

Standard 3(a) Rational: Uses student achievement data, local standards, and the district curriculum in planning for instruction.

For this criterion, I selected a primary source activity from the Civil War unit in my 9th grade U.S. History class. In this activity students are paired into homogeneous reading groups and given a slave narrative to analyze. I used the WPA Slave Narratives collected during the Great Depression. These are actual first-hand accounts of slavery given by ex-slaves. This activity is only one part of a larger project. First students learn about the history of the WPA Slave Narratives, then they gain some exposure to other examples of slave narratives to understand the dialect in which these narratives are written. Ultimately, each student is expected to write their own fictitious slave narrative at the end of unit to demonstrate their understanding of slave resistance, the role of African-Americans in the Civil War, and the conditions of Freedmen after the war. This artifact represents how I use student achievement data in planning for instruction, because there are three slave narratives that may be assigned. One is for “non-proficient” readers, another is for “proficient” readers, the last is for “independent” readers. I used district data on student reading proficiencies (Iowa Assessment reading results) to create student groupings and assign primary sources for analysis. This activity also adheres to our district’s responsibility to align local curriculum to state-mandated Iowa CORE literacy standards in literacy. This lesson specifically emphasizes meeting literacy standards: RH.9-10.1-5 for identifying key ideas and details in primary sources.

Standard 3(a) Artifact:

Slave Narratives

What was slavery like?	What was life like after slavery?
Passive/Active Resistance	Surprising/Interesting Details

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Abner Jordan

Ex-slave, 95 years.

" I wus bawn about 1832 an' I wus bawn at Staggsville, Marse Paul Cameron's place. I belonged to Marse Paul. My pappy's name wus Obed an' my mammy wus Ella Jordan an' dey wus thirteen chillun on our family.

I wus de same age of Young Marse Benehan, I played wid him an' wus his body guard. Yes, suh, Where ever young Marse Benehan went I went too. I waited on him. Young Marse Benny run away an' 'listed in de war, but Marse Paul done went an' brung him back kaze he wus too young to go and fight de Yankees.

Marse Paul had a heap if niggahs; he had five thousan'. When he meet dem in de road he wouldn' know dem an' when ha azed dem who dey wus an' who dey belonged to, dey' tell him dey belonged to Marse Paul Cameron an' den he would say dat wus all right for dem to gâ right on.

My pappy wus de blacksmith an' foreman for Marse Paul, an' he blew de horn for de other niggahs to come in from de fiel' at night. Dey couldn' leave de plantation without Marse say dey could.

When de war come de Yankees come to de house an' axed my mammy where de folks done hid de silver an' gol', an' dey say dey gwine to kill mammy if she didn' tell dem. But mammy say she didn' know where dey put it, an' dey would jus' have to kill her for she didn' know an' wouldn' lie to keep dem from hurting her.

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De sojers stole seven or eight of de ho'ses an' foun' de meat an' stole dat, but dey didn' burn none of de buildin's nor hurt any of us slaves.

My pappy an' his family stayed wid Marse Paul five years after de surrender den we moved to Hillsboro an' I's always lived 'roun' dese parts. I ain' never been out of North Carolina eighteen months in my life. North Carolina is good enough for me".

DOC EDWARDS,
EX-SLAVE, 84 Yrs.

I was bawn at Stagville, N. C., in 1853. I belonged to Marse Paul Cameron. My pappy was Murphy McCullers. Mammy's name was Judy. Dat would make me a McCullers, but I was always knowed as Doc Edwards an' dat is what I am called to dis day.

I growed up to be de houseman an' I cooked for Marse Benehan, - Marse Paul's son. Marse Benehan was good to me. My health failed from doing so much work in de house an' so I would go for a couple of hours each day an' work in de fiel' to be out doors an' get well again.

Marse Paul had so many niggers dat he never counted dem. When we opened de gate for him or met him in de road he would say, "Who is you? Where you belong? We would say, "We belong to Marse Paul." "Alright, run along" he'd say den, an' he would trow us a nickel or so.

We had big work shops where we made all de tools, an' even de shovels was made at home. Dey was made out of wood, so was de rakes, pitchforks an' some of de hoes. Our nails was made in de blacksmith shop by han' an' de picks an' grubbin' hoes, too.

We had a han' thrashing machine. It was roun' like a stove pipe, - only bigger. We fed de wheat to it an' shock it 'til de wheat was loose from de straw an' when it come out at de other end it fell on a big cloth, bigger den de sheets. We had big curtains all roun' de cloth on de floor, like a tent, so de wheat wouldn' get scattered. Den we took de pitchfork an' lifted de straw up an' down so de wheat would go on de cloth. Den we moved de straw when de wheat was all loose

Den we fanned de wheat wid big pieces of cloth to get de dust an' dirt outen it, so it could be taken to de mill an' groun' when it was wanted.

When de fall come we had a regular place to do different work. We had han' looms an' wove our cotton an' yarn an' made de cloth what was to make de clothes for us to wear.

We had a shop whare our shoes was made. De cobbler would make our shoes wid wooden soles. After de soles was cut out dey would be taken down to de blacksmith an' he would put a thin rim of iron aroun' de soles to keep dem from splitting. Dese soles was made from maple an' ash wood.

We didn' have any horses to haul wid. We used oxen an' ox-carts. De horse and mules was used to do de plowin'.

When de Yankees come dey didn' do so much harm. only dey tole us we was free niggers. But I always feel like I belong to Marse Paul, an' i still live at Stagville on de ole plantation. I has a little garden an' does what I can to earn a little somethin'. De law done fixed it so now dat I will get a little pension, an' I'll stay right on in dat little house 'til de good Lawd calls me home, den I will see Marse Paul once more.

GY HART, 78 Yrs.
Ex-slave.

Ephram Hart was my pappy and my mammy's name was Nellie. He belonged to Marse Ephram Hart. One day Marse Hart took some of his niggers to de slave market an' my pappy was took along too. When he was put on de block an' sold Marse Paul Cameron bought him. Den Marse Hart felt so sorry to think he done let my pappy be sold dat he tried to buy him back from Marse Paul, an' offered him more den Marse Paul paid for him. But Marse Paul said, "No, Suh. I done bought him an' I want det nigger myself an' I am goin' take him home wid me to Snow Hill farm."

Pappy married my mammy an' raised a family on Marse Paul's plantation. We had to be eight years ole before we 'gun to work. I tended de chickens an' turkeys an' sech. I helped tend de other stoek too as I growed older, an' do anythin' else dat I was yole to do. When I got bigger I helped den wid de thrashin' de wheat an' I helped dem push de straw to de staek.

We had what wuz den called a 'groun' hog. It was a eylinder shaped contraption. We put de wheat straw an all in it an' knook de grain loose from de straw. Den we took de pitchforks an' tossed de straw up an' about, an' dat let de wheat go to de bottom on a big eloth. Den we fan de wheat, to get de dust an' dirt out, an' we had big eurtains hung 'roun' de eloth whar de wheat lay, so de wheat wouldn' get all scattered, on de groun'. Dis wheat was sacked an' when wanted, 'twaz took to de mill an' groun' into flour. De flour wuz made into white bread an' de eorn wuz groun' into meal an' grits.

When de war started der wuz some bad times. One day some of Wheeler's men come an' dey tried to take what dey wanted, but Marse Paul had de silver money an' other things hid. Dey wanted us niggers to tell dem whar everythin'

wuz, but we said we didn' know nuthin'. Marse Paul wuz hid in de woods wid de horses an' some of de other stock.

Den Wheeler's men saw de Yankees comin' an' dey run away. De Yankees chased dem to de bridge an' dey done some fightin' an' one or two of Wheeler's men wuz killed an' de rest got away.

Den de captain of de Yankees come to Mammy's cabin an' axed her whar de meat house an' flour an' sech st. She tole him dat Pappy had de keys to go an' ax him. "Ax him nothin'", de captain said. He called some of his mens an' dey broke down de door to de meat house. Den dey trowed out plenty of dose hams an' dey tole Mammy to cook dem somethin' to eat and plenty of it. Mammy fried plenty of dat ham an' made lots of bread an' fixed dem coffee. Now dey did eat! Dey wuz jus' as nice as dey could be to Mammy an' when dey wuz through, dey tole Mammy dat she could have de rest, an' de captain gave her some money an' he tole her dat she wuz free, dat we didn' belong to Marse Paul no longer. Dey didn' do any harm to de place. Dey wuz jus' looking for somethin' to eat. Den dey left.

(We didn' leave Marse Paul but stayed on an' lived wid him for many years. I lived wid Marse Paul 'til he died an' he done selected eight of us niggers to tote his coffin to de chapel, an' de buryin' groun'. He said, "I want dese niggers to carry my body to de chapel an' de grave when I die". We did. It wuz a load I would have been glad had der been two or four more to help tote Marse Paul for he sho wuz heavy. After everythin' wuz ready we lifted him up an' toted him to de chapel an' we sat down on de floor, on each side of de coffin, while de preacher preached de funeral sermon. We didn' make any fuss while sittin' dere on de floor, but we sho wuz full of grief to see our dear ole Marse Paul lying dere dead.)