

BUD'S FIELD TRIP TO AMERICAN VILLAGE



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Kids, we're going on a class field trip to the American Village in Montevallo, Alabama! It's a colonial-style village with old-timey houses, churches, and museums.



You'll even learn about
George Washington and the
Revolutionary War!



Wait...did she say
George Washington?

Bud, we're going on a
class field trip. And
yes—you'll get to see
George Washington!





Class, back then, people didn't always use money – they traded and bartered for things they needed like food or tools.

And they had to think about value – how useful something was, how much people needed it, or how rare it was.

Don't forget to turn in
your permission slips.

Alright, boys and girls – it's
snack time! Take out your snacks,
and remember to be kind
and use your manners.





Who wants some
ants on a log?

Cool! Do you think George
Washington really brushed his
teeth with celery?

No, Bud! He might've used
twigs back then,
but not celery.

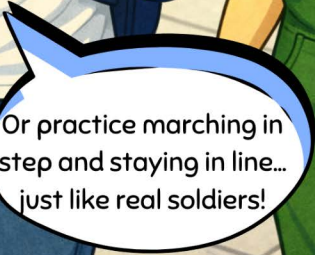




This is going to
be the best field
trip ever!



I want to see
everything-maybe even
ride in a horse
& wagon!



Or practice marching in
step and staying in line...
just like real soldiers!

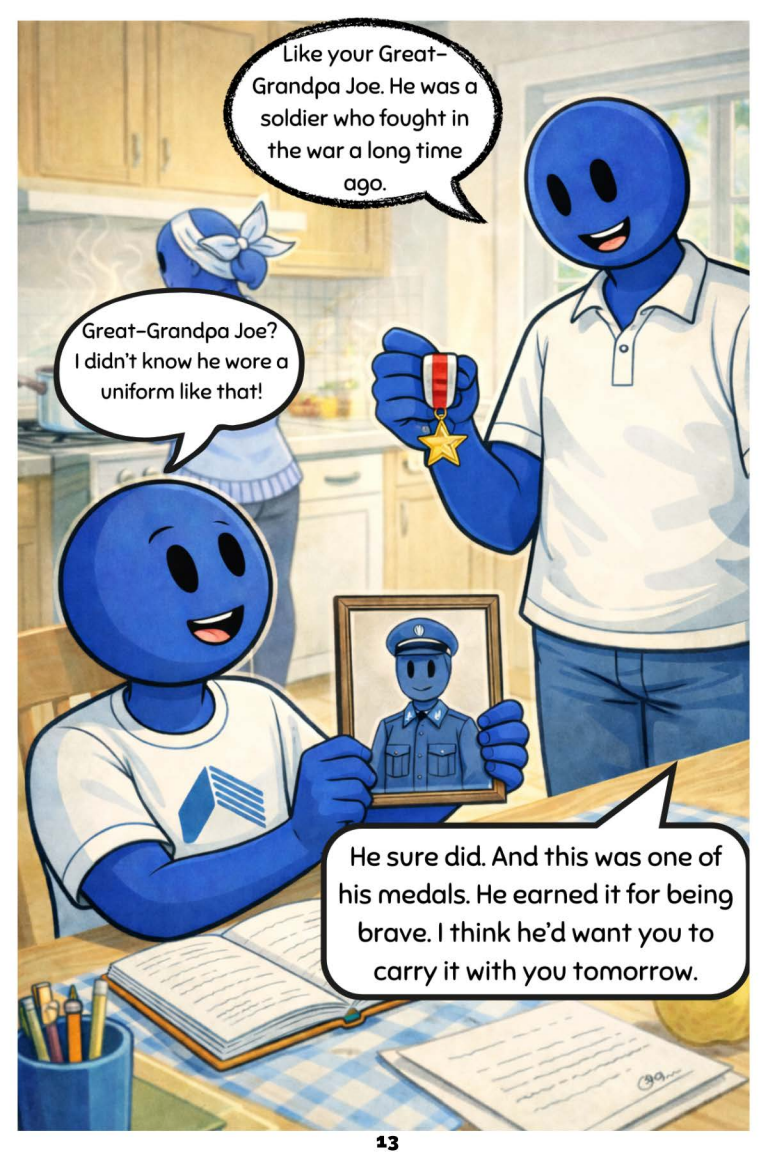
A blue alien-like character with a large, round head and closed eyes is blowing a large, pink, translucent bubble. He is wearing a white t-shirt and blue pants. To his right, a young girl with red hair in pigtails, wearing a yellow shirt and green overalls, looks at him with a surprised expression. The background shows a suburban street with green trees and a house.

I bet they'll even show us how people used to trade things instead of using money.

Like when I traded my gummy snakes for your jumbo bubble gum, just now. Totally worth it!







Like your Great-Grandpa Joe. He was a soldier who fought in the war a long time ago.

Great-Grandpa Joe? I didn't know he wore a uniform like that!

He sure did. And this was one of his medals. He earned it for being brave. I think he'd want you to carry it with you tomorrow.

A blue cartoon character with a large head and simple features is smiling broadly. They are wearing a white t-shirt with a blue star on the chest. An older blue character, wearing a blue headscarf with a white band and a blue cardigan over a white shirt, is pinning a medal onto the character's chest. The medal is a gold star on a red, white, and blue ribbon. The background is a simple indoor setting with wooden cabinets and a window.

It's not just shiny; it's valuable
because of what it stands for:
courage, sacrifice, and love
for others

Wow! I'll take
good care of it.



You've lined up side by side, standing with your captain and sergeant, ready to work together as a team. You've learned how to stand tall, follow directions, and stay in formation!

But now comes the hardest part of all—learning to march!





The easiest way to stay in a straight line is to look at the person on your right. Stand shoulder to shoulder and walk step by step with them. That's how real soldiers stay in line—working together!



Follow your captain:
Promenade... forward...
MARCH!

The Next Day...



Okay, class, we've arrived! Let's get off the bus carefully and march in like good little patriots. Before we get started, we'll stop by the gift shop, where you can choose a colonial-style hat, accessory, or souvenir—something you think has value and is worth taking home.



We're finally here!
We're in American
Village!

Whoa...it's like I just
walked into a
history book. This
is going to be
awesome!



There's rulers, hats,
coins... how do you even
choose just one?



Now, class, let's head to the courthouse. Some of you will get to play a role in this colonial meeting.



I am John Adams. Good people, the time has come to join as one colony. Together, we will protect our homes & share our blessings.



But what about our towns? Will we lose our freedoms?



No! Each town will keep its own ways, but together we will trade. **Trade means exchanging goods or services fairly**—like trading eggs for help fixing a fence.



How will we trade our goods?

We will barter. Barter means trading goods or services without using money, like trading apples for chickens.

But how do we know what to trade?



That's when value comes in.
Value means how much
something is really worth like
a shiny coin might be worth
more than a small pebble.





Tis decided! Today
we start a new
colony, and a
bright future for all.

All in favor of
joining as one
colony, say 'aye'!

AYE!

Then it is settled!

A woman dressed in 17th-century clothing, including a white bonnet and a floral-patterned dress with a dark red sash, holds a wicker basket filled with white eggs. She is smiling and gesturing with her right hand towards two children in the foreground. The children, a boy and a girl, are seen from behind; the boy wears a brown tricorn hat and a tan backpack, while the girl wears a white headscarf and a green dress. They are standing in a dirt market area with green wooden stalls in the background. Three speech bubbles are positioned above the woman, containing text about 17th-century market life.

Now it's time to step into the
1700s and experience a
Market Day!

Here, people didn't always use
money like we do now. Instead, they
bartered—trading goods or services
to get what they needed.

And because everyone needs
different things, the value of an item
can change from person to person.

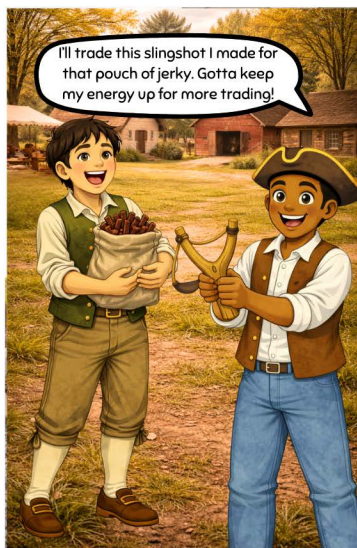


So if I wanted a feather quill, I could trade a sack of wheat?

Exactly! Wheat is a good, and so is a feather quill. If you offered to help carry water or mend clothes, that would be a service!

So something's value isn't just about what it costs—it's about how much someone needs or wants it!

Well said! Now each of you has an item. Let's see what kinds of trades you can make!





I'll give you this for that ♪
And that for this
We'll make a trade called barter
I'll give you this for that ♪
And that for this
Together we'll grow smarter
I'll give you this for that
Not that for this
Its value is much larger
I'll give you this for that
Not that for this
Value, trade, and barter

A colorful illustration of George Washington and Martha Washington standing on the steps of Mount Vernon. George is wearing a blue military-style coat with gold buttons and a white cravat. Martha is wearing a green dress with a white lace collar and a white bonnet. They are surrounded by three children: a girl in a green dress and white bonnet, a boy in a brown vest and blue pants, and a boy in a brown jacket and blue pants. The background shows the white columns and green shutters of Mount Vernon.

My dear young friends, I am George Washington, first President of the United States. This is my lovely wife, Martha. Welcome to Mount Vernon, our home.

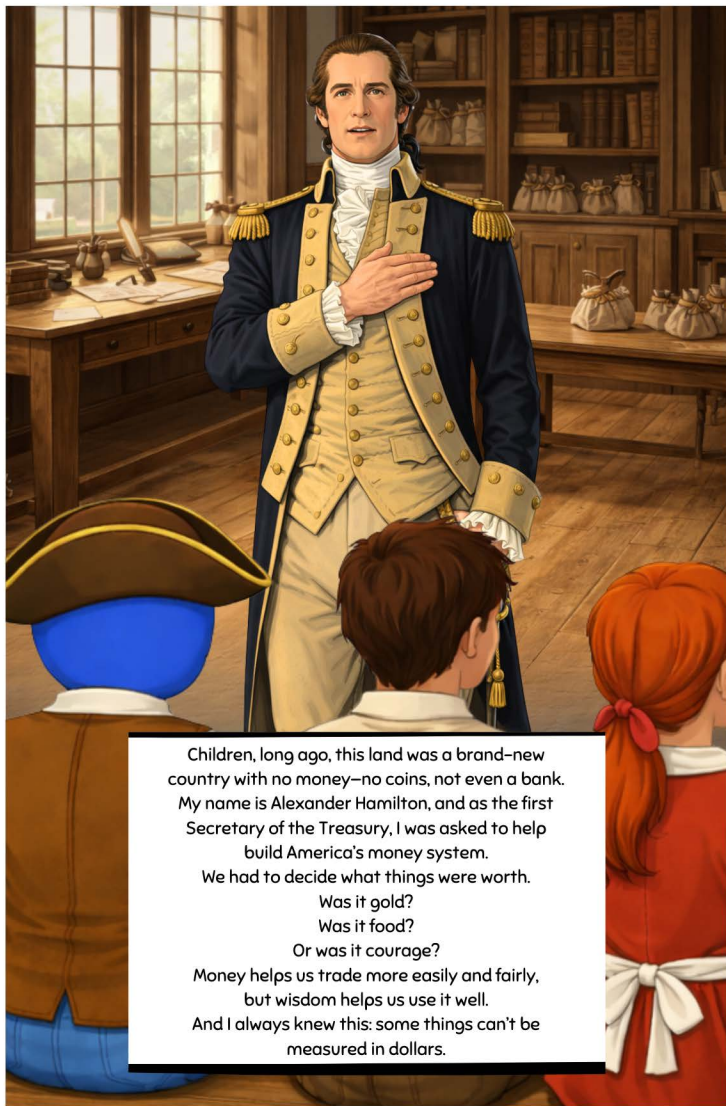
I am known for leading our nation's fight for independence and for setting the standard for honest leadership.

In fact, they even named our nation's capital, Washington, D.C., after me!

And here's the real me! My hair is all mine (just with a little powder), my teeth are... well... a collection (ivory, metal, and even a few stubborn ones). And no, I didn't chop down that cherry tree. That's just a tall tale!

Hee hee...!

Whoa! That's awesome!



Children, long ago, this land was a brand-new country with no money—no coins, not even a bank. My name is Alexander Hamilton, and as the first Secretary of the Treasury, I was asked to help build America's money system.

We had to decide what things were worth.

Was it gold?

Was it food?

Or was it courage?

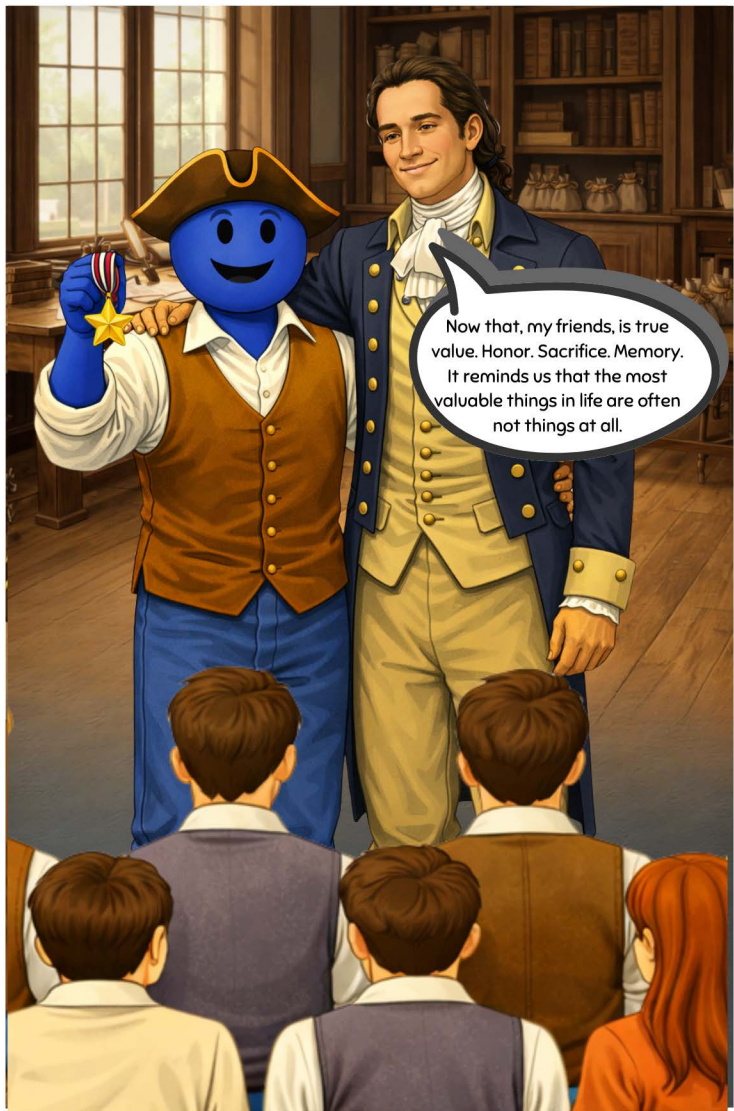
Money helps us trade more easily and fairly,
but wisdom helps us use it well.

And I always knew this: some things can't be
measured in dollars.

A blue cartoon character with a pirate hat and a man in 18th-century attire are in a room with a fireplace. The blue character is sitting on a wooden bench, holding a gold star medal with a red, white, and blue ribbon. The man is standing next to him, looking at the medal. A speech bubble from the man says, "Young sir, I see something special in your hands. Would you share it with us?".

Young sir, I see something special in your hands. Would you share it with us?

This belonged to my great-grandfather, Joe. He earned it for serving our country. My family says it reminds us to be brave, even when things are hard.



Now that, my friends, is true value. Honor. Sacrifice. Memory. It reminds us that the most valuable things in life are often not things at all.





Alright, kids! On to the tulip patch!



Whoa! It's like a rainbow exploded!



Each Tulip \$2

Each tulip is \$2. And look, there's kraft paper and tape if you want to wrap it up like a bouquet!



I'm picking one for my grandma. She's in the hospital.

That's a great idea, Billy.

My mom is going to love this!

Class, it's time to get back
on the bus now. Please
walk safely and find your
spots. Let's get ready to
head home.







Here, give her mine.

But what about
your mom?

Thanks Bud.

She'd want your
grandmother
to have it.



Hey Bud, this one's
for your mom.

You got two
of them?

Just in
case.

I got this Presidents' ruler at the gift shop. Pretty cool, huh?



Annie and Bud are standing on a paved sidewalk in a suburban neighborhood. In the background, there are green houses with blue shutters and lush green trees under a blue sky with light clouds. Annie, on the right, has red hair in pigtails, wears a white headscarf, a green dress with a white collar, and a yellow sash. She is holding a bouquet of yellow tulips. Bud, on the left, is a blue-skinned character wearing a brown tricorn hat with a yellow band, a white shirt, a brown vest with yellow buttons, and blue pants. He has a yellow satchel with a pink tulip on his back. He is holding a wooden ruler with portraits of colonial presidents. A speech bubble from Bud is at the top left, and another from Annie is at the bottom right.

Annie, I want you to have it
because I really value our
friendship.

No, Bud, keep your ruler. Remember,
you gave your tulip to Billy when his got
crushed, and I gave you one for your
mom. I'd call that a fair trade.



Now I get it. In friendship,
value isn't always
measured in dollars.

Sometimes the best
trades are made with
the heart.



Our Field Trip Memories



Say Cheese!



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