



APPO
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SAPPO IS TESTING MY DREAM PILLOW— I'LL SPRAY THE AIR AND SEE WHAT DREAM HE WISHED FOR

I HOPE WOTTASNOZZLE DOESN'T SHOW UP, ANYWAY. HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME WITH THIS BEARD

HE ISN'T SO DUMB I THINK I'LL JOIN HIM

H'YA, SAPPO? HOW'S MY PAL?

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

WIGGLE LINE MOVIE

CUT OUT ALL OF HEAVY BLACK LINES IN EYES— CUT SLITS ALONG THE FOUR DOTTED LINES— CUT OUT WIGGLE STRIP AND—

LENGTHEN IT BY PASTING BLANK PAPER TO EACH END. THEN PUT IT THROUGH SLITS— PASTE ENDS OF SMALL STRIPS AND STICK OVER TOP AND BOTTOM SLITS—

DON'T TRY TO KID ME. YOU'RE JOHN SAPPO.

MY NAME IS JONES— I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS.

WHY YOU #0:0:00 TAKE THEM OFF. I KNOW YOU!

OUCH! LET GO MY BEARD!

NO, DOCTOR, HE'S NOT VIOLENT, BUT YOU'D BETTER COME QUICK— RIGHT AWAY.

Thimble Theatre

MOTHER, I'LL NEVER GET OVER IT!! I'D LIKE TO BUST HIS HEAD!

IT WAS A MEAN TRICK

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE THAT DOWN. WHY, THE OLD GOAT, SHAVING HIS WHISKERS

FIXING HIMSELF TO LOOK LIKE POPEYE AND SHAVING HIS WHISKERS MAKING LOVE TO ME!!

I COULD KILL POOPDECK PAPPY

AW, DON'T THINK TOO HARD OF ME POPPA— HE'S A OL' MAN

HECK, YES, I ADMITS IT WAS A ARFUL THING TO DO— BUT HE WAS JUS' HAVIN' SOME FUN

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM— I HATE HIM!

I SUSPOSE ME POOR OL' POPPA NEVER HAD NO BRANGIN' UP

IMAGINE MY EMBARRASSMENT! IMAGINE THAT HORRID OLD POOPDECK KISSING ME! UGH!

POPEYE— YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN THAT CAN KISS ME

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

POPEYE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA— MY BROTHER HAS A TATTOOING OUTFIT— I'M GOING TO MARK YOU

YOUR POPPA WON'T BE ABLE TO FOOL ME ANYMORE— I CAN LOOK AT YOUR BACK AND TELL IF IT'S YOU OR NOT

TWO WEEKS LATER

I THINK I'LL DROP OVER AND SEE MY SWEETY

HELLO, POPEYE, DARLING. HOW ARE YOU?

OKAY, HONEY

AND— POEY TO YOU, YOU OLD GOAT!!

GNATS TO YOU, MADAM

MY BROTHER IS DOING FINE IN HIS NEW BUSINESS!

ZATSO

YES— HE CALLS HIMSELF A TATTOO ARTIST NOW— SPEAKIN' OF TATTOOS—

ME POPPA, JUS' LATELY GOT A STAR TATTOOED ON HIS BACK

ERF! ERF!

