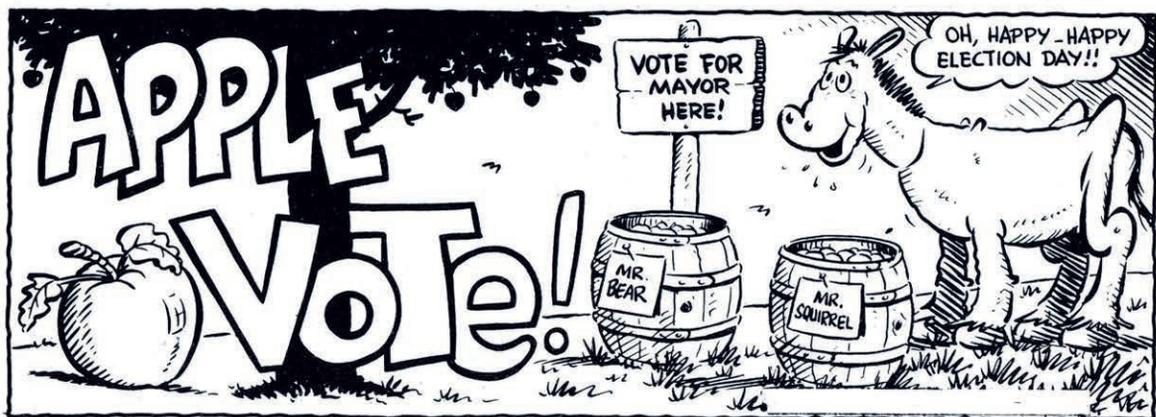




Popeye





Horseface Harry lived in a pasture surrounded by a rail fence. The pasture was full of fine green grass and patches of thick clover. It was a pasture that any horse should have been proud to spend his last years in, but not Horseface Harry. Oh! He liked grass and clover but his fondness for apples was something more than a mere liking. He was just plain crazy about apples. During all his life as a race horse, he had run his races as fast and as hard as he could because his trainer would always reward him for winning with a bucket of beautiful red apples. However, now that Harry was too old to race and had been put out to pasture, there were never any races to win so there were never any apples. Perhaps Harry would have lived in peace without thinking about apples if it hadn't just happened that the field next to his pasture was an apple orchard. The apple trees grew right up to the fence and for the first few days that Harry was in the pasture, he had all of the apples he wanted. But, after the first week, he had cleaned the trees of all of the apples that he could reach, and no matter how hard he stretched his neck, he couldn't grasp another one of the thousands of apples that he could see.

"This is terrible," Harry said to himself as he nursed a stiff neck from trying to reach the distant fruit. "There must be some way for a highly intelligent horse like me to get some of those apples."

Now, being a civilized horse and consid-

ering himself above the wild animals who lived around the pasture and the nearby woods, Harry ignored the overtures of friendship from the wild animals, as he felt it was his place to do. But now that he was faced with the problem of getting the apples from across the fence, he began to think of the wild animals in an attempt to figure out a scheme that would bring the apples to him.

"Hmmm? Yes, indeed! Those poor, ignorant wild beasts shall bring the apples to me," Harry laughed as his evil plot began to take shape inside his horse's head.

That evening, Harry waited in the corner of the pasture where he had seen several of the wild animals pass by. He didn't have long to wait before a big brown bear and a grey squirrel came out of the woods.

"Good evening, gentlemen," spoke Harry, his horse's teeth spread in his very best race track manner, "I wonder if you could help me out?"

The bear and squirrel stopped and came over to where the grinning horse was.

"Whatcha want, Bud?" snarled the bear, well aware of the way the horse had behaved when the animals had tried to make friends with him.

"I was wondering if you could tell me who is animal mayor of these woods?" Oh, Harry was a smart horse.

The squirrel looked at the bear and the bear looked at the squirrel and then they both asked:

(Continued on inside back cover)

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