

The Birth of Paul Bunyan

Stories about Paul Bunyan began to circulate in the early part of the twentieth century, providing those Americans inclined to tell tall tales with a perfect vehicle for their lies. There is known to have been a Canadian logger named Paul Bunyon who, some people think, may have been a model for the stories. But the first printed mention of the hero was, of all places, in the advertising literature for a lumber company, and some suspect that the character was invented for that purpose. Of all North American folktales, those about Paul Bunyan were the quickest to be turned into literature, as frontier newspaper writers filled their pages with stories that were eventually collected in books. With so many people at work on his image, he gathered around him a bizarre array of men and beasts the like of which has seldom been surpassed in North American lore or literature.

If what they say is true, Paul Bunyan was born down in Maine. And he must have been a pretty husky baby, too, just like you'd expect him to be, from knowin' him afterwards.

When he was only three weeks old he rolled around so much in his sleep that he knocked down four square miles of standin' timber and the government got after his folks and told 'em they'd have to move him away.

So then they got some timbers together and made a floatin' cradle for Paul and anchored it off Eastport. But every time Paul rocked in his cradle, if he rocked shoreward, it made such a swell it came near drownin' out all the villages on the coast of Maine. The waves was so high Nova Scotia came pretty near becomin' an island instead of a peninsula.

That wouldn't do, of course, and the government got after 'em again and told 'em they'd have to do somethin' about it. They'd have to move him out of there and put him somewheres else, they was told. So they figured they'd better take him home again and keep him in the house for a spell.

But it happened Paul was asleep in his cradle when they went to get him. They had to send for the British Navy, and it took seven hours of bombardin' to

wake him up. Then, when Paul stepped out of his cradle, it made such a swell it caused a seventy-five-foot tide in the Bay of Fundy. Several villages were swept away, and seven of the invincible English warships were sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Well, Paul got out of his cradle then, and that saved Nova Scotia from becomin' an island, but the tides in the Bay of Fundy are just as high as they ever were.

So I guess the old folks must have had their hands full with him, all right. And I ought to say, the King of England sent over and confiscated the timbers in Paul's cradle and built seven new warships to take the place of the ones he'd lost.

When Paul was only seven months old, he sawed off the legs from under his dad's bed one night. The old man noticed when he woke up in the mornin' that his bed seemed considerable lower than it used to be, so he got up and investigated. Sure enough, there were the legs all sawed off from under it and the pieces layin' out on the floor.

Then he remembered he'd felt somethin' the night before, but he'd thought he must be dreamin'—the way you dream that you're fallin' down sometimes when you first go off to sleep. He looked around to see who could have done it and there was Paul layin' there sound asleep with his dad's cross-cut saw still held tight in his fist and smilin' in his sleep as pretty as anythin'.

He called his wife, and when she came in he said to her, "Did you feel anythin' in the night?"

"No," she said. "Is anythin' wrong?"

"Well, just look here," he said. And he showed her the four-by-eights layin' there on the floor and the saw in their kid's hand.

"I didn't light the lamp when I went to get up this mornin'," she said, "and I guess I didn't notice it."

"Well, he's done it, anyway," said the old man. "I'll bet that boy of ours is goin' to be a great logger someday. If he lives to grow up, he's goin' to do some great loggin' by and by, you just see—a whole lot bigger than any of the men around here have ever done."

And they was right, all right. There ain't never been loggin' before nor since like Paul Bunyan done.

Babe the Blue Ox

It is the rare person in America who does not have the image of a big blue ox firmly lodged in his or her imagination. There are conflicting stories of how the friendship between Paul Bunyan and his faithful companion came to pass. The following tale is the most commonly accepted account.

One day when Paul was working in his father's logging camp in the Maine woods it started to snow. Day after day the soft fluffy snowflakes fell until the entire camp was covered with a blanket of snow. Log cabins disappeared from sight, and all but the tallest trees were buried under the great snowdrifts.

And the strangest thing of all was that the snow, instead of being white, was a bright sapphire blue! For miles and miles as far as one could see the forest was covered with beautiful blue snow. Loggers even today remember that year and call it the Winter of the Blue Snow.

When the snow had stopped falling, Paul put on his snowshoes and went out to find wood for his fireplace. As he was returning, he noticed two little ears sticking up through a snowdrift.

"It must be some poor animal lost and freezing to death," thought Paul. He reached down with one of his great hands and scooped the little thing out of the snow. It was a baby ox calf with thin wobbly legs. Paul put the little calf inside one of his large pockets and took him home. Soon he was curled up in front of the fireplace and as happy and warm as could be.

"Poor little baby!" said Paul as the little calf drank some warm milk and gratefully caressed Paul's hand with his tongue. Paul decided to call the little calf "Babe" and keep him for a pet.

The strangest thing about Babe was that, even after he became thawed out, his coat remained a soft glossy blue. Paul nursed his new pet back to health, but his color never changed. The Winter of the Blue Snow had colored him blue, and blue he remained forever after.

Babe followed Paul wherever he went and grew larger each day. Every time Paul looked around the little calf seemed to have grown a foot taller.

In the spring, Paul built a little barn for Babe and put the calf inside for the night. The next morning, the barn was gone and so was the little blue calf. Paul searched high and low. Finally he found Babe calmly eating grass in a neighboring valley—with the barn perched right up on his back! He had outgrown it in a single night!

Paul became very fond of Babe and took him on all his adventures in the woods. He grew by leaps and bounds and soon was almost as large as Paul himself. Woodsmen tell us that when Babe was full grown he measured forty-two axe-handles between the eyes.

His appetite was tremendous. Every evening he ate a ton and a half of hay. Even then he wouldn't be satisfied to go to bed unless he had three wagonloads of turnips for dessert.

Paul taught him to help with the logging in the woods, and would give him an eighty-pound lump of sugar if he had been a good ox during the day. Babe was always full of mischief, however. He liked to roar and stamp his feet at night so the men would run out of the bunkhouses where they slept, thinking it was an earthquake! When Paul scolded him for it, Babe only chuckled to himself and pretended he was asleep.

Once when Babe was standing beside the cookhouse he winked at Paul and put his head in the cookhouse window. Babe gave a great sneeze and blew a whole barrel of flour over Hot Biscuit Slim, the cook, and his helper, Cream Puff Fatty!

Babe was very useful in many ways. For instance, Paul had a lot of trouble with the crooked, twisting road that wound in and out through the forest. He finally tied one end of the road to a large stump and hitched Babe to the other end with a large logging chain. Babe dug his great hoofs in the ground and strained and tugged until he had pulled the entire road out straight. It was a mighty feat of strength. In doing it, he stretched the heavy iron links of the logging chain until it was a single iron bar!



During his first summer, Babe became fat and lazy and one day refused to pull the logs down the road to the river. He wanted to wait until winter when the snow was on the ground and logs would slide easier. Paul didn't say a word, but that night he had the men secretly whitewash the road. The next morning, Babe thought it was snow and pulled the logs without further trouble.

When winter finally came again and covered the Maine woods with beautiful white snow, Babe was the happiest ox in the world. He loved to roam through the woods on the new snowshoes that Paul had given him for his first birthday. The greatest trouble Paul had that winter was finding enough food for Babe, who was getting thin. One day he thought of a great idea and called Ole the big Swede. Ole was the camp blacksmith, and next to Paul, the largest man in camp.

"Ole," he said, "I want you to make the largest pair of green eyeglasses in the world." When Ole finished, Paul put the glasses on Babe, strapping them over his nose. He then turned Babe out in the snow again. To Babe, with his new green glasses, all the snow looked like nice green grass! He ate and ate and grew fat and healthy again in no time at all.

In all the woods, there was no one so kindly toward Babe as Paul Bunyan, and no ox was ever as faithful to its master as Babe, the famous Blue Ox.

Paul Bunyan and His Little Blue Ox

Paul Bunyan is an oddity among the legendary frontier characters because, like Deadwood Dick, he never existed. No matter how outright fabulous and fairy tale-like some of the stories told about David Crockett, Mike Fink, or Doc Holliday, they all were at some time alive and walked the earth, while the King of Lumberjacks was entirely the product of a writer's imagination. He also was different from the other, once living, western heroes in being something of a newcomer, first mentioned in a Detroit publication of 1910. Tales of giant axmen of the Bunyan type seem to have originated in Canada. There are even claims that anecdotes about a herculean Canuck logger named Bonjon had inspired the first Paul Bunyan stories. But there is no proof of this. Though Bunyan's home grounds were the logger camps of northern Canada, he jumps the Mississippi, drives his oxen across the Bering Strait, and gives birth to Puget Sound by uprooting a giant redwood tree. Paul Bunyan is a true westerner.

Paul Bunyan was big like hell, fought like hell, and lied like hell. He was as tall as a redwood tree. He was so strong that he could pick up an ox between his thumb and forefinger. He made himself an ax handle out of a whole pine tree trunk. He chopped a ten-foot branch off an oak tree and used it for a toothpick. He once uprooted the biggest tree that ever was with his bare hands. The hole where the roots had been filled up again with water, and that became Puget Sound. Paul was a great jumper. He could jump over the Mississippi River and back again without ever touching ground. Paul loved to dance. He danced so hard he caused a number of major earthquakes. He once slipped and fell into Lake Superior, which made it spill over. This created the great flood that covered the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, as well as the province of Ontario.

One day, absentmindedly, Paul Bunyan put one of his loggers in his pocket and then forgot about him. The poor soul nearly starved to death before Paul rummaged around in his pocket for a chaw of 'baccer.

Paul cut his hair and beard only once every three years. After he had his barbering, there was usually a mountain of hair left, as big as a haystack. Paul always combed it out and, on the average, got about fifty pounds of salt pork, a hundred pounds of beans, and ten gallons of molasses out of it.

Paul had an appetite to match his size. Once, leading a tote team to his campsite, he came to a large lake. It was growing dark. The sky was covered with clouds and there was no moon. They decided not to go on but to camp right there by the lake. Paul and his lumberjacks had worked up an elephant-sized hunger. Luckily, they were also carrying a year's supply of food with them and Paul dumped all those beans and the salt pork into the lake. He built fires all around the lake until the water was boiling, turning the whole huge pool into bean soup. Paul and his loggers drank up the lake and it took years until it was full again.

The camp's cooking oven covered an acre of ground and the frying pan was just as big. When pancakes were called for, the cook lit a whole forest fire underneath the pan and then had some of the boys tie the side of a hog to the bottom of their snowshoes, having them skate all over the pan to grease it up.

Everything having to do with Paul Bunyan was larger than life. He had a daughter called Peg who could chop down the biggest tree with one cut and break it to pieces over her knee for kindling. His horse was so big that an ordinary fellow needed a six-story fireman's ladder to mount it, provided Paul let him.

Even the bugs in Paul Bunyan's camp were considerably bigger than other bugs. Once, one of the loggers was working high up in a tree when a bunch of mosquitoes got right under the seat of his pants, lifted him clear off the branch he was sitting on, and flew away with him over the treetops. It might have gone badly with that fellow if that cloud of mosquitoes had not come down on a fat steer. That gave him the chance to get off without falling to his death. He hit one of those cursed insects a solid whack with his ax and the darn critter bit a good-sized chunk out of the blade. When that bunch of mosquitoes finally got off the steer, there was nothing left of the poor beast but a heap of bones. The mosquitoes then settled down on some tree stumps, picking their teeth with meat skewers. Paul had

heard that in Africa they had man-sized bumblebees whose favorite food was mosquitoes. Paul at once ordered a boatload of these bumblebees, but it turned out that the bees and the mosquitoes took a shine to each other, producing offspring of mosquito-bees with stingers at both ends. Paul promptly sent for a passel of special sixteen-legged, thirty-two eyed spiders whose favorite food consisted of bumblebee-mosquitoes, but these finicky critters preferred to gobble whole oxen. Paul sold the stingers of those rambunctious insects to the army as bayonets.

One day Paul Bunyan was lying down in the sun to get a little rest. A lumberjack passing by thought he saw a large bullfrog jumping and dancing on Paul's bare chest. "What's that bullfrog adoin' dancin' and jumpin' up and down on you?" the fellow inquired. "That ain't no bullfrog," answered Paul, "it's only one of those goddam cussed fleas!"

Paul had a pet catfish that followed him wherever he went. But that fish came to a sad end. It accidentally fell into the Big Onion River and drowned.

Paul had an ox, a rather large beast that grew two feet every time Paul looked at it. It was called Babe, though some remember it as Benny. These folks are wrong. The name was definitely Babe. One morning, when Babe was still only a bull calf, the loggers saw a big barn wandering into camp. It was the calf, having outgrown the barn and walking away with it, carrying it on its back.

Babe was known as Paul's Little Blue Ox of the Woods. He measured twelve ax handles between his eyes and weighed more than all the fish that ever got away. Babe saved Paul a lot of time and labor. Paul used to hitch him to hundred-acre plots of forest, one plot at a time. As he dragged these chunks of timberland along, Babe was driven right to the riverbank. There Paul cut the timber off, just as if he were shearing sheep, and then floated the logs down the Little Gimlet River.

In winter Paul hitched Babe to a huge sled instead of a wagon. Beside his regular load of logs, Babe also had to haul the water tank Bunyan used to ice over the road for the sled's runners. One time the tank burst and that's what started the mighty Mississippi River and keeps it flowing. Whenever the Little Blue Ox had to be shod, it took a whole iron mine to make the shoes.

One year there was a big logjam, the biggest anybody could remember. The logs were piled up three hundred feet high and were backing up the river for thirty miles. Paul led old Babe right into the

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Blue Ox stood in the water up to his belly. That was about fifty feet high. Paul put him in there with his hind end against the logjam. Then he took his big buffalo gun and shot Babe a dozen times in the rump. Babe thought the bullets were flies. His tail was just about thirty feet long. Babe switched it back and forth to drive the pesky flies away. The tail switching caused such a wind storm that it broke up the logjam.

Paul Bunyan tried to find a cow big enough to keep old Babe company. It took him a long time, but he finally found one. Her name was Betsy, but some say it was Bossy. That cow was so big that when it was winter-time around her head it was summer-time at her tail end. When Betsy got mad and pawed the ground, she brought up an acre of dirt every time. Paul took good care of Betsy, feeding her corn, rye, and sour mash. Paul did the milking himself because no one else was big and strong enough to do it. Betsy gave a hundred gallons of milk every day. But there was a problem. The milk was too strong to use at the table. It had turned into pure 100-proof rye whiskey.

In winter the camp was so cold, more than a hundred degrees below freezing, that it turned the flames of the loggers' fires into icicles. They couldn't do anything with them. So they bundled them up and piled them somewhere near the camp. Came spring and the fire. Paul and his lumberjacks managed to chuck them into the river. They set the waters boiling and that evening the loggers feasted on a great mess of well-cooked crawfish.

Paul Bunyan had a cook who was so ugly that, when he pecked into the pot of bean soup to see how it was doing, at the sight of him the soup began to sizzle, curdle, and ferment, and after it was strained, it was found to have turned into strong moonshine, the kind that, when a drop gets onto a boot, will at once burn a hole through the leather. Paul took the man off his cooking job and put him in charge of the camp's distillery.

And what became of Babe, the Little Blue Ox of the Woods? That ox lived entirely on flapjacks. Twelve cooks were busy night and day making flapjacks for him. One day the cooks were all sick with the flu and old Babe got so hungry waiting for them to recover that he gulped down the red-hot stove, and that was the end of him.

Paul Bunyan

I. WHO MADE PAUL BUNYAN?

Who made Paul Bunyan, who gave him birth as a myth, who joked him into life as the Master Lumberjack, who fashioned him forth as an apparition, easing the hours of men amid axes and trees, saws and lumber? The people, the bookless people, they made Paul and had him alive long before he got into the books for those who read. He grew up in shanties, around the hot stoves of winter, among socks and mittens drying, in the smell of tobacco smoke and the roar of laughter mocking the outside weather. And some of Paul came overseas in wooden bunks below decks in sailing vessels. And some of Paul is old as the hills, young as the alphabet.

The Pacific Ocean froze over in the winter of the Blue Snow and Paul Bunyan had long teams of oxen hauling regular white snow over from China. This

From *The People, Yes*, by Carl Sandburg, pp. 97-99. Copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

was the winter Paul gave a party to the Seven Axmen. Paul fixed a granite floor sunk two hundred feet deep for them to dance on. Still, it tipped and tilted as the dance went on. And because the Seven Axmen refused to take off their hob-nailed boots, the sparks from the nails of their dancing feet lit up the place so that Paul didn't light the kerosene lamps. No women being on the Big Onion river at that time the Seven Axmen had to dance with each other, the one left over in each set taking Paul as a partner. The commotion of the dancing that night brought on an earthquake and the Big Onion river moved over three counties to the east.

One year when it rained from St. Patrick's Day till the Fourth of July, Paul Bunyan got disgusted because his celebration of the Fourth was spoiled. He dived into Lake Superior and swam to where a solid pillar of water was coming down. He dived under this pillar, swam up into it and climbed with powerful swimming strokes, was gone about an hour, came splashing down, and as the rain stopped, he explained, "I turned the dam thing off." This is told in the Big North Woods and on the Great Lakes, with many particulars.

Two mosquitoes lighted on one of Paul Bunyan's oxen, killed it, ate it, cleaned the bones, and sat on a grub shanty picking their teeth as Paul came along. Paul sent to Australia for two special bumble bees to kill these mosquitoes. But the bees and the mosquitoes intermarried; their children had stingers on both ends. And things kept getting worse till Paul brought a big boat-load of sorghum up from Louisiana and while all the bee-mosquitoes were eating at the sweet sorghum he floated them down to the Gulf of Mexico. They got so fat that it was easy to drown them all between New Orleans and Galveston.

Paul logged on the Little Gimlet in Oregon one winter. The cook stove at that camp covered an acre of ground. They fastened the side of a hog on each snowshoe and four men used to skate on the griddle while the cook flipped the pancakes. The eating table was three miles long; elevators carried the cakes to the ends of the table where boys on bicycles rode back and forth on a path down the center of the table, dropping the cakes where called for.

Benny, the Little Blue Ox of Paul Bunyan, grew two feet every time Paul looked at him, when a youngster. The barn was gone one morning and they found it on Benny's back; he grew out of it in a night. One night he kept pawing and bellowing for more pancakes, till there were two hundred men at the cook shanty stove trying to keep him fed. About breakfast time Benny broke loose, tore down the cook shanty, ate all the pancakes piled up for the loggers' breakfast. And after that Benny made his mistake; he ate the red hot stove; and that finished him. This is only one of the hot stove stories told in the North Woods.

II. THE ROUND RIVER DRIVE

'Twas '64 or '65
 We drove the great Round River Drive;
 'Twas '65 or '64—
 Yes, it was durin' of the war,
 Or it was after or before.
 Those were the days in Michigan,
 The good old days, when any man
 Could cut and skid and log and haul,
 And there was pine enough for all.
 Then all the logger had to do
 Was find some timber that was new
 Beside a stream—he knew it ran
 To Huron or to Michigan,
 That at the mouth a mill there was
 To take the timber for the saws.
 (In those old days the pioneer
 He need not read his title clear
 To mansions there or timber here.)
 Paul Bunyan, (you have heard of Paul?
 He was the king pin of 'em all,
 The greatest logger in the land;
 He had a punch in either hand
 And licked more men and drove more miles
 And got more drunk in more new styles
 Than any other peavey prince
 Before, or then, or ever since.)
 Paul Bunyan bossed that famous crew:
 A bunch of shoutin' bruisers, too—
 Black Dan MacDonald, Tom McCann,
 Dutch Jake, Red Murphy, Dirty Dan,
 And other Dans from black to red,
 With Curley Charlie, yellow-head,
 And Patsy Ward, from off the Clam—
 The kind of gang to break a jam,
 To clean a bar or rattle rum,
 Or give a twenty to a bum.

Paul Bunyan and his fightin' crew,
 In '64 or '5 or '2,
 They started out to find the pines
 Without much thought of section lines.
 So west by north they made their way
 One hundred miles until one day
 They found good timber, level land,
 And roarin' water close at hand.

By Douglas Malloch. From *The American Lumberman*, Whole Number 2032, April
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PAUL BUNYAN*

They built a bunk and cook-house there;
 They didn't know exactly where
 It was and, more, they didn't care.
 Before the Spring, I give my word,
 Some mighty funny things occurred.

Now, near the camp there was a spring
 That used to steam like everything.
 One day a chap that brought supplies
 Had on a load of mammoth size,
 A load of peas. Just on the road
 Beside the spring he ditched his load
 And all those peas, the bloomin' mess,
 Fell in the spring—a ton I guess.
 He come to camp expectin' he
 Would get from Bunyan the G. B.
 But Joe the Cook, a French Canuck,
 Said, "Paul, I teenk it is ze luck—
 Them spring is hot; so, Paul, pardon,
 And we will have ze grand bouillon!"

To prove the teamster not at fault,
 He took some pepper, pork and salt,
 A right proportion each of these,
 And threw them in among the peas—
 And got enough, and good soup, too,
 To last the whole of winter through.
 The rest of us were kind of glad
 He spilt the peas, when soup we had—
 Except the flunkies; they were mad
 Because each day they had to tramp
 Three miles and tote the soup to camp.

Joe had a stove, some furnace, too,
 The size for such a hungry crew.
 Say what you will, it is the meat,
 The pie and sinkers, choppers eat
 That git results. It is the beans
 And spuds that are the best machines
 For fallin' norway, skiddin' pine,
 And keepin' hemlock drives in line.
 This stove of Joe's it was a rig
 For cookin' grub that was so big
 It took a solid cord of wood
 To git a fire to goin' good.
 The flunkies cleaned three forties bare
 Each week to keep a fire in there.
 That stove's dimensions south to north,
 From east to westward, and so forth,
 I don't remember just exact,
 And do not like to state a fact

Unless I know that fact is true,
 For I would hate deceivin' you.
 But I remember once that Joe
 Put in a mammoth batch of dough;
 And then he thought (at least he tried)
 To take it out the other side.
 But when he went to walk around
 The stove (it was so far) he found
 That long before the bread he turned
 The bread not only baked but burned.

We had two coons for flunkies, Sam
 And Tom. Joe used to strap a ham
 Upon each foot of each of them
 When we had pancakes each A. M.
 They'd skate around the stove lids for
 An hour or so, or maybe more,
 And grease 'em for him. But one day
 Old Pink-Eye Martin (anyway
 He couldn't see so very good),
 Old Pink-Eye he misunderstood
 Which was the bakin'-powder can
 And in the dough eight fingers ran
 Of powder, blastin'-powder black—
 Those niggers never did come back.
 They touched a cake, a flash, and poof!
 Went Sam and Tommie through the roof.
 We hunted for a month or so
 But never found 'em—that, you know,
 It was the year of the black snow.

We put one hundred million feet
 On skids that winter. Hard to beat,
 You say it was? It was some crew.
 We took it off one forty, too.
 A hundred million feet we skid—
 That forty was a pyramid;
 It runs up skyward to a peak—
 To see the top would take a week.
 The top of it, it seems to me,
 Was far as twenty men could see.
 But down below the stuff we slides,
 For there was trees on all four sides.
 And, by the way, a funny thing
 Occurred along in early Spring.
 One day we seen some deer tracks there,
 As big as any of a bear.
 Old Forty Jones (He's straw-boss on
 The side where those there deer had gone)

He doesn't say a thing but he
 Thinks out a scheme, and him and me
 We set a key-log in a pile,
 And watched that night for quite a while.
 And when the deer come down to drink
 We tripped the key-log in a wink.
 We killed two hundred in the herd—
 For Forty's scheme was sure a bird—
 Enough of venison we got
 To last all Winter, with one shot.

Paul Bunyan had the biggest steer
 That ever was, in camp that year.
 Nine horses he'd out-pull and skid—
 He weighed five thousand pounds, he did.
 The barn boss (handy man besides)
 Made him a harness from the hides
 Of all the deer (it took 'em all)
 And Pink-Eye Martin used to haul
 His stove wood in. Remember yet
 How buckskin stretches when it's wet?
 One day when he was haulin' wood,
 (A dead log that was dry and good)
 One cloudy day, it started in
 To rainin' like the very sin.
 Well, Pink-Eye pounded on the ox
 And beat it over roads and rocks
 To camp. He landed there all right
 And turned around—no log in sight!
 But down the road, around the bend,
 Those tugs were stretchin' without end.
 Well, Pink-Eye he goes in to eat.
 The sun comes out with lots of heat.
 It dries the buckskin that was damp
 And hauls the log right into camp!

That was a pretty lucky crew
 And yet we had some hard luck, too.
 You've heard of Phalen, double-jawed?
 He had two sets of teeth that sawed
 Through almost anything. One night
 He sure did use his molars right.
 While walkin' in his sleep he hit
 The fier's rack and, after it,
 Then with the stone-trough he collides—
 Which makes him sore, and mad besides.
 Before he wakes, so mad he is,
 He works those double-teeth of his,
 And long before he gits his wits
 He chews that grindstone into bits.

If we observed the usual plan
And drove the way the current ran.

Well, after we had driven for
At least two weeks, and maybe more,
We come upon a pyramid
That looked just like *our* forty did.

Some two weeks more and then we passed
A camp that looked just like the last.
Two weeks again another, too,
That looked like *our* camp, come in view.

Then Bunyan called us all ashore
And held a council-like of war.
He said, with all this lumbering,
Our logs would never fetch a thing.
The next day after, Silver Jim
He has the wits scared out of him;
For while he's breakin' of a jam
He comes upon remains of Sam,
The coon who made the great ascent
And through the cook-house ceilin' went
When Pink-Eye grabbed the fatal tin
And put the blasin' powder in.

And then we realized at last
That every camp that we had passed
Was *ours*. Yes, it was then we found
The river we was on was round.
And, though we'd driven many a mile,
We drove a circle all the while!
And that's the truth, as I'm alive,
About the great Round River Drive.

What's that? Did ever anyone
Come on that camp of '61,
Or '63, or '65,
The year we drove Round River Drive?
Yes, Harry Gustin, Pete, and me
Tee Hanson, and some two or three
Of good and truthful lumber men
Came on that famous camp again.
In west of Graylin, 50 miles,
Where all the face of Nature smiles,
We found the place in '84—
But it had changed some since the war.
The fire had run some Summer through
And spoiled the logs and timber, too.
The sun had dried the river clean
But still its bed was plainly seen.

But still we didn't miss it so;
For to the top we used to go
And from the forty's highest crown
We'd start the stones a-rollin' down.
We'd lay an ax on every one
And 'follow it upon the run;
And, when we reached the lowest ledge,
Each ax it had a razor edge.

So passed the Winter day by day,
Not always work not always play.
We fought a little, worked a lot,
And played whatever chance we got.

Jim Liverpool, for instance, bet
Across the river he could get
By jumpin', and he won it, too.
He got the laugh on half the crew:
For twice in air he stops and humps
And makes the river in three jumps.

We didn't have no booze around
For every fellow that we found
And sent to town for apple jack
Would drink it all up comin' back.

One day the bull-cook parin' spuds
He hears a sizzlin' in the suds
And finds the peelin's, strange to say,
Are all fermentin' where they lay.
Now Sour-face Murphy in the door
Was standin'. And the face he wore
Convinced the first assistant cook
That Murphy soured 'em with his look.
And when he had the parin's drained
A quart of Irish booze remained.
The bull-cook tells the tale to Paul
And Paul takes Murphy off the haul
And gives him, very willingly,
A job as camp distillery.

At last, a hundred million in,
'Twas time for drivin' to begin.
We broke our rollways in a rush
And started through the rain and slush
To drive the hundred million down
Until we reached some sawmill town.
We didn't know the river's name,
Nor where to someone's mill it came,
But figured that, without a doubt,
To some good town 'twould fetch us out

And so we knew it was the place
 For of the past we found a trace—
 A peavey loggers know so well,
 A peavey with a circle L,
 Which, as you know, was Bunyan's mark.
 The hour was late, 'twas gittin' dark;
 We had to move. But there's no doubt
 It was the camp I've told about.
 We eastward went, a corner found,
 And took another look around.
 Round River so we learned that day,
 On Section 37 lay.¹

III. THE WHISTLING RIVER

It seems that some years before the winter of the Blue Snow (which every old logger remembers because of a heavy fall of bright blue snow which melted to ink, giving folks the idea of writing stories like these, so they tell) Ol' Paul was logging on what was then known as the Whistling River. It got its name from the fact that every morning, right on the dot, at nineteen minutes after five, and every night at ten minutes past six, it r'ared up to a height of two hundred and seventy-three feet and let loose a whistle that could be heard for a distance of six hundred and three miles in any direction.

Of course, if one man listening by himself can hear that far, it seems reasonable to suppose that two men listening together can hear it just twice as far. They tell me that even as far away as Alaska, most every camp had from two to four whistle-listeners (as many as were needed to hear the whistle without straining), who got two bits a listen and did nothing but listen for the right time, especially quitting time.

However, it seems that the river was famous for more than its whistling, for it was known as the orneriest river that ever ran between two banks. It seemed to take a fiendish delight in tying whole rafts of good saw logs into more plain and fancy knots than forty-three old sailors even knew the names of. It was an old "side winder" for fair. Even so, it is unlikely that Ol' Paul would ever have bothered with it, if it had left his beard alone.

It happened this way. It seems that Ol' Paul is sitting on a low hill one afternoon, combing his great curly beard with a pine tree, while he plans his winter operations. All of a sudden like, and without a word of warning, the river h'ists itself up on its hind legs and squirts about four thousand five hundred and nineteen gallons of river water straight in the center of Ol' Paul's whiskers.

¹ A township consists of thirty-six sections. Cf. the "nineteenth hole" of a golf course.

From *Ol' Paul, The Mighty Logger*, by Glen Rounds, pp. [III] 19-41; [IV], 42-51; [V], 117-133. Copyright, 1936, by Holiday House, Inc. New York.

Naturally Paul's considerably startled, but says nothing, figuring that if he gets it no mind, it'll go 'way and leave him be. But no sooner does he get settled back with his thinking and combing again, than the darn river squirts some more! This time, along with the water, it throws in for good measure a batch of mud turtles, thirteen large carp, a couple of drowned muskrat, and half a raft of last year's saw logs. By this time Ol' Paul is pretty mad, and he jumps up and lets loose a yell that causes a landslide out near Pike's Peak, and startles a barber in Missouri so he cuts half the hair off the minister's toupee, causing somewhat of a stir thereabouts. Paul stomps around waving his arms for a spell, and allows: "By the Gee-Jumpin' John Henry and the Great Horn Spoon, I'll tame that river or bust a gallus tryin'."

He goes over to another hill and sits down to think out a way to tame a river, forgetting his winter operations entirely. He sits there for three days and forty-seven hours without moving, thinking at top speed all the while, and finally comes to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to take out the kinks. But he knows that taking the kinks out of a river as tricky as this one is apt to be quite a chore, so he keeps on sitting there while he figures out ways and means. Of course, he could dig a new channel and run the river through that, but that was never Paul's way. He liked to figure out new ways of doing things, even if they were harder.

Meanwhile he's gotten a mite hungry, so he hollers down to camp for Sourtough Sam to bring him up a little popcorn, of which he is very fond. So Sam hitches up a four-horse team while his helpers are popping the corn, and soon arrives at Paul's feet with a wagon load.

Paul eats popcorn and thinks. The faster he thinks the faster he eats, and the faster he eats the faster he thinks, until finally his hands are moving so fast that nothing shows but a blur, and they make a wind that is uprooting trees all around him. His chewing sounds like a couple hundred coffee grinders all going at once. In practically no time at all the ground for three miles and a quarter in every direction is covered to a depth of eighteen inches with popcorn scraps, and several thousand small birds and animals, seeing the ground all white and the air filled with what looks like snowflakes, conclude that a blizzard is upon them and immediately freeze to death, furnishing the men with pot pies for some days.

But to get back to Ol' Paul's problem. Just before the popcorn is all gone, he decides that the only practical solution is to hitch Babe, the Mighty Blue Ox, to the river and let him yank it straight.

Babe was so strong that he could pull mighty near anything that could be hitched to. His exact size, as I said before, is not known, for although it is said that he stood ninety-three hands high, it's not known whether that meant ordinary logger's hands, or hands the size of Paul's, which, of course, would be something else again.

However, they tell of an eagle that had been in the habit of roosting

on the tip of Babe's right horn, suddenly deciding to fly to the other. Columbus Day, it was, when he started. He flew steadily, so they say, night and day, fair weather and foul, until his wing feathers were worn down to pinfeathers and a new set grew to replace them. In all, he seems to have worn out seventeen sets of feathers on the trip, and from reaching up to brush the sweat out of his eyes so much, had worn all the feathers off the top of his head, becoming completely bald, as are all of his descendants to this day. Finally the courageous bird won through, reaching the brass ball on the tip of the left horn on the seventeenth of March. He waved a wing weakly at the cheering lumberjacks and howled as how he'd made it sooner but for the head winds.

But the problem is how to hitch Babe to the river, as it's a well-known fact that an ordinary log chain and skid hook will not hold water. So after a light lunch of three sides of barbecued beef, half a wagon load of potatoes, carrots, and a few other odds and ends, Ol' Paul goes down to the blacksmith shop and gets Ole, the Big Swede, to help him look through the big instruction book that came with the woods and tells how to do most everything under the sun. But though Paul reads the book through from front to back twice while Ole reads it from back to front, and they both read it once from bottom to top, they find nary a word about how to hook onto a river. However, they do find an old almanac stuck between the pages and get so busy reading up on the weather for the coming year, and a lot of fancy ailments of one kind and another that it's supper time before they know it, and the problem's still unsolved. So Paul decides that the only practical thing to do is to invent a rigging of some kind himself.

At any rate he has to do something, as every time he hears the river whistle, it makes him so mad he's fit to be tied, which interferes with his work more than something. No one can do their best under such conditions.

Being as how this was sort of a special problem, he thought it out in a special way. Paul was like that. As he always thought best when he walked, he had the men survey a circle about thirty miles in diameter to walk around. This was so that if he was quite a while thinking it out he wouldn't be finding himself way down in Australia when he'd finished.

When everything is ready, he sets his old fur cap tight on his head, clasps his hands behind him, and starts walking and thinking. He thinks and walks. The faster he walks the faster he thinks. He makes a complete circle every half hour. By morning he's worn a path that is knee-deep even on him, and he has to call the men to herd the stock away and keep them from falling in and getting crippled. Three days later he thinks it out, but he's worn himself down so deep that it takes a day and a half to get a ladder built that will reach down that far. When he does get out, he doesn't even wait for breakfast, but whistles for Babe and tears right out across the hills to the north.

The men have no idea what he intends to do, but they know from

experience that it'll be good, so they cheer till their throats are so sore they have to stay around the mess hall drinking Paul's private barrel of cough syrup till supper time. And after that they go to bed and sleep very soundly.

Paul and the Ox travel plenty fast, covering twenty-four townships at a stride, and the wind from their passing raises a dust that doesn't even begin to settle for some months. There are those who claim that the present dust storms are nothing more or less than that same dust just beginning to get back to earth—but that's a matter of opinion. About noon, as they near the North Pole, they begin to see blizzard tracks, and in a short time are in the very heart of their summer feeding grounds. Taking a sack from his shoulder, Paul digs out materials for a box trap, which he sets near a well-traveled blizzard trail, and baits with fresh icicles from the top of the North Pole. Then he goes away to eat his lunch, but not until he's carefully brushed out his tracks—a trick he later taught the Indians.

After lunch he amuses himself for a while by throwing huge chunks of ice into the water for Babe to retrieve, but he soon has to whistle the great beast out, as every time he jumps into the water he causes such a splash that a tidal wave threatens Galveston, Texas, which at that time was inhabited by nobody in particular. Some of the ice he threw in is still floating around the ocean, causing plenty of excitement for the iceberg patrol.

About two o'clock he goes back to his blizzard trap and discovers that he has caught seven half-grown blizzards and one grizzled old nor'wester, which is raising considerable fuss and bids fair to trample the young ones before he can get them out. But he finally manages to get a pair of half-grown ones in his sack and turns the others loose.

About midnight he gets back to camp, and hollers at Ole, the Big Swede:

"Build me the biggest log chain that's ever been built, while I stake out these dadblasted blizzards! We're goin' to warp it to 'er proper, come mornin'."

Then he goes down to the foot of the river and pickets one of the blizzards to a tree on the bank, then crosses and ties the other directly opposite. Right away the river begins to freeze. In ten minutes the slush ice reaches nearly from bank to bank, and the blizzards are not yet really warmed to their work, either. Paul watches for a few minutes, and then goes back to camp to warm up, feeling mighty well satisfied with the way things are working out.

In the morning the river has a tough time raring up for what it maybe knows to be its last whistle, for its foot is frozen solid for more than seventeen miles. The blizzards have really done the business.

By the time breakfast is over, the great chain's ready and Babe all harnessed. Paul quick-like wraps one end of the chain seventy-two times around the foot of the river, and hitches Babe to the other. Warning: the

men to stand clear, he shouts at the Ox to pull. But though the great beast strains till his tongue hangs out, pulling the chain out into a solid bar some seven and a half miles long, and sinks knee-deep in the solid rock, the river stubbornly refuses to budge, hanging onto its kinks like a snake in a gopher hole. Seeing this, Ol' Paul grabs the chain and, letting loose a holler that blows the tarpaper off the shacks in the Nebraska sandhills, he and the Ox together give a mighty yank that jerks the river loose from end to end, and start hauling it out across the prairie so fast that it smokes.

After a time Paul comes back and sights along the river, which now is as straight as a gun barrel. But he doesn't have long to admire his work, for he soon finds he has another problem on his hands. You see, it's this way. A straight river is naturally much shorter than a crooked one, and now all the miles and miles of extra river that used to be in the kinks are running wild out on the prairie. This galls the farmers in those parts more than a little. So it looks like Paul had better figure something out, and mighty soon at that, for already he can see clouds of dust the prairie folks are raising as they come at top speed to claim damages.

After three minutes of extra deep thought he sends a crew to camp to bring his big cross-cut saw and a lot of baling wire. He saws the river into nine-mile lengths and the men roll it up like linoleum and tie it with the wire. Some say he used these later when he logged off the desert, rolling out as many lengths as he needed to float his logs. But that's another story.

But his troubles with the Whistling River were not all over. It seems that being straightened sort of took the gimp out of the river, and from that day on it refused to whistle even a bird call. And as Paul had gotten into the habit of depending on the whistle to wake up the men in the morning, things were a mite upset.

First he hired an official getter-upper who rode through the camp on a horse, and beat a triangle. But the camp was so big that it took three hours and seventy-odd minutes to make the trip. Naturally some of the men were called too early and some too late. It's hard to say what might have happened if Squeaky Swanson hadn't showed up about that time. His speaking voice was a thin squeak, but when he hollered he could be heard clear out to Kansas on a still day. So every morning he stood outside the cookshack and hollered the blankets off every bunk in camp. Naturally the men didn't stay in bed long after the blankets were off them, what with the cold wind and all, so Squeaky was a great success and for years did nothing but holler in the mornings.

IV. THE BEDCATS

Ol' Paul had quite a time with the Bedcats one winter, when he was using one of his old camps that had stood deserted for thirty years or more. It happened this way. As every one knows, most bunkhouses have a certain number of bedbugs. These don't annoy a real lumberjack to

amount to anything, although you'll hear the greenhorns holler plenty when they first come into camp. But they either make friends with the little beasts or they don't last long. The story is that the loggers all had their pet bugs that followed them around camp and out in the woods like dogs, some even being trained, it is said, to steal blankets off adjoining bunks for their masters on especially cold nights. However, that is as it may be; I never saw it.

But it is a well-known fact that the intelligent little beasts always knew when camp was to be moved, and the night before would come out of wherever they were in the habit of staying and climb into the bedding rolls so as not to be left behind. Then when the new camp was set up, there they were, jumping up and down with excitement to greet the men when they came in from their first day's work.

One time, though, they got fooled. That was the time the Indian, Squatting Calf, comes running into camp just after breakfast with the news that gold has been discovered in the Black Hills. Right away all the men tear out over the hills without even waiting to pick up their blankets. Within three minutes the camp is as empty as an old maid's letter box on Valentine's Day. That night at sundown the little bugs are all lined up at the bunkhouse door waiting for the men to come home as usual. But they don't come.

Ol' Paul's in town at the time, and when he hears the news, he knows there's no use figuring on logging till the gold fever passes, so he goes on a timber cruising trip. He locates some fine timber down Kansas way, and when he finds his men ready to work, he starts a new camp there, as he has a ready market for his lumber in the new gold towns. And, what with one thing and another, it's about thirty years before he comes back to the old camp. But when he does, he finds trouble waiting for him.

He and the men get there about noon and start cleaning up the old buildings. They're a little surprised to find the bunks filled up with the bones of rabbits and other small animals, but suppose that owls or bobcats have been living there. By night the camp is ready, and after supper the men turn in early. Ol' Paul suddenly wakes up, hearing wild yells and snarls from the bunkhouse, and comes running out of his office to see the men clawing over one another in their underwear, trying to get out in the open. They swear that their bunks are full of wildcats which have been crawling all over them. Now Paul knows wildcats, and he's never heard of one that'll come within a hundred yards of a logger if it has its druthers. As he can find nothing in there when he looks, he figures that being as it's the day after payday, the men have probably eaten something that disagrees with them. But they won't go back in the bunkhouse, so he lets them sleep in the stables that night.

But the next night the same thing happens, so Paul decides to get his pistol and sleep in the bunkhouse himself. When a bunch of lumberjacks are scared to sleep in a place there must be something wrong somewhere. For a time things are quiet enough to suit anybody, and Paul finally

decides that the men have been reading too many old mystery magazines and dozes off. But he wakes up mighty soon. What feels like a couple of full-grown wildcats seem to have gotten tangled up in his beard, and his blanket is heaving around like he has a runaway cat show under it. The whole bunk is full of animals of some kind, hissing and snarling like all get out. It's none too comfortable there, but Ol' Paul doesn't lose his head. He grabs out in the dark and gets a couple of the beasts and stuffs them into a sack he's got handy. Of course as soon as he starts floundering around the things clear out, like any wild animal, and by the time the men come running with lanterns the place is quiet again.

They carefully open up the sack to see what they've caught. The animals inside are not bobcats. In fact nobody has ever seen anything like them. They are the size of bobcats, but they have several pairs of legs. They are covered with a heavy coat of reddish-brown fur, which is quite long on the back, but due to the shortness of their legs, is worn down to the length of plush on the bottom. Naturally Paul and the men are more than a little puzzled.

It is not until the Indians come into camp that they find out what it is they have caught. The Indians call them Bedcats, and from them Paul learns the story.

It seems that the little bugs, being left alone in camp, had to forage for themselves. At first many died, but the stronger ones survived and grew larger, soon attacking small mice and sparrows. As the years passed, they grew fur to keep them warm, and became more and more savage, each generation a little larger and wilder than the one before. Eventually they were bringing in gophers and small rabbits to feed their young. Later, it seems, they crossed with bobcats and the half-breeds were really fierce hunters. They took to running in packs like wolves, baying at the moon, and in a pitched fight a full-grown bobcat was no match for even an ordinary-sized Bedcat. The Indians set deadfalls for them, and made warm fur robes and mittens from the pelts. But with the return of the lumberjacks, some forgotten instinct seemed to urge them into the blankets in the bunks, which upset even the soundest sleepers.

Something had to be done. Ol' Paul buys the Indians a lot of number four wolf traps and offers a five-dollar bounty for the scalps, so they are soon trapped out. I haven't heard of any quite that big being seen since.

V. JOHNNY INKSLINGER

Soon after Ol' Paul invented mass production in the logging business and got the system to working right, he found himself in a peck of trouble. It seems that the logging went so fast he couldn't begin to keep up with his office work.

At that time there were no figures as we know them now. So he has to do all his figuring in his head and keep all his records there too. It takes eight days and forty-seven hours to figure the payroll alone, and that's

only the beginning. There are the commissary accounts, the logging records, hay and grain bills, and a thousand and one other things.

His fingers get blistered from counting on them, but he doesn't stop, and new blisters form and push the old ones back towards his wrists, and still he keeps on counting. Finally the tips of his fingers are blistered clear to his elbows. Luckily, they have time to get well by the time they reach the elbows, so go no farther. But strain as he may, he can never get more than half done.

In desperation he takes some time off and goes up to the North Pole, where he had left the Day-Stretcher he'd invented when he was logging off the Arctic. (Afterwards he'd sold it to the Eskimos, they being so pleased with the long nights it gave them.) Arriving there, he gives old chief Fancypants a broken jack-knife and a lead quarter to stretch a sackful of days he's brought with him. He only has them stretched to twice the usual length, being as how he's in quite a sweat to get back to camp, and doesn't want to wait.

As it turns out, this is just as well, for he finds that when he tries to use them he's worse off than before. Naturally, if he was getting behind with the figuring when he worked an ordinary day, it stands to reason that working twice as long a day, he'd get just twice as far behind. And that's exactly what happened, so after a few days he has to give the idea up.

However, he doesn't throw those extra long days out. But being very thrifty, he ships them to a second-hand dealer in the East who has been peddling them out ever since. Perhaps you yourself can remember days that seemed endless, especially of a Monday. If so, you may be sure that it was just one of those days! Almost every school and business has a supply of them.

But to get back to Paul's problem. He's in a stew, sure enough! It looks as though he'll have to invent mass production for figuring the same as he's done for logging. But seeing as how it takes a certain amount of time for even Paul to invent inventions, and him being so busy, he thinks he'll first look around camp and see if he can find someone who can help him.

Here he runs into trouble. He finds a top loader who can figure a little, but Shot Gunderson, the woods boss, insists that he can't be spared from the woods, seeing as how he hasn't any too many top loaders as it is. Then there's the fellow in the cookshack helping Hot Biscuit Slim, who's been heard to say he can both spell and cipher. But Sam lets it be known, in no uncertain terms, that dreadful things will probably find their way into the food if his helpers are interfered with. And not even Paul dares rile a camp cook.

So it looks like the only thing left is to try and teach Backward Bill Barber, the bull cook, to figure. You see, a fellow that's no good for anything else is given the job of carrying wood and water for the cooks, and looking after the bunkhouses. He's called the bull cook, for no good

reason that I ever heard of. Naturally he can very easily be replaced, so Backward Bill gets the job. It's surprising how often people like Backward Bill get put into important jobs because they can be so easily replaced where they are.

For a while he seems to do all right. But soon Paul discovers that his figures never come out in anything but odd numbers, and finds that Bill has had a finger cut off at some time, which throws his counting into nines instead of tens. Being an odd number, nine is much harder to figure with than ten. So that finishes Backward Bill as a figurer.

Next Ol' Paul tries a crude system of bookkeeping by means of notches chopped in trees. On one tree he chops payroll notches, and on another commissary bills, and so on. For a time he keeps a crew of men busy chopping notches as he calls out the numbers. He gets so he can call out three numbers at once, and that's something not everyone can do. This system works fairly well for a time, although Paul hates to keep so many men out of the woods. But these men, not being real figurers, make many mistakes. A notch-chopper chopping payroll notches'll climb a timber record tree by mistake, or a commissary notch-chopper'll get onto a hay and grain tree, and soon the records get as badly mixed as before.

So again he's right back where he started from. He's losing sleep and weight from worrying, and even then he isn't really getting it all done, as he's so busy with other things. And he has so many notch-chopping crews out that he's kind of lost track of them and isn't at all sure that he's called them all in. He's haunted by the fear that maybe he's left a crew out in the woods somewhere to starve.

For a while he thinks seriously about going back to the great cave where he grew up, and spending the rest of his life whittling. I think this was the only time that any problem threatened to be more than Ol' Paul could solve. He kept getting thinner and thinner, and he didn't even have the heart to comb his great beard any more. It is said that the mess-hall was thrown into an uproar one morning at breakfast when two full-grown bobcats chased a snowshoe rabbit out of his whiskers. But that may or may not be true.

He gets in the habit of roaming the woods at night, with the faithful Ox at his heels, just worrying. One morning, finding himself in a part of the country that is strange to him, he decides to explore a little before going back to camp. (Although he doesn't know it, he is near Boston, which everyone knows is the seat of Learning, Culture, and Baked Beans. However, it is unlikely that he'd have cared even if he had known, as he's already learned practically everything there is to know. He's not interested in culture, and beans are no novelty to a logger.)

About ten-thirty he's sitting on a low hill, resting, when he's startled by a yell that uproots trees all around him. Up to that time he's supposed that he's the only man that can holler loud enough to knock down trees, so he's more than somewhat curious.

He stands up and steps over a couple of small mountains, and gets the surprise of his life. Sitting on a hill is a fellow almost as large as Paul himself. He has a high, smooth forehead, and instead of wearing a fur cap he's bareheaded, which even then was a sign of high learning. But the thing that takes Paul's eye is the collar. It is very high, stiff, and pure white, and looks very uncomfortable. (It is said that after he went to work for Paul he kept a crew of thirty-nine men busy every Sunday whitewashing it.)

The strange giant is busy scraping the limestone bluff on the other side of the river with a jack-knife the size of a fourhorse double-tree, scattering the pieces for miles around. When the rock is smooth enough to suit him, he takes an enormous pencil from behind his ear and starts writing down columns of queer marks with it. The pencil is over three feet in diameter and seventy-six feet long—the first one ever used.

Paul stands around, first on one foot and then on the other, waiting for him to look up so he can find out who he is and what he's doing. But it seems that the fellow has just invented concentration and is busy practicing it as he works. So of course he never bats an eye when Paul shuffles his feet, knocking down thirty-five acres of standing timber. Nor does he seem to hear when Paul says, "Reckon as how it's goin' to be a mighty dry summer if it don't rain soon." As I said before, he was concentrating, and concentrating is a mighty exacting operation when it's done right.

After a while, however, he finishes what he's doing and turns around to look at Paul. But he still says nothing, and Paul says the same thing, as the white collar has him impressed more than somewhat. So Paul gets out his can of Copenhagen and offers the stranger a chew; then they both sit almost squirt tobacco juice at ants for a bit until they raise the river almost to flood stage. After they discuss the chances of rain, Paul asks him what he's doing with the marks on the cliff. (He thinks maybe they're some kind of pictures.)

The fellow tells him he's Johnny Inkslinger and those are figures. But naturally Paul knows that figures are something that you think but can't see.

"Them is figures, and I'm sole owner and inventor of them," Johnny insists.

He shows Paul a little of how they work, even working out a couple of problems that Paul thinks up, and finally convinces him that they really work. Then Paul wants to know what he figures, and is completely flabbergasted when Johnny tells him that he just figures for the fun of it, as he has everything that needs figuring all figured.

Paul can't imagine a full-grown man sitting around all day figuring just for the fun of it, but Johnny tells him that he always liked it. As he grew older he got dissatisfied with just figuring in his head as everyone else did, so one day he sat down and instead of just sitting, he sat and thought about what he could do to make figuring more fun.

Finally he hit on the idea of inventing figures that could be seen as well as thought. He worked for many months, and the result was a system whereby he could not only figure anything, but see the figures at the same time. Moreover, figures figured this way could be written down in books and saved for future reference. (This is the system now used in all our schools.)

As you can well imagine, Ol' Paul is pretty excited by this time. Here is mass production in figures, the same as he has in logging. And the fellow seems to be a real artist, so probably could be hired for practically nothing. If he can get Johnny to work for him his worries will be over and he can get out in the woods again. So he puts on the expression a man wears when he holds a royal flush and wants to give the other fellow the impression he's bluffing on a pair of deuces, and asks Johnny how he'd like to have a job figuring for him.

Johnny reckons that would be mighty fine, but that he's a poor man and can't afford such luxuries. Finally Paul convinces him that he means it when he says that he'll furnish him with all the figuring he can do, besides giving him books to write them in, and pay him thirty dollars a month. He right away starts off for camp at a run, he's that anxious to begin work. He was the first bookkeeper in history, and his job with Ol' Paul lasted for many years, to the great advantage of both.

VII. PIPELINE DAYS AND PAUL BUNYAN

It was evening. The sun hung like a sandy ball above the rim of dull mesquite that surrounded the pipeline camp. For three weeks the line had been extending through a lifeless country of mesquite and dust. For three weeks the men had been broiling under the August sun with not even a wind to make the heat less deadening. Now they were sprawled on the grass in easy after-supper positions. Forming a half circle about the cook-shack, they rested uncomfortably and "razzed" the lone fat man who had not yet finished eating. "Fat" was always last—last to start work, last to stop eating, and certainly last to stop talking. "Fat" ate on, unconcerned with their tired humor. Gradually the men drifted into small groups and lay droning a preparation for the evening's talk.

"Git a scoop. That's what you need, Fat."

"Move the chuck wagon and he'll starve to death. He's too damn lazy to follow it."

"Hey, Fat, did you ever get all you wanted to eat?"

"They ought to grow square beans so he could get more of them on his knife."

"Talk about eating. Tell you what I saw once," said one who aspired to Fat's position as the camp's chief liar. "I saw a man eat a whole ham

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once—well, not exactly a whole ham, we had eaten a meal off it—not exactly we, my brother-in-law Jim and his family. The man came to the house one morning and wanted something to eat. Sis was busy and didn't have no time to be fooling with him; so she just set the table and put this ham on it and then went on about her housework or whatever she was doing. Well, when she come back the man was gone and so was the ham—all except the bone and it had been gnawed so dry that even the dog wouldn't touch it. That's the God's truth, Jim swears it's the truth." The men howled derisively, and Fat, who had been listening half attentively, arose from his stool and sauntered into the center of the group.

"Did you say something about eating?" he said. "Well, I had a funny thing happen to me the other day in Wichita Falls. I goes into one of them restaurants down by the railroad tracks to eat. When I come in I saw a couple of tough hombres setting at the counter and they looks me over kind of amused like. But I just goes on back and sets down a couple of seats from them. After a while the waiter comes out from behind and goes over to where they are setting and asks them what they want."

"They was sure tough-looking birds, and one of them speaks up and says, 'Gimme a T-bone steak a inch and a quarter thick. Just scorch it.' And he looks over at me kinda mean like."

"But I didn't pay him no mind but just set there. So the other one pulls his hat 'way down over his eye, and says, 'Gimme a hind quarter. Raw.' And then they both looks over at me."

"Well, when the waiter come over to where I am setting, I says to him, 'Gimme a sharp butcher knife and then just cripple a steer and run him through here. I'll cut off what I want!'"

"Speaking of steers," the Contender put in, "did you ever hear about the cattle line that Paul Bunyan laid from his ranch to Chicago?"

"Well, Paul he got tired of paying such high freight to get his stock to market, so he just laid a pipeline all the way to the stockyards in Chicago and pumped them through it. Everything went all right except that the pipe was so big that the calves and half-grown yearlin's would get lost in the threads and starve to death before they could get to the outside. And one time the line sprung a leak and Paul lost thirty-five carloads of cattle before he could get it corked [caulked]. But he sure did do a good job of corking when he did get to it."

"How the devil did he cork a hole that big?" asked Fat after a minute or two of silence.

"Why with B. S., you big windbag, same as that that you have been spouting off."

Fat sat for a moment trying to think of a way to get "back at" the Contender. Then he started off on a new trail.

"You know so much about Paul Bunyan," he said. "Did you ever hear about that big steer that he had? He called her Babe and she just

measured forty-two pick-handles lengths and the width of a size seven derby hat between the eyes. And strong! Why that steer could pull anything!

"I remember one time when we was drilling a well down Breckenridge way. Wasn't much of a hole, just sixteen inches. Well, we drilled and drilled and didn't ever strike nothing—except dust, and a God's plenty of that; so finally Paul he said we might as well give it up as a dry hole and let it go at that.

"But Paul was mad! He swore around for two or three days and smashed the derrick into kindling wood and was about to quit drilling when he saw a advertisement in the paper by some bird out on the plains that wanted to buy some post-holes. Ten thousand post-holes it was he wanted. Ten thousand holes three feet long.

"Well, Paul he hitched a chain around this duster hole and hooked up Babe and pulled fifteen thousand feet of it out of the ground. He got mad again because the hole broke off and left over half of it in the ground. But directly he said that they wasn't no use of a post-hole being sixteen inches across; so he just quartered the hole and then sawed it up into the right lengths.

"You know out on the plains they have a awful hard time digging post-holes, or any other kind of holes for that matter. The soil out there is only about a foot deep till you strike solid rock and they can't dig through this rock a-tall.

"Why, them guys used to come down into East Texas and buy all the old wells and dug-outs that they could get a-hold of and cut them up to use for post-holes. I used to know a feller down there that could dig and stack on cars more old wells than any man I ever saw before. He could stack twenty-nine of them on cars in a day and take two hours off for dinner.

"They finally moved so many wells from down there that they ruined the water; so they was a ordinance passed against it. But that didn't stop it. They bootlegged them out to the plains. I knew one guy that got rich bootlegging them. He had a patented jack that would lift a well or a dug-out right out of the ground.

"It don't do much good to build fences out on the plains, though. That there wind out there is awful. Soon as a man gets a good fence built, along comes the wind and blows it away, posts, post-holes, and all. Why, that wind even blows wells away and a guy told me that he seen it turn prairie dog holes wrong side out it blew so hard. But I never did believe it. Them guys are awful liars. One of them told me he had a horse throw him so high one time that he had to catch a-holt of a cloud to keep from falling and killing himself. It's cold out there too—"

"I'll say it is," a pipeliner broke in. "Like that guy that was up in Canada somewheres when it was fifty degrees below. He come up to another guy and said, 'God, man, wouldn't you hate to be in Amarillo today?'"

"Ja ever hear about them wells out in Colorado where the oil freezes when it comes out of the ground?" asked the Contender. "They can't pipe it away; so they just let it spout out on the ground and then shovel it into wagons with scoops and haul it off."

"That's like some of them wells that Paul Bunyan drilled in over at Smackover," said someone. "They was gushers and blew in so strong that they had to put roofs over the derricks to keep the oil from spouting a hole in the sky."

"I worked for Paul out in Arizona on the biggest well that I ever worked on," resumed the Contender. "It was a seventy-five inch hole, it was, and we had to make a derrick so tall that it had to be hinged in two places and folded up before the sun and stars could pass. Took a man fourteen days to climb to the top of it. It did. And Paul had to hire thirty derrick men so we could have a man on top all of the time. They was always fourteen men going up and fourteen men coming down, a man on top and a man off tower, all the time. And they was dog houses built a day's climbing apart for the men to sleep in while they was going up and down.

"Why, when that well blew in, it took three days for the oil to reach the top of the derrick, and it rained oil for a week after we had got it capped.

"It was some well. We drilled it with one of Paul's patented rotary rigs. Never could have drilled so deep—it was sixty thousand feet—if Paul hadn't used flexible drill pipe. We just wound the drill stem up on the draw-works. Take a devil of a long time to come out of the hole if we had had to stack it.

"Well, when we was down sixty thousand and three feet, the well blew in. And when we had come out of the hole we seen that we had forgot to case it. Well, Paul he called out both towers and made up the casing on the ground—about ten miles of seventy-five-inch casing—and then he just picked it up and dropped it down into place."

"I worked for Paul on one of them deep wells once," said Fat. "It was out in Arkansas. Jimmy Blue was running the rig and we was drilling with standard tools. We got down thirty thousand feet and struck a rock formation that a bit wouldn't touch. And we was using a pretty good sized bit too, drilling a fifty-inch hole.

"Well, we worked on this formation for three weeks without doing any good and then we called up Paul. Paul he come out there and took charge of the rig himself and worked for three more weeks, day and night, without doing anything except ruin a lot of bits. And finally he got so mad that he jumped down on the derrick floor and pulled up the bit with

¹ The reader may take his choice of spellings: "tower" or "tour." The word is pronounced "tower," and means a shift of men. The drilling crews work in two towers of twelve hours each, from twelve o'clock to twelve. The tower that goes on at midnight is the "graveyard tower," the one that goes on at noon is the "grave tower."—A. G.

his hands. Then he threw it down into the hole as hard as he could, throw it. Well, we busted the rock that time. The bit just kept on going and when the line ran out it pulled derrick, rig, and all into the hole after it.

"We got a gusher that time. But when Paul seen that the rig had pulled Jimmy into the hole with it he was just about to plug off the hole and abandon it. But in a few days we got a telegram from Jimmy in China saying that he had a 100,000 barrel gusher and was spudding in on another location."

"Did any of you guys work for Paul on that big line he laid?" asked the Contender. "Well, I worked for him on that 101-inch aluminum line that he laid from Pennsylvania to California. We laid it to pipe buttermilk out to his camp out there. Paul liked buttermilk so well himself that he had a twenty-four-inch petcock running wide open all the time to catch enough for him to drink."

"Yeh," said Fat, "I know all about that. I helped Paul drill the buttermilk well that furnished that line. We drilled down thirty-two thousand feet and then struck a formation of cornbread. We drilled for five hundred feet through the cornbread and then for twelve hundred feet through solid turnip greens—except that every few feet would be a layer of fried sow-belly. That's where the old song started: 'Cornbread, Buttermilk, and Good Old Turnip Greens.'"

"Fat, did you ever see Paul's wife?" asked a young boll-weevil who had started to work only a few days before. "She had a wooden leg and she was so homely that we used to scrape enough ugly off her face every day to mud off a well. The hardest six months' work I ever put in was painting that wooden leg of hers."

"When Paul worked on the highlines he had a wooden leg himself," added an ex-linesman. "It was ninety feet long and the men used to wear one out every three days climbing up to bum him for cigarettes."

"Paul discovered perpetual motion—of the jaw—when he got Fat to work for him," said the Contender.

"Eh," said Fat, "only perpetual motion Paul ever discovered was one time down in India. We was drilling a ninety-inch hole with standard tools. And when we got down twenty-seven thousand feet we struck the root of a rubber tree and the bit never did stop bouncing. Had to abandon the hole."

"I worked—" the Contender began.

"Yeh, and on another one of them wells we was drilling a eighty-inch offset. Had them big derricks all around us. And our camp was setting so far back in them derricks that we had to pipe the daylight in. We drilled down nearly fifty thousand feet and struck a flowing vein of alum water and the hole, rig, and everything drew up until we had to abandon it."

"Paul sure had drilling down to a fine point," said the Contender. "Why I worked for him on one hole where we was using rubber tools. We would just start the tools bouncing and then go to sleep until it was time to change the bit. And the men was so fast that the driller would

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just bounce the bit out of the hole and they would change it before it could fall back."

"Paul's camps wasn't nothing like this dump," said Fat. "I worked for him on a ninety-inch line once and we had so many men in the camp that it took fifteen adding machines running day and night to keep track of their time. Paul invented the first ditching machine while we was laying this line through Arkansas. He bought a drove of them razorback hogs and trained them to root in a straight line."

"You telling about that cattle line of Paul's a while back reminds me of the trees that used to grow down on the Brazos," said the "Old Man." "One time I was working through that country with a herd of cattle and come up to the river where I couldn't ford it. While I was setting on my horse looking at the water I heard a big crash up the river and when I went up to see what it was, it was a tree had fallen across the river. It was one of them big holler trees. So I just drove my herd across the river through the holler of it. But when I got to the other side and counted the herd I seen that they was nearly three hundred steers missing and I went back to look for them. They had wandered off into the limbs and got lost."

"That reminds me of the sand storms that they used to have down in East Texas," said the Contender. "One time they was a nigger riding along one of them sandy roads on a jackass and he stopped to go down to the creek and get a drink and tied his mule to a sapling by the side of the road. While he was gone it come one of them sand storms and when he come back he seen his ass hanging by the tie-rope about seventy feet up in a tree. The sand had blown away from under him and just left him hanging there."

"Say," said Fat, "did any of you guys ever see Paul Bunyan in a poker game. The cards he used were so big that it took a man five hours to walk around one of them. Paul used to play a lot of poker that time we was digging Lake Michigan to mix concrete in when he was building the Rocky Mountains. A little while after that we dug Lake Superior for a slush pit for one of them big wells we was drilling. Any of you birds want to play some poker?"

This, from Fat, was the signal for retiring. The sun was long past set and mosquitoes were buzzing in the darkened mesquite. Silently the men stalked off toward their tents—all except two or three who followed Fat to his tent for a session at poker.

Johnny Applesed: A Pioneer Hero

THE "far West" is rapidly becoming only a traditional designation: railroads have destroyed the romance of frontier life, or have surrounded it with so many appliances of civilization that the pioneer character is rapidly becoming mythical. The men and women who obtain their groceries and dry-goods from New York by rail in a few hours have nothing in common with those who, fifty years ago, "packed" salt a

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hundred miles to make their mush palatable, and could only exchange corn and wheat for molasses and calico by making long and perilous voyages in flat-boats down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. Two generations of frontier lives have accumulated stores of narratives which, like the small but beautiful tributaries of great rivers, are forgotten in the broad sweep of the larger current of history. The march of Titans sometimes tramples out the memory of smaller but more useful lives, and sensational glare often eclipses more modest but purer lights. This has been the case in the popular demand for the dime novel dilutions of Fenimore Cooper's romances of border life, which have preserved the records of Indian rapine and atrocity as the only memorials of pioneer history. But the early days of Western settlement witnessed sublimer heroisms than those of human torture, and nobler victories than those of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Among the heroes of endurance that was voluntary, and of action that was creative and not sanguinary, there was one man whose name, seldom mentioned now save by some of the few surviving pioneers, deserves to be perpetuated.

The first reliable trace of our modest hero finds him in the Territory of Ohio, in 1801, with a horse-load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places on and about the borders of Licking Creek, the first orchard thus originated by him being on the farm of Isaac Stadden, in what is now known as Licking County, in the State of Ohio. During the five succeeding years, although he was undoubtedly following the same strange occupation, we have no authentic account of his movements until we reach a pleasant spring day in 1806, when a pioneer settler in Jefferson County, Ohio, noticed a peculiar craft, with a remarkable occupant and a curious cargo, slowly dropping down with the current of the Ohio River. It was "Johnny Applesseed," by which name Jonathan Chapman was afterward known in every log-cabin from the Ohio River to the Northern lakes, and westward to the prairies of what is now the State of Indiana. With two canoes lashed together he was transporting a load of apple seeds to the Western frontier, for the purpose of creating orchards on the farthest verge of white settlements. With his canoes he passed down the Ohio to Marietta, where he entered the Muskingum, ascending the stream of that river until he reached the mouth of the Walhonding, or White Woman Creek, and still onward, up the Mohican, into the Black Fork, to the head of navigation, in the region now known as Ashland and Richland counties, on the line of the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne Railroad, in Ohio. A long and toilsome voyage it was, as a glance at the map will show, and must have occupied a great deal of time, as the lonely traveler stopped at every inviting spot to plant the seeds and make his infant nurseries. These are the first well-authenticated facts in the history of Jonathan Chapman, whose birth, there is good reason for believing, occurred in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775. According to this, which was his own statement in one of his less reticent moods, he was, at the time of

his appearance on Licking Creek, twenty-six years of age, and whether impelled in his eccentricities by some absolute misery of the heart which could only find relief in incessant motion, or governed by a benevolent monomania, his whole after-life was devoted to the work of planting apple seeds in remote places. The seeds he gathered from the cider-presses of Western Pennsylvania; but his canoe voyage in 1806 appears to have been the only occasion upon which he adopted that method of transporting them, as all his subsequent journeys were made on foot. Having planted his stock of seeds, he would return to Pennsylvania for a fresh supply, and, as sacks made of any less substantial fabric would not endure the hard usage of the long trip through forests dense with underbrush and briars, he provided himself with leathern bags. Securely packed, the seeds were conveyed, sometimes on the back of a horse, and not unfrequently on his own shoulders, either over a part of the old Indian trail that led from Fort Duquesne to Detroit, by way of Fort Sandusky, or over what is styled in the appendix to "Hutchins's History of Boguet's Expedition in 1764" the "second route through the wilderness of Ohio," which would require him to traverse a distance of one hundred and sixty-six miles in a west-northwest direction from Fort Duquesne in order to reach the Black Fork of the Mohican.

This region, although it is now densely populated, still possesses a romantic beauty that railroads and bustling towns can not obliterate—a country of forest-clad hills and green valleys, through which numerous bright streams flow on their way to the Ohio; but when Johnny Applesseed reached some lonely log-cabin he would find himself in a veritable wilderness. The old settlers say that the margins of the streams, near which the first settlements were generally made, were thickly covered with low, matted growth of small timber, while nearer to the water was a rank mass of long grass, interlaced with morning-glory and wild pea vines, among which funereal willows and clustering alders stood like sentinels on the outpost of civilization. The hills, that rise almost to the dignity of mountains, were crowned with forest trees, and in the coverts were innumerable bears, wolves, deer, and droves of wild hogs, that were as ferocious as any beast of prey. In the grass the massasauga and other venomous reptiles lurked in such numbers that a settler named Chandler has left the fact on record that during the first season of his residence, while mowing a little prairie which formed part of his land, he killed over two hundred black rattlesnakes in an area that would involve an average destruction of one of these reptiles for each rod of land. The frontiersman, who felt himself sufficiently protected by his rifle against wild beasts and hostile Indians, found it necessary to guard against the attacks of the insidious enemies in the grass by wrapping bandages of dried grass around his buckskin leggings and moccasins; but Johnny would shoulder his bag of apple seeds, and with bare feet penetrate to some remote spot that combined picturesqueness and fertility of soil, and there he would plant his seeds, place a slight inclosure around the place, and leave them

to grow until the trees were large enough to be transplanted by the settlers, who, in the mean time, would have made their clearings in the vicinity. The sites chosen by him are, many of them, well known, and are such as an artist or a poet would select—open places on the loamy lands that border the creeks—rich, secluded spots, hemmed in by giant trees, picturesque now, but fifty years ago, with their wild surroundings and the primal silence, they must have been tenfold more so.

In personal appearance Chapman was a small, wiry man, full of restless activity; he had long dark hair, a scanty beard that was never shaved, and keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. His dress was of the oddest description. Generally, even in the coldest weather, he went barefooted, but sometimes, for his long journeys, he would make himself a rude pair of sandals; at other times he would wear any cast-off foot-covering he chanced to find—a boot on one foot and an old brogan or a moccasin on the other. It appears to have been a matter of conscience with him never to purchase shoes, although he was rarely without money enough to do so. On one occasion, in an unusually cold November, while he was traveling barefooted through mud and snow, a settler who happened to possess a pair of shoes that were too small for his own use forced their acceptance upon Johnny, declaring that it was sinful for a human being to travel with naked feet in such weather. A few days afterward the donor was in the village that has since become the thriving city of Mansfield, and met his beneficiary contentedly plodding along with his feet bare and half frozen. With some degree of anger he inquired for the cause of such foolish conduct, and received for reply that Johnny had overtaken a poor, barefooted family moving Westward, and as they appeared to be in much greater need of clothing than he was, he had given them the shoes. His dress was generally composed of cast-off clothing, that he had taken in payment for apple-trees; and as the pioneers were far less extravagant than their descendants in such matters, the homespun and buckskin garments that they discarded would not be very elegant or serviceable. In his later years, however, he seems to have thought that even this kind of second-hand raiment was too luxurious, as his principal garment was made of a coffee sack, in which he cut holes for his head and arms to pass through, and pronounced it "a very serviceable cloak, and as good clothing as any man need wear." In the matter of head-gear his taste was equally unique, his first experiment was with a tin vessel that served to cook his mush, but this was open to the objection that it did not protect his eyes from the beams of the sun; so he constructed a hat of pasteboard with an immense peak in front, and having thus secured an article that combined usefulness with economy, it became his permanent fashion.

Thus strangely clad, he was perpetually wandering through forests and morasses, and suddenly appearing in white settlements and Indian villages; but there must have been some rare force of gentle goodness dwelling in his looks and breathing in his words, for it is the testimony of all who knew him that, notwithstanding his ridiculous attire, he was always treated

with the greatest respect by the rudest frontiersman, and, what is a better test, the boys of the settlements forbore to jeer at him. With grown-up people and boys he was usually reticent, but manifested great affection for little girls, always having pieces of ribbon and gay calico to give to his little favorites. Many a grandmother in Ohio and Indiana can remember the presents she received when a child from poor homeless Johnny Applesseed. When he consented to eat with any family he would never sit down to the table until he was assured that there was an ample supply for the children; and his sympathy for their youthful troubles and his kindness toward them made him friends among all the juveniles of the borders.

The Indians also treated Johnny with the greatest kindness. By these wild and sanguinary savages he was regarded as a "great medicine man," on account of his strange appearance, eccentric actions, and, especially, the fortitude with which he could endure pain, in proof of which he would often thrust pins and needles into his flesh. His nervous sensibilities really seem to have been less acute than those of ordinary people, for his method of treating the cuts and sores that were the consequences of his barefooted wanderings through briars and thorns was to sear the wound with a red-hot iron, and then cure the burn. During the war of 1812, when the frontier settlers were tortured and slaughtered by the savage allies of Great Britain, Johnny Applesseed continued his wanderings, and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile Indians. On many occasions the impunity with which he ranged the country enabled him to give the settlers warning of approaching danger in time to allow them to take refuge in their block-houses before the savages could attack them. Our informant refers to one of these instances, when the news of Hull's surrender came like a thunder-bolt upon the frontier. Large bands of Indians and British were destroying everything before them and murdering defenseless women and children, and even the block-houses were not always a sufficient protection. At this time Johnny travelled day and night, warning the people of the approaching danger. He visited every cabin and delivered this message: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for, behold, the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them." The aged man who narrated this incident said that he could feel even now the thrill that was caused by this prophetic announcement of the wild-looking herald of danger, who aroused the family on a bright moonlight midnight with his piercing voice. Refusing all offers of food and denying himself a moment's rest, he traversed the border day and night until he had warned every settler of the approaching peril.

His diet was as meagre as his clothing. He believed it to be a sin to kill any creature for food, and thought that all that was necessary for human sustenance was produced by the soil. He was also a strenuous opponent of the waste of food, and on one occasion, on approaching a log-cabin, he observed some fragments of bread floating upon the surface of a

bucket of slops that was intended for the pigs. He immediately fished them out, and when the housewife expressed her astonishment, he told her that it was an abuse of the gifts of a merciful God to allow the smallest quantity of any thing that was designed to supply the wants of mankind to be diverted from its purpose.

In this instance, as in his whole life, the peculiar religious ideas of Johnny Applesseed were exemplified. He was a most earnest disciple of the faith taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, and himself claimed to have frequent conversations with angels and spirits; two of the latter, of the feminine gender, he asserted, had revealed to him that they were to be his wives in a future state if he abstained from a matrimonial alliance on earth. He entertained a profound reverence for the revelations of the Swedish seer, and always carried a few old volumes with him. These he was very anxious should be read by everyone, and he was probably not only the first colporteur in the wilderness of Ohio, but as he had no tract society to furnish him supplies, he certainly devised an original method of multiplying one book into a number. He divided his books into several pieces, leaving a portion at a log-cabin, and on a subsequent visit furnishing another fragment, and continuing this process as diligently as though the work had been published in serial numbers. By this plan he was enabled to furnish reading for several people at the same time, and out of one book; but it must have been a difficult undertaking for some nearly illiterate backwoodsman to endeavor to comprehend Swedenborg by a backward course of reading, when his first instalment happened to be the last fraction of the volume. Johnny's faith in Swedenborg's works was so reverential as almost to be superstitious. He was once asked if, in traveling barefooted through forests abounding with venomous reptiles, he was not afraid of being bitten. With his peculiar smile, he drew his book from his bosom, and said, "This book is an infallible protection against all danger here and hereafter."

It was his custom, when he had been welcomed to some hospitable log-house after a weary day of journeying, to lie down on the puncheon floor, and, after inquiring if his auditors would hear "some news right fresh from heaven," produce his few tattered books, among which would be a New Testament, and read and expound until his uncultivated hearers would catch the spirit and glow of his enthusiasm, while they scarcely comprehended his language. A lady who knew him in his later years writes in the following terms of one of these domiciliary readings of poor, self-sacrificing Johnny Applesseed: "We can hear him read now, just as he did that summer day, when we were busy quilting up stairs, and he lay near the door, his voice rising denunciatory and thrilling—strong and loud as the roar of wind and waves, then soft and soothing as the balmy airs that quivered the morning-glory leaves about his gray beard. His was a strange eloquence at times, and he was undoubtedly a man of genius." What a scene is presented to our imagination! The interior of a primitive cabin, the wide, open fire-place, where a few sticks are burning beneath

the iron pot in which the evening meal is cooking; around the fire-place the attentive group, composed of the sturdy pioneer and his wife and children, listening with a reverential awe to the "news right fresh from heaven"; and reclining on the floor, clad in rags, but with his gray hairs glorified by the beams of the setting sun that flood through the open door and the unchinked logs of the humble building, this poor wanderer, with the gift of genius and eloquence, who believes with the faith of apostles and martyrs that God has appointed him a mission in the wilderness to preach the Gospel of love, and plant apple seeds that shall produce orchards for the benefit of men and women and little children whom he has never seen. If there is a sublimer faith or a more genuine eloquence in richly decorated cathedrals and under brocade vestments, it would be worth a long journey to find it.

Next to his advocacy of his peculiar religious ideas, his enthusiasm for the cultivation of apple-trees in what he termed "the only proper way"—that is, from the seed—was the absorbing object of his life. Upon this, as upon religion, he was eloquent in his appeals. He would describe the growing and ripening fruit as such a rare and beautiful gift of the Almighty with words that became pictures, until his hearers could almost see its manifold forms of beauty present before them. To his eloquence on this subject, as well as to his actual labors in planting nurseries, the country over which he traveled for so many years is largely indebted for its numerous orchards. But he denounced as absolute wickedness all devices of pruning and grafting, and would speak of the act of cutting a tree as if it were a cruelty inflicted upon a sentient being.

Not only is he entitled to the fame of being the earliest colporteur on the frontiers, but in the work of protecting animals from abuse and suffering, he preceded, while, in his smaller sphere, he equaled the zeal of the good Mr. Bergh. Whenever Johnny saw an animal abused, or heard of it, he would purchase it and give it to some more humane settler, on condition that it should be kindly treated and properly cared for. It frequently happened that the long journey into the wilderness would cause the new settlers to be encumbered with lame and broken-down horses, that were turned loose to die. In the autumn Johnny would make a diligent search for all such animals, and, gathering them up, he would bargain for their food and shelter until the next spring, when he would lead them away to some good pasture for the summer. If they recovered so as to be capable of working, he would never sell them, but would lend or give them away, stipulating for their good usage. His conception of the absolute sin of inflicting pain or death upon any creature was not limited to the higher forms of animal life, but every thing that had being was to him, in the fact of its life, endowed with so much of the Divine Essence that to wound or destroy it was to inflict an injury upon some atom of Divinity. No Brahmin could be more concerned for the preservation of insect life, and the only occasion on which he destroyed a venomous reptile was a source of long regret, to which he could never refer without manifesting sadness.

He had elected a suitable place for planting apple seeds on a small prairie, and in order to prepare the ground he was mowing the long grass, when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. In describing the event he sighed heavily, and said, "Poor fellow, he only just touched me, when I, in the heat of my ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe in him, and went away. Some time afterward I went back, and there lay the poor fellow dead." Numerous anecdotes bearing upon his respect for every form of life are preserved, and form the staple of pioneer recollections. On one occasion, a cool autumnal night, when Johnny, who always camped out in preference to sleeping in a house, had built a fire near which he intended to pass the night, he noticed that the blaze attracted large numbers of mosquitoes, many of whom flew too near his fire and were burned. He immediately brought water and quenched the fire, accounting for his conduct afterward by saying, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of His creatures!" At another time he removed the fire he had built near a hollow log, and slept on the snow, because he found that the log contained a bear and her cubs, whom, he said, he did not wish to disturb. And this unwillingness to inflict pain or death was equally strong when he was a sufferer by it, as the following will show. Johnny had been assisting some settlers to make a road through the woods, and in the course of their work they accidentally destroyed a hornets' nest. One of the angry insects soon found a lodgment under Johnny's coffee-sack cloak, but although it stung him repeatedly he removed it with the greatest gentleness. The men who were present laughingly asked him why he did not kill it. To which he gravely replied that "It would not be right to kill the poor thing, for it did not intend to hurt me."

Theoretically he was as methodical in matters of business as any merchant. In addition to their picturesqueness, the locations of his nurseries were all fixed with a view to a probable demand for the trees by the time they had attained sufficient growth for transplanting. He would give them away to those who could not pay for them. Generally, however, he sold them for old clothing or a supply of corn meal; but he preferred to receive a note payable at some indefinite period. When this was accomplished he seemed to think that the transaction was completed in a business-like way; but if the giver of the note did not attend to its payment, the holder of it never troubled himself about its collection. His expenses for food and clothing were so very limited that, notwithstanding his freedom from the *awi-sara janes*, he was frequently in possession of more money than he cared to keep, and it was quickly disposed of for wintering infirm horses, or given to some poor family whom the ague had prostrated or the accidents of border life impoverished. In a single instance only he is known to have invested his surplus means in the purchase of land, having received a deed from Alexander Finley, of Mohican Township, Ashland County, Ohio, for a part of the southwest quarter of section twenty-six; but with his customary indifference to matters of value, Johnny

failed to record the deed, and lost it. Only a few years ago the property was in litigation.

We must not leave the reader under the impression that this man's life, so full of hardship and perils, was a gloomy or unhappy one. There is an element of human pride in all martyrdom, which, if it does not soften the pains, stimulates the power of endurance. Johnny's life was made serenely happy by the conviction that he was living like the primitive Christians. Nor was he devoid of a keen humor, to which he occasionally gave vent, as the following will show. Toward the latter part of Johnny's career in Ohio an itinerant missionary found his way to the village of Mansfield, and preached to an open-air congregation. The discourse was tediously lengthy, and unnecessarily severe upon the sin of extravagance, which was beginning to manifest itself among the pioneers by an occasional indulgence in the carnal vanities of calico and "store tea." There was a good deal of the Pharisæic leaven in the preacher, who very frequently emphasized his discourse by the inquiry, "Where now is there a man who, like the primitive Christians, is traveling to heaven barefooted and clad in coarse raiment?" When this interrogation had been repeated beyond all reasonable endurance, Johnny rose from the log on which he was reclining, and advancing to the speaker, he placed one of his bare feet upon the stump which served for a pulpit, and pointing to his coffee-sack garment, he quietly said, "Here's your primitive Christian!" The well-clothed missionary hesitated and stammered and dismissed the congregation. His pet antithesis was destroyed by Johnny's personal appearance, which was far more primitive than the preacher cared to copy.

Some of the pioneers were disposed to think that Johnny's humor was the cause of an extensive practical joke; but it is generally conceded now that a widespread annoyance was really the result of his belief that the offensively odored weed known in the West as the dog-fennel, but more generally styled the May-weed, possessed valuable antimalarial virtues. He procured some seeds of the plant in Pennsylvania, and sowed them in the vicinity of every house in the region of his travels. The consequence was that successive flourishing crops of the weed spread over the whole country, and caused almost as much trouble as the disease it was intended to ward off; and to this day the dog-fennel, introduced by Johnny Appleseed, is one of the worst grievances of the Ohio farmers.

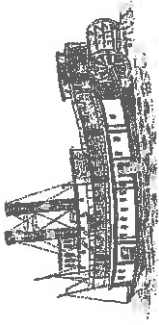
In 1838—thirty-seven years after his appearance on Licking Creek—Johnny noticed that civilization, wealth, and population were pressing into the wilderness of Ohio. Hitherto he had easily kept just in advance of the wave of settlement; but now towns and churches were making their appearance, and even, at long intervals, the stage-driver's horn broke the silence of the grand old forests, and he felt that his work was done in the region in which he had labored so long. He visited every house, and took a solemn farewell of all the families. The little girls who had been delighted with his gifts of fragments of calico and ribbons had become sober matrons, and the boys who had wondered at his ability to bear the pain caused

by running needles into his flesh were heads of families. With parting words of admonition he left them, and turned his steps steadily toward the setting sun.

During the succeeding nine years he pursued his eccentric avocation on the western border of Ohio and in Indiana. In the summer of 1847, when his labors had literally borne fruit over a hundred thousand square miles of territory, at the close of a warm day, after traveling twenty miles, he entered the house of a settler in Allen County, Indiana, and was, as usual, warmly welcomed. He declined to eat with the family, but accepted some bread and milk, which he partook of sitting on the door-step and gazing on the setting sun. Later in the evening he delivered his "news right fresh from heaven" by reading the Beatitudes. Declining other accommodation, he slept, as usual, on the floor, and in the early morning he was found with his features all aglow with a supernal light, and his body so near death that his tongue refused its office. The physician, who was hastily summoned, pronounced him dying, but added that he had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death. At seventy-two years of age, forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission, he ripened into death as naturally and beautifully as the seeds of his own planting had grown into fibre and bud and blossom and the matured fruit.

Thus died one of the memorable men of pioneer times, who never inflicted pain or knew an enemy—a man of strange habits, in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached with one hand downward to the lowest forms of life, and with the other upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-denying benefactor of his race, homeless, solitary, and ragged, he trod the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only upon making the wilderness fruitful. Now "no man knoweth of his sepulchre"; but his deeds will live in the fragrance of the apple blossoms he loved so well, and the story of his life, however crudely narrated, will be a perpetual proof that true heroism, pure benevolence, noble virtues, and deeds that deserve immortality may be found under meanest apparel, and far from gilded halls and towering spires.

A FOLKTALE OF JOHNNY APPELSEED



In Paris, France, two young men were condemned to death during the French Revolution. Disguised as laborers they escaped to London and subsequently came to America, landing at New Orleans. There they gathered together a few of their countrymen, secured a boat, and made their way up the Mississippi River to a point now known as Louisiana, Missouri. Finding the mouth of Salt River they followed the stream to where New London now stands. There one of these leaders, Dr. Antoine Saugrain, separated from his companions and, going into the Saverton Hills, built a fort, and spent the winter trapping. Afterward he joined the Lewis and Clark expedition.

The other young Frenchman, Mathuran Bouvet, and others of the company, went further up the Salt River and built a fort at what is now known as Spalding Springs. The Indians called this stream "Ohaha." The Spanish called it

"Rio de Salle," on account of the many salt springs along its course.

On a night shortly after building his fort, Bouvet was sitting in his cabin looking over some maps he had made of the country traversed, when he heard a noise at the door. When he ascertained that one man only was without he ordered the door opened. In walked a gaunt, peculiar looking character, singing:

I sow while others reap,
Be sure my warning keep,
Indians will come by break of day,
Indians hunting scalps, I say,

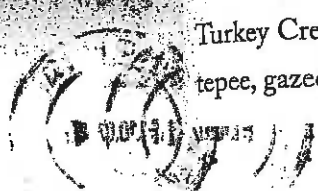
and he walked out. The Indians came "by break of day" and fought with burning arrows trying to fire the fort, but failed and were repulsed by the French. Bouvet then established salt works and began the manufacture of salt by boiling the water from these salt springs, and as fast as he made a load a boat took it to St. Louis. Returning from one of these trips he found the works had been destroyed by the Indians. He rebuilt them, but in a second attack by the Indians, so many of the whites were killed that those who survived abandoned the fort and made their escape to other settlements.

The man who gave this fort warning was "Johnny Appleseed," whose real name was John Chapman.

Johnny Appleseed when a young man living in Owensboro, Kentucky, was engaged to marry Sarah Crawford, a very beautiful young girl. The night before the day of their wedding she died. Johnny's grief unbalanced his mind, and in his delirium he thought he was called by the Lord as a harbinger of peace to the west and that his special mission was to plant appleseed along the way, that those who followed might reap the benefit of his sowing. So he went to the orchards where cider was being made and gathered a bag of seed and in the spring started on his mission.

Because of his mental condition and of a superstition among the Indians regarding the insane, he was allowed to go and come unmolested, even among the most savage tribes. He lived among them, learned their language, adopted their dress and habits, but never lost his loyalty to the white man and often gave them warning when the Indians were on the war path. Thus he passed through the wilderness, along the water courses and by the clearings singing, "I sow while others reap."

Johnny Appleseed married an Indian girl and lived with her in a tepee on Turkey Creek, in this (Ralls) county, Missouri. One morning he walked into his tepee, gazed longingly at his baby and walked away. He was never heard of again.



The Almighty Dollar—Benjamin Franklin

Perhaps the most famous secular exponent of the work ethic and its moral basis in what might be called natural capitalism is Benjamin Franklin. The almighty dollar and the work ethic are not narrative myths, but they are what might be called conceptual or sociological myths, containing beliefs central to the national character. In 1748 Franklin published his American edition of an English book called The Instructor; or A Young Man's Best Companion. In his edition he added material particularly addressed to American acquaintances. His "Advice to a Young Tradesman" is an example.

Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle, one-half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest. . . .

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and threepence, and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. . . .

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, "industry" and "frugality"; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.*

The Melting Pot—Crèvecoeur

The work ethic, a belief in the essential morality of capitalism, the feeling of sinfulness, Puritan piety, and an Edenic vision of the New World

*Von Doren, 38.

*Van Doren, 35.

populated by a chosen people all contributed to the development of what European Americans have meant by the word American. The conceptual myth of the melting pot, in which a new race of chosen people, a new nation, would be created from various stock, has always been a European American myth, and the pot has not always welcomed indigenous spices or those that were imported from Africa, Asia, or even certain sections of Europe.

The French aristocrat Michel-Guillaume-Jean de Crèvecoeur (1735-1813) took the pseudonym J. Hector St. Jean when he became a citizen of the Colony of New York in 1765. Crèvecoeur traveled extensively in the colonies and the western wilderness before settling down for some years as a farmer. In his 1782 Letters from an American Farmer, he describes the product of the melting pot.

What then is the American, this new man? He is either a European or the descendant of a European; hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. . . . He is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great alma mater.

Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men whose labors and posterity will one day cause great change in the world. . . .

The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must, therefore, entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor he has passed to tools of a very different nature, rewarded by ample substance. This is an American.*

Manifest Destiny—Richard Yates and William Gilpin

By the mid-nineteenth century America had come into its own as an economic and military power. Many in the new nation carried the old idea of God's elect into the realm of international politics and land policy. The age of a new conceptual myth, that of American manifest destiny, had begun.

On April 23, 1852, Illinois congressman Richard Yates used the term "manifest destiny" in connection with United States land policy.

*Von Doren, 69.

Mr. Chairman, the population of the the Valley of the Mississippi already constitutes more than one-third of the entire population of the Union. And, sir, the time is not distant when the seat of empire, the stronghold of numerical power, will be west of the Alleghenies. The handwriting is on the wall. It is *manifest destiny*, sir. It is written on the signs of the times in clear, fresh and unmistakable lines. . . .

Within the last five years three new States have been added to the Union, and there is the territory at the head of the Missouri and the Arkansas, the Territory of Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, and Oregon—and the vision of an ocean-bound Republic is now a reality. Sir, what a mighty theater for American enterprise! What a mighty course for the race of democratic liberty!*



As Wallace Stegner would write in *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian, Governor William Gilpin of the Colorado Territory, a great booster of western settlement and expansion, could quote everything from frontier folklore to government geologists in support of the theory that was essential to persuade people to try to populate the arid lands of the west, what Zebulon Pike had earlier called the Great American Desert. This central "scientific" myth was that settlement and agriculture improves the climate: Rain follows the plow.*[†]

What an immense geography has been revealed! What infinite hives of population and laboratories of industry have been electrified and set in motion! The great sea has rolled away its somber veil. Asia is found and has become our neighbor. . . . North America is known to our people. Its concave form and homogenous structure are revealed. Our continental mission is set to its perennial frame. . . .



In other speeches, Gilpin discerned "this much of eternal truth":

The democratic republican empire of North America is then predestined to expand and fit itself into the continent; to control the oceans on either hand, and eventually the continents beyond them. . . . Behold, then, rising now, as in the future, the empire which industry and self-government create. The growth of half a century, hewed out of the wilderness—its weapons, the axe and plough; the tactics, labor and energy; its soldiers,

*Botkin, 284–85.

†Stegner, 2.

free and equal citizens. Behold the oracular goal to which our eagles march and whither the phalanx of States and people moves harmoniously on to plant a hundred States and consummate their civic greatness.*



Religions and mythologies tend to have icons peculiar to themselves. Statues of the Virgin of Guadalupe are ubiquitous in Mexico and the American Southwest, and Native Americans make various uses of animal icons. In the Puritan tradition, icons were generally eschewed, but as the new United States developed in the eastern part of the North American continent, the folk of the nation created several genuinely American icons that, while not specifically religious, reflected the mythology and the values of the "chosen people" of the New World.

Miss Liberty

To commemorate the centennial of American independence, the French people gave the American people a gigantic statue, which the American people and immigrants to America quickly endowed with the emotional and psychological power of an icon. The Statue of Liberty, or "Liberty Enlightening the World," as it was originally called, is an allegorical expression of the centerpiece of American mythology, the idea of liberty. Standing as she does in New York Harbor, Miss Liberty also stands for the ideals of the melting pot and the promised land of the new "chosen people."

Liberty is represented in the statue as a woman dressed in classical clothes, reminding us both of Greco-Roman ideals of democracy and of the classically draped female figure so often used by French artists to represent the ideals of the revolution and the republic, primarily the ideals of *liberté, égalité, and fraternité* (liberty, equality, and fraternity). La Belle France is the ancestor of the crowned Miss Liberty, who stands over the broken shackles of slavery, who holds a law book in her left hand, and whose raised torch signifies the enlightenment that the new nation proposes to bring to the world. In the mythology of America Miss Liberty is the new Eve in a new Eden dedicated to the possibility of a fresh start without Old World encumbrances.

In 1903 Emma Lazarus's 1883 sonnet to Miss Liberty was inscribed on a plaque on the statue's pedestal.

*Still, 182–183.

Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
 A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
 Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
 Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
 "Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
 Your huddled masses yearning to be free,
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

The Work Ethic—Cotton Mather

Like his father and fellow minister, Increase Mather (1629–1723), Cotton Mather (1663–1728) was a believer in the sacredness of New England. Both preached the "New England Way" as opposed to the European way. Cotton Mather's sermons are collected in The Biblia Americana, and he hoped that the Second Coming of Christ would occur in New England, which would thus literally become the new Jerusalem. Like many Puritans, Mather preached the Protestant work ethic," as in his 1701 essay "A Christian at His Calling." Striving at work and saving were godly.

'Tis not honest nor Christian that a Christian should have no business to do. . . . A Christian should follow his occupation with industry. . . . It seems a man slothful in business is not a man serving the Lord. . . .

'Tis a sin, I say, 'tis ordinarily a sin, and at length it will be a shame, for a man to spend more than he gets, or make his layings out more than his comings in. . . .

Truly, justice, justice must be exactly followed in that calling by which we go to get our living. . . . Well, then, don't conceal from any customer that which you ought in equity or charity to acquaint him withal; and, more especially, if your customer do rely upon your sincerity. Don't exceed the truth, either in commendations or disparagements of commodities. Don't assert anything that is contrary to truth about the kind or price of them. . . .

Oh, let every Christian walk with God when he works at his calling.*

Yankee Doodle

Still another comic patriotic icon—this one primarily musical—is "Yankee Doodle." According to one legend, the words were composed by a Revolutionary War-era English army doctor to make fun of the ragged Continental army. Ironically, the well-known tune to which the words were set, a tune that was earlier associated with an English folk dance, was taken over by the Americans as a signature tune and was even played when General Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown in 1781. Yankee Doodle, then, is a kind of allegory for the badly dressed, unprofessional, but brave and successful American soldier. It was common in the early days of the nation to make up new stanzas, so the song grew by word of mouth. This is one version of the extended song, containing several familiar verses and some not so familiar.

Father and I went down to camp
 Along with Captain Goodwin,
 And there we saw the men and boys
 As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy!
 Mind the music and the steps,
 And with the girls be handy!

There was Captain Washington
 Upon a slapping stallion,
 Giving orders to his men,
 I guess there was a million.

And there they had a swamping gun
 As big as a log of maple,
 On a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

And there I saw a little keg,
 Its heads were made of leather—
 They knocked upon it with little sticks
 To call the folks together.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces,
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smother,
So I took off my hat, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy!
Mind the music and the steps,
And with the girls be handy!

VARIATIONS

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony,
He struck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni!

Yankee Doodle went to town,
He bought a bag of peaches,
He rode so fast a-coming back,
He smashed them all to pieces!

Yankee Doodle, find a girl,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Take her to the fair today
And buy a box of candy!*

Paul Revere—The Midnight Ride

Paul Revere (1735-1818) was a great silversmith who practiced his art in Boston. He is much better known, however, for the famous ride he took with William Dawes on April 18, 1775. The ride, made legendary by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was one of several made by Revere as an express messenger. On April 16 he rode to Lexington to warn Samuel Adams and John Hancock that they were about to be arrested and to Concord to warn patriots there to hide their weapons stores. Two days later Revere alerted the countryside towns of the arrival of the British. During the first years of the war he continued to ride as a messenger. This is his tale as made famous by Longfellow.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

*Alger, 256-59.

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
 The Somerset, British man-of-war;
 A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
 Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—

A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
 And under the alders that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river fog,
 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
 At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Born Before Her Time

Martha Jane Cannary, better known as Calamity Jane, became notorious for wearing pants, smoking, drinking, skinny-dipping, being sexually promiscuous, and telling all to whoever would listen, which would not make headlines today, but was enough in the good old days to make her into a fabled frontier character and dime-novel heroine—"The Beautiful White Devil of the Yellowstone." She lived according to her motto: "Never go to bed sober, or alone, or with a red cent left in your pocket."

She was, or rather claimed to be, a bushwhacker, mule skinner, Pony Express rider, Indian fighter, army scout, stagecoach guard, nurse, angel of mercy, and the West's foremost femme fatale. She doubled as a part-time prostitute and could drink most men under the table. But more than anything else "Calam" was a self-promoting tourist attraction. She was "married" several times, had many lovers, and children in and out of wedlock. This seems surprising, as she had a face like a horse, skin like sandpaper, and a body resembling that of a down-and-out wrestler. Her popularity with the opposite sex is, however, easily explained by the fact that during her heyday, men in the West outnumbered women by about twenty to one. Early photographs show her in a slouch hat, coarse pants, and a stained, fringed buckskin jacket, rifle in hand, a bowie knife stuck in her belt, chomping on a big cigar.

Calamity Jane was born in 1852, on a Missouri farm. Her family moved west while she was still a child. The "undeodorized lass" progressed from Independence to Julesburg to Cheyenne to Virginia City and to Blackfoot, Montana, where her mother opened a joyhouse called the Birdcage. Her foremost days of glory, however, were spent at Deadwood, South Dakota, where she acquired her reputation for

drinking, brawling, gambling, swearing, and whoring. Eastern fabulists loved her because "she was so colorful," climbing the very heights of imagination in the process. Dime-novel writers made her a heroine in the East among aficionados of penny dreadfuls. On her own home ground she was considerably less admired. The editor of the local Deadwood paper complained: "As far as real merit is concerned, she is a fraud and a dead giveaway. A hundred waiter girls or mop squeezers in this gulch are her superiors in everything; her form and figure are not only indifferent but repulsive. It makes me tired to see so much written about such a woman."

She was, however, good copy. What a scoop it must have been when one journalist discovered that she had joined the Indian-fighting army disguised as a soldier until, one hot day, she went skinny-dipping with the boys. An officer passing by noticed that one of the bathers had "two things too much and one thing too little," which abruptly ended her military career. She made a habit of striding into saloons, firing her pistol at the ceiling, banging on the bar, and shouting raucously: "I'm Calamity Jane and the drinks are on the house. I sleep where, when, and with whom I want. Let her rip!"

In a Tucson cathouse, the irrepressible "Calam" opened fire with her cap 'n' ball at "greasers" for aspiring to obtain her favors. Her body was for white Anglo-Saxons only. She also unloosed her artillery inside Denver's famous Windsor Bar, whose boniface refused to "serve whiskey to a lady." She smoked up a Bozeman, Montana, saloon whose bardog, who had served her enough booze to sink a battleship, refused to let her have any more because, in his opinion, "she had more than enough."

On the other hand, "she was generous when sober, which wasn't often," bought candy for kids, nursed soldiers and miners suffering from smallpox back to health and, when in the mood, entertained barroom customers with her own rendition of "It's a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

In Deadwood she shared the spotlight with another living legend—Wild Bill Hickok, King of the Pistoleers. She always talked about what close friends they had been, hinted that she had shared his bed, even that she was married to him. By the time she spun these yarns, he was already dead, gunned down at Nurtal and Mann's Number Ten Saloon, and therefore unable to contradict her. She also claimed to have personally arrested and brought to justice Hickok's murderer, Jack McCall, in a butchershop, subduing him with a meat cleaver, because she had absentmindedly left her six-gun at home. A bibulous

writer improved upon this by claiming that Calamity had once saved McCall from being hanged, but after the low-down varmint had shot her darling Bill, she personally placed the halter around his neck, saying, "I gave ye yer life oncet, I'll take it back now!"

She went on a so-called "lecture tour" at the 1901 Pan-American Exhibition, where she got "ramsquaddled" and claimed to have killed Crazy Horse. Her last years were spent in an alcoholic haze. She got the better of a clergyman who rebuked her for being drunk and wanton, by shouting at him, "Shucks, you can kiss my butt, yer holiness, I don't take preachin' from an old billygoat I've slept under the same blanket with for more'n a dozen times."

She died on August 2, 1903, at Terry, South Dakota, on the twenty-seventh anniversary of Hickok's demise. Her last words, it is said, were: "Bury me next to Bill."

In the words of Duncan Aikman: "The Joan of Arc of the Indian Wars, the angel of mining camp mercies, the tragic bearer of an erotic nemesis, the imp spirit of the frontier's female wilderness, she was becoming folklore."

And here is the legend of how Calamity Jane got her name.

How Old Calam Got Her Name

Some say "Old Calam" got her moniker because her life was one calamity after the other. Others say with conviction that she got her name because, shortly after making her acquaintance, gentlemen were stricken by a veneral calamity. Not so, say the dime novels written in her honor.



In the year of 1873, if an observer could have gazed upon the Goose Creek Valley of Wyoming, he would have seen a thrilling sight. Far ahead over the vast plain a fugitive white man was flying on his swift, foaming steed, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Behind

him galloped a score of savages, their painted, gleaming visages distorted with the passion of exultation, vengeance, and the lust for scalps, their warbonnets streaming after them in the wind. Whipping up their ponies, they yelled like all the devils in hell, their strength pressed to the utmost limits. But even though the red fiends whip their horses until crimson flecks of foam spurt from their nostrils, they cannot gain upon him who wears the uniform of a captain of cavalry, riding erect on his magnificent charger, scorning his pursuers. It is Captain "Pat" Egan, the gallant cavalier, who is riding for his life.

But, egad, what is this? His horse flags as a lone slim figure, watching from a hillock, spies the arrow shafts imbedded in the noble animal's flanks. And behold, the horse is faltering, slowing to a labored walk as the savage foes come nearer.

The valiant Egan glances back: "I will sell my life dearly! God help me!" he utters prayerfully, but it seems that Satan himself is helping his red disciples. The foremost warrior looses his whirring arrow. It flies true and lodges between the shoulder blades of the stalwart officer. A loud report, and he is hit in the thigh by a bullet from a gun a vile, money-grubbing trader sold to the bloodstained miscreants in defiance of the law. Egan sways in the saddle. His steed sinks to its knees, its noble head touching the ground. Unafraid in the face of death, Egan confronts his foes. The chambers of his Colt are empty now, except for a last bullet he saves for himself. With triumphant howls, like coyotes circling a campfire, the savages surround the wounded soldier, giving a wide berth to his "arme blanche." They want him alive, savoring in advance the fiendish tortures they mean to inflict upon him. He cannot escape. Nothing can save the brave captain. Death stretches out its bony hand to seize him.

But hark! Do you hear the thudding hoofbeats, the crack of a repeating rifle! **IT IS THE BEAUTIFUL WILD JANE TO THE RESCUE!**

Swift as lightning Jane Cannary came dashing down the hill from which she had surveyed the scene, a living sculpture astride her little black Mexican cayuse Trick, the animal running at the top of its speed, vaulting over every obstacle in its path—still the daredevil Wildcat of the Plains retained her seat as if glued to the animal's back, her tresses flowing wildly back from beneath her slouch hat, her eyes dancing with excitement, every now and then her lips giving

vent to a ringing whoop, which was credible in imitation, if not in volume and force, to that of a full-blown Comanche warrior.

Twice more in succession the trusty rifle cracked and each unerring bullet dropped its man, either dead or wounded, from his pony. A second more and she was by the captain's side, heedless of the surprised and awed savages milling around in confusion, helping the wounded Egan to mount up behind her. One more exultant yell burst forth from her throat as she spurred Trick into a full gallop, and thus rescuer and rescued sped away as fast as the wind. They were not followed. The savages had learned to fear the daring maid's marksmanship, seemingly a miracle of the whites' Christian God. Discouraged, they gave up the chase.

When Jane and Egan arrived at the fort, the captain for the first time had a chance to thank and to gaze upon her who had saved him. Jane Cannary was the possessor of a form both graceful and womanly, and a face that was peculiarly handsome and attractive, though upon it were lines drawn by the hand of hard usage. The lips and eyes still retained in themselves their girlish beauty, the lips their full, rosy plumpness, and the eyes their dark, magnetic sparkle, and the face proper had the power to become stern, grave, or jolly in expression, wreathed as it was in a semiframework of long, raven hair that reached below a faultless waist.

Her dress consisted of buckskin trousers, met at the knee by fancifully beaded leggings, with moccasins of dainty pattern upon her feet; a velvet vest and a flowered shirt, open at the throat, partially revealing a breast of alabaster purity; a short velvet jacket, and Spanish broad-brimmed hat, slouched upon one side of a regally beautiful head.

She had dismounted and Egan feasted his eyes upon her with wonder and more than just thankful admiration. She smiled at the gallant officer: "Jane Cannary, at your service. But let's take care of that cussed arrow first."

"It's nothing much, miss, and the leg, too, is only a scratch not worth making so much fuss about, or getting your dainty hands bloody. It's all in a day's work for us fellows in this man's army. You saved my life. How can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, shucks, don't mention it. Here's my paw. Put her there. I'm as glad to see yo're not badly hurt as a b'ar is to hug a human." Calamity lightly vaulted back into the saddle.

"Hold on!" Egan protested. "Shall we not meet again, Jane?"

Calamity Jane Meets a Long-Lost Lover

Calamity Jane left the town, and riding up the gulch, turned off among the mountains, through a dark, lonesome ravine, through the bottom of which a small creek dashed noisily, and where but little of the light of day ever penetrated.

She was mounted on her thoroughbred cayuse, which had few rivals in the Hills, and well-armed with a sixteen-shot Winchester rifle, and a brace of holster revolvers, besides those she wore in her belt. Every bit of a mountain knight she looked, as she rode along, scanning everything around her with a sharp gaze.

Ahead of her, around an abrupt bend, came clear and sharp the ringing thud of hoof-strokes—then a fierce shout that echoed around the hills with clanging reverberations.

"Hello! Someone coming this way, I reckon!" Calamity muttered, wheeling her horse to one side, just behind a clump of manzanita bushes. "Either red-skins or road-agents, I predict, after some lone pilgrim."

She had not long to wait to learn that her prophecy was correct.

A single horseman came dashing around the bend, with his horse running at full speed, while sitting with face backward; he was grasping a rifle in his hands, ready for use.

He managed to retain his seat with as much ease as though he occupied a fronting position, which evinced superior horsemanship.

From her position, Calamity could do no more in the way of a glance than to make him out as a young man—his face she could not see. Nearer and nearer he came; then a band of five horsemen burst forth into view around the bend, yelling like so many Comanche redskins.

They were road-agents, all armed with carbines of Winchester pattern, and were in hot pursuit of the lone fugitive, whose easy riding so attracted Calamity's admiration, that she wheeled her cayuse out into the ravine with a ringing shout.

"Let 'em have it, pilgrim—plug et to 'em like blazes, an' I'll back yel Hurra! Whoa up thar, youimps o' Satan, fer ef ye buck agin' Calamity Jane yer bound ter get snagged ag-in' an earthquake!"

The words were loud enough to be heard by the pursuers and pursued; then the girl dare-devil raised her rifle to her shoulder, and



"Probably, as I'm gen'rally around. Whar there's mischief, there you'll find me."

"I shall call upon you presently," he said with a smile, making light of the pain his wounds caused him. "You are quite a woman. Were you a man, I am sure you would have risen to be a general. Jane, you are a wonderful little woman to have around in a calamity. I name you Calamity Jane, the Heroine of the Plains!"

And as Calamity Jane she was known from that day onward.

sent a death-dispatch with unerring aim into the road-agents, killing one outright, and wounding a horse.

Seeing that he was re-enforced, the fugitive opened fire, also dropping one of the desperadoes from the saddle, although the wretch was only wounded. Three others were left, and they came on with furious oaths and curses, beating their animals with the carbines to increase their speed, and then firing wildly.

One chance bullet struck the fugitive's animal in the ear, and penetrated to the brain. Instantly, the poor brute began to stagger, then stumbled and dropped dead a few feet from where Calamity had taken her stand. Luckily, the rider was prepared, and he leaped lightly from the saddle, and escaped injury.

At the same instant Calamity's rifle again cracked twice in succession and each unerring bullet dropped one stage-robber, either dead or wounded, from his horse; seeing that he now had no chance, the remaining outlaw turned his mount abruptly around and took the back trail, urging on his animal in mad desperation, with both spurs and voice. Bound to finish the victory, Calamity fired the remaining thirteen cartridges in her repeater, but only succeeded in wounding him, as he disappeared from view.

Then she turned to the rescued fugitive, who was standing by his dead horse, and gazing at her in admiration and wonder.

He was a man of some five-and-twenty years, with supple, handsome form, and a light, jovial face, which, while it possessed no particular beauty, was a good-naturedly, good-looking face, with perfect features, dark brown eyes and hair, and a slight dark mustache. He was attired in a gentleman's garb, and armed with a rifle and a pair of revolvers.

Clearly, he was astonished at his sudden rescue, for he stood gazing at Calamity as if she were something more than mortal.

And she laughed in her cool way, as she crossed one shapely limb upon the neck of her horse, and returned the gaze in genuine Black Hills fashion.

"Guess you war purty nigh glad to get away from them agents, pilgrim, warn't ye?" she demanded at length, while she lit a cigarette.

"Indeed I was!" the man replied, with enthusiasm. "I had all the road-agent experience I care for, since I've been fighting the devils for the last half hour. There were twelve of the fellows when they commenced the chase, a couple of mites back."

"An' ye dropped 'em all, eh?"

"All but the three you fetched down and the fellow that escaped."

"Wal, then, you're a brick—ther's all! Couldn't a-done better myself. Reckon you're a fresh 'un in these diggins, eh?"

"I am. I only arrived at Deadwood yesterday, and, purchasing a horse, set out for a ride to Whoop-Up, wherever that may be, having no idea the distance was so great. But excuse me, please, you're a woman, are you not?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I am in flesh, but not in spirit o' late years. Ye see, they kinda got matters discomfuddled w'en I was created, an' I turned out to be a gal instead of a man, which I ought to hev been."

"Indeed? There is something in your face which reminds me of a girl I used to know six years ago, before I went East, from Denver. What is your name, ma'am?"

"Calamity Jane, at yer service."

"What? Janie was my little sweetheart's name!" the stranger exclaimed. "It cannot be that YOU are indeed Jennie Forrest—the same I once knew. She left Denver for Virginia City a couple of years after, since when I have never heard from her."

"Yes, I am Jennie—she that was Jennie Forrest," Calamity replied, slowly, "but who can you be?"

"I am Charley Davis—don't you remember me? Six years ago, on your sixteenth birthday, you promised to wait for me and become my bride!"

"YOU Charley Davis?" the girl exclaimed delightedly; "then thar's my paw—grab it! I'm as glad to see you as a heifer is to see a bull."

The stranger eagerly accepted the proffered hand and shook it warmly, while he gazed admiringly into the face of the girl-scout.

"You have greatly changed, Jennie, but it is for the better, accepting your attire. Why dress thus, when the attire of your own sex is more becoming?"

"I don't allow ye ken beat men's togs much fer handy locomotion an' so forth, an' then, ye see, I'm as big a gun among the men as any of 'em. An' ef ye're goin' to Whoop-Up, let me advise you in one respect; snatch off yer b'iled shirt, an' put on a flannel caliker. Reckon they'd set you up as a swell ef ye war to go in that way."

"Oh, I'll run the risks. But, Janie, isn't your attire unmaidenly, considering your sex?"