



MRS. SAPPO STOWED HERSELF AWAY IN WOTASNOZZLE'S SPACE-SHIP, THINKING THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO A NEIGHBORING TOWN— SHE HAS NO IDEA THAT SHE IS NOW SEVERAL MILLION MILES FROM EARTH

PROFESSOR, HOW FAR ARE WE FROM EARTH NOW?  
ABOUT FIVE MILLION MILES  
FIVE MILLION MILES FROM MY WIFE

SWELL! SHE WON'T HENPECK ME FOR A LONG TIME

I GET A KICK OUT OF OLD SAPPO. HA! HA!  
YEAH, HE KEEPS ASKING ME HOW FAR AWAY WE ARE FROM HIS WIFE— AND THE FARTHER WE GO THE HAPPIER HE GETS

I'M GETTING TIRED OF HIDING AWAY— I'M GOING OUT WITH THE MEN— AND I'M HUNGRY, TOO

HOW FAR AM I AWAY FROM MY WIFE NOW?

ABOUT TWO INCHES, YOU WORM!!

**Thimble Theatre**

HEY, POPEYE, I CAME OVER TO VISIT AND YOU WALK OUT ON ME— WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?  
I YAM INVENTIN' SUMPIN'

IT'S ALL FINISHED, OLIVE, COME IN AN SEE IT— HOT DORG, IT'S A HONEY! AN' I THINK IT UP, MESELF

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON IT FOR SIX MUNT'S DURIN' ME SPARE TIME— IT MAY LOOK SIMPLE, BUT IT'S REALLY VERY COMPLICATED  
MY GOSH! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A LABOR-SAVIN' MACHINE— I CALLS IT—"POPEYE'S INFINK UNERWEAR PUTTER-ONER"

YA SEE, I PUTS A STACK OF INFINK UNERWEAR IN HERE— THE THING ON TOP IS FULL OF SAFETY-PINS

NEXT I DROPS SWEEPEA INTO THIS HOLE— YALL NOTICE HE AIN'T GOT NO UNERWEAR ON

NOW I TURNS THE CRANK TILL THE POINTER POINTS TO WHERE IT SAYS DONE  
CLANK  
RATTLE

I'LL TURN IT NOW IF YER TIRED— I JUST ABOUT GOT ME WIND BACK  
CLANK

WHHEW  
CLANK

WHOOPEE! IT WORKS! HE'S OUT AN' HIS UNERWEAR IS ON!!

YOU BIG SAP!! WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO PUT IT ON BY HAND?  
SAY— YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

THEY DONT DO THINGS BY HAND NO MORE— THIS IS THE MACHINE AGE— I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA!!  
CONTINUED

