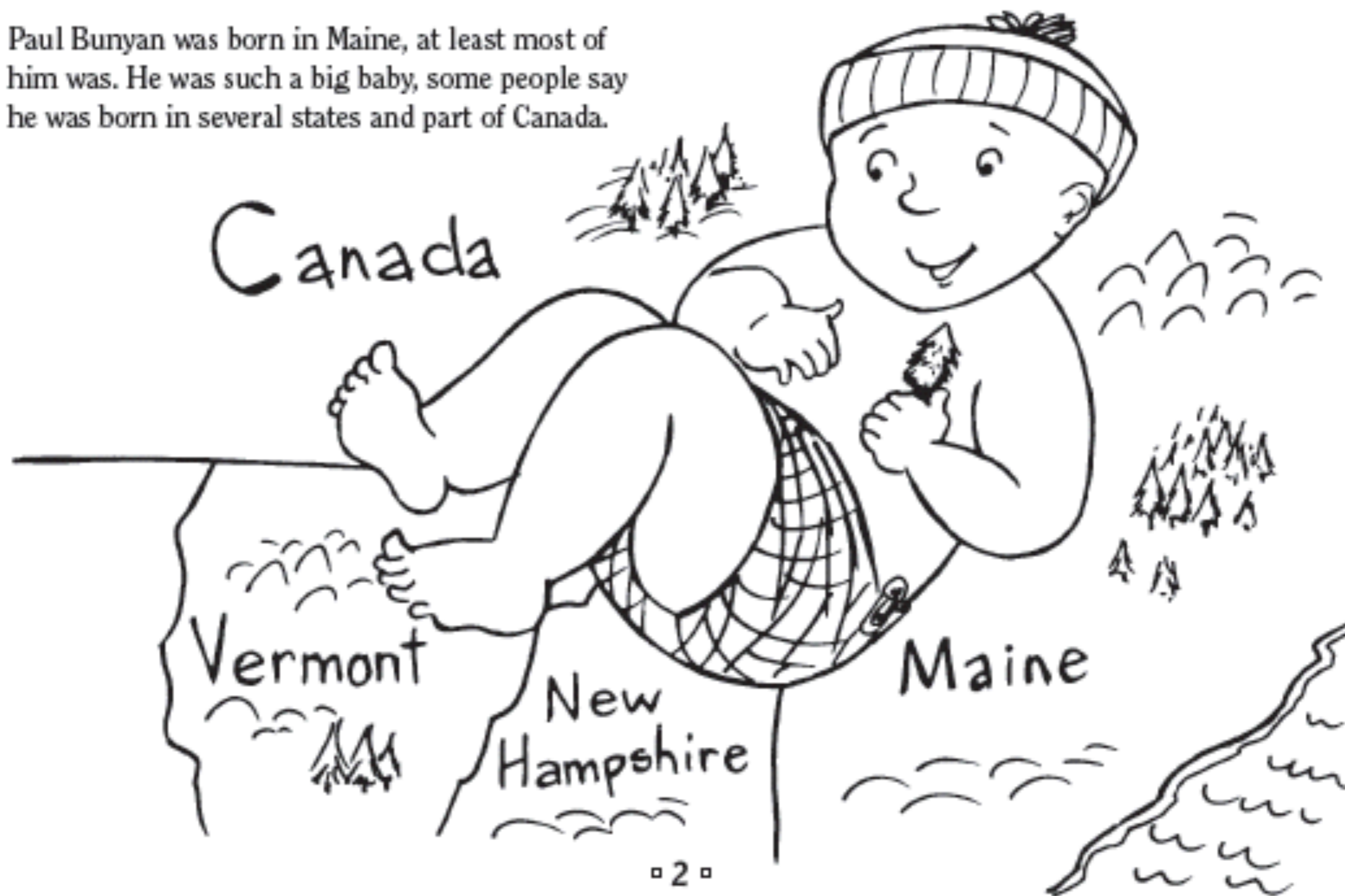


Paul Bunyan

T-I-M-B-E-R!

Paul Bunyan was the greatest lumberjack who ever lived. He was a giant of a man who cut down trees as easily as you or I pick flowers. With the help of his great blue ox, Babe, Paul Bunyan logged most of the United States.

Paul Bunyan was born in Maine, at least most of him was. He was such a big baby, some people say he was born in several states and part of Canada.

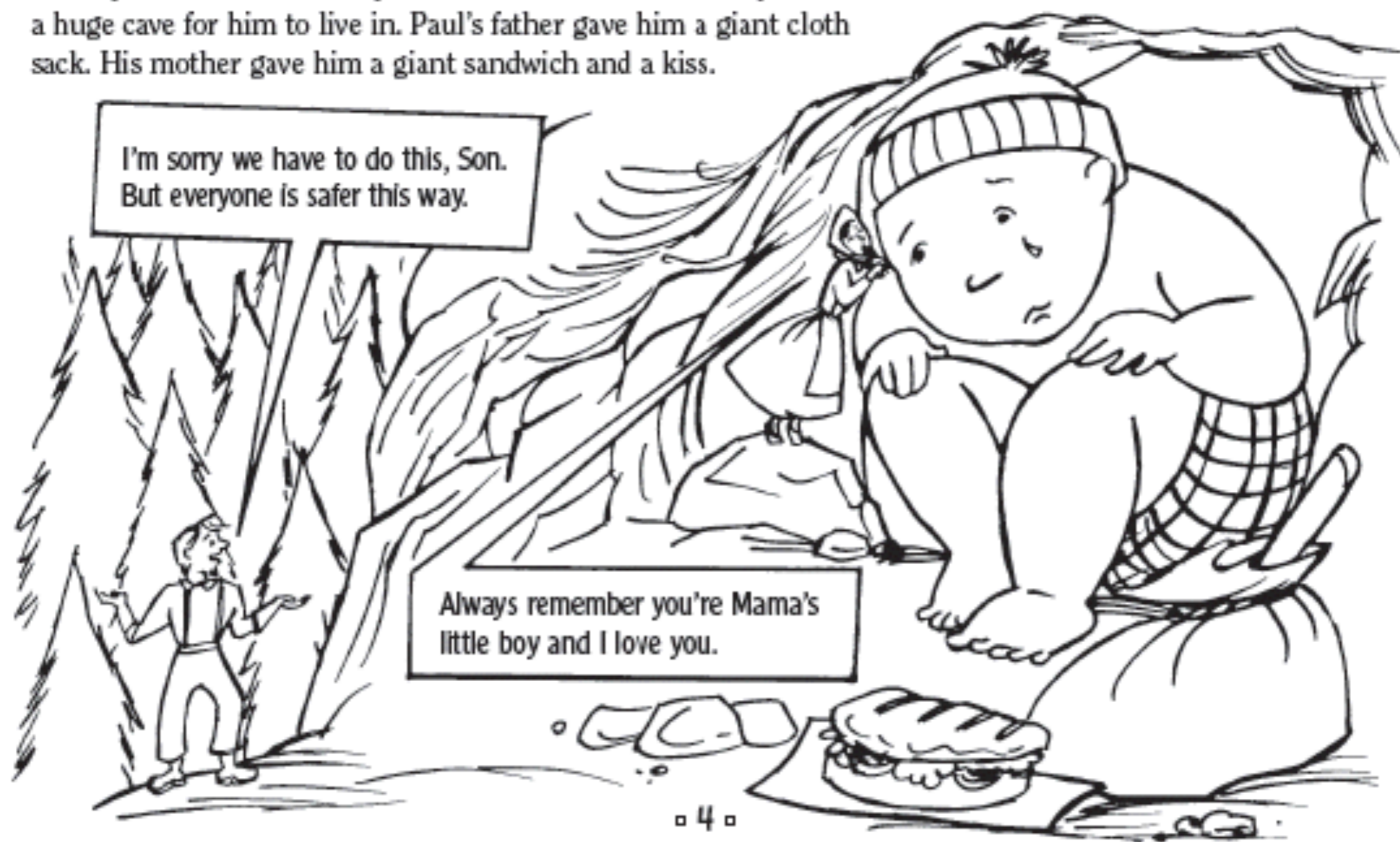


Paul was so big that every time he rolled over in his sleep he would knock down trees, barns, even houses. Paul's folks were crazy about their new baby so they hardly noticed the trouble this caused. The neighbors weren't so forgiving. They told Paul's parents they had to do something about him.

Paul's father built a boat shaped like a cradle. He tied a rope to it and let Paul float out to sea. That seemed like a good solution until Paul got the hiccups. Then the boat rocked so hard it sent huge waves crashing toward shore. The people who weren't drowned hurried to Paul's folks.



Paul's parents took him deep into the woods of Maine. They found a huge cave for him to live in. Paul's father gave him a giant cloth sack. His mother gave him a giant sandwich and a kiss.



I'm sorry we have to do this, Son.
But everyone is safer this way.

Always remember you're Mama's
little boy and I love you.

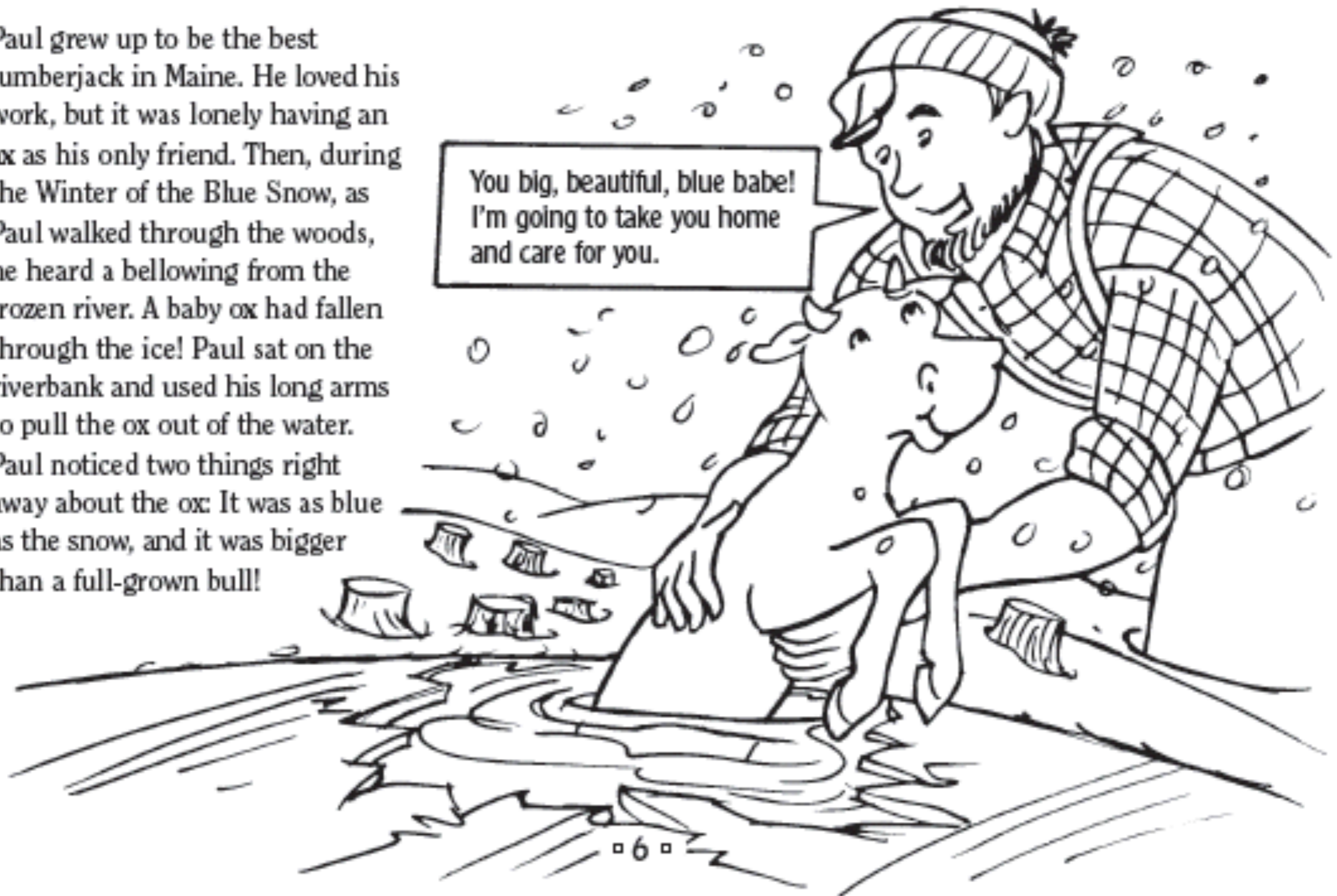
Paul cried a river of tears when his folks left. When he stopped crying, he opened the burlap sack. In it was the biggest, shiniest ax he had ever seen. Paul picked up that ax and swung it. He easily cut down three trees!

This is fun! I'm going to be a lumberjack!



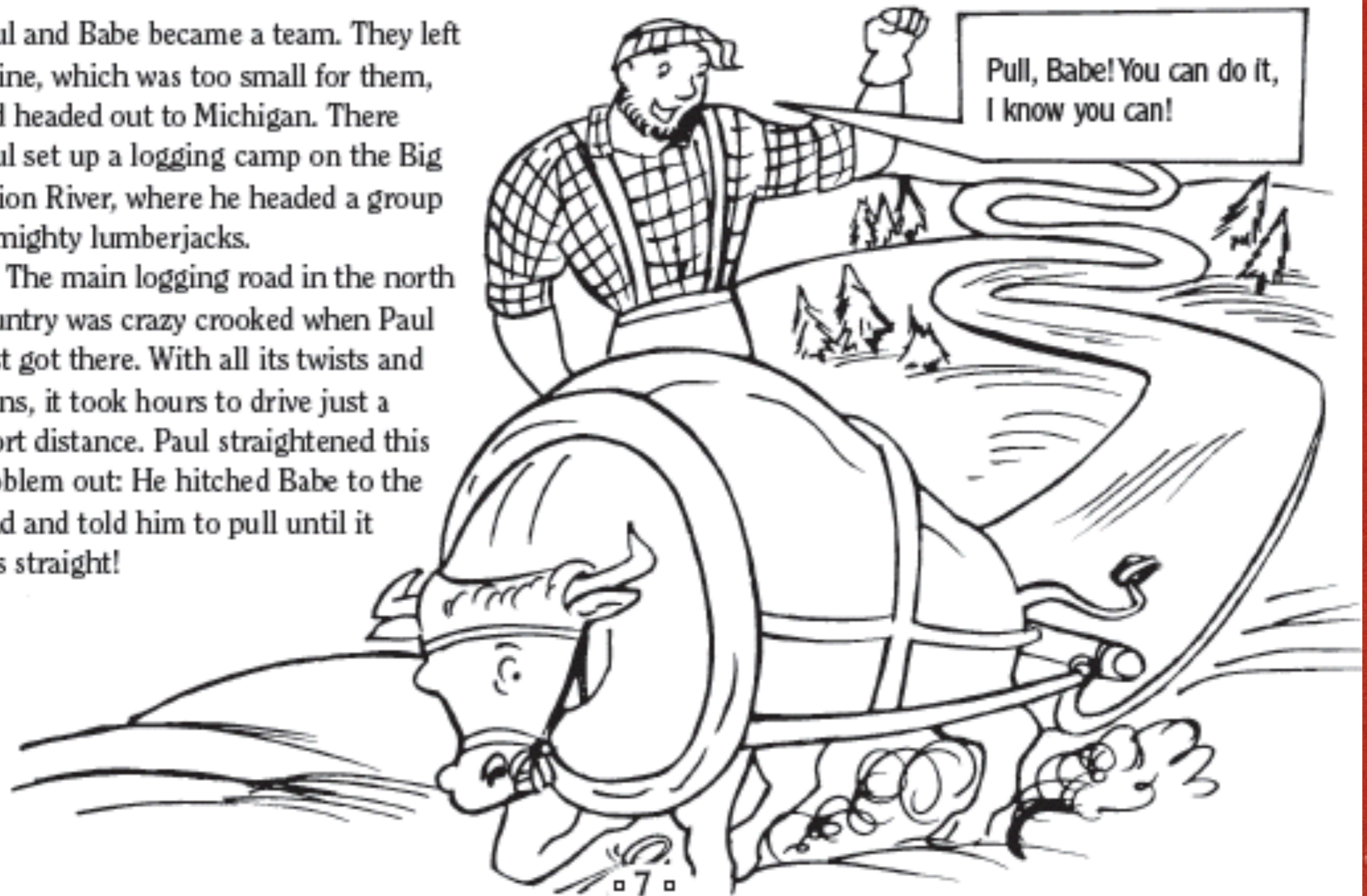
Paul grew up to be the best lumberjack in Maine. He loved his work, but it was lonely having an ax as his only friend. Then, during the Winter of the Blue Snow, as Paul walked through the woods, he heard a bellowing from the frozen river. A baby ox had fallen through the ice! Paul sat on the riverbank and used his long arms to pull the ox out of the water. Paul noticed two things right away about the ox: It was as blue as the snow, and it was bigger than a full-grown bull!

You big, beautiful, blue babe!
I'm going to take you home
and care for you.



Paul and Babe became a team. They left Maine, which was too small for them, and headed out to Michigan. There Paul set up a logging camp on the Big Onion River, where he headed a group of mighty lumberjacks.

The main logging road in the north country was crazy crooked when Paul first got there. With all its twists and turns, it took hours to drive just a short distance. Paul straightened this problem out: He hitched Babe to the road and told him to pull until it was straight!

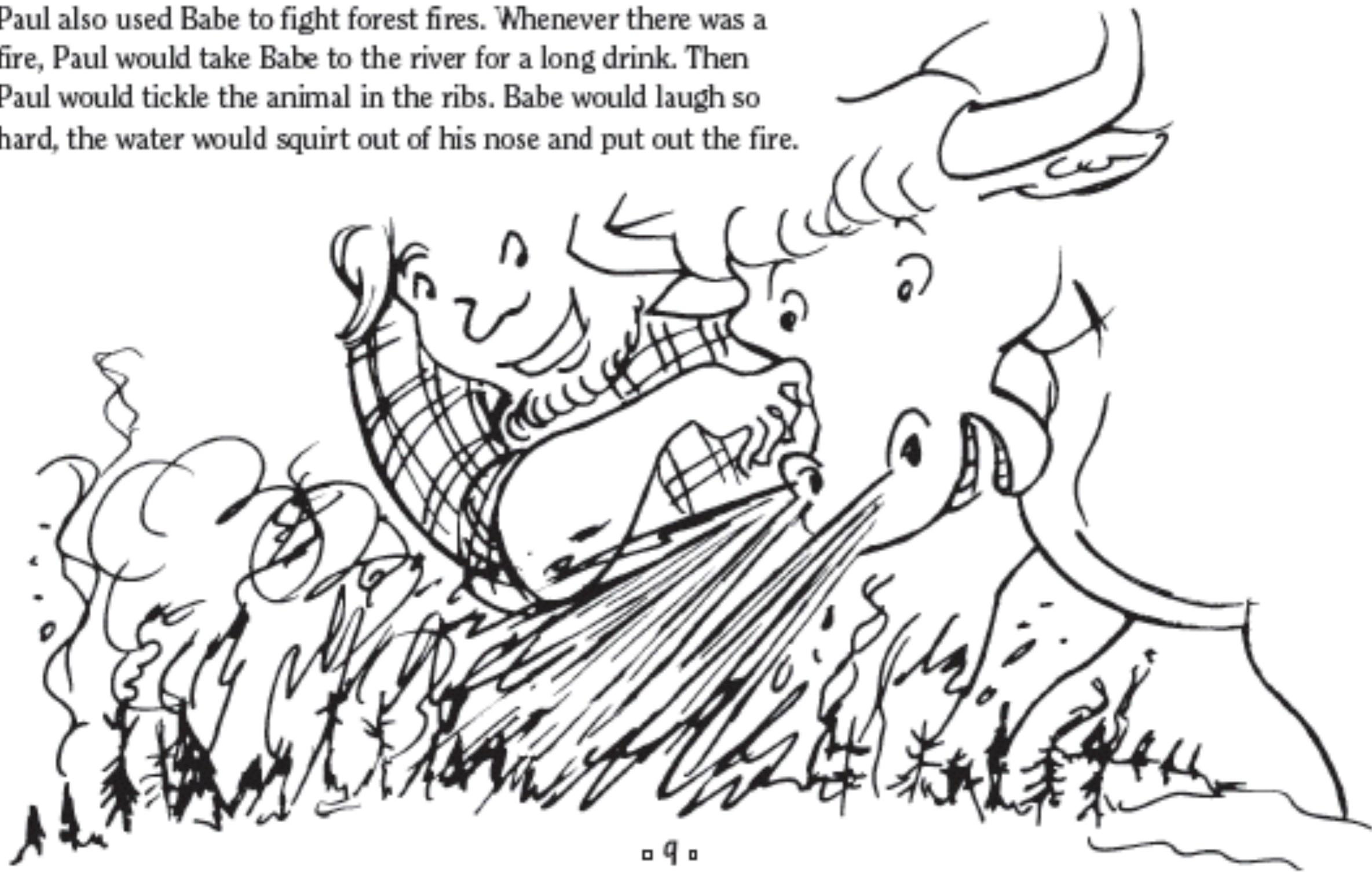


Paul even figured out a way to avoid having to carry trees to the sawmill. He hitched Babe to a square mile of timberland and had him pull it to the sawmill. Paul and his crew chopped down the trees right there. Then Babe dragged the cleared land back into place.

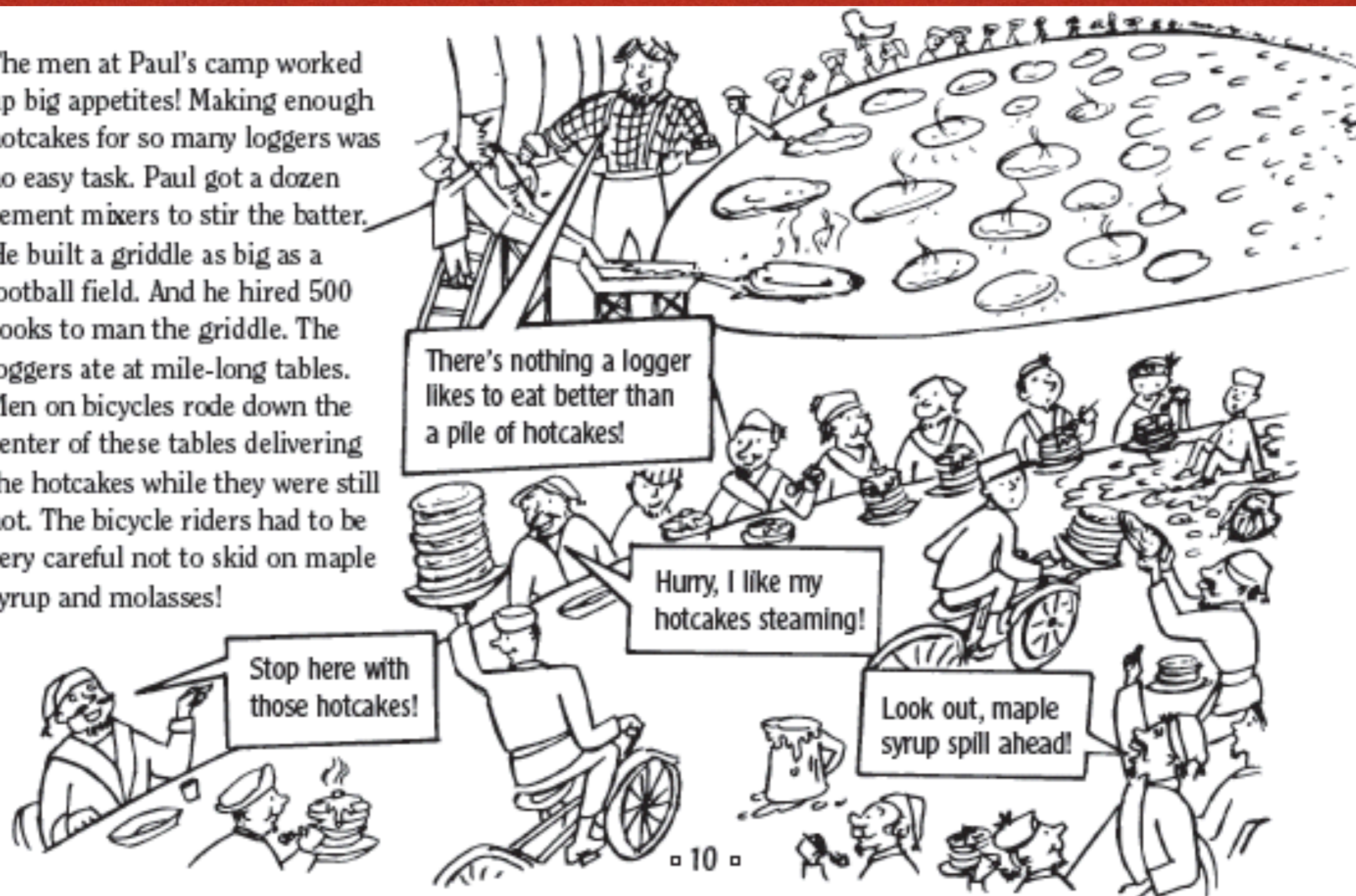
Let's bring that on down to the sawmill, Babe.



Paul also used Babe to fight forest fires. Whenever there was a fire, Paul would take Babe to the river for a long drink. Then Paul would tickle the animal in the ribs. Babe would laugh so hard, the water would squirt out of his nose and put out the fire.



The men at Paul's camp worked up big appetites! Making enough hotcakes for so many loggers was no easy task. Paul got a dozen cement mixers to stir the batter. He built a griddle as big as a football field. And he hired 500 cooks to man the griddle. The loggers ate at mile-long tables. Men on bicycles rode down the center of these tables delivering the hotcakes while they were still hot. The bicycle riders had to be very careful not to skid on maple syrup and molasses!



There's nothing a logger likes to eat better than a pile of hotcakes!

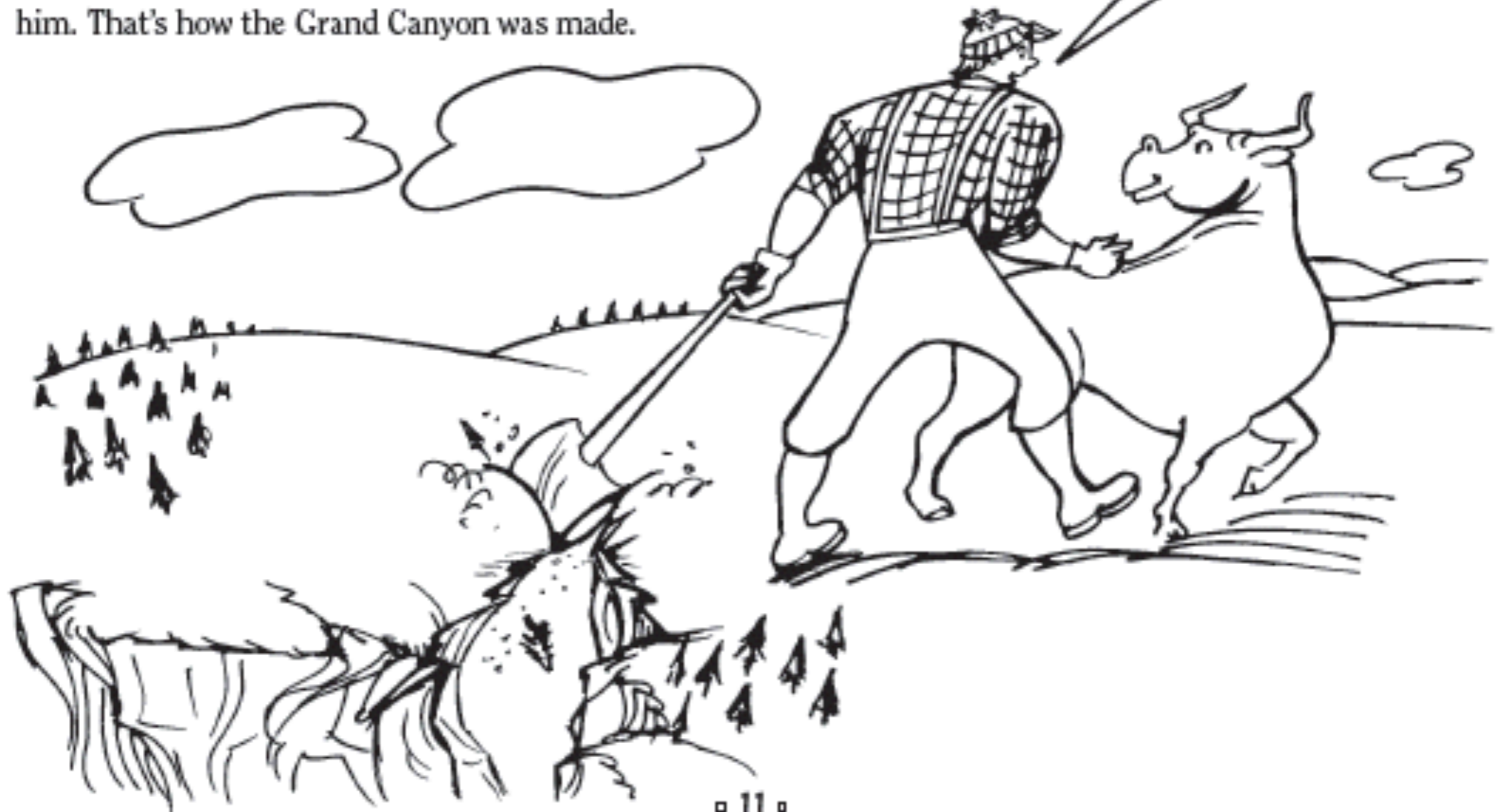
Hurry, I like my hotcakes steaming!

Stop here with those hotcakes!

Look out, maple syrup spill ahead!

Once the Midwest was pretty well cleared, Paul and Babe headed west to find more work. As they passed through Arizona, Paul let his giant ax drag behind him. That's how the Grand Canyon was made.

There aren't many trees here, but I'm told there are a lot in California.



Paul and Babe logged their way north through California and Canada until they eventually found themselves in Alaska. Today, if you happen to be in the great woods there, listen closely. You just might hear Paul's mighty cry.

