



WE MUST DO SOME EXPLORING AND LEARN WHETHER OR NOT THERE ARE HUMANS ON THIS PLANET. ARE WE GOING OVER TO THOSE HUGE MOUNDS WE SAW YESTERDAY? YES

WHAT'S THE BOX FOR, PROF? IT'S THE WOTASNOZZLE ELECTRICAL MIND-READING DEVICE. IF WE MEET ANY HUMANS I'LL BE ABLE TO READ THEIR MINDS

I BELIEVE THESE MOUNDS WERE MADE BY INTELLIGENT PEOPLE. LET'S CLIMB ONE OF 'EM

BEGINNING OLIVE OYL

CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM—MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN—CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS—ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK

PASTE

IT'S HOLLOW, JUST AS I THOUGHT!

THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING DOWN THERE IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT'S HEAD!

IT IS A GIANT! HE'S TALKING TO US!

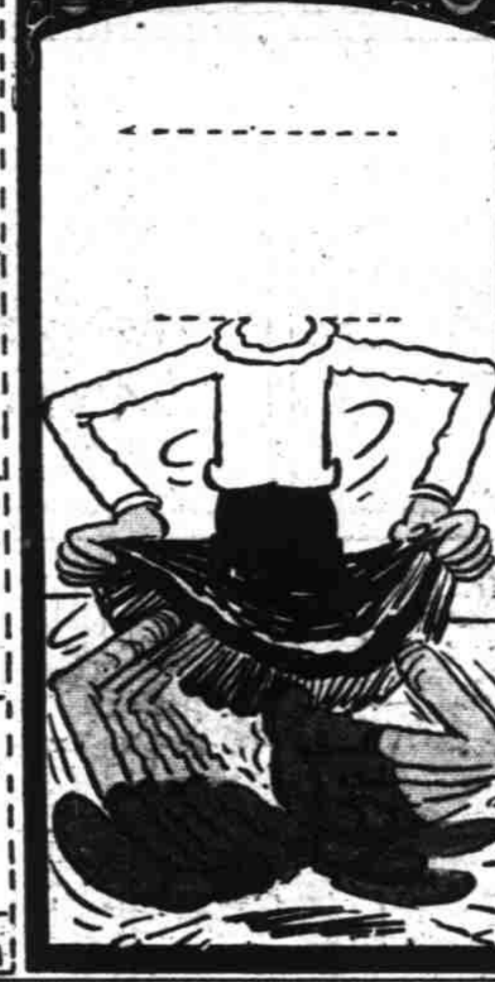
I'LL USE MY MIND-READING APPARATUS AND FIND OUT WHAT HE'S SAYING

DON'T BE AFRAID—MAYBE HE'S A VEGETARIAN

MY GOSH! WHAT'S HE SAYING?

HE SAYS HE'S ONE OF THE VENUTIAN PIGMIES

PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM



END

Thimble Theatre

THAT'LL BE ALL, LUCY, EXCEPT I WANT A BIG BAKED PATOOTIE

GOOD MORNING, PAL OF MINE, OLD PAL OF MINE—ISN'T IT ODD I HAPPENED TO BE HERE JUST AS YOU ARE ORDERING A FULL MEAL? OLD PAL OF MINE

I WOULDN'T THINK OF ALLOWING YOU TO EAT ALONE, OLD PAL OF MINE. YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT COMPANIONSHIP AT MEAL-TIME IS NECESSARY TO BRING ABOUT HARMONIOUS REACTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE JUICES

YA BLASTED PEST, KEEP AWAY FROM ME

PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?

IF I HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT I WILL GLADLY SHARE IT WITH YOU

YA AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' I WANT, NOW PIPE DOWN WHILE I EATS THIS SWELL BIG BAKED PATOOTIE

OLD PAL OF MINE

STOP! OH, MERCY! TAKE YOUR FORK OUT OF UNCLE HYMIE

WHAT IN BLAZES HAS GOT INTO YA, WIMPY? YA GONE PLUMB CRAZY? THAT FREAK POTATO! WHY, IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE POOR UNCLE HYMIE WHO PASSED ON SEVERAL YEARS AGO

IT DOES LOOK LIKE A HOOMAN, DON'T IT? LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT UNCLE HYMIE, HE WAS THE KINDEST SOUL THAT EVER LIVED, "SNIFF" HE LOVED CHILDREN

THAT SO? AND HE WAS ALWAYS KIND TO WOMEN—IN FACT, HE LOVED ALL WOMEN—HIS HEART WAS OF GOLD

I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE MY GRIEF (SNIFF)—UNCLE HYMIE WAS VERY DEAR TO ME—SURELY, YOU WOULD NOT EAT THAT POTATO

POPEYE, MY FRIEND, WOULD YOU GIVE TO ME THAT POTATO? I WISH TO PRESERVE IT AS A REMEMBRANCE OF MY POOR OLD UNCLE

OL' WIMPY SURE IS SYMPHANEETIC

'TIS A PITY THAT I HAVE NO GRAVY TO PUT UPON UNCLE HYMIE

