

Chapter 1 : Editions of The Eskimo Twins by Lucy Fitch Perkins

*The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics) [Lucy Fitch Perkins] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Share the adventures of Menie and Monnie, 5 year-old twins in an Eskimo village, where the villagers have to provide for all their own needs.*

Wilson Company Though all my ancestors were New Englanders from the date of the landing of the "Mayflower" on, I was born in the "backwoods" of Indiana. My father, upon leaving college Amherst, took up the profession of teaching and eventually became principal of a Chicago school. In the year, however, he gave up his profession of teaching to engage in the lumber business in what was then a wooded area of Indiana, and there, soon after, I was born—and there my family lived until I was fourteen years old. During this period my parents taught us at home, and we also made long visits to the ancestral home in Massachusetts in order that my sisters and I might have some school experience and contact with other children. My father eventually removed permanently to the old home in Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles from Boston. At eighteen, immediately after graduation from high school, I went to the art school at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and there studied for three years. For a year after my graduation, I illustrated for the Prang Educational Company of Boston, and then went to Brooklyn to teach in the newly established art school at Pratt Institute. Here I spent four happy winters teaching and studying with my students, and at the end of that period married Dwight Heald Perkins, a young Chicago architect whom I had met when we were both students in Boston. Since that time, our home has been in Chicago Evanston and here my daughter Eleanor Ellis and my son Lawrence Bradford were born. The life in Chicago was intensely interesting, from the first, and we lived fully in the events and thought currents of the time. During several years I did a good deal of illustrating which was the line of work for which I had prepared myself. It was not until later that I thought of writing for publication, though expression in words as well as in drawing was native to me. Then a friend who was also a publisher one day took me seriously to task. I made a dozen little sketches, presenting the idea, and it happened that this publisher came to dine with us the next evening, and I showed them to him. Though this was not literally my first book I had previously published *The Goose Girl*, and *A Book of Joys* still it was the real beginning of my writing. The former books had been written relative to the illustrations. Now the illustrations became secondary to the text. At this time I became deeply impressed with two ideas. One was the necessity for mutual respect and understanding between people of different nationalities if we are ever to live in peace on this planet. In particular I felt the necessity for this in this country where all the nations of the earth are represented in the population. The other idea was that a really big theme may be comprehended by children if it is presented in a way that holds their interest and engages their sympathies. To do this, the theme must be personalized—made vivid thru its effect upon the lives of individuals. A visit to Ellis Island also impressed me deeply at this time—I saw the oppressed and depressed of all nations flocking to our shores. How could a homogeneous nation be made out of such heterogeneous material? I visited a school in Chicago where children of twenty-seven different nationalities were herded in one building, and marveled at what the teachers were able to accomplish. It seemed to me it might help in the fusing process if these children could be interested in the best qualities which they bring to our shores. So I wrote books giving pictures of child life in other countries, and then, for the benefit of American and foreign born children alike, I wrote books which gave some idea of what had been done for this country by those who had founded and developed it. Several of the series portray the tremendous importance of land ownership in shaping destinies. The abuses of absentee landlordism as a cause for the Irish immigration to this country were personalized in the *Irish Twins*; in the *Scotch* story the effect on the family of a Scotch shepherd of taking land from productive use for game preserves; and in the *Mexican Twins* the peonage resulting from the ownership of vast estates. Such themes as these have interested me vitally and in my books I have tried to contribute something to the making of Americans by an appreciation of what has been done in the past to make America what it is today, and of the constructive qualities in the material at hand with which we must build the nation of the future.

Chapter 2 : Lucy Fitch Perkins | Open Library

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics) at calendrierdelascience.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

I [] W HEN the twins awoke, the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and Nip and Tup were barking at them through the hole in the roof. Kesshoo and Koolee were gone! Menie and Monnie were frightened. They were afraid they were left behind. They sat up in bed and howled! She laughed at them. She reached her arm down the hole and pulled out all the [] skins from the bed as fast as the twins gave them to her. Then she put her head down into the opening and looked all around. All the people in the village and all the dogs were there before them. The great woman boats were packed, the kyaks of the men waited beside them in a row on the beach, with their noses in the water. The dogs barked and raced up and down the beach, the babies crowed, and the children shouted for joy. Even the grown people were gay. They talked in loud tones and laughed and made jokes. II At last Kesshoo shouted, "All ready! So you see it was quite a large boat. The women took up the paddles. One end of the boat was partly in [] the water when they got in. The men gently pushed it farther out until it floated. At last, when all the boats, big and little, were afloat, Kesshoo called out, "We are going north. The paddles dipped together into the water. The great boats moved! The children all sat together in the bottom of the boat, but the twins and Koko were big enough to see over the sides. While the babies played with the dogs, they were busy watching the things that passed on the shores. Soon they passed the Big Rock with little auks and puffins flying about it. They could see the red feet of the puffins, and a blue fox sitting on the top of the rock, waiting for a chance to catch a bird. Then the Big Rock hid the village from sight. They looked into narrow bays and inlets as the boat moved along, and saw green moss carpeting the sunny slopes in sheltered places. They could even see bright flowers growing in the warm spots which faced the sun. The sky was blue overhead. The water was blue below. Beyond the green slopes they could see the bare hillsides crowned with the white ice cap which never melts, and streams of water dashing down the hillsides and pouring themselves into the waters of the bay. When they had gone a good many miles up the coast, Kesshoo waved his hand and pointed to a strange sight on the shore. There was a great river of ice! They could see where it came out of a hollow place between two hills. It looked just like a river, only it was frozen solid, and the end of it, where it came into the sea, was broken off like a great wall of ice, and there were cakes of ice floating about in the water. Menie had heard that sound before. It was the same sound that he had heard when he went seal-hole hunting and got carried away on the ice raft. All the other boats followed. They had gone only about half a mile when suddenly. The end of the glacier, or ice river, had broken off and fallen down into the water! It had made an iceberg! The splash was so great that in a moment the waves it made reached the boats. The boats rocked up and down on the water and bounced about like corks. One wave splashed over him, and some of the water went down his neck. IV When the waves made by the iceberg had calmed down again, Kesshoo paddled round among the boats. They kept out of the path of the iceberg, which had already floated some distance from the shore, and it was not long before they came to a little inlet. Kesshoo paddled into it and up to the very end of it, where a beautiful stream of clear water came dashing down over the rocks into the sea. The hills sloped suddenly down to the shore. The sun shone brightly on the green slopes, and the high cliffs behind shut off the cold north winds. It was a little piece of summer set right down in the valley. The boats were soon drawn up on the beach, the women and children tumbled out, and then began preparations for dinner. The women got out their cooking pots, and Koolee set to work to make a fireplace out of three stones. They had blubber and moss with them, but how could they get a fire? They had no matches. They had never even heard of a match. He had some little pieces of dry driftwood and some dried moss. He held one end of a piece of driftwood in a sort of handle which he pressed against his lips. The other end was in a hollow spot in another piece of wood. The Angakok rolled one driftwood stick round and round in the hollow spot of the other. He did this by means of a bow which he pulled from one side to the other. This [] made the stick whirl first one way, then back again. Soon a little smoke came curling up round the stick. Koolee dropped some dried moss on the smoking spot. Suddenly there was a little blaze! She fed the little flame with more moss,

and then lighted the moss on the stones of [] the fireplace. She put a soapstone kettle filled with water over the fire, and soon the kettle was boiling. While all this was going on down on the beach, the men took their salmon spears and went up the river, and Koko and the twins went with them. The wives of the Angakok went to find moss to feed the fire. They brought back great armfuls of it, and put it beside the fireplace. Koolee was the cook. She stayed on the beach and looked after the babies and the dogs, and the fire. Everything was ready for dinner, except the food! Meanwhile the men had found a good place where there were big stones in the river. They stood on these stones with their spears in their hands. There were hundreds of salmon in the little stream. The salmon were going up to the little lake from which the river flowed. When the fish leaped in the water, the men struck at them with their fish spears. There were so many fish, and the men [] were so skillful that they soon had plenty for dinner. They strung them all on a walrus line and went back to the beach. When everybody had eaten as much as he could possibly hold, the babies were rolled up in furs in the sand and went to sleep. The Angakok lay down on the sand in the sunshine with his hands over his stomach and was soon asleep, too. The men sat in a little group near by, and Menie and Koko lay on their stomachs beside Kesshoo. The women had gone a little farther up the beach. The air was still, except for the rippling sound of the water, the distant chatter of the women, the snores of the Angakok, and the buzzing of mosquitoes! For quite a long time everybody rested. They were having too much fun. There were a great many mosquitoes, and they seemed to like the Angakok. At last one settled on his nose, and bit and bit. They just had to let it bite! All of a sudden the Angakok woke up and slapped it himself. He slapped it harder than he intended to. He looked very much surprised and quite offended about it. He sat up and looked round for his wives, as if he thought perhaps they had something to do with it. But they were at the other [] end of the beach. The Angakok yawned and rubbed his nose, which was a good deal swollen. Just then Kesshoo spoke, "I think we shall look a long time before we find a better spot than this to camp," he said. We can catch all we need to dry for winter use, right here. There must be deer farther up the fiord. What do you say to setting up the tents right here?

Chapter 3 : Yesterday's Classics: Literature

1 THE ESKIMO TWINS THIS is the true story of Menie and Monnie and their two little dogs, Nip and Tup. Menie and Monnie are twins, and they live far away in the North, near the very edge.

But the Eskimos are used to crowding into very small spaces, indeed. Sometimes a man and his wife and all his children will live in a space about the size of a big double bed. First the Angakok came out of his igloo, looking fatter than ever. The Angakok always found plenty to eat somehow. Both his wives were thin. Their faces looked like baked apples all brown and wrinkled. He squirmed and wriggled and twisted, until his face was very red and he looked as if he would burst, but there he stayed. Other people had crawled into the tunnel after him. His two wives were just behind. Everybody got stuck, of course, because no one could move until the Angakok did. He was just like a cork in the neck of a bottle. Kesshoo and Koolee and the twins and Nip and Tup were all in the igloo. Am I to remain here forever? They pulled and pulled. The two wives pushed him from behind. His wives backed hastily, to get out of the way. The baby began to roar. In the tunnel it sounded like a clap of thunder. It all came into the igloo, and it sounded quite frightful. The twins crept into the farthest corner of the sleeping bench and watched their father and mother and the [80] Angakok, with their eyes almost popping out of their heads. Nip and Tup thought they would help a little, so they jumped off the bench; and barked at the Angakok. They thought maybe he ought not to be there at all. That made the Angakok more angry than ever. He reached into the room, seized [81] Nip with one hand and flung him up on to the sleeping bench. Nip lit on top of Menie. Nip was very much surprised, and so was Menie. Now, whether the jerk he gave in throwing Nip did it or not, I cannot say, but at that instant Kesshoo and Koolee both gave a great pull in front. At the same moment the two wives gave a great push behind, and the next moment after that, there was the Angakok, still red, and still angry, sitting on the edge of the sleeping bench in the best place near the fire! Then his two wives came crawling through. The Angakok looked at them as if he thought they had made him stick in the tunnel, and had done it on purpose, too. The wives scuttled up on to the sleeping bench, and got into the farthest corner of it as fast as they could. The women and children always sat back on the bench at a feast. She climbed up on to the bed with him, and Menie and Monnie showed [82] him the pups and that made the baby laugh again. As fast as they came in, the women and children packed themselves away on the sleeping bench. The men sat along the edge of it with their feet on the floor. II The smell of food soon made everybody cheerful. Then she crawled back on to the bench with the other women. The Angakok was the first one to help himself. He reached down and took a large chunk of meat. He held it up to his mouth and took hold of the end with his teeth. Then he sawed off a huge mouthful with his knife. When the men had all helped themselves, pieces of meat were handed out to the women and children. Soon they were all eating as if their lives depended on it. And now I think of it, their lives did depend on it, to be sure! I will not speak about their table manners. They had nothing to eat with the meatâ€”not even saltâ€”but it was a great feast to them for all that, and they ate and ate until every scrap was gone. The Angakok grew better-natured every [84] minute. By the time he had eaten all he could hold he was really quite happy and benevolent! He clasped his hands over his stomach and smiled on everybody. The twins and Koko talked about a trap to catch hares which they meant to make as soon as the long days began again, and the baby went to sleep on a pile of furs in the corner. Menie fed the pups with some of his own meat, and gave them each a bone. Nip and Tup buried their bones under the baby and then went to sleep too. III After a while the Angakok turned his face to the wall, as he always did when he meant to tell a story or sing a song. Then [85] he said, "Listen, my children! They always listened when the Angakok spoke. The Angakok knew the secrets of the sun, moon, and stars. He had told them so many times! The people believed it, and it may be that the Angakok really believed it himself, though I have some doubt about that. You catch glimpses of that world yourselves in calm summer weather, when the water is still, and you know that I speak the truth! Far below you see blue sky and white clouds. That is the calm world in which the Spirits of the Dead live. I have visited that underworld, many timesâ€”I have talked there with the spirits of your ancestors. Then he went on with his story. Without my efforts you might all have starved! Then you will see what you owe to the skill and faithfulness of your

Angakok! The Angakok went on. Underneath the lamp is a great saucer to catch the oil which drips from it. All the [87] animals that live in the sea—the whales and walruses, the codfish and the seals—swarm in the saucer of the Old Woman of the Sea. That is where they all come from. Sometimes the Old Woman of the Sea keeps all the creatures in the saucer. Then there are no seal or fish or walrus along our coasts, and there is hunger among the Inuit human beings. I called my Tornak, or guiding spirit, to lead my steps. Without his Tornak an Angakok can do nothing. The Tornak came at once in answer to my call. He took me by the hand, and we plunged down into the water. First we passed through the beautiful World of Spirits, where it is always summer. This part of the way was quite pleasant, but on the farther side of that world we came to a fearful abyss. It could [88] be crossed only on a large slippery wheel, as slippery as ice. No sooner had I reached the other side than new terrors came upon me. I had to pass by great cauldrons of boiling oil, in which seals were swimming about. Then he went on again with his story. A deep gulf lay between us and her dwelling, and outside it stood a great dog with bloody jaws. This dog guards the entrance, and he sleeps only for a single moment, once in a very great while. At last on the seventh day he closed his eyes! Instantly [89] the Tornak seized my hand and drew me across the bridge which spanned the chasm. This bridge was as narrow as a single thread. The Old Woman is terrible to look upon! Her hand is the size of a large walrus, and her teeth like the rocks along the coast! I spoke to her flattering words. Then I told her of the hunger of my children! But she had no mind to yield to my requests. Then I stormed and threatened. At last I seized her by the hair! I tipped over the saucer with my foot! My great [90] power prevailed against the mighty sorceress! The birds flew into the air and were gone. I had conquered the Old Woman of the Sea! My children were saved! Then he spoke again in a natural voice.

Chapter 4 : The Eskimo Twins, Illustrated Edition (Yesterday's Classics). | eBay

The Eskimo Twins, Illustrated Edition (Yesterday's Classics). Email to friends Share on Facebook - opens in a new window or tab Share on Twitter - opens in a new window or tab Share on Pinterest - opens in a new window or tab.

Chapter 5 : Yesterdays - Antique and Classic Motorcycles

The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics) by Perkins, Lucy Fitch. Yesterday's Classics. PAPERBACK. X Special order direct from the distributor. New.

Chapter 6 : Gateway to the Classics: The Eskimo Twins by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Buy a cheap copy of The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics) book by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Share the adventures of Menie and Monnie, 5 year-old twins in an Eskimo village, where the villagers have to provide for all their own needs.

Chapter 7 : calendrieldelascience.com: Customer reviews: The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics)

The Eskimo Twins, Illustrated Edition (Yesterday's Classics) by Lucy Fitch Perkins Share the adventures of Menie and Monnie, 5 year-old twins in an Eskimo village, where the villagers have to provide for all their own needs.

Chapter 8 : - The Eskimo Twins (Yesterday's Classics) by Lucy Fitch Perkins

the eskimo twins yesterdays classics Monnie, 5 year-old twins in an Eskimo village, where the villagers have to provide for all their own needs. Sun, 23 Sep

Chapter 9 : The Baldwin Project: Lucy Fitch Perkins

The Eskimo Twins by Lucy Fitch Perkins Share the adventures of Menie and Monnie, 5 year-old twins in an Eskimo

village, where the villagers have to provide for all their own needs.