



# STORIES, POEMS, & MUSIC: K-5

## Meets North Carolina Standard Course of Study

Johnny Appleseed A Pioneer and a Legend 1774-1845

Johnny Appleseed Activities

Johnny Appleseed Sentence Strips

Little Red Apple House (poem)

Apple Tunes (song)

Apple Song (to Bingo)



Have You Ever Had an Apple? (song)

Sipping Cider (song)

Spring's Promise (poem)

The Apple Tree (poem)

Here is the Beehive (fingerplay)





# Johnny Appleseed: A Pioneer and a Legend

## 1774-1845





# JOHNNY APPLESEED

## A PIONEER AND A LEGEND

One day early in the spring of 1801 as Isaac Stedden worked in the clearing near his cabin in Licking County, Ohio, he saw a strange-looking traveler approaching on horseback. Travelers were rare in those days, and, notwithstanding the odd appearance and manners of this man, Stedden offered him the scant courtesies of his cabin. He remained only a few days and had little to say of himself or his destination, but while he tarried as a guest he talked chiefly of planting apple trees so that the settlers might have fruit in addition to the wild meat and fish found in the forests and streams. He took from his saddlebags a quantity of apple seeds and planted them about the cabin and then departed. This was one of the first recorded evidences of John Chapman's arrival in the Ohio Valley country. He was a young man in his early twenties at the time. Born in Leominster, Massachusetts, September 26, 1774, he spent his early years in western Massachusetts and had migrated to western Pennsylvania in his late teens or early twenties.

Five years later another settler, who had cleared away the forest and built a cabin on the banks of the Ohio River, little above what is now Steubenville, Ohio, saw a strange craft coming down the river. It consisted of two canoes lashed together. A lone man was the "crew". He was oddly and somewhat raggedly dressed, barefoot, and he wore for a head covering, or hat, a tin pan. This, it was found afterwards, served the dual purpose of hat and stew pan in which he cooked his food – often just cornmeal mush and coffee.

He informed the settler that his name was John Chapman and that the cargo in his canoes consisted of bags of apple seed, which he had gathered from the cider presses in Western Pennsylvania, and that he intended to plant them and grow apple trees for the settlers.

Following the streams and their tributaries he stopped and planted apple seeds wherever he found suitable ground for a nursery. Sometimes he rented the land. He also purchased a number of plots and owned quite a few acres of land at the time of his death. Usually the leases and purchases were paid in apple trees. He enclosed his nursery plots with fences made of brush. Each year he returned to care for the growing trees and to plant new nurseries. When settlers came he urged them to plant trees and advised them as to what varieties to plant. It is said that his favorite apple was the Rambo. A substantial proof of this is disclosed by the fact that this particular apple was afterwards found on nearly every farm in the region traversed by this pioneer nurseryman.

Chapman kept ahead of the settlements and each year planted apple trees farther west. In this way he covered much of what is now Ohio and far into Indiana. For nearly fifty years he kept steadily at his work and, doubtless, there is no region in the United States where the early settlers planted more fruit trees than were grown in Johnny Appleseed's territory. There are still a few old apple trees alive which are claimed to have been taken from nurseries planted by "Johnny Appleseed". "The good that men do lives after them".





No single biography of Johnny Appleseed is really complete. Over the years, bits and pieces of his life story have been pulled together by many authors. Probably one of the better and more complete accounts of John Chapman and his work is found in the *Historic Annals of Ohio*, published by the Ohio Historical Society in 1861. Robert Price's *Johnny Appleseed Man and Myth* published in 1967 is an excellent relatively recent biography. Little is known of his early life except that he loved nature and that he was markedly unselfish. His half-sister, who survived him, related many beautiful stories of his boyhood days. He loved the undisturbed forest. The sight of flowers on the open prairie was a feast to him. He looked upon all of nature as his friend. He was never known to injure or to kill any living thing except one rattlesnake, and that it is said, he always regretted.

After he came to Western Pennsylvania and to the frontier, his mission in life seemed to be to plant apple trees and teach the Swedenborgian religion. His frequent visits to the settlements were looked forward to with delight and no cabin door was ever closed to him. To the men and women he was news carrier and oracle. To the children he was friend and playfellow. He taught the boys to make sleds and wagons. To the little girls he brought bits of ribbon and calico. He appreciated the loneliness of pioneer life and made it brighter wherever he could. He always carried a leather bag filled with apple seeds and was constantly planting them in open places in the forests, along the roadways, and by the streams. He became known as the "apple seed man", and later his real name, John Chapman, seemed to disappear altogether and "Johnny Appleseed" was the only name by which he was known. The man became a legend almost before he died.

Johnny Appleseed is described as a man of medium height, blue eyes, long, light-brown hair, slender figure, wiry and alert. He wore very little clothing and that, for the most part, was obtained by trading apple trees to the settlers for cast-off garments. Often, while traveling through the forests, his only garment was a coffee sack with holes cut in it for his head and arms. He said clothes should not be worn for adornment – only for comfort. He went barefoot most of the time, even in winter. Reports indicate that he was a vegetarian, eating no meat or fish. He believed it was wrong to take life in order to produce food. This undoubtedly contributed to his zeal for urging people to plant and grow fruit.

He rarely sought shelter in a house, and when he did so would usually sleep on the floor before the fireplace with his kit for a pillow. Except in very bad weather he preferred to sleep in the open forest or out of doors in the shelter of a shed or other weather breaker.

The latter part of his life he lived with a relative near what is now Mansfield, Ohio. It was while he lived there that the war of 1812 was fought, and some of the active scenes of the war occurred near his home. One incident is related that illustrates well his self-sacrifice and his devotion to friends. Late one evening, word came to the few settlers who had taken their families to the Block House for refuge that the Indians were advancing upon them, that Wallace Reed and Levi Jones, nearby settlers, had been killed. Excitement ran high. The settlers in the Block House were unarmed and the nearest friendly troops were at Camp Douglas, some thirty miles away. A consultation was held and it was decided to send a messenger to this camp to ask for assistance; but who would go?





Volunteers were asked for. A meek, bare-headed, barefoot man, unarmed, but with a countenance full of determination and devoid of fear, stepped forward and said, "I'll go." It was Johnny Appleseed. The road he had to travel was a poorly marked path through the woods, rough and dark. He ran through the forest, stopping at the few cabins on the way and warning the settlers to flee to the Block House. At daybreak he returned with a detachment of troops to guard the settlement, having made the long journey in one night.

For nearly fifty years Johnny Appleseed traversed the forests and prairies of what is now Ohio and Indiana and fringes of other states, planting and caring for his apple trees, teaching farmers apple culture and assisting them in planting and caring for orchards, and preaching of "good news right fresh from Heaven." Today, it is rare to find a farm in the country he traversed that does not have at least a few apple trees.

He had several nurseries in Northern Indiana. One day in March of 1845 cattle had broken down the fences around one of them. He started there on foot to put them in repair. The weather was cold and disagreeable – snow was falling. At night he stopped at the home of a friend. Mr. Worth, for shelter. It was, as always, readily granted him. He declined a bed and prepared to read and pray. He read the Psalm beginning "Blesses are the pure in heart," then prayed for blessings upon all men and nations, and for comfort for all who were crippled and distressed. He prayed for universal happiness and peace, then lay down to sleep. By the morning, he had developed pneumonia and soon thereafter he died as he had lived, at peace with all the world.

Mr. Worth and his neighbors buried his body in the David Archer graveyard, two and one-half miles north of Fort Wayne. His grave was unmarked for many years but now, fittingly, it is part of a memorial park in tribute to him.

The year 1974 was the bicentennial of his birth. Part of history and part of American folklore, the life and legend of "Johnny Appleseed" will be remembered and observed in many different ways throughout the country. And well it should, for John Chapman, best known as Johnny Appleseed, when he ended his fifty year odyssey throughout the mid-western United States, had become a living legend and a personality in American folklore. Like many of those in the midwest of America, Johnny Appleseed was a real person who lived in the days of the frontier settlements. Unlike many of his counterparts, however, he actually performed the heroic acts that are the substance of his legend.

During his sojourn John Chapman became known for his courage and dedication to his fellow man as well as for the apple orchards he planted.

Half poet-philosopher, half mystic, perhaps out of phase with the goals and aspirations of his contemporaries, but infinitively attuned to the larger harmony of the Universe, Johnny Appleseed occupies a special place in the long line of dreamers, innovators, and statesmen who have contributed to America's greatness.





# JOHNNY APPLESEED

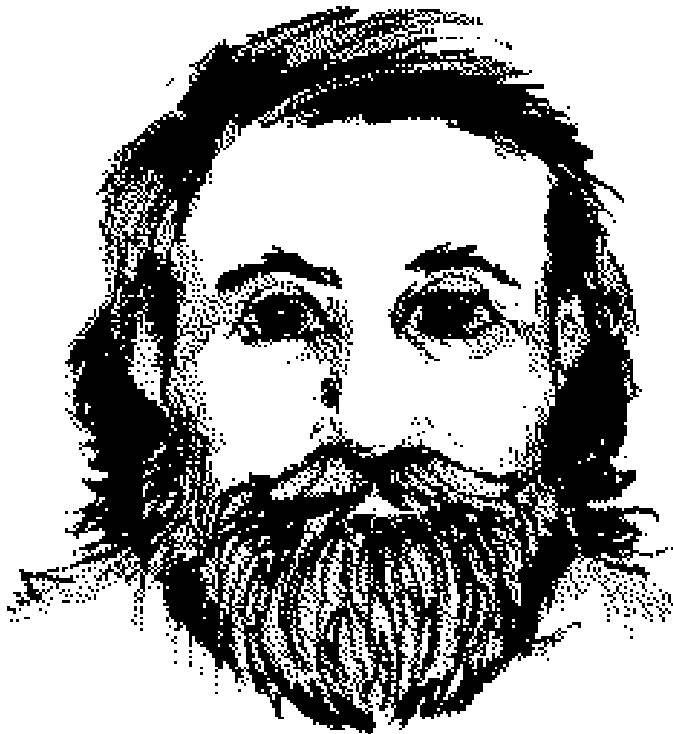
## A PIONEER AND A LEGEND

After reading your class the story of Johnny Appleseed, have students write about their favorite parts of the story.

Have the students share their drafts.

Now have the students place the drafts about their favorite parts in a sequential story event order.

The drafts could then be bound into a class book and placed in the classroom library.



**JOHNNY APPLESEED**  
**(JOHN CHAPMAN)**  
**1774 - 1845**





# JOHNNY APPLESEED

## SENTENCE STRIPS

Read the story “Johnny Appleseed A Pioneer And A Legend ”  
In this activity students will track the life and times of Johnny Appleseed.

*Cut apart the sentence strips and glue to poster board or construction paper.  
Illustrate each sentence to make a poster or Johnny Appleseed book.*

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Johnny Appleseed set out to plant apple trees for the settlers.

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Animals and people were friends to Johnny Appleseed.

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“Johnny Appleseed” whose real name was John Chapman  
was born on September 26, 1774.

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Johnny carried a pot on his head when he wasn’t using it  
for cooking.

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People loved to talk about the “apple seed man” and they  
nicknamed him “Johnny Appleseed.”

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Johnny Appleseed is described as a man of medium height, blue  
eyes, long, light-brown hair, slender figure, wiry and alert.

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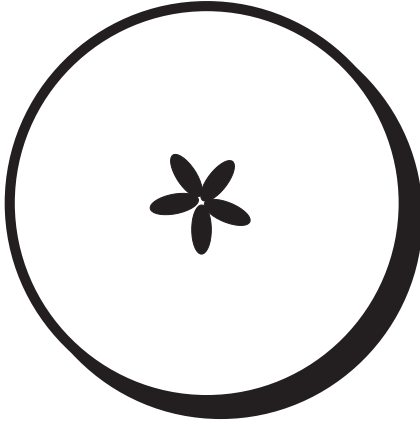
In March of 1845 Johnny Appleseed got sick and died.

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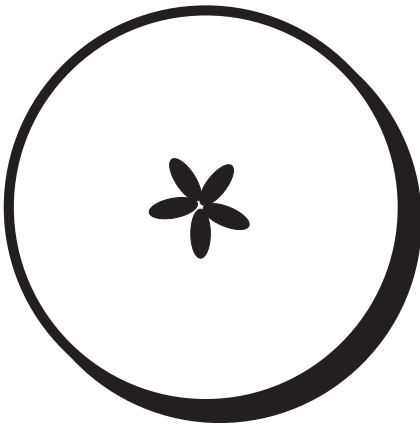




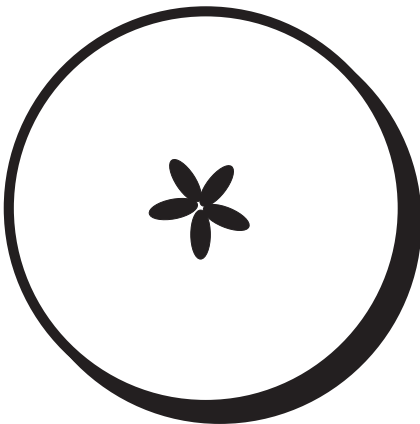
## LITTLE RED APPLE HOUSE



This little red house  
Belongs to me  
There are no doors or windows  
As you can see



Inside my round house  
Is a secret light  
It sparkles and glimmers  
And shines so bright



This house is an Apple  
With a star inside  
When it's cut in half  
I find a surprise

Once I find my special  
"twinkle twinkle" light  
It's time to eat my Apple  
So I take a great big bite!

*S. Altman*







## APPLE TUNES

### APPLE, APPLE ON THE TREE

Tune: "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"

Apple, apple on the tree,  
I know you are good for me.

You are fun to munch and crunch  
For a snack or in my lunch,

Apple, apple on the tree,  
I know you are good for me.



### TEN LITTLE APPLES

Tune: "Ten Little Indians"

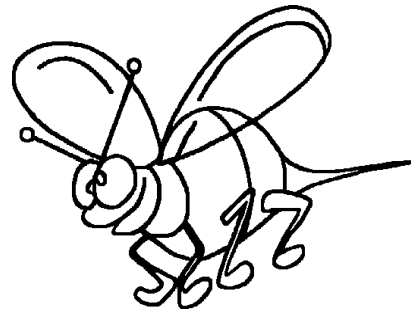
One little, two little, three little apples  
Four little, five little, six little apples,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little apples  
Ten little apples on the tree.

Ten little, nine little, eight little apples  
Seven little, six little, five little apples

### HONEY BEE SONG

(Great to use when studying pollination)

I'm bringing home a baby "honey" bee  
Won't my Mommy be so proud of me?  
For I'm bringing home a baby "honey" bee,  
Buzzy, wuzzy, fuzzy-Ahh – he stung me!





# APPLE

(sung to “Bingo”)

I know a fruit that grows on trees,  
An apple is its name, oh!

CHORUS:

A-P-P-L-E,

A-P-P-L-E,

A-P-P-L-E,

An apple is its name, oh!

In summer and in early fall  
It’s time to pick an apple!

CHORUS

It may be sweet or may be tart,  
It’s red, or green, or yellow!

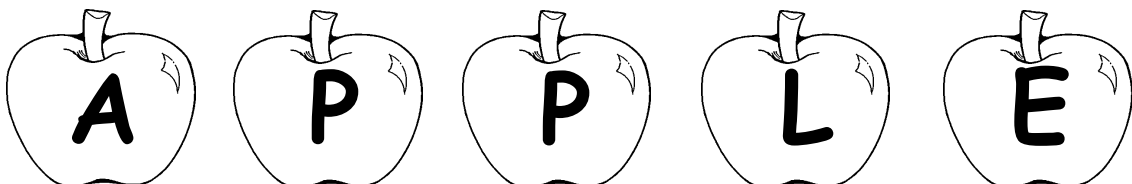
CHORUS

A McIntosh or Granny Smith,  
A Winesap or Delicious!

CHORUS

Make applesauce or apple juice  
Or apple pie with apples!

CHORUS

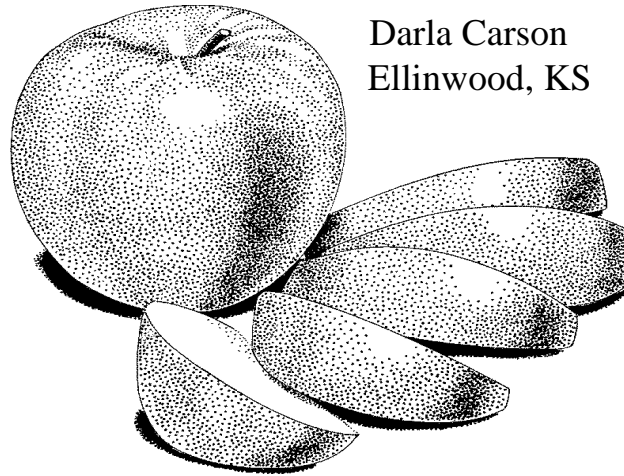




# HAVE YOU EVER HAD AN APPLE?

Sung to: "Have You Ever Seen A Lassie?"

C                    C                    G7                    C  
 Have you ever seen an apple, an apple, an apple,  
 C                    C                    G7                    C  
 Have you ever seen an apple that grows on a tree?  
 G7                    C                    G7                    C  
 A red one, a yellow one, a red one, a yellow one.  
 C                    C                    G7                    C  
 Have you ever seen an apple, that grows on a tree?



Darla Carson  
Ellinwood, KS

## Have You Ever Had An Apple?

Sung to: "Have You Ever Seen A Lassie?"

C                    C                    G                    C  
 Have you ever had an apple, an apple, an apple?  
 C  
 Have you ever had an apple,  
 G                    C  
 And heard it go "CRUNCH"?





## SIPPING CIDER

The cutest boy...(The cutest boy)  
 I ever saw...(I ever saw)  
 Was sipping ci...(Was sipping ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 The cutest boy I ever saw...was sipping cider through a strawawaw.

I asked him if ...(I asked him if)  
 He'd show me how...(He'd show me how)  
 To sip some ci...(To sip some ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 I asked him if he'd show me how...  
 To sip some cider through a strawawaw.

He said he would...(He said he would)  
 He'd show me how...(He'd show me how)  
 To sip some ci...(To sip some ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 He said he would he'd show me how...  
 To sip some cider through a strawawaw.

So cheek to cheek...(So cheek to cheek)  
 And jaw to jaw...(And jaw to jaw)  
 We sipped some ci...(We sipped some ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 So cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw...  
 We sipped some cider through a strawawaw.

The straw did slip...(The straw did slip)  
 I met his lips...(I met his lips)  
 From sipping ci...(From sipping ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 The straw did slip I met his lips...  
 From sipping cider through a strawawaw.

And now I have...(And now I have)  
 A mother-in-law...(A mother-in-law)  
 From sipping ci...(From sipping ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 And now I have a mother-in-law...  
 From sipping cider through a strawawaw.

And forty-nine kids...(And forty-nine kids)  
 All call me Mom/Dad...(All call me Mom/Dad)  
 From sipping ci...(From sipping ci)  
 Der through a straw...(Der through a straw)  
 And forty-nine kids all call me Mom/Dad...  
 From sipping cider through a strawawaw.





## SPRING'S PROMISE

First buds appear at branch's tip--  
Like tiny fists they cling and grip.

Then blossoms burst and fill the air  
With fragrances so sweet and fair.

Bitter greenies grow and mellow...  
MMM...delicious, red and yellow!

Jan Streilein  
Lansdale, Pennsylvania  
March/April 97 Edition of Country Woman Magazine





## THE APPLE TREE

Way up high in an apple tree,  
Small white blossoms I could see.  
I watered that tree and what do you!  
Little green apples began to grow.

Way up high in an apple tree,  
Two red apples smiled at me.  
I shook that tree as hard as I could.  
Down came those apples,  
MMMMM, they were good!



