The children of Camp Ki-Yi presented a dramatization of the Law of the Dakotas, at Shannock, 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 morn bathing exhibition by the children.

**OKLAHOMA FRIENDS SEND NEWS**

**CHEROKEES TO HEAR REPORT**

**H ave 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 Tahlequah, 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-To-Wahs he will go into the Seminole nation to confer with tribesmen 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.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN
Published Monthly in the interest of The Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

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SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO EDITOR’S DESK
Box 103, Oakland, Rhode Island

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DATA ON OLD INDIAN CHURCH . . . . . Mrs. Hannah Hazard
When the spring came, Massasoit’s tribe showed the Pilgrims new foods to gather from nature’s store house, and how to cultivate their great and precious gift, the corn. Yet, with all this the Pilgrim marched to church with a Bible under one arm, and a gun over the other shoulder. The Indian reasoned the white man’s notion is not all powerful, he travels with fear in his heart. Every curious move the Indian made, that was not fully understood, the Pilgrim raised his gun. Anything a man leans on for protection must be from his God. But since this spoke fire, noise, and killed, it was an evil thing. The Indian knew it to be evil, and evil grew up among the red and the white people of New England.

The Pilgrims banished Roger Williams for the same thing they had left England, “freedom of worship.” This has always seemed queer to the Indians. On the shores of the Narragansett Bay, Cunainicus greeted Williams and cared for him saying there is room for the white brother to lay down with the red brother; and his tribe never shed a drop of English blood in the whole settling of Rhode Island.

The Narragansetts men were kind of heart and generous. They loved their women and children. White civilization and settlers never understood this, for we read, so often, of the cruel fathers and the hard worked Indian mothers. We Indians smile to-day, and long for that Utopia and security of yester-year. The white mothers of to-day will never know the sense of protection, the peace, and contentment that lay in the breast of my grandmother.

When Charlie Curtis’ grandmother sent him to his white fathers, she did what her heart knew was best for him; and she did not sniffle with her duty to the young lad. She was not cruel; she was wise and just. The red race could not have taken him to Washington, the white did, because she was big enough to make that decision.

The massacres of the Indians will never measure up to the massacres of the white race. Think of the massacre in Great Swamp where men, women, and children of Narragansett blood were burned, with the white men’s guns in their faces. Our brave men fought not for riches, but for the honor of their children. Women and children of Narragansett blood were burned, with the white men’s guns in their faces. Our brave men fought not for riches, but for the honor of their children. Who can believe they were unprotected and left, and would sooner or later have killed off each other? Thank God! our fathers and mothers have told us different. We might be called divided against ourselves if being of a different tribe or nation of the red race can be called that. We Narragansetts were as different from the Iroquois as the Irish was from the Irish. Yet the Irish and English always fought. They are both white and civilized and still exist. The Narragansett and Mohican would also have withstood each other. So the tribes of the red men fought like tribes of white men are doing to-day, but they do not succeed to extinguish the race. God has not decreed that yet. When the settlers brought war to America, the Indians called together the first great league of nations to maintain peace among the red men, and to protect their posterity. This gathering was not unlike the league of nations to-day who advocate peace.
When King Philip's wife and child was taken prisoners, the great war
lord of New England's Red Men said, "I have nothing more to fight for."
That was many years ago, but we teach it to our young men to-day.

So I dispute the statement that my grandmothers had no protection.
We are proud of the care and protection and the battles fought by our
forefathers for our mothers, and for us. And who live to-day bear
witness of the fact. Before the white men came, the Narragansetts were
nearly a perfect race and gloried in their offspring, and boasted of their
fine women. The women were proud of their men, and sought to be
forefathers for our mothers, and for us. And we who live to-day bear
witness of the fact. Before the white men came, the Narragansetts were
nearly a perfect race and gloried in their offspring; and boasted of their
 worthy of him. Perfect parents made perfect children, and if one were
born crippled it was destroyed at birth. Even the greatest students on
Indian history say white civilization brought many diseases to America,
which we had never experienced. The Pilgrims and Roger Williams tell
of the healthy people they found in America. Their primitive life tough-
ened them and their knowledge of the forces of nature cured their ills. The
Indians suffered from nothing of an epidemic nature. Malaria and such
were brought here. Miss Walker's grandmother did not know all this,
but knew perhaps, some helpless Indian families, caught in the snares of
uncultured civilization, which blinded them to their own Great Sustenance.
I speak from the simple portrayals in the "Great Unwritten Book" of the
Narragansetts.

EDITOR.

NARRAGANSETT MEDICINE MAN'S REMINISCENCE

Chief Pine Tree (William L. Wilcox)

This is the time of the year that the Indians gathered their herbs.
They should be gathered before the frost comes.

Be sure that you get a good supply of Indian Poesy; it is good to steep
and drink as a tea, for a severe cold.

Hardhack steeped as a tea is good for cholera infantum; a summer
disease among children, caused from eating green apples or grapes.

Smartweed steeped and used hot as a liniment is good for swellings
and inflammation.

Balmgillard buds bruised and mixed with mutton tallow, made into a
salve is good for skin eruptions.

My brothers and sisters of the Narragansett Tribe, let Him lead us
by the still waters and restore our souls this is my prayer to the Great
Spirit. With God's blessing upon us, let us have as spiritual medicine the
following.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; do it with thy might, for there
is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in graves, whither
thou goest.—Eccle. 9:10.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.—Prov. 1:7.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that harkeneth
unto counsel is wise.—Prov. 12:15.

Keep my commandments and live, bind them upon thy fingers,
write them upon the table of thine heart.—Prov. 7:2-3.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and learn not unto thine own
understanding.—Prov. 3:5.

For I know nothing by myself yet am I not hereby justified but
he that judgeth me is the Lord.—I Cor. 4:4.

HISTORIC SOUTH COUNTY

Historic South County with its many hills, rocks, rivers, swamps,
ghost stories, and Indian names and relics is the Narragansett's big gift
to civilization. So much so, the National Foresters see it as a possibility
for a great National Park, and the plans are mapped already for the Rhode
Island Tercentenary in South County. It will make an interesting park,
for Narragansett country is wonderfully picturesque and historic, homelike
and restful to strangers. We gave it up, for the most part, unwillingly and
many fought the sale of it; but nevertheless it went for a few pennes an
acre and a drunken councilman to sign away the birthright of many.
We pity him, but the purchasers were not drunk, and knew what the deed
meant. But we have plastered it with Narragansett names and traditions
and legends, that cannot be wiped out, nor bought, nor sold, nor lived
down. Some of the old Narragansett families have gone down fighting,
and many have stood the storm, and taken what civilization had to offer
in return. Many of us are better off materially, and some are worse off
morally.

But going back to the country itself, let's take a trip through it—say,
down the winding, twisting, shallow Pawcatuck River in a canoe this
beautiful fall day. Starting from Great Pond, we will cover the length
and breadth of the country, ending at Watch Hill on the coast. Leaving
Great Pond, we pass many turns into Kenyon, where the Queen's River joins
the Pawcatuck. There are a great many trees of all kinds in the stream,
which makes navigation sort of difficult. Besides the trees we encounter
many wees and much underbrush, until we come to Biscuit City Road,
and pass under our first bridge by Kenyon Mills. This is a busy little
place, manufacturing woolens and is owned by John Kenyon. The chief
sport of the town boys is base ball.
The next bridge we pass under is on the South County Trail which leads into Shannock. These bridges may not cope with the bridges over the East River in New York, but you will find them fully as interesting. The next is the Railroad bridge and we pass under only to curve around and pass under the railroad again, and on we sail to Shannock, the Lily of the Pawcatuck Valley. This busy little town with its Clark Elastic Mill, merrily keeping industry alive for its inhabitants, has many lovely old homes, typical of New England. We pass under the railroad again, like playing, "go in and out the windows". See the falls. We carry our canoe around the falls, and take to the river again under another bridge, on the Shannock Road. We then float along the river lazily with the railroad gives you an idea.

Gal-olina is a wide awake town, which keeps abreast of the times since the state barracks are close by. Woolen mills owned by the Tinkhams and women are interested in clubs and the men in base ball. We must get out Metcalfs keep the population alive, besides farming and gas stations. The Island could hold so many bridges; and one man asked if we were all bridge builders. No, not all, but many Narragansetts have built these bridges, the old wooden bridge still more fully understood by the natives than white civilization.

On we sail to the old Carolina Depot, and right here our next bridge. Carolina is a wide awake town, which keeps abreast of the times since the state barracks are close by. Woolen mills owned by the Tinkhams and Metcalfs keep the population alive, besides farming and gas stations. The women are interested in clubs and the men in base ball. We must get out and carry our canoe again past the falls, for we next have a long patch of woods ahead to enjoy. We float in and out the brightly colored trees and marvel to the handiwork of nature and its gay colors. On we sail and finally turn and go under the bridge on the Alton Road, and next the railroad gives you an idea of the turns in the river.

Here the river seems more crooked than ever and we pass under a bridge on the Noosentck Road, arriving at Potter's Hill; here is a woolen mill and we pass on under a bridge, and carry our canoe over more falls. Through more gorgeously colored woods we go, down, down, down to the sea in our canoe.

We come to the State line of Rhode Island and Connecticut and curve into White Rock on the Rhode Island side. This town was once run by R. Knight. We now see Westerly ahead, but there are more falls to walk around at Stillmanville after we pass under the bridge. We do not see the best part of Westerly from the river, so we paddle quickly on to the lower part of the town. Here we get out to stretch our legs and look about for there is much to attract one. This is a short distance from Watch Hill which we make quickly but cannot get back up the river to-day. It is a two day's job, and I mean a job, to paddle a round trip through historic South County, by the way of the Pawatuck River, the way the Narragansetts did, long ago. If you wish to take your friends through the great swamps and down the river get a Narragansett guide for the swamps are still more fully understood by the natives than white civilization.

THEODORE D. BROWN

SMOKING

Does civilized America like smoking? What a question! Why, count the factories that make cigarettes alone, and then count the cigarettes smoked in one day. I am not going to say that they are a gift from the Indians to white civilization, but simply this—the earliest explorers of America found the Indians using tobacco leaves for smoking and chewing. The fact that they found pipes in pre-historic graves shows, the Indians smoked many generations before the white settlers came. To-day the civilized world smokes! Sir Walter Raleigh first carried the custom to England, from America. But the Peace Pipe, the Calumet we do give to the civilized world as a symbol of unbroken trust, peace, and good will to all.

BROTHER-TO-ALL.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

Some of our philosophy was taken up by the colonists and have come down to this age.

"We are not to measure men by Sunday, without looking at what they do all the other days."

"What you do, do with all your heart and might. Others will help you if they see you are determined."

"Give every man his just deserts, for you are one of the masses."

"Seek the pleasures of the Great Spirit in the morning, that your sleep may come with comfort."

"Doubt not that which your heart believes."

"The first to share will be the last without."

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MOTHER’S CORNER

MEAT AND KIDNEY BEAN STEW

2 cups cooked kidney beans 1 cup tomatoes
3 raw carrots 1/2 lb. chopped meat
1 onion 1 tablespoon fat
4 potatoes salt and pepper to taste

Brown the meat in the fat. Combine tomatoes, seasonings and cooked beans. Cut carrots, onion, and potatoes in small pieces and add to meat and cook until vegetables are soft, cover with water.

CORN ChowDER

Cut 1/2 lb. salt perk in fine pieces and fry with finely chopped onions, 2 good-sized ones. When these are brown, put the fat and all into a kettle and add 4 chopped potatoes and cook until they are soft. Then add seasoning to taste, salt, pepper and a sprinkle of celery seeds and a can of corn. Cook for a short time and add 2 rolled cracker crumbs for thickening. This makes about 2 quarts.

BAKED INDIAN CORN BREAD

2 cups green corn cut off the cob
2 eggs well beaten
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons sugar

Salt and pepper to taste. Butter baking dish. Put 2 tablespoons of melted butter over the top and bake one hour.

THE NARRAGANSETT TONGUE—LESSON 6

NAMES FOR CAMPS

This summer we had many requests for Narragansett names for camps, so we have arranged several for our readers, from our “Narragansett Storehouse of Interesting Items.”

CANQUOT—Arrow Point
OH-SO-HA’DAH—White Cedar
SAUM KO PAUGOT—Cool Waters
OWENHATAGI—Wild Rose

INdIAN EDUCAtion

Mr. George C. Wells, supervisor of Indian education says that extensive plans have been made for the expenditure of $1,500,000 by the Federal government for educating the Indians in the State of Oklahoma, during the fiscal year. This money goes for tuitions, lunches, clothing for needy children, transportation, provide for the upkeep of boarding schools, maintain Indian schools and to assist Indian students in public schools and state colleges. This is a grand piece of news since only a few years ago an investigating committee registered over 9,000 Indian children of school ages with no schools to go to, and no means to travel. At that time it was also noted that 30,000 had that dreadful eye disease trachoma, and the amount of 3 cents a day per child was raised to 91 cents for food, for government wards.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

THE NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

Mrs. Grace Williams of Oak Bluffs writes, that she is very much interested in the Narragansett Dawn and wants all back numbers.

To the Editor —

I have attended the August Meetings for many years, when they were large and when they were small. This year seemed largest of them all. I saw very little disturbance, although someone said there was some of a minor sort. We read in the Holy Writ—There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord and Satan also came among them, and the Lord said unto Satan, “whence comest thou?” Then Satan answered the Lord and said, “from going to and through in the earth and from walking up and down in it”—Job 1:6.

Some may never hear of the wonderful sermon that came from the lips of the famous Indian preacher, Rev. Leroy Perry, but many may seek to laugh at some small disturbance, but Prov. 1 says, 1:26 “I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.”

written by “CHARLES AUGUSTUS NINIGRET”
CHRISTOPHER E. NOKA.

There is an interesting letter from Eva Dedham, North Devans, N. B., Canada who is a radio artist and would like to have some of our traditions for her collection of Indian legends.

Charles Thomas Pope, Sr., sends a new poem, fresh from his pen, which we will use later. Mr. Pope comes from Cape Cod.

Miss Winifred Conklin, of Allerton, Ohio writes for a year’s subscription for the library.

Mr. Fred V. Brown, of Narragansett Pier, sends an interesting bit of history concerning Miantonomi, which will be used in our historic number.

Margaret Reed Lee, Pow Wow Secretary for the National Algonquin Council, sent the editor a special invitation to their Pow Wow, September 2nd at Col. Frank Tillinghast’s Estate, in Thornton, R. I.

Other invitations in the Mail Box were to Groton, Conn. and the Mohegan Wigwam on August 31st, to give a program in East Douglas for the D. A. R.’s March 31st next, to come to Gay Head for interesting data, to visit the Connecticut historian, who wrote the history of Grisworld, and from the Rev. Ben Brave to come to the Dakotas.

Magazines received this month were the “Wilson Bulletin for Librarians” from New York City and the Masterkey “from the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, California.

Our mailing list for subscriptions is steadily climbing. We hope to make it a thousand before Christmas. If you enjoy your numbers or wish to offer suggestions put your letter in our Mail Box.

NORWICH COLUMN
by Princess Wood Dove

MOHEGAN HILL, MONTVILLE, CONN., AUGUST 30TH AND 31ST

INDIANS DANCE TO BEGIN THE CELEBRATION OF THE MOHEGANS

Festival of the corn dance, war and death songs featured the opening of the 75th annual wigwam festival and tercentenary celebration of the Mohegan Indians on Mohegan Hill. Despite the rain, several hundred people of all races from surrounding towns, cities and communities attended the affair which was moved into the 104 year old Mohegan Indian Congregational Church. The elaborate celebration was scheduled to take place in the 100 square foot wigwam which was erected by Chief Burrill Fielding, 74 year old Mohegan who occupies the church parsonage. The enclosure is fended with white birch saplings to a height of about 10 feet, with a roof over the whole surface covered with the whole same material woven ingeniously together, forming a unique and very romantic structure.

The committee in the wigwam had various Indian trinkets on sale, besides fancy work of their own making. They served the famous old style succotash and yokeage.

The celebration closed Sunday with a picnic for the members of the tribe. At three in the afternoon there was a program in the church, attended by Governor Cross of Hartford, ex-lieutenant governor Ernest E. Rogers of New London, Mr. Edward F. Humphrey of Trinity College in Hartford and Congresswoman William L. Higgins of South Coventry. The Mohegans greeted Gov. Cross at the entrance of the wigwam and escorted him to the church.

Many came to consult with Princess Wood Dove who is widely known throughout the country as the Indian medium spiritual reader of Norwich, Conn. The Indian songs and dances were in charge of Loyed Fleet Foot Gray, assisted by Spicer Trail Edwin Blastow, Raymond Santourie and Alan James, all of New London.

The two days celebration was sponsored by the Mohegan Sewing Society of which Mrs. Edwin Fowler is president, and the chairman Mrs. Edyth B. Gray of Groton, Conn. Several Narragansetts and Pequots were the guests of the Mohegans and were all welcomed to the wigwam.
Norwich people were glad to see Harry Peckham in town, although his trip was more of business than pleasure. The chief comes from Westerly, R. I.

Albert Vincent and niece from Jewett City, Conn. called on Princess Wood Dove and stayed to the circle which is held every Tuesday night at 8 p. m.

Mr. Louis Simons and sister Mrs. Ada Dobie of New York City spent their summer vacation with their mother Mrs. Lizzie Simons, in North Stonington.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Lansing of Norwich recently entertained friends from New Jersey and Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Mary Brown of Lebon, Conn. called on Princess Wood Dove, bringing many fine old Narragansett stories which will be passed on to the editor, since Mrs. Brown is an old Narragansett, and very much interested in the work of the tribe.

DOING MY BEST

Alone I sit in the twilight gray
And think of the things I have done to-day
Have I given a kindly word to those
Who have need of some help with their earthly woes?

Have I given a helping hand in tasks,
That were trying and wearisome to the last?
Have I sent out the thoughts that would help some soul
Where sorrow and sadness have taken their toil?

Have I given my best and my daily work
Without complaining and thinking to shirk
Have I done all the things that I should have done
If so I can count my battles well won.

And these thoughts can only be answered by me
For I can look back through the day and see
Just what good has been done by me
And as I look back through this day I know
I have done my best, seeds of love to sow
Though I make mistakes as all earthly folks do
Each morning I can start a day anew
And by starting each day in doing my best
God is His love will take care of the rest!

submitted by Wood Dove.

MAIZE OR INDIAN CORN

Maize is indigenous to America and the knowledge of its cultivation and value is one of the gifts of the Indians to the white man. From this country its cultivation has extended to the southern countries of Europe, and it is largely used for food in Italy and Roumania, as well as in Egypt and India. It is also cultivated in South America and Australia. It needs a richer, heavier soil than wheat and a warmer climate, with long summers and warm nights. It requires from four to six months in which to mature, hence its range in latitude is lower than that of wheat.

Corn is our most valuable agricultural product. Nearly five-sixths of the world’s supply is raised in the United States. We raise about three million bushels a year. As a food crop it is little used in the United States, in comparison with wheat, but in countries of Spanish America it is the chief cereal used. It’s principal consumption in United States is as feed for hogs and cattle. It is also used as an industrial product, in the manufacture of whiskey, starch, and glucose. About one-fifth of the crop is used for this purpose.

The types of corn are dent, flint, sweet pop, soft and pod, of which only the first four are of noteworthy importance in America. Dent represents nine-tenths of the corn crop of North America. It has several hundred varieties. Flint is the second in importance; and is raised chiefly in Canada. It is also cultivated in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Certain varieties of flint corn are grown on the high elevations. The best known flint varieties include, Longefellow, King Phillip, Hickney’s Yellow, Taylor’s Improved, and Davis’ Eight Rowed. In Rhode Island we find evergreen and yellow bantam.

More than 70% of corn raised in the United States comes from ten states; namely, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Texas, Oklahoma, and Kentucky. Corn is hard to ship because it heats up so quickly, so over four-fifths of the crop is consumed within the counties in which it is grown. This is called the corn belt of America. More corn is fed to cattle and hogs than consumed by humans. Corn requires for its highest production warm deep and loamy soils with plenty of moisture.

The critical period in the great corn belt is during July and August, during which time the rainfall determines largely the season’s yield; it is found that between the average yield of corn and the July rain there is a close correlation. Poor land is not suitable for corn, the growth of stalk requiring abundant plant food. Nor can it be grown continuously without diminishing yields on the same soil, no matter what manure or fertilizer is applied.

From 4 to 7 years, a rotation of crops is essential to the maintenance of good yield. Corn succeeds best on sod land. Plowing for corn is done both in fall and in the spring. The Indians used sharp stones and clam shells for turning their ground. They fertilized their soil with old fish,
and taught this to the first settlers. Then they planted the corn when the
oak leaves were the size of a squirrel's ear. This time, and this expression
are still used in all localities. The Indians planted when the moon of
"corn planting" hung her crescent in the sky, and the leaf of the dogwood
was the size of the squirrel's ear, and the first leaves of the oak were the
size of his foot. It must be planted with the growing moon, because it
then has a chance to sprout and grow when the moon is large and round,
getting a good start before the moon grows small. The young corn will
not grow in the dark.

The agriculturists of present time have learned that the Indians were
not far from the truth in their calculations. To-day we plant corn just as
soon as the soil is warm enough to germinate the seed quickly. This was
learned from the Indians, even if they did measure the wild growths to
determine when that time had arrived. Many old-time farmers determine
their time of planting by the moon and the oak, to-day, for they too have
learned that wet cold soil will not rot the seed.

In New England the corn, after the manner of the Indians, is planted
in the hills, 4 or 5 kernels to a hill. In olden days the medicine man of
Narragansett said a little prayer over the seed, imploring the Creator to
further its growth and gave thanks for past blessings. The seeds were
soaked in a sacred concoction before planting. To-day, men suck the corn
before planting, also. It wasn't the men, but the women of my tribe who
were mistresses of the cornfields, and the little girls learned when very young,
all the wonders of the planting, cultivating, and harvesting of the field. They
learned to dance and chant and take part in the blessing of the cornfield,
because the corn was held in reverence as a gift from the Great Spirit,
brought by the crow; and ceremonies were observed by all, even the sagamothe
and the chief sachem. They planted for the whole village in community
fields, in those days, and everybody in the village joined in the ceremony
and the work. Some think the men were not interested in the corn planting.
Oh, yes they were! They danced the corn dance and made merry to cheer the women as they worked. They stationed themselves at
the outposts of the fields to watch for bears or fox that might come to
harass their families. Indian braves were brave because no danger was
too great for them to brave for their women and children. The women
worked in peace and safety and in the evening were praised and cheered
by their men. Each spring a much beloved squaw was elected to be the
chief of the fields. She would superintend the whole work of the season.
She was anxious to be elected to this honored position and her husband
was proud of her, when she was. This meant she was noble of character
and kind of heart and many loved and honored her. A lazy woman could
never attain this position. Every squaw who had and held her husband's
love, earned it. This meant a thrill to the achievements of the female and
created contentment among them. The men also gained a wife, because
of a brave record in battle or hunting. Sometimes it was his skill in house
making, cause making, or arrow making, that won the lady's heart. But

Indians never loved for nothing. Therefore they spent their lives together
and what God joined together, no other Indian pulled apart.

So it was the lovely matron of the fields who gave the prayers—
"Manitou, cuckquauanish, taobot nequamm nameum. Co-wtumou wipso bisexual mnnanock nipipuos me挫折 taobotne
nameum mean." Meaning—"Good Spirit, I pray you except our thanks
for past blessings and forget not our future needs. Send the warm rains
and bright sun for our fields, that all our children may eat and give thanks.

It may be interesting to here, describe one of these corn planting cere-
one from one harvest feast to the next as a year or the completion of seasons. They counted the
moms on the turlies back; and if you count to-day, you will find thirteen squares which is the thirteen moons, of the year, to the Indians of
New England section. They had ceremonies and prayers all summer and
some we have already mentioned. When the harvests were poor the calls
to the Great Spirit were more conspicuous and there were much sacrific-
ing and repenting of all unworthiness. The pleasure of the Great Spirit
must be gained in order to assure a better harvest next year. Everyone
knows the story of the first Thanksgiving when the Pilgrims father sat
down with my fathers and together feasted and gave thanks; but do you
know, that to my fathers it was just another harvest feast, while to the
Pilgrims, it was their first real Thanksgiving over the harvest and over life
gained from these New England hills and waters.

But we will go back further than that day, to a bright spring morning
before the Pilgrims came. The ground had been turned and fertilized.
The corn had been soaked and blessed by the medicine man. The corn
song echoes from the hill tops as the women and children march around
the fields three times. Each woman and child has her little deerskin bag
of corn and clam shell shovels. Everybody is happy and gay, for they truly
feel they are a part of the great Divine plan.

The songs were a chant, repeating several times, "Great Spirit attend
our fields, make the sun to shine and the warm rains to fall; mother earth
workell in peace and safety and in the evening were praised and checrled
by their men. Each spring a much beloved squaw was elected to be the
manager of the fields. She would superintend the whole work of the season.
She was anxious to be elected to this honored position and her husband
was proud of her, when she was. This meant she was noble of character
and kind of heart and many loved and honored her. A lazy woman could
never attain this position. Every squaw who had and held her husband's
love, earned it. This meant a thrill to the achievements of the female and
created contentment among them. The men also gained a wife, because
of a brave record in battle or hunting. Sometimes it was his skill in house
making, cause making, or arrow making, that won the lady's heart. But

A young brave does the corn dance, while the medicine man bests the
tom tom to drive away the evil spirits. The young brave in going through
this dance gracefully bends to earth like a soft wind caressing it. His
quick pitta-patta steps reminds one of the April showers, and the move-
ment of his hands and arms shows the corn being received to earth and
attended by nature. He hollers the seed to sleep by a low chant and the whole
crowd of people are as silent as the little seeds. Then gently he demonstrates the breaking of the ground by monotonous and the glad rush of all nature to receive her young new born plants. The watching group of Indians away with the young lad now as he imitates the swaying of the corn in the lazy summer afternoons, and move off towards their rows. Next they plant 4 red kernels for each family representing the 4 seasons and are symbolic of the red blood of life and were supposed to add life to the field and bring forth an abundant harvest, that each family may have enough for the four seasons.

When the women get down to steady planting, the braves and warriors sing and make gestures to show they are the protectors of them. The women could not be protectors, so they are proud of their braves and they accept their duty of the cornfields with pleasure, knowing they are some help in the family. They could not be expected to shoot bears and deer.

So they gladly attend the fields and all women from the time they were seven years of age, aspire for the position of superintendent of the fields. In the evenings, the fires were lighted and the braves sang and danced to entertain the tired women. If the fields were large, these ceremonies lasted several days. When the moon is new, it is a crescent and then grows larger, so it was then the corn was planted, that it might grow with the moon and have its light to warm the soil by night. The corn must grow fast when first planted or the seed will rot. This the Indian taught the white man.

DEER HEART.

NAMES

“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
Memor of the Red Men dead
Who fought for theirs and bled.”

The American Indian was once a race distinct from other races. Now his blood is mixed with the world’s great pulses. Into every race of mankind have the Indian married, yet he is not a vanishing race and the Narragansett Tribe is not a vanishing tribe. In 1880, Rhode Island made note of 390 and made them citizens of the state and the United States. Some of those old folk still live. Many have several descendants. All have inter-married, to form our present tribe. As we search our back history from the family viewpoint, we see many scattered into other states, while many have never left Narragansett territory. To-day the Narragansett is becoming more American than Indian and should be rightly called Indian Americans, just as there are German-Americans and Irish-Americans. The Indian is of a minority group and thus unique in his needs, as well as his special contributions to American life.

One of our great contributions to America is names. Germans may claim your great music, France, your styles and art, England, your language, Palestine, your religion; but no foreign country can claim the origin of Narragansett, Dakota, Usquepaug, Misquamicut, Seekonk, Ohio, Iowa and Lake Charpogglesgogmanchaugagogghaubungamaugaugg, which is in Massachusetts. They are native to this country with unique meanings to describe the characteristics of the surrounding country, rivers and inhabitants. We find states, cities, counties, towns, villages, rivers, mountains, hills, lakes, inlets, clubs, schools, businesses and hotels named with Indian names. One of the lovely things about an Indian name is that in olden days a state or a person earned its name and was worn proudly for its characteristics were written in its name. To-day a stubborn mule may be called “George Washington”, or “Robert E. Lee”, and an ill tempered child may be called Lily. In yesteryears if a child gained an uncomplimentary name he wore it until he could correct his faults and earn a better one. His new name was his merit and truth lies. And do not we all have to-day “What’s in a name?” And, “A good name is rather to be sought than fine riches,” was as much a part of our Narragansett civilization, generations ago, as it is to-day. We hope to keep this oneclid rule for all our children.

With places, rivers, lakes and mountains, the general characteristics of the people, of the location, advantages, natural scenery, supply of fish and game, good or poor ground for crops determined the names. To-day, we have the Windy City, the Nutmeg state and the Pine Tree state, not much different from the Indians who had the “Land of Sky Blue Waters”, “Father of Waters”, “Sand Hills”. “Here We Rest”, etc. Throughout New England we find the tribes have left us these beautiful names as memorials for all times. The Narragansett have given their name to big business houses, restaurants, hairdressers, seashores and towns. There are more than a hundred in this little state. Besides their name, their saliva, “What Cheer, Netop” has been commercialized by the population of the State. What Cheer Laundry, the What Cheer Country Club, the Netop Market, etc., convey very friendly meanings, just as the Narragansett conveyed his friendly greeting to Roger Williams. For the benefit of our readers in Texas and California, we would give a few other tribal names used here. The cities of Pawtucket, Pawtucket Falls, Woonsocket; the towns of Pascoag, Chepachet, Mohegan, Pawtucket, Usquepaugh, Stillwater, Apponaug, Sakonnet, Poconset, Nooseneck, Covesett, Pontiac, Matunick, Oneco, Weekapaug, Quonochontaug, Canowet, Misquamicut and Sockansett. Then we have rivers, Pettaquamscott, Ponnagansett, Woonasquatucket, Runnins, Pawcatuck, etc. We have lakes and ponds called Quiddick, Togue, Occupasspatuxet, Nanaquaket, Nonquit, Watuppa.

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Quonochontaug, Winnapaug, Wincheek, Yawgoog, Yawgo; and beaches called by the same long names where people go for pleasure. Other pleasure resorts are Bassaquoğaug Grove, Quanatumpic Grove and Ponnagansett Grove; Watchug Pond, Pasquisset Pond, Ninigret Pond, Conanicut Island, Sakonnet Point, Sachuset Point, Misquamicut, Quonochontaug and Canonicus Beaches; and Moswansicut Pond. Besides this camps, schools, clubs, ball teams and other athletic teams seek long, pleasant sounding and happy meaning Narragansett names.

In Massachusetts we find no end of Wampanoag names and Cape Cod has so many there is not room on a small map to print them. Up through Maine we find queer sounding Penobscot names and the Iroquois has so many there is not room on a small map to print them. Up through New York with his trustworthy names. In Connecticut we find the Mohegan and Pequot names still alive in towns and businesses.

**Derivation of Names of States with Indian Origin**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Alabama</th>
<th>Here we rest</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arizona</td>
<td>Sand hills</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>Bow of Smoky Waters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connecticut</td>
<td>Long River</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dakota</td>
<td>Allied nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>Tribes of superior men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana</td>
<td>Indians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>Country of the River</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa</td>
<td>The sleepy ones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas</td>
<td>Smoky waters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>The dark and bloody ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>Blue hills</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan</td>
<td>The lake country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota</td>
<td>Cloudy waters and weir of fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>The Father of waters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Muddy waters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana</td>
<td>Mountain land</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebraska</td>
<td>Shallow river</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>Beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oklahoma</td>
<td>Home of the Red Men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>River of the west</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee</td>
<td>River of Big Bend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah</td>
<td>Utah Indians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyoming</td>
<td>Large plains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisconsin</td>
<td>(Ouiseon) Wild rushing river</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Narragansett Historian.**

Mrs. Madeline Genebra, of Providence, and Miss Beryl Hewitt, of New York City, have returned home after spending a month at Camp Ki-Yi as special helpers with the little children.

Camp Ki-Yi virtually closed Labor Day week end with a grand Duck party. The children who had learned to swim were the “ducks”, and entertained with songs, recitations and dances and an exhibition of the swimming and diving. About sixty friends and relatives of the children attended the party which began with a big campfire, around which all joined in the singing of old time songs. Camp Ki-Yi’s male quartette sang, “When I Grow to Old Love”, “Home on the Range” and “Old MacDonald Had Some Ducks”. Miss Caroline Hines and Miss Lillian Johnson, of Providence, were cute in their Mickey and Minnie Mouse costumes, in which they danced, “Mickey and Minnie are in Town”. Miss Jacqueline Browne, of New York, sang about the, “Sly Little Woodpecker”, and later dramatized Robert Louis Stevenson’s poem, “In My Story Book”. Miss Norma Simms and Miss Lillian Johnson, of Providence, gave two readings, and Dr. W. Harold Amos, of Yonkers, N. Y., Mr. Hugh Lopez, Mr. Walter Browne and Mr. Andrew Choykee favored the party with their harmonizing of several popular songs.

Miss Norma Simms sang and danced, “Please Don’t Talk About Me When I’m Gone”. She also danced the, “Dance of the Wooden Soldiers” and was highly applauded. Norma is nine years of age and is one who has learned to swim at the camp this year.

Miss Hilda Glasko and Mr. Albert DePass, of New York, directed the “Hot Dog” roast while the coffee boiled merrily. During the day the children had gathered many long green forked sticks for this purpose. Mrs. Hannah Glasko made the Ducks which were served. Many were white ducks and several joined in the water sports and ducked in the lake for fun.

The campers sang several songs in Indian tongue, “On the Good Ship Lollypop”, “Everybody Ought to Love Camp Ki-Yi” and “I Have a Joy, Joy, Joy, Down in My Heart”. About 39 stood out night, joined the campers at breakfast of fish cakes and beans cooked over the camp fire in old Indian style.

Thirty-four had dinner Labor Day together and then the machines drove off for New York, New London, Norwich, Providence, Massachussetts, Peaceful and Yonkers and Westerly, R. I. Camp Ki-Yi closed her doors on a very pleasant and bright summer and bids you all a hearty welcome to come again next season which will open July 4th, 1936, with a program in keeping with the Tercentenary of the State of Rhode Island.
Mrs. Hugh Lopez and her niece, Miss Thelma Lennard, with Mrs. Andrew Choykre and daughter, Myrna Lop, of New York City, spent a delightful week at Applehill House, on Brown Farm as guests of Mr. Peek's.

Miss Margaret Carter, of East Providence, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. U. T. Carter, has been awarded the First Pembroke scholarship for the completion of the second year at college with the highest ratings in all subjects that can be given a student. She resumed her studies there last month as a Junior and will specialize in Ab-normal Psychology.

Princess Wood Dove was the dinner guest of Princess Red Wing and family, Sunday the 8th.

At least a dozen young Narragansets are entering college this month, among whom are Harry Peckham, son of Chief Night Hawk, Charlie Hazard, of Wakefield and Ulysses Carter, Jr., of East Providence.

Mr. Charles Babcock, of Alton, has returned home after recovering from an operation at the South County Hospital.

Mrs. Ada Anderson, of Boston, spent Labor Day with her sister, Mrs. Ruth Babcock and husband, Mr. Charles Babcock.

Mr. Walter Dove has also returned home after an operation at the South County Hospital. He entered the hospital the day after Mr. Babcock and at the very time Mrs. Dove was sympathizing with Mrs. Babcock over her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Dove spent Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, in Charlestown, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Wilcox and family including his son and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wilcox, of Ashaway Road and grandchildren, Priscilla and Esther Brown, of Westerly, spent Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. William Grant, in Collinsville, Conn.

Miss Jacqueline Browne, of New York City, will spend the winter with her little friend Susan Peek at the home of her grandmother, at Apple Hill House, Brown Farm in Oakland, R. I.

“Old Timer's Nite” will be observed this Halloween at Apple Hill House and the tribe is invited to make merry with Mrs. Glasko and her friends.

The American Indian Federation held a second Pow Wow this year at North Stonington, Connecticut, the 21st and 22nd of September. A goodly number of all races gathered for the fall frolic and dance under the direction of Mrs. Clara Peckham, Social Com.

Princess Red Wing attended one of the Meetings of the National Federation of Women's Clubs at the Providence Biltmore Hotel, at which Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson president of the Federation, spoke. The Princess was greatly interested because Mrs. Lawson is the grand daughter of a Delaware chief and is proud of the aboriginal blood in her veins. Her maternal grandfather was Rev. Charles Jouneycake, the last tribal chief of the Delaware Indians. She possesses a rare museum of Indian history, and much of her writing and lecturing has been devoted to the history, music, art and legends of early Americans and the Indian race. Mrs. Lawson comes from Tulsa, Okla. and for some time according to Oklahoma delegates, some opposition to her candidacy to the presidency of the Federation, centered around her Indian heritage and credit for overthrowing it was bestowed on Mrs. Thomas McSpadden, sister of Will Rogers, the late humorist. The Narragansets are proud to learn of her and to gain inspiration from her.

Narragansett Indians Elect Church Officers

The Narragansett Tribe of Indians held its regular monthly meeting on the last Saturday of August at the Narragansett Indian Church, in Charlestown. After the report of the Pow Wow of August 10th and 11th was read, as new business the members continued organizing the church by election of the following officers for one year term, Mrs. Mable Graves, as president; Cassius Champlin; clerk, Marion Hazard; treasurer, Philip Peckham; auditors, Mrs. Abbie Perry, Mrs. Marion Brown; janitor, Ernest Hazard; trustees, William L. Wilcox, Mrs. Theresa Peckham, Philip Peckham.

Officers for the Sunday School and other auxiliaries will be appointed later.

The Narragansett Indian Church is a historic memorial in the center of the remaining two acres of Narragansett Reservation. It is non-sectarian as Narragansets of all faiths worship together here. The original wooden church was founded in 1750 by King Tom Ninigret and was rebuilt with the present granite structure in 1859. The first pastor of the church was James Simons, a Narragansett, whose descendants still are interested here.
BROWN TRIUMPHS IN NEWPORT RACE

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL, September 9, 1935

Ellison “Tarzan” Brown of Westerly, present holder of the national 30-kilometre championship, won the 20-kilometre N. A. A. U. race sponsored by the Newport Chamber of Commerce at Newport yesterday in the record breaking time of one hour, 5 minutes and 51 seconds. Brown’s time was 2 minutes and 33 seconds better than the old record.

Up to this morning it was not known whether Brown would be permitted to run. He had been suspended by the New England body of the A. A. U. as a result of his competing in Philadelphia on Labor Day without first securing travelling permit, and this suspension was not lifted until just before starting time today.

Brown trailed Leslie Pawson of the Fairlawn A. C., Pawtucket, for the greater part of the race, but the Westerly runner spurted when the field reached Bellevue avenue to take the lead, which he retained for the three remaining miles of the race.

Leslie Pawson finished second, just 39 seconds behind the leader, while W. McMahon of Worcester, was third. J. Mundy, brother of Paul, the national champion, who was unable to compete, finished in fourth place.

The race started from One Mile Corner, proceeded through the business section of Newport, over the Ocean Drive, finishing at Newport beach.


DATA ON OLD INDIAN CHURCH

The back of the present stone church was the same back of the old wooden church. It has the same lathes and plaster to-day. This present church was built by the following masons in 1859—Joseph Stanton, Joshua No Cake, Gedeion Ammons and Bristol Micheal. The uncle of Cassius Champlin of Peacedale, Samuel Champlin carried water for the masons receiving 12 cents a week wages. After the building was completed, this is the first membership list to hold services in the new church—

We the free Church of God in Charlestown, believing the Scriptures contain the word of God and given by inspiration and is profitable for Doctrine reproof correction and instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect and thoroughly furnished into every good work therefore we the undersigned agree to take the Bible as a word of faith and practice.

March the 18th A. D. 1856.

The Editor has in her files, catalogues of Indian Leaflets covering items on Indians of United States, Canada and Mexico, in almost every phase of Indian life, industry and crafts.

Information and price lists will be sent free.