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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

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

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EDITORIAL

HONORABLE CHARLES CURTIS

FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DIED OF HEART ATTACK, FEBRUARY 8, 1936

The Narragansetts wish to pay tribute to the memory of a great man in whose veins ran the red blood of their race. He served his country well.

Charles Curtis was the first man of Indian ancestry to occupy the vice-presidency of the U. S. In his youth he wore the blanket of his Indian forebearers on the Kaw reservation in Kansas, and at the age of 47 by his own efforts he attained the toga of a United States Senator.

Then with the inauguration of the Hoover administration in 1929, he presided as vice-president over the Senate, where he served 20 years and in which he had risen to be Republican leader.

He was born January 25, 1860, at North Topeka, Shawnee County, Kansas. Mr. Curtis had in his veins the blood of an Indian chief and of French and Canadian traders on his maternal side. His father, William Curtis, traced his American ancestry back to 1621. His mother died when he was a baby and he was taken in charge by his wrinkled old Indian grandmother Julie Poppin, the daughter of White Plume, a chief of the Kaws. When he was large enough his Indian grandmother persuaded him to go to his white relatives and become one of them.

His grandma Curtis started him in school and when he was graduated from Topeka High he delivered the commencement oration. Then he studied law, driving a hack and selling fruit to help pay his expenses. He was admitted to the bar in 1881 and when 24 was elected prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County, proceeding during his term to close all the saloons in the country.

He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1892 and served until 1907. Then he was appointed to the Senate and served until 1912. He went back in 1914 and served until he was elected vice-president. Upon the death of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts he was elevated to the post of Republican leader.

On November 27, 1884, Mr. Curtis married Annie E. Baird of Topeka. They had three children. Mrs. Curtis died in 1924. His daughter, Leona, is the wife of Webster Knight, 2nd, of Providence and Warwick. Former Vice-President Charles Curtis was well-known in Rhode Island, and was a frequent visitor in this State, making speeches during political campaigns.

INDIAN TELEGRAPHY

Two years ago last April, Mrs. George Custer, widow of the famous long-haired Indian fighter who was defeated at Big Horn in the Dakotas, back in 1876, died in New York City. The news of her husband's death was brought to her by Indian telegraphy and remains to-day a great mystery in the minds of old timers who still remember the Custer expedition. The story was told to me by one who spoke from memory's storehouse and whose hair told of other days. And so the story.

Custer's army started out from the government "corral" in Omaha in 1876, headed for the Black Hills Country. At that time General George Crook started north from down in Wyoming Country. Crook was not only a famous Indian fighter but a wise one. In his company he had several Indian scouts whose confidence he had won by proving to them he was a man of his word. It is said he never broke a promise to them because he saw how they measured a man by his word. He was so trusted that he was taken into the "Soldier's Lodge", a secret Indian club which planned all battles and wars. Very few men ever belonged to this lodge of the Sioux who kept their secrets as close as the Mason's lodge of the white man. Crook and his army stopped to rest about three hundred miles south of Big Horn Country one hot June afternoon. The men lay in their tents laughing, joking and making merry. But the Indians were silent. As the General strolled about the camp he looked into the tent of silent Sioux and realized something was wrong.

"What's up?" asked General Crook of one Indian whose only answer was a grunt. The rest looked glum. He spoke to another and another but received no answer at all. He went to his tent and meditated awhile, and then summoned the chief of the scouts to him.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked the Indian who still remained silent. Crook could get absolutely nothing out of him so dismissed him. Crook was worried and after a time sent for the chief again. This time he talked long to the Indian and in the name of the Soldier's Lodge demanded a right to know what was the matter with his friends. This Indian belonged to the lodge and then talked.

"Yellow Hair Custer and all his men were killed on the Little Big Horn this morning." Quietly spoke the Indian. When the General pressed him for details and how he knew, he only answered the white man. "Every man dead, message came." He never told how, but Crook knew that the Indians had received this message and credited it. He had seen other evidence of this "Indian Telegraph", so he immediately sent a messenger to the telegraph office on the Union Pacific Railroad Line to send the news to Mrs. Custer. Custer was called Yellow Hair by all Indians. He often wore it long and was very noticeable.

With all his knowledge of the Indians, General Crook never found out how the message traveled over three hundred miles of rough unsettled mountainous country in less than three hours. Surely he thought not by any physical method.

Two days later the official report was received by Captain Marsh on an army transport on the Big Horn River. This is also a strange story. The little steamer boat *Far West* which brought the army its supplies was stationed about thirty miles from the scene of battle. One of the soldiers on guard noticed an Indian running towards the river and tumble into the river. He was naked and tired from a long run. As the soldiers covered him with rifles he threw up his arms to show he surrendered. At the same time he made motions for help to reach the boat. They assisted him to the deck where he fainted from exhaustion. Captain Marsh ordered whiskey for him, which brought him around in a short time. He raised up and spoke, "Absaroke, Absaroke."

"What does he mean?" asked one. But no one knew.

"Absaroke, Absaroke," he said and kept repeating it. Finally he spied a soldier among the sailors and pointed to him, repeating, "Absaroke."

"He means soldier," suggested one man, realizing the Indian was trying to convey a message about a soldier.

He next reached out his hand and touched the soldier's rifle and made the motion of firing it off, exclaiming, "Boom."

The watching white men said, "Someone has shot a soldier."

Next the Indian induced the soldier to lie down and play dead. Then he went through the motion of scalping him.

"The soldier was killed and scalped, therefore an Indian killed him," said the officer. Looking the crowd over the Indian runner picked out all the soldiers and placed them together, while each man asked what soldier could have been killed. Since the runner could not speak a word of English or understand them, they watched closely. He picked out a man with yellow hair and blue eyes. Touching the man's hair and then stroking his own long hair, he looked about to see if any understood him.

"My God, it's Custer!" said the officer who knew Custer was called Long Yellow Hair by the Indians. When the Indian saw intelligence register on their faces, he next induced all the soldiers to play dead and he went through the motion of scalping each one. Next he dramatically searched for more soldiers, finding none he threw open his arms and made the motion to indicate there were no more left. Killed to the last man.

Captain Marsh immediately anchored his little steamboat in the middle of the river for fear the Indians may attack them. He prepared his men for an attack but soon came news of the battle from scouts. Later

General Terry brought the wounded from Reno's command, but there were none from Custer's. They buried the bodies and the Captain set out to take the news of the battle to civilization. He steamed at top speed down the river and made the trip in one half their regular time, to the nearest telegraph office, 800 miles away in Dakota. Ordinarily they did not travel at night because of snares in the river, but on this trip they stopped only for fuel. When they reached the telegraph office they wired Washington and soon the whole country knew of Custer's massacre.

It was the same message that Mrs. Custer had received days earlier, brought to her by "Indian Telegraph," which is still a mystery to the whole country.

SIGN LANGUAGE

The American Indians had two languages by which they communicated, one spoken and the other one silent. The silent, or sign language, of the Indians was highly developed and by it they could carry on a conversation as understandable to them as words. This language was a natural development of a people that maintained strict silence in the presence of enemies. They had keen sense of hearing and even the faintest whisperings of a white man could be heard by the Indians, but the sign language makes no sounds. Different tribes had different spoken languages and so they communicated with strange tribes by this sign language. It is believed that the nations of the whole world will some day converse by a common sign language, not far different from that used in America by its aborigines.

Here are a few signs:—

He is a *good man*. Whatever he *says* is *true*.

The sign for *good* is made—(this sign indicates "level with heart") Bring right hand over heart, fingers extending, touching and pointing to left. Sweep hand outward, end movement with elbow straight.

The sign for *man* is made—Bring right hand in front of body, index finger extending and pointing upward and frontward, back of hand pointing toward face.

For *say*, the sign for *talk* is made—Bring right hand with back to chin, index finger and thumb forming a circle, other fingers closed. Snap out index finger 2 or 3 times.

The sign for *truth* is made—Bring right hand just below chin with index finger extended and pointing forward, other fingers and thumb closed. (This indicates, "speaking in one straight direction.")

I'm going to light a fire. It will be night soon.

The sign for *I* is made—Touch chest with thumb of right hand, other fingers closed.

The sign for *fire* is made—Bring right hand in front of right chest, fingers cupped, with ball of thumb resting on nails of first 3 fingers. Then with quick movement snap first 3 fingers out from thumb several times.

The sign for *night* is made—(The Indians believed that a cover was put over the world at night, resulting in shutting out light and making darkness.) Bring both hands at arms' length in front of body, then cross wrists; perform movement with a sweep of both hands as though covering up something.

The sign for *near* is made—(this is same for soon). Carry right hand in front of right shoulder, fingers extended and partially curved, at arm's length and pointing slightly upward. Then bring hand in until it reaches shoulder.

DREAMS AND PROPHETS FROM THE BIBLE

Many recorded dreams in the Bible are really wonderful, remarkable and interesting to everyone. The voice with which God spoke to the prophets of old, and to the holy men was heard in dreams. Little Samuel had a dream and heard the Lord calling him. The visions of the ancients, according to the Testimony of Moses, were nearly always dreams. Numbers 12:6—"And he said hear now My words. If there be a prophet among you. I the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision. And I will speak unto him in a dream."

Job 33:15—In a dream, in a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.

The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said,—Thou hast showed unto thy servant, David, my father, great mercy, according as he walk before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart. The dreams of Joseph concerning his brethren are remarkable. And Joseph dreamed a dream. And he told it to his brethren, and they hated him yet the more, and he said unto them,—Hear me this dream, which I have dreamed. For behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, my sheaf arose and stood upright, behold stood round about obedience to my sheaf. —and his brethren said shalt thou indeed reign over us? And he had still another dream—Behold I have dreamed a dream more, and behold the sun and the moon and the stars made obiesance to me. And his father rebuked him and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hath dreamed? Shall I and thy Mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee on earth?"

Joseph the husband of Mary was informed in a dream of Jesus' birth and later to take the young child and flee for his safety. The three wise men were told in a dream to return home another way and not to Herod the king.

Paul was commanded to go to Macedonia in a dream. The Lord also spoke to him in a vision saying, "Be not afraid, but speak and hold thy peace."

Mirian and Aaron spoke against Moses for marrying an Ethiopian and the Lord heard it and came down in a pillar of the cloud and called Aaron and Mirian. They both came out and heard the voice of the Lord,— "Hear my words, If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak to him in a dream."

The visions of the ancients according to the testimony of Moses were nearly always in dreams. The great God is the same yesterday, today and forever. He spoke to the old Indians in dreams. He speaks to his children to-day in dreams. Those who keep the faith among us, hear the voice of the Lord, even as little Samuel heard. Shall we turn a deaf ear, or shall we answer with our deeds, which speak louder than-words?

PRINCESS WOOD DOVE

KING PHILIP

by RISING SUN

There have been so many theoretical ideas about King Philip, suppose we consider a few facts as Indians see them, after reading all the contradicting records and listening to all the stories.

King Philip was the youngest son of Massasoit, the chief sachem of the Wampanoag tribe. He lived in what is now Bristol County, R. I. His Indian name was Metacomet, but he was named Philip after Philip of England by Governor Winslow of Massachusetts Colony. He succeeded his older brother, who died mysteriously not long after his father. The older brother Wamsutta was named after Alexander the Great, and was the next sachem of the Wampanoags after Massasoit. On his death, Philip became the Wampanoags' Chief Sachem. He said if he bore an English name then he must bear the English title of a ruler. He became known as King Philip.

King Philip was not shot in Great Swamp at Kingston, R. I., where the monument now stands, nor was he shot by an Indian as most of our books have stated. It being a damp morning King Philip was seen going through the swamp at the foot of Mt. Hope in Bristol. The white man

took aim and shot, but his gun did not discharge. He grabbed the Indian's gun and shot. This having a larger touch hole, the powder did not get damp and so it fired at once. King Philip fell. It was Saturday morning, August 12th, 1676, near his home.

We would not do justice to King Philip and to the Narragansetts who defended him before the Great Swamp fight if we did not print his speech to the English at a conference in Massachusetts.

"What can we do against you English? If we surrender our arms to you, you do not deliver them back to us with our charging us a fine; You take our land away from us and pay us practically nothing. You cheat us whenever we have dealings with you. As we have no fences around our cornfields, your horses and cattle trample out our food. You sell our men liquor and get them drunk, and then, when they hurt the sober Indians and your cattle you fine us so heavily that we must sell our lands to pay it. When you English first came to our country, my Father, Massasoit, was a great man, and you white men were weak and poor. He gave you more land than I now possess. You will not believe the testimony of our brothers in your courts, and every lying white men's tale, against us is credited."

These accusations were all too true; the English had driven the Indians from their homes into the interior, and desiring their land had cheated, browbeaten, and robbed them of their possessions with an extreme contempt for their feelings.

And now you readers may judge for yourselves who really started the Great Swamp Fight, where suffered and died so many Narragansett men, women, old people and children who never lifted a hand against a white man. This is as close as ever we will get to a solution.

ELLISON "Tarzan" BROWN IS NAMED TO ALL-AMERICAN TRACK TEAM.
WESTERLY INDIAN STAR IS SELECTED OUTSTANDING 30,000 M. RUNNER

Choice on All-Star Team Named by AP May Win Olympic Berths

by MARION BROWN

Ellison "Tarzon" Brown, Westerly's sensational 21 year old Narragansett Indian marathoner, has been named to the All-American track and field team by The Associated Press, it was announced recently.

Brown, holder of the national 20,000 and 30,000 kilometer championships, was awarded the ranking position in the former event. Leslie Pawson of Pawtucket, ex-Boston marathon winner, was named for the latter position.

The Indian star, who enjoyed his best running year during 1935, established a new world's record in winning the 20,000 meter event. He captured this title two weeks after winning the 30,000 meter A. A. U. events in Newport.

Besides Brown and Pawson, the only one other Rhode Islander, Henry Hank Dreyer, giant R. I. State College track team star, was honored by being named to the All-American.

Records of more than 30,000 track and field stars throughout the U. S. were compiled in selecting the all-star team. Winning berths on this stamps members as potential Olympic material, and it is quite likely that every athlete selected will be named as the American representatives at Germany during the summer.

NARRAGANSETT TONGUE

LESSON 11

A fire and a home are closely connected. A fire is used for signs also. The greatest attraction in any camp is the campfire. The beginning of an Indian village was a fire. Spring is on the heels of winter and we begin to think of hikes and trips into the woods, while we plan for summer camps. The Narragansetts were wont to move into new quarters with the spring. In winter they often sought the warmth of the fir trees and the denser woods where they could obtain game. In spring they moved to the open hill sides where they could plant corn, and to the streams where they could fish. As they made a new camp we hear the chief giving orders, "Let us make a fire." (Potauwassiteuck)

The fire-maker or torch bearer shouts to his helpers, "Let us make a good fire." (Maumashinnaunamanta)

Fetch some small sticks—*aseneshesh*
I will cut some wood—*Npaacomwushem*
There is no more—*Netashin*
Where is the sachem?—*Tuckiu sachim?*
Here he is—*Peyan*
Lay on the wood—*Wudtuckquanash*
Blow the fire—*Potauntash*
There is a light fire—*Wequanantash*
It grows bigger like many candle lights—*Wequanautiganash*
I am cold—*Nuckqusquatch*
Warm ye—*Awassish*
I thank you—*Taubatne anawayean*

Cut some wood—Ponamauta
 Here is some more—Wonck
 Give me a piece of wood—Wudtuckqun
 Your brother is come with him—Weche peyan hee mat
 Alright make a fire—Potawash
 Here is a light—Wekinan
 They are all here—Peeyauog
 Like a candle light—Wequanautig
 It is a cold night—Takitippocat
 Sit by the fire—Mattapah yoteg
 Let us mend the fire—Mautaunamoke

WEATHER SIGNS

For more than twenty years a Narragansett Indian by the name of Otis E. Weeden, worked in the State Board of Health Department of R. I. He was a well known, and well liked figure around the department, where he remained until the end of his days on earth. He was often consulted on signs and theories. When a fishing trip was planned by some of the doctors, they sort out the Narragansett and asked, "What of the weather, Weeden?" They were not advised wrongly and often abided by his signs. You see radios were not running in those days, to tell us the weather reports every few hours.

CAN HUMANS SEE BEYOND THE VEIL?

by PRINCESS RED WING

Not long ago a lad came to me with this question, saying, "I don't believe in spiritualism."

"Neither do I," I answered. And then he told me this strange story.

Had a strange experience lately that has put me to thinking about many things, material and spiritual. Met a nice looking and well behaved girl about twenty years of age. She is half Indian and half white, and has a fair education. She seemed a bit different than the general run of girls, I know, so I called upon her and included her in our parties and auto rides. On one auto ride a party of us stopped by her aunt's home, some twenty miles away. Her mother is dead, but had been a sister to this aunt.

This was my first acquaintance with the family although my mother knew the old family from which she came. In fact they had married into our line here and there and so we had much of which to converse. As the aunt and I talked the niece became quiet. Others spoke to her casually and I noticed she answered in a vague manner or not at all. Finally I bent towards her and whispered, "Why so pensive?" She seemed not to hear me. The general conversation went on, but I was disturbed about her. Soon she excused herself and left the room. Her aunt followed her. They were gone so long I thought perhaps they were preparing refreshments. The aunt returned and began to talk. I inquired of the niece.

"Oh, she will be O K presently," lightly answered the aunt. And at the next moment the girl appeared in the doorway so white and scared-like, that I arose and went to her.

"You're sick, can't we do something? You look like you had seen a ghost." I said to her and she looked at me so wide eyed that I took her by the arm and lead her into the open air. I thought she was about to faint, but she muttered as we walked, "We're too near, we're too near." Then she spoke to some unseen person, "Oh, go away, go away, don't you see I can't understand why you pester me so!"

"Me?" I asked, since I was the only one in the yard with her that I could see or hear.

"No, no," she whispered to me as if not to let anyone else hear. She clung to my arm and backed away from some imaginary person or object. I backed also, thinking her a little delirious. She shook herself, shivered and stamped her foot, demanding, "Leave me alone, I won't listen, I won't, I won't!" She wept and I held her tight. I was confused and worried. I looked about to see if anyone was near but saw nothing.

"Perhaps we had better go inside," I suggested as she became calm. I lead her into the house, not understanding in the least what was her real trouble. Once inside she left the living room and also the aunt. I brushed my forehead and sat down.

One of the men in our party jokingly asked, "Did you see a ghost too, pal?"

"Heh? Ghost?" I asked absently, and they all laughed.

"Did she talk to the spirits?" asked another. Just enough light dawned on my brain to put me further back in the dark, or as the poet says, 'a tiny spark which counterfeits a gloom.' So I answered almost shouting in my own nervousness, "Hell, yes! she talked with some imaginary body, which I couldn't see. She's out of her head. She's either sick or crazy!" They all laughed the more until I thought that they were all Nit Wits.

"No, pal," said one girl, "she in a trance. "She has those spells and talks with the spirits."

"She really sees things!" said another girl.

"Haw! She's off her nut," says I, now catching an inkling to the situation. The rest of the crowd had seen her in these spells before and had purposely driven by this aunt's house, which was not far from the cemetery where her Mother was buried. They wanted to see if she would throw a fit for my benefit. They wanted to see how I would react to it. It was all more or less a joke to the rest of them, but I've thought of the occurrence a great deal. I'm not a bit superstitious, not afraid of dead people, don't believe in ghosts, spirits or fortune tellers. But are there really mediums who see?

I inquired into this family and find or am informed that they are all supposed to be mediums. Her mother and grandmother were seers. This girl does not wish to become a medium and so is fighting against the situation, I am told. They say that she has been so harassed by these spirits of the dead, that doctors have been called in to attend her health. I am told that she is not strong enough to fight this mental trouble, and doctors say if she doesn't become a medium instead of fighting not to be, she will go insane or die of heart trouble. Her heart cannot stand the pressure of the nervous tension. I talked with a minister who gave me several references in the Bible which would help me to a clearer understanding of this so-called mystic.

Finishing his story he leaned back in his chair saying, "I wonder if any *human being* can see beyond the *veil*!"

THE RAG SOCIABLE

Princess Weekonmoshituash wishes to thank the committee, the cast and other members of the Narragansetts for helping to make a successful night of our musical entertainment and play, which was given on January 18th, at Shannock Memorial Hall for the benefit of the "Narragansett Dawn."

Due to the had storm that night only about 150 came out, but enjoyed the evening. Those on the program were: *Piano Interlude*—MRS. HARRY RHODES; *Solo*—"One Fleeting Hour,"—MRS. MARION BROWN; *3 Hand Piano Trio*—FRANCES NITA and PAULINE BARCOCK; *Solo*—"Roll Along Prairie Moon"—MRS. EDWIN TAYLOR; *Reading*—"The Foreclosure"—MISS VALENCA PERRY; *Solo*—"One Night In Monte Carlo"—MISS NAOMI FAYERWEATHER; THE HAWAIIAN SERENADERS entertained for one half hour.

The Rag Sociable was a one act play of yester-years, the characters were: Mrs. Winters, *the hostess*—MRS. CLIFFORD RECKLING; Betsy and Maria Winters—NAOMI FAYERWEATHER and MARJORIE DOVE; Miss Jennie Rush—MRS. WILLIAM WILCOX; Mrs. Basset—MRS. GRACE TWIST; Miss Salina Grey—MRS. T. D. BROWN; the twins, Miss Barbara and Harriet Allen—MRS. PHILIP PECKHAM and MRS. MARION BROWN; Miss Martha Ann Hall—MRS. GEORGE PECKHAM; Miss Eliza Hall—MISS MARGARET RHODES; Mrs. Jane Tompkins—MRS. HENRY WEEDEN; Miss Jane Tompkins—MRS. EDWIN TAYLOR; Miss Amanda Tompkins—MRS. HENRY HOPKINS; Lucenda Brown—MRS. HARRY RHODES; Priscilla Waite—MISS LAURA NEVES; Catherine Hull—MRS. EMMA RHODES; Sarah Ann Stone—MRS. SAMUEL NEVES.

Many old fashioned songs were sung in keeping with the scene. The ushers and candy sellers were: MISS BEATRICE McCLOUD, MISS MARGARET RHODES, MISS JOSEPHINE WILCOX. Ticket seller, PHILIP PECKHAM, collector, CLIFFORD RECKLING, checking, MR. WILLIAM WILCOX, committee, MARY PECKHAM, Chairman, BERTHA NEVES and LAURA NEVES, stage manager, FRED MICHEAL.

Dancing was enjoyed by all after the show. There was a total of \$38.87 taken in, the expenses were \$32.85, leaving a benefit of \$6.00 for the *Narragansett Dawn*. The Editorial Staff wish to thank all for their interest and help.

IN AND ABOUT PEACEDALE

by OWL'S HEAD

Peacedale is about three miles inland from Narragansett Pier, a sister village to Wakefield, at the head of Wakefield Bay on Great Salt Pond, In traveling about Peacedale, one feels this town is rightly named, a peaceful little place of many memories. Here I met a man who once belonged to the old Lyceum which had its public reading room, in the old square, three-story, pink granite building, standing on the south side of the highway to Kingston at the corner where the Wakefield road joins it. This building is the Post Office, and its corner stone reads 1855. Here the Lyceum, founded in 1857 had its regular meetings, in a cozy room, on the second floor.

The stalwart Narragansett Planters came here to discuss the general topics of the day. They drew up a formal constitution, elected officers, and paid dues of 50 cents each. The president and secretary had double duty to perform, so they were elected every four weeks; but the executive

committee, which obtained the periodicals and subject titles, were elected for a year. I was interested in why an election every 4 weeks. It seems at each meeting, a subject such as, "Has the invention of printing been of greater benefit to mankind than the discovery of the mariner's compass?" (which was the first discussed) was voted on, and four men chosen to talk on this at the next meeting. Two took the affirmative and two the negative. This subject opened the meeting and was followed by free discussion by the members. They voted on the merits of the discussions and the president gave his decision to the secretary in writing. That is why they changed presidents, to give all members a chance to decide on, and write on the questions brought to the floor.

Such men as Rowland Hazard, Stephen Fiske, George Dixon, Isaac Rodman, General Rodman, Benjamin Curtis and John C. Haazrd came here and discussed, "Ought Capital Punishment to be Abolished?", "Is the Influence of Wealth Greater Than That of Talent?", "Woman's Suffrage," and many other such weighty topics of that day. As early as 1857 when "Woman's Suffrage" came up, we find on record, that John Noka, a Narragansett Indian, took part in the discussion. John was of the family of Gideon Noka. He was the master mason who built the hall. Besides Noka there was Ammons, a Narragansett Indian who attended these meetings and voiced his opinions, along with other men of Rhode Island.

This master mason's work may be seen all about that community, in buildings and bridges. With him worked many other Indians who have given their trade to their sons and grandsons, for most of the descendents of that family, the Thomas family, the Brown family and the Fairweather family are masons and artists of some kind. Remnants of these families still live in this section and some on old estates, of Indian ancestors. There are the Harrys, the Rhodes, the Micheals, the Champlins, the Perrys, the Sekaters, the Watsons, the Recklings, the Johnsons, the Frys, the Monroes, Stantons, the Hazards, the Niles, the Rodmans, all married and intermarried still bringing forth a new generation of Indians for R. I.

ON THE TRACKS

Many years ago a tribe of Niantic Indians lived in the location of the town of Bradford, R. I. In the early part of 1800, the New York, New Haven and Hartford put a railroad from Stonington to Providence. There were a number of the tribe who lived there at that time. The railroad crossed a swamp between Westerly and Bradford, which is known as White Dog Swamp. Many years ago an Indian and his dog were going home short cut by the railroad. They were killed by the train. Ever since on dark nights, the dog and the Indian have been seen there. The great

white dog will be seen coming down the track cut half in two while the Indian beside him has no head. They go down the middle of the track a far as the brook and then disappear. Many have seen this and the story keeps many away from there on dark nights; but the swamp is still called The White Dog Swamp, to this day.

LONE WOLF

MOTHER'S PAGE

ANCIENT NARRAGANSETT BATH HOUSES

We hear much of home sanitation these days and of B. O., while many like to speak of the dirty painted Indians of long ago. But do you know that many generations ago the Narragansetts had public bath houses here in Rhode Island? They had their laws of personal sanitation also. They had their laws of health. Yes, these bath houses helped to keep them well.

All early writers speak of the perfect condition in which they found the Narragansetts. Other tribes were clean also. Some tribes started out at the age of five to take a morning bath in river or lake near, every day, summer and winter. Now the Narragansetts had a little low house, built snug and close, so no draught could enter. There was a long low entrance so that one must crawl on his hands and knees to enter. This house was made of young trees bent over and tied and then covered with skins. Over the skins they piled green sod. This house was large enough to hold about six who came naked and sat or reclined around a pile of red hot stones which were heated and then brought into the enclosure. There were separate houses for men and women. They would lay and smoke until they had had a good sweat, and the entire body was wet, then without delay they jumped into the water. These houses were always built on the banks of a stream or pond, and used summer and winter alike. They believed the sweat brought out the impurities of the system and took away all aches and pains. Some early writers called these houses "cure-alls."

Speaking of home sanitation did you hear this joke on the radio a few mornings ago?

Small Son—Mother, did God make man out of dust?

Mother—Yes son, God made man from the dust of the earth.

Son—Better look out, Mother, He'll make one under your bed soon.

by WAHANA

The only two words so far found with the letter J in the Narragansett tongue are, fight—juhetteke and Let us fight—juhettitea.

GOOD LUCK

How many of us have seen a ghost? I have! About 20 years ago one evening I went fishing some three miles from my home into the woods. About midnight the fog came in from the sea and hid the moon and stars. I said it is time to go home and after walking about half a mile, I looked up and right beside me was a big pillar of fire. As I watched, it turned to green and then to white and went out. I walked on and there it was again, I thought it moved and changed colors. The wind blew and I was about to head for parts unknown, but I seemed glued to the spot. I said the Great Spirit has sent me a sign, so I stood and watched it. Finally I walked up to where I thought I had seen the ghost and put out of my hand I touched something that was cold, wet and slimy. It felt like something from another world. I backed off and lit a match and there was my ghost. It was an old rotten stump covered with fungus growth; when the damp air settled on it, and the wind blew it, it glowed, changed colors and faded. Look in the woods for them on a damp night. They are a sign of *Good Luck* to you.

· LONE WOLF

A BIT OF HISTORY CONCERNING OUR TRIBAL NAME

"Respecting the name of Narragansett," Woger Williams states, "That being inquisitive of what root the title or denomination Nahiganset should come, I heard that Nahiganset was so named from a little island between Puttisqueomsett (which was the name of a large rock near Tower Hill, afterwards given also to a river in South Kingston, dividing Tower Hill from Boston Neck and emptying into the sea), on the sea and fresh water side.

I went on purpose to see it, and about the place called Sugar Loaf Hill (a high, conical mount at Wakefield), I saw it and was within a pole of it 16½ feet, but could not learn why it was called Nahiganset." There are a number of islands in the Point Judith Ponds, but which one was pointed out to Mr. Williams, as the Narragansett Island, is not known and no island now bears that distinctive name.

Potter's Early History of Narragansett, P. 4

Madame Knight, in her journey through Narragansett in 1704, while resting for the night at Haven's Tavern, which stood on the site of the present residence (1847) of William P. Maxwell, Esq., near the "Devil's Foot" rock in North Kingstown, listened, she says, to a strong debate concerning the "Signification of the name of their County, (viz.) Narragansett." One said it was named so by the Indians, because there grew a brier then, of a prodigious height and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians *Narragansett*. And quote an Indian of so barbarous a name for his author, that I could not write it. His antagonist replied no—"it was from a spring it had its name, which he well knew where it was, which was extreme cold in summer and as hot as could be imagined in the winter, which was much resorted to by the natives, and by them Narragansett (hot and cold) and that was the original of their places name."

from "The History of the Narragansett Church"

by WILKINS UPDIKE

NOTE—Saum kopaugot, It is cold. Wussaume kusopita, It is hot. Chowhesn, It is warm.

Within the tribe, we have reasons to believe the real meaning of the name Nahiganset, later called Narragansett means, "to carry across safely."

Our forefathers were used to carrying their canoes across lower South County to avoid paddling around Point Judith. In going across they used the rivers, lakes, and ponds which are numerous in the lower part of the State. One island on which they often rested or paused in their journeying was called from them, for here they met others of their tribe traveling in the opposite direction and they often had pleasant times together, and planned or waited for a party on the little island of Nahiganset, in Point Judith Pond. Here they often came for secret meetings also, as it appeared they were just passing one another.

Sent in by MRS. MAUD NEVES

