
HEROES of AMERICA™

*Clara
Barton*

and the American Red Cross

by **Eve Marko**

illustrations by **Pablo Marcos**



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Chapter 1

Learning from David

“Come on, Clara!” David Barton yelled over his shoulder at the young girl riding behind him. “Let’s see if you can catch me!”

Clara Barton was only ten years old. Her brother David was twenty-three. But that wasn’t going to stop her from riding as fast as or even faster than he could!

Holding the reins tight in her hand, she bent low till her head almost reached the horse’s ears. “Come on, Blackie,” she whispered. “Let’s show



Racing Against the Wind

CLARA BARTON

David how fast we can ride." Then she kicked the mare's haunches with her small feet.

But Blackie didn't need any help or reminder. She galloped fast, steam coming out of her nostrils as they rode across the cold, bare fields. It was winter in the year 1832 and the Massachusetts countryside was frozen and empty except for the two riders on their horses racing against the wind. In just a few minutes Clara came alongside her brother, and just a few minutes after that she passed him. Then she reined Blackie in and slowly stopped to let David catch up with her.

"I beat you!" she said, her dark eyes laughing.

"You beat me fair and square," David agreed. "But just remember one thing, Clara. If you ever have to ride fast, stretch forward as much as you can and keep your head low. If you sit up that will make you go slower."

Clara listened carefully. David was her riding

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teacher. When she was five he'd taught her to ride bareback, with no saddle. Everything she knew about riding came from him.

David grinned. "Race you to French River," he said. And before Clara could say anything, he was off.

It didn't take Clara much time to catch up with him again. He was older and faster and he was riding his own horse, but Clara was small and light as a feather. She was practically one with the saddle and there was no stopping her now. It was late in December, a few days before Christmas, but so far the winter had been a mild one and there was little snow on the ground. Clara wished more snow would come soon, in time for Christmas.

Finally they got to French River, which ran down the hills and curved along the fields and meadows. David got off his horse. So did Clara.

"You beat me again," he told her. "But let's see



They Got to French River.