The Onöndowa’ga:’ Gawë:nö’ Nadö:diyeö:je’ koh Department will be working with the SNI education department to provide language & cultural arts classes during the 2019 Mini Culture Camp to be held Feb. 20th - 22nd. The camp hours will be from 10am - 2:30pm. The camp is geared for children in grades 3-8. There is a sixty student program max. Applications for your child can be found at www.sni.org. The deadline to apply is Feb. 8th. A daily lunch & snack will be provided. Get your applications in ASAP.

The Onöndowa’ga:’ Gawë:nö’ Nadö:diyeö:je’ koh Department has already started planning for summer! Looking towards the future, we held an online auction via Facebook to help offset the cost of hosting a six week program. Nya:wëh to all who supported the fundraiser and to all who donated items for the auction. Please feel free to contact the Onöndowa’ga:’ Gawë:nö’ Nadö:diyeö:je’ koh Department to sign up for any classes, if you have any comments or questions at (716) 532-8161.

As part of a community service project, the Hënögwe’da:se’ Gënjohgwa’ partnered with Nikki Seneca’s It Takes A Tribe, a foster care support group. It Takes A Tribe requested help in creating moccasins for the holiday home care packages that would be delivered to the Native adoptees and foster care children in the area. The mentors for Hënögwe’da:se’ Gënjohgwa’ realized the opportunity for creating a positive impact in our community for the kids in the group.

It Takes A Tribe provided Hënögwe’da:se’ Gënjohgwa’ with the necessary supplies to create the moccasins. After weeks of sewing, band aids and sore hands, a dozen moccasins were made. The moccasins are pictured to the right. The Hënögwe’da:se’ Gënjohgwa’ were proud and humbled by the experience. They realized how lucky they were to be participating in such a heart warm project. They look forward to helping again in the future.

“Oni:yase:’ gës hadinöes näh degawasa:yë” - “Fresh snow they like Snowsnakers” Sully Huff
Open Bead Group
Tuesday Evenings
5:30pm - 8:30pm
Sully Huff Heritage Center
Beaders of all levels welcome.
Bring your beading projects down and join the fun!

Beginner Seneca Language Classes
Tuesday Evenings
6pm - 8pm
Sully Huff Heritage Center
Facilitated by Clarence Seneca & Brennen Johns
Sign ups required.
For more info, call: 716-532-8161

Traditional Hair Ornament Class
Feb. 20th - March 27th
6pm - 8pm
Sully Huff Heritage Center
Taught by Samantha Jacobs
Class limited to 15 spots, pre-registration required, supplies provided.
To register, call: 716-532-8161

Open Sewing
Sundays
12Noon - 4pm
Sully Huff Heritage Center
Hosted by Ari Logan
Bring your projects down.
Midwinters will be here before you know it.
Potluck dishes welcome!
For more info, call: Ari at 716-532-8182

Vendor Day
Feb. 8th
10am - 3pm
Seneca Allegany Admin. Bldg.
Beadwork & other crafts
Corn Soup & Corn Wheels, Frybread & Scon dogs

Soup Fest
March 2nd
11am - 4pm
Cattaraugus Community Center
Home cooks, private chefs and restaurants wanted!
Chicken Noodle Soup contest at 1pm
For applications & more info, call: 716-532-8450

“Oni:yase:’ gës hadinöes näh degawasa:yë’” - “Fresh snow they like Snowsnakers” Sully Huff
The following is a story from *Seneca Myths and Legends* by Arthur C. Parker. The story features a character that pops up several times in Parker's collection of stories. This particular one deals with marriage and divorce. Read, enjoy & share.

Long ago a whole tribe had been exterminated by powerful sorcerers. Of all the tribe only three people remained. These were an old uncle and his two nephews, one very young and the other on the borderline of manhood.

The older boy was known as Two Feathers and the younger received the name Turkey, because he wore a robe made of a turkey skin. It was a magic skin and the little fellow was able to fly to the tops of trees, which gave him great pleasure.

There came a time when the uncle after watching the older nephew for some days, said, “My nephew it is my opinion that you should prepare yourself for your manhood. It is customary to depart from your abode and fast until your protecting friends appear unto you. Go forth to the river and build a sweat lodge, and when you have purified yourself, await the coming of your protectors.”

In obedience to his uncle’s directions Two Feathers departed and built himself a sweat lodge where he purified himself and fasted. On the tenth day he saw a great spider dropping down from the tops of the trees, and it spoke to him saying, “When you are in great distress I will be your protector.” Again he saw a great black snake rising from the ground and when it had reached the tops of the trees it spoke saying, “When you are in great distress and need a strong friend, I will be your protector.”

When Two Feathers returned to his uncle’s lodge he was a man and he knew that unseen powers were his friends. His uncle looked at him carefully and said, “My nephew, it is my opinion that you have become a man. Now it is customary for a man to seek a wife. It would make our lodge pleasant to have a young woman cook for us. Now, far away from here is a country to the east, lives a great man who has two daughters. It is my wish that you prepare for the journey and bring back a wife. It will take you several years, how many I don’t know.”

Two Feathers prepared for his journey and as he made his weapons his uncle watched him. “Come here,” said the uncle. “I would like to inspect your clothing.” So saying he looked at his nephew and then told him to disrobe. “You are not in the condition to make a woman receive you,” he said. “I will find a better outfit for you.”

Opening his treasure chest, which his uncle watched him. “Come here,” said the uncle. “I would like to inspect your clothing.” So saying he looked at his nephew and then told him to disrobe. “You are not in the condition to make a woman receive you,” he said. “I will find a better outfit for you.”

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When Two Feathers returned to his uncle’s lodge he was a man and he knew that unseen powers were his friends. His uncle looked at him carefully and said, “My nephew, it is my opinion that you have become a man. Now it is customary for a man to seek a wife. It would make our lodge pleasant to have a young woman cook for us. Now, far away from here is a country to the east, lives a great man who has two daughters. It is my wish that you prepare for the journey and bring back a wife. It will take you several years, how many I don’t know.”

Two Feathers put on the shirt which just fit him. It was very fine and he greatly admired it and wished to keep it as his shirt. The uncle, however, surveyed it with a critical eye. Finally he said, “This shirt is not good enough. You are still in no condition to seek a wife and to overcome all the obstacles that lie in your trail from this lodge to where she resides. Disrobe, I must find something different.”

This time Two Feathers disrobed with reluctance. He wanted to keep that beautiful shirt. But as he watched his uncle, he saw that another fine outfit was forthcoming. At the bottom of the treasure chest was a bundle done up in deer skin folded into a case. This was opened and the uncle took out a panther-skin shirt, a pair of leggings, a pair of moccasins, a bow & quiver, a fisher skin pocket (pouch), a war club and a pipe. “Now put these things on, my nephew,” said the uncle.

Two Feather’s dressed and found that the panther shirt had the head of the panther as a cap and that the cap had two heron feathers above it. The whole outfit was wonderful to see and Two Feathers now felt that there could be none better in all the world.

“Now, my nephew,” said the uncle. “I will show you what can be done with your clothing and accoutrements. The heron feathers on your hood will watch out for you and when you are in danger they will speak. Your fisher skin bag is alive and should anyone seek to harm you when (continued on page Ge:ih)
(Continued from page Sëh) you’re asleep, it will bite him. Your pipe and medicine root are in the bag. The medicine will give you power to spit wampum. The black end of the root will make dark wampum and white end will make white wampum. Your pipe has the head of bear upon it and will growl when an enemy touches it, while the snakes on the bowl will hiss when you light your tobacco. Your bow looks old and useless, but it is filled with powerful magic and will guide your arrows straight.”

The uncle continued his instructions. “Now as you journey from here you will find three enchanted spots and all must be avoided. You will pass a certain tree where there will be a boy playing about. He will ask you to lift him from the ground and place him in the long branch where he would like to swing up and down. Do not touch the boy for a sorcerer lives in the tree and when you lift up the boy the sorcerer will grasp you by the hair and tie you to his arrow and shoot you far away, and you will fall through the smoke hole of a witch’s lodge and will be eaten by her. She is the sorcerer’s wife. Further along the trail is a deep spring where there is sparkling water. Oh nephew, do not drink this water for there are monsters living in it who will draw you in and drown you. Further along and near the settlement where you are to go is a grove of very tall trees. Here you will see an old man who will hop around strangely, do not pay any attention to him. He will be the cause of your ruin if you heed his pleas.”

Two Feathers now understood how to proceed and was about to start when Turkey, his younger brother, began to cry that he also wanted to go. Neither the uncle nor Two Feathers could dissuade him, so he too made ready for departure.

Off they went on the journey. Turkey flew ahead in short flights and called back from the tree tops the condition of the trail, for it was very early in the morning and it was still quite dark. Very rapidly they traveled until by noon they had traveled a distance that takes ordinary people three years to go. This was because Turkey flew and Two Feathers wore magic moccasins which made him take very long strides. They now saw a trail lodge and sat down to rest. Soon they espied a small boy playing about a large oak. As he played he came nearer in a friendly manner and asked to be placed in the long branch of the tree that he might swing up and down. Two Feathers placed the boy on a stump and put this under the tree. As he did this there was a great roar as if the wind were moving through the forest and two gigantic arms came down and grabbed the stump, at the same time fixing it to the tip of a large arrow, and soon the stump flew through the air and into the witch’s lodge and knocked her into the fire.

Two Feathers and Turkey now went on their journey and in a short time came to a clearing where there was a fine spring of bubbling water continually outflowing. “Oh brother, do not drink,” said Turkey. “Remember what our uncle told us.” Two Feathers went on, but being very thirsty turned back and knelt by the spring to drink. As he leaned over a horrible creature leapt from the water and endeavored to pull him in. Two Feathers gave a pull and jumped back, throwing the monster into the clearing. “Oh put me back,” it cried. Two Feathers asked Turkey to watch it, then he went back to the spring to drink, but as he did so another monster covered with hair leapt at him and hung onto his head. Two Feathers pulled again and dragged the monster out, placing it in the care of Turkey. A third time this was repeated, after which both boys drank from the spring. The clearing was a spot where had once been a prosperous village, but sorcerers had poisoned the spring and killed all the people by dragging them into the depths of the water.

Two Feathers and Turkey made a fire and burned the monsters, and their heads bursting with shrieks, there flew away a flock of screech-owls.

The journey continued until it was near sunset. The boys sat down again and soon observed that they were in a grove of very tall trees. Presently, they noticed an old man dancing about and shouting, “Ha’i, Ha’i, Ha’i, Ha’i.” In a moment he approached and said, “Oh my nephews, there is a raccoon on that branch and I have no bow or arrow. I wish you would shoot it for me.”

Two Feathers would not listen to Turkey, who flew about gobbling, in order to draw his attention to the warning their uncle had given.

“Most truly, my uncle,” said Two Feathers. “I will shoot that raccoon for you. It is a very easy matter.” So saying, he took an arrow, strung his bow and shot. “Hiñg,” went the arrow and hit the raccoon, piercing its heart.

Now in an altogether unexpected way the raccoon ran from the limb to the trunk of the tree and down a large hole at the top (Continued on page Wis)
“Oh my nephew,” cried the old man in distress. “I am too old and weak from lack of food to climb after the raccoon, which has gone into its hole to die. Oh my nephew, climb after it for me.”

“That will be easy uncle,” said Two Feathers. “I will climb now.”

“Oh no, no, no! Do not spoil your clothing which I see is very nice. Take it off beneath the tree and I will watch it for you.” So Two Feathers took off all his clothing and climbed the tree.

Up he went like a squirrel and soon was at the top, but as he stood looking down into the hole he heard a noise behind him and caught a glimpse of the old man who shoved him into the hole. Down went Two Feathers into the hollow of the tree, and down into a pit beneath the roots where he smelt the flesh of victims and felt their bones beneath his feet. He knew that he had been trapped. Outside he could hear Turkey calling with a gobbling call, and he knew that something evil was in progress.

The old man descended the tree by a route known to himself by long familiarity, and then he went to the clothing which Two Feathers had left behind. “I have been looking for nephew’s clothing for I expected that he would pass the place of filth and terror. It was like a whisper. Reaching the bank, and Two Feathers called, but his voice was so weak it could not be heard. It was like a whisper. It then vanished.

Turkey was happy to see his brother and helped him put on the dirty clothing left by the old man. Two Feathers dressed with great difficulty and when he had put on the stiff worn-out moccasins and scabby looking cap, he looked like a very old man who was very sick. Slowly Turkey and he walked down the trail to the river. At length they reached the bank, and Two Feathers called, but his voice was so weak it could not be heard. It was like a whisper. Turkey then called and when he did so a young woman went down to the river and leaped in a canoe. Imposter saw her. “Oh do not go across,” he said. “It is only a dirty old man with a turkey.”

The young woman did not like Imposter, and gave him no heed. Across the river she went and took Two Feathers skins sewn together. “Here is where you will lodge, as my husband,” said the girl. So that night Imposter ate wedding bread and was married.

When Two Feathers awoke the next morning he was very sick and could scarcely stand. His bed had been a place of filth and terror. His head felt light and he could see lights before his eyes. He began to think how he might escape, and then remembered that he had dreamed of the spider. “Come, my friend Spider,” he called, “release me, for you promised to deliver me from trouble.” In another moment a great serpent had climbed the tree and let down its tail, which coiled about Two Feathers and drew him forth. It then vanished.

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The young woman did not like Imposter, and gave him no heed. Across the river she went and took Two Feathers and Turkey in her canoe. When they were part way over the river Two Feathers said, “I have come a long ways to this place. My name is Two Feathers and I am a young man seeking a wife.”

Going into the lodge the Chief’s wife gave him food and then the young woman showed him her bed. It was a fine bed with many soft robes of skin and a curtain made of fox skins sewn together. “Here is where you will lodge, as my husband,” said the girl. So that night Imposter ate wedding bread and was married.

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“Oni:yase:’ gêhsadinôes näh degawasayê’” - “Fresh snow they like Snowsnakers” Sully Huff
Gaga: time: Two Feathers and Turkey (cont.)

(Continued from page Wis) I approached the river,” an-
swered Two Feathers. “I helped an old man who wanted
me to kill a raccoon but it was only a wizardly creation of
his and he required that I should take off my clothing and
climb after it. I removed my clothing, which had great
power, and climbed the tree. When I was looking into the
hole he pushed me in, and there were bones beneath.”

“Alas,” said the girl, “I am of the opinion that my broth-
ers are among the victims.”

When they landed on the opposite side, the girl led the
lame old man to the lodge and told him to look in. “I have
brought my husband,” said she. Thereupon Imposter spoke to the
Chief and asked if he would allow his daughter to marry a diseased old
man. The Chief looked at Two Feathers and answered, “I am of the opin-
ion that my daughter knows her own mind in this matter.”

So the girl took Two Feathers into the lodge and showed him her bed. It
was a most beautiful bed and its robes were of the softest doe skin,
with a mattress of deer hair beneath. The walls and top were covered with
porcupine quill embroidery like a box, and the curtain was of martin skins sewn together,
and the apartment had sweet herbs hung within, to make
it pleasant. The platform over the bed was arranged as a
sleeping place for Turkey.

At supper Two Feathers ate marriage bread, but nobody
spoke to him but his wife, for he was not attractive in ap-
pearance and added nothing to the strength of the lodge,
only provided another mouth to feed, when famine was
almost upon them. When all had eaten, Imposter took off
his pouch of fisher skin and said that he would now
smoke. He placed his hand in the mouth to reach for the
pipe, and gave a wild cry, for the fisher bit his wrist and
caused him great pain. In dropping the bag, the magic
medicine fell out and being only an emetic, filled the
bowl with all manner of foul lizards, toads and worms he had
eaten. Ordering his wife to take this to the Chief, he strutted
about proudly. When the Chief saw the
malodorous mess he
roared in great anger and drove his son-in-law from the
lodge.

The next night Two Feathers ate of the root again and
called for the bowl. This time he filled it with white wam-
pum to the delight and gratification of the Chief, who
again said, “I am of the opinion that we entertain a great
man.” Imposter tried to imitate Two Feathers once more
but only produced little round worms that so fouled the
bark bowl that the Chief ordered the wife to scrub it all
day to clean it.

That night there was a great feast and Imposter ate so
much that he was forced to remove his clothing, and he
was so sleepy that he threw it at the foot of the bed and on
the floor. Long he slept, and failed to awaken in the morning. Two
Feathers was up very early and before anyone else. He took his
bow and magic arrows and killed a great quantity of deer which he
dragged to the lodge. Then he took
his own fine clothing, which had become frayed and soiled and put
it on. Immediately it became bright and new. Two Feathers also began
to grow more and more youthful
until he entirely recovered. His wife
was (continued on page Ja:dak)}
Gaga’ time: Two Feathers and Turkey (cont.)

(continued from page Ye:i) very happy. The Chief, moreover, was glad and called all the people to a council.

Two Feathers was the central figure in this council and exhibited the powers of his outfit. He pointed his pouch toward a woman and she fell down dead; he sprinkled her with medicine and she rose to her feet. He smoked his pipe and the bear upon it blinked its eyes and opened its mouth, while the snakes on the stem wriggled as if alive. The eyes of the panther hood glowed and the feathers spoke. Then again Two Feathers made wampum. Everybody was satisfied, most of all the Chief and his daughter.

After a while Imposter awoke and found his wife looking at him in disgust. “You are a filthy old man,” she said, “I will have no more to do with you.” She kicked him out of bed and made him put on his old clothes. “You lied to me,” she said and led him to a hole where the women customarily threw their garbage and thrust him in. Then she went away from him and nobody ever saw him again.

The chief then said that it was his wish that all the people follow Two Feathers back to his home, for he was a great man and had slain all the wizards and monsters that infested the path. So they went and it took them a good many years to return. Turkey was now a man and he took off his turkey clothes and dressed like a warrior. He, too, found a good-looking woman and married her.

After a long time the people all came to the uncle’s lodge and he was a very old man. Two Feathers told what he had done and the uncle was happy. He now had women to cook for him, and he felt that the world was rid of sorcerers. Then the old lodge was repaired and all the people dwelt there, and if you can find it, you will find the people dwelling there to this day.

DIY Heart Wreath

By Katherine Lee

You will need the following: 2 bowls of varying sizes (I used one with a 5” diameter and one with a 7” diameter), red card stock paper, pink card stock paper, white card stock paper, ribbon, hole puncher, scissors and glue.

Directions:
1. Using the larger of the two bowls, trace around to make a large circle on the white card stock paper.
2. Next, place the smaller bowl in the middle of the large circle and trace around that to create a smaller circle. You will now have the foundation for the wreath, ready to be cut out.
3. Using your scissors, cut out the circle. Then, fold your circle gently and make a small cut in the center of your circle. This will allow you to get your scissors in to cut out the inner circle to make a ring. This ring will serve as the base for your Valentine heart wreath.
4. Take your pink card stock paper and make a 2-inch fold along one side. Carefully draw heart halves of varying sizes. This is the age-old trick for making perfectly symmetrical hearts; once you cut these out and unfold them, you will have hearts that are identical on both sides.
5. Cut out your pink hearts and keep folding the paper and repeating the process until (continued on page Degyö’)

Getting To Know Us: Nolan Lay

Here is a short intro from one of our newest staff members, Apprentice I - Nolan Lay:

Hi my name is Nolan Lay, I am a member of the hawk clan. I am currently enrolled in the Seneca Nation of Indians. My favorite pass time is to play lacrosse and sing with the Newtown singers down at the cookhouse. I attend ceremonies at the Newtown longhouse. My grandfather is Dennis Lay who I learned many social and ceremonial songs and procedures from. Keeping the language and culture alive is one of my main goals in life. My grandfather Dennis and Great-Uncle Edgar are my greatest influences that help me focus on keeping the culture alive and going.

“Oni:yase:’ gës hadinöes näh degawasa:yë” - “Fresh snow they like Snowsnakers” Sully Huff
Gakö:ni:h Ganö’ja’ - Maraschino Cherry Cookies

By Janine Gates

Ingredients:
Cookies:
1 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 cup chopped maraschino cherries
3 eggs
6 tbsp. cherry juice
1 tsp. vanilla
4 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. baking soda

Vanilla butter frosting:
1/2 cup soft butter
3 cups confectioners sugar
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
2 tsp. leftover cherry juice
About 4 tsp. milk

Utensils/Tools:
Measuring cups & spoons
Whisk
Mixing bowl
Beater
Cookie sheet
Cooling rack
Knife
Cutting board

Directions:
1. Cream together sugars, shortening and cherries.
2. Add eggs and beat well.
3. Add cherry juice and vanilla.
4. Combine flour, baking powder and soda. Add to creamed mixture.
5. Drop by teaspoon on cookie sheet.
6. Bake at 350° for 10-12 minutes.
7. Let cool then frost.

Frosting directions:
1. Blend butter and sugar. Stir in vanilla, cherry juice and milk.
2. Beat until smooth. Frost cooled cookies as desired.

Janine’s Note:
I used this frosting and just added the cherry juice to my desired taste. If you do the same, be sure to watch the consistency. No one wants runny frosting. Also, buy a larger jar of maraschino cherries, since a 10oz jar of cherries is only about 1/4 cup of cherries.