


1815
TO THE
PRESENT



P R O J E C T S




1815 to the Present

PROJECTS

Laurie Detweiler





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1815 to the Present Projects

HOW TO USE THESE PROJECTS

We hope these projects will be helpful as your child progresses through the 1815 to the Present Self-Paced course this year. Through the course, students take a journey where they see God's providence every day. This study will help build an understanding of the world in which we live and what sacrifices and battles resulted in the tremendous blessings we now know. God was faithful to His people through the years, just as He is today. What a joy for young children to come to realize God's faithfulness as they learn from the past. You will be amazed what your student will learn from this self-paced course. There really is nothing like it for a child to understand and learn the material. The projects in the manual will further reinforce their learning.

The self-paced course covers the 32 cards, including all worksheets and tests, on a weekly basis. Your children will not even realize that they are reviewing the material over and over as they play fun games. This manual provides fun, hands-on projects that are an effective way to bring students' learning alive. This collection of projects, drawing from our teacher's manual as well as developing new ones, provides fun and reinforcement. Do as few or as many as you want. Ideally, they should be done after the first lesson of an event and before moving on to the next event.

The self-paced course is used in many ways, so the same can be said of these projects. If you are a homeschooler with a child doing the course, we suggest looking through the book and deciding ahead of time which of the projects you would like your child to tackle. We have included projects for all ages, and most are easy to do—with very little prep. Many can

be done in one sitting, but others will take a couple days.

If you are in a university model school or co-op, we suggest having the children do the self-paced lessons at home. Then, use your meeting times to work together on projects and discuss the historical fiction the children have been reading. (Access the Reading Schedules at this link: https://vpress.us/PRES_Lit.) Your meeting time is also a great opportunity to sing the timeline song and play some of the memory games included in the back of this project manual.

Be sure to assemble the oversized map in the back of the book before beginning the course, so your student can use the medallions to mark each event. Other resources included in the back are timeline pages, a chronology review and answer key, fun memory tools, and many templates for projects that can be used over and over again.

This project book is an enhancement for your self-paced course. We hope that it will bring history alive for your students as they explore the world from 1815 to the present.

Marlene Peterson
Laure Detweiler



1815 to the Present Projects

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The Monroe Doctrine

PROJECT—SALT RELIEF MAP

This map displays the Spanish and Portuguese possessions during the early years of the United States. This will help you see why President Monroe was so concerned.

SUPPLIES

cardboard box lid or foil baking tray (8.5" x 11")
white glue or tape
pencil
four mixing bowls
mixing spoon
measuring cups
flour
salt
water
food coloring

SALT DOUGH RECIPES (FOR THREE MAPS)

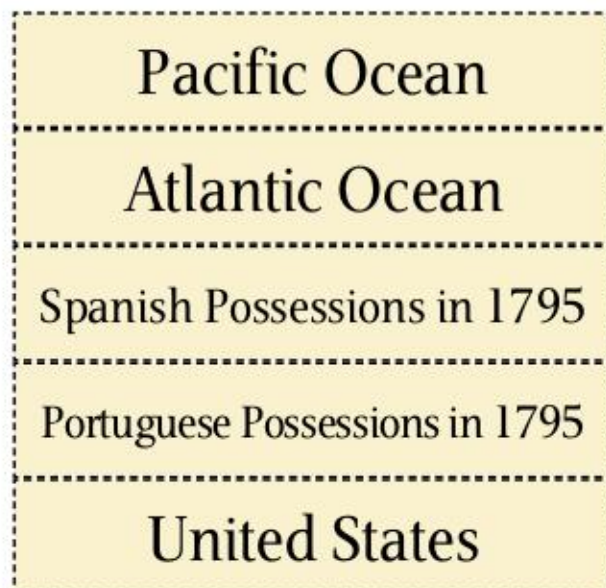
6 cups of salt
6 cups of flour
2-3 cups of water

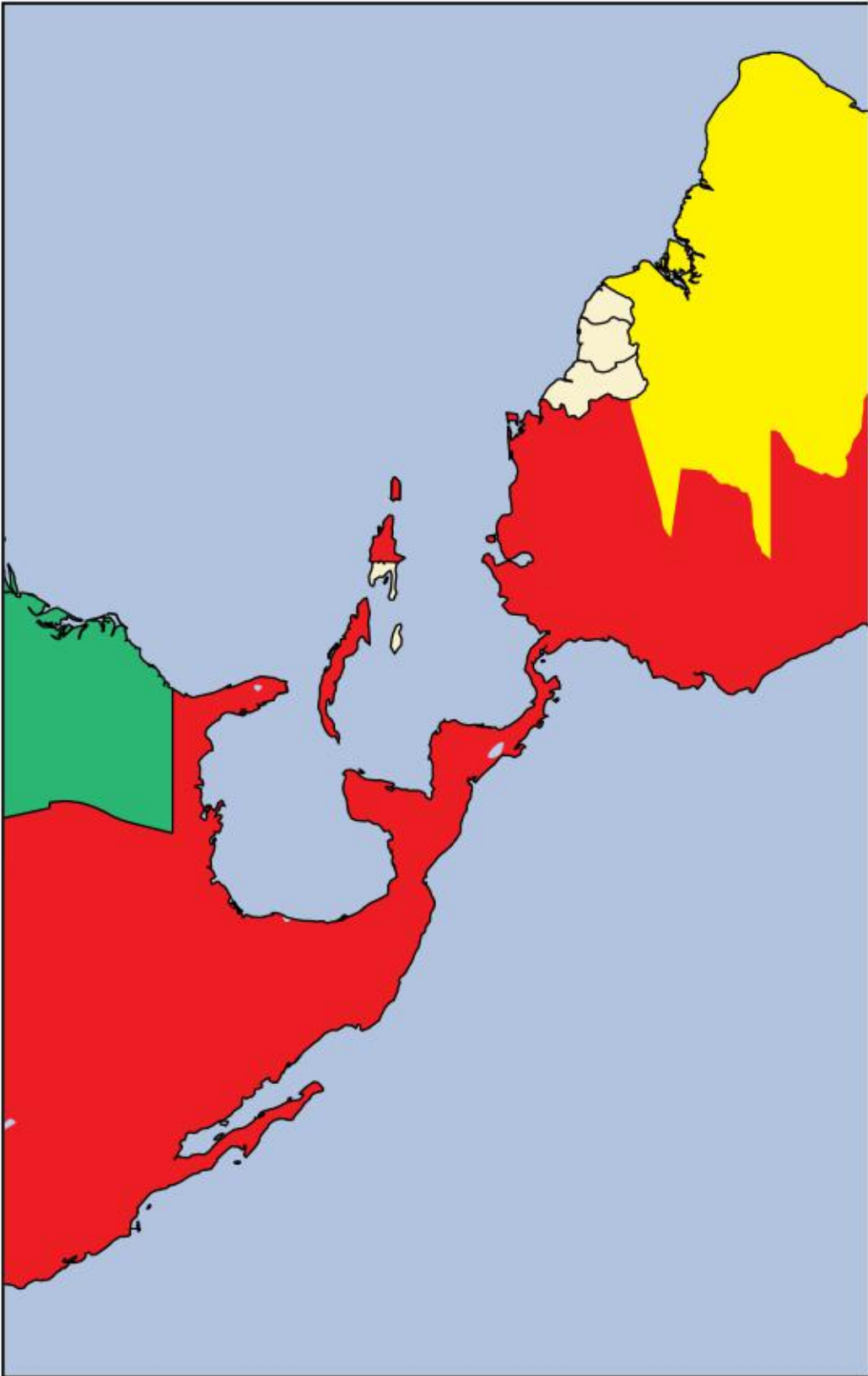
Combine salt and flour, mix well. Add two cups of water and mix until smooth. Add remaining water as needed. Divide dough in five. Add blue, yellow, green and red food coloring to four portions. Cover and set aside. (This can be mixed the day before and stored in a refrigerator. It may also be frozen to use later.)

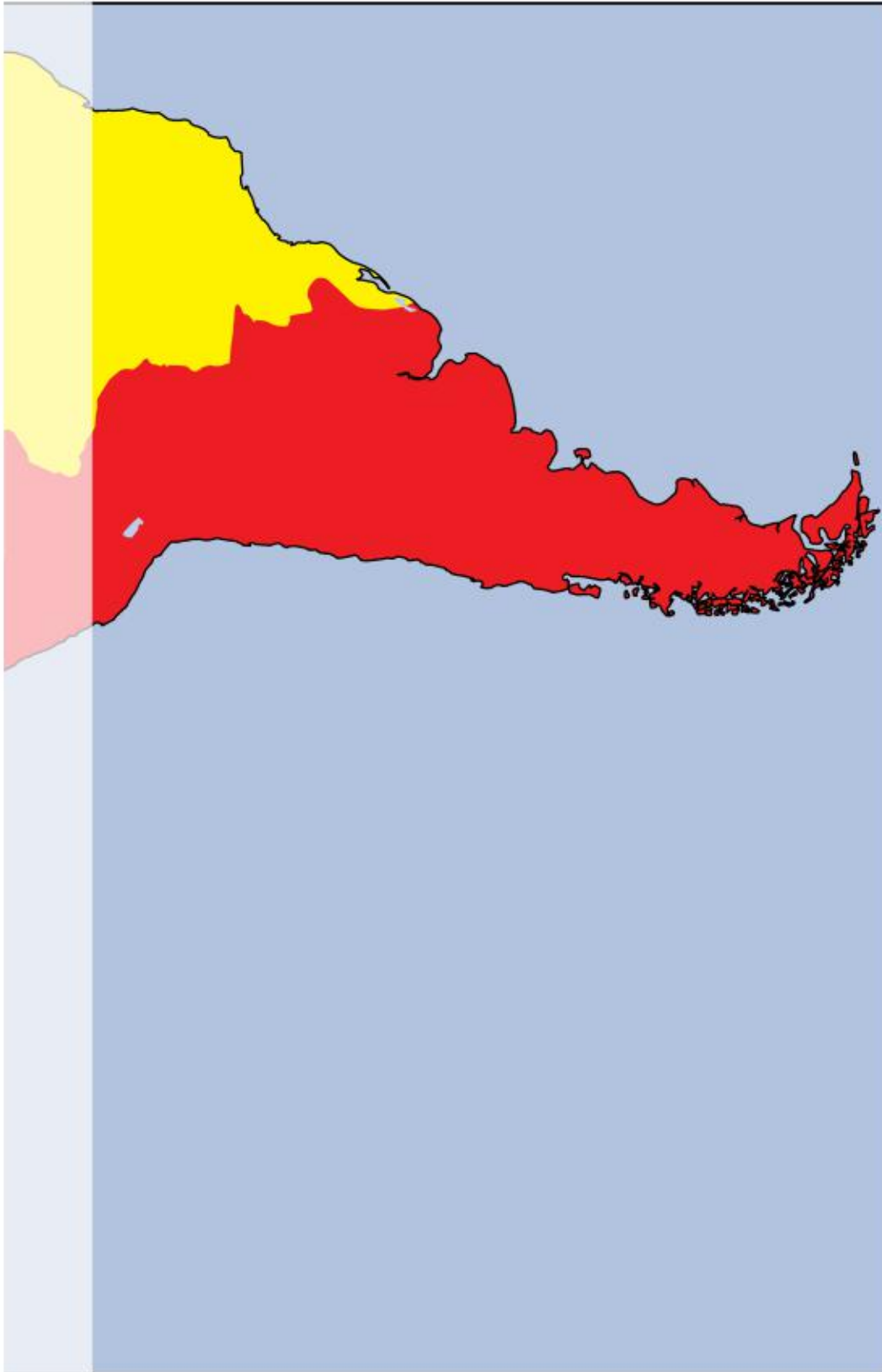
DIRECTIONS

1. Cut out the maps on the next two pages and tape them together inside the box lid as a guide. Use the third page as a reference map.
2. Using blue dough, cover the bodies of water.
3. Using green dough cover the United States.
4. Using red dough, cover the Spanish territory.
5. Using yellow dough, cover the Portuguese territory.
6. Use uncolored dough to cover the remaining land areas.
7. Allow one week for drying.
8. After drying cut labels out and glue them in the appropriate places.

LABELS:

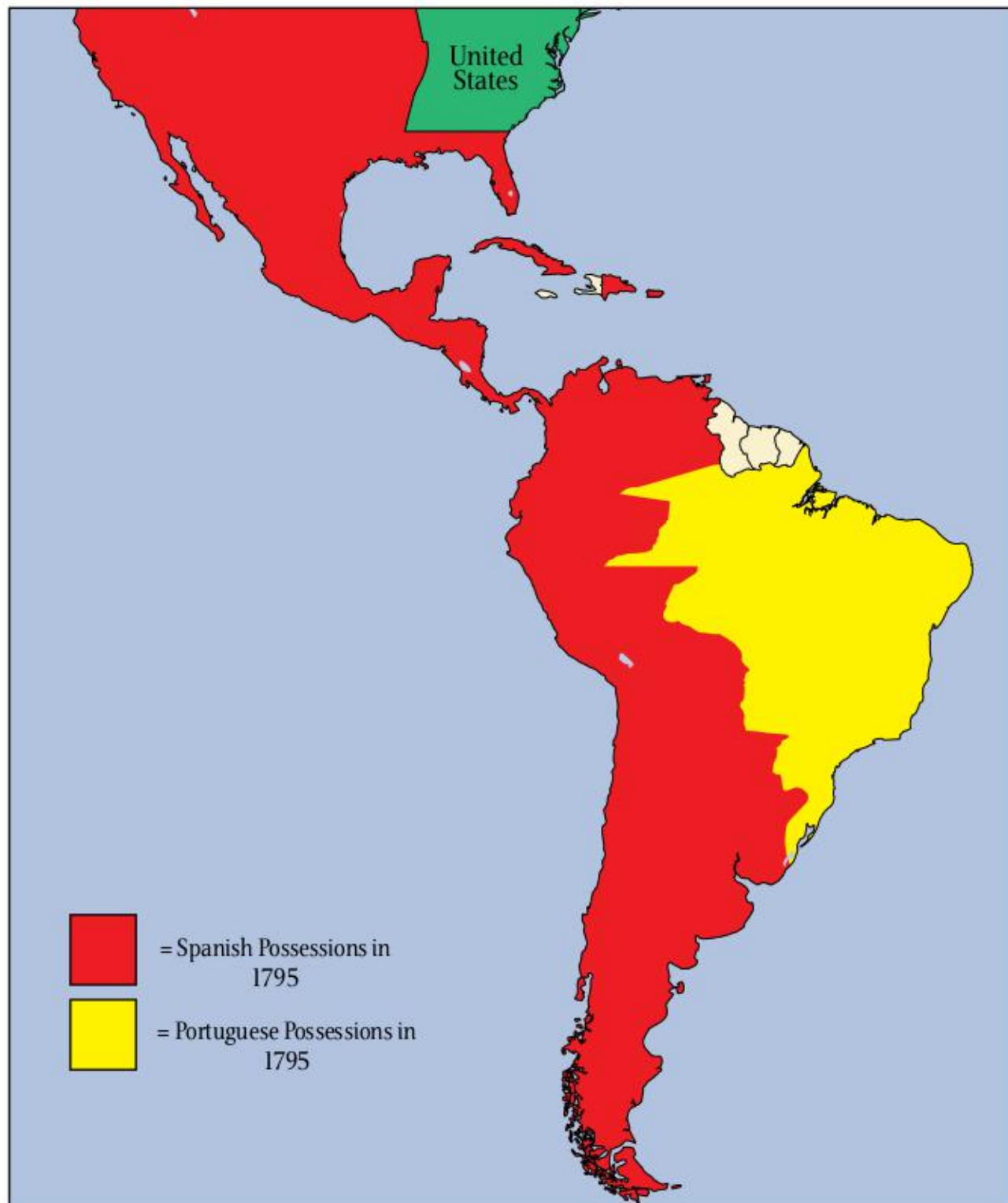






The Monroe Doctrine

PROJECT—SALT RELIEF REFERENCE MAP



Traveling the Erie Canal

PROJECT—MODEL OR MEAL?

SUPPLIES

cake mix

icing (homemade or store bought)

food coloring (blue and green)

candy bars (long and thin, like Kit Kats® or Twix bars®)

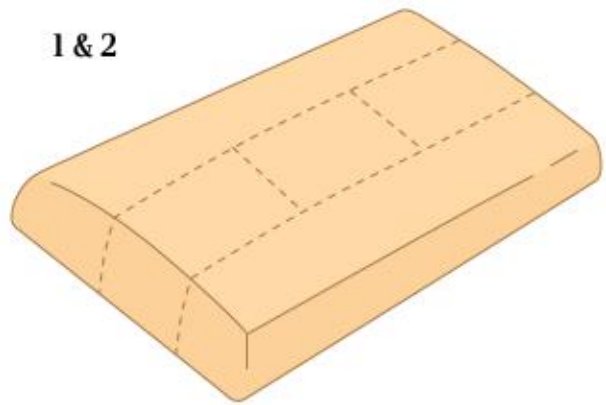
graham crackers

blue M&M's® or similar small round candies (optional)

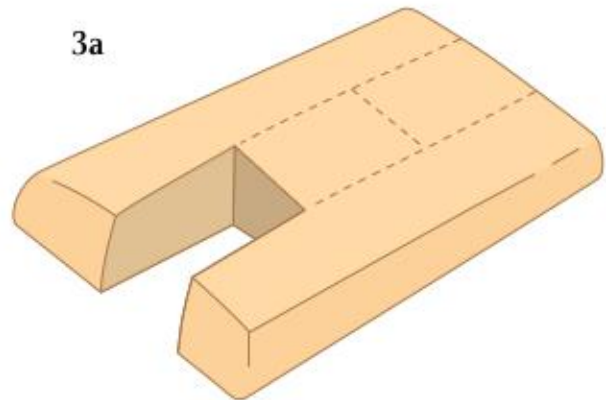
DIRECTIONS

1. Bake cake in large rectangular sheet cake size.
2. Mark in thirds the long way with shallow cuts, and mark just the center section in thirds in the opposite direction.
3. (a) Cut and remove the bottom middle third. (b) Then cutting horizontally, remove the top half of the center third. Keep the scrap pieces to use in Step 8.
4. Use food coloring to color a portion of the icing green. Cover the two side thirds to resemble grass.
5. Color the remaining icing blue (optionally, use blue candy pieces) and use for the center thirds to show the water in the locks at three different levels.
6. Place Graham Crackers between the lock levels to create the gates.
7. Line the walls with candy bars to create the tow paths.
8. Cut the cake scraps to create a barge and place it in the water.

1 & 2

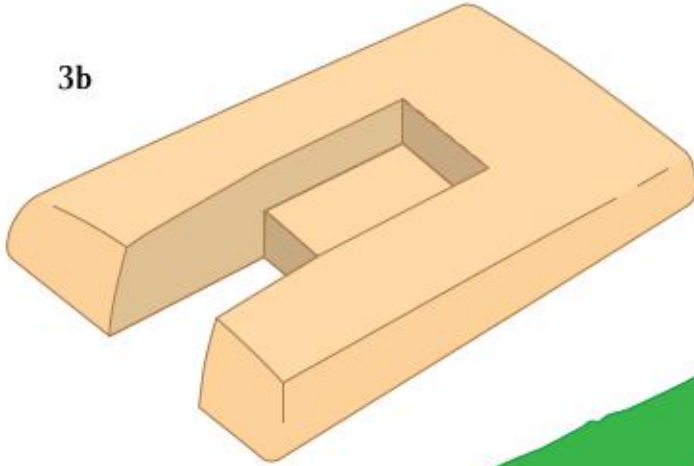


3a

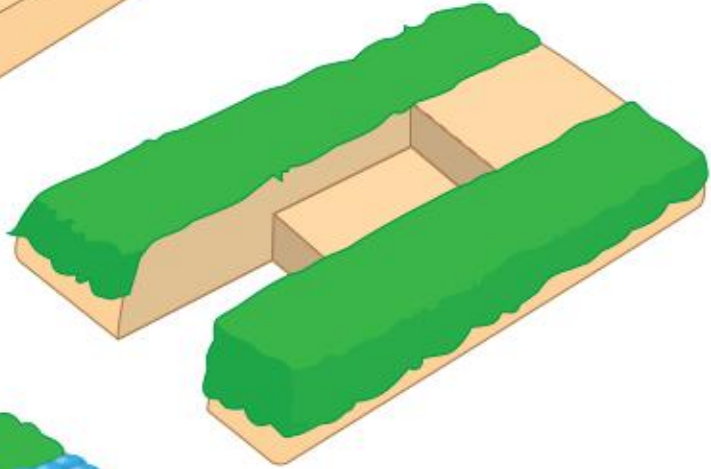




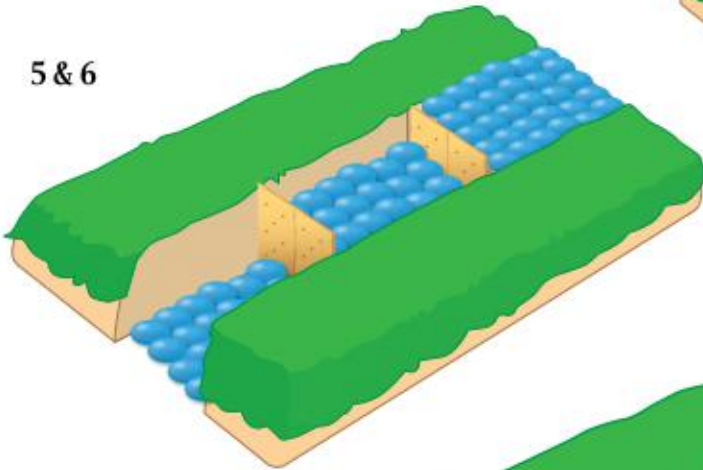
3b



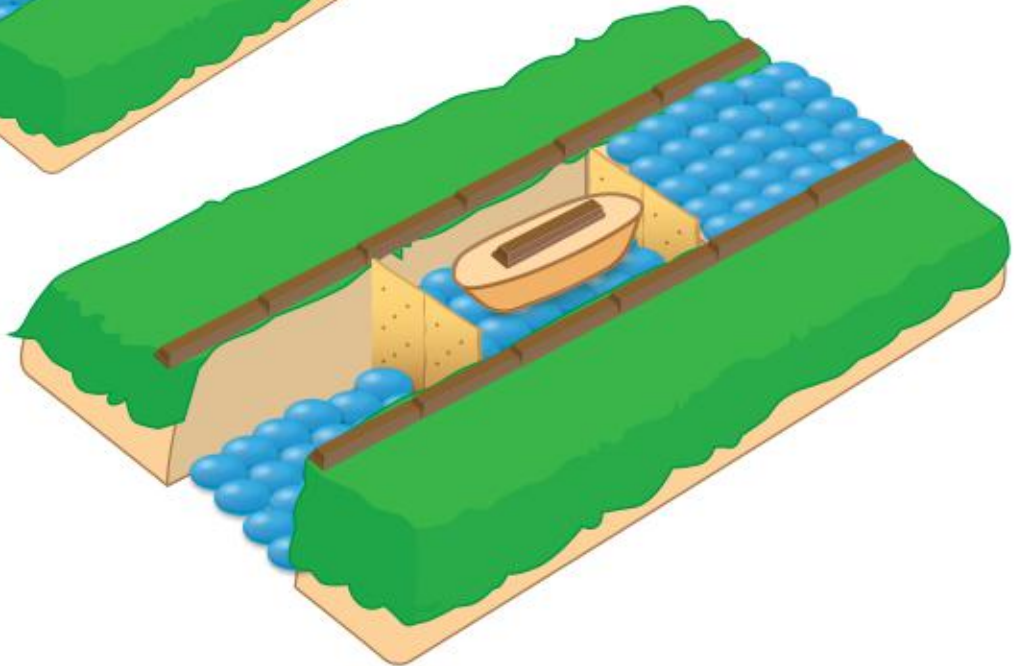
4



5&6



7&8



Jacksonian Democracy

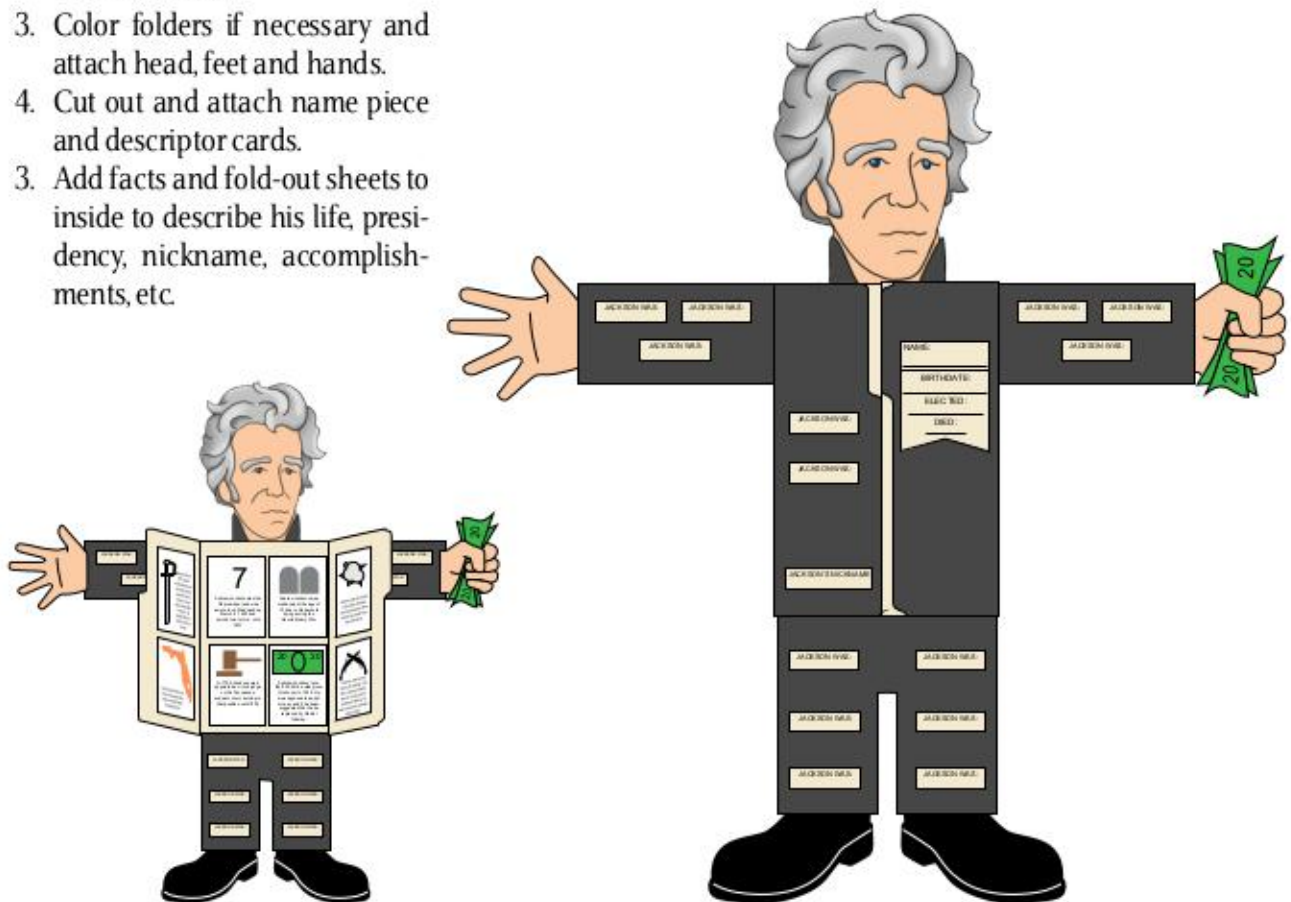
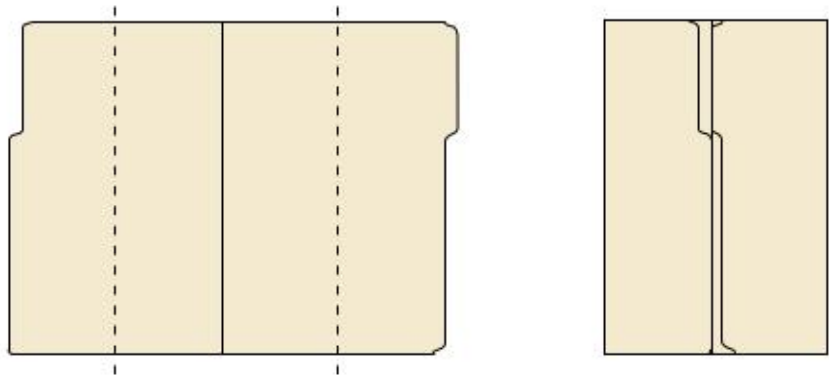
PROJECT—ANDREW JACKSON BODY BOOK

SUPPLIES

- 2 folders (manila or black)
- scissors or hobby knife
- white glue or glue stick
- white construction paper
- markers or colored pencils

DIRECTIONS

1. Open the folder and fold each side in half.
2. Cut out arms and legs from the other folder.
3. Color folders if necessary and attach head, feet and hands.
4. Cut out and attach name piece and descriptor cards.
3. Add facts and fold-out sheets to inside to describe his life, presidency, nickname, accomplishments, etc.



Jacksonian Democracy

PROJECT—ANDREW JACKSON BODY BOOK

NAME: _____
BIRTHDATE: _____
ELECTED: _____
DIED: _____

JACKSON'S NICKNAME

JACKSON WAS: <i>President</i>
JACKSON WAS:
JACKSON WAS:
JACKSON WAS:
JACKSON WAS:

JACKSON WAS:	JACKSON WAS:
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JACKSON WAS:	JACKSON WAS:
JACKSON WAS:	JACKSON WAS:
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Jacksonian Democracy

PROJECT—ANDREW JACKSON BODY BOOK





The Cotton Gin Establishes the South

PROJECT—COTTON PICKIN’

After reading the following material, make a “non-functional” model cotton gin.

Cotton Growing in the South

Cotton had been grown in the South for many years. It had been made on the plantations into a rough cloth. Very little had been sent away. The reason for this was that it took a very long time to separate the cotton fiber from the seed. One person working for a whole day could hardly clean more than a pound of cotton. Still, as time went on more cotton was grown. In 1784 a few bags of cotton were sent to England. The Englishmen promptly seized it because they did not believe that so much cotton could be grown in America. In 1791 nearly two hundred thousand pounds of cotton were exported from the South. Then came Whitney’s great invention, which entirely changed the whole history of the country.

Whitney’s Cotton Gin

Eli Whitney was a Connecticut schoolmaster. He went to Georgia to teach General Greene’s children. He was very ingenious, and one day Mrs. Greene suggested to him that he might make a machine which would separate the cotton fiber from the cotton seed. Whitney set to work and soon made an engine, or gin, as he called it, that would do this. The first machine was a rude affair,

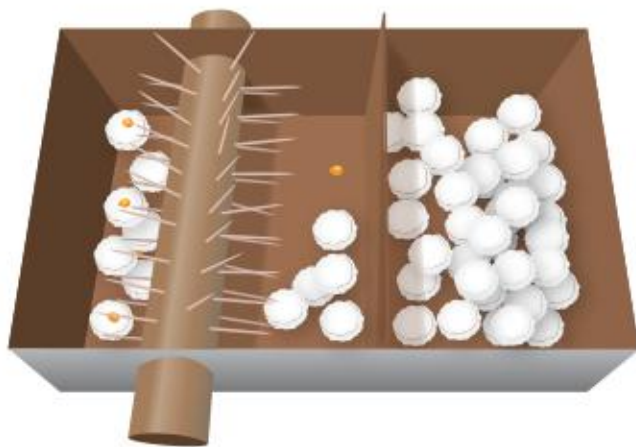
but with it one person could clean one hundred pounds of cotton in a day. Mrs. Greene’s neighbors promptly broke into Whitney’s shop and stole his machine. Whitney’s cotton gin made the growing of cotton profitable. Along with the invention of the steam locomotive and the reaper, no invention has so tremendously influenced the history of the United States.

SUPPLIES

shoebox
markers
paper towel tube
toothpicks
scissors or hobby knife
tape
cotton balls

DIRECTIONS

1. Measure the long sides of the shoebox and mark the center. Cut a piece of cardboard from the lid to fit vertically across the middle of the box. If desired, draw a grid pattern to represent the screen. Tape it into place.
2. Measure the diameter of the paper towel tube. Cut two holes, slightly larger than this diameter, in the long sides of the box, directly across from each other. Insert the tube through these holes.
3. Insert toothpicks in several rows all around the tube. (Slits may need to be cut in the tube first.)
4. Add cotton balls and “crank” your cotton gin!



Slavery in the South

PROJECT—NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Read the following account of Negro Spirituals by T. W. Higginson, abridged from Atlantic Monthly, Vol 19, June, 1867.

The war brought to some of us, besides its direct experiences, many a strange fulfillment of dreams of other days. For instance, the present writer had been a faithful student of the Scottish ballads, and had always envied Sir Walter the delight of tracing them out amid their own heather, and of writing them down piecemeal from the lips of aged crones. It was a strange enjoyment, therefore, to be suddenly brought into the midst of a kindred world of unwritten songs, as simple and indigenous as the Border Minstrelsy, more uniformly plaintive, almost always more quaint, and often as essentially poetic.

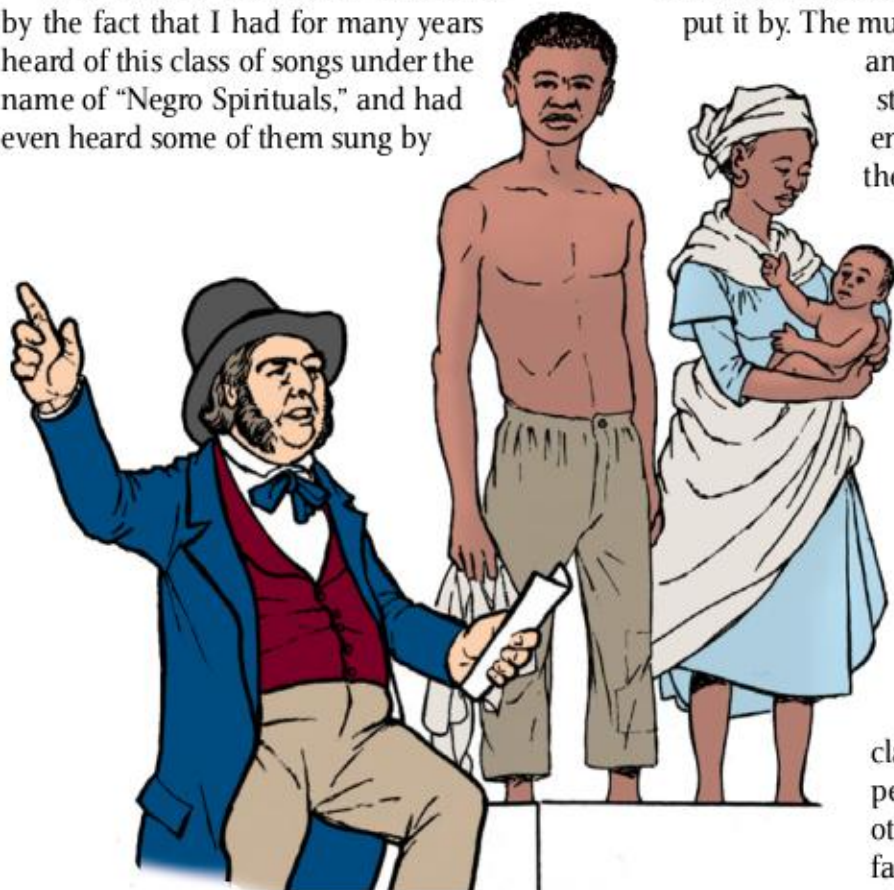
This interest was rather increased by the fact that I had for many years heard of this class of songs under the name of “Negro Spirituals,” and had even heard some of them sung by

friends from South Carolina. I could now gather on their own soil these strange plants, which I had before seen as in museums alone.

Often in the starlit evening I have returned, and, entering the camp, have silently approached some glimmering fire, round which the dusky figures moved in the rhythmical barbaric dance the negroes call a “shout,” chanting, often harshly, but always in the most perfect time, some monotonous refrain. Writing down in the darkness, as I best could—perhaps with my hand in the safe covert of my pocket—the words of the song, I have afterwards carried it to my tent, like some captured bird or insect, and then, after examination, put it by. The music I could only retain by ear, and though the more common strains were repeated often enough to fix their impression, there were others that occurred only once or twice.

The words will be here given, as nearly as possible, in the original dialect; and if the spelling seems sometimes inconsistent, or the misspelling insufficient, it is because I could get no nearer.

The favorite song in camp was the following—sung with no accompaniment but the measured clapping of hands and the clatter of many feet. It was sung perhaps twice as often as any other. This was partly due to the fact that it properly consisted



Slavery in the South

PROJECT—NEGRO SPIRITUALS

of a chorus alone, with which the verses of other songs might be combined at random.

HOLD YOUR LIGHT

Hold your light, Brudder Robert—Hold
your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.
What make ole Satan for follow me so?
Satan ain't got notin' for do wid me.
Hold your light,
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.

This would be sung for half an hour at a time, perhaps, each person present being named in turn. It seemed the simplest primitive type of "spiritual." The next in popularity was almost as elementary, and, like this, named successively each one of the circle. It was, however, much more resounding and convivial in its music.

BOUND TO GO

Jordan River, I'm bound to go,
Bound to go, bound to go—
Jordan River, I'm bound to go,
And bid 'em fare ye well.
My Sister Lucy, I'm bound to go, Bound to
go, &c.

Sometimes it was "tink 'em" (think them) "fare ye well." The "ye" was so detached that I thought at first it was "very" or "vary well."

By this time every man within hearing, from oldest to youngest, would be wriggling and shuffling, as if through some magic piper's bewitchment; for even those who at first affected contemptuous indifference would be drawn into the vortex ere long.

Almost all their songs were thoroughly religious in their tone, however quaint in their expression, and were in a minor key, both as to words and music. The attitude is always the same, and, as a commentary on the life of the race, is infinitely pathetic. Nothing but patience for this life—nothing but triumph in the next. Sometimes the present predominates, sometimes the future; but the combination is always implied. In the following, for instance, we hear simply the patience.

THIS WORLD ALMOST DONE

Brudder, keep your lamp trimmin'
and aburnin,
Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin,
Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin,
For dis world most done.
So keep your lamp, &c.
Dis world most done.



Slavery in the South

PROJECT—NEGRO SPIRITUALS

This next was a boat-song and timed well with the tug of the oar. It begins with a startling affirmation, yet the last line quite outdoes the first.

ONE MORE RIVER

O, Jordan bank was a great old bank!
Dere ain't but one more river to cross.
We have some valiant soldier here,
Dere ain't, &c.
O, Jordan stream will never run dry,
Dere ain't, &c.
Dere's a bill on my leff, and be catch on
my right,
Dere ain't but one more river to cross

I could get no explanation of this last riddle, except, "Dat mean, if you go on de leff, go to 'struction, and if you go on de right, go to God, for sure."

In others, more of spiritual conflict is implied, as in this next.

O THE DYING LAMB!

I wants to go where Moses trod,
O de dying Lamb!
For Moses gone to de promised land,
O de dying Lamb!
To drink from springs dat never run dry,
O, &c.
Cry O my Lord!
O, &c.
Before I'll stay in hell one day,
O, &c.
I'm in hopes to pray my sins away,
O, &c.
Cry O my Lord!
O, &c.
Brudder Moses promised for be dar too,
O, &c.
To drink from streams dat never run dry, O de

dying Lamb!

In the next, the conflict is at its height, and the lurid imagery of the Apocalypse is brought to bear. This book, with the books of Moses, constituted their Bible; all that lay between, even the narratives of the life of Jesus, they hardly cared to read or to hear.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

We'll run and never tire,
We'll run and never tire,
We'll run and never tire,
Jesus set poor sinners free.
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me?
You've heern talk of Jesus,
Who set poor sinners free.
De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
Jesus set poor sinners free.
I can't stand de fire. (Thrice.)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
De green trees a-flamin'. (Thrice.)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me?
You've heern talk of Jesus
Who set poor sinners free.

"De valley" and "de lonesome valley" were familiar words in their religious experience. One of the most singular pictures of future joys, and with a fine flavor of hospitality about it, was this:

WALK 'EM EASY

O, walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Walk 'em easy round de heaven,

Slavery in the South

PROJECT — NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Dat all de people may join de band.

Walk 'em easy round de heaven. (Thrice.)
O, shout glory till 'em join dat band!

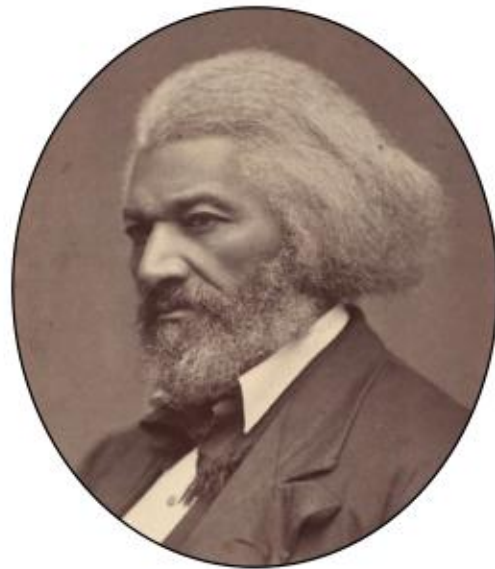
The chorus was usually the greater part of the song, and often came in paradoxically, thus:

O YES, LORD
O, must I be like de foolish mans?
O yes, Lord!
Will build de house on de sandy bill.
O yes, Lord!
I'll build my house on Zion bill,
O yes, Lord!
No wind nor rain can blow me down
O yes, Lord!

The next is one of the wildest and most striking of the whole series: there is a mystical effect and a passionate striving throughout the whole. The Scriptural struggle between Jacob and the angel, which is only dimly expressed in the words, seems all uttered in the music. I think it impressed my imagination more powerfully than any other of these songs.

WRESTLING JACOB

O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day's a-breakin';
I will not let thee go!
wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day's a-breakin';
He will not let me go!
O, I hold my brudder wid a
tremblin' hand;
I would not let him go
I hold my sister wid a tremblin' hand;
I would not let her go!
O, Jacob do hang from a tremblin' limb,
He would not let him go!



O, Jacob do hang from a
tremblin' limb;
De Lord will bless my soul,
wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob," &c.

The [next song] contains one of those odd transformations of proper names with which their Scriptural citations were often enriched. It rivals their text, "Paul may plant, and may polish wid water," in which the sainted Apollos would hardly have recognized himself.

IN THE MORNING

In de mornin',
Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
If I had a-died when I was young
I never would had de race for run,
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
"O Sam and Peter was fishin' in de sea,
And dey drop de net and
follow my Lord.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
Dere's a silver spade for to
dig my grave
And a golden chain for to let me down.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?
In de mornin',
In de mornin',

Slavery in the South

PROJECT—NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!
Don't you hear de trumpet sound?

Some of the songs had played an historic part during the war. For singing the next, for instance, the negroes had been put in jail in Georgetown, S.C., at the outbreak of the Rebellion. "We'll soon be free," was too dangerous an assertion; though the chant was an old one, it was no doubt sung with redoubled emphasis during the new events. "De Lord will call us home," was evidently thought to be a symbolical verse; for, as a little drummer-boy explained to me, showing all his white teeth as he sat in the moonlight by the door of my tent, "Dey tink de Lord mean for say de Yankees."

WE'LL SOON BE FREE

We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long
My brudder, how long
My brudder, how long
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
It won't be long (Thrice.)
For de Lord will call us home.
We'll walk de miry road (Thrice.)
Where pleasure never dies.
We'll walk de golden street (Thrice.)
Where pleasure never dies.
My brudder, how long (Thrice.)
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
We'll soon be free (Thrice.)
When Jesus sets me free.
We'll fight for liberty (Thrice.)
When de Lord will call us home.
One day when I was being rowed across from

Beaufort to Ladies' Island, I found myself, with delight, on the actual trail of a song. One of the oarsmen, a brisk young fellow, not a soldier, on being asked for his theory of [the origin of negro spirituals], dropped out a coy confession. "Some good spirituals," he said, "are start jess out o' curiosity. I been a-raise a sing myself, once."

My dream was fulfilled, and I had traced out, not the poem alone, but the poet. I implored him to proceed.

Then he began singing and the men, after listening a moment, joined in the chorus as if it were an old acquaintance, though they evidently had never heard it before. I saw how easily a new "sing" took root among them. One of the songs consisted simply in the endless repetition of the mysterious line,

"Rain fall and wet Becky Martin."

But who Becky Martin was, and why she should or should not be wet, and whether the dryness was a reward or a penalty, none could say. I got the impression that, in either case, the event was posthumous, and that there was some tradition of grass not growing over the grave of a sinner; but even this was vague, and all else vaguer.

Another song I heard but once, on a morning when a squad of men came in from picket duty and chanted it in the most rousing way.

HANGMAN JOHNNY

O, dey call me Hangman Johnny!
O, ho! O, ho!
But I never hang nobody,
O, hang boys, hang
O, dey call me Hangman Johnny

Slavery in the South

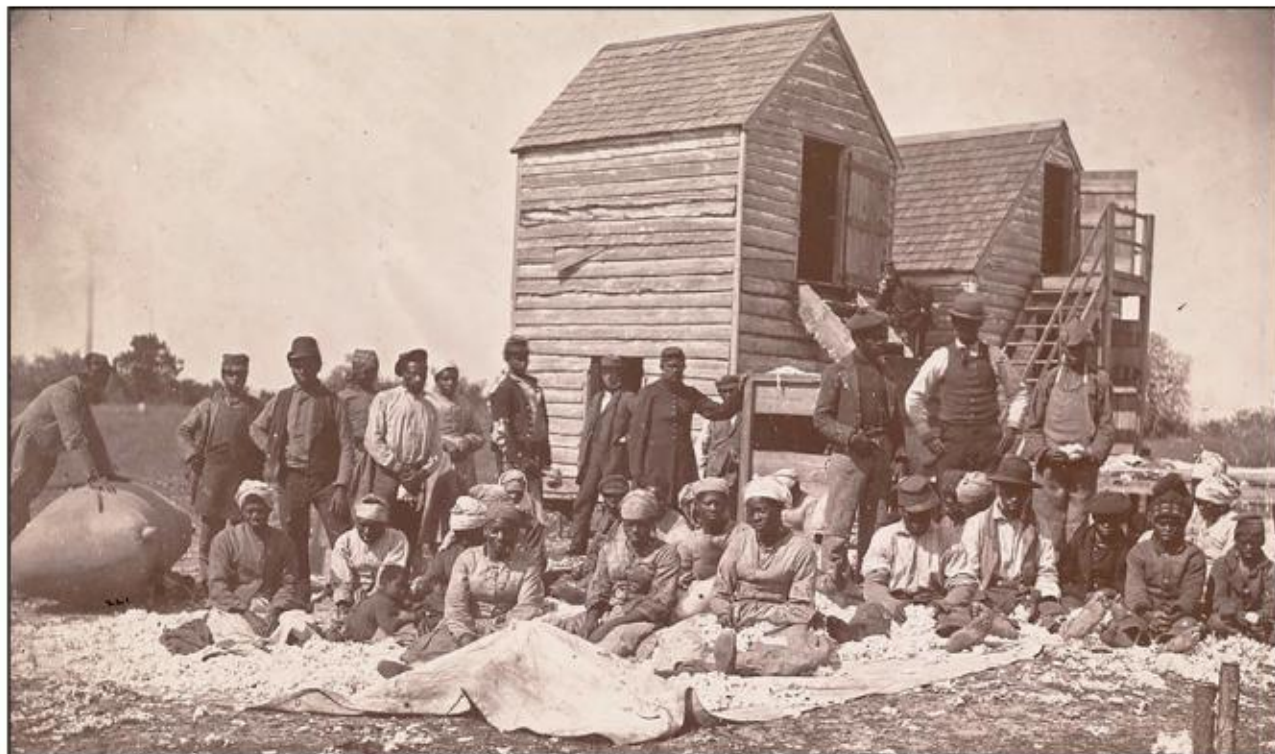
PROJECT—NEGRO SPIRITUALS

O, ho! O, ho!
But we'll all hang togedder,
O, hang boys, hang.

As they learned all their songs by ear, they often strayed into wholly new versions, which sometimes became popular, and entirely banished the others. "Hangman Johnny" remained always a myth as inscrutable as "Becky Martin."

These quaint religious songs were to the men more than a source of relaxation; they were a stimulus to courage and a tie to heaven. I never overheard in camp a profane or vulgar song. With the trifling exceptions given, all had a religious motive, while the most secular melody could not have been more exciting. They sang reluctantly, even on Sunday, the long and short metres of the hymnbooks,



always gladly yielding to the more potent excitement of their own "spirituals." By these they could sing themselves, as had their fathers before them, out of the contemplation of their own low estate, into the sublime scenery of the Apocalypse. I remember that this minor-keyed pathos used to seem to me almost too sad to dwell upon, while slavery seemed destined to last for generations; but now that their patience has had its perfect work, history cannot afford to lose this portion of its record. There is no parallel instance of an oppressed race thus sustained by the religious sentiment alone. These songs are but the vocal expression of the simplicity of their faith and the sublimity of their long resignation.



Slavery in the South

PROJECT—SLAVE AND FREE STATES

Using the key below, color the free states and territories blue.
Color the slave states and territories orange.



-  = Free states and territories
-  = Slave states and territories



Slavery in the South

PROJECT—SLAVE AND FREE STATES

Using the key below, color the free states and territories green.
Color the slave states and territories red.



-  = Free states and territories
-  = Slave states and territories

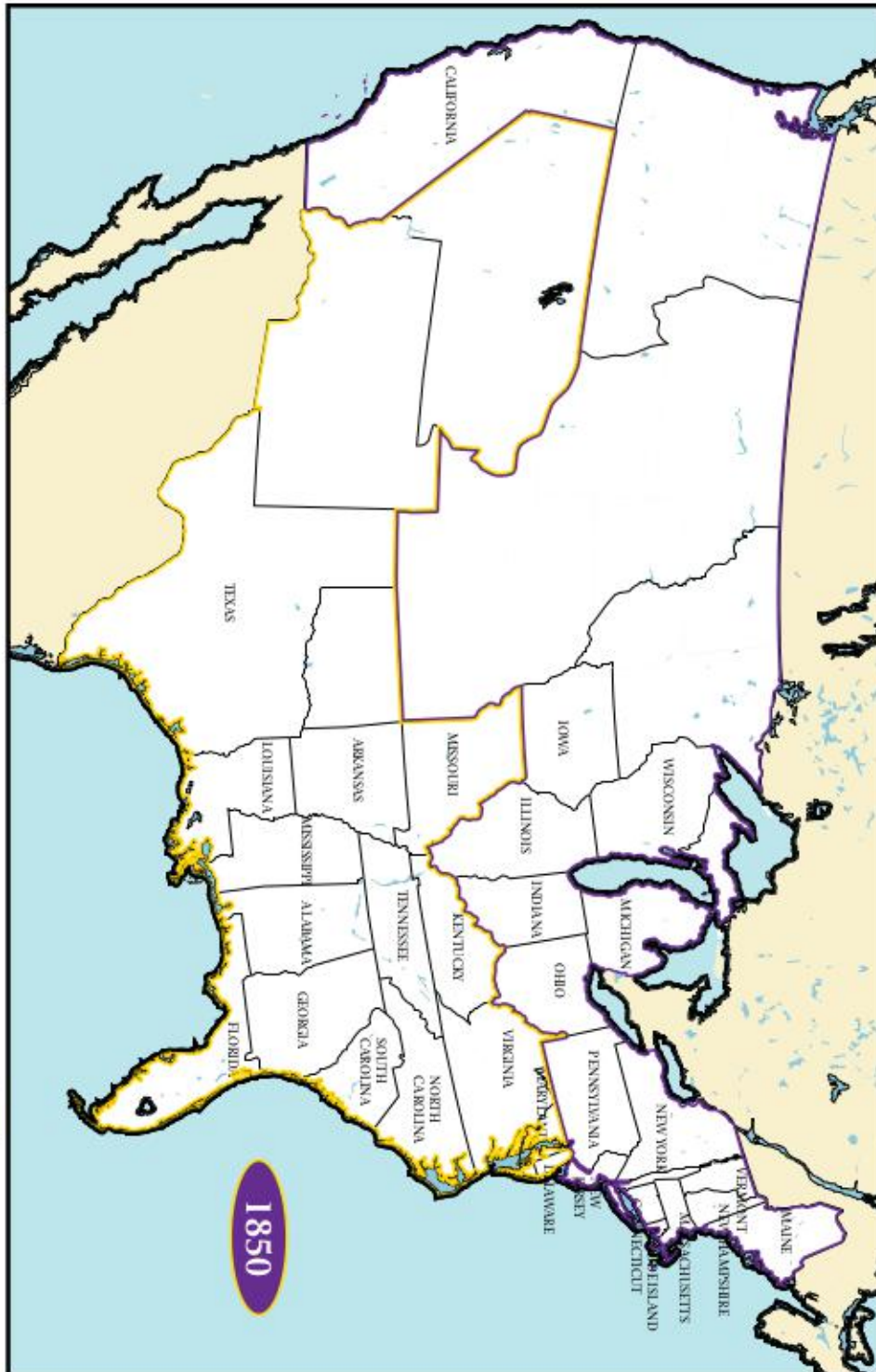


Slavery in the South

PROJECT—SLAVE AND FREE STATES

*Using the key below, color the free states and territories purple.
Color the slave states and territories yellow.*

-  = Free states and territories
-  = Slave states and territories



The Cherokee Trail of Tears

PROJECT—WAMPUM NECKLACE

Wampum were small beads made from polished shells, such as clam shells. They were strung together into belts or strands and used by the Indians as money or jewelry in ceremonies. Below you can see a picture of a wampum belt used as an early token of agreement between the United States and Cherokees regarding the exchange of eastern and western lands.

We will be making a paper wampum necklace. You may want to have some mothers make some cookies and brownies and give each child a certain amount of wampum. They could then purchase the goodies with wampum. During the week you might also want to have some extra credit projects in order to earn more wampum.



SUPPLIES

wallpaper, gift wrap

scissors

glue

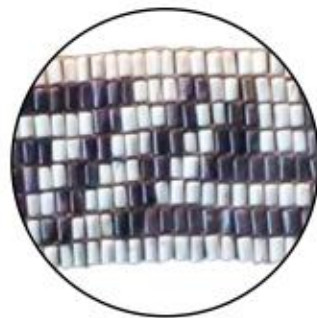
skewer sticks

(sold in packages at grocery stores)

pencil or pen

wampum pattern

elastic thread



DIRECTIONS

1. Cut long, narrow strips of wallpaper/gift wrap.
2. Wrap a strip of paper around the skewer.
3. Glue the end of the paper to finish the "bead."
4. Remove skewer and allow the paper bead to dry.
5. After making about twenty beads, string them on the elastic thread.
6. Tie a knot in the ends to form the necklace.

The Cherokee Trail of Tears

PROJECT—FROM THE TRAIL

Below you will read two different sources of information on the Cherokee “Trail of Tears.” The first is a letter written by a young Cherokee girl, written to her friend as she awaited being moved from her home. The second is an article written in The Register by Theodore Pease Russell. When he was 19, the Cherokee Trail of Tears touched his life, as Indians were driven from their towns in the southeast United States to Indian Territory. He later wrote down his encounters in The Register a half century later.

Red Clay Cherokee Nation, March 10, 1838

Beloved Martha,

I have delayed writing to you so long I expect you have relinquished all thought of receiving anything from me. But my Dear Martha I have not forgotten my promise. I have often wished to enjoy your company once more, but it is very uncertain whether I shall ever again have that pleasure.

If we Cherokees are to be driven to the west by the cruel hand of oppression to seek a new home in the west, it will be impossible. My father is now in Washington City. He was one of the delegates who went to Florida last October. We do not know when he will return.

Not long since, Mr. Stephen Forman received a letter from Father. He was absent when the letter came home, and before he arrived the troops had been there and taken it to the Agency, given it to General Smith, and he handed it around for all to read. It is thus all our rights are invaded.

About two months ago my youngest brother died. He was sick almost two months. I was not at home when he died but they sent for me to attend his funeral. He was burnt very badly last fall and it is very likely his death was occasioned by it, however we do not exactly know.

It will not be long before our next (school) vacation. Then we expect to go home. Perhaps it may be the last time we shall have the privilege of attending school in this nation. But we are not certain. If we should remove to the Arkansas I should still hope to continue our correspondence. Please to present my best respects to your father and family, Miss E. Jones and Miss Betsey Tirtle. Write with me in love to you.

Your sincere friend,

Jane Bushyhead

The Cherokee Trail of Tears

PROJECT—FROM THE TRAIL

From *The Register*

The government removed the Cherokee Indians from Georgia to the Indian Reservation (territory in Oklahoma) in 1839. I remember February of that year, a division of the Ross party came through this valley and camped on Knob Creek, a camp extending from the Half-Way House along the west bank of the creek at the foot of Shepherd Mountain for nearly a mile. It was a muddy time.

There were about 2,000 Indians in this division. All of the others had gone by way of Farmington, but the roads were so bad that this last division had come this way along the Fredericktown road, and such a road at that time! A few days before the Indians came a man arrived to find suitable camping spots and supplies such as corn, oats, and fodder for their teams. There were so few people in the Arcadia Valley then there was only one man who had much to spare. But Abram Buford had a large crib of old corn, oats and fodder which were to be delivered at the place now owned by Judge Emerson. Mr. Buford hired father to send me with a team to haul oats and fodder, while his team hauled corn.

As the Indians came in they were furnished rations by lodges, each lodge to receive so much corn, oats and fodder, after which they camped at the place assigned them. They received no other rations; the hunters supplied meat out of the woods. Each morning when the Indians broke camp they were told how far they had to go and in what direction. The hunters spread out like a fan and started through the woods toward the next camping place, about ten miles ahead, and swept everything before them in the way of game. During the day deer could be seen running as if Old Scratch was after them across fields and roads.

About four o'clock I had finished hauling, so the Commissary Agent asked me if I did not want

to go see the Indians in camp; he told me to let one of the boys take my team home, and he would show me how Indians lived. When we reached camp we found the first lodge close by what was to be Half-Way House. As each lodge came in to camp it went on beyond earlier arrivals until the last arrival was furthest in advance and so the first to move on in the morning.

As we came to each lodge, the commissary officer would explain everything. I saw families cooking supper, and noticed at each lodge a large tree had been felled by the body of which they had built their fire. On the butts of the logs I saw square holes that would hold about four quarts.

"Do you know what that is for?" the officer asked. "That is their grist mill; they shell corn into the hole, take that big pounder you see there, and pound the corn until it is fine enough, then they sift it and make bread."

We went along until we came to a squaw pounding corn. She soon dipped out the grain into a sieve, sifted out the finest of the meal, then put the rest back to be pounded again. It did not take long to make enough meal for bread for all the lodge.

The officer called my attention to girls dressed in silks and satins, their ears loaded with jewelry, their hair done up. I said, "Surely these are not Indians; these are white ladies."

"These are Indians," said the officer. "Those negroes doing the cooking are their slaves."

The Cherokee girls were just as handsome as any girls and had fine forms, straight as an arrow.

As we walked on, we saw hunters coming from every direction, loaded down with game; some used guns but the most that I saw had bows and arrows. We met one Indian with a string of fox squirrels, every one of them with a hole through its neck made by an arrow. Some hunters had deer, some turkeys or small game. The officer asked an Indian

The Cherokee Trail of Tears

PROJECT—FROM THE TRAIL

to let me see his bow and arrows. I would have liked to buy them, but I did not feel that I cared to talk to him much.

I saw a group of boys at play, but did not know what some of their games were. Some were pitching arrows, while some of the larger were shooting at a target on a tree with their bows; it was surprising how close they shot. I was shown how they make bows, how they fashioned arrows to the shafts, and how the points were fastened on.

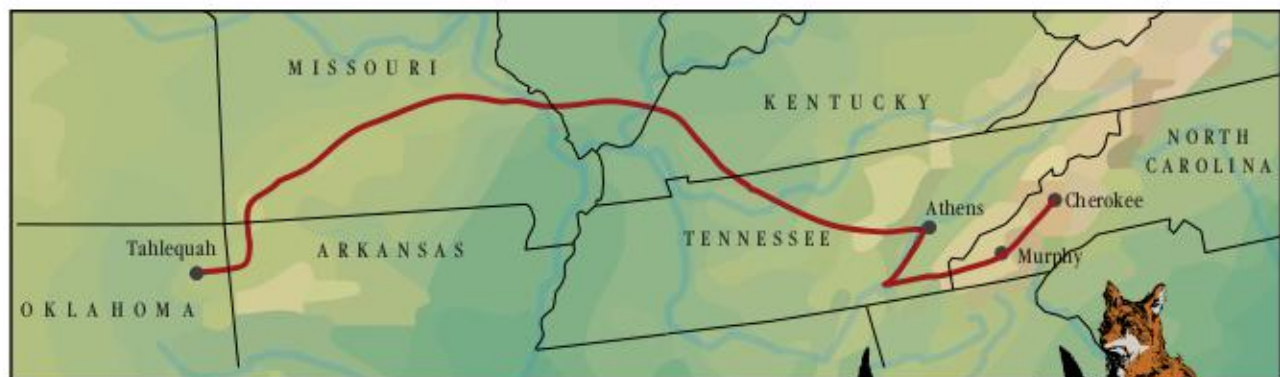
I saw a group of girls playing at a sort of battledore. When I heard the laughter of the boys and girls, I could hardly realise I was in an Indian camp, among people who had been called savages. But I also noticed that many of the old men and women did wear a savage look and seemed as though their hearts were full of hate toward the white race, and they would be glad to take your scalp if it were in their power to do so.

After strolling the length of the camp, with all the lodges up and it being after dark, we loitered back on a return trip. It was the duty of the officer to see to all the camp affairs just like a policeman in the city; for the Cherokee were under regulation

as strict as if they were white. Some of the families were at supper, and their tables were set with just as nice dishes; the food looked as good and smelt as good as any white folks. I felt I would like to sit down at one of their tables and be an Indian.

Back at our starting point the officer took my hand and said, "Now you have seen the Indians in camp, if you would like to be one, or join them, we will take you along and you can marry one of these girls; they will make a chief of you, for Indian girls think it an honor to have a white husband. What do you say? Will you go?"

I finally told him I would go home and ask my ma, and see what she said. And as it was against the rules for anyone who did not belong to the company to be found inside the camp after 9 o'clock, I bade my conductor good bye and started for home through the mud and darkness, tired, hungry and sleepy.



The Cherokee Trail of Tears

PROJECT—INDIAN CLOTHING

Make an Indian outfit by following these instructions.

The Indian's suit was usually made of buckskin. It always consisted of leggings and a shirt or coat. He also wore moccasins and a war bonnet to match his suit. The suit is easily imitated by using yellow cambric. The shirt and leggings can be cut to fit the particular boy or girl. By folding the cloth, the leggings (picture 1) may be made with a single seam, as shown. The outer edges should be fringed. It is easier to let the cloth project about two inches beyond this seam. This may be cut into fringe with a pair of scissors, as shown in the illustration.

The shirt or coat (picture 2) is a simple garment. It is made to open from the neck over the shoulders. It may be fringed both at the sides and under the arms. The leggings and shirt are drawn over the other clothing and fastened with safety pins. The Indian way was to lace the shirt at the shoulders and fasten each legging to the belt with a strap as shown in picture 1. A bright-colored blanket can be used for a girl's costume. It should be thrown over two shoulders and fastened about the waist with a belt.

When this costume is used, the face may be painted. This is done by first rubbing the skin well with petroleum jelly and then using Venetian red. The whole of the boy's face is painted, but only the cheeks of the girls are decorated. Indians did not paint the face or body for mere ornament, as each

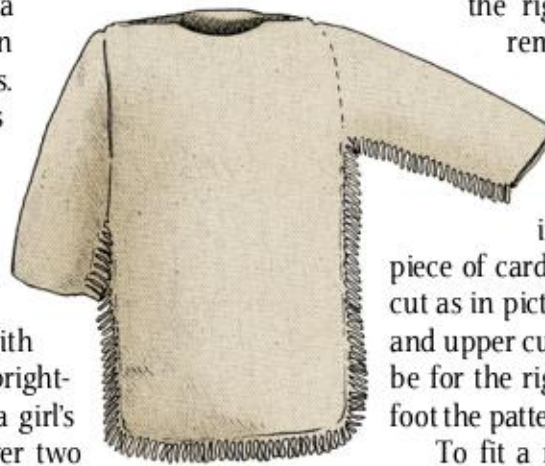
color had a meaning pertaining to their religious thoughts.

There are several forms of moccasins, or Indian shoes. Those used by the prairie tribes had three parts, namely the sole, the upper and the tongue. The soles were usually made of thick rawhide, while the tongues and uppers were made of buckskin. As an imitation to leather, white canvas may be used for the tongue and upper, while the sole may be cut from a piece of very thick felt. To determine the exact size of the pattern for the soles of the moccasins the boy or girl should first place the right foot, with the shoe removed, upon a piece of cardboard. The outline is drawn with a pencil, and this is cut out with a pair of scissors as in picture 3. From another piece of cardboard, the upper may be cut as in picture 4. Of course, the sole and upper cut from these patterns will be for the right foot only. For the left foot the patterns are turned over.

To fit a normal-sized child seven years of age, the length of the sole, AB (picture 3), should be about eight inches; the width, CD, about three inches; and the width of heel, EF, about two inches. The upper (picture 4) should measure about nine inches at GH; and the width, IJ, about four inches. Then make the cuts KL and MH with a pair of scissors. The first, which is halfway between the toe and heel should be



1. Fringed leggings




2. The Indian shirt



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