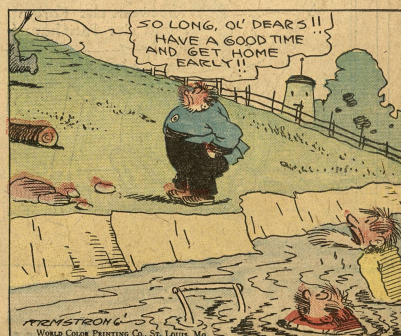
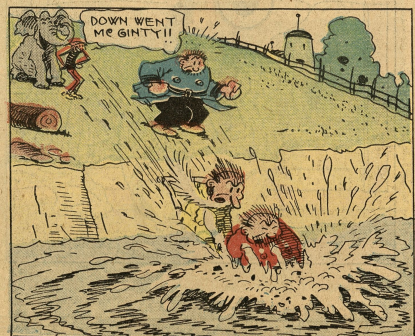
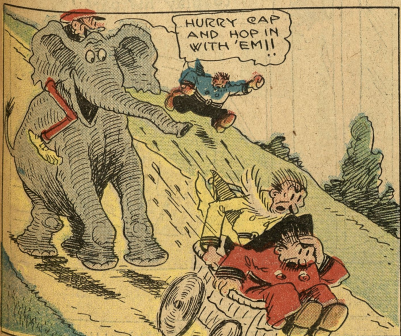
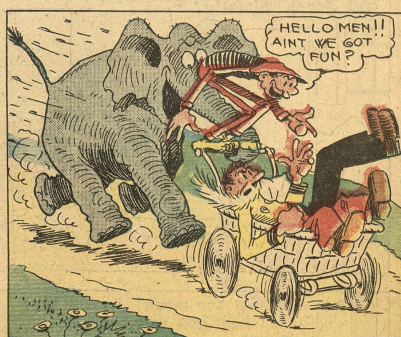
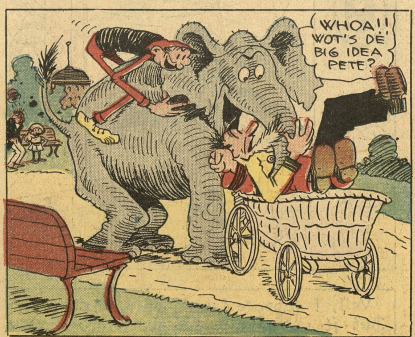
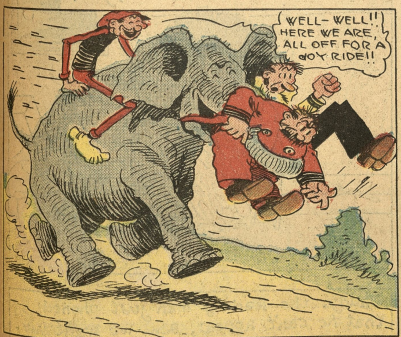
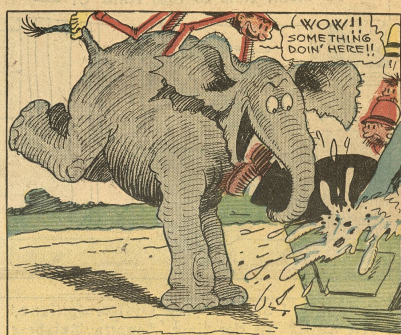
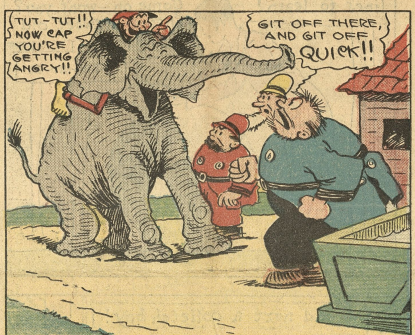
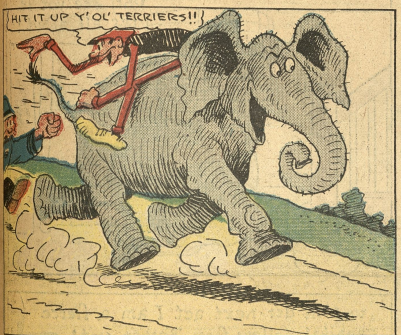
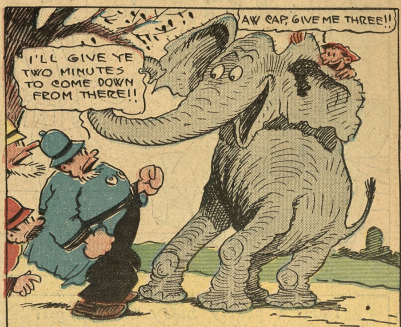
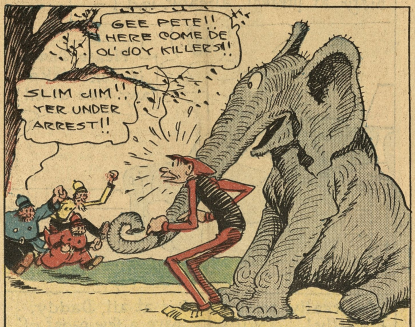
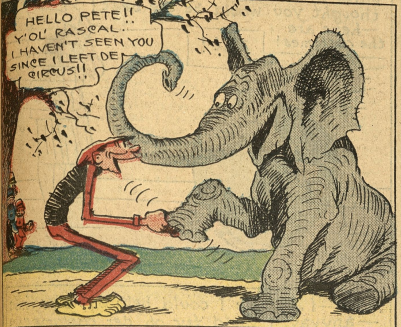


COMIC SECTION

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
 Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,
 October 9, 1931

LIM JIM AND THE FORCE



BLOWIN'
 A MUSICAL MOVIE
 FILM OF FAME

SWEET MELODY

WHADDA YOU WANT?

AN OLD MAN DOWNSTAIRS WANTS YOU TO QUIT BLOWIN'

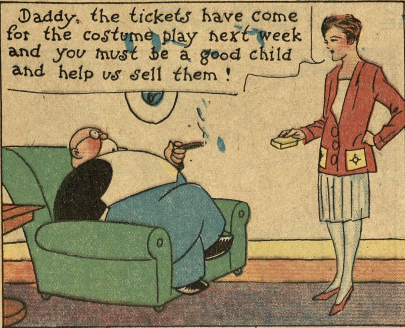
HE SAYS HE CANT READ

TELL THE OLD HICK HE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF

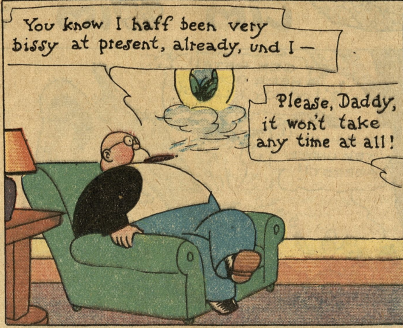
I COULD READ WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD

COMING!
OSCAR MINZ
 THE EMINENT ACTOR
 IN AN ORIGINAL REPERTORY
 OF PLAYS WRITTEN AND
 STAGED BY HIMSELF
 COSTUMES, SCENERY
 AND LIGHTING EFFECTS
 BY THE MINZ STUDIOS
 (ENTIRE PRODUCTION
 UNDER THE PERSONAL
 DIRECTION OF MR. MINZ)
 THE MINZ PRESS
 PROGRAMING PUBLISHERS

The Outline of Oscar

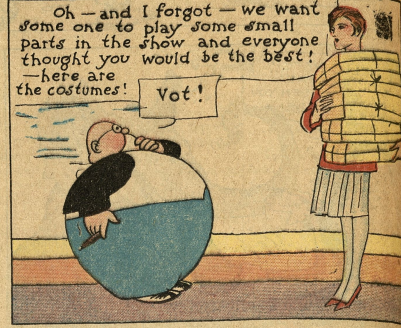


Daddy, the tickets have come for the costume play next week and you must be a good child and help us sell them!



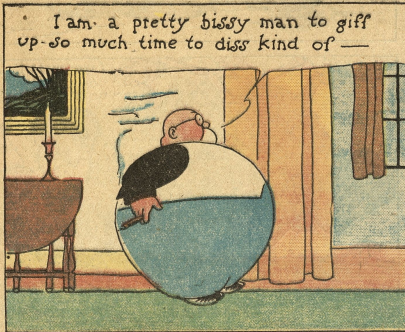
You know I haff been very bissey at present, already, und I—

Please, Daddy, it won't take any time at all!

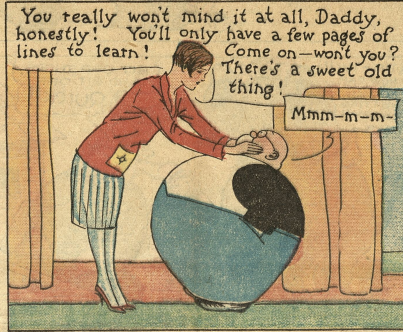


Oh—and I forgot—we want some one to play some small parts in the show and everyone thought you would be the best!—here are the costumes!

Vot!

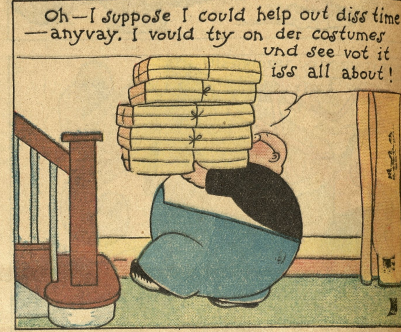


I am a pretty bissey man to giff up so much time to dis kind of—



You really won't mind it at all, Daddy, honestly! You'll only have a few pages of lines to learn! Come on—won't you? There's a sweet old thing!

Mmm-m-m-



Oh—I suppose I could help out dis time—anyway. I vould ttry on der costumes, und see vot it iss all about!



Vell, vell, I haff to play Officer Spillane, vot talks all der time 'Begotta, Bejabers und Begob' already!



— und next a colletch boy!



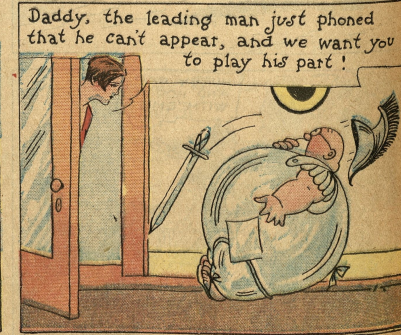
und in der next act I am a fierce cannibal fellow from Borneo, yet!



Diss iss too much! In der last act I haff got to be a Roman soldier and get stabbed between der Forum und der Pantheon!



Vell, I suppose I vould haff to do it! But it iss asking too much of—



Daddy, the leading man just phoned that he can't appear, and we want you to play his part!

BABY.
 HOT 1206

SAY, HE'S A FINE BIG BOY.

I'LL SAY HE IS; AND HE CAN TALK AS PLAIN.

-WAIT, I'LL GET HIM TO SAY "DADDY" FOR YOU.

JACKIE, - SAY "DADDY" FOR THE MAN.

GLUMFF!

THERE.

WOULD YOU WANT IT ANY PLAINER?



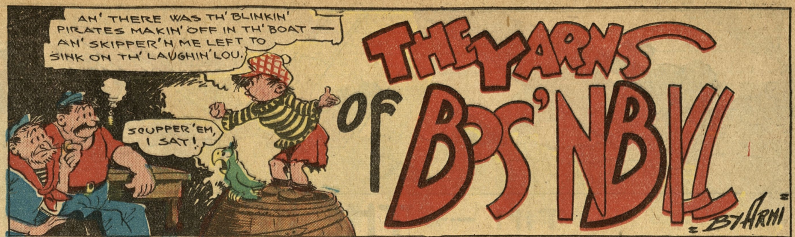
TIM'S YARN

THE MUTINY OF THE LAUGHING LOU

Tim, the little youngestest Tops' Barney and I saved from th' sinkin' ship, Laughin' Lou is goin' to spin a yarn for you today. Here it is:

"Chee, Bill, fer a mid I've had a tough time of it. Me mudder died when I wasn't bigger'n a skeeter's hind leg. Me ol' man would get drunk an' lam me wit' a strap, so I got t'hangin' round de docks in Liverpool, hookin' grub from de ships an' sleepin' in any place I c'd find to crawl into. Me only pal was Skipper, me parrot, dat I fished out of de water one time.

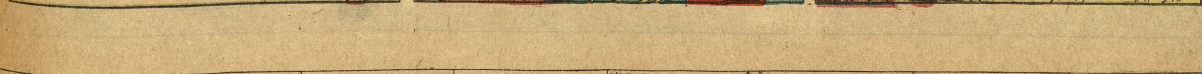
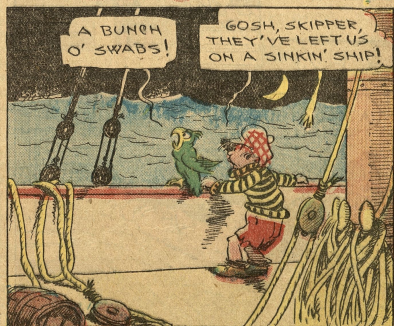
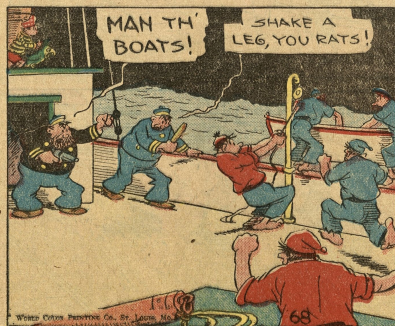
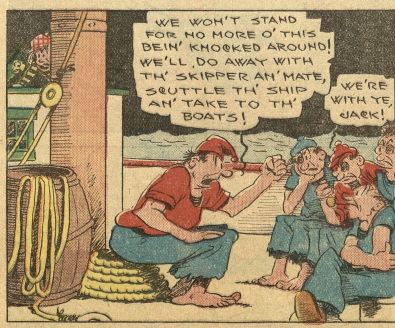
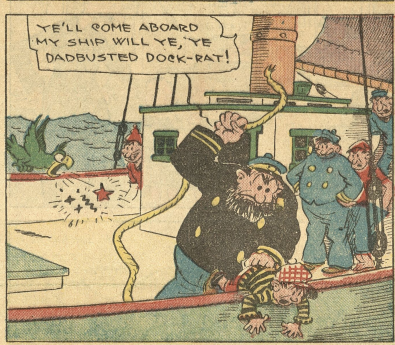
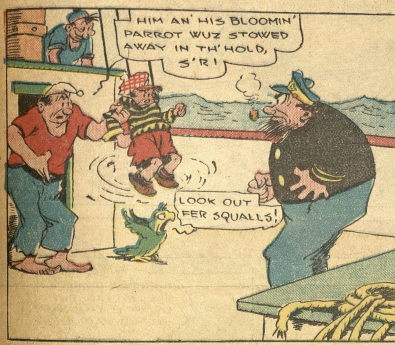
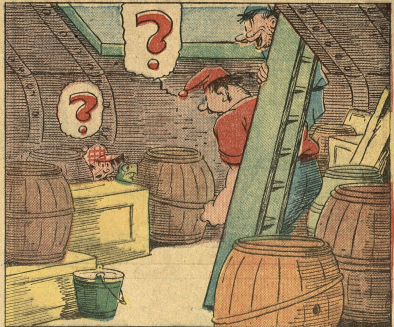
"One cold night Skipper I climbed into de hold of a ship de Laughin' Lou, and went t'sleep in a box of straw. Strike me pink if our box wasn't slidin' and dancin' 'bout de hold when we opened our peepers de next mornin' 'Cripes, I says to Skipper, 'We're at sea!' Just then a big gorilla of a hos'n heaves in sight, grabs me by th' neck, yanks me on deck an' dumps me in front of a tough lookin', fish-eyed cap'n. Th' cap'n grabbed me, turned me over de rail and whanged de daylights outa me wit' a rope's end—de big hum! Course I yelled blue blazes. Good ol' Skipper let out a squawk, nipped hold o' de cap'n's wit' his claws. Up th' riggin' I shinned, an' pretty soon Skipper flew up quarkin' an' perched by me. 'Dat night de crew mutinied, scuttled de ship, an' tried to do fer de cap'n. But de cap'n drove 'em from his cabin wit' a pistol. By dist time de ship was sinkin', so de cap'n an' de mate made de crew lower de boats, an' de whole bunch pulled away an' left Skipper'n me t' go down wit' de ship. An' den, Bill, you'n Barney have in sight in de Lant—an' Skipper'n I's thankin' y' right now fer savin' us."

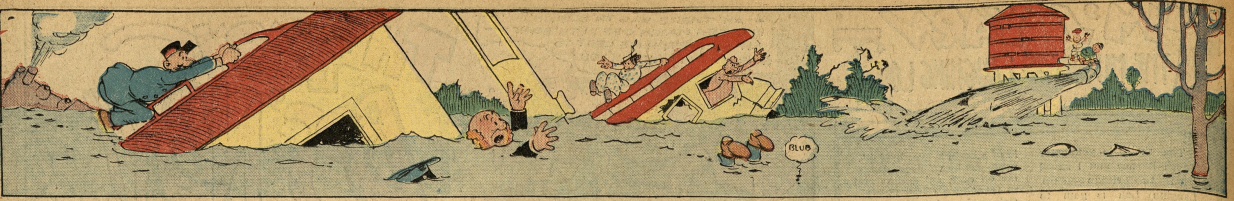


THE YARNS OF BOB'S NBYK

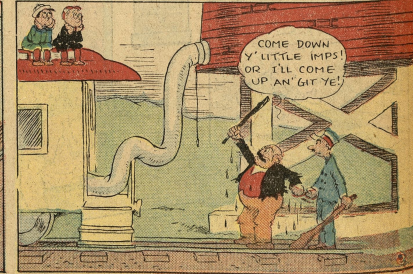
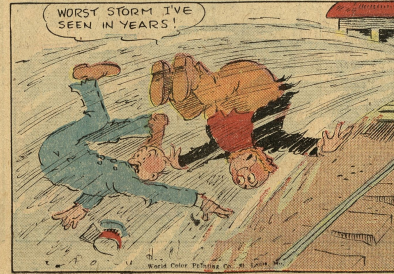
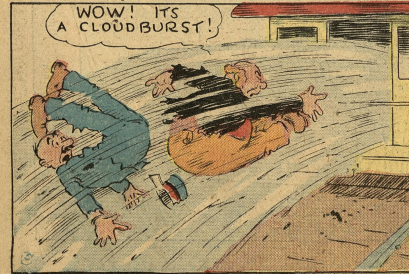
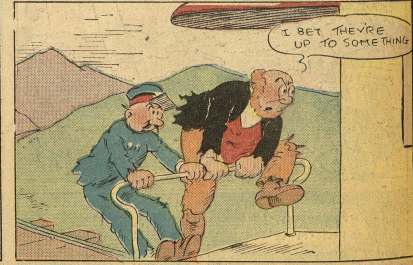
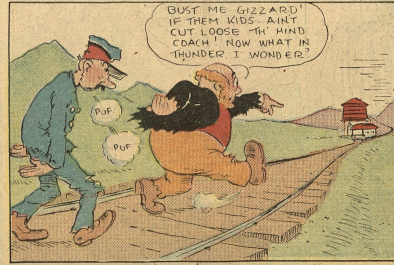
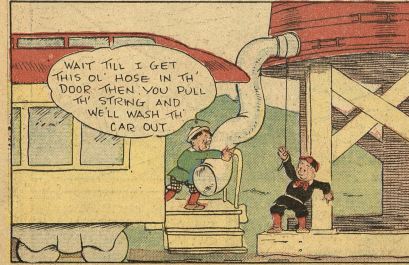
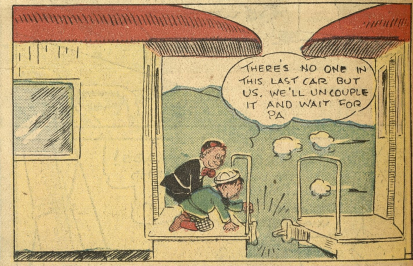
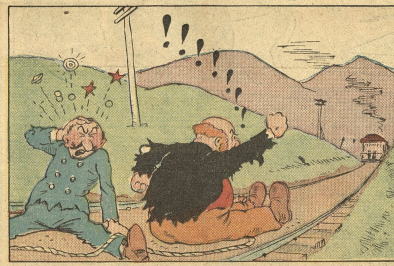
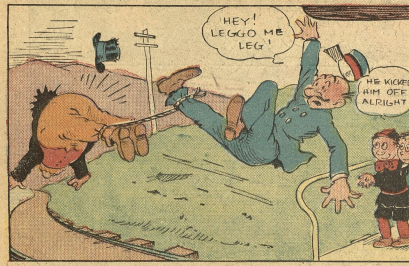
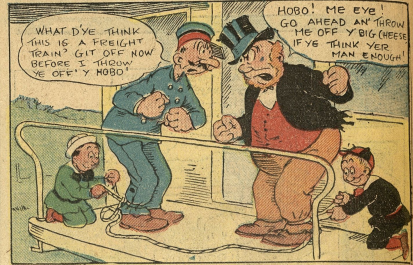
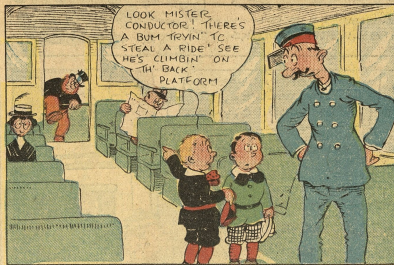
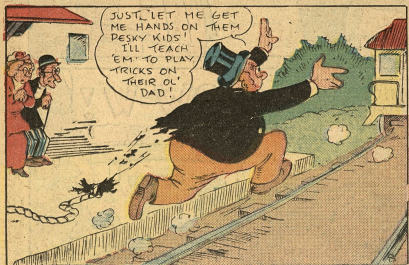
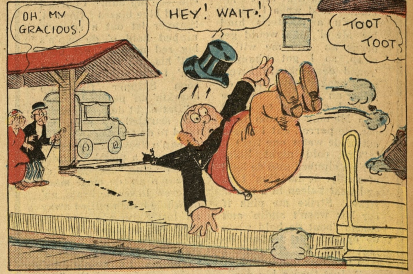
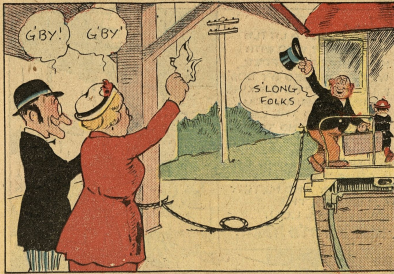
TIM JUST A LITTLE YOUNGESTER, WHO WITH HIS PARROT, SKIPPER, WERE RESCUED BY BOB'S BILL, CAPN OF THE LANUI, LISTEN SPELL BOUND AS TIM UNFOLDS A GRIM TALE OF GREUTY AND MUTINY ON BOARD THE LAUGHING LOU. **HERE'S TIM'S YARN:**

A WHARE, RAT ON THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



EASY. -- JUST LIKE THAT! SNAP! -- ONE REELER.

YES, I'LL BEAT THE OFFICE ALL DAY. -- WHY?

CAN YOU MEET ME IN TOWN?

WHAT FOR?

I'M GOING TO DO SOME SHOPPING.

YOU ARE?

I'M GOING TO BUY MYSELF A SPRING SUIT.

YEAH, -- BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

OH! JUST PAY FOR IT. ALL THATS.