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EDITORIAL

by the Editor.

In the past, many white writers have held many absurd ideas as to our religion, our every day life, and now our past history. We have been savages, pagans, heathens, and nomads—but great historians and psychologists say we are no more so, than the white people. Look at a rich person of to-day, he spends the summer in Maine, and the winter in Florida, and the remainder of the year in Europe. The brainy man schemes how to beat his business partner, and the educated man becomes a gangster and a murderer to see how a perfect crime can be worked out. The minister becomes the seducer, the teachers smoke and pet. Can you question why, after 300 years of being civilized by this rushing, restless, race, we crave the rest, and the peace, of our forefathers. Do you wonder that the heart of every son and daughter of the red race, educated or not, questions the Christianity of America, as a whole? Do you wonder why we ask, whether you are taking us? War to death was usually the Indian's answer to any attempt to take him anywhere. Sitting Bull once said, "I want you to take good care of my country and respect it." Was that asking too much? It seems so, in many cases. The white man's inability to understand that sentiment is manifest on every hand. He has cut or burned the timber, gutted the hills, fouled the streams, massacred the animals, ploughed the grass under, turned whole valleys into deserts of sand and gravel, whole ranges into bad lands—and wasted half, at least, of the land that his forefathers have made this frightful devastation. A Narragansett says not this alone, but says the great and understanding Mr. Standley Vestal, beloved by all Narragansets.

So when we read of the bloody deeds of Indians, it might be well to recall a little incident which Mr. Wellman quotes from the report of a Congressional Investigating Committee on Chivington's raid (1864). Col. Chivington was in civil life a preacher. After the flight of the Cheyennes a three-year-old child emerged from a tent. "Plump, brown, and crying, it toddled down the pathway where the Indians had fled, crying a little, not much, in the cold. . . . A soldier fired at seventy-five yards, answering. Another dismounted and said, 'Let me try the little ——,' and fired, but missed also. A third with surer aim, shot." The hero was successful.

We are not blind to the faults of our forefathers, but we like for America to see a real picture of them once in a while. One man living among the Indians of to-day in various camps, declares, "I have never visited a white community in Europe or America, where such high standards of honesty obtain." Another writer says, speaking of reports and pictures of Indians, "Of these prepared by commanders of U. S. troops, the very flower and perfection of misinformation is to be found in the reports of engagements with hostile Indians on the plains of the West. If all Indians

killed on paper in those wars could be laid end to end they would extend from the house of Abnias to the castle of Baron Munchhausen."

The Narragansett says—"Faith of our fathers, living still, we would be true to thee till death."

RELIGION OR SALVATION

What church shall! I join? Who is right? This is the question we hear so often, and it only goes to prove that the questioners are not satisfied in their own hearts as to their religion. It proves that they have not known Christ as their personal Savior. In the old dispensation you were justified in having a question, but in this new dispensation, the Holy Ghost will teach and guide every child of God, in the path of Truth and Righteousness. So, if you have not had a change of heart or accepted Christ as your Savior, do not join any church, for religion without Christianity is a farce. There are the St. Simonians, Samaritans, Shakers, Baptists, Second Adventists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Puritans, Quakers, Catholics, Spiritualists, Mormons, Congregationalists, Nazarenes, Dutch Reformed, Episcopalians, and any number of others which I have not mentioned, that you may join, but they cannot save you. Religion will not save you. What you need is salvation through Jesus Christ, for this means a restful, happy, contented life, free from world control and deliverance from the folly of fashion and slavery of the world's opinion.

The reason why some never get on the straight and narrow path is because they have their eyes on worldly objects or persons and cannot see Christ. I remember myself, seven years ago, I never saw Christ. The things that concerned me were, did I have money enough to stay in a game of cards, hope I don't run out of tobacco, hope I make a good impression, and I'll go to church because I call myself a Christian. I was born in a Christian country so I am all right.

But when God showed me myself, I saw nothing but hell ahead for me. I went to the alter 14 or 15 times publicly before the truth dawned upon me. Since I have been to Him a countless number of times to thank Him, praise Him and to ask for wisdom and forgiveness. I know now the Words of the Bible are true. There is an element of gloom in all false religions. Paganism is a barrel of horrors. The God of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate; Mohammedism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an eternity of the same passions indulgences. The papacy prostrates its devotees with fastings, kneelings, merciless taxations of the poor man's wages, and tugs until they sweat from January until December trying to pull its dead priests and archbishops out of purgatory.
But God intended our religion should have grand characteristics of cheerfulness and happiness; St. Paul struck the key note when he said, “Rejoice evermore and again I say, rejoice.” And Paul could rejoice because he gave up his religion for Salvation, when God met him on his way to Damascus.

**Eagle Eye.**

**CHURCH CELEBRATES**

“The Newman Congregational Church, of Rumford, R. I., recently celebrated its two hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary. It was founded by Samuel Newman, the compiler of the first English concordance. It is said to be the only church still in existence built upon land purchased from the Indians and which preserves to this day the original quitclaim deed signed by King Philip himself and witnessed by the crude marks of four Indian braves. It is probably the only church which has existed without moving under two national governments, two different states and three different towns. Three meeting houses have been used by the congregation. One was built in 1647, the second in 1718, and the third in 1810.”

Clipped from a booklet, sent in by Ellen T. Champlin.

**CHRISTIAN INDIAN HOMES**

On the King’s Highway in the town of Charlestown is a little colony of three camps and three or four houses, all owned by Indians. Two or three families reside there permanently and during the summer the occupants of these camps enjoy fishing, bathing and boating in the near by ponds, lakes and at the many beaches in that vicinity. The old Johnson homestead on the hill is now owned by Dr. Geo. Jenkins of Philadelphia. Next in line is the Irving Johnson place. Then the camp of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Johnson; on the hill above is the camp of Miss Isabel Babcock of Valley Falls, R. I. Next is the cottage home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Johnson. And lastly, the camp of Dr. De Haven Hinkson of Philadelphia. On beyond is the home of William O. Wilcox. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson own a tract of land which has never left the possession of the Indians. In 1880 this land was owned by the Wilcox family (Chief Pine Tree’s) and was not sold until Mr. Johnson bought his tract from his uncle the late Niles Wilcox and built the cottage in which he now lives. Later Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sold a lot to Dr. De Haven Hinkson who built a camp there for summer. The next year Mrs. Johnson’s sister bought a lot and built a camp.

The Johnsons then remodeled their barn into a camp which they let in the summer time. Where the Wilcox home now stands was once an old factory called the King’s Factory. The stone wall still stands by the brook, but the factory is no more.

Among the old Narragansetts, who once lived in that locality was Fannie Ammons, a strangely fearless woman who traveled where ever she pleased alone, day or night. She lived alone on her own place. I have heard this story of her. “One dark night she came to the Post Office at Bradford (Niantic). A friend asked her if she were not afraid to go home alone. No! she answered, with a twinkly in her eye. I tie the bushes across the path be hind me, so the witches cannot follow me.

Another wonderful old lady was Elizabeth Primus, a cousin of Mr. Charles E. Johnson. She died in recent years at the age of 103. She was the grandmother of Chief Pine Tree. She was a devout Christian, a kind neighbor and friend to all. I remember her so well, a typical Indian woman with a kind face sitting sewing on her patchwork quilts. Her smooth black hair had only a touch of grey, although she had advanced age or more than a century. Elizabeth Primus told of going to see the first train on the N. Y., N. H. and Hartford Rail Road, when it came through that section. She said she was 15 years old at the time.

**Isho’ona.**

**LISTEN TO THE MEDICINE MAN**

**CHIEF PINE TREE**

A FEAST FOR AN INDIAN SCOUT

If you are on an all day fishing trip be sure and carry along a few potatoes and some Indian corn meal. After you have caught a good mess of trout you are ready for dinner. Build a campfire on a sunny side hill.

Prepare the corn cakes by stirring the meal with cold water, make into round cakes and place on a birch board and stand near the fire to crust over. Roll the fish in green leaves, rake the hot ashes open place the fish, potatoes and corn cakes into the hot ashes and cover completely with hot ashes and live coals.

Then lie down and rest for an hour. When you awaken your dinner will be ready.

**INDIAN CORN**

Corn was mentioned in the October Dawn. Corn is the most wonderful grain in the history of the world.

Some of the things the Indians used corn for: Indian Corn may be cooked on the cob, parched, hulled, baked and ground into meal, which the Indians made into porridge, puddings, cakes, corn bread and poultices.
THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN
by MARGARET CARTER

A starless night, a smoky fire, a totem pole, a shrieking cry, a mad dance,—is this truly the only religious attitude of the original American Indian? At least, this is the vision that most people get when they think of the spiritual side of the Indian life. But have you ever stopped to think that the Indian was not wholly wild, that he did not always dance around a ghostly fire, that he did not usually eat human sacrifices, that he was not really a devil worshiper? Did you ever think that he had a real honest-to-goodness religion and philosophy of life? Many people believe that the Indian had no true religion; but indeed, their religion passed from the lowest stages that are known to as high a stage as that of Christianity.

The religion of the Indian is one of the last things that the people of another race will ever know about because the Red Man does not speak of such matters so long as he believes in them, while racial and religious prejudice keep him from explaining them at other times. The ideas that we have of the Indians' devotion, moreover, have come to us through studies made during the transition period, when his original beliefs and philosophy were already rapidly disintegrating.

The Indian had many rational explanations for his religious attitude; but because he made no separation between his religious and his daily life, one does not deem his explanations always entirely satisfactory. Through nature were all the mysteries of life solved for the Indian,—it was the supreme influence in his understanding of the Great Creator, called Manitou by him.

Solitary and silent amid the grandeur of the primeval forests was the worship of the Indian. The growth of a tiny seed, the abundance of food and herbs, the rain's preserving his crops,—all were the revelation of the work of an unseen being, a creator. The sun, the stars, moon, clouds,—were not these Manitou's agents to speak to man? What need had the Indian for temples and priests, since he felt that he might always meet the Great Spirit under the sun or the moonlit sky?

What of the Bible of the Indian? The Christian and Mohammedan has his; and likewise the Red Man had his,—a living book passed on from father to son, a mingling of history, poetry, and prophecy, of precept and of folk-lore. Many of his legends, furthermore, closely resemble those in our Bible, among them, the story of the flood to purify the earth,—its similarity being broken only in that Noah is replaced by a virtuous Indian brave in a birch-bark canoe, and the dove, by a muskrat that dives to the bottom of the flood and brings up the earth. An island springs from the earth sprinkled on the water by the Brave, and his arrows when stuck into the ground become man and woman,—The Indian's story of the flood— is it not truly as feasible as ours?

In the first book of the Bible, we find Jacob talking to his sons saying, "Judah is a lion's whelp... Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path." In these expressions we have word pictures clearly portraying characteristics of the different tribes. It is known that at this early period, significant names and emblems were given to individuals; yet, when one sees the sign of an animal on an Indian totem pole or hears an Indian called by the name of an animal, one blurs, "Heathen". Do you think this is really fair? The totemism of the Indian, resembling that of the early tribes in the old world, is a subject in which one can make unlimited study, since it is still a mystery to-day. The sign of the serpent, found in many tribes, the cross which so surprised the conquerors of Mexico,—these, and many other symbols so resemble those of the other continent, that it is a question as to whether they were carried from one to the other.

In the life of the Indian Brave and the Maiden, there are two incidents which hold untold interest for me,—first the "Hamonday", for the brave and the "Feast of the Virgins" for the maiden. These are explained with other ceremonies in another issue of the Narragansett Dawn." These ceremonies go to prove the virtues of the young Indians and their understanding of the great mysteries of life.

The one inevitable duty of the Indian was that of prayer, which was more necessary to him than to eat. Before the morning light appeared entirely, he was out of his wigwam offering his prayers alone. His wife might follow or precede him, but never did she accompany him, for each soul met the Great Spirit alone. When food was being prepared, a prayer was offered, and he, who later allowed it to pass between his lips murmur, "Spirit partake." For each thing of beauty, seen during the day, the Indian likewise offered a prayer in his silent realization of the Great Creator. The Indian had no special day for worship, since to him every day belonged to Manitou.

That each and every Indian must rectify the ills of his tribe, was the idea which so brought about that spirit of brotherhood among the Red Man, which has never since been equalled. The earliest legends stress this friendship even as far as the animals were concerned. Every day village life revealed no one hungry or better clothed than another,—widows and orphans were cared for alike. Since their religion forbade the accumulation of wealth, none felt himself held back by the enjoyment of luxury.

One of the fundamental concepts bearing on the religious life of an individual was the belief in the existence of magic power which might influence or be influenced by his activity. Certainly, there is no more familiar figure in the history of the Indian than the "Medicine Man", who sought help from this magic power. Indiscriminately however, everything that the Indian held sacred has been called "medicine" in the sense of mystery and magic. In reality, as a doctor, he was originally very adroit. He had a great knowledge of herbs and baths, and could also set
bones; but surgery was never practised in any form. Because of his personal magnetism, the medicine man often healed through mental or spiritual influence,—a sort of primitive psycho-therapy.

And after death, what of the soul of the Indian? Entirely consistent with his character and philosophy is the attitude of the Indian towards death. Since death held no terrors for him, he sought only an honorable one often courting it in battle. Believing that he must sacrifice all personal beauty and adornment in his show of love for the deceased, the Indian certainly made his outward signs of mourning more convincing than those of the white man. The gashing of his arms, the blackening of his body, the cutting of his hair—all showed his relation to the dead. Every tribe had its different methods of burial, but all are equally touching. Certainly the Indian never doubted the immortality of the soul, but neither did he care to speculate about its condition in future life. The early Indian was content to believe that the spirit which the Great Manitou breathed into man returned to Him who gave it, and pervades nature everywhere, often lingering near the grave to console its friends. The idea of a “happy hunting ground” is modern and probably invented or borrowed by some white man.

This is only one of the many false ideas conceived by the white man about the Indian which have been lavishly accepted by the world. Nevertheless, it is true that the action of the Indian after the appearance of the white man were alarmingly different from their previous ones. Cruelty and barbarity darkened the sky of the Indian, but no wonder, with the introduction of the new “fire water,” and bright articles which so attracted his fancy, that he would almost give his life to obtain them.

The first missionaries in that early age of bigotry branded the Indian as a pagan and a devil worshiper and declared his life lost unless he bowed at their altars. But we of Indian blood of to-day are proud of the Faith of our ancestors in our realization that all sincere worship can have but one source and goal.

I see my forefather at sunset, his bronze body, beautifully shadowed by the sun’s falling rays, in the attitude of prayer. I feel he is worshiping after all—the same Creator as I.

As far back as a century ago the Christian Indians of New York State were brought face to face with the fact that intoxicating drink was a definite menace to their race. Accordingly, Feb. 1832, a small band of Christian Indians met in conference on the Tuscarora Reservation where they banded themselves together into a Temperance Society. From that small beginning the movement spread to other reservations of the state where other societies were formed as a definite expression to oppose the spread of the drink evil.

Later a Temperance League was formed among the Six Nations of Indians. Seven such lodges are in existence to-day among these Indians, with a membership of more than a thousand Christians who steadfastly have sought to curtail the use of what is commonly named “fire water”. Through the years the finest type of Indians has supported this movement, and the leadership of the present Grand Lodge and local lodges is from the ranks of the highest type of manhood and womanhood available.

Each lodge has a monthly session, some lodges having a set date on which to meet, such as the full moon or the first Tuesday in each month. This regularity of getting together fosters a fine community spirit and makes for continual movement forward with enthusiasm and well ordered programs. The policy of other years has undergone some changes but only to meet changed conditions. From the earliest inception the appeal was evangelistic and this method was especially effective until recent years when the native preacher and exhorter gradually faded from prominent leadership. Accounts of some of the regular meetings tell of eight sermons that were preached by native spokesmen in one evening.

The present policy has shaped itself into that of educational and social adjustment. The traditional usage of opening every meeting with the reading of scripture and prayer has been retained as a part of the duties of the Chaplain of the lodge, while the major burden of the program is devoted to constructive discussions on farm projects, educational topics, and in dramatizing plays. It is not unusual for these lodges to have as guest speakers men and women of prominence from the state college and from the local educational centers.

A characteristic feature of this organization is the long life and continued strength, which may well be attributed to the fact that it is the only organized movement among the Indians which they can call their own, where leadership, initiative, and financial support come entirely from native ranks. The feeling that they are fighting a real and definite evil is not without a force also.
The resident missionaries have all been friendly to the local lodges and strange as it may seem, most of them have recognized the importance of keeping in the background in so far as dictating policy is concerned. Their greatest contribution is not in their much speaking or conspicuous leadership, but rather in supplying that dynamic spiritual touch which finds itself in transformed lives.

One of the Indian leaders recently remarked, "The national prohibition amendment to the constitution, in embryo, may make battle against this moral and social giant known as "fire Water". For a century and more, excessive indulgence on the part of Indians everywhere has been a retarding, degrading, and killing evil. More than that, it is a tenacious, unrelenting menace and parasite, even in this age of enlightenment. It is to the lasting credit of this loyal group of Christian Indians that, through the years and against many odds, they saw in a vision, and have steadfastly sought, the complete eradication of strong drink from their race and from the face of the earth.

On the first Tuesday in October occurs the annual convention. This important gathering is held one year on one reservation, the next on another, in rotation, until the five reservations play host. This has been the cycle for a hundred years and the event is the rallying call for the Christians of all the Churches. Regular delegates are appointed by each lodge with expenses paid, though many others from the various reservations attend and participate in the discussions. It is not uncommon for a thousand Indians to be in attendance for the four days the annual convention is in session and the reservation playing host never fails to outdo itself in providing entertainment. The homes are freely opened for visitors and everybody makes generous contributions of eatables to the common table at noon and evening. It is on such occasions as this that the vital racial traits of generosity and hospitality come to full bloom.

Besides the many business sessions, periods devoted to educational features, dramatics, social gatherings and sports which make up the convention program, one evening, is given over to a grand musical contest. Musicians from every tribe in the state gather and bring with them various instruments; these are assembled into a rousing brass band; quartets, choruses, and soloists make merry and enliven the program. As many as thirty selections are rendered on this evening and 11 P.M. is an early hour to close. It is a happy discovery by the founders of this organisation that good music cleanseth the impurities of the heart. Talents are put to their best use and it is with pride and satisfaction that the far visioned members of the race listen and with rich insight survey the even greater possibilities and potentialities yet untapped.

The Centennial Celebration of the founding of the Iroquois Temperance League was held on the Cattaraugus Reservation early in October in 1892. More than 25,000 Indians attended the sessions of the convention and it is noteworthy to mention all sessions were conducted in English. All advertisements prior to the meeting in all the tribes were in the English language. The leadership and program was in the hands of a competent executive committee of native, cultured, college bred, men and women; 2,800 meals were served the visitors by the women hostesses; one hundred homes were opened for entertainment purposes; the entire program was financed by the Indians; and orderliness was characteristic throughout.

In the meeting were Onondagas, Senecas, Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras; and representing these tribes were students or former students of Cornell University, Syracuse, Princeton, Niagara; others were graduates of Carlisle, Hampton, and Haskell Institute. To anyone who is a tried friend of the Indian and to the Indian himself, who has a silent pride in the advance of his people, this celebration was a huge success.

The influence of the Christian gospel was written in large letters, for not only was dignity and poise in evidence but on every hand one could sense the presence of a progressive and buoyant spirit which cannot but develop a sense of security in a complex social order. Here then is a people who have a record of a hundred years' warfare against a recognized evil. What will the record of the next century be?

The challenge then to the Christian Church is to help the Indian people to develop into responsible and dependable Christian American citizens without destroying the worthy traits of character and culture which are their heritage.

NARRAGANSETT TONGUE

LESSONS 7 AND 8

We find a great interest is growing among our readers, in our Narragansett Tongue and we will in time try to answer the many questions sent in to us. The Narraganseet had a well developed language of pleasant sounds. When they began learning the English, they looked for pleasant sounding and meaning words. "What Cheer", they combined for a greeting. And to-day, even though it is 300 years old it is a delightful salutation. These words are much used and commercialized in R.I. and have become a part of her history.

Several have inquired for the words meaning, "Good-bye". "Goodbye" isn't as popular as "What Cheer" because when white man came there the was no Good-bye. He said. Nevertheless we have found a few farewell sayings. One very solemn word for Good-bye was "Nikquenum", meaning, I am going home to see about my family. This was a final farewell
and a host never detained one even in a friendly way. “Havunshech” is a common farewell. Nummanchemnin means I will be going. Here a friendly host would insist that he stay another day, saying, perhaps, “Sanop cummanchemnin,” meaning, you shall go to-morrow.

Another question sent in was, “How about the eats? When I travel in a foreign country, the first thing, I learn is the name of their foods, so I can call on for what I want to eat.” To answer this we have arranged a little dinner party of a pleasant host and hostess with 10 guests, of another tribe, who drop in to be seated. A guest never sits until asked.

Host—Tawwhich nepou wee on? (Why stand ye?) Mattapah xoteg. Awassish. (Come sit by the blaze and warm ye.) Tenawntwash? (Do you speak our tongue?)

Guest—Nux. (Yes.) Nippenwantawan (But I am of another tongue.)

Host—Yo cowish. (Please do lodge here.)

Guest—Kukhowetous. (We will lodge with you.)

Host—Tequacummeich? (What will you eat?)

Guest—Nicawkatone. (I am thirsty.) Manhippeno? (Have you no water?) Mipewese? (Give me some water?)

Host—Manitech, Commetestiminim. (Stay, you must eat first.) Nokichick. (Here is parched meal), aupummineash (and parched corn), Teagunkuttie manuch? (What meat will I dress for you?)

Guest—Mateang kessitanano? (Is there nothing ready boiled?) Nquitchetauminn (Let me taste it?)

The hostess brings on the food and the host asks his guest to draw near while he asks the blessing. They never ate without first asking the Great Spirit to bless the food and continue their maintenance.

Host—Paupock (partridge), Moosquin (or deer)?

Guest—Cotchekunnemi wee yous (cut me some meat), nummwaumous (fill my dish) mooskin (with young fawn).

Host—Puttuckunnegeputtuckqui? (Will you have some round hard bread or cake?)

Guest—Nux, cotchickasu assamme. (Yes, cut me a piece of the loaf.)

Host—Nasamp? (Have meal Porridge), Weekan (It is sweet).

Guest—(Grunts for No.)

Host—Tawwhich mat me choan? (Why eat you not it?)

Guest—Wussaume kusopita? (It is too hot?)

Host—Ma teag mecho ewa. (He eats nothing.)

Guest—Metesittuck. (Let us all eat together.)

THE CHILDREN OF GITCHE MANITOU

by Neesquutton

Gay Head people, of whom there are no native born who do not possess Indian blood, have lived in what the colonist termed “English-built houses” for centuries. Wigwams did exist, a few generations ago, but they had long since become unpopular for various reasons. But that the love for out-of-door life, the primitive customs and rugged pleasures still live in these people cannot be doubted when a Cranberry Day scene is beheld. Last month one of these holidays was observed by the people in the Indian town of Gay Head. Educated though they are and enlightened, on this holiday they become once more the simple children of
the Manitou, who sends the crop of cranberries, and their demonstration of a wholesome pleasure, reveal a thankfulness for the bounty. No one knows any more about these bogs than the Indian there. The cranberries are wild, sown by natural forces or the hand of Manitou for his children.

Situated between Menemsha Pond and Vineyard Sound, in low hollows between lofty sand dunes, the bogs are flooded naturally by surface water and seepage from the springs that protect the vines from frost and cold. Storm winds sweeping across the dunes shower the bogs with sand, covering the soil among the vines with a precision that cannot be excelled by human skill or mechanical invention. The fact that animals like rabbits and domestic cattle roam over this desolate section of the island, eat all the weeds or other vegetations that may chance to grow. Thus the bogs are cleared and scarcely any other vine can be found on these bogs. Through many centuries, Indians have harvested these berries without lifting a hand to help increase the crop or aid the cultivation of the vines. They believe that these cranberries were planted, maintained, and delivered by the hand of Providence and that they are truly the gift of Manitou. Here Indian tradition still lives and the old custom of harvesting is still carried out.

There a cranberry agent appointed by government, at present a Mr. James Cooper. The origin of this office is a survival of an old tribal practice in which an elderly brave was appointed to guard the bogs and advise the people when to harvest. The agent possesses considerable authority, but seldom has occasion to use it. No one would think of violating his regulations which is inherited respect for tribal rule and vested authority instilled by ancient chieftains.

This year, James Cooper appointed October 15th as Cranberry Day. The whole town turned out. The annual harvesting of the wild berries is a survival of the ancient tribal customs dating back to centuries before the white man came. According to custom, this year all business in town was suspended, and the school closed, so everybody could go to the bogs and harvest his rightful share of the berries. They turned out as usual, taking measures and containers of all sorts. Everybody had their lunch. Some went in ox carts, some in machines and some on foot. The roads to the bogs were filled very early in the morning with men and children, laughing, talking, singing on their way to pick cranberries. On the edge of the bog the early arrivals awaited the signal to begin to pick, which was given by the agent at nine a.m. Most of the people stay all day and at noon all pause for lunch, gathered about small campfires. Everybody is happy, shouting, laughing and having a wonderful time. This year the crop was light due to work that has been done on the bogs during the past year. This is the first time that any work has ever been done to enlarge or maintain these wild bogs, and it was not expected by the agent that the benefits therefrom would be apparent before next year. But in spite of the fact all departed home feeling they had spent and enjoyable day, beneath autumn sky, in tribal style on old Gay Head. In this custom of the present day people of Gay Head may be truly traced the characteristics of the original Indians of this island, the influence of early missionaries, and the natural spirit of neighborliness that exists among descendants of the brave of ancient days. It is because of that inherent feeling among them that no one is responsible for his brother's well being that the general public has always been welcome to come and pick in these wild bogs. The early picker always leave some that late ones may find some when they arrive and will not have come in vain.

MILESTONES

KNEW INDIAN LORE

Mrs. Mary A. C. Vanderhoop is dead.

Mrs. Mary A. Cleggett Vanderhoop, widow of the late Edwin D. Vanderhoop of Gay Head, Mass., former representative in the state legislature, died on Monday, October 6th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nanetta Madison, in New Bedford, Mass. Mrs. Vanderhoop spent the last 4 years in New Bedford. She was 78 years old and during her long life at Gay Head had shared the distinction of her husband, the state's first Indian legislator, and had also won a reputation in her own right as an authority and writer on Indian subjects. Visitors from all over the world visited the Vanderhoop home and drew upon her knowledge of Gay Head and of the Indians there.

Mrs. Vanderhoop was born in Pennsylvania, but early in life removed to Wisconsin. She came from old Indian stock. Following her graduation from Lawrence College she taught in schools in the southwest and in Arkansas met and married Mr. Vanderhoop. With him she lived two years in Arkansas before returning to Gay Head.

Her history is a standard. When she came to Gay Head, Mrs. Vanderhoop devoted a great deal of time to the history and tribal traditions of Gay Head. Her knowledge of Indian lore elsewhere enabled her to single out the characteristics of the Gay Head Indians which were unique or individual. She wrote much for publication, and her history of the Gay Head Indians is a standard for reference for scholars.

For five years she served as post mistress of Gay Head. Mr. Vanderhoop, a Civil War veteran died a little more than ten years ago. Mrs. Vanderhoop is survived by two sons, David F., and Leonard F., both prominent in town affairs at Gay Head and by three daughters, Mrs. M. C. Haysom, Mrs. Napoleon Madison, and Miss Pauline Vanderhoop of Boston. A sister Miss A. K. Cleggett of New York, also survives her. We have been advised that the body was cremated.
Mrs. Lucy A. Niles dead.

Mrs. Lucy Ann (Sambo) Niles, who died at her home, 297 Warwick Ave., Apponaug, R. I., on October 12th, 1935, traced her genealogy from the North Kingstown records back to late seventeenth century. Christopher and Eunice Sambo of Cocumussoc of Narragansett and Negro blood were her direct ancestors. From later family records were found proof that male members served as soldiers of the Colored regiment who fought so bravely in the Revolutionary War. The family home of that branch was in Potowmut, near the headquarters of Colonel Christopher Green of Revolutionary fame.

Lucy Ann Sambo Niles was born, March 28th, 1846, in Warwick, R. I., the daughter of Henry E. Sambo and Mary Ann (Sweet) Sambo. She married September 25th, 1869, Daniel W. G. Niles, a Civil War soldier who served in the 14th R. I. Heavy Artillery regiment. Daniel Niles who died April 12, 1901 was the son of Samuel Niles a Narragasset Indian who served in the 14th R. I. Heavy Artillery regiment and was the direct descendent of Rev. Samuel Niles famous Indian preacher, who graduated from Harvard College in 1699. He later became a Missionary, establishing churches in Wisconsin for the Indians.

Mrs. Niles is survived by two daughters, Lulie Niles Fisher and Miss Maisy A. Niles of Apponaug, R. I. She was a devoted wife and mother, lived a true Christian life and was beloved by all who knew her. The Narragansett Tribe sends condolences to Mrs. Lulie Fisher and Miss Maisy Niles.

Sunrise News Items

by The Keeper of Records

25,000 Watched Parade Of Drum Corps And Saw Review and Contest.

October 21, 1935—Colorful spectacle staged in Woonsocket, R. I., with Lieut. Harold F. Flynn Post as Host. Spectators were dazzled by the bright and colorful customs. Aerial bombs started off the parade and greeted the procession as it arrived at Barry Field. Mayor Felix A. Toupin personally welcomed the guests and occupied a seat on the reviewing stand throughout the entire contest. There were 26 units of Drum and Bugle Corps from all over New England including our own Rainbow Corps from Wakefield, looking pretty grand in their bright blue uniforms with gold braid. They were twenty in number with Charles Hazard of R. I. State College, the Drum Major, who was credited as being the tallest and most outstanding drum major in the parade.

There were distinguished visitors from Mass., Conn., and R. I. Trophies galore were contributed by Woonsocket merchants and organizations and individuals of the state and city for competing musicians. The Rainbow Corps of Wakefield, R. I. won the New England Coal Company trophy for the best plain drum division.

The outstanding feature of the day was the exhibition drill by the R. & J. Manning Post corps of Hudson Mass., national champion of 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Guy of Calhoun Ave., Providence have a son born last month. Mother and child are doing well and the tribe send greetings.

Princess Red Wing of Seven Crescents, in a two hour conference at the offices of the American Indian Enterprises, in New York, made a special appeal for the recognition of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians of R. I. Chief Director, George D. Jordan, a Mohawk, listened attentively to the Narragansett Historian and promises the Narragansetts his careful consideration in his future plans, for a nation wide publicity campaign in the interest of Indian Education, the revising of Indian History, and a public school syllabus of the American Indian in states where it does not already exist.

Mrs. Sadie Barrie of 72 Toll Gate Road, Apponaug, R. I. and Mrs. Minnie Steele of 179 Mineral Spring Ave. Pawtucket attended the Indian Conference of America's 18th Annual American Indian Day, recently held at the Indian Reservation in Inwood Hill Park, New York City. Mrs. Barrie reports that thousands of people attended the exercises.

Narragansett ladies from Westerly, Wakefield, Bradford, Charlestown and Peacedale met at the home of Mrs. Abby Perry in Usquepaug, R. I. on Thursday evening, November 7th and formed a club to be known as the "Narragansett Ladies Helping Hand." Officers elected for 6 months were Chairlady, Miss Nettie Davis of Charlestown, Treasurer, Mrs. Stella Babcock of Bradford, Secretary, Mrs. Annie Brown of Peacedale. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. G. E. Twist, 22 Meadow Ave. Westerly, R. I. on the evening of December 4th.

Chief Clearwater, "Horatio Seymour Stanton", our Narragansett Indian Guide reports that he is having a successful season hunting. Dr. Baron Barston of Boston, Mass. with Chief Clearwater were the first hunters to shoot a pair of wild geese in Rhode Island this year on October 23rd.

On October 21st and 22nd Chief Clearwater acted as guide for Mr. and Mrs. Samborn of New York City on a duck hunt; they bagged a total of 28 ducks.

Sunday and Armistice Day, Chief Clearwater was guide for Mr. E. H. Peirce of Westerly, R. I. on a very successful partridge hunt.

According to Chief Clearwater's prophecy, by the old Indian signs we are going to have an open winter, with a very little zero weather.
The Women's Society at the First Baptist Church, North Main St. Providence will present Princess Red Wing and her class of children on a program for the Native Missions of the Dakotas. Red Wing has invited Rev. Albert Thomas, a young Narragansett, minister, to assist her and Chief Pine Tree the Medicine man of the tribe to give a demonstration of his rituals. The children will give a demonstration of sign reading in dialogue and song. The theme of the program will be “Pick Up Another Stick and Put It On the Fire;” and will be Tuesday, December 3rd, at 2:30 p.m.

Miss Josephine Wilcox of John St. Westerly, gave a Hallowe'en Party October 25th. She was assisted by Miss Marjorie Dove and Miss Naomi Fayerweather. The rooms were prettily decorated with black and orange streamers and ghastly looking skeletons greeted you as you entered. Miss Margaret Rhodes of Wakefield received first prize as the best dressed girl. Herbert Hopkins of Charlestown received second prize as the funniest dressed person. Games and dancing was enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served at eleven o'clock. There were about thirty guests present.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox of the Ashaway Road had as dinner guests Thursday night November 7th, Miss Dorothy Greenwood of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Babcock, Miss Gladys Babcock and Mr. Henry Hopkins of Tomaquag, R. I.

Mrs. Charles Babcock celebrated her birthday Sunday November 4th by serving a buffet supper to a large number of friends. Mrs. Babcock was the recipient of many beautiful gifts also the heaviest dishes of the following for many happy birthdays. Mrs. Rachel Peckham, Mrs. Marion Brown, Miss Hope Noyes, Miss Sally Noyes and Chester Brown of Westerly, R. I. Clifford Jones of Stonington, Conn. Henry Hopkins, Mrs. Stella Babcock and Miss Gladys Babcock of Bradford, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Babcock and Thomas Babcock of Alton. Mrs. Courtland Stanton and family of Charlestown, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greene and Mrs. Ada Anderson of Boston, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brown, Mrs. Grace Twist, Mrs. Rovalto, Miss Esther Brown and Mr. Christopher Noka of Wakefield, R. I. Mrs. Minnie Steele, Mrs. Monroe and Mr. W. Williams of Providence, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, Miss Lulu Selzer and Mrs. Sarah Harris of Nor'wich, Conn.

The Narragansett Social Club gave a Harvest Dance, Monday evening November 18th at the Shannock Memorial Hall in Shannock, R. I. Music by Bill Harris and his Rhythm Boys from the Twin Elm Country Club was enjoyed by a goodly number. Miss Gladys Babcock, is chairman of the Committee and Theodore Brown was Floor Manager assisted by Henry Hopkins, Anita Babcock and Fred Michael.

Okmulgee, Okla.—Doctors C. M. Ming and W. C. Vernon revealed to-day that a baby girl was born with 2 fully developed lower front teeth October 12th. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, is now cutting 2 upper teeth, they said. Mrs. Miller is a Snohomish Indian. Her husband is a Creek.

About 122 guests of all ages from R. I., Conn., Mass., and N. Y., attended the Hallowe'en party of Princess Red Wing at the home of her mother, the Applehill House, Oakland, R. I. It was "Ole Timers' Nite" on the farm and nearly every one was dressed for the occasion, making a very pretty scene. The sweet old fashioned dresses, tea gowns, frocks, frock coats tuxedos and trousers seemed to fit well in the 130 year old house whose rooms have rung with the hearty laughter of old men, and the merry chatter of young folks for several generations. The "spirit of the gay nineties" walked abroad and Miss Naomi Fayerweather looking so silent and demure in her dainty black satin trimmed with white satin and black beads was awarded the first prize, while Walter Peek who raided his Grandmother's attic, won the second prize. He was perfectly incognito to the whole group. He had his great-grandmother's black polka-dotted ruffled skirt with a white lace jacket long white gloves, bussels front and back, black hat with red cherries that belonged to his grandfather. He took the "cake" for being the funniest character, as a poor old farmer. The house was decked up to the proper atmosphere, and the young folks furnished the music and entertainment. The guests brought many donations of sandwiches, cakes, salads, apples, candies, nuts and cider. Indians, white people, colored people all met under one roof on a social level. All races enjoy the association of Princess Red Wing and her wonderfull Mother and her family; and her parties are always very popular and long remembered for the dignified characters, their humorous young, the laughing children, and the good Christian cheer that abides under the roof of Applehill House.

Mr. John C. Fast Deer Hill, 105 years old Mohawk Indian voted this fall in New York City at Public School 38, 418 W. 28th Street. He was the 149 voter and signed the register with a firm hand. Hill was born on October 15th, 1880, near Cooperstown, N. Y., and lives in a small room on the top floor of 304 W. 28th Street. At 9:30 on the morning he voted he found sitting on the edge of his bed sipping orange juice. He did not know how long he had been voting, but it was ever since the Indian were entitled to vote. When questioned about the Roosevelt administration he said, "That's too deep for me." He said that James J. Walker is "the kind of mayor I like." He saw the homecoming reception for Walker last week, but was fatigued by the crowd. Hill is a vegetarian. He breakfasts on oranges and bread and is fond of spinach. He writes poetry occasionally and sleeps on a board wrapped in a blanket and placed on a mattress.
U. T. Carter, Jr, who was one of the boys from R. I. State that was kidnapped by Conn. State College has been returned to his dormitory safe and sound and reports they were treated royally by their captors. They were sent out by their boys to recover the ram the school’s mascot.

The Editorial Staff wish to thank those who have already donated to the Red Wing Christmas Fund for a bright and happy Christmas party for little Narragansett children and aged and will print a full report of the party in a future issue.

NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

BOX 103 — OAKLAND, R. I.

This month’s mail box covered a wide call from Historical Societies. We are proud to add the name of Dr. A. M. Toszer, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University to our mailing list along with the Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-Barre, Penn., The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, Public Library at Allerton, Iowa, and Haverhill, Mass., The New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs, Sante Fe, The Indian Council Fire of Chicago, Ill., and The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. New York City.

People who wish to use the Narragansett Dawn as reference will find it at these places.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman sends a note with an enclosed circular on her book, “Pratt: The Red Man’s Moses.” This book on Indian Education may be ordered for $3.00 from the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. or from the author at 12 Bright St., Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Eastman’s interest in Indian life and education began in 1883, when she became a member of the faculty in the Indian department of Hampton Institute, Va. She later organized a successful community day school for the Sioux in Dakota Territory, served as the first supervisor of Indian education for the U. S. in 1886, and with Dr. Charles Eastman, whom she married in 1891, taught at Carlisle Indian School. She is the author of several works of fiction, a book of poetry, and books dealing with the American Indian.

LIFE AS WE FIND IT

Ever and ever we seem to see
Painful things that shouldn’t be
Want and misery hurt and woe
And we wonder why life should treat us so.

Ever and ever some ugly thing
Rises to set us shuddering
And something whispers we must endure,
The sights and sores which we can not cure.

Question not why such things should be
If at times life treats us shabbily
And whether is right or wrong the blow
Will never be given to us to know.

Never we’ll change it so ’twill stay
Long years after we’ve gone away
Always while on this earth we’ll see
Terrible things that shouldn’t be

Still there is something that we can do
Watchful be of yourself least you
Add one more sorrow which shouldn’t be
To those which now we so plainly see.

And make sure as we go along
That we add nothing to this world’s wrong
If life is cruel as many find
We should show pity and be kind.

PRINCESS NASHAWEENA.

HISTORY OF THE INDIAN’S RELIGION

by PRINCESS RED WING

The subject of “The History of the Indian’s Religion,” makes a beautiful story, because it goes into every phase of his daily life. He did not pack it into one hour on Sunday. We who are collecting and preserving the history of the Indian from his own unwritten book, find that his religion was a true and deep understanding of the Creator of all things, A Good Spirit, with an evil spirit to combat.

They sought, they found and solved the mysteries of life through nature. They heard the unsung music and fashioned their hearts to its tune. They sensed the unspoken verse and all life to them was a poem. They felt the oneness with an unseen God. The Indian could put forth his hand and touch the lovely flowers, not made by man; he could cut down the mighty trees which swayed in the breeze unaided by man. He learned centuries ago that herbs and roots, barks and berries, soothed and
sustained life. All these were wonderful to him. His seeds placed in the ground turned into fruit for his maintenance. It was the work of an unseen being, a Creator, who should be pleased and praised. They believed one so mighty to create could destroy if they displeased Him. They knew the animals, understood their life and some hidden instinct taught them the appreciation of it. But man could master the most fierce of animals, because they understood their traits, haunts and could reckon their mating time. The fur on the foxes’ backs told them of the forthcoming season.

They listened to the winds which brought relief in summer, the snow, hail and storms in winter. They understood it and man could protect himself from it. They could protect themselves from the sun, which was also their great gift from the Creator. No! They figured, all these things are not God. Man cannot hide himself from Manitou. These are the works of Manitou for the good of man. They looked up to the sky, and said the habitation of the Good Spirit must be above the bright blue, for He is high above the earth and all things about the earth. The sun, the moon, the winds are all the Good Spirit’s ways of speaking to man. The vegetation, the animals and minerals are his ways of feeding and caring for man without showing Himself directly. And so, to the old Indian of these parts, He was Manitou, dwelling in the skies, high above all things, all powerful, the Good Spirit, who assisted them in the hereafter.

Down somewhere under the earth dwelt the evil spirit and his agents. The Indians were very sincere in their belief that if they did not please, worship, praise, fear, and trust the Good Spirit, they would leave a loop hole for the agents of the evil spirit. They believed the wages of sin were death through the evil spirit. America’s great nature poet touched a true cord in the Indian’s faith when he wrote:

“So live that when thy summons come 
To join that innumerable caravan 
Which moves to that mysterious realm 
Where each shall take up his place 
In the quiet chambers of death 
Go thou not, like a quarry slave 
At night, scourged to his dungeon 
But like one soothed and sustained 
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave 
Like he who wraps his couch covers about him 
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

It was from the keen understanding of nature that this poet wrote; and it was deep understanding of the great issues of life that the Indian of long ago, found his unfaltering trust in the Great Spirit. Their faith not only soothed sustained, but it called forth the best that a man could give to life, in order to obtain the best that life could give to him.

They prided themselves on being strong of character and muscle, brave in danger and wise in the knowledge of the elements. The younger generation worked to this end. As very young children, they were taught, to be strong of character, one does not lie or rob his brother, or break a promise; to be strong of muscle, he must take care of his body and mind his diet.

Very young they learned what a grand thing it was to be brave and thus through common sense protect himself against dangers. They were given beads and trinkets for deeds of bravery and words of wisdom. Parents gloried in the smartness of a youngster, who learned a good name was earned by working for it.

When a boy was about 15 summers, his father took him aside and explained, that he must go forth into the forest and hills and seek for himself the great mysteries of life. What he was to see or to find, he was not told. But that which he did see, hear or feel, he must hide in his heart forever, because it was to be his symbol of life, his communication and understanding with the Great Spirit. He took his bow and arrows, but he could not shoot for food. He must not eat until he had talked with his God. Some timethese young lads were gone 3 or 4 days. They wandered, searching about the forests, praying for a sign from heaven, begging for understanding. They killed dangerous animals, they sat down by the brooks to ponder about the future and life in general. Tired, weak and hungry, they slept under the stars and God gave them vision. For as truly as Christ speaks to the sin sick souls of to-day who really seek Him, a living Spirit, guided, protected and spoke to those young lads of yore, who never went back to the village until they understood. As the light of knowledge dawned upon their young brains, they arose to conquer or kill anything in their path. That which inspired him to action became his symbol. If it were a black bear, he killed it and took it home. The bear became his crest which would be seen on his jacket and home, while his name would be become Black Bear. Thus they left their childhood names and gained a new name.

Einstein, the great German scientist says, “There lays a deep meaning in the fact that the children of every civilized nation of the world are fond of playing Indians.” But when your son plays Indian, he is not the little sore eyed, ragged Navajo or Pawnee or Sioux of to-day but the son of a great chief of yester-yer, who at the break of each grey dawn, paused the doorway of his smoke and went forth to meet his God alone. He lifted his eyes unto the hills and his heart to the living God of the universe and there found strength and wisdom for the day. His religion was a mixture of philosophy, psychology, and Christian Science. They believed all life’s miseries came from butting their little wills against the great Divine Will. To them two wrongs could never make a right. Educated intelligent people of to-day thought so when they voted to bring back liquor. They shout on the air repeal will save the country, wipe out crime end depression and stop accidents. Did it?
Better to-day think like the old, old Indian—let each individual search himself for what evil he can right and repent to help his chief in difficult times. You know, the Indian thought it his sacred duty to uphold his chief and to support him in all measures. If he were upset, sick or unreasonable each man searched his own soul to see what sacrifice he could make to drive away the evil spirits that were troubling their chief. And when he was well and the village prosperous and the harvests good they all prayed, gave thanks and had many ceremonies to please the Great Spirit. They played ball and tried to excel in athletics to please Manitou.

One of the fundamental items in the Indians' faith is his belief in unity, fraternities or brotherhoods. Mr. J. Howard McGrath, a leader among the Foresters of America once said, the Indian is the father of brotherhoods here. The Foresters, the Red Men, The Woodmen and other lodges and associations have formed their by-laws on those found existing among the Indians before the white man came. In those long ago days the Indians united in tribes and the tribes in Pow Wows or greater meetings, to ward off dangers or to generate power that one tribe alone could not master. The Iroquois called together the first great league of nations here in America and the colonies, settled for different purposes along the Atlantic coast followed their example and united to conquer the Indians and later the British and thus was born our own United States.

The individual Indian was subjective to his chief and the chief to the Grand Sachem, who had his council, to whom he listened; and together these men, wise in the nature of the spirits, the forests, the chase and the very elements, ruled the tribes. They decreed justice to please the Great Spirit. One having committed an evil deed was possessed by the evil spirit and must be dealt with accordingly, else destruction or ill luck come upon all. That one must go out alone to fast and pray on a high hill, with only the trees and rocks to hear his lamentations. He would then be still and perhaps even fall asleep while he awaited the will of Manitou. Perhaps he would be made to suffer long. Manitou was all merciful, and if one really repented and suffered long and deep in his heart for the evil deed, his heart would be purged from sin and he could go back rejoicing to his people and be successful. But if he were so bad that the Good Spirit hid His face, they believed that it would thunder and lightning to show the wrath of Manitou. The evil one must then make great sacrifices, and his tribe must give offerings and have prayers for him. All were concerned until the evil spirits were driven out.

Good acts they believed would bring blessings from the Great Spirit to them and to all. When in doubt, they meditated alone for days as to-day one prays for guidance from God.

Long ago you never found half a village hungry, jobless and homeless, while the other half lived in luxury. The chief saw to it that everybody worked, co-operated and made the village liveable and prosperous. If
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