

At that point, all those pent-up springtimes simply exploded, dissolving the storm clouds and the remaining snow.

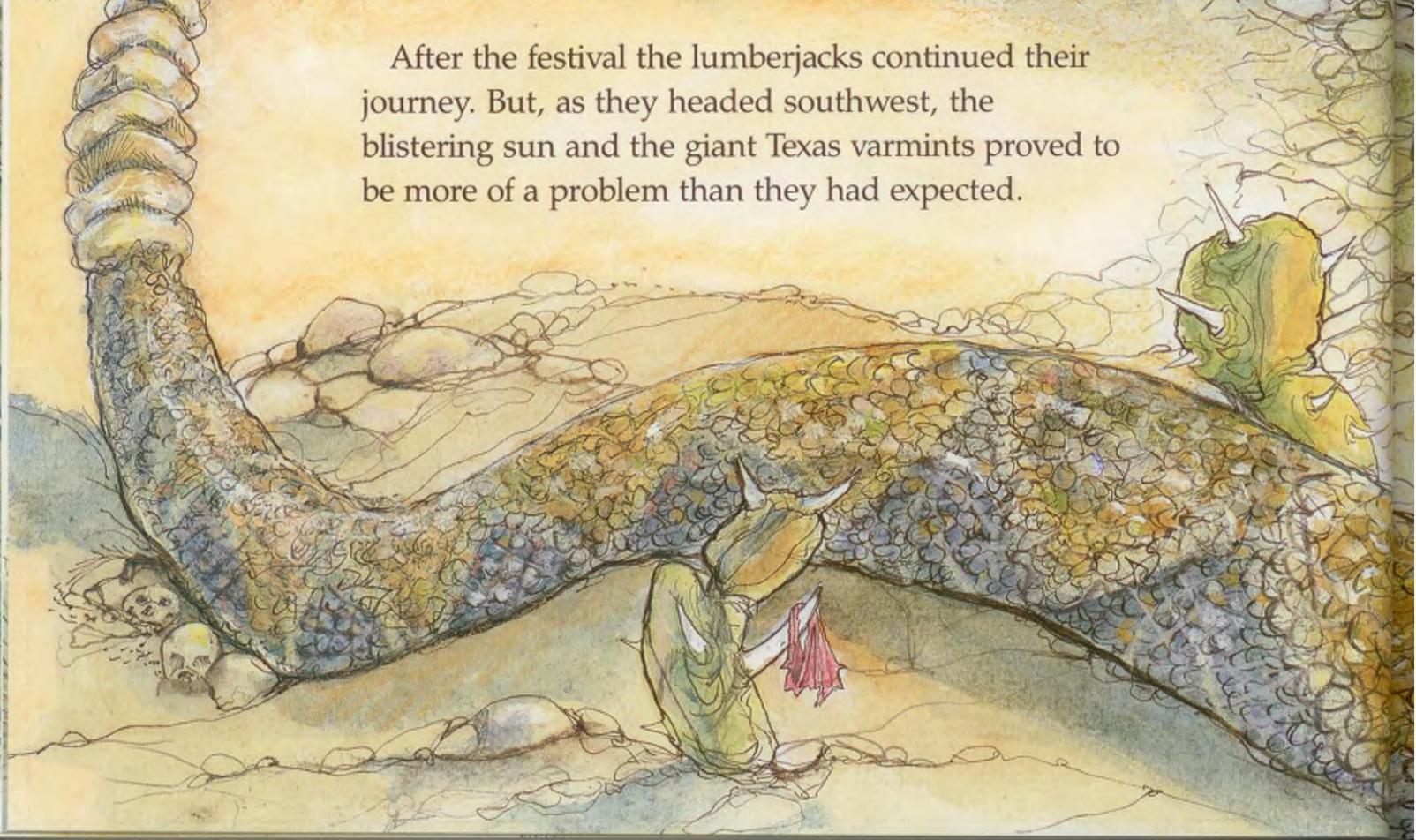


Paul and his friends invited some newly arrived settlers to join them in a celebration of all the holidays that had been missed.





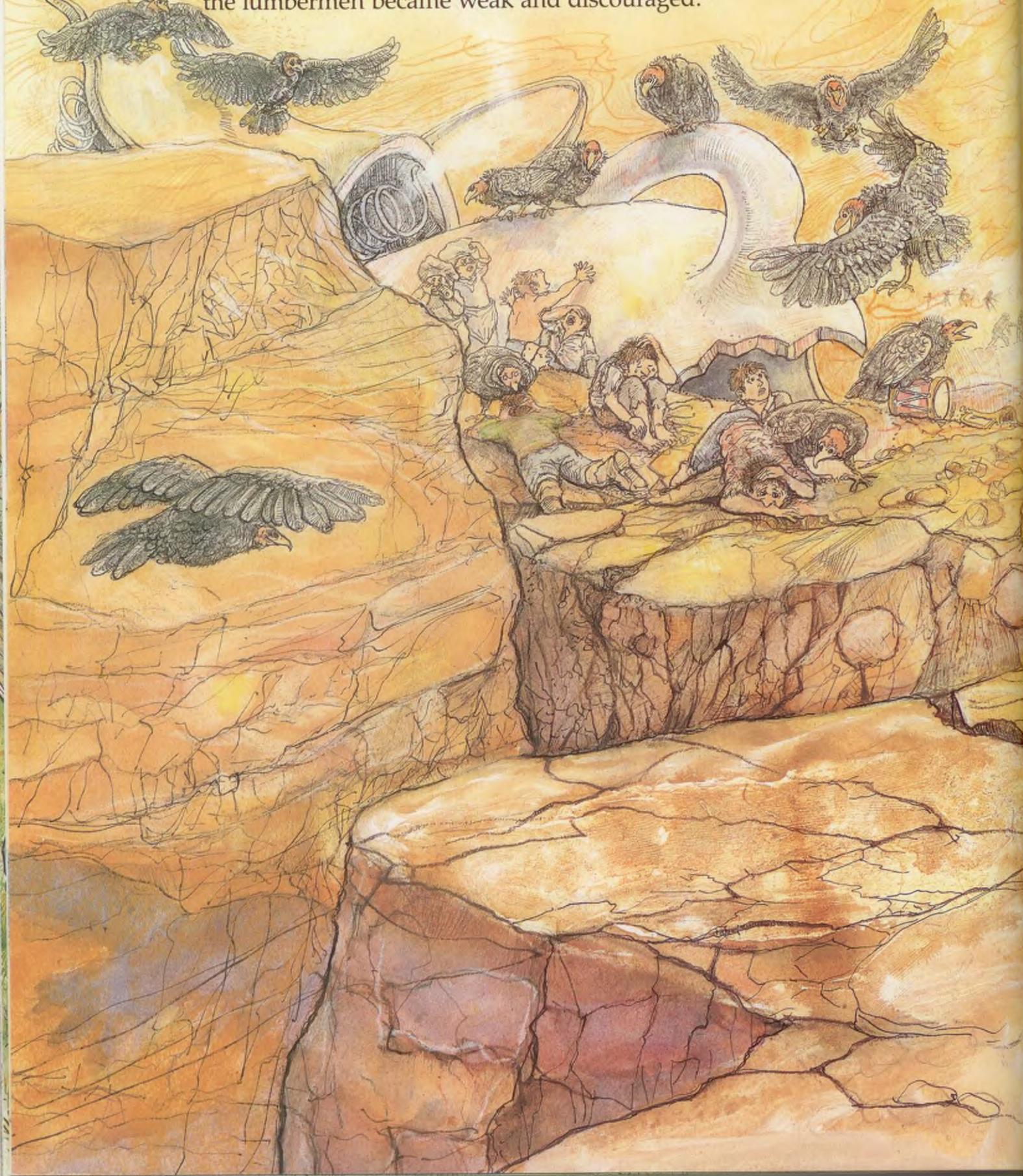
After the festival the lumberjacks continued their journey. But, as they headed southwest, the blistering sun and the giant Texas varmints proved to be more of a problem than they had expected.

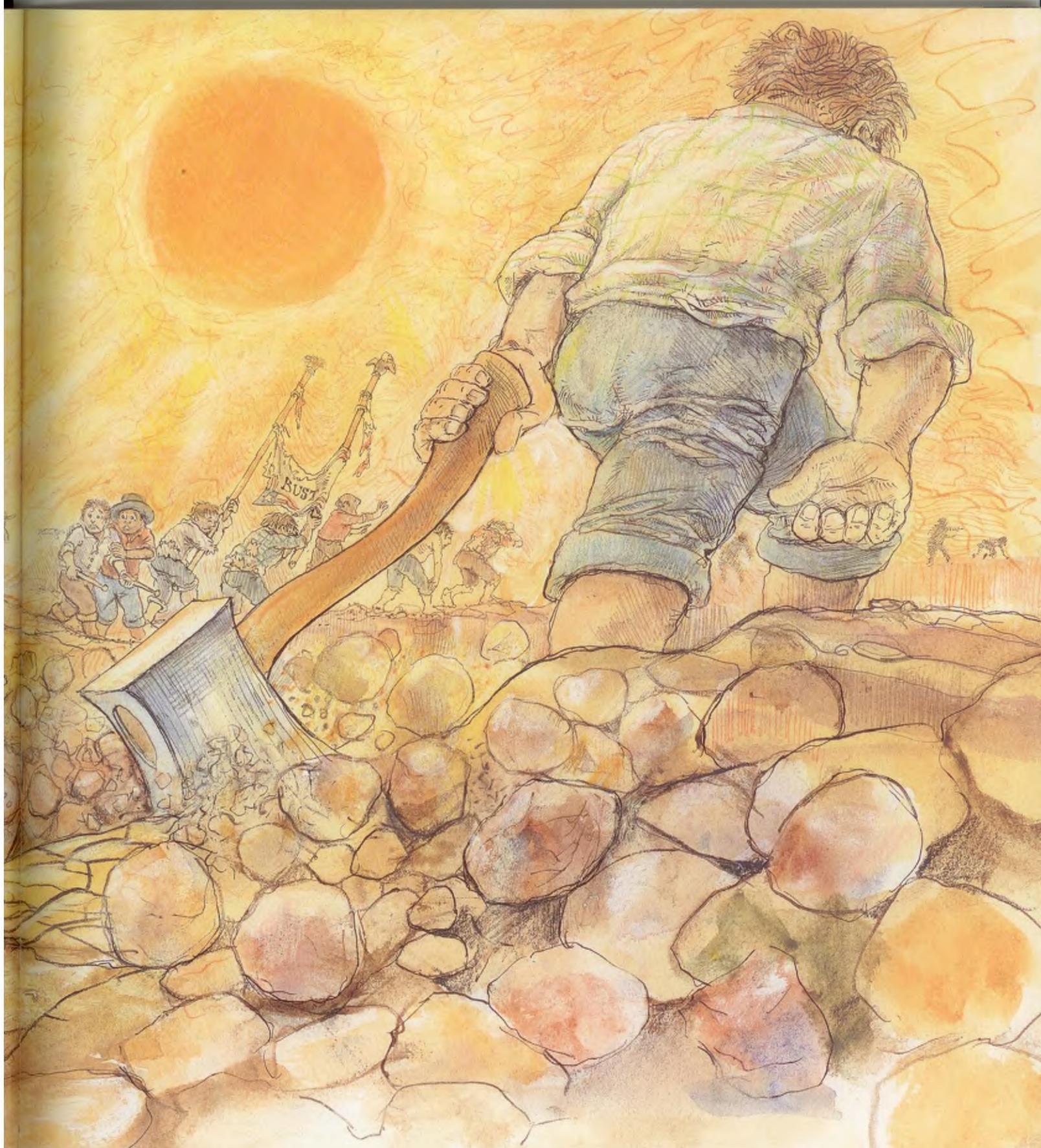




Travel became so difficult that some of the men began to speak longingly of being buried by a blizzard or bear hugged by a Gumberoo.

While crossing Arizona the griddle curled up like a burned leaf, and the batter evaporated. Deprived of their flapjacks, the lumbermen became weak and discouraged.





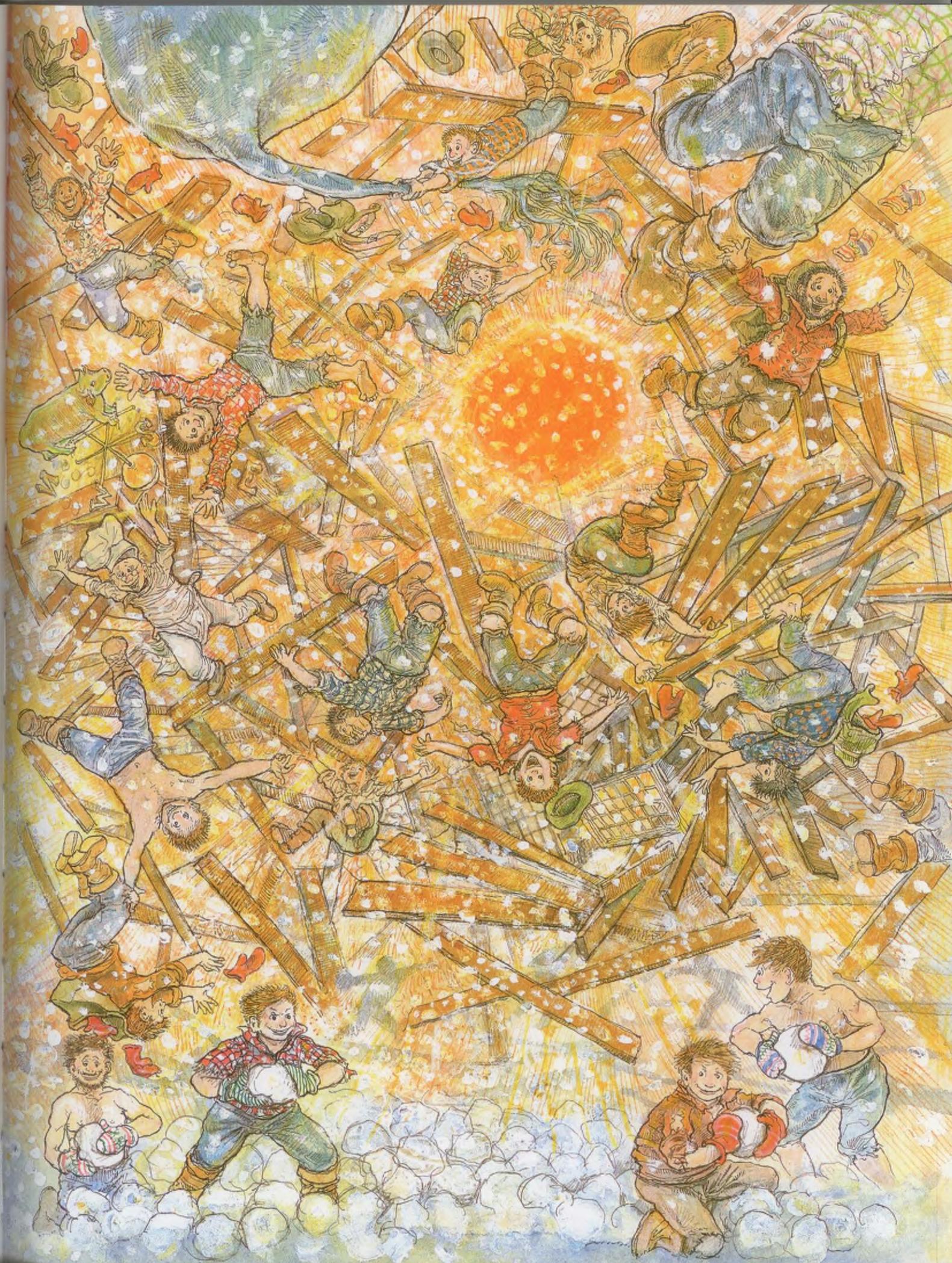
Paul's great ax fell from his shoulder, gouging a jagged trench, which today is known as the Grand Canyon.

Disaster seemed certain until Paul came up with a desperate plan. He headed east and found a family that could sell him a barn filled with corn.

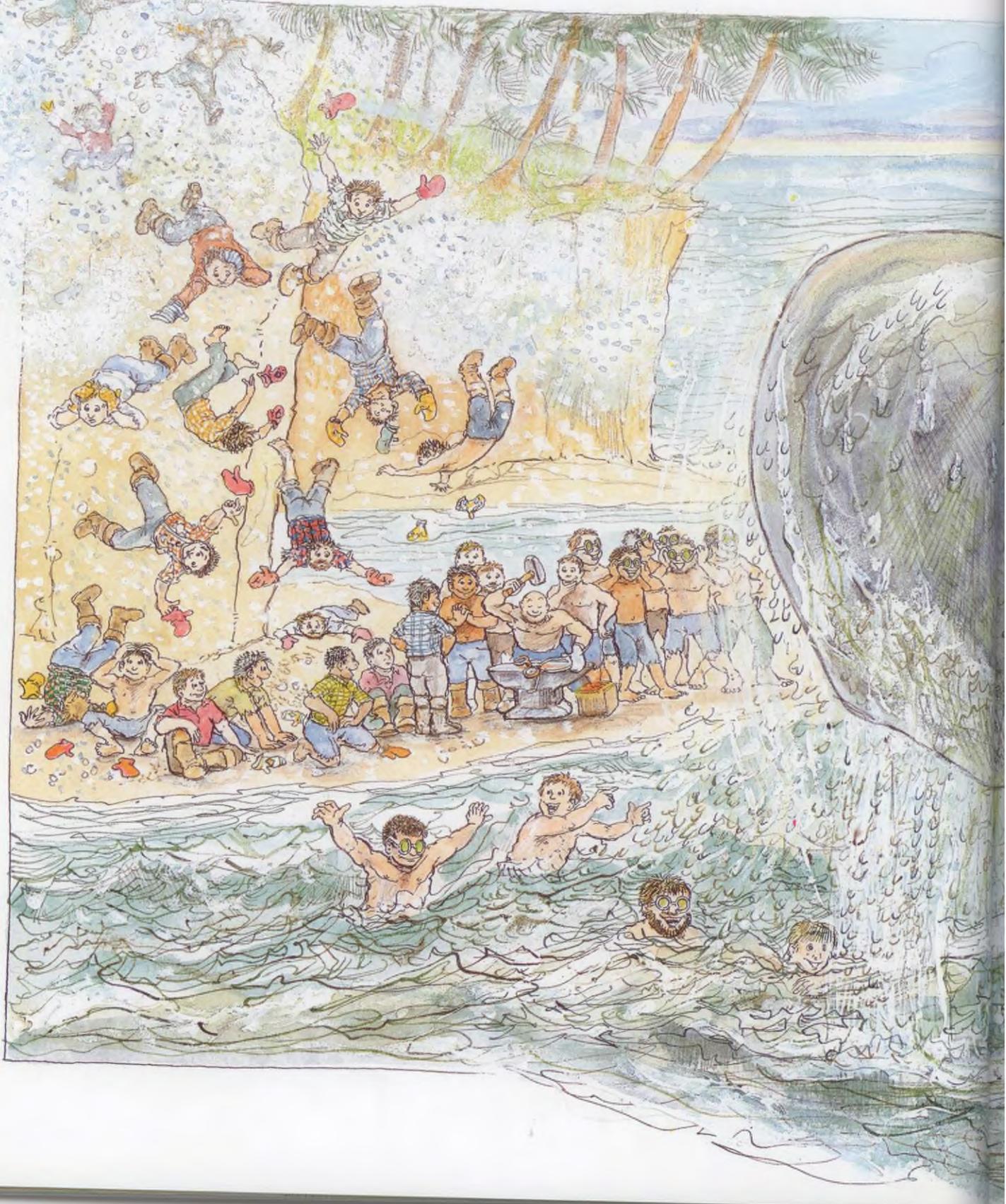


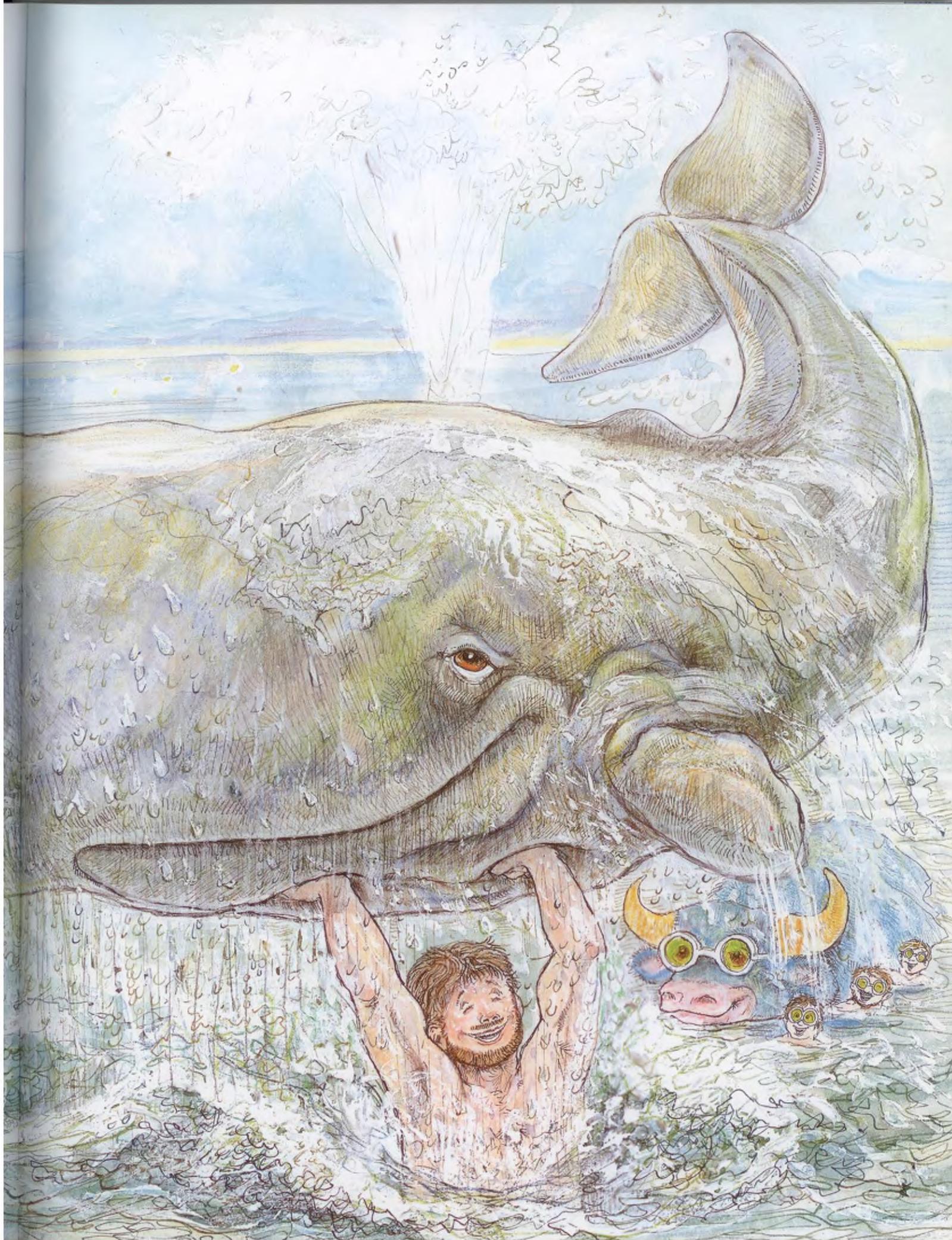
Babe galloped it back across the desert.

When the flaming sunrise hit that barn it exploded, and the lumbermen awoke to find themselves in a raging blizzard of popcorn. Dizzy with joy, they pulled on their mittens and began blasting each other with popcorn balls.

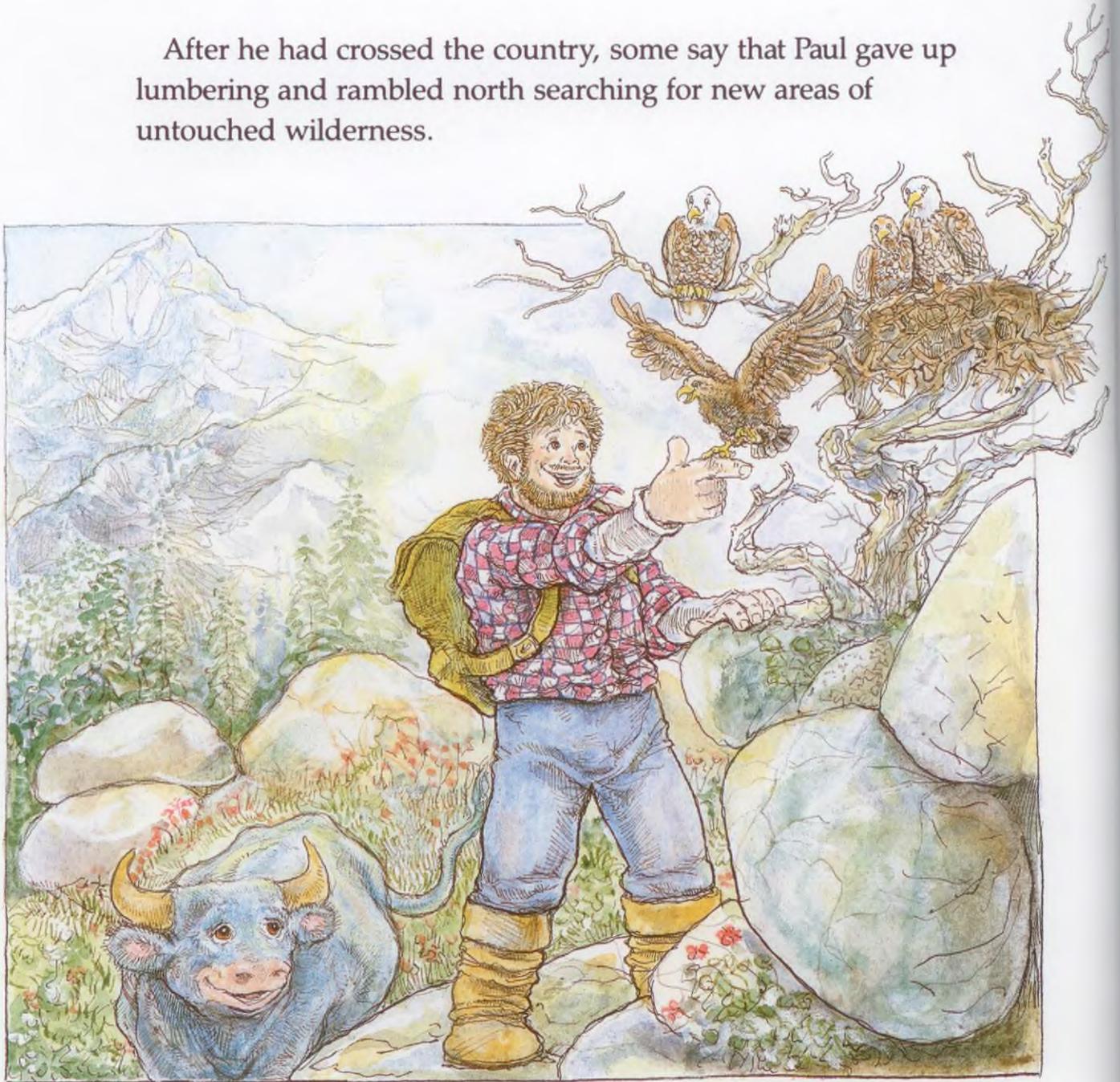


A westerly wind kept the cooling clouds of popcorn swirling around Paul and his crew until they crossed California and reached the Pacific Ocean.





After he had crossed the country, some say that Paul gave up lumbering and rambled north searching for new areas of untouched wilderness.



With the passing years, Paul has been seen less and less frequently. However, along with his unusual size and strength, he seems to possess an extraordinary longevity. Sometimes his great bursts of laughter can be heard rumbling like distant thunder across the wild Alaskan mountain ranges where he and Babe still roam.