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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

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

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OUR PURPOSE

Editorial for September

December 4th, 1934, against much opposition and even sneers, we present Narragansett Tribe of Indians, banded ourselves together at the suggestion of other newly organized tribes, to save for our posterity, that which was noble and all together lovely, of our ancient and sacred heritage, from our Narragansett forefathers. We have organized because the Narragansett blood has not all run out, and the Narragansett Spirit is not dead. God helping us our name shall ring forever from these our native hills. White people called us foolish. Other Indians called us selfish; but we have stood the storm. We are standing a volley of unjust criticism and gossip. Our Sachem and council have been severely censured, not only in private conversations, but in public. Now many wait, the reaction of this on our present band of descendants of red men, who built this church and wrestled a living from these fertile valleys.

The reaction is this—We accept our cross and we will follow Him who created all men equal, and looks upon the hearts of the world to-day, and it seems we hear Him sigh, “Oh my children, my poor children, I am tired of your quarrels, weary of your wars and bloodshed! All your strength is in your union, all your danger is in discord. Therefore be at peace henceforth, and as brothers live together. “It is the voice of the Great Spirit speaking. How many of us hear Him?

This tribe has vowed by the calumet our chiefs have smoked, to offer peace and brotherly love to all mankind. If you doubt my words, you should have seen the last big social gathering of the Narragansetts and their friends, on July 4th. About 200 of hitherto unacquainted tribal members, from four states, conversed, ate, played, swam, and socialized in a very dignified congenial manner. Not one bottle of liquor on the grounds! The modern idea of a boone party was put to shame, by this respectful group of Narragansetts. The tribe can collect without “firewater” and enjoy themselves, yet there are those who still believe a Narragansett August Meeting is a drunken brawl.

We have organized to correct our faults, and to pick up the young lambs, and carry them to the Saviour through the clean faith of our fathers. We hope our social activities will help to do this.

As I studied this group together for a whole day, for the first time, under our new charter, I observed a few points upon which to write, of Narragansetts of to-day. I saw, old traits still living in very cultured personalities. The old folks are young folks and relive in their children. Once a friend always a friend and an evil is never forgotten. They are slow to move, and slow to anger. They react to kindness, but cannot be pushed, even for their own good, until they grasp the fundamental reasonings. Perhaps this is why the world points us as obstinate. Many people who came to this gathering, which was by the way, for the benefit of the Narragansett Dawn, our tribal monthly magazine, I had met and spoken with only once; some Mother had never met; yet when at my suggestion, this festival be held on Mother’s farm, and we called for helpers, many willing unpaid hands came forward. Why? Because there is a union spirit growing stronger and stronger in the hearts of our tribal members to-day. They want to unite; they want a chance to work together for some noble cause, they want to be lead in the paths of righteousness through first considering their brother. Pure selfish love draws unto itself its own, it need not seek nor demand. This is our doctrine. Our people are happy at the prospect of meeting and conversing with hitherto unknown members. We find, as we reach from town to town, those who are awaiting a kind and urgent word to join the tribe.

I have visited 52 homes of descendants of the Narragansetts in the last season. Sometimes a new day has found us still peering into dusty old family Bibles, scanning old yellow newspaper clippings, and reading from papers with faded ink, telling of that long ago. We asked ourselves, “Are these records, these fireside stories, told in old love and friendly letters worth saving?” The tribe’s cry was, “Yes.” Our prophet Eagle Eye says, “Let’s print.” Our Keeper of Records says, “Let’s sell.”

There was much discussion over the name and finally since this was the awakening, after so long and black a night of being civilized, we all Faced East, together. The Spirit of the past Narragansetts, the minds of the present Narragansetts, and the souls of the coming generations all called out together, “It is the Dawn.” And across that vision of a new dawn arose the long slender graceful calumet, the peace-pipe. The morning star was sinking and a new day had begun. Our paper had its name, our tribe, its totem, and our people their seal. Our Sachem Night Hawk dedicated it, and the work of our hands and minds to the coming generations of Narragansett Indians, for all times to come.

The Narragansett Dawn is the speaking leaves of the tribe, and all tribal members are invited to speak from its pages. Everyone is invited to ask questions, which we will endeavor to answer in its columns. Here you will find our work, our pleasures, our social activities, our life, history, traditions, tales, and tongue. Our grandchildren will read of our great grandmothers as our grandmothers remember them to-day. And so we open the great unwritten book of the tribe.

I ask you, who listen to-day, is not that a purpose noble enough for any tribe to organize? I wish all to understand, that the Narragansetts, as a tribe, do not hold ill feelings towards any other tribal organizations or individuals. That is why we have for our totem the peace pipe. Forward is our watchword. The Great Spirit is our leader. We have not organized to be leaders, but to be lead. We have no bosses; for the great God, Jehovah, said, “Come let us reason together.” So we come, altogether each month to this house of God, built by our ancestors, to reason together.
for our tribal good, to work out our own ideas, and to lay our plans, our pleasures, and our hurts, before one another. By these meetings we hope to know each other better, to exercise brotherly love over our less fortunate ones, to run our church, and to grow in the grace of Jesus Christ our Lord. For the Bible says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and all other things will be added unto you." And when is first? The Narragan sets answer you, "Early in the morning." Our forefathers taught us this valuable bit of religion. They taught us when in trouble be still and God will make Himself known in your trouble. For we read in the Book, "Be still and know that I am God." Our ancestors taught us the deep fundamentals of true worship of a living God of the universe, which many educated people laugh at to-day; but let me, in the midst of all modernism and education, forget not the faith of my mothers, for from their principles, comes a knowledge of the Most High, which the busy world around us, to-day has not time to probe. Out of the faith of the old Narragansett comes cleanliness of body, mind, and soul, which it grasped from the unlimited boundaries of nature. Honesty to one's self and to our neighbors brings us closer to the Great Spirit, who knows all things. The night covers nothing.

With this great treasure chest left to us, do we need to worry over what Washington might do, or not do? Is Washington higher than God? The Narragansetts know better. And although we have been cheated, misused, pushed off public beaches, and out of our hunting grounds, God had not forgotten us; and we believe God never leaves or forsakes those who seek Him early in the morning, and rest on Him through the day. That is why we are picking up the old trails. A few in the tribe are still slumbering, but in time they will awake by the brightness of our new dawn and praise God with the rest of us. For if God be with us who can be against us? We are trusting in His promises. We will pick up our young lambs, we will feed our Father's sheep, as we have been taught to do through the Spirit. We know Washington has spent in the last 3 years nearly as many billion of dollars, as it has in the previous 150 years of this nation's life, yet some of our tribe froze and went hungry last winter. We know millions are spent on relief and many are employed by the FERA and the CCC, etc., but our own Sachem and prophet and electives were put out of work, and off government jobs, they had held with good standing for years. We know when the mosquito project went through, and the National Foresters asked for men in Charlestown, they were answered, "We have no unemployed in Charlestown." And yet many Narragansett fathers and husbands with families who have lost their jobs and registered their desires for work at agencies. Could a few dollars from Washington pay for these hurts?

We, the descendant of that once powerful tribe of Narragansett Indian, who defeated them in battle, but to-day we take up the word of God against those who would harm our children. It all we have to fight with and we ask no more. A few dollars from Wash-

ington could send our ambitious young to college, could build us a community house wherein all ages might come together for tribal activities, to learn from contact. This would be a help and a credit to the state also, for all races could come to learn the traits of our first inhabitants of Rhode Island. The National Parkways man who spoke at our last meeting was asked, "What would be a new trail and National park do the tribe?" He could promise us nothing, neither can modernism. Can a Great National Park here tear down the mighty walls of civilization cemented by so many vices, and make clean the minds of all? A New Trail! You take the new things, we'll take the old trails.

New things are important.
To progress we're told
But you take the new things
And we'll take the old.

PRINCESS RED WING

Address given at the Old Indian Church in Charlestown, R. I., to a large mixed audience.

FATE OF THE NARRAGANSETTS

There is, indeed in the fate of the Narragansett Indian, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much indeed may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By the law of their nature, they seemed destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they were driven back until to-day they only have two acres of land and their church.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their Councils, rose in every valley, the shouts of victory and the war-dance, rung through the hill and valleys. The thick arrows and deadly tomahawk, whistled through the forests and the hunters trace and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of the other days. The Mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not.

They should soon be at rest in the fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt in a home prepared for the brave; braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, sagacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no danger; and they feared no hardships.
If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The Sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a Moral Canker, which has eaten into their heart cores—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan only this small tract, which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing to cross a red sea. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, and the helpless and the women and the men, few and faint, yet fearless still they say, "Let bygones be bygones," and they move on with slow unsteady step. The white man is upon his heels but they heed him not. They cast a glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they have no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, it is the awakening of the soul, which stifies; both; which chokes all utterance; and which will lead them into the sunlight of a new day.

EAGLE EYE

THE NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

Eagle Butte, South Dakota
August 8th, 1935

Greeting to the Narragansett Dawn and to Princess Red Wing of Seven Crescents, Oakland, R. I.

Thank you for sending me a copy of the magazine. I certainly congratulate you and wish you the best of success in your new enterprise.

You have a splendid program arranged. I am sure you have many writers among your own people, who will supply the material required.

I enjoyed reading the magazine and know many other white people will enjoy it as well.

Perhaps later the magazine will be illustrated by some Indian artist and others will contribute poems, stories and other manuscript. I am sure many people will be interested.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) ELLA EATON BYWATERS

Mrs. Ella Peek
Oakland, R. I.

My dear Mrs. Peek—

There have been so many references to "Princess Red Wing" in the press of late, that I ventured to ask the Providence Journal for her name and address.

It may be of interest to you that our town, Griswold, the Preston of the Revolutionary days, celebrates the Connecticut Tercentenary by putting on a pageant Saturday, August 20th, at 8 p.m. Each episode is arranged by some organization. The Daughters of the American Revolution have planned for the meeting of Washington and Simeon Simons, which legend says took place at Pachaug, where the pageant is to take place.

A daughter of Simeon, Mrs. Susan Hall, lived on the farm of our historian, Daniel L. Phillips, in his early youth. He is eighty-three years old, but remembers her. The story was written and published in our local paper by one to whom Susan had often told the story. This writer is dead, but I knew her. Simeon was drowned in this town, late in life, and a jury was impaneled from the congregation of the church where the pageant is to be. They gave a verdict of "accidental death by drowning."

If you are interested in all this perhaps you would attend Saturday, or come to both Sunday services. There is a colonial service in A. M. and one of reminiscences in the P. M.

Yours very truly,

(signed) ALICE A. BROWN

Anne Brewster Fanning Chapter of the D. A. R., Jewett City, Conn.

Note—Princess Red Wing is a direct descendant of Simeon Simons, who is buried in their old family lot in Connecticut.

Other pleasing letters for which the tribe is thankful, came from the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Historic Society, the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass. and Mr. Blossom of the Huntington Free Library and Reading Room in New York City. We thank all for helpful criticisms. We appreciate your subscriptions and interest, for the Editorial Staff are working under financial difficulties and need a wider circulation to help pay for the printing. We also want to print pictures, cartoons and drawings by our tribal members as soon as we have the money.
THE STORY OF SIMONS FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER

Washington — His Life Guardsman A Pachaug Soldier

Interesting Bit of Local History—Washington's Ability to Read Character

It is now not generally known that a soldier of Griswold was a life guardsman of General Washington. He was an Indian who lived in the vicinity of Pachaug. His name was Simeon Simons.

In the early part of the Revolution there was one day an unusual excitement in the little village of Pachaug, which was then the most important part of what is now the town of Griswold, Conn.; but Griswold was then a part of Preston. It was incorporated in 1815. It was expected that George Washington of Virginia, who had taken so important a part in the French and Indian war, and who had been appointed Commander of the American Army, was to pass through the town and to stop at Pachaug for dinner.

Long before the appointed time for his arrival, companies of men, women, and children entered the village from all directions and gathered around the old tavern where he was to stop.

When he arrived he occupied one of the front rooms which overlooked the people outside, who were waiting until dinner was over, and they would have another opportunity to see him as he went away. This mixed company amused themselves in various ways. The older men talked in groups, the women sought the shade of neighboring trees with their little ones, the older children ran about, entering into the spirit of the day, while the young men engaged in more active exercises of leaping, wrestling, throwing the quoit and other such pastimes as were common at that time.

Among those conspicuous in the last mentioned exercises was a tall young Indian—Simeon Simons. He was finely formed, active and athletic. A noticeable thing in his face was his clear penetrating blue eyes; a feature rarely seen in an Indian.

Something in his looks or movements attracted Washington's attention, for he sent for him to come to his room. Now Simon's manners were easy and respectful to white people. He entered the presence of the great man, bowing low, with his salutation, "Your servant, sir."

When asked his lineage, he answered, "’Tis a closed book, sir, but rumor says I am the line of Massasoit. My Mother and father are dead, and I am reared by an aunt, who taught me to be quiet concerning my ancestors in these parts."

The result of the interview was that Simeon enlisted in the army to serve as long as the war lasted. These soldiers are called Continentals. He went with Washington that day, and remained with him to the end of the war. His duty was to guard Washington's person, and never had a

MEMOS OF THE RED MEN OF NEW ENGLAND

by Princess Red Wing

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

Long names, queer and hard to say
Shine in many a sign to-day
Memos of the Red Men dead
Who fought for theirs and bled.

Teachers tell the little children
How the Indians lived in wigwams,
How they understood all nature;
Helped the Pilgrims build their farms.
In the camps they teach the bead work,
   And the Indian art so old,
That the squaws wove into history
   Long before this nation rose.

When I speak to little children,
   Faces bright and lips apart,
'Tis a joy to thus inform them
   Of the Indian's place in art.

In the course of nature study,
   Indian's mind was keen and bright,
But he understood not warfare,
   Over things that were his by right!

Thus the old men of our race
   Wrap the body, set the face,
'Gainst the dependence
   They know must last.

Only we whose blood is parted
   With the coming of all races
Stood the strains of civilization
   Education of our people started.

In a game of cards, my people lost
   Miles and miles of precious land
Until King Philip cursed each son and host
   Who took a card in hand.

They could not understand
   So their savage nature rose
To drive the pestilence from their land
   And live again as each man chose.

But they lost in bloody battle
   And my noble ancestor died
Like a dog, with the white man's bullet
   In his back, by him who spied.

On the home scenes of King Philip
   Near where his chair still sets
Preserved kept up as a mighty memo
   O'er the Narragansett

The bay that bears our tribal name,
The Narragansetts whose tribal fame
Reached out to Roger Williams' tired and lone
What cheer, Neko! as to Providence he came.

But the son of Philip grew
   In a family of McDonald's
And one son's son knew General Washington
   All the Revolutionary through.

He was with him in Cambridge
   Served him well at Valley Forge
Crosed the Delaware's icy ridge
   And went home to Mt. Vernon's lodge.

Fast friends give warm keep sake
   And Simons brings his home
Susan his squaw passed it to his name sake
   And the little metal black
Oft I've held upon my palm.

Thus they call me Princess
   And the Red is for success
In the lines of education
   And the things white father stressed.

And the left wing of the red-wing
   Black-bird is my symbol, to sing
My mission, far with grace
   A message red and burning to ears that harken
For the purpose, of the uplift of my race.

Lives of great men all remind us
   Wrote the poet wise and old
But the red men wrote their memos
   On a scroll the heavens hold.

AN AUGUST MEETING REVERIE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by CANSUS A. CHAMPION, President of the Tribal Council

Turning back the pages of my memory, I can recall August Meetings of my childhood, when Saturday was a great day of excitement and preparation. The old surrey was all greased up, the harness looked over, clothes pressed, and much food cooked. On the second Sunday of August, very early in the morning we started for the old stone Narragansett Indian Church, in Charlestown, R. I. How I thrilled through and through as a youngster as we drove through the woods by Great Pond and cut branches to tuck in the horses bridles so the flies would not bother them. Even the horses seemed to be in good spirits on August Meeting day! I can remember how they pranced into the church yard carrying a load of highly enthused humans: myself the most thrilled. To me as a little lad, it was the "thrill of a lifetime."
I can visualize some of the old outstanding characters of that long ago.
The late John Neka and George Ammons were always there. We all looked
for Patience Stanton, the old Babcock's and others. Indian costumes and
war bonnets were not in vogue then, for everybody was doing his best to
apt the white race in styles of dress. Some of those fine dresses would do
for the museums to-day, nevertheless these old characters in their authentic
moods are worth remembering and writing about. They had the carriage
and the traits of past Narragansetts who slept beneath the ground on which
they trod. They are the connecting link which saved the real Narragan-
sett Spirit for our young ones of to-day. It is a joy, and my duty to teach
these noble traits as I remember them to my sons and daughters, that the
lovely hereditary principles may not run out. This is our way of fighting
against evil influences of to-day and help make our children a noble God-
fearing race.

But the August Meeting of to-day seems somewhat different, as though
the cycle of time has lifted us up and dropped us in new surroundings.
The babies of those days are fathers and mothers of to-day; the horses
and wagons are gone; estates stand around Great Pond; man has come and
gone and the grave yards are fuller; but the little stone church stands un-
changed. It has stood the test of years and out of its comes still the spirit
of Old James Simons and Samuel Niles and past Narragansett pastors. It
stands as a symbol of the Great Spirit, showering Grace and Mercy.

This one and that one has from time to time revived tribal interest
but I still maintain the church has and always will be the center of interest
of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians. The church is our real fundamental
source of tribal interest; I maintain the Great Creator planted the old stone
church in Charlestown for this purpose. We hope to keep it as a memorial
for all times; where all races may come to feel and talk with their God, as
did our ancestors and find peace. We hope it will bring that peace
which surpasses all understanding to our tribe of to-day and all the to-morrows.

I thoroughly enjoyed the great sermon by Rev. Leroy Perry of Gay
Head, Chief Ousa Mequin of the Wampanoags. It seemed the Great
Spirit moved him to speak as the world needs the message to-day. We will
long remember the sermon. Princess Red Wing, our historian, speaking
for the tribe, did the tribe justice. Her speech pointed to the fact, that
the tribe are trusting in God to bring them to the front for recognition;
and if God be with us who can be against us? I also enjoyed the peace
talks by Chief Black Hawk, of Fall River, Chief High Eagle from Cape
Cod, Chief Crazy Bull of the Sioux, who were introduced by Chief Ousa
Mequin former pastor of the church.

The Rainbow Drum and Bugle Corns of South Kingston solemnized
the day at sundown with their clear beautiful tones and the regular beat
of the drums.

I enjoyed mingling with and speaking with so many people. I hope
everybody had a good time and enjoyed being with us. We, the tribal
council invite you all to be with us next year and thank you from our hearts
for your interest and attention to our ceremonies. Ruwakeh (farewell)
till we meet again next year.

NARRAGANSETT FIRES

by Little Bear

Council fires of peace, council fires of war, council fires for worship to
the Great Spirit, these are not all one to the Narragansett. The first thing
with them all is to signal the pleasure of the Great Spirit. They thought
the Great Spirit often stood on the hills and signaled to men when the haze
hung heavy. Perhaps they were not so wrong, God does speak from the
hills and He spoke to Moses from a burning bush. From the beginning of
time all nations made alter fires and gave burnt offerings to their God.
They called for help with certain signal fires, and answered distress signals
with particularly built fires that smoked. These fires at home are lighted
by the torch bearer of the tribe. They are laid by the young maidens or
fire girls called "Yoteq cuttians," meaning women who prepare the fire.
All learn how to light a distress signal in case they should get lost or in
trouble, very young. A broad open smoke like the Providence Journal
pictures at the Koesquemnaum, August 10th, in Shannock, R. L., means
peace to all nations. It means we are brothers, come let us reason together.
It was this kind of a fire that the Narragansets built for Roger Williams
to lay down and warm himself in safety. It meant there is room for you
and me.

When the council fire of war was lighted, they caused a bright blaze
to illumine the night and their war dance and then a blanket was thrown
over it, that it might smoke for many days. When it stopped smoking the
squaws knew the battle was over and their brave would soon return. If
they were not far they built a larger fire than a battle near by.

Council fires were always signal fires. When at council with other
nations they made signs to one another. For instance, if a chief were
talking and another wished him to omit certain things because of the facial
expressions about the circle he would signal. This was done by the hands
in the smoke over the fire, and usually by the medicine man, who is always
privileged to correct and direct the chieftains.

When in trouble that they believed only God could help them out of
they built a little high fire which sent a tiny stream of smoke heavenward.
This they kept going for days, in sickness, in want, in danger, and when
troubled in their souls, until an answer came from the Great Spirit.
AMERICAN INDIAN TO GET A SQUARE DEAL

Excerpt from the N. Y. Evening Journal by Edwin C. Hill

AMERICAN INDIAN TO GET A SQUARE DEAL UNDER THE NEW DEAL

After 146 years of national existence, following 15 years of colonial existence, America seems about to give the only authentic American, the Indian, a square deal. To the everlasting credit of President Roosevelt and Congress, they are setting about in sane and humane ways to correct the shocking injustices which the red man suffered for three centuries at the hands of the white man.

On the whole we can be proud of the history of our country, and of the history of the colonies which gave it birth. But there is one major episode in that history in which we can find little but shame. The treatment of the American Indian by the Washington government and by the various State governments is scarcely less censurable than the barbarous treatment by Spain of its unhappy subjects in Mexico and Central America and South America.

FIRST THANKSGIVING

When the white man first came to these shores in Virginia and in Massachusetts, the red man received him amicably. When Plymouth colony was starving, about to be extinguished by starvation, indeed, it was the red Indians of the forest who came to the rescue of Governor Bradford and his people with game and grain.

That was the first Thanksgiving America ever knew. But in a little while the friendship of the Indian was turned into bitter hatred by unjustifiable exactions and cruelties.

And as the white man spread his dominion westward over the Cumberland Trace and down the Ohio River to Tennessee, Kentucky and the Northwest Territory, the same ruthless relentless policy of seizing the lands of the Indian and exterminating him to clear title was followed out. The common phrase in the mouths of men was: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

STOLE LAND

When the civilization of the white man resumed its westward march to the Mississippi and beyond, over the Great Plains, over the Overland Trail and the Santa Fe Trail, the story, in essence, was one of extermination and broken treaties. Severely a treaty ever made by the United States with an Indian nation was ever fulfilled.

The five nations of the Southeast were torn from their lands and driven into the Indian Territory. By solemn treaty, the Sioux nation was guaranteed the region of the Black Hills for all time. But the discovery of gold in the Black Hills reduced that solemn obligation to a scrap of paper. Every Indian war we fought proceeded from the broken word of Uncle Sam to his red wards.

Finally, by the nineties of the last century, the Indian tribes had been driven from their once-vast empire and confined to small territories, usually sterile. They had been so reduced in number that it was thought, half a century ago, that they were a disappearing race. Confined to such reservations as were doled out to them, they were swindled unmercifully by thieving Indian agents and harshly treated by cattlemen and white settlers.

Moreover, the Government attempted to deprive them of every vestige of their ancient culture. But something vital in the Indian, something which enabled him to put up against vastly superior numbers of white foemen—one of the longest and hardest fought struggles that can be found in all history—enabled him not merely to endure, but to defeat hopeful predictions that he would disappear from the face of the earth.

INDIAN'S FRIEND

And so today we find some 350,000 Indians living on 188 reservations throughout the United States. These tribes have suffered the loss of all but a fraction of their lands. They have been cruelly exploited. They have been made to lean on the thin bounty extended to them by the Government. They had been reduced to rags, poverty and disease.

But now there is an awakening of the public conscience as regards the Indian. There has arisen the feeling that there were important cultural values in the ancient ways of the Indian and that it would be fatal folly to attempt to cast him into the mould of the white conqueror. The man who is expressing that conviction is the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. John Collier, a true and understanding friend of the red man.

THE NEW LAW

"It used to be," says Commissioner Collier, "that the Government sought to give the Indian the schooling of the white man, teaching him to despise his old customs and habits. As a result, the Indian lost much of his understanding and of his own culture and received nothing worth while in exchange. Thousands were broken, economically and spiritually. We propose to recognize and respect the American Indian for what God made him.

"We propose to make him once more the master of his mind and the keeper of his own culture. If this fails, everything fails. If it succeeds, we believe that the Indian will do the rest to remake himself within a generation or so, into the strong, self-reliant human being that he was a century or so ago."

The new law under which Commissioner Collier and his aides are operating makes further loss of Indian lands impossible. It provides for the purchase of additional badly needed land up to a valuation of two million dollars a year. It creates a revolving credit fund of ten million dollars against which the Indians can borrow.
Most important is the provision that every tribe (there are 320 tribes scattered among 22 states) which accepts this law, the Wheeler-Howard Act, may adopt a constitution, take over most of the powers now exercised by the Federal Government and become, in fact, self-governing. This law may be indeed, the Magna Carta of the American Indian.

THE BABY NAME

The Indians thought so much of the birds, beasts, lakes, brooks, and all nature, they named their children after them. When a child was born, they gave thanks to the Great Spirit in a solemn ceremony. It was given good care for a week, and then carried to the medicine man for inspection and acceptance. If the child was perfect, it was accepted into the tribe; cripples or deformed children were disposed of at this time, that is why the Narragansetts were such a perfect race physically. It is a law of nature, they thought, that the strong should survive. The child was carefully watched and cared for during the year and then sat out to observe nature and to learn for himself. As the glories of nature sang about him, his attention would be drawn in some direction, or to some special thing. His name came from this and he generally carried it, until he sought his mystery to gain for himself a name.

LONE WOLF

From the Daily Mirror of New York, August 8th, A. B. Coles sends us a cartoon "Might is Right." It shows Italy's iron hand grasping the Ethiopian mines and agricultural resources by Bressler.

Under it is this inscription. "Every nation deplores it, bemoans it, when another nation adds to its possessions by force.

Yet what Italy is doing now to Abyssinia is exactly what the people of the United States did to the Indians, what the Japanese have done to Manchukuo, what the British did to South Africa."

The Narragansetts answer, "Matnowawtauhettemina" (we understand not each other).

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

Submitted by EUNICE F. RECKLING

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember these with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fully tried.
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults—say who has not?
The old as well as young—
Perhaps we may not know, we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan
And find it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No more than some I know,
My own short-comings hid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe.
Think of the harm one word would do,
To those who we little know.
Remember, curses sometimes like
Our chickens, "roost at home.
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

BIRDS OF PREY

by LONE WOLF

The hawk is one bird that we have all seen and know; the owl few see, but many hear at night, in the woods, in this part of the country. The eagle is the king of them all. We have two or three species. To most people of to-day these birds mean nothing in particular, but to the old Indian, who lived next to nature, the very actions of these birds had all kinds of prophecies and meanings. They told of the weather, and they told the Indian when, and what to hunt.

If a red-tailed hawk hunted low, over clear spaces, early in the morning, it meant that the small game were going to lay under cover until noon. So the Indian knew, that he need not hunt little game until their next feeding time. The hawk knew this, too, for he is a wise bird, so he often hunts at dusk. This often causes the small game to feed during the day in the heavy timbers. At dusk they scamper into their holes. The Indian hunted accordingly. He watched for these signs before going out to hunt, for his own feeding. The hawk has all small animals and birds paying tribute to him, for he is a cold killer and a great fighter. But he is always
fair! He does not kill for the sake of killing; he is the bread getter of his family, and a good provider. The Narragansett watched the Hawk and copied his ways. Our sachem is named from the Hawk, and the Night Hawk is his symbol. In past days the Narragansett used the hawk's bills and claws to make beads and necklaces. When worn, it meant, a brave was a good provider for his family, and a good protector. Our sachem has proved these traits and is worthy of his symbol. The wing feathers and the tail feathers, they used for head dresses and wore them when their deeds proved worthy, particularly in private life rather than war.

The owl is an evil thing. It was an evil omen, and sign for the tribe years ago. It only sees at night, so it represents blackness of deeds and thoughts. There used to be a time when many owls would gather in places, in the heavy timbers of spruce and balsam. These places were called owl's roosts, "suckickakokohontowanamwook", meaning danger or blackness, many owls met here. The Indians believed that any game or human who went into a "suckickakokohontowanamwook" would be attacked, killed and devoured. Sometimes in one roost there were a dozen pairs of owls. One pair of owls in a night, would pull down a half grown deer. The owl usually hunts in pairs, leaving the roost at sunset, they fly around one to two hundred yards apart. If the hunting is good, they do not divide the catch; but if bad, the female has the first choice. They only attack deer when hunger drives them to it, for it is easier to catch smaller game.

The owl's feathers are composed in such a way that at night, the wings make no sound when he is flying. I have been in the woods many a time at night, fishing or hunting and the only way I knew that an owl was near was to see, or feel the wind of his wings, for I could not hear him. Try this some night, in the woods. Sit on a rock, head bent downward towards the ground, legs doubled or crossed and do not move. When an owl sees you he will fly around your head, three or four times, within a foot of you, to see what strange animal he is about to attack. He will not attack however until he is sure of his catch. So look up quickly and you will see him, but you will not hear him. The owl is a clever hunter, who flies among the trees at night and picks the birds from their perches; swoops down on small animals before they know it. The Indian watched the way he hunted and did likewise.

The Eagle was always considered a good sign. That is why this nation took the eagle for a symbol. He is a mighty warrior and asks no odds of any game. He was supposed to be the bird that carried the words of the medicine man to the Great Spirit, for no other bird could fly so high. His feathers were used for war head dresses and his bill and claws for war symbols and wampum in battle. Everyone was not privileged to wear eagle feathers and decorations, only the great leader in war, like generals and captains. A young man could not wear them until he was a hero in battle with man or big game. Then the bonnet grew, each feather a noble or brave deed until age found him well feathered, if he were brave. Each feather had a story for his son.

LONE WOLF

EXCHANGE

The Narragansett exchanged unlimited independence for civilization and Christianity. Peace for unrest. But the spark of liberty in the mind and spirit of the Indian cannot be long extinguished; it will break into flames, that will destroy every coercion which seeks to limit it.

Chief Metacie of Nova Scotia said to General Cornwallis, when asked where did the Indian come from, "We spring out of the earth like the grass and trees, we are wade of the land on which we live." Thus liberty in a righteous sense is our heritage from this land. You cannot extend the mastery of government over the daily life of any people without making it master of that, people's souls and thoughts, thus robbing them of their heritage, beside creating unrest. Yet it seems to exist to-day, when men speak of peace. It is not pleasant to think of regimentation. The Indian does not want it. They do not like institutions that increase rather than decrease abuse and corruption, stifle initiative and invention, undermine the development of leadership, cripple the mental and spiritual energies of our people, extinguish equality of opportunity and dry up the spirit of free souls and the forces which mean progress.

One great White man says to-day, "the structure of human betterment cannot be built upon foundations of materialism or business, but upon the bedrock of individual character in free men and women". The great chief of yester-year believed this also. He believed the structure of human betterment for all started with each individual first. He believed, he knew, it must be built by each and all, who, holding to ideals of its high purpose, using the molds of justice, lay stone upon stone, from materials of his spiritual research in God great out of doors; the painstaking sifting of truth from the collection of facts and experiences, gives advancing ideas for moral and spiritual inspirations, the bedrock of individual character. For what if a man gain the world and lose his soul, he cannot find peace.

It is true, "the condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance."

COUNCILMAN, BROTHER-TO-ALL

OUSA MEQUIN

Ousa Mequin means Yellow Feather and our Chief Ousa Mequin who spoke Sunday, August 11th, at the old stone Narragansett Indian Church. Although he is now pastoring among his own Wampanoags at Gay Head, Massachusetts, he was our former pastor at Charlestown, where many know and love him. His beautiful messages of Sunday morning and afternoon
will be long remembered by all races, who crowded the grounds to hear him. He has preached in many places all along our eastern seaboard, in pulpits filled by college men. But our little Indian minister has grown in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and he preaches the Word. He knows the time is not far distant, that Christ speaks of, when He shall come to claim His own. His hair is greying, but his voice is clear and strong, for he has a message of Peace for the world. May his simple words of faith in our Maker, live and spread for many generations; for he has listened to the voices of nature, understood the great pulse of the forests, and felt the quiet vibrations of the eternal hills. He gains a music to his voice from the wild birds, and sees the reflection of the Great Spirit in the mirror of the lakes. In the cool of the evening he has walked abroad and talked with God. In the early mornings his simple words have been understood by the Great Spirit, Who has led him in many troubles, and taught him his great and lovely lessons. Great men and gracious ladies of all races, have paused to listen and been moved, as blessings fell from the lips of this little Indian minister, the Rev. Leroy Perry.

DISCOVERY OF QUEEN ESTHER'S GRAVE

This grave was 12 feet below the surface, covered with stone slabs. The body lay in a large chest made of axe hewn logs. When it was opened, there lay the body of a woman dressed in silk, with hair reaching to her knees. This is all that was there had time to see, as the figure fell to dust. That Queen Esther was every bit a queen is beyond a doubt. We know not what became of the arrowheads, spears and pottery, copper utensils and beads, that were taken out of the grave. Who do they belong to? It seems wrong to rob a grave, even an Indian’s grave. This grave has not been located since, why?

T. D. BROWN

NARRAGANSETT TONGUE—LESSON 5

In our collection of Narragansett words, phrases, and sounds, we find the lack of the letter “R” and its sound. The old way of saying “Narragansett” we find was Nas law quin set. We are still searching among old records and old letters from attic, to verify this statement; but so far we have found no R’s.

Last month we learned to ask a few vital and common questions, this month we will take the ordinary answer to them.

Who is that?
Ans.—Our council man—Woantam.

Who are these?
Ans.—They are of the Wampanoag tongue—Pen owan towaw hettuck Wampanong.

What is your name?
Ans.—Flying Squirrel—Takwahason.
Where lives he?
Ans.—In my house—Nekick.
Where keep you?
Ans.—I’ve been to a meeting—Miawemucks.
What calls you this?
Ans.—It is a kettle—Aucuck.
What way did you come?
Ans.—I came from over the water—Acawmuck notesteshem.
What did you fetch?
Ans.—Grapes—Wenomeneah.
Is this your child?
Ans.—It is my child—Nippapasoo.
Is this your wife?
Ans.—Yes or yes—Nux.
Is this your son?
Ans.—It is my son—Nippumuskanquachucks.
Is this your daughter?
Ans.—This is my female child—Nippicuttanis.

(We found the sound nip or nippa means ownership or mine)

Why stand you?
Ans.—I just now came—Kitummayi nippeant.
What say you?
Ans.—I came from far—Naw wa tuck notesthem.
Is this your friend?
Ans.—It is my friend—Nippanetop.
How many are you in company?
Ans.—We are two—Nanceshaumo.
Are you alone?
Ans.—No.
(This is a grunt. Sometimes the answer would be, we are 2.)
What is this?
Ans.—It is my house—Nepawetun.
What came you for?
Ans.—I came for deer skin—Moosquam.
Lay down your burden. You are welcome—Ponewhush.
Cuppoquittemin—I will divide my home with you or you may dwell with me.

NUMBERS

Twenty-one—Neeseneechick nabanquit.
Twenty-two—néeseneechick nabneese.
Twenty-three—néeseneechicknabnishi.
Twenty-four—néeseneechicknab yok.
Twenty-five—néeseneechicknabnumpana.
Twenty-six—néeseneechicknab quita.
The religious service was followed by a drill by the Rainbow Drum
and Bugle Corps of South Kingstown under the direction of Charles Hazard,
followed by an educational program in the grove to the rear of the church
when a number of the Indian chiefs and Indian leaders were presented by
Chief Ousa Mequin.

MRS. PEEK SPEAKS

Princess Red Wing, of the Seven Crescents and editor of the Narragansett Dawn, the monthly magazine of the tribe, spoke on the reasons
for the organization of the tribe under a State charter on December 4, 1934,
stating that it was for the purpose of preserving the old tribal rites, customs
and rights, saying that they were “taking up the sword of God against those
who would hurt our children” and that they were seeking aid for the education
of the promising young members of the tribe and the erection of a
community house on the reservation.

Chief Crazy Bull, William Jacobs, of the Sioux Indians of Dakotas,
grandson of Sitting Bull who made such a stalwart stand against the invasion
of the whites, told of some of the primitive conditions among his
tribesmen, some of whom will not adopt the white man’s clothes. He
believes that the hope of the Indians of the country lies in the development
of an educated and enlightened youth.

Sagamore Chief Black Hawk of Virginia, leader of the Powhatan
Indian Confederation, and a descendant of the powhatan who spared the
life of Captain John Smith, urged the burying of the hatchet of strife and
unshathing of the axe of construction. He believes that the depression
has come because men have forgotten their God.

BRINGS GREETINGS

Chief High Eagle, William L. James, of the Massapee Tribe of the
Wampanoag nation brought fraternal greetings from the tribe of which he
is a member, to the Narragansetts. He called the attention of those
present to the accomplishment of the people of Massapee, Mass., in marking
out and preserving the old Indian trails, offering it as a suggestion for
Charlestown.

Chief Pine Tree, William Wilcox, declared that the old medicine man
had visions of the coming of the white man but had welcomed him to the
shores of this land. He stated that he had faith that the Indians were to
be a growing race rather than a vanishing race.

Mrs. Winthrop H. Saunders, chairman of the Indian division of the
State Federation of Women’s Clubs, who was present with the former
president, Mrs. James C. Carmack, spoke briefly of her interest in Indian
which started on a chance visit to the Indian Meeting some seven years ago
at which time he witnessed a baptismal service at School House Pond.
She told those present that the newly elected national president of the
Federation of Women’s Clubs was Mrs. Roberta Lawson, granddaughter
of the last of the full blooded chieftains of Oklahoma Indians and that
America is getting Indian minded.
SERVICES THIS WEEK

Chief Sachem Night Hawk, known as Philip Peckham, who arranged the program of the day, assisted by a committee, announced that there will be a series of evangelistic services held each evening of this week in the old Indian Church, under the direction of Rev. Joseph Richardson and Mrs. Richardson as soloist. Rev. Mr. Richardson, who is commissioned evangelist of the New England District of the Church of the Nazarene, announced to the press that his sermons for the week will all be based on the text, John 8:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There services may continue beyond the week's duration, if there is sufficient interest and need manifested.

INDIANS OPEN POW-WOW AT SHANNOCK

Excerpt from Western Sun of August 12, 1935

To the rhythm of a tom tom beat by chief Pine Tree Medicine Man, the Narragansett Indian Chiefs and their visiting friends under the leadership of Chief Black Hawk of the Powhatan Confederation of Indians, dancing the council fire dance of the ancient tribes, opened the council fire of the Narragansett Indian Pow-Wow held at the baseball diamond in Shannock, yesterday. The day was given over to the exemplification of a number of the ancient traditional observances of the tribe; as well as a number of addresses, a baseball game with the Shannock, Columbia Narrow Fabirc Company, and an exhibit of Indian arts and crafts. Last evening a play “The Law of the Tribe” and a dance were held at the Memorial Hall in Shannock.

The Pow-Wow was under the direction of Chief Sachem Night Hawk, known in private life as Philip Peckham, assisted by the Medicine Man, Chief Pine Tree, William Wilcox, and Princess Red Wing. The Pow-Wow activities were opened by the lighting of the council fire, followed by the council fire dance under the direction of Chief Black Hawk, of the Powhatan Confederation of Indians. Greetings were brought to the assembled pale faces and members of the tribe by Chief Pine Tree, tribal medicine man. Chief Sachem Night Hawk of the Narragansett Tribe explained the ancient custom of voting amongst the tribe, the two candidates standing on either side of a long stick, and the members of the tribe voting by standing on the side of their chosen candidates.

PLAY OLD CUSTOMS

The ancient method of purchase of land and signing of agreement was demonstrated by Chief Sunset, Chief Pine Tree, and Chief Night Hawk. This was accomplished by the taking of a branch from a tree on the land purchased and portion of sod, placing them at the head of the purchaser, who, allowing them to fall, tread them into the ground.

The ancient traditions of marriage were demonstrated by the following: Chief Ousa Mequin, bridegroom; Chief Sunset; bride, Princess Memetonka; and bride's father, Chief Sachem Night Hawk. This is a system of purchase of the maiden by the brave from the parent.

The one disappointing feature of the day, to the tribesmen was when Chief Stanton's Narragansett Braves were scalped by the Columbia Narrow Fabric Baseball team in a hotly contested game with a score of 9-7. The Braves put up a mighty fine battle against the local boys.

Among those present were Chief Ousa Mequin, Yellow Feather, chief of the Wampanoag Tribe known in private life as Rev. LeRoy Perry, pastor of the Gay Head Church on Martha's Vineyard, and who will be in charge of the religious services today; Chief Sunset, the oldest Narragansett chiefman, known as Edward Michael; Princess Wood Dove, Perseus Seymour of Norwich, Conn.; Chief Crazy Bull of the Sioux tribe, who is known as William Jacobs of Fort Thompson, South Dakota; Chief Black Hawk, Chief of the Powhatan Confederation of Indians; Chief Sachem Rainbow, William Onley, head of the Algonquin Indian Confederation; Prince Red Wing, Mrs. Ella Peck, former missionary to the Sioux Indians; Chief Nohoune, Harris L. Vanderhook of the Poconos Tribe of the Wampanoags on Martha's Vineyard; and Chief Sagamore Mittark, Lorenzo Jeffers, chief of the reorganized Poconos and sponsor of the Indian Day Bill recently adopted in Massachusetts.

PLAY OPENS EVENING PROGRAM

The evening program included the presentation of a play and dance under the auspices of the editorial staff of the tribal news organ, The Narragansett Dawn, which was held at the Memorial Hall in Shannock. The following were members of the cast: William Peek, Susan Peek, Virginia DePace, Charles Glasko, James Leonard, Paul Meeres, Calvin Turner, Charles Glasko, John Geneb, Walter Glasko, Wanda Glasko, Arlene Glasko, Gloria Meeres, Caroline Hines and Norma Sims. The soloist for the play was Arthur Trainque, accompanist Arvis Phillips, dancer, Everett Weeden, and reader, Princess Red Wing. During the evening Chief Pine Tree and the members of his family gave a demonstration of the methods of healing as practiced of old.

The music for the dance was furnished by Panny's Musical Merrimacs under the direction of a Narragansett Indian.

The Rainbow Drum and Bugle Corps from South Kingstown will play at 2:30 for the opening of the service. There will also be a special children's service at 4 o'clock under the direction of the child evangelist.
SUNRISE NEWS ITEMS TO THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN
by the Keeper of Records

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Guy of Providence, were recent week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox, of Franklin St., Westerly, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox have moved from there late address to a little bungalow on the Ashaway road.

Mr. Lawrence W. Wilcox (Lon Wolf) and friends Mr. George Gould and his sons Charles and Joseph Gould, of Putnam, Conn., visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Wilcox, John St., Westerly, R. I.

Miss Atta Perry, of New York City, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Amy Wilcox, at Wilcox Farm, Usquepaug, R. I.

Mrs. Marion W. Brown and sister Miss Josephine Wilcox, of Westerly, R. I., were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Simmons, of Bank St., New London, Conn., August 1st. In the evening they were entertained at Ocean Beach.

Miss Alice Esther Brown, of Westerly, celebrated her eighth birthday on August 4th. She was the recipient of many presents and in the afternoon visited Roger Williams Park, Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schultz and three children, of Mohican Hill, Norwich, Conn., spent the afternoon of August 6th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Wilcox, John St., Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Minnie Steele and daughter Doris, of Pawtucket, R. I., visited with Mrs. Walter Dove, the afternoon of August 15th, they also called on Mr. Walter Dove at the Westerly Hospital.

1188th Co., C. C. C., Hope Valley, R. I.

Ferri B. Dove visited his mother, Mrs. Walter Dove, over the weekend of August 10th. His friends were glad to hear that he had been promoted at camp, from cook to Mess Sergeant of the 1188th Co., by his Mess Officer, Lieut. Lubbee.

Mr. William and Francis Glasko and their mother were the guests of Miss Margaret Carter at Camp Atwater for the water pageant, Sunday, August 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Harry and Mrs. Bertha Reckling attended the water pageant at Camp Atwater, East Brookfield, Mass.

Chief Pine Tree had an open letter inviting the tribe to the first celebration of Massachusetts Indian Day, by the Haw Was Wee Council of Gayhead, Mass. Harry Vabderhoop is the chief of this council and Harold Manning the Medicine Man. Lorenzo Jeffers is Chief Sagamore, Mrs. Minnie Webster is secretary and Malcolm Diamond the treasurer.

The Poe Wow is August 24th and 25th at Gayhead on Martha’s Vineyard Island. The public is invited.

Chief Pine Tree (William L. Wilcox) greeted many friends from neighboring reservations at the first Pow-Wow of the Narragansett Tribe at Charlestown, R. I., August 10th and 11th.

Chief Sunset (Edward Michael), of Providence, was welcomed home, Chief Sagamore Wittark and Mrs. Lorenzo two daughters, Alberta and Edith and niece Miss Elizabeth Webster, Chief Osa Mequin (Rev. LeRoy Vanderhooy), of Gayhead, Mass., Chief and Mrs. Blackhawk and two sons and Chief Crazy Bull, of Fall River, Mass.

As house guests, Chief Pine Tree entertained Mr. and Mrs. Amos Newcombe and Mr. David Sandford, of Bourne, Mass., Chief High Eagle (William James), Chief Drifting Goose (Ellsworth Oakley), Harry Mills, and George Toby, of Mashpee, Mass., Princess Wood Dove (Mrs. Percie Seymour), of Norwich, Conn., Lone Wolf and son Frederick Wilcox, of Putnam, Conn.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Stanton, of Charlestown, R. I., at the South County Hospital, Wakefield, R. I., August 7th, a son, Horatio Seymour.

Mr. Charles Babcock (Chief Warbeek), of Alton, R. I., is resting comfortably at the South County Hospital, Wakefield, R. I., where he recently underwent a major operation.

Mr. Walter Dove, of Pierce Street, is a patient at the Westerly Hospital, he is recovering from a major operation.

Mrs. Julia Davis, of Charlestown, reaches her ninety-second summer this month. The Tribe send their greetings to their oldest member, who still smiles at time.

Mrs. Hannah Glasko, of Oakland, spent an enjoyable week on Martha’s Vineyard Island, Mass., with relatives.

Camp Ki-Yi entertained a number of guests this week. There were Mrs. Francis Simms and Mrs. Hines, of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilcox, Mrs. Brown and children, of Westerly, Mrs. M. Dorset, Mrs. Paul Meeres, Mrs. Stewart and daughter, from New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glasko and six children, of Glendale, R. I., Mr. and Mrs. Albert De Pass, of New York City, Dr. Carl Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fleming, Mrs. Townsend Solomon and niece, of Providence, Miss Beryl Hewitt, of New York and Mrs. Madaline Genebra, of Providence are spending the entire month at the camp.

Camp Ki-Yi made a record this year, everybody learned to swim and manage a canoe. Sunday, August 18th, Walter and Susan Peak and Doris French swam the lake, a distance of a mile, without resting or help.
The children of Camp Ki-Yi presented a dramatization of the Law of the Dakotas, at Shinnock, August 10th. The bows and arrows and costumes were all made by members of the camp.

Camp Ki-Yi's closing party will be August 31st, with a frankfurter roast and September moon bathing exhibition by the children.

OKLAHOMA FRIENDS SEND NEWS

CHEROKEES TO HEAR REPORT

HAYE HOPES OF IMMEDIATE JUDGMENT ON BIG CLAIM

MUSKOGEE, OKLA., Aug. 6—(A.P.)—Members of the Kee-To-Wah society, a Cherokee Indian organization, excited at the prospect of immediate judgment in the U. S. court of claims where Cherokees have waged incessant legal warfare against the tactics of the "great white father," will meet near Tablequah, Monday to hear the report of Frank J. Boudinot. Washington, chief of their legal staff.

Boudinot came here today and plans to remain in Oklahoma a week, he said. After his conference with the Kee-Too-Wahs he will go into the Seminole nation to confer with tribal men whom he represents in Washington.

Regarding the cases, Boudinot said there are at least two cases ready to be decided by the court of claims.

"They're all a matter of bookkeeping," he said, "and there is no decision to be announced but one in favor of the Cherokees."

Most pressing, according to Boudinot, is the Cherokee outlet case involving title to three western Oklahoma counties—Beaver, Texas and Cimarron.

APPROVE INDIAN BILLS

DISBURSING OFFICE EXEMPTION MEASURE IS REPORTED FAVORABLY

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24—(A.P.)—The house Indian committee today approved a bill exempting all Indian disbursing offices from an executive order of President Roosevelt establishing central disbursing agencies in the Federal Reserve district bank cities.

The committee also reported these measures:

By Chairman Rogers (D., Okla.): To authorize deposit of Indian funds in banks and the investment of such funds in United States bonds and any other bonds on which the United States guarantees the principal and interest.

By Rogers: To relieve oil-producing Indian lands of the five civilized tribes of Oklahoma from double taxation.