



Thimble Theatre Starring POPEYE
 by TOM SIMS and B. ZABOY
 HOW DO YA BLOW SMOKE RINGS, WIMPY?
 QUITE SIMPLE, MY LITTLE FRIEND

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

I MERELY FORCE THE SMOKE OUT WITH A FLIP OF MY TONGUE

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

AHOY, POPEYE, KIN YA BLOW SMOKE RINGS?

KIN I BLOW SMOKE RINGS?
 YES, KIN YA BLOW SMOKE RINGS?
 WELL, I AIN'T TRIED IN A LONG, LONG TIME

WAIT TILL I GETS ME MOUT' FULL O' SMOKE

OKAY

I WANNA SEE HOW YA DOES IT—DO YA FLIP 'EM OUT WITHCHA TONGUE?

HOW KIN I DO IT, IF YA GOTCHER HEAD IN ME MOUT'?

OH, ESCISE ME

YOU SIT OVER HERE, SWEET'PEA

I HAFTA KEEP ME MIND ON WHAT I YAM TRYNA DO

NOW I GETS SMOKE IN ME MOUT' AG'IN

?

MY GORSH!—A SQUARE ONE!

TOM SIMS & B. ZABOY 2-27

WICKY MOUSE
 by WALT DISNEY
 I WOULD HAFTA GET INDIGESTION ON A WORLD WHERE NOBUDDY EVER HAS IT!
 SO THEY ARREST US FOR SPREADING PROPAGANDA!

THEY CLAIM WE'RE TRYING TO WEAKEN PEOPLE'S MORALE!

OKAY, YOU TWO! DRAG YOUR BALL AND CHAINS AND FOLLOW ME! TIME FOR YOUR TRIAL!

LOOK! NOT A FRIEND AMONG THEM, GOOFY!

NOPE! GUESS MR. BUBLY DESERTED US!

CIVIC COURT

..AND LOOK AT THE JUDGE, GOOFY! HE'S PLENTY MEAN-LOOKING!

IT IS THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE SODIUM HEMISPHERE THAT YOU BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD, AT DAWN TOMORROW!

BUT, YOUR HONOR... WE... WE...!

THAT'S ALL!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONERS, MICKEY!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY!

IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THAT NAZI PROFESSOR AND HIS RAY MACHINE! HE PROJECTED US TO THIS SODA ATOM!

I WOULDN'T MIND GOIN' IF I WAS BACK ON EARTH!

VISITOR! MR. BUBLY!?

NOW DON'T YOU MEN WORRY! I'M WORKING ON YOUR CASE... I'VE GOT ANGLES!

LATER!

I'VE DONE IT! IT'S CALLED OFF... NO HANGING FOR YOU BOYS AT DAWN!

WHAT?

YES, SIR! BUBLY NEVER LET A FRIEND GO DOWN!

WHEE!

JUDGE, I SAYS, JUDGE! YOU CAN'T HANG MY FRIENDS AT DAWN TOMORROW! SO HE CALLS IT OFF...

GOOD OLD MR. BUBLY!

...UNTIL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW AND YOU GET THE FIRING SQUAD!

