

# DELUGE WAS BIG MYTH-STAKE, IS REYNOLDS' IDEA

## Noah Didn't Noah Much Geography When Thot Entire World Flooded, Says Prospector - Poet

By J. C. REYNOLDS

The most stupendous feat ever achieved by four-footed animals since the beginning of time, was the successful negotiation of the Atlantic ocean by the 14 buffaloes, (see Genesis 7:2) who had been cooped up in old George Noah's ark during the flood for 12 months and 10 days. (Gen. 7:11, and 8:14). When Noah's three sons, Ham, Shem and Japheth, whose names translated from the Semetic into English mean Ham, Eggs and Hotcakes, were dispatched to the high prairies of America to round up and bring to the ark these carefully selected animals, the Atlantic was scarcely more than a mud-puddle and could be waded almost anywhere. This was a long, hard trip for these youngsters, mere boys of not more than a hundred years old (Gen. 5:32), but they proved trustworthy and surprised their dad by arriving a week ahead of time.

After a few days rest, Ham was sent to Greenland to pick up a couple of polar bears, while Hotcakes started to Australia to bring back a pair of kangaroos, only two of each kind being needed as they were not rated "clean" animals like the buffaloes. Eggs had to stay at home and help old George nail the tar-paper on the roof and see to it that the skunks, rattlesnakes, bobcats and monkeys didn't get out of the corral. Also the cold-storage plant had to be kept going so none of the bananas would spoil before everything was ready for the start. Of course all this is mainly supposition, but as no one really knows anything about it, and as all the data obtainable is derived from the various suppositions of several million many-minded people concerning what happened at that time, I presume that any supposition of mine has as good a face value in the market as any of the others.

So I suppose that on the return journey of the buffaloes, they found the Atlantic so swollen by the heavy rains that to get back to their beloved prairies, they sim-

ply had to swim and bravely tackled the job. And I suppose it must have taken them about 75 days to make the crossing of 3000 miles as no buffalo can swim over 40 miles a day and keep it up. Anyway, some of them made it all right and soon had their old stamping grounds replenished as before.

It is probable the polar bears and arctic hares found the north Atlantic frozen over and had no trouble in getting back to Greenland. It is harder to figure out how the kangaroos were able to return home across the long stretch of ocean that divides Australia from the mainland, so we are compelled to suppose that a large school of whales happened to be taking their ease at that time between the two continents, and that when Ham and Eggs and Hotcakes drove the beasts down to the beach and set the dogs on 'em, they just leaped from one whale's back to another till they gained the other side. Anyway it makes a fine little bedtime story with which to put the kiddies to sleep of nights.

If we accept Moses' version of this wet spell, commonly called the deluge, we will have to acknowledge that the mountains in those days were just in their infancy and have grown enormously since then, especially Mount Ararat on which the ark landed, as he states in Genesis 7:20, "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered." Fifteen cubits, as you probably know, is 22 feet and six inches, so that is as high as the mountains were at that time, evidently. We are told this great rainstorm lasted only about six WEEKS and the water covered the mountains. I have been up along the coast in British Columbia where it rained for six MONTHS steady, what we call "wet" rain (not Oregon mist), raindrops as large as one's thumb and six or seven feet long, and all it did was to make more mud. Didn't raise the ocean an inch, as far as I could see.

All joshing aside, this deluge was probably nothing more than a tremendous flood in the valley of the Euphrates and surrounding country, the same as happens every now and then in some of the river valleys of China in which millions are drowned and vast sections of the country turned into an inland sea. It was something like that which originated the story of a deluge in China thousands of years ago, in which Chinese history states only one man, a Chinaman, was saved. At no time was the entire world all under water, no matter what anybody may tell you.

So the buffaloes, as heretofore stated, or at least some of them, arrived safely in America, and by the time I first hit the west, had done such a good job of replenishing the prairies were black with their herds. Everybody had buffalo robes, buffalo shoes and all the buffalo meat they wanted to eat. Then came Buffalo Bill and a horde of hunters who slaughtered the fine animals wantonly and wastefully, giving no thought to the time when the supply would be exhausted, the same as people are now doing with the country's young evergreens each December, in their greed for Christmas trees, totally regardless of the day when our forests will be so thoroughly depleted that we will have to purchase our lumber from foreign nations, or go without.

In the west in early days was an old buffalo hunter and Indian scout called "Cheyenne," famous because of his exploits on the frontier. This Cheyenne always carried two .50 caliber six-shooters that he had had made in the Colts Arms factory, expressly for his own use. No one else cared to pack two such cannons around except him. One night in Cheyenne, Wyoming, while on a drunk, this old scout took a notion to visit the vaudeville theater. They were having a play on the stage where one actor shot at another actor and missed him.

This act was being pulled off just as old Cheyenne stepped inside the door. "What kind of shooting is that?" he growled. "Drunk as I am, I can beat that all to hell," and drawing one of his fifties, he plugged the actor right between the eyes from where he stood by the door. The town of Cheyenne was a pretty wild burg those days and shootings were every-day occurrences, so nothing was done about it, but shortly afterward this old frontiersman, nearly started a war between England and America.

Some dukes and lords, connected in some way with the royal family of England, visited this country for the purpose of having a buffalo hunt. And old Cheyenne was appointed as their guide, by reason of his wide experience. Every courtesy was extended by our government to these distinguished visitors and soon they were in the midst of the buffalo country indulging their ambition.

Now, the hump of a buffalo is a most delicious morsel for any meat lover, and one of these royal lords was extremely fond of it. He liked to broil thick cuts of it slightly on each side and gobble it down while hot, in such large mouthfuls that often the warm blood would gush

out from the corners of his mouth, much to the disgust of Cheyenne, who bawled him out several times for it, but didn't succeed in breaking him of the habit. Finally, one night at supper, the lord started wolfing down a big juicy steak, blood squirting from his mouth as usual, and Cheyenne, being in a rather bad humor, pulled out one of his fifties and killed Mr. Lord right there. From what I have heard about that episode, I would imagine that it took all the tact and finesse of the shrewdest diplomats of both nations to avert war. Nothing was done to Cheyenne, though, beyond a reprimand, as far as I know.

One night I was in a saloon and Cheyenne, pretty drunk, was telling some of his experiences to the crowd. "One time," he said, "when Buffalo Bill and me was takin' a little trip in a kivered wagon across the kentry, we saw a big dust rai'n' and Bill sez, sez he, 'Here comes them damned buffaloes hittin' fer their 'northern stompin' grounds, and we better be gettin' outa their way.' So we drove our rig up on a handy knoll and camped. Pretty soon here they come, a string of 'em half a mile wide and gallopin' as hard as they could go. And I'll be damned," he concluded, "if Bill and me didn't have ter camp there seven days and nights before that herd all got by and the dust they made buried us up so deep that we had ter take shovels and dig out before we could get away from there." I will leave it to the reader whether to call that a true lie or a damn lie.

One night while drunk and prowling around in Chinatown, old Cheyenne ran across a bona-fide priest from some famous temple in China, who sold him a ticket to heaven. Of course everybody knows there are temples in China where the priests make a practice of selling these tickets. Cheyenne thought the world and all of that ticket and kept it right with him

and it was probably buried with him when he died. So I presume he went from here straight to Chinese heaven. And as there is not a living human being who actually knows where he did go to, my guess is fully as good as that of any other person. But is not the pleasing Oriental custom of selling one-way tickets to heaven a more direct and satisfying way of doing business, than the perplexing and antiquated methods in use by us unenlightened Occidentals? Think that one over.

### FACTS VERSUS FICTION

These yarns and rhymes, of ancient times, To be right plain, give me a pain. One thing that ails the lurid tales I speak about, thy don't pan out.

That yarn of Noah, told o'er and o'er— That deluge; pshaw! sounds pretty raw.

For forty days, the story says, It rained on earth, for all 'twas worth,

And raised the tide, so high and wide,

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That mountain peaks were hid for weeks.

Six weeks of rain, I should explain. Up north would just wet down the dust.

Along that coast, (no idle boast). The rains descend, six MONTHS on end.

Six MONTHS it pours, upon those shores— Big, drenching drops, before it stops.

Six MONTHS of this, without a miss, Each winter's score will show— or more.

Yet six MONTHS straight, or even EIGHT, Won't cause a flood—just makes mor mud.

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