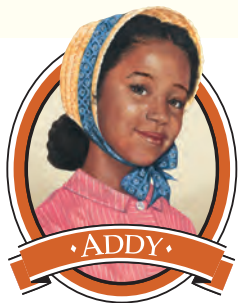


☆ American Girl™

Addy's



SHORT STORY
COLLECTION



The adventures of *Addy Walker* continue in this keepsake collection of short stories. Addy's family has risked everything to escape from slavery and build a new life. But freedom isn't easy. The color of Addy's skin means some things are still off-limits. Addy's courage, and her belief that things are changing for the better, lead her forward.

Discover more about Addy's world in these heartwarming stories of tremendous hope and courageous triumph.



Addy's
SHORT STORY
COLLECTION



BY CONNIE PORTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAHL TAYLOR,
GABRIELA DELLOSSO, and JOHN THOMPSON
VIGNETTES BY SUSAN MCALILEY, RENÉE GRAEF,
PHILIP HOOD, AND JANE VARDA

 American Girl™

Published by Pleasant Company Publications

Copyright © 2006 by American Girl, LLC

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Questions or comments? Call 1-800-845-0005,
visit our Web site at americangirl.com, or write to Customer Service,
American Girl, 8400 Fairway Place, Middleton, WI 53562-0497.

Printed in China

06 07 08 09 10 11 LEO 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

American Girl™ and its associated logos, Addy®,
and Addy Walker® are trademarks of American Girl, LLC.

Cataloging-in-Publication Data
available from the Library of Congress.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

ADDY'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS

page 1

ADDY STUDIES FREEDOM



The Civil War has ended, and Addy is overjoyed that slavery is over. But when President Lincoln is shot, Addy fears that freedom will never really come.

page 49



ADDY'S WEDDING QUILT

Addy's parents are having a church wedding in freedom! Addy is excited until Harriet makes fun of her wedding present—and her family's past.

page 99



ADDY'S LITTLE BROTHER

Addy can't wait to spend time with her brother Sam. But when Sam starts helping Sarah's cousin, Daniel, Addy worries that she's lost her place in Sam's heart.



page 143

HIGH HOPES FOR ADDY

When Addy's given a wonderful opportunity, she almost lets it go. With her baby sister's help, Addy discovers what it takes to make dreams soar.

page 187



ADDY'S SUMMER PLACE

It's the Fourth of July holiday, and Addy's spending it on Cape Island. She's doing her best to act like a proper young lady. But when a white girl is unfriendly to Addy, Addy learns that growing up means more than good manners and fancy curls.



ADDY'S FAMILY



POPPA

*Addy's father, whose dream
gives the family strength*



MOMMA

*Addy's mother, whose love
helps the family survive*



ADDY

*A courageous girl,
smart and strong,
growing up during
the Civil War*



SAM

*Addy's big brother,
determined to be free*



ESTHER

Addy's younger sister

...AND FRIENDS



M'DEAR
*An elderly woman who
befriends Addy*



MISS DUNN
*Addy's kind and patient
teacher, who doesn't like lines
to be drawn between people*



SARAH MOORE
Addy's good friend

ADDY'S FRIENDS



MR. AND MRS. GOLDEN
*The owners of the boarding house
where the Walkers live*



HARRIET DAVIS
*Addy's snobby desk
partner at school*

ADDY STUDIES FREEDOM





ADDY STUDIES FREEDOM

One Friday afternoon as Addy and her friend Sarah came skipping out of the Sixth Street School, Addy was bursting with good news. She'd held it in all day, and now she let it spill out. "My Poppa going south on a train to get Esther, Sam, Auntie Lula, and Uncle Solomon. It's like the best dream in the world!"

The Sunday before, the Civil War had ended. Addy, Momma, and Poppa

had celebrated at a citywide party that lasted all night. It had been better than a dream, because when Addy woke the next morning, what had happened was real. President Lincoln had ended slavery and brought the country back together. Now it was safe for Poppa to go back south.



Sarah skipped faster, her school sack flapping at her side as she tried to keep up with Addy. “Maybe you could write about it for the theme Miss Dunn give us,” Sarah said.

Miss Dunn had given the class an assignment to write a one-page theme over the weekend called “Why My Heart Is Glad My Country Is Free.” Miss Dunn got the idea from a slogan printed on

banners carried through the city the night the war ended. The teacher said each student was to write about what freedom meant to him or her.

“That’s a good idea. If my Poppa had tried to go just last week, he could’ve been put back into slavery,” Addy said. “This week, he free to go wherever he want.”

“Except eat inside a ice cream parlor right here in Philadelphia,” said Sarah.

“Or ride inside a streetcar,” Addy added. She turned



around and waited with Sarah on the curb as two streetcars came barreling down the street.

As Addy and Sarah waited for

them to pass, Addy heard two black men talking. They were near the curb, shoveling manure from the street into a cart.

The younger one said, "You'll see now that the war over. There gonna be so much money around, it's gonna start piling up in the streets."

"Is that right?" asked the older man, emptying his shovel into the cart.

"Sure is. We gonna need shovels bigger than these to scoop it up."

The men stopped and looked up at Addy and Sarah.

"Don't pay this man no mind, young ladies," the older man said. "He crazy."

"Oh, no, I'm not crazy. Girls, get your

shovels ready,” said the younger man.

Addy and Sarah laughed as the men moved on. When they stepped up onto the curb on the other side of the street, Addy saw a shiny penny on the mucky sidewalk.

Picking up the penny, Addy said, “Maybe that man was right.”

When Sarah turned to go home, Addy walked on, noticing the people around her in the crowded streets. They all seemed happy—black and white people, old and young people. Many smiled, greeting one another as they passed. It even looked to Addy as if the horses were pausing to greet each other with whinnies. *Maybe*, Addy thought,

they studying on freedom too now that the war over.

It seemed to Addy that she had been studying on freedom forever, thinking, wondering, worrying about it. There was so much she wanted to write in her paper, but words didn't come easily to her. They were inside her head, so right and clear, but when she tried to put them on paper, they were cloudy as water just drawn from a well. Addy wanted her words about freedom to be just right.

Before supper, Addy sat cross-legged on the floor beside her bed, letting the words trickle out.

For me if my heart had wings it would fly up the sky and everybody would see me

ADDY STUDIES FREEDOM



Before supper, Addy sat cross-legged on the floor beside her bed, letting the words trickle out.

flying over top the moon like that cow jumping over the moon. My heart glad there no more slavery. My sister and brother free. My aunt and uncle free. Every slave free.

Addy paused for a few minutes. Tapping her pencil on the floor, she thought about the ice cream parlors and streetcars. Then she continued, *But I don't know why there one freedom for colored people and one for white people. If I could ask Mr. Lincoln a question I would ask him why. Maybe now he stopped the war he can make one freedom.*

Addy wrinkled up her forehead, not sure what to write next. She sat in silence a long time without writing a word. When she heard Mrs. Golden ring the supper bell, she decided she needed to

study a little more on freedom before trying again.



The next morning, Addy woke late. Poppa and Momma had gone to work. Momma had left buttermilk and corn-bread for Addy to eat for breakfast. Momma had also left a note on Addy's slate. She wanted Addy to go to the butcher shop and get five cents' worth of neck bones on account. Just thinking about them made Addy's mouth water. Momma added vinegar and cooked them until the meat almost fell off the bones. She was making the neck bones for church supper the next day. Their church was having

a whole day of worship and song dedicated to President Lincoln.

To Addy's surprise, the butcher shop, which was normally very busy on a Saturday morning, was practically empty. There was only one woman at the counter. As she got her meat wrapped in paper, Addy noticed the woman was crying.

The butcher said, "It's a shame, I'm telling you. Lincoln was such a fine man."

Was? Addy thought.

The woman cried, "We're heading into war again."

The butcher said, "Don't go getting ahead of yourself, Mrs. Andersen."

“If they made it to Gettysburg before, they’ll come marching into Philadelphia this time. There’ll be cannons firing in the harbor and bullets whizzing through the streets.” The woman spun around, grabbing Addy tightly by the arm. “Save yourself, child! Dig yourself a hole, and throw yourself in.” Then she rushed past Addy and out the door.

Addy asked the butcher, “What happened? Did the war start again?”

“No,” he said. “That Mrs. Andersen carries on so. She just thinks because the president’s dead—”

Addy interrupted. “President Lincoln?” she asked in a voice stifled by fear.



“Say, haven’t you heard, little girl? He was shot last night at a theater in Washington. News come in this morning. He died. The shooting was the act of a coward, I’m telling you.”

Addy stepped backward, shaking her head. She didn’t want to believe what the butcher was telling her.

“Hey, what did you come in for?” asked the butcher.

Addy stammered and bolted out the door, heading toward Mrs. Ford’s dress shop to find Momma. Running through the streets, Addy noticed that the city looked little like it had the day before. Clusters of people gathered outside of shops. No one was smiling. The faces Addy saw started looking more and more alike. Everyone appeared to have heard the same terrible news. Addy kept running, seeing people cry openly, even grown men. Addy was crying, too. When she got to Mrs. Ford’s shop, she found the door locked and the shop empty and dark.



Addy raced to the boarding house. She hadn't been this scared since she and Momma had run to freedom through the dark woods. But now Addy was running through the streets of Philadelphia in the light of day, fearing that whatever freedom she and her family had gained was about to end.

When Addy reached the boarding house, she heard grownups talking in the dining room. Before entering, Addy wiped away her tears. Mr. and Mrs. Golden, M'dear, and a boarder named Mr. Williams were there along with Momma. Addy went in and sat on Momma's lap, listening to their talk.

Mr. Williams said, "I don't see what

y'all fussing and carrying on about. Lincoln never cared nothing about us colored folks."

"That's not true. He freed the slaves," Mrs. Golden said.

Mr. Williams waved his hand and said, "I freed myself."

"Now, now," Mr. Golden added. "Lincoln was a good man. Give him that. He didn't have to open his mouth about slavery. He was shot because he was for us coloreds."

"That's right," M'dear said. "Some white people think he done too much for us."

Addy asked, "Is the war going to start again?"

Momma rubbed Addy's back and said, "The war's over, so don't go worrying."

"That poor Mrs. Lincoln," said Mrs. Golden. "Losing her husband like that."

Addy blurted out, "But what if the war ain't over? President Lincoln was the one who got everybody to stop fighting. Who going to stop it now?"

"Addy," Momma said, "there ain't no more war. Now, I can tell this grown-folk talk is troubling you. Go on up and I'll be up in a bit and bring you a cup of tea."

Addy got up, and as she left the dining room, she heard M'dear say, "Lord knows the Lincoln children woke up to nightmare this morning."



“We all have,” said Momma.

Upstairs, Addy plopped down in a chair. What the adults were saying wasn't just “grown-folk talk.” Addy thought, *What if the war start again? What's going to happen to Sam, to Esther?* She pinched the back of her hand. If this was all a nightmare, then maybe she could wake

up and everything would be okay. But the sharp pinch didn't change anything.



There was no celebration at church the next day. Everyone sang a few songs, and then Reverend Drake started his sermon. Addy sat close to Momma in the women's section, listening.

The reverend's words flowed like clear water. "President Lincoln led us to the Promised Land. You know, Moses led

his people to the Promised Land and *never* entered it. God showed it to him," Reverend Drake said, spreading his arms out. "But Moses died before he could cross



over. And our president, God rest his soul, did too.”

Addy heard some of the women around her crying. Momma had her head bowed, her hands clenched in prayer.

Reverend Drake continued, “Many of you are wondering why our president was killed. And I’m here to tell you, people, I don’t know. But no matter what man intends for evil, God can use for good! God is with us in all seasons, in joy and in tears. Fear not this season, for it is written in Ecclesiastes that there is ‘a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance. A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.’”



All of Philadelphia had entered its season of mourning. Addy had the week off from school, so she walked with Momma to work. A quiet clung to the city like fog. Black swags of cloth were draped over doors of shops and homes. At Mrs. Ford's dress shop, a picture of President Lincoln hung in the window. The shop was full of ladies who wanted

black ruffles sewn onto their mourning dresses and cloaks. Everyone was preparing for the weekend,

when President Lincoln's funeral train would arrive. There would be a procession on Saturday and a viewing of the



president's body at the State House on Sunday.

On Saturday afternoon, Addy and her parents dressed in their best clothes and went to watch the procession. Poppa had picked out a spot for them on the roof of a building he had been working on for Mr. Roberts, the carpenter who had hired him just the week before. It was good they were on the roof, because it would have been hard to see anything from down below. People were lined up five deep on each side of the street. From up high, the split crowd reminded Addy of the Red Sea, parting to let Moses and his people pass through on their way to the Promised Land.



The cannon fire and gunshots made Addy jump. Poppa gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "They saluting the president," he said.

After waiting for hours for the procession, Addy was cold and stiff, tired and hungry. It was nearly dark when eight beautiful black horses adorned with silver harnesses came into view. Their bobbing heads were topped with plumes of feathers. Behind them, the driver in his top hat sat high in a tall wagon. Addy had never seen such a fancy wagon. Its flatbed was skirted in black cloth, and the skirt was decorated with silver fringes and tassels. Black drapery hung like crescent moons

along the sides. Atop the wagon was a huge black canopy. A whole story tall, it had white stripes and was topped with black plumes that looked like huge black birds. Under the canopy was President Lincoln's coffin, a long black box trimmed in silver. Momma cried as the wagon passed, and Poppa put his arm around her shoulders.

"I saw Mr. Lincoln," Mr. Roberts said, "when he was here on the way to his inauguration four years ago. He came right to the State House." He pointed up the street. "That's when he gave his speech saying he'd rather be assassinated on the spot than give up the principles of the Declaration of



Independence to save the country. He stayed true to that vow till the day he died.”

When Addy had first come to Philadelphia, Miss Dunn had taught the class the principles of the Declaration of Independence. She taught that all people were created equal and had rights that God had given them that shouldn't be taken away: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Those words had held meaning for Addy even when she couldn't read them. She had *lived* those words during her flight to freedom. Addy thought, *President Lincoln was gonna make one freedom for everybody, just like the Declaration say. But now he can't.*

Addy fought back tears as she watched the procession move out of sight.



At five o'clock the next morning, Addy and Poppa left for the State House. Momma had caught a cold and didn't feel up to going. Addy was glad to be going. She had never had the chance to say hello to President Lincoln. She wanted to be able to at least say good-bye.

Just a block from the boarding house, long lines had already formed. Addy and Poppa had to snake their way back through them to get to the end, nearly two miles away. By the time the sun rose, the lines had steadily increased

and didn't appear to be moving at all. When they started moving, they crept along. It took Addy and Poppa two hours to move just one block.

If yesterday the people had been a calm sea, this morning they were a restless one. There was pushing and shoving. It was cool out but hot in the lines, and Addy was glad she was with Poppa. From time to time, he hoisted her to his shoulders so Addy could take a sip of air, refreshing as a cool drink of water.

By noon, the lines had moved about half a mile. News spread down the lines that things were moving slowly because there were lines on other streets, too, all leading to the State House. Some

people said they were three miles long, some said five, and they were ten people wide.

“Let me out!” a woman’s voice called. “I’ve had enough.”

Addy grabbed Poppa’s hand because the pushing and shoving were getting stronger. Addy didn’t know if it was the woman trying to get out or someone trying to get in, because she heard a man yelling, “Oh, no, you not butting in. I been out here since six! Go to the back of the line, or I’ll crack you in the head!”

“My purse! Someone has stolen my purse. Police! Police!” another woman screeched.

Just then the crowd surged forward,

a powerful wave that ripped Addy's hand from Poppa's. People were trying to push their way out of the line, but nobody was moving to let them out. Addy yelled for Poppa, but she was being pushed deeper into the crowd. The air around her was hot. She couldn't see or hear Poppa in the crush of bodies. She felt dizzy, as if she was going to pass out.

Then she felt herself being lifted up from behind. A rush of air came over her as she was set safely on the street. Addy turned around to see who had come to her rescue. It was a white man who looked to be about Poppa's age.

"Stand back and give the child

some air," a black woman in a velvet coat said. "Honey, who are you with? Where are your people?"

Addy answered, "I'm with my Poppa." Just then she saw Poppa pushing through the crowd, and she jumped into his arms.

One of the soldiers warned the crowd, "It's enough that we've had to roust pickpocketing hooligans all day. If you cause trouble, we'll send you to the back of the lines!"

"All we want to do is pay our respects," said the white man who had rescued Addy.

"Everybody is going to have a chance," the soldier said. "Back in line!"

As Addy and Poppa made their way back into line, Addy held tightly to Poppa's hand. He turned and thanked her rescuer. "I'm grateful," Poppa said.

"It was nothing," the man said.

"It was kind," replied Poppa.

The man said, "This is a day you'll remember for the rest of your life, young lady. Don't you think so, sir?"

Addy looked at Poppa. He seemed puzzled, but then he beamed a smile that lit up his face. Never, ever had Addy heard a white man call her father "sir."

"Well, yes it is, sir. This is truly a day to remember," said Poppa.



It was close to supper time when Addy and Poppa reached the State House. Like everyone else, they entered through the tall windows on Chestnut Street and exited through those at



Independence Square. They filed past President Lincoln's body quickly, not being allowed to stop. But Addy could see the president's face clearly. It was the most peaceful face she'd seen all week.

As she and Poppa walked out into the dark and quiet street lit with gas lamps, Poppa said softly, "Look like the president done found peace."

"But Poppa," said Addy, "it's like the reverend say. The president like Moses.



*They filed past President Lincoln's body quickly,
not being allowed to stop.*

He ain't make it to the Promised Land.
And this ain't really no Promised Land.
We ain't got freedom like white folks."

Poppa fell silent for a bit before he spoke. "Freedom don't come all at once, Addy. President Lincoln done led the way. We all the one got to follow."

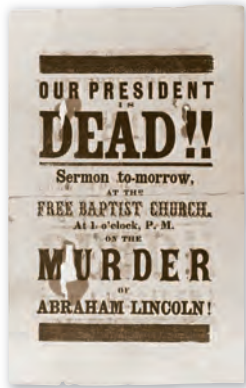
Addy walked along with Poppa, listening to their footsteps echo in the night. She thought about the sea of people she'd seen from the rooftop. Black and white, those people had all come out to mourn President Lincoln's passing. She thought about Mrs. Ford and Mr. Roberts, both white people who'd given her parents jobs. And then there was that white man who had

saved her from the angry sea of people today. He had showed Poppa more respect than any white man ever had.

At least some people heading in the right direction, Addy thought as she held tight to Poppa's hand and kept on walking.



LOOKING BACK



THE DEATH OF LINCOLN



Lincoln presenting the Emancipation Proclamation

In the four years that Abraham Lincoln served as president of the United States, he worked hard to end slavery and to reunite a country torn apart by slavery. President Lincoln declared war on the southern states that had broken away from the Union. He also issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which said

that all slaves in the South were free.

When the North defeated the South on April 9, 1865, President Lincoln was a hero to freed slaves and *abolitionists*, people who opposed slavery. But he had enemies, too. John Wilkes Booth, an actor and southern sympathizer, feared that Lincoln would give blacks too much freedom. When Booth heard Lincoln say that blacks should have the right to vote, Booth threatened to kill him.

A few days later, on April 14, Booth carried out his threat. While Lincoln and his wife were watching a play at Ford's Theatre, Booth came up behind Lincoln and



Booth's gun

*Lincoln was watching the play
Our American Cousin.*



shot him. Lincoln survived through the night but died early the next morning. The nation, which just a few days earlier had celebrated the end of the war and slavery, fell into deep mourning. One citizen said, "It seemed as if the whole world had lost a dear, personal friend."

Lincoln's funeral was held in the White House four days later, on April 19.



**OUR PRESIDENT
IN
DEAD!!**

Sermon to-morrow,
AT THE
FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.
At 1-o'clock, P. M.
ON THE

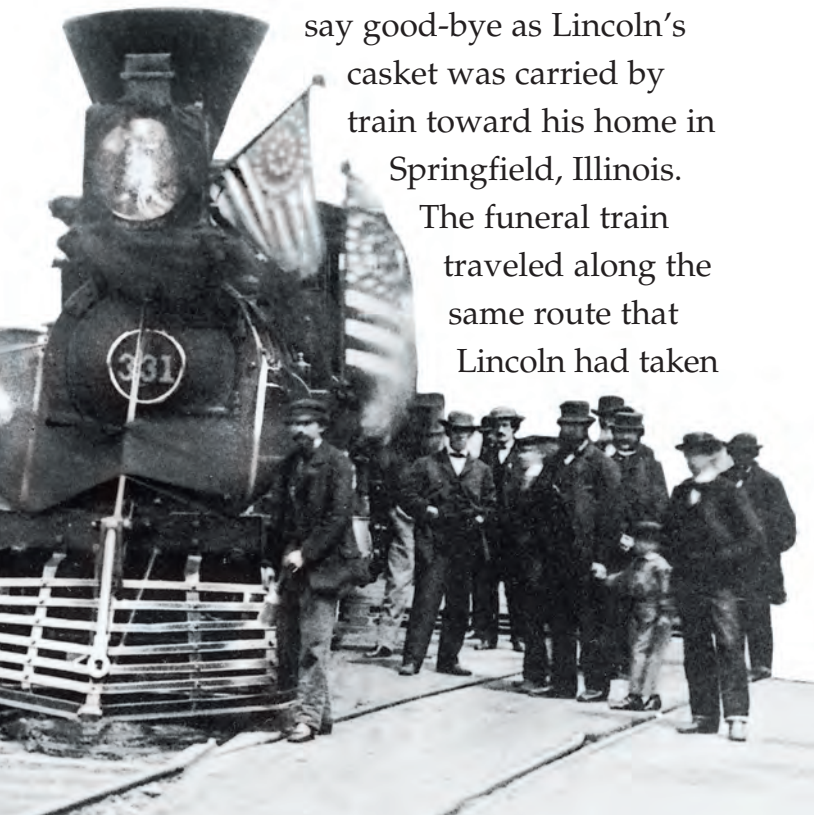
MURDER
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

All across the nation, Americans crowded into churches to mourn their lost president.

Many Americans had another chance to

say good-bye as Lincoln's casket was carried by train toward his home in Springfield, Illinois.

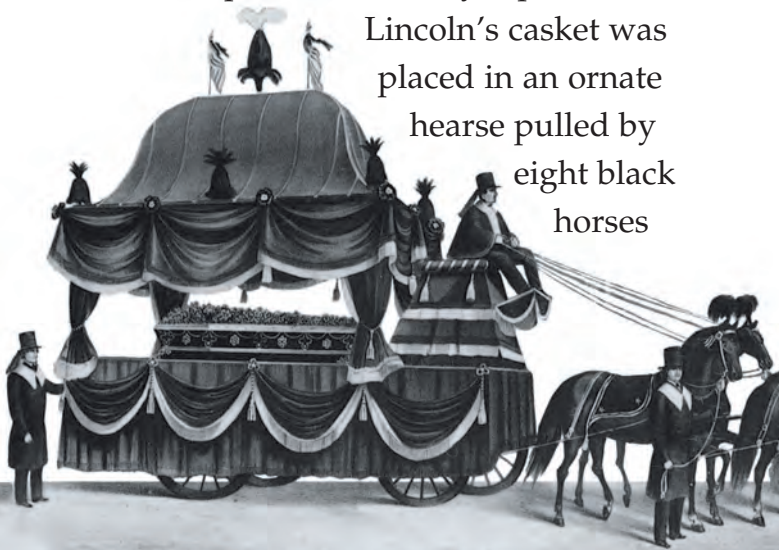
The funeral train traveled along the same route that Lincoln had taken



to Washington when he had been elected president four years earlier. At every stop along the way, people gathered to kneel, weep, and pay their respects.

Large cities along the route held elaborate funeral processions to honor the president. One of the grandest took place in Philadelphia on Saturday, April 22.

Lincoln's casket was placed in an ornate hearse pulled by eight black horses



with silver harnesses. The procession wound its way through downtown Philadelphia, past buildings draped in black cloth and banners, toward Independence Hall. Bands played solemn music, and every 60 seconds, “minute guns” fired.

As many as half a million people—equal to the population of the entire city—gathered to watch the procession. Rivers of people lined the streets to get a close-up view of Lincoln’s casket. Others, like Addy’s family, watched from





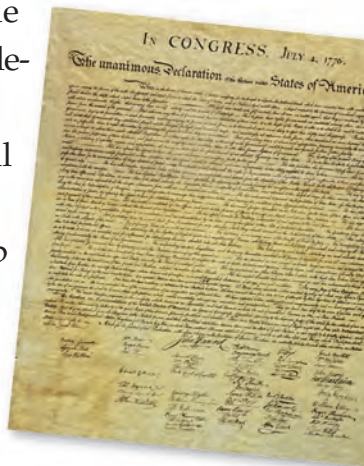
*The procession through
downtown Philadelphia*

windows,
balconies,
rooftops, and
even treetops
high above the
streets.

Visitors with
special invitations
viewed the presi-
dent's body in Independence Hall that
evening, but most people had to wait
until the next morning. Hundreds of
people poured into the city hoping to see
the president's body. Hotels overflowed,
leaving many visitors to camp in the
streets overnight. When Independence
Hall opened at 6:00 on Sunday morning,

thousands of people filled the streets. By 10:00 A.M., the lines of people were three miles long.

Lincoln's body lay in the room where the Declaration of Independence had been signed nearly 100 years before. All day and all night, people passed through the candlelit chamber. Because thousands of people still waited outside, viewers were not allowed to stop beside Lincoln's open coffin. They strained to touch or even kiss the president as they were pushed onward.



The Declaration of Independence

Those waiting outside were anxious and exhausted. Many had walked for miles, because it was Sunday and no streetcars were running. During the wait, chaos broke out. Some people tried to leave the lines while others pushed to get in. Clothing was torn, women fainted, and children were nearly lost underfoot. Several people were seriously injured. Still, people pressed on to see their president. By the time the funeral train left town the next morning, 300,000 people had said good-bye to Lincoln.

With Lincoln's death, many

Soldiers were stationed to help control the crowd.



Americans feared that war would break out again and that slaves would lose their freedom. But instead, people banded together to mourn and show respect for Lincoln and his beliefs. This coming together of people—black and white—gave Americans hope that the nation was strong and that Lincoln's values would not die with him. He had led his people to the "Promised Land," and they would march on.



Mourning badges and banners appeared all over the country.

ADDY'S WEDDING QUILT





ADDY'S WEDDING QUILT

Addy Walker sat on a small stool before the fireplace in M'dear's room, stitching together a quilt. The chill of evening draped over her back like a wet sheet. Shivering, she pulled her heartwarmer closer around her shoulders. Though her back was freezing, she had to wipe away sweat that rolled down her brow. Her brother Sam always said that sitting in front of a fire was like being caught between two seasons. Summer

was in your face, winter at your back.

Addy said, "When summer come, you ain't never, ever going to hear me grumbling about it being too hot."

M'dear was sitting in her high-backed rocker with a shawl around her shoulders. "Everything has its season, Addy. Even the cold."

"Well, I can't wait for this season to be over. It never got this cold in North Carolina. I wish I could go to sleep tonight and wake up when it's summer."

"Now, be careful what you wish for. If you did that, you'd miss your folks' wedding next week. Would you want to do that?" asked M'dear.

"No, ma'am. I been working too

hard on this quilt! I hope they'll like it."

"I'm sure they will," said M'dear.

"Let me see it."

M'dear was blind, but she had her ways of seeing. Running her long, thin fingers over the quilt squares, she nodded her approval. "Your work is much better," M'dear observed. "These new stitches are small and tight."

Addy smiled. She had been sewing for weeks, ever since Momma and Poppa had announced their wedding plans. They had wed twenty years earlier on Master Stevens's plantation, but they had not been married in a church.

During slavery, that was against the law. Like many slaves, Momma and



M'dear was blind, but she had her ways of seeing. Running her long, thin fingers over the quilt squares, she nodded her approval.

Poppa married by simply jumping over a broom. M'dear, who claimed to be older than dirt, had told Addy she had even jumped the broom when she married "eleventy-seven" years ago.

Addy had no money to buy Momma and Poppa a wedding gift, so she decided to make one. In the family trunk, Momma kept fabric to make a quilt. With all the sewing Momma did for other people, she never found time to make it. Addy decided to surprise Momma and Poppa by making it herself.

Standing up to warm her back, Addy said, "These squares I done today is from Uncle Solomon's shirt." She let out a spiritless sigh. "It's going to be

such a nice wedding, but I don't feel all-the-way happy because him and Auntie Lula didn't live to see it."

"I know you miss them," M'dear said. "One of the best things about quilting is that every piece of fabric can be a reminder of the past. It's a way of remembering people, not with sadness, but with love." She asked Addy to take a quilt of hers from the foot of her bed.

"I made that quilt after my husband died," M'dear explained. "Most of the squares are from his clothes." Addy admired the fine stitching and the cut-outs M'dear had sewn on. There were cutouts of a cabin, a man standing next to a horse, horseshoes, and an apron.

"I'd like to put some cutouts on my quilt," Addy said.



"They're called appliqués," M'dear gently corrected. "The ones I picked tell the story of my husband's life. He was a blacksmith."

"I don't know what to pick for Momma and Poppa," said Addy.

M'dear said, "You don't have to choose them all at once. Start with one that you feel says something important. The others can come later."

That night while Addy lay in bed next to Esther, she thought about what appliqués to make. For Momma she could make one of a spool, or a needle.

For Poppa's job as a carpenter, she could cut out a hammer or saw. But none of them seemed just right. The more Addy thought, the more she knew she probably wouldn't have time to add them before the wedding anyway.

The next morning she was taking the quilt to school so Miss Dunn could write her parents' names and the new wedding day in fancy script that Addy would embroider over. Addy had never embroidered before, and Miss Dunn said she would teach her. She was even giving Addy the embroidery silks!

Addy smiled as she thought of spending time after school with her teacher. Miss Dunn was so smart. Her

words were as smooth and polished as pearls. Addy wanted to be like her when she grew up. As much as she looked forward to their time together, she felt bad telling Momma a half-truth the next morning.

Addy told her, "Miss Dunn need to keep me after school today."

"Why?" Momma asked. She was making Addy's lunch, a biscuit with bacon grease. "Things going good at school, ain't they? You ain't having no trouble with Harriet again?" Momma asked. She added a wizened apple to Addy's lunch.

"No, Momma!" Addy insisted. "Miss Dunn got



some special project she want me to help her with." Addy didn't look directly at Momma. She fiddled with her knee warmers.

"I guess it'll be all right," said Momma. She handed Addy her lunch pail, telling her, "You make sure you come right straight home."

Thanking Momma with a quick hug, Addy grabbed her school sack and gave Esther a kiss that Esther promptly wiped off. Then Addy tiptoed into M'dear's room, tucked the quilt under her coat, and headed off to school.

As much as Addy liked school, she was eager for this day to end. In the afternoon the class took turns reading

aloud. Addy lost her place while waiting her turn. Her seatmate, Harriet, was sneaking raisins from her pocket. Students weren't allowed to eat during class. Miss Dunn would make Harriet stand in the corner if she caught her, or if Addy told. For a few moments, Addy thought about telling. The delicate sweetness of those raisins teased her, making her hungry for a treat she couldn't have. Momma and Poppa had no money to buy treats. Addy felt that if she did have a snack—a sleek, sweet bit of taffy, a delicious salty tidbit of jerky—Harriet would probably blab it from here to China. But Miss Dunn always said not to be a tattletale, so Addy decided not to

tell. Besides, when the school day ended, she'd have the treat she wanted—spending time with Miss Dunn.



Addy let out a long “Oooh” when Miss Dunn showed her the embroidery silks. For Addy, holding them was like having a rainbow in her hands. Sitting next to Miss Dunn, Addy watched her stretch the center of the quilt over a large embroidery hoop, pulling the cloth taut until its surface was flat. Then Miss Dunn added the top hoop, tightening it in place with its small screw. Carefully, she began writing,

dipping her pen into the inkwell on her desk, blotting the extra ink before she wrote on the cloth. When the teacher finished, Addy admired the fancy writing.

"I hope I can make my stitching look as nice as your writing," Addy said.



"Sure you can," Miss Dunn encouraged her. "You're a fast learner."

Miss Dunn started a few stitches at the top of the loop in Momma's name. The cloth was pulled so tight in the hoop that each time the needle poked through, Addy could hear a tiny popping sound. Halfway around the loop, Miss Dunn handed the needle and thimble to Addy.

Miss Dunn made sure Addy's stitches weren't too tight or too loose.

"Take your time. If you work steadily all week, you'll finish in time for the wedding," Miss Dunn assured Addy.

Addy wasn't so sure. She would have to work both neatly and quickly if she wanted to add appliqués, too. For now, she went slowly. She knew the embroidery silks were expensive, and if she made mistakes, she couldn't cut the stitching loose and start over, as she could with ordinary thread.

While Addy worked, she glanced up now and then to see Miss Dunn going about her tasks—banking the fire in the stove, putting seats atop desks, erasing

the blackboards and wiping them clean with a wet rag.

"I never knew you did this much work after school," said Addy.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if elves came every night and did my chores!"

"If I had elves helping me, I'd have them do my long division," Addy laughed.

"Yes, but life isn't a fairy tale," Miss Dunn said. "I have to finish quickly. I have a meeting in a few minutes."

"I'm not an elf, but I can help you with your chores," Addy volunteered. "You been so nice, helping me with my quilt, giving me the silks. Besides, if I'm going to be a teacher one day, I better get used to the chores."

Smiling, Miss Dunn thanked Addy and told her what needed to be done. Then she left for her meeting.

Addy took the quilt to her desk and quickly went about the chores. She brought in kindling to start the fire in the morning, swept the floor, and put each seat back in place. Then she stood and looked at the room. *An army of elves couldn't have done better work*, Addy thought. To celebrate a job well done, Addy laid the broom down and jumped over it, again and again, making up a song.

Soon as I miss, I'll know this.

There'll be a letter, sweet as a berry,

For the name of the boy I will marry!

Addy called out a letter of the alphabet each time she jumped. She had gotten to *J* when she saw Harriet enter the room. Addy was so surprised that she tripped over the end of the broom.

"How long you been spying on me?" asked Addy as she got to her feet.

"I wasn't spying," Harriet said. "Spies hide. I was standing right in the doorway long enough to know you're going to marry a boy whose name begins with *J*."

Anger warmed Addy's face, but she spoke in an even tone. "I was just playing."

"It didn't seem like it," Harriet said. She walked over and picked up the broom. "Maybe this is trying to tell you that you're going to marry Joshua."



Addy called out a letter of the alphabet each time she jumped.

"Never!" Addy protested, snatching the broom. "You're going to marry him."

"Not me! I don't know if he'll ever marry if he doesn't stop picking his nose."

Addy burst out laughing and Harriet joined in. Addy put the broom down, and Harriet went over to the double desk she shared with Addy. She read the writing on the quilt. "That date is next week!" Harriet exclaimed. "Your parents aren't married?"

"My folks got married on the plantation a long time ago. Now they gettin' married in freedom," said Addy. She picked up the quilt. "This a secret. I'm giving it to them for a wedding present."

Harriet said, "Seems like more than that quilt should be a secret. After all,

your parents aren't married."

"You take that back!" demanded Addy.

"There's nothing to take back. It was illegal for slaves to marry," said Harriet.

Addy was silent. All she could do was look at Harriet. She didn't know if what Harriet said was true.



She told Harriet, "My mamma and poppa jumped a broom, so they married."

Harriet took a book from her desk. Then she ran to where the broom lay on the floor. She jumped over it. "Look, I just married myself," Harriet teased.

"It's not funny!" Addy said angrily. "You going to have to marry yourself,

because no one is going to want to marry you, not even Joshua. I'm jumping the broom when I get married."

"No, you're not, because that's a slavery way of doing things. Slavery ways should be left in the past. In slavery."

"Jumping the broom is not a slavery way," Addy said.

"I only came to get the book I forgot, not to argue with you. Nobody jumps the broom these days because it was wrong in the first place. It never meant anything," said Harriet. To prove her point, she jumped the broom again, skipped past Addy, and turned to give her a self-satisfied smirk as she disappeared out the door.

As Addy walked home from school, she wondered if Harriet was right. Addy thought, *If Momma and Poppa really is married, why they getting married again?*

Addy decided to ask M'dear. But M'dear wasn't feeling well, so Addy worked quietly beside her as she napped in her rocker. Still, that question kept bothering her. She couldn't get it out of her mind. It kept her from concentrating, so she went to find Momma. Momma was hemming a dress while Esther was playing on the floor with her doll. Addy sat down and halfheartedly played with her sister.

"Is everything all right, Addy?" Momma asked.

Addy took a deep breath and asked, "Why you need to get married in a church?"

"Poppa and me *want* to get married in a church," Momma said.

"Is there something wrong with jumping the broom?" asked Addy. "Was it just slavery ways?"

"Who been filling your head with them thoughts?" asked Momma. "Harriet?"

Addy's eyes grew big. In one long breath, she spilled what Harriet had said.

Momma put her work down. "First of all, Harriet should keep her nose out of other folks' business," she said. "As much as I hate to say it, she may be right. Jumping the broom was what folks did in

slavery. There wasn't nothing wrong with it. It's just that now that I'm in freedom, I want to do what I couldn't then—stand up in church, say my vows, read me and

your poppa's name on a real marriage certificate."



Addy smiled, knowing Momma would be pleased with the words on the quilt.

Still, Addy had to be sure. She asked, "Did jumping the broom count? Harriet say it didn't mean nothing."

Momma turned Addy's face to hers. "You know something, Addy, in the Bible it say a man and wife is to be together until death part them. When you got married in slavery, they left that part

out because your master could part you, sell you one from the other anytime he wanted. So me and your Poppa never had them words spoke over us. But we had that broom, and when we jumped it, we knew we belonged to each other for life.

“Maybe that don’t mean nothing to Harriet. It mean a whole heap to me. I think it mean something to you, too, or you wouldn’t have brung it up. You need to know your own mind, Addy. Harriet might know all there’s to know in a book, but she don’t know your heart. She don’t know how you feel, so don’t let her or nobody else tell you how you feel.”

Addy told Momma, “I told Harriet I was going to jump the broom when I

grow up, and she laughed at me.”

Momma said, “I think it’s sad that nobody jump the broom no more. You should’ve seen me. I jumped so high!”

“I want to jump the broom,” Esther squealed. She got up from the floor and jumped up and down.

Momma and Addy laughed. “What about Poppa?” Addy asked eagerly.

“Y’all poppa jumped real high, too. If you stepped on the broom, you’d have bad luck.” Momma let out a happy sigh, remembering. “I was so happy on my wedding day. Poppa looked handsome, and Auntie Lula made a big supper for everyone. She made dandelion greens, hog’s headcheese, sweet cornbread, and

strawberries. The important thing was we was together with no master or overseer.

Uncle Solomon and the other men sang and somebody played a banjo. Everyone danced and danced.



“I had more sad days in slavery than I can count, but that day was one of the happiest. I cried because I was happy and because I felt free. I felt free.” Momma sighed again and went back to her sewing.



The next day, Addy hurried to finish her homework before supper. Then she hurried to M'dear's room to work on her embroidery. She had finished everything

but “Walker” on the first line. She could do it and “Wed” the next day. Then all she would have left was the date.

Lying in bed that night, Addy thought she might even have time to make an appliqué. She could take the quilt to school and work on it during recess. All she had to do was think of something to add. But what? Just as she started falling asleep, she had the perfect idea.

“I got it,” she said aloud.

“What?” asked Esther, who was lying next to her. “Can I have some?”

“You go to sleep,” Addy said.

“You go to sleep,” said Esther.

Poppa’s voice boomed, “Y’all both go to sleep!”



At recess the next day, Addy sat at her desk, working on the quilt while the class went out to play. She carefully basted on the appliqué she had decided on—a broom.

As she worked, some girls came back into the classroom. They were heading to warm themselves by the stove when Harriet's friend, Mavis, turned to see what Addy was doing.

"That's real nice," Mavis said. "You did all this work yourself?"

Addy answered, "I did have some help, but I did all the sewing."

The other girls came over. Addy's best friend, Sarah, said, "Oh, Addy. Your



momma and poppa gonna love this.”

“You’re lucky your momma is a seamstress. She gets nice scraps,” Mavis said.

“She do,” Addy answered. “But these all come from my family.” She was telling them she had gotten the broom handle from one of Poppa’s old cuffs and the broom straw from a hem of Momma’s

dress when she looked up to see Harriet standing over her.

“So, you’re still making that slavery quilt,” Harriet declared.

“It ain’t a slavery quilt,” Addy snapped at her, feeling that same rush of anger she’d felt when Harriet surprised her after school.

Unwrapping her long white scarf from her head and neck, Harriet said, “It is. Why else would it have that stupid broom on it?”

Just then Miss Dunn walked in. She came over to see Addy’s progress. “Why, isn’t this wonderful! I’m sure the broom will mean a great deal to your mamma and poppa.”

Harriet chimed in, "If you ask me, slavery ways should be left in slavery."

"Well, I didn't ask you," Addy blurted out. "But you can think what you want. I know how I feel. This here is a quilt about my family, Harriet." She pointed to the appliqué. "This is for my momma and poppa. It's true they married in slavery, but they really was married. This broom is part of the story of my momma and poppa's life, and I'm the one telling it."

Miss Dunn said, "Well, I don't think I could've said that better myself. Slavery is over, Harriet. It is in the past, but memories like these are about who our families are, who *we* are. Addy's right to cherish them."

The girls nodded quietly.

“So, now I’m asking you, Harriet, do you agree?” Miss Dunn asked firmly.

Harriet mumbled a quiet “Yes, ma’am.”



The day of the wedding was beautiful. Momma wore the navy wool dress she wore to church every Sunday. It was plain, but Momma trimmed it with a collar and cuffs of crisp white linen. She pinned a small lace veil to her hat. Poppa had a new collar on his shirt, and his face was shaved smooth.

Reverend Drake told Momma and Poppa what words they should repeat.

Poppa said his with a firm, sure voice. When Momma came to the words "till death do us part," she cried. With a trembling hand, she pulled a lace handkerchief from a cuff to dry her eyes. Addy was sitting next to Sarah. Addy was crying, too, and Sarah gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

At the wedding supper, Addy sat between Sarah and Miss Dunn. They ate ham, hoppin' John, collard greens, hog's headcheese, and sweet cornbread with strawberry preserves. For dessert they had pound cake flavored with rose water, and ice cream with pieces of candied walnuts.

Momma and Poppa opened all the gifts during dessert. They loved Addy's



quilt. Poppa wanted to know when she'd found time to make it. Momma read her and Poppa's names. She read the date, and Addy smiled when Momma praised her stitching.

Addy took the quilt to the table where M'dear was sitting so she could see it. "I don't know if you can tell,"

Addy said, guiding M'dear's hand, "but this is a broom."

M'dear ran her fingers around its border. "Sure is," M'dear said, "and it's a fine one."

Addy knelt near M'dear. "You know something," said Addy softly. "I'm not sad today, not even a little. Auntie Lula and Uncle Solomon would've loved this wedding. I feel all-the-way happy because I know they was happy when Momma and Poppa jumped the broom. I know something else, too. I know what appliqué I'm adding on next."

"You do?" M'dear asked.

"Yes, ma'am. You see, the broom, well, that's for the past. Next I'm

adding the church. That's for today, and you know something? I like them both."



LOOKING BACK



WEDDINGS IN 1864



This couple may be jumping the broom.

When Addy was growing up during the Civil War, it was not legal for enslaved people to marry. The governments of Southern states thought of slaves as property, not as people or families. Still, enslaved men and women like Momma and Poppa got married anyway.

Many enslaved couples “jumped the broom” at their weddings. The couples were careful not to touch the brooms with

their feet. If they did, it meant trouble would come between them. After the ceremony, they weren't given a legal marriage certificate, but to their friends and families, and to themselves, they were married.

Enslaved couples usually had to ask their masters' permission to marry. This was especially true if the man and woman were from different plantations. But masters usually gave their slaves permission to marry. Many masters thought their slaves would be happier if they were married.



A marriage certificate from a legal marriage

They also thought that family ties would keep the slaves from running away.

An enslaved couple's wedding often took place in the slave quarters. Some ceremonies were very simple. One woman



The slave quarters on a plantation

remembered her master saying, "Now you and Lewis wants to marry, and there ain't no objections, so go on and jump over the broomstick together and you is married." In other ceremonies, a black preacher or a fellow slave read the vows. Afterward, there might be a big dinner with everyone singing songs.



Some masters thought of their house servants as part of the family. Sometimes the master's wife even organized a wedding for a house servant. The ceremony might have been held in the "big house" or out in the yard. The mistress sent invitations to friends and relatives and to the plantation owners who lived nearby.

She might have even given the bride one of her old dresses to wear. The vows were read by a white preacher or the master, and afterward there was a big feast.



The "big house" on a plantation



*An enslaved couple's wedding celebration
in the hotel where they worked*

Tempie Herndon and her husband were slaves on different plantations. They had a big wedding on Tempie's master's porch. The preacher from the plantation church read their vows, then they jumped over the broom.

Tempie remembered that Master George held the broom about a foot off

the floor. He told Tempie and her husband that the one who jumped over the broom backward and never touched the handle would be the boss. If they both jumped over the broom without touching it, there wouldn't be any bossing!

Although these ceremonies helped enslaved couples feel married, slaves were still the property of their owners. When there was money to be made, owners would separate families without hesitation. Just like Addy's family, many husbands, wives, and children were torn away without even a chance to say good-bye. This was one reason why many masters and preachers left the words "till death do you part" out of slaves' wedding vows.

When the Civil War ended in 1865, it was legal for black people to marry in the South. Couples who had been separated by slavery searched for each other and legalized their marriage vows once they were reunited. For former slaves, getting married “by the book” was a sign of true freedom. One woman said, “My husband and I have lived together 15 years and we wants to be married over again now.” In the South, many large wedding ceremonies took place in which 50 or 100 couples were married at the same time.

Former slaves also gained other rights after the war. They could legally learn to read and write, own property, and become U.S. citizens. But the most



A wedding ceremony after the Civil War

important freedom for former slaves was that they had control over their family life. Finally, black people no longer lived with the fear of being separated. They had the freedom to be a family.

ADDY'S LITTLE BROTHER





ADDY'S LITTLE BROTHER

Riddle me this, Addy," said Sam.
"Where the only place it make sense
to put a cart before a horse?"

Addy loved trying to guess her
brother's riddles. It was a game they
played often. "I know it ain't a stable.
How about a unstable?" Addy asked.

Sam laughed. "That's pretty clever,"
he said. "But the place where *cart* go
before *horse* is the dictionary."

"That's a good one, Sam," Addy said.

Addy held her brother's hand, doing her best to keep up with his long-legged stride. It was a dreary Saturday with clouds low in the sky, but Addy was happy. Sam was walking her to her friend Sarah's.

"Can we go to the candy store?" Addy asked. "I was hoping I could get some black licorice to share with Sarah."

Sam said, "Maybe later. I'm going to drop you off and go home to rest awhile. I'll come back for you."

"You really that tired?" Addy asked.

Sam let out a whistle. "Girl, you never worked stables. The boss have you doing two, three things at once. Mucking, harnessing, cleaning cabs. He need more workers."

ADDY'S LITTLE BROTHER



Addy was happy. Sam was walking her to her friend Sarah's.

Addy asked, "Why don't he hire more?"

"He cheap. He rather wear us out," Sam said. "I don't know about that sociable next Saturday. After working all week and then a half day Saturday, I might be too tired to go."

Addy stopped. "Sam, you *promised*. A sociable ain't sociable if you by yourself."



church

"You wouldn't be by yourself. The church is going to be full up with giggling little girls."

Addy giggled despite herself. "That ain't true. All the youth groups coming." She smiled at her

brother. Sam had been separated from the family for over a year, fighting for the Union during the war. He'd lost an arm in battle. Addy had worried about him so. Even a walk to a friend's house with Sam seemed special.

The hall in Sarah's building was long and dark, and the family's room steamy and filled with laundry. "Hey, y'all," Sarah said when she opened the door. Two irons sat on top of the stove, and near the stove stood a tall, thin boy Addy had never seen before. "Addy, Sam, this here is my cousin Daniel," Sarah said.

"Hey, Daniel," said Addy. Daniel



nodded once, then turned away. *That's rude*, Addy thought, but Sarah didn't seem to notice.

"I got some crackling," said Sarah.
"We can eat it while we study."

"That sound good," Addy said. Ever since Sarah had quit school to work, Addy had been helping her with her studies. Today Addy had spelling and arithmetic for Sarah to work on. As the girls settled in at the table, Sam went to speak to Daniel. Daniel didn't say much, but he smiled. Then Sam looked up and said, "Me and Daniel going out."

"I thought you was going home to rest," Addy said.

"I changed my mind," said Sam.

“We going to the park to play marbles. Daniel will like that better than sitting around with two girls.”

“What’s wrong with that?” asked Addy. “*You* sit around with two girls all the time. Me and Esther.” Esther was Sam and Addy’s little sister.

Sam rubbed his hand over Addy’s head. “That’s why we leaving,” he said, grinning.

Addy didn’t think Sam’s joke was very funny but soon forgot all about it. The girls ate crisp bits of crackling, dipping the fried pork skin in peppery vinegar, and Sarah did her arithmetic. She also told Addy about Daniel. He was 12. His mother



and father had been born in slavery but escaped to Canada, where Daniel was born. After the war, the family had moved back to America. They had been in Philadelphia for less than a week.

“This the first time we all been together,” Sarah said. “My momma and Aunt Eva talk all night. Sometimes they cry, but mostly they laugh and tell me to go to sleep. But I can’t because I’m so happy. I know Daniel is, too. He just don’t show it. He real quiet.”

Addy recalled how she’d felt about the noise and rush of big-city life when she first came to Philadelphia. Maybe Daniel was just shy.

When they finished the schoolwork,

Sam and Daniel still hadn't come back. Addy was worried. She and Sam would be expected back for supper soon. So she said good-bye to Sarah and went to the park.

A group of boys were gathered in a clearing. Sam was kneeling at the edge of a huge circle drawn in the dirt. He had a marble in his hand, and marbles were scattered all over the circle.

"This here is going to be number seven," Sam said. He took aim, knocked a marble out of the circle, and yelled, "Ringer!"

Some boys groaned, but most cheered, and Addy cheered with them. Daniel knelt beside Sam, and Addy felt



a little jealous as she pushed her way through the crowd. "Bye, Sam," Daniel was saying as she reached them. "Thanks for the cat's-eye."

"A cat's-eye?" Addy asked as Daniel headed off for home.

"That some kind of riddle?"

"It's some kind of marble," Sam said.



"I bought it for him. I'm taking Daniel to the stables Monday, too. The boss is sure to hire him since he won't have to pay him much."

Addy and Sam walked on. When they got to the candy store, Sam kept going. "Ain't we supposed to be getting candy?" Addy asked.

Sam said, "We ain't got time to stop now."

Addy didn't say anything. She kicked hard at a clump of dirt and thought jealously, *You had time to stop and get Daniel a marble.*



Daniel was hired at the stables, and

Sam began training him, so on Monday and Tuesday he missed supper. Addy missed having Sam at the table. Sam always had a story to tell, and after



mancala

supper they would sometimes play mancala. Esther would think she was playing, too, and scoop up beans from the board. Addy would talk about her day, and Sam always listened.

When Sam came to supper on Wednesday, he told plenty of stories, but they were all about Daniel. Daniel learned quickly, and the boss liked him. Daniel could polish the leather harnesses until they were soft and shiny. He could carry two buckets of water that weighed

twenty pounds each. He didn't flinch when a mouse jumped out of the oat bin and ran up his jacket sleeve. Daniel wasn't afraid of Thunder and Lightning, the draft horses, even though Lightning was mean and had nipped him.

Poppa said, "Sound like the boy don't know fear."

Sam said, "He can even answer my riddles."

"Maybe Daniel is the little brother you always wanted," Poppa said.

Addy put her fork down. "I never knew you wanted a brother," she said to Sam.

"I did," said Sam. "When you was born, I wanted Momma to take you

back to the cabbage patch and bring a boy instead.”

Momma said, “Sam, stop kidding your sister. Addy, when you was born, Sam acted like you was his baby. He carried you around like you was a doll. Esther, too.”

“Esther, too,” Esther repeated. Everyone laughed but Addy. She could remember when Esther was born. They had all fussed over her. They still did. Esther could walk and talk and liked to tag along after Addy, but Addy still saw her as being a little baby. Sam was so much older than Addy was. Addy wondered if Sam saw *her* as being a baby, too.

Sam sure doesn't see Daniel that way, Addy thought glumly. He bragged about Daniel. Maybe Sam really *did* wish he could send her back and get a brother.

Two nights later, when Sam was late again, Addy helped fix him a plate of food. As much as she loved bread pudding, she saved her piece for Sam. She wanted to spend some time alone with him. Addy had a new riddle, one she had heard at recess: *What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two legs in the afternoon, and three legs at night?* She hadn't guessed the answer, and she didn't think Sam would be able to, either.



Sam mussed Addy's hair when he

came in. "What you doing up, girl?" he asked.

"Waiting to see you," Addy said. She got Sam his food while he slipped off his jacket. Then she asked him the riddle.

"Man," Sam said. "He crawl as a baby, walk when he grown, and use a cane when he old. That's a real old one. I asked Daniel it. He thought on it and got the right answer."

Addy folded her arms across her chest. "I don't want to talk about Daniel."

Sam started eating the bread pudding. "Why not?" he asked.

"I just don't," answered Addy, "and

I hope you ain't ask Daniel to go with us to the sociable tomorrow."

Sam wiped his mouth. "I'm glad you brung it up," he said. "I been so busy, I ain't had time to tell you. I ain't going."

A hot streak of anger shot through Addy. "Why not?"

"Don't be mad," said Sam. "You can still go. Poppa will see to you getting home. Most guys my age at church is going to a 'Old Bowler' marbles match over at the park."

"You taking Daniel to it?" asked Addy loudly.

Sam was silent. Then he nodded.

Addy jumped up from her chair. "I'm sick of Daniel and you, too. You

my brother, not his!"

"Wait now, Addy. Let me explain," Sam said. But she pushed him away and ran up the stairs.

Addy threw herself down on her pallet and pulled the covers over her head. Silent tears ran down her face. Once, back on the plantation, Sam had told her that some folks said that if a girl could kiss her own elbow, she would become a boy. Addy didn't want to be a boy, but she'd tried it anyway, just to see if there was magic in what Sam said. No matter how she'd twisted her arm, she couldn't get her mouth near her elbow. Now, remembering that night, Addy pulled an arm close and tight and tried

ADDY'S LITTLE BROTHER



Addy pulled an arm close and tight and tried one more time to give her elbow a kiss.

one more time to give her elbow a kiss.



The next morning, Momma fixed Addy's hair for the sociable, tying the braids together with a new ribbon. Addy wasn't feeling very sociable. If she stayed at home, though, Momma would want to know why, so Addy went on to the church by herself. On the way, she passed by the stables and saw Daniel. He was leading



a team of horses out to a cab.

"Hey, Addy. Hey!"

Daniel called out to her.

"Hay is for horses," Addy said sharply, and she kept walking.

She was halfway up the block when Daniel caught up to her. He was covered in dirt from head to toe and smelled foul like the stables. "Addy, do you know where Sam is?" Daniel asked. He seemed nervous.

"Why you want to know?" Addy asked. She knew that Sam was home getting cleaned up to go to the marbles match, but she didn't feel like telling Daniel anything about him.

"If you see Sam, tell him we sure need his help," Daniel replied. "The boss say a man ordered three carriages for a wedding, but the man come in and ask for eight. We got to get the extra cabs ready right away. We're even using

Thunder and Lightning. Sam usually handle Lightning, but I'll do it today, I guess."

Addy was thinking ahead. "I guess you ain't going with Sam, then," she said.

Daniel said, "Guess not," and took off.

Addy hurried home. Now maybe Sam could go to the sociable with her! Halfway there, she met Sam, striding up the street.

She ran to him, out of breath. "I saw Daniel, and he said he can't get off work," she said.

"I don't know why he ain't finished," Sam replied. "When I left, all he had to do was water the horses."

Addy avoided Sam's eyes. "Could you go to the sociable with me now? We ain't got to stay the whole time if you don't like it."

Sam put his arm around Addy's shoulder. "All right," he said. "I was going more for Daniel than for myself, anyway. I wanted to apologize last night, but you took off like a scared rabbit. If I'd known the sociable meant so much to you, I wouldn't have backed out."

"It mean a lot, and then again it don't," said Addy. "I been wanting to go so I could do something with you. I like doing things with you, Sam."

"I like doing things with you, too," Sam said.

"Then why you put Daniel ahead of me? I'm your sister," said Addy.

Sam stopped. "Let me explain something about Daniel."

Addy rolled her eyes.

"You brung him up, and you going to hear what I got to say," Sam insisted. He sat down with Addy on a brownstone stoop.

"It ain't that I'm putting Daniel first.

He need somebody to talk to,"

Sam said. He let out a sigh.

"Daniel's brother Quincy was about my age when he was killed in the war. He had joined the Union army. His body was never brung home."



Addy felt a chill go through her. She looked at the empty sleeve of Sam's jacket. If Sam had been killed . . . Addy couldn't even think about life without Sam.

"Sarah never told me," she said.

"The family don't like to talk about Quincy much," said Sam. "Daniel miss his big brother. I think he need me."

Addy remembered Daniel's anxious face. Softly, she said, "I think he need you right now." Sam just nodded. Addy went on, speaking fast. "Sam, Daniel said they was in a mess at the stables. They got to get a bunch of coaches ready. They got to hitch up Thunder and Lightning."

"What!" said Sam, leaping to his

feet. "I hope Daniel ain't foolish enough to think he can handle those two. Come on!"

Back at the stables, workers rushed about their tasks. Men, wet and speckled with mud, cleaned out carriages while others harnessed and hitched nervous, snorting horses. "We could use a hand here, Sam," said a man nearby.

Sam scanned the yard for Daniel. A driver sped past out of the wide stable doors. Then a piercing whinny came from inside the stables. Addy turned and saw a huge stallion rearing in the dim light, its reins flying loose in the air. Beside it was a small figure—Daniel.

"Sam, look!" yelled Addy.



Sam was at the door in seconds.
“Daniel, stop!” Sam called. “Back away from Lightning.”

Addy’s heart raced. Lightning looked as if he could strike like lightning, quick and deadly. Daniel had backed the horse into a corner and was trying to grab the reins. Lightning snorted and bucked.

Daniel backed up and fell.

Sam walked slowly forward. "Easy, Lightning, easy," he said. The horse pawed the air. Sam kept talking until he was right beside the horse. Then he slowly helped Daniel up and moved the boy behind him. Addy's throat tightened as Sam reached for the reins. But the horse stood still and let Sam lead him peaceably away.

Daniel went to clean up at the pump as Addy sat, breathing hard, flooded with relief. If Daniel had been hurt, it would've been her fault. The sociable wasn't so important now.

A few minutes later Sam came over. "That old Lightning anxious to get

dressed up and go trotting off to a wedding," he said.

Addy laughed. "Go on with Daniel to the marbles match," she said, picking a bit of hay from her brother's hair.

"You just saying that because I'm a sight," said Sam.

"No, I want you to go. Daniel need you," said Addy. She looked over to where Daniel stood, pouring water over his head. "Maybe Daniel will be like a brother to you someday."

"Maybe," said Sam. "You think of Sarah like a sister. Do that make you think less of Esther or me?"

"No!" Addy insisted. "I don't know what I would've done without

Sarah when me and Momma got to Philadelphia, but I never wanted her to take the place of you or Esther.”

“She helped you, and you help her,” Sam said. “I’m helping Daniel. But no matter what, I would never want to trade you in for a brother. I need you and Esther. I need my sisters.”

Addy gave Sam a hug as Daniel came over, soaking wet. “I don’t know what happened,” he said. “I thought I could handle Lightning.”

“Maybe someday,” said Sam. “But in the meantime, stay away from Thunder and Lightning, or at least from their *reins*.”

Addy and Daniel groaned at

Sam's pun.

Sam said, "Y'all think you can do better?"

Addy took Daniel's hand. They went over to some bales of hay, whispering. When they came back, Addy asked, "Why was the little tree sad its first spring?"

Sam thought. Then he said, "I don't know."

Addy answered, "Because the big tree said it was time to leave."

Daniel said, "Wait, there's more. The little tree said, 'I hate to go now. I'm just putting down roots.'"

Sam threw his head back and laughed. "Uh-oh," he said. "I'm in

trouble with the two of you working as a team.”

Addy and Daniel looked at each other and smiled.



LOOKING BACK



CHURCHES IN 1864



Mother Bethel Church in Philadelphia

When Addy was growing up, the church was the center of Philadelphia's African American community. Families came to church to worship, but many churches also served as schools and places for both political and social gatherings.

In most African American churches, there were three services every Sunday and each service was two hours long. Often, the services ran overtime because everyone enjoyed celebrating their faith

through prayer and music. Anyone who wanted to could take part in the service. If people felt like crying, or laughing, or clapping to the music, they could. And they raised their voices together to sing *spirituals*, or religious songs created by enslaved African Americans.

Many children also attended Sunday school, where they learned Bible stories. During the week adults



During the service, if people felt like answering the reverend, they could.

attended prayer meetings. Some black churches established schools that taught both children and adults reading, writing, and arithmetic. Church leaders knew



that education was one thing that would help their community's children succeed.

During the Civil War, many churches started freedmen's funds. They collected money for soldiers wounded in the war and for families separated by slavery. In Philadelphia, African Americans organized more than 100 aid societies that helped thousands of people. They gave clothes, food, shelter, and jobs to newly freed people to help

them start new lives. For many who arrived in freedom scared and alone, church members were like family.

Families like Addy's also hosted potluck suppers to welcome newcomers. Each family prepared food and brought it to the Sunday meetings.

They brought their favorites such as hush puppies, collard greens, and potato salad. Home-made ice cream was a



hush puppies

special treat. One girl remembered that if she worked hard turning the handle of the ice cream freezer, she was given a sweet reward: licking the beater after the cream froze.

Black churches held political events and *abolitionist*, or anti-slavery, meetings. Abolitionist leaders, like Frederick Douglass, gave fiery speeches in black churches. The churches also formed societies to help blacks strengthen the bonds of their own community. Many of the societies had names that connected with

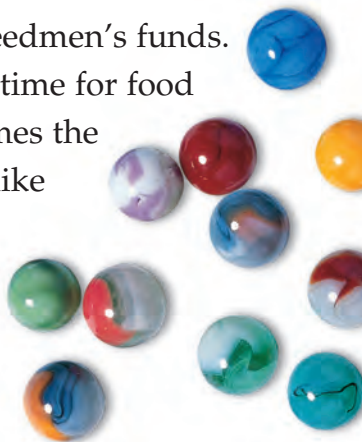


Frederick Douglass

their African heritage, such as the Daughters of Ethiopia or the Sons of Africa.

Church members also gathered together for socials and

fairs. Most often the socials and fairs raised money for the freedmen's funds. Such gatherings were a time for food and friendship. Sometimes the children played games like marbles, Blindman's Buff, or Hot Boiled Beans, or the church's musical or drama group performed.



Some of the fairs were huge events that lasted for days. Great halls were elaborately decorated with banners and flags. Sometimes circuses and concert bands put on free performances, or ministers or abolitionists gave speeches. At the Philadelphia fair of 1864, the



President Abraham Lincoln

main speaker was President Lincoln himself.

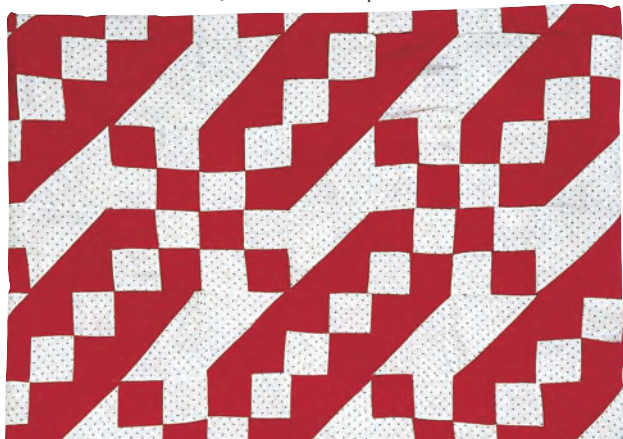
The church fair was an exciting event for girls like

Addy because they were able to help out. Girls made fruit preserves, helped collect money at booths, or performed in concerts or plays with their Sunday school classes.

All of the things that were sold at the fair were made or grown by church members. At the many fair booths, church members sold ice cream, lemonade, candies, preserves, clothing, books, and many other items. Sometimes the

women sold their quilts in raffles. One of the most popular quilt patterns was called Jacob's Ladder. Quilts with this pattern were hung outside houses as a signal to escaping slaves that the house was a safe place to stop. These quilts helped escaping slaves reach freedom in the North, where they would be welcomed into a church community as if they were family.

Jacob's Ladder quilt



HIGH HOPES FOR ADDY





HIGH HOPES FOR ADDY

Addy sat on the floor, cutting paper for a kite she was making. It was Sunday afternoon, and her whole family—Momma, Poppa, Sam, and Esther—was together in their room in the boarding house. A strong spring breeze blew through the window and made the paper flutter.

“Ain’t it something,” said Addy, smoothing it down.

“Ain’t what something?” asked

Momma. She was sitting at the table with Poppa, cutting scraps of cloth for the kite's tail. Poppa was paring down strips of wood for the frame.

"All that go into making a kite—

paper, glue, wood, string,
cloth, this spool Sam
bought me," Addy said.



"Can't none of them fly, but all together they make something that can. It's like they all need each other to do it."

"It's kind of like a riddle," said Sam, who was down on the floor playing with Esther. "One by one they fail, but together they sail."

"I like that riddle," said Poppa. "Lots of things in life is like that."

“My kite is gonna sail the highest and longest at the kite festival next week,” said Addy, beaming.

“I’m sure it’ll do fine,” said Poppa. “But it ain’t going nowhere without a frame. You ready for the wood now?”

“I’m ready,” said Addy.

“I’m ready,” Esther repeated, climbing over Sam and plopping down next to Addy.

“No, you can’t help me, Esther,” insisted Addy. She tried to pick Esther up and move her away.

“No!” screamed Esther. “I want to help.”

“Now, you be nice to your sister, Addy,” Momma said.

Addy let go. "I'm being nice to her," Addy said. "But she already knotted up some of my string and glued her fingers together."

"Addy, give me a piece of paper. I'll draw with her," Sam said. "Come here," he said, coaxing Esther back to him.

Poppa handed Addy the wood. She had to slide her paper under the table to make room.

"I can't wait until we move into our new place at the end of the month," Momma said. "We gonna have much more space."

Earlier in the week, the family had looked at the new apartment. Addy could hardly believe it. Two whole

rooms! The apartment had a stove, so Momma could make their meals. There were four long windows that let in plenty of sunlight. The rent would cost an extra three dollars a month. With Poppa, Momma, and Sam working, they could afford it, but there wouldn't be any extra money. Addy loved the new apartment, but worried about leaving her boarding house friends.

"I'm gonna miss M'dear and the Golden's," Addy said now.

"We only moving a few blocks away," said Momma. "You can come back and visit whenever you want."

"It won't be the same," sighed Addy. She made a cross of the two pieces of



wood and began binding them together with string.

“Wait,” Poppa said. “Your frame ain’t square.” He got down on the floor next to Addy. “It’s a little crooked.” Poppa shifted the wood and held it while Addy tied the frame together.

Addy pulled the paper out and

began gluing it to the frame. She was almost done when Esther got up and tripped over the frame, bending it and tearing the paper.

“Look what you done!” Addy yelled. “You ruined it!”

“Sorry, Addy,” said Esther, backing away. “It broke.”

“And you broke it! You mess up everything!” cried Addy.

“Addy, that’s enough,” Momma scolded. “Put that kite up and come here to me.”

Addy placed her bent kite on her bed and sank into a chair next to Momma.

“I don’t like you talking to your

sister like that. She didn't mean to step on your kite," Momma said. She was holding Esther on her lap.

"Momma, she don't never mean to do stuff, but she do it," Addy



complained. "She go through my school sack, break my slate pencils. Last week she tore a page out my speller."

"Oh, Addy, your sister love you, and she touch your things because she want to be *like* you," explained Momma. "She want to be a big girl and go to school like you do."

"I'm a big girl," said Esther.

"You ain't. You a baby," said Addy.

"She *is* a baby, so you got to be

patient with her,” said Momma. “She don’t know better. You got to put your school sack away where she can’t get it.”

“Well, maybe that’ll be something good about us moving,” said Addy. “I’ll have more room to keep my things from Esther.”

“You gonna have a room to go in and do your school lessons, too,” Momma said.

“That’s right,” Sam said. “You keep up with them high marks you getting, and you gonna end up a teacher like you want.”

Addy smiled. “I hope so,” she said. She gave Esther a hug. “The kite festival ain’t until Wednesday. I can get the kite

done before then, if Esther leave it alone.”



At the end of the school day on Monday, Addy and the other children were packing up their sacks when Miss Dunn asked for their attention.

“I know you boys and girls are excited about the kite festival on Wednesday,” Miss Dunn said. “Let’s hope for a windy day.”

Harriet, Addy’s desk partner, whispered to Addy, “My kite is going to be the best. My father had it made for me out of expensive white paper. It’s going to float above everybody else’s like a butterfly.” Harriet fluttered her fingers.

“It ain’t gonna be the best because it cost the most,” Addy whispered back. “My poppa ain’t have somebody make my kite. He helped me.”

Addy was startled when Miss Dunn clapped her hands together sharply.

“Addy,” Miss Dunn said. “I need to see you after school.”

Addy slid down in her seat. It wasn’t fair! Harriet had started it, and now Addy was the one being kept after school. Glancing at Harriet, Addy saw a crooked smirk on her face.

“You, too, Harriet,” Miss Dunn said. “I need to see you after school as well.”

“But, Miss Dunn, I didn’t do anything,” Harriet protested.

“That’s enough, Harriet,” Miss Dunn said. “The rest of you are dismissed.”

It was Addy who smirked this time. At least Harriet had gotten caught, too.

After all the other students were gone, Miss Dunn called Harriet and Addy up to her desk. She had a stern look on her face.

“I want you girls to know, I didn’t keep you after school for talking, though I could have,” Miss Dunn said. Then she smiled. “You girls have had a wonderful year of studies. That’s why I’ve recommended you both for the Institute for Colored Youth for the fall!”

Addy and Harriet squealed in delight.

HIGH HOPES FOR ADDY



*"I've recommended you both for the Institute for
Colored Youth for the fall!"*

"Miss Dunn, you serious?" asked Addy.

"I most certainly am," replied Miss Dunn. She handed each girl a letter. "I want each of you to take this home," Miss Dunn said. "Give it to your parents. It explains more about the school. Congratulations."

Addy walked away from Miss Dunn's desk shaky with excitement. Ever since she had heard about the Institute for Colored Youth, the I.C.Y., she'd dreamt

of going there. The I.C.Y. trained black students to be teachers. She would be a *teacher*, just like Miss Dunn!

With the letter grasped tightly in her



hand, Addy grabbed her school sack. She couldn't wait to tell everybody the good news. She raced down the school steps, leaping off the third step from the bottom and flying into the air. Then she took off running down the street.

"Wait for me!" Harriet called.

Addy had not even seen her. She stopped and carefully placed the letter inside one of her books while she waited for Harriet.

"Isn't it great that we'll be going to the I.C.Y.?" Harriet exclaimed.

"It seem like a dream," Addy said.

"I always knew I would get in," said Harriet. "I am the smartest student in the class."

"One of the smartest," Addy said.

"Well, the truth is," said Harriet, "I'm glad you're going, too. I'll have to work my hardest to stay ahead of you."

Addy smiled. Coming from Harriet, that was a compliment. As the girls approached a corner, Harriet said, "Let's walk by the I.C.Y.! It's only a few blocks from here."

When they came to the small brick building that was the I.C.Y., Harriet said, "My family knows Mr. Bassett, the principal. He was at our house for dinner last week, and he said education is the only way colored people will get ahead. My parents told him the cost of attending the I.C.Y. is well worth it."

“What cost?” asked Addy. “Miss Dunn didn’t say nothing about any cost.”

“Oh, it does. Ten dollars a year,” Harriet said confidently. “Mr. Bassett said the Quakers used to fund the school, but now colored people are paying for it. Well, I’ve got to get on home. You want to walk with me?” asked Harriet.

Addy shook her head and mumbled, “I’m going the other way.” She waited while Harriet skipped off down the block. With a trembling hand, she pulled out the letter and slowly lifted the wax seal. Her heart racing, she read the letter quickly. She came to a dead stop right in the middle. “The cost of ten dollars a year can be met . . .”



Ten dollars! Addy thought. *There ain't no way Momma and Poppa can afford that, not with us moving to a new apartment. Why did Harriet have to be right?*

Addy crumpled up the letter and stuffed it in her sack. There was no point in rushing to tell anyone the news. She would give the letter to Momma and Poppa maybe after they moved. With her head down, Addy set off for home.



On Wednesday, Addy sat at her desk, gazing out the window. It was windy, and the trees, with their bright new leaves of green, swayed before the window. It would have been a great day to fly a kite,

but it was raining and showed no signs of letting up. Every now and then there was a grumble of thunder, and a flash of light brightened the sky.

A boy raised his hand. "Miss Dunn, can we fly our kites anyway? We can do like Benjamin Franklin did when he discovered electricity," he said.

"No," Miss Dunn said. "We won't be tying keys to our kite strings and going out in the rain. It's too dangerous. The kite festival must be postponed until tomorrow."

Addy looked at the kites lined up in front of the room. Harriet's stood out from the rest. It was all white with a long white tail. It looked perfect, like it could

sail all the way to the moon. Addy's kite was next to Harriet's. The frame was a bit lopsided, not quite square, Poppa would say. It had a tail of many colors. There was a piece of brown cloth from one of Sam's old shirts, scraps of red left over from dresses Momma had made for Addy and Esther, and black strips from when Momma had hemmed a pair of Poppa's pants. Addy sighed and rested her face in her hands. *Harriet was right, Addy thought. Her kite is the best. Mine won't stand a chance against hers.*

At recess later that morning, Harriet caught her by the arm.

"My parents have an appointment for us to tour the I.C.Y.," said Harriet.

HIGH HOPES FOR ADDY



Addy sighed and rested her face in her hands.

"When are you and your parents going?"

Addy paused before she answered. She remembered reading something in the letter about a visit for parents.

"Oh, we going on Saturday when they get off work," Addy said. She couldn't look at Harriet. She felt bad about lying.

"That's great," Harriet said. "That's when we're going. I told Miss Dunn this morning, and she'll be there, too. She can introduce us to all the teachers, even though I don't really need to be introduced because I'm sure Mr. Bassett has told them all about me."

Addy went to the back of the room where Miss Dunn kept a crock of cool

water and took a long drink. She watched as Harriet joined a group of her friends. Harriet did work hard, but things also came easily to her, good things. She was smart, and had so many friends. Her family had money. Even though Harriet liked to brag, she wasn't a bad person. She would make a good teacher.

But for Addy the dream was over. She knew she must destroy the letter she had crumpled up. It would only make her parents feel bad because they couldn't afford to send her. She would make up an excuse on Monday to tell Harriet and Miss Dunn about why she hadn't come to the I.C.Y. on Saturday. Addy would be ashamed if everyone at

school knew her family was too poor to pay the money, not when ten dollars didn't seem to be anything to Harriet's family. Back at her seat, Addy looked through her school sack for the letter, but it was gone.



At dinner that night, Addy sat next to Sam, pushing chicken and dumplings around her plate. For dessert, Mrs. Golden had made a huge blackberry cobbler, but Addy only poked at its shiny top crusted with sugar, and was surprised when Poppa stood up and tapped his glass with a fork to get the attention of the Goldenes, M'dear, and

the other boarders.

“I got a announcement to make,” Poppa said. “As most of you know, me and my family had planned on moving out at the end of the month, but there’s been a change of plans. We gonna be staying on here for at least another year.”

Addy looked at Poppa. This was news to her.

“Our Addy is going to the I.C.Y. in the fall. She gonna be a teacher!” Poppa said in a booming voice.

Everyone clapped, and Addy looked over at Momma, who was smiling and crying all at the same time. Addy was stunned. Before she knew what was happening, she was being hugged by



everybody, kissed by everybody. All the while she was wondering how Poppa had found out.

When the family went upstairs after dinner, Momma pulled out the crumpled letter from Miss Dunn.



“Where did you get it?”
asked Addy.

“Esther. She gave it to me this morning after you left for school,” Momma said. “Honey, why did you try to hide it from us?”

Addy explained, “I ain’t think we could afford it. Momma, ten dollars is more than you make in two months. I was shamed to tell Harriet and Miss Dunn that we poor.”

“We *is* poor,” Sam said. “There ain’t no shame in that. We work hard for our money, like you work hard at your lessons. You should have told us about the school.”

Poppa knelt down next to Addy. “We all proud of you, and whatever it take for you to go to the I.C.Y., we gonna do it.”

“We’ll be all right in the boarding house. We together here, a family. That’s what matter,” Momma said.

“Come here,” Addy called to her sister, who was down on the floor writing on Addy’s slate.

Esther sprang up. “See, I write like you, Addy,” she said.

“I see,” Addy said, looking at the scribbles Esther had made. She gave Esther a hug. “Thanks for wanting to be like me.”



The next day at school, the weather was perfect for the kite festival. A strong wind blew steadily. Sailing in a patch of

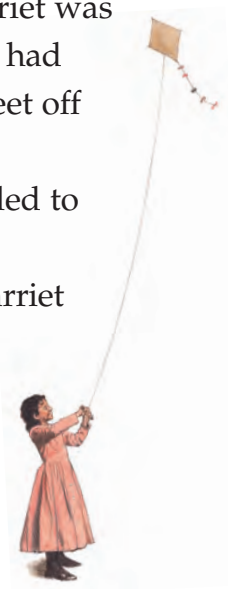
clear blue sky, one kite flew high above all the others. It was a little lopsided and had a tail of many colors. Addy stood far, far below it, letting out more and more string from the spool. She smiled proudly and glanced over to where Harriet was trying to sail her kite. All day, it had never gotten more than a few feet off the ground before it crashed.

“I can help you,” Addy called to Harriet.

“I don’t need any help,” Harriet said. Then she sighed loudly.

“Yes, I do.”

Addy handed Harriet her spool, so she could see what was wrong with Harriet’s kite.



"I think the tail too long. It's heavy," Addy said. "If it's trimmed, I think it'll fly good."

"I believe you," Harriet said. "You must know something about kites."

Addy smiled, and snapped off half of Harriet's kite tail. Then she took off running, faster and faster as the kite lifted up, dipped slightly, and then began sailing upward. It pulled and tugged at the string as it rose higher. Rushing back to Harriet, Addy handed Harriet her kite and took her own back.

Harriet said, "You have the best kite here. How did you get yours to fly so high?"

"My family," Addy said. "Together we sail."

“What does that mean?” asked Harriet.

“Everything,” Addy said, taking off to race in the wind with her kite. “I’ll see you on Saturday at the I.C.Y.”



LOOKING BACK



TEACHING IN 1864



The I.C.Y. in Philadelphia

The Institute for Colored Youth, known as the I.C.Y., was the first high school for African Americans. It was founded in 1837 by the Society of Friends. The Society of Friends, also known as the Quakers, is a religious group that works for peace. It was among the first to organize *abolition societies*, or groups against slavery. The I.C.Y.'s mission was to train African American teachers through other African American teachers.



A classroom in 1910

The I.C.Y. was also important to the Philadelphia community. The large library loaned books to students and the general public. The school sponsored speakers like Frederick Douglass. He was a former slave who devoted his life to the



Frederick Douglass

abolition of slavery and the fight for black rights.

To be admitted to the I.C.Y., children had to be at least 11 years old and take an exam for reading, writing, and math. Once they were accepted, they took classes in history, geography, grammar, Latin, algebra, philosophy, and chemistry.

Being accepted into the I.C.Y. was an exciting opportunity for African American

girls and boys in Addy's time. It was one of the few schools in America where black students could get an excellent education—thanks in part to one of its teachers, Fanny Jackson Coppin.

*Schoolbooks
from the 1860s*



Fanny was a remarkable woman and teacher. In 1869 she was named principal of the I.C.Y.—the first African American school principal ever. But this achievement was only a small part of what made her so special.



Fanny Jackson Coppin

Like Addy, Fanny was raised in slavery. Her aunt Sarah, who earned only six dollars a month, saved \$125 to buy Fanny's freedom. As a girl, Fanny worked hard to educate herself. By the time she was a teenager, she had one dream: "To get an education and teach my people."

In 1860, Fanny enrolled in Oberlin College, in Ohio, where she was a top student. While she was going to school, she organized classes for newly freed slaves, gave private music lessons, and became the college's first black student teacher. After graduation, she went to the I.C.Y. to teach—and soon became one of its most popular teachers.

By the end of Fanny's first year at the I.C.Y., the number of girls who attended the high school nearly doubled—from 42 students to 80 students. Fanny was a popular teacher because she made learning easy and enjoyable.

Fanny's students loved the stories and poems she made up to teach every-



A school for newly freed people

thing from the Ten Commandments to the parts of speech. One of Fanny's favorite teaching poems began:

A noun is the name of anything,
As school, or garden, hoop, or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or
brown.

Fanny encouraged her students to help one another. She urged I.C.Y. graduates to teach, especially in the South, where it had been against the law for black people to go to school.

While Fanny was principal, she thought that the I.C.Y. should teach students trades, too. In Philadelphia in the 1880s, more jobs were becoming available for carpenters, bricklayers,



Carpentry students learning how to construct a staircase

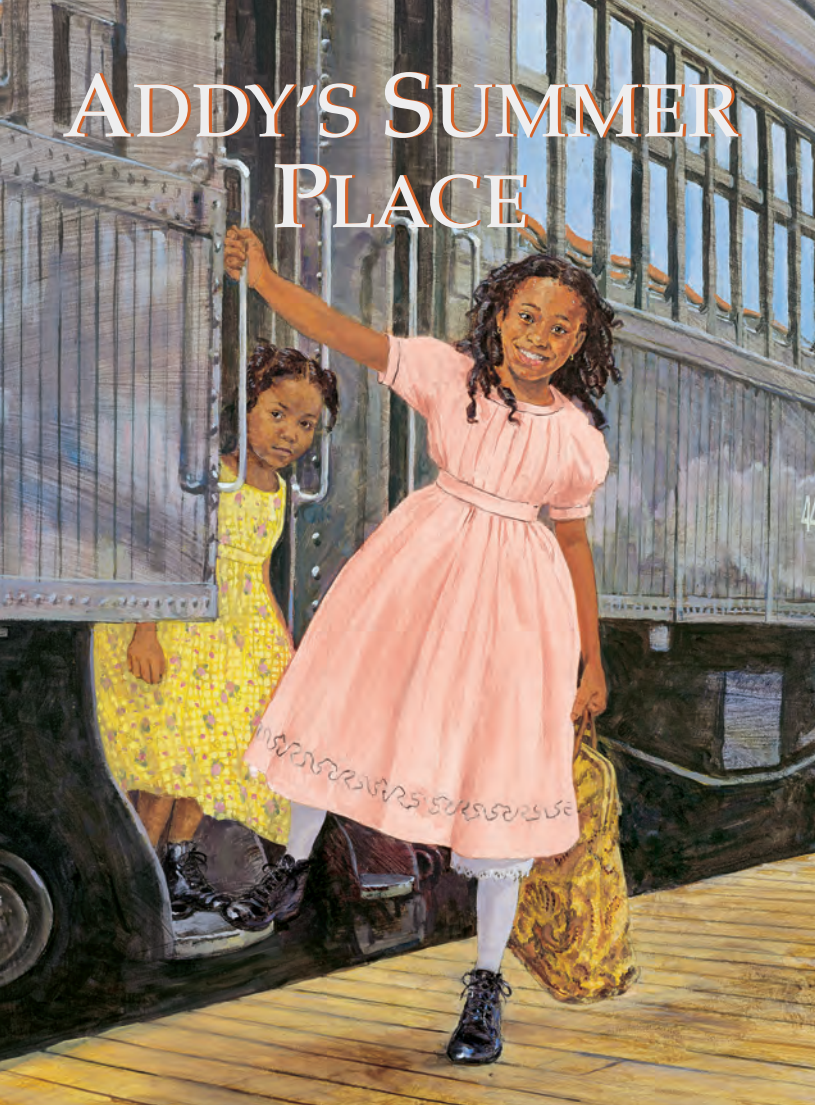
shoemakers, printers, dressmakers, and cooks. African Americans were not able to get these jobs because they did not have the training.

Fanny and the school raised \$40,000, and in 1889 the Industrial Department opened at the I.C.Y. The classes were flooded with more applicants than they had room for! There were over 400 applicants for the program.

Fanny retired from the I.C.Y. in 1902. Throughout her 37 years there, Fanny lived by her motto: "If one wants to learn a thing, teach it to another."



ADDY'S SUMMER PLACE





ADDY'S SUMMER PLACE

“Addy, Addy, Addy,” Addy’s little sister, Esther, called to her. Each time she said her name, Esther tapped Addy sharply, like a pesky woodpecker. Addy didn’t feel like playing, so she ignored Esther’s pecking and chattering and fixed her gaze out the window of the train. She, Momma, and Esther were heading to Cape Island, New Jersey, for the Fourth of July holiday.



Addy had always wanted to ride a train. Now here she was inside this

clattering, smoke-breathing machine flying faster than a bird! Bits of ash sailed in through the open windows of this car for black people. Outside, the world rushed by—woods thick with trees, farmers driving teams of mules, meadows of uncountable wildflowers, and black flocks of crows thick as storm clouds, wheeling over fields of corn.

Addy had thought she and her brother, Sam, would spend the Fourth watching fireworks at the harbor after he got home from work. But Momma had surprised Addy with the news that they were going for three days to Cape Island. Poppa had been working there all summer helping build a hotel for the railroad, and the rail-

road had given him passes so the rest of the family could come visit.

Momma had made Addy and Esther new dresses for the trip, and for the first time in Addy's life, Momma had curled Addy's hair on paper rollers.

Addy liked the feeling of the spiral curls bouncing in the breeze. She pulled at a few curls and felt them spring back into place.



"That wind is going to whip the curls right out of your head," said Momma as she closed their window.

Addy thought that with all the curling wax and lard Momma had used to set her hair, her curls could survive a hurricane, but she didn't want to contradict Momma.

“Can’t we leave it open some?” asked Addy. “If too many people close the windows, it’s going to be hot as blazes in here.”

Momma let Addy open the window just a crack and gave Addy and Esther their lunch—meat pies wrapped in napkins.

“I’m too excited to eat!” declared Addy.

“I’m too ‘cited to eat,” said Esther, who sat happily munching her pie.

Addy smiled at her sister and told Momma, “Part of me feel like I want the train to go slower so I can see everything there is to see, but part of me wish it was faster so I could get to see Poppa quicker.

Momma, you ever feel like that? Like you was going someplace too fast and too slow all at the same time?"

Momma smoothed a few strands of hair that had come loose from her bun before she said, "I can't rightly say so. There's been places I wanted to rush to, and then there's been others I didn't care if I got to 'til June-vember."

Addy giggled. "*June-vember?* There ain't no such month."

Smiling, Momma said, "Sure there is, baby. You'll understand soon enough."

"Well, I hope we get to Cape Island soon," said Addy. "I know it's going to be beautiful." She closed her eyes and pictured a sky the color of robins' eggs

and air so sweet, you'd think you were in heaven. She imagined herself staying in one of the grand hotels overlooking the sea. She'd float into sleep in a feather bed as soft as a cloud and awake as the morning sun kissed her cheek. Addy knew her family couldn't afford to stay in such a place. They would stay at the camp near Poppa's work site. But on such a beautiful day, it seemed right to hold on to a beautiful dream.



When the train pulled into the Cape Island station, Addy was the first to spot Poppa. Dressed in his Sunday clothes, he looked handsome and strong,

ADDY'S SUMMER PLACE



*When the train pulled into the Cape Island station,
Addy was the first to spot Poppa.*

his face bright with joy. Addy dropped her bag and rushed into his arms.

“Wait a minute,” Poppa said, pulling back to look at her. “I left my two little girls in Philadelphia. I see one coming up yonder, but who is this looking all growed up?”

“You know it’s me, Poppa,” Addy giggled.

Poppa laughed, and he and Addy walked back down the platform to Esther and Momma. Gathering their bags, they headed to a wagon Poppa had borrowed from his boss. Poppa said, “We going to make a stop before we go to the camp.”

“Where we going, Poppa?” asked Esther.

"I'd like to know myself," said Momma. "I need to get to the camp to get supper started."

"Well," said Poppa, "I couldn't have y'all come here looking this fine and not give y'all a taste of the good life. We going to the Banneker House for ice cream."

Addy jumped a foot off the ground. "Do you really mean it, Poppa?" she asked. Addy had heard about the elegant guest house where wealthy black people could spend the night or eat dinner in the fancy dining room.

"I sure do," said Poppa. "That is, unless y'all don't want to go."

Addy looked at Momma pleadingly.

"I guess we got time to go and set a

while," Momma said.

The Banneker House was grand. The dining-room walls were covered in floral paper, and the curtains were the color of fresh butter. The tablecloths were snow-white, and a vase of flowers sat on the sideboard. Master Stevens's house hadn't been this fine, and he was white *and* a slaveholder. Addy savored every sweet, cold spoonful of ice cream.

When she finished, Addy told Poppa, "You know, they opened a colored ice cream parlor back home called J.J. Lyons. How about when your job over, all of us go—Sam, too?"

"Sound good to me," said Poppa. "It's about time there was one for colored



folks. We need to start building more of our own places.”

Refolding her napkin neatly into thirds, Addy said thoughtfully, “Poppa, everyone talking these days about the Reconstruction, how the country being put back *together* after the war. Then why colored folks and white folks got to always

have a *separate* place for everything?"

"I don't know," Poppa replied. "Maybe only God know the answer to that."



From the camp, Addy could see the huge five-story hotel that Poppa was working on. Its wooden frame looked like the skeleton of a gigantic beast. The camp itself was up a slope from the ocean on the edge of a deep woods. Poppa and the other workers were living in lean-tos with canvas flaps for doors. There was an outdoor kitchen with a rough-hewn table, a battered cookstove, and a fire pit dug into the ground. A privy sat at the far end of the



privy

clearing. Poppa had built a lean-to a small distance into the woods so that the family could have some privacy.

Addy quickly changed into her work shift so she could go with Poppa to check his rabbit traps. She hadn't been in the woods since leaving the plantation in North Carolina. As she padded down a trail of pine needles, Addy realized how much she missed the woods. There was a hushed beauty here, the soft light shining through branches, the songs of birds, the soothing smell of pine. Philadelphia, with its scorching summer heat, smoky air, and rush of people, seemed a world away.

The first trap Addy and Poppa came to had not been sprung. The next two held

fat brown rabbits. Addy looked away as Poppa cut the dead rabbits loose.

She, Poppa, and Sam had rarely had time to trap and fish back in North Carolina, but when they did, Addy could never stand looking at what they caught. She felt sorry for the trapped animals, but she had eaten them, grateful for any meal that would fill her stomach for a while.

The last trap she and Poppa came to had been sprung. It held bits of fur and some blood, but no rabbit.

"I'm sure of it now," Poppa said. "Somebody been stealing from my traps."

Kneeling down next to the trap, Addy asked Poppa, "Who?"

Poppa got down on his knees and

started cleaning out the trap. "I don't know," he said. "I suspects whoever doing it is hungry."

"Whoever doing it a thief," said Addy. "If they hungry, why don't they set their own traps?"

"Might not have any," Poppa said, busily working. "Not everybody got money like them people seaside. There's people got little of nothing. Rich folks moving in left and right, building houses and hotels on the shore. Poor folks done had to get out the way."

"That don't sound fair," said Addy.

Poppa said, "No, it ain't, but the only reason I got a job here is because of all the building. There ain't jobs for everybody,

though, and that leaves folks bitter. Colored workers ain't really welcome here. White folks think we taking their jobs."

Addy thought about Poppa's words as they started back into the woods. She wondered how anyone could hold on to bitterness in such a peaceful place.

Back at the camp, Momma asked Addy and Esther to fetch water from the nearby stream. Esther held Addy's hand for a short while, but then she pulled away. Bounding ahead, Esther began pinching



ing the seeds off the white seed balls, and chasing after a butterfly she had no hope of catching.

When they reached the stream, Esther busily picked purple phlox while Addy got the water. Addy glanced upstream and noticed a thin white girl about her age along with a little boy about Esther's age. They both had bright red curly hair and dirt-streaked faces. The girl was fishing, so Addy dipped her bucket into the water quietly. When the bucket was full, Addy looked up to see that the boy had wandered over. He asked Esther her name.

"Her name Esther," said Addy as Esther smiled shyly at the boy. Esther offered the boy one of her flowers, and as he reached for it, Addy saw the girl storming toward them.

"You better stop talking to colored people before you get me in trouble!" the girl screamed, snatching the boy's arm and swatting him hard on the behind.

"Hey, you ain't got to hit him like that," Addy said.

Dragging her screaming brother behind her, the girl turned and gave Addy a burning, hateful glare. "Don't you step out of your place with me, colored girl!" the girl spat. "You better go back to where you belong." Then she turned to her brother. "Stop acting like a baby. If Ma was here and seen you, she'd give you worse than I give you," the girl said.

Addy grabbed Esther's hand protectively and led her back to the trail. She could hear

ADDY'S SUMMER PLACE



*“Don’t you step out of your place with me, colored girl!”
the girl spat.*

the boy's crying, muffled by the trees, and she felt sorry for him.

"That girl was bad," Esther said.

"She was downright mean," said Addy testily, "and I hope she ain't catchin' any fish and don't have nothing for supper! That would serve her right."



After a supper of fried rabbit and hoe-cakes swimming in gooey, dark cane syrup, Poppa went to set his traps while Addy helped Momma clean up. Then Momma carried a sleeping Esther to the lean-to. As Addy dressed for bed, she told Momma about the redheaded girl.

"Why she have to say something like

that to me, Momma? Remind me that I'm colored and she white, like I don't know that," said Addy.

Momma sat down with Addy on a pallet she had unrolled. "Addy, I ain't going to say that girl was right. But now that you growing up, you is going to have to remember to stay in your place."

"Why colored people got a place we got to stay in?" asked Addy angrily.

Momma looked into the darkness for a long time before she began speaking softly. "When I was coming up, I played with white children on the plantation. We was friends, making mud pies and nursing rag babies. But things was different when we started growing up. Then they was white

and free, and I was colored and a slave.”

“Slavery over, Momma. Things supposed to be changed,” said Addy.

“They ain’t changed that much,” said Momma. “Whites and coloreds still keep to they own when they get a certain age, and you at that age. So if you see that white girl tomorrow, steer clear of her.”

As Momma tied a sleep scarf on Addy’s head, Addy could see tears glistening in Momma’s eyes. “I wish things could be different for you,” Momma sighed. “But this ain’t my world to change.” She tucked a strand of hair under Addy’s scarf. “Now, would you look at these curls, already drooping in the muggy air.”

“I’m sick of fussing about my hair,”

said Addy. "It's too much hard work trying to be a young lady."

"What you want to be, a baby?" asked Momma.

Addy looked at Esther, sleeping peacefully on the pallet, as if she didn't have a care in the world. "Maybe I do," said Addy softly.

After Momma left the lean-to, Addy stared into the darkness, listening to the distant sound of fireworks. *It's the Fourth of July*, Addy remembered. *But it feel more like June-venber*. She shivered and snuggled in closer beside her little sister.



The next morning, Addy and Esther helped Momma pick blueberries to make a pie. It took them all morning, and Esther ate more than she picked.



Later in the day, while the pie was cooling and Esther and Momma were napping in the lean-to, Addy decided to go check Poppa's traps. As she slipped into the woods, Addy told herself firmly, *I'll be brave and look at them rabbits when I take them from the traps.*

The first snare Addy came to was empty, and she was partly relieved. Just before she reached the next trap, Addy heard a twig snap. Peering through the

branches of a small pine tree, Addy saw the redheaded girl kneeling over the trap and removing the rabbit.

“Hey, that’s our rabbit!” yelled Addy.

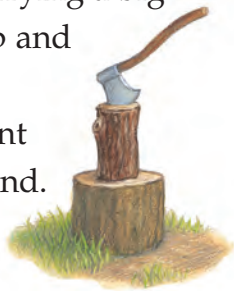
Startled, the girl dropped the rabbit and ran. Addy picked it up and took off after the girl, jumping over fallen trees, dodging tree branches, and skidding on leaves wet with dew. Addy ran fast, but this girl ran faster, as if she knew her way. Just when Addy was within arm’s length of the girl, Addy tripped over a clump of roots. She took a hard fall and dropped the rabbit. Addy got up and kept running, but she could no longer see or hear the girl.

Addy’s heart raced—she didn’t know

where she was. *I should've listened to Momma*, she thought. *I'm lost. I just know it.* Then she heard voices. She followed them down a narrow path that ended in a clearing. Addy saw the little redheaded boy playing in front of a small cabin. The windowless cabin looked like Addy's family's cabin on the plantation.

Addy spotted the redheaded girl coming out of the woods on the other side of the cabin. She looked sweaty and tired, but she was carrying a big log. She put it on a stump and started splitting it.

The first blow just sent the log rolling to the ground. The girl stood the log



back up and swung the axe again, but had no better luck. Just then, Addy saw a woman appear at the door of the cabin.

"You can't ever do a thing right!" said the woman as she bolted out of the cabin and pushed the girl aside.

"What'd you catch for supper?"

"No-nothing," the girl stammered.

"Then that'll be what we all eat tonight. Nothing!" hollered the woman.

"Go get the baby!"

The girl stepped away as her mother split the log with the first blow. Addy thought the girl was going to pick up her brother, but she went inside the cabin and came out with a baby who was crying and dressed in a dirty shift.

Moving away silently, Addy followed the narrow path back toward Poppa's traps. She prayed, *God, I'm sorry for hoping that girl was hungry. Please let me find that rabbit.* She searched through beds of pine needles and drifts of dried leaves until she found the rabbit she'd dropped. Addy went back to the clearing and, seeing no one outside the cabin, snuck to the tree stump and left the rabbit. As she ran back to the camp, she thought, *Maybe that girl would've never been my friend, but when she see that rabbit, she'll know I ain't her enemy.*



After supper, Poppa went back to work, and Addy, Momma, and Esther

walked to the sea to bathe. Addy liked the feel of the sand, sometimes warm, sometimes cool, under her bare feet. She'd gone bare-foot on the plantation, but she couldn't walk in Philadelphia without shoes.



Addy waded into the cooling waves, enjoying the sound and power of them as they rushed toward the shore. In up to her waist, she turned and saw that Momma had wet her feet in the water. She was holding Esther.

Addy reached out for Esther, but she clung tight to Momma.

"She scared," Momma said.

"Ain't nothing to be scared of," said Addy as she walked in deeper.



“That’s far enough,” Momma called to Addy.

“I’m all right,” Addy said. “Don’t worry about me.”

Then she turned her back to the shore, slipped into the water, and glided, her arms outstretched. For a few moments, she was free under the water.

Like a bird, she felt as if she were flying.

When Addy came up for air, Momma was shaking her head. “Child, your hair’s a mess!” she said. “I guess you ain’t ready to be a young lady yet.”

Addy turned to gaze at the ocean, sweeping out as far as she could see. “Not just yet,” she said to herself. “I think I’ll stay right here for a while.” Then she left Momma and Esther behind and rushed back into the sea—a place deep, blue, and big enough for everyone.



LOOKING BACK



CAPE ISLAND
IN 1864



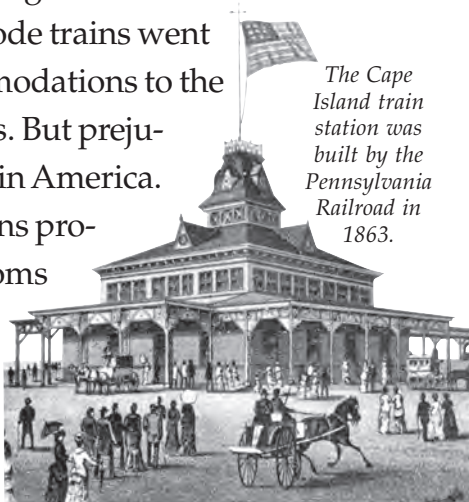
In the summer of 1863, railroad service was established between Philadelphia and Cape Island, New Jersey (later known as Cape May). Now the ocean was just a three-and-a-half-hour train ride from Addy's boarding house—quite an improvement over the 12 hours the trip took by steamboat and stagecoach. By 1866, as railroads and rail services improved, it cost



about \$4.80 to travel round-trip from Philadelphia to Cape Island, and some working-class families could afford to take an occasional trip.

In some ways, the railroad helped bring Americans together. Most of the people who rode trains went in similar accommodations to the same destinations. But prejudices still existed in America. While train stations provided waiting rooms for white people, blacks had to wait for the train outside on the platform.

The Cape Island train station was built by the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1863.



In the 1860s, Pullman rail cars were introduced, adding a new level of elegance to train travel—for those who could afford to pay for it. These upscale sleeping and dining cars featured walnut paneling,



velvet seats, and carpeted walkways. But Addy, Esther, and Momma rode in a separate rail car at the back of the train with other black passengers.

Pullman train cars were comfortable and fancy, almost like elegant parlors.

In Addy's time, train travel was a special event that called for proper clothes and behavior.

Women and girls wore their best skirts or dresses, with matching scarves and other accessories.

Railroad luggage, fashioned after stagecoach trunks, was made from wood with domed tops to protect the contents. For shorter trips passengers packed "carry-on" carpetbags or round, wallpaper-covered wooden bandboxes.

Carpetbags and domed trunks were common railroad luggage items.



Once travelers reached Cape Island, they could enjoy a new craze called sea bathing. Sea bathers waded into the ocean up to their knees and gently splashed in the water. To maintain their modesty, nineteenth-century girls wore “bathing dresses” made from ten yards of flannel or wool. A wet bathing dress would weigh as much as ten pounds! Girls who didn’t have a special bathing dress wore old clothes to take a dip in the sea.



*nineteenth-century
bathing dress*

In 1866, Cape Island had about 600 year-round residents. During July and August, the population swelled to 50,000! To accommodate the crowds, numerous hotels, boarding houses, and cottages were built. Many of the tall, narrow cottages built for wealthier visitors featured elaborate wooden decorations inspired by gingerbread or wedding-cake designs, which became characteristic of the popular Victorian-style homes.

By the summer of 1866, Cape Island had 22 hotels, but only one welcomed African American vacationers.

*The Pink House,
Cape May, New Jersey*



New businesses opened to serve the visitors, including stables, souvenir shops, ice cream parlors, and photographers. Just like at home in Philadelphia, though, these businesses were for whites only.

Although few African American families came to Cape Island to vacation in the 1860s, hundreds of workers like Poppa found work either in construction or providing some type of service to the summer guests.

The Banneker House, which Addy and her family visited for ice cream, was one of only a few establishments where





Above—The Dale Hotel opened in 1911 to serve African American visitors to Cape May. Right—a family reunion at the Dale Hotel in 1911.

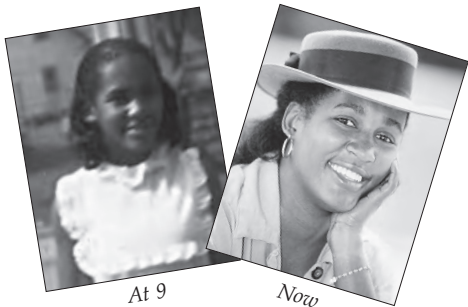


African Americans were welcome. Banned from all-white resorts, blacks began to establish their own places of recreation and amusement, though it wasn't until the turn of the century that resort vacations became common for blacks.

Ocean breezes kept Cape Island cool in the summer—and it had the widest beach on the east coast, with the softest, whitest sand.



CONNIE PORTER



At 9

Now

Connie Porter grew up near Buffalo, New York, where the winters are long and hard. As girls, she and her sisters trudged through deep snow to borrow books from the bookmobile that came to the neighborhood twice a week. After the girls finished their homework at night, they crawled into their beds and read the books aloud to each other. Ms. Porter still loves to read books. Today, she lives in Virginia.

DAHL TAYLOR



Dahl Taylor wanted to be an illustrator even before he knew what one was. He has spent all of his adult life doing just that. His greatest joy in illustration today comes from illustrating books that his son, Kieran, reads. He lives with his family near Albany, New York.

PICTURE CREDITS

The following individuals and organizations have generously given permission to reprint illustrations contained in "Looking Back": p. 36—Artist, Francis Bicknell Carpenter; p. 37—Playbill, Harvard Theatre Collection, Harvard University; Gun, NPS, Ford's Theatre, Washington, DC, photographed by Edward Owen; p. 38—Sermon flyer, Eugene Boss Collection, Georgetown University Library, Special Collections Division, Washington, DC; Train, Courtesy of the Illinois State Historical Library; p. 40—(detail) W146,7929.F, The Library Company of Philadelphia; p. 42—Courtesy Meserve-Kunhardt Collection, Mt. Kisco, NY; p. 43—National Archives and Records Administration; p. 44—© Medford Historical Society Collection/CORBIS; p. 45—Mourning card, Eugene Boss Collection, Georgetown University Library, Special Collections Division, Washington, DC; Mourning badge, Courtesy Meserve-Kunhardt Collection, Mt. Kisco, NY; p. 88—Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Museum, Williamsburg, VA; p. 90—Slave quarters, photograph from *The Strength of These Arms* by Raymond Bial, copyright 1997 by Raymond Bial, reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, all rights reserved; Broom, from *Collector's Illustrated Encyclopedia of the American Revolution* by George C. Neumann and Frank J. Kravik, courtesy George C. Neumann; p. 91—Copyright Robert Holmes/Corbis; p. 92—North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, purchased with funds from the State of North Carolina; p. 95—Photographs and Prints Division, Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, the New York Public Library; p. 132—Photographs and Prints Division, Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations; p. 133—illustration by Laszlo Kubinyi; The Library Company of Philadelphia; p. 134—illustration by Laszlo Kubinyi; p. 136—Chester County Historical Society, West Chester, PA; p. 138—Abraham Lincoln by Peter Baumgras, McLellan Lincoln Collection; Brown University Library; p. 176—The Library Company of Philadelphia; p. 177—Corbis/Bettmann (top); National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution/Art Resource, New York (bottom); p. 179—Oberlin College Archive, Oberlin, Ohio; p. 181—The Granger Collection, New York; p. 182—Hampton University's Archival and Museum Collection, Hampton University, Hampton, Virginia; p. 183—Courtesy of Hargrett Rare Book and Manuscript Library/University of Georgia Libraries; p. 220—John Crino Collection/Archive Photos; p. 221—Jane Dixon collection; p. 223—Haynes Foundation Collection, Montana Historical Society; p. 224—From the collections of Henry Ford Museum & Greenfield Village (43-A-80 (*Detail*)); p. 225—American (New Castle, DE) bathing suit c. 1855, Philadelphia Museum of Art (53-57-6a, b); p. 226—© Dave G. Houser/Corbis; p. 227—photo by George E. Thomas; p. 228—John Thomas Nash and Janet Davidson Nash African-American History Archives of the Center for Community Arts, Cape May, N.J.