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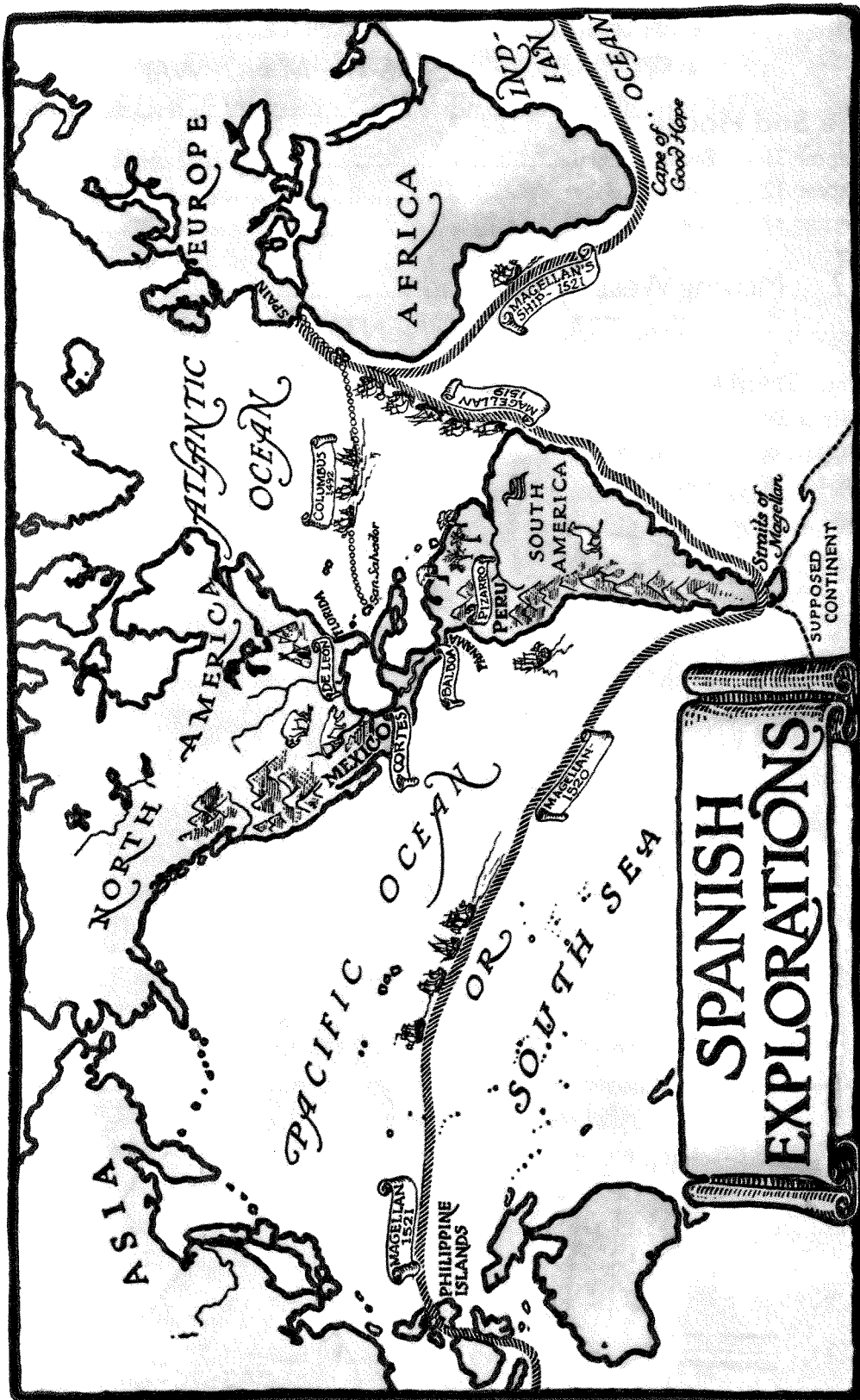
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# American Pioneers and Patriots

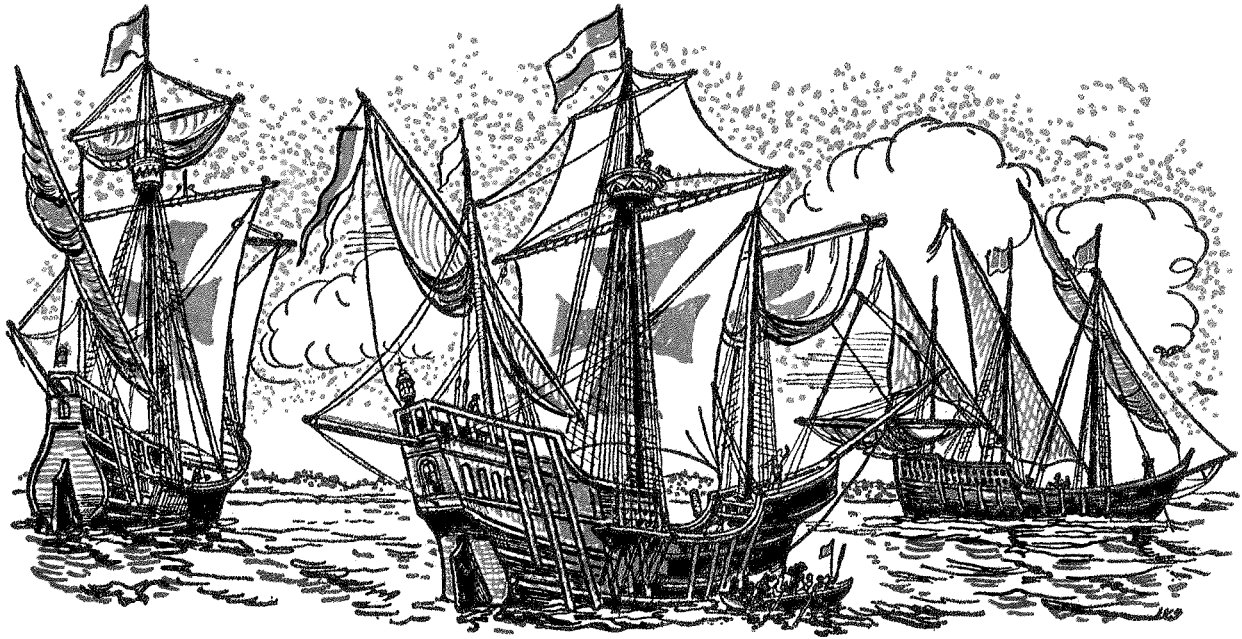


# First Pioneers

UNIT 1



A STORY OF PIONEER CHILDREN FROM SPAIN



Pioneers are people who come to a new land to make new homes. Who were the first pioneers to come to this great land of ours?

The Indians came first. For more than two thousand years, Indians were the only people living here. Indian children were the first pioneer children in America.

Where did the Indians come from? We do not know. We can only guess. Some Indians may have come from Asia. They probably built log rafts or wooden boats and sailed from one small island to the next. So, little by little, they came to America.

Then, about a thousand years ago, the first white men came across the Atlantic Ocean. They were called Vikings. They found a great land covered with forests. They saw Indians. But they did not stay here. They sailed home.

Next came a man from Spain. His name was Columbus. He had three ships under his control. The ships were called the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*. But Columbus did not stay in this new land. He went back to Spain.

Years later, more Spanish settlers came

and began to build homes. In the year 1565, thirty-four ships sailed from Spain. They carried more than two thousand people. They were going to start a town in Florida.

What was it like crossing the ocean to Florida in 1565? There were no swift ocean-going ships in those days. There were only sailing ships. Wind blew against the sails to push the ships along.

When no wind blew, these ships were helpless. They had no engines. Without the wind, they could not move.

There were no electric lights on the ships. There were no freezers. In fact, there were no stoves on which to cook.

Today an ocean liner can cross the Atlantic Ocean in five days. An airplane can fly across in less than a day.

In 1565, there were no airplanes. There were no telephones. There were no radios or televisions. No one knew what might happen when a ship started off. The trip took several months. Sometimes ships were wrecked and never came to shore.

What was it like crossing the ocean to Florida in 1565? The next story will tell you.





## Pedro and Catalina

# Chapter I *Leaving Spain*

**P**edro was nine years old. He could not read or write, but few people could in 1565. He could ride a horse, and he was learning to use a small sword. Already he owned a sharp hunting knife.

Catalina was Pedro's sister. She was only seven, but she wore a long, full skirt that nearly touched the floor. She, too, could not read or write. When she added, she counted on her fingers. But she could sew and spin thread. She could sing and dance. Everyone in the village knew and liked her.

Pedro and Catalina and their father and mother were leaving Spain. They were leaving the village where Pedro and Catalina had been born and where they had always lived. They were to sail across the sea in a ship. There had been days and nights of talking and planning. Catalina's mother had wept. It was sad to leave one's old home!

The house had been sold. The pans and kettles had been packed. Clothes and blankets were folded in the big chest. The feather

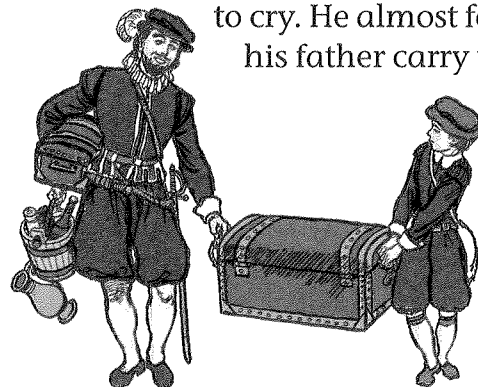
bed was tied up in a roll. Mother ran out to her garden for a last look. She had seeds from the orange and fig trees. She wanted to plant them in her garden in the New World.

"We must not forget anything!" she cried. "There will be no shops in the forest. Pedro cannot run back across the ocean for something we forget."

Then, at last, the family stood on the deck of the ship that was to carry them across the ocean. Mother and Catalina had nearly cried their eyes out saying good-bye to their friends, but Pedro was too excited to cry. He almost forgot to help his father carry the big chest

on board. He wanted to see everything.

The harbor was a busy place that



summer day. Many ships were ready to sail. More than two thousand people were starting for Florida. From each ship flew huge silken flags. The sea gulls flew screaming through the air.

"Perhaps we shall find gold in the new land," said Pedro's father. "Perhaps we shall all grow rich."

"More likely, we shall all be shipwrecked!" cried Pedro's mother. "Perhaps my precious children will be pulled from the water by painted Indians and made into slaves!"

Catalina stared at her mother in fear, but Pedro was not afraid. He put his hand on the knife he wore at his belt. He was ready for any adventure. He wanted to see the Indians.

Suddenly the ship shook with the roar of cannon. Catalina clapped her hands to her ears, but Pedro liked the noise. Trumpets sounded and drums beat. A loud cheer went up. The sails had been raised against the blue sky. The fresh salt breeze filled them.

Pedro shouted as loudly as he could, but Catalina held her mother's hand tightly. Then something happened that surprised them both. The deck beneath their feet began slowly to rise and fall. They had left the smooth water of the harbor. The waves were tossing the ship up and down. It was headed for the open sea. The trip had begun.

Pedro and Catalina watched the houses and trees on shore grow smaller and smaller. Then the fair land of Spain was only a dark line. The blue sea stretched ahead.

"We must find the cabin," said their mother. "Where do we go? What do we do?

We must find our things. We must find bunks to sleep on." It all seemed very strange.

She hurried them from the bright sunlight into the dim cabin. It seemed hot and crowded in there. It was filled with people and chests. People tumbled over boxes and bumped into each other.



"I wish this ship would stay still," said Catalina.

"It won't do that, not even for the King of Spain himself," laughed a woman.

Pedro unfastened a bundle for his mother. Catalina helped spread blankets on the wooden bunks. Each family had brought its own blankets and dishes. There was little space to put things. People were beginning to complain. Catalina did not like the hot and sticky air. Her father took her and Pedro out on deck.

The fresh salt breeze made Pedro hungry. M-m-m, the good smell of food! The cook had a great iron kettle hanging over a fire that blazed in a big box of sand on the deck. There were dried peas and salt

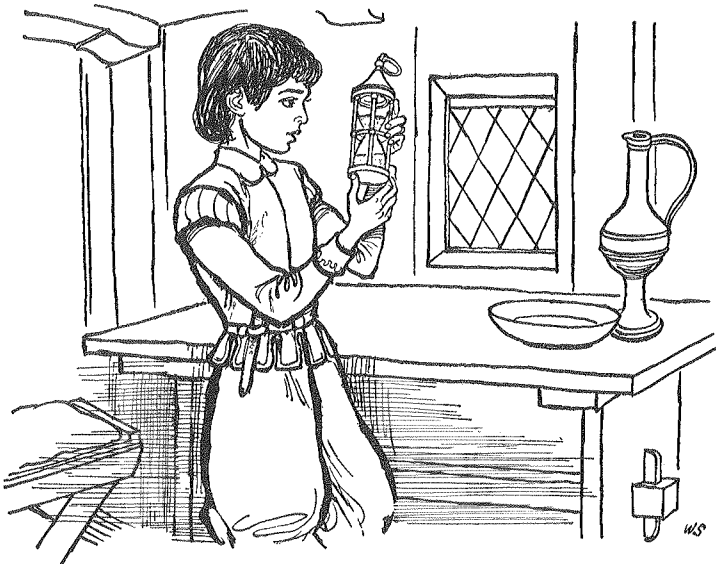




meat boiling together. Pedro ran back to his mother for bowls. The cook filled one for him and one for Catalina. The hot food tasted good. Afterwards, mother brought them nuts and raisins. Pedro and Catalina stood by the rail eating. The sun was setting.

There was no clock aboard. Every half hour, a boy turned the sand glass. The sand ran slowly through a little hole. It took just half an hour. Then the glass must be turned over. As the boy turned the glass, he sang out the time for all to hear:

*One glass is gone and now another  
turneth,  
More will run through, if our God willeth!*



The ships rose and fell on the waves. The sun had almost set. It was time for the evening prayer and hymn.

"Listen!" whispered Catalina softly to her mother. Across the waves came the sound of other voices, on the other ships, singing the same hymn. Over a thousand voices joined in the song.

The sun dropped big and red into the water. People started for the cabin. That first night Pedro and Catalina found the wooden bunks hard. They tossed and turned. The two lanterns, with candles burning in them, swung back and forth from the low ceiling of the cabin. They sent strange shadows dancing across the walls.

Just as the children fell asleep at last, they heard the timekeeper call out the hour:

*God give us a good night and good  
sailing! □*

