

# World War II

6-Week Morning Time Session | [AwakenToDelight.com](http://AwakenToDelight.com)



*World War II*

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

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# What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

## About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

*Alisha*

# How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

# Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

**Please Note:** The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

# Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Samuel 16	1 Samuel 17	1 Samuel 18	1 Samuel 19	1 Samuel 20
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Art Selection 1: I and the Village, Read: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to: In the Mood, Read: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Battle of the Atlantic		Battle of Dunkirk		Allied Invasion of Sicily
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Dylan Thomas bio	Romans 12:17-21 Copywork		Romans 12:17-21 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers by Constance Savery, Ch. 1	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 2		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 3	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 4
<i>Afternoon Occupation</i>	Bake: Eggless Tea Sponge, Read: Snow White and Rose Red				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Samuel 21	1 Samuel 22 - 1 Samuel 23:5	1 Samuel 24	1 Samuel 26	1 Samuel 27 - 1 Samuel 28:2
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Art Selection 2: The Circus Horse, Review: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to: Chattanooga Choo Choo, Review: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Battle of Monte Casino		Normandy Invasion	Liberation of Paris	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Dylan Thomas bio	Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night Copywork	Poetry: Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night	Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 5	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 6		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 7	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 8
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Wartime Loaf, Read: The Dragon's Teeth			Art Lesson: WWII Aircraft	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Samuel 29	1 Samuel 30	2 Samuel 1	2 Samuel 2	2 Samuel 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Art Selection 3: Bella with White Collar, Narrate: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to: Moonlight Serenade, Narrate: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Battle of the Hurtgen Forest		Battle of the Bulge		Battle of the Remagen
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Dylan Thomas bio	Romans 12:17-21 Copywork		Romans 12:17-21 Copywork	Shakespeare: Taming of the Shrew
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 9	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 10		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 11	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 12
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Berry Shortbread, Read: The Crow and the Pitcher				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Samuel 6	2 Samuel 7	2 Samuel 8	2 Samuel 9	2 Samuel 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Art Selection 4: The Fiddler, Review/Narrate: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to: Sunrise Serenade, Review/Narrate: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Siege of Leningrad		Battle of Stalingrad	Battle of Berlin	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review/Narrate: Dylan Thomas bio	"We Shall Fight on the Beaches" Copywork	Speech: "We Shall Fight on the Beaches"	"We Shall Fight on the Beaches" Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 13	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 14		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 15	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 16
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Glory Rolls, Tea Time: Have a Big Band Jazz Session			Handicraft: Clothespin Aircrafts	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Samuel 14	2 Samuel 15	2 Samuel 16	2 Samuel 17	2 Samuel 18
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Review Art Selections 1&2, Review/Narrate: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to Classical Pieces 1&2, Review/Narrate: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Attack on Pearl Harbor		Battle of Midway		Guadalcanal Campaign
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review/Narrate: Dylan Thomas bio	Fern Hill Copywork	Poetry: Fern Hill	Fern Hill Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 17	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 18		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 19	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 20
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>					*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Disturb us Lord.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Samuel 19	2 Samuel 20	2 Samuel 22	2 Samuel 23	2 Samuel 24
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Jesus Paid it All	Review Art Selection 3&4, Discuss: Marc Chagall bio	Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover	Listen to: Classical Pieces 3&4, Discuss: Glenn Miller bio	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Battle of Iwo Jima		Battle of Okinawa		Atomic Bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Dylan Thomas bio	Fern Hill Copywork	Poetry: Fern Hill	Fern Hill Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 21	*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 22		*Enemy Brothers, Ch. 23	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>					*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary & Middle Grades

*A Scarf for Keiko*, by Ann Malaspina

*Boxes for Katje (Rise and Shine)*, by Candace Fleming

*Bear on the Homefront*, by Stephanie Innes

*D-Day: Untold stories of the Normandy Landings Inspired by 20 Real-Life People*, by Michael Noble

*Baseball Saved Us*, by Ken Mochizuki

*Chester Nez and the Unbreakable Code: A Navajo Code Talker's Story*, by Joseph Bruchac

*Enemy Brothers*, by Constance Savery

## Upper Grades

*At War and At Home: One Family's World War II Correspondence*, by Robert McClung

*Combat nurses of World War II (Landmark books)*, by Wyatt Blassingame

*D-Day: A Day That Changed America: They Fought to Free Europe from Hitler's Tyranny*, by Shelley Tanaka

*Eyewitness to World War II: Unforgettable Stories and Photographs From History's Greatest Conflict*, by Stephen G. Hyslop

*World War II: The Definitive Visual History from Blitzkrieg to the Atom Bomb*, by DK

*The Hiding Place*, by Corrie Ten Boom

*The Night Trilogy: Night, Dawn, Day*, by Elie Wiesel

*Hanna's Cold Winter*, by Trish Marx

*Number the Stars*, by Lois Lowry

*Pancakes-Paris*, by Claire Huchet Bishop

*The Borrowed House*, by Hilda van Stockum

*Sterling Point Books: The Great Escape: Tunnel to Freedom*, by Mike Meserole

*The Book Thief*, by Markus Zusak

*Through the Wall: A Boy's Struggle for Freedom*, by Alida Sims Malkus

*Twenty and Ten*, by Claire Huchet Bishop

*Echo*, by Pam Muñoz Ryan

*Franklin and Winston: A Christmas That Changed the World*, by Douglas Wood

*Grandfather's Journey*, by Allen Say

*Hedy Lamarr's Double Life: Hollywood Legend and Brilliant Inventor*, by Laurie Wallmark

## Upper Grades

*Never Give In (The Extraordinary Character of Winston Churchill)*, by Stephen Mansfield  
*One Candle*, by Eve Bunting  
*Physician to the Children: Dr. Bela Schick*, by Iris Noble  
*The Bracelet*, by Yoshiko Uchida  
*The Cats in Krasinski Square*, by Karen Hesse  
*The Faithful Spy: Dietrich Bonhoeffer and the Plot to Kill Hitler*, by John Hendrix  
*The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society: A Novel*, by Mary Ann Shaffer  
*The Librarian of Auschwitz*, by Antonio Iturbe  
*What Was the Holocaust?* by Gail Herman  
*Tutti's Promise: A Novel Based on a Family's True*, by K. Heidi Fishman  
*Jars of Hope: How One Woman Helped Save 2,500 Children During the Holocaust*, by Jennifer Rozines Roy  
*Irena's Children: Young Readers Edition; A True Story of Courage*, by Mary Cronk Farrell  
*Chance: Escape from the Holocaust: Memories of a Refugee Childhood*, by Uri Shulevitz  
*My Survival: A Girl on Schindler's List: A Girl on Schindler's List*, by Joshua M. Greene  
*The Journey That Saved Curious George: The True Wartime Escape of Margret and H.A. Rey*, by Louise Borden  
*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, by C. S. Lewis  
*The Secret Seder*, by Doreen Rappaport  
*The Tree in the Courtyard: Looking Through Anne Frank's Window*, by Jeff Gottesfeld  
*Benno and the Night of Broken Glass*, by Meg Wiviott  
*Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, by Anne Frank

# Prayer & Scripture Memorization

As parents, we have an immense responsibility to train our children in the Word of God. They must be taught all of the powerful truths contained within it. This is not my suggestion; it is the commandment of the Lord:

**Deuteronomy 6:6-7 (AMPC)** says, "And these words which I am commanding you this day shall be first in your own minds and hearts; then you shall whet and sharpen them so as to make them penetrate, and teach and impress them diligently upon the minds and hearts of your children..." "

**Colossians 3:16** says, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom..." And **Psalms 119:11** says, "Your word I have hidden in my heart, that I might not sin against You."

There are many, many more scriptures that command us and show us the benefits of putting the Word of God in our hearts on a regular basis. So in all of the memorization that we have our children and teens do, Bible verses and passages are the most important. For this reason, we include copywork for scripture memorization in our sessions.

This session, we will learn the **Disturb Us, Lord** or **Brave Hearts**, and focus on writing and memorizing **Romans 12:17-21**

## Disturb Us, Lord

*Disturb us, Lord, when  
We are too well pleased with ourselves,  
When our dreams have come true  
Because we have dreamed too little,  
When we arrived safely  
Because we sailed too close to the shore.  
Disturb us, Lord, when  
With the abundance of things we possess  
We have lost our thirst  
For the waters of life;  
Having fallen in love with life,  
We have ceased to dream of eternity  
And in our efforts to build a new earth,*

*We have allowed our vision  
Of the new Heaven to dim.  
Disturb us, Lord, to dare more boldly,  
To venture on wider seas  
Where storms will show your mastery;  
Where losing sight of land,  
We shall find the stars.  
We ask You to push back  
The horizons of our hopes;  
And to push into the future  
In strength, courage, hope, and love.*

## **Brave Hearts**

*BRAVE hearts bend not so soon to care  
Firm minds uplift the load of fate;  
They bear what others shrink to bear,  
And boldly any doom await !  
They rise above what would oppress  
A weaker spirit to the ground;  
And, though they feel no jot the less,  
Their sorrows scorn to breathe a sound.*

*Oh! heroes have we still on earth,  
Worth all the boasted blood of Rome;  
And heroines, whose suffering worth  
Lends grace to many a humble home.  
Great hearts endurance cannot bend;  
Nor daily care, nor trial, tame;  
But these nor ask, nor gain, a friend  
Nor seek, nor ever find, a name!*

## **Romans 12:17-21**

*17 Repay no one evil for evil. Have regard for good things in the sight of all men.  
18 If it is possible, as much as depends on you, live peaceably with all men.  
19 Beloved, do not avenge yourselves, but rather give place to wrath; for it is written,  
"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," says the Lord.  
20 Therefore "If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him a drink; for in so  
doing you will heap coals of fire on his head."  
21 Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.*

17 Repay no one evil.

Have regard for good

things in the sight of all

men.

18 If it is possible, as

much as depends on you,

live peaceably with all men.

19 Beloved, do not avenge

yourselves, but rather give

place to wrath; for it is

written, "Vengeance is

Mine, I will repay," says

the Lord.

20 Therefore "If your

enemy is hungry, feed him;

If he is thirsty, give him a

drink; For in so doing you

will heap coals of fire on

his head."

21 Do not be overcome by

evil, but overcome evil with

good.

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19 Beloved, do not avenge yourselves, but

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---

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---

doing you will heap coals of fire on his head.”

---

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---

17 Repay no one evil for evil.

Have regard for good things in

the sight of all men.

18 If it is possible, as much as

depends on you, live peaceably

with all men.

19 Beloved, do not avenge

yourselves, but rather give place to

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"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,"

says the Lord.

20 Therefore "If your enemy is

hungry, feed him; If he is

thirsty, give him a drink; For

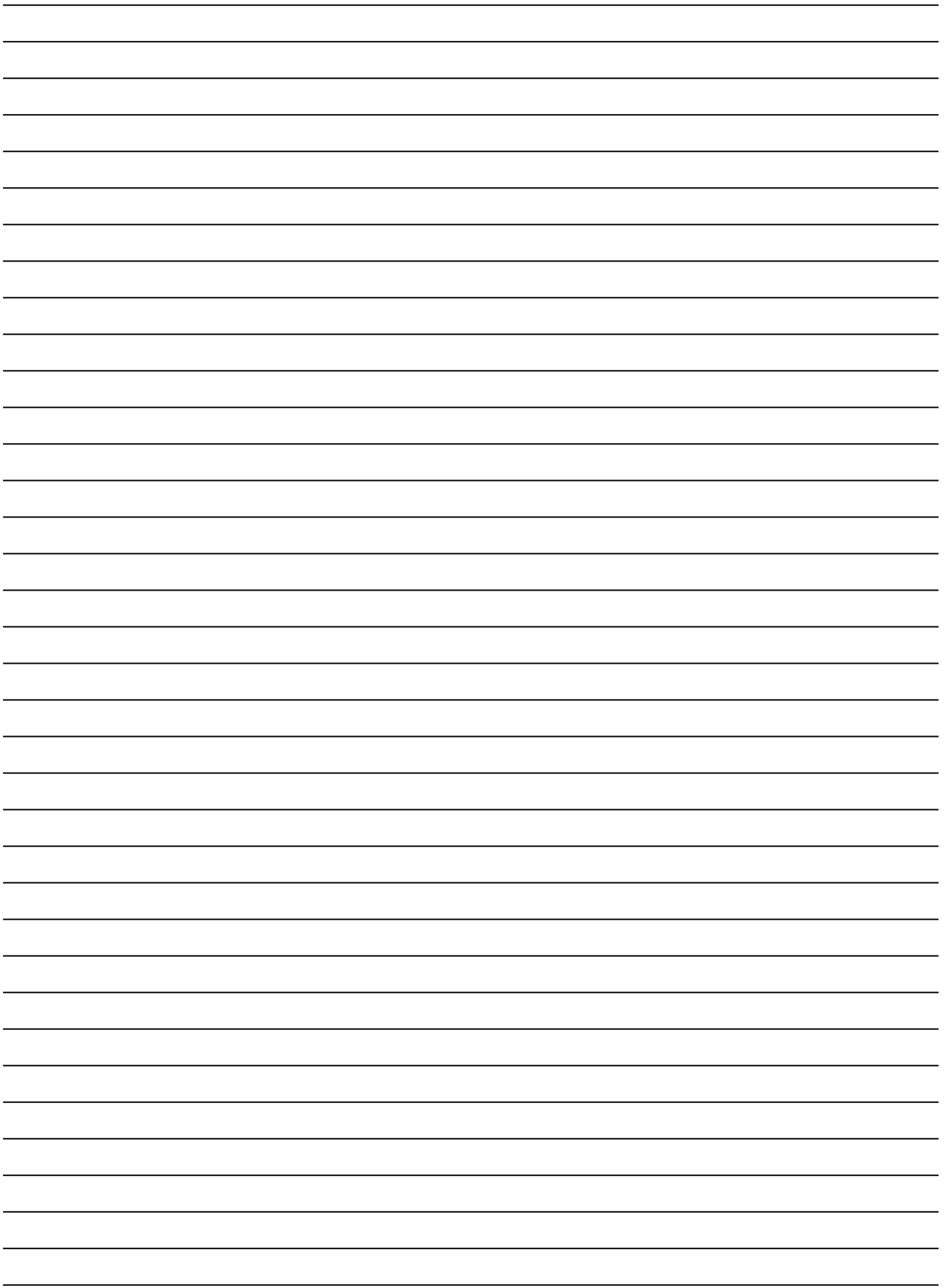
in so doing you will heap coals

of fire on his head."

21 Do not be overcome by evil,

but overcome evil with good.







## Artist & Composer Study

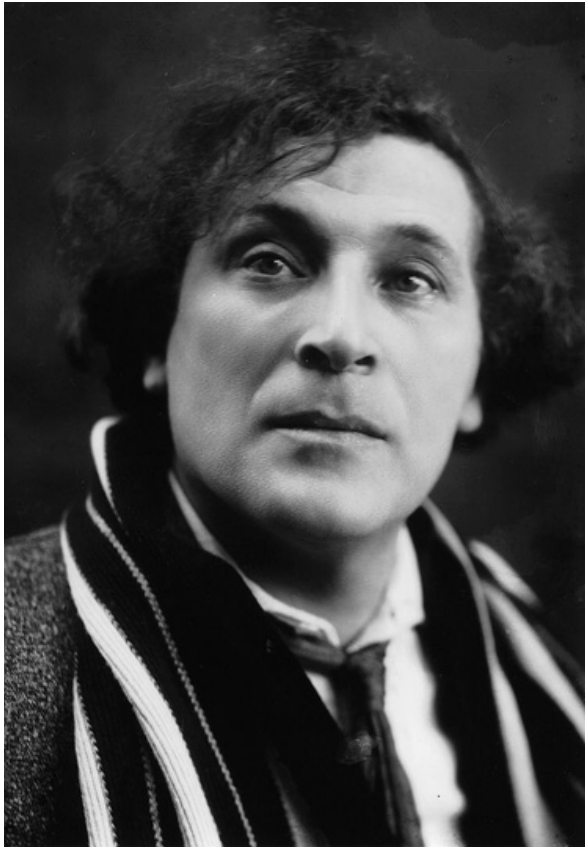
This session's featured artist is Marc Chagall. We've included four art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *I and the Village*
- *The Circus Horse*
- *Bella with White Collar*
- *The Fiddler*

Our featured composer is Glenn Miller. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- *In the Mood*
- *Chattanooga Choo Choo*
- *Moonlight Serenade*
- *Sunrise Serenade*

Artist & Composer Study



## Marc Chagall

July 6, 1887 - March 28, 1985

Marc Chagall was a Russian-French artist and one of the most important figures in 20th-century art. He was a versatile artist, working in a variety of mediums including painting, printmaking, illustration, stained glass windows, and stage design. He is best known for his whimsical and dreamlike images, which often featured elements from Russian folklore and his Jewish heritage.

Chagall was born on July 7, 1887, in Vitebsk, Russia. He was the oldest of nine children born to poor Jewish parents. From an early age he showed an interest in art, and his first art lessons were given to him by his older sister, who had studied art in St. Petersburg. He later took classes at the Vitebsk Gymnasium and at the age of sixteen, he enrolled at the Saint Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts.

During his time at the Academy, Chagall was greatly influenced by the work of French artist Paul Gauguin. In 1910, Chagall returned to Vitebsk and married his childhood sweetheart, Bella Rosenfeld. The couple had two daughters, Ida and Maya.

Chagall's work began to attract the attention of art collectors, and in 1914 he had his first solo exhibition in Russia. When World War I broke out, Chagall was drafted into the Russian army, where he served a short time before being discharged due to an illness.

In 1923, Chagall and his family moved to Paris. There he was inspired by the city's vibrant art scene, and he began to experiment with new styles and techniques. However, during the 1930's, his work began to reflect the growing political turmoil in Europe. He was still living in France when World War II broke out, after which he fled to America. He was, of course, deeply affected by the war, and later the death of his wife, which reflected in his art.

When the war was over he returned to France, where he spent the rest of his life. Chagall died on March 28, 1985, in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, France and was buried in the cemetery of the Russian Orthodox church in Nice.

# Artist Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

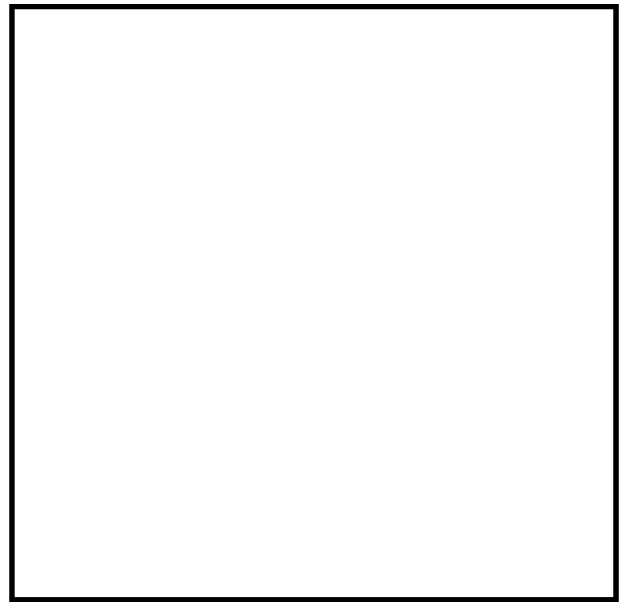
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



**Art Mediums Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Artworks:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Further Study:**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_



*I and the Village, 1911*



The Circus Horse, 1964



*Bella with White Collar, 1917*



34. The Fiddler (1912-13)

*The Fiddler, 1912*

# Picture Study

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Created: \_\_\_\_\_

Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Further Study: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.**





## Glenn Miller

March 1, 1904 – December 15, 1944

Glenn Miller was one of the most popular American bandleaders of the Swing Era. He was born in Clarinda, Iowa in 1904, but his family moved to Missouri when he was a young boy. Miller began playing the trombone when he was in high school. After graduating, he attended the University of Colorado at Boulder for a year before dropping out to pursue a career in music.

Miller began his professional career as a musician in the early 1920's. He played with several different bands before forming his own group, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, in 1937.

His band quickly became popular, and soon they were playing at big dance halls and theaters.

People loved to listen to his band and dance to their music. "In the Mood" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" were especially huge hits.

In 1942, during World War II, Miller tried to join the Army, but was rejected for being too old. Instead, he requested to be put in charge of the Army Air Force Band. He wanted to help boost morale and modernize the military music by combining it with jazz and big band themes. It was initially met with some pushback by the older career officers, but the soldiers loved it.

So Miller played for the U.S. Army and then traveled to Europe to play for the troops stationed there. His music was also played over the radio and in various broadcasts to counteract fascist propaganda.

Sadly, in 1944, Miller's plane disappeared on a flight from England to France and was never found. Despite his untimely death, Glenn Miller's music continued to inspire the soldiers in the army, and has continued to be popular over the years. His recordings are still played on radio stations around the world, and his songs are still performed by musicians today.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - In the Mood

Week 2 - Chattanooga Choo Choo

Week 3 - Moonlight Serenade

Week 4 - Sunrise Serenade

# Composer Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

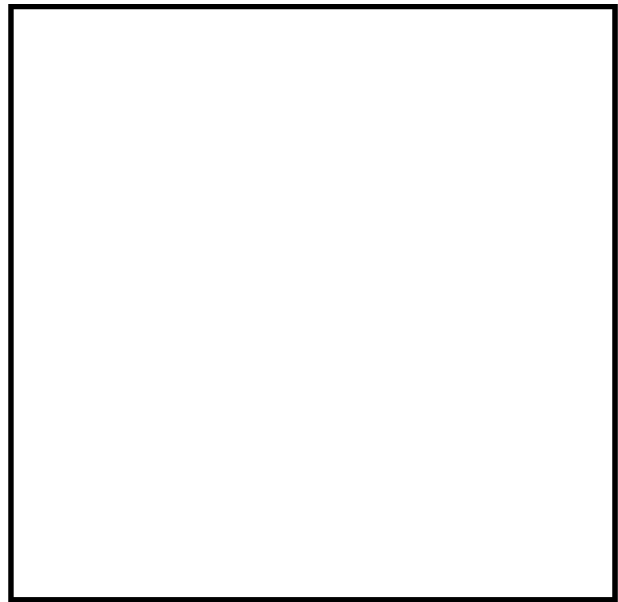
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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**Instruments Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Compositions:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Hymn: Jesus Paid it All

On a hot summer Sunday morning in 1865, Mrs. Elvina Hall (1820-1889) was found in her accustomed place in the church choir loft. But as the pious words of the Reverend Schrick's prayer droned on and on, her thoughts drifted to other things. She pondered the meaning of the cross, and the storied scene flashed before her mind's eye.

High upon a rocky crag, three crosses scarred the afternoon sky. On the outer gibbets hung two notorious thieves. Below, Roman soldiers drank and gambled, waiting for death to overtake the poor wretches suspended above them. It was a public execution, but far more significant than they imagined at the time. Suddenly, the air grew dense and an eerie darkness invaded the scene.

As the soldiers gazed about them in superstitious dread, a triumphant cry pierced the gloom. It came from the figure on the centre cross. One word, in the Greek tongue: "Tetelestai!" Then He was dead. That shout of victory Christ uttered as He died is usually translated "It is finished!" (Jn. 19:30). But it had another meaning back then. It was an accounting term. When a bill was paid, it was commonly stamped with the word "Tetelestai," meaning Paid in Full.

And that is precisely what the death of Christ accomplished.

"[He] bore our sins in His own body on the tree," says Peter (I Pet. 2:24). "He Himself is the propitiation [the full satisfaction of God's justice] for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the whole world," (I Jn. 2:2). The groaning weight of all the world's sin was laid on Christ at Calvary. He bore it in our place.

As the pastor's prayer continued, Mrs. Hall took up her hymn book and, turning to a blank page inside the cover, she began to write. Afterward, she presented the pastor with some simple lines of poetry.

Glancing at them, the pastor was reminded of something that had happened just that week. The church organist, John Grape (1835-1915) had composed a new hymn tune, with no words in mind. He passed it on to Pastor Schrick, suggesting they might find a use for it in future.

Stepping into his study, the pastor laid Mrs. Hall's poem next to the lines of music. In surprise, he saw they fit one another like hand in glove. The words and tune have been partners ever since, in the hymn, "Jesus Paid It All."

## Jesus Paid It All

276

1. I hear the Sa - vior say, "Your strength in - deed is small,  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find your pow'r and yours a - lone,  
 3. For noth - ing good have I, where - by your grace to claim—  
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in him com - plete,

child of weak - ness, watch and pray, find in me your all in all."  
 can change the le - per's spots and melt the heart of stone.  
 I'll wash my gar - ments white in the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.  
 "Je - sus died my soul to save," my lips shall still re - peat.

Refrain

Je - sus paid it all, all to him I owe;

sin had left a crim - son stain, he washed it white as snow.

# Folk Song: The White Cliffs of Dover

The White Cliffs of Dover was written by Walter Kent and Nat Burton during the height of World War II, when German raiders and the British Airforce were fighting over Britain. The song was first recorded by Vera Lynn in 1942 and was inspired by the view of the white cliffs from the English coast.

The song tells the story of a young woman who is waiting for her lover to return from sea. She is looking out over the white cliffs of Dover, hoping to see his ship come into view.

The song became popular thanks to Vera Lynn and became one of the most popular songs during World War II. It has been covered by many artists over the years, including Glenn Miller, The Beatles, and Rod Stewart.

# THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

Vera Lynn- hit 1942

Walter Kent

Nat Burton

N.C.

**A** C

Em7

C

F

F#

C

Am7



There'll be blue birds ov - er the white cliffs of Do-ver to -  
love and laugh-ter and peace e - ver af - ter to -

6

Dm7

G7

1.

Em7 Dm7

G

2.

C

C



mor - row just you wait and see there'll be The  
mor - row when the world is free.

12

**B** F

F#

C



shep-herd will tend his sheep the val-ley will bloom a - gain and

16

F

Am7

D7

G7

**C**



Jim-my will go to sleep in his own lit-tle room a - gain there'll be

20

C

Em7

C

F

C

Am7

Dm7



birds o - ver the white cliffs of Do-ver to - mor - row

25

G7

1.

Bb

C



just you wait and see.



# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Dylan Thomas. We've included two poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
- Fern Hill

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
- Fern Hill

*"As I read more and more ... my love for the real life of words increased until I knew that I must live with them and in them, always."*

~ Dylan Thomas



# Dylan Thomas

October 27, 1914 – November 9, 1953

Dylan Thomas was born in Swansea, Wales, on October 27, 1914. He was the son of a teacher and a seamstress. His father taught him Welsh, literature, and history, instilling in him a love for language and storytelling.

Thomas began writing poetry at an early age. His first published poem appeared in a local newspaper when he was only 16. He left school at 18 and moved to London, where he worked as a journalist and lived a bohemian lifestyle.

In 1934, Thomas returned to Wales and married Caitlin Macnamara. The couple had three children together. Thomas continued to write poetry and prose, and his work began to attract attention from the literary establishment.

In 1939, Thomas published his most famous poem, "Do not go gentle into that good night," which was written in response to the death of his father and remains his most famous poem to this day.

During World War II, Thomas was not conscripted into the war due to having an ailment in his lungs. However during this time he wrote radio scripts for BBC broadcasting, which classified as essential war work. He also wrote film scripts and stage plays. His play for voices, "Under Milk Wood," was first performed in 1953.

Thomas became known for his wild lifestyle and heavy drinking. He died of pneumonia in New York City on November 9, 1953, at the age of 39. His poetry is noted for its lyrical beauty, dark humor, and tragic themes.

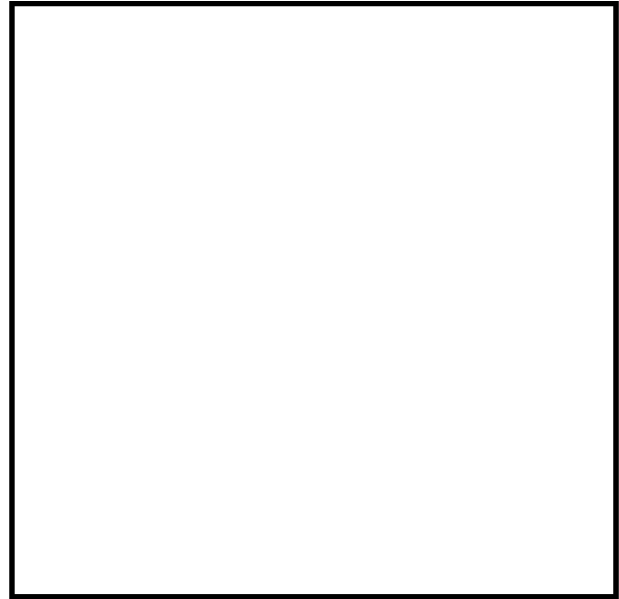
In the 1950s and 1960s, Dylan Thomas's reputation as a major poet continued to grow. His work has been translated into many languages and is studied in schools and universities around the world.

# Poet Study

Poet: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_



**3 Facts About the Poet:**

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**Best Known Poems by the Poet:**

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# Dylan Thomas Selections

## **Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

# Dylan Thomas Selections

## Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs  
About the lilted house and happy as the grass was green,  
    The night above the dingle starry,  
        Time let me hail and climb  
    Golden in the heydays of his eyes,  
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns  
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves  
    Trail with daisies and barley  
    Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,  
    In the sun that is young once only,  
        Time let me play and be  
    Golden in the mercy of his means,  
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,  
    And the sabbath rang slowly  
    In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air  
    And playing, lovely and watery  
        And fire green as grass.  
    And nightly under the simple stars  
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,  
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars  
    Flying with the ricks, and the horses  
    Flashing into the dark.

# Dylan Thomas Selections

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all  
    Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
        The sky gathered again  
    And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm  
    Out of the whinnying green stable  
        On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house  
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,  
    In the sun born over and over,  
        I ran my heedless ways,  
    My wishes raced through the house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows  
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs  
    Before the children green and golden  
        Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,  
    In the moon that is always rising,  
        Nor that riding to sleep  
    I should hear him fly with the high fields  
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,  
    Time held me green and dying  
        Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

# Poetry Study

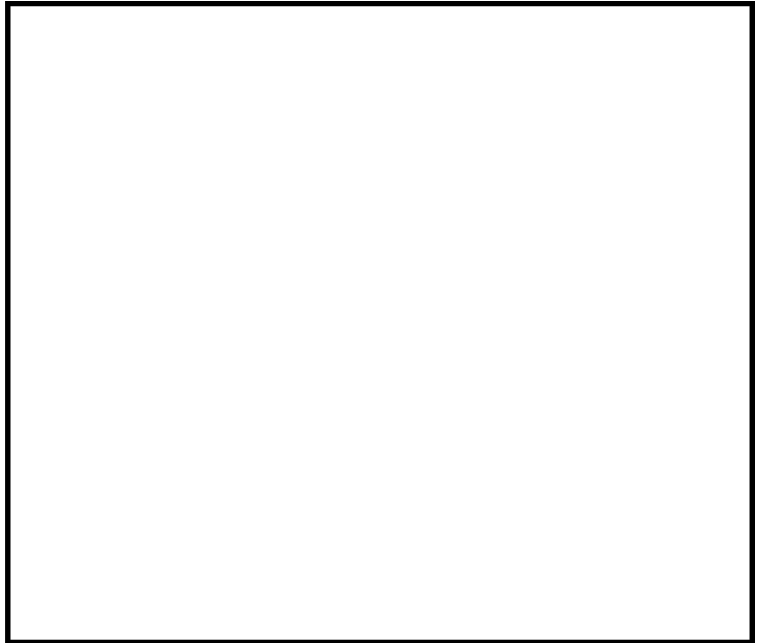
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.**



**Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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**Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work**

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Do not go gentle into that

good night,

Old age should burn and

rage at close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying

of the light.

Though wise men at their

end know dark is right,

Because their words had

forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that

good night.

Good men, the last wave

by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have

danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the

dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and

sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they

grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that

good night.

Grave men, near death, who

see with blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like

meteors and be gay,

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dying of the light.

And you, my father, there

on the sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with

your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that

good night.

Rage, rage against the

dying of the light.

Do not go gentle into that good night,

---

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

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Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

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Because their words had forked no lighting they

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Do not go gentle into that good night.

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Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

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Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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night,

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close of day;

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the light.

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know dark is right,

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lighting they

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Good men, the last wave by,

crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have

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the light.

Wild men who caught and sang

the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved

it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good

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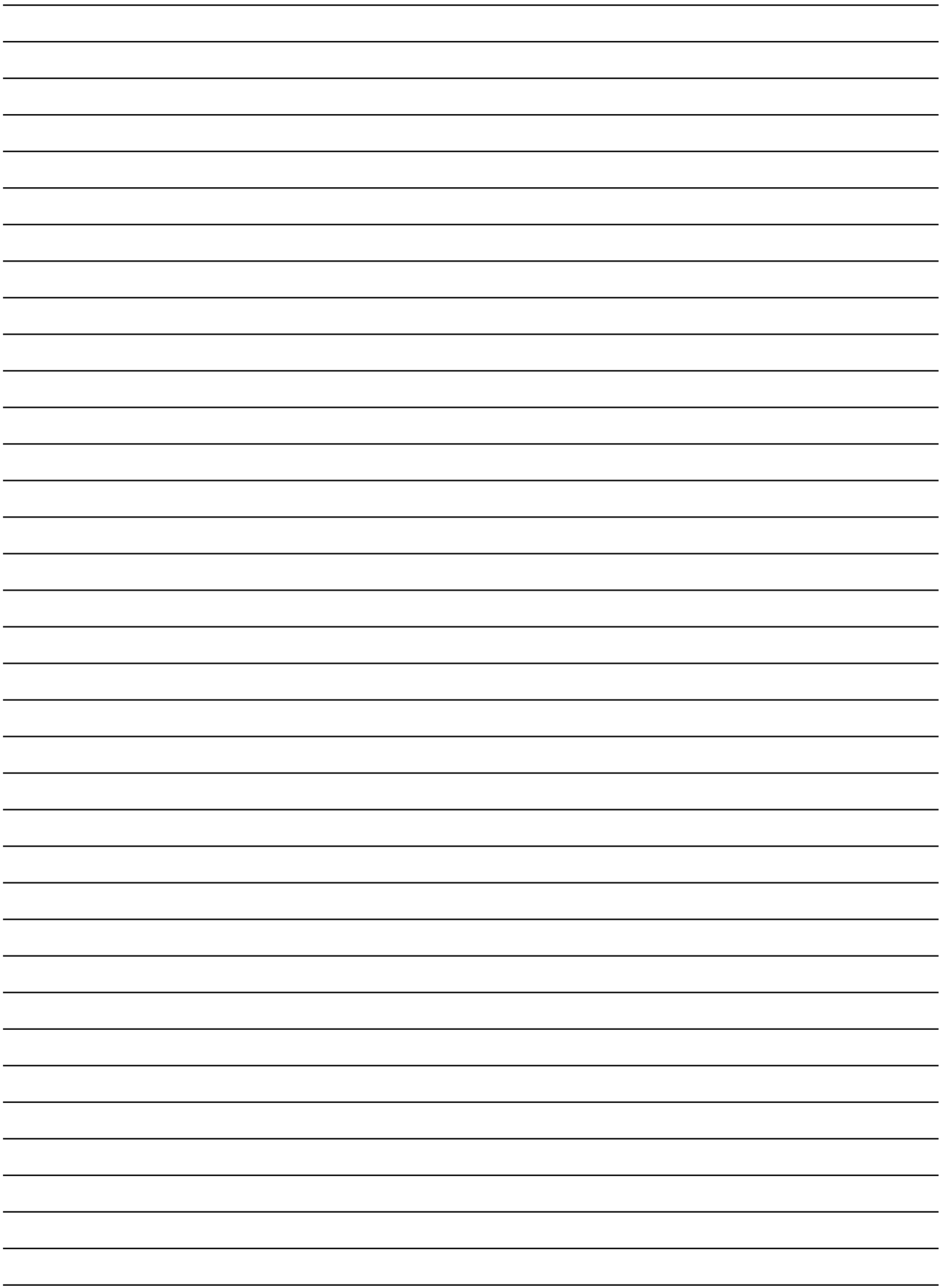
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the light.





Now as I was young and

easy under the apple boughs

About the lifting house and

happy as the grass was

green,

The night above the dingle

starry,

Time let me hail and climb

Golden in the heydays of

his eyes,

And honoured among

wagons I was prince of

the apple towns

And once below a time I

lordly had the trees and

leaves

Trail with daisies and barley

Down the rivers of the

windfall light.

And as I was green and

carefree, famous among the

barns

About the happy yard and

singing as the farm was

home,

In the sun that is young

once only,

Time let me play and be

Golden in the mercy of his

means,

And green and golden I

was huntsman and

herdsman, the calves

Sang to my horn, the foxes

on the hills barked clear

and cold,

And the sabbath rang

slowly

In the pebbles of the holy

streams.

All the sun long it was

running, it was lovely, the

hay

Fields high as the house, the

tunes from the chimneys, it

was air

And playing, lovely and

watery

And fire green as grass.

And nightly under the

simple stars

As I rode to sleep the

owls were bearing the

farm away,

All the moon long I heard,

blessed among stables, the

nightjars

Flying with the ricks, and

the horses

Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and

the farm, like a wanderer

white

With the dew, come back,

the cock on his shoulder: it

was all

Shining, it was Adam and

maiden,

The sky gathered again

And the sun grew round

that very day.

So it must have been after

the birth of the simple light

In the first, spinning place,

the spellbound horses

walking warm

Out of the whinnying

green stable

On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes

and pheasants by the gay

house

Under the new made clouds

and happy as the heart

was long,

In the sun born over and

over,

I ran my heedless ways,

My wishes raced through

the house high hay

And nothing I cared, at

my sky blue trades, that

time allows

In all his tuneful turning

so few and such morning

songs

Before the children green

and golden

Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb

white days, that time would

take me

Up to the swallow thronged

loft by the shadow of my

hand,

In the moon that is always

rising,

Nor that riding to sleep

I should hear him fly with

the high fields

And wake to the farm

forever fled from the

childless land.

Oh as I was young and

easy in the mercy of his

means,

Time held me green and

dying

Though I sang in my chains

like the sea.

Now as I was young and easy under the apple

---

boughs

---

About the lilting house and happy as the grass

---

was green,

---

The night above the dingle starry,

---

Time let me hail and climb

---

Golden in the heydays of his eyes,

---

And honoured among wagons I was prince of

---

the apple towns

---

And once below a time I lordly had the trees

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and leaves

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Trail with daisies and barley

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Down the rivers of the windfall light.

---

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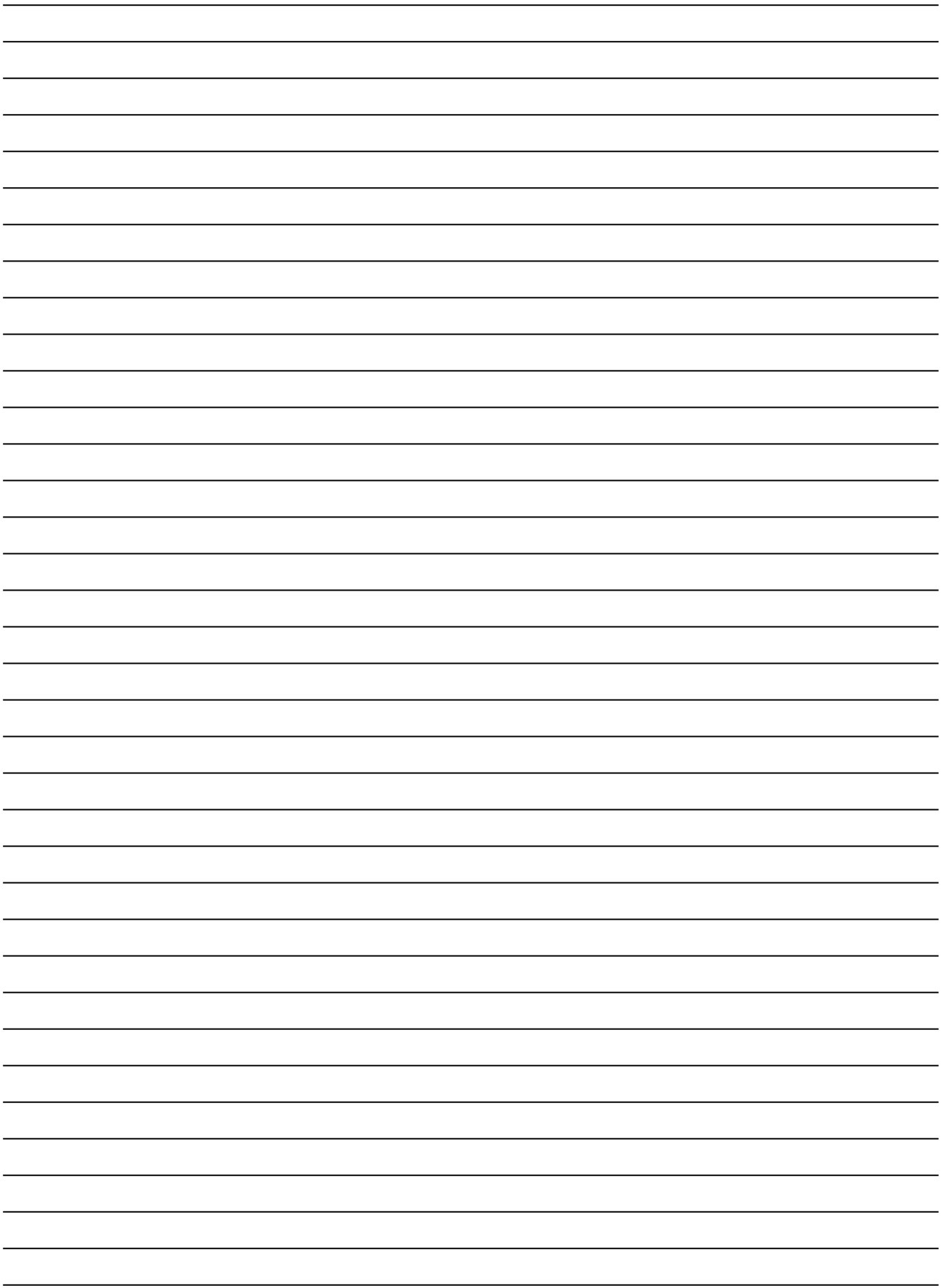
Time held me green and dying

Though I sang in my chains

like the sea.







## **“We Shall Fight on the Beaches”**

Winston Churchill

Delivered on June 4, 1940

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once more able to defend our island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government – every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength.

Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender. And even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

I have, myself full

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they are being made, we

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in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we

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the resolve of His Majesty's

Government - every man of them.

That is the will of Parliament

and the nation. The British

Empire and the French Republic,

linked together in their cause and

in their need, will defend to the

death their native soil, aiding

each other like good comrades to

the utmost of their strength.

Even though large tracts of

Europe and many old and

famous States have fallen or may

fall into the grip of the Gestapo

and all the odious apparatus of

Nazi rule, we shall not flag or

fail. We shall go on to the end. We

shall fight in France, we shall

fight on the seas and oceans, we

shall fight with growing

confidence and growing strength

in the air, we shall defend our

island, whatever the cost may be.

We shall fight on the beaches, we

shall fight on the landing

grounds, we shall fight in the

fields and in the streets, we shall

fight in the hills; we shall never

surrender. And even if, which I  
do not for a moment believe, this  
island or a large part of it were  
subjugated and starving, then our  
Empire beyond the seas, armed  
and guarded by the British Fleet,  
would carry on the struggle,  
until, in God's good time, the

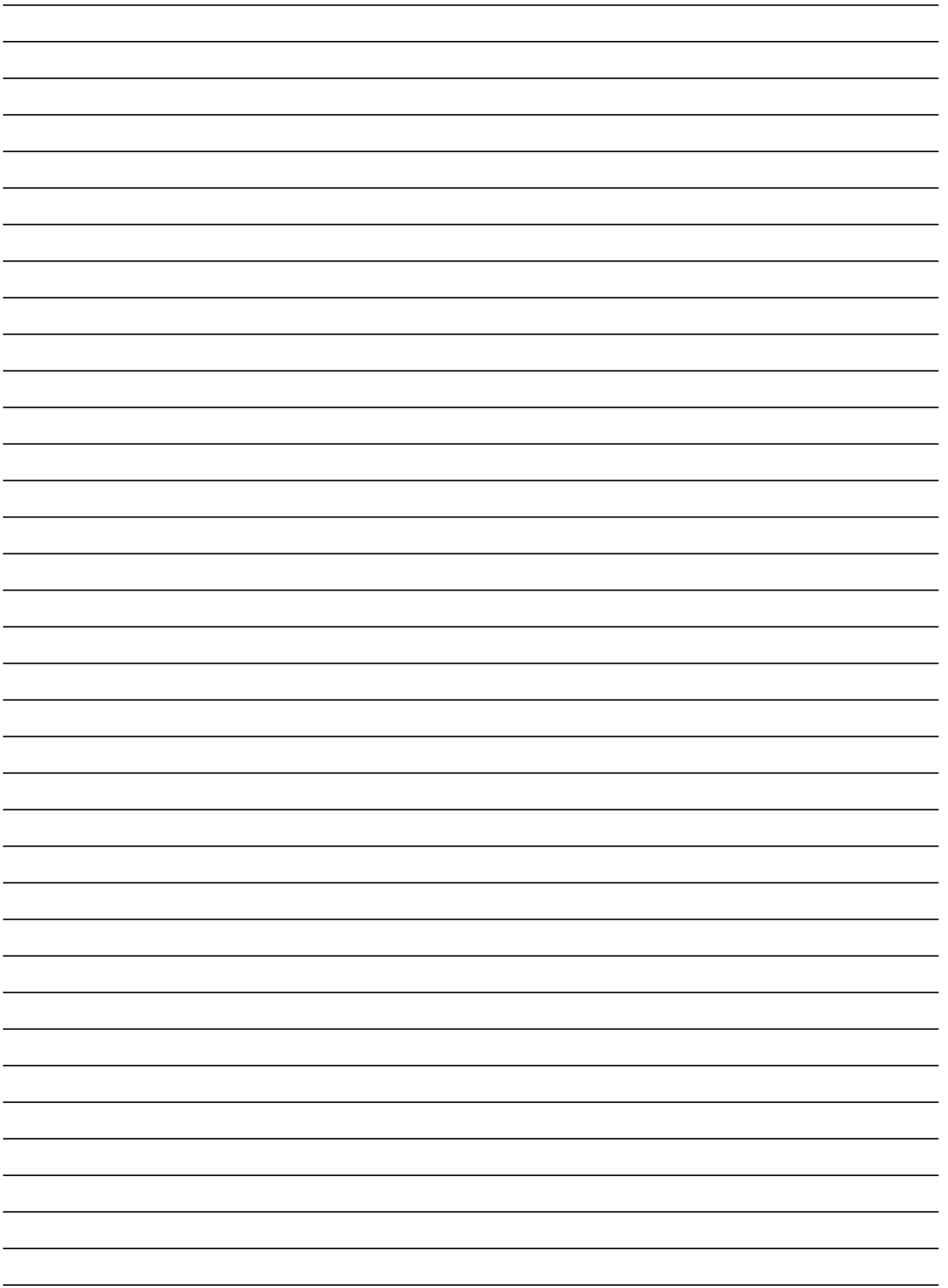
New World, with all its power

and might, steps forth to the

rescue and the liberation of the

old.







## Tea Times

In this session we have four recipes: Eggless Tea Sponge, Wartime Loaf, Berry Shortbread, and Glory Rolls.

We will have a Fairy Tale teatime, a Mythology teatime, and a Fable teatime:

Fairy Tale Tea: *Snow White and Rose Red*, by The Brother's Grimm

Mythology Teatime: *A Wonder Book*, "The Dragon's Teeth" by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Fable Teatime: *Aesop's Fables*, "The Crow and the Pitcher"

We also recommend having a "Big Band Jazz" teatime, which you could listen to while baking or eating. We have included a link on our website to listen to a collection of music pieces by Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington, and many more!

Tea Times

# Eggless Tea Sponge

Rationing was a vital part of life during World War II. Though difficult for everyone, it was an important part of the war effort because it ensured that everyone had enough to eat, and that essential items were available for the troops.

Ration books with coupons were issued to every person, and they had to line up at shops to exchange those coupons for food. The main food staples they had to ration were meat, eggs, butter, and sugar. As a result, women had to come up with creative ways to use their rations and make sure their families were fed.

A popular phrase was to “make do and mend,” which meant repairing clothes rather than buying new ones, and making use of every scrap of food.

This eggless sponge bread was a creative way to reuse leftover tea and make a dessert or breakfast food without eggs.



## Ingredients

2 ½ cups whole wheat flour  
1 ¼ cups tea (without milk or leaves)  
⅓ cup butter  
⅓ cup sugar  
⅓ cup raisins  
1 tsp allspice

## Directions

Melt butter in a saucepan and mix tea, butter, sugar, and raisins for about 5 minutes. Allow to cool. Add flour and allspice and mix well. Pour mixture into a greased cake pan and cook for 45 minutes at 350F.



## Wartime Loaf

### Ingredients

7 cups whole wheat flour  
5 tsp quick rise yeast  
¼ tsp sugar  
1 ½ tsp salt  
2 tbsp melted butter  
2 cups warm water  
1 tbsp rolled oats (for top)

### Directions

Mix all dry ingredients (except oats) in a large bowl. Add butter and water and mix thoroughly.

Knead dough for 10 minutes or in a kitchen aid for 2-3 minutes until the dough is firm and no longer sticky. Place in a large greased bowl, cover, and let rise until doubled in size. (About an hour.)

Briefly knead dough again and separate into two even loaves. Place in two greased bread pans. Brush tops with water and sprinkle with oats. Let rise for 20 minutes.

Bake for 30-40 minutes at 350F

## Spamwich

During the war, spam became an important food staple. It was difficult to get fresh food to the soldiers on the battlefield, so when they needed meat, spam was the solution. The canned pork was an easy way to get the proper nutrition to the soldiers in a timely fashion, since it kept a long time and could be eaten a variety of ways.

Try frying up some spam and eating it with the homemade bread as a sandwich!



# Berry Shortbread

## Ingredients

2 cups whole wheat flour  
½ cup butter  
½ cup sugar  
1-2 handfuls of fresh berries

## Directions

Sift sugar and flour together. Melt butter and add to flour mixture. (Add water if the mixture is too dry.)

Gently fold in berries and press into a shortbread tin or small casserole dish.

Bake for 20 minutes at 350F or until golden brown.



# Glory Rolls

## Ingredients

2 ⅓ cups whole wheat flour  
¼ cup butter  
¼ cup sugar  
1 cup warm water  
3 tsp quick rise yeast  
1 tsp cinnamon  
pinch of salt  
¼ raisins (optional)

## For Glaze

3 tbsp water  
3 tbsp sugar

## Directions

Mix dry ingredients together in a large bowl. Add butter and warm water and knead well.



Divide the dough into 12 segments and roll into balls. Place on a greased tray, cover, and let rise for an hour.

Bake for 15 minutes at 350F and let cool. Prepare glaze by mixing water and sugar and heating until dissolved. Use a pastry brush to apply the glaze.

# Snow White and Rose Red

## by The Brothers Grimm

A poor widow once lived in a little cottage with a garden in front of it, in which grew two rose trees, one bearing white roses and the other red. She had two children, who were just like the two rose trees; one was called Snow-white and the other Rose-red, and they were the sweetest and best children in the world, always diligent and always cheerful; but Snow-white was quieter and more gentle than Rose-red. Rose-red loved to run about the fields and meadows, and to pick flowers and catch butterflies; but Snow-white sat at home with her mother and helped her in the household, or read aloud to her when there was no work to do. The two children loved each other so dearly that they always walked about hand in hand whenever they went out together, and when Snow-white said, "We will never desert each other," Rose-red answered: "No, not as long as we live"; and the mother added: "Whatever one gets she shall share with the other." They often roamed about in the woods gathering berries and no beast offered to hurt them; on the contrary, they came up to them in the most confiding manner; the little hare would eat a cabbage leaf from their hands, the deer grazed beside them, the stag would bound past them merrily, and the birds remained on the branches and sang to them with all their might.

No evil ever befell them; if they tarried late in the wood and night overtook them, they lay down together on the moss and slept till morning, and their mother knew they were quite safe, and never felt anxious about them. Once, when they had slept all night in the wood and had been wakened by the morning sun, they perceived a beautiful child in a shining white robe sitting close to their resting-place. The figure got up, looked at them kindly, but said nothing, and vanished into the wood. And when they looked round about them they became aware that they had slept quite close to a precipice, over which they would certainly have fallen had they gone on a few steps further in the darkness. And when they told their mother of their adventure, she said what they had seen must have been the angel that guards good children.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's cottage so beautifully clean and neat that it was a pleasure to go into it. In summer Rose-red looked after the house, and every morning before her mother awoke she placed a bunch of flowers before the bed, from each tree a rose. In winter Snow-white lit the fire and put on the kettle, which was made of brass, but so beautifully polished that it shone like gold. In the evening when the snowflakes fell their mother said: "Snow-white, go and close the shutters," and they drew round the fire, while the mother put on her spectacles and read aloud from a big book and the two girls listened and sat and span. Beside them on the ground lay a little lamb, and behind them perched a little white dove with its head tucked under its wings.

One evening as they sat thus cosily together someone knocked at the door as though he desired admittance. The mother said: "Rose-red, open the door quickly; it must be some traveler seeking shelter." Rose-red hastened to unbar the door, and thought she saw a poor man standing in the darkness outside; but it was no such thing, only a bear, who poked his thick black head through the door. Rose-red screamed aloud and sprang back in terror, the lamb began to bleat, the dove flapped its wings, and Snow-white ran and hid behind her mother's

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"Snow-white and Rose-red,  
Don't beat your lover dead."

When it was time to retire for the night, and the others went to bed, the mother said to the bear: "You can lie there on the hearth, in heaven's name; it will be shelter for you from the cold and wet." As soon as day dawned the children led him out, and he trotted over the snow into the wood. From this time on the bear came every evening at the same hour, and lay down by the hearth and let the children play what pranks they liked with him; and they got so accustomed to him that the door was never shut till their black friend had made his appearance.

When spring came, and all outside was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-white: "Now I must go away, and not return again the whole summer." "Where are you going to, dear bear?" asked Snow-white. "I must go to the wood and protect my treasure from the wicked dwarfs. In winter, when the earth is frozen hard, they are obliged to remain underground, for they can't work their way through; but now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the ground, they break through and come up above to spy the land and steal what they can; what once falls into their hands and into their caves is not easily brought back to light." Snow-white was quite sad over their friend's departure, and when she unbarred the door for him, the bear, stepping out, caught a piece of his fur in the door-knocker, and Snow-white thought she caught sight of glittering gold beneath it, but she couldn't be certain of it; and the bear ran hastily away, and soon disappeared behind the trees.

A short time after this the mother sent the children into the wood to collect fagots. They came in their wanderings upon a big tree which lay felled on the ground, and on the trunk among the long grass they noticed something jumping up and down, but what it was they couldn't distinguish. When they approached nearer they perceived a dwarf with a wizened face and a beard a yard long. The end of the beard was jammed into a cleft of the tree, and the little man sprang about like a dog

on a chain, and didn't seem to know what he was to do. He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes, and screamed out: "What are you standing there for? Can't you come and help me?" "What were you doing, little man?" asked Rose-red. "You stupid, inquisitive goose!" replied the dwarf; "I wanted to split the tree, in order to get little chips of wood for our kitchen fire; those thick logs that serve to make fires for coarse, greedy people like yourselves quite burn up all the little food we need. I had successfully driven in the wedge, and all was going well, but the cursed wood was so slippery that it suddenly sprang out, and the tree closed up so rapidly that I had no time to take my beautiful white beard out, so here I am stuck fast, and I can't get away; and you silly, smooth-faced, milk-and-water girls just stand and laugh! Ugh! what wretches you are!"

The children did all in their power, but they couldn't get the beard out; it was wedged in far too firmly. "I will run and fetch somebody," said Rose-red. "Crazy blockheads!" snapped the dwarf; "what's the good of calling anyone else? You're already two too many for me. Does nothing better occur to you than that?" "Don't be so impatient," said Snow-white, "I'll see you get help," and taking her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of his beard. As soon as the dwarf felt himself free he seized a bag full of gold which was hidden among the roots of the tree, lifted it up, and muttered aloud: "Curse these rude wretches, cutting off a piece of my splendid beard!" With these words he swung the bag over his back, and disappeared without as much as looking at the children again.

Shortly after this Snow-white and Rose-red went out to get a dish of fish. As they approached the stream they saw something which looked like an enormous grasshopper springing toward the water as if it were going to jump in. They ran forward and recognized their old friend the dwarf. "Where are you going to?" asked Rose-red; "you're surely not going to jump into the water?" "I'm not such a fool," screamed the dwarf. "Don't you see that cursed fish is trying to drag me in?" The little man had been sitting on the bank fishing, when unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard in the line; and when immediately afterward a big fish bit, the feeble little creature had no strength to pull it out; the fish had the upper fin, and dragged the dwarf toward him. He clung on with all his might to every rush and blade of grass, but it didn't help him much; he had to follow every movement of the fish, and was in great danger of being drawn into the water. The girls came up just at the right moment, held him firm, and did all they could to disentangle his beard from the line; but in vain, beard and line were in a hopeless muddle. Nothing remained but to produce the scissors and cut the beard, by which a small part of it was sacrificed.

When the dwarf perceived what they were about he yelled to them: "Do you call that manners, you toad-stools! to disfigure a fellow's face? It wasn't enough that you shortened my beard before, but you must now needs cut off the best bit of it. I can't appear like this before my own people. I wish you'd been in Jericho first." Then he fetched a sack of pearls that lay among the rushes, and without saying another word he dragged it away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon after this the mother sent the two girls to the town to buy needles, thread, laces, and ribbons. Their road led over a heath where huge boulders of rock lay scattered here and there. While trudging along they saw a big bird hovering in the air, circling slowly above them, but always descending lower, till at last it settled on a rock not far from them. Immediately afterward they heard a sharp, piercing cry. They ran forward, and saw with horror that the eagle had pounced on their old friend the dwarf, and was about to carry him off. The tender-hearted children seized

hold of the little man, and struggled so long with the bird that at last he let go his prey. When the dwarf had recovered from the first shock he screamed in his screeching voice: "Couldn't you have treated me more carefully? You have torn my thin little coat all to shreds, useless, awkward hussies that you are!" Then he took a bag of precious stones and vanished under the rocks into his cave. The girls were accustomed to his ingratitude, and went on their way and did their business in town. On their way home, as they were again passing the heath, they surprised the dwarf pouring out his precious stones on an open space, for he had thought no one would pass by at so late an hour. The evening sun shone on the glittering stones, and they glanced and gleamed so beautifully that the children stood still and gazed on them. "What are you standing there gaping for?" screamed the dwarf, and his ashen-gray face became scarlet with rage. He was about to go off with these angry words when a sudden growl was heard, and a black bear trotted out of the wood. The dwarf jumped up in great fright, but he hadn't time to reach his place of retreat, for the bear was already close to him. Then he cried in terror: "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me! I'll give you all my treasure. Look at those beautiful precious stones lying there. Spare my life! what pleasure would you get from a poor feeble little fellow like me? You won't feel me between your teeth. There, lay hold of these two wicked girls, they will be a tender morsel for you, as fat as young quails; eat them up, for heaven's sake." But the bear, paying no attention to his words, gave the evil little creature one blow with his paw, and he never moved again.

The girls had run away, but the bear called after them: "Snow-white and Rose-red, don't be afraid; wait, and I'll come with you." Then they recognized his voice and stood still, and when the bear was quite close to them his skin suddenly fell off, and a beautiful man stood beside them, all dressed in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and have been doomed by that unholy little dwarf, who had stolen my treasure, to roam about the woods as a wild bear till his death should set me free. Now he has got his well-merited punishment."

Snow-white married him, and Rose-red his brother, and they divided the great treasure the dwarf had collected in his cave between them. The old mother lived for many years peacefully with her children; and she carried the two rose trees with her, and they stood in front of her window, and every year they bore the finest red and white roses.

# The Dragon's Teeth

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, the three sons of King Agenor, and their little sister Europa (who was a very beautiful child), were at play together near the seashore in their father's kingdom of Phoenicia. They had rambled to some distance from the palace where their parents dwelt, and were now in a verdant meadow, on one side of which lay the sea, all sparkling and dimpling in the sunshine, and murmuring gently against the beach. The three boys were very happy, gathering flowers, and twining them into garlands, with which they adorned the little Europa. Seated on the grass, the child was almost hidden under an abundance of buds and blossoms, whence her rosy face peeped merrily out, and, as Cadmus said, was the prettiest of all the flowers.

Just then, there came a splendid butterfly, fluttering along the meadow; and Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix set off in pursuit of it, crying out that it was a flower with wings. Europa, who was a little wearied with playing all day long, did not chase the butterfly with her brothers, but sat still where they had left her, and closed her eyes. For a while, she listened to the pleasant murmur of the sea, which was like a voice saying "Hush!" and bidding her go to sleep. But the pretty child, if she slept at all, could not have slept more than a moment, when she heard something trample on the grass, not far from her, and, peeping out from the heap of flowers, beheld a snow-white bull.

And whence could this bull have come? Europa and her brothers had been a long time playing in the meadow, and had seen no cattle, nor other living thing, either there or on the neighboring hills.

"Brother Cadmus!" cried Europa, starting up out of the midst of the roses and lilies. "Phoenix! Cilix! Where are you all? Help! Help! Come and drive away this bull!"

But her brothers were too far off to hear; especially as the fright took away Europa's voice, and hindered her from calling very loudly. So there she stood, with her pretty mouth wide open, as pale as the white lilies that were twisted among the other flowers in her garlands.

Nevertheless, it was the suddenness with which she had perceived the bull, rather than anything frightful in his appearance, that caused Europa so much alarm. On looking at him more attentively, she began to see that he was a beautiful animal, and even fancied a particularly amiable expression in his face. As for his breath—the breath of cattle, you know, is always sweet—it was as fragrant as if he had been grazing on no other food than rosebuds, or at least, the most delicate of clover blossoms. Never before did a bull have such bright and tender eyes, and such smooth horns of ivory, as this one. And the bull ran little races, and capered sportively around the child; so that she quite forgot how big and strong he was, and, from the gentleness and playfulness of his actions, soon came to consider him as innocent a creature as a pet lamb.

Thus, frightened as she at first was, you might by and by have seen Europa stroking the bull's forehead with her small white hand, and taking the garlands off her own head to hang them on

his neck and ivory horns. Then she pulled up some blades of grass, and he ate them out of her hand, not as if he were hungry, but because he wanted to be friends with the child, and took pleasure in eating what she had touched. Well, my stars! was there ever such a gentle, sweet, pretty, and amiable creature as this bull, and ever such a nice playmate for a little girl?

When the animal saw (for the bull had so much intelligence that it is really wonderful to think of), when he saw that Europa was no longer afraid of him, he grew overjoyed, and could hardly contain himself for delight. He frisked about the meadow, now here, now there, making sprightly leaps, with as little effort as a bird expends in hopping from twig to twig. Indeed, his motion was as light as if he were flying through the air, and his hoofs seemed hardly to leave their print in the grassy soil over which he trod. With his spotless hue, he resembled a snow drift, wafted along by the wind. Once he galloped so far away that Europa feared lest she might never see him again; so, setting up her childish voice, called him back.

"Come back, pretty creature!" she cried. "Here is a nice clover blossom."

And then it was delightful to witness the gratitude of this amiable bull, and how he was so full of joy and thankfulness that he capered higher than ever. He came running, and bowed his head before Europa, as if he knew her to be a king's daughter, or else recognized the important truth that a little girl is everybody's queen. And not only did the bull bend his neck, he absolutely knelt down at her feet, and made such intelligent nods, and other inviting gestures, that Europa understood what he meant just as well as if he had put it in so many words.

"Come, dear child," was what he wanted to say, "let me give you a ride on my back."

At the first thought of such a thing, Europa drew back. But then she considered in her wise little head that there could be no possible harm in taking just one gallop on the back of this docile and friendly animal, who would certainly set her down the very instant she desired it. And how it would surprise her brothers to see her riding across the green meadow! And what merry times they might have, either taking turns for a gallop, or clambering on the gentle creature, all four children together, and careering round the field with shouts of laughter that would be heard as far off as King Agenor's palace!

"I think I will do it," said the child to herself.

And, indeed, why not? She cast a glance around, and caught a glimpse of Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, who were still in pursuit of the butterfly, almost at the other end of the meadow. It would be the quickest way of rejoining them, to get upon the white bull's back. She came a step nearer to him therefore; and—sociable creature that he was—he showed so much joy at this mark of her confidence, that the child could not find in her heart to hesitate any longer. Making one bound (for this little princess was as active as a squirrel), there sat Europa on the beautiful bull, holding an ivory horn in each hand, lest she should fall off.

"Softly, pretty bull, softly!" she said, rather frightened at what she had done. "Do not gallop too fast."

Having got the child on his back, the animal gave a leap into the air, and came down so like a feather that Europa did not know when his hoofs touched the ground. He then began a race to that part of the flowery plain where her three brothers were, and where they had just caught their splendid butterfly. Europa screamed with delight; and Phoenix, Cilix, and Cadmus stood gaping at the spectacle of their sister mounted on a white bull, not knowing whether to be frightened or to wish the same good luck for themselves. The gentle and innocent creature (for who could possibly doubt that he was so?) pranced round among the children as sportively as a kitten. Europa all the while looked down upon her brothers, nodding and laughing, but yet with a sort of stateliness in her rosy little face. As the bull wheeled about to take another gallop across the meadow, the child waved her hand, and said, "Good-bye," playfully pretending that she was now bound on a distant journey, and might not see her brothers again for nobody could tell how long.

"Good-bye," shouted Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, all in one breath.

But, together with her enjoyment of the sport, there was still a little remnant of fear in the child's heart; so that her last look at the three boys was a troubled one, and made them feel as if their dear sister were really leaving them forever. And what do you think the snowy bull did next? Why, he set off, as swift as the wind, straight down to the seashore, scampered across the sand, took an airy leap, and plunged right in among the foaming billows. The white spray rose in a shower over him and little Europa, and fell spattering down upon the water.

Then what a scream of terror did the poor child send forth! The three brothers screamed manfully, likewise, and ran to the shore as fast as their legs would carry them, with Cadmus at their head. But it was too late. When they reached the margin of the sand, the treacherous animal was already far away in the wide blue sea, with only his snowy head and tail emerging, and poor little Europa between them, stretching out one hand towards her dear brothers, while she grasped the bull's ivory horn with the other. And there stood Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, gazing at this sad spectacle, through their tears, until they could no longer distinguish the bull's snowy head from the white-capped billows that seemed to boil up out of the sea's depths around him. Nothing more was ever seen of the white bull—nothing more of the beautiful child.

This was a mournful story, as you may well think, for the three boys to carry home to their parents. King Agenor, their father, was the ruler of the whole country; but he loved his little daughter Europa better than his kingdom, or than all his other children, or than anything else in the world. Therefore, when Cadmus and his two brothers came crying home, and told him how that a white bull had carried off their sister, and swam with her over the sea, the king was quite beside himself with grief and rage. Although it was now twilight, and fast growing dark, he bade them set out instantly in search of her.

"Never shall you see my face again," he cried, "unless you bring me back my little Europa, to gladden me with her smiles and her pretty ways. Begone, and enter my presence no more, till you come leading her by the hand."

As King Agenor said this, his eyes flashed fire (for he was a very passionate king), and he looked so terribly angry that the poor boys did not even venture to ask for their suppers, but slunk away out of

the palace, and only paused on the steps a moment to consult whither they should go first. While they were standing there, all in dismay, their mother, Queen Telephassa (who happened not to be by when they told the story to the king), came hurrying after them, and said that she too would go in quest of her daughter.

"O, no, mother!" cried the boys. "The night is dark, and there is no knowing what troubles and perils we may meet with."

"Alas! my dear children," answered poor Queen Telephassa; weeping bitterly, "that is only another reason why I should go with you. If I should lose you, too, as well as my little Europa, what would become of me!"

"And let me go likewise!" said their playfellow Thasus, who came running to join them.

Thasus was the son of a seafaring person in the neighborhood; he had been brought up with the young princes, and was their intimate friend, and loved Europa very much; so they consented that he should accompany them. The whole party, therefore, set forth together. Cadmus, Phoenix, Cilix, and Thasus clustered round Queen Telephassa, grasping her skirts, and begging her to lean upon their shoulders whenever she felt weary. In this manner they went down the palace steps, and began a journey, which turned out to be a great deal longer than they dreamed of. The last that they saw of King Agenor, he came to the door, with a servant holding a torch beside him, and called after them into the gathering darkness:

"Remember! Never ascend these steps again without the child!"

"Never!" sobbed Queen Telephassa; and the three brothers and Thasus answered, "Never! Never! Never! Never!"

And they kept their word. Year after year, King Agenor sat in the solitude of his beautiful palace, listening in vain for their returning footsteps, hoping to hear the familiar voice of the queen, and the cheerful talk of his sons and their playfellow Thasus, entering the door together, and the sweet, childish accents of little Europa in the midst of them. But so long a time went by, that, at last, if they had really come, the king would not have known that this was the voice of Telephassa, and these the younger voices that used to make such joyful echoes, when the children were playing about the palace. We must now leave King Agenor to sit on his throne, and must go along with Queen Telephassa, and her four youthful companions.

They went on and on, and traveled a long way, and passed over mountains and rivers, and sailed over seas. Here, and there, and everywhere, they made continual inquiry if any person could tell them what had become of Europa. The rustic people, of whom they asked this question, paused a little while from their labors in the field, and looked very much surprised. They thought it strange to behold a woman in the garb of a queen (for Telephassa in her haste had forgotten to take off her crown and her royal robes), roaming about the country, with four lads around her, on such an errand as this seemed to be. But nobody could give them any tidings of Europa; nobody had seen a little girl dressed like a princess, and mounted on a snow-white bull, which galloped as swiftly as the wind.

I cannot tell you how long Queen Telephassa, and Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, her three sons, and Thasus, their playfellow, went wandering along the highways and bypaths, or through the pathless wildernesses of the earth, in this manner. But certain it is, that, before they reached any place of rest, their splendid garments were quite worn out. They all looked very much travel-stained, and would have had the dust of many countries on their shoes, if the streams, through which they waded, had not washed it all away. When they had been gone a year, Telephassa threw away her crown, because it chafed her forehead.

"It has given me many a headache," said the poor queen, "and it cannot cure my heartache."

As fast as their princely robes got torn and tattered, they exchanged them for such mean attire as ordinary people wore. By and by, they come to have a wild and homeless aspect; so that you would much sooner have taken them for a gypsy family than a queen and three princes, and a young nobleman, who had once a palace for a home, and a train of servants to do their bidding. The four boys grew up to be tall young men, with sunburnt faces. Each of them girded on a sword, to defend themselves against the perils of the way. When the husbandmen, at whose farmhouses they sought hospitality, needed their assistance in the harvest field, they gave it willingly; and Queen Telephassa (who had done no work in her palace, save to braid silk threads with golden ones) came behind them to bind the sheaves. If payment was offered, they shook their heads, and only asked for tidings of Europa.

"There are bulls enough in my pasture," the old farmers would reply; "but I never heard of one like this you tell me of. A snow-white bull with a little princess on his back! Ho! ho! I ask your pardon, good folks; but there never such a sight seen hereabouts."

At last, when his upper lip began to have the down on it, Phoenix grew weary of rambling hither and thither to no purpose. So one day, when they happened to be passing through a pleasant and solitary tract of country, he sat himself down on a heap of moss.

"I can go no farther," said Phoenix. "It is a mere foolish waste of life, to spend it as we do, always wandering up and down, and never coming to any home at nightfall. Our sister is lost, and never will be found. She probably perished in the sea; or, to whatever shore the white bull may have carried her, it is now so many years ago, that there would be neither love nor acquaintance between us, should we meet again. My father has forbidden us to return to his palace, so I shall build me a hut of branches, and dwell here."

"Well, son Phoenix," said Telephassa, sorrowfully, "you have grown to be a man, and must do as you judge best. But, for my part, I will still go in quest of my poor child."

"And we three will go along with you!" cried Cadmus and Cilix, and their faithful friend Thasus.

But, before setting out, they all helped Phoenix to build a habitation. When completed, it was a sweet rural bower, roofed overhead with an arch of living boughs. Inside there were two pleasant rooms, one of which had a soft heap of moss for a bed, while the other was furnished with a rustic seat or two, curiously fashioned out of the crooked roots of trees. So comfortable and home-like did it seem, that Telephassa and her three companions could not help sighing, to think that they must

still roam about the world, instead of spending the remainder of their lives in some such cheerful abode as they had here built for Phoenix. But, when they bade him farewell, Phoenix shed tears, and probably regretted that he was no longer to keep them company.

However, he had fixed upon an admirable place to dwell in. And by and by there came other people, who chanced to have no homes; and, seeing how pleasant a spot it was, they built themselves huts in the neighborhood of Phoenix's habitation. Thus, before many years went by, a city had grown up there, in the center of which was seen a stately palace of marble, wherein dwelt Phoenix, clothed in a purple robe, and wearing a golden crown upon his head. For the inhabitants of the new city, finding that he had royal blood in his veins, had chosen him to be their king. The very first decree of state which King Phoenix issued was, that, if a maiden happened to arrive in the kingdom, mounted on a snow-white bull, and calling herself Europa, his subjects should treat her with the greatest kindness and respect, and immediately bring her to the palace. You may see, by this, that Phoenix's conscience never quite ceased to trouble him, for giving up the quest of his dear sister, and sitting himself down to be comfortable, while his mother and her companions went onward.

But often and often, at the close of a weary day's journey, did Telephassa and Cadmus, Cilix, and Thasus, remember the pleasant spot in which they had left Phoenix. It was a sorrowful prospect for these wanderers, that on the morrow they must again set forth, and that, after many nightfalls, they would perhaps be no nearer the close of their toilsome pilgrimage than now. These thoughts made them all melancholy at times, but appeared to torment Cilix more than the rest of the party. At length, one morning, when they were taking their staffs in hand to set out, he thus addressed them:

"My dear mother, and you, good brother Cadmus, and my friend Thasus, methinks we are like people in a dream. There is no substance in the life which we are leading. It is such a dreary length of time since the white bull carried off my sister Europa, that I have quite forgotten how she looked, and the tones of her voice, and, indeed, almost doubt whether such a little girl ever lived in the world. And whether she once lived or no, I am convinced that she no longer survives, and that therefore it is the merest folly to waste our own lives and happiness in seeking her. Were we to find her, she would now be a woman grown, and would look upon us all as strangers. So, to tell you the truth, I have resolved to take up my abode here; and I entreat you, mother, brother, and friend, to follow my example."

"Not I, for one," said Telephassa; although the poor queen, firmly as she spoke, was so travel-worn that she could hardly put her foot to the ground. "Not I, for one! In the depths of my heart, little Europa is still the rosy child who ran to gather flowers so many years ago. She has not grown to womanhood, nor forgotten me. At noon, at night, journeying onward, sitting down to rest, her childish voice is always in my ears, calling, 'Mother! mother!' Stop here who may, there is no repose for me."

"Nor for me," said Cadmus, "while my dear mother pleases to go onward."

And the faithful Thasus, too, was resolved to bear them company. They remained with Cilix a few days, however, and helped him to build a rustic bower, resembling the one which they had formerly built for Phoenix.

When they were bidding him farewell Cilix burst into tears, and told his mother that it seemed just as melancholy a dream to stay there, in solitude, as to go onward. If she really believed that they would ever find Europa, he was willing to continue the search with them, even now. But Telephassa bade him remain there, and be happy, if his own heart would let him. So the pilgrims took their leave of him, and departed, and were hardly out of sight before some other wandering people came along that way, and saw Cilix's habitation, and were greatly delighted with the appearance of the place. There being abundance of unoccupied ground in the neighborhood, these strangers built huts for themselves, and were soon joined by a multitude of new settlers, who quickly formed a city. In the middle of it was seen a magnificent palace of colored marble, on the balcony of which, every noontide, appeared Cilix, in a long purple robe, and with a jeweled crown upon his head; for the inhabitants, when they found out that he was a king's son, had considered him the fittest of all men to be a king himself.

One of the first acts of King Cilix's government was to send out an expedition, consisting of a grave ambassador, and an escort of bold and hardy young men, with orders to visit the principal kingdoms of the earth, and inquire whether a young maiden had passed through those regions, galloping swiftly on a white bull. It is, therefore, plain to my mind, that Cilix secretly blamed himself for giving up the search for Europa, as long as he was able to put one foot before the other.

As for Telephassa, and Cadmus, and the good Thasus, it grieves me to think of them, still keeping up that weary pilgrimage. The two young men did their best for the poor queen, helping her over the rough places, often carrying her across rivulets in their faithful arms and seeking to shelter her at nightfall, even when they themselves lay on the ground. Sad, sad it was to hear them asking of every passer-by if he had seen Europa, so long after the white bull had carried her away. But, though the gray years thrust themselves between, and made the child's figure dim in their remembrance, neither of these true-hearted three ever dreamed of giving up the search.

One morning, however, poor Thasus found that he had sprained his ankle, and could not possibly go a step farther.

"After a few days, to be sure," said he, mournfully, "I might make shift to hobble along with a stick. But that would only delay you, and perhaps hinder you from finding dear little Europa, after all your pains and trouble. Do you go forward, therefore, my beloved companions, and leave me to follow as I may."

"Thou hast been a true friend, dear Thasus," said Queen Telephassa, kissing his forehead. "Being neither my son, nor the brother of our lost Europa, thou hast shown thyself truer to me and her than Phoenix and Cilix did, whom we have left behind us. Without thy loving help, and that of my son Cadmus, my limbs could not have borne me half so far as this. Now, take thy rest, and be at peace. For—and it is the first time I have owned it to myself—I begin to question whether we shall ever find my beloved daughter in this world."

Saying this, the poor queen shed tears, because it was a grievous trial to the mother's heart to confess that her hopes were growing faint. From that day forward, Cadmus noticed that she never traveled with the same alacrity of spirit that had heretofore supported her. Her weight was heavier upon his arm.

Before setting out, Cadmus helped Thasus build a bower; while Telephassa, being too infirm to give any great assistance, advised them how to fit it up and furnish it, so that it might be as comfortable as a hut of branches could. Thasus, however, did not spend all his days in this green bower. For it happened to him, as to Phoenix and Cilix, that other homeless people visited the spot, and liked it, and built themselves habitations in the neighborhood. So here, in the course of a few years, was another thriving city, with a red freestone palace in the center of it, where Thasus sat upon a throne, doing justice to the people, with a purple robe over his shoulders, a sceptre in his hand, and a crown upon his head. The inhabitants had made him king, not for the sake of any royal blood (for none was in his veins), but because Thasus was an upright, true-hearted, and courageous man, and therefore fit to rule.

But when the affairs of his kingdom were all settled, King Thasus laid aside his purple robe and crown, and sceptre, and bade his worthiest subjects distribute justice to the people in his stead. Then, grasping the pilgrim's staff that had supported him so long, he set forth again, hoping still to discover some hoof-mark of the snow-white bull, some trace of the vanished child. He returned after a lengthened absence, and sat down wearily upon his throne. To his latest hour, nevertheless, King Thasus showed his true-hearted remembrance of Europa, by ordering that a fire should always be kept burning in his palace, and a bath steaming hot, and food ready to be served up, and a bed with snow-white sheets, in case the maiden should arrive, and require immediate refreshment. And, though Europa never came, the good Thasus had the blessings of many a poor traveler, who profited by the food and lodging which were meant for the little playmate of the king's boyhood.

Telephassa and Cadmus were now pursuing their weary way, with no companion but each other. The queen leaned heavily upon her son's arm, and could walk only a few miles a day. But for all her weakness and weariness, she would not be persuaded to give up the search. It was enough to bring tears into the eyes of bearded men to hear the melancholy tone with which she inquired of every stranger whether he could not tell her any news of the lost child.

"Have you seen a little girl—no, no, I mean a young maiden of full growth—passing by this way, mounted on a snow-white bull, which gallops as swiftly as the wind?"

"We have seen no such wondrous sight," the people would reply; and very often, taking Cadmus aside, they whispered to him, "Is this stately and sad-looking woman your mother? Surely she is not in her right mind; and you ought to take her home, and make her comfortable, and do your best to get this dream out of her fancy."

"It is no dream," said Cadmus. "Everything else is a dream, save that."

But, one day, Telephassa seemed feebler than usual, and leaned almost her whole weight on the arm of Cadmus, and walked more slowly than ever before. At last they reached a solitary spot, where she told her son that she must needs lie down, and take a good long rest.

"A good long rest!" she repeated, looking Cadmus tenderly in the face. "A good long rest, thou dearest one!"

"As long as you please, dear mother," answered Cadmus.

Telephassa bade him sit down on the turf beside her, and then she took his hand.

"My son," said she, fixing her dim eyes most lovingly upon him, "this rest that I speak of will be very long indeed! You must not wait till it is finished. Dear Cadmus, you do not comprehend me. You must make a grave here, and lay your mother's weary frame into it. My pilgrimage is over."

Cadmus burst into tears, and, for a long time, refused to believe that his dear mother was now to be taken from him. But Telephassa reasoned with him, and kissed him, and at length made him discern that it was better for her spirit to pass away out of the toil, the weariness, and grief, and disappointment which had burdened her on earth, ever since the child was lost. He therefore repressed his sorrow, and listened to her last words.

"Dearest Cadmus," said she, "thou hast been the truest son that ever mother had, and faithful to the very last. Who else would have borne with my infirmities as thou hast! It is owing to thy care, thou tenderest child, that my grave was not dug long years ago, in some valley, or on some hillside, that lies far, far behind us. It is enough. Thou shalt wander no more on this hopeless search. But, when thou hast laid thy mother in the earth, then go, my son, to Delphi, and inquire of the oracle what thou shalt do next."

"O mother, mother," cried Cadmus, "couldst thou but have seen my sister before this hour!"

"It matters little now," answered Telephassa, and there was a smile upon her face. "I go now to the better world, and, sooner or later, shall find my daughter there."

I will not sadden you, my little hearers, with telling how Telephassa died and was buried, but will only say, that her dying smile grew brighter, instead of vanishing from her dead face; so that Cadmus left convinced that, at her very first step into the better world, she had caught Europa in her arms. He planted some flowers on his mother's grave, and left them to grow there, and make the place beautiful, when he should be far away.

After performing this last sorrowful duty, he set forth alone, and took the road towards the famous oracle of Delphi, as Telephassa had advised him. On his way thither, he still inquired of most people whom he met whether they had seen Europa; for, to say the truth, Cadmus had grown so accustomed to ask the question, that it came to his lips as readily as a remark about the weather. He received various answers. Some told him one thing, and some another. Among the rest, a mariner affirmed, that, many years before, in a distant country, he had heard a rumor about a white bull, which came swimming across the sea with a child on his back, dressed up in flowers that were blighted by the sea water. He did not know what had become of the child or the bull; and Cadmus suspected, indeed, by a queer twinkle in the mariner's eyes, that he was putting a joke upon him, and had never really heard anything about the matter.

Poor Cadmus found it more wearisome to travel alone than to bear all his dear mother's weight, while she had kept him company. His heart, you will understand, was now so heavy that it seemed impossible, sometimes, to carry it any farther. But his limbs were strong and active, and well accustomed to exercise. He walked swiftly along, thinking of King Agenor and Queen Telephassa, and his brothers, and the friendly Thasus, all of whom he had left behind him, at one point of his

pilgrimage or another, and never expected to see them any more. Full of these remembrances, he came within sight of a lofty mountain, which the people thereabouts told him was called Parnassus. On the slope of Mount Parnassus was the famous Delphi, whither Cadmus was going.

This Delphi was supposed to be the very midmost spot of the whole world. The place of the oracle was a certain cavity in the mountain side, over which, when Cadmus came thither, he found a rude bower of branches. It reminded him of those which he had helped to build for Phoenix and Cilix, and afterwards for Thasus. In later times, when multitudes of people came from great distances to put questions to the oracle, a spacious temple of marble was erected over the spot. But in the days of Cadmus, as I have told you, there was only this rustic bower, with its abundance of green foliage, and a tuft of shrubbery, that ran wild over the mysterious hole in the hillside.

When Cadmus had thrust a passage through the tangled boughs, and made his way into the bower, he did not at first discern the half-hidden cavity. But soon he felt a cold stream of air rushing out of it, with so much force that it shook the ringlets on his cheek. Pulling away the shrubbery which clustered over the hole, he bent forward, and spoke in a distinct but reverential tone, as if addressing some unseen personage inside of the mountain.

"Sacred oracle of Delphi," said he, "whither shall I go next in quest of my dear sister Europa?"

There was at first a deep silence, and then a rushing sound, or a noise like a long sigh, proceeding out of the interior of the earth. This cavity, you must know, was looked upon as a sort of fountain of truth, which sometimes gushed out in audible words; although, for the most part, these words were such a riddle that they might just as well have staid at the bottom of the hole. But Cadmus was more fortunate than many others who went to Delphi in search of truth. By and by, the rushing noise began to sound like articulate language. It repeated, over and over again, the following sentence, which, after all, was so like the vague whistle of a blast of air, that Cadmus really did not quite know whether it meant anything or not:

"Seek her no more! Seek her no more! Seek her no more!"

"What, then, shall I do?" asked Cadmus.

For, ever since he was a child, you know, it had been the great object of his life to find his sister. From the very hour that he left following the butterfly in the meadow, near his father's palace, he had done his best to follow Europa, over land and sea. And now, if he must give up the search, he seemed to have no more business in the world.

But again the sighing gust of air grew into something like a hoarse voice.

"Follow the cow!" it said. "Follow the cow! Follow the cow!"

And when these words had been repeated until Cadmus was tired of hearing them (especially as he could not imagine what cow it was, or why he was to follow her), the gusty hole gave vent to another sentence.

"Where the stray cow lies down, there is your home."

These words were pronounced but a single time, and died away into a whisper before Cadmus was fully satisfied that he had caught the meaning. He put other questions, but received no answer; only the gust of wind sighed continually out of the cavity, and blew the withered leaves rustling along the ground before it.

"Did there really come any words out of the hole?" thought Cadmus; "or have I been dreaming all this while?"

He turned away from the oracle, and thought himself no wiser than when he came thither. Caring little what might happen to him, he took the first path that offered itself, and went along at a sluggish pace; for, having no object in view, nor any reason to go one way more than another, it would certainly have been foolish to make haste. Whenever he met anybody, the old question was at his tongue's end.

"Have you seen a beautiful maiden, dressed like a king's daughter, and mounted on a snow-white bull, that gallops as swiftly as the wind?"

But, remembering what the oracle had said, he only half uttered the words, and then mumbled the rest indistinctly; and from his confusion, people must have imagined that this handsome young man had lost his wits.

I know not how far Cadmus had gone, nor could he himself have told you, when at no great distance before him, he beheld a brindled cow. She was lying down by the wayside, and quietly chewing her cud; nor did she take any notice of the young man until he had approached pretty nigh. Then, getting leisurely upon her feet, and giving her head a gentle toss, she began to move along at a moderate pace, often pausing just long enough to crop a mouthful of grass. Cadmus loitered behind, whistling idly to himself, and scarcely noticing the cow; until the thought occurred to him, whether this could possibly be the animal which, according to the oracle's response, was to serve him for a guide. But he smiled at himself for fancying such a thing. He could not seriously think that this was the cow, because she went along so quietly, behaving just like any other cow. Evidently she neither knew nor cared so much as a wisp of hay about Cadmus, and was only thinking how to get her living along the wayside, where the herbage was green and fresh. Perhaps she was going home to be milked.

"Cow, cow, cow!" cried Cadmus. "Hey, Brindle, hey! Stop, my good cow!"

He wanted to come up with the cow, so as to examine her, and see if she would appear to know him, or whether there were any peculiarities to distinguish her from a thousand other cows, whose only business is to fill the milk-pail, and sometimes kick it over. But still the brindled cow trudged on, whisking her tail to keep the flies away, and taking as little notice of Cadmus as she well could. If he walked slowly, so did the cow, and seized the opportunity to graze. If he quickened his pace, the cow went just so much the faster; and once, when Cadmus tried to catch her by running, she threw out her heels, stuck her tail straight on end, and set off at a gallop, looking as queerly as cows generally do, while putting themselves to their speed.

When Cadmus saw that it was impossible to come up with her, he walked on moderately, as before. The cow, too, went leisurely on, without looking behind. Wherever the grass was greenest, there she nibbled a mouthful or two. Where a brook glistened brightly across the path, there the cow drank, and breathed a comfortable sigh, and drank again, and trudged onward at the pace that best suited herself and Cadmus.

"I do believe," thought Cadmus, "that this may be the cow that was foretold me. If it be the one, I suppose she will lie down somewhere hereabouts."

Whether it were the oracular cow or some other one, it did not seem reasonable that she should travel a great way farther. So, whenever they reached a particularly pleasant spot on a breezy hillside, or in a sheltered vale, or flowery meadow, on the shore of a calm lake, or along the bank of a clear stream, Cadmus looked eagerly around to see if the situation would suit him for a home. But still, whether he liked the place or no, the brindled cow never offered to lie down. On she went at the quiet pace of a cow going homeward to the barn yard; and, every moment, Cadmus expected to see a milkmaid approaching with a pail, or a herdsman running to head the stray animal, and turn her back towards the pasture. But no milkmaid came; no herdsman drove her back; and Cadmus followed the stray Brindle till he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue.

"O brindled cow," cried he, in a tone of despair, "do you never mean to stop?"

He had now grown too intent on following her to think of lagging behind, however long the way, and whatever might be his fatigue. Indeed, it seemed as if there were something about the animal that bewitched people. Several persons who happened to see the brindled cow, and Cadmus following behind, began to trudge after her, precisely as he did. Cadmus was glad of somebody to converse with, and therefore talked very freely to these good people. He told them all his adventures, and how he had left King Agenor in his palace, and Phoenix at one place, and Cilix at another, and Thasus at a third, and his dear mother, Queen Telephassa, under a flowery sod; so that now he was quite alone, both friendless and homeless. He mentioned, likewise, that the oracle had bidden him be guided by a cow, and inquired of the strangers whether they supposed that this brindled animal could be the one.

"Why, 'tis a very wonderful affair," answered one of his new companions. "I am pretty well acquainted with the ways of cattle, and I never knew a cow, of her own accord, to go so far without stopping. If my legs will let me, I'll never leave following the beast till she lies down."

"Nor !!" said a second.

"Nor !!" cried a third. "If she goes a hundred miles farther, I am determined to see the end of it."

The secret of it was, you must know, that the cow was an enchanted cow, and that, without their being conscious of it, she threw some of her enchantment over everybody that took so much as half a dozen steps behind her. They could not possibly help following her, though all the time they fancied themselves doing it of their own accord. The cow was by no means very nice in choosing her path; so that sometimes they had to scramble over rocks, or wade through mud and mire, and all

in a terribly bedraggled condition, and tired to death, and very hungry, into the bargain. What a weary business it was!

But still they kept trudging stoutly forward, and talking as they went. The strangers grew very fond of Cadmus, and resolved never to leave him, but to help him build a city wherever the cow might lie down. In the center of it there should be a noble palace, in which Cadmus might dwell, and be their king, with a throne, a crown, a sceptre, a purple robe, and everything else that a king ought to have; for in him there was the royal blood, and the royal heart, and the head that knew how to rule.

While they were talking of these schemes, and beguiling the tediousness of the way with laying out the plan of the new city, one of the company happened to look at the cow.

"Joy! joy!" cried he, clapping his hands. "Brindle is going to lie down."

They all looked; and, sure enough, the cow had stopped, and was staring leisurely about her, as other cows do when on the point of lying down. And slowly, slowly did she recline herself on the soft grass, first bending her forelegs, and then crouching her hind ones. When Cadmus and his companions came up with her, there was the brindled cow taking her ease, chewing her cud, and looking them quietly in the face; as if this was just the spot she had been seeking for, and as if it were all a matter of course.

"This, then," said Cadmus, gazing around him, "this is to be my home."

It was a fertile and lovely plain, with great trees flinging their sun-speckled shadows over it, and hills fencing it in from the rough weather. At no great distance, they beheld a river gleaming in the sunshine. A home feeling stole into the heart of poor Cadmus. He was very glad to know that here he might awake in the morning without the necessity of putting on his dusty sandals to travel farther and farther. The days and the years would pass over him, and find him still in this pleasant spot. If he could have had his brothers with him, and his friend Thasus, and could have seen his dear mother under a roof of his own, he might here have been happy after all their disappointments. Some day or other, too, his sister Europa might have come quietly to the door of his home, and smiled round upon the familiar faces. But, indeed, since there was no hope of regaining the friends of his boyhood, or ever seeing his dear sister again, Cadmus resolved to make himself happy with these new companions, who had grown so fond of him while following the cow.

"Yes, my friends," said he to them, "this is to be our home. Here we will build our habitations. The brindled cow, which has led us hither, will supply us with milk. We will cultivate the neighboring soil and lead an innocent and happy life."

His companions joyfully assented to this plan; and, in the first place, being very hungry and thirsty, they looked about them for the means of providing a comfortable meal. Not far off they saw a tuft of trees, which appeared as if there might be a spring of water beneath them. They went thither to fetch some, leaving Cadmus stretched on the ground along with the brindled cow; for, now that he had found a place of rest, it seemed as if all the weariness of his pilgrimage, ever since he left King Agenor's palace, had fallen upon him at once. But his new friends had not long been gone, when he

was suddenly startled by cries, shouts, and screams, and the noise of a terrible struggle, and in the midst of it all, a most awful hissing, which went right through his ears like a rough saw.

Running towards the tuft of trees, he beheld the head and fiery eyes of an immense serpent or dragon, with the widest jaws that ever a dragon had, and a vast many rows of horribly sharp teeth. Before Cadmus could reach the spot, this pitiless reptile had killed his poor companions, and was busily devouring them, making but a mouthful of each man.

It appears that the fountain of water was enchanted, and that the dragon had been set to guard it, so that no mortal might ever quench his thirst there. As the neighboring inhabitants carefully avoided the spot, it was now a long time (not less than a hundred years or thereabouts) since the monster had broken his fast; and, as was natural enough, his appetite had grown to be enormous, and was not half satisfied by the poor people whom he had just eaten up. When he caught sight of Cadmus, therefore, he set up another abominable hiss, and flung back his immense jaws, until his mouth looked like a great red cavern, at the farther end of which were seen the legs of his last victim, whom he had hardly had time to swallow.

But Cadmus was so enraged at the destruction of his friends that he cared neither for the size of the dragon's jaws nor for his hundreds of sharp teeth. Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster, and flung himself right into his cavernous mouth. This bold method of attacking him took the dragon by surprise; for, in fact, Cadmus had leaped so far down into his throat, that the rows of terrible teeth could not close upon him, nor do him the least harm in the world. Thus, though the struggle was a tremendous one, and though the dragon shattered the tuft of trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail, yet, as Cadmus was all the while slashing and stabbing at his very vitals, it was not long before the scaly wretch bethought himself of slipping away. He had not gone his length, however, when the brave Cadmus gave him a sword thrust that finished the battle; and creeping out of the gateway of the creature's jaws, there he beheld him still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child.

But do not you suppose that it made Cadmus sorrowful to think of the melancholy fate which had befallen those poor, friendly people, who had followed the cow along with him? It seemed as if he were doomed to lose everybody whom he loved, or to see them perish in one way or another. And here he was, after all his toils and troubles, in a solitary place, with not a single human being to help him build a hut.

"What shall I do?" cried he aloud. "It were better for me to have been devoured by the dragon, as my poor companions were."

"Cadmus," said a voice but whether it came from above or below him, or whether it spoke within his own breast, the young man could not tell—"Cadmus, pluck out the dragon's teeth, and plant them in the earth."

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it very easy, I should imagine, to dig out all those deep-rooted fangs from the dead dragon's jaws. But Cadmus toiled and tugged, and after pounding the monstrous head almost to pieces with a great stone, he at last collected as many teeth as might have filled a bushel or two. The next thing was to plant them. This, likewise, was a tedious piece of

work, especially as Cadmus was already exhausted with killing the dragon and knocking his head to pieces, and had nothing to dig the earth with, that I know of, unless it were his sword blade. Finally, however, a sufficiently large tract of ground was turned up, and sown with this new kind of seed; although half of the dragon's teeth still remained to be planted some other day.

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning upon his sword, and wondering what was to happen next. He had waited but a few moments, when he began to see a sight, which was as great a marvel as the most marvelous thing I ever told you about.

The sun was shining slantwise over the field, and showed all the moist, dark soil just like any other newly-planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears, sprouting up everywhere like so many stalks of grain, and continually growing taller and taller. Next appeared a vast number of bright sword blades, thrusting themselves up in the same way. A moment afterwards, the whole surface of the ground was broken by a multitude of polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans. So rapidly did they grow, that Cadmus now discerned the fierce countenance of a man beneath every one. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld an abundant harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with helmets and breastplates, shields, swords, and spears; and before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons, and clashed them one against another, seeming to think, little while as they had yet lived, that they had wasted too much of life without a battle. Every tooth of the dragon had produced one of these sons of deadly mischief.

Up sprouted also a great many trumpeters; and with the first breath that they drew, they put their brazen trumpets to their lips, and sounded a tremendous and ear-shattering blast, so that the whole space, just now so quiet and solitary, reverberated with the clash and clang of arms, the bray of warlike music, and the shouts of angry men. So enraged did they all look, that Cadmus fully expected them to put the whole world to the sword. How fortunate would it be for a great conqueror, if he could get a bushel of the dragon's teeth to sow!

"Cadmus," said the same voice which he had before heard, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus seized a large stone, and flinging it into the middle of the earth army, saw it strike the breastplate of a gigantic and fierce-looking warrior. Immediately on feeling the blow, he seemed to take it for granted that somebody had struck him; and, uplifting his weapon, he smote his next neighbor a blow that cleft his helmet asunder, and stretched him on the ground. In an instant, those nearest the fallen warrior began to strike at one another with their swords, and stab with their spears. The confusion spread wider and wider. Each man smote down his brother, and was himself smitten down before he had time to exult in his victory. The trumpeters, all the while, blew their blasts shriller and shriller; each soldier shouted a battle cry, and often fell with it on his lips. It was the strangest spectacle of causeless wrath, and of mischief for no good end, that had ever been witnessed; but, after all, it was neither more foolish nor more wicked than a thousand battles that have since been fought, in which men have slain their brothers with just as little reason as these children of the dragon's teeth. It ought to be considered, too, that the dragon people were made for nothing else; whereas other mortals were born to love and help one another.

Well, this memorable battle continued to rage until the ground was strewn with helmeted heads that had been cut off. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there were only five left standing. These now rushed from different parts of the field, and, meeting in the middle of it, clashed their swords, and struck at each other's hearts as fiercely as ever.

"Cadmus," said the voice again, "bid those five warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

Without hesitating an instant, Cadmus stepped forward, with the aspect of a king and a leader, and extending his drawn sword amongst them, spoke to the warriors in a stern and commanding voice.

"Sheathe your weapons!" said he.

And forthwith, feeling themselves bound to obey him, the five remaining sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute with their swords, returned them to the scabbards, and stood before Cadmus in a rank, eyeing him as soldiers eye their captain, while awaiting the word of command.

These five men had probably sprung from the biggest of the dragon's teeth, and were the boldest and strongest of the whole army. They were almost giants indeed, and had good need to be so, else they never could have lived through so terrible a fight. They still had a very furious look, and, if Cadmus happened to glance aside, would glare at one another, with fire flashing out of their eyes. It was strange, too, to observe how the earth, out of which they had so lately grown, was incrusting, here and there, on their bright breastplates, and even, begrimed their faces; just as you may have seen it clinging to beets and carrots, when pulled out of their native soil. Cadmus hardly knew whether to consider them as men, or some odd kind of vegetable; although, on the whole, he concluded that there was human nature in them, because they were so fond of trumpets and weapons, and so ready to shed blood.

They looked him earnestly in the face, waiting for his next order, and evidently desiring no other employment than to follow him from one battlefield to another, all over the wide world. But Cadmus was wiser than these earth-born creatures, with the dragon's fierceness in them, and knew better how to use their strength and hardihood.

"Come!" said he. "You are sturdy fellows. Make yourselves useful! Quarry some stones with those great swords of yours, and help me to build a city."

The five soldiers grumbled a little, and muttered that it was their business to overthrow cities, not to build them up. But Cadmus looked at them with a stern eye, and spoke to them in a tone of authority, so that they knew him for their master, and never again thought of disobeying his commands. They set to work in good earnest, and toiled so diligently, that, in a very short time, a city began to make its appearance. At first, to be sure, the workmen showed a quarrelsome disposition. Like savage beasts, they would doubtless have done one another a mischief, if Cadmus had not kept watch over them, and quelled the fierce old serpent that lurked in their hearts, when he saw it gleaming out of their wild eyes. But, in course of time, they got accustomed to honest labor, and had sense enough to feel that there was more true enjoyment in living at peace, and doing good to

one's neighbor, than in striking at him with a two-edged sword. It may not be too much to hope that the rest of mankind will by and by grow as wise and peaceable as these five earth-begrimed warriors, who sprang from the dragon's teeth.

And now the city was built, and there was a home in it for each of the workmen. But the palace of Cadmus was not yet erected, because they had left it till the last, meaning to introduce all the new improvements of architecture, and make it very commodious, as well as stately and beautiful. After finishing the rest of their labors, they all went to bed betimes, in order to rise in the gray of the morning, and get at least the foundation of the edifice laid before nightfall. But, when Cadmus arose, and took his way towards the site where the palace was to be built, followed by his five sturdy workmen marching all in a row, what do you think he saw?

What should it be but the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen in the world. It was built of marble and other beautiful kinds of stone, and rose high into the air, with a splendid dome and a portico along the front, and carved pillars, and everything else that befitted the habitation of a mighty king. It had grown up out of the earth in almost as short a time as it had taken the armed host to spring from the dragon's teeth; and what made the matter more strange, no seed of this stately edifice ever had been planted.

When the five workmen beheld the dome, with the morning sunshine making it look golden and glorious, they gave a great shout.

"Long live King Cadmus," they cried, "in his beautiful palace."

And the new king, with his five faithful followers at his heels, shouldering their pickaxes and marching in a rank (for they still had a soldier-like sort of behavior, as their nature was), ascended the palace steps. Halting at the entrance, they gazed through a long vista of lofty pillars, that were ranged from end to end of a great hall. At the farther extremity of this hall, approaching slowly towards him, Cadmus beheld a female figure, wonderfully beautiful, and adorned with a royal robe, and a crown of diamonds over her golden ringlets, and the richest necklace that ever a queen wore. His heart thrilled with delight. He fancied it his long-lost sister

Europa, now grown to womanhood, coming to make him happy, and to repay him with her sweet sisterly affection, for all those weary wonderings in quest of her since he left King Agenor's palace—for the tears that he had shed, on parting with Phoenix, and Cilix, and Thasus—for the heart-breakings that had made the whole world seem dismal to him over his dear mother's grave.

But, as Cadmus advanced to meet the beautiful stranger, he saw that her features were unknown to him, although, in the little time that it required to tread along the hall, he had already felt a sympathy betwixt himself and her.

"No, Cadmus," said the same voice that had spoken to him in the field of the armed men, "this is not that dear sister Europa whom you have sought so faithfully all over the wide world. This is Harmonia, a daughter of the sky, who is given you instead of sister, and brothers, and friend, and mother. You will find all those dear ones in her alone."

So King Cadmus dwelt in the palace, with his new friend Harmonia, and found a great deal of comfort in his magnificent abode, but would doubtless have found as much, if not more, in the humblest cottage by the wayside. Before many years went by, there was a group of rosy little children (but how they came thither has always been a mystery to me) sporting in the great hall, and on the marble steps of the palace, and running joyfully to meet King Cadmus when affairs of state left him at leisure to play with them. They called him father, and Queen Harmonia mother. The five old soldiers of the dragon's teeth grew very fond of these small urchins, and were never weary of showing them how to shoulder sticks, flourish wooden swords, and march in military order, blowing a penny trumpet, or beating an abominable rub-a-dub upon a little drum.

But King Cadmus, lest there should be too much of the dragon's tooth in his children's disposition, used to find time from his kingly duties to teach them their A B C—which he invented for their benefit, and for which many little people, I am afraid, are not half so grateful to him as they ought to be.



## The Crow & the Pitcher

Aesop for Children, page 34

In a spell of dry weather, when the Birds could find very little to drink, a thirsty Crow found a pitcher with a little water in it. But the pitcher was high and had a narrow neck, and no matter how he tried, the Crow could not reach the water. The poor thing felt as if he must die of thirst.

Then an idea came to him. Picking up some small pebbles, he dropped them into the pitcher one by one. With each pebble the water rose a little higher until at last it was near enough so he could drink.

***In a pinch a good use of our wits may help us out.***



# Shakespeare

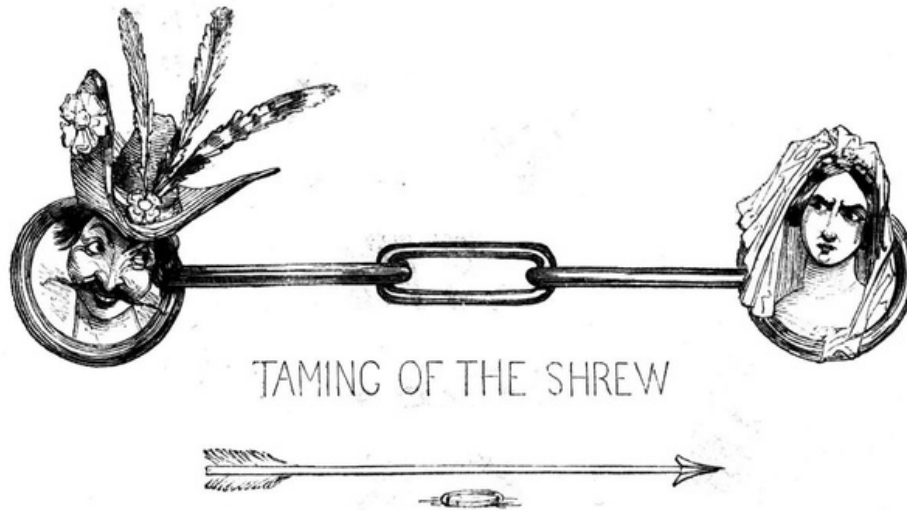
## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen the Bard's comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew."

Read it from E. Nesbit's *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" by the American Conservatory Theater.



## The Taming of the Shrew: Tales from Shakespeare by E. Nesbit

There lived in Padua a gentleman named Baptista, who had two fair daughters. The eldest, Katharine, was so very cross and ill-tempered, and unmannerly, that no one ever dreamed of marrying her, while her sister, Bianca, was so sweet and pretty, and pleasant-spoken, that more than one suitor asked her father for her hand. But Baptista said the elder daughter must marry first.

So Bianca's suitors decided among themselves to try and get some one to marry Katharine--and then the father could at least be got to listen to their suit for Bianca.

A gentleman from Verona, named Petruchio, was the one they thought of, and, half in jest, they asked him if he would marry Katharine, the disagreeable scold. Much to their surprise he said yes, that was just the sort of wife for him, and if Katharine were handsome and rich, he himself would undertake soon to make her good-tempered.

Petruchio began by asking Baptista's permission to pay court to his gentle daughter Katharine--and Baptista was obliged to own that she was anything but gentle. And just then her music master rushed in, complaining that the naughty girl had broken her lute over his head, because he told her she was not playing correctly.

"Never mind," said Petruchio, "I love her better than ever, and long to have some chat with her."

When Katharine came, he said, "Good- morrow, Kate--for that, I hear, is your name."

"You've only heard half," said Katharine, rudely.

"Oh, no," said Petruchio, "they call you plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew, and so, hearing your mildness praised in every town, and your beauty too, I ask you for my wife."

"Your wife!" cried Kate. "Never!" She said some extremely disagreeable things to him, and, I am sorry to say, ended by boxing his ears.

"If you do that again, I'll cuff you," he said quietly; and still protested, with many compliments, that he would marry none but her.

When Baptista came back, he asked at once-- "How speed you with my daughter?"

"How should I speed but well," replied Petruchio--"how, but well?" "How now, daughter Katharine?" the father went on.

I don't think," said Katharine, angrily, "you are acting a father's part in wishing me to marry this mad-cap ruffian."

"Ah!" said Petruchio, "you and all the world would talk amiss of her. You should see how kind she is to me when we are alone. In short, I will go off to Venice to buy fine things for our wedding--for--kiss me, Kate! we will be married on Sunday."

With that, Katharine flounced out of the room by one door in a violent temper, and he, laughing, went out by the other. But whether she fell in love with Petruchio, or whether she was only glad to meet a man who was not afraid of her, or whether she was flattered that, in spite of her rough words and spiteful usage, he still desired her for his wife--she did indeed marry him on Sunday, as he had sworn she should.

To vex and humble Katharine's naughty, proud spirit, he was late at the wedding, and when he came, came wearing such shabby clothes that she was ashamed to be seen with him. His servant was dressed in the same shabby way, and the horses they rode were the sport of everyone they passed.

And, after the marriage, when should have been the wedding breakfast, Petruchio carried his wife away, not allowing her to eat or drink--saying that she was his now, and he could do as he liked with her.

And his manner was so violent, and he behaved all through his wedding in so mad and dreadful a manner, that Katharine trembled and went with him. He mounted her on a stumbling, lean, old horse, and they journeyed by rough muddy ways to Petruchio's house, he scolding and snarling all the way.

She was terribly tired when she reached her new home, but Petruchio was determined that she should neither eat nor sleep that night, for he had made up his mind to teach his bad-tempered wife a lesson she would never forget.

So he welcomed her kindly to his house, but when supper was served he found fault with everything--the meat was burnt, he said, and ill-served, and he loved her far too much to let her eat

anything but the best. At last Katharine, tired out with her journey, went supperless to bed. Then her husband, still telling her how he loved her, and how anxious he was that she should sleep well, pulled her bed to pieces, throwing the pillows and bedclothes on the floor, so that she could not go to bed at all, and still kept growling and scolding at the servants so that Kate might see how unbeautiful a thing ill-temper was.

The next day, too, Katharine's food was all found fault with, and caught away before she could touch a mouthful, and she was sick and giddy for want of sleep. Then she said to one of the servants--

"I pray thee go and get me some repast. I care not what." "What say you to a neat's foot?" said the servant.

Katharine said "Yes," eagerly; but the servant, who was in his master's secret, said he feared it was not good for hasty-tempered people. Would she like tripe?

"Bring it me," said Katharine.

"I don't think that is good for hasty-tempered people," said the servant. "What do you say to a dish of beef and mustard?"

"I love it," said Kate. "But mustard is too hot."

"Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard go," cried Katharine, who was getting hungrier and hungrier.

"No," said the servant, "you must have the mustard, or you get no beef from me."

"Then," cried Katharine, losing patience, "let it be both, or one, or anything thou wilt."

"Why, then," said the servant, "the mustard without the beef!" Then Katharine saw he was making fun of her, and boxed his ears.

Just then Petruchio brought her some food--but she had scarcely begun to satisfy her hunger, before he called for the tailor to bring her new clothes, and the table was cleared, leaving her still hungry. Katharine was pleased with the pretty new dress and cap that the tailor had made for her, but Petruchio found fault with everything, flung the cap and gown on the floor vowing his dear wife should not wear any such foolish things.

"I will have them," cried Katharine. "All gentlewomen wear such caps as these--"

"When you are gentle you shall have one too," he answered, "and not till then." When he had driven away the tailor with angry words--but privately asking his friend to see him paid--Petruchio said--

"Come, Kate, let's go to your father's, shabby as we are, for as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit. It is about seven o'clock now. We shall easily get there by dinner-time."

"It's nearly two," said Kate, but civilly enough, for she had grown to see that she could not bully her husband, as she had done her father and her sister; "it's nearly two, and it will be supper-time before we get there."

"It shall be seven," said Petruchio, obstinately, "before I start. Why, whatever I say or do, or think, you do nothing but contradict. I won't go to-day, and before I do go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." At last they started for her father's house. "Look at the moon," said he.

"It's the sun," said Katharine, and indeed it was.

"I say it is the moon. Contradicting again! It shall be sun or moon, or whatever I choose, or I won't take you to your father's."

Then Katharine gave in, once and for all. "What you will have it named," she said, "it is, and so it shall be so for Katharine." And so it was, for from that moment Katharine felt that she had met her master, and never again showed her naughty tempers to him, or anyone else.

So they journeyed on to Baptista's house, and arriving there, they found all folks keeping Bianca's wedding feast, and that of another newly married couple, Hortensio and his wife. They were made welcome, and sat down to the feast, and all was merry, save that Hortensio's wife, seeing Katharine subdued to her husband, thought she could safely say many disagreeable things, that in the old days, when Katharine was free and forward, she would not have dared to say. But Katharine answered with such spirit and such moderation, that she turned the laugh against the new bride.

After dinner, when the ladies had retired, Baptista joined in a laugh against Petruchio, saying "Now in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all."

"You are wrong," said Petruchio, "let me prove it to you. Each of us shall send a message to his wife, desiring her to come to him, and the one whose wife comes most readily shall win a wager which we will agree on."

The others said yes readily enough, for each thought his own wife the most dutiful, and each thought he was quite sure to win the wager.

They proposed a wager of twenty crowns.

"Twenty crowns," said Petruchio, "I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon my wife."

"A hundred then," cried Lucentio, Bianca's husband. "Content," cried the others.

Then Lucentio sent a message to the fair Bianca bidding her to come to him. And Baptista said he was certain his daughter would come. But the servant coming back, said-

"Sir, my mistress is busy, and she cannot come."

"There's an answer for you," said Petruchio.

"You may think yourself fortunate if your wife does not send you a worse."

"I hope, better," Petruchio answered.

Then Hortensio said-- "Go and entreat my wife to come to me at once."

"Oh--if you entreat her," said Petruchio.

"I am afraid," answered Hortensio, sharply, "do what you can, yours will not be entreated."

But now the servant came in, and said--

"She says you are playing some jest, she will not come."

"Better and better," cried Petruchio; "now go to your mistress and say I command her to come to me."

They all began to laugh, saying they knew what her answer would be, and that she would not come.

Then suddenly Baptista cried-- "Here comes Katharine!" And sure enough--there she was.

"What do you wish, sir?" she asked her husband.

"Where are your sister and Hortensio's wife?"

"Talking by the parlor fire."

"Fetch them here."

When she was gone to fetch them, Lucentio said-- "Here is a wonder!"

"I wonder what it means," said Hortensio.

"It means peace," said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life."

"Well," said Baptista, "you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry--another dowry for another daughter-- for she is as changed as if she were someone else."

So Petruchio won his wager, and had in Katharine always a loving wife and true, and now he had broken her proud and angry spirit he loved her well, and there was nothing ever but love between those two. And so they lived happy ever afterwards.



## History & Geography

For history and geography, you can read through the major battles of WWII that we have included below. We have also included various videos under the History & Geography section. We have also included two line drawn maps of Europe for map drills.

*"This is the lesson: never give in, never give in, never, never, never—in nothing, great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense. Never yield to force; never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy."*

~ Winston Churchill

History & Geography

# Major Battles of World War II

## European Theater of Operations (ETO):

### **Battle of the Atlantic (September 3, 1939 to May 8, 1945)**

The Battle of the Atlantic was one of the longest and deadliest naval engagements fought during World War II. It spanned over six years, from September 3, 1939 to May 8, 1945, and pitted Allied navies against the German Kriegsmarine. During most of that period, the Nazi U-boats controlled the strategic Atlantic Ocean shipping lanes, which affected supplies and food for Britain, but also oil and other materials for the US.

The battle was brutal and costly--with the loss of more than 3,000 Allied merchant ships, numerous warships sunk by the German wolf packs, and approximately 100,000 sailors killed in action. But it was also the Allies' greatest victory of World War II--a pivotal turning point that saved the Atlantic Ocean sea lanes and thwarted German plans to invade Britain.

### **Battle of Dunkirk (May 26 to June 4, 1940)**

The Battle of Dunkirk was a pivotal moment in World War II. After France collapsed under the weight of Nazi aggression, the British were forced to retreat to the coastal town of Dunkirk. Despite facing tremendous obstacles, they managed to evacuate over 300,000 Allied soldiers from the area, saving them from capture and certain death. The victory was a major boost to Britain's morale and military strength, paving the way for their eventual triumph over Germany.

### **Allied Invasion of Sicily (July 9 - 17, 1943)**

The Allied invasion of Sicily was launched by a massive force comprised of British, American, and Canadian troops via amphibious and airborne assault. It was a crucial turning point in the war as it helped to drive Axis forces from the island and saw the collapse of Mussolini's regime, beginning the Italian Campaign.

### **Battle of Monte Casino (January 17, 1944 - May 18, 1944)**

The Battle of Monte Casino, also known as the Battle of Rome, included four assaults by the Allied against the Nazis during the Italian Campaign. Located high in the mountains, the ancient monastery at Monte Casino offered a strategic position from which German troops could defend against Allied advances. For months, both sides engaged in fierce fighting over control of this vital location, with heavy casualties on both sides. Even though the Allies eventually won this battle, it was a long and arduous struggle that took a great toll on both soldiers and civilians alike.

### **Normandy Invasion** (June 6, 1944 – August 30, 1944)

Also known as, "Operation Overlord," the Normandy Invasion was the first Allied invasion into Western Europe with the largest amphibious and airborne assault, establishing the Allies' foothold in France and ultimately, Germany.

On June 6, 1944 aka "D-Day", nearly 160,000 Allied troops crossed the English Channel and stormed the beaches of Normandy, France. Over 9,000 Allied soldiers were killed or wounded in the initial onslaught, but it ultimately proved a success as by the end of August, more than two million Allied troops were in France.

### **Liberation of Paris** (August 19-25, 1944)

The Liberation of Paris took place on August 19th, 1944, when the Allies launched a major offensive to liberate the city from Nazi occupation. After intense fighting, Paris was finally freed on August 25th as the German occupation garrison was forced to surrender to the Allied forces.

### **Battle of the Hurtgen Forest** (September 19, 1944 – December 16, 1944)

The Battle of the Hurtgen Forest was a series of battles fought in the Hurtgen Forest on the Belgium-German border. The Allied forces began pushing deeper into Germany, but were met with resistance from German troops entrenched in the dense Hurtgen Forest. This was the largest battle fought on German ground and the longest single battle ever fought by the U.S. Army.

### **Battle of the Bulge** (December 16, 1944 – January 25, 1945)

The Battle of the Bulge was the Nazi's last major offensive of the Western Front. It took place during a long and bitter-cold winter in the snowy Ardennes Forest in Belgium. The Germans initially gained some ground, but the Allied forces held the line and emerged victorious, while the Germans exhausted their supplies, leading to a collapse of their frontline. This opened up the Siegfried line to the Allies and enabled them to advance into Germany.

### **Battle of the Remagen** (March 7-25, 1945):

During the Battle of the Remagen, the Allies invaded Germany. At this time, German forces were facing increasing pressure and desperately tried to hold onto their remaining strongholds in western Europe. Then the Allies unexpectedly captured the Ludendorff Bridge over the Rhine, and the holding of the bridgehead advanced the war effort by three weeks.

## **Non-Allied Battles**

### **Siege of Leningrad** (September 8, 1941 – January 27, 1944)

The Siege of Leningrad was one of the longest and most destructive sieges in human history. During this time, Nazi Germany and its allies surrounded the city of Leningrad (modern-day St. Petersburg), blockading it and cutting off all supply routes to the population within. The Siege caused immense suffering, with up to 1.5 million people dying from starvation, disease and bombardment. Despite this terrible toll, the Siege of Leningrad was also a symbol of courage and resilience as the citizens of Leningrad endured a horrendous ordeal, but refused to give in. Their bravery helped secure a major victory against Nazi Germany.

### **Battle of Stalingrad** (August 23, 1942 – February 2, 1943)

The Battle of Stalingrad took place when Nazi Germany turned on the Soviet Nation and unsuccessfully attempted to take control of the city of Stalingrad. With over two million casualties, it is considered one of the deadliest battles in history. It is now considered one the biggest turning points in World War II as German High Command was forced to withdraw most of their military forces to replace those who had died.

### **Battle of Berlin** (April 16, 1945 – May 2, 1945)

The Battle of Berlin was one of the final and deadliest battles of WWII. It began in April 1945, as Soviet forces advanced on the German capital city. By this time, Germany's military capabilities were severely weakened. The battle lasted for nearly two months and resulted in around 700,000 casualties. In May 1945, Berlin fell to the Soviets after a failed German counterattack and Hitler's suicide. This marked the end of the Third Reich and Nazi rule.

## **Pacific Theater of Operations**

### **Attack on Pearl Harbor** (December 7, 1941)

The Attack on Pearl Harbor was a surprise military strike conducted by the Japanese Navy against the United States naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on December 7, 1941. It killed 2,403 people and wounded another 1,178. Six battleships were either sunk or heavily damaged, and 347 planes and aircraft were either destroyed or severely damaged.

The attack was intended as an attempt to deter the United States from entering the war, however it merely provoked the U.S. into officially waging war on the Axis and joining the Allies. In response to the attack, President Franklin D. Roosevelt made his famous "Day of Infamy" speech and declared war on Japan.

### **Battle of Midway** (June 4, 1942 – June 7, 1942)

The Battle of Midway was a pivotal turning point in the war. Involved naval engagements between Allied and Japanese forces near Midway Atoll in the Pacific Ocean. Though losses were high on both sides, the Allies ultimately emerged victorious thanks to their superior tactics and strategy.

### **Guadalcanal Campaign** (August 7, 1942 – February 9, 1943)

The Guadalcanal Campaign was the first major land assault by the Allies in the battle of the Pacific war against Imperial Japan. It was composed of a series of land and naval engagements on the island of Guadalcanal in the South Pacific. Despite facing difficult odds, the Allied forces emerged victorious.

### **Battle of Iwo Jima** (February 19, 1945 – March 26, 1945)

During the Battle of Iwo Jima, American forces fought against Japanese forces for control of the islands of Iwo Jima and their airfields. This ended up being the bloodiest battle of the Pacific Theater of operations. Despite heavy losses, the American troops ultimately emerged victorious and helped pave the way for the Allies to defeat Japan.

### **Battle of Okinawa** (April 1, 1945 – June 22, 1945)

Codenamed, "Operation Iceberg," the Battle of Okinawa was the largest amphibious assault of the Pacific Theater fought by the U.S. Army and Marine Corps against Imperial Japan. Fought on the island of Okinawa, the battle saw major casualties on both sides, with nearly 150,000 Okinawan people caught in the crossfires and forced to join the battle.

### **Atomic Bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki** (August 6 & 9, 1945)

The United States dropped two atomic bombs on two major Japanese cities: Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This was the first time nuclear weapons had been used in a war, and the blast completely destroyed the city, leaving a massive crater in its place. The devastating effects of these bombings forced Japan to surrender and led to the Allied victory in WWII.







## Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

*"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."*

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study

# 1

## Tornado

- A tornado, also called a twister, is a tube of air that touches a cloud and land at the same time.
- The US receives more tornadoes than any other country.
- Strong tornados can tear off a roof from a house or move cars or trees.
- Tornadoes are measured on the Fujita Scale. Tornadoes are labeled from F0 to F5. F5 is the most extreme tornado.
- The deadliest recorded tornado was in 1989 in Bangladesh.



# 1

## Hurricane

- Hurricanes are also called typhoons or cyclones.
- Hurricanes happen over warm water with heavy rain and strong winds.
- The middle of the hurricane is called the eye.
- The average hurricane is about 300 miles wide.
- The deadliest hurricane in US history was in Galveston, TX in 1900.



# 2

## Blizzard

- When you have a high-pressure system that reaches a low-pressure system, you have a blizzard!
- Blizzards in the US are most common in the north eastern states.
- Blizzards have winds that are usually over 30mph for several hours.
- Rochester, NY is the snowiest city in the US. It can see 60" or more of snow each season.



# 2

## Flood

- Flooding is an overflow of water on normally dry ground.
- During floods, the best way to stay safe is to get to higher ground.
- Flooding happens when a body of water, like a lake, overflows.
- Floods can be caused by a dam breaking, heavy rain, or even snow melting.
- Flash floods are quick floods that happen after heavy rain or melted snow.



# 3

## Drought

- Droughts are prolonged periods of no rain. They can be weeks, months, or even years long.
- The risk of wildfires is higher with droughts because of the dry land.



- There are four different types of droughts: meteorological drought, hydrological drought, agricultural drought, and socioeconomic drought.
- Droughts can have a major negative economic impact and make crops more expensive.

# 3

## Dust Storm



- Dust storms are made up of dust and sand.
- Dust storms are most likely after very strong winds, like the winds of a thunderstorm.
- Dust storms aren't always long; some are only a few minutes long. Still, these can have deadly outcomes if pilots or car drivers cannot see in front of them.

# 4

## Derecho

- A derecho is a long, straight-lined windstorm.
- 70% of derechos happen during the warm season.



- Despite lasting for several hours, derechos are difficult to predict. Sometimes, they're not known to forecasters until they occur.
- Derecho means "straight" in Spanish.
- Derechos aren't as common as thunderstorms, but can have deadly consequences.

# 4

## Thundersnow



- Thundersnows happen when lightning and thunder hits during a snowstorm.
- Thundersnow only happen about 6 times a year - they're very rare.
- Snowfall can muffle the sound of thunder, which can make them difficult to detect.
- Lightning becomes especially dangerous with snow.

# 5

## Tsunami



- Tsunamis are large waves that can be caused by underwater earthquakes.
- About two tsunamis happen each year.
- Tsunamis rise straight and can quickly flood entire cities without notice.
- Tsunamis are known to travel at up to 500 miles per hour in the ocean.
- Tsunamis are most common in the Pacific Ocean but can happen in any large body of water.
- "Tsunami" means "harbor wave" in Japanese. Photo: Tsunami aftermath in Indonesia, AusAID

# 5

## Hail Storm



- Hail is solid precipitation.
- Drops of water form together in thunderclouds to create hail.
- When it falls, hail can damage property, windows, and even houses.
- Hail isn't frozen rain. Frozen rain falls as rain but freezes as it gets close to the ground.
- One of the worst hail storms was in Bangladesh, which killed 92 people. The hail stones weighed up to two pounds.

# 6

## Monsoon



- A monsoon is a seasonal shift in winds.
- During winter and summer, monsoon winds change direction.
- They are caused by a difference in temperature between land and the ocean.
- Farmers in regions like India count on monsoon winds to help their crops.
- Heavy monsoon rains can unfortunately damage and drown crops.

# 6

## Wildfire



- Humans are normally the cause of wildfires, but some can be caused from droughts.
- Fires need three things to thrive: fuel source (dry wood or plants), oxygen, and heat.
- Wildfires quickly destroy homes, woods, and can be deadly if people or animals inhale smoke.
- Firefighters can fight widespread wildfires with helicopters that drop water on the fire.



## Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be creating Clothespin Planes, modeled after the WWII American Aircraft. This is a simple activity that all ages can enjoy — from your younger children (with a bit of help with the glue), to teens who can add decorations and embellishments to their satisfaction.

*"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."*

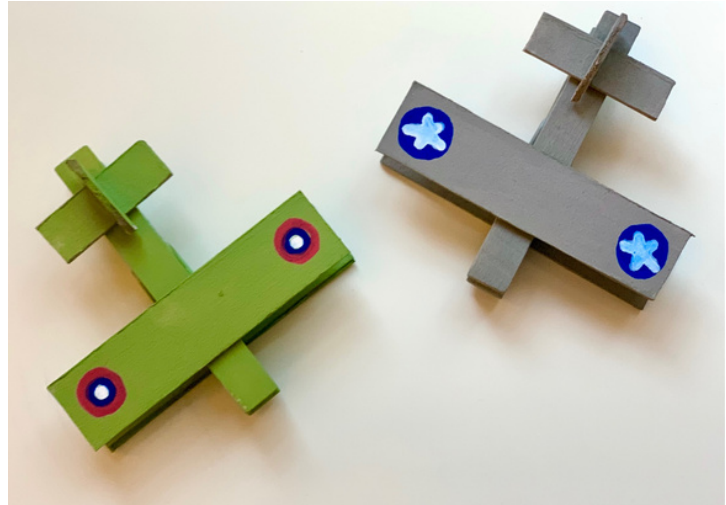
~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

# WWII Clothespin Aircrafts

## Supplies

- clothespins
- cardboard (we would recommend using the back of an old drawing pad/notebook)
- acrylic paints (gray and forest green)
- paint pens, red, blue, and white
- glue
- scissors
- (optional: straight edge paper cutter)

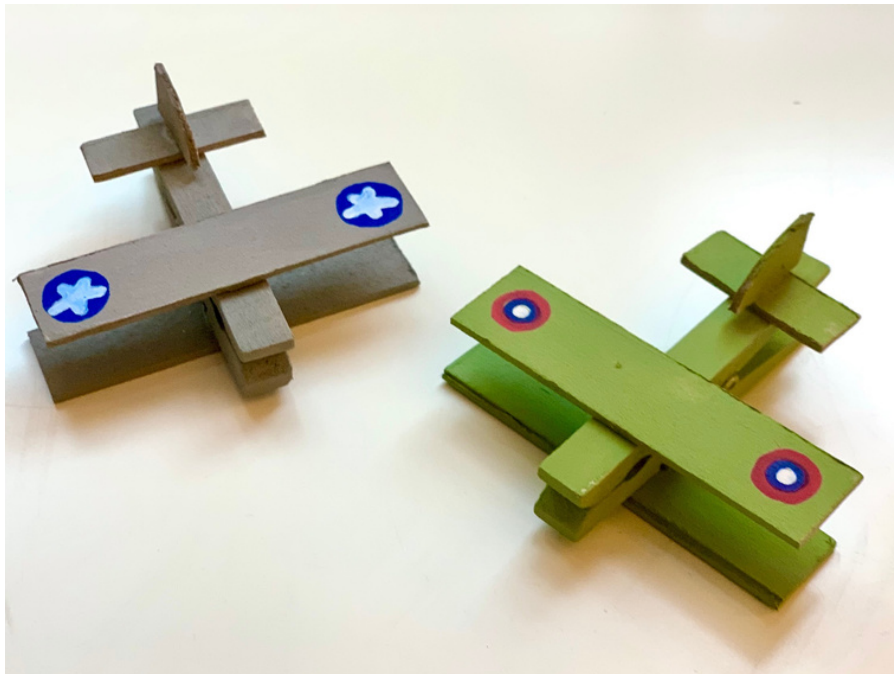


## Directions

1. Take the cardboard (or the back of an old drawing pad) and cut it into two strips, 3 inches long and 2/3 inch wide. (This would be a great time to use a straight edge paper cutter, but regular scissors will still work.)
2. Cut two more strips 1 1/2 inch long and 1/2 inch wide, then take one of the smaller cardboard piece and cut a curved edge.
3. Paint the cardboard pieces and the clothespin with your color of choice. (If you want you can make two and paint one green and one gray.) Allow to dry.

### Directions (continued)

4. Use the paint pens to add details to the aircraft wings: circles, strips, stars, or something of your own design! (You can look at pictures of old aircraft fighters to get more ideas.)
5. Glue the flat end of the two long strips about half an inch from the front end of the clothespin
6. Glue the flat end of the small strip to the back of the clothespin
7. Stand the curved strip of cardboard on end and glue it to the top of the short strip
8. Allow to dry completely



# Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



## Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



## Handicrafts

Seasonal and historically-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



## Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, plus watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



## Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

For more truth, beauty & goodness in your homeschool, join our community & receive access to our entire library of morning time plans, exclusive art & handicraft lessons, nature studies, nature crafts & much, much more! Visit us at [awakentodelight.com/community](http://awakentodelight.com/community).