

Special Edition

E . B . W H I T E

THE TRUMPET *of the* SWAN



Illustrated by

F R E D M A R C E L L I N O

THE TRUMPET OF THE SWAN

by E. B. WHITE

Published by:

HarperCollins Publishers,

10 East 53rd Street,

New York, NY 10022.

Further reproduction or distribution

in other than a specialized

format is prohibited.

Text copyright 1970

by E. B. White.

BOOK JACKET INFORMATION

Pictures by Edward Frascino

Louis is a Trumpeter Swan who came into the world lacking a voice. When his father explained to him that he was different from other cygnets, Louis felt scared. His father, however, promised to help.

Sam Beaver, a boy who loved all wild things, took Louis to school, where he learned to read and write. This was a help, but it did not solve his major problem: he was in love with the beautiful swan, Serena, and she spurned him because he was defective. And that was when Louis's father, the old cob, did a difficult thing—he put honor aside and stole a trumpet so his son would be able to woo his love.

Louis's determination to become a trumpeter and pay off his father's debt takes him far from the wilderness he loves. But he succeeds and wins the swan of his desiring. E. B. White's wonderful story of Louis's struggles to express the music in his heart—with Edward Frascino's beautiful wash drawings—is a paean to courage, to freedom, to love—and to swans everywhere.

About STUART LITTLE

and CHARLOTTE'S WEB

“These two titles appear to be headed for literary immortality in our times and are the works for which Mr. White has been awarded the 1970 Laura Ingalls Wilder Award. The continuing and almost universal response of children to his two fantasies ... is the real tribute to the genius of E. B. White. The medal acknowledges and memorializes this fact.”

—Chairman, 1970 Laura Ingalls

Wilder Award Committee, Children’s

Services Division, American Library

Association

About

THE TRUMPET OF THE SWAN

1973 William Allen White

Children’s Book Award

1973 Sequoyah

Children’s Book Award

“Surely there is no other author whose new book one would reach for with such sure anticipation. No one else could bring off, so marvelously well, that extraordinary blend of real wildlife and nature and the utterly fantastic. And the beautiful details, the sweetness of relationships—poignant without this time being sad— also make you know that this is the author of *Charlotte’s Web*.”

—Virginia Haviland

SPECIAL SYMBOLS USED

IN THIS VOLUME

Music Notation you, as, and, for, of, the, with sixteenth notes

beginning with c. do, every, from, go, have, i, just eighth notes
beginning with

c. this, which, ed, er, out, ow, will quarter notes beginning

with c. not, o, people, quite, rather, so, that half notes beginning with

c. can Common time. 3. 3/4 time signature. 9? 9/8 time signature. . (5)
Fourth octave. . (4-6) Fifth octave. ‘ (3) Music dot. gh) Forward repeat. ghl
Fermata. gh Flat sign. shall Sharp sign. child Natural sign. can Slur. cents
Tie.

SPECIAL SYMBOLS (cont.) were (2-3-5-6) Repeat. ghk Double bar.

Acknowledgment with thanks is made as follows for material used in this book: From Beautiful Dreamer by Stephen Foster as arranged by Jeffrey Marlowe. Copyright 1942 by Boston Music Company. Used by permission. From Cradle Song by Johannes Brahms. Arrangement copyright 1961 by Amsco Music Publishing Company. Used by permission. From There's A Small Hotel by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Copyright 1936 by Chappell and Co., Inc. Copyright renewed. Used by permission.

CONTENTS

Chapter Page

1 SAM 2 THE POND 3 A VISITOR ... 4 THE
CYGNETS 5 LOUIS 6 OFF TO MONTANA 7 SCHOOL DAYS 8 LOVE 9
THE TRUMPET 10 MONEY TROUBLE 11 CAMP KOOKOOSKOOS 12
A RESCUE 13 END OF SUMMER 14 BOSTON 15 A NIGHT AT THE
RITZ 16 PHILADELPHIA 17 SERENA 18 FREEDOM 19 A TALK
ABOUT MONEY 20 BILLINGS 21 THE GREENING SPRING

THE TRUMPET

OF THE SWAN

Chapter 1

Sam

Walking back to camp through the swamp, Sam wondered whether to tell his father what he had seen.

“I know one thing,” he said to himself. “I’m going back to that little pond again tomorrow. And I’d like to go alone. If I tell my father what I saw today, he will want to go with me. I’m not sure that’s a very good idea.”

Sam was eleven. His last name was Beaver. He was strong for his age and had black hair and dark eyes like an Indian. Sam walked like an Indian, too, putting one foot straight in front of the other and making very little noise. The swamp through which he was traveling was a wild place —there was no trail, and it was boggy underfoot, which made walking difficult. Every four or five minutes Sam took his compass out of his pocket and checked his course to make sure he was headed in a westerly direction. Canada is a big place. Much of it is wilderness. To get lost in the woods and swamps of western Canada would be a serious matter.

As he trudged on, the boy’s mind was full of the wonder of what he had seen. Not many people in the world have seen the nest of a Trumpeter Swan. Sam had found one on the lonely pond on this day in spring. He had seen the two great white birds with their long white necks and black bills. Nothing he had ever seen before in all his life had made him feel quite the way he felt, on that wild little pond, in the presence of those two enormous

swans. They were so much bigger than any bird he had ever seen before. The nest was big, too—a mound of sticks and grasses. The female was sitting on eggs; the male glided slowly back and forth, guarding her.

When Sam reached camp, tired and hungry, he found his father frying a couple of fish for lunch.

“Where have you been?” asked Mr. Beaver.

“Exploring,” replied Sam. “I walked over to a pond about a mile and a half from here. It’s the one we see from the air as we’re coming in. It isn’t much of a place—nowhere near as big as this lake we’re on.”

“Did you see anything over there?” asked his father.

“Well,” said Sam, “it’s a swampy pond with a lot of reeds and cattails. I don’t think it would be any good for fishing. And it’s hard to get to—you have to cross a swamp.”

“See anything?” repeated Mr. Beaver.

“I saw a muskrat,” said Sam, “and a few Red-winged Blackbirds.”

Mr. Beaver looked up from the wood stove, where the fish were sizzling in a pan.

“Sam,” he said, “I know you like to go exploring. But don’t forget—these woods and marshes are not like the country around home in Montana. If you ever go over to that pond again, be careful you don’t get lost. I don’t like you crossing swamps. They’re treacherous. You could step into a soggy

place and get bogged down, and there wouldn't be anybody to pull you out."

"I'll be careful," said Sam. He knew perfectly well he would be going back to the pond where the swans were. And he had no intention of getting lost in the woods. He felt relieved that he had not told his father about seeing the swans, but he felt queer about it, too. Sam was not a sly boy, but he was odd in one respect: he liked to keep things to himself. And he liked being alone, particularly when he was in the woods. He enjoyed the life on his father's cattle ranch in the Sweet Grass country in Montana. He loved his mother. He loved Duke, his cow pony. He loved riding the range. He loved watching guests who came to board at the Beavers' ranch every summer.

But the thing he enjoyed most in life was these camping trips in Canada with his father. Mrs. Beaver didn't care for the woods, so she seldom went along—it was usually just Sam and Mr. Beaver. They would motor to the border and cross into Canada. There Mr. Beaver would hire a bush pilot to fly them to the lake where his camp was, for a few days of fishing and loafing and exploring. Mr. Beaver did most of the fishing and loafing. Sam did the exploring. And then the pilot would return to take them out. His name was Shorty. They would hear the sound of his motor and run out and wave and watch him glide down onto the lake and taxi his plane in to the dock. These were the pleasantest days of Sam's life, these days in the woods, far, far from everywhere—no automobiles, no roads, no people, no noise, no school, no homework, no problems, except the problem of getting lost. And, of course, the problem of what to be when he grew up. Every boy has that problem.

After supper that evening, Sam and his father sat for a while on the porch. Sam was reading a bird book.

“Pop,” said Sam, “do you think we’ll be coming back to camp again about a month from now—I mean, in about thirty-five days or something like that?”

“I guess so,” replied Mr. Beaver. “I certainly hope so. But why thirty-five days? What’s so special about thirty-five days?”

“Oh, nothing,” said Sam. “I just thought it might be very nice around here in thirty-five days.”

“That’s the craziest thing I ever heard of,” said Mr. Beaver. “It’s nice here all the time.”

Sam went indoors. He knew a lot about birds, and he knew it would take a swan about thirty-five days to hatch her eggs. He hoped he could be at the pond to see the young ones when they came out of the eggs.

Sam kept a diary—a daybook about his life. It was just a cheap notebook that was always by his bed. Every night, before he turned in, he would write in the book. He wrote about things he had done, things he had seen, and thoughts he had had. Sometimes he drew a picture. He always ended by asking himself a question so he would have something to think about while falling asleep. On the day he found the swan’s nest, this is what Sam wrote in his diary: