

Astounding Discovery of a Forgotten Ancient Indian Tribe

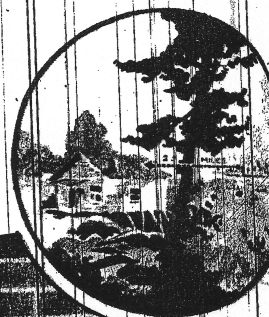
Descendants of the Original New Yorkers Who Sold Our Island for \$24 More Than Three Centuries Ago, They Live in Squalor in Their Almost Inaccessible Hideaway Where for Years They Have Been Forgotten



welcome. Indeed, their existence was not even suspected by those who have lived a long time within a few miles of their mountain retreat, so slyly did they hide themselves away in their dense and forbidding woods. They wanted to be alone, to be left alone, so they spared no effort to keep themselves out of sight of strangers of the whites. They were as crafty about it as their Indian forebears.

Discovery of these descendants of the once mighty Iroquois was made by two well-known New Yorkers who have

Summer places in that neighborhood. One was Albert Payson Terhune, the novelist, who has a home, "Sunnybank," at Pompton Lakes. The other was Mrs. T. J. Grauland, the "Mrs. P. G." of radio distinction, who rules hersevolently the Paradise cabaret on Broadway. Incidentally, these two have done a grand deal in aid of the wild folk they found



immured in the Ramapo Mountains, and brought much of the comfort into their precarious and primitive lives, comfort which they never knew existed.

At the close of the World War the Government, being advised that Ramsey, N. J., was one of the most healthful spots in the United States, not salubrious in the East, constructed

Clara O'Neil in Ramapo Valley. In Circle with Her are Mrs. M. J. White, Mrs. T. J. Grauland, and "Duke" Russell, Near the Ramapo Indian Settlement.

THREE AND A HALF centuries ago, the Indian owners of Manhattan Island sold it to Peter Minuit for \$24 and several kegs of whiskey.

Today, within actual sight of the towering skyscrapers of New York City, live the descendants of these original Manhattanites.

Twenty-three miles from the heart of New York—the ultra-modern, most advanced city in the world—dwell these forgotten great-great-grandchildren of a once powerful tribe of the famous Iroquois nation.

Their home is in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Ramapo Mountains, between Pompton Lakes and Ramsey, in New Jersey. There, these remnants of a proud tribe which sought safety and seclusion in the rugged, wooded hills there in the middle of the 17th century, live in a state of almost inconceivable primitiveness.

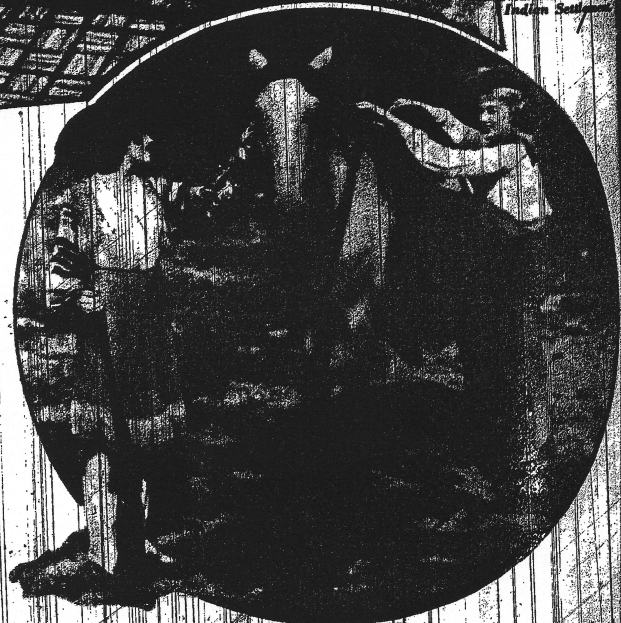
Although on a clear day they can from their pinnacled hills see the tall buildings of Manhattan silhouetted against the distant sky, they are as re-

TWO INDIAN MAIDS.
The Girl on the Downy Cushion (Above, Left) Is Lillian Jennings, a Real Indian of the Ramapo Mountains. The Smiling Miss Presenting Her with Packages of Food Is Peggy Barry, One of the Paradise Cabaret Maids Who Have Adopted an Indian Family.

mote from them in all that goes to make up their hard-won lives as if they dwelt on the moon.

They live in what amounts to thiefless poverty, unlettered and isolated. They know nothing, practically, about money or the meaning or value of it. They have less than the aborigines from whom they sprang. Their food comes mainly from the small game, rabbits, birds and the like, which they may be fortunate enough to shoot or trap. Wild fruit is a considerable item of their Summer and Autumn fare. Their houses are little more than hovels.

By no means the least remarkable feature of their existence is the fact that they remained undiscovered for so many years, and have only now been brought into a light which they had seen than



GOING TO VISIT THE INDIAN CAMP.
Peggy Barry and Lillian Jennings, Night Club Dancers, Set Out for the Arduous Journey to the Heart of the Ramapo Mountains Last Tuesday.

a convenient camp for wounded soldiers within three miles of the Indian settlement. But never did a soul in the camp have the least inkling that any "haunting Americans" were within thousands of miles of the place. Learning

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Indian Tribe Within Sight of Manhattan

New Yorkers Who Live in Squalor in Their

places in that neighborhood was Albert Payson Terhune, the author of "Sunnybank" and "The Other Side of the Mountain." The other was the late N. T. G., of the "Dude Ranch" fame, who ruled benevolently over the area until his death. In fact, these two have done a great deal in aid of the wild folk they found



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At the close of the World War the Government, being advised that Ramsey, N. J., was one of the most healthful spots in the United States, made a splendid resort in the East.

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whites. They knew very well that the valleys and hills between what are now Pompton Lakes and Ramsey were practically inaccessible, that the woodsmen could penetrate to them and that it would be possible to locate them indefinitely and without fear of assault.

They had reckoned their security

that the whites were building this camp, the tribal remnants kept much more closely to cover. And no one on the reservation ever saw hide or hair of them.

The camp was maintained for several years and then abandoned, the land being sold to various individuals. Several New Yorkers eventually bought a field of their sumo about the region. Thus, the "new" Indians were discovered and the history of their past revealed. They are not very happy at finding themselves in the open, as they thought they were not in the hands of the people already denied.



Nils T. Granlund

Just a word or so now about the history of these hidden-away folk. Before the years in which the white man began his conquest of the eastern part of this country, the valley of the Ramapo River in northern New Jersey, in what is now Bergen County, was inhabited by a tribe of Indians of the Iroquois nation. They were a sturdy lot, strong and warlike, yet with a knowledge of cultivation of the soil and skilled, if primitive, craftsmen.

Then the whites invaded their territory in the middle of the 17th century and thousands of them northward to Canada and westward as far as Michigan. They were a match for the Dutch and English coming upon them from the New York side of the Ramapo Mountains and the Germans and Swedes from the New Jersey side.

While a majority of them were driven from their homeland and hunting grounds, a few of them took refuge in the Ramapo Mountains, trusting to their woods to elude the oncoming

well. The conquering whites made no effort, so far as they knew, to invade their rough domain. Though the whites did settle a few miles away, they were all unconscious of the presence of Indians anywhere near them.

While the onward marching whites did not encounter them, some white settlers did enter the hills and there joined these friendly Indians. In the constant wars, big and little, in which the settlers of the New World engaged, it is easy to understand this. The whites went into hiding in preference to being captured by one or the other of the opposing forces. These hillfolk became known as "Jackson Whites" and many of them intermarried with the Indians in the mountains.

It is the descendants of these Indians who are living today in the Ramapos and in circumstances which are more crude, all things considered, than those in which their ancestors survived.

Quite by accident it was that Mr. Terhune and Nils Granlund came upon these strange, sequestered folk while exploring the hills in the neighborhood of their respective estates.

"When I first saw them," Mr. Granlund said to a representative of the Sunday Mirror Magazine, "they were living in indescribable squalor. Indeed their condition has not been materially changed even now, though much has been done for them. They seem to prefer to live in the desperately primitive fash-

ion to which they have become inured, and beyond which they seem to see nothing.

They live on the little game the mountains afford and the wild fruit which in Summer and Autumn is to be found close at hand."

There are about 50 persons in the settlement now, living in six small log huts, the walls crevices filled with plaster, the same sort of crude dwellings in which the pioneers of the Western World made their homes. Not

one of these houses is less than 200 years old. They consist of one room in which the entire family—often eight or ten individuals—lives, sleeps and eats. For beds they have the bare floor or an ancient mattress. They cook on the floor unless, by some chance they have obtained or contrived a table. That there is little community spirit is attested by the fact that the huts are usually about half a mile apart.

Although much-traveled State highways pass within a few miles of this strange settlement, it is one of the most difficult sections of the East to penetrate. One family may be reached by foot over a tortuous mountain by-path, but to get to the center of the region requires a full day's ride by horse—or muleback. Without a guide one could never find it, but the Indians there traverse it with the aid of trails invisible to a white man.

The white blood in these Indians dominates. They have lost all trace of their native language and speak a stilted English. They retain, however, the Indians' hardness, a hike of 16 miles being nothing to a 75-year-old member of the settlement. There are three marked types to be found: among the children of each family are some who resemble full-blooded Indians, others who are obvious half-breeds and still others of bonde European cast. Some of the Indians have tribal headdresses, such as feathered hats, once owned by remote ancestors.

By reason of the hardness of their lives, the slender rations available and their constant foraging for food, these "foreigners" are a lean and hardy lot. Most of them look always as if they had just returned from a wearisome journey. Their clothing is mainly utilitarian and always well-worn—the sort only older, which was common to these hardy souls who went with their covered wagons to the conquest of the West.

The children of the settlement are faring better than their elders, receiving at least the rudiments of education in a schoolhouse three miles distant, to which they plod on not unwilling feet.

Despite the frequency of intermarriage, what is known among animal fanciers as "breeding"—the inhabitants are intelligent and mentally alert. Both Mr. Terhune and "N. T. G." who has a "dude" ranch in the region, have "adopted" families and are now providing them with proper and necessary food. Another of the families has been taken under the wing of the author, and each week some of them pay the settlement a visit with Granlund.

This may explain the remarkable fact that one of the Indian women was found to possess a lipstick!

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"VANISHING AMERICANS." In New Jersey, Starting out on a Hunt with Dog, Gun and Boy, to Get Whatever Small Game the Ramapo Mountains May Yield Him.



Strange as It Seems, These Indian Children Live Quite Aboriginal Lives Only 23 Miles from New York City.

Here, at the Left, Is a Typical Group of Indian Children on the Doorstep of the Primitive Log Hut in Which They Live.

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