

The Founding of Beanboro

by Bill Pike

The following is an excerpt from a terribly promising, well researched and presently unfinished book in which I, with mighty reverence and next to no reserve, investigate one of the most entertaining and thoroughly delightful of themes.

This book of booze, boozing and boozers, to be quite encyclopedic as well as thrilling, will undoubtedly make its author a fortune, affording him such immense sums of pocket money as to completely pickle him in future research, gallons and gallons of it, in fact.

Any resemblance of fictitious characters and places, in the excerpt, to actual characters and places, in the North Country or elsewhere, is of course pure, one-hundred proof coincidence. W. S. P.

I, Fidius Remington Bean, son of the North Country sod, continue my song, intoning to the moon like a dog.

Let me introduce myself a bit more thoroughly if only to brighten up what promises, dear reader, to be such a dull chapter that I am hard pressed to even start writing the damn thing down.

And incidentally, gentle reader, the Lord only knows how indeed you, yourself, shall muddle through it all, pounding sand into this boring little rathole of history, the Family History of Bean, as, while struggling through the next few pages, you inevitably must.

I was born on a tempestuous day in May, not quite two years after the end of the Second World War and not, as Fate would have it, far from the hamlet of Beanboro, home to generations of Beans.

An earthquake transpired at the time of my bold entrance upon the scene, a strange and un-natural occurrence of occult significance of course.

"Holy Christ," the doctor was heard to yell as I peeped forth, my nubbins of a nose still warm from the womb, as the very walls of the old hospital shook like a dog shitting razor blades.

"My dear man," I advised the poor saw-bones after climbing completely out and clearing my throat, "I am certainly not him of whom you speak so casually.

"Get yourself together man. You are, after all, a professional in a professional setting. What will the lowly nurses think."

My mother fainted but was soon revived with white wine, chilled, and we were both sent away for tests.

As you can imagine, I was a very broth of a boy, weaned on a delicious and nutritious mixture of whole milk, white wine (mom's favorite), rum, and just a dash of tabasco.

Understandably, by the time I had reached even a moderate educational altitude, having advanced to the rank of scholar in the third grade, forced to parrot the dreadful tripe peddled like bananas to monkeys in homogenized schools hither and yon, my liver was totally ruined, my kidneys were on their last legs and my stomach was darn near dissolved.

More about my internal organs later and, too, about the ineffable process, invented by me at the age of thirteen, in league with several alcoholic surgeons from across the nation, which makes possible the speedy plastic replacement of livers and stomachs and other such factors of the interior set up, excluding the brain, burned to a crisp by the prolonged and joyous overuse of liquors, beers and what have you.

I was born handsome, blue-eyed, blonde, protestant and hung like a horse. I had read a full set of the Harvard Classics, fore and aft, cover to cover, at a time when my contemporaries persisted in the base practice of periodically fouling their britches.

To this day I remain handsome, in a rugged, atheletic sort of way, which drives women to acts, utterly wanton and degrading.

Some of my detractors have accused me of mis-handling this power over women, of turning it to my own advantage, only to satisfy my accursed lusts.

How little these university trained twits and school marms, these pious philosophers and one-balled journalists, these skirmishing moralists, know of my true genius, of my unceasing and unselfish efforts at dealing with genetic and gynecological questions first hand, in the field, as it were, in the brothels and bedrooms of the world, not in stuffy classrooms or sterile laboratories.

But let us forget my detractors. The dried up sods. I ask you. What in hell do they know? Let us proceed to the history earlier mentioned.

The best spot to begin, I think, is at the actual founding of Beanboro, in St. Lawrence County, by my honorable ancestor, Maximillian Vermillion ("Red") Bean, God rest him.

The details of this account of the founding of Beanboro are largely handed down, of the oral tradition you understand, although there's plenty of corroboration in the history books and also in a particularly interesting biography of Great, Great, Great-Grandfather "Red" Bean, put together about ten years ago by Marvella Minerva Thewey while she took the cure at the asylum near Ogdensburg.

Although she had little academic training and sometimes was subject to lapses of consciousness due to the effects of a mixture of muscatel and a beer brewed from supposedly pure spring water flowing near Rochester, New York, Miss Thewey was reportedly possessed of a phenomenal memory, could in fact, remember what she called her previous incarnations.

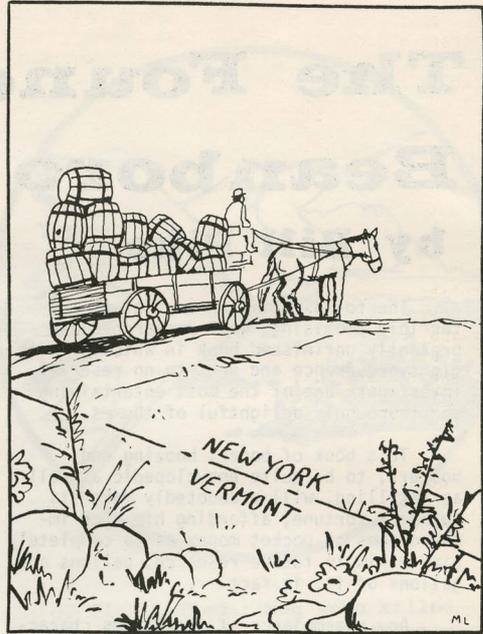
Because of this laudable gift of memory however, Miss Thewey was often overheard confiding to fellow inmates during the first few weeks of her lengthy asylum stay, "Just look how low I've sunk since my last incarnation."

Apparently her sadness at what she believed to be a profound drop in earthly status over the long haul prompted her to try literature as an avenue of escape.

Her "Biography of Beans", as she so provocatively entitled it, is currently out of print and harder to find than virginity. Yet I, Fidius Remington Bean, just happen to have a few copies kicking around. I will sell these to true appreciators.

Miss Thewey, now dead these three years, poor soul, would really be excited over a sale or two if, that is, she were only in a condition to be excited over anything, in the earthly sense.

You, gentle reader, would enjoy her work to bits. It is childlike, yet deep as



the sea. American, yet universal, worldly. It is loamy yet spiritual as the Devil. It is one of the most significant contributions to the literature of the Twentieth Century ever made by a raving maniac.

There are piles of neo-existentialism in it, for you eggheads, and plenty of romantic interest and feminism for you women, no matter how you feel about yourselves.

For the pervert, there are some one-handed passages which are incredibly dirty. The book even has a plot, which, you might guess would closely follow Great, Great, Great-Grandfather Bean's life story.

But you would be dead wrong if you guessed that. The plot involves drug dealers and a few murders, plus three wars set in three exotic places. An affair between a Catholic priest and a Jewish nun is described and this, in itself, is worth the cost of the book. There is a young, female heiress turned terrorist who subsequently turns to teaching, after a lesbian rape during her stay in a state correctional facility. As a teacher she deals with underprivileged youth and the environment, especially whales, trying to save society and herself by working through existing social structures.

The book's grand finale involves a dog of considerable religious conviction, who is kidnapped and taken to the west coast of the United States of America by a group of communists. The dog is handicapped. He

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has only one leg but somehow manages to escape and hop all the way across the Union, back to his home and loved ones in Beanboro. The last page is just an incredible emotional experience.

Should you wish to own a copy of this remarkable book, simply write to me, Fidius Remington Bean Esq., Beanboro, St. Lawrence County, New York State, United States of America.

Please enclose at least, say, fifty dollars or the equivalent in foreign currency. You may send more should you wish to pay a special tribute to a poor, pathetic, pitiful, deceased old boozier, Miss Thewey, who had an inordinately rough time of it this last trip through the reincarnation mill.

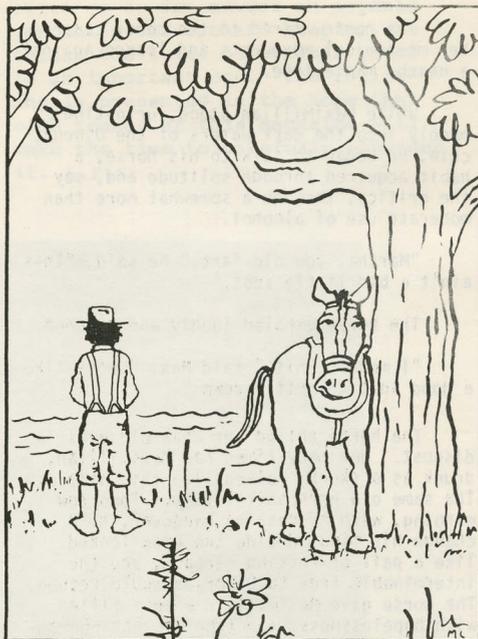
And now with no further pottering about, let's on to the founding of Beanboro:

In the heavily wooded foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, in the hinterlands of New York State, there is a small town called Beanboro, named for one Maximillian Vermillion Bean, who, according to tradition and dozens of history books, first settled the town in the early 1800's.

Scholars tell us that Bean, called "Red" by his many friends, was born in Vermont, son of a Welshman, Galen C. Bean, and one of four consecutive, though partly concurrent, wives, all of whom eventually died of overwork. The wives were of mixed heritage. Old Galen called them mutts.

It was either Martha the First, Martha the Second, Martha the Third or Martha the Fourth who brought the fair-haired Max Bean into this world. Nobody really knows which Martha it really was. Even Old Galen seems to have forgotten. Witness James W. Berton's account of the birthing in "Anals of New York State": When questioned by neighbors about the child's actual mother, the old man would simply re-light his pipe, take a few puffs and mutter, "What does it matter".

Everyone is absolutely certain that Old Galen preferred the name "Martha" in wives and, although we Beans of today refuse to concede the point, one gaggle of clucking academics contend the old fellow was lazier than a pet coon.



When Old Galen's boy, Fair-haired "Red" Bean, attained the age of twenty-one years, he struck out on his own, leaving the Vermont homestead, heading for Colorado with one horse, an economy model covered wagon, very little food, some salt and twenty hogsheads of whiskey. A mongrel dog who started the trip, died en route of starvation or cirrhosis of the liver.

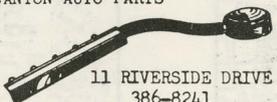
Maximillian never reached Colorado although he travelled for close to three years.

However, he did reach the banks of the Oswegatchie River, in Upstate New York, probably in July or perhaps August or maybe September of 1828, and there by the rushing black water he stopped.

"Whoa," he yelled at his horse who, historians think, sported the name "Martha", revealing how fondly Maximillian felt about his mother, whichever one she was.

"Stop. God damn it," he yelled again, "I gotta take a leak."

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The horse, tired to the core, ceased her mechanical movements and leaned against a nearby maple tree.

While Maximillian stood, urinating hugely into the dark waters of the Oswegatchie, he began to talk to his horse, a habit acquired through solitude and, say the critics, through a somewhat more than moderate use of alcohol.

"Martha, you old fart," he said, "This ain't a bad little spot."

The horse exhaled loudly and coughed.

"I mean. Shit," said Max, "Looks like a good spot to settle down."

The horse rolled her weak old eyes in disgust. How many times had Maximillian, drunk as a skunk, talked like this before. The same old horseshit litany. Tomorrow morning, with a crashing hangover, he'd change his mind, decide the area looked like a pail of rotting garbage, and the interminable trek to Colorado would resume. The horse gave Maximillian a look filled with hopelessness, the type of look commonly seen on the mugs of wives, relatives and friends of alcoholics.

"No sir," said Maximillian, "I mean it this time."

He buttoned his fly and stumbled up the riverbank to the wagon and drew off, into a tin cup, a good dollop of one-hundred proof red-eye. The last remaining

hogshead. Travelling supplies were nearly depleted.

He filled another tin cup for Martha. Somehow, over the past few months, the horse had taken to the sauce too. First it was just a taste or three but now she drank heavily, the victim of a profligate owner perhaps, but as glad of a drink as the next man.

According to my own researches at the county historical museum and the researches of John E. Peen, a professor at one of our local universities, with two degrees to his credit and a third degree, conferred upon him by County Judge, Ronald J. Stallwart, to his discredit, Maximillian and Martha drank all night and finished off the last keg in the throes of a spectacular bacchanal it is better to leave undescribed in these decent pages.

In the morning, neither was fit to travel. Martha had the dry heaves until past noon and Maximillian never crawled from beneath a rock, under which he'd hidden to escape an attack made by a horde of frogs, until three in the afternoon.

The whiskey was gone and so too was the spirit of adventure.

"Godamighty," Maximillian said on that awful, hot afternoon in the early 1800's, "I ain't goin' one fuckin' step further."

"To hell with this pioneer shit."

The horse, resting by the cool water of the Oswegatchie, let out a sigh of relief. She detected the unfamiliar ring of truth in Great, Great-Grandfather Maximillian's voice.

"We gotta start thinkin'," said Max, rubbing his eyes, "about some way to make home brew."

The Beans had taken root; Beanboro had been founded.

