THE ORIGINAL LEGEND

Written by Tom Kita Chara Lodge, the legend of the Lenni Lenape tribe of the Delaware Indians was soon adopted by the National Order of the Arrow and printed in some of the earlier editions of the Order of the Arrow Handbook. It is still used in the call-out ceremonies of Tom Kita Chara Lodge.
READER: Long years ago, in the dim ages of the past, the Lenni Lenape Tribe of the Delaware Indians inhabited the Delaware River Valley. Here they pursued the deer, the bear, the wildcat, and the panther. They hunted and fished. Their villages were numerous and powerful; their hunting parties strong. They tilled the fields and followed the chase.

They were a peaceful people, never warring with other tribes unless first attacked. The smoke arose from their wigwams as they returned from the hunt, and their Council fires blazed brightly as around them they smoked their pipe of peace. Many moons they lived in this blissful state of happy contentment. Mother Earth's happy awakening heralded the yearly arrival of spring—springtime blossomed into summer—summer matured into autumn—autumn faded into winter; in what seemed a never-ending succession of season. But, a cloud arose on this peaceful scene. Neighbor tribes and distant enemies began to raid their hunting grounds. Then, Chinachgook, the Chief of the Lenni Lenape Tribe, made inquiry:

CHINACHGOOK: "My Chiefs, these are indeed fearful days. Our villages are endangered by the Onandogo, the Hurons, and the Cayugas. We must warn them, and help them defend their wigwams, who among you will carry the message of warning to our brothers?"

FIRST CHIEF: "Why should we endanger our lives for our neighbors?"

SECOND CHIEF: "We must protect ourselves—let our neighbors take care of themselves."

THIRD CHIEF: "Chinachgook grows old worrying about those away from here. Why does he not think more about us?"
UNCAS: My father, here am I, send me. All these villages are of our blood, the Lenni Lenape. What is danger to one is danger to all. The need is urgent. They are six to our one, and if we are to survive as a nation, we must all stand by each other.

CHINACHGOOK: Uncas, my son, in you indeed flows the blood of mighty forefathers. My head is bowed in shame as I look about me and see my chieftains who would speak bravely at the council, yet fear to lift the tomahawk against their enemy. You depart upon a mission from which there may be no return. As you travel the trails, seek from among others those who will unselfishly serve the cause in which we are enlisted. As each gets this higher vision, send him forth on his errand of cheerful service.

SCENE II

READER: Then, Chingachgook, the Chief, and his son, Uncas, set to work. In every village were some who were willing to give themselves cheerfully in the service of others.

FIRST CHIEF: "Uncas, son of Chingachgook, what brings you so far from your hunting grounds?"

UNCAS: "My brother, I have come to warn you that the Onandagos, the Hurons, and the Cayrugas are preparing to attack you. We must gather our people for battle. I have done so because we are brothers and as such must be loyal to each other. Will both of you not join me that we may warn all our people?"

SECOND CHIEF: "Why should I risk my life for them?"

FIRST CHIEF: "I will join you, Uncas. I want to help you."

SCENE III

READER: "Their enemies were compelled to retire to their own borders and when peace was declared between them, they who first went out
CHEERFULLY TO SERVE THEIR KINSMEN WERE RAISED TO PLACES OF HIGH EMINENCE IN THE TRIBE BY THE CHIEF.

CHINACHGOOK: "My brothers, you have been elevated to the honor of Chief because you were willing to sacrifice your life that others might live."

UNCAS: "My noble father, these chiefs have a request to make of you. Chief Blackhawk will present their cause."

BLACKHAWK: "Mighty Chief, we feel that there are others who perform services for those about them without reward. They should be honored for their labors. We suggest that you form an Order which would make service its watchword."

READER: And these braves became so convinced of the truth of his message that they besought the Chief to perpetuate it in some manner. So, Chinachgook bound them together in secret brotherhood into which only they can be admitted who can forget their own interests and advancement while looking out for those of their brothers. And these must be so considered and recommended for membership by their associates.

UNCAS: "My brothers, I offer you as the symbol of our order, this arrow. Its point is keen, aimed high, its courses un-deviating, its direction onward and upward. It, therefore, becomes a token of leadership, and as such, we should adopt it.

READER: And so we, the followers of the early Indian on this soil, become heirs to the brotherhood, inherit the traditions and ideals, as well as the Red Arrow, symbol of unselfish devotion in the service of others.

CHINACHGOOK: "My brothers, for we are not indeed brothers, I would remind you, "He who serves his fellows is of all his fellows greatest."

Follow and assist me to discover whether we have braves present who should be tested for membership in our Order."