



Voices of the Revolution

*"We always had governed ourselves,
and we always meant to."*

farmer at the Battle of Lexington, April 1775

*"The flame is kindled and like lightning
it catches from Soul to Soul."*

Abigail Adams

*"I know not what course others
may take, but as for me, give me
liberty or give me death!"*

Patrick Henry





Pulling Down the Statue of George III at Bowling Green (New York City), by William Walcutt

Voices of the Revolution

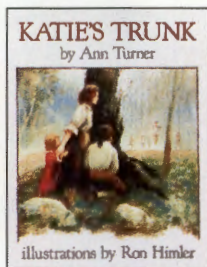
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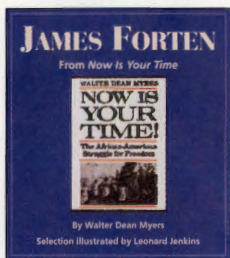
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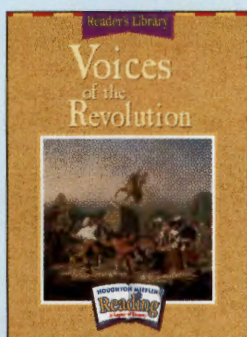
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Reader's Library

- Bunker's Cove
- The Drummer Boy
- Deborah Sampson: Soldier of the Revolution

Theme Paperbacks

Daughter of Liberty

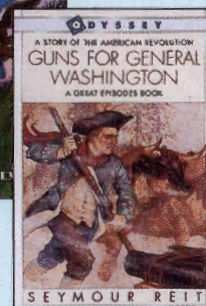
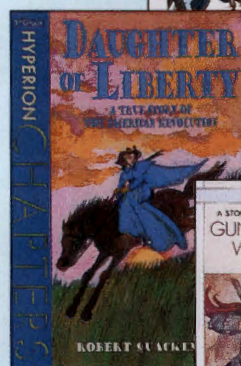
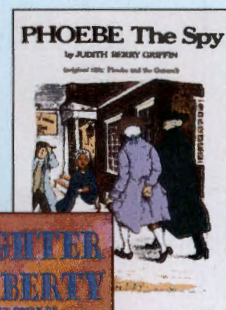
by Robert Quackenbush

Phoebe the Spy

by Judith Berry Griffin

Guns for General Washington

by Seymour Reit



Book Links

If you like . . .



And Then What Happened, Paul Revere?

by Jean Fritz

Then try . . .

Can't You Make Them Behave, King George?

by Jean Fritz (Putnam)

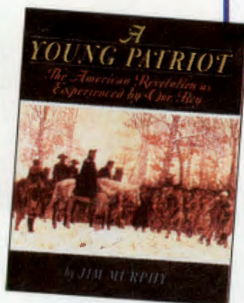
The colonists' rebellion is seen from the perspective of King George III, who imposed taxes that enraged the colonists.



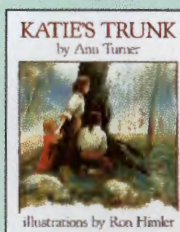
A Young Patriot

by Jim Murphy (Clarion)

Using the original journal entries of a soldier in the Continental army, the author records the hardships of war.



If you like . . .



Katie's Trunk

by Ann Turner

Then try . . .

Toliver's Secret

by Esther Wood Brady (Random)

Dressed as a boy, ten-year-old Toliver slips past British sentries to deliver secret military information for her Patriot uncle.



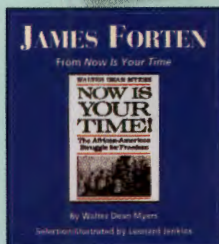
If You Lived at the Time of the American Revolution

by Kay Moore (Scholastic)

Discover what life was like, especially for children, during the Revolution, when some families were Patriots and others were Loyalists, supporting King George III.



If you like . . .



James Forten

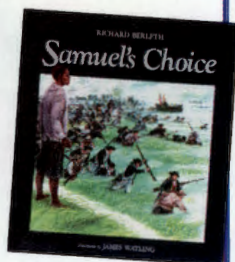
by Walter Dean Myers

Then try . . .

Samuel's Choice

by Richard Berleth (Whitman)

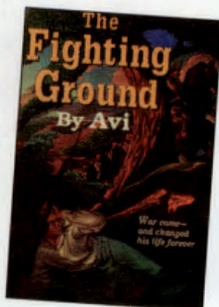
A young African American slave in Brooklyn Heights must decide what to do when the fighting gets closer, and only he can help the rebels against the British.



The Fighting Ground

by Avi (Harper)

Thirteen-year-old Jonathan, eager to fight the British, discovers that war is not all fame and glory.



Technology

At Education Place


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...

At school

Read at school and take a quiz.

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Read at home and log on to

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And Then What Happened, Paul Revere?



On the Brink of War

Between 1765 and 1770, people in the thirteen American **colonies** grew tired of being ruled by England. When the English king ordered more **taxes**, the colonists found ways to **oppose** him. *And Then What Happened, Paul Revere?* shows how one American **Patriot** helped begin a **revolution** to end English rule.



◀ The colonists showed their hatred of unfair taxes wherever possible — even on teapots!



▲ King George III sent soldiers to make the colonists obey his laws. In protest, Paul Revere created this picture of English ships arriving in Boston Harbor in 1768.

California Standards

Standards to Achieve

Reading

- Discern main ideas (R2.3)
- Inferences/ generalizations (R2.4)
- Evaluate author's techniques (R3.7)

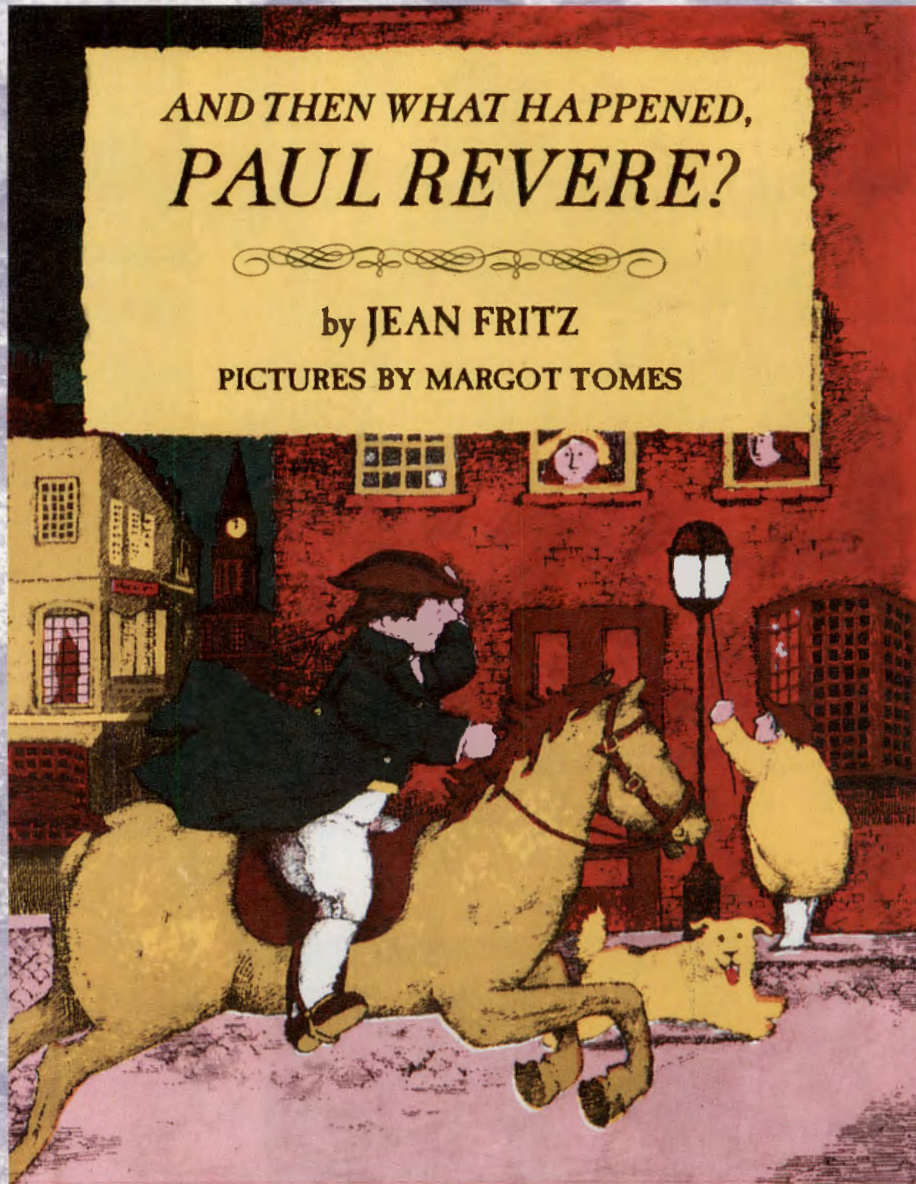


▲ New England farmers prepared to fight the British on a moment's notice. That moment arrived on April 19, 1775, when the first shots of the American Revolution were fired in Lexington, Massachusetts.



◀ The Patriots came from many backgrounds and professions. Paul Revere, shown in this portrait by John Singleton Copley, was a silversmith and an **express** rider, spreading news of Patriot and British activities.

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Strategy Focus

As you read, evaluate the way Jean Fritz describes Paul Revere. How well do you think she tells the story of his life?



In 1735 there were in Boston 42 streets, 36 lanes, 22 alleys, 4,000 houses, 12 churches, 4 schools, 418 horses (at the last count), and so many dogs that a law was passed prohibiting people from having dogs that were more than 10 inches high. But it was difficult to keep dogs from growing more than 10 inches, and few people cared to part with their 11- and 12-inch dogs, so they paid little attention to the law. In any case there were too many dogs to count.

Along with the horses, streets, and alleys, there were, of course, people in Boston — about 15,000. Four of them lived in a small wooden house on North Street near Love Lane. They were Mr. Revere, a gold and silversmith; his wife, Deborah; their daughter, Deborah; and their young son, Paul Revere, born the first day of the new year.

Of all the busy people in Boston, Paul Revere would turn out to be one of the busiest. All his life he found that there was more to do, more to make, more to see, more to hear, more to say, more places to go, more to learn than there were hours in the day.



In Boston there was always plenty to see. Ships were constantly coming and going, unloading everything from turtles to chandeliers. Street vendors were constantly crying their wares — everything from fever pills to hair oil to oysters. From time to time there were traveling acrobats, performing monkeys, parades, firework displays, and fistfights.

Once there was a pickled pirate's head on exhibit; once there was a polar bear.

And there was plenty for Paul to do. When he was a teenager, his father died, and Paul took over the silversmithing business. He made beads, rings, lockets, bracelets, buttons, medals, pitchers, teapots, spoons, sugar baskets, cups, ewers, porringers, shoe buckles, and candlesticks.

Once he made a silver collar for a man's pet squirrel.

To make extra money, he took a job ringing the bells in Christ Church. In Boston, church bells were rung not just on Sundays but three times a day on weekdays, at special hours on holidays and anniversaries, for fires and emergencies, whenever a member of the congregation died, and whenever there was especially good news or especially bad news to announce. Sometimes at a moment's notice word would come that the bells were to be rung, and off Paul would run, his hat clapped to his head, his coattails flying.



Busy as he was, Paul liked to do new things. If there was excitement around, he liked to find it. In the spring of 1756, when Paul was twenty-one years old, there was, as it happened, a war close by, and Paul didn't want to miss it. French soldiers, along with Indians, were attacking the borders of the colonies. So Paul grabbed his rifle, buckled on his sword, clapped his hat to his head, and off he went — coattails flying — to defend Fort William Henry on Lake George.

And what happened?

Paul spent the summer sitting around, cleaning his rifle and polishing his sword. And swatting flies. There were thousands of flies at Lake George that summer. But there were no French or Indians.

In November the Massachusetts men were sent home. Paul went back to Boston, married Sarah Orne, and began filling up his house with children. There were Deborah, Paul, Sarah, Mary, Frances, and Elizabeth (in addition to two babies who died young). Then Sarah died, and Paul married Rachel Walker, and along came Joshua, Joseph, Harriet, Maria, and John (in addition to three more babies who died young).



Paul kept putting up new chairs at the kitchen table, and now in addition to making buckles, spoons, cups, and all the other silver items, Paul had to find new ways to make money. So he engraved portraits, produced bookplates, sold pictures, made picture frames, brought out hymnbooks, and became a dentist. "Artificial Teeth. Paul Revere," he advertised. "He fixes them in such a Manner that they are not only an Ornament, but of real Use in Speaking and Eating."

You would think that with all Paul Revere did, he would make mistakes. But he always remembered to put spouts on his teapots and handles on his cups.

The false teeth that he whittled out of hippopotamus tusk looked just fine.

Generally when he did arithmetic in his Day Book, he got the right answers.

Of course, sometimes there were so many different things to do that he forgot what he was doing. In the beginning of a new Day Book, he wrote, "This is my book for me to —", but he never finished the sentence.

Sometimes he was in such a hurry that his writing looked sloppy. At the end of a letter he would write, "Pray excuse my scrawl."

Sometimes he was late for his work. There was a hymnbook, for instance, that didn't come out until eighteen months after he promised it.

Once he built a barn and by mistake put part of it on a neighbor's property.

Still, Paul Revere wasn't always at work. Occasionally he just dreamed. There was one page in his Day Book that he used simply for doodling.

But beginning in 1765, there was no time for doodling. The French had stopped bothering America, but now the English were causing trouble, telling the colonies they couldn't do this and couldn't do that, slapping on taxes, one after another. First there was a tax on printed matter — newspapers, diplomas, marriage licenses. When this was withdrawn, there was a tax on tea, glass, printers' colors, and paper. The one tax England would never give up was the tax on tea.

And what did Paul Revere do about it?

He became a leader of the Sons of Liberty, a secret club that found interesting ways to oppose the English.

One of Paul's busiest nights was December 16, 1773. He prepared for it by smearing his face with red paint and lampblack, pulling a tight stockinglike covering over his head, and draping a ragged blanket over his shoulders. Then he picked up his ax and joined other Sons of Liberty, all pretending to be Indians, all carrying axes.

And what were they up to?



They were going to make sure that no one in Boston would pay taxes on the three shiploads of tea that had just arrived from England. So they marched on board the ships, hauled the chests of tea onto the decks, broke them open with their axes, and dumped the tea — 10,000 pounds of it — into Boston Harbor. It was all done in an orderly fashion. No one was hurt; no other cargo was touched; the ships were unharmed. (There was only one minor incident when a man, found stuffing tea into the lining of his coat, had to be punished.)

When the Sons of Liberty finished, they marched home, washed their faces, and went to bed.

But not Paul Revere. Someone had to ride to New York and Philadelphia and spread the news. And Paul was picked to do it.

So off he galloped, his hat clapped to his head, his coattails flying. From Boston to Cambridge to Watertown to Worcester to Hartford (*watch out, dogs on the road! watch out, chickens!*) to New York to Philadelphia he went. And back. 63 miles a day. (This was not swatting flies!)

He was back in Boston on the eleventh day, long before anyone expected him.

Paul Revere became Massachusetts' Number One express rider between Boston and Philadelphia. He also became a secret agent. In the winter of 1774 it looked more and more as if the English soldiers in Boston meant to make war on America, and Paul's job was to try to find out the English plans.

He was far too busy now to write in his Day Book. He was too busy to make many silver teapots or to whittle many teeth. Instead, he patrolled the streets at night, delivered messages to Philadelphia, and kept himself ready at all times to warn the countryside.

Sometimes on his missions things went just right. He got past the sentries, got through the snow, kept his horse on the road, and kept himself on his horse.

Sometimes things went poorly. Once the English found him in a rowboat snooping around Castle Island in Boston Harbor. So they stopped him, questioned him, and locked him up. He stayed locked up for two days and three nights.

But all his rides, Paul knew, were small compared to the Big Ride that lay ahead. Nothing should go wrong with this one. In the spring, everyone agreed, the English would march into the countryside and really start fighting. And when they did, Paul Revere would have to be ahead of them.

On Saturday, April 15, spring, it seemed, had arrived. Boats for moving troops had been seen on the Charles River. English scouts had been observed on the road to Lexington and Concord. A stableboy had overheard two officers making plans.

At about 10 o'clock on Tuesday night, April 18, Dr. Joseph Warren, who was directing Patriot activities in Boston, sent for Paul Revere. Other messengers had been dispatched for Lexington and Concord by longer routes. Paul was to go, as planned, the same way the English were going — across the Charles River. He was to alarm the citizens so they could arm themselves, and he was to inform John Hancock and Samuel Adams, Boston's two Patriot leaders who were staying in Lexington. And Paul was to leave now.

He had already arranged a quick way of warning the people of Charlestown across the river. Two lanterns were to be hung in the steeple of the North Church if the English were coming by water; one lantern if they were coming by land.

So Paul asked a friend to rush to the North Church. "Two lanterns," he told him. "Now."

Then he ran home, flung open the door, pulled on his boots, grabbed his coat, kissed his wife, told the children to be good, and off he went — his hat clapped to his head, his coattails flying. He was in such a hurry that he left the door open, and his dog got out.

On the way to the river Paul picked up two friends, who had promised to row him to the other side. Then all three ran to a dock near the Charlestown ferry where Paul had kept a boat hidden during the winter. Paul's dog ran with them.

The night was pleasant, and the moon was bright. Too bright. In the path of moonlight across the river lay an armed English transport. Paul and his friends would have to row past it.

Then Paul realized his first mistake. He had meant to bring cloth to wrap around the oars so the sound would be muffled. He had left the cloth at home.

That wasn't all he had left behind. Paul Revere had started out for his Big Ride without his spurs.

What could be done?



Luckily, one of Paul's friends knew a lady who lived nearby. He ran to her house, called at her window, and asked for some cloth. This lady was not a time waster. She stepped out of the flannel petticoat she was wearing and threw it out the window.

Then for the spurs. Luckily, Paul's dog was there, and luckily, he was well trained. Paul wrote a note to his wife, tied it around the dog's neck, and told the dog to go home. By the time Paul and his friends had ripped the petticoat in two, wrapped each half around an oar, and launched the boat the dog was back with Paul's spurs around his neck.

Paul and his two friends rowed softly across the Charles River, they slipped carefully past the English transport with its 64 guns, and they landed in the shadows on the other side. Safely. There a group of men from Charlestown who had seen the signal in the church steeple had a horse waiting for Paul.



And off Paul Revere rode on his Big Ride.

He kept his horse on the road and himself on his horse, and all went well until suddenly he saw two men on horseback under a tree. They were English officers. One officer sprang out and tried to get ahead of Paul. The other tried to overtake him from behind, but Paul turned his horse quickly and galloped across country, past a muddy pond, toward another road to Lexington.

And what happened to the officers?

One of them galloped straight into the mud and got stuck; the other gave up the chase.

Paul continued to Lexington, beating on doors as he went, arousing the citizens. At Lexington he woke up John Hancock and Samuel Adams and advised them to leave town. He had a quick bite to eat, and then, in the company of two other riders, he continued to Concord, warning farmers along the way.



For a while all went well. And then suddenly from out of the shadows appeared six English officers. They rode up with their pistols in their hands and ordered Paul to stop. But Paul didn't stop immediately.

"Stop!" one of the officers shouted. "If you go an inch farther, you are a dead man."

Paul and his companions tried to ride through the group, but they were surrounded and ordered into a pasture at one side of the road.

In the pasture six other officers appeared with pistols in their hands.

One of them spoke like a gentleman. He took Paul's horse by the reins and asked Paul where he came from.

Paul told him, "Boston."

The officer asked what time he had left Boston.

Paul told him.

The officer said, "Sir, may I crave your name?"

Paul answered that his name was Revere.

"What! *Paul* Revere?"

Paul said, "Yes."

Now the English officers certainly did not want to let Paul Revere loose, so they put him, along with other prisoners, at the center of their group, and they rode off toward Lexington. As they approached town, they heard a volley of gunfire.

“What was that?” the officer said.

Paul said it was a signal to alarm the countryside.

With this piece of news, the English decided they’d like to get back to their own troops in a hurry. Indeed, they were in such a hurry that they no longer wanted to be bothered with prisoners. So after relieving the prisoners of their horses, they set them free.

And then what happened?

Paul Revere felt bad, of course, to be on his Big Ride without a horse. He felt uneasy to be on a moonlit road on foot. So he struck out through the country, across stone walls, through pastures, over graveyards, back into Lexington to see if John Hancock and Samuel Adams were still there.

They were. They were just preparing to leave town in John Hancock’s carriage. Paul and Hancock’s clerk, John Lowell, went with them.

All went well. They rode about two miles into the countryside, and then suddenly John Hancock remembered that he had left a trunk full of important papers in a Lexington tavern. This was a mistake. He didn’t want the English to find those papers.

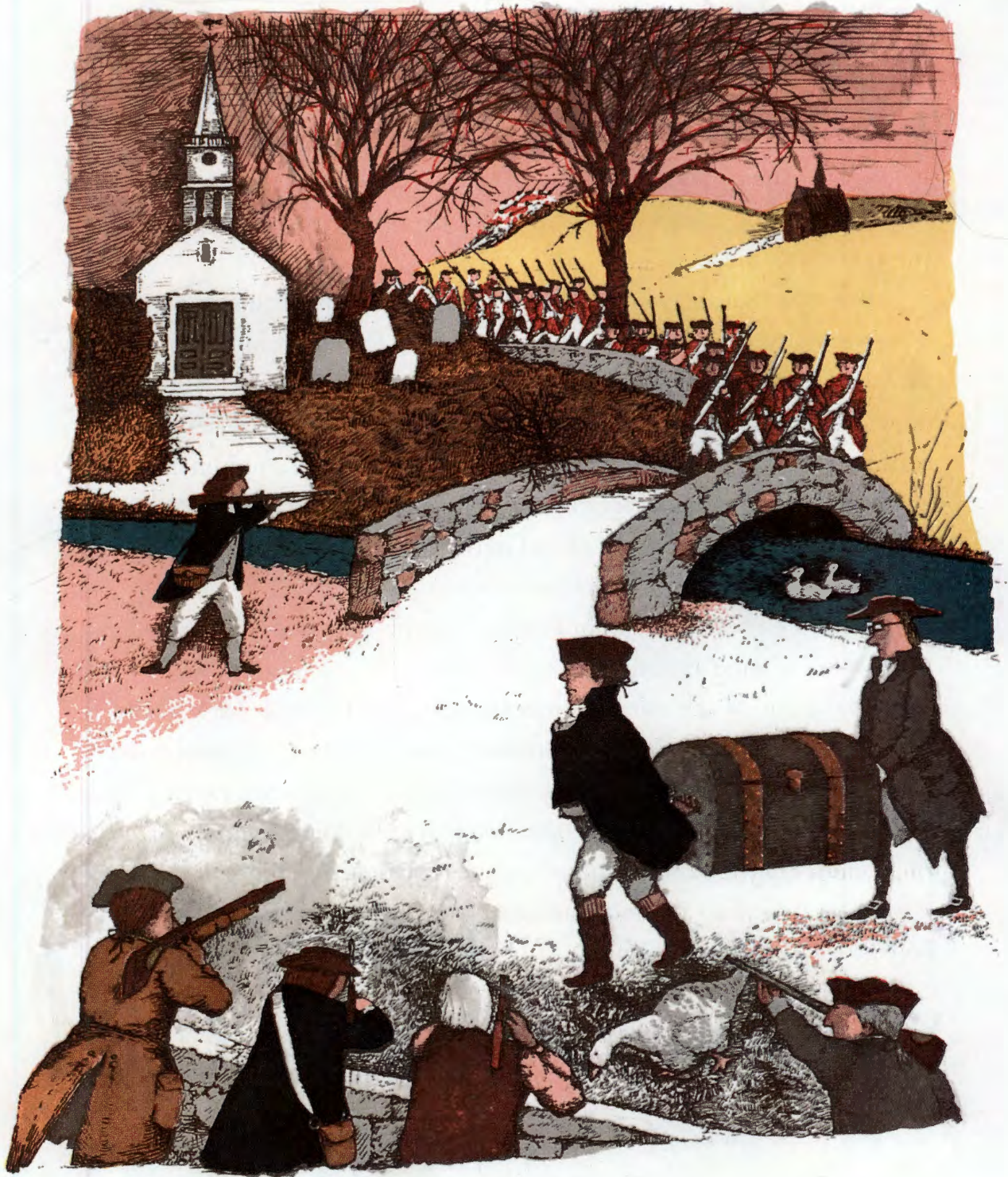
So what happened?

Paul Revere and John Lowell got out of the carriage and walked back to Lexington.

It was morning now. From all over the area farmers were gathering on Lexington Green. As Paul crossed the green to the tavern, there were between 50 and 60 armed men preparing to take a stand against the English. The troops were said to be near.

Paul went into the tavern, had a bite to eat, found the trunk, and carried it out, holding one end while John Lowell held the other. As they stepped on the green, the troops appeared.

And then what happened?



Paul and John held onto the trunk. They walked right through the American lines, holding onto the trunk. They were still holding on when a gun was fired. Then there were two guns, then a succession of guns firing back and forth. Paul did not pay any attention to who was firing or who fired first. He did not stop to think that this might be the first battle of a war. His job was to move a trunk to safety, and that's what he did.

The battles of Lexington and Concord did, of course, begin the Revolutionary War. And they were victories for the Americans who have talked ever since about Paul Revere's ride. Some things went well on Paul's ride, some things went poorly, but people have always agreed that the ride was a success.

But now that the war had started, what did Paul Revere do?

Naturally, he kept busy. He rode express for the Committee of Safety, for which he was paid 4 shillings a day. (He had asked for 5.) He printed paper money for the colony, engraved its official seal, supervised the setting up of a powder mill, learned how to make brass and iron cannon, and took part in two military engagements — one in Rhode Island, one in Maine. And as a lieutenant colonel in the Massachusetts militia, he was put in command of the fort at Castle Island.

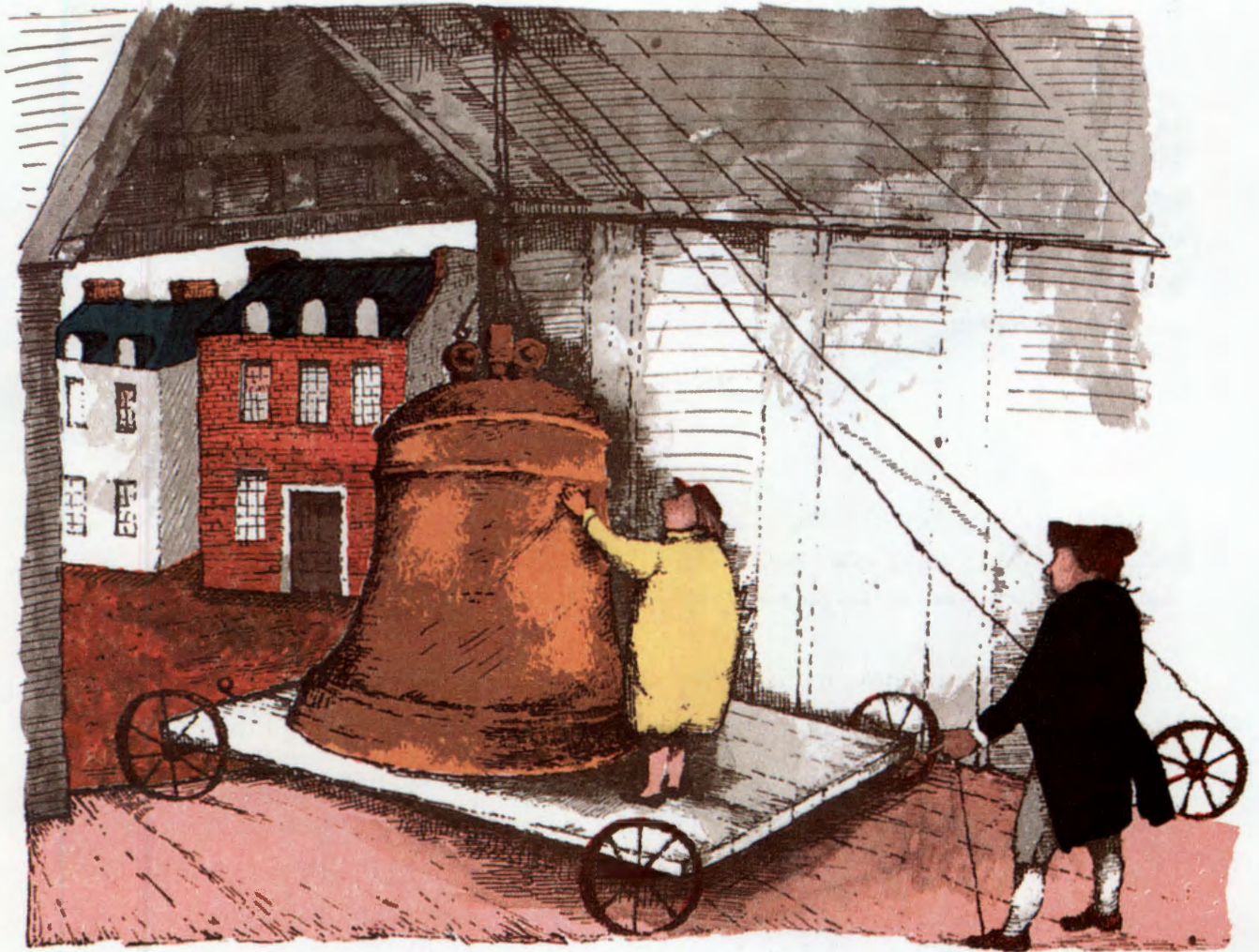
Some things went well for Paul during the war. Some things went poorly — the same as always.

At the end of the war Paul was 48 years old. He went back to silver-smithing, but this wasn't enough to keep him occupied. So he opened a hardware store. In addition to hardware, he sold sandpaper, playing cards, woolen cloth, sealing wax, fish lines, wallpaper, pumice stones, pencils, and spectacles. (Once he sold Samuel Adams two dozen sleigh bells.)

Later he set up a foundry and made stoves, anvils, forge hammers, bolts, cogs, braces and pumps.

Then he began to make church bells. He made 398 bells, most of them weighing at least 500 pounds. He charged 42 cents a pound for them and often had trouble collecting his bills. (75 of his bells still ring in New England steeples.)





Still later he learned how to roll sheet copper, set up a rolling mill, and made copper sheathing for ships. And when the dome of Boston's new Statehouse was built, Paul gave it a shiny copper covering.

But Paul Revere was not always at work. Sometimes he just dreamed. Sometimes he would go back in his mind to the days when he was Massachusetts' Number One express rider. Then, if anyone were around, Paul would talk about his Big Ride. He even wrote out the story of his ride — in a hurry, of course, for the writing looked sloppy.

Boston was not the same as it had been when Paul was a young man.



Taken, in Part, from an Engraving by Paul Revere

No one bothered now to count the streets and the alleys, the horses and houses. They were too busy putting up new buildings, tearing down hills, filling in ponds, building bridges, and making the city bigger. They still did count the people, however. In 1810, when Paul was 75 years old, there were 33,787 people in Boston. Nineteen of these were Paul's grandchildren. He also had great-grandchildren, but no one bothered to keep a record of them. But it was the great-grandchildren, more than anyone else, who liked being around when Paul told his story. If he paused or if he appeared to be reaching an end, they would urge him to keep on.

"And then what happened?" they would ask.

"And *then* what happened?"

Meet the Author



Jean Fritz

Home: Dobbs Ferry, New York

Accomplishments: Fritz has written more than forty-four books for children and adults.

Childhood: Fritz was born in China where her parents were missionaries. She came to the United States at age thirteen and found her American roots by reading about American heroes.

Reasons for writing about history: Fritz likes to show the human side of famous people. She believes that truth is often funnier than fiction.

Sampler of her books: *Where Was Patrick Henry on the 29th of May?*, *What's the Big Idea*, *Ben Franklin?*, *Won't You Sign Here*, *John Hancock?*

Meet the Illustrator

Margot Tomes

Accomplishments: Before her death in 1991, Tomes illustrated more than sixty-six books, four of them by Jean Fritz.

Childhood: Tomes was born in 1917 in Yonkers, New York. She loved old books and fairy tales, even though her fascination with monsters kept her awake at night.

Reasons for becoming an illustrator: Tomes called herself a "pre-television person." She preferred to spend her time reading and looking at book illustrations.

Internet



Find out more about Jean Fritz and Margot Tomes at Education Place.

www.eduplace.com/kids

Responding



Think About the Selection

1. Which word best describes Paul Revere for you: *smart, ambitious, busy, lucky, energetic, accomplished*, or some other word? Explain your choice.
2. Find examples in the selection to prove or disprove this statement: Paul Revere could not have carried out his famous midnight ride without help from others.
3. Jean Fritz writes that Paul Revere sometimes was forgetful, daydreamed, and made mistakes. Why do you think she included this information?
4. If Paul Revere were alive today, what would he be interested in? What kind of job do you think he might have? Explain your answer.
5. Compare Paul Revere's busy schedule with your own. Do you like to do many different things? Do you prefer to have just a few activities? Why?
6. Paul Revere used to tell his grandchildren stories about his life. If you were one of his grandchildren, what questions would you want to ask him?
7. **Connecting/Comparing** Of all Paul Revere's contributions to the American Revolution, which do you think is his most valuable one and why?

Informing

Write a Message

Paul Revere carried news of the Boston Tea Party to New York and Philadelphia. Write a message that he might have carried, giving details about the event and explaining its importance.

Tips

- **Begin the message with the most important facts.**
- **Include details that tell who, what, when, where, why, and how.**

Math

Compute Revere's Earnings

On p. 276, Jean Fritz tells us that Paul Revere made church bells. If each bell weighed 500 pounds, how much money did he earn making bells? If everyone paid their bills, how much did he earn from the bells that are still ringing in New England?



Science

Compare Metals

Paul Revere made objects from many different metals: silver, copper, brass, and iron. Review the text to see how Revere used these metals. Choose one of the metals and explain how that metal is used today.

Bonus Find out more about one of the metals listed above. Report your findings to the class.

Internet

Go on a Web Field Trip

Connect to Education Place and learn more about colonial America.

www.eduplace.com/kids

Math
Science

Calculate with decimals (MNS2.1)
Properties of metals (S1.c)

Music Link

Skill: How to Read Song Lyrics

- 1 Look for these parts of a song:

Lyrics: all the words of a song.

Chorus: part that is repeated.

Stanzas: two or more lines of verse.

- 2 Read the lyrics above or below the lines of musical notes. Notice the rhythm of the words.
- 3 Read the remaining stanzas. Repeat the chorus at the end of each stanza.

California
Standards

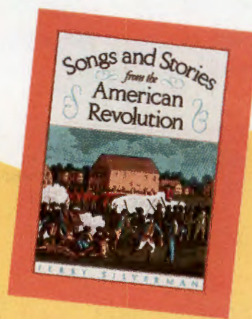
Standards to Achieve

Reading

- Analyze literary forms (R3.1)

Social Science

- Understand the Revolution (HSS5.6)



Yankee Doodle

by Jerry Silverman

The surest way to popularize an idea in song is to set new words to a familiar melody. As early as 1767, there was mention in Philadelphia of a comic song called "Yankee Doodle."

When the word "yankee" first appeared in print, people were not quite sure what it meant. To this day there is some confusion about its origin. Some people believe it comes from an Indian word; others think it is based on a French word. The strongest possibility is that it comes from the Dutch name for the English colonists: "Jan Kaas," or "Jan Kees." Jan (yan) is Dutch for John; kees means cheese. "John Cheese" was not meant as a compliment. Neither was "Doodle," which means a fool.

"Yankee Doodle" first appeared in print in a London broadside in 1775. Its subtitle was "The Lexington March." The British band played it on the march to Lexington. In those days, European armies played loud music on the way into battle. It cheered up the soldiers and gave them courage. In this case, the strains of the music let the Minutemen know exactly where the British were.

The Minutemen also realized that the British were trying to make fun of them by calling them "Yankee Doodles." In the true spirit of the times, the familiar melody was taken up by the Americans (with new words by a Harvard College student, Edward Bangs) and sung right back at them. It is this version of "Yankee Doodle" that has

gone down in American history.

In verse one, a boy visits a rebel, or patriot, camp with his father. The entire song is a light-hearted description of his impressions of the soldiers, captains, and arms. "Hasty pudding" was a quickly prepared cornmeal mush.

*Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.*

This well-known verse doesn't seem to have anything to do with the rest of the song. Most people who sing it probably assume that it is just a bit of Revolutionary War nonsense. Not at all!

This verse was sung by the British to taunt the patriots. In eighteenth-century



England, a "macaroni" was a gentleman who wore overly fancy clothes in what he thought was the "Italian style," to try and make himself look more important than he really was. In other words, a macaroni was a dandy.

And just what was Yankee Doodle trying to do? He was, from the British point of view, getting "all dressed up" and "putting on airs." Yankee Doodle, in this verse, represents the colonies and their foolish desire to be free of Great Britain.

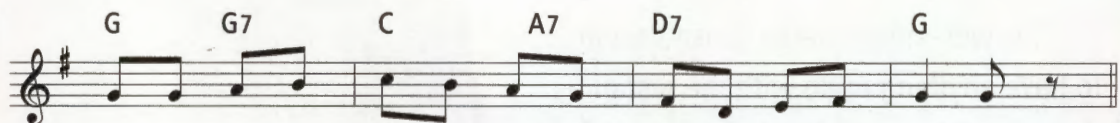
General Washington in military uniform on a white horse, painted around 1835.



Yankee Doodle

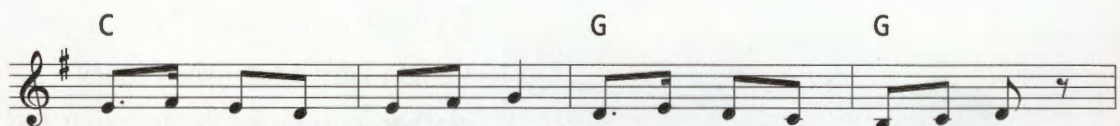


1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good - ing, And

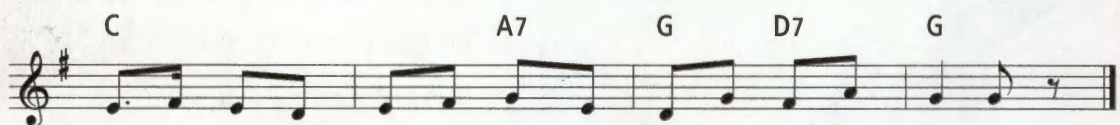


there we saw the men and boys As thick as ha - sty pud-ding.

Chorus



Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy;



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

2. And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved. *Chorus*

4. And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without them. *Chorus*

3. I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon with little clubs,
And called the folks together. *Chorus*

5. He got him on his meeting-clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions. *Chorus*

Fighting with Fife and Drum

Songs like "Yankee Doodle" were made popular by boys who signed up with the colonial army to play the drum or the fife, a wind instrument that looks like a flute.

Army leaders depended on the young fifers and drummers to give commands to the troops during a battle. Each drumbeat or tune had a different meaning. The drum's loud rattle could be heard over the roar of muskets and cannons. The fife's shrill notes could carry a long distance.

After a battle, the fifers and drummers helped to gather the scattered company together. On the way back to camp, they kept up the soldiers' spirits with lively marching tunes. In camp, they signaled when it was time to eat or to take a break.

The musicians often wore a different uniform from the soldiers so that officers could locate them quickly. But the different uniforms enabled the enemy to locate them also. Because of their important role, the boys were key targets, and many did not survive to see the outcome of the war.



The Spirit of '76, from the painting by Archibald Willard

Student Writing Model

A Story

A story is a narrative made up by the author. Use this student's writing as a model when you write a story of your own.



A good story has a clear **plot** with a **problem**.

It's important to introduce the **characters** and the **setting** right away.

The Boston Tea Party

My father, James Codder, was going to throw tea off the boat. "Dad, please don't go to Boston Harbor. You might get arrested," I begged him.

He simply said, "No, Drew, the taxes are way too high. I have to stand up for what I think is right. You'll understand when you're older."

"I don't think I will," I told him. He didn't listen to me. "One more day," I said to myself while I was getting into my bed.

The day came when my dad was going to Boston Harbor. “Drew,” he said, “You’re coming. We need a lookout.” I didn’t even want to argue because I’d have to go anyway. I kept saying to myself, “I’m too young to go to jail. I’m too young to go to jail.” I was living in fear practically the whole day!

When we were eating dinner, my father and I were dressed in black, and my father said with pride, “Tonight’s the night!” I got my coat and my scarf, and went outside shaking with fear.

“It’s going to be about an hour’s walk,” he told me. I almost fainted. I hated the thought of my dad going to Boston Harbor in the first place, and now I had to walk three miles with him to get there. It just wasn’t fair. I didn’t want to argue, or I’d be grounded forever. We talked about what we would do when we got to Boston Harbor. We were going to meet the other people at a boat called the *Beaver*, which was filled with tea from England. I was exhausted, but my father was marching with pride.

After about ten minutes, I asked, “Are we there yet?” When I heard that it would be about ten more minutes, I felt relieved; at that point, I couldn’t even feel my legs. We got there in time so I didn’t collapse. We got to the boat, and everyone else was already there.

Dialogue makes the story real for the reader.

Details create mental pictures for the reader.

Student Writing Model continued

“This is my son Drew,” my father said as he introduced me to his friends.

They looked at the boat and stared at it for a long time. Then someone said, “Let’s do it! Let’s throw this tea into the harbor!”

When everyone was getting into the boat, my father said, “You’ll have to stay here.” I nodded my head, and then I sat on a bench. It was freezing near the harbor. The men put on Native American clothing. I thought it was odd, but then my dad explained to me that they didn’t want to get caught. I couldn’t help thinking that this wasn’t really fair. I hoped no one would get caught or be blamed.

I sat on the bench, terrified. After about ten minutes, I called up to my father, “Can we go? I’m cold and scared!” My father didn’t hear me, so I just closed my eyes. I wondered if we were going to get caught. I tried to forget about it. I looked at my father. He looked back at me and smiled. I looked at the boxes, and there were only ten boxes left! I was so relieved!



A good story
often has
suspense.

I went up to the boat and asked my dad, "Can I throw the last box off the boat?" He nodded his head. I climbed aboard and took the box from my dad's hands, and threw it as hard as I could. It made a big splash. I felt very important.

Everyone got out of their disguises and got off the boat. We were about to walk home, but one of my dad's friends said, "Need a ride?" My dad delightedly nodded his head. We got into the carriage and rode into the night.



A good ending resolves the story's problem.

Meet the Author



Drew W.

Grade: five

State: Massachusetts

Hobbies: skateboarding

What he wants to be when he grows up: a skateboarder