

SLIM SAYINGS
BY
SLIM
JIM

A DYSPETIC OLD GROUGH
FROM MAIN,
SAID CONFOUNDT I CANT
EAT FOR THE PAIN.
BY BRACKY I'LL FAST,
HE DID TO THE LAST,
AND NOW HE'S DAFKY,
SOME CALL IT INSANE.

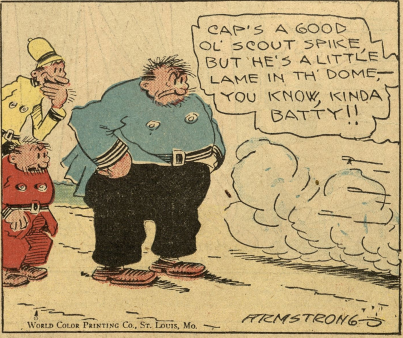
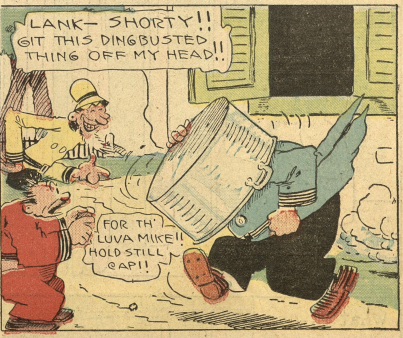
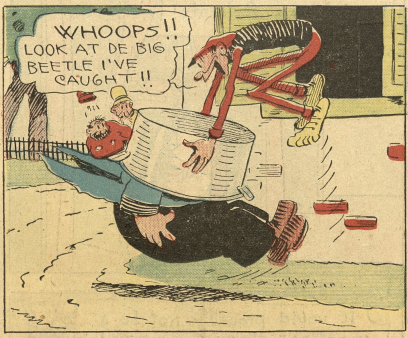
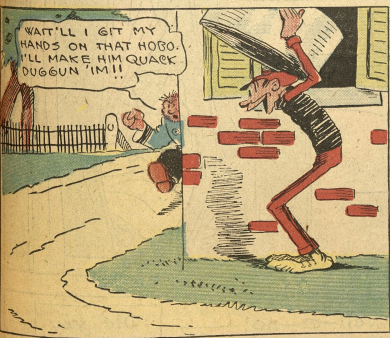
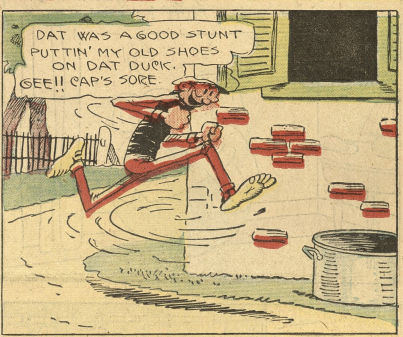
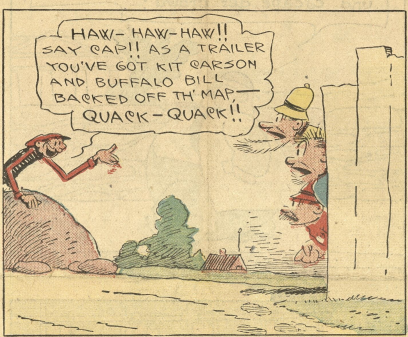
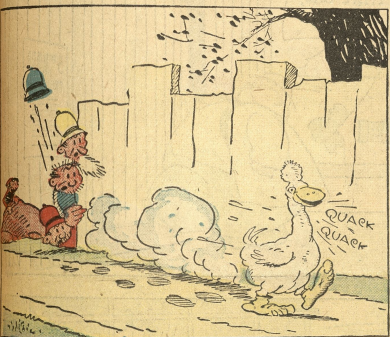
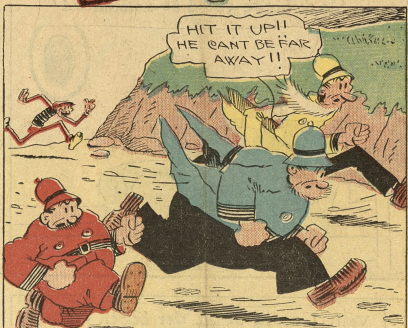
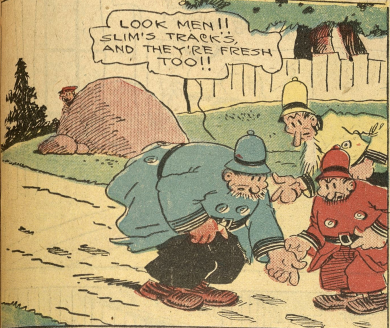
COMIC SECTION

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,
October 2, 1931

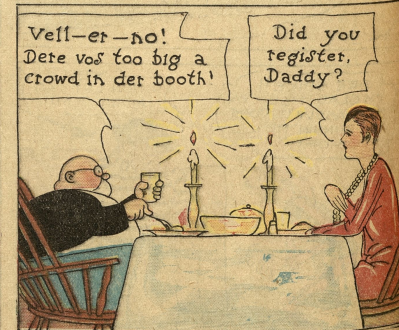
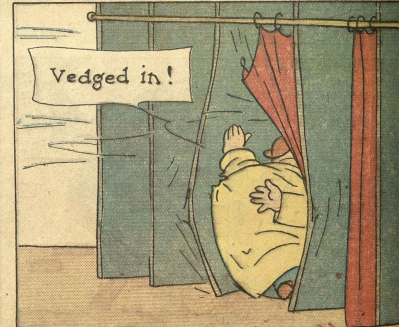
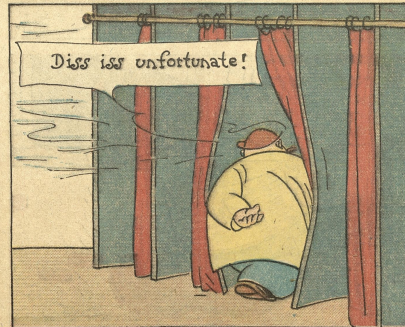
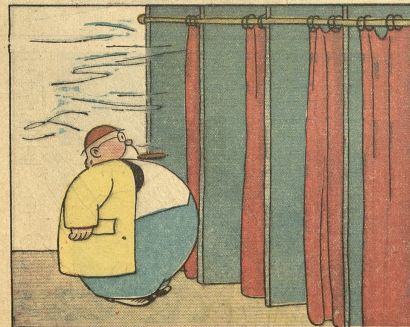
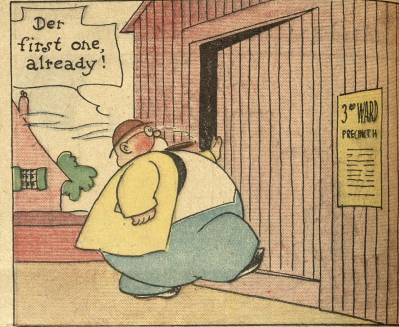
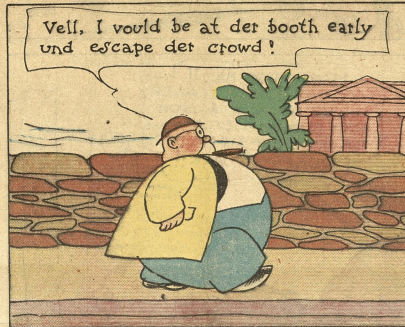
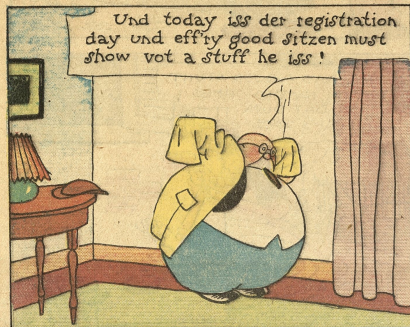
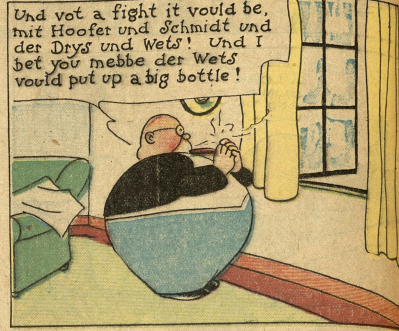
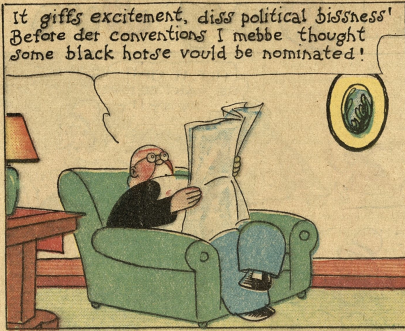
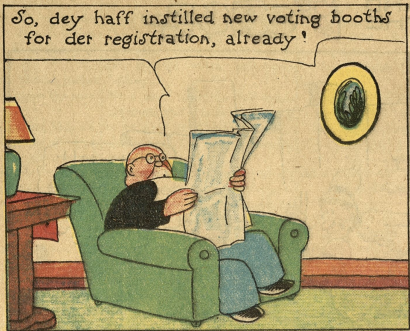
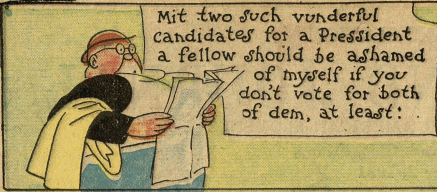
SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

ARMSTRONG'S

The Outline of Oscar



TIM

It's a strange tale of the sea that I'm goin' to tell you this time. With my animal pals, Kangy and Singoot, I was cruisin' with an old shipmate of mine, Top's! Barney. One mornin', th' lookout aloft yelled that a derelict was in sight off th' starboard bow. She was low in th' water, partly dismantled, and seemed to be abandoned. To make sure that there was nobody aboard I hopped into a boat with my pals and pulled over to her. When we hove alongside I made th' painter chains and we climbed aboard. Not a livin' soul was in sight. I hailed good and loud but there was no answer.

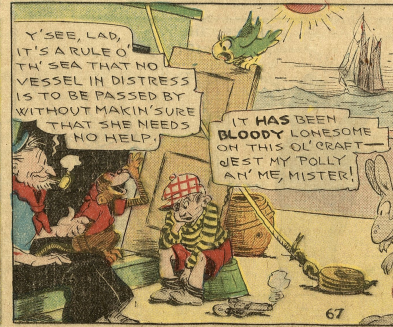
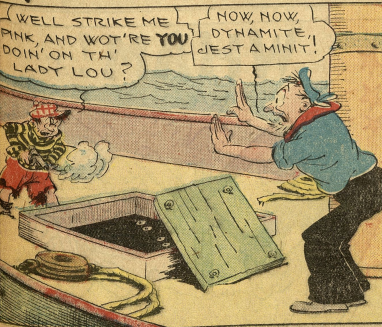
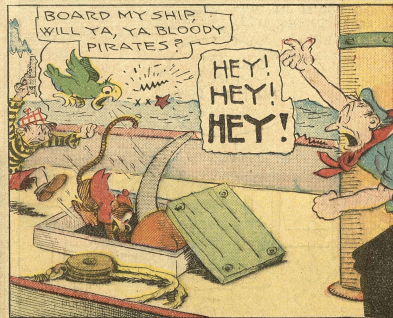
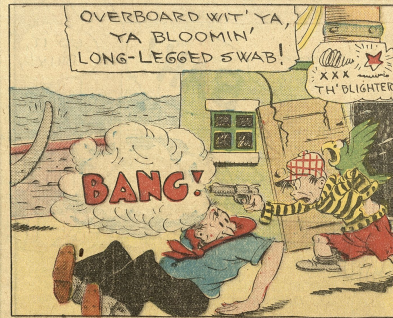
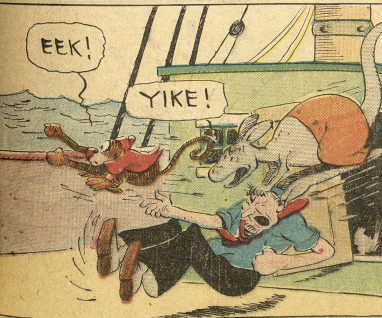
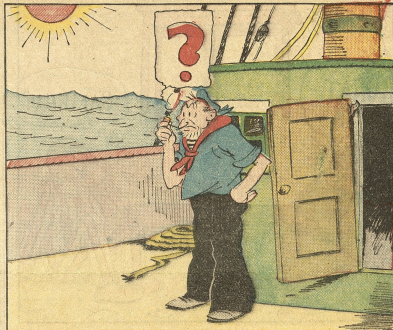
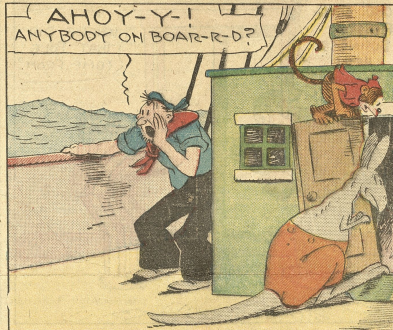
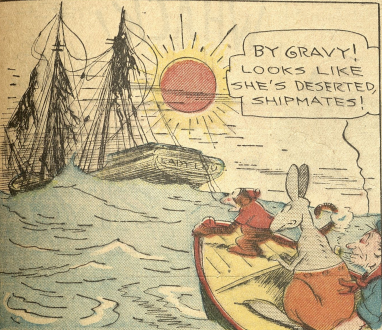
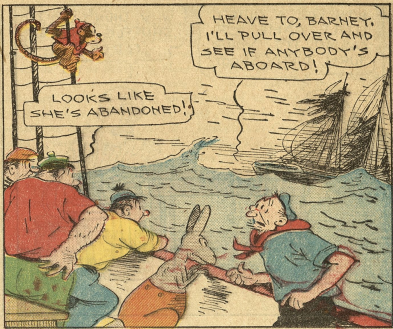
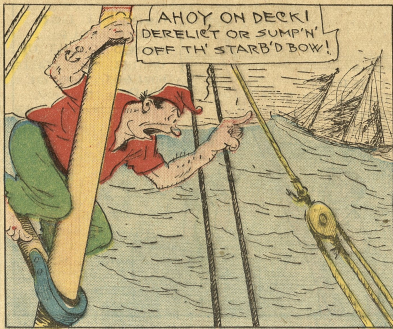
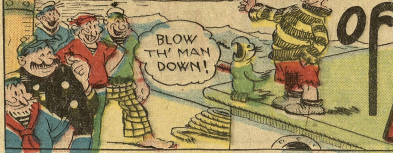
Meanwhile, Kangy and Singoot disappeared into a deck-house, but came leaping out with eyes as big as saucers, and right after

them, with a big pistol spittin' fire, and with a swarzin' parrot perched on his shoulder, was a ragged little kid. I was settin' on th' deck, where I had been knocked by Kangy, and I looked with goggle eyes at that fire-eatin' youngster chasin' my pals about th' deck. When they finally headed in my direction I yelled. I thought for a minute that th' kid was goin' to plug me, but when he saw I was just a harmless sailor he almost cried he was that glad to see me. He told me his name was Tim, and that th' derelict was th' Lady Lou. When we were back aboard th' Lanui he told Barney and me how he came to be aboard an abandoned ship.

The next yarn will be a thriller, told by Tim himself.

OUR SKIPPER WAS A BLOOMIN' BABOON,
OUR MATE WAS A BUMBO FROM RANGOON.
WE HUNG TH' SKIPPER FROM A YARD
AND BOILED TH' MATE IN A
KETTLE O' LARD.

THE YARNS OF BOB NICK

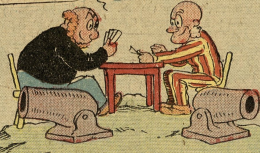


WELL— OF ALL THE NERVE— I WANT A SIZE SIX SHOE— ? WHAT SIZE? SIX ?? HUH? WHAT? SIZE SIX. WHAT DID YOU SAY? I TOLD YOU THREE TIMES— SIX— OH! THREE TIMES SIX, THAT'S EIGHTEEN.— THAT'S MORE LIKE IT—

THE KELLY KIDS

TIM AND TOM.

I GUESS WE'RE SAFE UP HERE ON TOP OF PIKE'S PEAK.



NOW FOR A QUIET LITTLE GAME OF CASINO. ITS YOUR TURN, DINNY, SHOOT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHUFFLE THESE CARDS?

ZIP

I BETCHA THEY'LL THINK THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED.

THERE! I GOT A NICE HOLE BORED RIGHT UP UNDER THE TABLE NOW GET THE OL' POLE READY.

WHACK!

WHAT TH—

SAMHILL?

OH! SOME FISHY BUSINESS HERE

WHERE DID THAT POLE COME FROM?

WHACK!

I'LL GO DOWN IN THE CELLAR I BET ITS THEM KIDS!

SHUCKS! THERES NUTHIN' DOWN THERE!

BAH!

GO IT BILLY!

WHAM!

YOU GO 'ROUND' THE HOUSE THAT WAY AND I'LL GO THIS WAY AN' WE'LL GET THE GOAT AN' TH' KIDS TOO

HERE THEY COME!

WHAM!

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

WOOF WOOF -

MR. ZOO KEEPER, I'D LIKE TO TAKE SOME PHOTOS OF YOUR KANGAROOS.

SURE, MR. GALLIVAN.

WOULD I BE SAFE IN THE CAGE WITH THEM?

SURE, - HERE, GO RIGHT IN WITH THEM.

ARE YOU SURE I'M SAFE IN HERE?

U-M - IF THEY GET AFTER YOU I'LL POKE 'EM WITH A BAR.

GOT THE BAR HANDY?

IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE - IF I NEED IT I'LL LOOK FOR IT.