

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



2nd Grade Supplemental Reading Packet

May 11 - 15, 2020

2nd grade

Mrs. Doughty

Mrs. Garff

Ms. Torres

Mrs. Speer

Student Name: _____ Section: __

The Hour of Triumph

SPECIAL announcement!" said the loud speaker in a pompous voice. "The management of the Fair takes great pleasure in presenting Mr. Homer L. Zuckerman and his famous pig. The truck bearing this extraordinary animal is now approaching the infield. Kindly stand back and give the truck room to proceed! In a few moments the pig will be unloaded in the special judging ring in front of the grandstand, where a special award will be made. Will the crowd please make way and let the truck pass. Thank you."

Wilbur trembled when he heard this speech. He felt happy but dizzy. The truck crept along slowly in low speed. Crowds of people surrounded it, and Mr. Arable had to drive very carefully in order not to run over anybody. At last he managed to reach the judges' stand. Avery jumped out and lowered the tailgate.

"I'm scared to death," whispered Mrs. Zuckerman. "Hundreds of people are looking at us."

"Cheer up," replied Mrs. Arable, "this is fun."

"Unload your pig, please!" said the loud speaker.

"All together, now, boys!" said Mr. Zuckerman. Several men stepped forward from the crowd to help lift the crate. Avery was the busiest helper of all.

"Tuck your shirt in, Avery!" cried Mrs. Zuckerman. "And tighten your belt. Your pants are coming down."

"Can't you see I'm busy?" replied Avery in disgust.

"Look!" cried Fern, pointing. "There's Henry!"

"Don't shout, Fern!" said her mother. "And don't point!"

"Can't I *please* have some money?" asked Fern. "Henry invited me to go on the Ferris wheel again, only I don't think he has any money left. He ran out of money."

Mrs. Arable opened her handbag. "Here," she said. "Here is forty cents. Now don't get lost! And be back at our regular meeting place by the pigpen very soon!"

Fern raced off, ducking and dodging through the crowd, in search of Henry.

"The Zuckerman pig is now being taken from his crate," boomed the voice of the loud speaker. "Stand by for an announcement!"

Templeton crouched under the straw at the bottom of the crate. "What a lot of nonsense!" muttered the rat. "What a lot of fuss about nothing!"

Over in the pigpen, silent and alone, Charlotte rested. Her two front legs embraced the egg sac. Charlotte

could hear everything that was said on the loud speaker. The words gave her courage. This was her hour of triumph.

As Wilbur came out of the crate, the crowd clapped and cheered. Mr. Zuckerman took off his cap and bowed. Lurvy pulled his big handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the sweat from the back of his neck. Avery knelt in the dirt by Wilbur's side, busily stroking him and showing off. Mrs. Zuckerman and Mrs. Arable stood on the running board of the truck.

"Ladeez and gentlemen," said the loud speaker, "we now present Mr. Homer L. Zuckerman's distinguished pig. The fame of this unique animal has spread to the far corners of the earth, attracting many valuable tourists to our great State. Many of you will recall that never-to-be-forgotten day last summer when the writing appeared mysteriously on the spider's web in Mr. Zuckerman's barn, calling the attention of all and sundry to the fact that this pig was completely out of the ordinary. This miracle has never been fully explained, although learned men have visited the Zuckerman pigpen to study and observe the phenomenon. In the last analysis, we simply know that we are dealing with supernatural forces here, and we should all feel proud and grateful. In the words of the spider's web, ladies and gentlemen, this is some pig."

Wilbur blushed. He stood perfectly still and tried to look his best.

"This magnificent animal," continued the loud speaker, "is truly terrific. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen! Note the smoothness and whiteness of the coat, observe the spotless skin, the healthy pink glow of ears and snout."

"It's the buttermilk," whispered Mrs. Arable to Mrs. Zuckerman.

"Note the general radiance of this animal! Then remember the day when the word 'radiant' appeared clearly on the web. Whence came this mysterious writing? Not from the spider, we can rest assured of that. Spiders are very clever at weaving their webs, but needless to say spiders cannot write."

"Oh, they can't, can't they?" murmured Charlotte to herself.

"Ladeez and gentlemen," continued the loud speaker, "I must not take any more of your valuable time. On behalf of the governors of the Fair, I have the honor of awarding a special prize of twenty-five dollars to Mr. Zuckerman, together with a handsome bronze medal suitably engraved, in token of our appreciation of the part played by this pig—this radiant, this terrific, this humble pig—in attracting so many visitors to our great County Fair."

Wilbur had been feeling dizzier and dizzier through

this long, complimentary speech. When he heard the crowd begin to cheer and clap again, he suddenly fainted away. His legs collapsed, his mind went blank, and he fell to the ground, unconscious.

"What's wrong?" asked the loud speaker. "What's going on, Zuckerman? What's the trouble with your pig?"

Avery was kneeling by Wilbur's head, stroking him. Mr. Zuckerman was dancing about, fanning him with his cap.

"He's all right," cried Mr. Zuckerman. "He gets these spells. He's modest and can't stand praise."

"Well, we can't give a prize to a *dead* pig," said the loud speaker. "It's never been done."

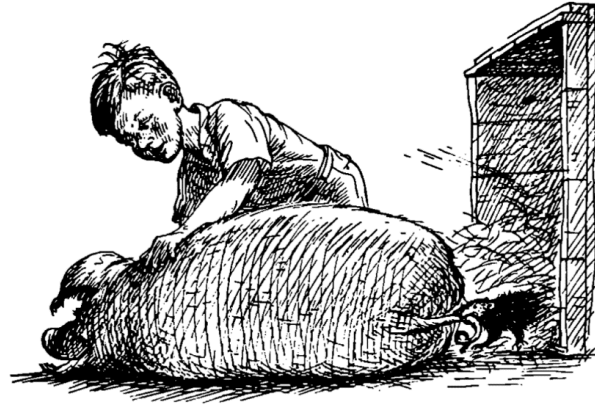
"He isn't dead," hollered Zuckerman. "He's fainted. He gets embarrassed easily. Run for some water, Lurvy!"

Lurvy sprang from the judges' ring and disappeared.

Templeton poked his head from the straw. He noticed that the end of Wilbur's tail was within reach. Templeton grinned. "I'll tend to this," he chuckled. He took Wilbur's tail in his mouth and bit it, just as hard as he could bite. The pain revived Wilbur. In a flash he was back on his feet.

"Ouch!" he screamed.

"Hooray!" yelled the crowd. "He's up! The pig's up! Good work, Zuckerman! That's some pig!" Every-



one was delighted. Mr. Zuckerman was the most pleased of all. He sighed with relief. Nobody had seen Templeton. The rat had done his work well.

And now one of the judges climbed into the ring with the prizes. He handed Mr. Zuckerman two ten dollar bills and a five dollar bill. Then he tied the medal around Wilbur's neck. Then he shook hands with Mr. Zuckerman while Wilbur blushed. Avery put out his hand and the judge shook hands with him, too. The crowd cheered. A photographer took Wilbur's picture.

A great feeling of happiness swept over the Zuckermans and the Arables. This was the greatest moment in Mr. Zuckerman's life. It is deeply satisfying to win a prize in front of a lot of people.



As Wilbur was being shoved back into the crate, Lurvy came charging through the crowd carrying a pail of water. His eyes had a wild look. Without hesitating a second, he dashed the water at Wilbur. In his excitement he missed his aim, and the water splashed all over Mr. Zuckerman and Avery. They got soaking wet.

"For goodness' sake!" bellowed Mr. Zuckerman, who was really drenched. "What ails you, Lurvy? Can't you see the pig is all right?"

"You asked for water," said Lurvy meekly.

"I didn't ask for a shower bath," said Mr. Zuckerman. The crowd roared with laughter. Finally Mr. Zuckerman had to laugh, too. And of course Avery was tickled to find himself so wet, and he immediately

started to act like a clown. He pretended he was taking a shower bath; he made faces and danced around and rubbed imaginary soap under his armpits. Then he dried himself with an imaginary towel.

"Avery, stop it!" cried his mother. "Stop showing off!"

But the crowd loved it. Avery heard nothing but the applause. He liked being a clown in a ring, with everybody watching, in front of a grandstand. When he discovered there was still a little water left in the bottom of the pail, he raised the pail high in the air and dumped the water on himself and made faces. The children in the grandstand screamed with appreciation.

At last things calmed down. Wilbur was loaded into the truck. Avery was led from the ring by his mother and placed on the seat of the truck to dry off. The truck, driven by Mr. Arable, crawled slowly back to the pigpen. Avery's wet trousers made a big wet spot on the seat.

Last Day

CHARLOTTE and Wilbur were alone. The families had gone to look for Fern. Templeton was asleep. Wilbur lay resting after the excitement and strain of the ceremony. His medal still hung from his neck; by looking out of the corner of his eye he could see it.

"Charlotte," said Wilbur after a while, "why are you so quiet?"

"I like to sit still," she said. "I've always been rather quiet."

"Yes, but you seem specially so today. Do you feel all right?"

"A little tired, perhaps. But I feel peaceful. Your success in the ring this morning was, to a small degree, *my* success. Your future is assured. You will live, secure and safe, Wilbur. Nothing can harm you now. These autumn days will shorten and grow cold. The leaves will shake loose from the trees and fall. Christmas will come, then the snows of winter. You will live to enjoy the beauty of the frozen world, for you mean a great

deal to Zuckerman and he will not harm you, ever. Winter will pass, the days will lengthen, the ice will melt in the pasture pond. The song sparrow will return and sing, the frogs will awake, the warm wind will blow again. All these sights and sounds and smells will be yours to enjoy, Wilbur—this lovely world, these precious days . . ."

Charlotte stopped. A moment later a tear came to Wilbur's eye. "Oh, Charlotte," he said. "To think that when I first met you I thought you were cruel and bloodthirsty!"

When he recovered from his emotion, he spoke again.

"Why did you do all this for me?" he asked. "I don't deserve it. I've never done anything for you."

"You have been my friend," replied Charlotte. "That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my webs for you because I liked you. After all, what's a life, anyway? We're born, we live a little while, we die. A spider's life can't help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone's life can stand a little of that."

"Well," said Wilbur. "I'm no good at making speeches. I haven't got your gift for words. But you have saved me, Charlotte, and I would gladly give my life for you—I really would."

"I'm sure you would. And I thank you for your generous sentiments."

"Charlotte," said Wilbur. "We're all going home today. The Fair is almost over. Won't it be wonderful to be back home in the barn cellar again with the sheep and the geese? Aren't you anxious to get home?"

For a moment Charlotte said nothing. Then she spoke in a voice so low Wilbur could hardly hear the words.

"I will not be going back to the barn," she said.

Wilbur leapt to his feet. "Not going back?" he cried. "Charlotte, what are you talking about?"

"I'm done for," she replied. "In a day or two I'll be dead. I haven't even strength enough to climb down into the crate. I doubt if I have enough silk in my spinnerets to lower me to the ground."

Hearing this, Wilbur threw himself down in an agony of pain and sorrow. Great sobs racked his body. He heaved and grunted with desolation. "Charlotte," he moaned. "Charlotte! My true friend!"

"Come now, let's not make a scene," said the spider. "Be quiet, Wilbur. Stop thrashing about!"

"But I can't *stand* it," shouted Wilbur. "I won't leave you here alone to die. If you're going to stay here I shall stay, too."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Charlotte. "You can't stay here. Zuckerman and Lurvy and John Arable and

the others will be back any minute now, and they'll shove you into that crate and away you'll go. Besides, it wouldn't make any sense for you to stay. There would be no one to feed you. The Fair Grounds will soon be empty and deserted."

Wilbur was in a panic. He raced round and round the pen. Suddenly he had an idea—he thought of the egg sac and the five hundred and fourteen little spiders that would hatch in the spring. If Charlotte herself was unable to go home to the barn, at least he must take her children along.

Wilbur rushed to the front of his pen. He put his front feet up on the top board and gazed around. In the distance he saw the Arables and the Zuckermans approaching. He knew he would have to act quickly.

"Where's Templeton?" he demanded.

"He's in that corner, under the straw, asleep," said Charlotte.

Wilbur rushed over, pushed his strong snout under the rat, and tossed him into the air.

"Templeton!" screamed Wilbur. "Pay attention!"

The rat, surprised out of a sound sleep, looked first dazed then disgusted.

"What kind of monkeyshine is this?" he growled. "Can't a rat catch a wink of sleep without being rudely popped into the air?"

"Listen to me!" cried Wilbur. "Charlotte is very ill.

She has only a short time to live. She cannot accompany us home, because of her condition. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary that I take her egg sac with me. I can't reach it, and I can't climb. You are the only one that can get it. There's not a second to be lost. The people are coming—they'll be here in no time. Please, please, *please*, Templeton, climb up and get the egg sac."

The rat yawned. He straightened his whiskers. Then he looked up at the egg sac.

"So!" he said, in disgust. "So it's old Templeton to the rescue again, is it? Templeton do this, Templeton do that, Templeton please run down to the dump and get me a magazine clipping, Templeton please lend me a piece of string so I can spin a web."

"Oh, hurry!" said Wilbur. "Hurry up, Templeton!"

But the rat was in no hurry. He began imitating Wilbur's voice.

"So it's 'Hurry up, Templeton,' is it?" he said. "Ho, ho. And what thanks do I ever get for these services, I would like to know? Never a kind word for old Templeton, only abuse and wisecracks and side remarks. Never a kind word for a rat."

"Templeton," said Wilbur in desperation, "if you don't stop talking and get busy, all will be lost, and I will die of a broken heart. Please climb up!"

Templeton lay back in the straw. Lazily he placed

his forepaws behind his head and crossed his knees, in an attitude of complete relaxation.

"Die of a broken heart," he mimicked. "How touching! My, my! I notice that it's always me you come to when in trouble. But I've never heard of anyone's heart breaking on *my* account. Oh, no. Who cares anything about old Templeton?"

"Get up!" screamed Wilbur. "Stop acting like a spoiled child!"

Templeton grinned and lay still. "Who made trip after trip to the dump?" he asked. "Why, it was old Templeton! Who saved Charlotte's life by scaring that Arable boy away with a rotten goose egg? Bless my soul, I believe it was old Templeton. Who bit your tail and got you back on your feet this morning after you had fainted in front of the crowd? Old Templeton. Has it ever occurred to you that I'm sick of running errands and doing favors? What do you think I am, anyway, a rat-of-all-work?"

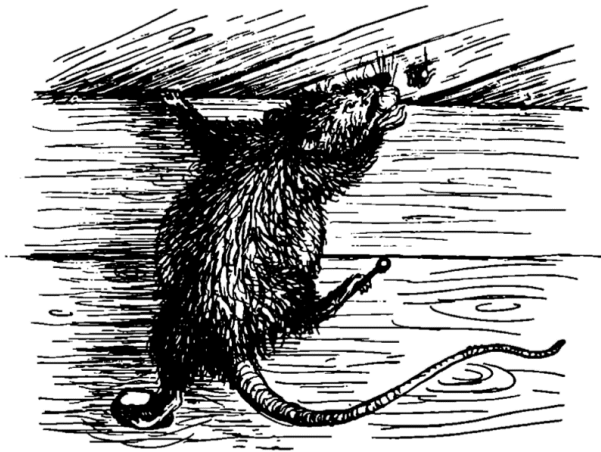
Wilbur was desperate. The people were coming. And the rat was failing him. Suddenly he remembered Templeton's fondness for food.

"Templeton," he said, "I will make you a solemn promise. Get Charlotte's egg sac for me, and from now on I will let you eat first, when Lurvy slops me. I will let you have your choice of everything in the trough and I won't touch a thing until you're through."

The rat sat up. "You mean that?" he said.

"I promise. I cross my heart."

"All right, it's a deal," said the rat. He walked to the wall and started to climb. His stomach was still swollen from last night's gorge. Groaning and com-



plaining, he pulled himself slowly to the ceiling. He crept along till he reached the egg sac. Charlotte moved aside for him. She was dying, but she still had strength enough to move a little. Then Templeton bared his long ugly teeth and began snipping the threads that fastened the sac to the ceiling. Wilbur watched from below.

"Use extreme care!" he said. "I don't want a single one of those eggs harmed."

"Thith thtuff thticks in my mouth," complained the rat. "It'th worth than caramel candy."

But Templeton worked away at the job, and managed to cut the sac adrift and carry it to the ground, where he dropped it in front of Wilbur. Wilbur heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Templeton," he said. "I will never forget this as long as I live."

"Neither will I," said the rat, picking his teeth. "I feel as though I'd eaten a spool of thread. Well, home we go!"

Templeton crept into the crate and buried himself in the straw. He got out of sight just in time. Lurvy and John Arable and Mr. Zuckerman came along at that moment, followed by Mrs. Arable and Mrs. Zuckerman and Avery and Fern. Wilbur had already decided how he would carry the egg sac—there was only one way possible. He carefully took the little bundle in his mouth and held it there on top of his tongue. He remembered what Charlotte had told him—that the sac was waterproof and strong. It felt funny on his tongue and made him drool a bit. And of course he couldn't say anything. But as he was being shoved into the crate, he looked up at Charlotte and gave her a

wink. She knew he was saying good-bye in the only way he could. And she knew her children were safe.

“Good-bye!” she whispered. Then she summoned all her strength and waved one of her front legs at him.

She never moved again. Next day, as the Ferris wheel was being taken apart and the race horses were being loaded into vans and the entertainers were packing up their belongings and driving away in their trailers, Charlotte died. The Fair Grounds were soon deserted. The sheds and buildings were empty and forlorn. The infield was littered with bottles and trash. Nobody, of the hundreds of people that had visited the Fair, knew that a grey spider had played the most important part of all. No one was with her when she died.

Chapter 6: “The War Ends”



Distribute the Student Book. Tell students to turn to page 26, and tell them that this chapter is titled “The War Ends.” Ask students to look at the images and listen carefully as you read aloud to find out which side won the Civil War—the United States or the Confederacy.

CHAPTER
6

The War Ends

The Confederate army had been weakened at the Battle of Gettysburg. It was time for Grant to lead the Union army and go after Lee.

Many terrible battles, such as the Battle of the Wilderness, were fought in Virginia. In most of these battles, Grant lost more men than Lee, but he never stopped advancing and attacking, and he gradually closed in on Richmond—the capital of the Confederacy.



26

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **advancing** means moving forward. So, Grant continued to have his soldiers move forward and attack.

SUPPORT—Explain that the phrase “Grant lost more men than Lee” means that more of Grant’s soldiers died or were badly hurt than Lee’s soldiers.

Activity Page



AP 1.3



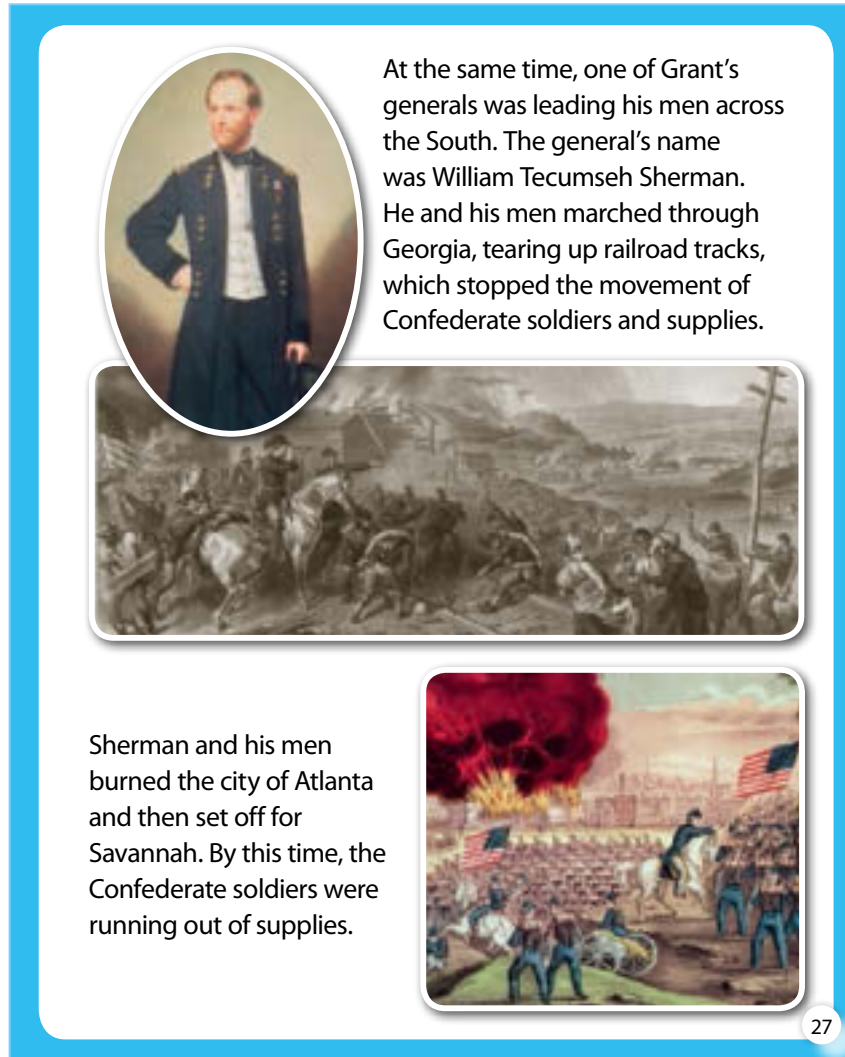
SUPPORT—Help students find Virginia on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3). Then ask students to point to Richmond, the Confederate capital.

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—What happened after Grant became leader of the Union army?

- » Grant led the Union army into many terrible battles, in which many Union soldiers died. But he kept going until he and the Union army closed in on Richmond.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 27 as you read aloud.



At the same time, one of Grant's generals was leading his men across the South. The general's name was William Tecumseh Sherman. He and his men marched through Georgia, tearing up railroad tracks, which stopped the movement of Confederate soldiers and supplies.

Sherman and his men burned the city of Atlanta and then set off for Savannah. By this time, the Confederate soldiers were running out of supplies.

27

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **supplies** are the materials or things that people need to survive, such as food and blankets.

Activity Page



SUPPORT—Help students find Georgia on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3).



AP 1.3

Ask students to look at the images on page 28 as you read aloud.

While Sherman marched to the sea, Grant was chasing Lee's army. In April 1865, Grant's soldiers captured Richmond. About one week later, Grant stopped Lee and his men in Virginia, near the town of Appomattox Court House. Lee saw that it was hopeless.



On April 9, 1865, Robert E. Lee went to Appomattox Court House to surrender to Ulysses S. Grant. Lee put on a special uniform. Around his waist he wore a silk sash. A sword hung from his belt. The Confederate general was ready to meet with Grant.



28

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that to **surrender** is to agree to stop fighting because you know you will not win.

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—Why did General Lee feel hopeless?

- » Lee felt hopeless because Grant's soldiers had captured Richmond and stopped Lee's army.

LITERAL—Where did General Lee surrender?

- » General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House in Virginia.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 29 as you read aloud.

Ulysses S. Grant did not want to punish the Confederate soldiers. He was kind to Robert E. Lee and his men. Robert E. Lee accepted the terms of surrender, which called for the Confederates to stop fighting and to hand over their weapons.



Each Confederate soldier signed a paper that said he would not take up arms against the United States again. This signed paper allowed the soldiers to make their way home. After four years of fighting, the Civil War was finally over.



SUPPORT—Have students study the two images on the page. Then ask students to point out the Union figures in each image (in the blue uniforms) and the Confederate figures (in the gray uniforms).

SUPPORT—Point out the phrase “he would not take up arms against the United States again.” Explain that the phrase means that the soldiers were promising that they would not fight against the United States ever again.

Ask students the following questions:

LITERAL—How did Grant act toward Lee and his soldiers?

- » Grant was kind to Lee and his soldiers.

LITERAL—What did Confederate soldiers have to do in order to go home?

- » To go home, Confederate soldiers had to sign a paper that said they would not take up arms against the United States again.

CHAPTER 7

Clara Barton

Primary Focus Objectives

- ✓ Understand why Clara Barton was called “the angel of the battlefield.” (RI.2.1, SL.2.3)
- ✓ Recognize Clara Barton as the founder of the American Red Cross. (RI.2.1, SL.2.3)
- ✓ Understand the meaning of the following domain-specific vocabulary: *harvest* and *spied*. (L.2.4, L.2.5)

Materials Needed

Activity Page



AP 1.3

- individual student copies of *The Civil War* Student Book
- teacher and individual copies of Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3)

What Teachers Need to Know

At the beginning of the Civil War, Clara Barton was working in Washington, D.C., for the federal government. At the First Battle of Bull Run in 1861, she organized efforts to get medicine and supplies to the wounded. Ordinarily, female nurses were not allowed on battlefields. Concerned that wounded soldiers were not getting the treatment that they needed quickly enough, which resulted in an abundance of unnecessary deaths, Barton asked that female nurses be allowed to attend to the wounded on the battlefield. Ultimately, her request was granted, and she worked with the Union army in Virginia.

She was present at the horrific Battle of Antietam in Maryland, the deadliest one-day battle of the Civil War. Barton tended to the wounded as bullets flew around her. A male surgeon present at the battle compared Clara Barton favorably to then Union Commander-in-Chief George McClellan: “In my feeble estimation, General McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age, the angel of the battlefield.” Barton was appointed supervisor of nurses in one of the Union armies from June 1864 to January 1865. She was widely admired for her service in gathering and distributing medical supplies and nursing the wounded.

After the war, Barton traveled to Europe to rest and became involved with the International Red Cross, which had been founded to help victims of the Franco-Prussian War. Barton brought the idea back to the United States and lobbied Congress to establish a branch in the United States. In 1881, the American Red Cross was founded, and Barton was named its first president, a post she held until 1904. She was very influential in the International Red Cross, and it was through her efforts that the Red Cross broadened its scope to include relief work during natural disasters and national emergencies.

Introduce “Clara Barton”

Referring to the images from Chapter 6, review with students the following key points made in the previous Read Aloud about the end of the Civil War:

- Grant, his generals, and the Union army continued to advance and attack Lee and the Confederate army.
- The Confederate army was running out of supplies.
- Lee, realizing that the Confederate army could not win the war, surrendered to Grant.

Remind students that earlier in this unit, they learned about two women, Harriet Tubman and Harriet Beecher Stowe. **Ask students if they remember what each woman did to fight against slavery.** (*Harriet Tubman helped lead slaves to freedom in the North using the Underground Railroad. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the book Uncle Tom’s Cabin, which made people think about the suffering of slaves living in the South.*)

Tell students that in today’s Read Aloud, they will hear about a woman by the name of Clara Barton, who also played an important role during the Civil War.

Big Question

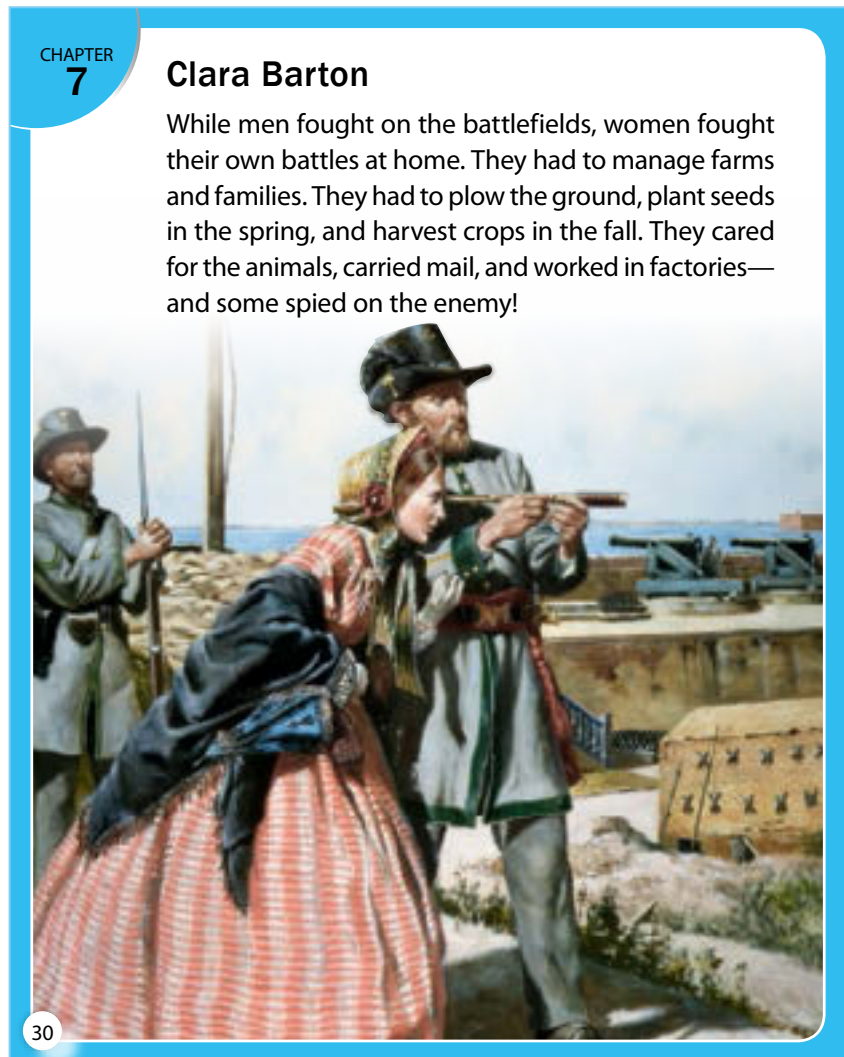
Who was Clara Barton?

Core Vocabulary

harvest spied

Chapter 7: “Clara Barton”

Distribute the Student Book. Ask students to turn to page 30, and tell them that this chapter is titled “Clara Barton.” Ask them to look at the image on the page as you read aloud, listening carefully to find out who Clara Barton was.



CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that to **harvest** is to gather or collect crops at the end of the growing season when they are ready to be eaten.

CORE VOCABULARY—Explain that **spied** means collected information about an enemy, often while in enemy territory.

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—What did most women do at home during the Civil War?

- » They worked at home while the men were fighting. They took care of their farms and families. They plowed the soil, planted seeds, and harvested crops. They cared for the animals, carried mail, and worked in factories, and some spied on the enemy.

Now ask students to look at the images on page 31 as you read aloud.

Before the Civil War, almost all nurses were men. During the war, although men continued in this role, many women became nurses too. Thousands of women, especially in the North, worked long hours bandaging and treating the injured men.



31

SUPPORT—Ask students to describe what the women in the images are doing. (Students should be able to see, in the inset picture, women knitting and sewing, washing clothes, and aiding sick and injured soldiers. In the main picture, women are helping in a hospital.)

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—What did nurses do during the Civil War?

- » Nurses worked long hours bandaging and treating the wounds of men who were hurt in the fighting.

Ask students to look at the image on page 32 as you read aloud.

One of the most famous nurses was Clara Barton. Clara Barton was born in Massachusetts. One day, Clara heard that some Union soldiers did not have any supplies. Clara used her own money to buy them food and bandages. Later, Clara loaded up a big wagon with supplies and drove to a battlefield.



Activity Page



AP 1.3



SUPPORT—Help students find Massachusetts on their Map of the United States During the Civil War (AP 1.3). Ask: Was Massachusetts in the North or in the South? (*the North*)

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—How did Clara Barton help Union soldiers?

- » Clara Barton helped Union soldiers by buying food and bandages with her own money. Later, she drove a big wagon with supplies to the battlefield.

Now ask students to look at the image on page 33 as you read aloud.

For the rest of the Civil War, Clara followed the Union troops around, taking care of injured soldiers at many different battles. She did this even though it meant risking her own life. At the Battle of Antietam, a bullet tore through her sleeve and killed the soldier she was trying to help.



SUPPORT—Have students study the image on the page. Identify the woman in red as Clara Barton.

Ask students the following question:

LITERAL—What did Clara Barton do during the Civil War?

- » During the Civil War, Clara Barton followed Union troops and took care of injured soldiers at different battles.

Ask students to look at the image on page 34 as you read aloud.

Just after the Battle of Antietam, a doctor named James Dunn wrote about Clara's work with injured soldiers.

We had used every bandage, torn up every sheet in the house and everything we could find, when who should drive up but our old friend Miss Barton, with a team loaded down with dressings of every kind and everything we could ask for. She . . . worked all night making soup, and when I left four days after the battle, she was still there taking care of the wounded and the dying.

Dunn called Clara Barton "the angel of the battlefield." Clara later started the American Red Cross.



SUPPORT—Explain that *dressings* is another word for bandages. They are pieces of cloth that are placed over wounds to keep the wounds clean. **Point out the dressing, or bandage, on the soldier's head in the image on page 34.**

SUPPORT—Ask students what they think of or what picture comes to mind when they hear the word *angel*. (*Students may describe a person/woman with wings.*)

SUPPORT—Emphasize that after the war, Barton founded an organization called the Red Cross. The Red Cross still exists today, and it helps people who experience natural disasters and other traumatic events. Students might remember seeing advertisements for the Red Cross on television.

Ask students the following question:

INFERENTIAL—What do you think Dr. Dunn meant when he called Clara Barton "the angel of the battlefield"?

- » Possible response: Clara Barton was an angel because she risked her life to help soldiers on the battlefield.



CHECK FOR UNDERSTANDING: BIG QUESTION

TURN AND TALK—Who was Clara Barton?

- » Clara Barton was a woman who decided to help the Union by gathering supplies for the soldiers and by taking care of injured and dying soldiers on the battlefields. She also started the American Red Cross.

Additional Activities

More About Clara Barton

Materials Needed: internet access, capability to display internet in the classroom, poster board or chart paper, a marker



Background for Teachers: Use this link to download the CKHG Online Resources for this unit, where the specific link to the video may be found:

www.coreknowledge.org/ckhg-online-resources

Tell students they are going to watch a video to learn more about Clara Barton. Explain that the video also tells about Clara's life after the Civil War. Tell students to pay close attention to what Clara did before the Civil War, during the Civil War, and after the Civil War. Show the video *History of Clara Barton* (08:22).

After the video, ask students to think about how helpful Clara Barton was during her lifetime. Invite students to consider how they can follow Clara Barton's example and help others. Remind students that there are big ways and small ways to help people. Have students share ideas of ways they could be helpful.

At the top of a piece of poster board or chart paper, write "Be Like Clara Barton." Record students' ideas, and then post the list where students can see it as a reminder.



Civil War Photography

Materials Needed: sufficient copies of *The Civil War Student Book*

Ask students if they like taking pictures with a camera or with a cell phone. Ask them what they like to take pictures of.

Explain that at the time of the Civil War, cameras and photography were a new technology. People could see, for the first time, what people, places, and events actually looked like. (But only in black and white. Color photography was not invented yet.) They no longer had to rely on drawings and paintings, which were often not true to life.

There was a famous photographer during the Civil War named Matthew Brady. He was famous for taking portraits, or pictures of people. He also hired other traveling photographers to take pictures for him. Together, these photographers took lots of pictures of every aspect of the war, from soldiers in