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GET OUT YOUR DREAM-SOLIDIFIER DOPE, PROF.—MY WIFE'S ASLEEP AND I WANT TO SEE WHAT SHE'S DREAMING ABOUT

SHE'S DREAMING ABOUT THAT DARN BARBER AGAIN!

YOU KNOW I'M AN ARTIST—WELL—I WANT TO ERASE THAT BARBER AND DRAW MY PICTURE INTO HER DREAM—HAVE YOU GOT A DREAM-ERASER?

I INVENTED ONE THIS MORNING—I'LL GET IT

THERE, BY GOLLY! THAT'S BETTER

POOEY

Thimble Theatre

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!! POPEYE AND OLIVE GOING ON A PICNIC

NOW ISN'T THAT LOVELY

MY GORSH!! HERE COMES WIMPY—OUR DAY IS SPOILT

YOO-HOO! ARE YOU GOING ON A PICNIC? AH, SPLENDID! I SHALL JOIN YOU

BETTER LET HIM EAT WITH US... HE'LL BE A PEST IF WE DON'T

OLIVE—YA GOT EYES LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS AN' YER BREATH IS LIKE FOG ON THE MEADOW I LOVES YA

WHY SHOULD HE HAVE A SWEET HEART AND ME NOT HAVE A SWEET HEART?

MY DEAR, YOUR BEAUTY PUTS TO SHAME THIS FLOWER—YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN

A FLOWER IN HUMAN FORM—CHEEKS IN BLOSSOM—BLOSSOMS, PINK LIKE TREE ROSES—YOUR SKIN—THE SKIN OF THE LILY

OH, MISTER WIMPY, YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS

LISTEN, HONEY, HE DOES, TOO, MEAN IT—AW, SHUT UP!

HE DON'T MEAN IT—HE AIN'T SINCERE

YOUR BREATH THE BREATH-OF VIOLETS

OH, OLIVE OVL, YOU ARE YOUTH IN BLOOM

MOOOOOO

I BEG PARDON?

AH, LITTLE HAMBURGER ON THE HOOF—YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN

YOUR BREATH—THE BREATH OF VIOLETS—LITTLE COWSY WOWSY, YOU ARE YOUTH IN BLOOM

HAW! HAW! HAW!

