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Regions of the united states quiz pdf

William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoIn Leaves of Grass, Walt Whitman celebrates race and American nationality, making a thousand diverse contributions to one nation's identity, a land that is always united. Comparing Americans to the leaves on many branched trees, he invited readers of his poems to gather for themselves an unparalleled bouquet of feuillage flowers from these Countries. Looking back on it, I think that's what I did when I recently made the longest road trip of my life: accept Whitman's invitation, collect a wreath. Towing a rented, antique Airstream trailer in the back of a pickup truck, I traveled with my wife, Leslie, and our two British setters, Sage and Sky, from the southernmost point in the continental United States, Key West, Florida, to the northernmost that could be reached by road, Deadhorse, Alaska, on the gray coast of the Arctic Ocean. We blew through 18 states and northwestern Canada, passing more trees and under a wider sky than we ever imagined. We baked in temperatures of more than 100 degrees for weeks, witnessed spectacular flashes and blizzards in the Midwest, and, finally, drove through blizzards. The circuit route back home in Connecticut took us to Texas, where we handed the Airstream back to its owner. Overall, we covered 16,241 miles in a little under four months. Some friends and relatives say I was crazy to try such a monumental journey at my age—70. But I was inspired by the memory of that day, in 1996, when I was in Kaktovic, a settlement on Windswept Barter Island, just off Alaska's northern coast. I was amazed that his Inupiat Eskimo schoolchildren pledged allegiance to the same flag as the children of Cuban immigrants in Key West, 6,000 miles away. Two islands further apart from New York City are from Moscow but are part of the same country. It seems almost miraculous that a nation so vast, people by almost every race and ethnicity and religion on earth, manages to live in one piece. What, I wonder, is holding the United States together? Years after that Alaska trip, I asked myself a variation of that question. Is this nation as united as it once was? From reading and listening to the news, I have the impression that Whitman's ever-united land has split into patchy states of red and blue states where no one can agree on many things. But how accurate is that impression? When Leslie and I left Key West, I decided to find out by asking everyday Americans the same question I put to myself: What unites us? I spoke to more than 80 people: whites, Latinos, Africans, and Native Americans. They come from all walks of life, including a politician in Florida and another in Alaska, a farm woman in Missouri, a wrangler in Montana, a college kid living in a commune in Tennessee, an ice road truck driver, and a taco entrepreneur who is also a Lakota Sioux shaman. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Courtesy CaputoWhen Leslie and I arrived in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the city and much of northern Alabama were still recovering from a deadly tornado that had struck in one day about a month earlier. Parts of Tuscaloosa looked as if they had been carpet bombed. We volunteer to help with relief efforts. A coordinator at the volunteer center told us that more than 14,000 people from almost every state in the union had pitched in. Do I want to find the atomic-bound forces of America with each other? Perhaps I saw it: a spirit that has moved thousands of men and women to travel long distances to help fellow citizens in distress. We were assigned to a warehouse like a hangar, where we were buffeted by industry enthusiasts who were all but useless in 102 degree heat. We loaded boxes with food, medicine and clothing alongside about 20 other volunteers, mostly young people from church groups. The volunteers are white; Their supervisor, from the seventh-day Adventist disaster relief service, is black. This is in Tuscaloosa, where in 1963, Governor George Wallace swore in his inauguration speech, Separation now, separation tomorrow, separation forever! William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoTwo a few weeks later, after rejoicing in Mississippi and Tennessee, we camped out at Meramec Farm, in Missouri's green Ozarks. It is owned by Carol Springer, a compact blonde who raises cattle and horses on 470 acres of land. The farm has been in his family for seven generations. As we sat in his kitchen sipping lemonade, he gave me his perspective on what the unum puts in our national motto, E pluribus unum: Glue is an obscurely defined belief: that we have more in common than not, that we are more alike than we are different. I'm not sure that's true, but the important thing is we believe it. In other words, I ask, is perception a reality? Springer shrugged. I've been known to believe I'm going home in the dark in the rain. I'm not sure, but I believe I will, and I get there. We moved from Missouri, across a stretch of the Great Plains ocean, to the barren lands of South Dakota. There, near the distressed Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, we stopped at a restaurant. You should meet Ansel Woodenknife, said the cook after I ordered fried bread tacos. He's a pretty good guy. The next day, I called Woodenknife, who found a fried bread taco dish, at his home in Interior. A wide-faced and strong man greeted me at the front door. Preoccupied with studying for emt tests, she couldn't talk then dropped by our camp a few nights later. Woodenknife was also amazed by the size and diversity of the United States, and somehow it was not in pieces. It's because of the change, the story. This is the only country where everything changes all the time. People are coming, expect change, and if they are going to survive, if they are going to succeed, they have to learn to adapt to change, to different people of different races. Woodenknife's formal education ended in ninth grade, but he earned a doctorate in adaptation. Born on the neighboring Rosebud reservation, raised as one of 12 children in a cabin with no electricity or running water, he was taken from his parents at the age of nine — against their will — and placed in a white foster home in Philadelphia. It happened to thousands of Native American children, caught up in a government program to de-Indianize them. That didn't work in Woodenknife's case. He fled so often that he was branded irreparable and sent back to the reservation, where he learned to cling more fiercely to his traditional culture, eventually becoming a Lakota Sun-Dancer. He also became an entrepreneur, running busy restaurants and marketing Indian fried bread tacos to supermarket chains across the country. In 2003, he was inducted into South Dakota's Small Business Hall of Fame. Citing himself as an example, Woodenknife doesn't think melting pot is the path to national unity. Instead, he said, every American should try to stay true to his or her ethnic heritage while safeguarding American identity. The fabric of the country would then be, he said, a blanket of color, all sewn into the shape of the United States. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoLeslie and I live on most interstates, sticking to old routes like Natchez Trace, flared up by early American settlers, and the Lewis and Clark Trail, a network of major highways and back roads following the route taken by Lewis and Clark expeditions in 1804 to 1806. At a Montana ranch dude Apple, we climbed Nearly five feet high, Apple portraying herself as a one-time gangster girl growing up on the east side of St. Paul. He transformed into a horse that embraced to save himself from that life. Apple embraced a split that I feared to tear the nation's seams apart. I think this country must be in chaos, he said. At the same time, to grow as a country, we need to have conflict, and conflict is healthy. But the media has an incredible way to blow it out of proportion. The Lewis and Clark Trail finally took us to the Pacific Coast. We headed north, crossed the Canadian border, and walked the Alaskan Highway storied through British Columbia and the Yukon to Alaska. There, north of Fairbanks, we took the northernmost road in the United States: the Dalton Highway, more than 400 miles of gravel and asphalt buckles. Road conditions make it a risky journey, and the scenery—endless stretches of mountains and tundra, trans-Alaskan oil pipelines that traverse and traverse landscapes—can be hypnotic. But we only had one mishap, a deflated tire, before our purpose. Seventy-nine days after starting from Key West, we stand in Arctic ocean. We dipped our feet —briefly, because polar bears had been spotted nearby—and I added Arctic water to a bottle I had partially filled with water from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. Five thousand miles and three weeks later, I dropped off the AirFlow in Breckenridge, Texas. There, I heard the most concise answer to my Big Question. It was given by Airstream owner Erica Sherwood, a 37-year-old small business owner. As I sat down to tell the traveller stories to Erica and her husband, Jef, she turned things around by throwing questions back at me. Taking my cue from Annaliese Apel's comments about conflict, I used a metaphor from astronomy: The star remains a star because of the dynamic disequilibrium between its gravity, which pulls it in, and nuclear fusion, which sends its material flying out. If there is too much one or the other, it either collapses by itself or blows apart. Almost since its birth, America has been drawn toward maximum individual freedom by Thomas Jefferson's idea that the government at least governs the best, and in the opposite direction by Alexander Hamilton's belief in centralized power. It is a perpetual but equal conflict between these extremes that produces binding forces, I say. Too much Jefferson could cause anarchy, too much Hamilton for tyranny. Erica and Jef found that a little strange and abstract, so I asked Erica for thoughts about what America put together, and she nailed it. It's hope, he says. Isn't that what always happens? Philip Caputo is a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and author of 15 books. The latest is *The Longest Road*, from which this essay was adapted. Customized.