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We are fortunate in our next speaker to have a man who is an expert in his field, numismatics. Mr. Halsey Townes, Vice President and Secretary of Magic City Food Products, has had since the age of 10 the coin collectors bug. He has experimented in all phases - plain collecting - and fancy too, buying and selling and trading. His library is one of the most extensive in the South, and his interests now range primarily in the fields of "who is on it?", "what did he do?", "why was it made?" In summary, his interests lie in the history around and behind the coins. Since his collection extends from the earliest Greek, Roman and Egyptian coins known, through early American and Confederate, and his knowledge of the subject is equally wide, we are assured of a most entertaining evening.

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Captain John Smith's Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the Names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governours from their First Beginning, AN. 1584. to this Present 1626. With the Proceedings of those Severall Colonies and the accidents that Befell them in all thier Journyes and Discoveries. Also the Maps and Descriptions of those Countreyes, their Commodities, People, Government, Customes and Religion yet Knowne is a delightful book. Member Leon Nolan has made a copy of a few excerpts from same. Following is a bit to whet your appetite.

Vol. II, The Fovrth Booke, to Make Plaine the True Proceedings of the Historie for 1609.

p. 26. ... Whilst those things were effecting, Sir Thomas Dale, having settled to his thinking all things in good order, made choice of one Master George Yearly, to be Deputy-Gouernour in his absence, and so returned for England, accompanied with Pocahontas the Kings Daughter, and Master Rolfe her husband, and arived at Plimmoth the 12. of Iune, 1616.

p. 30. ... During this time, the Lady Rebecca, alais Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, by the diligent care of Master Iohn Rolfe her husband and his friends, as taught to speake such English as might well bee understood, well

instructed in Christianitie, and was become very formall and ciuill after our English manner; shee had also by him a childe which she loued most dearly and the Treasurer and Company tooke order both for the maintenance of her and it, besides there were diuers persons of great ranke and qualitie had beene very kinde to her; and before she arrived in London, Captaine Smith to deserue her former courtesies, made her qualities knowne to the Queen and most excellent Maiestie and her Court, and writ a little booke to this effect to the Queene: An abstract wherof followeth.

To the most High and Vertuous Princeesse Queene Anne of Great Brittain.

Most admired Queene,

The loue I beare my God, my King and Countrie hath so oft emboldened mee in the worse of extreme dangers, that now honestie doth constraime mee to presume thus farre beyond my selfe, yo present your Maiestie this short discourse: if ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltie of that crime if I should omit any meanes to bee thankfull. So it is

That some ten yeeres agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King, I receiued from this great Saluage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaquaus, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I euer saw in a Saluage, and his sister Pocahantas, the Kings most deare and wel-beloued daughter, being but a childe of twelue or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart, of desperate estate, gaue me much cause to respect her: I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw... After some six weeks fattig amongst those Saluage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to aue mine, and not only that, but so preuailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to James towne, where i found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of Virginia, such was the weaknesse of this poore Commonwelath, as had the Saluages not fed us, we directly had starued. And this reliefe, Most gracious Queene, was commonly brought us by this Lady Pocahontas...

p. 33. ... Being about this time preparing to set saile for New-England, I could not stay to doe her that seruice I desired, and shee well deserued; but hearing shee was at Branford with diuers of my friends, I went to see her: ... But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done: saying... They did till vs alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth; Yet powhatan did command Vttamatomakkin to seeke you, and know the truth, because your Countriemen will lie much.

This Saluage, one of Powhatans Councill, being amongst them held an vnderstanding fellow; the King purposely sent him, as they say, to number the people

here, and informe him well what wee were and our state. Arriuing at Plimoth, according to his directions, he got a long sticke, whereon by notches hee did thinke to haue kept the number of all the men hee could see, but he was quickly wearie of that taske: Comming to London, where by chance I met him. hauing renewed our acquaintance, where many were desirous to heare and see his behaviour, hee told me Powhatan did bid him to finde out, to shew him our God, the King, Queene, and Prince, I so much had told them of; Concerning God, I told him the best I could, the King I heard he had seene, and the rest hee should see when he would; he denied euer to haue seene the King, till by circumstances he was satisfied he had: Then he replied very sadly, You gave Powhatan a white Dog, which Powhatan fed as himselfe, but your King gaue me nothing, and I am better than your white Dog. . . .

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Mr. Thomas Underwood who is Director of the Museum of the Cherokees in Cherokee, North Carolina, wrote the following (slightly edited) re: The Good Old Indian Game of Ball. The Cherokee Historical Association has many very fine things to offer for the passing tourist as well as the serious student of the culture of these Indians. A drama of the Cherokee Indian entitled "Unto These Hills" is deservedly well recommended. The Museum, the Indian Village, and even the shops and craft stores are a welcome and warming glimpse of a fine culture - past and present. We suggest that you go there deliberately or via a detour from your vacation plans. The Great Smokies and the Cherokees will both welcome you.

"An Indian ball game is played on a flat field to decide clan supremacy in the ungentle science of mayhem.

The two teams come onto the field, having erected their goal posts which are similar to football type goal posts but much smaller. The medicine man tosses the ball into the air, and the players are now fighting to work the tiny walnut-sized ball toward their far-off goals. The rackets are hickory withes with a net in the tip about the size of the palm of the hand.

Anything goes - biting and choking, gouging and scratching, twisting arms and legs - - even banging each other on the head with their wooden rackets.

The object of the game is to carry or throw the ball between the goal a dozen times. The first team that has 12 counting pegs stuck in the ground by the medicine man wins the ball game. There are no time-outs, no substitutions. If a player is knocked out - and they often are - his opponent must also leave the game. Twenty men may start a game and only a few finish it.

There is no time limit. A game continues until a team scores 12 points.

Once entire villages played the game to settle arguments among the clans. There is a historic incident whereby a land dispute between two tribes was settled peaceably on the ball field.

In olden days Indians gathered from miles around to watch the games and to bet anything they possessed on their favorite team. It was not at all uncommon for a man to go home after the game minus both his horse and his shirt."

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AN INDIAN IDEA

Whether the white man has the last word in how the world should be run may well be questioned by the Indians from whom he has taken over. A Sedan, Kansas, newspaper says a farm journal offered a \$100 prize for the best 100 word comment on a (picture of) deserted farm house in a gullied field. An Indian, so the story goes, won with the following:

"Picture show white man crazy. Cut down big trees. Make big tepee. Plow hill. Water wash. Wind blow soil. Grass gone. Door gone. Window gone. Squaw too. No chuck-away. No pigs. No corn. No plow. No hay. No pony.

Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat grass. Indian eat Buffalo. Hide make tepees. Make moccasin. Indian no make terrace. No make dam. All time eat. No hunt job. No hitch hike. No ask relief. No shoot pig. Great Spirit make grass. Indian no waste anything. Indian no work. White man loco."

Annals of Iowa, October, 1955

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Our Television plans and programs are shaping up - tho slowly. Our first five programs will have the following speakers and will take the immediate pressure off the planning group so they can concentrate on the remaining programs.

Starting with the first weekly program on June 6th, Thursday at 8:30 P.M. Channels 10 - 7 - and 2, will be our speaker at our last meeting, Dr. Carl Miller of the Smithsonian Institute. His subject will be "Russell Cave". It is not amiss to here state that our May meeting, a joint one of the Birmingham Art Association and our own Society, was by far the most successful we have had, for several reasons; first, a mighty interesting speaker who made himself, and his subject, sparkle, and secondly, fine publicity work on the part of Mrs. Bernice McClasky, Mrs. Clifford Lamar, and others of the Art Association, and Mr. James Wilkinson and others of our own Society, and Lily Mae Caldwell of the Birmingham News, who was most sympathetic to the rising interest of Alabamians in past cultures as well as the present one. Over 250 attended and Dr. Miller gave most generously

of his time after the meeting to the many who wished to meet him - (and have him appraise the value or age of their particular finds of artifacts, people just will be human.)

On June 13 will be presented Mr. David DeJarnette telling us about "Tools of the Trade". This talk will cover the tools of the archaeologist, his methods, and techniques. Mr. DeJarnette, curator of the Moundville State Museum, will have film, slides, many artifacts and his usual quiet ability to win friends and influence people.

June 20 brings Dr. Frank Soday, Vice President and Director of Research of Chemstrand Corporation, before the three-eyed monster called a camera. Dr. Soday will discuss "Man vs. Mammoth", a story of the oldest Indians, their struggles for life, their tools and weapons, the general picture of their cultural relations with each other and their time in the pattern of the past.

June 27 - "The Biggest Clambake" is the next topic, and a true title if there ever was one. Mr. Peter Knudson, a Research Physicist, amateur archaeologist and Lepidoptrist with a genuine feeling for the subject (he likes clams) will tell the century spanning story of the shell mounds and the people who made them. The acres of shells, many feet deep, along the Tennessee River are the stage, and the heritage of those Indians who made the biggest clambake will be recreated for your entertainment.

July 4 Mr. Samuel Mosley who - - - Wait for the next newsletter!

Save your Thursday evenings at 8:30 to 9:00 for Educational TV Channels 10 - 7 - 2. Invite your friends to watch and if they show the slightest interest - ask them for the opportunity to bring them to our meetings.

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In the present day era, when much of the "thinking" is done by leaders and intriguers, the old story of the Indian building a boat may be apropos. The Indian was carving his canoe out of a large log. A man came along and said, "Chief, I think she's too wide for her length." So the Indian narrowed her down. A little later another man came along who said, "Chief, it looks to me that the stern's too full." So he cut down the stern.

A third man came, watched the Indian chisel a while, and giving the canoe a look, said, "Chief, the bow's too sheer." So he changed the bow. When the canoe was finally finished, the Indian launched it in a nearby river, but it capsized. He hauled it back on the beach, found another log, and began again.

Once more a man came along and offered advice, but this time the Indian answered, "That boat over there - that boat is everybody's boat", pointing to the

monstrosity on the bank. "This one Indian's boat."

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Little Mary was interested in more than the show when she asked her mother: "Mother, when do the Indians come in?" "Why, there are no Indians in this show, dear", said her mother. "What in the world made you think that?" "Well, then, who scalped all the men in the front row?"

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When we fill our hours with regrets over the failures of yesterday, and with the worries over the problems of tomorrow, we have no today in which to be thankful.

GUESTS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!