The Get a Gift for Mom vendor day was a success! It was great to see people come out and have the opportunity to enjoy one another's company and support local artists. The Gawę:nö' Department raffled off a garden box starter kit and a set of scratch offs. Kim Pierce and Danielle Alimonti won the prizes. Nya:wে to all who supported the event and the raffle. Proceeds from the day will go towards future events & programming.

We have continued to publish several newscasts every month. We hope the community is enjoying and learning from the newscasts. We are always on the lookout for topics and segments to feature in the newscasts. If you have anything you would like to have featured, let us know.

If you have any questions or comments, please feel free to contact 716-532-8162.

Gawę:nö' lesson: Going to Tom’s Mingle

By Gahada:was & Gaenohdo’

In Onöndowa’ga:
Viola: Dê’shö:h ne:wa’ nyęhnyaję’ ganyo’ êhniya:ną:da’t, gatga’ hoh ae’ éjad-ekonya:nö’?
Bessie: Ogwenyö:h oga’ ūh wah ne:ge’ näh gë:s ga’weh di’ gwah ohne.’
Viola: Dë’èh ne:wa’ na’od snoop’we:š?
Bessie: Di’gwah. Ha’deyoh nä:h gë:s. Dë’ neh nı:s?
Viola: Ahsoh neh i’ da’aganohdö’ waeh égada:ge’ ganyo’ êhni:yo’.
Bessie: Ga’weh nég:ge’ éhne’?
Viola: Tom’s waeh negë’ jawë’ôh èsahtso:wi’ ne’hoh gwah noh hêhne’.
Bessie: Agega’ has neh spaghetti.
Viola: So’t wëdoh di’ gwah sadehsa’ da’neh êhnyahdë:di’.
Bessie: Oh Nyoh!

In Ganyo’oka
Viola: What will we do this time when we finish, somewhere we’ll go eat again?
Bessie: It’s usually something good wherever we go.
Viola: What are you hungry for this time?
Bessie: I don’t know. A lot usually. What about you?
Viola: I don’t know yet where we’ll go until we get there.
Bessie: Where will we go?
Viola: Toms you’re always talking about it we’ll go that way
Bessie: I like the taste of spaghetti.
Viola: Well whenever you’re ready then we’ll go.
Bessie: Oh OK!
Nödayawëhse:'

Open Bead Group
Tuesdays
5:30pm - 8:30pm
Bead room, Stanley Huff
Heritage Center, 12857 Route 438, SNI Cattaraugus Territory
Currently working on beaded picture frames
Limited supplies provided.
For more info, call: Sam at 716-532-4900 ext. 5120

Virtual Strawberry Festival
June 14th - 26th
Www.facebook.com/Kanatsiohareke
Fundraiser for Kanatsiohareke
Featuring: Music, storytelling, traditional teachings, online vendor market & silent auction
For more info: mohawkcommunity.org

Smoke Dance Contest
June 19th
4:30pm
Artpark Amphitheater, Lewiston, NY
Part of the 2nd Annual Strawberry Moon Festival, contest registration is 2pm - 4pm.
Festival admission: $7, advance tickets required: artpark.net

KP Memorial Golf Tournament
June 26th
Tee time: 1:30pm
Concord Crest Golf Course
50/50, Chinese auction, $300 per team of 4, proceeds will support a scholarship for individuals pursuing higher education in the health, education or the business field.
For more info, call: Trudy Jackson at 716-474-6126

@Creation
June 14th - July 23rd
Idyllwild Arts Gallery
Native American Arts Festival Invitational Exhibit featuring seven artists including: Luanne Redeye (Seneca).
Virtual Artist & curator talks, 7pm: June 16th, 23rd, 20th; July 7th, 14th, 21st & 28th
For more info: IdyllwildArtsGallery.org

Yadahta:wak Hihsyönya:nö'
June 12th - July 24th
Tri-County Arts Council
110 West Main Street, Olean, NY
Featuring work by Pete & Mike Jones,
Artist talk: June 12th, 5pm - 9pm
Registration required for art talk: https://signup.com/go/oifqyOD

Ojisdahgwat - Wild Geranium, Osgwaiʼdaʼ - Wild Ginger, Onyögwiʼsäʼ - Grapes, Shesah Ojisdōdaʼshäʼ - Wild Strawberry
The New York state fair will be held in Syracuse, from August 20th - September 6th, 2021. The New York state fair Indian Village will be open and participating in the fair. Every year the Indian Village princess is hosted by a different territory. This year, the princess will be from the Cattaraugus territory.

Any young lady who would like to be this year's New York State Fair Indian Village princess should meet the following qualifications:

1. Be an enrolled Seneca member from the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation.
2. Between the age of 16-22 years old
3. Single with no children
4. Knowledgeable of Haudenosaunee culture & traditions
5. Have a traditional outfit for presentations
6. Knowledge and ability to dance Haudenosaunee social dances
7. Able to travel to the NYS fair as requested, dates to be determined.
8. Willing to attend an interview for the princess selection process.
9. Submit a letter of intent by July 9th, 2021 to:
   c/o Mary Jacobs, PO Box 254, Collins, NY 14034

For more information, please leave a message for Mary Jacobs at 716-803-2608.
The following story was collected by Jeremiah Curtin and published in his book Seneca Stories in 1913.

Two brothers lived by themselves and supposed they were the only persons in the world. The younger was a little fellow but he did the thinking for both. Whatever he said, the elder brother did.

One day he said, “Brother, kill a turkey for me. I want two feathers.”

The elder brother killed the turkey and brought it home. When he gave it to the little boy he asked, “What are you going to do with the feathers?”

“I want them for a headdress,” answered the younger brother, and pulling two feathers from the turkey he gave them to his brother. He asked him to fix them in a socket in such a way that they would turn with the wind.

When this was done, the little boy fastened the socket to a band and wore the feathers for a headdress. At night he hung the headdress on the wall over his bed but as soon as daylight came, he put it on his head. One morning, when going out, he said to his older brother, “I like my feathers and I am going to have a dance for them.”

The older brother watched until his younger brother disappeared behind a fallen tree. Soon he heard singing and then he heard dancing. He was frightened and said to himself, “Something is the matter with my brother.”

When the little boy came back, the older brother asked, “What were you doing? Were you dancing behind that tree? Why did you go so far? Why didn’t you dance right here with me, not go off alone.”

“You don’t know the songs I sing,” said the younger brother.

“I can learn them, then I can help you,” replied the elder brother. “If you want to help me, you may dance.”

“It isn’t right for me to dance when I don’t know how to sing and haven’t feathers in my hair,” said the older brother.

“I will change places with you,” said the little boy. “You may hunt small game and I will hunt deer. I have hunted birds, for from them I learn songs. Your game does not sing. But maybe I could not kill big game, I am so small. Maybe you couldn’t kill birds, you are so large.”

“Well,” said the elder brother, “You may sing and dance all you want to, I will hunt.”

The elder brother continued to hunt large game. Often, when coming toward home, he heard his little brother singing and dancing but as soon as the little boy saw him, he began to do something else, as though he had not been signing or dancing. This frightened the elder brother and made him think that something was going to happen.

Once he asked his younger brother, “Why have you stopped hunting for birds?”

“I listened to their songs,” said the boy. “That is why I don’t shoot them.” One day he said to his older brother, “My feathers are worn out. I want you to kill another turkey.”

The older brother killed the largest turkey he could find and brought it home.

“Skin the turkey,” said the little boy, “and make me a pouch.”

When the pouch was finished, the older brother gave it to his little brother and asked, “Do you like it?”

“Yes,” said the boy. “It is just as I wanted it to be.”

While the skin was drying, the boy often put it around his body and went off into the woods. When he came back to the cabin he took the skin off and hung it up.

“You must not go far from the cabin,” said the elder brother.

“No,” answered the boy. “I will stay near home and take care of things.”

Once he said to his elder brother, “You must stay at home, not go hunting today. I want you to learn to sing my songs. What I do now will be for the people who are to come. I will make a rule that the people to come must wear feathers and dance and sing.”

The elder brother studied over this and wondered how a little boy could have such thoughts.

“Now,” said the little boy, “I am going to sing a song. You must listen and learn it.” He then sang a song.

“What is the name of that song?” asked the elder brother.

From the singing the songs of the birds the boy has grown very wise. He said, “It is the song the people will sing when they wear feathers on their heads (war song). You must be careful in singing it; if not, you will fall to the ground senseless. I sing what I have heard the birds sing. I give thanks as I have heard them do, when I was hunting. I dance to my songs because I hear the birds sing and see them dance. We must do as they do. It will make us feel glad and happy.”

One day when the brothers were out looking around, they saw a large bird sitting on a tree. When the bird began to sing, the elder brother knew that his brother had learned its song for he had heard him sing it. “You are very wise,” he said to his little brother. “I think the Creator tells the birds to teach us songs,” and he began singing a song of his own, different from those his brother sang.

“Do you think I could dance to your song?” asked the little brother. “I’ll try if you sing it again.”

“Instead of singing, the elder brother said, “I will tell you the words to my song, they are ‘Agadahoi’ ge-gëh wëni:shëskhë’: I am glad to see the day. O’tganö:nyö:k neh odëhgo:d: I am thankful for the (continued on page W13i4)
(continued from page Ge:ih) sunbeams."

"I know the song," said the little boy. "It is different from mine. There isn't as much joy in it. When we are sad we will sing your song and gain courage. Now you must hunt for your kind of game and I will hunt for mine."

As the elder brother was starting off, the younger boy jumped into his turkey skin, and said "Brother, I will go with you."

"Oh no," said the elder brother, "I go too far. You would get tired."

The little boy insisted and at last the elder brother said, "You may go part of the way, but all the way would be too far."

When they had gone a long distance, the elder brother said, "This is far enough for you to go. You must go back now."

The younger brother went home hopping and running exactly like a turkey.

The older brother noticed his little brother was wearing his turkey skin all the time, that he even wore during the night. He didn't like this and he asked him to take it off.

"You made it for me," said the little boy. "I like to wear it."

The elder brother was fond of his brother so he didn't say any more. Afterward, when he mentioned the turkey skin, he always received the same answer: "You made it for me, and I like to wear it."

The little boy played like a turkey and when he saw wild turkeys he imitated the noise they made. He was learning the habits of a turkey. The young man worried over this. The little boy no longer wore feathers on his head, and his voice began to change; it didn't sound like his voice. At last the elder brother told him to take the skin off.

The little boy said, "I can't take it off. You will have to help me."

The older brother pulled but couldn't get the skin off. It had grown to the boys body.

Turkey said, "I shall stay with you always, but you must be careful; something is going to happen." He was very wise now; his advice was better than ever; it was beyond the comprehension of his elder brother.

Once, when the elder brother came home, he couldn't find Turkey but the next morning he heard him on the roof of the cabin making the noise a turkey makes at day-break. Soon he heard him jump down, then he came into the cabin. Turkey said, "Brother, a woman is coming. I think she is coming for you. You must be careful. Something is going to happen to us. If you go with her, I shall follow you."

When the woman came near the cabin she saw a turkey standing in front of it. She looked at the bird but didn't say anything. Going into the cabin she said to the young man, "I have come for you."

"I will tell my brother and find out what he thinks about it," answered the young man. The woman didn't know the turkey she saw outside was the young man's brother. He went to Turkey and said, "A woman has come."

"Didn't I tell you one was coming. She is full of witchcraft and she will try to destroy us. You must tell her that you are not ready to go, that you will start tomorrow. Something bad is going to happen to us."

The young man said to the woman, "I will go with you as soon as I can get ready."

Turkey determined to stay in the house that night. He hopped in and perched on a roost his brother made for him. The woman thought the boy was a tame turkey.

The next morning neither of the brothers could eat. The elder said, "I must go with this woman."

"It is wrong to go," said Turkey. "She has great power. It will be hard to outwit her."

When the woman and the young man started, Turkey followed them until he saw them turn and go toward the west. Then he went back to the cabin. He was very lonely. The next morning he said to himself: "Poor brother, that woman has taken him away from me. She is going to kill him. I must go and see what is happening to him." He traveled toward the west until he came to an opening in the woods. In the opening was a cabin. "That must be the place," thought the younger brother.

An old woman who was in the cabin said to her daughter, "There is a turkey outside. It is tame. Maybe it has come to stay with us."

Right away the young man knew that his little brother had come. The woman took a fancy to the turkey. They didn't think of trying to kill it. Toward night one of the women want to shut it up so it couldn't get away but the boy ran out and perched on the roof so as to see and hear everything.

The next morning, when the young man came out of the cabin, his brother followed him, and asked: "Brother, how can you stay here and be abused by the old woman and her daughter? They don't give you anything to eat. They are going to kill you. I have come to tell you this and to tell you that I am going to save you."

Turkey started toward the East. As his brother watched, he said "I am glad he can go where he wants to."

Turkey was angry at the women. When he reached home, he thought, "I must get out of this skin, get my own form. I've been a turkey long enough." He pulled and worked until at last he freed himself. He hung the skin up and put the feather band around his head, then he began to study over how he (continued on page Ye:i)
Ingredients:
2 3/4 cups all purpose flour
1 1/3 cup packed brown sugar
2 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 large egg, room temperature
1 cup buttermilk
1/2 cup canola oil
2 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup chopped fresh strawberries
3/4 cup diced fresh/frozen rhubarb

Topping:
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/3 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 tablespoon cold butter

Directions:
1. In a large bowl, combine the first 6 ingredients. In another bowl, whisk the egg, buttermilk, oil and vanilla. Stir into dry ingredients just until moistened. Fold in strawberries and rhubarb. Fill greased or paper-lined muffin cups two-thirds full.
2. In a small bowl, combine the pecans, brown sugar and cinnamon. Cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle over batter.
3. Bake at 400° until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean, 20-25 minutes. Cool for 5 minutes before removing from pans to wire racks. Serve warm.

Note: If using frozen rhubarb, measure rhubarb while frozen, then thaw completely. Drain in a colander, but do not press liquid out.

Other nuts can be substituted in place of the pecans. Try walnuts!

Makes about 1 1/2 dozen muffins.

Recipe & photo from: https://www.tasteofhome.com/recipes/nut-topped-strawberry-rhubarb-muffins/