Two hundred years ago, Johnny Appleseed planted hundreds and hundreds of apple trees along the early frontier. You may have eaten one of his apples and not even known it. Why did he plant so many apple trees? He was on a mission...
John Chapman was born in Leominster, Massachusetts, in 1775. The day he was born, a rainbow arched from one end of the sky to the apple tree outside his house. When Johnny saw the rainbow tree, he fell in love—with apples.

Look at the beautiful rainbow! Look how it colors the apple blossoms!

Johnny was a good baby, so long as you knew how to keep him happy. And it wasn’t mother’s milk or lullabies that made Johnny smile. It was a branch of apple blossoms.

Don’t cry now. Here are your apple blossoms.
The only thing Johnny loved almost as much as apples was animals. And they loved him. He could cure them when they were sick, fix them when they were injured.

Here you go. And stop chasing those mice!
As Johnny grew, so did his love for apples. When he realized that not everyone had apples to enjoy, it gave him something to think about.

I'd like to bring a sack of apples home to my family in the Ohio Territory.

Take them. And be sure to plant the seeds when you get home.
Johnny decided he would help the settlers by spreading apple trees all over the Midwest.

I am going to plant apple trees all over the new frontier.

What do you mean you have a mission?
Johnny collected thousands of seeds. He dried them in the sun. Then he packed them into deerskin sacks, loaded them onto canoes, and paddled down the Ohio River. He gave apple seeds to settlers he saw along the way.

Apple seeds! Take them and bless your land with beautiful, sweet-smelling orchards.

Thank you!
Johnny gave thousands of apple seeds to others to plant. But he wanted to plant some, too. He abandoned his canoes and headed into the forest. He wore his cooking pot on his head and his sacks of seeds over his shoulder.

I will search for sunny places where I can plant apple orchards.
Whenever Johnny found a sunny clearing, he planted apple seeds. The forest animals would gather 'round to watch him. They were not afraid of him, nor he of them.

Don’t go eating these seeds, little brothers. Be patient. Wait for the apples.
Johnny traveled across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. He was a strange sight with his cooking-pot hat, his old sugar-sack shirt, his bare feet. But settlers and Indians alike befriended him. They called him Johnny Appleseed. He planted apple seeds and he gave them away. He also helped in the orchards.

We will have apples in the fall.

How can we repay you?

Share the seeds from your apples so that others may plant apple trees.
Johnny usually slept outdoors. One bitter, cold night he wanted shelter. He started to crawl into a big, hollow log. A loud grunting and two big eyes told him it was already taken—by a bear! Johnny apologized, backed out of the log, and slept under the stars that night. Another night, Johnny heard a strange cry. He followed the sounds until he nearly tripped over a huge wolf. Its leg was caught in a steel trap. Johnny freed the wolf and bandaged its leg. The two became best friends.

Don’t be afraid, brother wolf. I’ll help you.
Johnny walked for years and years. He planted hundreds of apple trees. He gave away hundreds of seeds for people to plant their own apple trees.

Take these seeds! Plant them! They’ll bring you pretty blossoms and juicy apples.
In 1845, Johnny Appleseed went to sleep in a barn in Indiana and never woke up. Some say his spirit still lives. Many of his apple trees do.