

Johnny Appleseed

Did You Know?

His name was John Chapman and he was born on September 26, 1774 (he died on March 18, 1845). He was better known as **Johnny Appleseed**.

He was an American pioneer nurseryman who introduced apple trees to large parts of Pennsylvania, Ontario, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as the northern counties of present-day West Virginia.

He became an American legend while still alive. This was due to his kind, generous ways, his leadership in conservation, and the symbolic importance he attributed to apples.

John Chapman was born in Leominster, Massachusetts.

There is a granite marker, and a street called *Johnny Appleseed Lane* in his hometown.

John began his apprenticeship as an orchardist under Mr. Crawford. He had apple orchards, thus inspiring John's life's journey of planting apple trees.

Johnny Appleseed got his name because he planted nurseries rather than orchards. He built fences around them to protect them from livestock. He left the nurseries in the care of a neighbor who sold trees on shares.

Johnny returned every year or two to tend the nursery.

His first nursery was planted on the bank of Brokenstraw Creek, south of Warren, Pennsylvania.

*Barefoot-bound, a tin pot hat,
a sack of apples - that's a fact!*

*John Chapman ventured out,
scattered apple seeds about;*

*never seeking fortune/fame -
Johnny Appleseed his name.*

*Lost his mom when just a lad
his father was a farming Dad.*

*Johnny learned and loved the land
he became an 'apple man'.*

*Never one to fret or fear,
Johnny braved the new Frontier.*

*On his back, an apple sack,
his roof the blue and open skies;*

*fruit for cider, applejacks,
applesauce and apple pies.*

*Where he went, his apples grew.
Tales about him sprouted too.*

*Friend to animals and man;
apples planted by his hand.*

*Conservation was his 'creed'.
Thank you, Johnny Appleseed!*



Backyard Tree

by, Jo Carol Hebert

Each morning I awake to see
my tree is reaching out to me.
Gentle arms surrounding me,
the branches of my climbing tree.

In Winter cold with branches bare,
I will hang a birdhouse there;
for birds who do not go away
are hungry, like me, every day.

In pleasant Spring, the birds that roam
come back to make the tree their home;
and there, they build their nests and stay
until it's time to fly away.

And Summer finds my friends and me
high up in our secret tree;
and no one knows where we will be
hiding in the greenery.

And when the leaves turn red and brown
another year has gone around
and leaves will flutter to the ground.
Fall is here when leaves fall down.

Seasons warm and seasons colder
come and go as I grow older;
there's no place I'd rather be
than with my faithful friend, the Tree.

