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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN
Published Monthly in the interest of The Narragansett Tribe of Indians.

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

VOL 1 FEBRUARY 1936 NO. 10

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Eunice F. Reckling
Keeper of Records

Editor
George D. Jordan
Ernest C. Hazard

Editor
Eunice F. Reckling
Keeper of Records
EDITORIAL

by Editor

Three hundred years ago, Roger Williams paused in his wanderings on the pleasant banks of the Narragansett Bay and viewed her clear, blue waters, her wide, sandy beaches, with foothills rounding away to meet the horizon, with satisfaction. Surely Providence had led him here—and here he would plant his fair plantations, and build up a colony as free as nature itself. Friendly Indians came to sup with him, and offered him the calumet, while they attached the keywords of all times, to this spot—"What Cheer, Netop". When they learned Williams idea, and wish for freedom and liberty in worship and government, they admired this man. To them, he was great, for he would leave all, to find that for which his heart felt was right. He was a brave man to them, and they loved him as a brother, not realizing what a great institution they were helping to build for generations to come, to enjoy. They gave what they had to the colony while it was young and tender, helping to plant its roots in the fertile soil of brotherly love, and kindred feelings, one race for another.

Narragansetts love their state and the ideals for which it stands; and when her liberty was at stake, Narragansetts fought. In the Revolutionary War and even Indian wars before we have records of enlistments. In the Civil War and the War of 1812, the Spanish War and the World War there are our Indians who have fought, and some who made the supreme sacrifice for liberty and honor of their homeland. For instance, we will list a few—John Adams, in 1756, French wars and the Revolution, Simeon Adams, fought in Revolution and the War of 1812 in Capt. Elisha Lee's Co. and his brother Samuel was soldier in Capt. Patterson Co. in 1756, and in Capt. Timothy Northam's Co. First Regiment, New York troops in 1762, and another brother Solomon was in the Revolution. Ephraim Coghoosie and John Skeesuck, served in the French wars. David Dick served in the Civil War, Co. H. 5th Wisconsin Volunteers from Wisconsin of Narragansett blood were Lewis Wauby Co. A, Aaron Wauby Co. D, 35, Simon Skeesuck, 3rd regiment killed in action. In Capt. Printice Co. 6 and Conn. regiment were James Niles, Abraham Simons, Roger Wauby, while James and Emanuel Simons were under Capt. Edward Mott, Co. 6; they also saw service in the war of 1812. Romance Wiott worked on the Erie canal and served in Civil War in Co. K 28th, N. Y. volunteers. Thomas Tekus taught school and fought after in the Civil War. Simeon Simons was the body guard of General George Washington through the Revolutionary War. John and Henry Weeden died in service in the Civil War. Elwood Gardiner saw service across in the World War. These are just a few, just enough to show, we can give for war, but we like quiet and peace better. We like the beautiful things of earth, the music in the air and the peaceful achievements of man.

We would rather sit down and paint or draw a picture, then draw a trigger of a gun against any man. We would rather "trick" than dance a war dance, and find it pleasanter to gather around a cozy fireplace, rather than a council fire of death. We would rather sing "Faith of My Fathers" and "My Country," than "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." We would rather read of constructions, than of destructions, of friendly alliances, than of wars. Yet to defend the honor of our homeland the Narragansetts stand always ready.

YOUTH AND THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

Let us carry on the good that the past gave us. The best of that good is the spirit of America. And the spirit of America is the spirit of inquiry, of readjustment, of improvement; above all, a spirit in which youth can find the fulfillment of its ideals. It is for the new generation to participate in the decisions and give strength and spirit and continuity to our government and to our national life.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

by George D. Jordan

DIRECTOR OF AMERICAN INDIAN ENTERPRISES

THE NEW CITIZEN

The words of that great American, the late President Theodore Roosevelt, as published in the Outlook Magazine, October, 1913, clearly defines our present aims.

This most humane and understanding President wrote, "In all cases where it is possible we hope to keep for the Indian, and for us, what was best in his old culture. The Indians, themselves, must be used in such education; many of their old men can speak as sincerely, as fervently and as eloquently of duty as any white teacher, and these old men are the very teachers best fitted to perpetuate the Indian poetry and music."

"The effort should be to develop the existing art, whether in silver making, pottery-making, blanket and basket weaving, or lace-knitting, and not to replace it by servile and mechanical copying. This is only to apply to the Indian a principle which ought to be recognized by all our people; a great art must be living, must spring from the soul of the people; if it represents merely copying, an imitation, and if it is confined to a small caste, it cannot be great . . ."
"The majority must change gradually, and it will take generations to **make the change complete.** Help them to make it in such fashion that when this change is accomplished we shall find that the original and valuable elements in the Indian culture have been retained. So that the new citizens come with full hands into the Great American Life and contribute to that life something of marked value to all of us, something which it would be a misfortune to all of us to have destroyed."

**Thus spoke a great American!** In those lines you read a real American's love for his country; his hope that things essentially American never be lost; his hope that a race so truly symbolic of this great Country he loved, never lose their identity as a race and a people.

Today, twenty-two years later, we are just beginning to realize that these arts and traditions that are the real folklore of America, are gradually being lost; a culture that should be understood and cherished by every American with a love and pride of his country.

To preserve the best that was and is now in this culture shall be the primary function of this organization.

At the present time, there are about 850,000 Indians in the United States, representing 176 tribes located on ninety-nine reservations. Their lands have decreased until they are no longer able to support themselves on their pitifully inadequate reservations. Most of them now subsist on the dole, discouraged, dispirited and robbed of all incentive to better their lot. **This we hope to change.**

We have a real friend of our race in Commissioner Collier, who is doing everything possible to advance the Indian people but he needs the aid of every fair-minded citizen to help him obtain Justice for the Indian race.

We want every Indian given a practical education, that he may develop those talents he possesses and become capable of taking his rightful place as a useful, self-supporting citizen and "come with full hands into the great American life."

"A great art must be living!" Our aim shall be to make the art of our people live, to endow it with the great depth of feeling our ancestors had for the Great Spirit, a reverence that taught them love and humanity to their fellow-man. We wish to preserve this art, not only for the sheer beauty of the physical but also for its great teachings of forbearance; and by so doing, we hope to promote a better understanding between the white race and the Indian—an understanding that will bring to the Indian an improvement of general conditions; that will better enable him to work out his own economic problem. Surely, you, as an American citizen blessed with all the rights of a free country, cannot but feel sympathy for these children of nature who once had so much and today have so little.

Through a series of lectures, radio broadcasts, the presentation of an Indian opera, exhibits of handicraft, we intend to give them immediate employment. These endeavors will all be presented by fullblooded Indians. In addition, we will show the beautiful and impressive tribal ceremonies which have never been witnessed in their entirety by anyone save the Indians, themselves, on their reservations. The Harvest Dance of the Iroquois, the Hako of the Pawnee, the Induction Ceremony of the Blackfoot, the Rain Dance of the Navajo, and the Snake Dance of the Hopi are but a small part of this program. We will show members of the various tribes at work creating their centuries-old handicraft, such as the intricate silver and turquoise jewelry, the matchless rugs and blankets, lovely descriptive bead and leather work, the finest of basketry and woodwork, making of bows and arrows, picture writing, pottery moulding, and all native arts known to the Indian. We have many talented singers, dancers, musicians, and those skilled in the arts and handicraft of the Indian to present these programs.

We need assistance to obtain the publicity necessary to acquaint the public with the plight of the Indian. We need friends to help us, to work with us in spreading the true story of the ability of the Indians to today. An ambitious program such as we plan, requires a considerable outlay of money before it can be self-supporting—more than any one individual can give. The proceeds of these lectures and exhibits are to be used to further our plan. Whatever aid you are able to give us at this time is of vital importance to our cause; and for your help, your name will be held in grateful remembrance by every Indian in America, as a true friend and benefactor.

Donations, however modest, will be promptly acknowledged. If you fail to receive acknowledgment, please notify us immediately.

For further particulars, call at our office. We will be pleased to have you visit our office for more detailed information.

GEORGE D. JORDAN, Grey Eagle
THE LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER

Every true American knows the history of America and I suppose there is no other nation so heavenly destined as America; for like Heaven it will harbor all nationalities as long as they will abide by its Laws and Commands; Heaven will not tolerate anyone but a man that wants to make heaven what God intended it should be.

America, God designed it for a purpose so we as Americans should vow to uphold the Constitution and may God Almighty strengthen us to do it. Look back at the nations that lost their national character, I will mention Rome because in my mind she was the greatest.

To begin with, a nation that loses its national character or becomes loose in national honor is sure on its way to destruction. Look at the makeup of the once proud Roman Empire, an Empire carrying its arts and arms, into every part of the eastern continent; her wealth, power, glory, Statesmen, her sages, philosophers, orators, and generals, where are they?

The ramparts of her National pride are broken down, desolate are her classic fields, extinguished forever.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence in our government if it does not extend over them the shield of an honorable national character; every sort of filth will creep in and sharpen party hatred, crafty leaders will seize on these favorable moments. The mad excitement for change will call into action the stirred up spirit of our nation and civil war must follow. But don’t let us as Americans be drawn into any such fate; for the commencement of our liberty, predicted the dawn of a brighter fate to the world.

The character of the builders of America must be kept alive, if we as a people allow our characters to fall so will the character of our nation.

So may our nation be such as will cause all men to feel proud to say I am an American.

Ernest C. Hazard, Eagle Eye

NARRAGANSETT MAIL BOX

Psalm of Today, mailed in by a friend, from Woonsocket, R. I.

R. F. D. is my shepherd, I am in want,
He maketh me to lie down on park benches,
He disturbeth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of destruction for the party’s sake
Yea, though I walk through the valley of depression,
I anticipate no recovery, for he is with me,
He prepareth a reduction in my salary, and in the presence of mine enemies,
He antoineth my small income with taxes and my expenses runneth over.
Surely unemployment and poverty shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in a mortgaged house forever.

And in conclusion the writer says, “When I get through with my C W A, F E R A, N R A, and A A A, I shall need the G O P to pay my I O U’s.”

Many Narragansetts got a laugh out of this letter whether they believed it or not, and decided even the person most depressed really lives if he finds humor in his situation. God bless his mortgaged house, for some of us haven’t even that.

Dear Princess Red Wing

I understand the ladies of the State Federation of Women’s Clubs, through Mrs. Harrison sent a Christmas box to my brother Charles Babcock. I wish to acknowledge and thank the ladies of the State Federation in behalf of my brother for their kindness in sending Christmas Cheer to the sick . . . May I ask you to convey this message of appreciation to the Federation for my brother, as I do not know their address.

Thanking you for your courtesy, wishing you, your mother and family a most prosperous and happy New Year.

Sincerely, Isabel Babcock

A further message of Mr. Babcock, our Chief Warbeek of the tribal council, finds him in the Rhode Island Hospital, seriously ill. The Narragansetts are praying for this beloved member. Mr. Babcock is one of our best stone artists, having in his day erected some of the most artistic fireplaces in the state of R. I. You will find his work in lodges, clubs, camps and private homes.
KNOW AMERICA FIRST

The South West Museum has already established itself as one of the valuable institutional assets of Los Angeles, and through its scientific work in the broad field of American Anthropology has taken its place among the important research institutions of America. The Museum is dedicated to the Science of Man. The Casa de Adobe, at the foot of the Museum Hill, is a beautiful and accurate reproduction of a Californian hacienda of the Old Spanish period—now maintained by the Southwest Museum to preserve our heritage of the history and romance of California. Admission to both these buildings is free. The Southwest Museum was founded and is maintained solely by private beneficence, at Highland Park, Los Angeles, California.

NARRAGANSETT TONGUE — LESSON 10

DARK WORDS:
Liars—puppunnoowacciek
Thieves—kanootabiek
They go to hell or the deep—wame naumakiaawag
I have heard nothing or I am ignorant—mat nippompitam men
I have no name (meaning, I am unworthy)—matnaawesuwenkane
I have no house (I am an outcast)—matnoowloumeno
I can not—nooshem or non anum
My friend, I cannot tell—netop, tatta
I am of another language—nippenovantowen
They are of a diver’s language—penovantowawluck
Tree-eaters—miktuck mechakick
I am sick—kummauchenn
Are you sick—Cummauchenem
How long have you been sick—taleshkunne cummauchenauenis
Be gone—mauchish or anakis
Depart—Kuttanawashk
Farewell—Havaasheek
Black, darkness, night, evil—suckawooc, sucki sucki
Color black—moni sucki
Black wolf—moaloqus
Wolves—wucapudawulk
Gun—backigan. Knife—banidwook (bad weapons of pale face)
It stinks—maachenu
A riot or loud unorderly shouting of a crowd—Wawanhatlou, anawat or wawahauovawag

PRAYER IN THE MOHEGAN-PEquot

from the diary of Mrs. Fielding, Mohegan of Norwich, Conn.

June 19, 1905.

Ga'atci wucapud ma'ndunag. Mata' wi go gawi' zawawang, gama'a dunag bita'mo. Ogi iwad, mi i wag yu ba' mbahug mi wi o ma' dunag; mi'zam yugi' skta' gangi, o a'ngatog girs. Wusto nota' wi gan wadji mad nawi ktam dja' gawanema'teic, sumi gama'ndunag, gami' ki gwang mata' wi wigon, woci mi tci' mi.

Translation in English

Great Father staying in heaven. Very great is your name. May your heaven come. Likewise as in your command, so may they say here on earth as it is going on in heaven. Give us to-day our bread, so too for another day. Make my heart good so that I may not like things evil, because yours is heaven, yours is strength very good, that is forever and forever.

INDIAN DESIGNS IN BOULDER POWER PLANT

Indian designs and colors have been adopted for decorations in the gigantic power house at Boulder Dam, Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, has announced. Allen Tupper True, consulting artist of the bureau of reclamation, selected the color scheme and the decorations for the power house after long research among the Indians of the southwest.

“In the pottery designs, basketry patterns, and sand paintings of the Colorado river watershed,” Mr. True said, “there exists a magnificent source of wholly untouched material which needs only discriminating adaptation to make it superior to the classic Greek, Roman and Egyptian motifs which have been mauled to death for centuries and worn threadbare of all interest save acceptability.

“With aboriginal directness these forms are derived from stepped mesas, rain, lightning and clouds, rather than from lotus, faces and garlands; from lizards, plumed serpents and birds rather than from bulls, centaurs and scarabs, and the fertility of invention with which these native forms and abstractions are assembled seems unlimited.”

The Indian designs composed of symbols for lightning, rain, clouds, and water, which have been abstracted into geometric patterns, and are to be found on baskets, pottery and in blankets, have been adapted to form decorations for the power house. Some of these designs were found on primitive bowls and chards in the prehistoric villages in the canyons of the Colorado river that will be submerged when the Boulder Dam reservoir is filled to its capacity.
MOTHER'S PAGE

HINTS TO YOUNG GIRLS

A young girl may rise to greet an elderly man, although it is not obligatory. But the grownup woman seldom, if ever does, no matter how elderly or distinguished he may be, unless he be a Cardinal or the President of the United States or a ruling sovereign. But men and women rise out of respect for those dignitaries.

A young woman should rise when introduced to another woman much older than she. Of course, if the difference in age is not noticeable, it is far better to remain seated than to run the risk of offending the older woman.

LISTEN TO THE MEDICINE MAN

INDIAN DAY

A short editorial in the Christian Advocate recently stressed the importance of the proposal that a day be set aside as national American Indian Day. It is pointed out that such a day would be a much finer "landmark" than the many stone monuments being erected. We are glad to see the non-Indian press take such an interest in the establishment of a national American Indian Day. The Narragansets are striving for an Indian Day in Rhode Island, since so many other states have so honored their Indians of yester-year. The unsung heroes and the unpaid mothers of the Narragansett Tribe should be remembered and honored as long as this state endures, as an incentive to their descendants to live in peaceful fellowship with their brethren of all races.

ART

To speak of the Indian's art is as broad a subject as his religion, for it went hand in hand with everything he did or made. His dances and music were also a part of his religion. His duties in life were taken seriously and he acquired a patience in performing the simplest of tasks that could well be practiced to-day to our betterment. Art, even to the modern way of thinking, is the "perfect expression of an idea, the perfect adjustment of an object to its use."

Thus the old Narragansets were ever artists. They fashioned each instrument with as much care and consideration of its use, as an artist of to-day paints a picture. Our grandmothers, without the help of fine
camel hair brushes, painted and decorated their baskets, their dishes, and their abodes. And we still find in tribal homes of to-day, the homely original expressions, of a race apart from their white neighbors. Civilization has blinded many to the need of sustaining these tribal arts, music, and dances, but that which it has offered in return, the modernistic, the rag, the jass,—has it any religion in it? Does it really satisfy one as a complete job? Is it an expression of anything pertaining to real life? Does it bring a complete satisfaction of having accomplished something? The corn dancer, danced with a feeling of prayer in every movement for attention from the Great Spirit, to care for the young sprouts. The moon dancers, danced with each step, a thanksgiving for crops; sun dancers, danced with the joy of living, and thanks for the sun that brought warmth, the festival dancers, danced that they may give gifts to poorer members of the tribe or pay tribute to another; and thus each dance was an expression of an idea, perfectly adjusted to its use. Commonness or vulgarity never entered into their dances. Even the war dance with its hideous smoking fire, giving off shadows of the gashly painted figures waving weapons of death madly in the air, expressed their wrath against an enemy. The music fitted the dance. It was a religious duty to them, to fight for their women and children. Their prayers were as strong as their wrath. This protection gave the women the freedom of body, mind and soul, which she expressed in her work. She was the real artist of the family, and with patience, gathered her own materials for her basket. She selected the best that she could find, and worked for weeks to smooth and fashion the fibres for weaving. She found berries, pine roots and clays which were used for dyes. Always she sought to make her object beautiful, strong, and useful. Her brave never hurried her, but gloried in her calm, graceful movements, her untiring determination to perfect her object. The dancer loved to boast to his fellow brave. "There's a squaw for you, it took seven moons, but she would not stop!" They loved bright colors, and had learned to mix them long before the white man came. They had red and blue which were favorites, yellow, green, black, white, brown, and purple. The Narragansett words for these colors were given in an earlier issue. They embroidered with quills, feathers, grasses, roots, and thin stripes of hides which they dyed in contrasting colors, and worked on to jackets and dresses with symbolic meanings. They fashioned nuts, dried berries, seeds, and wood into beads for decorations of clothes and home. They cut and worked with shells, stones, clay, wood and bones. Each object made must be dully decorated, symbolic of its maker and tribe. Symbols of worship to the Great Spirit and to ward off evil spirits, and to nature, were the basic meanings of most of their decorations.

A brave would not dance at a wedding feast in his war clothes, for a marriage was not a sign of war in those days. They painted their faces differently for love, and for war, for fishing and hunting, for joy and for mourning. They loved to feast and invite others in to taste the dishes that their squaws had produced as a perfect expression of her art of cooking. They loved to boast of their wives cooking and never ate without first blessing the food and thanking God for it.
TRIAL OF DANIEL HARRY IN 1839

Daniel Harry, a Narragansett Indian was tried for the murder of Toby Ross's son. Toby Ross at that time was by far the most influential man in the tribe. Young Ross was killed in the evening at an Indian dance in 1839.

Albert C. Green was then the Attorney General of the state. Wilkins Updike and the late Nathaniel F. Dixon were the counselors for the prisoner. Joe Durfee was the chief justice who presided at the trial; Levi Hale and William P. Staples were the associate justices; Powell Haleme was the clerk; and Francis B. Segar was the sheriff.

The jurors were John P. Whitford, William B. Robinson, Robert Gardiner, Jr., Albert W. Clark, William Stedman, Joe B. Babcock, Niles Potter, Elisha Watson, Jr., Sam Underwood, Daniel Sherman, James Green, and Alfred Bicknell. The court was two days getting these jurors. Over eighty were called before the panel was obtained.

The proof advanced was that Ross had alienated the affections of Harry's wife and during this drunken frolic in the night, the lights were blown out and Ross was stabbed and killed. It was also well understood by the counsel that there was a white man in Charlestown who had a great enmity against Ross, and wanted to get him out of the way; and it was generally believed that he incited either Harry or another Indian to commit the deed.

After a protracted trial, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Harry had not a relative or friend near him during the entire trial. He was a pure Indian and excellent specimen of his race. He sat calm and unmoved as a statute from the beginning to the end of the trial, and when he was brought into the court room to hear the verdict of the jury, and listened to the death sentence, he did not exhibit the slightest evidence of emotion. The court room was crowded with people when he was ordered to stand up and receive his sentence. Judge Staples was a true Quaker in his religious beliefs and retired from the bench. Judge Durfee delivered the sentence and utterly broke down and tears streamed down his cheeks. But the friendless Indian stood calm and unmoved. He knew he was judged by a Higher Judge, Who looked upon the hearts of men and he was unafraid. When the sheriff took him from the court room to the jail, Mr. Hazard who assisted the attorney general in the case walked beside him and reported, that as he walked along, Harry looked up at the moon and remarked, "The moon is lovely, I haven't seen it before since I was put in jail."

He was sentenced to be hanged, but the court mercifully gave time enough for an application to be made to the general assembly for pardon or a change of sentence. When the legislature next met, Mr. Dixon presented a petition for a change of sentence in the prosecution of which

Mr. Hazard aided him all he could, being that time clerk of the house. The result was that his sentence was commuted to solitary imprisonment for life.

After Harry spent ten years in one of those little cells in the old state's prison, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Hazard petitioned for a full pardon and it was granted. For the next succeeding thirty-five years he lived with his family in South Kingston, an honest respectable and well behaved citizen.

It was not at the trial believed he committed the murder and this fact was substantiated before his death. Harry only stated, "I did not do it." But he knew who did do it and Indian like would not tell on another even to save his own life. Harry was accused because his name was written on the handle of the knife that did the deed. Harry knew. He suffered in silence nor blamed a soul.

Daniel Harry was the father of nine children, 6 girls and 3 boys, of whom five survive, Mrs. Sarah Williams of Narragansett, Daniel Harry, Jr. of Narragansett, Mary Fayerweather of Curtis Corners, Lydia Harry of New Hampshire, Luther Harry of Peacedale and five grandchildren 24 great grandchildren and 9 great-great grandchildren.

EUNICE F. RECKLING, Grand-daughter of Daniel Harry

Gay Head, Massachusetts, on Martha's Vineyard Island

VINEYARD OFFICIALS SEEK FEDERAL AID TO HALT EROSION BY SEA.

GAY HEAD CITIZENS ASK COMPENSATION.

INDIANS FIGHT PLAN TO SAVE GAY HEAD CLIFFS.

TRIBESMEN FEAR LOSS OF LAND RIGHTS.

U. S. ARMY HOLD HEARING.

These have been the headlines in Massachusetts' papers recently.

submitted by Neesquittun

The Major J. Young of the U. S. Army Engineering Corps held a hearing December 18th, 1935, at the Town Hall, Vineyard Haven, at which several native Indians were the only opponents to possible Federal action in preventing complete destruction of the famous Gay Head Cliffs by erosion. The hearing was called to allow Island residents to give their sentiments as to why the Federal Government should take steps to protect the cliffs from further damage. Erosion by the sea has been rapid during the last few years and in a short time the colorful escarpment will probably be lost. During certain weather conditions water a mile out in Vineyard Sound is brightly colored with the dissolved clay washed out of the embankments. Large boulders break from the cliffs and are seen floating out upon the waters about the shore.
The town of Gay Head has about 140 inhabitants mostly Indians. They do not wish to give their ancestral land to the government without compensation and they understand that to gain protection of the cliffs from the Federal Government the land and cliffs must be donated. Yet they all agree that the cliffs need preserving, and in the face of that David F. Vanderhoop, Indian, said:

"I don't believe there is a Gay Header who draws the breath of life who would not say, "Let the cliffs fall into the sea first," if required to give them up without compensation."

Congressman Gifford who has long spent his efforts on this question thought if this is the way the Indians feel about it I better let the matter drop. But he stated I have letters in my files asking me to attend to this matter and through my efforts I have acquired the attention of the War Department. It has taken a long period of years. But he indicated that unless all the interests involved came to an agreement he was willing to drop the matter. He further added that the government is not usually required to pay for land in establishing reservations unless the land taken for the purpose, and that where protection is requested and supplied, land is usually given.

The case was presented by James A. Boyles, acting for the county commissioners, the selectmen of all the Island towns, the Martha's Vineyard Lions Club, the Martha's Vineyard Chamber of Commerce, the Dukes County Historical Society, the Vineyard Gazette, and the U. S. Geological Survey. All agreed as the importance of preserving the cliffs, their value, and the need of prompt action.

The following was the case:

"It is a difficult matter for those untrained in engineering principles to designate either the nature or the extent of the improvement desired. From a layman's viewpoint a general examination of the problem at hand reveals that the value of the Gay Head Cliffs is at once sentimental, scientific and practical. No improvement which will protect one interest to the detriment of another could be expected to meet with general satisfaction. The solution of the problem of protecting the cliffs against further erosion would seem to be the task of an engineer such as yourself, capable of appreciating all the angles of the situation. Accordingly this board respectfully prefers to refrain from attempting to venture a suggestion for the solution of this problem.

"For three centuries the face of the Gay Head promontory has been ascribed as a natural wonder and visited by thousands of sightseers annually, since the tourist and vocational institutions originated. The strata of varicolored clays, of which the cliffs are composed, are said to be duplicated nowhere else on earth. Situated as they are upon this Island where the principal business depends directly upon summer vaca-

tionists these cliffs are a most valuable asset. Should ordinary methods usually employed in the protection of the shore, such as rip-rap and spur jetties, be adopted to arrest and prevent further erosion, in our opinion there will be serious danger of the face of the cliffs becoming covered with loam and soft soil, thereby supplying nourishment for vegetation, which would conceal the colored cliffs.

"This suggestion also holds good from a scientific point of view. The cliffs contain fossil-bearing strata valued by scientists who visit the place each year. It is said of these strata, that outcroppings appear at various points along the Atlantic Coast, but that the fossils at Gay Head are found in a better state of preservation than any others so found and supply vastly better specimens for study. Should any improvement work towards covering these strata, making them difficult or impossible of access, it is apprehended that material of considerable scientific value would be thus lost. From all reports, published accounts and conversations dealing with this particular angle of the matter, it is concluded that, if the prospects of work on the cliffs by the War Department were widely known, members of various geological societies and colleges would be prompt in communicating their desires that these fossils be left unharmed and in their present state of accessibility, if possible.

"In our opinion, consideration should be given to the practical side of the question. The crest of the promontory is the site of Gay Head lighthouse, one of the most important stations on the Atlantic sea coast. Erosions on the cliffs has necessitated the moving of this lighthouse in the past and it is regarded as a certainty that unless some preventative measure is taken soon, a second moving of the lighthouse is imminent. It would therefore appear that in the failure to achieve the desired result by other means, the sacrifice of a portion of the beauty of the cliffs may be necessary in order that the location of the lighthouse be safeguarded.

"It does not, in our opinion appear necessary to enumerate the benefits to be gained through the improvements which are sought as much as the value of the cliffs may readily be realized by the foregoing statements and in view of the fact that three of the principal owners of these cliffs are inhabitants of the town of Gay Head, the County of Dukes County, and the United States Government, the matter becomes one which affects the general public in the widest conception of the word. That the town of Gay Head and the county would benefit financially by the protection of the cliffs, or would lose if such protection is not provided, is a foregoing conclusion. It is equally conclusive that the gain or loss to the scientific world may be of considerable value, since each year new and unexpected discoveries are made.

"It appears to our board, so far as a preliminary examination is concerned, that the River and Harbor Act, approved August 28, 1935 might be a proper vehicle to provide a preliminary investigation, but as to the question of obtaining funds for the adoption and completion of the recom-
mendations, we believe that a special appropriation should be provided by Congress, and the cliffs and adjoining land set apart, established and maintained as a federal reservation, with proper regulations as to its conduct and maintenance. We therefore trust that your office will make a thorough investigation which will cover not only the matter of preventing further erosion but that the preservation of the entire cliffs be covered in such report, and should our opinion be correct, namely, that the harbor and river appropria
tion would not be available for carrying out our suggestion regarding the establishment of a federal reservation, that appropriate reference be made in your report so that as a petition to the Congress may be made for a specific appropriation, not only for preventing further erosion but establishment of the cliffs and immediate surrounding territory as a federal reservation, that as much information as possible may be available for the Congress covering the matter of preventing further erosion and the establishment of the cliffs and immediate surrounding territory as a federal reservation together with provisions for its conduct and maintenance, to the end that not only the present, but future generations may benefit therefrom.

"We respectfully call to your attention Section 431 of the U. S. Code, which provides for the federal government taking over historic or scientific landmarks. Insofar as any compensation for the land which is taken or is granted to the federal government for this purpose is concerned, the commissioners for the County of Dukes County will take necessary steps to donate said land in behalf of the county, without any compensation." Thus spoke Mr. Boyles.

After this Major Youngs called for expressions from the citizens. The citizens of Gay Head are mostly Indians.

David Vanderhoop, an assessor of Gay Head made a stand for compensation.

"It would appear," he said, "that everyone has been consulted in this matter except the people most concerned. We are a small town of perhaps 150 people, and probably the poorest town in the country, certainly in the East. Our total valuation is but a few dollars less than $147,000, and we raise by taxation $8,700 annually. We have to struggle to get a living, mostly from the sea, and now wealthy men, who can afford to spend as much as the whole of our town can raise by taxation recommend that we give our land without compensation."

Major Young explained to Mr. Vanderhoop that there had been no thought on the part of the department of taking the land without due compensation.

Another Indian, Mrs. M. C. Hayson added that the selectmen had signed the statement relative to giving away the cliffs without consulting the land owners.

Mr. Boyle answered that, "Nothing could be done without a town meeting."

John B. Ginnochio of Gay Head, told of some of his experiences with the federal government in regard to trespass, property damage and other injury for which he has never received any redress. He maintained that much of the land had eroded away and that a great deal of the cliffs were now private property.

Harrison Vanderhoop, the Chief No-Ho-No, asked for information. Protection of the cliffs he declared was desired by all Indians, but he asked, "If the cliffs become government property, can my family and I continue to make our pottery from the clay?" It has been a habit with this family for many years to make pottery from the Gay Head cliffs.

Miss Olive Vanderhoop favored the government's taking the cliffs, but said that people should not be obliged to give away their land rights. "The Indians," she said, "have given too often, receiving little or nothing in return."

Discussions grew hot and heavy. Several more Indians spoke, including Lorenzo D. Jeffers, hereditary Chief Mittyark, whose efforts produced the Indian Day observance in Massachusetts, which was followed by Governor Curley's proclamation on November 25, 1935. Rev. Leroy Perry, pastor of the Gay Head church and supreme chief of the Hampanag's declared that the improvement to the cliffs would help the down-island people with the big hotels and summer businesses rather than the few Indians living at Gay Head. "The real beneficiary are the people who provide transportation and hotels down-island. The Indian has always lost. People come to see the cliffs, turn, and drive away. The rest of the island will be benefited by this improvement," said the little minister.

As the meeting progressed someone asked who first asked for this improvement; and by records we see, that it was before the World War in 1917 that Mr. Edwin Vanderhoop was the first to make a request. He was father to some at this hearing.

Congressman Gifford spoke first to Major Young and then to the Gay Headers.

"I realize that this was a difficult engineering problem," he said, "but I am amazed to find that there is any difference of opinion regarding the protection of the cliffs. I have files of letters that I have been receiving for years, urging that something be done. This is simply a hearing and survey that may not go any farther. But Congress does not usually pay much for land for reservations. I am interested in your natural rights, some of which may be inalienable, but if the government is going to protect you, you will be expected to give the land. I have done a great deal, and it will require much more efforts to secure the money for this matter, if it is done. But I don't want to go to all that trouble if you don't want it. Don't you want a lot of people on Gay Head? "We do on Cape Cod."
Turning to Major Young, he said, "I guess we'll all have to think it over. If they don't want it well—"

To the Gay Head residents he ended, "Try to get together, boys and agree to what you want."

**SUNRISE NEWS ITEMS**

_by Keeper of Records of N. T. I._

Councilman, Brother-To-All attended the 14th Annual New England Road Builders Association dinner at the Hotel Statler in Boston, December 16th. He was the only Indian among the hundreds of road contractors, constructors, and superintendents. He has been employed by the Perini & Sons Contractors Inc. for several years, during which time they have built many noted roads, highways and trails, in New England, New York and Long Island.

**PRINCESS NASHAWEENA IS HEARD ON THE AIR**

At the opening exercises of the Tercentenary Celebration of the State of Rhode Island, January 1st, 1936, in Providence, Princess Nashaweena, of Narragansett descent, and Squaw Sachem of the American Indian Federation of New England gave a welcome address and offered the full cooperation of the Indians in the Tercentenary of R. I. stating, that as R. I. history progressed we must not forget the meaning of the word Providence and the brotherly love upon which this state was founded. The principle speakers of the day were Governor Theodore F. Green, who outlined the advancements of R. I. since the coming of Roger Williams to present day invited all citizens of R. I. to participate in the many observances of the 300th anniversary; Mayor Dunne of Providence, Very Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, President of the Providence College, former Judge Ira Lloyd Letts, Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, President of Brown University, and Councilman David A. Dorgan, chairman of the Municipal Committee.

During the exercises Mayor Dunne of Providence broke ground for the erection of the old colonial house to be used as Committee headquarters throughout the year.

Other Indian delegates from the Federation and the Narragansett Tribe were Chief Man-Ni-Su-Wa, Chief Pine Tree and Princess Minetonka.

Miss Marjory Dove and brother Philip of Westerly, spent the Christmas holidays at the home of their aunt Mrs. Minnie Steele of Mineral Spring Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Guy and infant son were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wilcox, Ashaway Road, Westerly, for Christmas week.

Mrs. Adell Rhodes and daughter Ida of Peace Dale, R. I., with Mrs. Marion Brown and daughters Priscilla and Esther, attended a supper given by the American Indian Federation, December 14th, in the Elks Hall, Westerly.

Chief Pine Tree and family attended the Christmas Tree of the American Indian Federation held in Elks Hall, Westerly, December 20th. At the close of the festival, the new Sachem, Harvey H. Steward, suggested that the extra toys and candy not used should be given to the Peoples Mission of Westerly.

Miss Gladys Babcock of Tomquaug is back at work, after recuperating from bruises received Christmas Eve, when she was knocked down by a hit and run driver on High Street, in Westerly.

Loyal Narragansetts, always ready to help a tribesman, attended the dance of Mervin Sekator, at Shannock, January 10th. Mr. Sekator is the father of six daughters and three sons. He is a descendant of the old Narragansett family of Sekators which we find in records spelled several ways. Some of the early members of this family have left their marks, now preserved in the archives of R. I.

Mr. Paul K. Noka, son of Christopher Noka, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Brewster of Wakefield, who gave a very pleasant theatre party at the Strand in Providence followed by a roast turkey dinner on Sunday for him at their home. Late in the night Mr. Noka bid farewell to his native state and rushed back to New York his present home.

Chief Pine Tree, wife and daughter Marion W. Brown, keeper of records of the Narragansett Tribe spent the afternoon of January 3, 1936, with one of our oldest tribal members, Mrs. Emma Ammons Powell of East Greenwich, R. I. Mrs. Powell is the daughter of the late Gideon Ammons of the old council and Sarah Eleazer from the Shinnecocks of Long Island.

Mrs. Powell is a very attractive, typical Indian Woman, aged 78 years, with beautiful white hair and sharp black eyes, she only wears glasses for reading fine print. You could not guess her age as her voice is firm and steps active.

She had many memories of the old Narragansett Historical events. She related that the old Narragansett's were Christian people with great respect for the Great Spirit.

She did feel that the state was not just fair with its rapid dealings with the Indians, as they were their guardians; the other Indian Tribes had the Federal Government as protection, while the Narragansett's had nothing.
East Greenwich is a very Historic City in Rhode Island with houses dating as far back as 1690.

Mrs. Powell lived alone with flowers and geraniums growing on the window ledge.

The walls in front of her home were built by Peter Noka, a well known Narragansett mason after the Civil War.

Many stop to wonder how such huge stones as we saw in the foundation of Potowamut Bridge could have been put in place by a lone Indian.

To show that some business in South County is on the gain, the Wakefield Textile Company which closed June, 1935, has reopened under new management and is now known as the Narragansett Woolen Works and employs more than 200 hands.

We are pleased to know that the first spools made for warps were spoiled by Mrs. Adell W. Rhodes, a Narragansett woman, who has been employed for the past 21 years in this mill and has worked under three different managements.

Mrs. Rhodes is the oldest daughter of Chief Pine Tree of Westerly, R. I. She is also an expert weaver, weaving many blankets for the soldiers during the World War.

February 1st, 1936, a chicken supper will be given at the home of Mr. Charles Babcock in Alton, for his benefit. Mr. Babcock has been removed from the South County Hospital to the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence where he is in a serious condition. We hope every red-blooded Narragansett and all their friends and acquaintances will come out to help our sick councilman. The supper will be served at 6 P. M. and throughout the evening. There will be a door prize and a social hour after supper. Tickets 50 cents. Let’s help our own, this winter, in every way we can.

Mr. Harold Gardiner of Oak Street, Westerly, R. I., is ill at his home. He is a patient of Dr. John Ruisi. We wish for his speedy recovery. Mr. Gardiner is a nephew of Mrs. Emma A. Powell and has four fine sons.

Mrs. Marion W. Brown of Westerly, R. I., attended the Bingo Party of the A. A. A. held at the Y. W. C. A. Providence, R. I., January 7, 1936.

Mrs. Stella Babcock, of Bradford, R. I., entertained the Bradford Temperance Union at her home, December 12. The business meeting was followed by a social hour, which all enjoyed. Luncheon was served.

Mrs. Winthrop H. Saunders, Head of the Indian Department of the Rhode Island State Federation of Women’s Clubs and president of the Four Leaf Clover Club of Providence, entertained members of her club recently with a talk on Indians, at the home of Mrs. Rogers T. Stafford, 1850 Pawtucket Avenue, Rumford. In accordance with their annual custom, the members voted to give $8 to the scholarship fund of Pembroke College, Rhode Island State College, and the Rhode Island School of Design.

Miss Susan Peek spent her Christmas vacation in New York City as the guest of her little friend Miss Virginia De Pass. She enjoyed the long motor trip home with her uncle, Mr. Theodore Glasko.

The Indian Association of America, Inc., will hold their National Convention the last week in June, 1936, at St. Procopius College, Lisle, Illinois. Indian and non-Indians will be invited to attend. Rev. Philip Gordon, L.L.D., noted Chippewa Indian priest will preside. They met last fall in New York with 350 in attendance. There were officials, members, 121 Indians of different tribes, four priests and six Sisters of Charity. The principle speaker was The Chief of Clannpegarrhus of Sra-Chur, C.M., of Argyll, Scotland. Dr. Paul H. Hempel, Ph.D., D.M., national secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Horatio Stanton and small daughter Jaunita have returned from a week’s visit at Gay Head, Massachusetts, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Jeffers.

Walter Peek sang in the united choruses from several churches of the town of Burrillville when they met at the Assembly for a Big Union Bible Demonstration Service, in Harrisville, R. I. He sang his first solo at Shannock Memorial Hall at the Narragansett Christmas party and did very well for a lad of 15 summers. He and his sister Susan have sung on the air from W-H-D-H- in Boston and it is the hope of their mother that their musical education will be further developed. They descend from a musical loving family, having one aunt who has reached great heights on concert stages of America and Europe.

Princess Red Wing and her class of children are preparing a program for the Daughters of the Revolution, to be given in East Douglas, Massachusetts on March 21. The program will be devoted to Simeon Simons noted ancestor of the Princess who fought in the Revolutionary War, who was honored last summer by the Anne Brewster Fanning Chapter of the D.A.R. when they gave a program in connection with the Connecticut Tercentenary, at Patchaug where Simons met General Washington.

The Narragansett Musical Committee gave a Musical Show and Rag Scolaire on January 18th for the benefit of the Narragansett Dawn. The show was a good cure for the blues and enjoyed by all. It was under the direction of Miss Mary Peckham, Chairman of the Music Committee, at Shannock, R. I.
Mr. Everett Weeden, the Yanidize of the Narragansetts who has won several amateur prizes for dancing, danced and sang in a review at the Providence Plantation Clubs, January 29th, 30th and 31st, in Providence.

Councilman Owl's Head and Princess Red Wing spent an enjoyable evening with Dr. and Mrs. William Hale at their beautiful home in Kingston, R. I. Dr. Hale, a most gracious host, showed the Indians and explained to them curios from all over the world, little things with great wonder, odd things with long and interesting stories, beautiful paintings, wierd things of the sea, and weapons of other tribes of people.

SEQUOYAH

Sequoyah was a Cherokee artist from the mountains of Cherokee country down near where Ga., Tenn. and N. Car. touch. He loved to draw rather than to hunt and spent hours with his charcoal. He called his pictures which he made to tell a story his "talking leaves." He had seen an English newspaper and was anxious to read and write also and so he drew out the pictures of events happening around him. Being the grandson of a chief he was allowed to follow his own desires. He was a handsome carefree, graceful lad without a worry as to hunting, fighting or white neighbors. He made models of all the houses that he saw, and finally builded larger ones. He made his mother a fine dairy shed. Chief Atakillakulla recognized his craft by giving a big celebration and dance for him.

When he was 16 summers and must seek the great mysteries of life he went into the wilderness of the mountains and wandered around for days, seeking a sign from the Great Spirit. He fell upon the ground faint, hungry, crying to the Great Spirit for enlightenment and finally slept. In his troubled restless sleep he dreamed that a toad hopped into his garments. It was his sign that the Great Spirit had given him and he accepted it, caught a toad and carried it home. It became his totem and sign of life. He made a bag from the toad skin in which he carried little things. Stranger than fiction is it when we know that he was destined to walk along like a toad because of injuries received later in life. He did not despise the lowly toad for a symbol and crave for an eagle but accepted it. And when he became a cripple, people did not despise him, for he made a place in the "sun" for himself.

When his "medicine days were over as they say in Cherokee, "make his medicine," he returned to picture writing. He copied all the English writing he obtained from white settlers calling them the talking leaves. Besides his writing he designed and made beautiful robes. All came to buy and praise them. The proud chief gave another feast for him. This was a big and very grand affair. All were invited and all made great preparations to attend the dance for Sequoyah. The music and the tums could be heard for miles around as they made merry. But all was silent as the tribes greatest warriors one by one sprang to the center of the circle and danced, whirlng a tomahawk above his head, the light fantastic steps to the low beat of the drums. Each movement of the dance dramatically told the story of his conquests in battle. He then threw his belt of wampum upon the rug of bearkin, thus a mighty man of heroic deeds paid tribute to a talented man by his offerings.

So pleased was Sequoyah with his success and praise that he decided to go in wholesale making of deerskin garments. But deerskins were hard to get for they were used to trade with the white settlers. So the young man decided to go for his own deerskins. But he was not experienced in the chase. He was heedless of his safety and unfamiliar with the forests.

One day as he hunted after a big rain storm, he did not notice or realize the soft ground beneath his feet as he rushed on after a deer. At the edge of an incline this soft earth gave way beneath him, and he fell. A big rock was also loosened and fell upon him. Some time after two Indians found him fainting with pain. They carried his thin bruised body to his lodge and called the medicine man. They laid him upon the magic rug but he suffered for weeks. The medicine man tried everything he knew materially and then decided to try magic to cure the lad.

First the medicine man inquired into his private life, asking for all his sins, his dreams, his desires and deeds then gave a demand in a loud voice to the people. They made a big circle around the suffering man with an opening just large enough for the medicine man to enter without touching anyone. No one must touch him for if they did they would break the charm of the cure. In one hand the elder man held a rattle which he shook at intervals. He danced around Sequoyah and made weird noises and commanded the evil spirits to leave the lad alone. He begged the Good Spirit to aid him. Then he moistened his hands with saliva and applied it to Sequoyah's back, but the lad's face showed no relief. There was no sign of any change. The healer stood, paused for awhile with arms outstretched like wings, viewed his prostrate patient with pity, and with a sudden whoop dashed out of the circle through the crowd and disappeared into the forests to fast and pray. But Sequoyah's pain was unrelieved.

Since the supreme art of magic feeling was put to test and failed, the lad must suffer until time had healed him. Very, very slowly the pain left him but he was never able to walk again like others. He could not hunt, fish, not swim forever he hopped about like a toad. He consoled himself with his paints and turned with greater interest to his arts. He made a forge and fashioned jewelry of silver. He made novelties of all sorts which the squaws came to praise and purchase. White people came also to buy his handiwork. His fame spread far and all spoke of the beauty of his work.

Then one day a beautiful little maiden came to see and praise his trinkets and Sequoyah gave her his most beautiful and most cherished...
Sequoyah next took six of his young men and taught them as he had taught his child and when they could read his talking leaves he gave a big exhibition and the whole tribe came to see, and hear this thing which the lame man had done. They were glad, and all anxious to learn, so he formed a school. Everybody, old and young were busy learning to understand the talking leaves, as did the white man. He made text books and everybody was happy to share his new art.

His tribe realizing the value of this great achievement to them gave a big festival in his honor at which they presented him with a silver medal. This he wore forever afterwards with pride. He traveled and taught in other villages and finally moved westward to Arkansas where he taught.

At the age of 70 a caravan was fitted up for him to go into Arizona to teach other Indians. He had a salary equal to that of a chief’s for his support while on this expedition. There were several men along and plenty of supplies.

His grand daughter wrote of her honored grand father. And we have many of her records. She says they knew her grandfather had hung trouble and thought the trip west would do him good. For a while he seemed to improve, reported his son Teece who was with him, but they reached a land of bad water and food became scarce and they had to hunt. One day he sent all the men to hunt while he remained in the camp alone. When they returned he was gone and they found a note. They followed directions in the note and later discovered his body. The Indians put his papers he loved so well in the blanket with him as they wrapped him for burial. Then they hid him on a shelf in a rock cave where no one could find or disturb him. They marked the place, but men seeking it later could not find the body.

His final resting place is unmarked but his real monument is that great gift to his people which lifted them to a place in the civilized world. His praises are unsung among the great chiefs of our race. His belt carried no scalp-locks, history has no tales of his deeds of valor. We cannot help imagine hours of pain and suffering throughout his life, as he dragged his crippled body about, on his chosen mission for his people. Perhaps proper tribute has never been paid Sequoyah the cadmus of the Cherokees whose story was stumbled upon by our historian.

Let us Narragansetts pay tribute to this farsighted Indian whose strong mind should be an inspiration to all young Indians of any tribe to push forward in the face of any difficulty.