

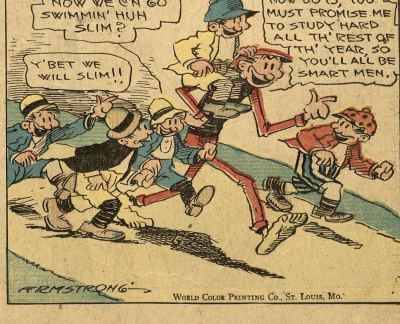
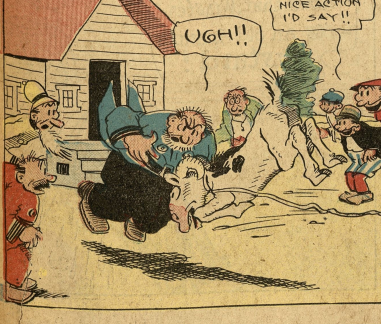
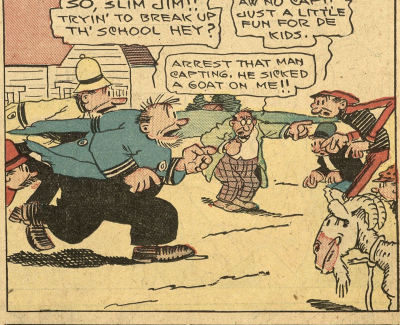
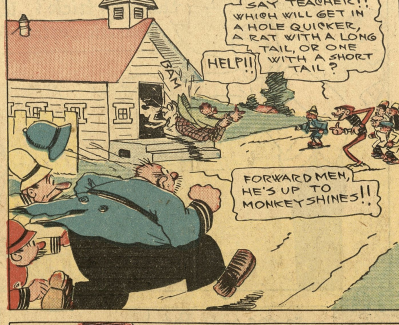
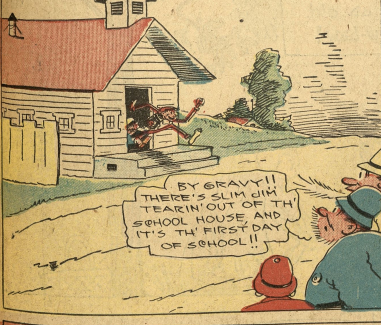
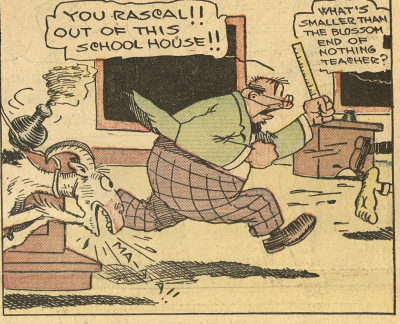
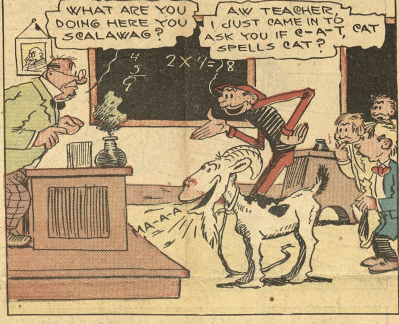
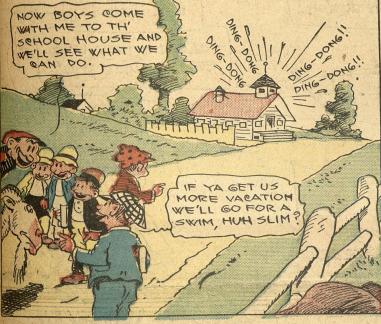
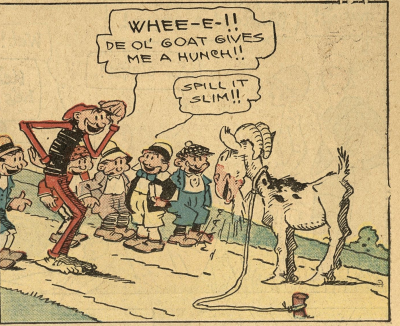
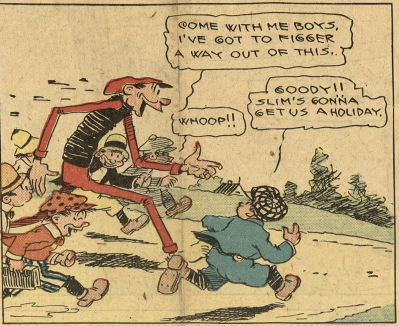
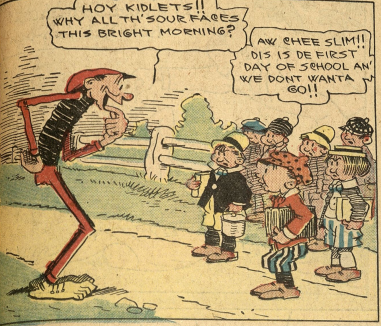
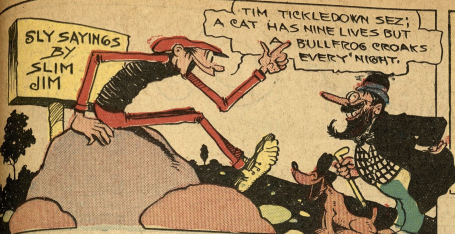
CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,

August 28, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



You may fire when ready, Gridley!

Good-evening folks! -how does an old maid take her pills? -inside 'er heh-heh-heh-in cider!

The Outline of Oscar

AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

Aw'ly musing!

My deat, isn't Winstead a scream!

Wet!

When did the fly fly? When the spider spider!

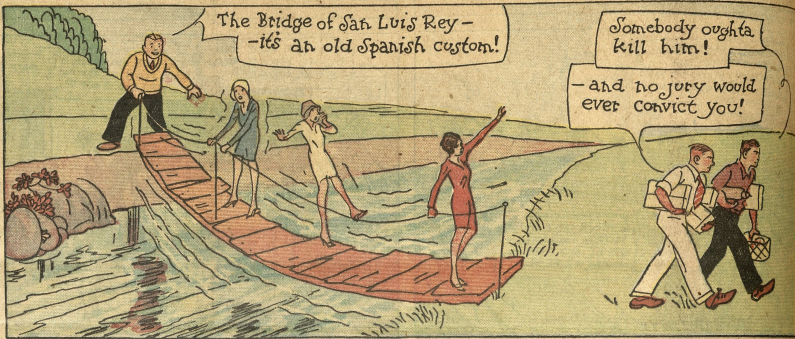
So clever!

He's not funny - he's just funny-looking -

The Inquisition - it's an old Spanish custom - heh-heh-heh-heh!



The Sockadillo - it's an old Spanish custom - har! har! har!



The Bridge of San Luis Rey - it's an old Spanish custom!

Somebody oughta kill him!

-and no jury would ever convict you!



-so the pussy cat said Mousie, mousie, where are you?

So witty!

So original!

So full of spirits!

Gr-r-r!



D'jever hear about Columbus and the egg trick? It's an old Spanish custom - haw-haw!



All set, Larry?

-so one night Pat and Mike came to a lonely farmhouse - it's an old Sp -



How's that, Winstead - it's an old Spanish custard!

ON A CHILLY MORN -

WHO THE DICKENS IS AT THE DOOR AT THIS EARLY HOUR? I WON'T GET OUT OF BED TO ANSWER.

MY GOODNESS! SUCH RINGING AND HAMMERING ON THE DOOR - I'LL LOOK OUT THIS UPSTAIRS WINDOW. -

I CAN'T SEE WHO IT IS ON THE PORCH -

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TODAY.

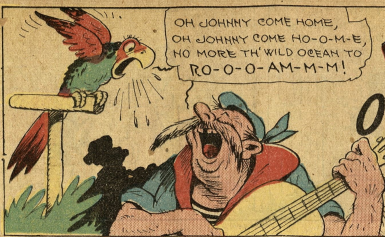
HEY WIFE, IT'S ME! I WANTED TO BRING THE MILK IN AND LOCKED MYSELF OUT -

CAP'N KIDD

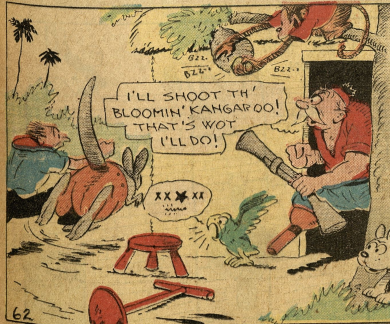
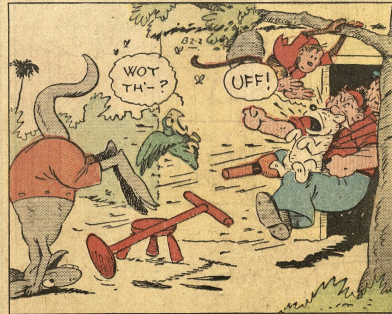
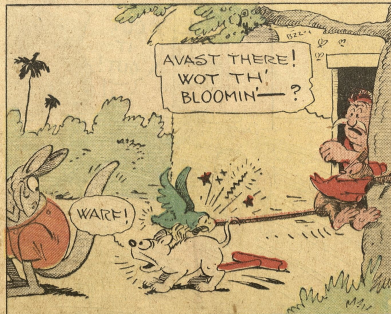
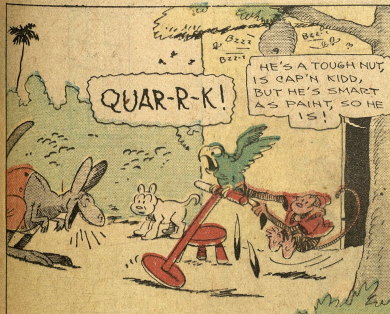
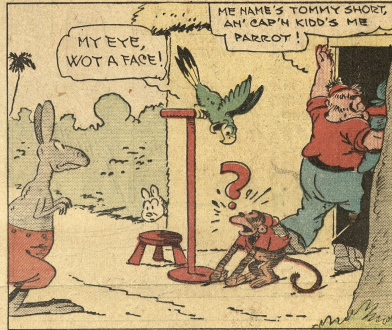
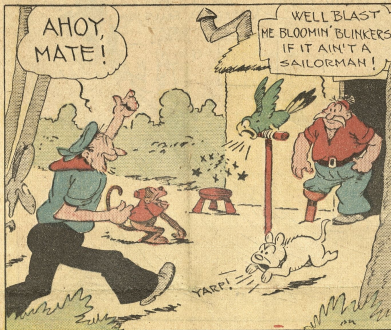
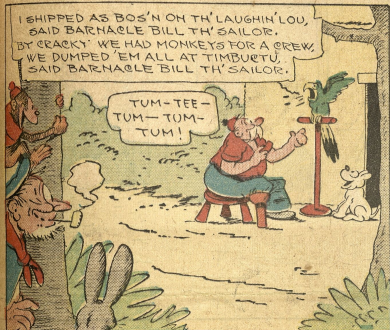
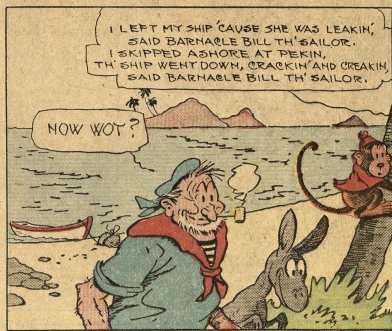
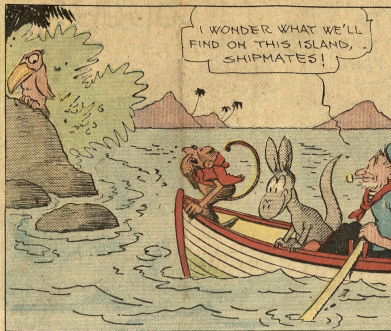
Kangy, Singoot and I had pulled ashore to a little island, wonderin' what we would find there. We'd no sooner landed when we heard someone singin'. Pretty soon we came in sight of a little thatched house at the edge of a coconut grove. In front of th' house was an old sailor with a wooden leg and a big green parrot on a perch, singin' a song.

Th' old sailor was right glad to see us. As he and I went inside th' house to yarn he told me th' parrot's name was Cap'n Kidd, and that he was th' smartest parrot in th' islands. We'd no sooner sat down when a noisy rumpus outside brought us runnin'. Well s'r, I nearly keeled over laughin'. Th' parrot's long

tail-feathers were gone and he was grippin' Singoot's tail with his bill and tryin' to swear at th' same time. Singoot was screechin' and tryin' to climb a tree. Just then Kangy let loose a kick that landed a little dog and th' parrot, whack, right in th' stomach of th' sailor. Then he said he'd shoot th' dodgasted swab of a kangaroo. Then Kangy and I lit out for th' brush. As I ran I looked back just in time to see Singoot grab a hornets' nest from a limb of a tree and drop it onto th' sailor's head. The language they used while fightin' those hornets was somethin' awful. Well s'r, we got away, but I don't think it would be healthy for us to call on him again.



THE YARNS OF BOB'NBU



A LITTLE EARLY ENGLISH PUN—

I KNOW A FELLOW AND 'E 'AS A BIG 'EETTY WIFE—

BOY! OH BOY! SHE'S 'USKY.— SHE CAN FLOOR 'IM EASILY WHEN 'E GETS FRESH—

BUT ONCE IN AWHILE SHE GETS WEAK SPELLS AND—

THEN 'E MAKES 'ER TAKE 'ER MEDICINE.

AND WHAT IS THE MEDICINE, OLD DEAR?

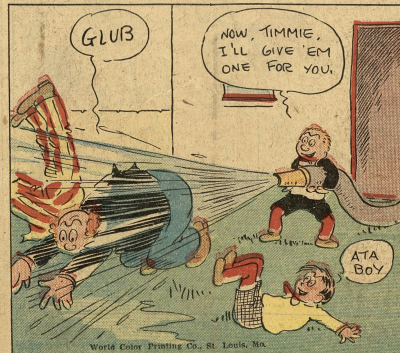
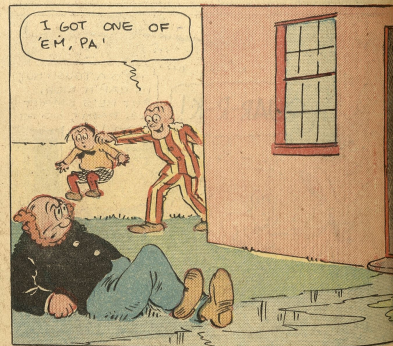
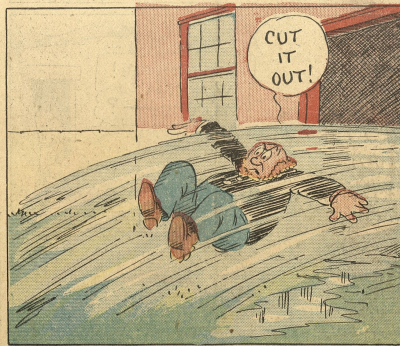
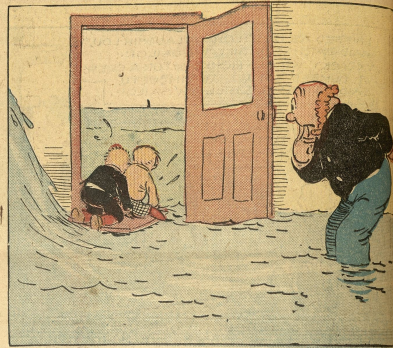
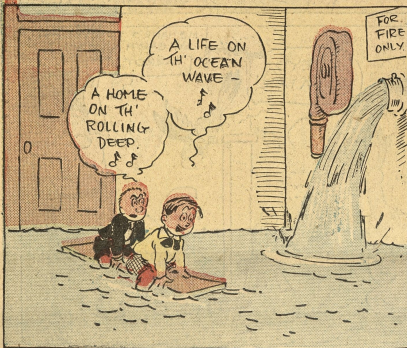
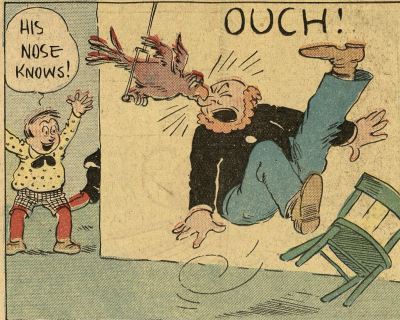
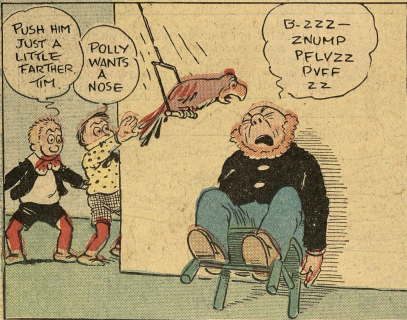
ELIXIR

OH! 'E LICKS 'ER.

The Kelly Kids

TIM AND TOM.

DO YOU THINK THEY CRAWLED IN THERE, DINNY?



World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.