

THE WAMPANOAGS

*A Poem Written By Students in
Grade Three, Rochester Memorial School
Teacher: Mrs. Okolita*



Close your eyes for a minute,
Let's go back in time.
To the forest of Massachusetts,
Where you can smell the deep, rich pine.



The People of the Breaking Day,
The Wampanoag Tribe.
Lived proudly where we now stand,
Their lives we'll now describe.



They built wetus to live in,
But in winter longhouses slept.
Ate smoked fish all winter long,
In clay pots provisions were kept.



They hunted and made antler tools,
Wore deer skin wraps and
moccasin shoes.
Used quahog shells for wampum
trade,
The sachem leader made the rules.



Cont'd

Winter was called Papone by name.
Snowflakes falling from the sky,
Come on quick a storm is coming.
Hunters prepare to follow tracks near-by



Walking through the
crunching snow,
Wind whistling through
the trees.



Following the tracks of deer,
Warm in sealskin so not to freeze.

THE END

Images: Robbins Museum Collections; **Photos** by Jeff Boudreau & Stephen Catto;
Original Artwork by William Fowler. **Deer image** is a detail from the 1684 N. Vischer Map,
Harvard University; **Native Hunters** is a detail of a work by Le Moyne (c. 1650), recrafted in
engravings by Theodor de Bry in the 1600s; Southern New England; **Wampum Belt** image found on
NativeTech, Adapted from *Diary of King Philip's War 1675-1676* by Col. B. Church, reprint:1975.