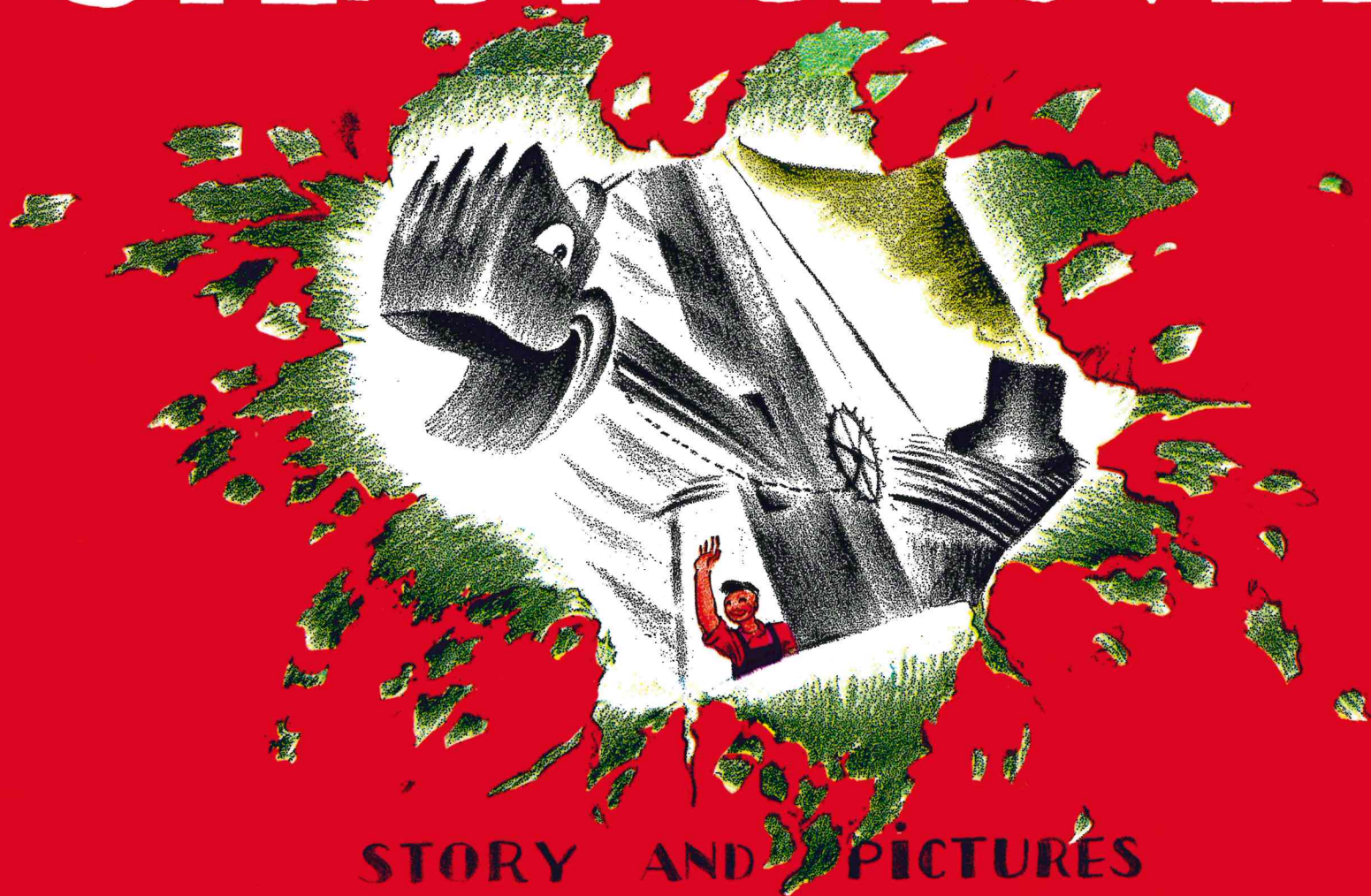
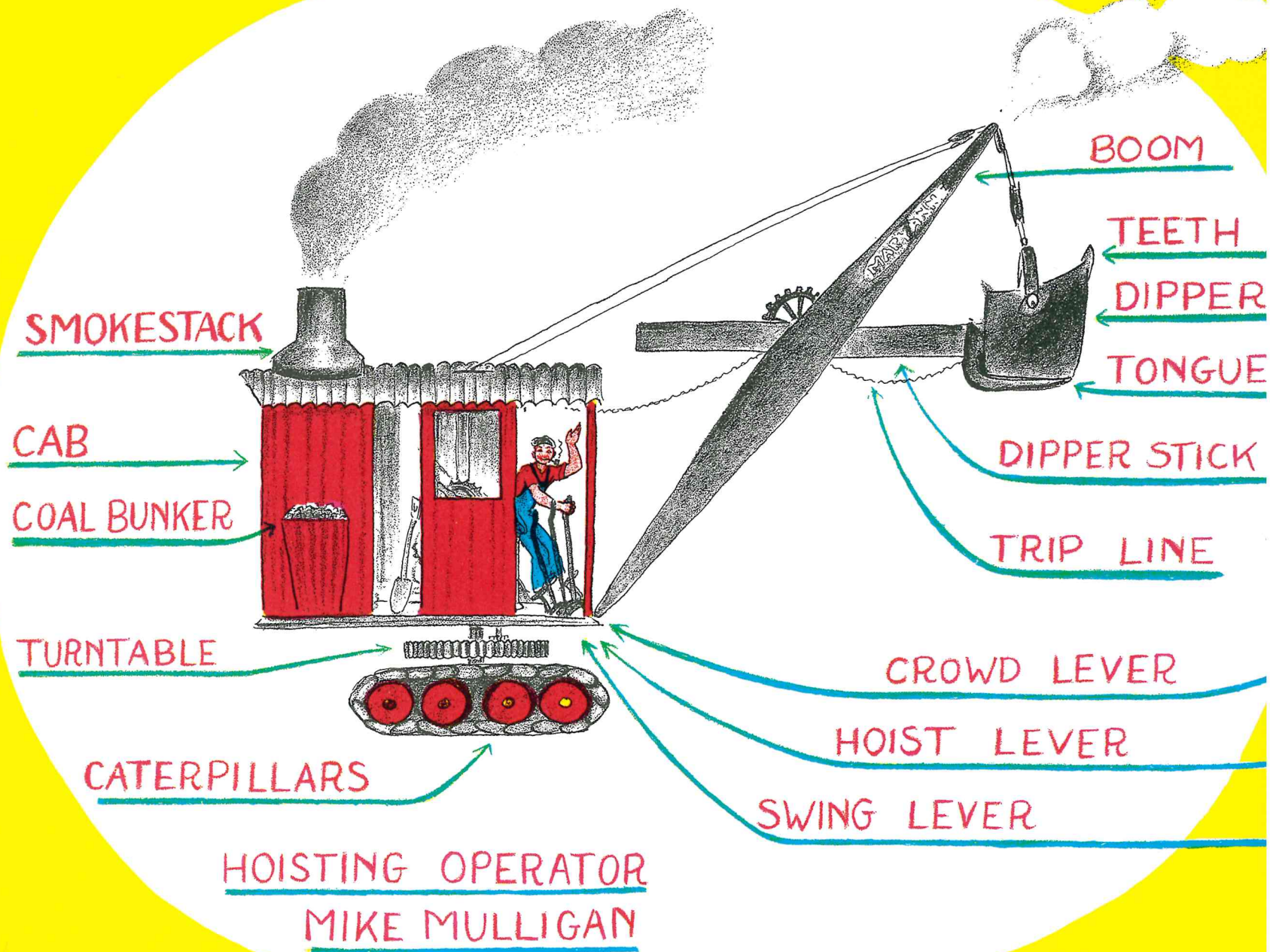


# MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL

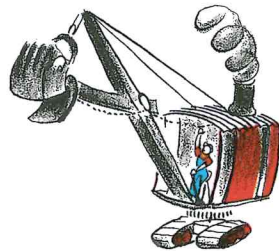


STORY AND PICTURES  
BY  
VIRGINIA LEE BURTON





MIKE MULLIGAN



AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL





# MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL

STORY AND PICTURES BY VIRGINIA LEE BURTON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • BOSTON



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Publishing Company, 3 Park Avenue, 19th Floor, New York, New York 10016.

[www.hnhco.com](http://www.hnhco.com)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG CARD NUMBER 39-30335  
ISBN: 0-395-16961-5 REINFORCED EDITION  
ISBN: 0-395-25939-8 SANDPIPER EDITION

Printed in China

SCP 110 109 108 107  
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TO

MIKE







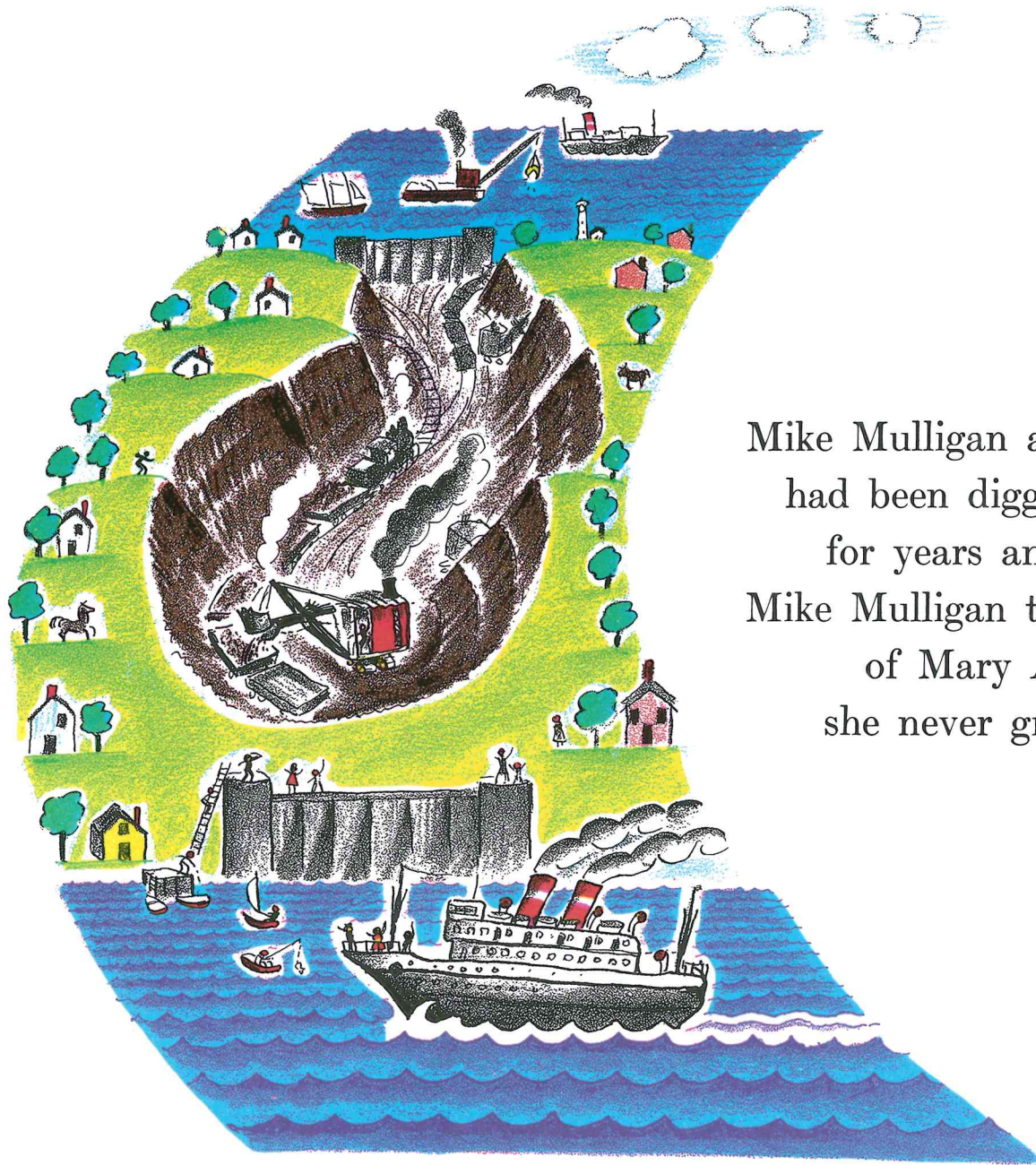
Mike Mulligan had a steam shovel,  
a beautiful red steam shovel.

Her name was Mary Anne.

Mike Mulligan was very proud of Mary Anne.

He always said that she could dig as much in a day  
as a hundred men could dig in a week,  
but he had never been quite sure  
that this was true.

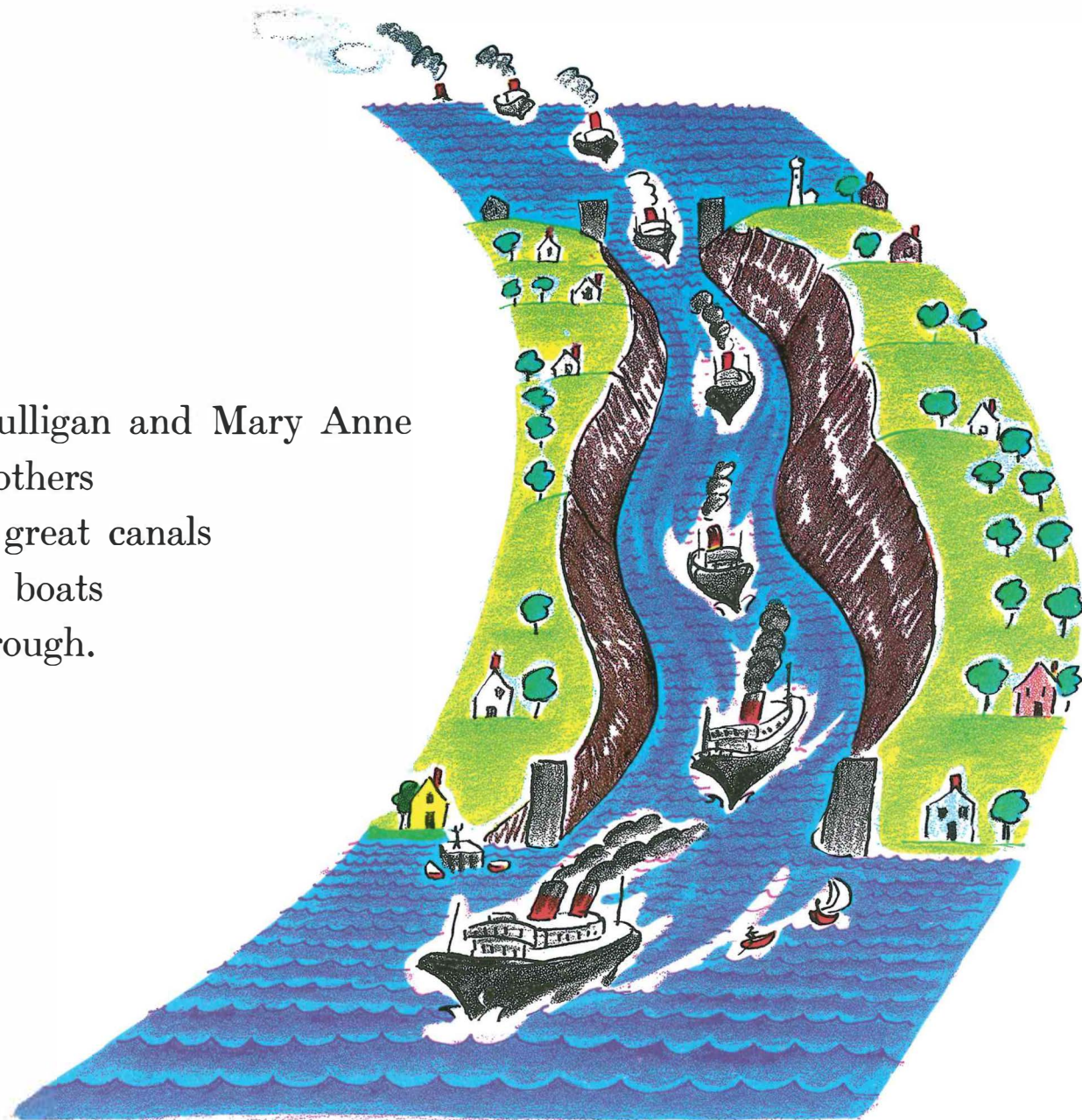




Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
had been digging together  
for years and years.  
Mike Mulligan took such good care  
of Mary Anne  
she never grew old.



It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
and some others  
who dug the great canals  
for the big boats  
to sail through.







It was Mike Mulligan  
and Mary Anne and  
some others who cut  
through the high  
mountains so that  
trains could go  
through.

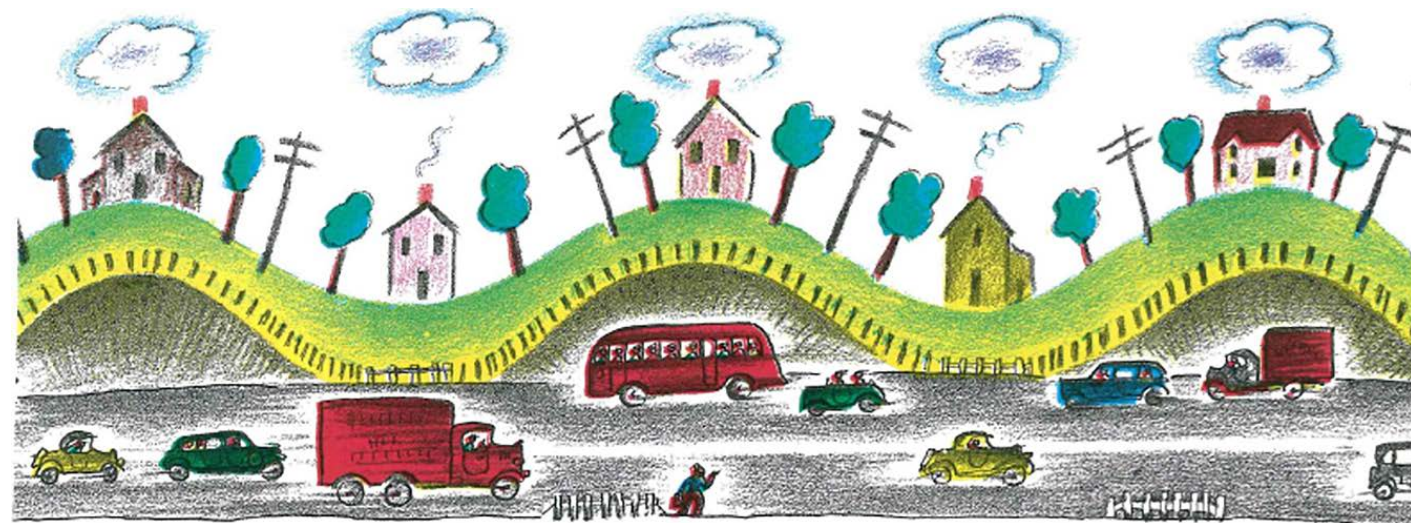




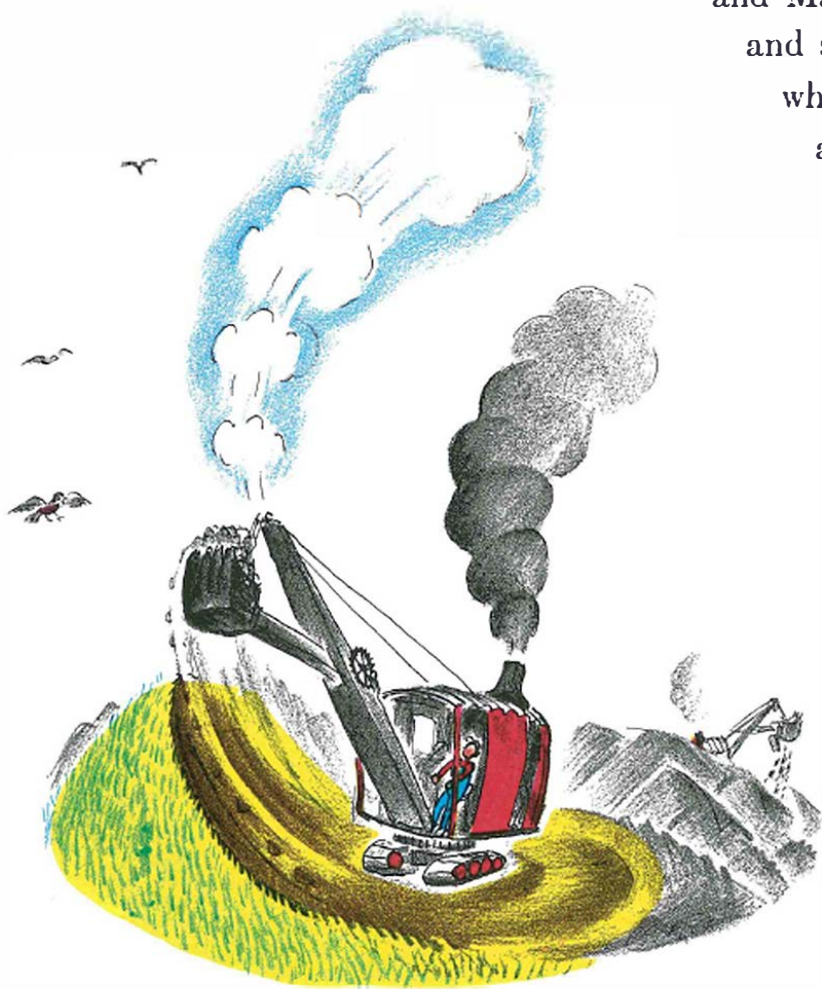


It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
and some others  
who lowered the hills  
and straightened the curves

to make the long highways  
for the automobiles.



It was Mike Mulligan  
and Mary Anne  
and some others  
who smoothed out the ground  
and filled in the holes



to make the landing fields  
for the airplanes.

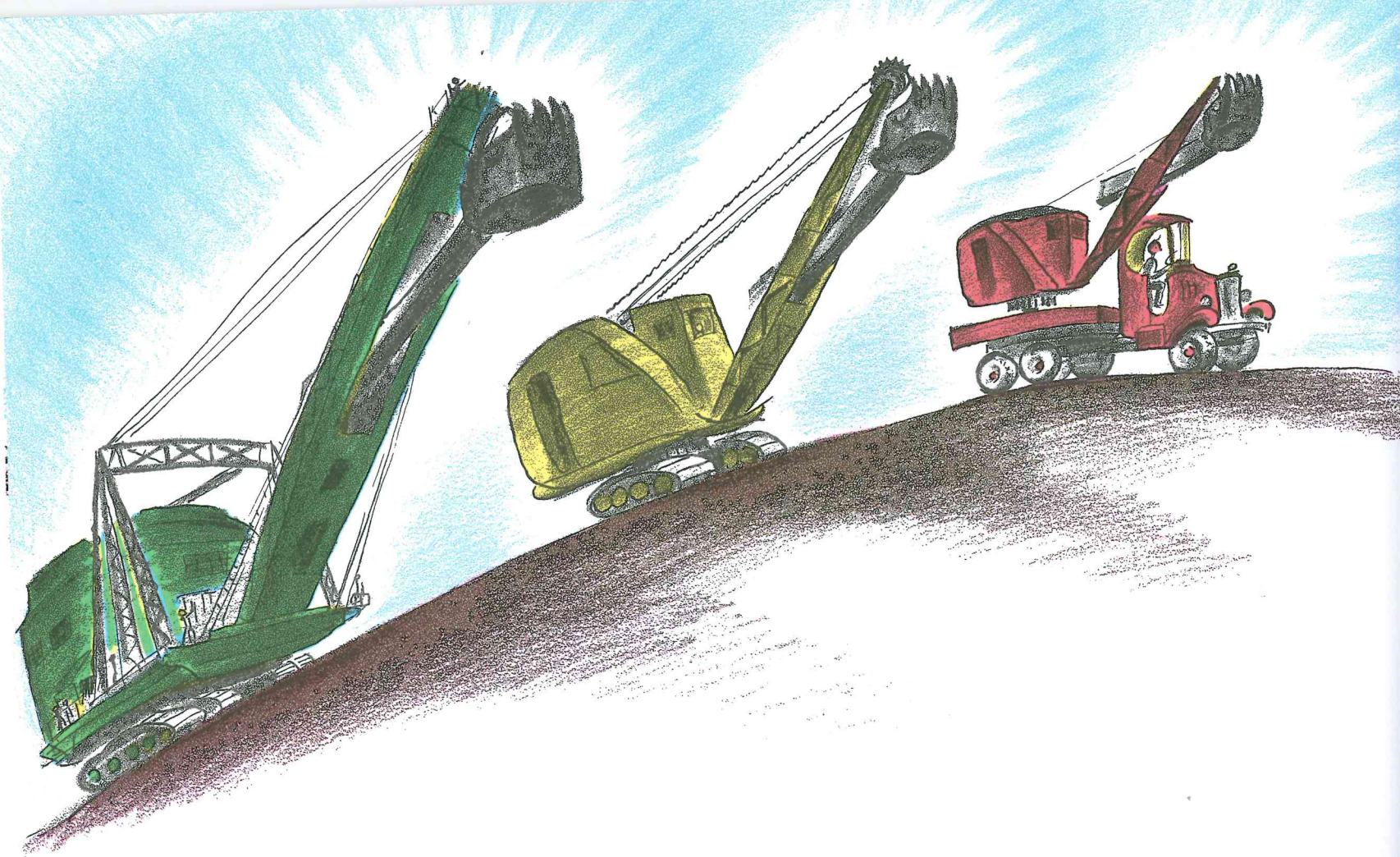






And it was Mike Mulligan  
and Mary Anne  
and some others  
who dug the deep holes  
for the cellars  
of the tall skyscrapers  
in the big cities.  
When people used to stop  
and watch them,  
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
used to dig a little faster  
and a little better.  
The more people stopped,  
the faster and better they dug.  
Some days they would keep  
as many as thirty-seven trucks  
busy taking away the dirt they had dug.





Then along came  
the new gasoline shovels  
and the new electric shovels  
and the new Diesel motor shovels  
and took all the jobs away from the steam shovels.



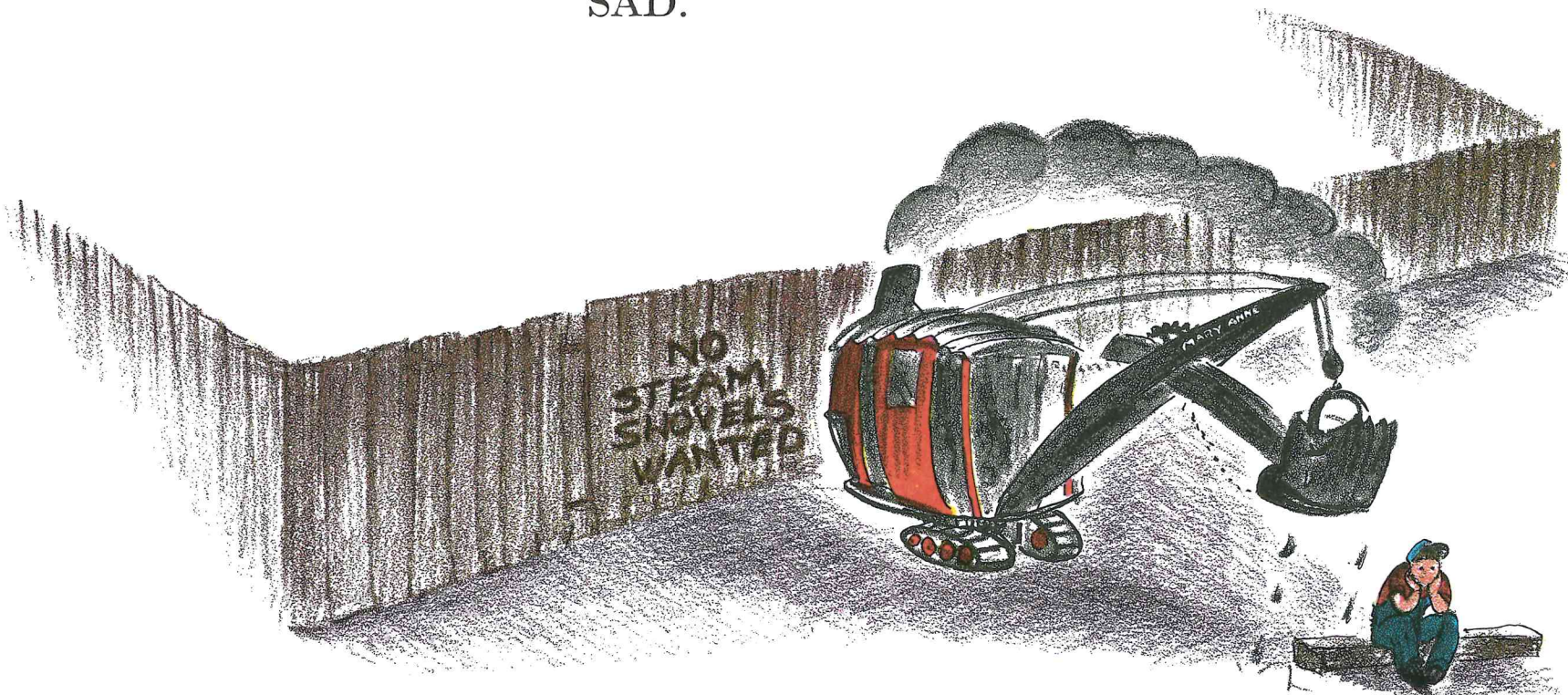
Mike Mulligan

and Mary Anne

were

VERY

SAD.







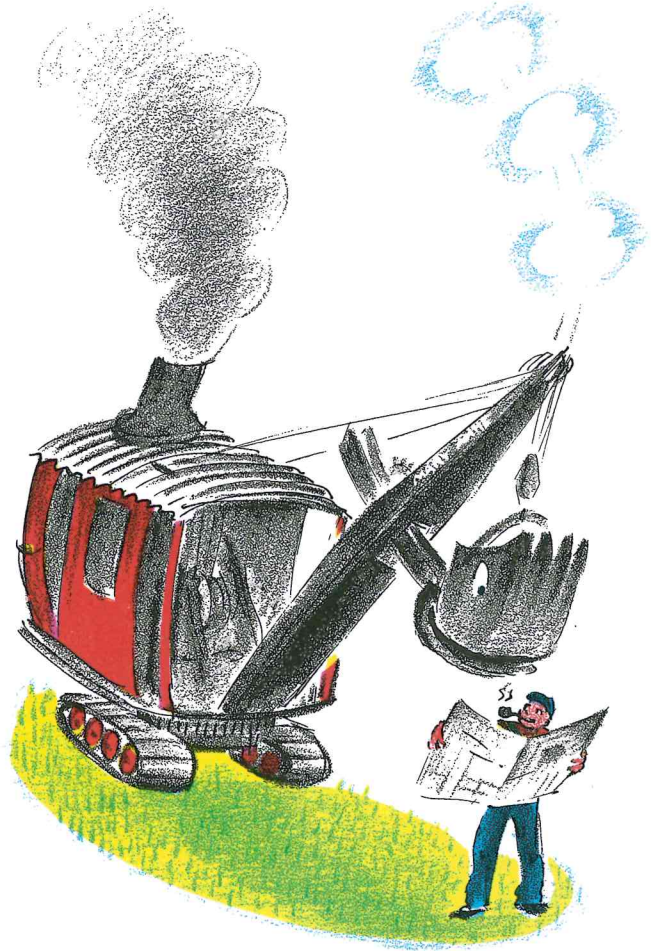
All the other steam shovels were being sold for junk,  
or left out in old gravel pits to rust and fall apart.



He had taken  
such good care of her  
that she could still dig  
as much in a day  
as a hundred men  
could dig in a week;  
at least he thought she could  
but he wasn't quite sure.  
Everywhere they went  
the new gas shovels  
and the new electric shovels  
and the new Diesel motor shovels  
had all the jobs. No one wanted  
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne any more.

Then one day Mike read in a newspaper that the town  
of Popperville was going to build a new town hall.

'We are going to dig the cellar of that town hall,'  
said Mike to Mary Anne, and off they started.







They left the canals  
and the railroads  
and the highways  
and the airports  
and the big cities  
where no one wanted them any more  
and went away out in the country.

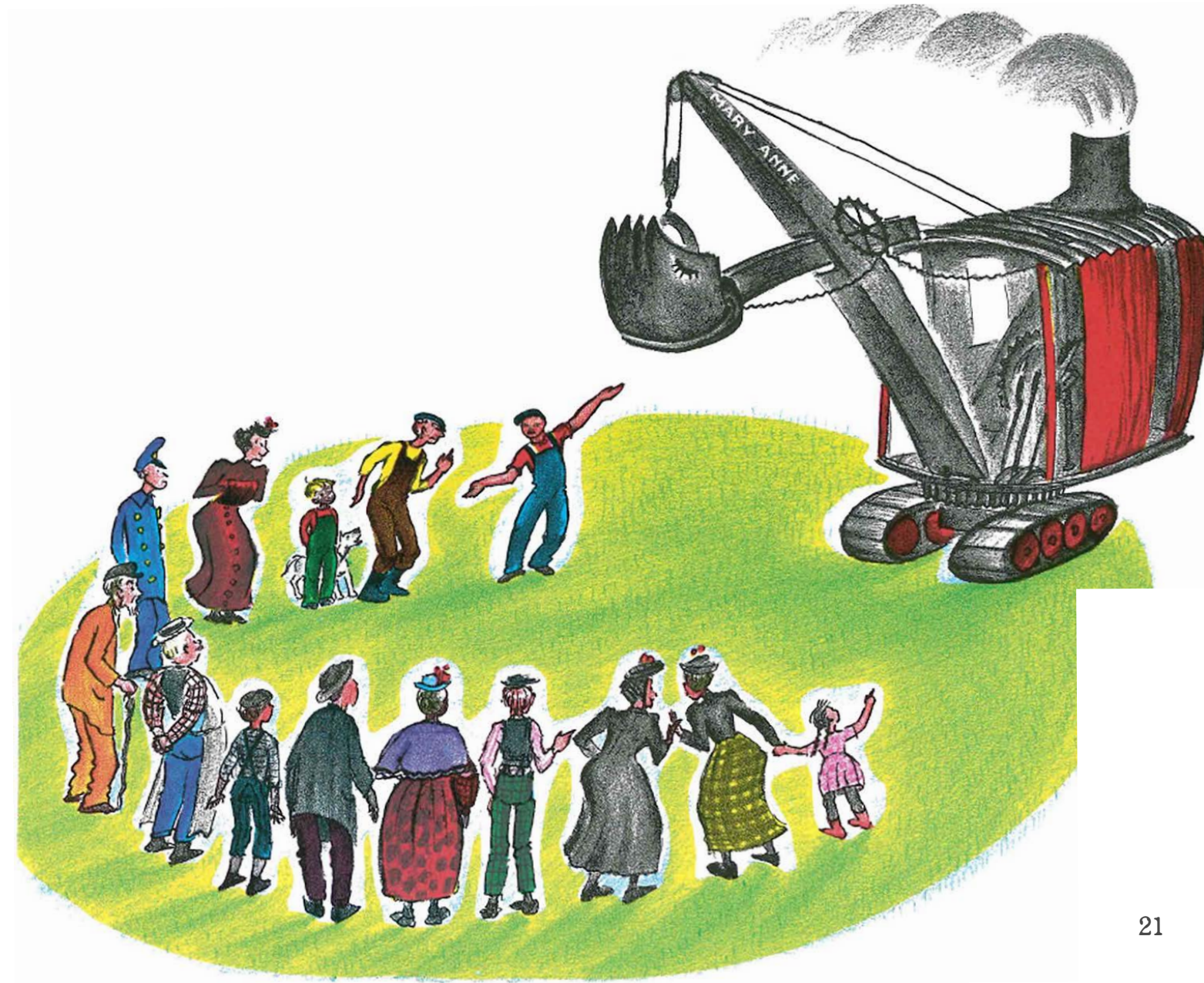


They crawled along slowly  
up the hills and down the hills  
till they came to the little town  
of Popperville.





When they got there they found that the selectmen were just deciding who should dig the cellar for the new town hall. Mike Mulligan spoke to Henry B. Swap, one of the selectmen. 'I heard,' he said, 'that you are going to build a new town hall. Mary Anne and I will dig the cellar for you in just one day.' 'What!' said Henry B. Swap. 'Dig a cellar in a day! It would take a hundred men at least a week to dig the cellar for our new town hall.' 'Sure,' said Mike, 'but Mary Anne can dig as much in a day as a hundred men can dig in a week.' Though he had never been quite sure that this was true. Then he added, 'If we can't do it, you won't have to pay.' Henry B. Swap thought that this would be an easy way to get part of the cellar dug for nothing, so he smiled in rather a mean way and gave the job of digging the cellar of the new town hall to Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.



They started in  
early the next morning  
just as the sun was coming up.  
Soon a little boy came along.  
‘Do you think you will finish by sundown?’  
he said to Mike Mulligan.  
‘Sure,’ said Mike, ‘if you stay and watch us.  
We always work faster and better  
when someone is watching us.’  
So the little boy stayed to watch.







Then Mrs. McGillicuddy,  
Henry B. Swap,  
and the Town Constable  
came over to see  
what was happening,  
and they stayed to watch.



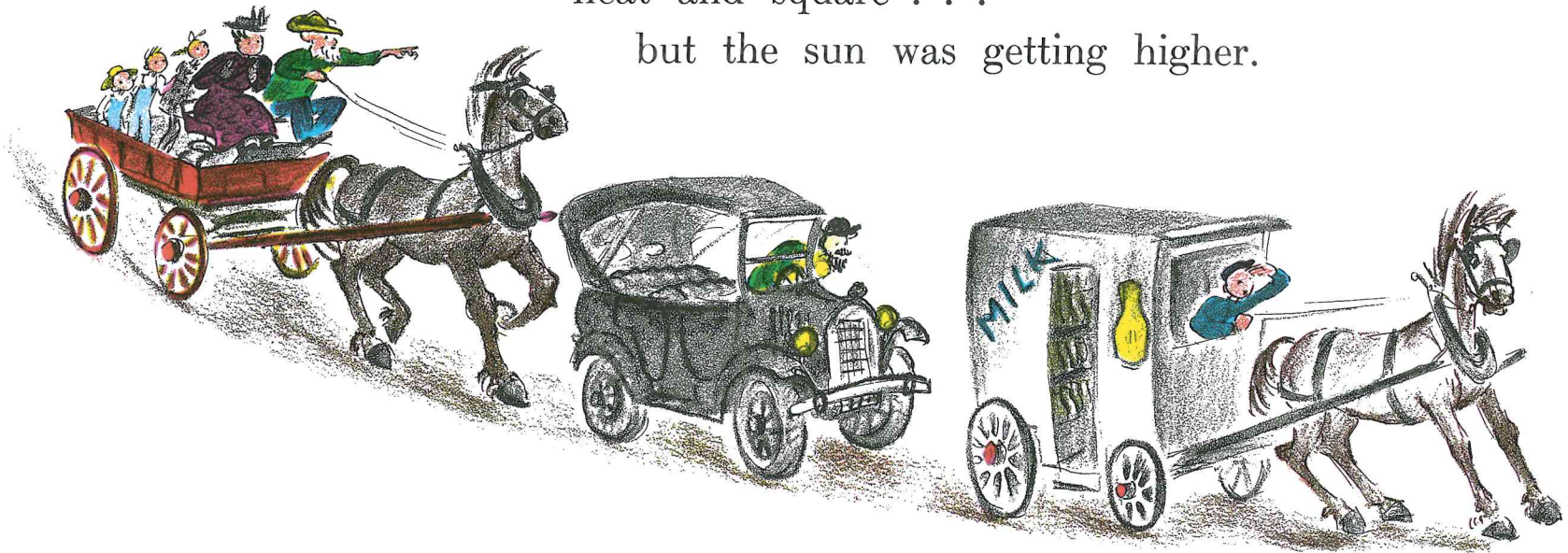
Mike Mulligan  
and Mary Anne  
dug a little faster  
and a little better.







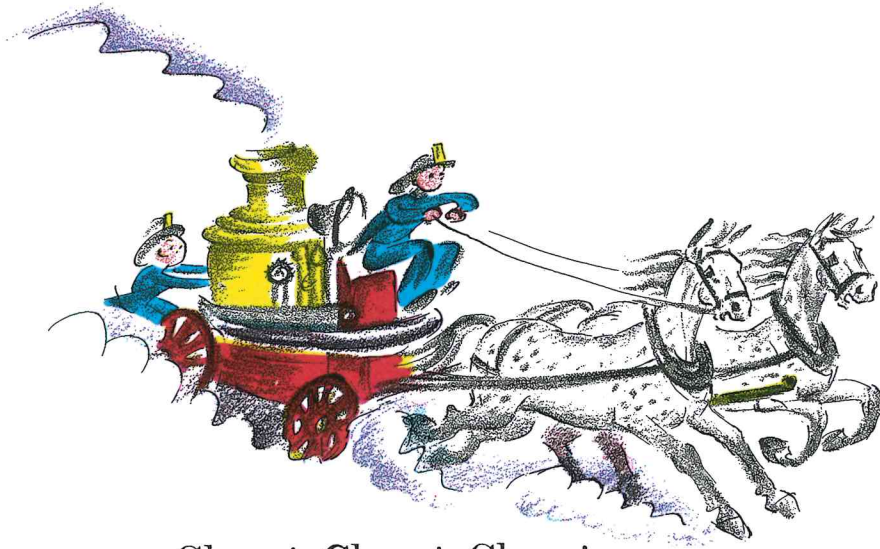
This gave the little boy a good idea.  
He ran off and told the postman with the morning mail,  
the telegraph boy on his bicycle,  
the milkman with his cart and horse,  
the doctor on his way home,  
and the farmer and his family  
coming into town for the day,  
and they all stopped and stayed to watch.  
That made Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
dig a little faster and a little better.  
They finished the first corner  
neat and square . . .  
but the sun was getting higher.











Clang! Clang! Clang!

The Fire Department arrived.

They had seen the smoke  
and thought there was a fire.

Then the little boy said,  
‘Why don’t you stay and watch?’

So the Fire Department of Popperville  
stayed to watch Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.

When they heard the fire engine, the children  
in the school across the street couldn’t keep  
their eyes on their lessons. The teacher called  
a long recess and the whole school came out to watch.

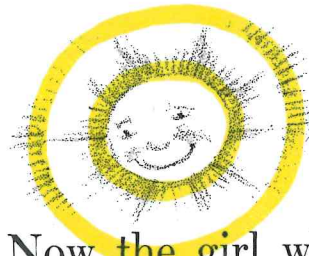
That made Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
dig still faster and still better.



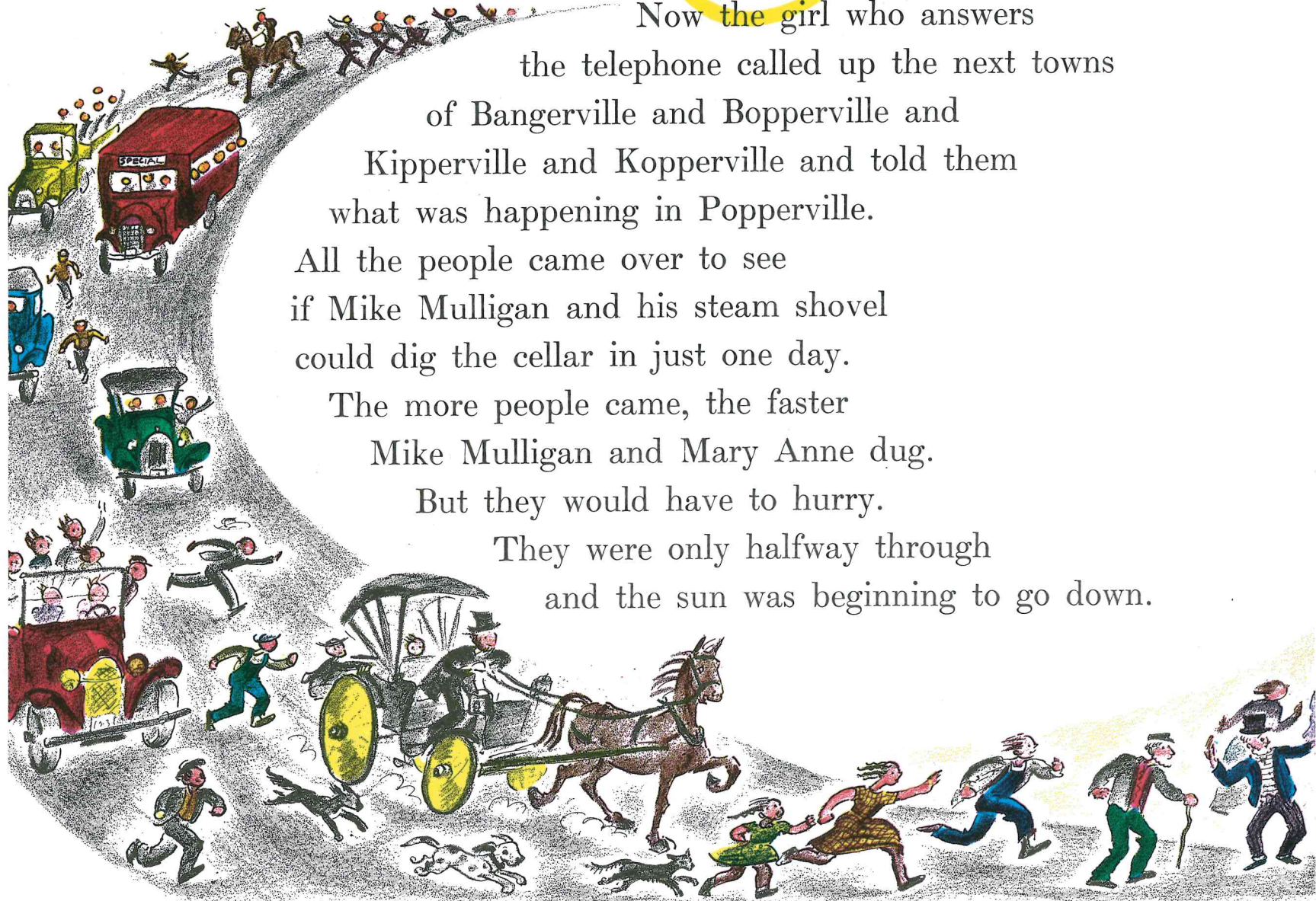


They finished the second corner neat and square,  
but the sun was right up in the top of the sky.





Now the girl who answers  
the telephone called up the next towns  
of Bangerville and Bopperville and  
Kipperville and Kopperville and told them  
what was happening in Popperville.  
All the people came over to see  
if Mike Mulligan and his steam shovel  
could dig the cellar in just one day.  
The more people came, the faster  
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne dug.  
But they would have to hurry.  
They were only halfway through  
and the sun was beginning to go down.





They finished the third corner . . . neat and square.





Never had Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
had so many people to watch them;  
never had they dug so fast and so well;  
and never had the sun seemed  
to go down so fast.  
'Hurry, Mike Mulligan!  
Hurry! Hurry!'  
shouted the little boy.  
'There's not much more time!'  
Dirt was flying everywhere,  
and the smoke and steam were so thick  
that the people could hardly see anything.  
But listen!

BING! BANG! CRASH! SLAM!  
LOUDER AND LOUDER,  
FASTER AND  
FASTER.





Then suddenly it was quiet.  
Slowly the dirt settled down.  
The smoke and steam cleared away,  
and there was the cellar  
all finished.



Four corners . . . neat and square;  
four walls . . . straight down,  
and Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne at the bottom,  
and the sun was just going down behind the hill.  
'Hurray!' shouted the people. 'Hurray for Mike Mulligan  
and his steam shovel! They have dug the cellar in just one day.'







Suddenly the little boy said,

‘How are they going to get out?’

‘That’s right,’ said Mrs. McGillicuddy  
to Henry B. Swap. ‘How is he going  
to get his steam shovel out?’

Henry B. Swap didn’t answer,  
but he smiled in rather a mean way.

Then everybody said,

‘How are they going to get out?’

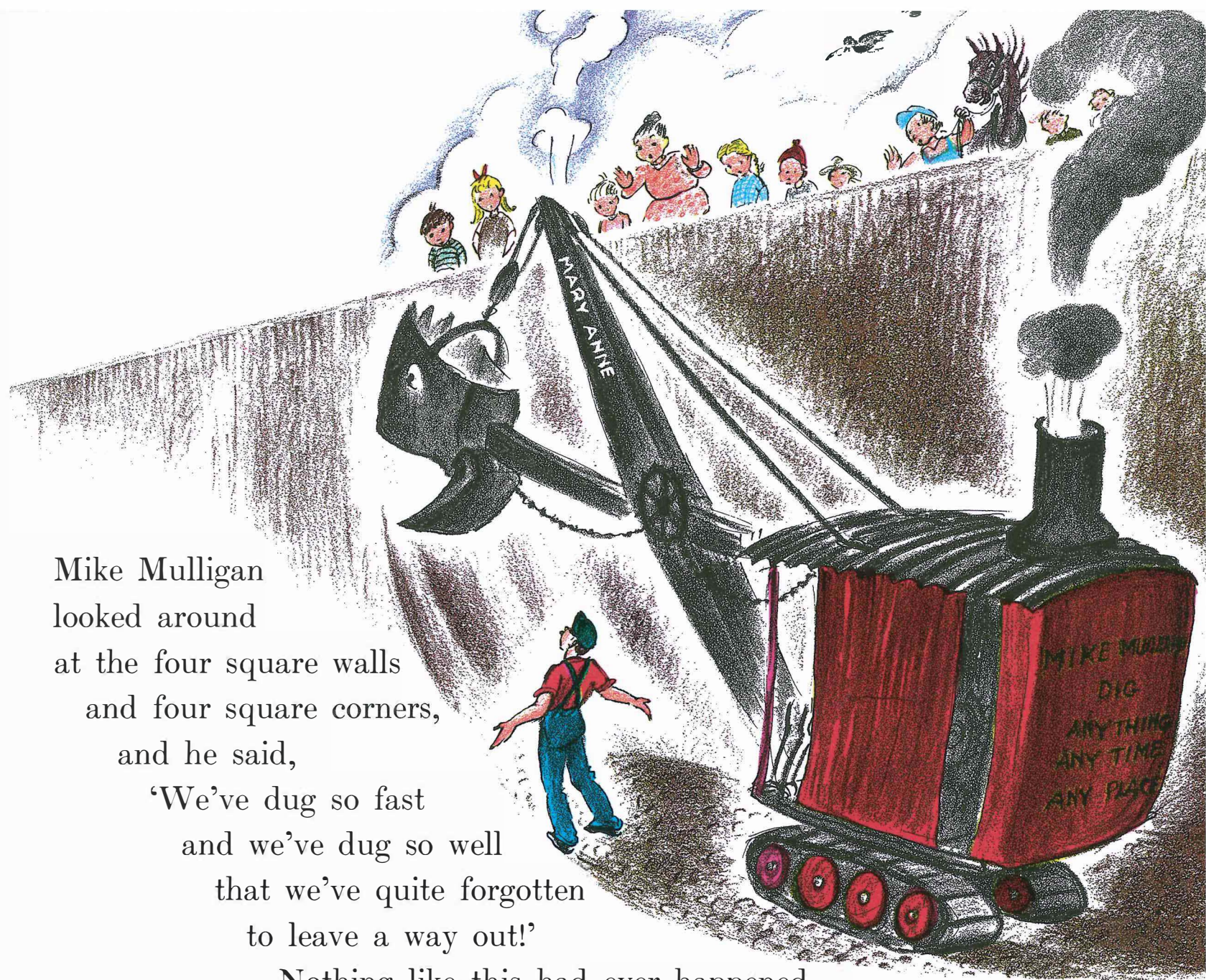
‘Hi! Mike Mulligan!

How are you going to get  
your steam shovel out?’

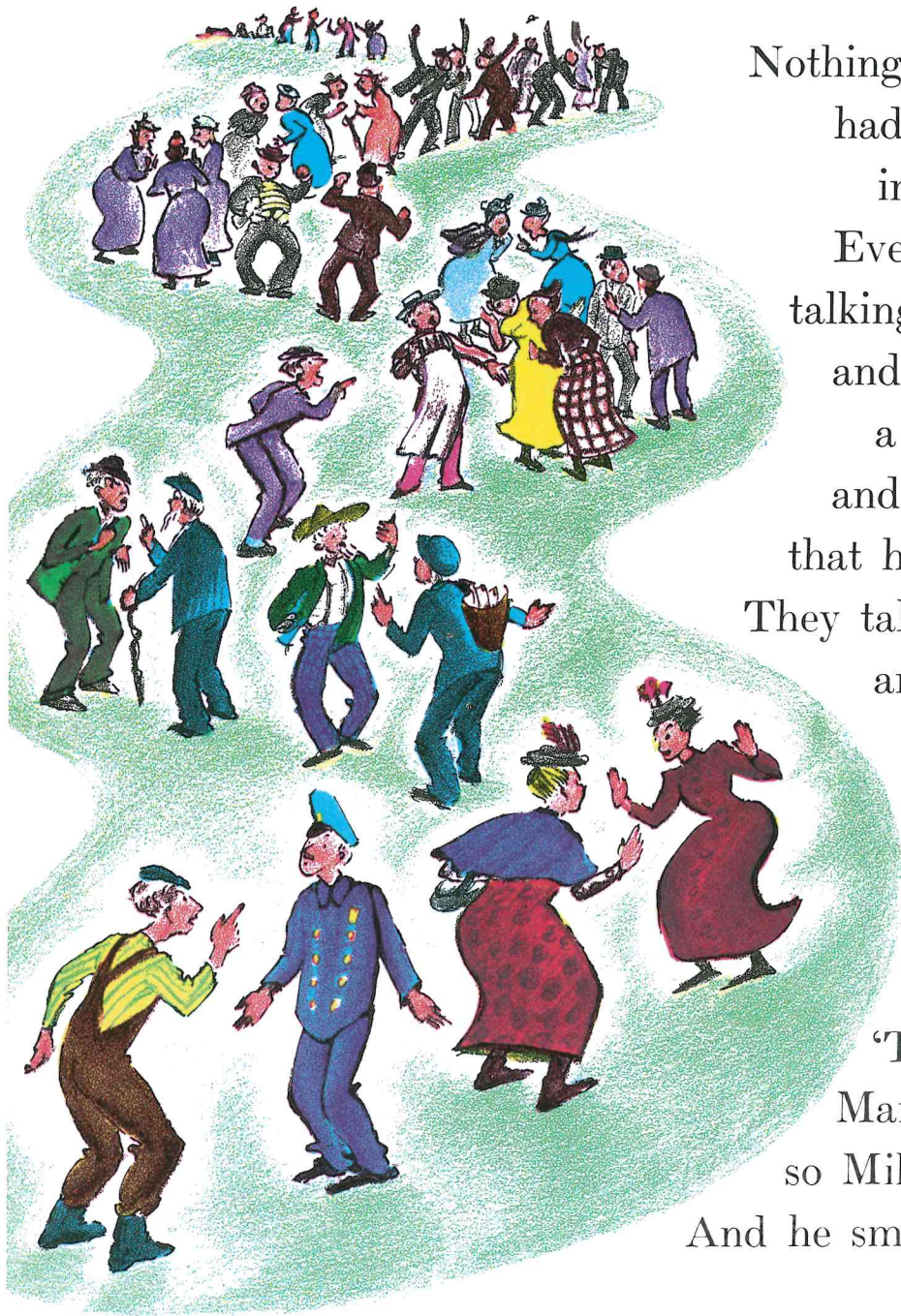


Mike Mulligan  
looked around  
at the four square walls  
and four square corners,  
and he said,  
‘We’ve dug so fast  
and we’ve dug so well  
that we’ve quite forgotten  
to leave a way out!’

Nothing like this had ever happened  
to Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne before,  
and they didn’t know what to do.







Nothing like this  
had ever happened before  
in Popperville.  
Everybody started  
talking at once,  
and everybody had  
a different idea,  
and everybody thought  
that his idea was the best.  
They talked and they talked  
and they argued and they fought  
till they were worn out,  
and still no one knew how to get  
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne  
out of the cellar they had dug.  
Then Henry B. Swap said,  
‘The job isn’t finished because  
Mary Anne isn’t out of the cellar,  
so Mike Mulligan won’t get paid.’  
And he smiled again in a rather mean way.

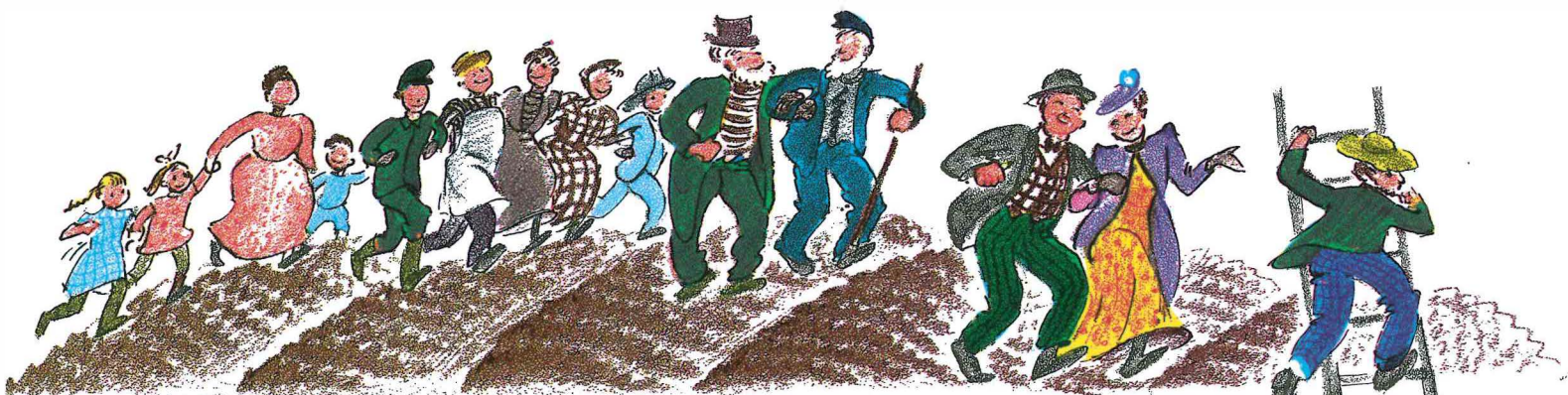




Now the little boy,  
who had been keeping very quiet,  
had another good id a.

He said,  
‘Why couldn’t we leave Mary Anne in the cellar  
and build the new town hall above her?  
Let her be the furnace for the new town hall \*  
and let Mike Mulligan be the janitor.  
Then you wouldn’t have to buy a new furnace,  
and we could pay Mike Mulligan  
for digging the cellar  
in just one day.’





‘Why not?’ said Henry B. Swap,  
and smiled in a way  
that was not quite so mean.

‘Why not?’ said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

‘Why not?’ said the Town Constable.

‘Why not?’ said all the people.

So they found a ladder  
and climbed down into the cellar  
to ask Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.





‘Why not?’ said Mike Mulligan.

So it was decided,  
and everybody was happy.







They built the new town hall  
right over Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.  
It was finished before winter.



Every day the little boy goes over to see  
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne,  
and Mrs. McGillicuddy takes him  
nice hot apple pies. As for Henry B. Swap,  
he spends most of his time in the cellar  
of the new town hall listening to the stories  
that Mike Mulligan has to tell  
and smiling in a way that isn't mean at all.



Now when you go to Popperville,  
be sure to go down in the cellar  
of the new town hall.

There they'll be,

Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne . . .

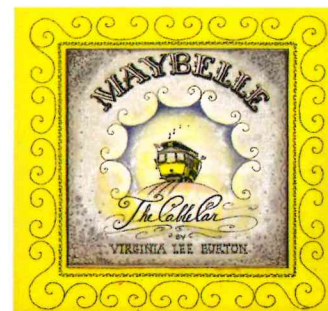
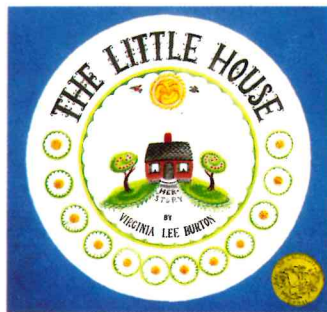
Mike in his rocking chair  
smoking his pipe,  
and Mary Anne beside him,  
warming up the meetings  
in the new town hall.





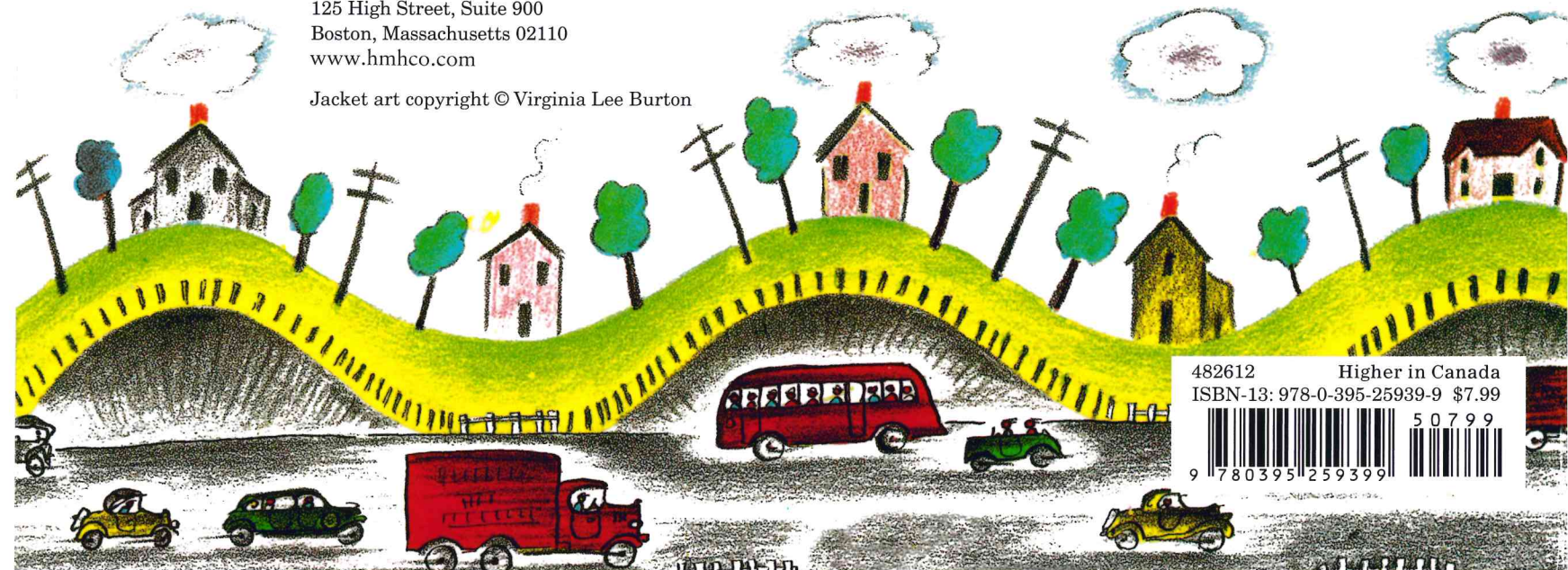
**MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL** has delighted generations of children. Mike and his trusty steam shovel, Mary Anne, work hard digging out canals, new roads, and the deep basements for skyscrapers. But with progress comes new machines, and soon the inseparable duo are out of work. The two have one last chance to save Mary Anne from the scrapheap. What happens next in the small town of Popperville is a testament to their friendship, and to old-fashioned hard work and ingenuity.

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ISBN-13: 978-0-395-25939-9 \$7.99



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