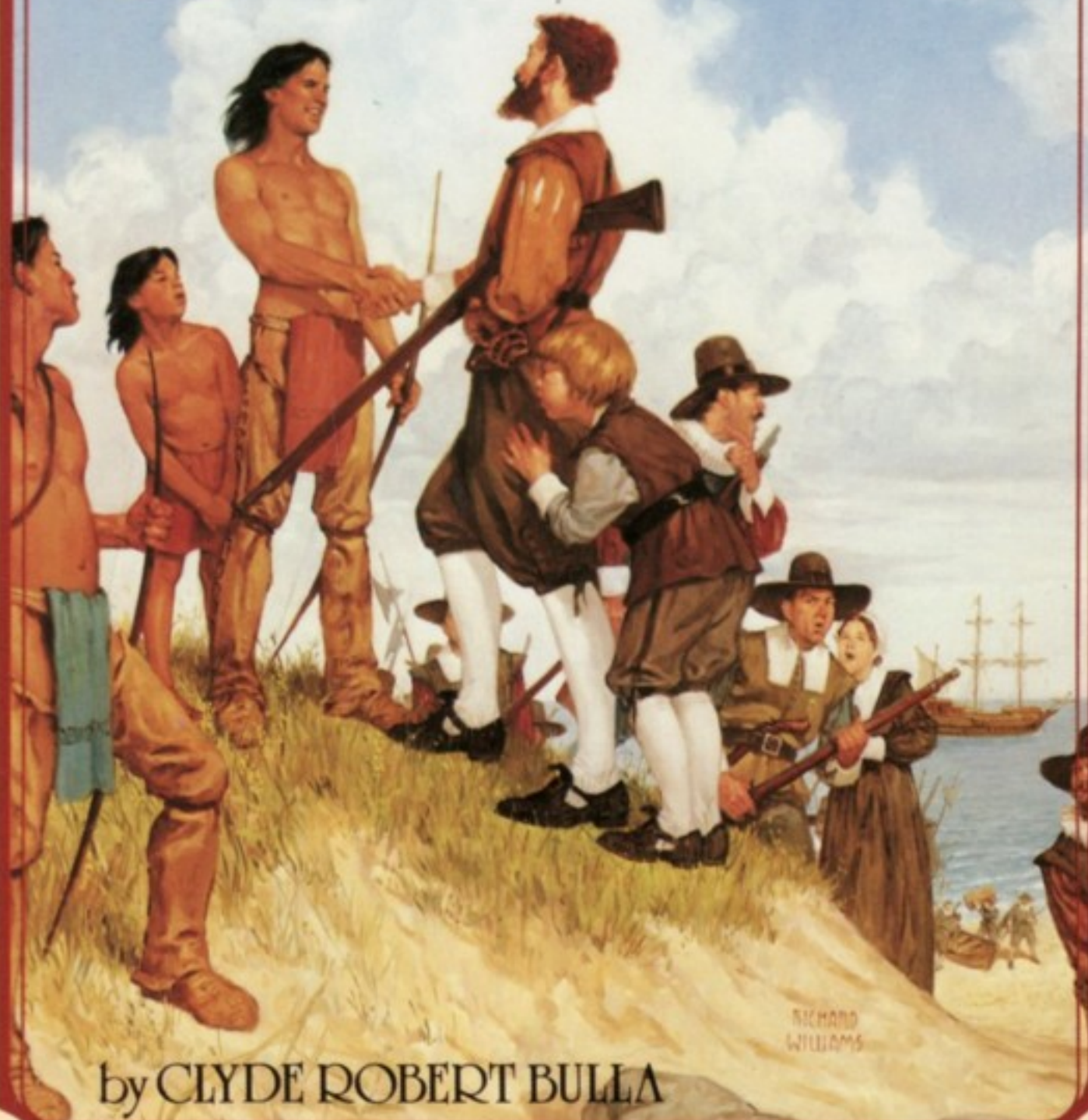


SCHOLASTIC BIOGRAPHY

SQUANTO

Friend of the Pilgrims



by CLYDE ROBERT BULLA

RICHARD
WILLIAMS



A Ship from Far Away

THE Indian boy lay hidden in the tall grass. Behind him were the woods. Before him were the blue waters of the bay.

Squirrels played in the pine tree above his head. One of them ran down the tree and sat on a low branch near him. The boy could have shot it with his bow and arrow, but he did not move. He looked

out across the water at the wonderful sight that was there.

A ship was sailing into the bay. The boy had heard of such ships — bigger than a hundred canoes, with great sails blowing in the wind. Some of the Massachusetts Indians who lived to the north had told him of these ships from far away.

“They are the ships of white men,” the Indians had said. “Far to the south the white men have come and built villages. Some day they may come here. They may build villages on the shores of Massachusetts.”

The boy had asked his father and mother, “When will I see one of the white men’s ships?”

“Maybe never,” they had said.

He had watched and waited. He had grown to be almost a man. Now, at last, one of the great ships that had crossed the waters was here.

A shout went up in the woods. He knew that someone else had seen the ship.

The boy wanted to be the first to tell the news in the village. He jumped to his feet and ran.

The village of Patuxet was not far away. It was in a clearing in the woods. There were ten houses in the village. Each one was made of grass mats tied over a frame of poles. There was a field of corn beside each house.

The boy ran through the village.

"White men!" he shouted. "White men have come!"

Faces looked out of doorways.

"Where are they?" asked a girl.

"In the bay," said the boy. "I saw their ship."

He came to his own house. His mother was pulling weeds out of the cornfield. "What are you saying, Squanto?" she asked.

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Squanto tells everyone he meets, "I'm going on the great ship across the sea."

"I wish you would not go," his mother says. "It is just for a little while," says Squanto. "I will come back."

But before Squanto can return, many, many years go by—years full of adventure. And when Squanto does come back, his family is gone. His village has disappeared. New people have come—the Pilgrims.

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