Willi Gets A History Lesson

Dr. Ellen K. Rudolph

A little dog explores
AMERICA'S HISTORIC TRIANGLE

WILLIAMSBURG
JAMESTOWN ▼ YORKTOWN
Willi Gets a History Lesson

A Book For Children of All Ages

Dr. Ellen K. Rudolph

Companion Web Site For Young Readers:
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The story centers on a history buff and his dog who visit Eastern Virginia to soak up some Revolutionary War history. Their first stop is Jamestown Settlement, where the dog’s owner learns that he cannot take his pet with him into the living museum. He decides to leave the dog behind in his car, with a window open, while he takes a quick tour.

The dog, whose name is Willi, jumps out of the car when she gets too hot, and her resulting journey is filled with surprise and friendship. She has a wonderful time learning about the birth of our nation as it unfolds from Jamestown to Yorktown. She converses with the likes of Thomas Jefferson and Lord Botetourt, she tours historic sites made famous by the Revolution, and she talks with the many Virginia animals that befriend her along the way. The story ends on the Yorktown battlefield, where a new nation was born.
CHAPTER 1
Lost at Jamestown

Willi peered out of the car window as she watched her owner, Mr. V, head to Jamestown Settlement for a tour. It was a very hot day, but Mr. V figured that Willi would be fine with the window rolled halfway down. He couldn’t have been more wrong! It gets hot in a parked car very quickly, and a dog could die of heat stroke in a matter of minutes! Willi naturally got overheated and made a jump for it, losing her collar in the process. And thus began her wonderful, wacky tour of history—from a dog’s point of view.

Her first stop, which required her to crawl under several big fences, was a Powhatan Indian village. The Indians shook their heads and said that they had not seen Mr. V. They gave Willi food and water, just like they gave the Englishmen when they arrived in 1607.

See History Note 2
The Indians encouraged her to look for Mr. V at Historic Jamestowne, where archaeologists were unearthing the beginnings of our history. Willi was so positive she would find Mr. V there that she raced off, leaving behind a lively game of corncob darts. “I’ll come back to play!” Willi shouted to the tourists who had gathered for a game.

She found Historic Jamestowne, but it seemed that she had just missed Mr. V! Even Mr. Archaeologist himself had no clue about him, despite the fact that he knew almost everything else. He was also very busy excavating thousands of artifacts about daily life in Historic Jamestowne. There were even bones among them!

*Here I am, Willi mused to herself, standing right in the middle of James Fort, talking to Dr. Bill Kelso, one of America’s preeminent historical archaeologists, and Mr. V is nowhere to be found.*

*He would be so jealous!*

Willi was very anxious to find Mr. V, so she bade farewell to Dr. Bill and headed toward the replicas of the three ships that had brought the first settlers to Jamestown.
Along the way she stopped to meet the legendary Pocahontas, and to shake hands with her as millions of visitors to Historic Jamestowne have done before.

Pocahontas was a young Algonkian Indian Princess who is credited with giving food to the colonists—and saving the lives of some of them, including Captain John Smith.

Willi tried to imagine what life must have been like at Fort James as she found her way to the Susan Constant, the Discovery, and the Godspeed. That was where she was going to look next for Mr. V.

See History Note 3b
“WOW, look at that big ship!” Willi said as she approached the Susan Constant, the largest of the three Colonial ships moored at Jamestown Settlement.

I wonder if the early settlers brought dogs with them, Willi thought. *Think of that long ocean voyage with so little space to mark territory!* She giggled. She was, of course, thinking about what dominant male dogs do in the presence of other males.

She decided to look for Mr. V aboard the Susan Constant, since that was what he had been talking about doing since they left California.
See how little the Discovery and the Godspeed look from way up here! Willi mused as she scanned her surroundings.

“I am so high up that I am sharing the sky with the seagulls!” Willi barked with glee.

She tried her best to talk to the seagulls, but they were very busy at that moment, fighting over a tourist’s discarded sandwich. The gulls barely noticed Willi in all the excitement. But Willi persisted, and she finally managed to get a tooth or two of her own into the juicy sandwich.

See History Note 5
Night fell.
*Whatever will I do?* Willi worried.
*Where will I sleep tonight?*
*I feel so lonely!*
She looked around at the big, empty pier at Jamestown Settlement where just a few hours earlier hundreds of visitors had been milling around. And now there were none.

“I will sit on this post where I can see in all directions,” Willi yawned. She was hopeful that she would be rescued soon.

Eventually she sank into a fitful, precarious sleep, with thoughts of doggie bones dancing in her head.
The next morning one of the gulls noticed Willi at the pier and brought her some fish to eat. They talked about her plight, and decided that it was best to walk along the Colonial Parkway where she would be seen.

“Yes, surely Mr. V is out looking for me already!” Willi exclaimed. She was relieved to discover that Mr. Gull had grown up in these parts and knew the area well. He was actually quite the chatterbox.

“Why, I even have great-great-grand gulls!” he said with a blush. “And when I fly high in the sky I can see both the James and York rivers, and that’s a stretch! Almost twenty-three miles, it is!” he said knowingly, fluttering his wings importantly.

Willi was sitting on the bench listening to Mr. Gull, but her thoughts were clearly on Mr. V. Her eyes anxiously scanned the horizon as she listened to Mr. Gull’s stories.

“Well, if I am going to find Mr. V, I had better get started,” Willi told herself. Then, to her new friend, she said, “Goodbye, Mr. Gull! I must go now, thanks very much for your good company.”

Meanwhile, Mrs. Robin had flown in for a peek at this talkative twosome and decided to accompany Willi on the next leg of her journey. (Do you see her there on the bench?)
“You have to take Mr. Gull with a grain of salt,” she whispered to Willi. “Those gulls, they are always out to grab a good meal if they can get one!”

Plump red-breasted Mrs. Robin was a lot of fun, but her offerings of food turned Willi’s stomach—caterpillars and grasshoppers and beetle grubs and stuff. *UGH!* Willi thought.

She serenaded Willi with song though, and that definitely lifted Willi’s spirits as they walked along the Parkway.

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“There are running paths everywhere, and big logs to jump over. And it seems as though I can see forever!”

“So where are we now, Mrs. Robin?” Willi asked as she turned to look for her friend. But Mrs. Robin had some very big earthworms to dig up, so she had quietly left Willi to enjoy the scenery on her own.

Mrs. Robin promised herself that she would join up with Willi down the road. She did, however, forget to tell Willi that the Colonial Parkway would soon take her into Williamsburg, where the scenery would change dramatically.

Yes, things would soon go from wetlands and winding roads to bustling eighteenth-century society!
It seemed that Willi was about to go to college! Resting for a moment in a bed of tulips at a busy intersection, Willi pondered the direction that she should take. Why, she rather fancied this place!

Then it hit her: in the joyful company of Mr. laughing Gull and Mrs. singing Robin, she had almost forgotten about dear Mr. V. “Where are you, Mr. V?” she cried out.

But just as quickly she brushed that thought aside and with great resolve she looked left, and then she looked right, and then she bolted across the street to talk to a tall man in a very big yard. Surely he can help me, she thought.
The man turned out to be Lord Botetourt himself. Willi had never known a Lord before. This was exciting! This Lord even stood on a pedestal. He must be very important, she thought. She trotted down the long brick sidewalk to speak to him.

“Lord Botetourt, can you help me please?” Willi queried in her most persuasive voice. “I am lost in history.”

“You are lost in history?” Lord Botetourt asked the little dog sitting at his feet. “I am a beloved royal Governor of Virginia and surely, if anyone can, I can help you find your way. You are here, at the College of William & Mary, my little friend. You are at Thomas Jefferson’s famous alma mater.”

Just then a butterfly landed on Willi’s nose, and it made her giggle.

“Quiet, please!” said Lord Botetourt. “I demand respect. This yard has been mine to lord over since 1801.”

“Actually, I am buried over there in the crypt under the Wren Chapel. Go through that door and you will see.”
“You’re dead then?” Willi asked, scratching her ear in bewilderment.

“Yes, dead but not forgotten. And if the truth were known, I rather like it here in this courtyard. In fact, I got a new overcoat a few years ago from the sculptor, Gordon Kray, to warm me against cold December nights.”

As they talked, Willi realized this was a man of great integrity. She would do as he said and visit the Wren Building.

Mr. V can wait!

“Bernard told me that I could come in. He has the keys, you see,” Willi told a group of tourists who were surprised to see a little dog so interested in history.

“Bernard’s my man. He is in charge of the Wren building!”

The tourists clapped and asked Willi for her autograph after she told them her story of meeting Lord Botetourt in the courtyard and what he had said about the people and places she would see in Colonial Williamsburg.

As they rushed off to take photographs of Lord Botetourt, Willi stepped inside the oldest college building in active use in the United States.

“So this is where Lord Botetourt is buried! Right here under my feet!”
Willi admired her surroundings for a minute, and even sat in one of the chapel pews to get a better look at the place.

“Hmmm, she mused, “I wonder what I can see from that bull’s-eye window in the back of the Chapel?” And up she jumped.

Willi sat in the famous window for awhile, contemplating where she was and what she was going to do next.

She was pleased to be visiting the eighteenth century but she was also getting anxious to find Mr. V.

After all, she has been lost since yesterday!

See History Notes 10 and 11
Where is he? she thought. What am I going to do? He had to be out there somewhere! M-maybe Mr. V will stop looking for me and go home without me! Willi worried. But she continued her tour of the Wren Building anyway; for there was nothing at the moment she could do about Mr. V.

“After all,” she said to herself over and over again, “Mr. V loves me. I know he does!”

“He will do everything he can to find me. We have been together for ten years and you don’t just forget a pal like me!”

Some students told Willi about a really cool place on the college campus that she should see, so off she went in search of it.
“Oh, the Crim Dell is everything they said it would be!” Willi sighed. And with that Willi splashed about in the coolness of the Dell.

“But it’s dangerous to swim here unless you’re me,” she told some nearby students who were watching her. Willi then scrambled ashore to cross the Crim Dell bridge, like generations of William & Mary students have done before her. She had just barely finished shaking herself dry from her lovely swim when a campus-sponsored marathon went by.

See History Note 13
“WOW, a half-marathon!” Willi barked as she joined in, thinking what a fun place this college was!

As Willi ran, her head was full of thoughts about the relationship of a healthy body to a healthy mind. She also remembered Lord Botetourt’s comment that a college such as William & Mary was responsible for educating the whole student, not just their heads. *This must be an example of that*, Willi thought as she trotted along. She led the half-marathon for another mile or so until she found herself back where she had started the run.
She bid the students farewell at that point and waved a breathless goodbye to her friend, Lord Botetourt. Then she jumped over the brick wall surrounding the historic campus. Little did she know that this would lead her down Jamestown Road and around “Confusion Corner” to a very special place!

So this is the lady that Lord Botetourt was raving about! Willi thought to herself when she saw Miss Madelynn. She immediately recognized Miss Madelynn’s white hair and sunglasses, and the long-sleeved shirt that protected her from the sun.

There she was, tending to her flowers, just as Lord Botetourt said she would be doing. The scene reminded Willi of the fable *The Little Prince*, which explores the things in life that are truly important. Willi found comfort in such thoughts as she went up to speak to the famous caretaker of the Adams Garden.

*See History Notes 15, 16a, and 16b*
It was a very lively conversation, as was characteristic of Miss Madelynn. When Willi finally got around to talking to her about her lost owner, Mr. V, Madelynn immediately suggested that Willi try the train station. It wasn’t far from here, she said, and she thought maybe someone there had seen Mr. V.

“You just never know!” Miss Madelynn said in her most grandmotherly voice. Then she waved Willi on and bent down to clip a withered flower, as was her custom.
By now it was getting dark again, and Willi’s anxieties began to surface when she discovered that Mr. V was nowhere to be found—not even here at the train station.

“I will never, ever find Mr. V! Now I am sure of it!” she cried as she watched some noisy trains pull in.

Willi finally went up to the ticket booth to inquire about Mr. V, but Mr. Ticket Man had not seen him. The man was very kind though, and promised to make some inquiries about him.

“We aim to please!” Mr. Ticket Man said to her with a big grin on his face.

Willi just had to see for herself, so she walked out back to the tracks to have a look around. When that failed, she headed across the street to the Williamsburg Fire Department.
She had great fun looking at the fire engines and the firemen’s cool ladders and stuff! WOW!

However, Mr. V was not there either, and now Willi didn’t know where to turn.

“Gosh, I hope I will find something to eat,” she sighed as she slowly walked towards Merchant’s Square. “I’m starving!”

“Oh, boy!”

Suddenly people were milling all around her. They were offering her juicy tidbits and kids were giggling and fighting to make her acquaintance.
“Now this is more like it!” she cried.

She even loved all the sassy swing music. As it happened, the United States Heritage of America Band was playing under the stars that night. And for those few hours they adopted little Willi as their canine mascot.

The crowds cheered!

“If only Mr. V could see me now!” Willi beamed as she danced to another lively tune.
After that fabulous *Summer Breeze* concert in Merchants Square, Willi ran into more and more people who were strolling along DOG Street. *DOG Street*?

Yes, Willi had heard that this is short for Duke of Gloucester Street, although it is no accident that people like to walk their dogs there, too!

“Boy, people sure do stay up late here!” she yawned as she warmed herself in front of a fire. Its “snap, crackle and pop” cheered her.

Dog-tired and lost, Willi nosed around and finally found safe, dry refuge under a nearby porch. She slept like a log, blissfully unaware of what tomorrow would bring. (Not that it was going to be all that bad, mind you!) Zzzzzzzzzzzzzz...

*Rat-a-Tat-Tat! Bonk!*

*(drum-mmmm roll)*
Willi woke with a start as a military band of some sort began tuning up next to where she slept. Curiosity got the better of her and she crawled out from under the porch to have a closer look.

It turns out that this was not just *any* band. It was Colonial Williamsburg’s famous Fifes and Drums, the one that Lord Botetourt had told her so much about!

*I feel like a celebrity!* Willi thought as she circled the altogether awesome drum major who had invited her to march with them. He told her to call him “Lance” for short.

“These guys are good,” she gushed as she trotted first alongside them and then in front of them. “I could get used to this!” she beamed. Soon another dog named Doley joined up with Willi, and the pair had fun keeping up with the Fifes and Drums as they marched from the Colonial Capitol to Market Square.
Doley was a big guy, much bigger than Willi was, but they got along famously from the start. Doley had a collar and a tag, though, and Willi didn’t—which caused her much embarrassment. Well, she had a collar and a tag once, Willi told Doley, but she lost it, she said, when she struggled to get out of that awful hot car. Willi told him the whole frustrating story.

Doley understood. “WOOF! WOOF!” he said, which is dog language for “Good, good!” Willi suddenly felt a lot less lonely with Doley to play with.
Meanwhile, many things were happening behind the scenes, things our little Willi had no clue about.

For starters, her beloved Mr. V had not forgotten about her. He didn’t just pick up and leave town without her. No sir!

Mr. V, a good man, sorely missed his little dog, and he was doing all the right things to find her.

He happened to have a photo of Willi along with him, so he had a bunch of copies made at Massey’s Camera Shop. Then he plastered them everywhere, with his cell phone number written across them.

Mr. V even went to talk with Williamsburg’s kindly Mayor, who was very sympathetic with his plight. She immediately put him in touch with an Animal Control Officer.

Mrs. Mayor also suggested that Mr. V put an ad for Willi in the *Virginia Gazette* and the *Daily Press*, and that he file a report with the City Police.
But there is more!
This fine man even called Virginia’s Governor! Had he known, of course, he would have gone directly to talk with Lord Botetourt himself, who was but a step or two away in the Wren courtyard.

Mr. V was determined to find his ten-year-old pal, and he had been doing everything in his power to make that happen.

He made list after list of places to call, and he had spent most of his time glued to the telephone, talking to anyone who might possibly have seen her! But here was the worrisome part. Even though Mr. V had been working very hard behind the scenes, he was becoming concerned about the fate of little Willi.

He knew that his chances of finding her were lower with each passing day.
CHAPTER 6
Thomas Jefferson and Friends

After a rousing time with the Fifes and Drums, Willi spotted Thomas Jefferson, who was about to give a lecture in front of Bruton Parish Church. Not wanting to let an opportunity like this slip by, Willi tugged on Mr. Jefferson’s coattails and introduced herself.

“Well, I am honored to meet you, Willi,” Mr. Jefferson said as he bowed. “And how are you today?” he asked politely.

“Oh, I’m quite fine, thank you,” Willi answered. “But if the truth be known, Sir, I am lost,” Willi added softly.

“You’re lost?” gasped Mr. Jefferson. He thought for a minute and said, “I’ll help you, Willi. Stick around. After my lecture I will take you inside the church to meet a very special friend, who just might share his lunch with you.”

See History Note 20
Pleased, Willi sat back and listened intently to Mr. Jefferson’s historic lecture. Still, her mind wandered. She couldn’t help but wonder if they had dogs back in Colonial America. And if they did, were they buried in the churchyard, too?

When he finished his lecture, Mr. Jefferson personally escorted Willi into Bruton Parish to meet Mr. famous organist himself, Jock Darling.

“Jock,” Willi said, “I am very pleased to meet you! I wonder if you have a bit of lunch that you could share with me after your rehearsal?”

“But of course!” Jock said, smiling broadly.

“Let me finish this hymn and we will have a picnic. Any friend of Mr. Jefferson’s is a friend of mine, Willi,” he said.

Jock then proceeded to fill the church sanctuary with huge, important, historical music with a few fancy arpeggios thrown in for good measure.

And Willi was quite overwhelmed!

She even got up on the windowsill and danced, although that was probably not the most desirable behavior in this famous church.

But dogs live by different rules, she mused.

Afterwards, they shared Jock’s Sally Lund bread and goat cheese sandwich. Willi felt like she had died and gone to heaven!
“Thank you, Jock,” Willi said after their sumptuous snack. “Bye for now!” She waved as she left the church. She was thrilled about these famous new friends that she had met.

Willi then caught a carriage ride, with the help of Mr. Jefferson.

_History really looks different from up here!_ Willi thought.

“Giddeup! Giddeup!” she yelled to the beautiful American Cream and Canadian horses that were pulling the carriage.

She knew that fewer than 200 American Creams still existed in North America. That’s what the carriage man had said.

“Come on!” she exclaimed. “I have miles to go before I sleep!”

Ever vigilant, though, Willi kept a sharp lookout for Mr. V as they trotted down DOG Street.

See History Note 22
She soon came upon another carriage full of people—but, alas, Mr. V was not among them.

Then, suddenly, Willi shouted loudly enough to wake the entire neighborhood! She thought she saw a familiar face in the crowd, someone wearing a very familiar shirt . . .

“Did I just see him? Was that Mr. V?”

She looked and looked, and squinted hard, then looked some more until she finally decided that it wasn’t him after all. Sniff.
Feeling quite discouraged by now, Willi plopped down by an old gate. *Where should I look next?* she wondered for what seemed like the umpteenth time.

Just then an elderly white cat by the name of Justin appeared from nowhere to console her. They talked together for the longest time and finally Justin said in his kindest voice:

“Willi, it doesn’t pay to worry. Keep a close eye out for your Mr. V, but *enjoy* yourself while you are at it. Good things happen to you when you least expect it.”

“I have a lot of friends around here and I will help get the word out,” Justin added.

“Thanks for that, Justin,” Willi said. “And thanks for keeping me company. You came along at just the right time,” Willi said, smiling.

With renewed hope and Justin’s directions, she headed out to explore a new set of places and experiences.

Willi trotted briskly down *DOG* Street to Market Square where she knew she would find the old Courthouse and the Magazine.

As she approached Market Square, Willi saw all kinds of colorful militiamen mustered there, as well as things to buy and to eat. So she knew she was in the right place.
But then, what a shock! There, at the public stocks, she caught sight of a little boy confined in the most embarrassing way!

“Stop!” Willi hollered at the top of her lungs to those who had gathered.

But no one paid the least attention to her. It was all very frustrating! Willi jumped up against the pillory to try to dislodge the little boy, but that didn’t work. She even grabbed a bystander’s hand to try to lead them over to help the boy.

Willi was concerned because everyone was just standing there laughing at the boy, and some bystanders were even throwing food at him.

The boy in the stocks finally looked over at Willi and said, “Thank you very much for trying to help me, little doggie. But I am here as punishment for stealing a pig. I just had my trial in the Courthouse. In Colonial times, you see, convicted offenders were usually punished immediately. And they were punished in exactly this way!”

“Oh,” said Willi, “so you are okay then?”
“Oh, yes,” said the boy. “I will be out of here soon! After all, this is a living history museum, where we are supposed to act things out just as they happened in the eighteenth century.”

Willi could only shake her head in wonder. *People!* she thought somewhat disparagingly. *That wasn’t very nice!* Willi coaxed a snack from one of the cheerful bystanders, then she crossed the street to the Magazine just as Justin had instructed.

*What a fence!* she thought with amusement as she walked along side of it.

*Something really important, or mean, must be behind this strange assortment of criss-crossed pieces of wood with sharp points at each end!*

Later Willi learned that the Magazine, which is hidden by the fence, once held shot, powder, flints, tents, tools, swords, and as many as 3,000 Brown Bess flintlocks. The flintlocks were used to defend against Indians, slave revolts, and even pirate raids in the colony.

See History Note 25b
“I’m kind of glad I am alive today,” Willi exclaimed. “It is a much less violent world (I think).”

With a deep sigh, Willi remembered what Justin had said about enjoying the moment, so she stopped to smell the tulips.

“There is that friendly butterfly again!” Willi barked excitedly. You know, the one she bumped into when she was visiting Lord Botetourt at the Wren Building.

Willi and Mr. Butterfly danced among the flowers for the longest time.

“Goodbye, Goodbye, Mr. Butterfly!” Willi said as she finally took leave of him.
Much to her surprise, Willi bumped into her friend, Doley, at the Public Hospital for Persons of Insane and Disordered Minds, the first mental hospital in America.

“Doley!” Willi cried. “I am so glad to find you here!”

“And who is this?” Willi asked, pointing to a little bunny in the grass. The bunny was a wild cottontail.

In his characteristically deep voice, Doley said, “That’s Miss Beatrix. She lives here and she knows all about everything that goes on at the public hospital.”

“You do?” Willi asked, bending down as far as she could so she could talk to Miss Beatrix face to face.

Beatrix sighed and said, “Yes, there are twenty-four cells in the hospital, each with a heavy door and barred window. You don’t want to go in there by yourself,” she warned. She said it was rumored that they used restraints and strong drugs on the hospital inmates, as well as shock treatments, and bleeding.

See History Note 26
“Oh, it’s all quite horrible!” Miss Beatrix exclaimed. Willi shivered at hearing the details and wondered how Miss Beatrix knew so much. Beatrix seemed to understand and blurted out that her great great great great great grandbunny had been caught inside there and never saw the light of day again.

“Generation after generation of my family have passed that tale on down to others to protect them from a similar fate,” she said in her most serious voice.

Willi learned from Doley that Miss Beatrix’s job was to keep her eye on the place and to shout warnings to others who got too close to it.

“Cool, Miss Beatrix, thank you for warning me!” Willi said as she bent down to give Beatrix a friendly kiss.

“Ohhhhh!” Miss Beatrix giggled, “Thank you, too!” And off she hopped, her little white tail bobbing happily after her.

The next stop on Willi’s list was the famous Williamsburg Inn. Cat Justin had told her all about the Inn’s most mouth-watering dish. With her stomach growling in anticipation, Willi rushed there next.
Mr. mild-mannered, smiling Doorman understood immediately how hungry Willi was and he brought her a bowl of the Inn’s world-famous desert: Hazelnut Ice Cream Cake and Strawberries! Not only that, but he even let her eat in the Regency Dining Room with Charlie Costa, Mr. Piano Man himself!

Willi burped as she dashed out of the Williamsburg Inn with a very full stomach.

_I was treated like royalty!_ Willi grinned. _I can’t wait to tell Doley about it_, she thought as she went racing off to the next place on her list.

For the time being, at least, her worries about Mr. V had faded quietly into the background.

She had only gone a few steps, though, when Willi stopped dead in her tracks. She found herself peering anxiously through the narrow slats of a big white picket fence.

“This fence has the world’s largest, most amazing something-or-other on the other side of it!” she shrieked.

“W-who are you?” Willi asked Mr. Big Guy on the other side of the fence. Mr. Big Guy was poking his head up high so that he could see Willi better, which made him seem even b-b-bigger to her!

“Why, thank you for asking,” the bull said. “I am an American Milking Red Devon. And I am descended from the great Red Devon breed of cattle that is native to Devonshire, England.”

“Oh, WOW,” said Willi. “Well, you certainly are b-big!”

See History Note 28
“Bigger is better in my case. But I am well-mannered and gentle, so don’t be afraid,” Mr. Devon bellowed.

“Y-y-yes, Sir, OK, great!” muttered Willi, stumbling all over herself. Then off she sped as fast as she could. But as she found her way around yet another maze of fences, she reminded herself that she had better be a little bit more careful.

“Whoa!” she gasped, stopping again in her tracks. “Now this is more like it!” she giggled as she went up to introduce herself to a lovely little lamb that was standing on the back of a very patient old ram.

“Hello, my name is Willi and I am pleased to make your acquaintance!” Willi said to the ram and the little lamb.

With that the old ram let out a great big bellowing “Baaaaaaa,” with a bit of bad breath thrown in for good measure and said, “I am Mr. Leicester Longwool, from Australia originally—but you can call me Lester for short. This is Little Willoughby, my grand kid.”

“Can you come play with me, Little Willoughby?” Willi asked sheepishly, not wanting to hurt the ram’s feelings.
“Oh, well, for just a bit, yes, thanks. But I am on a very tight leash since Big Willoughby’s tragic death,” the little lamb said in a tiny little lamb’s voice. “It’s a long story,” she whispered.

“Oh, OK,” Willi whispered back. “I’m sorry.” And with that Willi and Little Willoughby raced wildly around the pasture until Willoughby’s mama finally put a stop to it.

“Willoughby is critically endangered so we must protect her from overheating, I am sure you understand,” Big Mama said, frowning.

“Well, that was a lot of fun!” Willi said as she waved goodbye to her new friend. And off she trotted to yet another amazing adventure. Almost immediately Willi ran smack dab into a different kind of kid, this one wearing the famous tricorn hat.

“Ohhhhh, can I try that hat on,” Willi begged?

“Oh, my gosh,” said the little boy. “A talking dog!” He grinned broadly as he knelt down to get a closer look at Willi.

“What else can you say, little dog?” the boy asked Willi.

“Oh, well, most anything you like. I know a little verse here and there, some Colonial history, and I can tell you a whole lot about Lord Botetourt at the College of William & Mary,” Willi said.

“Double WOW!” exclaimed the boy. “If you can tell me something about the tricorn hat I will give you mine.”
Not one to pass up such a challenge, Willi proceeded to tell the boy that the hat worn by Colonial militia had one side folded up so that when they shouldered their musket they didn’t knock their hat off. The little boy’s eyes grew big as Willi went on to say that tricorn (or three-cornered) hats were worn primarily because in the war it became impractical for men to wear wigs. “By the way,” Willi added, “my name is Willi and I would be so pleased to have your hat now.”

Can you guess what happened next? Just as he promised, the boy gave Willi his tricorn hat and she paraded jubilantly in front of Shields Tavern with it.

“This is definitely way more cool than a collar!” she grinned.

Willi happened to look up at that point and there was her friend Doley again, just a few feet in front of her! She was so excited to see Doley again that the hat toppled off her head. She chattered on and on to him about the big Red Devon and about Little Willoughby and the little boy with the tricorn hat.
Doley watched with amusement. “Come with me, Willi,” Doley finally said in his familiar throaty voice. “But you can’t wear your hat where we’re going, so leave it here for someone else to enjoy.”

He then took Willi around to the kitchen door of the King’s Arm Tavern, where one of the cooks with a big white hat gave them each a steaming, yummy, maxi-sized bowl of Brunswick stew.

“This is where I have lunch every day,” Doley told Willi between big bites. “But I don’t tell just anyone about this place, so shhhhhhhhhhhhh. It is our secret!”

After the two had finished their lunch and were busy licking themselves clean, Doley bade Willi goodbye again.

“You have to go so soon?” Willi cried.

“Yes, I have to go now, Willi, but I will tell everyone about your Mr. V, I promise. I have already put the word out in some very important places.”

Doley then sauntered off like the big old lovable teddy bear that he was, wagging his tail in friendship.

“Doggone-it, if Doley isn’t just about the best friend I ever had!” Willi told Sally Squirrel who had just come down the tree to share an acorn with her.

See History Note 32
“Yes, Doley is a good old guy. But for some unknown reason, he likes to hang out over there at the King’s Arms Tavern,” said Sally Squirrel, scratching her head.

Willi couldn’t help smile a bit at that comment, but she kept Doley’s secret.

“So why do you hang out here at Nicolson Store,” Willi asked her?

“Oh, that’s easy! My family goes back to the Revolutionary War and we have lived in that big oak tree over there for more than 300 years,” Sally Squirrel said with a puffed-up chest.

“You’re just the one to ask, then!” Willi said.

“Can you direct me to the old coffeehouse site? Cat Justin thought I would enjoy seeing it.”

“Justin’s quite right. It’s called Charlton’s Coffeehouse,” said Sally Squirrel.

“Follow me! My friends and I meet there regularly to dig for all manner of interesting things.”
“This is just as Justin described it!” Willi beamed when she saw it. She looked around for a while, and then jumped down into the excavations to search for a little bone or two just for fun.

Justin told Willi that, for several years now, archaeologists and scholars have investigated the site of Charlton’s Coffeehouse, which served colonists and visiting burgesses from 1755 to 1769. Unlike a tavern, a coffeehouse catered only to men, and it served more hot beverages than alcohol.

Willi nosed around a little more, trying to imagine all the lofty conversations that had taken place here.

“This is my second big archaeological dig!” Willi said to herself. “And Mr. V is missing out again.”

Willi then set out to explore the surrounding area before it got too late. After all, she still had to find a place to sleep tonight.
“How about that!” Willi exclaimed as she eyed the costumed interpreters inside the big brick wall of the old Capitol.

Willi remembered Justin’s comment, that this was where the concept of self-government came into being. It was where men lobbied for individual liberty and a leadership that was responsible to the people.

This is where America as we know it started!

*Being lost, Willi thought, makes me not want to take my home and my family and my freedoms for granted ever again!* And with that Willi broke down and sobbed.

“Oh, Mr. V, where are you?” she pleaded to no one in particular.
But a costumed interpreter by the name of Mr. Jolly Shoemaker was nearby, and he cheered Willi up the moment they spoke.

He was such a happy, funny, warm, and fuzzy kind of guy, with round spectacles and a big red vest. Like other interpreters, his job was to show visitors how shoemakers plied their trade in Colonial America.

As soon as Mr. Jolly Shoemaker saw Willi’s tears, he gave her a great big, squishy, manly hug that made her heart go KLUNK!

They chatted for a long while, and as soon as he understood that Willi was lost, Mr. Shoemaker began making inquiries on her behalf.

Right then and there, in fact, he nailed a notice on his door and started talking to everyone about Willi.

“Thank you, thank you, Mr. Jolly Shoemaker. I appreciate your help,” Willi said as she nuzzled him.

Willi sighed contentedly. She’d had a very big day today. And she encountered so many wonderful new friends along the way! She hated to leave, but she knew she must before the sun finally set.
Willi barely noticed, in her rush, that she was zipping by the famous house on Palace Green with all the chimneys.

Just so you’ll know, the house once belonged to St. George Tucker who was a lawyer, trader, inventor, scholar, judge, essayist, poet, gardener, and amateur astronomer—as well as the father of nine children by two wives and a stepfather to five more.

Perhaps you can understand, then, why the house rambles on so! It was enlarged several times after 1788.

Willi was getting quite worried because she still had no idea where she was going to sleep tonight. But she could see the Governor’s Palace ahead, where there seemed to be a lot of lights and crowds forming.

“Maybe I will find Mr. V there, too,” she thought . . . whereupon she quickened her pace.
It was dark by the time Willi got to the Governor’s Palace, and some fireworks had started.

Everyone in Williamsburg seemed to be watching the fireworks. Why, there must be thousands of them!

She thought that surely Mr. V would be among them—but not so. Mr. V was nowhere to be seen.

As she peered into the night sky she worried about what was going to happen next. “I know, I know, Justin,” she mumbled to herself. “I should be enjoying the moment and I am. But it’s hard. I feel so lost!”

With a heavy heart, Willi turned in the direction of the old windmill, where she had decided to spend the night.
Several days had passed since Willi became lost, and the nights were lonely for her. This night, under a glorious full moon and in the shadow of the old windmill, she felt especially fragile.

Without her knowledge, however, things were definitely brewing in the background.

The word was getting out, and every important person and all the animals in the historic area had heard of her by now. Rescuers of every size and shape were conferencing about how to help her.

Yesterday, at the Public Hospital, Miss Beatrix had instructed Willi to meet her in the morning just down the road from the windmill. Several friends would be gathering there to talk to her, according to Miss Beatrix, even though she was secretive about the subject matter. Willi promised to be there.
At dawn Willi woke from her sleep feeling refreshed. She could hardly wait to find her friends, so off she went, *lickety split!*

“Good morning, Beatrix!” Willi yelled as she neared the appointed gathering place.

“Hi, Willi, I brought my friend, Mrs. Cottontail, with me,” Beatrix yelled back. “And also Mr. Bluebird—you remember him.”

The four of them exchanged animated hellos for a few minutes, and then sat down to talk about why they had gathered.

“Everyone on **DOG** Street knows about you, Willi. You’re quite famous!” said Mrs. Cottontail in a reassuring voice.

“The word on the street is that you are lost and are slowly making your way from Historic Jamestowne to Yorktown via the Colonial Parkway in search of Mr. V.”

Mrs. Cottontail took a deep breath and continued: “There are notes on shop doors about you, the Mayor has posted an official **WANTED** flyer with your picture on it, and the Heritage Humane Society has been knocking on doors up and down **DOG** Street looking for you. Even Lord Botetourt has been talking about you to every visitor who visits the Wren courtyard!”

See Natural History Notes 38a and 38b
“And, of course, Doley has been involved, too. He wanted you to know that. We all have been helping to spread the word about you,” she said.

With that Mrs. Cottontail fell silent.

Willi suddenly felt embarrassed. “Oh, I didn’t mean to cause everyone so much trouble!” She then covered her eyes and wept.

“No no, don’t feel that way, Willi,” Mr. Bluebird soothed. “That’s what friends are for!” Then all three friends comforted Willi as best they could—you know, with wings and paws and such.

“So,” Mrs. Cottontail continued, “you need to get back on the Parkway, Willi. That’s where everyone, including Mr. V, will be looking for you today. Mr. Bluebird will lead the way.”

“Then let’s go, Willi!” Mr. Bluebird exclaimed. Willi bid farewell to her friends as Mr. Bluebird fluttered into the air and sped off with Willi chasing behind him.

After a few minutes, Mr. Bluebird called out to Willi from above and said, “We are at the tunnel now and your friend, Mr. Laughing Gull, is going to assist you from here.” And with that Mr. Bluebird flew off, tipping his wing to Willi as he circled overhead.

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When Willi caught sight of Mr. Gull at the tunnel’s entrance she yelled, “Mr. Gull! Mr. Gull! I am so happy to see you again!”

“Me, too, but come on,” Mr. Gull yelled back, “we have no time to talk. We first have to get through this tunnel safely!”

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See History Note 39
And so as Mr. Bluebird returned to DOG Street to tell Willi’s friends what was happening, Willi and Mr. Gull headed into the long, dark tunnel that would take her on the final leg of her journey.

Mr. Gull kept a sharp lookout for cars as they passed through the tunnel. He even flew ahead at times to provide some interference for cars that were dangerously speeding.

They made it safely to the other side, and after a mile or so more Mr. Gull, too, took his leave and wished Willi well. After several warm goodbyes, he headed back to the James River to have another fishy lunch with his great great great grand gulls.

Once more Willi found herself alone, and her thoughts at that moment were anxious ones. “I’ll probably never see Mr. Gull again!” she cried as she wiped away a few tears for her friend. But then her resolve took hold. She shrugged her shoulders and took one last sniff of the orange tiger lilies that were waving to her from the side of the road. Then she turned and followed the big brown sign that pointed to Yorktown.

After all, this is what Mr. Gull had instructed her to do. Occasionally an unfamiliar car went by and the people inside honked and waved wildly at her. She was a bit curious about them, but she ignored them.

“What did my friends mean about so many people looking for me? Willi asked herself over and over again. “I don’t see anyone! They must be mistaken.” And with that she lowered her head and steeled herself for the long, lonely walk ahead, to wherever this Yorktown place was.

55
Willi walked for a long while in the midday sun until finally the York River came into view. “WOW, I certainly don’t feel alone here!” she thought as she gazed out over the wide, sleepy river in front of her.

She remembered what Mr. Gull had said, that hundreds of thousands of birds call the Chesapeake Bay their home—bald eagles, snowy egrets, great blue herons, geese, swans, ducks, and of course, gulls. They all live in or around this Bay, along with blue crabs, oysters and striped bass—even sharks and reptiles of many kinds.

“And I am just seeing a small part of it!” Willi exclaimed.

Suddenly something caught her attention. What was it? she wondered, straining to hear. Then out of the corner of her eye she noticed some movement in the water where it lapped up against the bank, and she pounced!

After a huge splash and lots of chaotic laughter, she surfaced.

“Whew, that is not as easy as it looks, you ducks!” Willi bellyached as she climbed back up on the muddy bank.

The gaggle of ducks all laughed uproariously. There must have been dozens of them chiming in, “After all, we have webbed feet and you don’t, little doggie.”

“Plus, we float,” one duck said with a white, puffed up chest. “Good try, though,” another one quacked.
“Wait,” a third one said, “we’ll show you another trick while you are here—hang on!”
As if on cue, all three of the ducks went bottoms-up as their orange webbed feet splashed comically in the waves.
“Ha!” Willi laughed as she climbed the rest of the way back up the steep bank to the Colonial Parkway. It was still quite a trek to Yorktown.
“That was fun!” she grinned.

She was well on her way when Willi heard a deep-throated, piercing call that went something like this: “hoo, hoo, too-HOO; hoo, hoo, too-HOO-ooo!”
Willi heard it a second time but this time it was much closer: “hoo, hoo, too-HOO; hoo, hoo, too-HOO-ooo!”

She looked around to see what was making the racket, but she couldn’t locate its source—that is, until Mr. Barred Owl gently tapped her on the head. He had been sitting on a branch above her the whole time.

“Yikes! You scared the daylights out of me!” Willi yelled in fright.

“Sorry, Willi. I didn’t mean to scare you,” Mr. Owl apologized.

Willi was shocked. “You know my name?” she demanded.

“Yes, of course! Everyone knows who you are by now,” Mr. Owl hooted. “I just flew in to tell you that it won’t be long until you reach Yorktown. So, press on!”

And then in a flash he was gone.
Willi plodded along the grassy edge of the Colonial Parkway for something, anything, to eat. It had, after all, been hours since lunch and she was hungry as a horse.

But she kept thinking about what Mr. Owl had said. “I hope he’s right, that Mr. Owl,” Willi muttered.

“But frankly, I couldn’t be more lonely! He must be wrong. Nobody in the world knows where I am, and they probably couldn’t care less anyway,” she said.

Other dark and dreary thoughts consumed Willi as she walked.

But not to worry! A great many watchful friends have been tracking Willi since she left Williamsburg . . .

See Natural History Notes 42a, 42b, and 42c
Hey, Mr. Raccoon! Where did you come from?” Willi asked when she caught sight of him.

Mr. Raccoon was lounging on a big tree limb that was hanging over the road.

“Oh, we have been following you for miles, Miss Willi. We’ve been here all along—me and Mr. Fox and Missy White-tail, and even your friend, Mr. Bluebird.”

“I just wanted to tell you that you’re going to meet up soon with someone really important who will give you new information and directions. Listen carefully to them,” Mr. Raccoon said.

“You’ll know you are close,” he added, “as soon as you see the big purple Yorktown Onions!”

Like the others, Mr. Raccoon then scrambled high up into the tree and was gone as quickly as he had come.
“Did you hear that, little squirrel?” Willi yelled to a fellow Parkway traveler. “Some important news is coming soon!” Willi gushed. “I hope hope hope it’s what I think it is!” she said, jumping up and down in wild anticipation.

“I hear you, but not so loud!” complained the squirrel who was busily scratching behind his ear. “You’re going to turn me into Brunswick stew with all that noise!”

The two had just started playing a game of hide ‘n seek when Willi’s old friend, Mrs. sing-your-heart-out Robin, flew in.

“Willi, come on,” she chirped. “Let’s get going!”

Mrs. Robin and Willi hadn’t gone far when Willi stopped and gasped.

“Those must be the Yorktown Onions! They are big and purple like Mr. Raccoon described them,” Willi exclaimed. She rushed smack dab into the middle of them, even though Mrs. Robin was in a great hurry.

She had such fun, even Mrs. Robin joined in on it for a few minutes. Willi remembered not to pick the onions, as they are a protected species that grows only in this one spot along the Colonial Parkway near Yorktown. They don’t grow anywhere else in the United States!

See Natural History Notes 43 and 44
Soon they reached a big green York River sign when suddenly a shadow overhead eclipsed the sunlight. Before she had a chance to find cover, a bird with an eight-foot span of wings spread her talons and landed beside her.

**KLUNK!**

“Oh, my gosh, what was that?” Willi shrieked. Willi was afraid. She had never seen a bird so big!

“Hello, Miss Willi,” said the eagle. “Don’t be afraid. I am Mrs. American Bald Eagle, our national symbol, and I have come from high up in the sky with some very good news for you.”

She continued talking to Willi in this manner as she stretched and then carefully folded her gigantic wings.

“There is a search party looking for you in the Yorktown Battlefield.”

“Huh?” Willi gasped.

“Yes, your wish is about to come true,” Mrs. Eagle said. “You will soon be reunited with your Mr. V.”

By now Willi was feeling overwhelmed. She tried to speak but nothing came out except the most pitiful little “Arf.”

Mrs. Eagle continued: “I am going to tell you about a shortcut to the battlefield that only eagles know, Willi. So listen carefully.”
Then they put their heads together and whispered furiously. Afterwards, Mrs. Eagle left just as abruptly as she had come and, once in flight, she tipped her huge wings to Willi exactly as Mr. Bluebird had done.

Willi ran breathlessly to the first stop on Eagle Run.

“Oh boy, oh boy, there are the mobile blue field cannons that were used during the American Revolution!” Willi beamed as she jumped up on one of them.

“And look,” Willi said, pointing, “there is the George P. Coleman Bridge straightaway, exactly where Mrs. Eagle said it would be.”

“Its double-swing span is even opening for a ship!” she exclaimed.

“Yo!” said two little high-pitched voices from underneath the cannons. “This is not a sightseeing stop! Mrs. Eagle told us to keep you moving.”

“So go!” they demanded in unison. It seems that Woody the Woodchuck and Miss Opossum’s job was to make sure Willi kept moving—the clock, after all, was ticking!

See Natural History Notes 46a, 46b, and History Note 46c
So off Willi and Mrs. Robin went in a mad dash for the Yorktown waterfront, their very next stop on Eagle Run.

Suddenly Willi saw him.

“Great, now that you have arrived, Willi,” Mr. Gull smiled back. “Come on, it is my job to take you the last few blocks to the Yorktown Battlefield. Did you have a good trip?” he asked Willi as he fluttered overhead.

“Well, it has been long and lonely at times,” Willi said, “but I also realized that I have made some wonderful friends here—including you, Mr. Gull.” At that moment Willi’s heart felt like it was going burst.

“My sentiments exactly, Willi,” said Mr. Gull, looking back on his dear little friend, who was trotting along after him.

“Okay, we’re heading up here to the monument and then we’ll be turning right into the Battlefield. You are almost home, Willi,” he said.
But Willi just had to stop for a moment at the Yorktown Victory Monument, knowing that Lady Victory and Mrs. American Bald Eagle were friends.

Lady Victory graced the very top of the monument, and she resembled a younger sister to the Statue of Liberty. The monument stood proudly at the edge of the battlefield where, in 1781, George Washington’s troops and French allies won the last decisive fight for American Independence.

“Thanks for sharing your friend with me, Lady Victory!” Willi called out at the top of her voice, hoping it would be heard.

“You’re welcome!” Lady Victory called back. “Bon Voyage,” she said as she waved excitedly.

Willi didn’t know what “Bon Voyage” meant, but it gave her goose bumps!

Mr. Gull then led Willi to Redoubt No. 10, where big things were about to happen.

See History Note 48
A redoubt, by the way, is a small, enclosed fort with artillery and connecting trenches. Pointed wooden spears protected the troops who were inside them.

This was where four-hundred American troops stormed the British-held Redoubt No. 10 and caused Cornwallis to send a British drummer and a British officer with a white flag to ask for a ceasefire.

Some notes passed between Cornwallis and General George Washington as they set the terms for the surrender.

This surrender ended the last major battle of the American Revolution that had started eight years earlier at Lexington and at North Bridge in Concord. It was a momentous day for the Americans.

Mr. Gull reminded Willi that this was her last stop. “This is it,” he said. “Folks will be here soon to fetch you, and one of those folks will be Mr. V.”

Mr. Gull couldn’t help but smile at this little dog that half the world by now had come to love.

“Just stay put here with your friend, Mrs. Robin, and her companions. They will keep you company,” Mr. Gull instructed.
“I will never forget you, Mr. Gull,” Willi called after her friend, who was already in a long glide into the river winds. As before, Mr. Gull tipped his wings in friendship.

While Willi and the birds were cavorting on the redoubt, pretending to be American Revolutionary forces, people started slowly walking toward them.

Willi looked up and guess who she saw? It was none other than (you guessed it) her beloved Mr. V.

Willi’s heart was pounding so fast it felt like it was going to jump right out of her chest . . . and then . . .
We all know there are certain things in life that are better left unsaid. And this is one of them.

“I won’t tell if you won’t,” Willi silently pleaded with us.

She just didn’t have the heart to tell Mr. V how much fun she’d had in his absence. Or how many wonderful friends she had made while lost.

No, she thought she would wait for a while, and maybe tell him when he was a little less, you know, fragile.

“Let’s go home, pal,” Mr. V whispered as he carried Willi in his arms to the car. He talked to her as they walked, telling her again and again how long he had waited for this moment.

The very first thing Mr. V did when he got to the car was put a brand new, bright red collar around Willi’s neck. He had a new ID tag for it, too! Then he gently tucked Willi into the seat beside him.

But Willi quickly stood up on her hind legs to see her friends who had gathered to say goodbye to her.

“Thank you, everyone!” Willi shouted as she waved to them. “I will always remember you. She and Mr. V then drove slowly off into the sunset.
APPENDIX 1

Map of the Colonial Parkway

This is a map of the journey that Willi took from Jamestown to the Yorktown Battlefields. She followed the Colonial Parkway. Can you find where her long trek began? And where it ended?

Credit: National Park Service, Harpers Ferry Center

This information is also posted on the young reader’s Web site at www.willigetsahistorylesson.com
APPENDIX 2

History and Natural History Notes

#2 HISTORY NOTE—Powhatan Indian Village at Jamestown Settlement
Costumed interpreters explore the way of life in a recreated Indian village. Demonstrations show how the Indians grew and prepared food and made tools and pottery, and even processed animal hides.

#3a HISTORY NOTE—Jamestown Rediscovery Archaeological Project
Historic Jamestowne is the site of the first permanent English settlement in America. In 1606, 104 Englishmen set sail from London to Virginia in search of precious metals, minerals, and fur, as well as a water route to the Orient. They encountered Algonquian natives and Pocahontas in late April of 1607. Pocahontas was the favored daughter of the paramount chief named Powhatan, who was the leader of thirty-two groups of Algonquian-speaking tribes in tidewater Virginia. Painstaking excavations by Dr. Bill Kelso and his team of archeologists have uncovered thousands of artifacts as well as the remains of James Fort, which most people believed had washed into the James River. The archeologists are helping us learn about day-to-day life at Historic Jamestowne. (Courtesy Preservation Virginia)

#3b HISTORY NOTE—Pocahontas
The story of Pocahontas is now legendary. She is credited with saving the life of Captain John Smith, who was taken captive by her chieftain father. When the Captain was about to be clubbed to death, Pocahontas is said to have laid her body on top of him to protect him. The statue of Pocahontas on Jamestown Island commemorates this. Note how worn the hand has become from the thousands of visitors who have touched it over the years. Pocahontas means “little-wanton,” or playful, frolicsome little girl. (Courtesy Preservation Virginia)
**#4a HISTORY NOTE—Jamestown Settlement and the Three Ships**

*Susan Constant, Godspeed, and Discovery* are re-creations of three ships that brought English colonists to Virginia in 1607 to establish the first permanent English colony. This was thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts. They are one of the main attractions at Jamestown Settlement that tells the story of the people who founded Jamestown and also of the Powhatan Indians that they encountered there. *Susan Constant* is the largest of the three ships. *Discovery* is the smallest ship. It had been purchased to map and then explore the coastline in North America.

**#4b NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—“Marking Territory”**

“Marking territory” is what dominant dogs do in the presence of other males to show their dominance. They do this by lifting a hind leg to urinate on a tree or a nearby bush.

**#5 NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Laughing Gull**

The Laughing Gull (*Larus atricilla*) is a coastal bird that is found from Nova Scotia to Venezuela. It is rarely found very far inland. It prefers nesting on barrier beaches and estuarine islands that have moderate vegetation. Laughing gulls are noisy, aggressive, quarrelsome birds that often steal the prey of other birds. They even feed on the eggs and young of other birds, sometimes even of their own kind. It is a very social bird that migrates, hunts, and socializes with other laughing gulls. It is named for its distinctive call that sounds like “ha ha ha!” It mostly eats insects, fish, shellfish, and crabs. Even while airborne they can skim the surface of the water for food. They even dive into the water to get food, although they prefer to steal from pelicans or terns after they have made a catch. People offer them food sources like garbage, sewage, and fish refuse from fishing boats, too.

**#6a NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—The James River in Virginia**

The James River in Virginia is 340 miles long and drains a 10,000-square-mile watershed. It is a tributary of Chesapeake Bay. It forms in the Allegheny Mountains near Iron Gate, Virginia, from two rivers, the Cowpasture and Jackson. The first permanent English settlement was founded in 1607 along the banks of the James. Navigation of the James played an important role in Virginia commerce and in the settlement of the interior. The Indians once knew the James River as the Powhatan River.
#6b  NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—American Robin (Red-breasted Robin)

The American Robin (*Turdus migratorius*) is a sure sign of spring! This large thrush is a common sight in the U.S. from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Robins prefer woodland edges and open ground on which to forage for food. Gardens next to woodlands and groves with small trees are ideal for them. In the winter, berry bushes are very attractive to them. They eat earthworms and many insects like caterpillars, termites, grasshoppers, and beetle grubs, along with fleshy fruits and berries like bayberry, elderberry, grape, pyracantha, crab apples, and hollies. They make their nest in the fork of a tree or shrub but they are also likely to nest in windowsills, downspouts, doors, and even light fixtures! Robins migrate south with the onset of winter.

#7  NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—The Colonial Parkway

The Colonial Parkway is a twenty-three-mile route between Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, an area known as the Historic Triangle. The Parkway encompasses wetlands, miles of stream and river shoreline, forests, and fields, as well as many species of animals and flowering plants. Much of the Colonial National Historical Park, which includes the Parkway, extends along either the James or the York Rivers. These two large rivers range along the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay. The Parkway is enjoyed year-round by people walking, bicycling, fishing, or taking a leisurely drive. The roadway has three lanes, the middle one of which is a passing lane.

#8a  HISTORY NOTE—Lord Botetourt, A Very Handsome Figure Indeed

For almost two centuries, Lord Botetourt has graced the courtyard of the Sir Christopher Wren Building. The man, Botetourt, was a popular royal governor of Virginia for two years. And, despite his short tenure in that role, he was a loyal friend and patron of the College. Upon his death, he was honored with an elaborate funeral and buried in the crypt under the chapel of the Wren Building. The original statue was eventually placed for safekeeping in the Botetourt Gallery of the College’s Swem Library (which you can visit). In 1993, a new statue of Lord Botetourt was created in bronze by W&M alumnus, Gordon Kray. Lord Botetourt oversees life at William & Mary.
### History Note—The History of the Christopher Wren Building

The Wren Building was constructed between 1695 and 1699, before the City was founded and while the capital of the Virginia colony was still located at Jamestown. King William III and Queen Mary II of England chartered the College in 1693. Four U.S. Presidents have benefited from educational programs offered by the College. They include George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Tyler. Because of a close official relationship between the College and the Church of England, students began and ended every day with services in the Wren Chapel. Other distinguished Virginians are buried in the chapel crypt besides our friend, Lord Botetourt, including Sir John Randolph, his sons John “the Tory” and Peyton, and Bishop James Madison. The charter of the College named the Reverend James Blair as its first president. Fire has gutted the building three times: in 1705, 1859, and 1862. Each time it has been rebuilt, using the original exterior walls. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., restored it to its Colonial appearance in 1928-31.

### History Note—Definition of “Alma Mater”

Your alma mater is a school you graduated from; a college where one is educated.

### History Note—Thomas Jefferson at William & Mary

Thomas Jefferson, who became the third President of the United States, first stepped into this building himself at the age of sixteen when he enrolled in the College in 1760. By that age, Jefferson was a scholar and able to read Greek and Latin authors in the original text. He frequently studied fifteen hours a day. William Small, who introduced the young scholar to the writings of Locke, Bacon, and Newton, taught Jefferson. He also awakened in him an interest in science. It was a turbulent time in the history of the College. William & Mary’s students and faculty left the college when the Revolution began, but Jefferson and the College both survived and endured in history. There are some nice traditions associated with students and the Wren Building. Freshmen walk through the building at opening convocation as a ceremonial way of starting their course of study. And seniors walk through on their way to commencement. “Bernard,” by the way, is Bernard Bowman, one of the Wren Building’s greatest assets. He came to the Wren Building in 1985 when he retired from the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation after twenty-five years of service. Bernard has long been known as the well-loved “keeper of the keys.”

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#10 HISTORY NOTE—The Wren Chapel
The Wren chapel continues to be used for student worship services, as well as for recitals, induction ceremonies, and alumni weddings and funerals. The design of the chapel is similar to that of many collegiate chapels in Great Britain. The paneling is of native pine and walnut. The royal arms of Kings George I and II are displayed on the front of the gallery to serve as a reminder of the close connection between Church and State during the College’s early years. The interior dimensions of the chapel are twenty-four feet wide by fifty-eight feet, eight inches long. The arrangement of the pews facing the aisle instead of the altar is called antiphonal seating. It derives from an early Christian tradition in which a congregation was divided into two groups for singing the psalms, each side taking a verse in turn.

#11 HISTORY NOTE—Wren Circular Windows
The circular windows in the Wren Chapel are part of the original Colonial design of the building. This type of window is called a “bull’s-eye” window.

#12 HISTORY NOTE—The Wren Building
In 1906, the College of William & Mary became a state institution and in 1918 it admitted women for the first time. As this famous building enters its fourth century, it is still used as an academic building, with faculty offices on the third floor and classrooms throughout the building.

#13 HISTORY NOTE—The Crim Dell
The Crim Dell Bridge was a gift to W&M from the Class of 1964. A Sweetbay variety of Magnolia (*Magnolia virginiana australi*) grows in Crim Dell Meadow, and several beautiful Southern Magnolias can be found around the pond. Crim Dell Meadow provides a natural setting for a sculpture entitled *Spring*, which is of two students studying. (Can you find it?) The most famous tree of all, though, is a Beech (*Fagus grandifolia*) that stands near the pond and carries years of carvings. The legend of the Crim Dell has many slight variations, but what is accepted by everyone is the following: no one is to walk the Crim Dell alone or else that means they will never be married. If you walk across with your special someone and kiss on the bridge, it means you are destined to marry that individual. The only way to avoid marrying that person is to then bring them back to the bridge and throw them off!
**HISTORY NOTE—A Half-Marathon**

A half-marathon is a race over half the distance of a marathon, i.e. about 21.1 kilometers. It is usually run on roads; 21.1 km equals 13.1 miles or 804.5 meters.

**HISTORY NOTE—“Confusion Corner”**

This is the name given by locals to the intersection where Jamestown Road and Richmond Road meet in front of the Christopher Wren Building. The Duke of Gloucester Street begins its one-mile span to the Colonial Capitol at this intersection as well. Jamestown Road traffic has the right-of-way here but there is no traffic light and otherwise poor signage, so visitors to the area are often quite confused by it all!

**HISTORY NOTE—The Adams Garden**

The Adams Garden was dedicated in 1986 to the memory of Gregory S. Adams, a member of William & Mary’s class of 1981. This lovely garden, located at the corner of North Boundary Street and Richmond Road, is directly across from the President’s House on Richmond Road and has become a popular spot for outdoor lunches and study breaks. Local and international visitors plan regular visits throughout the year to enjoy what is in flower. The garden has grown and matured through the volunteer efforts of Madelynn Watkinson (center figure in the photograph) who has worked so hard to create this quiet spot of beauty.

**HISTORY NOTE—The Little Prince**

See all twenty-seven chapters of this enchanting book online by its author Antoine De Saint-Exupery (1900–1944) at www.angelfire.com/hi/littleprince/frames.html

**HISTORY NOTE—Williamsburg Transportation Center (Train Station)**

The Williamsburg Train Station was purchased by the City of Williamsburg in 2000 from Colonial Williamsburg. The challenge was to develop a pedestrian-friendly site plan that would support multi-modal transportation services for the public. It is located within an architectural preservation district that includes significant structures, landscapes, and archaeological sites dating from the Colonial era through the 1940s. It is a lovely sight on almost any night.
#18 HISTORY NOTE—The United States Air Force Heritage of America Band

The USAF Heritage of America Band is stationed at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia, and supports Air Force community relations, patriotism, and recruiting programs through live performances. In June 1946, after a short stay at Brooks Field, Texas, the band arrived at Langley Field, its current home. The band has earned international acclaim and many honors. Every summer it puts on Summer Breeze concerts in Merchant’s Square, which is on the Duke of Gloucester Street near the restored area.

#19 HISTORY NOTE—Colonial Williamsburg’s Fifes and Drums

Fifers and drummers were an important part of the eighteenth century army. They worked with the soldiers in the field even though they were only boys themselves (no girls in the Corps back then). They were age ten to eighteen. Colonial Williamsburg’s Fifes and Drums carry forward this tradition of military music. Since 1958 the Fifes and Drums have treated visitors to military performances dating back to America’s Revolution. Today, members of the Corps are boys and girls ages ten to eighteen. They start their musical training at the age of ten and for the next eight years they perform more than 700 times a year. Members graduate the summer after their senior year in high school.

#20 HISTORY NOTE—Bruton Parish Church and Churchyard

Bruton’s most famous service was held on June 1, 1774, when legislators marked the closing of the port of Boston during a day of ‘Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer.’ The church served as a storehouse, or possibly even a hospital, during the Battle of Yorktown. The church’s high box pews, with doors, are designed for warmth in an unheated church. They are typical of eighteenth century English churches. The baptismal font was brought from the Jamestown Tower Church around 1758. George Washington stood as godfather on fourteen occasions before this font. Among the men of the Revolution who attended Bruton Parish Church were Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, George Wythe, Patrick Henry, and George Mason. One of the notables buried inside the church is Governor Francis Fauquier, a Colonial governor who died in 1768. The first minister of Bruton Parish, the Rev. Roland Jones, was buried in the churchyard in 1688. Inside the church, forty-two graves were identified during the 1905-07 restoration (stones in the floor mark the more prominent graves). Many eighteenth-century gravestones can also be found in the churchyard. However, because all the early stones had to be imported from England, many of the graves in the churchyard are unmarked. It should be noted also that Colonial Virginia churchyards were not the first choice for burial. The custom at the time was to bury the dead at home.
**#21α HISTORY NOTE—Sally Lund’s Bread**

Sally Lund’s bread dates back to 1650s, a time when there were no cookbooks, no microwaves, not even refrigerators—which meant that meals were prepared over the flames in a fireplace. Sally Lund’s biscuits are baked in a Dutch oven. After baking, they are split horizontally and the surface is spread with melted butter, then the top is replaced and they are served warm. Legend has it that Sally Lund, whose real name was Solange Luyon, was a pastry cook in Bath, England, where she made and sold these buns in the streets for over thirty years. Sally Lund’s buns were later a huge success in Colonial America; others tried hard to copy them, but her skill with the rich and delicate dough inspired customers to request the Sally Lund buns. Have you tried them yet?

**#21b HISTORY NOTE—Colonial Williamsburg Harpsichordist**

James S. Darling is a well-known organist and choir director at Bruton Parish Episcopal Church.

**#22 HISTORY NOTE—Colonial Williamsburg Carriages and Horses**

The wheels of the carriages and wagons that navigated rugged Colonial roads had to be built strong and round. Colonial wheelwrights start with a hub fashioned on a lathe from aged wood, such as elm. The wheelwright then uses a chisel to make rectangular spoke holes around the circumference of the wheel. Ash is used for the spokes that eventually join to form a perfect circle. American Creams and Canadian horses pull wagons and carriages throughout the Historic Area. The only modern breed in Colonial Williamsburg’s rare breeds program is also the rarest: fewer than 200 American Creams still exist in North America. Canadian horses, the Foundation’s most recent addition to the rare breeds program, are primarily black or reddish brown. They are energetic and calm and very adaptable to Williamsburg’s tourist environment.

**#23 HISTORY NOTE—Williamsburg Gate Closer Ball with Chain**

In 1936, Colonial Williamsburg began an innovative program to bring high quality reproductions of antiques in its collections to the public. The “Williamsburg 4XX Restoration” hallmark is found on those items that have been approved by the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation as meeting their exacting standards for authentic reproductions or adaptations of them. One of these is the gate closer ball with chain. It comes with sixty inches of chain. All you need to do is dig your own posthole.
The Courthouse was the scene of criminal proceedings ranging from wife beating, pig stealing, debtor and creditor disputes, treason, arson, blasphemy, witchcraft, cheating, public drunkenness, and more. Punishment in Colonial America was quick; the whipping post and the Public Stocks stood just outside the Courthouse, a few steps from the prisoner’s dock. In the public stocks, the subject could not hide his or her face from bystanders. This was part of the public embarrassment aspect of this kind of punishment. Sometimes people threw food and other objects at the offender as well. Often, though, the stocks were just part of a package of punishments. Branding and maiming, for example, would shock us today, but they were a quite common back then. The “stretch-neck” stood in the main squares of towns up and down the colonies. An upright board, hinged or divided in half with a hole in which the head was set and fastened, usually also had two openings for the hands. In some instances the ears of the subject were also nailed to the wood on either side of the hole.

The Courthouse was central to Colonial life in Williamsburg. It is located at the very center of the city on Market Square and actively served the community for more than 160 years. Business was interrupted briefly by the Civil War when it was used as a hospital after the Battle of Williamsburg. Today it is used as a forum for the interpretation of the Colonial legal system and its impact on the lives of ordinary citizens. Visitors participate in mock trials that are based on cases taken from historical records. The Courthouse is where citizens gathered on May 1, 1783, to celebrate the end of the war with England—just as they had seven years earlier when the Declaration of Independence was declared on its steps.

The spark that ignited the Revolution in Virginia was struck at the Magazine, which is where the colony stored its gunpowder. On the night of April 20, 1775, royal marines, under the direction of English Governor Dunmore, stole toward the capitol to empty the arsenal and disable the muskets that were stored there. But they were caught in the act and immediately alerts were given by drums to wake the citizens of Williamsburg. Word of Lexington and Concord reached Williamsburg just a few days later and, within a week, Patrick Henry along with a 150 militiamen were threatening the capitol from a military encampment west of the city. British rule in Virginia ended on June 8th of that year when Dunmore fled with his men to the H.M.S. Fowey that was anchored in the York River.
The Public Hospital for Persons of Insane and Disordered Minds was the first building in North America devoted to the treatment of the mentally ill. It opened its doors in 1773 as a place to put people who “are so unhappy as to be deprived of their reason.” Then Governor Francis Fauquier believed that science could be used to cure them. The idea of the hospital was to restore patients to their lost reason. There were twenty-four secure isolation cells in all. The cells had barred windows, a mattress on the floor, a chamber pot, and an iron ring in the wall to which the person’s wrist or leg chains were attached. It was thought at the time that mental illnesses were diseases of the brain and the nervous system. Treatments back then consisted of restraint, drugs, plunge baths, bleeding, blistering salves, and other inhumane things. For patients in a “state of raving phrenzy,” there were two additional dungeon-like cells under the first floor of the hospital.

The Williamsburg Inn is the “crown jewel” of Colonial Williamsburg hotels. It has hosted many heads of state over the years, including U.S. Presidents and the Queen of England. For visitors, the Inn is a destination in itself for gourmet dining, tennis courts, world-class golf, a fitness club with spa, tea by the fire, and lawn bowling—all in an atmosphere of elegance. The Inn’s dinner menu offers a selection of fine wines and favorites such as tomato-rosemary ravioli with smoked duck confit, sweet lobster bisque, and roasted domestic lamb loin and oxtail rillettes; as well as classics such as Chateaubriand, the Williamsburg Inn crab cake, and its Hazelnut Ice Cream Cake with Strawberries. The famous façade of the Williamsburg Inn hotel has not changed even though, inside, the renovations have spanned three centuries. The most recent renovation was completed in 2001.

The 1868 American Devon Herd Book, Vol. 2, contained this description of Devon cattle: “The late experience of the breeders of Devons only confirms their former opinion of the excellent qualities of the breed, for the three grand objects for which neat stock are kept, namely, milk, work, or beef, and their adaptation to many sections of our country, in preference to any other breed; also that they will produce as much milk, work, or beef, from the food consumed, or on a given quantity of land, as any other breed. The only objection ever presented to the breed, is ‘they are small;’ but we can keep more of them, and that on shorter pastures and coarser food.” Cattle from Devonshire had long been recognized in England for their speed, intelligence, strength, willingness to work, as well
as their ability to prosper on coarse grasses. The breed is red in color, varying in shade from a deep rich red to light red or chestnut color. They may show some white on the tailswitch, udder or scrotum. They also have medium-sized, curved horns that are light colored with dark tips. The American Red Devon is bred at Colonial Williamsburg.

### HISTORY NOTE—Leicester Longwool Sheep

Leicester Longwool Sheep have a long, lustrous coat that falls in ringlets. Leicester (pronounced “Lester”) Longwools originated in Britain. They were used in America, Australia, New Zealand, and other colonies settled by the Crown. The original herd of Colonial Williamsburg’s Leicester Longwool sheep came from Tasmania, but the sheep are now bred here. The breed was developed in the 1700s by Robert Bakewell, the first to utilize modern animal breeding techniques in the selection of livestock. His work with these sheep not only changed livestock farming, but also influenced the work of Charles Darwin and Gregor Mendel. George Washington was so interested in Bakewell’s ideas that he made reference to him in several letters; thus the Leicester Longwool were well known in the colonies. Colonial Williamsburg’s Leicester sheep project was suddenly promoted because of an unexpected tragedy. For some unknown reason, someone brutally killed Willoughby in 1988, Colonial Williamsburg’s only Leicester ram lamb. From the expressions of sorrow that came in from all over the world in the wake of his death, Colonial Williamsburg was able to purchase more Leicester Longwool sheep. The breed is endangered, and today there are fewer than 200 of them in North America.

### HISTORY NOTE—Tricorn Hat

Does the tricorn hat have a functional purpose? The answer is yes! One side of the brim was folded up so that when you shouldered your musket you didn’t knock off your hat. It also provided a little aerodynamic support for the militiamen riding horses; in other words, the hat didn’t blow off so easily while riding!

### HISTORY NOTE—Shields Tavern

Food played an important part in the social life of the community back in Jefferson’s day. Dinners were long, conversations lasted well into the night, and the taverns of Williamsburg provided the food and drink and the political atmosphere that inspired the Revolution! Shields Tavern is a wonderful place to participate in that eighteenth-century world: authentic Colonial dishes have been adjusted for the modern commercial kitchen
while still retaining the original texture and flavor of the translated recipes. The “Shields Sampler” is a sampling of five or six of these recipes on one plate.

#32 HISTORY NOTE—King’s Arm Tavern

The King’s Arm Tavern catered to Virginia gentry and the politically influential around the time of the Revolutionary war. What kinds of things can you eat at King’s Arms? Well, not peanut butter sandwiches probably, but you can order roast prime rib of beef, lamb, peanut soup, Brunswick stew, honey and cider-cured Smithfield pork porterhouse, Williamsburg pecan pie, and more.

#33 HISTORY NOTE—Eastern Gray Squirrel

Squirrels are a diverse group of rodents found in most parts of the world except Australia, southern South America, and in some desert areas. There are three basic types of squirrels: tree squirrels, flying squirrels, and ground squirrels. The Eastern Gray Squirrel (Sciurus carolinensis)—a tree squirrel—is found in Williamsburg and ranges over the eastern United States to just west of the Mississippi and as far north as Canada. It eats nuts, flowers, and the buds of many species of oaks, hickory, pecan, and walnut and beech trees. Crops, such as corn and wheat, are eaten, especially in the winter. Its diet may also include bones, bird eggs and nestlings, and frogs. They bury winter food caches using a method called ‘scatter hoarding’ and locate these caches using both memory and their sense of smell. Many predators prey on eastern grey squirrels. They give warning calls to warn neighboring squirrels of the presence of predators, and their extreme agility in the trees makes them difficult to capture. These squirrels provided food for Native Americans and colonists and are still eaten by some people today. Squirrels, however, are ranked second only to birds in value to nature watchers and children.

#34 HISTORY NOTE—The Capitol

Built between 1701 and 1705, the first Williamsburg Capitol served the colony of Virginia until fire destroyed it in 1747. The second Capitol at Williamsburg was built between 1751 and 1753 on the foundations of the first. It was last used as a capitol on December 24, 1779 when the General Assembly adjourned to reconvene in May at the new capital in Richmond. In 1928 Colonial Williamsburg reconstructed the original capitol; and since then Virginia legislators have convened for a day every other year in honor of the original general assembly of the colony of Virginia. It was in the capitol that Patrick

#35 HISTORY NOTE—St. George Tucker House

The rambling residence on Palace Green known as the St. George Tucker House is one of the more interesting and appealing houses in Williamsburg. It was enlarged several times after 1788, partly to accommodate Tucker’s children. His two wives brought a total of five stepchildren with their marriages. In addition, his first wife bore him six children of his own, and the second three. Tucker came to Virginia from Bermuda at the age of nineteen to pursue an education in law at the College of William and Mary. He enrolled at the College for six months and read law under George Wythe, who had been a teacher of Thomas Jefferson. Tucker graduated from William & Mary in 1772. He enjoyed a prosperous life as a judge and as a law professor at William & Mary. The Tucker family produced a long line of jurists and scholars.

#36 HISTORY NOTE—Palace Green

Palace Green was designed to focus the eye on the Governor’s Palace. It was also intended to provide the Governor with an unimpeded view of the heart of the Williamsburg community. It was, as well, a location for various community celebrations such as the Grand Illumination that draws thousands of visitors to the Palace Green for annual Christmas fireworks.

#37 HISTORY NOTE—The Governor’s Palace

The Governor’s Palace, built in 1722, is one of three great public buildings in Williamsburg, after the Wren Building and the Capitol. It was the home for Virginia’s chief executive in the capital of England’s largest American colony. At first it was called the Governor’s House, but in 1714 it was changed to “Palace.” The house required twenty-five servants as well as slaves who tended to the property. There were butlers, cooks, footmen, laundresses, gardeners, maids, grooms, and other laborers. Governor Thomas Jefferson once lived there. On December 22, 1781 a fire destroyed the building. Artifacts unearthed in the ruins, Jefferson’s drawings, General Assembly records, and a copperplate engraving discovered in the Bodleian Library in England, were employed in the 1934 reconstruction of the original buildings.
**NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Eastern Cottontail**

Cottontails (*Sylvilagus floridanus*) are commonly seen in the Historical Triangle and are great favorites of children. In the United States they range from the east coast to the Great Plains. Long ears, big eyes, and speedy getaways are attributes that very often save them in encounters with predators such as hawks, owls, snakes, and foxes. Cottontails breed from February to September and produces from one to twelve offspring every thirty days or so. A cottontail is sexually mature at around two months of age. They are short-lived, though; most do not survive beyond their third year. Eastern cottontails have excellent vision and hearing, and they have a good sense of smell. They emit cries of worry (to startle an enemy or warn others of danger), squeals (during mating), and grunts. The eastern cottontail is a vegetarian.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Eastern Bluebird**

The Eastern Bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) arrives in the Historic Triangle in early spring. It is found east of the Rocky Mountains, spanning from southern Canada to the Gulf States and even into Mexico and as far south as Honduras. Many years ago bluebirds were plentiful, but they nearly ceased to exist in the face of starlings that took over nesting places, and pesticides that were introduced to kill insects that bluebirds fed on. Today they are making a comeback thanks to bird lovers and conservationists who have been instrumental in the widespread posting of man-made birdhouses for them. The male bluebird is sky-blue in color with a breast the color of a ripe orange. The female is more subdued in color. Bluebirds prefer open land with scattered trees for perching, nesting, and feeding. They are often seen, thus, in parks and gardens and in other areas that provide perching areas such as fences and utility wires. They are a very social species. The bluebird’s future is still of great concern to conservationists. The number of individuals has drastically dropped in past years (in some places by as much as ninety percent). Recent increases in numbers have been encouraging, but habitat destruction and competition for the house sparrow and from the European starling is intense.

**HISTORY NOTE—The Colonial Parkway**

The Colonial Parkway is a twenty-three-mile link between Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown. A tunnel was built through Williamsburg as a result of Colonial Williamsburg officials voicing objection to a modern parkway intruding upon the ambience of the historic capitol. In the end a tunnel seemed to be the most cost-effective way to bypass Williamsburg. A thirty-foot-wide
reinforced concrete tunnel was constructed, and earth was then placed over the structure and landscaped. The tunnel opened for traffic in 1949 and continues to be a major thoroughfare through Williamsburg to Jamestown and Yorktown on either side.

#40a NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—The Chesapeake Bay

The Chesapeake Bay is the largest estuary in the United States. It is an incredibly complex ecosystem where salt and fresh water mix. Its watershed includes parts of six states (Delaware, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia, as well as all of the District of Columbia). It is almost 200 miles long and up to 35 miles wide near the mouth of the Potomac River. Much of its 18 trillion gallons of water come from the Atlantic Ocean and 150 major rivers and streams that flow into its drainage basin. Even so, the average depth is only about twenty-one feet. In fact, a six-foot tall person could wade through about 700,000 acres of the Bay and never get his or her hat wet. Even the smallest of creatures play a vital role in the overall health of the Bay, which supports more than 3,600 species of plants and fish and animals, including twenty-nine species of waterfowl. The Bay is a major resting ground along the Atlantic Migratory Bird Flyway. Everything we humans do on the land surrounding the Bay—including the use of fertilizers, pesticides, toilets, cars, water and electricity—affects the health of the Bay and its many tributaries.

#40b NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Ducks, Swans and Geese

Ducks, swans, and geese (Family anatidae) are distributed worldwide, except for the Antarctic region. They commonly inhabit lakes, ponds, streams, rivers, and marshes. They eat the seeds, roots, stems, leaves and flowers of aquatic vegetation as well as plankton or algae, and even mollusks, aquatic insects, crustaceans, and small fish. Mammalian predators of anatids include humans, red fox, striped skunk, raccoon (Procyon lotor), badger (Taxidea taxus), coyote (Canis latrans), weasels and minks. Avian predators include the American Crow (Corvus brachyrhynchos), Black-billed Magpie (Pica pica), skuas (Catharacta), and owls. Anatids are known for their flock formations, which probably serve to provide predator protection. They spend copious amounts of time in the water and on preening and feather maintenance. They use their bills to coat and waterproof their feathers with oil from the uropygial gland. Anatids often form small groups to roost either on the water or on land. When on the water, a sleeping bird will tuck its bill under its wing; on land birds may stand on one leg. Anatids are socially active while feeding, roosting, and even migrating. Their vocalizations include trumpeting, whistles, twitters, honks, barks, grunts, quacks, croaks and growls.
**#41 NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Barred Owl**

The Barred Owl (*Strix varia*) is medium-sized and gray-brown in color, and is streaked with white horizontal barring on the chest and vertical barring on the belly. They are round-headed with a whitish/brown facial disk with dark brown trim. The beak is yellow. This is a highly vocal owl that sounds a resounding “hoo, hoo, too-HOO; hoo, hoo, too-HOO, ooo.” The calls are often heard in a series of eight, followed by silence when the owl is listening for a reply from other owls. Meadow voles are the barred owl’s main prey, followed by shrews and deer mice. Other common food sources are rats, squirrels, young rabbits, bats, moles, opossums, mink, and weasels, and even things like small fish, turtles, frogs, snakes, lizards, scorpions, beetles, crickets and grasshoppers. Even birds are occasionally taken. Although barred owls prefer to nest in tree cavities, this species is also known to use empty hawk nests, crow’s nests, or even squirrel nests. Their reliance on large tree cavities means that populations of barred owls are dependent on the presence of old growth forests throughout much of their range. Pairs mate for life and their territories and nest sites are maintained for many years.

**#42a NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Raccoon**

The Algonquin Indians called the Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) “arakunem,” meaning “he who scratches with his hands.” The raccoon uses its front feet to open clams or other shellfish, and then it washes its food before eating. In fact, their Latin name, lotor, means “the washer.” Raccoons are extremely adaptable animals. While woodlands near water are their preferred habitat, they are commonly found in more urban areas. The primary causes of death, as a result, are humans (hunting, trapping, cars) and malnutrition.

**#42b NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—White-tailed Deer**

The White-Tailed Deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*) is the most popular game animal in the commonwealth of Virginia. White-tails browse twigs or leaves of young trees and cultivated crops like corn, rye and wheat. Their ideal habitat contains dense thickets (in which to hide and move about) and forest edges (which furnish food). They breed once yearly. When looking for food, females leave their offspring in a hiding place for about four hours at a time. The fawns, while waiting for the return of the mother, lay flat on the ground with their necks outstretched and well camouflaged on the forest floor. People mistakenly think that a lone fawn has been abandoned when it hasn’t been abandoned at all. So don’t touch! The fawn’s mother will most likely be back.
#42c NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Red Fox

The Red Fox (*Vulpes vulpes*) is found all over North America. They thrive in a wide range of habitats including forest, tundra, prairie and farmland. Their preferred habitats have a diversity of vegetation. Its breeding season is December through March. Red fox males and females cooperate to care for the pups who remain with their parents at least until the fall of the year they were born in, and will sometimes remain longer, especially females. Red foxes are solitary animals and do not form packs like wolves. They mostly eat rodents, rabbits, insects, fruit, and also carrion. Foxes help to control populations of their prey animals and they help disperse seeds by eating fruit. Foxes can transmit the disease of rabies to humans, so look but do not touch.

#43 HISTORY NOTE—Brunswick Stew

Brunswick stew is a spicy Southern specialty: chicken (or other small game such as squirrel) with corn and tomatoes and lima beans and okra and onions and potatoes. This dish was often made when times were lean.

#44 NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Yorktown Onion

The Yorktown Onion in the United States is native only to York County, Virginia. It was found originally in southern Russia and from there it was introduced into England in the sixteenth century. It probably came to this country accidentally, either as seeds or in supplies sent with the early colonists from the mother country. They are plentiful in one spot along the Colonial Parkway near Yorktown. When you see the fields of purple blooms, you know that Yorktown is just a hop, skip, and a jump away. Do not pick the Yorktown Onions, as they are a protected species.

#45 NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—The Bald Eagle

The Bald Eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) is our national bird and the only eagle unique to North America. It flourishes along the northwest coast of North America, in part because of the salmon; but it is currently designated as “Threatened” in the lower forty-eight states. When America adopted the bird as its national symbol in 1782, more than one million nesting bald eagles lived in the continental United States. The later decline of the bald eagle coincided with (1) over-hunting; (2) habitat destruction by loggers and farmers; and (3) the widespread use of the
pesticide DDT. DDT-contaminated eagles either fail to lay eggs or their eggs have thin shells that
tend to break during incubation. Once DDT was banned in the United States (in 1972), the Eagle
started its comeback. Then in 1973, Congress created the Endangered Species Act and the Eagle
was one of the first species to be given protection under that act. Today its numbers have risen to
an estimated 12,000 in the lower forty-eight states. Yet its future is still far from secure. We have
to be constantly vigilant if it is going to survive. The bald eagle is a large, powerful, brown bird
with a white head and tail. The word “bald” once meant “white,” not “hairless.” Females can
weigh up to fourteen pounds with a wingspan up to eight feet. The males are smaller. Bald Eagles
mate for life and build huge nests in the tops of trees near water. These nests can reach twenty
feet across and weigh as much as two tons. Each year the mating pair adds onto the nest. The
female lays two eggs, usually in December of each year. Eagles eat fish, water birds, and turtles,
as well as rabbits and rodents. When hunting, the bald eagle seeks its prey from a perch or from
high in the sky, then swoops down and snatches up the prey in its talons. Another method used
by bald eagles to get food is to steal it from other birds.

#46α  NATURAL HISTORY NOTE—Woodchuck

The Woodchuck (Marmota monax) is better known as a groundhog. It has a stocky
body with a pudgy face, and a large nose and black tail. Its feet are black and slightly
flattened with curved claws for digging. Its ears are small, low and rounded and its eyes
are little. The woodchuck is actually a member of the squirrel family. Woodchucks like
rolling farmland, woodlots, and brushy fence lines, even grassy lawns. They especially
prefer forest edges where they are never far from cover. They are often seen along the
grassy edge of the Colonial Parkway. They are a solitary little rodent except during mating which
begins in their second year. When alarmed they give a loud, shrill whistle. Because of its relatively
large size, its main predators include red foxes and humans, although some are taken by bears,
weasels and even rattlesnakes. Automobiles kill many woodchucks. They feed on grasses, clover,
alfalfa, wheat, corn, soybeans, and berries. Gardeners and farmers consider woodchucks to be pests
and go to great lengths to get rid of them, including shooting them. You’ll often see them sitting on
their haunches pulling plants over with their forepaws. Their burrows are extensive. Horses have
been known to break their legs when stumbling into these burrows that can also destroy building
foundations. Woodchucks are true hibernators. They hibernate from late October until March or
April in one of the underground corridors of its burrow, relying solely on body fat for winter
survival. While hibernating, it rolls itself into a ball and tucks its head between its hind legs.
You’ve heard about Ground Hog Day? The legend is that when the woodchuck rises from
hibernation on February 2 and sees its shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter.
The Opossum (*Didelphus virginianus*) is about the size of a cat (it weighs from four-fourteen pounds) and has rough grayish-black fur. It also has a white face, a pink nose, and a long hairless, pink tail. And fifty teeth! Not only that, but they have opposable thumbs like humans and they use their tail like another hand to hold onto branches. The opossum is the only marsupial (pouch animal) in the United States. Thirteen days after the female becomes pregnant, six to sixteen tiny babies are born. They crawl to her fur-lined pouch and find one of thirteen nipples to suck on. They stay in the pouch for two months until they have hair. At that point they crawl out of the pouch and ride around on the mother’s back for another several weeks. This animal is well known for “playing possum” or pretending to be dead when it is in danger. They actually pass out. However, they might also aggressively hiss and drool to try to scare a predator away; or they might throw up or go to the bathroom—anything to make them smelly and disgusting so the potential predator will not want to eat them! Opossums are scavengers and rarely prey on live animals. Instead, they eat foods and garbage that other animals won’t eat, along with fruits and nuts, green plants, insects, earthworms, birds, and even road kill. Their primary predators include coyotes, foxes, large owls, hawks, and cars. Humans also hunt Virginia opossums for food. They are found in a variety of environments but they prefer wet areas, especially streams and swamps. They can carry and transmit rabies.

The mobile “field” cannon was used in Colonial America during the French and Indian War as well as during the American Revolution—a type in use over a span of almost 700 years, stretching long before and after this era. During the Revolutionary War, cannons were considered the queens of the battlefield. Unsupported infantry usually lost if the enemy had cannons.

The George P. Coleman Bridge, better known as the Yorktown Bridge, spans one-mile over the York River between Yorktown and Gloucester. The bridge is a 3,750-foot double-swing-span bridge. This means that two center swing spans move while the remaining plate girder spans are stationery. It has been in place for more than forty years. The original structure was designed to carry 15,000 vehicles a day but today the reconstructed bridge carries over 27,000 vehicles a day and that is expected to rise. The bridge opens for large sailing vessels and for ships that are destined for the
Naval Weapons Station upstream. Its reconstruction was a noteworthy event: it is the first known project in the United States where a bridge this size has been floated in on barges, essentially ready for traffic. According to the Virginia Department of Transportation it took only nine days to replace the world’s second largest double swing-span bridge: Says VDOT: “About 2,500 feet of new spans were floated into place with everything ready to carry traffic including pavement, light poles, and barrier walls. The new sections were built thirty miles downstream and floated up the Chesapeake Bay before being placed on the old bridge’s river piers. Many people wonder how the swing-spans rotate without hitting other spans. The answer: the two main river piers have devices that lift the swing-spans to different elevations so they mesh when they rotate.

HISTORY NOTE—Yorktown Monument

Lady Victory at Yorktown resembles a younger sister to the Statue of liberty. She sits atop a tall, slender pedestal at the edge of the Yorktown Battlefield where, in 1781, Washington’s troops and French allies won the last decisive fight for American independence. The U.S. Government erected the monument on the centennial of the Yorktown victory. Inscribed on the monument are the names of Americans known to have lost their lives in the Yorktown campaign. Nearby is a monument that bears the names of the French soldiers who died at Yorktown under the leadership of General Rochambeau. The Yorktown monument is visible for many miles.

HISTORY NOTE—The Siege of Yorktown

On the night of October 14, 1781, 400 French troops attacked Redoubt No. 9 while 400 American troops stormed Redoubt No. 10. They captured both positions in less than thirty minutes. Nine Americans and fifteen Frenchmen died in this brief and heroic action. Redoubts are small, enclosed forts with artillery and connecting trenches. Pointed wooden spears protect the troops inside the redoubt. Three days later Cornwallis proposed a ceasefire. He sent a British drummer followed by a British officer with a white flag and a note indicating his desire for a ceasefire. A number of notes passed between Cornwallis and Washington as they set a framework for the surrender. The next day, Cornwallis’s army marched out of Yorktown between two lines of Allied soldiers—Americans on one side, the French on the other. This ended the last major battle of the American Revolution that started eight years earlier at Lexington and at North Bridge in Concord. Cornwallis was in Yorktown because he had been ordered to provide a protected harbor for the British fleet in the lower Chesapeake Bay. In 1783 the final treaty was signed, which formally ended the war and acknowledged American Independence.
HISTORY NOTE—Redoubt No. 10

Redoubt No. 10 was captured from the British on the night of October 14 in a bayonet attack led by Alexander Hamilton. Among those who stood out was Sgt. William Brown who later was the recipient of one of the first Purple Heart awards. Afterwards, this award was reserved for extraordinary bravery in action. Five days after its capture, the allied leaders met in Redoubt No. 10 and signed the Articles of Capitulation, which already had been signed by the British commanders. This is probably one of the most memorable spots on the Yorktown Battlefield.

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