

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Distance Learning Packet II

Required Reading and Additional Documents

March 30 - April 3, 2020

3rd grade

(3A) Ms. Gauss

(3B) Ms. Tyler

(3C) Ms. Kaiser

(3D) Mr. Aniol

Student Name: _____ Section: __

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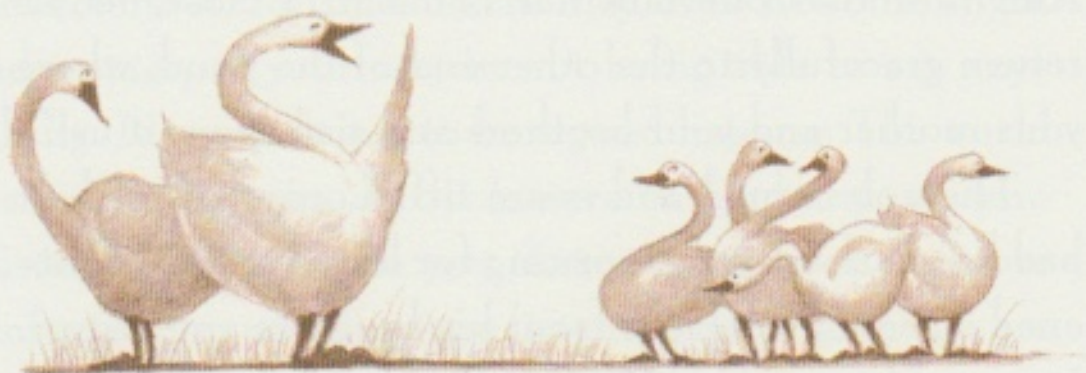
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Monday

OFF TO MONTANA



At the end of the summer, the cob gathered his family around him and made an announcement.

“Children,” he began, “I have news for you. Summer is drawing to a close. Leaves are turning red, pink, and pale yellow. Soon the leaves will fall. The time has come for us to leave this pond. The time has come for us to go.”

“Go?” cried all the cygnets except Louis.

“Certainly,” replied their father. “You children are old enough to learn the facts of life, and the principal fact of our life right now is this: we can’t stay in this marvelous location much longer.”

“Why not?” cried all the cygnets except Louis.

"Because summer is over," said the cob, "and it is the way of swans to leave their nesting site at summer's end and travel south to a milder place where the food supply is good. I know that you are all fond of this pretty pond, this marvelous marsh, these reedy shores and restful retreats. You have found life pleasant and amusing here. You have learned to dive and swim underwater. You have enjoyed our daily recreational trips when we formed in line, myself in front swimming gracefully, like a locomotive, and your charming mother bringing up the rear, like a caboose. Daylong, you have listened and learned. You have avoided the odious otter and the cruel coyote. You have listened to the little owl that says co-co-co-co. You have heard the partridge say kwit-kwit. At night you have dropped off to sleep to the sound of frogs—the voices of the night. But these pleasures and pastimes, these adventures, these games and frolics, these beloved sights and sounds must come to an end. All things come to an end. It is time for us to go."

"Where will we go?" cried all the cygnets except Louis. "Where will we go, ko-hoh, ko-hoh? Where will we go, ko-hoh, ko-hoh?"

"We will fly south to Montana," replied the cob.

"What is Montana?" asked all the cygnets except

Louis. "What is Montana—banana, banana? What is Montana—banana, banana?"

"Montana," said their father, "is a state of the Union. And there, in a lovely valley surrounded by high mountains, are the Red Rock Lakes, which nature has designed especially for swans. In these lakes you will enjoy warm water, arising from hidden springs. Here, ice never forms, no matter how cold the nights. In the Red Rock Lakes, you will find other Trumpeter Swans, as well as the lesser waterfowl—the geese and the ducks. There are few enemies. No gunners. Plenty of muskrat houses. Free grain. Games every day. What more can a swan ask, in the long, long cold of winter?"

Louis listened to all this in amazement. He wanted to ask his father how they would learn to fly and how they would find Montana even after they learned to fly. He began to worry about getting lost. But he wasn't able to ask any questions. He just had to listen.

One of his brothers spoke up.

"Father," he said, "you said we would *fly* south. I don't know *how* to fly. I've never been up in the air."

"True," replied the cob. "But flying is largely a matter of having the right attitude—plus, of course, good wing feathers. Flying consists of three parts.

First, the takeoff, during which there is a lot of fuss and commotion, a lot of splashing and rapid beating of the wings. Second, the ascent, or gaining of altitude—this requires hard work and fast wing action. Third, the leveling-off, the steady elevated flight, high in air, wings beating slower now, beating strongly and regularly, carrying us swiftly and surely from zone to zone as we cry ko-hoh, ko-hoh, with all the earth stretched out far below.”

“It sounds very nice,” said the cygnet, “but I’m not sure I can do it. I might get dizzy way up there—if I look down.”

“Don’t *look* down!” said his father. “Look straight ahead. And don’t lose your nerve. Besides, swans do not get dizzy—they feel wonderful in the air. They feel exalted.”

“What does ‘exalted’ mean?” asked the cygnet.

“It means you will feel strong, glad, firm, high, proud, successful, satisfied, powerful, and elevated—as though you had conquered life and had a high purpose.”

Louis listened to all this with great attention. The idea of flying frightened him. “I won’t be able to say ko-hoh,” he thought. “I wonder whether a swan can fly if he has no voice and can’t say ko-hoh.”

"I think," said the cob, "the best plan is for me to demonstrate flying to you. I will make a short exhibition flight while you watch. Observe everything I do! Watch me pump my neck up and down before the takeoff! Watch me test the wind by turning my head this way and that! The takeoff must be *into* the wind—it's much easier that way. Listen to the noise I make trumpeting! Watch how I raise my great wings! See how I beat them furiously as I rush through the water with my feet going like mad! This frenzy will last for a couple of hundred feet, at which point I will suddenly be airborne, my wings still chopping the air with terrific force but my feet no longer touching the water! Then watch what I do! Watch how I stretch my long white elegant neck out ahead of me until it has reached its full length! Watch how I retract my feet and allow them to stream out behind, full-length, until they extend beyond my tail! Hear my cries as I gain the upper air and start trumpeting! See how strong and steady my wingbeat has become! Then watch me bank and turn, set my wings, and glide down! And just as I reach the pond again, watch how I shoot my feet out in front of me and use them for the splashdown, as though they were a pair of water skis! Having watched all this, then you can join me,

and your mother, too, and we will all make a practice flight together, until you get the hang of it. Then tomorrow we will do it again, and instead of returning to the pond, we will head south to Montana. Are you ready for my exhibition flight?"

"Ready!" cried all the cygnets except Louis.

"Very well, here I go!" cried the cob.



As the others watched, he swam downwind to the end of the pond, turned, tested the wind, pumped his neck up and down, trumpeted, and after a rush of two hundred feet, got into the air and began gaining altitude. His long white neck stretched out ahead. His big black feet stretched out behind. His wings had great power. The beat slowed as he settled into sustained flight. All eyes watched. Louis was more excited than he had ever been. "I wonder if I can really do it?" he thought. "Suppose I fail! Then the others will fly away,

and I will be left here all alone on this deserted pond, with winter approaching, with no father, no mother, no sisters, no brothers, and no food to eat when the pond freezes over. I will die of starvation. I'm scared."

In a few minutes, the cob glided down out of the sky and skidded to a stop on the pond. They all cheered. "Ko-hoh, ko-hoh, beep beep, beep beep!" All but Louis. He had to express his approval simply by beating his wings and splashing water in his father's face.

"All right," said the cob. "You've seen how it's done. Follow me, and we'll give it a try. Extend yourselves to the utmost, do everything in the proper order, never





forget for a minute that you are swans and therefore excellent fliers, and I'm sure all will be well."

They all swam downwind to the end of the pond. They pumped their necks up and down. Louis pumped his harder than any of the others. They tested the wind by turning their heads this way and that. Suddenly the cob signaled for the start. There was a tremendous commotion—wings beating, feet racing, water churned to a froth. And presently, wonder of wonders, there were seven swans in the air—two pure white ones and five dirty gray ones. The takeoff was accomplished, and they started gaining altitude.

Louis was the first of the young cygnets to become airborne, ahead of all his brothers and sisters. The minute his feet lifted clear of the water, he knew he could fly. It was a tremendous relief—as well as a splendid sensation.

“Boy!” he said to himself. “I never knew flying could be such fun. This is great. This is sensational. This is superb. I feel exalted, and I’m not dizzy. I’ll be able to get to Montana with the rest of the family. I may be defective, but at least I can fly.”

The seven great birds stayed aloft about half an hour, then returned to the pond, the cob still in the lead. They all had a drink to celebrate the successful flight. Next day they were up early. It was a beautiful fall morning, with mist rising from the pond and the trees shining in all colors. Toward the end of the afternoon, as the sun sank low in the sky, the swans took off from the pond and began their journey to Montana. “This way!” cried the cob. He swung to his left and straightened out on a southerly course. The others followed, trumpeting as they went. As they passed over the camp where Sam Beaver was, Sam heard them and ran out. He stood watching as they grew smaller and smaller in the distance and finally disappeared.

"What was it?" asked his father, when Sam returned indoors.

"Swans," replied Sam. "They're headed south."

"We'd better do the same," said Mr. Beaver. "I think Shorty will be here tomorrow to take us out."

Mr. Beaver lay down on his bunk. "What kind of swans were they?" he asked.

"Trumpeters," said Sam.

"That's funny," said Mr. Beaver. "I thought Trumpeter Swans had quit migrating. I thought they spent the whole year on the Red Rock Lakes, where they are protected."

"Most of 'em do," replied Sam. "But not all of 'em."

It was bedtime. Sam got out his diary. This is what he wrote:

I heard the swans tonight. They are headed south. It must be wonderful to fly at night. I wonder whether I'll ever see one of them again. How does a bird know how to get from where he is to where he wants to be?

Chapter 1

The English Colonies

Thirteen in All The United States began as a group of thirteen English colonies. These thirteen colonies did not begin all at once. Explorers and **traders** came first. Then slowly,

The Big Question

Why did people come to settle in the English colonies?

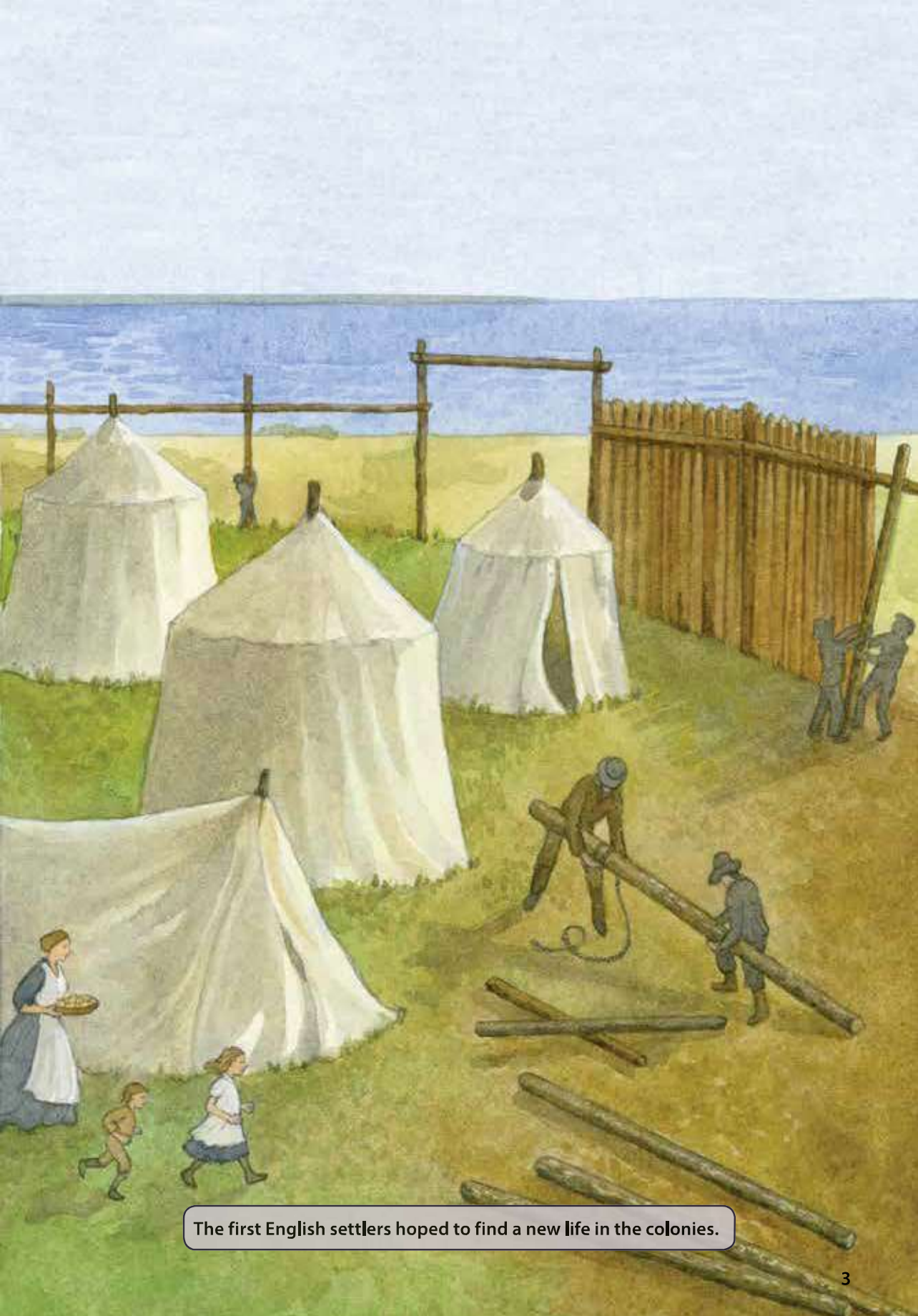
Vocabulary

trader, n. a person who buys and sells things

over time, the colonies were created. The first colony was founded in Virginia in 1607, and the last of the thirteen colonies was founded in Georgia in 1732.

The first European settlers came here from England. They brought with them everything they owned. When the settlers arrived, they had no family to greet them. Sometimes the Native Americans who already lived in North America welcomed the settlers. Other times, however, the Native Americans were not happy to see newcomers settling on their land.

There were no houses to live in, so many of the first settlers lived in tents. Some even lived in caves to survive. Their living conditions were harsh, especially during the winter. Many died of hunger, cold, and disease.



The first English settlers hoped to find a new life in the colonies.

Even though life in the early colonies could be hard, most settlers did not return to England. They started a new life in a new place instead.

Why They Came

Early settlers had different reasons for coming to America. Some people came because they had been very poor in their homeland. In England and other countries, there were often not enough jobs or land. The new colonies needed workers, and as far as the settlers were concerned, there was enough land for everyone who wanted to stay. People who settle in a new place on behalf of another country are called colonists. The settlers were, in fact, colonists.

Some colonists came because they thought they could get rich in America. Some hoped to find gold and silver. Others hoped that farming would make them wealthy. Some were people who had broken the law in England and, as part of their punishment, they were sent to the colonies in North America.



Some people hoped to become very rich in this new land.



Even though it was not easy to live in the colonies, many people believed they would have a better life.

Colonists came for religious reasons, too. In England, not everyone could practice their religion in the way that they wanted. Some people came to America because they wanted to worship in their own way. For these colonists, living in a land where they could have religious freedom was important.

Not everyone who crossed the Atlantic Ocean found opportunity and freedom. As the colonies developed and grew larger, some people from Africa were forced to settle in America. They did not choose to settle here. Instead, they were kidnapped from their homes and brought across the ocean to be enslaved workers.

The New England Colonies

The map shows that the colonies were divided into three groups, or **regions**.

The New England Colonies made up the northern region. They included Massachusetts, New Hampshire,

Vocabulary

region, n. a large area that may have certain characteristics related to its geography, form of government, or traditions that set it apart from other places



The English colonies were divided into three regions.

Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Originally, there was another colony in New England called Plymouth, which you will read about later. Plymouth eventually became part of Massachusetts.

In New England, the winters were long and cold. The soil was rocky. The short growing season and poor soil made it difficult for the colonists to grow **crops** there.

Usually, New England colonists grew only enough vegetables and grains to feed their own families. They were unable to grow extra food to sell to others.

Just like today, the New England region had a long coastline with many natural **harbors**. Fish were plentiful in the rivers and in the coastal waters.

When the colonists first arrived, they found many forests in the region. The colonists cut down trees for **timber**. They used the timber to build ships, houses, and other buildings. Timber was also used for firewood.

As the colonies grew, trading ships sailed in and out of the busy New England harbors. The ships carried timber to the West Indies, the Caribbean, and Europe.

Vocabulary

crop, n. a plant that is grown in large quantities for food or other use

harbor, n. a part of a body of water that is next to land and provides a safe place for ships to anchor

timber, n. wood that is cut from trees and used for building; lumber

The Middle Colonies

The colonies in the middle region were called the Middle Colonies. They were New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.



Because of the climate and soil, wheat grew well in the Middle Colonies.

Winters in the Middle Colonies were not as long and cold as the winters in New England. Warm, rainy summers and fertile soil made growing crops much easier in this region. Colonists in the Middle Colonies could grow enough food to feed themselves and still have crops left over to sell. The Middle Colonies also had a coastline for fishing and ports for ships.

The Southern Colonies

The Southern Colonies were made up of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

The Southern Colonies were perfect for farming. They had mild winters and fertile soil. Crops grew so well that some colonists

built large farms called plantations. Many plantations grew large amounts of a single crop that was then sold to make a profit.

Port Cities

As more people from England and other European countries came to America, the colonists built towns that often grew into cities. Have you heard of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston? These cities became known as port cities. This is because they were built along waterways or on harbors on the coast. The colonists used waterways for transportation.

Centers of Trade

Port cities became centers for trade, too. They also became places where news and information were shared. Ships traveling between the port cities kept the colonies connected with each other and with the rest of the world.

New ideas spread from the port cities throughout the colonies. One of the ideas that developed over time was that the colonists could govern themselves. When you learn about the American Revolution, you will read about how the colonists fought to create an independent nation.

Tuesday

SCHOOL DAYS



A few days after the swans arrived at their winter home on the Red Rock Lakes, Louis had an idea. He decided that since he was unable to use his voice, he should learn to read and write. "If I'm defective in one respect," he said to himself, "I should try and develop myself along other lines. I will learn to read and write. Then I will hang a small slate around my neck and carry a chalk pencil. In that way I will be able to communicate with anybody who can read."

Louis liked company, and he already had many friends on the lakes. The place was a refuge for water birds—swans, geese, ducks, and other waterfowl. They

lived there because it was a safe place and because the water stayed warm even in the coldest winter weather. Louis was greatly admired for his ability as a swimmer. He liked to compete with other cygnets to see who could swim underwater the greatest distance and stay down the longest.

When Louis had fully made up his mind about learning to read and write, he decided to visit Sam Beaver and get help from him. "Perhaps," thought Louis, "Sam will let me go to school with him, and the teacher will show me how to write." The idea excited him. He wondered whether a young swan would be accepted in a classroom of children. He wondered whether it was hard to learn to read. Most of all, he wondered whether he could find Sam. Montana is a big state, and he wasn't even sure Sam lived in Montana, but he hoped he did.

Next morning, when his parents were not looking, Louis took off into the air. He flew northeast. When he came to the Yellowstone River, he followed it to the Sweet Grass country. When he saw a town beneath him, he landed next to the schoolhouse and waited for the boys and girls to be let out. Louis looked at every boy, hoping to see Sam. But Sam wasn't there.

"Wrong town, wrong school," thought Louis. "I'll

try again." He flew off, found another town, and located the school, but all the boys and girls had gone home for the day.

"I'll just have a look around anyway," thought Louis. He didn't dare walk down the main street, for fear somebody would shoot him. Instead, he took to the air and circled around, flying low and looking carefully at every boy in sight. After about ten minutes, he saw a ranch house where a boy was splitting wood near the kitchen door. The boy had black hair. Louis glided down.

"I'm lucky," he thought. "It's Sam."

When Sam saw the swan, he laid down his ax and stood perfectly still. Louis walked up timidly, then reached down and untied Sam's shoelace.

"Hello!" said Sam in a friendly voice.

Louis tried to say ko-hoh, but not a sound came from his throat.

"I know *you*," said Sam. "You're the one that never said anything and used to pull my shoelaces."

Louis nodded.

"I'm glad to see you," said Sam. "What can I do for you?"

Louis just stared straight ahead.

"Are you hungry?" asked Sam.



Louis shook his head.

“Thirsty?”

Louis shook his head.

“Do you want to stay overnight with us, here at the ranch?” asked Sam.

Louis nodded his head and jumped up and down.

"O.K.," said Sam. "We have plenty of room. It's just a question of getting my father's permission."

Sam picked up his ax, laid a stick of wood on the chopping block, and split the stick neatly down the middle. He looked at Louis.

"There's something wrong with your voice, isn't there?" he asked.

Louis nodded, pumping his neck up and down hard. He knew Sam was his friend, although he didn't know that Sam had once saved his mother's life.

In a few minutes Mr. Beaver rode into the yard on a cow pony. He got off and tied his pony to a rail. "What have you got there?" he asked Sam.

"It's a young Trumpeter Swan," said Sam. "He's only a few months old. Will you let me keep him awhile?"

"Well," said Mr. Beaver, "I think it's against the law to hold one of these wild birds in captivity. But I'll phone the game warden and see what he says. If he says yes, you can keep him."

"Tell the warden the swan has something the matter with him," called Sam as his father started toward the house.

"What's wrong with him?" asked his father.

"He has a speech problem," replied Sam. "Something's wrong with his throat."

"What are you talking about? Who ever heard of a swan with a speech problem?"

"Well," said Sam, "this is a Trumpeter Swan that can't trumpet. He's defective. He can't make a sound."

Mr. Beaver looked at his son as though he didn't know whether to believe him or not. But he went into the house. In a few minutes he came back. "The warden says you can keep the young swan here for a while if you can help him. But sooner or later the bird will have to go back to the Red Rock Lakes, where he belongs. The warden said he wouldn't let just *anybody* have a young swan, but he'd let *you* have one because you understand about birds, and he trusts you. That's quite a compliment, son."

Mr. Beaver looked pleased. Sam looked happy. Louis was greatly relieved. After a while everyone went in to supper in the kitchen of the ranch house. Mrs. Beaver allowed Louis to stand beside Sam's chair. They fed him some corn and some oats, which tasted good. When Sam was ready for bed, he wanted Louis to sleep in his room with him, but Mrs. Beaver said no. "He'll mess up the room. He's no canary; he's enormous. Put the bird out in the barn. He can sleep

in one of the empty stalls; the horses won't mind."

Next morning, Sam took Louis to school with him. Sam rode his pony, and Louis flew along. At the schoolhouse, the other children were amazed to see this great bird, with his long neck, bright eyes, and big feet. Sam introduced him to the teacher of the first grade, Mrs. Hammerbotham, who was short and fat. Sam explained that Louis wanted to read and write because he was unable to make any sound with his throat.

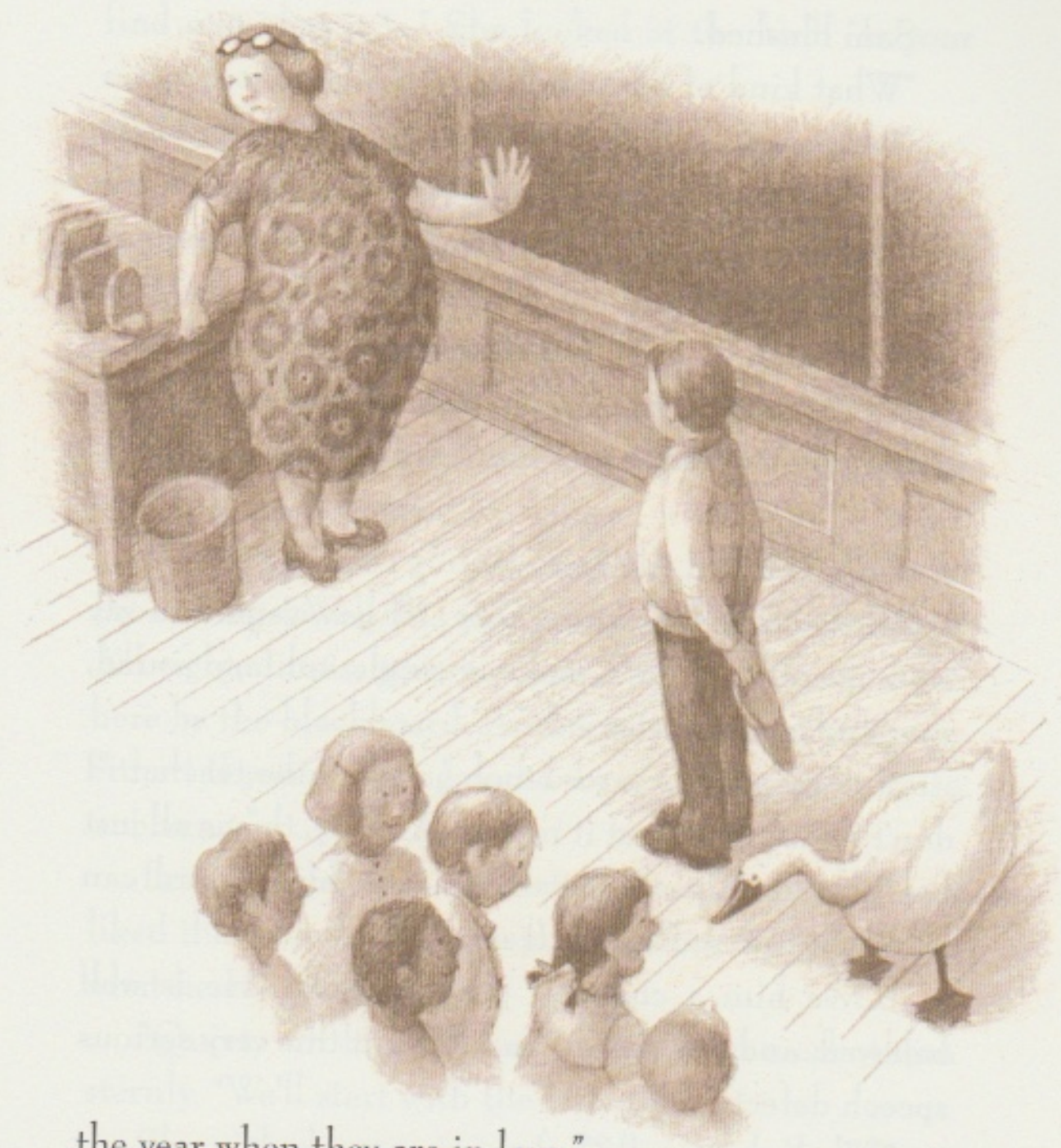
Mrs. Hammerbotham stared at Louis. Then she shook her head. "No birds!" she said. "I've got enough trouble."

Sam looked disappointed.

"Please, Mrs. Hammerbotham," he said. "Please let him stand in your class and learn to read and write."

"Why does a bird need to read and write?" replied the teacher. "Only *people* need to communicate with one another."

"That's not quite true, Mrs. Hammerbotham," said Sam, "if you'll excuse me for saying so. I have watched birds and animals a great deal. All birds and animals talk to one another—they really have to, in order to get along. Mothers have to talk to their young. Males have to talk to females, particularly in the spring of



the year when they are in love.”

“In *love*?” said Mrs. Hammerbotham, who seemed to perk up at this suggestion. “What do *you* know about love?”

Sam blushed.

"What kind of a bird *is* he?" she asked.

"He's a young Trumpeter Swan," said Sam. "Right now he's sort of a dirty gray color, but in another year he'll be the most beautiful thing you ever saw—pure white, with black bill and black feet. He was hatched last spring in Canada and now lives in the Red Rock Lakes, but he can't say ko-hoh the way the other swans can, and this puts him at a terrible disadvantage."

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because it does," said Sam. "If *you* wanted to say ko-hoh and couldn't make a single solitary sound, wouldn't *you* feel worried?"

"I don't *want* to say ko-hoh," replied the teacher. "I don't even know what it means. Anyway, this is all just foolishness, Sam. What makes you think a bird can learn to read and write? It's impossible."

"Give him a chance!" pleaded Sam. "He is well behaved, and he's bright, and he's got this very serious speech defect."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know," replied Sam.

"Well," said Mrs. Hammerbotham, "if he's coming into my class, he's got to have a name. Maybe we can

find out what it is." She looked at the bird. "Is your name Joe?"

Louis shook his head.

"Jonathan?"

Louis shook his head.

"Donald?"

Louis shook his head again.

"Is your name Louis?" asked Mrs. Hammerbotham.

Louis nodded his head very hard and jumped up and down and flapped his wings.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" cried the teacher. "Look at those wings! Well, his name is Louis—that's for sure. All right, Louis, you may join the class. Stand right here by the blackboard. And don't mess up the room, either! If you need to go outdoors for any reason, raise one wing."

Louis nodded. The first-graders cheered. They liked the looks of the new pupil and were eager to see what he could do.

"Quiet, children!" said Mrs. Hammerbotham sternly. "We'll start with the letter A."

She picked up a piece of chalk and made a big **a** on the blackboard. "Now *you* try it, Louis!"

Louis grabbed a piece of chalk in his bill and drew a perfect **a** right under the one the teacher had drawn.

"You see?" said Sam. "He's an unusual bird."

"Well," said Mrs. Hammerbotham, "A is easy. I'll give him something harder." She wrote **cat** on the board. "Let's see you write *cat*, Louis!"

Louis wrote **cat**.

"Well *cat* is easy, too," muttered the teacher. "*Cat* is easy because it is short. Can anyone think of a word that is longer than *cat*?"

"*Catastrophe*," said Charlie Nelson, who sat in the first row.

"Good!" said Mrs. Hammerbotham. "That's a good hard word. But does anyone know what it means? What *is* a catastrophe?"

"An earthquake," said one of the girls.

"Correct!" replied the teacher. "What else?"

"War is a catastrophe," said Charlie Nelson.

"Correct!" replied Mrs. Hammerbotham. "What else is?"

A very small, redheaded girl named Jennie raised her hand.

"Yes, Jennie? What is a catastrophe?"

In a very small, high voice, Jennie said, "When you get ready to go on a picnic with your father and mother and you make peanut-butter sandwiches and jelly rolls and put them in a thermos box with bananas

and an apple and some raisin cookies and paper napkins and some bottles of pop and a few hard-boiled eggs and then you put the thermos box in your car and just as you are starting out it starts to *rain* and your parents say there is no point in having a picnic in the rain, that's a catastrophe."

"Very good, Jennie," said Mrs. Hammerbotham. "It isn't as bad as an earthquake, and it isn't as bad as war. But when a picnic gets called on account of rain, it *is* a catastrophe for a child, I guess. Anyway, *catastrophe* is a good word. No bird can write that word, I'll bet. If I can teach a bird to write *catastrophe*, it'll be big news all over the Sweet Grass country. I'll get my picture in *Life* magazine. I'll be famous."

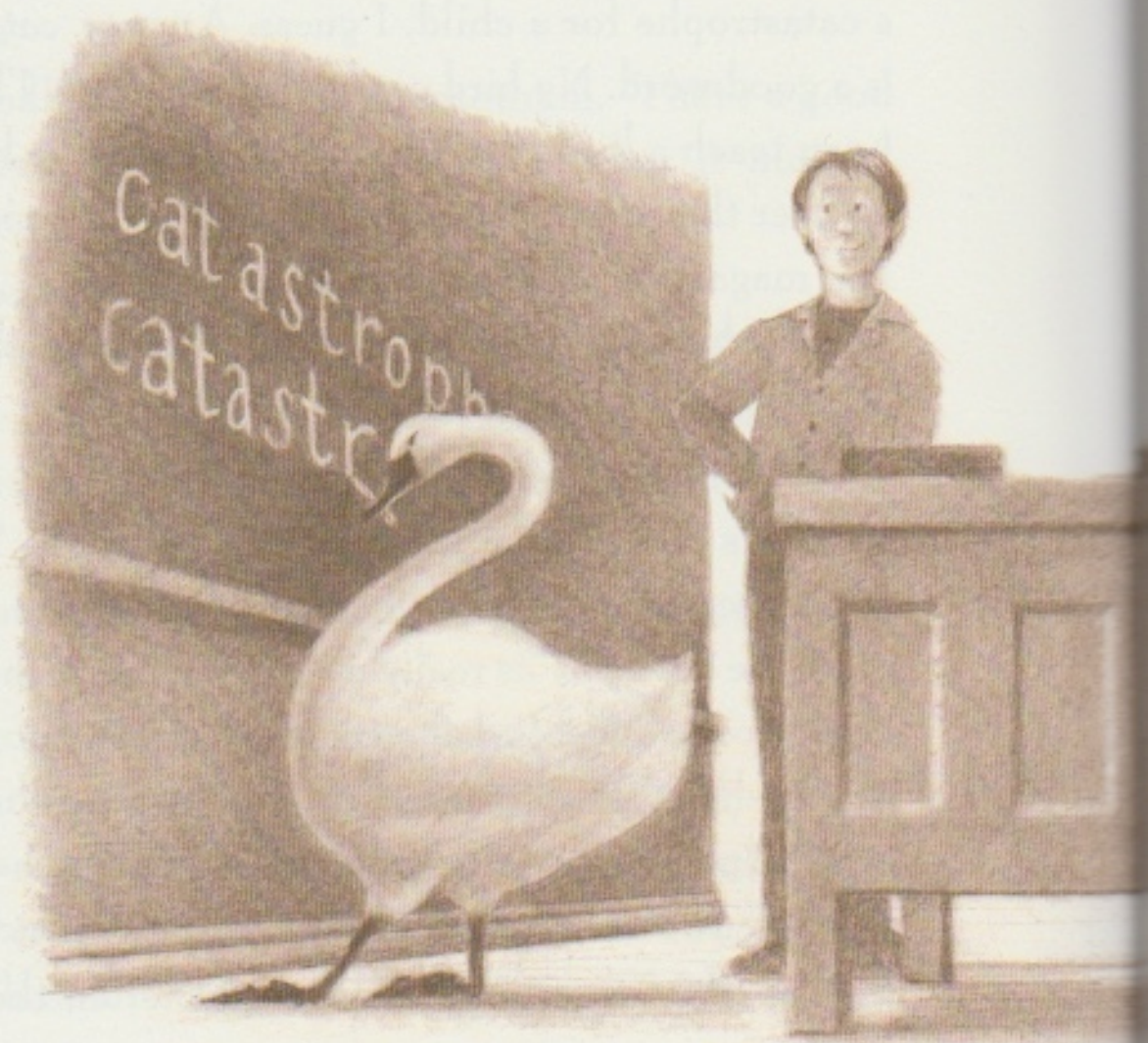
Thinking of all these things, she stepped to the blackboard and wrote **catastrophe**.

"O.K., Louis, let's see you write *that!*"

Louis picked up a fresh piece of chalk in his bill. He was scared. He took a good look at the word. "A long word," he thought, "is really no harder than a short one. I'll just copy one letter at a time, and pretty soon it will be finished. Besides, my life is a catastrophe. It's a catastrophe to be without a voice." Then he began writing. **catastrophe**, he wrote, making each letter very neatly. When he got to the last letter, the pupils

clapped and stamped their feet and banged on their desks, and one boy quickly made a paper airplane and zoomed it into the air. Mrs. Hammerbotham rapped for order.

“Very good, Louis,” she said. “Sam, it’s time you went to your own classroom—you shouldn’t be in my room. Go and join the fifth grade. I’ll take care of your friend the swan.”



Back in his own room, Sam sat down at his desk, feeling very happy about the way things had turned out. The fifth-graders were having a lesson in arithmetic, and their teacher, Miss Annie Snug, greeted Sam with a question. Miss Snug was young and pretty.

“Sam, if a man can walk three miles in one hour, how many miles can he walk in four hours?”



"It would depend on how tired he got after the first hour," replied Sam.

The other pupils roared. Miss Snug rapped for order.

"Sam is quite right," she said. "I never looked at the problem that way before. I always supposed that man could walk twelve miles in four hours, but Sam may be right: that man may not feel so spunky after the first hour. He may drag his feet. He may slow up."

Albert Bigelow raised his hand. "My father knew a man who tried to walk twelve miles, and he died of heart failure," said Albert.

"Goodness!" said the teacher. "I suppose *that* could happen, too."

"Anything can happen in four hours," said Sam. "A man might develop a blister on his heel. Or he might find some berries growing along the road and stop to pick them. That would slow him up even if he wasn't tired or didn't have a blister."

"It would indeed," agreed the teacher. "Well, children, I think we have all learned a great deal about arithmetic this morning, thanks to Sam Beaver. And now, here is a problem for one of the girls in the room. If you are feeding a baby from a bottle, and you give the baby eight ounces of milk in one feeding, how

many ounces of milk would the baby drink in *two* feedings?"

Linda Staples raised her hand.

"About fifteen ounces," she said.

"Why is that?" asked Miss Snug. "Why wouldn't the baby drink sixteen ounces?"

"Because he spills a little each time," said Linda. "It runs out of the corners of his mouth and gets on his mother's apron."

By this time the class was howling so loudly the arithmetic lesson had to be abandoned. But everyone had learned how careful you have to be when dealing with figures.



Chapter 2

Starting the Virginia Colony

An Ocean Apart It was September in the year 1607, and Hannah was not happy at all. She was trying to read a new book, but it was too difficult for her.

The Big Question

What challenges did the colonists in Jamestown face?

If Thomas were home, here in London, he would have helped her. But Thomas had gone away last year, when she was seven, to a place called Virginia. Hannah often thought about Thomas. Sometimes she worried about him because he had set off on a dangerous voyage across the giant ocean.

Thomas was Hannah's uncle, her father's younger brother. But he had always lived with her family in London, and Hannah thought of him as her big brother. Thomas was eighteen years old, and Hannah was eight. She missed Thomas.



In 1607, ships carried the first English settlers—such as Hannah’s Uncle Thomas—to North America.

Letter from Jamestown

“Hannah, Hannah, come quickly! We have a letter from Thomas!”
Mother was very excited.

Hannah raced into the parlor. She laughed and jumped up and down before falling into a chair. “What does Thomas say? Oh, read it, please, Mother. Read it to me, please!”

Hannah’s mother unfolded the letter. She laughed. She looked so happy. She had worried about Thomas, too. “His letter is dated June 1607. That was more than three months ago! Virginia certainly is far away,” Hannah’s mother said.

Thomas began his letter, “To my family:

“Six months ago our three ships, the *Discovery*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Susan Constant*, sailed from England. We men of the Virginia Company of London were eager to sail. We thought the adventure in Virginia would make us rich.

“We were at sea four long months before we saw land again. During those months, we grew very tired of sailing—and of each other.

“One man argued with Mr. Edward Wingfield, a very important man aboard the ship. The poor fellow was then locked in chains for the rest of the voyage. I became friends with that man, and he has proved to be a most unusual fellow.

“We finally reached the Chesapeake Bay in April. That’s when I saw Virginia for the first time. It is a beautiful land, with great forests and green fields. The water in the bay is clear and deep and filled with fish.



"We were all so happy to see land stretching out before us."

Instructions from London

"We put ashore at a point we called Cape Henry, named for the king's oldest son. Shortly afterward, Captain Newport of the *Susan Constant* brought out a sea chest. Instructions from the Virginia Company had been locked in there since we left England.

"We were to follow the instructions. First, we were to sail up a deep river and find a place for a settlement. Then we were to build a fort to protect us from attack.

"The instructions included the names of seven men who were to make rules for the colony. They would be called the **council**. Six of those names were no surprise to us at all,

Vocabulary

council, n. group of people who meet to help run a government

for they were important **gentlemen** or ship captains.

“But one name was a great surprise to everyone—John Smith. John Smith was not a rich gentleman. He was the man who had been locked in chains below **deck**, my new friend.

Vocabulary

gentleman, n.
a man with high position in society; not a laborer

deck, n. the floor of a ship that people walk on

“The six gentlemen who were named to the council would not accept John Smith as an equal. They would not let him on the council, but they did take off his chains.

Jamestown

“We followed the Virginia Company’s instructions. We sailed up a clear, deep river, which we named the James River after the king. About sixty miles upriver, we came upon a place that all the gentlemen thought would be just right for our settlement. This place would be safe and unnoticed by our enemy, the Spanish. We named the place Jamestown, once again in honor of King James.



The passengers were happy to leave their ships after such a long voyage.

“We were all very happy to get off the ships and onto land. But trouble began almost at once.

“Our first task was to build a fort to protect us from Native Americans and the Spanish. Most of us had never built anything before. Many of the gentlemen had never worked a day in their lives, and they did not want to work now. What they really wanted was for someone else to do the work while they looked for gold.

“John Smith knew a lot about building. He showed me how to chop down trees and carve them into thick posts.

“He also showed me how to bury the lower part of the posts into the ground close together so that they could stand up straight. These posts became a strong wall called the **palisade** that protected the fort.

Vocabulary

palisade, n. a fence made from wooden or metal stakes driven into the ground

Finding Food

“John Smith took me to the river each day to fish. Sometimes the other gentlemen joined us, but they rarely caught anything. Smith almost always caught fish for us to eat. I watched him carefully and did what he did. Soon I was able to catch fish, too.

“Smith also taught me how to find other foods. I learned where to look for berries and nuts. Native Americans watched us as we worked.

“After a few weeks of hard work, the fort was partly finished. But then the council decided to send Captain Newport and John Smith to explore farther up the James River. I wanted to go, too. I wanted to see more of the land.

“John Smith did not want to explore the James River. He did not want anyone else to explore it, either. He thought we should finish the fort first.

“Many of the gentlemen were angry because they had not found any gold. They did very little except eat, sleep, and argue.

“Smith became angry. He said it was very important to prepare for the coming winter. The council did not listen to Smith. They ordered us to explore the river instead.

Trouble at the Fort

“We did as we were told and left to explore the river. We traveled up the river for several days. Eventually, we came to a place where the water ran over huge rocks that could destroy our boat. We had to return to Jamestown.

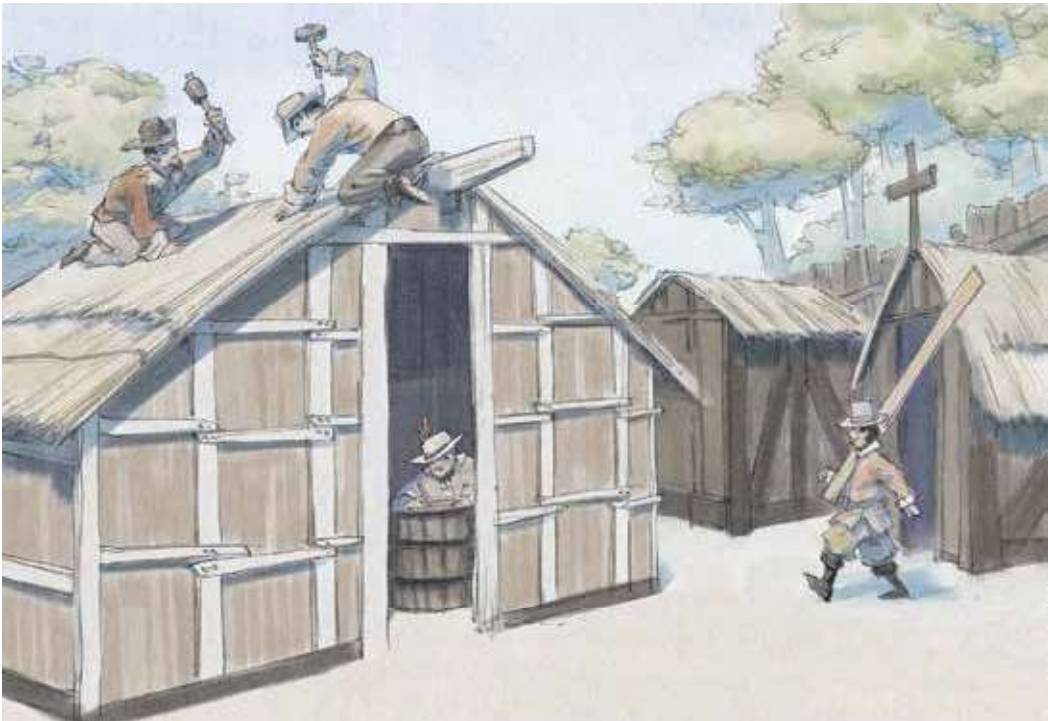
“When we got back, we heard bad news. While we were gone, there had been conflict between the men left behind and Native Americans. Two of our men were killed. Ten more were wounded. The fort had also been damaged.

“John Smith had been right, and the council had been wrong. Now the council was ready to listen to John Smith. He told the men to get to work and rebuild the fort.

"I am happy to say that we finished the fort a few days ago. Captain Smith, as everyone calls him now, took his seat on the council.

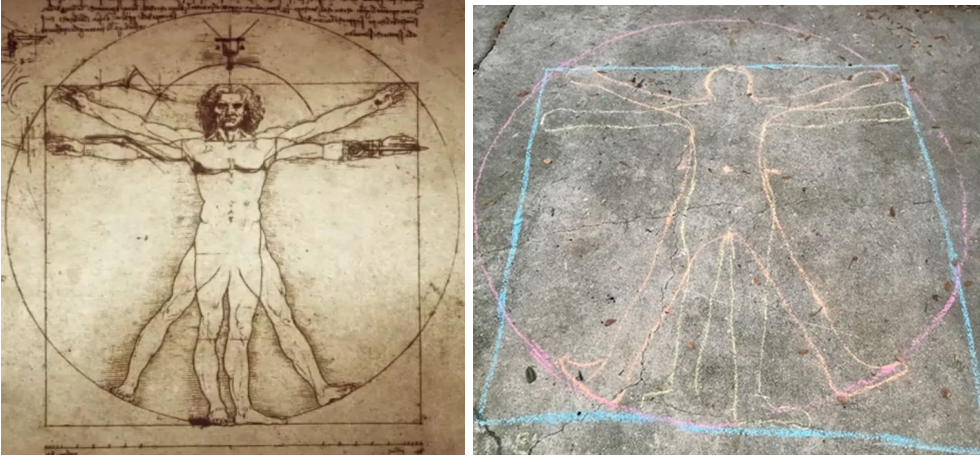
"The ship that will carry our letters home to England is about to sail. If the ship does not sink on the way and you get this letter, please write back to me. I will write again when the next ship sails.

Your loving Thomas."



John Smith knew that it was important to prepare for the cold winter months.

THIRD GRADE ART – T. NORTHWAY

<p>Distance Learning: Week 2 2020 T. Northway</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Tuesday/ Thursday, March 31- April 2</u></p> <p>Goal/Objective: (PA) & (IW)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/></p>
<p>REVIEW: DO YOU REMEMBER DRAWING “VITRUVIAN MAN” LAST YEAR? WE WILL BEGIN OUT CHALK WINDOWS WITH THE SAME STRING/CHALK COMPASS</p> <p>Images:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">- <i>Vitruvian Man</i> by Leonardo Da Vinci- <i>Sidewalk Chalk Drawing</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none">- made in my driveway. Do you see how the belly button is the center of my circle?!	
<p><u>(PA) Step 1:</u></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> See Packet documents and Mrs. Northway’s Blog for Step by Step instructions, PDF Printables and videos.<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com/2020/03/week-1extended-spring-break.html<input type="checkbox"/> (PA=Parent assisted)<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Assist Scholar in drawing circle with a string tied to chalk (used as a compass); Assist Scholar in drawing square around tracing of body - Use broomstick as straightedge ruler<input type="checkbox"/> (IW=independent Work)<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Scholar is using the chalk to draw the circle and the square, NOT the parent. Parent only assists holding the straight edge (broomstick) and holding down the end of the string (compass center point) to make a circle.

THIRD GRADE ART – T. NORTHWAY

<p><u>(PA) Step 2</u></p> <p>Gather Materials and sweep off a square area of the driveway! Keep out of the street, kids! ;)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- Packet Documents<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Print these directions.- Gather the following materials:<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Sidewalk Chalk<input type="checkbox"/> Long piece of string (You may tie together the laces from your school shoes!!!)<input type="checkbox"/> Broomstick as a straightedge<input type="checkbox"/> A Lovely Assistant...mom will do.- Open computer window with: https://ghnoartk-3.blogspot.com/2020/03/week-1extended-spring-break.html- Follow directions for Week 2 Project in the video!
<p><u>(PA) Step 3</u></p> <p><u>PROJECT SEQUENCE:</u></p>	<p>Open computer window with:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> (IW) (PA) View Blog Video:<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> Students will draw along with Mrs. Northway, following the slides or slides with video/voice.<input type="checkbox"/> Divide the project work between Tuesday and Thursday as it fits into your daily schedule.<input type="checkbox"/> Cover with plastic if it rains!<input type="checkbox"/> Take a pic and e-mail to me please!<input type="checkbox"/> Have fun! :)

Wednesday

LOVE



When Louis's father and mother discovered that Louis was missing, they felt awful. No other young swan had disappeared from the lakes—only Louis.

“The question now arises,” said the cob to his wife, “whether or not I should go and look for our son. I am disinclined to leave these attractive lakes now, in the fall of the year, with winter coming on. I have, in fact, been looking forward to this time of serenity and peace and the society of other waterfowl. I like the life here.”

"There's another little matter to consider besides your personal comfort," said his wife. "Has it occurred to you that we have no idea which direction Louis went when he left? You don't know where he went any more than I do. If you were to start out looking for him, which way would you fly?"

"Well," replied the cob, "in the last analysis, I believe I would go south."

"What do you mean, 'in the last analysis'?" said the swan impatiently. "You haven't analyzed anything. Why do you say 'in the last analysis'? And why do you pick south as the way to go looking for Louis? There are other directions. There's north, and east, and west. There's northeast, southeast, southwest, northwest."

"True," replied the cob. "And there are all those in-between directions: north-northeast, east-southeast, west-southwest. There's north by east, and east by north. There's south-southeast a half east, and there's west by north a half north. The directions a young swan could start off in are almost too numerous to think about."

So it was decided that no search would be made. "We'll just wait here and see what happens," said the cob. "I feel sure Louis will return in the fullness of time."

Months went by. Winter came to the Red Rock Lakes. The nights were long and dark and cold. The days were short and bright and cold. Sometimes the wind blew. But the swans and geese and ducks were safe and happy. The warm springs that fed the lakes kept the ice from covering them—there were always open places. There was plenty of food. Sometimes a man would arrive with a bag of grain and spread the grain where the birds could get it.

Spring followed winter; summer followed spring. A year went by, and it was springtime again. Still no sign of Louis. Then one morning when Louis's grown-up brothers were playing a game of water polo, one of them looked up and saw a swan approaching in the sky.

"Ko-hoh!" cried the cygnet. He rushed to his father and mother. "Look! Look! Look!"

All the waterfowl on the lake turned and gazed up at the approaching swan. The swan circled in the sky.

"It's Louis!" said the cob. "But what is that peculiar little object hanging around his neck by a string? What is that?"

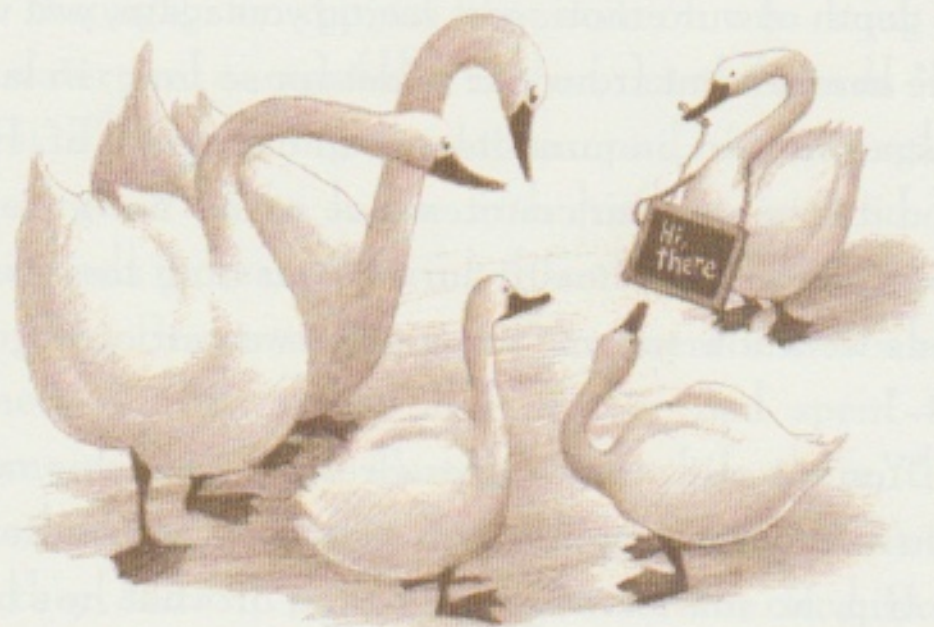
"Wait and see," said his wife. "Maybe it's a gift."

Louis looked down from the sky and spotted what looked like his family. When he was sure, he glided

down and skidded to a stop. His mother rushed up and embraced him. His father arched his neck gracefully and raised his wings in greeting. Everyone shouted "Ko-hoh!" and "Welcome back, Louis!" His family was overjoyed. He had been gone for a year and a half—almost eighteen months. He looked older and handsomer. His feathers were pure white now, instead of a dirty gray. Hanging by a cord around his neck was a small slate. Attached to the slate by a piece of string was a white chalk pencil.

When the family greetings were over, Louis seized the chalk in his bill and wrote "Hi, there!" on the slate. He held the slate out eagerly for all to see.

The cob stared at it. The mother swan stared at it.



The cygnets stared at it. They just stared and stared. Words on a slate meant nothing to them. They couldn't read. None of the members of his family had ever seen a slate before, or a piece of chalk. Louis's attempt to greet his family was a failure. He felt as though he had wasted a year and a half by going to school and learning to write. He felt keenly disappointed. And, of course, he was unable to speak. The words on the slate were all he could offer by way of greeting.

Finally his father, the cob, spoke up.

"Louis, my son," he began in his deep, resonant voice, "this is the day we have long awaited—the day of your return to our sanctuary in the Red Rock Lakes. No one can imagine the extent of our joy or the depth of our emotion at seeing you again, you who have been absent from our midst for so long, in lands we know not of, in pursuits we can only guess at. How good it is to see your countenance again! We hope you have enjoyed good health during your long absence, in lands we know not of, in pursuits we can only guess at—"

"You've said that once already," said his wife. "You're repeating yourself. Louis must be tired after his trip, no matter where he's been or what he's been up to."

"Very true," said the cob. "But I must prolong my welcoming remarks a bit longer, for my curiosity is aroused by that odd little object Louis is wearing around his neck and by the strange symbols he has placed upon it by rubbing that white thing up and down and leaving those strange white tracings."

"Well," said Louis's mother, "we're *all* interested in it, naturally. But Louis can't explain it because he is defective and can't talk. So we'll just have to forget our curiosity for the moment and let Louis take a bath and have dinner."

Everyone agreed this was a good idea.

Louis swam to the shore, placed his slate and his chalk pencil under a bush, and took a bath. When he was through, he dipped the end of one wing in the water and sorrowfully rubbed out the words "Hi, there!" Then he hung the slate around his neck again. It felt good to be home with his family. And his family had increased during the months he had spent with Sam Beaver at school. There were now six new cygnets. Louis's father and mother had spent the summer on a trip to Canada, and while there, they had nested and hatched six little cygnets, and in the fall they had all joined up again at the Red Rock Lakes in Montana.

One day, soon after Louis's return, the grain man stopped by with a sack of grain. Louis saw him and swam over. When the man spread the grain on the ground to feed the birds, Louis took off his slate and wrote, "Thank you very much!" He held the slate up to the man, who appeared surprised.



"Say!" said the man. "You're quite a bird! Where did *you* learn to write?"

Louis erased the slate and wrote, "At school."

"School?" said the grain man. "What school?"

"Public school," wrote Louis. "Mrs. Hammerbotham taught me."

"Never heard of her," said the grain man. "But she must be a darned good teacher."

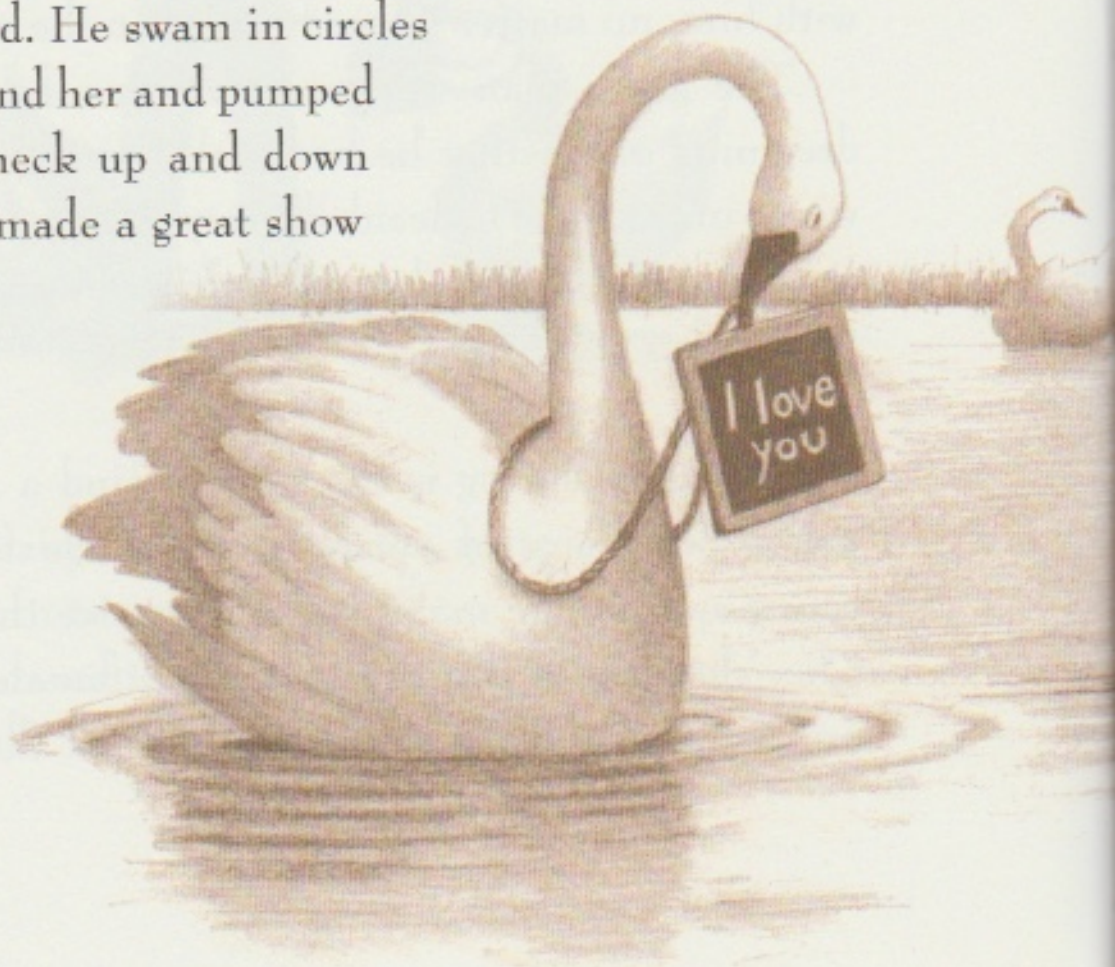
"She is," wrote Louis. He was overjoyed to be carrying on a conversation with a stranger. He realized that even though the slate was no help with other birds, it *was* going to be a help with people, because people could read. This made him feel a whole lot better. Sam Beaver had given Louis the slate as a good-bye present when he left the ranch. Sam had bought the slate and the chalk pencil with money he had saved. Louis decided he would always carry them with him, no matter where he went in the world.

The grain man wondered whether he had been dreaming or whether he had really seen a swan write words on a slate. He decided to say nothing about it to anyone, for fear people might think he was crazy in the head.

For birds, spring is the time to find a mate. The warm sweet airs of spring stir strange feelings in young swans. The males begin to notice the females. They show off in front of them. The females begin to notice the males, too, but they pretend they are not

noticing anything at all. They act very coy.

Louis felt so queer one day, he knew he must be in love. And he knew which bird he was in love with. Whenever he swam past her, he could feel his heart beat faster, and his mind was full of thoughts of love and desire. He thought he had never seen such a beautiful young female swan. She was a trifle smaller than the others, and she seemed to have a more graceful neck and more attractive ways than any of his other friends on the lake. Her name was Serena. He wished he could do something to attract her attention. He wanted her for his mate but was unable to tell her so because he couldn't make a sound. He swam in circles around her and pumped his neck up and down and made a great show

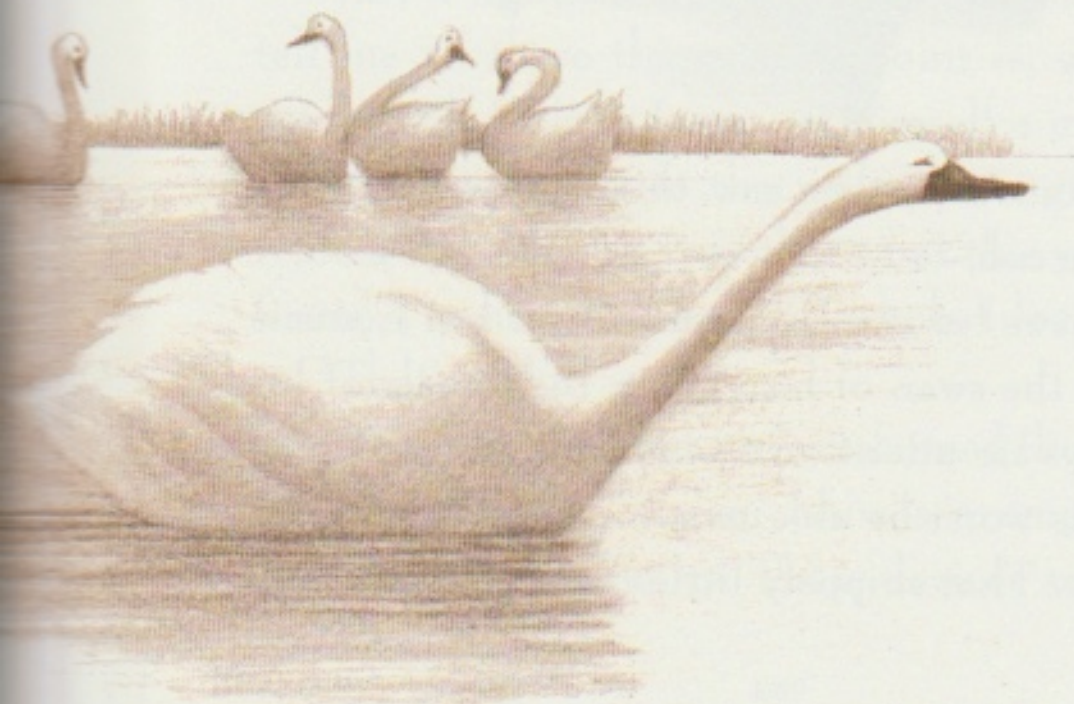


of diving and staying down to prove he could hold his breath longer than any other bird. But the little female paid no attention to Louis's antics. She pretended he didn't exist.

When Louis's mother found out that Louis was courting a young female, she hid behind some bulrushes and watched what was going on. She could tell that he was in love by the way he acted, and she saw that he was having no success.

Once, in desperation, Louis swam up to Serena, his beloved, and made a bow. His slate, as usual, was around his neck. Taking the chalk pencil in his mouth, he wrote "I love you" on the slate and showed it to her.

She stared at it for a moment, then swam away.



She didn't know how to read, and although she rather liked the looks of a young cob who had something hanging around his neck, she couldn't really get interested in a bird that was unable to *say* anything. A Trumpeter Swan that couldn't trumpet was a bust as far as she was concerned.



When Louis's mother saw this, she went to her husband, the cob.

"I have news for you," she said. "Your son Louis is in love, and the swan of his choice, the female of his desiring, pays no attention to him. It's just as I predicted: Louis won't be able to get a mate because he has no voice. That snippety little female he's chasing

after gives me a pain in the neck, the way she acts. But just the same, I'm sorry for Louis. He thinks she's the greatest thing on the lake, and he can't say, 'Ko-hoh, I love you,' and that's what she's waiting to hear."

"Why, this is terrible news," said the cob, "news of the most serious import. I know what it is like to be in love. Well do I remember how painful love can be, how exciting, and, in the event of unsuccess, how disappointing and doleful the days and nights. But I am Louis's father, and I'm not going to take this situation lying down. I shall act. Louis is a Trumpeter Swan, noblest of all the waterfowl. He is gay, cheerful, strong, powerful, lusty, good, brave, handsome, reliable, trustworthy, a great flier, a tremendous swimmer, fearless, patient, loyal, true, ambitious, desirous—"

"Just a minute," said his wife. "You don't need to tell me all these things. The point is, what are you going to do to help Louis get himself a mate?"

"I'm leading up to that in my own graceful way," replied the cob. "You say that what this young female wants is to hear Louis say, 'Ko-hoh, I love you'?"

"That's right."

"Then she shall hear it!" exclaimed the cob. "There are devices made by men—horns, trumpets, musical instruments of all sorts. These devices are capable of

producing sounds similar to the wild sound of our trumpeting. I shall begin a search for such a device, and if I have to go to the ends of the earth to find a trumpet for our young son, I shall find it at last and bring it home to Louis."

"Well, if I may make a suggestion," said his wife, "don't go to the ends of the earth, go to Billings, Montana. It's nearer."

"Very well, I will try Billings. I shall look for a trumpet in Billings. And now, without further ado, I go. There is no time to lose. Springtime doesn't last forever. Love is fleeting. Every minute counts. I'm leaving this instant for Billings, Montana, a great city teeming with life and with objects made by man. Good-bye, my love! I shall return!"

"What are you going to use for money?" asked his practical wife. "Trumpets cost money."

"Leave that to me," replied the cob. And with that, he took off into the air. He climbed steeply, like a jet plane, then leveled off, flying high and fast toward the northeast. His wife watched him until he was out of sight. "What a swan!" she murmured. "I just hope he knows what he's doing."

Chapter 3

Captain John Smith

News from Jamestown Hannah and her mother wrote a letter back to Thomas. They told him that they missed him very much and asked him to write again as soon as he could.

The Big Question

How did John Smith make sure that everyone worked?

Months later, in the spring of 1608, Thomas's next letter arrived. Captain Newport brought the letter when he returned from Jamestown.

"To my family," Thomas's letter began. "There have been many changes in our life here in Jamestown. In many ways, life has been hard, but we are working to keep our tiny colony alive. We owe our lives to John Smith. Without him, none of us would be alive today.

"When John Smith took his seat on the council, we were running low on food. He knew that it was too late in the year to plant crops. He also knew that the Native Americans who we now knew as the Powhatan (/pow*at*an/) had corn and other food. John Smith began visiting their villages. I often went with him. He began to learn their language and their way of life.



John Smith taught people in Jamestown how to survive.

“We began to trade. We gave the Powhatan blankets, axes, and other things from England. In exchange, they gave us corn and fresh meat. Their food kept everyone from starving. We can all thank Captain Smith—and the Powhatan—for saving our colony.”

Three Years Later

It was a long time before Hannah and her mother received another letter from Thomas. Finally, in 1611, news from Thomas arrived.

“Please forgive me for waiting so long to write. I wanted to send you good news about Jamestown, but it was a long time before things got better.

“In fact, life in the colony became even harder than at the beginning, and many men died. The people living in Jamestown could not learn to work together. The council could not make life better for the colony.

A New Rule

“Then the council chose John Smith to be the leader of the colony. Smith made a new rule. Those who did not work could not eat. Some of the gentlemen complained, but Smith stayed firm. He would not change the rule.

“After Captain Smith’s new rule, more work got done. The fort was made larger, and more houses were built. We dug a **well** so we could have cleaner water to drink.

Vocabulary

well, n. a hole dug deep into the ground to get water



New houses were built within the fort.

We cleared fields, planted crops, and caught fish. We traded more with the Native Americans. Captain Smith also taught us to use weapons to defend the fort.

“Captain Newport will sail back to England with a cargo of timber and boards cut from the forest in Jamestown by English gentlemen.

Your loving Thomas.”

Thursday

THE TRUMPET

As the cob flew toward Billings on his powerful white wings, all sorts of troublesome thoughts whirled in his head. The cob had never gone looking for a trumpet before. He had no money to pay for a trumpet. He feared he might arrive after the shops had closed for the day. He realized that in the whole continent of North America he was undoubtedly the only Trumpeter Swan who was on his way to a city to get a trumpet.

"This is a queer adventure," he said to himself. "Yet it is a noble quest. I will do anything to help my son Louis—even if I run into real trouble."

Toward the end of the afternoon, the cob looked ahead and in the distance saw the churches and factories and shops and homes of Billings. He decided to

act quickly and boldly. He circled the city once, looking for a music store. Suddenly he spied one. It had a very big, wide window, solid glass. The cob flew lower and circled so he could get a better look. He gazed into the store. He saw a drum painted gold. He saw a fancy guitar with an electric cord. He saw a small piano. He saw banjos, horns, violins, mandolins, cymbals, saxophones, marimbaphones, cellos, and many other instruments. Then he saw what he wanted: he saw a brass trumpet hanging by a red cord.

"Now is my time to act!" he said to himself. "Now is my moment for risking everything on one bold move, however shocking it may be to my sensibilities, however offensive it may be to the laws that govern the lives of men. Here I go! May good luck go with me!"

With that, the old cob set his wings for a dive. He aimed straight at the big window. He held his neck straight and stiff, waiting for the crash. He dove swiftly and hit the window going full speed. The glass broke. The noise was terrific. The whole store shook. Musical instruments fell to the floor. Glass flew everywhere. A salesgirl fainted. The cob felt a twinge of pain as a jagged piece of broken glass cut into his shoulder, but he grabbed the trumpet in his beak, turned sharply in the air, flew back through the hole

in the window, and began climbing fast over the roofs of Billings. A few drops of blood fell to the ground below. His shoulder hurt. But he had succeeded in getting what he had come for. Held firmly in his bill, its red cord dangling, was a beautiful brass trumpet.

You can imagine the noise in the music store when the cob crashed through the window. At the moment the glass broke, one of the clerks was showing a bass drum to a customer, and the clerk was so startled at seeing a big white bird come flying through the window, he hit the drum a tremendous wallop.

"Bom!" went the drum.

"Crash!" went the splinters of flying glass.

When the salesgirl fainted, she fell against the keys of the piano.

"Rrrongee-rrrongee-rrongee!" went the piano.

The owner of the store grabbed his shotgun, which went off by mistake, blasting a hole in the ceiling and sending down a shower of plaster. Everything was flying around and falling and making a noise.

"Bom!" went the drum.

"Plunk!" went the banjo.

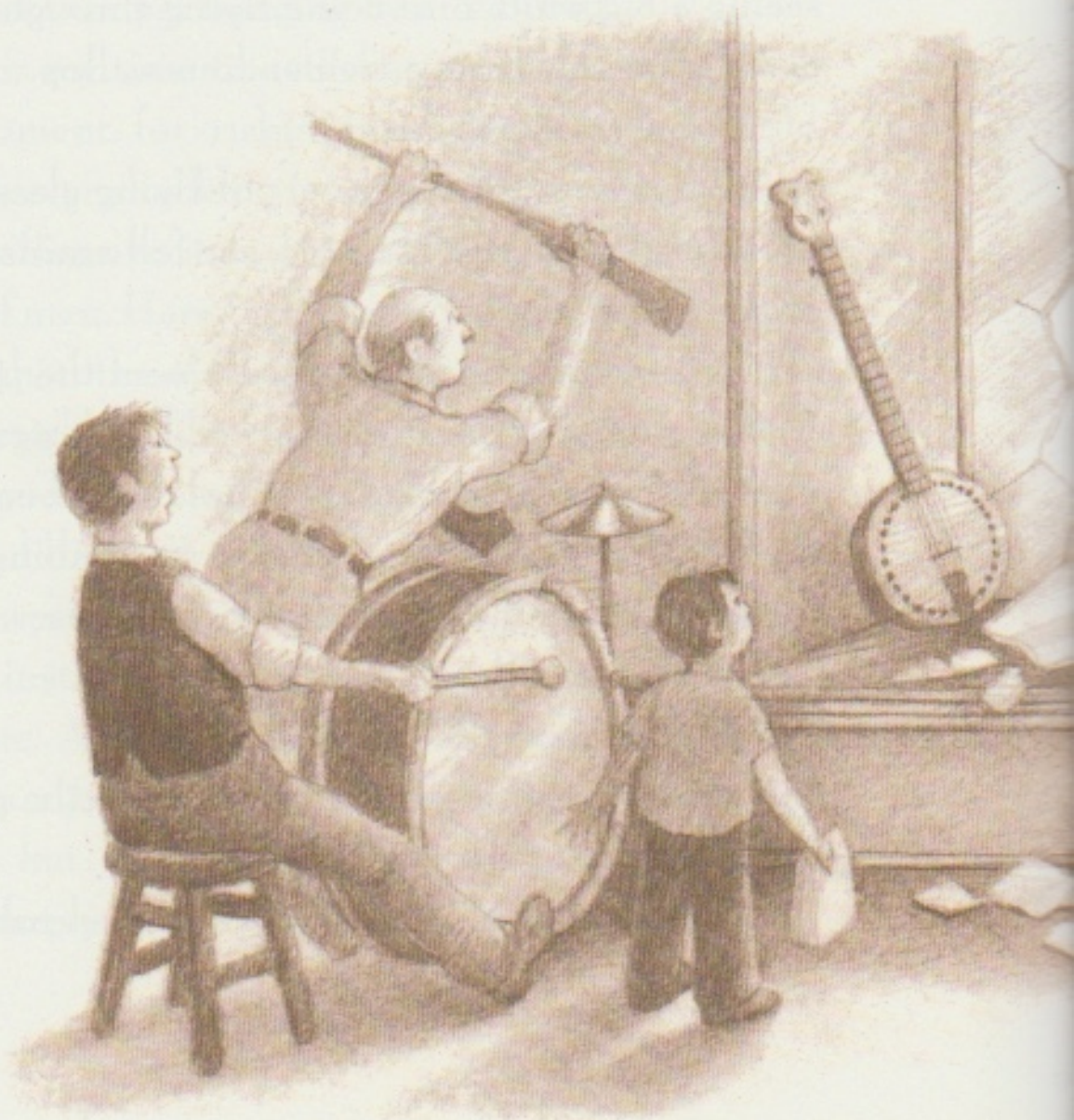
"Rrrongee-rrrongee-rrrongee!" went the piano.

"Ump!" went the bull fiddle.

"Help!" screamed a clerk. "We've been robbed."

“Make way!” shouted the owner. He ran for the door, stepped outside, and fired another shot—*bang!*—at the disappearing bird. His shot was too late. The cob was safe in the sky, beyond the range of gunfire. He was headed home, toward the southwest, high above the roofs and spires of Billings. In his beak was the trumpet. In his heart was the pain of having committed a crime.

“I have robbed a store,” he said to himself. “I have become a thief. What a miserable fate for a bird of my



excellent character and high ideals! Why did I do this? What led me to commit this awful crime? My past life has been blameless—a model of good behavior and correct conduct. I am by nature law-abiding. Why, oh, why did I do this?"

Then the answer came to him, as he flew steadily on through the evening sky. "I did it to help my son. I did it for love of my son Louis."

Back in Billings, the news spread rapidly. This was



the first time a swan had broken into a music store and made off with a trumpet. A lot of people refused to believe it had happened. The editor of the newspaper sent a reporter to the store to look around. The reporter interviewed the owner and wrote an article about the event for the paper. The article was headed:

LARGE BIRD BREAKS INTO MUSIC STORE

White Swan Crashes Through Window
and Makes Off With Valuable Trumpet

Everybody in Billings bought a copy of the paper and read all about the extraordinary event. It was talked about all over town. Some people believed it; others said it never could have happened. They said the store owner had just invented it to get some publicity for his store. But the clerks in the store agreed that it had really happened. They pointed to the drops of blood on the floor.

The police came to look over the damage, which was estimated at nine hundred dollars. The police promised they would try to find the thief and arrest him, but the police were sorry to hear that the thief was a bird. "Birds are a special problem," they said. "Birds are hard to deal with."

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Back at the Red Rock Lakes, Louis's mother waited anxiously for her husband to return. When he showed up in the night sky, she saw that he had a trumpet with him. It was slung around his neck by its cord.

"Well," she said, as he glided to a stop in the water, "I see you made it."

"I did, my dear," said the cob. "I traveled fast and far, sacrificed my honor, and I have returned. Where is Louis? I want to give him his trumpet right away."

"He's over there sitting on a muskrat house, dreaming about that empty-headed young female he's so crazy about."

The cob swam over to his son and made a presentation speech.

"Louis," he said, "I have been on a journey to the haunts of men. I visited a great city teeming with life and commerce. Whilst there, I picked up a gift for you, which I now bestow upon you with my love and my blessing. Here, Louis, is a trumpet. It will be your voice—a substitute for the voice God failed to give you. Learn to blow it, Louis, and life will be smoother and richer and gayer for you! With the help of this horn, you will be able at last to say ko-hoh, like every other swan. The sound of music will be in our ears. You will be able to attract the attention of desirable

young females. Master this trumpet, and you will be able to play love songs for them, filling them with ardor and surprise and longing. I hope it will bring you happiness, Louis, and a new and better life. I procured it at some personal sacrifice to myself and my pride, but we won't go into that now. The long and short of it is, I had no money; I took the trumpet without paying for it. This was deplorable. But the important thing is that you learn to play the instrument."

So saying, the cob removed the trumpet from around his neck and hung it on Louis, alongside the slate and the white chalk pencil.

"Wear it in good health!" he said. "Blow it in happiness! Make the woods and the hills and the marshes echo with the sounds of your youthful desire!"

Louis wanted to thank his father, but he was unable to say a word. And he knew it would do no good to write "Thank you" on the slate, because his father wouldn't be able to read it, never having had an education. So Louis just bobbed his head and wagged his tail and fluttered his wings. The cob knew by these signs that he had found favor in the sight of his son and that the gift of a trumpet was acceptable.

Chapter 4

Changing Times in Jamestown

Working Together Many things went well when John Smith was the leader of Jamestown. The settlement grew to nearly five hundred people.

The colonists all worked because John Smith had made a rule that those who did not work could not eat.

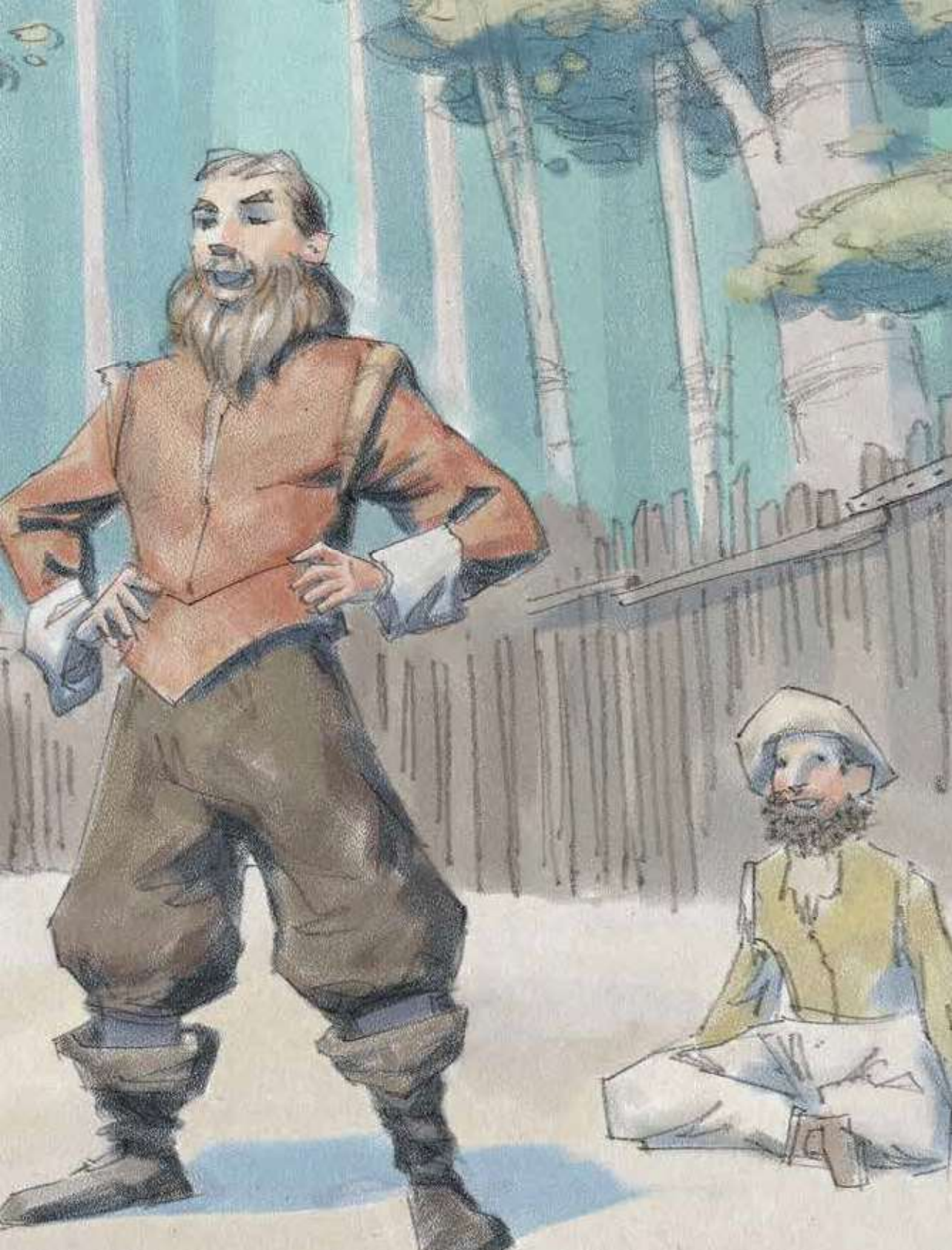
The colonists grew crops. They raised chickens, goats, and horses. They also kept pigs outside the fort in a place called Hog Island.

In the forests around Jamestown, there were many animals for the colonists to hunt. They could catch fish and oysters in the rivers and the Chesapeake Bay. They could gather the fruits, berries, and nuts that grew wild in the Jamestown area.

John Smith traded for food with the Powhatan. They were willing to trade with him because he worked hard to earn their respect. He was fair and honest. He always kept his word.

The Big Question

What events led to the Starving Time?



John Smith was a fair and honest leader.

New Problems

Then one night a terrible thing happened. Captain Smith was very badly hurt in a **gunpowder** explosion. He had to return to England for medical help to heal his wounds.

When Captain Smith left, the colonists had a good supply of food in their storehouses. They had enough for more than two months. They also had a clean water supply, warm houses, and a strong fort.

Many of the colonists were happy to see John Smith go back to England. They were tired of working so hard. But after he left, the colonists were missing something important—a good leader.

Vocabulary

gunpowder, n. an explosive material used to make guns shoot



A gunpowder explosion in Jamestown injured Captain Smith.

The new leader was not as strong as Captain Smith had been. He did not make the colonists work hard to survive.

A group of colonists went to trade with the Powhatan, but they tried to cheat the Native Americans. A fight broke out, and the colonists were killed.

Now the Powhatan were angry, and they would not trade for food. The colonists' food supply continued to grow smaller.

Outnumbered, the colonists were trapped inside the walls of the Jamestown fort. The colonists could not go out to hunt or fish. They also needed firewood for the coming winter. The people of Jamestown began knocking down the houses they had worked so hard to build.

The Starving Time

The colonists grew hungry. Before long, they had eaten everything in the storehouses. Then they ate the chickens, the goats, and even the horses. After the large animals were gone, the colonists ate the dogs and then the cats. Then they ate the rats and finally the mice. They were so hungry that they even ate their boots and shoes.

Many of the colonists died from hunger, disease, and freezing temperatures. By the spring of 1610, only sixty people were still alive. The colonists had a special name for the winter of 1609 and the spring of 1610. They called it the Starving Time.



Many people died from the cold and hunger during the Starving Time.

A New Leader

The colonists decided to leave Jamestown, but they did not get far. As they sailed down the James River, they saw sails in the distance.

The sails belonged to two English ships on their way to Jamestown. The ships carried a new **governor**, more new colonists, and lots of supplies. The colony was saved!

The new governor was a strong leader.

He warned the colonists that they would be punished if they did not work hard. He ordered everyone to clean up and rebuild the settlement.

Vocabulary

governor, n. a person appointed by the king to oversee and make decisions in a region or colony

A New Start

Finally the Starving Time was over. The colonists began to clear the land around the fort. They built small farmhouses. The English colonists in Virginia had survived their worst struggles. Slowly life in Jamestown began to get better. The Powhatan and the colonists began to trade again. But neither side fully trusted the other anymore.

Friday



Chapter 5

Virginia Succeeds

The Native American Princess

Captain John Smith had become friends with Chief Powhatan of the Powhatan tribe. The chief had a daughter whom he loved very much.

The Big Question

How did the arrival of John Rolfe affect the Virginia colony?

Chief Powhatan gave her the pet name Pocahontas (/poh*kuh*hon*tas/), which means the playful one. Pocahontas visited the Jamestown colony many times. She taught John Smith some Powhatan words. She brought food to the colonists and tried to make peace with them.

Pocahontas was about fourteen years old when John Smith was injured by the gunpowder explosion and had to leave Jamestown.



Pocahontas hoped to make peace with the English settlers.

Saved by a Shipwreck

At about the same time John Smith was sailing back to England, another Englishman, named John Rolfe, was on his way to Virginia. There were two interesting things about John Rolfe. First, he was a very, very lucky man. Second, like many people of his time, he really liked to smoke his pipe.

In 1609, several ships left England bound for Jamestown. One ship was called the *Sea Venture* and another was called the *Catch*. John Rolfe sailed aboard the *Sea Venture*.

Things did not go very well. The ships were caught in a storm. The *Catch* and all of its passengers sank to the bottom of the ocean. The *Sea Venture* was wrecked on an island seven hundred miles from Jamestown. It could not be repaired. The only way for



A bad storm threatened the ships. The *Catch* sank to the bottom of the ocean.

everyone to get to Jamestown was to make two smaller ships from the remaining pieces of the *Sea Venture*.

It took a long time to build the two ships. By the time the ships finally reached Jamestown, they were almost a year late.

Because of the shipwreck, Rolfe and the men with him were not in Jamestown during the Starving Time. Many of the people in Jamestown during that awful time had died.

Soon after Rolfe reached Jamestown, he ran out of **tobacco** for his pipe. He had been smoking tobacco that the Spanish had brought to Europe from the Americas. Now Rolfe tried the tobacco that the Native Americans in Virginia grew. He did not like it at all.

Vocabulary

tobacco, n. a plant whose leaves are used for chewing or smoking

cash crop, n. a crop that is grown to be sold

John Rolfe left Jamestown and moved farther up the James River. There, he started a farm near the new village of Henrico (/hen*rye*koh/).

Growing Tobacco

Rolfe decided to buy seeds of the tobacco that grew in South America and seeds of the tobacco that grew in the West Indies. He tested the different kinds of tobacco plants to find one that would grow well in Virginia. Soon Rolfe was growing excellent tobacco and shipping it back to England.

People in England liked John Rolfe's Virginia tobacco, too. It quickly became Virginia's **cash crop**.

Everywhere in the colony, people started planting tobacco—even in the streets and in graveyards. Soon the colony was shipping thousands of pounds of Virginia tobacco to England.

In 1619, the people of Jamestown established the House of Burgesses. This was the first example of **self-government** in the colonies. Also, colonists were now able to own land and keep the money earned from the tobacco they sold. The ability for people to make money from tobacco increased the need for land and for workers.

Vocabulary

self-government, n.
the ability of people to rule themselves and make their own laws

Smoking became very popular in England. Few English people understood how unhealthy it was. King James was one of the



Growing tobacco made Virginia a rich colony.

few people in England who decided that smoking was bad. He wrote a book called *A Counterblast to Tobacco* that warned against smoking the “stinking weed.” Smoking, he said, was “loathsome [disgusting] to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain,” and also “dangerous to the lungs.” But no one paid attention.

More Adventures for Pocahontas

Meanwhile, Pocahontas went to visit some friends in a nearby village. While she was there, an English sea captain kidnapped her. He took her up the river to the village of Henrico.

When Pocahontas got to Henrico, the women there gave her English clothes to wear. They taught her to speak English and to read the Bible. Pocahontas took the name Rebecca.

John Rolfe met Pocahontas in Henrico. The Native American princess fell in love with him. Her father, Chief Powhatan, said they could get married. Everyone was happy for Pocahontas and John Rolfe. Their marriage meant that the Powhatan and the colonists lived in peace for several years.

A year after Pocahontas and John Rolfe were married, their son Thomas was born. They took the baby to England to visit John Rolfe’s family.

While Pocahontas was in England, everyone treated her like a queen. They called her Lady Rebecca. She made many new friends there, including King James. She also had a happy meeting with her old friend Captain John Smith.



The Native American princess met the king of England.

Pocahontas was about to leave England to go home when she caught a terrible **disease** and died. She was only twenty-two years old. She was buried in England.

Vocabulary

disease, n. sickness

The same year that Pocahontas died, the Virginia colony shipped twenty thousand pounds of tobacco to England. The gentlemen of Virginia intended to get rich growing tobacco. To do this, they cleared new land for large farms called plantations. Because they owned plantations, they came to be known as “planters.” At first, planters, like John Rolfe, thought that growing tobacco would make them as rich as if they had found gold.

John Rolfe was a very lucky man, and he became rich by growing tobacco. But many other English colonists and Native Americans living in Virginia were not as lucky.

Tobacco plantations needed a lot of land and a lot of workers. The English colonists were greedy for all the land they could get. This caused several wars to break out between the Native Americans and the English.

By 1625, the colonists had finally won. Although the Native Americans outnumbered the English, the English had guns. This gave them a great advantage. Many Native Americans also died from diseases that had been brought to North America by the colonists.

A Changing Workforce

As time passed, plantations grew larger and larger. Some plantations looked like tiny towns. There was a large house for the owner and small cabins for the field workers. There were other buildings where carpenters and blacksmiths worked.

Vocabulary

indentured servant,
n. a person who owes an employer a certain amount of work for a certain amount of time in exchange for some benefit

In the early days of the Virginia colony, planters hired **indentured servants** to work in their fields. The plantation owners paid for the indentured servants to sail from England and gave them shelter, food, water, and clothes when they arrived. In exchange, the indentured servants worked for the plantation owners to pay back the money they owed. After a certain number of years, the indentured servants were free to leave. Over time indentured servants came from other countries. Eventually, indentured servants in Virginia were replaced by enslaved workers from Africa. You will read more about the hard lives of enslaved people in later chapters.