



# Comic Section

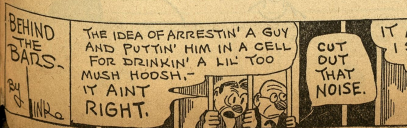
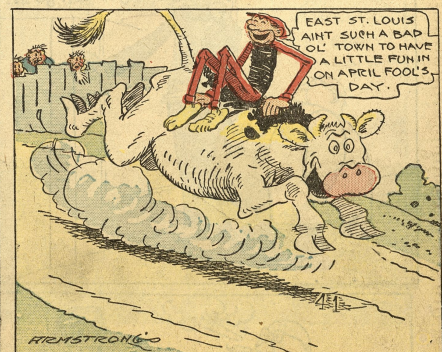
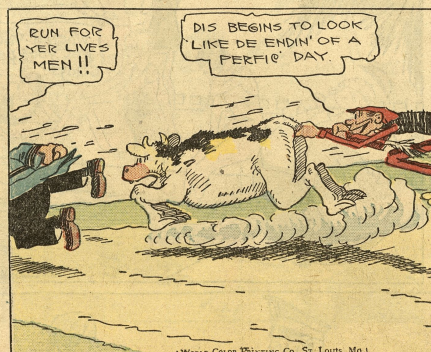
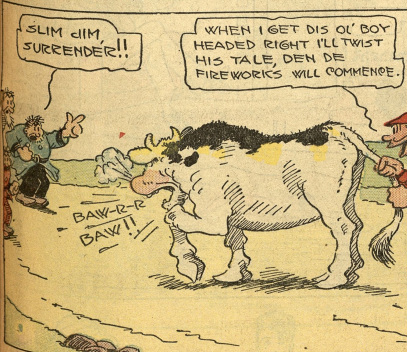
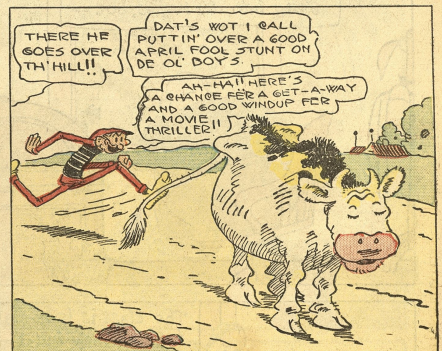
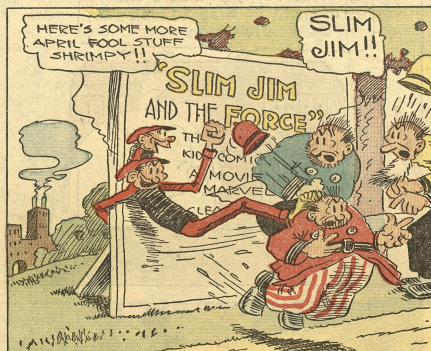
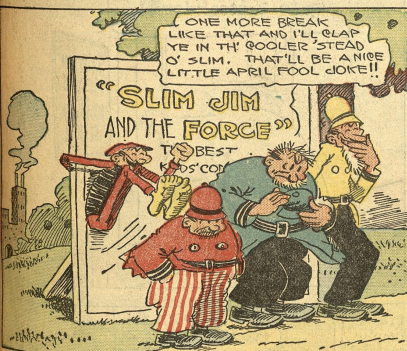
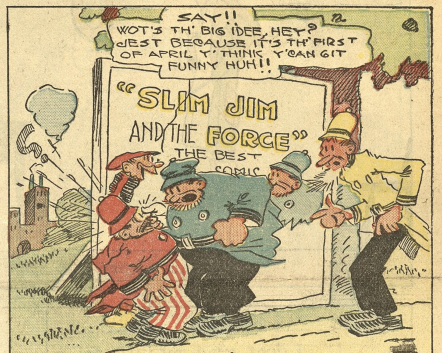
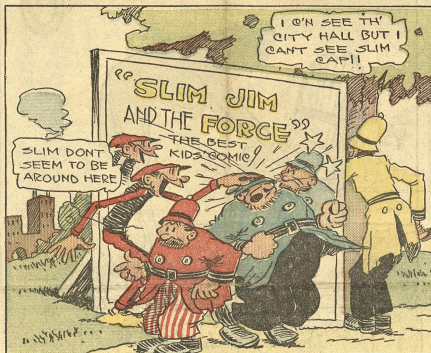
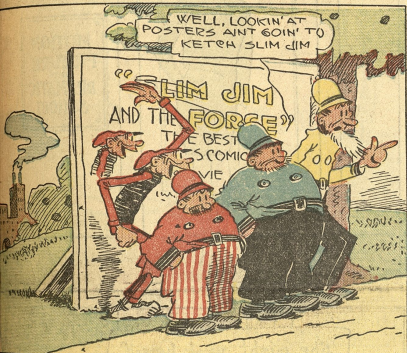
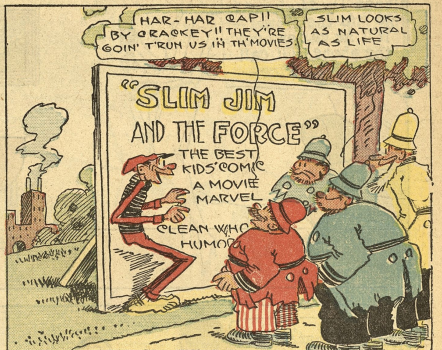
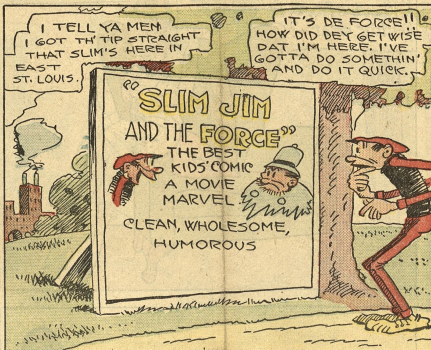
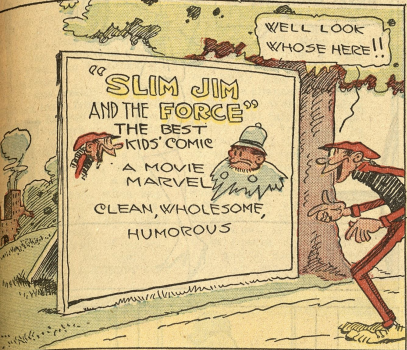
# CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

April 2, 1931

## SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



World Color Printing Co. St. Louis, Mo.



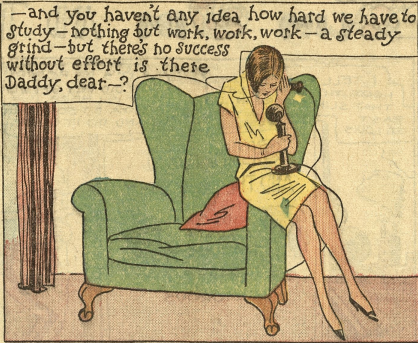
I've always wanted to get into the Movies!

# The Outline of Oscar

## NOTHING BUT WORK



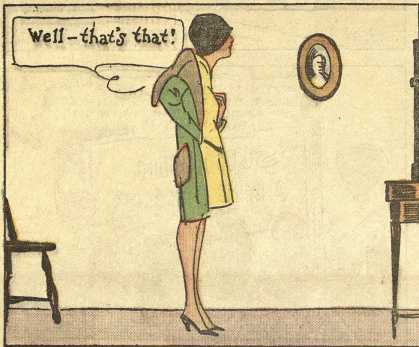
Oh dear—I haven't dated tell Daddy that I'm studying to go into the Movies—it'll be easier over the phone—I'll call his office—



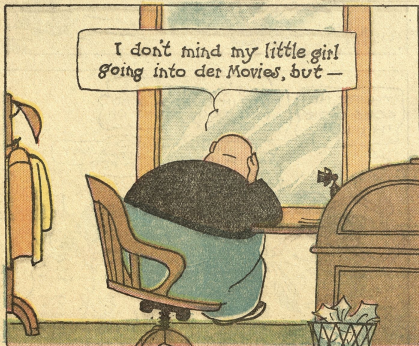
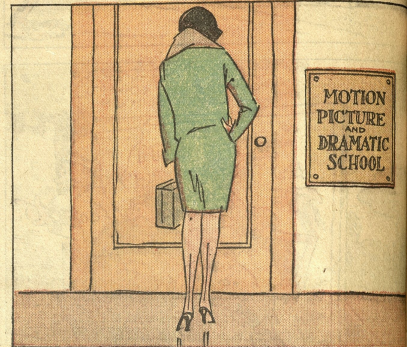
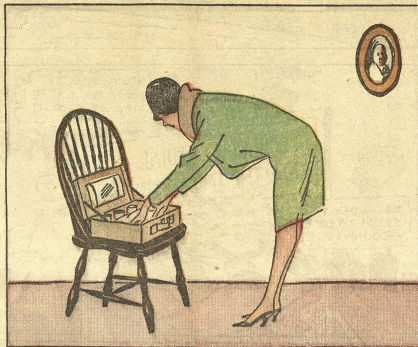
—and you haven't any idea how hard we have to study—nothing but work, work, work—a steady grind—but there's no success without effort is there Daddy, dear—?



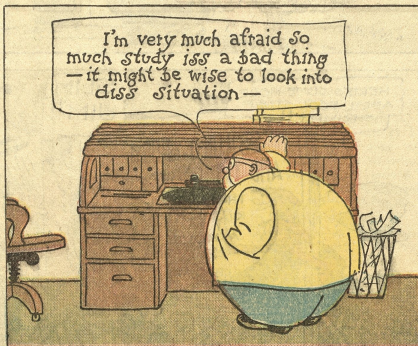
Gee, he took it easily enough—never even peeped



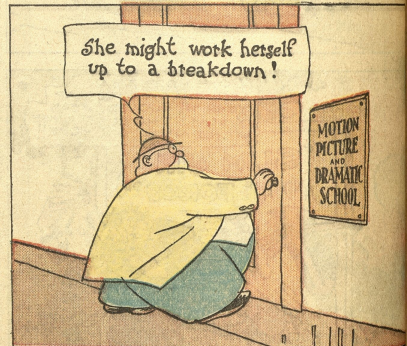
Well—that's that!



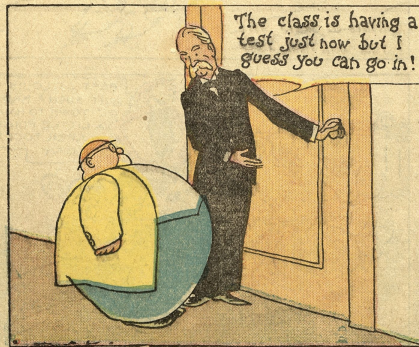
I don't mind my little girl going into der Movies, but—



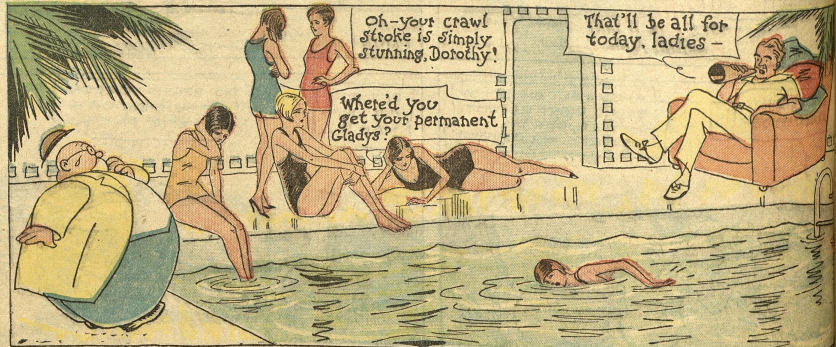
I'm very much afraid so much study iss a bad thing—it might be wise to look into disss situation—



She might work herself up to a breakdown!



The class is having a test just now but I guess you can go in!



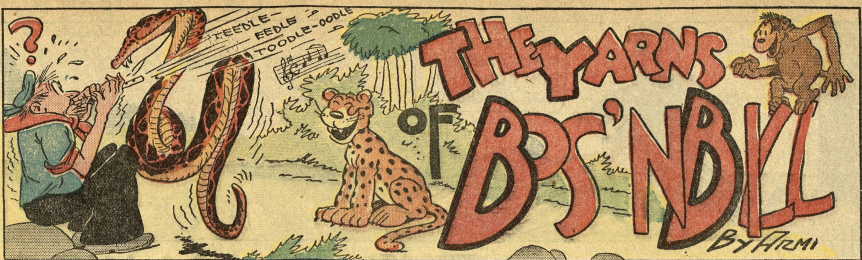
Oh—your crawl stroke is simply stunning, Dorothy!

Where'd you get your permanent Gladys?

That'll be all for today, ladies—



# ASNAKE-DANCE IN THE JUNGLE



# THE YARNS OF BOB'S N' BILL

By FLEM

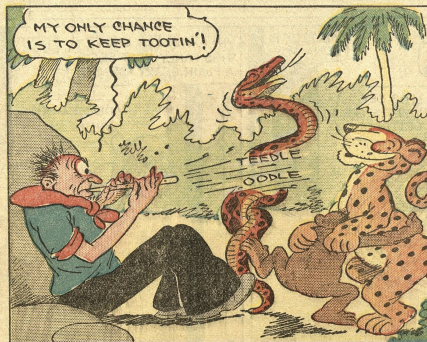
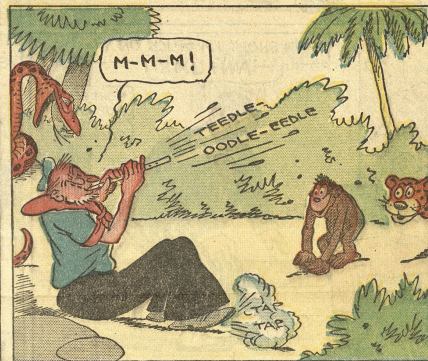
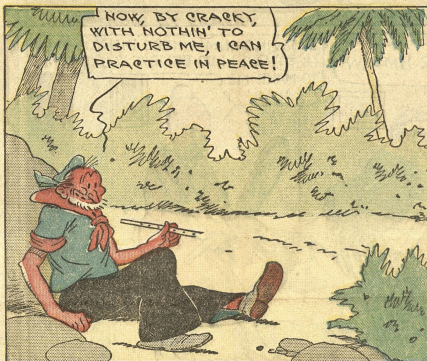
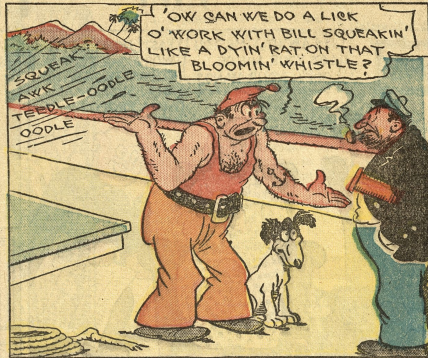
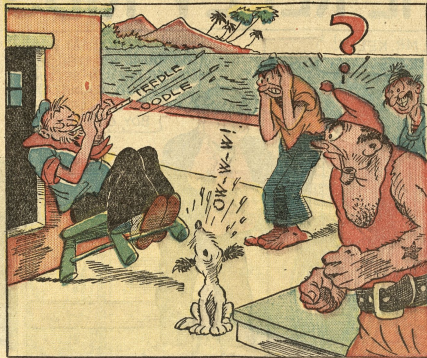
This yarn is about a tin whistle adventure. Our schooner was anchored in Maassar Strait, just off Bontang, a little port on th' island of Borneo. There wasn't much to do on board so I was tootin' away on my tin whistle, thinkin' I was makin' pretty good music. I guess my music must have been pretty bad for one of th' crew growled to th' skipper that it would be a pretty good idea to chuck me overboard.

I was gettin' so many mean looks from all hands that I hopped into a boat, pulled ashore and headed for th' jungle where nobody would kick. Well s'r, I'd been tootin' away with my eyes closed, havin' a regular feast of music, when happenin' to open my peepers I saw somethin' that fairly raised my hair.

Right in front of me was a whoopin' big snake, a leopard, and a grinnin' ape.

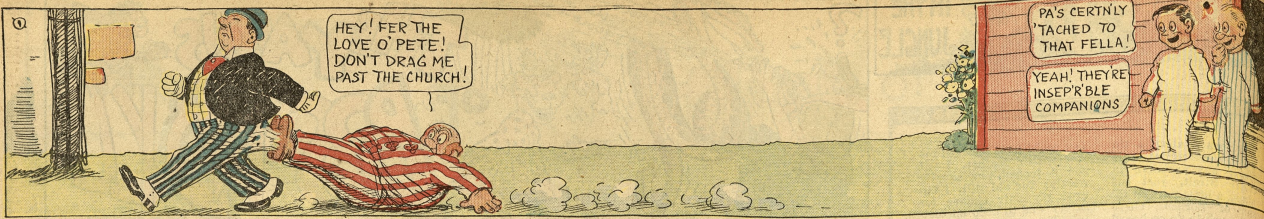
You could have knocked me over with a feather. I tell you it looked like squally weather for old Bill. I figured my only chance for safety was to keep on tootin'. Then, scared as I was, I almost laughed, for th' snake, th' leopard, and th' ape all started to hop around and dance.

After awhile I began to get tired of th' show so I thought I'd blow a sour note, figurin' it might scare 'em away long enough to give me a chance to get back to my boat. Well s'r, I blew a blast that fairly shook th' leaves on th' trees. I'll be dingbusted if th' whole lot of 'em didn't streak for th' jungle. And me? I hit for th' boat so fast my shoes smoked. And then, just as I was pullin' away, I'll be swiggered if th' big snake and his pals didn't come out of th' jungle, actually grinnin', and th' ape was tootin' away on my tin whistle.

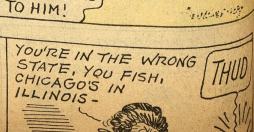
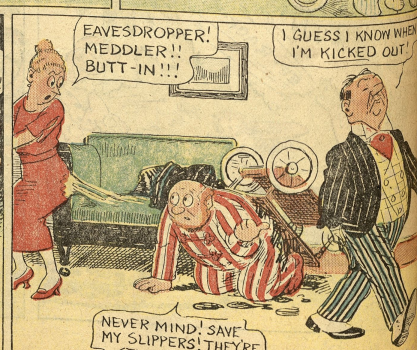
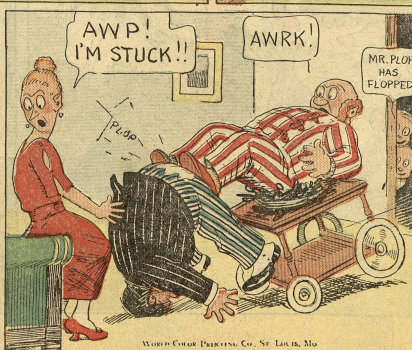
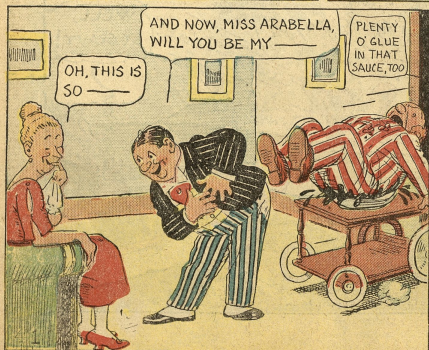
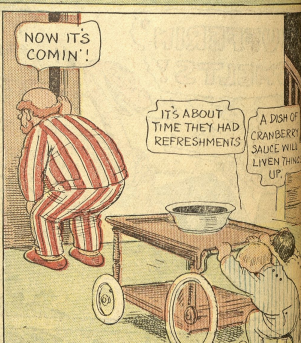
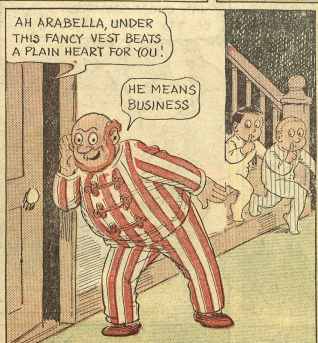
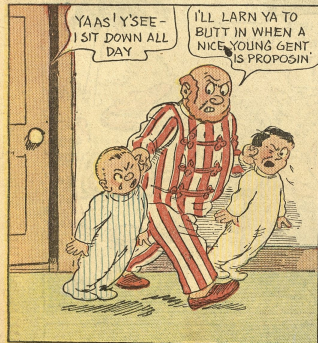
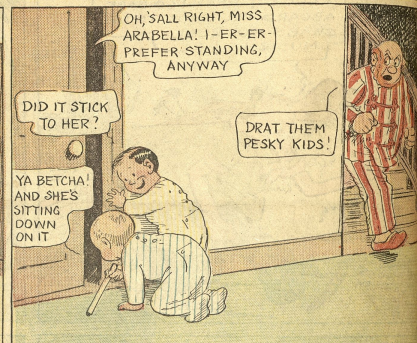
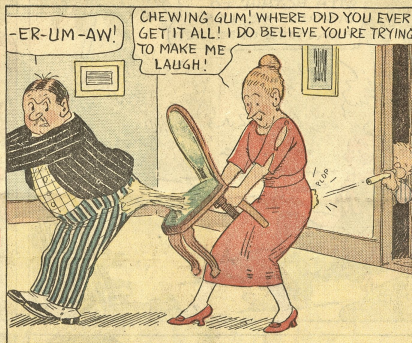
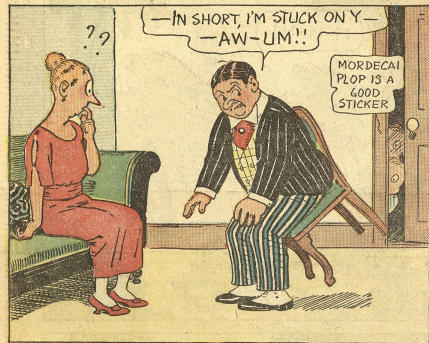
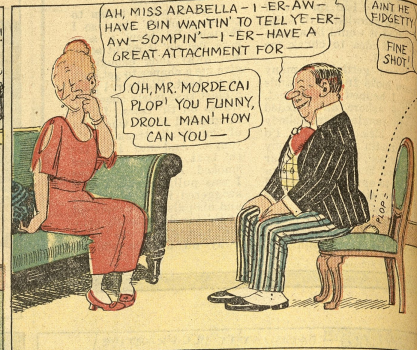
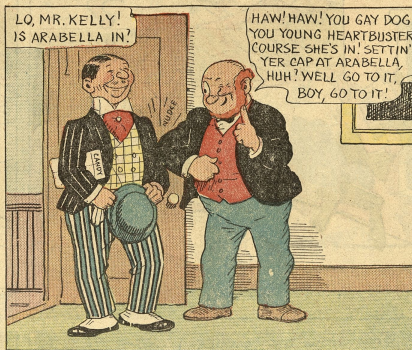
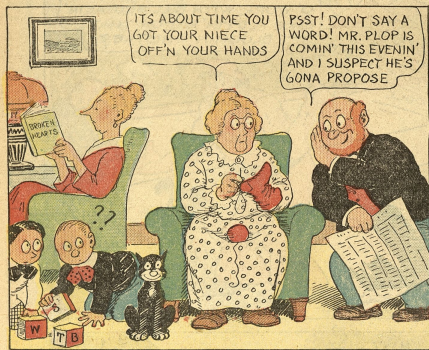


AREN'T THOSE YELLOW SLICKERS WHICH THE COLLEGE BOYS WEAR. SIMPLY TERRIBLE? AND THE BACKS ALL PAINTED WITH DESIGNS ETC - THOSE LONG SLICKERS MAKE THE BOYS LOOK LIKE TOTEM POLES. YES, BUT THERE ARE TWO GOOD THINGS ABOUT 'EM. WHAT'RE THEY, NELLIE? WELL, THEY PROTECT THEIR NAKED ANKLES AND HIDE THOSE TERRIBLE PANTS -





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



WORLD COLOR PUBLISHING CO. - NY - LUCK, MO

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