

GRADE 8, Second Quarter Cities and industrialization

I like to see it lap the miles, And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks; And then, prodigious,
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while In horrid,
hooting stanza; Then chase itself
down hill... Emily Dickinson, "XLIII"

Word Windows into History

Poems, Songs and Documents

Selected for the Themes and Eras Illuminated through American Art

*Prepared by the DePaul University Center for Urban Education
for the Terra Teacher Lab
Terra Foundation for American Art*

These are examples of songs, poems and documents that illustrate times in US history. You can use them to help students understand that a poem or song is a word picture and can be interpreted just as a painting can be—and that in context it makes more sense as well as providing a window into that context.

GRADE 8, Second Quarter

Cities and industrialization

Documents

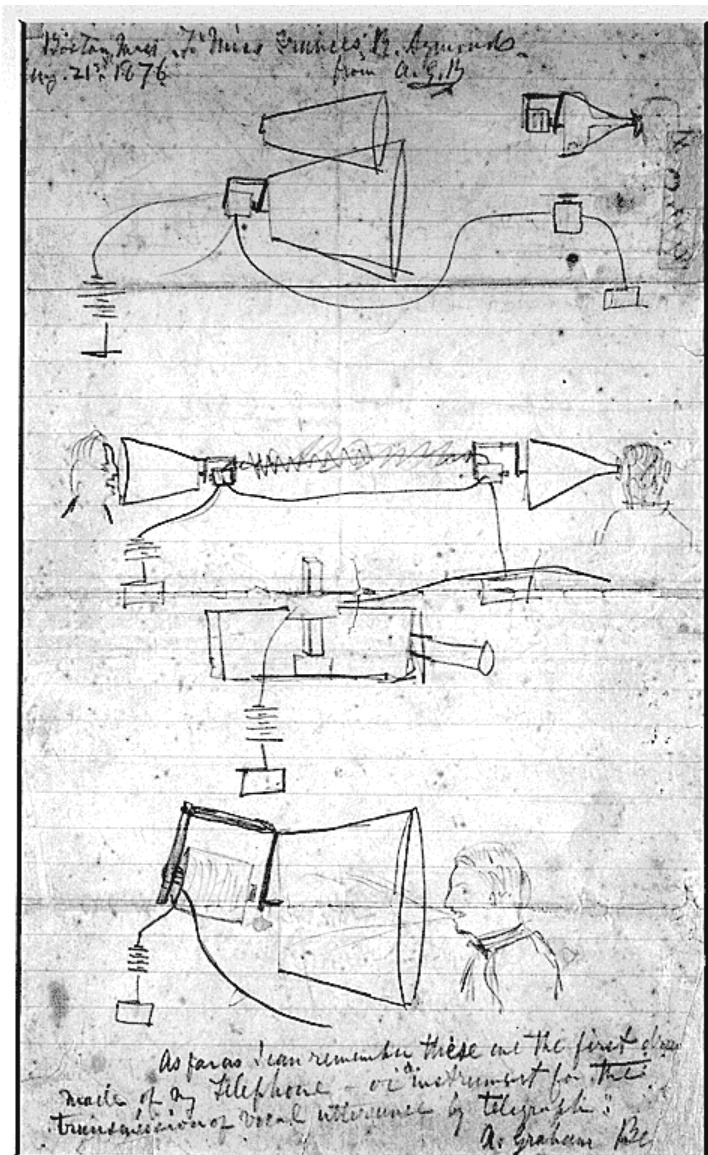
Design sketch and history of a telephone
Thomas Edison's patent and drawing for the incandescent light bulb
Letter from Upton Sinclair to Roosevelt, 1906

Poems and Songs

"Manhatta"
"They Will Say"
"Chicago"

"The Lower East Side of Manhattan" is not reprinted in this binder but can be viewed here: <http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/19929>

Design Sketch of a Telephone



This sketch made its way from Boston, Massachusetts, to Australia and back to the United States in time for its display at a 1976 Library of Congress exhibition celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the first successful telephone experiment conducted by inventor and educator Alexander Graham Bell (1847-1922). Drawn by Bell himself and inscribed "To Miss Frances M. Symonds, from A. G. B.," the sketch shows the essentials of Bell's dramatic new invention. During the summer of 1876, Edward Symonds and his three daughters were visiting his sister, Bell's mother Eliza

Grace, and it was at this time that Bell gave his cousin the sketch, of which he wrote, "As far as I can remember these are the first drawings made of my telephone--or 'instrument for the transmission of vocal utterances by telegraph.'"

The middle sketch perhaps best explains Bell's invention in that it resembles a rough draft of the finished drawing submitted by him in his 1876 patent. On the left, a person is shown speaking into the wide end of a cone, which focuses the sound vibrations onto a membrane at its narrower, opposite end. These sound waves vibrate the membrane or diaphragm, which is attached to an armature connected to an electromagnet (the small, rectangular box at the narrow end of the cone). When the diaphragm vibrates, the armature also vibrates, inducing electrical signals via the electromagnet, which travel across the circuit (shown by Bell's wavy, up-and-down lines across a straight line) to the electromagnet on the right. These signals induce the armature on that side to copy the vibrations sent by the left armature, and these vibrations, in turn, are mimicked by the diaphragm on the wide end of the cone on the right. A listener at its other, narrow end thus hears a true reproduction of the original utterance.

This sketch, a unique piece of communications history, was a long-treasured Bell family heirloom that somehow left the United States. It was recovered in Australia by Bell's grandson, Melville Bell Grosvenor (1901-1982), who gave it to the Library of Congress, stating, "I was indeed lucky to locate this hand-pencilled sketch of the telephone which was treasured for years by the Australian members of the Bell family."

Thomas Edison's patent application for an "Improvement in Electric Lamps,"
November 1, 1879



To the Honorable Commissioner of Patents:

Your Petitioner

Thomas A. Edison
of Menlo Park in the State of New Jersey
prays that LETTERS PATENT may be granted to him

for the invention of an Improvement in Electric Lamps
and in the method of manufacturing the same
set forth in the annexed specification. (Case No. 186.)

And further prays that you will recognize LEMUEL W. SERRELL, of
the City of New York, N. Y., as his Attorney, with full power
of substitution and revocation, to prosecute this application, to make altera-
tions and amendments therein, to receive the Patent, and to transact all
business in the Patent Office connected therewith.

1879

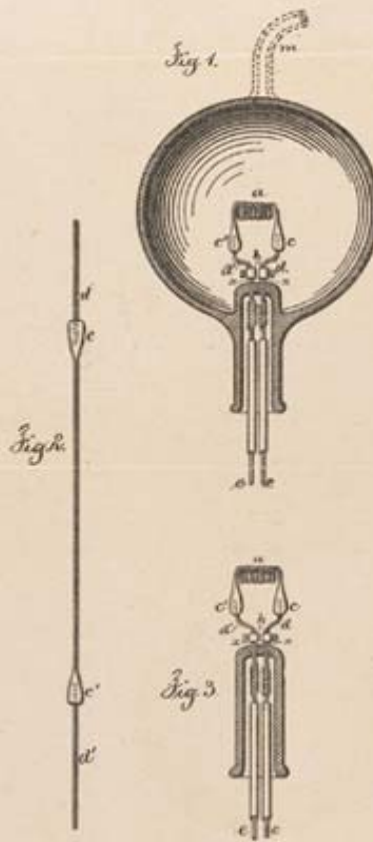
5. A. 6

Thomas Edison's Patent drawing for an improvement in electric lamps
Patented January 27, 1880

T. A. EDISON.
Electric-Lamp.

No. 223,898.

Patented Jan. 27, 1880.



Witnesses
Chas. M. Smith
Geo. P. Pinckney

Inventor
Thomas A. Edison
Lemuel W. Serrell

att'y

Letter from Upton Sinclair to President Theodore Roosevelt
March 10, 1906, selected page.

--7--

You ask - "Is there anything further, say in the Department of Agriculture, which you would suggest my doing?" I would suggest the following: That you do as Doubleday, Page & Company did; find a man concerning whose intelligence and integrity you are absolutely sure; send him up here, or let me meet him in Washington, and tell him all that I saw, and how I saw it, and give him the names and addresses of the people who will enable him to see it. Then let him go to Packingtown as I did, as a working-man; live with the men, get a job in the yards, and use his eyes and ears; and see if he does not come out at the end of a few weeks feeling, as did the special correspondent of the London "Lancet," whom I met in Chicago, that the conditions in the packing-houses constitute a "menace to the health of the civilized world." *The Lancet for Jan 8, 15, 22, 29 - 1905.*

Thanking you for your kind interest,

Very sincerely,

Upton Sinclair

P. S.

I might add that when I was in Chicago I learned a good deal about the connections which the packers have in Washington, so that I think it most likely that before the Department of Agriculture got anybody started for the purpose of investigating Packingtown, word had been sent there to the packing-houses that things should be cleaned up. I know positively that this was done in the case of Major Seaman, who went out there for "Collier's Weekly."

Mannahatta

by Walt Whitman

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane,
unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays,
superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and
steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender,
strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining
islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters,
the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the
houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-
brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses,
the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing
clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the
river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or
ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd,
beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the
shops and shows,
A million people--manners free and superb--open voices--
hospitality--the most courageous and friendly young
men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/16081>

They Will Say

by Carl Sandburg

OF my city the worst that men will ever say is this:
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmers that played in the grass under the great sky,
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,
To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted
For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights.

Chicago

by Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women
and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my
city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be
alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall
bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his
ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15262>