

Richard Chase

"Jack Tales"

unnin' up there to see
her head off. Then he
money, and the next

save his money instead
that's where he is right

Chase Bean Tree - [https://books.google.com/books?](https://books.google.com/books?id=qe-7mCuNXIMC&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs_ge_summary_r&cad=0#v=onepage&q&f=false)

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3. Jack and the Bean Tree

NOW THIS TALE is about when Jack was a real teensy boy. He was a sort of puny young 'un then, and he was cryin' one day when his mother was a-sweepin' the house. She didn't pay him much mind, just went on sweepin' the floor. Happened she swept up a right big-sized bean, so she picked it up and gave it to Jack to hush him, get him out the way.

"Here, run plant this bean," she says. "It'll make ye a bean tree."

So Jack ran out and planted it, and didn't cry any more that day.

Next mornin' he went out real early to see how it was gettin' on, came runnin' back in, told his mother, "That bean tree's plumb through the ground and it's done grewed up knee high!"

"Why, Jack!" says his mother. "Why, you little lyin' puppy!" And she slaps him.

Well, Jack he cried, but when his mother got the house cleaned up she looked out and saw it was like Jack said, and she felt sorry, so she gave him some bread and butter and brown sugar, and he hushed.

So the next mornin' Jack came and told his mother, "That bean tree's done got as high as a sure 'nough tree!"

"Now, Jack, you know you oughtn't to lie like that."

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And she slapped him pretty keen. But when she happened to look out and see it, she came and gave Jack some ripe peaches and cream, and petted him a little till he hushed.

Well, the next mornin' Jack came a-runnin'.

"Oh, mother! My bean tree's done growed plumb out-a-sight! You can't see the top!"

"Now, Jack, you look-a-here! I just know that's not so. You surely must 'a lied this time."

And she slapped his jaws, real hard. But she looked out directly and saw it, so she went and got Jack, and gave him a big slice of cake and some sweet milk.

Well, nobody said anything about the bean tree for several days, till one day Jack said to his mother, "I'm a-goin' to climb up that bean tree of mine and see how high it goes."

His mother told him he oughtn't to do that, but seemed like he had his head so set on it she couldn't do nothin' with him. Jack said he'd pull her off a mess of beans on the way up and throw 'em down to her. So she fixed him up a little snack of dinner and he pulled out right on up the bean tree.

He kept on goin' — up and up and up. He cloomb all day, till it was way late in the evenin' 'fore he got to the top. Then, just about dark Jack came to a big pike-road up there. Went along it a little piece, came to a great big house, walked up and knocked on the door.

A very large woman came and opened it, looked down at Jack, says, "Law, stranger! What you a-doin' up here?"

"Why," says Jack, "because I wanted to come. This here's my bean tree. I just cloomb it to see what was up here."

"Well, you better get on back down again quick. My old man's a giant. He'll kill ye. He eats all the Englishmen he finds."

"Hit's a-gettin' late," says Jack, "and I can't get back very handy now. I don't know what I'll do."

"You come on in, then, and I'll hide ye tonight, but you better leave early in the mornin'."



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So Jack went on in the house and the giant woman took him and put him in the bake-oven, set the lid over him.

The old giant came in directly, looked around, says,

*"Fee, faw, fumm!
I smell the blood of a English-mum.
Bein' he alive or bein' he dead,
I must have some!"*

The old lady says, "No. You don't smell no English-mum. Must be that fresh mutton you brought in here yesterday."

The old giant looked around a little more, and fin'ly they eat supper and went on to bed.

When Jack heard the giant snorin', he came out the bake-oven and went lookin' around the house. Saw a rifle-gun a-hangin' over the fireboard, so he took that and went on back down the bean tree.

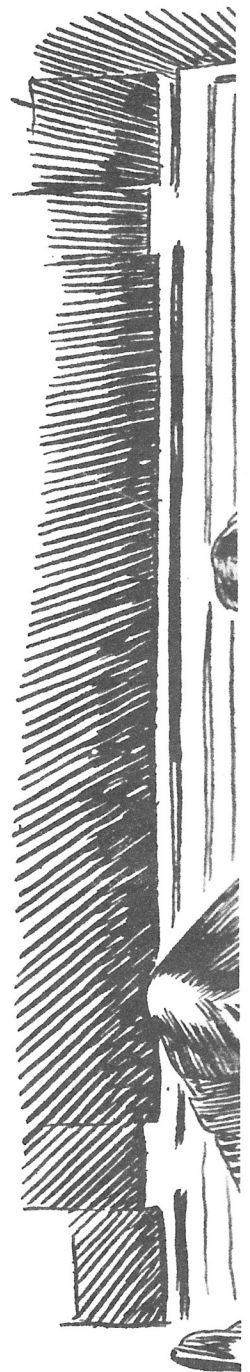
Jack played around with the rifle-gun a few days till he began to get sort-a tired of it, then he decided he'd go back up and see what else he could find. So he cloomb up the bean tree again.

The old lady was a-standin' out on the steps, says, "Why, you little scamp! Here you are back a'gain. My old man'll kill you sure's the world. He saw his rifle-gun was gone. You better not try to come in here tonight."

"Well," says Jack, "you hide me this time and hit may be I'll not come back no more."

So she took him and hid him under the bread bowl. The old giant came in, says,

*"FEE, FAW, FUMM!
I smell the blood' of a English-mum.
Bein' he alive or bein' he dead,
For supper tonight I'll have me some."*



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"No. You must be mistaken," says his old lady. "Must be that mutton you killed the other day. That's what you smell."

The old giant started lookin' around, and she says to him, says, "You can look if ye want to. You'll not find none."

Fin'ly they eat supper and went on to bed.

When they were both of 'em fast asleep, Jack came out and looked around, saw a nice skinnin' knife. Decided he'd like that, so he took it and slipped back down the bean tree.

Jack's mother said that looked to her like stealin', but Jack said he figgered the bean tree was his'n and that ever'thing on it belonged to him.

Well, he played around with that knife a right smart while. Then he told his mother that he was goin' back up, but he said this 'uld be his last trip. Said there was just one thing more he wanted up there.

Now Jack took the hand-axe and cut the bean tree half through, left the axe a-layin' by the tree. Then he cloomb up to the giant's house again.

That old woman opened the door, says, "Why, buddy, what in the world you doin' up here again? My old man missed that knife, and he'll sure kill ye if he finds ye here."

"You better not speak too sharp," says Jack. "This here bean tree belongs to me, not to you." Says, "I reckon you'll just have to hide me again somewhere."

"Well," she says, "hit don't differ. Next time you come back I'm just goin' to tell him and let him kill ye. I'll not hide ye now, neither; unless you promise not to never come back here."

"I'll not promise," says Jack, "but if you hide me, hit'll be an accommodation."

Well, she took Jack and set him in a corner, turned the old giant's hat over him.

The old giant ca

"Just look, then
can sure kill him."

So the old giant
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The old giant came in —

“FEE! FAW! FUMM!

I smell the blood of a English-mum.

Bein' he dead or bein' he alive,

I'll grind his bones,

To eat with my bones.”

“Just look, then,” says the old lady, “and if you find him you can sure kill him.”

So the old giant looked around and smelled around ever' place in the house tryin' to find Jack. Looked in the bake-oven and looked under all the bowls, says, “Sure seems like I can smell one, strong.”

But he never did look under his hat, and pretty soon they went on to bed.

Then when Jack heard the giant a-snorin' right big, he came on out from under the hat.

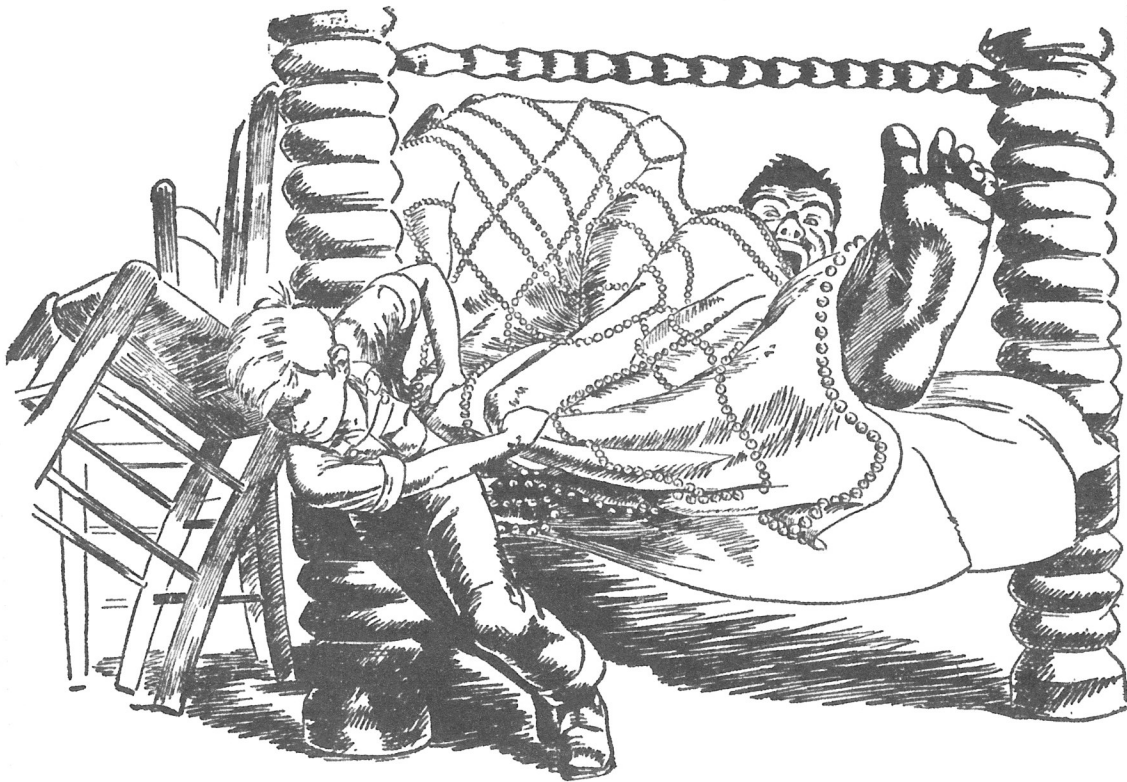
Now, there was a coverlid on the old giant's bed, had little bells sewed all over it about a inch apart, and that was what Jack wanted so bad. But he knowed hit would rattle and wake the old giant up. So Jack went and fixed all the chairs up close to the bed, took the old giant's boots and hid 'em. Then Jack crope up and raised one corner of the rug. The bells went “dingle!” and woke the giant up, sat up right quick, hollered, “Scat there!”

Jack kept right still till the giant laid back down and set in to snorin' again. Then he went and eased the door open, went back and got him a good hold on the coverlid, jerked it off and made for the door as hard as he could tear. The bells rattled, “dingle! dingle! dingle!” The old giant jumped up, and started bustin' against all them chairs, a-hollerin', “Where's my boots? Where's my boots?”

Jack was just a-sailin' toward the bean tree.

The old giant kept knockin' them chairs around, says, “Where's my boots, old woman? Where's my boots?”

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The old lady says to him, says, "They're right where you left 'em, I reckon."

Well, he had to get a light 'fore he found 'em. Fin'ly he got 'em on and lit out after Jack.

Jack was a-scootin' down that bean tree so fast you'd 'a thought he was fallin'. Got on the ground, he laid that coverlid to one side, grabbed up his hand-axe, chopped two or three licks and that bean tree fell down, down, down, clean across the fields and hills and hollers. Took it about an hour to fall all the way.

After the bean tree hit the ground, Jack went along it to see



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how far the old giant had got. Found him about a half mile off and he didn't have but one boot on.

Then Jack went on across the country to where the giant's house fell. The dishes were broke up pretty bad, but he and his mother got a lot of good house-plunder, all that wasn't smashed up when the house landed.

And the last time I was down there Jack was gettin' to be a right big boy, and he was doin' well.

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