

For use with the Level 3 Language Arts and Literature course

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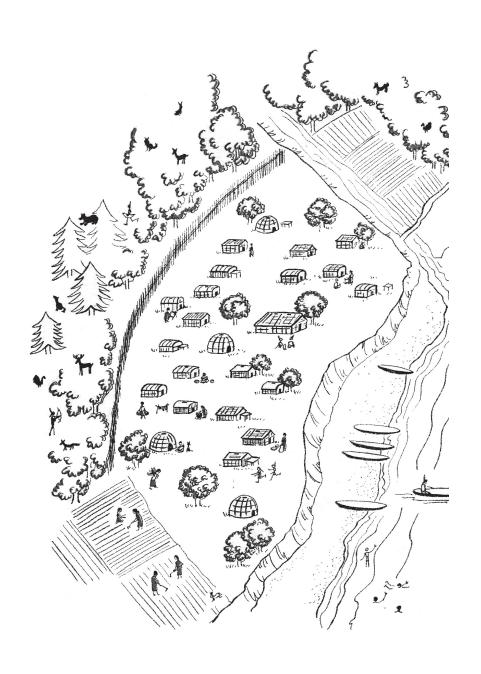
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NATIVE AMERICANS

How They Lived



Written and Illustrated by Lucille Wallower
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A Delaware Native American Village

Chapter 1

A Native American Village

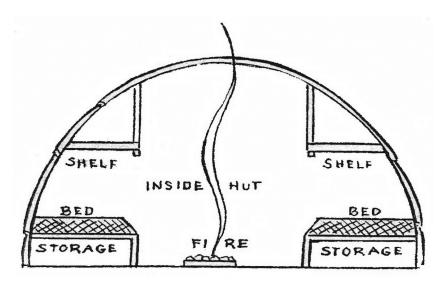
When Christopher Columbus sailed west from the country of Spain looking for a short way to India, he found the land now called the Caribbean Islands. However, Columbus thought he had found India. He called the dark-skinned people he saw there "Indians." The native people all throughout North and South America became known as Indians, but today we call them Native Americans.

Many years ago, only Native Americans lived in the land we call the state of Pennsylvania. There were no towns, cities, or farms. There were only a few Native American villages and gardens. The land was covered with thick forests. A Native American wigwam may have stood where your house stands now! Native American children may have played games where you play today!

There were many tribes of Native Americans in Pennsylvania. A tribe is a group of families related to one another. Each tribe had its own chief and rules. Each tribe had its own ways of dressing and doing things. Every tribe had its own speech, too. Different tribes had to make signs or draw pictures to talk with one another. Sometimes when Native Americans had special news, they painted the message on a tree to tell other Native Americans.

Native Americans who lived in Pennsylvania are sometimes called Eastern Woodland Native Americans. In those days Pennsylvania was all forest land. Native Americans lived in villages in the forest.

Each family from this area lived in a house



called a wigwam. The wigwam was made of young trees covered with bark. There were no tables or chairs in the wigwam. The family sat on the floor. At mealtime, each had his own place, his own bowl and spoon.

There were no closets or cupboards. Above the bed a shelf was built; this was used to store baskets and bundles of things. Dried food, such as corn, was hung on poles.

There was a place for every person's belongings. Mother had a place for her clothes and her housekeeping things. Father had a place for his clothes, his tools, pipes, and hunting things. The boys and girls in the family had special places for their clothes and toys. To keep a wigwam tidy, each person had to put his things back in place.

Sometimes two, three, or more families lived together. They lived in a wigwam made longer. It was called a "longhouse." A longhouse was about 21 feet wide and 100 feet long. The people of the Iroquois Nation lived in whole villages of longhouses.

The Woodland Native Americans had many footpaths through the forest. Main trails led from

one village to another. They did not have horses; they walked or traveled in canoes on the creeks and rivers.

The trails were well planned. The paths followed rivers through gaps in the mountains. Sometimes the paths went through almost hidden gaps.

Other times the paths went through creeks or rivers where the water was low. The paths were good ways of getting from one place to another as quickly as possible.

Eastern Woodland Native Americans went hunting or warring in the forest. They traded with other tribes, and they visited relatives and friends. In those days the forest was a busy place.



Some Animals Native Americans Hunted

Chapter 4

The Clothes of Native Americans

All the clothes of Eastern Woodland Native Americans were made by hand. Deerskin outlasted any cloth made today. It didn't soil easily or tear on sharp thorns and branches. It was warm and nice to wear. In rain, however, it was quickly wet through.

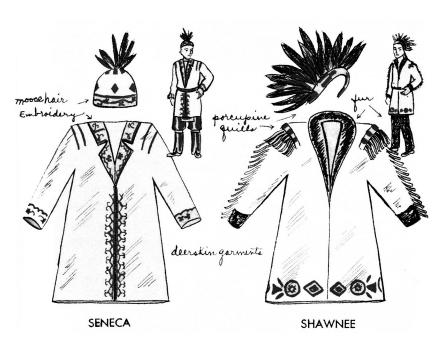
To make deerskin ready to wear, it must be tanned. The women scraped the skin to make it clean and thin. This was long, hard work. Then the skin was smoked over a fire. The smoke made the skin into leather so that it was now soft but strong. The smoke colored the skin. It could be smoked yellow, tan, brown, or black. The Delaware Native Americans liked black buckskin.

Many tribes dyed the deerskin. Sometimes the

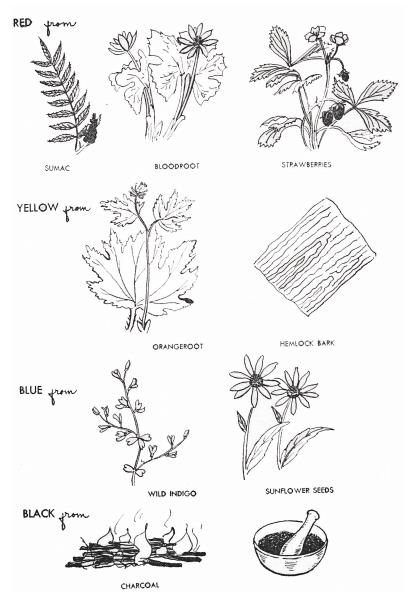
deer tail was left on the skin for decoration. Each tribe had its own way of making skins clean and comfortable to wear.

Animal skins with fur also had to be made clean and ready to wear. We say furs are "dressed," not "tanned." Scarves, hats, robes, and dresses were made of furs. They were worn when it was cold. Winter moccasins were made with the fur turned inside. Furs were used for decoration, too.

Native Americans made their own colors from plants and minerals. They had to try many things and many ways to make a color they liked. Making colors took care and patience.



Dyes were made to color clothes. Native
Americans used plants to make dye. They first
crushed then boiled the plants in water. Native
Americans made dyes so well that they did not run



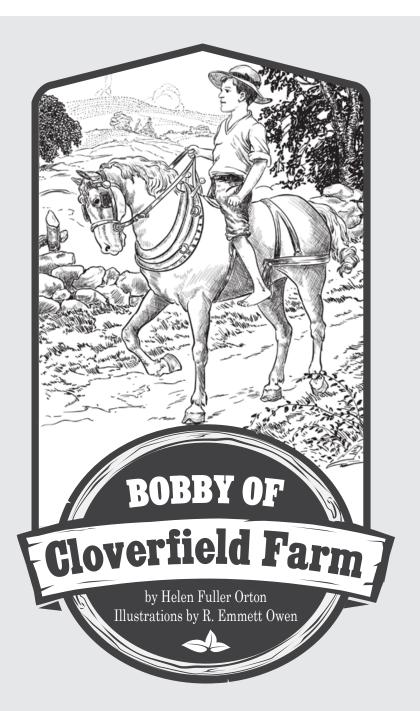
Barry, A Dog of the Alps



by Mary E. Ropes

Barry was a good dog; perhaps he was the best-known dog in all the world, and he lived way up in the Alps—the high mountains of Europe.

In those days, travelers used to cross the Alps on foot. They trampled over a trail called the Pass of St. Bernard, and this pass was covered with snow for the greater part of the year. It was not easy for a man to make his way through the huge drifts, sometimes blinded by the storms, sometimes finding himself straight in the path of a mighty pile of snow that was sliding down the mountainside. So it happened that long, long ago, a band of good monks built a place of refuge nearly at the top of the pass.



Chapter 1

What Robin Redbreast Knew

He got up, dressed quickly, and went downstairs.

"Mother," he said, "I heard something that sounded just like a robin. What could it have been?"

"It was a robin," said Mother. "Come here and see him."

Bobby ran to the big south window. There, on a branch of the maple tree, was Robin Redbreast singing merrily.

"I thought the robins always stayed down south until spring," said Bobby. "Why did he come back in the dead of winter?"

"Spring is almost here," said Mother.

"Oh, indeed, it can't be," said Bobby, "it is so cold and snowy."

"Robin knows," said Mother.

But Bobby looked out and saw the fields still covered with snow, and he saw the huge snowdrifts like mountains and castles along the fences and the whirling snowflakes in the air, and he thought, "Robin is mistaken this time."

After he had finished his morning chores, Bobby took his sled and slid down the little hill at the side of the house, as he had done nearly every day all winter. He slid down the hill twenty-seven times.

Then he and Rover, his big shepherd dog, went across the field to the snowdrifts in the fence corners. Bobby slid down a huge snowbank, which gave his sled such a start that he went skimming over the field on the hard snow. He took eight long slides there.

In the afternoon, he went skating on the duck pond. It was shiny and smooth and beautiful for skating. He skated across the pond twenty times.

When he went into the house, Mother said, "Well, Bobby, you have had a busy day."

"I've had lots of fun," said Bobby. "I shall go sliding and skating every day for the rest of winter." "That will not be long," said Mother.

"Oh, yes, it will," said Bobby. "Just see all the snow and ice."

If Bobby had only noticed, he would have known that, even then, the wind had changed to the south, and it was becoming warmer. Soon the snow and ice began to melt. All night they kept melting.

The next day, Bobby was awakened again by Robin Redbreast. He looked out and saw the sun shining brightly. All that morning the snow melted so fast that by noon there were little rivers and pools of water everywhere.

Bobby tried to slide down the little hill, but there was a bare spot halfway down, so his sled stuck on the ground and would not go any farther.

"This isn't any fun," thought Bobby. "I'll go over and slide down the snowbanks." He and Rover started across the field, but at every step, they went down through the soft snow into the water beneath.

"This isn't any fun either, is it?" he said to Rover.

Rover looked up into Bobby's face and seemed to say, "I don't care for it much myself." So they went back to the house.



Rover lay down by the fire to dry off, but Bobby took his skates and went to the duck pond. When he got there, he found the ice on the duck pond covered with pools of water.

"I'll wait till another day to skate," he thought.

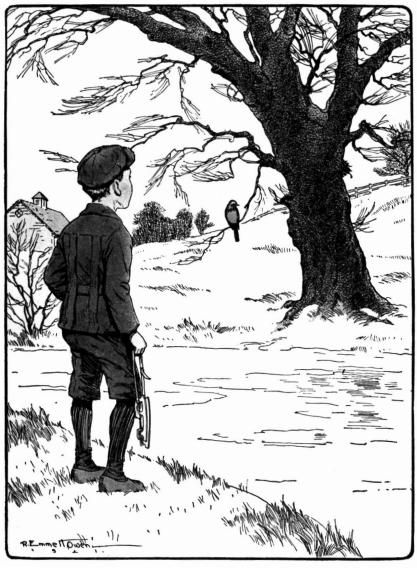
He was just starting back to the house when there came to his ears the same sound he had heard the last two mornings, "Chirp, chirp, cheer-up."

Bobby looked across the pond. There, on the willow tree, was a robin.

"Hello, Robin Redbreast," called Bobby. "I'm glad you are back again. But you'll be very cold up here. It isn't spring yet."

"Chirp, chirp," said Robin. "Cheer-up, cheer-y." The robin flew up to a higher branch of the willow tree.

Bobby's eyes followed Robin. What were all those little gray things on the twigs around Robin? Bobby looked more closely. "Why, I do



"Hello, Robin Redbreast,' called Bobby.
'I'm glad you are back again.'"

believe—I do believe—can it be those are pussy willows?" he exclaimed.

He ran around the pond to the tree. Sure enough, they were pussy willows!

Bobby reached up and picked some of the twigs. Then he ran to the house as fast as he could run.

"Oh, Mother," he exclaimed, "see the pussy willows! I believe spring is almost here."

"Robin knew," said Mother.

"Good!" said Bobby. Then he added, "But there won't be any more sleigh rides or sliding down the hill or skating."

"Just wait and see what fun summer will bring," Mother replied.

Little Amish Schoolhouse

BY ELLA MAIE SEYFERT
ILLUSTRATED BY NINON MACKNIGHT



FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1939



Chapter 1

Martha and David

"David, watch yourself!" a voice shouted. Then, whizz! A big snowball ripped past David's broadbrimmed hat and squashed into a thousand bits on the rail fence beside him.

The wet snow splashed all over David, stinging his face and hands. He jumped and looked back. "I'll get you tomorrow, Johnny Zook," he called to the boy who stood in the middle of the road, blowing his breath on his cold fingers.

David had been one of the first to rush from the wide-open schoolhouse door when school was dismissed at the little Amish schoolhouse. Boys and girls of all ages came bounding after, crunching over the snow-covered boardwalk in their heavy-soled winter shoes, glad to feel the cold November air on their faces. They were still excited over the first snow and were eager to get out into it again. David wanted very much to stay and play with the other children for a while, but he had to hurry home to his little sister, Martha, because he had such good news for her this afternoon.

The other boys were still busily squeezing and shaping the new snow into balls, while the girls skipped along in groups, dodging the whizzing snowballs with screams of fright. They pulled their big bonnets over their faces and tucked their woolen shawls close under their chins for protection. When they dared peek out, they called, "Good night, good night," again and again to groups going in the opposite direction.

Two of the girls were still chasing each other round and round on the snowy road in front of the schoolhouse. "Good night, Mary, good night!" The little girl's voice was shrill and happy. "See your face last, Katie, good night!"

David was tempted again to loiter and stay in the fun, but he thought of the good news he had for Martha, and with a last warning to Johnny Zook, "I'll get you tomorrow!" and, "Good night, good night," to the other children, he went on down the country road. As he scuffed through the wet snow, he gripped his strap of books tightly under his arm and swung the little lunch basket that hung by his side.

The cries of the children straggling after him sounded pleasant to David as he walked quickly along, especially their Pennsylvania Dutch, "Goot nacht! Goot nacht!" for this was the language the little Amish boys and girls spoke at home, before they learned to speak English at their little red schoolhouses.

Sometimes they mixed Pennsylvania Dutch with their English, and it sounded very funny to other people.

As he hurried along the road, David looked quaint indeed in his big hat and long trousers, for he was dressed exactly as his father dressed now and as his great-great-grandfather dressed two hundred years ago when he first came to America.

Great-grandfather's trunk was still in their attic—the trunk which he had brought with him "way across the water" from Switzerland, two hundred years ago.

David wore a short jacket, long trousers, and a

wide hat. David's hair grew long over his ears, and his mother cut it straight across his forehead in a bang, which made him look like all the other little Amish boys because they all had their hair cut in this same way and they all wore the same kind of clothes.

The little Amish girls all looked alike, too. They dressed just like their mothers, in long dresses colored soft green or purple or red, with big aprons over them. Their little scarves matched their dresses, and after they became older and joined the church, they wore little white caps under their large bonnets just like their mothers, too.

David lived with his parents on a farm not far from the mountains in beautiful Lancaster County in Pennsylvania. Other Amish families lived on other farms all around them. They all belonged to a group called "Plain People," because they lived plainly and dressed plainly, just as their forefathers did in Switzerland so long ago. And they were very proud to be like those brave people who came to America more than two hundred years ago because here they could worship God in the way they felt was right.

When David reached the lane that led to his father's farm this evening, the other children were far behind. But he called "Good night!" and "Goot nacht!" as he did each evening when he turned into his lane, though he knew no one would hear.

Halfway down to the house, David could see little Martha near the apple orchard. She was running to meet him with Shep, their dog, who leaped along happily in the snow as he recognized David in the distance. David called to Shep, and then he called to Martha. He knew how much Martha liked to eat out of his splint lunch basket, so he saved her a bit of his lunch each day.

Now he held the basket high above his head for her to see.

"Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!" he called to her.

And "Yoo-hoo!" Martha called back to him breathlessly. She tried to run fast over the snowy ground, but her long skirts and big shawl were hard to manage in the cold and wind, and Shep reached David long before she did.

"Down, Shep, down!" David scolded as he kept the basket swinging as high as he could over his head.



