

**Lesson:** Transportation Then and Now

**Opening Statement:**

People have always had a means of going from place to place. Early people traveled on foot, rode upon animals or used animals to pull a conveyance. During the lifetime of Paul Laurence Dunbar both of these means were used as well as the railroad for mass transit. In his last years he probably saw the use of automobiles.

**Standards Achieved:**

English Language Arts  
Social Studies Skills

**Grade:** 3<sup>rd</sup>, adaptable to all

**Knowledge Objectives:**

Students will learn:

Transportation is needed to get from one place to another.  
Transportation at the turn-of-the-20<sup>th</sup>-century was different.  
Why transportation is important to everyone.

**Sill Objectives:**

Students will learn:

To identify modes of transportation at the turn-of-the-20<sup>th</sup>-century.  
To identify current modes of transportation.  
To make a model of a turn-of-the-20<sup>th</sup>-century wagon.

**Preliminary Activity:**

Ask students bring model cars, trains, buses, planes, skate boards, etc. to class.

**Procedure:**

1. Discuss transportation. Ask the students why transportation is important now.
2. Ask students why transportation was important during the turn-of-the-20<sup>th</sup>-century.
3. Ask students to name various modes of transportation they use today.
4. Discuss transportation at the turn-of-the-20<sup>th</sup>-century. Ask students to name modes of transportation people could have used before airplanes, automobiles, buses, skate boards, etc. were invented. (Bicycles were used.)
5. After students have given their responses, show them the picture of one of the modes of transportation during that time, the horse-drawn-wagon.
6. Discuss what a wagon looks like.
7. Use a shoebox, cardboard, pencils, crayons, and scissors to make a model wagon. It must have wheels that move and a place for passengers to sit.
8. Decorate the model wagon.

## RIDING TO TOWN

When labor is light and the morning is fair,  
I find is a pleasure beyond all compare  
To hitch up my nag and go hurrying down  
And take Katie May for a ride into town;  
For bumpety-bump goes the wagon,  
But tra-la-la-la our lay.  
There's joy in a song as we rattle along  
In the light of the glorious day.

A coach would be fine, but a spring wagon's good;  
My jeans are a match for Kate's gingham and hood;  
The hills take us up and the vales take us down,  
But what matters that? We are riding to town;  
And bumpety-bump goes the wagon, But tra-la-la-la sing we.  
There's never a care may live in the air  
That is filled with the breath of our glee.

And after we've started, that's naught can repress  
The thrill of our hearts in their wild happiness;  
The heavens may smile or the heavens may frown,  
And it's all one to us when we're riding to town.  
For bumpety-bump goes the wagon, But tra-la-la-al we shout,  
For our hearts they are clear and there's nothing to fear,  
And we've never a pain not a doubt.

The wagon is weak and the roadway is rough,  
And tho' it is long it is not long enough,  
For mid all my ecstasies this is the crown  
To sit beside Katie and ride into town,  
When bumpety-bump goes the wagon, But tra-la-la-la our song;  
And if I had my way, I'd be willing to pay  
If the road could be made twice as long.

Paul Laurence Dunbar  
1872 – 1906

## ON THE RIVER

The sun is low, the waters flow, my boat is dancing to and fro.  
The eve is still, yet from the hill the killdeer echoes loud and shrill.

The paddles splash, the wavelets dash, we see the summer lightning flash;  
While now and then, in marsh and fen, too muddy for the feet of men.

Where neither bird nor beast has stirred, the spotted bullfrog's croak is heard.  
The wind is high, the grasses sigh, the sluggish stream goes sobbing by.

And far away the dying day has cast its last effulgent ray;  
While on the land the shadows stand proclaiming that the eve's at hand.

Paul Laurence Dunbar  
1872 – 1906

## A ROADWAY

Let those who will stride on their barren roads  
And prick themselves to haste with self-made goads,  
Unheeding, as they struggle day by day,  
If flowers be sweet or skies be blue or gray:  
For me, the lone, cool way by purling brooks,  
The solemn quiet of the woodland nooks,  
A song-bird somewhere trilling sadly gay,  
A pause to pick a flower along the way.

Paul Laurence Dunbar  
1872 – 1906