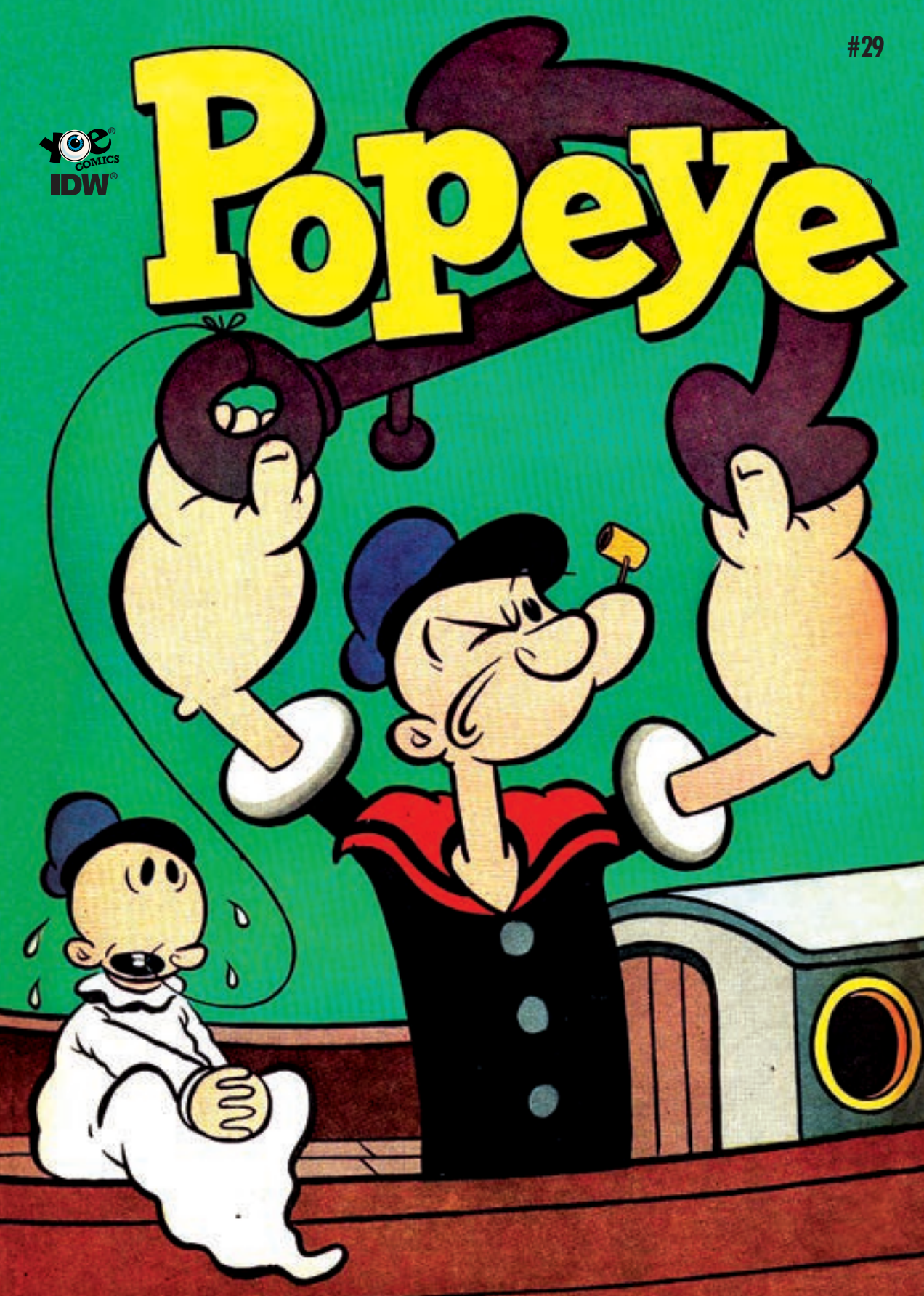




Poppeye



• Classic Comics •



Garry, the cat, was very proud of the nine lives he claimed he had. He never missed a chance to tell all of the other animals on the street that he had been given nine lives because he was so much smarter than any of the other pets in the neighborhood.

"I am not only the smartest animal on the block," he was always saying, "I am also the bravest. After all I have nine lives to toss around. I can afford to gamble a life now and then."

The thing that made his bragging so hard for the other animals to take was the fact that he usually was the bravest of the gang. He was so sure that he had nine lives that he wouldn't hesitate to tackle any dangerous enemy that invaded the neighborhood. Even though it had happened two years ago, Garry was still bragging about the rattlesnake he had killed.

"Someday that Garry is going to realize that nine lives don't mean as much as he thinks," remarked the wise old owl that lived in the oak tree on the corner. "In my book you can only die once."

It wasn't more than two or three days after the owl had said this that a great stir was created on the block by a new family moving into the old Smith house. A new family on any street is an exciting event and Garry's street was no exception.

"I must go over as soon as they are settled and let any pets they have know how brave I am," said the boastful feline as he and a group of other animals watched the unload-

ing of the moving van from across the street.

"Better wait and see if they have any dogs and how big they are before you go calling," laughed the old owl.

"Don't be silly," mewed Garry, "with nine lives I have nothing to fear."

It took most of the day for the moving men to get all of the furniture into the house and it was late in the evening before the people who had rented the house arrived. As it was dark and all of the other animals on the street were in their own homes only the old owl watched the folks drive in. In the morning, when all of the pets gathered across the street to look over the new neighbors, the owl had a word of advice for them.

"I think it would be best if all of you stayed clear of the back yard of that house until you've had a chance to become acquainted with the animal pets who are now living there."

"HA! HA!" laughed Garry scornfully, just as the wise old owl knew he would. "Listen to old scary! BAH! I'm not afraid! I've got nine lives and if I waste one of 'em I'll still have eight left."

"Listen to me, Garry! Stay away from that back yard!" warned the old fellow again.

But his warning was wasted because Garry was halfway across the street. All of the other animals laughed and were happy because they knew this was just what the wise old owl had wanted Garry to do.

(Continued on inside back cover)

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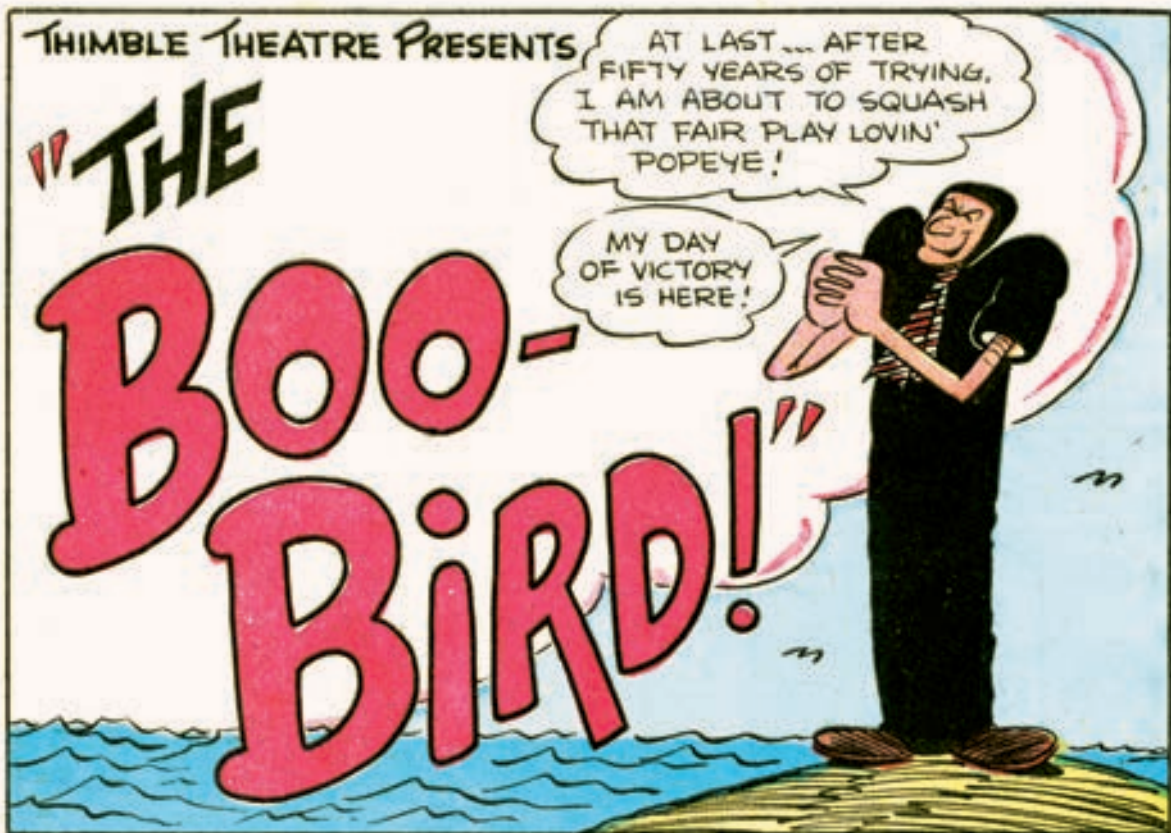
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

"THE

BOO-BIRD!"

AT LAST... AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF TRYING, I AM ABOUT TO SQUASH THAT FAIR PLAY LOVIN' POPEYE!

MY DAY OF VICTORY IS HERE!



PREPARE TO SAIL FOR THE MAINLAND... I'LL GO GET MY GIFT FOR POPEYE!

YES, MASTER!



HEH! HEH!! BOY, WHAT A PRESENT I HAVE FOR THAT SAILOR BOY!

HE'S A DEAD DUCK THIS TIME!



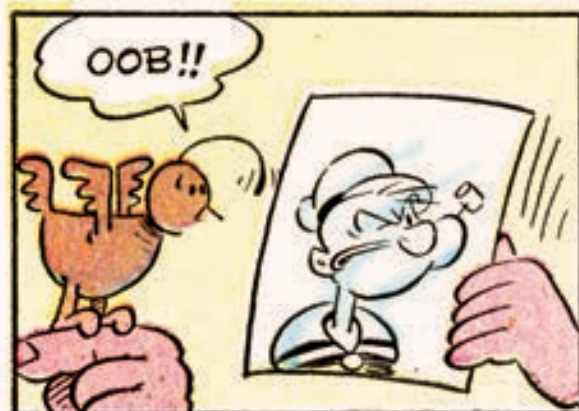
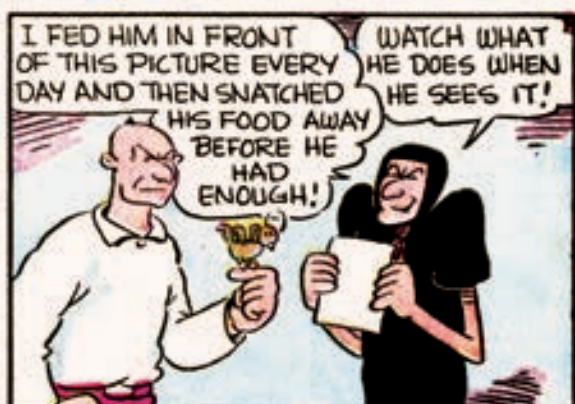
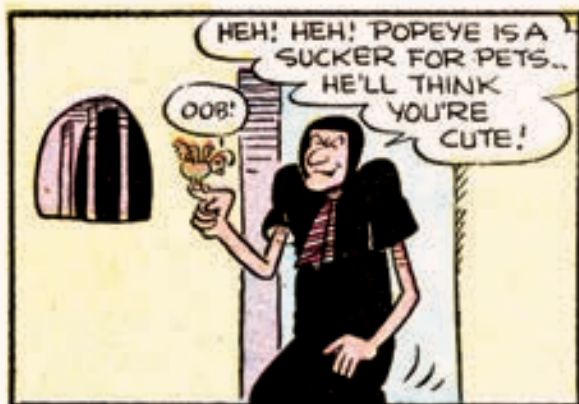
IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO TRAIN THIS GIFT!



HELLO, MY LITTLE PET... READY TO GO VISIT THE BIG BAD SAILORMANS?

OOB!







A FEW WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF J. WELLINGTON WIMPY...



GR-R-R... WHO COULD BE CALLING AT BREAKFAST TIME?

