you pull the leaves down, the tea will act as a laxative; so snap them directly off their stems.

Wintergreen is still used by the tribe, even in very modern homes. They use the fresh green berries for stomach trouble and the leaves are crushed for ointments for muscular pains.

We do not advocate that our reading public do as did the old Indian but so many think their medicine men doctor by magic or witchery, when in truth they were the learned men of the tribe. They not only had many good formulas of herbs, roots, barks and berries, but they used a little psychology and Divine Guidance. They really believed that their Creator could heal the wounded body as well as the soul. They also believed the Great Spirit helped those who tried to help themselves. They believed every blade of grass, every bush, every tree grew for a definite reason. They also believed we were not unlike the flowers of the field, born to wither but to fulfill a definite mission first.

We have found in our research work many old medicine receipts used as late as 1837, when the Narragansett began to write down things. For your interest we will bring them to you, for they are really a part of our family history.

THE NARRAGANSETT COLORS

Wampi—white
Mowi-sucki—black
Msqui—red

Wesani—yellow
Askaski—green
Peshain—blue

KEESAQUNNAMUN

Keesaqunnamun, is a solemn public meeting where they lie under the trees in a kind of religious observation. It is a mixture of devotions and sports. The main thing at the Keesaqunnamun, used to be the long house, or the quneekamuck, about 200 feet long, set up on a plain near a smooth open court, called the kituckanick. This ceremony is held in the middle of the summer while awaiting and praying for the harvest. It is the one ceremony that has lived for generations and is sited down to the Narragansett August Meeting Day at the old stone church in Charlestown, R. I. From the unwritten book we visualize the groups on the hills at sunrise, lying under the trees at noonday. They play games during the forenoon, feast in the afternoon and sit around the camp fire at night. We see in the long house a collection of crafts and handiwork, which are gifts for their poor. The dancers dance in the court, and when finished, say, “cowequetunmi ou”, meaning, “I beseech you.” Thus, they present to the poor or less fortunate members, a present or wampum, for the privilege of dancing.

INDIAN MEETING DAY

It is on August meeting day,
We gather on the plain,
From far and near, it’s those who may,
But Injuns are the main
From Hanlet, City hill and plain,
You’ll meet them in the way,
Their goal? It is the Charlestown Woods
On Injun meeting day.
There are the Nokas and the Browns,
And Babcocks by the mile,
The Peckhams and the Ammonses,
And more to make you smile.
You’ll find the Johnsons and the Steeles,
The Reverend and the lay,
In Charlestown’s wooded land and fields,
On Injun meeting day.
And on our August meeting day,
There are others with their pile,
Their autos hit the sandy grit,
And they come right down in style
And others, too, I fain would say,
Who couldn’t stay away.
For e’er they’d rue, it would not do
On Injun meeting day.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

It is the second Sunday,
This meeting that's unique.
From babes to Mrs. Grundy,
They make the chassis squeak.
And others with their pomp and pride,
These boastful bucks are grave,
They're each the last one of the tribe,
The only Injun brave.
When summer days are fading,
And harvest days are near,
On Narragansett feasting day,
We hope to see you here.
Now if you're near or from afar,
And time is short and fleeting,
Just oil the car, and hit the tar,
And come to Injun meeting day.
There's Stanton, with his war whoop,
And Clifford Brown, the scout,
Now if you get their nanny,
Mayhap they'll put you out.
But come for pleasure seeking
And leave at home your woe,
Just come to Injun meeting,
And spend the day with Lo.

by Fred V. Brown

THE NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

This month we received a picture of Bird Whitebear and his wife from Mr. Cole Hayne of the American Baptist Missionary Association in New York. Mr. Bird Whitebear, an Arapaho Indian of Geary, Oklahoma, is considered by those who know him, as the outstanding Christian in his tribe. Mr. Whitebear says:

"Centuries ago, when Rome was mistress of the whole known world, across the vast Atlantic; when invincible Caesar with his great host marched from country to country with fire and sword devastating the countries as he marched, our forefathers inhabited this great, great continent. The Indian was a child of the forest with a vast area of land at his disposal; he traversed her streams with bark canoe, wandered through the forests in search of wild game, not even dreaming of a distant day when the very ground under his feet would be claimed by a stranger from across the unknown regions of the morning. No forests were too thick to hinder his passage, nor streams too swift for him to navigate, urged by his ambition to seek new adventures in distant lands. Nature was his guide, his keen eye, his sensitive ear and his undaunted courage were his great aids in overcoming the difficulties that threatened him. He loved nature by observing the stars of Heaven, the beasts of the fields, the fowl of the air and the vegetation which Mother Earth yields. He was perfectly content and enjoyed his unlimited freedom, no laws to govern his movements except by the will of his own.

As we glance through the history of various nations, even when civilization was at their command we learn how they worshipped gods of their own design, who were lifeless objects of wood or metal. But we can proudly claim that our forefathers worshipped the Great Spirit of the Creator of mankind.

But in the midst of all this great freedom which he enjoyed, a stranger from across the great waters appeared on the scene and begged for a small piece of land and the Redman with open arms bade him welcome. But the stranger who was a helpless creature grew day by day in strength and size and in return for that generosity banished his red brother to the unknown wilds of the west, and penned him up in a tract of land in spite of the protests which were useless. His pale-face brother took advantage of his ignorance and wrested the remainder of what was rightly his own. The critical moment had arrived and the soul within him that had slept during all these peaceful years was aroused. His war cry resounded through the forests whose shouts can still be heard as the summer winds toss the branches to and fro. He determined to battle for his rights which the Great Spirit had given him, but in spite of his courage and strength he was vanquished with the odds against him. Fortune deserted him and yielded him to the demands of his enemy."

The Narragansett Tribe sends greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Bird White Bear, of Geery, Oklahoma. Long live the Arapaho and the Cheyenne Indians!

Ta de uin, of the Christian Science Monitor, adopted by the Omahas, writes:

"You have done wonders with the Narragansett Dawn. So far so good!"

The Narragansett Tribe will be glad to welcome Ta de uin at the Keesaqunnamun in Charlestown, August 10th and 11th.

Mrs. Laura W. Gaskins, of Omaha, Nebraska, writes:

"I think the Narragansett Dawn is a wonderful book. I am glad I am a descendant of the famous Narragansett Tribe and
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

that history of them is still being carried on."

Mrs. Gaskins is a cousin of Mrs. Charles Babcock of Alton, R. I. and Mrs. Walter Anderson of Boston, Mass.; a grandchild of the late Gideon and Charlotte Noka Watson, both born on the Narragansett Reservation in Charlestown, R. I.

NARRAGANSETT TONGUE — LESSON 4

The Narragansett did not converse much with his white brothers in his own language, therefore most of their conversation which the white man has recorded or saved is questions and short answers.

The few words saved by Narragansett grandfathers would need Webster to help one spell them. The grunts and yells one would have to draw rather than write.

Some of the common questions the settlers learned first that they may find favor with the Narragansett were:

Who is that—Awaum ewo?
Who are these—Awanickuchick?
What is your name—Tocketussaweitch?
Where lives he—Tou wuttin?
Where keeps you—Tuckuttitan?
Where dwells you—Tuck owkin?
What calls you this—Tahettamen?
What way you come—Tuckoteshana?
What do you fetch—Tequa kunaanta?
Is this your child—Yo cuppappoos?
Is this your wife—Yo committamus?
Is this your son—Yo cuunusquachucks?
Is this your daughter—Yo cutiannis?
Why stand you—Tawhich neepou weeye on?
Why not come in—Tawhich mat peteena yeau?
What say you—Tocketunawen?
Is it your friend—Keen netop?
How many were you in company—Cutechanshish aumo?
Are you alone—Kunnishishem?
Is it so—Eiu (or) niu?
What is this—Tequa?
What came you for—Teawhich kuppee?
When came you—Chenock cuppecyan mis?

Next month we will take favorable and negative answers to these questions, hoping by that time you have become a good questioner.

BROWN EASY VICTOR IN N. Y. RACE

Westerly Runner Spread Eagles Field in Schenectady Marathon

Schenectady, N. Y., July 15—Ellison “Tarzon” Brown of Westerly, R. I., ran to an easy win over an international field in a full-length marathon race from Amsterdam to a point near this city last night.

Brown was content to keep in the middle of the pack for the first half of the race. Shortly after he lengthened his stride, overtook the pacemakers, and finished 25 minutes ahead of the field.

He was followed over the finish line by Alfred Roberts of the York A. C. of Mt. Dennis, Ont. Frank Lalla of East Portchester, Conn., was third; Dick Wilding of York A. C., the pacemaker was fourth.

Russell George, Onondaga Indian runner, who forced Lou Gregory, Millrose A. A. star, to an unofficial world’s record in a 17-mile race last April, dropped out of the gruelling grind at the 10-mile mark. He was the only athlete who failed to finish.

Bill Kennedy of East Portchester, veteran Olympic marathoner, finished fifth. He was in last place until almost the end of the race when he came to the front and beat off other challengers.

The winners time was 2:55:56.

Sixth place was taken by Fred Bristow of the York A. C. John Kulla of Manchester, N. H., came in seventh. He was followed by Oliver Beaumont of York A. C., and Harold Mansfield of the Albany Mercury Club.

The York A. C., by having its four men finish among the winners, walked off with the team trophy.
The Narragansett Keesaquannunn or August Meeting will be held at the Shannock Ball Grounds on Saturday, August 10th, and at the old stone Indian church, Charlestown, R. I., August 11th. The public is invited to attend the ancient ceremonies of the Narragansetts and the modern sports. The Back Yard Dramatic Club will present a play, The Narragansett Dawn Staff will give a reception in the evening featuring “Panny’s Musical Mementa,” with their radio singer, tone effects and lights. Panny at his best with his million dollar country club orchestra will give all a feast of music and high class entertainment.

Mr. Harry Peckham will supervise the original clam dinners and light lunches.

Rev. Leroy Perry from Gay Head, Mass., will preach on Sunday. Mrs. Cook, Indian evangelist from New York and Mr. Jonathan M. Steere president of the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia will also be on our Sunday program.

Saturday, June 20th, Princess Red Wing and her children gave a program in East Douglas, Mass., at the Buxton Farm. She took for her subject, “Family Relationships and Ties.” Reaching back into the past, the Princess, outlined the old gatherings and ceremonies of her tribe, picking out the fine ideas and principles, and presented them for family groups and gatherings of today. The day was pleasant and a hundred or more people gathered under the pines by a quiet stream. Little Kifflower and her brother Metacomet sang “Hanyecapi” and “Jesus Washte.” After the meeting, there was a sale of Narragansett Dawn and the Princess left for New York for the week end with her brother Little Bear.

July 4th, the Narragansett Dawn Staff gave a clambake in connection with the opening of Camp Ki-Yi on the Glasko Estate in Oakland, R. I. Thirty-nine machines from four states brought about two hundred merry picnickers to Oakland. They ate under the shade of the century old elms. Not a drop of liquor of any kind was on the place and some were surprised that a group today could be so gay without being “lighted up with fire-water.” At 11 a.m., the whole party went bathing, old and young, in the water sports.

The Berean Baptist Church of Harrisville lent their chairs, tables and dishes. A good profit was made for the printing of the Narragansett Dawn.

About twenty-five Narragansetts attended the opening of the Cape Cod Bridge at Bourne and Sagamore, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Newcomb were their host and hostess. They had two machines in the ten mile parade, where they met noted Indians of other tribes. The Maspee Indians’ float won the third prize.

Sunday, June 23rd, the Narragansetts went to the Pondville Indian Church on the Cape, where Rev. Ossin Mequin of Gay Head preached, and Princess Red Wing lead the congregation in prayer. Princess Minne-tonka assisted with the singing. After services a large party went to Plymouth and visited the museums and historic places, taking notes and pictures for future references. The home coming party had supper at Mrs. Glasko’s in Oakland, R. I. Chief Pine Tree carried for the first time the banner of the tribe. It is bright blue with a red rising sun in one corner and a white peace-pipe across the middle. The words “The Narragansetts” in white letters face the rising sun in crescent form, representing the tribe, for every true tribal member faces east at sunrise; this is where we find our fundamentals of peace and the calumet is our promise of peace to our fellowmen.

The American Indian Federation held their Pow Wow, July 13th and 14th, at the Allentown Social Club Grounds, in Allentown, R. I. The meeting was led by Chief Silver Star of the Federation. Chief Black Hawk spoke for the Powhatan Indians, Chief Rainbow spoke for the Algonquin Council of Providence, Great Fire spoke for the Iroquois of New York, Red Wing spoke for the Narragansett Tribe, and Mary E. Rowell spoke for the white race. A mock marriage was in charge of Chief Silver Star with Red Arrow and Mrs. Sadie Barrie as the principle actors. The chiefs did the war dance; Leaping Deer did a grass dance; and the Ladies drum and bugle Corps of the Mendes Hohson Post American Legion entertained. The peace-pipe was smoked by the chiefs. Their wigwams were pitched about the grounds with a display of Indian crafts in front of them. The remainder of the program was taken up with archery, in charge of Frederick Adams and athletic contests for children. Sunday was religious ceremonies.

Miss Margaret Carter will be counselor at Camp Atwater, East Brookfield, Mass. for the month of August. Miss Carter is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. U. T. Carter of East Providence, R. I.

Miss Doris Steele, school teacher in Pawtucket, has been called by the state board for a continuance of her services. We see, she is enjoying her new V-8 on the roads.

Miss Laura Neeves seemed to be enjoying herself with her friends at the Pow Wow Saturday, at Allentown, R. I., where the Narragansetts were in evidence. There was Princess Minniehaha selling her bright baskets and bead work; Mrs. Barrie at the fancy work table, Prophet Eagle Eye gave the Invocation. Princess Nokomis was in charge of the Social Activities. The children from Camp Ki-Yi joined in the sports and won one first prize. At the dance in the evening came Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rhodes of Peace Dale, Miss Elsie F. Hazard of Kingston, Chief Clearwater and his friend, Mrs. Glasko and her whole family and grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Neeves, Jr., Chief Night Hawk, Miss Mary Peckham and her brother, Mr. Harry Peckham, Miss Hope Noyes and her niece Miss Sally Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brown and their son.
Chester, Mr. Fred Michael, Mrs. Emma Rhodes and daughter. Chief Silver Star complained that the Narragansetts did not show up, but for so short a notice, they did well, and came after their day’s work was done.

Chief Rainbow of the Algonquin Council and Princess Red Wing had quite a discourse on the benefits of tribal organizations. The real benefits to the tribe and to our communities remain to be seen. Time will tell. Other tribes do not seem to realize the great awakening spirit of present Narragansetts. Our tribal organization does not stand for commercial gain and wealth as the world rates it, but for higher issues of life. We are not sitting on the hillside awaiting big funds from headquarters, and we are not standing in any other one’s way, if they think they can go to Washington and bring home a million. There seems to be an unrest among the other Indian Associations of southern New England, as to the purposes of the Narragansetts’ organization. We hold out the “cabinet” to all alike, and wish only to spread good will, by first being of Good cheer ourselves. We are teaching our children not to laugh at the old rituals, ideals, and principles of their forefathers, but to live by them. If our tribal organization gains us no more than this, we will have fulfilled one of our most noble purposes.

Mrs. Ada G. Anderson returned to Boston, after a visit with her aunt Mrs. Ruth Babcock, of Alton, R. I. Mrs. Anderson is an employee of Jordan Marsh Co. of Boston, Mass.

More graduates for this year have come to our attention. We speak of Kenneth Mars, son of Mrs. Rosebud Mars of Wakefield; and Atmore Fayerweather, son of Mrs. Elsie Stanton Fayerweather, both finished at South Kingston High, with good standings in both academic courses and athletics.

One and all!
Stand out in fearless, bold relief that all my children see!
What are ye without witness?
Grandeurs wasted! Lost souls, of desert flowers.—
Once more swell out that anthem grand
For all my loves are praise,
Ye raptures, from the faces of the Seven Seas,
Upbear! Upbear! the feet of Morning’s Beauty!
Let souls of men rejoice!
I bade ye into being. Imperious commands,
Nor will I yield to any, large or few!
Ye still discern what I create,
I lay my pathway through the serried seas.
And call my fleets to sail—
Be thankful. Mark ye! Men of clay,
Give back appreciation,
Return all admiration,
This glory, it is mine!—
Live ye, but love beneath me! Reflect
My genius! Always, your life shall be—
I break the bars of night
To stage the Dawn, that bids the sun to rise at my behest,
Call forth the herald of a Better Day
Ye rosy tints of Morning
Mark it well!

The Narragansett Mothers many years ago were proud home makers. They kept clean, religious homes. We think today of all past Indians as living in wigwams, but the Narragansett’s abode was the long house in most cases. The settlers often copied their style. A long house was sometimes 200 feet long, had a low door at each end, and was round on top. It was made by bending young trees and tying them together at the top. Then covering this frame with birch bark and skins. A big one had a fireplace at each end and one in the middle with a ventilation hole in the roof for the smoke to escape.

Their beds were made of pine needles and dried grass sewed into skins and the feathers from wild birds were used. Their robes were of soft fur. Their dishes were of stone which you will find in museums. But the museums haven’t everything as yet, for some Mothers of today are still using old pots, trays, chopping knives, pie-lifters, and doughnut forks made over a hundred years ago by skilled Narragansett workmen.

Dawn

by Charles Thomas Pope, Sr.

Sandwich, Cape Cod

Stage ye’ my miracles of Dawn!
Ye bluest surges, bath ye the feet of all my rocky headlands!
Why shoal ye out? ’Tis time that Dawn show grow.
Bright morning star, why cling so close to skirts of night?
Release at once all earth’s terrestrial glories!
I see ye from my lofty throne bright harbingers of Peace
Restful spirit of happiness, delineate my Beauties!
Our ancient women liked pretty bright colors and dyed their skins with their homemade dyes. They decorated their homes and clothes. They embroidered with stained grass and made beads of shells. They were great lovers of flowers and had them in their homes. They decorated their homes and clothes. They embroidered with stained grass and made beads of shells. They were great lovers of flowers and had them in their homes. They decked themselves with them for ceremonies such as the Strawberry Festival, the Feast of the Pure Maidens, and Wedding Feasts. But no one thought to use them for burials.

The squaw was mistress of her home, but her first duty was to please her mate, that he may continue to love her above all other women. This gained her a place on his jacket or mantle. By this we mean—her symbol was on the breast beside his, and meant “I love my wife dearly”. It also means “my wife is loyal.” It was a disgrace and sometimes death to have the symbol ripped from the jacket because of misconduct.

A mother carries the symbols of her children on her wrappers. If a child grows up good, it remains there; if he is otherwise, the symbol is ripped off, and the erring one banished to the hills, until he repents and talks with the Great Spirit, with who he must find favor. The mother prays for her erring child with fear and trembling, because a wayward child may blame its sin on the Mother’s training. She felt there was a hidden cause for her child’s sin, even if he were a grown man. If she could pray away the cause, her child would find favor with the Great Spirit and therefore return to her. She guided her young children in their education until they reached seven summers, then the father took the lads under their supervision. The mothers wished for praise from their brave sons, so they took extra care to teach the young boys well. They were also wise to gain their son’s undying love in those first seven years, for it would make them tender and kind throughout life. Even in battle an Indian lad remembers a good mother and fights for her. As a general rule Narragansetts had even today are extra fond of their mothers. They like to see her in society and take part in the corn ceremonies and be chosen matron of the fields. They liked to have her sing during the Keesaquannamut and above all to be the graceful hostess.

**TURTLE DINNER**

by **TAKOMO**

One good-sized turtle, cut out of shell, soak in salt and water over night. Parboil in salt and water until tender. Dredge in salt, pepper and paprika. Dip in beaten eggs then cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown. Serve on a hot platter with gravy. Make gravy with melted butter, flour, lemon juice, kitchen bouquet, and water. Serve with:

- Baked potatoes, buttered onions (boiled), string beans and horse radish.

The turtle can be removed from the shell without harming the shell, which can be used for dishes. This requires an experienced person. The claws are used to decorate clothes and the broth makes good soup.

**Ella W. Wilcox**

34 John St., Westerly, R. I.

**THE TRIBAL BLOOD**

Little by little, we will acquaint our readers with our present Narragansett families who are real contributors to this publication. The present heads of families, carrying old tribal names are mostly characters within themselves. Our investigating committee has, up to the present, visited fifty-two homes. Some of these homes are owned by the occupants, some are rented. We found some homes to be very proud of, and some who need help. At one place last spring we reported to others the condition in one home, and today it is improved. We are keeping record of these homes and conditions. In these fifty-two families we find all the relationships that can possibly exist through blood and marriage. For instance:

- Peckham married a Lewis.
- Lewis married a Davis.
- Peckham married a Perry.
- Perry married a Wilcox.
- Wilcox married a Rhodes.
- Rhodes married Fry.
- Fry married a Babcock.
- Babcock married a Brown.
- Brown married a Sekator.
- Sekator married Twist.
- And so on, the Thomas married the Michaels.

The Stantons married the Hazards.

The Hazards are cousins to the Peckhams.

The Perrys are cousins to the Wilcoxs.

The Babcocks are cousins to the Doves.

The Browns are cousins to the Niles.

The Neves are cousins to the Champkins.

The Rhodes are cousins to the Browns.

The Recklings married Fayerweather, and Fayerweather married Hazard. Fayerweather married Weeden. Weeden married Reckling. Reckling married Harry. Weeden married Glasko. Glasko married Peckham. Weeden married a Simons. Congdon married a Sekator. Moody married Lewis; and the younger generations are following the same example of marrying into the old families of the Narragansets. We ask you how could the blood of the tribe be lost?
INDIAN HUMOR OF TODAY

Little Squirrel, who is half white and half Indian, has a half brother who is all white. Little Squirrel is three and Sonny Boy is nine. One day they were working together in their garden, which is in one corner of Daddy Babe's big garden. Now Daddy Babe is a tall handsome, stalwart Narragansett, in whose veins flows the blood of many New England Sachems. He is the son of Princess Wahna, whom all the children love, Sonny Boy as well.

“Oh,” says Sonny Boy, as a bright thought struck him, “I'm going to take off my shirt, stay in the sun and get tanned like the rest of the Indians.”

Little Squirrel, very proud of his Indian Father and blood answered, quickly, “Tay in the sun all day, if you want, and you'll never be an Indian like Daddy and me.”

THE CORN DANCE

Tradition

At many Indian gatherings, about this time of the year, up to the harvest time, members of different eastern tribes will dance the Corn Dance, or what is remembered of it. As time wears on, some steps are lost, some are added. It is a religious dance calling the Great Spirit to bless the cornfields and to give thanks for proper growing weather. Tradition reaches far back with this dance and has many stories. One very old Indian told us and seemed to join it to the legend of the morning star. So much of the tradition have we:

Many moons ago, when the Narragansetts planted for the whole village, large plots of cornfields, there lived a squaw with her family, who sought to be "matron of the fields." This was a position for all women to try for and an honor bestowed upon the chosen one. The chosen one each year, was one who had gained the love and esteem of the whole tribe, through noble unselfish deeds. Like the warriors who tried to excell in bravery, so the squaws, must excell in loving kindness. But as now, so was it in those days, often kind considerate and helpful persons do not see their immediate reward, and so, become critical of others.

The more this squaw, Morning Star, did for others and sacrificed herself, without being chosen for the coveted position, the more sensitive, sarcastic, and sometimes very angry and hypocritical she became. This made her more and more unpopular, while each year, some sweet tempered, unassuming matron, with no such laurels as hers to float in one's face, would be chosen in spite of Morning Star's efforts.

Morning Star did not wish to lose her symbol from her husband's mantel, so she was all loveliness, kindness and loyalty to him, and in his presence. Bye and bye he began to realize Morning Star was never chosen by the tribe, and year after year she had labored and planted for others. Because of her sweetness to him, he could see no fault in her. He saw, for sure, her disappointment after the election. So he schemed in his heart how to put his squaw to the front, since all the tribe was blind. He trusted his wife and would not question others of her deeds out of her hearing. He worried and became thin. Morning Star forgot her disappointment in her concern for him.

"I will go into the forests to meditate," said her brave, Thunder Cloud. And he went away. All the tribe missed him for Thunder Cloud was a wise councilman. They knew he would not return until he had received council from the Great Spirit. No one guessed his real mission; no one knew his heart was heavy for his Morning Star who had labored so faithfully for him. He prayed for a sign or a happening that would give Morning Star her chance to prove her worth to the tribe.

As he prayed a great plague came upon the Narragansetts and Thunder Cloud received a message. He started home.

No rain for days, and the hot dry weather brought fever in its wake. The corn fields withered. The people were sick.

Morning Star in her sorrow for her missing brave, forgot herself, in the service of others. Fearlessly she arose at dawn, when the morning star spread its glory about her, and went away up into the hills to fetch water for the fevered tribe and fields. The more she brought, the lighter it grew; and bye and bye her steps, which she took back and forth to the fountain, and to the bedside, became rhythmical, for all this time Morning Star's heart was praying. Not for self but for others, and for the field of corn she had so wanted to superintend. The young matron of the fields was very sick, and at Morning Star's mercy. At election, Morning Star thought she hated her; but now she pitied her and attended with all the kindness of her sorrowing heart, for she too, had suffered. The beautiful young matron was filled with pain and her parched lips could not give commands.

Unconsciously, Morning Star rose to the occasion, while others fainted. She attended with willing hands, the beloved matron of the fields, endangering her own life, she went in and out wigwams and long houses administering to the sick, praying for rain.

Bye and bye the thunder clouds gathered and the sky grew dark, the wind fanned the dry earth and finally the rain came. Then Thunder Cloud, her brave started home, rejoicing for the Great
The new “richest Indian” is educated and cultured. He lives in style in his famous “Peak Castle,” a mansion built on a high hill near Okmulgee, Muskogee County line.

A. M. Landon, superintendent of five civilized tribes, made formal announcement of the new richest Indian today. An annual report shows Wilson has $175,975.27 in cash and $1,891,435 in bonds, to say nothing of valuable farm lands.

Barnett, easy going, illiterate tribesman, came into his fortune, estimated at $2,000,000 at the time of his death, when he was 75 years old. At one time Barnett was worth probably $5,000,000.

Wilson, educated in the east and at Kemper Military Academy, Boonville, Mo., lives comfortably on Bald Hill, in a great house of light brick in Mediterranean style, commanding broad vistas of rolling hills and bush fields.

Ponds have been enlarged, there are purebred cattle in the meadows and life at the castle is in the manner of European landed gentry.

There is a huge kitchen, completely equipped in the modern manner, a breakfast room larger than many a dining room. There are winding staircases, mirrors backed with gold leaf, lavish bathrooms sumptuously equipped.

Wilson lives simply, however content to remain among his old friends and neighbors.

His closest associate is his lifelong guardian, Ed Hart, wealthy banker and cattle man, on whose doorstep he was left 30 years ago.

Wilson’s wealth comes from a piece of land allotted to him when the Creeks were enrolled. Believed worthless when it was given him, it became a part of the heart of the rich Cushing oil fields.

from The Morning Examiner, Bartlesville, Okla.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

CHIEF SACHEM NIGHT HAWK SPEAKS

The time draws near when our Annual Meeting August will take place, as usual the second Sunday in August. This year it will be 2 days, August 10 and 11. Saturday, the Council Fire will be lighted at 11 A.M. by Lone Wolf and followed by ceremonial dances and exercises. See Chief Sunset and Charles Ninigret elected to offices. The Medicine man will give a magic trick in his profession. John Onoin will buy land from old Bristol Michell. A young couple will join bloods as was the custom of their forefathers. The blessing of the corn fields will be performed while the handsome young Yenadize, of the Narragansetts will dance the corn dance. Fine speakers have offered their voices. Saturday, exercises will take place on the Shannock Ball Grounds, where you will find the Narragansetts have pitched their tents. They will serve the public with light lunches all day. At 3:30 p.m. the Shannock ball players will play the Narragansetts. There will be archery supervised by Singing Bow of the American Indian Federation. Indian maidens will render solos and Indian children will sing in an Indian Tongue.

"The Law of the Tribe," an Indian play will be presented at 8 p.m. at Shannock Memorial Hall, after which the Grand March by all at about 9:30 p.m., led by the President of the Back Yard N. T. I. Dramatic Club and the Editor of the Narragansett Dawn, who are sponsoring the evening for the benefit of the publication. There will be dancing to the music of "Panny's Musical Merriments," with 8 pieces, radio singer and special tone and light effects. Panny Glasko will be at his best with his "Million Dollar Country Club" orchestra and will be a pleasure worth listening to, even if you do not dance. The N. T. I. Athletic Club will present Ellison "Tarzon" Brown with a token of praise from the tribe for his wonderful records this year.

Sunday services will be at 10:30 a.m. at the Narragansett Indian Church in Charlestown. All are invited to attend. Arrange to spend the day with us. Mr. Harry Peckham will serve one of his famous R. I. Clam Bakes for $1.00 from 12 to 2 p.m.

Services at 2:30 p.m., Chief Ousa Mequin, the Rev. LeRoy Perry, Wampanoag from Gay Head, Mass., will preach; Mrs. Ottie Cook, noted Indian evangelist from New York will speak; and Princess Red Wing will speak for the Tribe. At 4 p.m. will be a Children's Hour, where we will present a noted 14 year old girl, Indian evangelist from Boston. Her program will be supported by the children of the tribe with special songs and exercises. The music and singing during the day will be by Narragansett talent, with a special donation by the Babcock children at the piano. The Rainbow Drum and Bugle Corps of South Kingston will entertain. The public is invited.

The following week, Rev. Richardson from Danielson, Conn., will hold revival services at the Indian Church.

CHIEF NIGHT HAWK has spoken
Order Blank
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN
Box 103
Oakland, R. I.

25c A COPY — ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Enclosed find $................. for which please send The Narragansett Dawn for 1 year to:—

Name........................................

Address........................................