

# GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



## Supplemental Reading Packet

### Week 4

April 14 - April 17, 2020

3<sup>rd</sup> grade

(3A) Ms. Gauss

(3B) Ms. Tyler

(3C) Ms. Kaiser

(3D) Mr. Aniol

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Section: \_\_

## Table of Contents

### 1. Tuesday

- Literature: “Ch. 14: Boston,” from *The Trumpet of the Swan* by E.B. White, pp. 141-149.
- Math: “Ch. 12.3: Geometry, Quadrilaterals and Triangles,” from *Primary Mathematics* Singapore math textbook, pp. 132-134.
- History: “Ch. 9: The Pilgrims Come to America,” from *The Thirteen Colonies* history reader, pp. 54-61.

### 2. Wednesday

- Literature: “Ch. 15: A Night at the Ritz,” from *The Trumpet of the Swan* by E.B. White, pp. 150-165.
- Math: “Ch. 12.4: Geometry, Solid Figures,” from *Primary Mathematics* Singapore math textbook, pp. 135-136.

### 3. Thursday

- Literature: “Ch. 16: Philadelphia,” from *The Trumpet of the Swan* by E.B. White, pp. 166-177.
- History: “Ch. 10: Plymouth, The Pilgrim Colony,” from *The Thirteen Colonies* history reader, pp. 62-67.

Tuesday

## BOSTON

Louis liked Boston the minute he saw it from the sky. Far beneath him was a river. Near the river was a park. In the park was a lake. In the lake was an island. On the shore was a dock. Tied to the dock was a boat shaped like a swan. The place looked ideal. There was even a very fine hotel nearby.

Louis circled twice, then glided down and splashed to a stop in the lake. Several ducks swam up to look him over. The park was called the Public Garden. Everybody in Boston knows about it and goes there to sit on benches in the sun, to stroll about, to feed the pigeons and the squirrels, and to ride the Swan Boat. A ride costs twenty-five cents for grown-ups, fifteen cents for children.

After a short rest and a bite to eat, Louis swam over to the dock and climbed out on the shore. The man who was taking tickets for the Swan Boat ride

seemed surprised to see an enormous white swan wearing so many things around his neck.

"Hello!" said the Boatman.

Louis lifted his trumpet. "Ko-hoh!" he replied.

At the sound, every bird in the park looked up. The Boatman jumped. Boston residents as far as a mile away looked up and said, "What's *that*?" Nobody in Boston had ever heard a Trumpeter Swan. The sound made a big impression. People eating a late breakfast in the Ritz Hotel on Arlington Street looked up from their food. Waiters and bellboys said, "What's *that*?"

The man in charge of the Swan Boat was probably the most surprised man in Boston. He examined Louis's trumpet, his moneybag, his lifesaving medal, his slate, and his chalk pencil. Then he asked Louis what he wanted. Louis wrote on his slate: "Have trumpet. Need work."

"O.K.," said the Boatman. "You've got yourself a job. A boat leaves here in five minutes for a trip around the lake. Your job will be to swim in front of the boat, leading the way and blowing your horn."

"What salary do I get?" asked Louis on his slate.

"We'll settle that later, when we see how you make out," said the Boatman. "This is just a tryout."

Louis nodded. He arranged his things neatly around his neck, entered the water quietly, took up a position a few yards in front of the boat, and waited. He wondered what would make the boat go. He couldn't see any outboard motor, and there were no oars. In the forward part of the boat were benches for

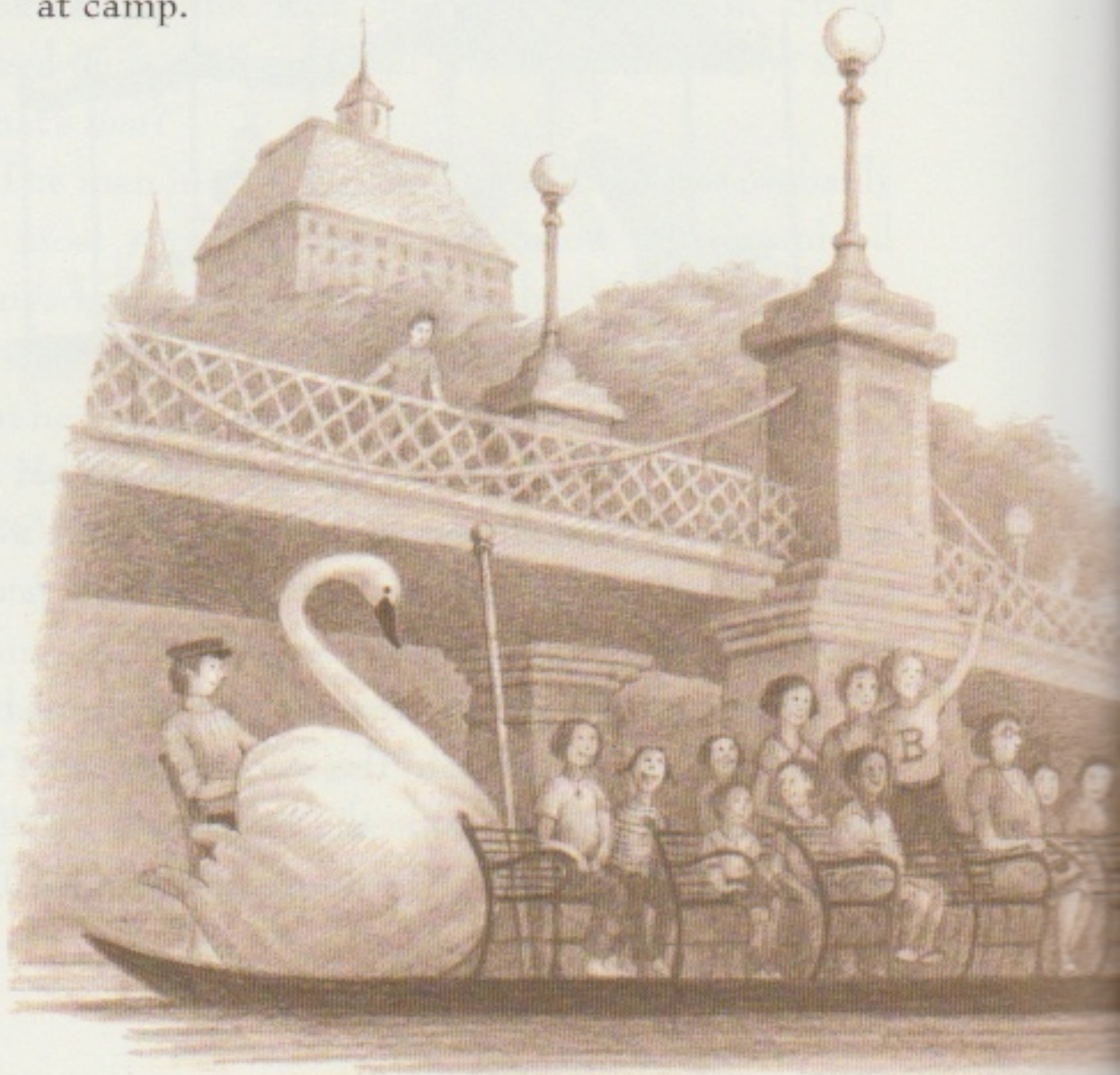


the passengers. In the stern was a structure that was shaped like a swan. It was hollow. Inside of it was a seat, like a bicycle seat. And there were two pedals inside, like the pedals of a bicycle.

When the passengers were all aboard, a young man appeared. He climbed onto the stern of the boat and sat down on the seat inside the hollow swan-shaped structure and began to push the pedals with his feet,

as though he were riding a bike. A paddle wheel began to turn. The Boatman cast the lines off, and as the young man pedaled, the Swan Boat slowly moved out into the lake. Louis led the way, swimming with his left foot, holding his trumpet with his right foot.

“Ko-hoh!” said Louis’s trumpet. The wild sound rang loud and clear and stirred everyone’s blood. Then, realizing that he should play something appropriate, Louis played a song he had heard the boys sing at camp.



*Row, row, row your boat  
Gently down the stream;  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
Life is but a dream.*

The Swan Boat passengers were beside themselves with joy and excitement. A real live swan, playing a trumpet! Life was a dream, all right. What a lark! What fun! What pleasure!

"This is real groovy!" cried a boy in the front seat. "That bird is as good as Louis Armstrong, the famous trumpet player. I'm going to call him Louis."

When Louis heard this, he swam alongside the boat, took his chalk pencil in his mouth, and wrote: "That's actually my name."





"Hey, how about that?" yelled the boy. "This swan can *write*, too. Louis can write. Let's give him a cheer!"

The passengers cheered loudly. Louis swam ahead again, leading the way. Slowly and gracefully, the boat circled the island, while Louis played "Gentle on My Mind" on his trumpet. It was a lovely September morning, hazy and warm. Trees were beginning to show their autumn colors. Louis played "Ol' Man River."

When the Swan Boat docked and the passengers got off, long lines of people were waiting to get aboard for the next ride. Business was booming. Another boat was being made ready, to accommodate the crowds. Everyone wanted to ride the Swan Boats behind a real live swan playing a trumpet. It was the biggest happening in Boston in a long time. People *like* strange events and queer happenings, and the Swan Boat, with Louis out front leading the way, suddenly became the most popular attraction in Boston.

"You're hired," said the Boatman, when Louis climbed out onto the bank. "With you playing the trumpet, I can double my business. I can triple it. I can quadruple it. I can quintuple it. I can . . . I can . . . I can *sextoople* it. Anyway, I'll give you a steady job."

Louis lifted his slate. "What salary?" he asked.

The Boatman gazed around at the crowds waiting to get aboard.

"A hundred dollars a week," he said. "I'll pay you a hundred dollars every Saturday if you'll swim ahead of the boats and play your horn. Is it a deal?"

Louis nodded his head. The man seemed pleased but puzzled. "If it isn't too much to ask," said the Boatman, "would you mind telling me why you're so interested in money?"

"Everybody is," replied Louis on his slate.

"Yeah, I know," said the Boatman. "Everybody likes money. It's a crazy world. But, I mean, why would a *swan* need money? You can get your meals just by dipping down and pulling up tasty plants at the bottom of the lake. What do you need money for?"

Louis erased his slate. "I'm in debt," he wrote. And he thought about his poor father who had stolen the trumpet and about the poor storekeeper in Billings who had been robbed and whose store had been damaged. Louis knew he must go on earning money until he could pay off what he owed.

"O.K.," said the Boatman, addressing the crowd, "this swan says he's in debt. All aboard for the next ride!" And he began selling tickets. The Boatman owned several boats, all of them shaped like a swan.

Pretty soon every boat was full and money was flowing in.

All day long, the Swan Boats circled the lake, carrying their load of happy people, many of them children. Louis played his trumpet as he had never played it before. He liked the job. He loved to entertain people. And he loved music. The Boatman was just as pleased as he could be.

When the day was over and the boats had made their last trip, the Boatman walked over to Louis, who was standing on shore arranging his things.

"You've done great," said the Boatman. "You're a good swan. I wish I'd had you long ago. And now—where are you planning to spend the night?"

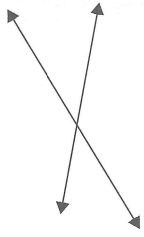
"Here on the lake," Louis wrote.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the man uneasily. "An awful lot of people are curious about you. They might make trouble for you. Bad boys might molest you. I don't trust the people who hang around this park at night. You might get kidnapped. I don't want to lose you. I think I'll take you across to the Ritz Carlton Hotel and get you a room for the night. It's clean, and the food is good. It would be safer. Then I can be sure you'll come to work in the morning."

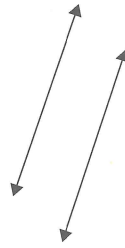
Louis didn't think much of this idea, but he agreed to go. He thought, "Well, I've never *spent* a night in a hotel—maybe it would be an interesting experience." So he walked along with the Boatman. They left the park and crossed Arlington Street and entered the lobby of the Ritz. It had been a long, tiring day for Louis, but he felt relieved to know that he had a good job and that he could earn money in Boston as a musician.



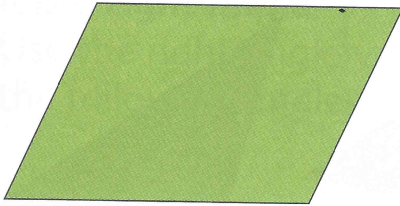
### 3 Quadrilaterals and Triangles



These lines **intersect**.



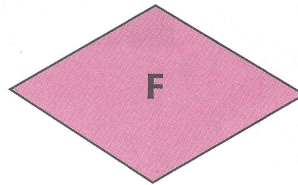
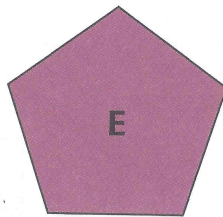
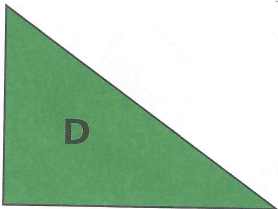
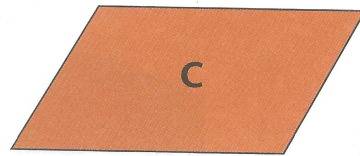
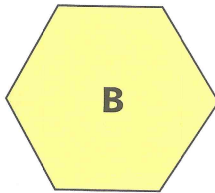
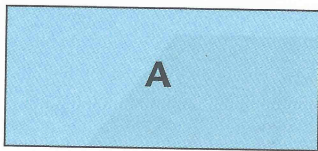
These lines are **parallel**. They will not intersect.



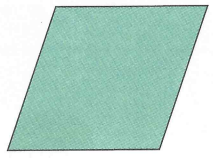
A **parallelogram** is a quadrilateral that has pairs of sides that are parallel.



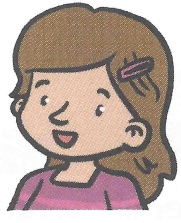
Which of these shapes are parallelograms?



1. Is this a parallelogram?



A **rhombus** is a parallelogram with 4 equal sides.

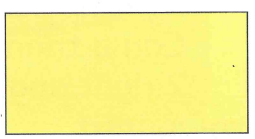


2. Is a square a parallelogram?



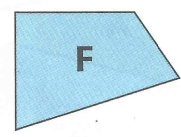
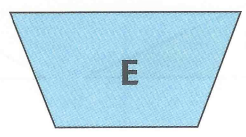
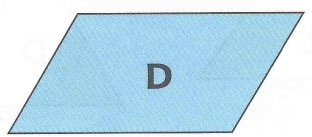
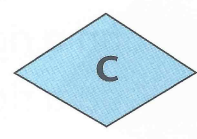
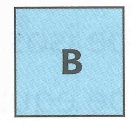
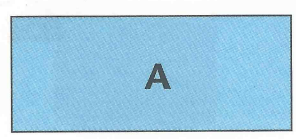
Is a square a rhombus?

3. Is a rectangle a parallelogram?



Is a rectangle a rhombus?

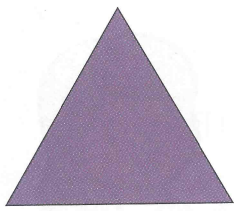
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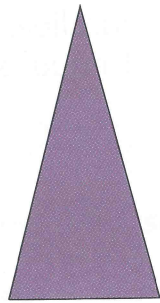
- (a) Which quadrilaterals have 2 pairs of parallel sides?
- (b) Which quadrilaterals have 2 pairs of equal sides?
- (c) Which quadrilaterals have 2 or more right angles?

5. Can a triangle have parallel sides?

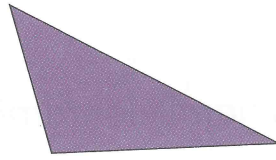
6.



equilateral



isosceles



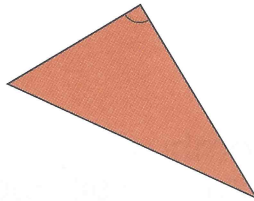
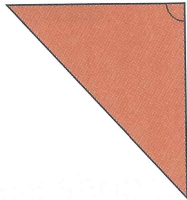
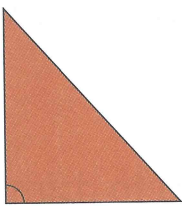
scalene

An equilateral triangle is also an isosceles triangle.



- (a) Which triangle has no equal sides?
- (b) Which triangle has 2 equal sides?
- (c) Which triangle has 3 equal sides?

7.

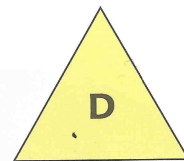
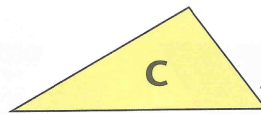
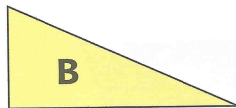
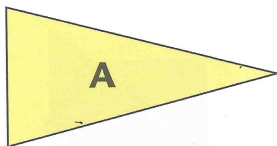


A **right triangle** is a triangle with a right angle.  
Can a triangle have 2 right angles?



- (a) Can a right triangle be scalene?
- (b) Can a right triangle be isosceles?
- (c) Can a right triangle be equilateral?

8.



- (a) Which triangles are equilateral?
- (b) Which triangles are isosceles?
- (c) Which triangles are scalene?
- (d) Which triangles are right triangles?

# Chapter 9

## The Pilgrims Come to America

**The New England Colonies** Do you remember the names of those three regions? If you said Southern Colonies, Middle Colonies, and New England Colonies, you are correct!

### The Big Question

Who were the Pilgrims, and why did they sail to America?

Now, we are going to jump over the Middle Colonies and go north to the New England Colonies. We will come back to the Middle Colonies later.

To learn about these colonies, we have to travel back to the fall of 1620 to meet the first New England colonists—the Pilgrims. The Pilgrims spent a great deal of time planning their move to America. At last, in September 1620, they were ready to make the voyage.





The Pilgrims thought long and hard about making the dangerous voyage to North America.

## The Pilgrims

“Land ho! Land ho!” the sailors cried. The passengers crowded onto the deck of the *Mayflower*. They wanted to have their first look at America. The *Mayflower* had been sailing for Virginia, but it ended up in what is now Massachusetts.

A month later, the *Mayflower* crossed the bay. On a cold morning in November 1620, its passengers got ready to land. Who were these people on board the ship? Today, we call the *Mayflower's* passengers the Pilgrims. A pilgrim is someone who travels for religious reasons. The people on the *Mayflower* had left their homes in England for a new life.

The Pilgrims were not like the first Jamestown settlers. The first Jamestown settlers had wanted to find gold and other riches. Many refused to do hard work. They did not want to build houses or plant crops. They only wanted to return to England as rich men.

The Pilgrims were not looking for gold. They wanted to build houses and start farms. They wanted to raise families in a new land. They did not want to go back to England.

In England, King James made everyone obey the rules of the Church of England. The Pilgrims, however, did not wish to do so. They believed so strongly that God wanted them to worship in a certain way that they left the Church of England. They were called Separatists because they wanted to separate, or break away, from the Church of England. That was against the law, and they risked being put in prison.

## Trouble for the Separatists

When the king found out about the Separatists, he was angry. He did everything he could to make their lives miserable. He even put some of them in prison.

The Separatists were afraid to stay in England, so they went to the Netherlands. But life there was difficult. People had to work very hard for little money.

The people in the Netherlands spoke Dutch. The Separatists were afraid their children would forget how to speak English.

About twelve years later, the Separatists decided to leave the Netherlands. They wanted to cross the ocean and start a colony. In their new home, they would have their own land and could worship God in their own way.



The *Mayflower* was meant to carry goods, not people.

Not all of the people on the *Mayflower* were Separatists. Other people from England had joined them. Like the Separatists, these people were sailing to America to begin a new life.

## A Long, Hard Journey

Altogether, 102 passengers and 30 sailors sailed on the *Mayflower*. There were also some hens, goats, and two dogs.

The journey to North America was difficult. The *Mayflower* was a **cargo ship**. It was not made to carry people. It was very crowded. The Pilgrims slept on the floor below the main deck. There was hardly any light and no fresh air.

### Vocabulary

**cargo ship**, n. a large boat used to carry things from one place to another to be bought and sold

For the first month, the *Mayflower* sailed in good weather. After that, the ship and its passengers faced one storm after another. The wind howled and waves crashed on the deck. Most of the passengers became seasick. The Pilgrims were afraid that the ship would sink. The Pilgrims thought the terrible voyage would never end. But finally it did.

Standing on the ship's deck that November morning, the Pilgrims saw a sandy beach lined with trees. This was Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Behind them was the cold, gray, late autumn ocean.

## The New Decision

The Pilgrims were excited and afraid. They were very far from home. They were afraid that there might be wild animals.

The Pilgrim leaders said they would have to live on the *Mayflower* until they found a good place to settle and build houses.

Some of the passengers did not like this decision. They were tired of being crowded together on the damp, smelly ship. They wanted to go ashore.

However, the Pilgrim leaders knew that they would have to stay together for safety. If they did not, they would not survive in this new land.

The Pilgrims also knew that they needed rules and laws and good leaders to help them live together peacefully. Before the Pilgrims got off the ship, they wrote and signed a **contract**.

### Vocabulary

**contract**, n. a written or spoken agreement, usually about business



By signing the *Mayflower Compact*, the Pilgrims were agreeing to work together in the new land.

The Pilgrim leaders called their contract the Mayflower Compact. The compact said that all the passengers would work together to govern themselves in the new land.

The Pilgrims agreed to **vote**. They also agreed to majority rule. That means the Pilgrims agreed to do whatever the majority, or most, of the Pilgrims voted to do. They all promised to obey these rules after they left the ship.

### Vocabulary

**vote**, v. to make a decision as a group, usually by casting ballots, raising hands, or speaking aloud

## Starting a New Life

After they signed the Mayflower Compact, the passengers were allowed to go ashore on Cape Cod. Everyone's legs were wobbly after being at sea for so long. Even though it had already snowed, the children ran on the cold, sandy beach. The men searched for fresh water and dry firewood. They also explored the area.

The women washed clothes. Soon the rocks and bushes were dotted with clothing spread out to dry.

It took the Pilgrims almost a month to find a permanent place to settle. They finally decided on a spot on the other side of Massachusetts Bay from Cape Cod. There the water was deep enough to anchor their ship.

When they explored the land, they found Native American fields that had already been cleared for planting. They found freshwater streams and forests for timber. The Pilgrims named their new settlement Plymouth.



The Pilgrims were ready to begin a new life.

Wednesday



## A NIGHT AT THE RITZ



**W**hen the desk clerk at the Ritz Hotel saw the Boatman enter the lobby followed by an enormous snow-white swan with a black beak, the clerk didn't like it at all. The clerk was a carefully-dressed man—very neat, his hair nicely combed. The Boatman stepped boldly up to the desk.

"I'd like a single room for tonight for my friend here," said the Boatman.

The clerk shook his head.

"No birds," he said. "The Ritz doesn't take birds."

"You take celebrities, don't you?" asked the Boatman.

"Certainly," replied the clerk.

"You'd take Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, wouldn't you, if they wanted to spend the night?"

"Of course," replied the clerk.

"You'd take Queen Elizabeth, wouldn't you?"

"Of course."

"O.K.," said the Boatman. "My friend here is a celebrity. He is a famous musician. He created a sensation in the Public Garden this afternoon. You must have heard the commotion. He's a Trumpeter Swan and plays like the great Armstrong."

The clerk gazed suspiciously at Louis.

"Has he any luggage?" asked the clerk.

"*Luggage?*" cried the Boatman. "Take a *look* at him! Look at the stuff he's got with him!"

"Well, I don't know," said the clerk, staring at Louis's possessions—his trumpet, his moneybag, his slate, his chalk pencil, his lifesaving medal. "A bird is a bird. How do I know he hasn't got lice? Birds often have lice. The Ritz won't take anybody that has lice."

"Lice?" roared the Boatman. "Did you ever see a cleaner guest in your whole life? Look at him! He's immaculate."

At this, Louis held his slate up to the clerk. "No lice," he wrote.

The clerk stared in amazement. He was beginning to weaken.

"Well, I have to be careful," he said to the Boatman. "You say he's a celebrity. How do *I* know he's famous. You may be just kidding me about that."

Just then, three young girls entered the lobby. They were giggling and squealing. One of them pointed at Louis.

"There he is!" she screamed. "There he is! I'll get his autograph."



The girls rushed up to Louis. The first girl held out a pad and pencil.

"May I have your autograph?" she asked.

Louis took the pencil. Very gracefully, he wrote "Louis" on the pad.

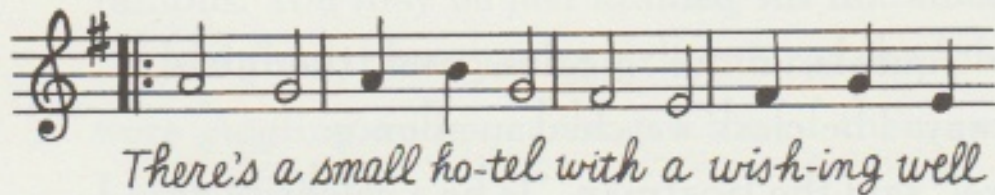
More squeals, more giggles, and the girls rushed away. The clerk watched in silence.

"There!" said the Boatman. "Is he a celebrity or isn't he?"

The clerk hesitated. He was beginning to think he would have to give Louis a room.

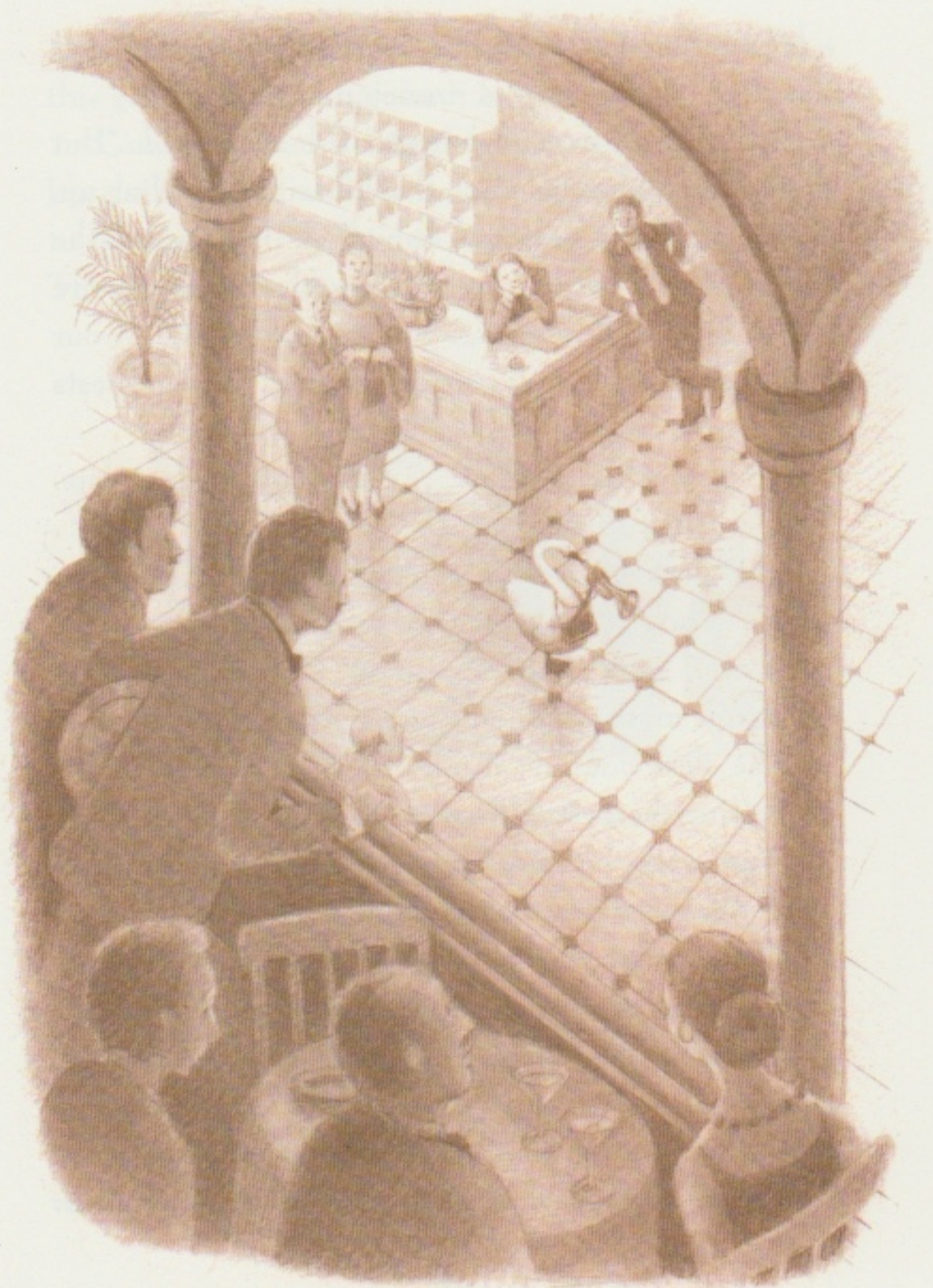


At this point, Louis had an idea. He lifted his trumpet and began to play an old song called "There's a Small Hotel."



His tone was beautiful. Guests passing through the lobby paused to listen. The clerk leaned his elbows on the desk and listened attentively. The man behind the newsstand looked up and listened. People sitting upstairs in the lounge put down their cocktails and listened. The bellboys stared and listened. For a few minutes, everything stopped in the lobby while Louis played. He charmed everyone who could hear. Chambermaids in the bedrooms paused in their work to listen to the trumpet. It was a moment of sheer magic. As the song came to an end, people who knew the words sang them softly.

*When the steeple bell  
Says "Good night, sleep well,"  
We'll thank the small hotel, together.*



"How about that?" asked the Boatman, grinning at the clerk. "Is this swan a musician or isn't he?"

"He plays a sweet trumpet," the clerk said. "But there is one more question that I hesitate to bring up. What about his personal habits? Will he mess the room all up? Actors are bad enough. Musicians are worse. I can't allow a large bird to occupy one of our beds—it might put us out of business. Other guests might complain."

"I sleep in the bathtub," Louis wrote on his slate. "Will not disturb bed."

The clerk shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Who's going to pay the bill?" he asked.

"I am," replied the Boatman. "I'll be here early tomorrow morning when Louis checks out."

The clerk couldn't think of any more reasons for not letting the swan have a room.

"Very well," he said. "Sign the register, please!" He handed Louis a pen and a card.

Louis wrote:

LOUIS THE SWAN  
UPPER RED ROCK LAKE  
MONTANA

The clerk studied it. He seemed satisfied at last.

He summoned a bellboy and handed him a key. "Take this gentleman to his room!" he ordered.

Louis removed his medal, his trumpet, his slate, his chalk pencil, and his moneybag and handed them to the bellboy. Together, they walked to the elevators. The Boatman said good-bye.



"Sleep well, Louis!" called the Boatman. "And be ready to come to work promptly in the morning!"

Louis nodded. The elevator door opened. "This way, sir!" said the bellboy. They entered the elevator and waited for the door to close. A rich smell of perfume filled the air. Louis stood very still. Then he felt himself rising. The elevator stopped at the seventh floor, and the bellboy led Louis to a room, unlocked the door, and ushered him in.



"Here you are, sir!" he said. "Would you like a window open?"

The bellboy put Louis's luggage down, snapped on a few lights, opened a window, and laid the room key on the dresser. Then he waited.

"I guess he wants a tip," thought Louis. So he went to his moneybag, loosened the drawstring, and took out a dollar.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the bellboy, taking the dollar. He went out and closed the door softly behind him. Louis was alone at last—alone in a room at the Ritz.

Louis had never spent a night alone in a hotel. First he walked round and around, switching lights on and off, examining everything. In the writing desk, he found a few sheets of letter paper that said:

*Ritz Carlton*  
*Boston*

He felt mussy and dirty, so he went into the bathroom, climbed into the tub, pulled the shower curtain across, and took a shower bath. It felt good and reminded him of the water fights he used to have with his brothers and sisters. He was careful not to splash any water out of the tub. When he was finished, he

stood for a while, admiring the bath mat and preening his feathers. Then he felt hungry.

On the wall of the bedroom, he found a button that said WAITER. Louis put his beak against the button and pressed hard. In a few minutes, there was a knock at the door and a waiter entered. He was nicely dressed and tried not to show surprise at finding a swan in the room.

"May I get you something?" he asked.

Louis picked up his chalk pencil. "Twelve watercress sandwiches, please," he wrote on the slate.

The waiter thought for a moment. "Are you expecting guests?" he asked.

Louis shook his head.

"And you want *twelve* watercress sandwiches?"

Louis nodded.

"Very good, sir," said the waiter. "Do you wish them with mayonnaise?"

Louis didn't know what mayonnaise tasted like, but he thought fast. He cleaned his slate and wrote: "One with. Eleven without."

The waiter bowed and left the room. Half an hour later he was back. He rolled a table into the room, placed a huge platter of watercress sandwiches on it, along with a plate, a knife, a fork, a spoon, salt and

pepper, a glass of water, and a linen napkin, nicely folded. There was also a butter dish, with several pieces of butter covered with cracked ice. The waiter arranged everything carefully, then handed Louis a bill to sign. The bill said:

12 w/c sandwiches: \$18.00



“Goodness!” thought Louis. “This is an expensive place. I hope the Boatman won’t be mad when he sees this supper charge on the bill tomorrow morning.”

He borrowed a pencil from the waiter and signed the bill: “Louis the Swan.”

The waiter took the bill and stood there, waiting.

"I guess he wants a tip," thought Louis. So he opened his moneybag again, drew out two dollars, and handed it to the waiter, who thanked him, bowed again, and went away.

Because a swan has such a long neck, the table was just the right height for Louis. He didn't need a chair; he ate his supper standing up. He tried the sandwich that had mayonnaise on it and decided he didn't like mayonnaise. Then he carefully pulled each sandwich apart. All he really wanted was the watercress. He piled the slices of bread in two neat piles, scooped the watercress onto his plate, and had a nice supper. He did not touch the butter. When he was thirsty, instead of drinking from the glass of water, he walked into the bathroom, drew a basinful of cold water, and drank that. Then he took his napkin, wiped his beak, and pushed the table out of the way. He felt much better.

To be all alone in a hotel room gives a person a cozy feeling and a feeling of importance. Louis felt great. But soon he began feeling rather lonely, too. He thought of Sam Beaver. He thought of Camp Kookooskoos. He thought of his father and mother and sisters and brothers, back home in Montana. He thought of Serena, the swan he loved, and wondered

how she was. The words of the song he had played in the lobby came back to him:

*There's a small hotel  
With a wishing well;  
I wish that we were there, together.*

How wonderful it would be, he thought, if Serena could be here at the Ritz to enjoy the hotel with him!

The waiter had left an evening paper on a table. Louis glanced at the front page. To his amazement, he saw a picture of himself on the lake in the Public Garden with the Swan Boat. A big headline said:

## **BOSTON GOES WILD OVER THE TRUMPET OF THE SWAN**

The news story began:

There's a new bird in town. His name is Louis. He is a Trumpeter Swan that really plays the trumpet. Incredible though it may seem, this rare and beautiful water bird has accepted employment with the Swan Boat management in the Public Garden and is entertaining boat riders with his smooth trumpet. Crowds gathered at the lake this afternoon after his arrival, and the sweet notes of his horn were heard in many parts of Boston. . . .

Louis read the article to the end and then tore it out of the paper. "Sam Beaver ought to know about this," he thought. From the writing desk in his room, Louis took a pen and a sheet of letter paper. This is what he wrote:

*Dear Sam:*

*I am spending the night at the Ritz in fashionable surroundings. You were right about Boston—it is very pleasant. I was able to find work as soon as I arrived. I am associated with the Swan Boat at a salary of \$100 a week. You may be interested in the enclosed clipping from today's paper. If all goes well, I'll soon have enough money to pay my father's debt to the music store, and then I will own*

*the trumpet free and clear*

*and will hope that*

*by blowing it*

*passionately I*

*will be able to*

*make a favorable*

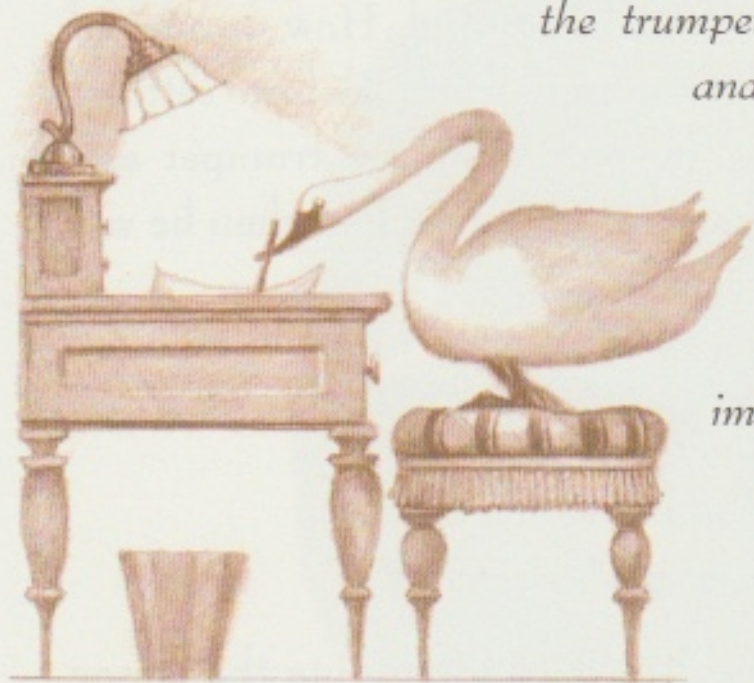
*impression on the*

*young female I*

*am in love with.*

*Then everybody*

*will be happy:*



*my father's honor will be restored, the music shop in Billings will be repaid, and I can take a wife. I hope you are well. I miss you. A hotel room, even though it has every convenience, can be a lonely place.*

*Your friend,*

*Louis*

Louis addressed an envelope to Sam, folded the letter, fitted the newspaper clipping in, and found a six-cent stamp in his moneybag. He sealed the envelope, pasted the stamp on, and dropped the letter in a mail chute outside the door of his room. "Now I'll go to sleep," he thought.

He went into the bathroom, used the toilet, then drew a full tub of cold water in the bathtub. He couldn't get Serena out of his mind. How wonderful it would be if only she were here! Before settling down for the night, he picked up his trumpet and played the song he had composed for her when he was in Ontario:

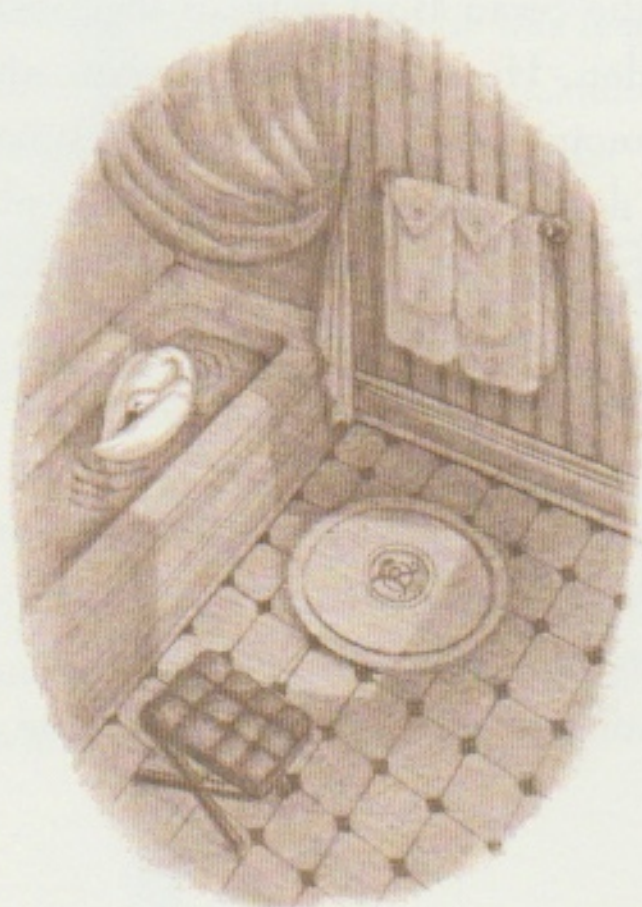
*Oh, ever in the greening spring,  
By bank and bough retiring,  
For love shall I be sorrowing  
And swans of my desiring.*

He tried to play softly, but in a minute the phone

rang in his room. Louis lifted the receiver and put it to his ear.

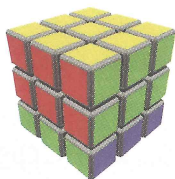
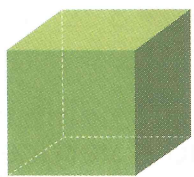
"I'm sorry, sir," a voice said, "but I'll have to ask you not to make so much noise. The Ritz does not allow its guests to play brass instruments in the bedrooms."

Louis hung up the phone and put his trumpet away. Then he turned out the lights, climbed into the tub, curved his long neck around to the right, rested his head on his back, tucked his bill under his wing, and lay there, floating on the water, his head cradled softly in his feathers. Soon he was asleep, dreaming of little lakes in the north in the springtime, dreaming of Serena, his true love.

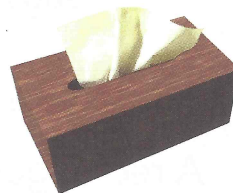




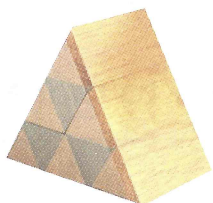
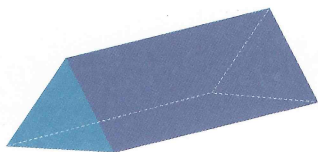
## 4 Solid figures



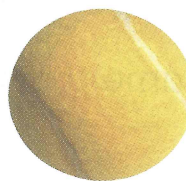
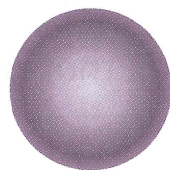
**cube**



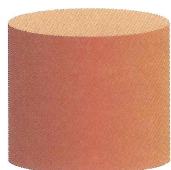
**rectangular prism**



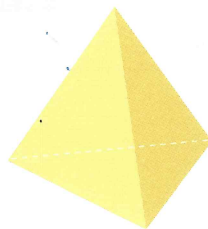
**triangular prism**



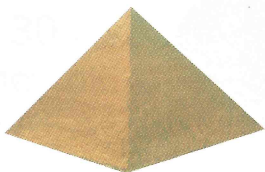
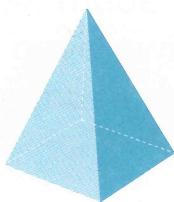
**sphere**



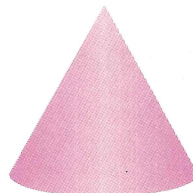
**cylinder**



**triangular pyramid**

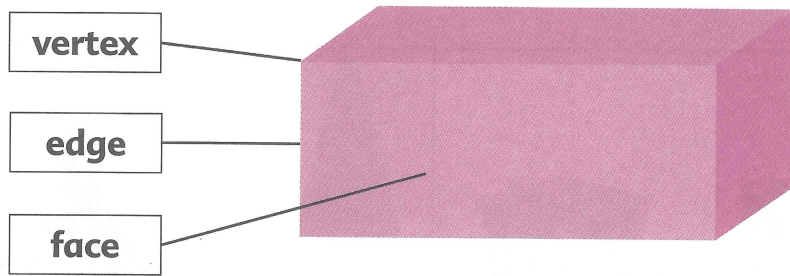


**rectangular pyramid**



**cone**

The vertex is the corner of a solid.



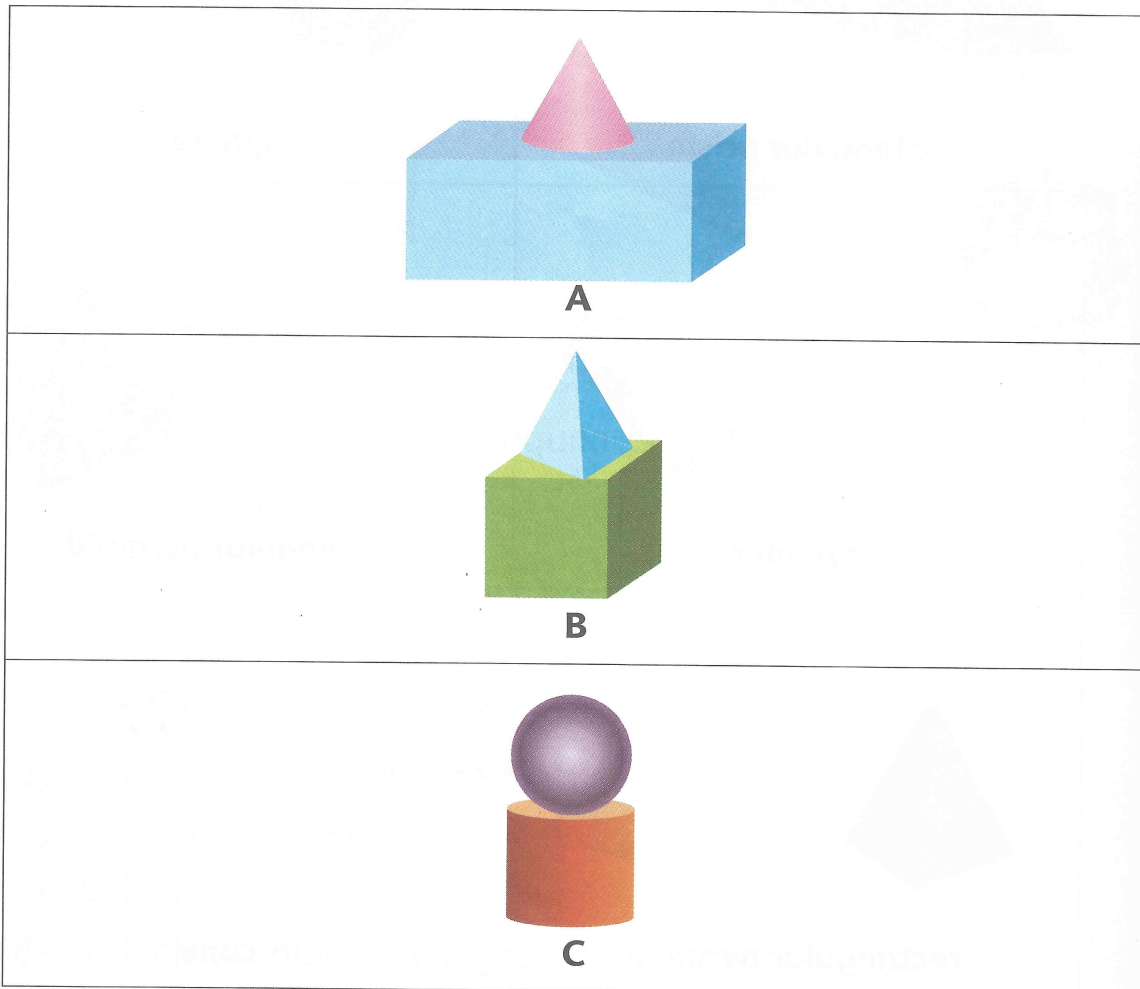
A rectangular prism has 6 faces, 12 edges, and 8 vertices.

How many edges does a square pyramid have?

How many vertices?

How many faces does a sphere have?

1. Name the solids that are used to make each object.



Thursday

## PHILADELPHIA



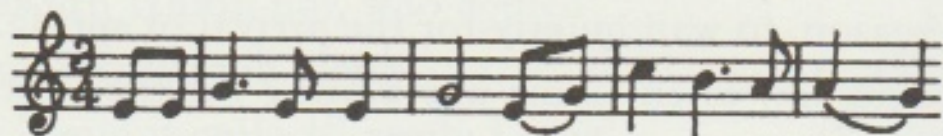
Louis worked all the last week of September for the Swan Boat man in the Boston Public Garden. He was a great success and was becoming famous. On Saturday, the Boatman paid him a hundred dollars in cash, which Louis placed carefully in his moneybag. The Boatman, after paying the first night's bill at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, decided to let Louis sleep on the lake instead of in the hotel, and this suited Louis better. He slept with the ducks and geese on the lake, floating gracefully on the surface of the water, his head tucked under his wing.

Louis took good care of his trumpet. He kept it polished, and once a week he cleaned the spit out of

it. He learned new songs whenever he could, by listening to people's radios and by attending concerts. He was very good at remembering music he had heard. He was really a natural-born musician—or, in his case, a natural-*hatched* musician.

One song he liked was "Beautiful Dreamer, Wake Unto Me." Whenever he played it, he thought of Serena, and always, when he finished it, the passengers on the Swan Boat clapped loudly and cheered. Louis liked applause. It made him feel lighthearted and gay.

Sometimes, at the end of the afternoon, Louis played "Now the Day Is Over." He made it sound sweet and sad. One afternoon, when he was leading the last trip of the day, he played the "Cradle Song" by Brahms. The passengers sang the words:



*Lul-la-by and good-night, With-ros-es be-dight-*

A boy in the front seat of the boat pulled an air rifle from under his jacket and began shooting BB shots at Louis's trumpet. Whenever a shot hit the horn, it made a *pinging* sound. So the "Cradle Song" sounded something like this:

*Lul-la-by* (ping)  
*and good-night* (ping)  
*With ros-es be-dight* (ping)

The children on the boat roared with laughter when they heard this, but the grown-up passengers were angry. One of them seized the boy's rifle. Another went home that night and wrote a letter to *The Boston Globe* urging a stronger gun-control law.

On some afternoons, at the end of the day, people gathered on the shores of the lake to listen while Louis played taps. It was a peaceful scene, a memorable hour. The Swan Boat had never enjoyed such popularity or made such a lot of money for the owner. But Louis knew that the boats would not run all winter. In a few days, the boats would be hauled out for the season, to wait quietly for the arrival of spring.

One day, when Louis was waiting for the boat to take its passengers aboard, a Western Union messenger boy appeared on a bicycle.

"I have a telegram for the swan," he said.

The Boatman seemed surprised, but he took the telegram and handed it to Louis, who opened it promptly. It was from a man in Philadelphia. The message said:

CAN OFFER YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
A WEEK FOR NIGHTCLUB SPOT. TEN WEEK  
ENGAGEMENT. PLEASE REPLY.

(Signed) ABE ("LUCKY") LUCAS  
HOTEL NEMO

Louis did some quick figuring. Five hundred dol-  
lars a week for ten weeks—that was five thousand  
dollars. Five thousand dollars would easily pay his  
father's debt to the music store.

He took his slate and wrote:

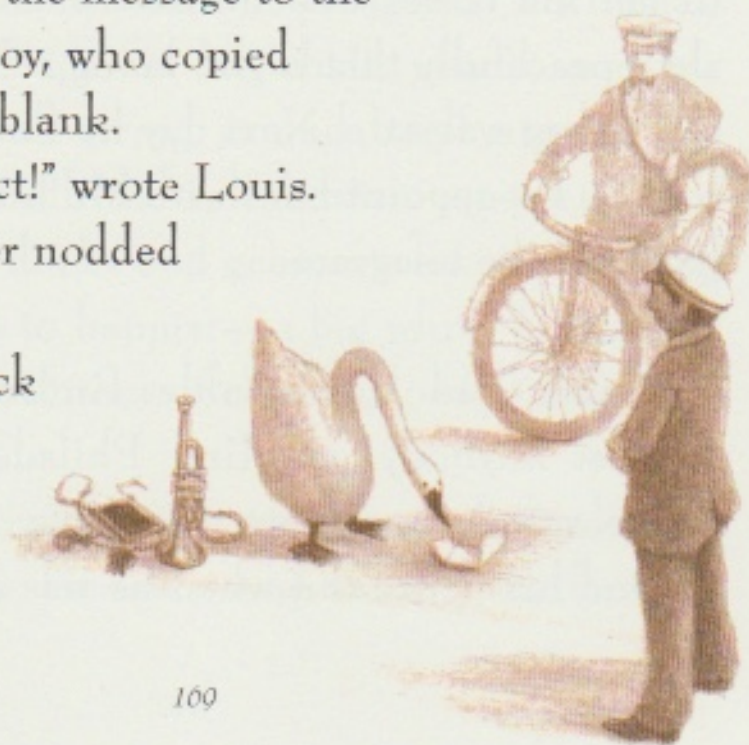
OFFER ACCEPTED. ARRIVE TOMORROW. MEET  
ME AT BIRD LAKE IN THE ZOO. SPLASHDOWN  
WILL BE AT FOUR FIFTY-TWO P.M. HOPE THIS  
WILL BE A CONVENIENT TIME FOR YOU.

Louis showed the message to the  
Western Union boy, who copied  
it on a telegraph blank.

"Send it collect!" wrote Louis.

The messenger nodded  
and rode away.

Louis stepped back  
into the water,  
the boat's lines  
were cast off,



and Louis led the way. He knew it was his last appearance with the Swan Boat, and he felt a little sad. It was a warm, quiet Sunday afternoon, the last Sunday in September. Louis played all his favorite tunes: "Lazy River," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Oh, Ever in the Greening Spring," "Now the Day Is Over," and then, as the boat neared the dock, he raised his trumpet and blew taps.

The last note echoed from the walls of the Ritz and lingered over the Public Garden. It was a sad farewell. For the people of Boston, it meant the end of summer. For the Boatman, it meant the end of the best week of business he had ever had. For Louis, it meant the end of another chapter in his adventurous life, out in the big world, trying to earn enough money to get his father and himself out of trouble. Louis slept peacefully that night, being very careful that his moneybag was safe. Next day he flew to Philadelphia to keep his appointment with Mr. Lucas, the man who had sent the telegram.

Louis had no trouble finding Philadelphia. Almost anybody can find Philadelphia who tries. Louis simply rose into the air with all his things around his neck, and when he was about a thousand



feet high, he followed the railroad tracks to Providence, New London, New Haven, Bridgeport, Stamford, Cos Cob, Greenwich, Port Chester, Rye, Mamaroneck, New Rochelle, Pelham, Mount Vernon, and the Bronx. When he saw the Empire State Building, he veered off to the right, crossed the Hudson River, and followed the railroad tracks to Newark and Trenton and points south. At half past four, he reached the Schuylkill River. Just beyond, he spied the Philadelphia Zoo. Bird Lake looked very attractive from the air. It was crowded with waterfowl of all kinds—ducks and geese mostly. Louis thought he also saw two or three swans.

He circled, picked an open spot, and exactly at four fifty-two he splashed down. His trumpet banged against his slate, his slate knocked against his medal, his medal rapped against his chalk pencil, and his chalk pencil on its string wound itself around his moneybag. All in all, the splashdown caused quite a commotion. The ducks and geese were not expecting anything like this to happen—a big white Trumpeter Swan dropping down out of the sky, loaded with personal possessions.

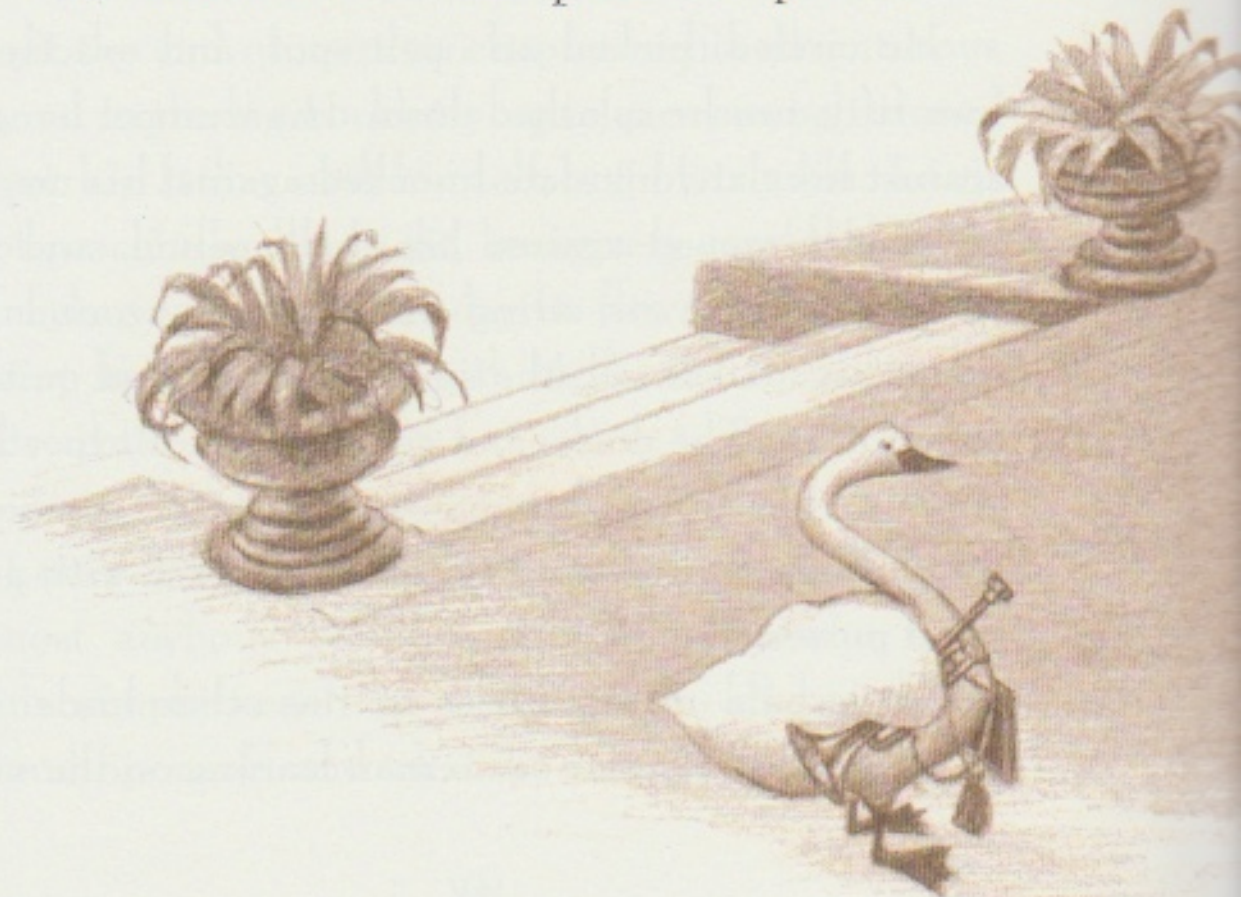
Louis paid no attention to the other birds. He had a date to keep. He saw a man leaning on the wide

railing in front of the Bird House. The man was dressed in a purple suit and wore a Tyrolean hat. His face looked shrewd and wise, as though he knew a great many things, many of them not worth knowing.

"That must be Abe 'Lucky' Lucas," thought Louis. He swam quickly over.

"Ko-hoh!" he said, through his trumpet.

"My pleasure," replied Mr. Lucas. "You are right on time. The splashdown was sensational. Welcome to the Philadelphia Zoo, which crawls with rare mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes, including sharks, rays, and other fishlike vertebrates. Watch out for wild animals—this place is replete with them:





snakes, zebras, monkeys, elephants, lions, tigers, wolves, foxes, bears, hippos, rhinos, woodchucks, skunks, hawks, and owls. I seldom come here; my work confines me to the throbbing heart of the city, among the money changers. I am under great pressure from my work. How was your trip from Boston?"

"Smooth," wrote Louis on his slate. "I made good time. What about my job?"

"A happy question," replied Mr. Lucas. "The job will start on October fifteenth. The contract has been finalized. Your place of employment is a nightclub of great renown, across the river—a place of high fashion and low prices, a jumpy joint. You will be called upon to make appearances each evening except Sunday, and play your trumpet for the happy customers. Once in a while you can join a jazz group: 'Louis the Swan on trumpet.' The pay is very good. My spirits are lifted by thinking about the pay. Wealth and happiness are around the corner for Louis the Swan and Lucky Lucas, the great of heart. My agent's fee is ten percent, a mere bagatelle."

"How do I get to the nightclub?" asked Louis, who only understood about half of what Mr. Lucas was saying.

"In a taxicab," replied Mr. Lucas. "Be at the North

Entrance of the Zoo, Girard Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, at nine o'clock on the evening of October fifteenth, a night that will live in memory. A cab will await your pleasure and will transport you to the club. The driver is a friend of mine. He, too, is under pressure from his work."

"Who's going to pay for the cab?" asked Louis on his slate.

"I am," replied Mr. Lucas. "Lucky Lucas, the generous of heart, pays for the cab for Louis the Swan. And by the way, I see that you are wearing a moneybag and that it is plump with moola. I suggest, from the kindness of my great heart, that you turn this moneybag over to me for safekeeping during your stay in Philadelphia, a place of many thieves and pickpockets."

"No, thank you," wrote Louis. "Will keep moneybag myself."

"Very well," said Mr. Lucas. "And now there is one other small matter I must bring to your attention. Most of the birds that swim on this luxury lagoon have undergone surgery. Candor compels me to tell you that the tip of one wing is usually removed by the management—a painless operation, popular with zoos the world over. 'Pinioned' is the word for it, I

believe. It detains the water bird and prevents him from leaving the narrow confines of this public park and rising into the air, because when one wing is shorter than the other, the balance of the bird is upset. His attempt to take off would be crowned with failure. In short, he can't fly. Sensing in advance the revulsion *you* would feel toward having the tip of one of your powerful wings removed, I approached the Man in Charge of Birds and laid before him a proposition. He has agreed not to clip your wing. It is arranged. He is a man of honor. Your freedom of movement is assured. You will not be pinioned. But in return for this so great favor on the part of the management of the Philadelphia Zoo, you are to give a free concert here at the lake every Sunday afternoon for the people of Philadelphia, the peasantry, who come here to refresh themselves. Is it a deal?"

"Yes," wrote Louis. "Will give Sunday concert."

"Good!" said Mr. Lucas. "Farewell for the nonce! Be at the North Entrance at nine! October fifteen. A cab will await you. Play well, Sweet Swan! You will be the finest thing that has happened to Philadelphia since the Constitutional Convention of 1787."

Louis didn't understand this, but he nodded good-bye to Mr. Lucas and swam off toward the island in the

center of the lake. There he stepped ashore, straightened his things, preened his feathers, and rested. He was not sure he was going to like his new job. He was not sure he liked Mr. Lucas. But he needed money badly, and when you need money, you are willing to put up with difficulties and uncertainties. One *good thing* about the whole business was the Zoo itself. It seemed like an extremely nice place in spite of what he had heard about having your wing clipped. Louis had no intention of having a wing clipped.

"I'll sock anybody who tries *that* on me!" he said to himself.

He was pleased to see so many other water birds. There were many kinds of ducks and geese. In the distance, he saw three Trumpeter Swans. They were old residents of the Lake. Their names were Curiosity, Felicity, and Apathy. Louis decided he would wait a day or two before making their acquaintance.

Bird Lake has a fence around it. When the night came for him to start work, Louis polished his trumpet, put on all his things, flew over the fence, and landed at the North Entrance. He was there promptly at nine. The taxicab was there, waiting, just as Mr. Lucas had promised. Louis got in and was driven away to his new job.

# Chapter 10

## Plymouth: The Pilgrim Colony

**A Harsh Winter** The Pilgrims had hoped to settle in Virginia, but the captain of the *Mayflower* had refused to go farther than Cape Cod. The cold, snowy days of winter had already begun.

### **The Big Question**

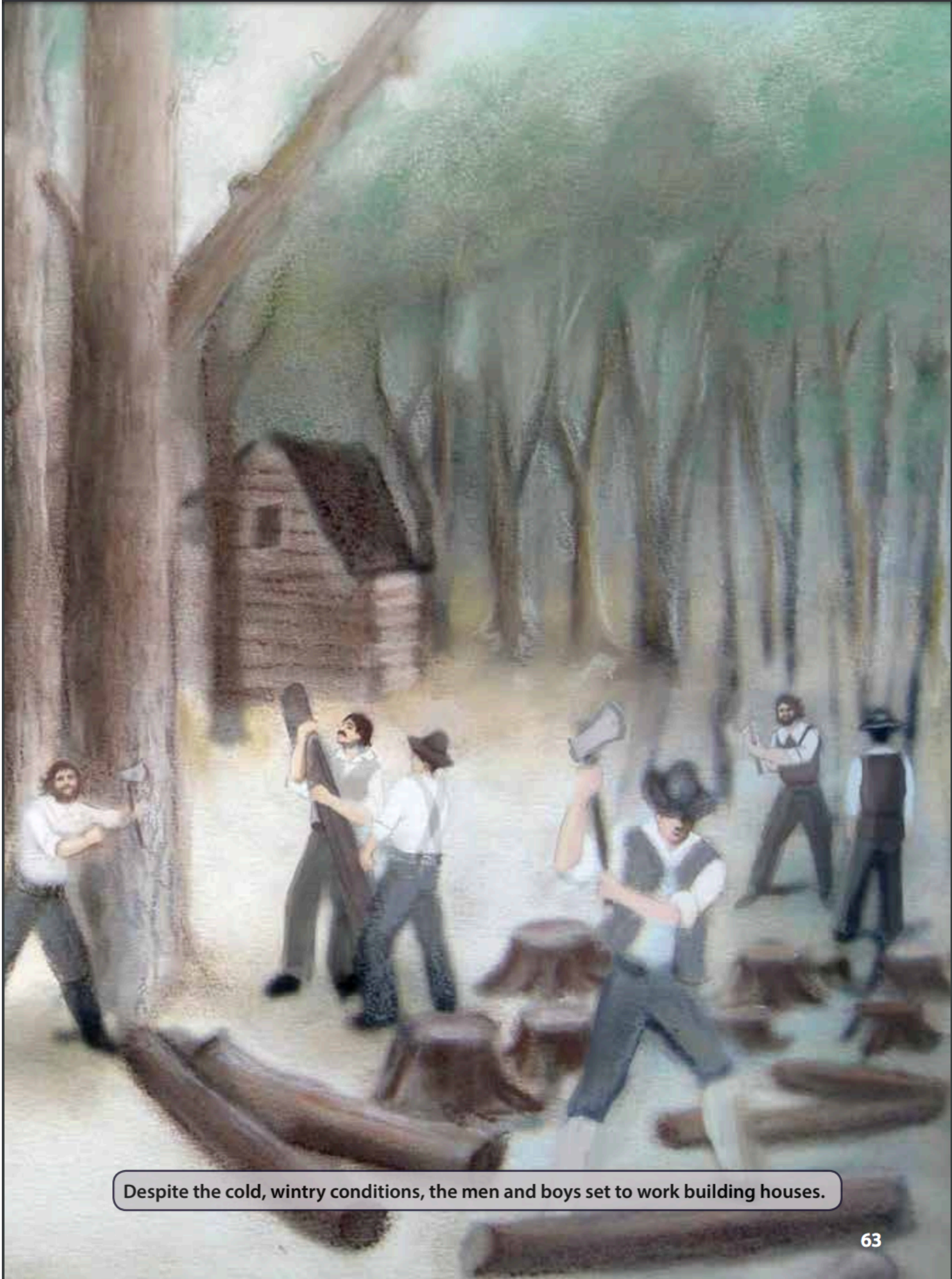
Why was it important for the Pilgrims to work hard to prepare for winter?

The Pilgrims spent most of their first winter in Plymouth colony aboard the crowded, damp *Mayflower*. The men and boys went ashore to build the first houses.

An icy wind blew off the ocean. On many days the weather was so bad that the men could not work. During that first winter, half the Pilgrims died from cold and hunger.

All winter, the Native Americans who lived near Plymouth stayed in the forest and watched the Pilgrims. They watched the Pilgrims bring supplies from the ship. They watched them chop down trees and saw logs into planks to build houses.





Despite the cold, wintry conditions, the men and boys set to work building houses.

## Setting up a Colony

The first house the Pilgrims built was called the **common house**. At first, it was used as a shelter and a place to store tools. Later, it was used as a place of worship.

### Vocabulary

**"common house,"**  
(phrase) a building  
used for meetings  
and worship

When spring finally came, the Pilgrims moved off the *Mayflower* and into the houses. They began to plant crops. They had to work hard. Once the *Mayflower* sailed back to England, they were on their own.

During the warm summer, the Pilgrims tended their gardens. They were already preparing for the winter ahead.

## A Visitor

One day a tall Native American warrior with long black hair appeared at the edge of the woods. He walked boldly into Plymouth. The Pilgrims came out of their houses and in from the fields to see the visitor.

"Welcome, Englishmen," he said. "My name is Samoset." The Pilgrims were astonished that he spoke English. It turned out that Samoset had learned the Pilgrims' language from English fishermen who dried their nets and packed their fish along the shore.

Samoset spoke to John Carver, the first governor of Plymouth. He told the governor that the chief of the Wampanoag (/wham\*puh\*noh\*ag/) was coming to visit the Pilgrims. The Wampanoag lived nearby.

Samoset told the Pilgrims about the Native Americans who used to live in the place where the Pilgrims had built their village. These Native Americans had cleared the fields around Plymouth.

A few years before, Samoset told the Pilgrims, a strange sickness had killed every member of that nation.

The only person left in that nation was Squanto, a warrior. Squanto had been taken to England by fishermen before the strange sickness broke out. When Squanto returned, he was the only one of his people still alive.

## **A Friendship Grows**

A few days later, Samoset brought the chief of the Wampanoag to Plymouth colony. With him were several warriors, including Squanto. The Pilgrims and the Native Americans exchanged gifts. Then they ate and drank together. Afterward, Governor Carver and the chief made a peace treaty that lasted fifty-four years.

The chief and the other Native Americans left. But Squanto stayed behind to live with the Pilgrims. He showed the Pilgrims where to fish. He pointed out which nuts and berries were safe to eat.



**Squanto taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn and how to trade with other Native Americans.**



Boys and girls worked very hard in Plymouth. Everyone had to help prepare for winter.

The Pilgrims were very busy that first spring. Both boys and girls gathered mussels from the rocks in the shallow water at the edge of the sea. They dug clams from the wet sand. They carried water and wood. They stuffed linen sacks with cornhusks to make mattresses.

In the late spring, Governor Carver died. The Pilgrims chose William Bradford as their new governor. Bradford was governor of Plymouth for the next thirty-five years. He even wrote a history of the colony that people today still study.

## **Giving Thanks**

In the fall, Governor Bradford gathered all the Pilgrims together. He told them that they had many things to be thankful for. They had finally found a place to worship God in their own way. And

thanks to their Native American friends, their **harvest** would be plentiful. If they were careful, no one would go hungry during the next winter.

### Vocabulary

**harvest**, n. the crops collected at the end of a growing season

To celebrate, Governor Bradford invited the Pilgrims' Native American friends to feast with them and offer prayers of thanksgiving.

The feast lasted three days. That feast was a thanksgiving celebration that has become an American tradition. We do not know for certain whether they ate turkey, but Governor Bradford did write that they had "fowl," or birds, for dinner, as well as other kinds of meat.

When we celebrate Thanksgiving today, we remember how the Pilgrims came to the Americas in search of religious freedom, how much they had to suffer, and how grateful they were for their new life. We also think about the Native Americans who helped them and who shared in their celebration.



The Pilgrims and Native American friends gathered to celebrate the colony's first year.