



Comic Section

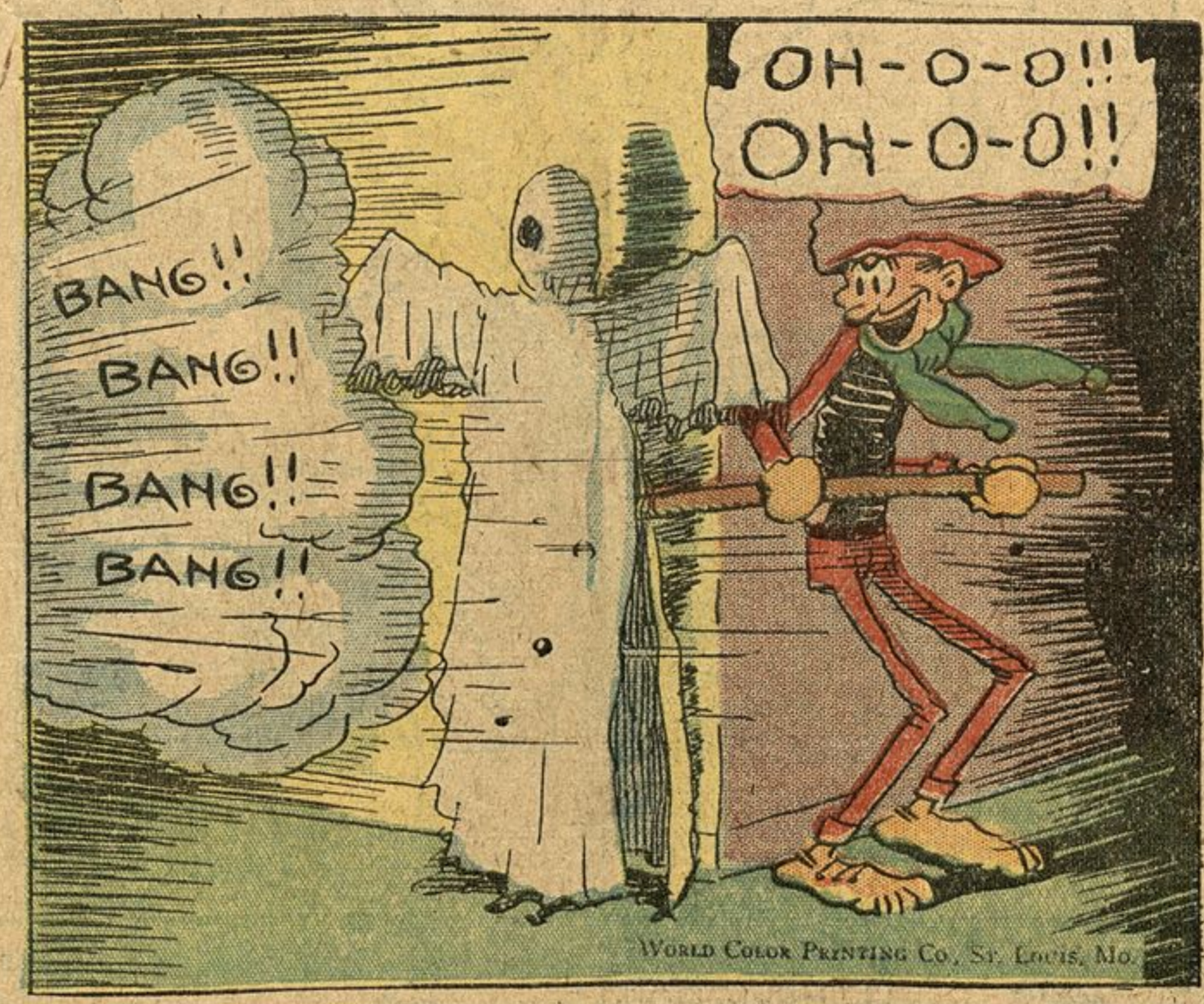
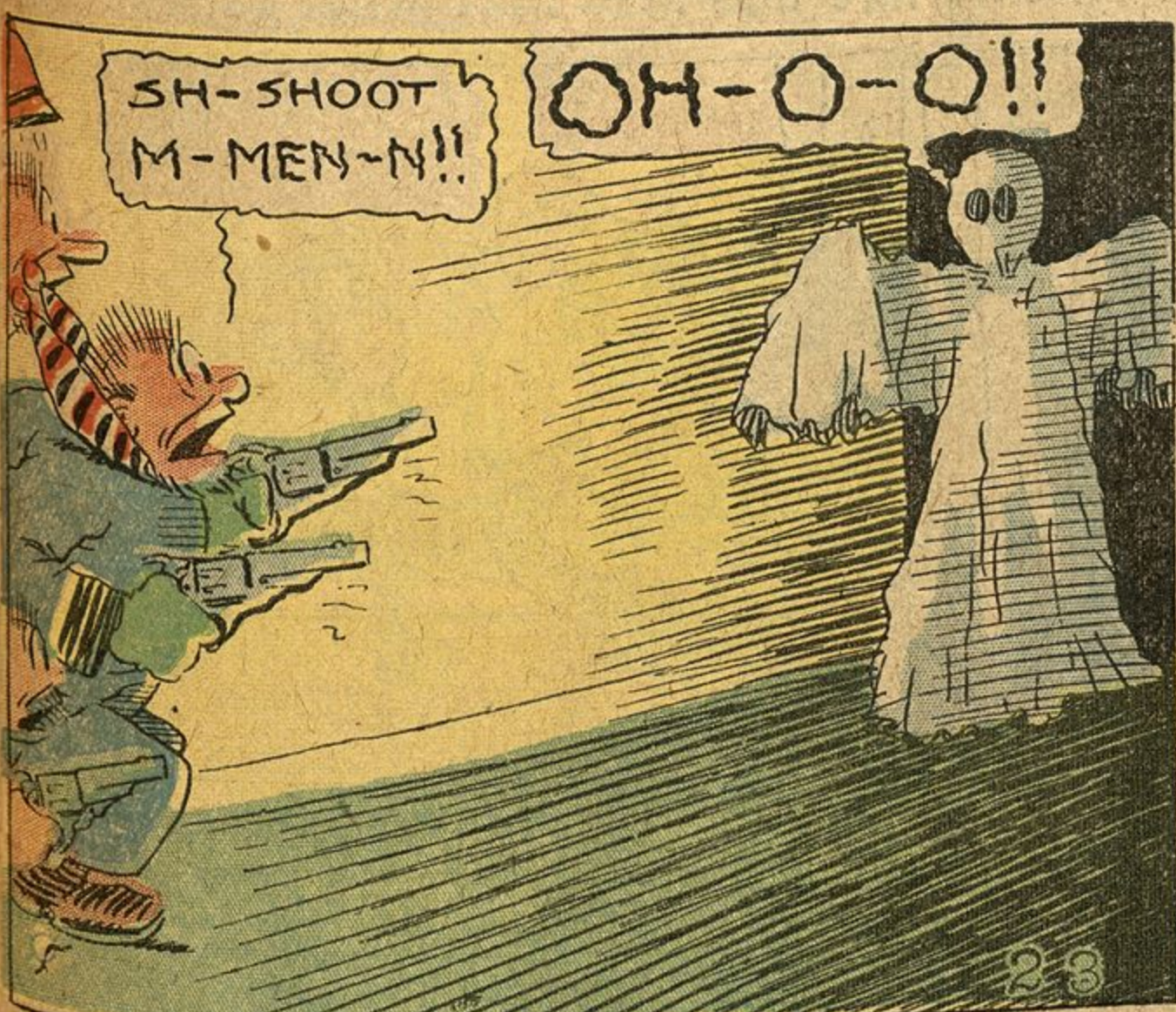
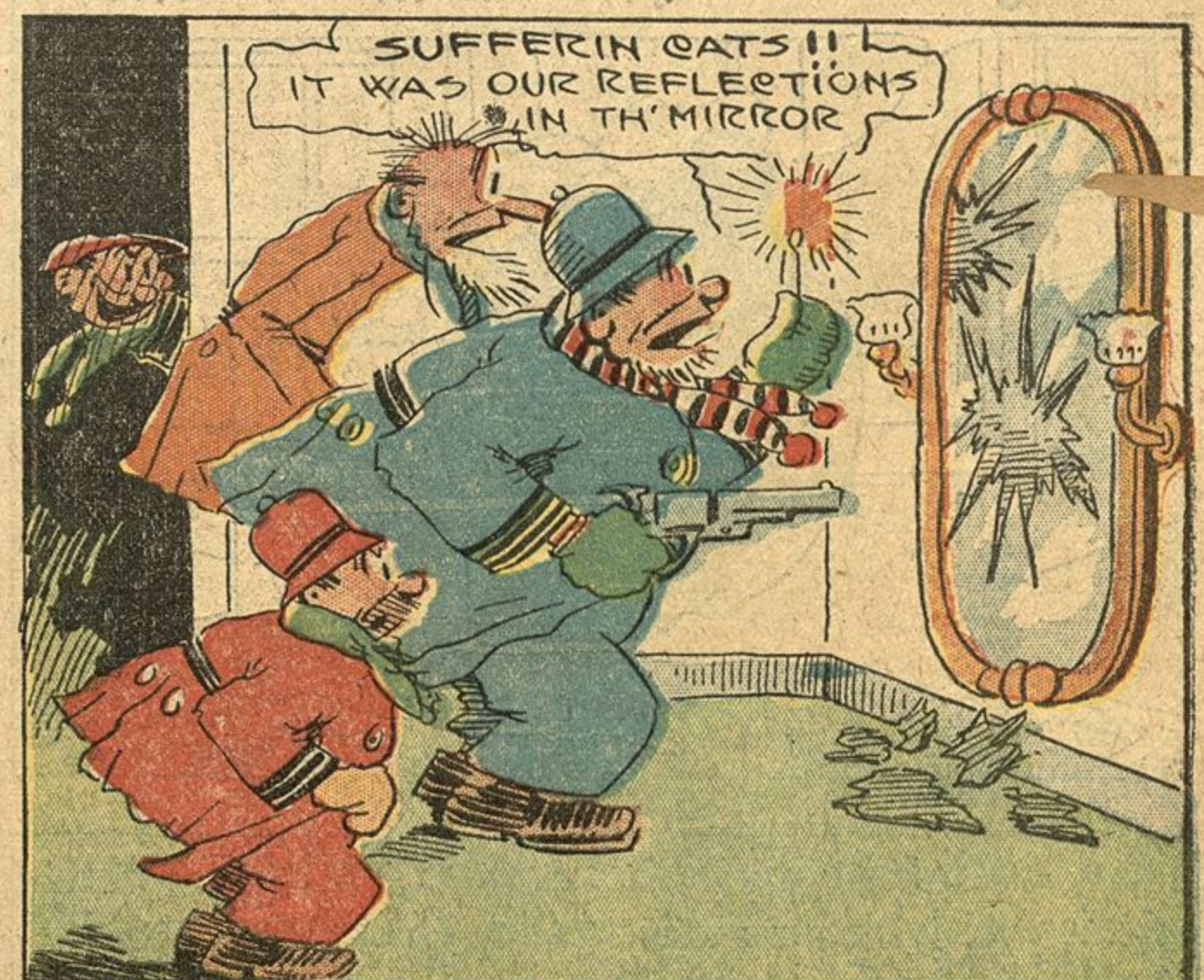
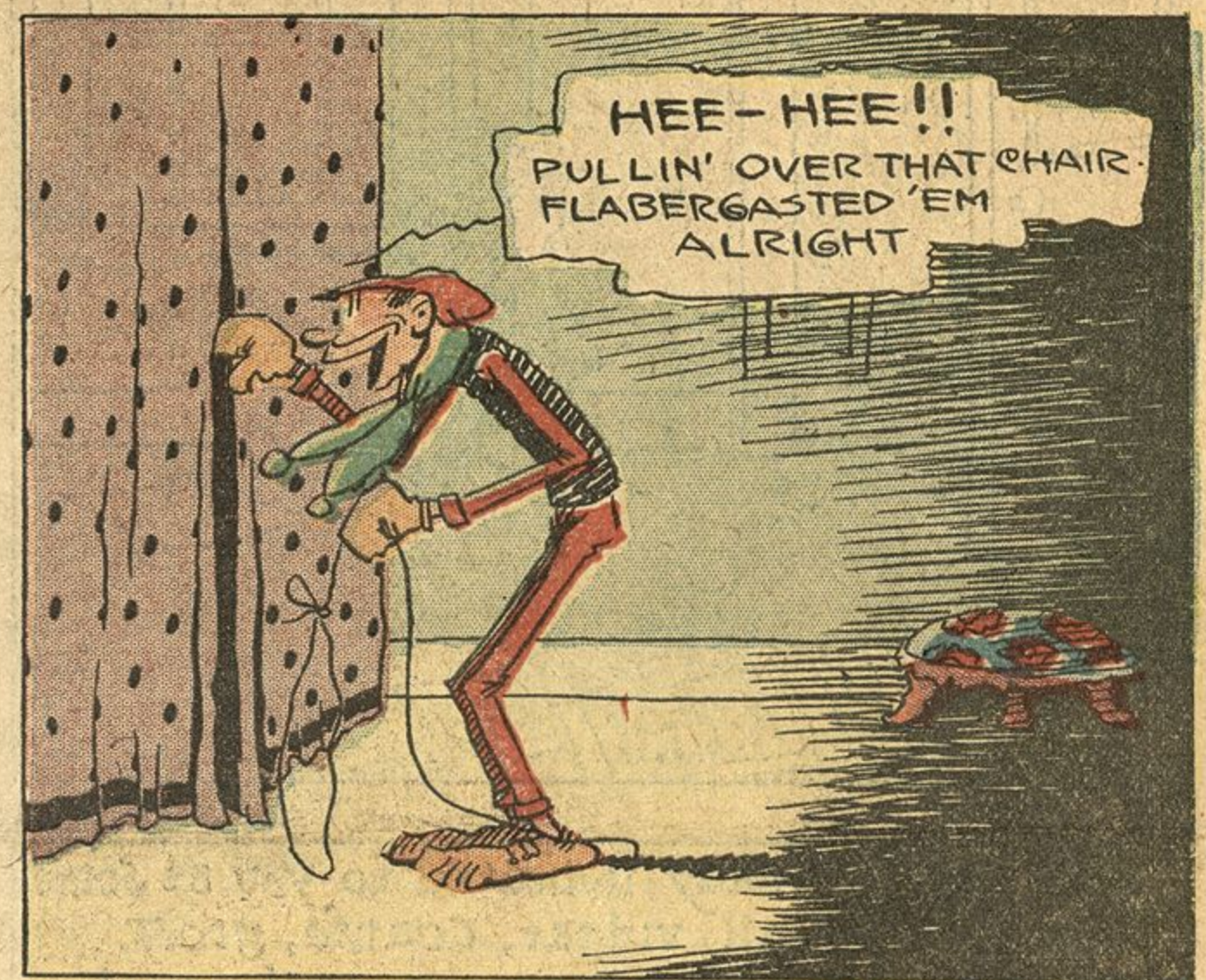
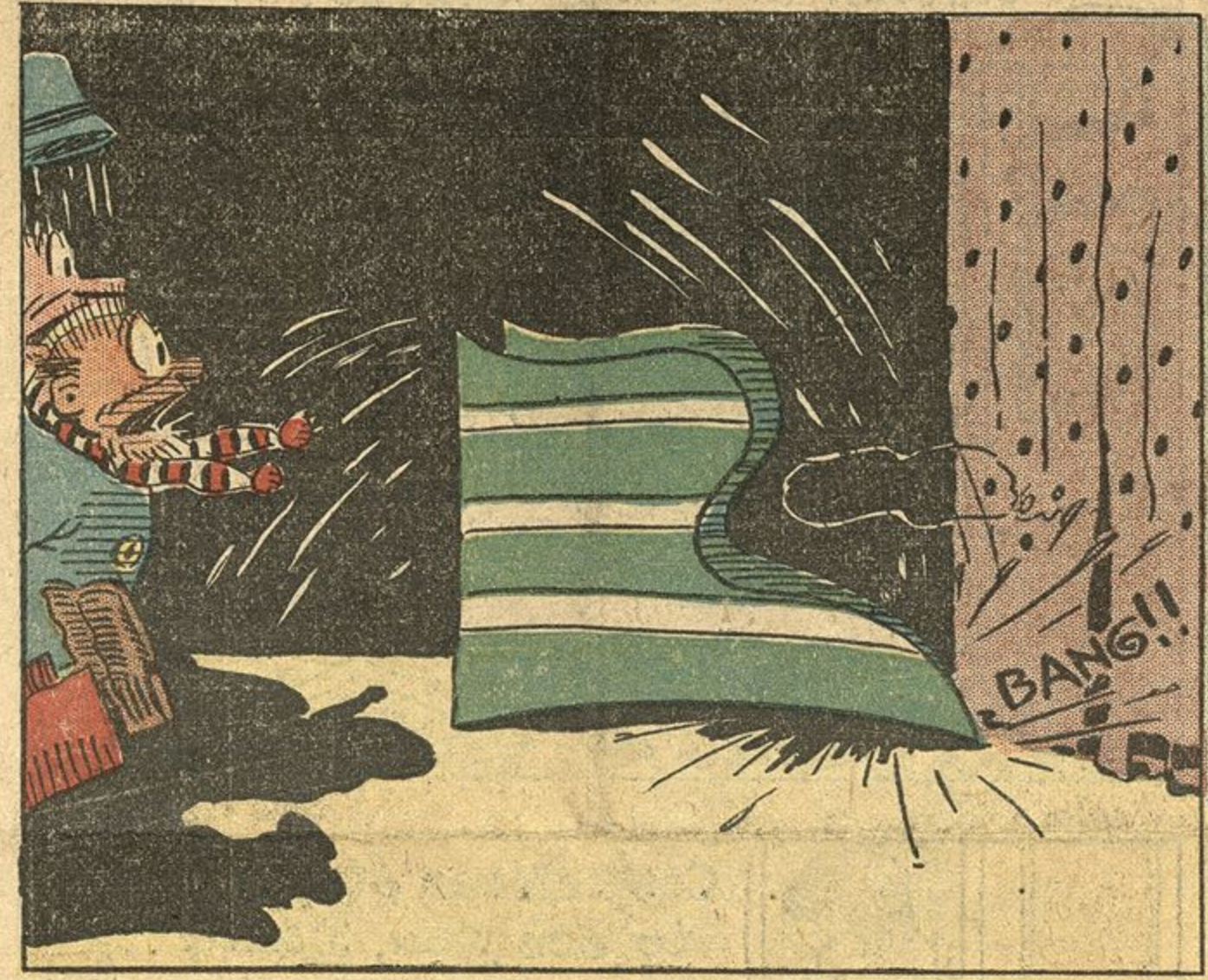
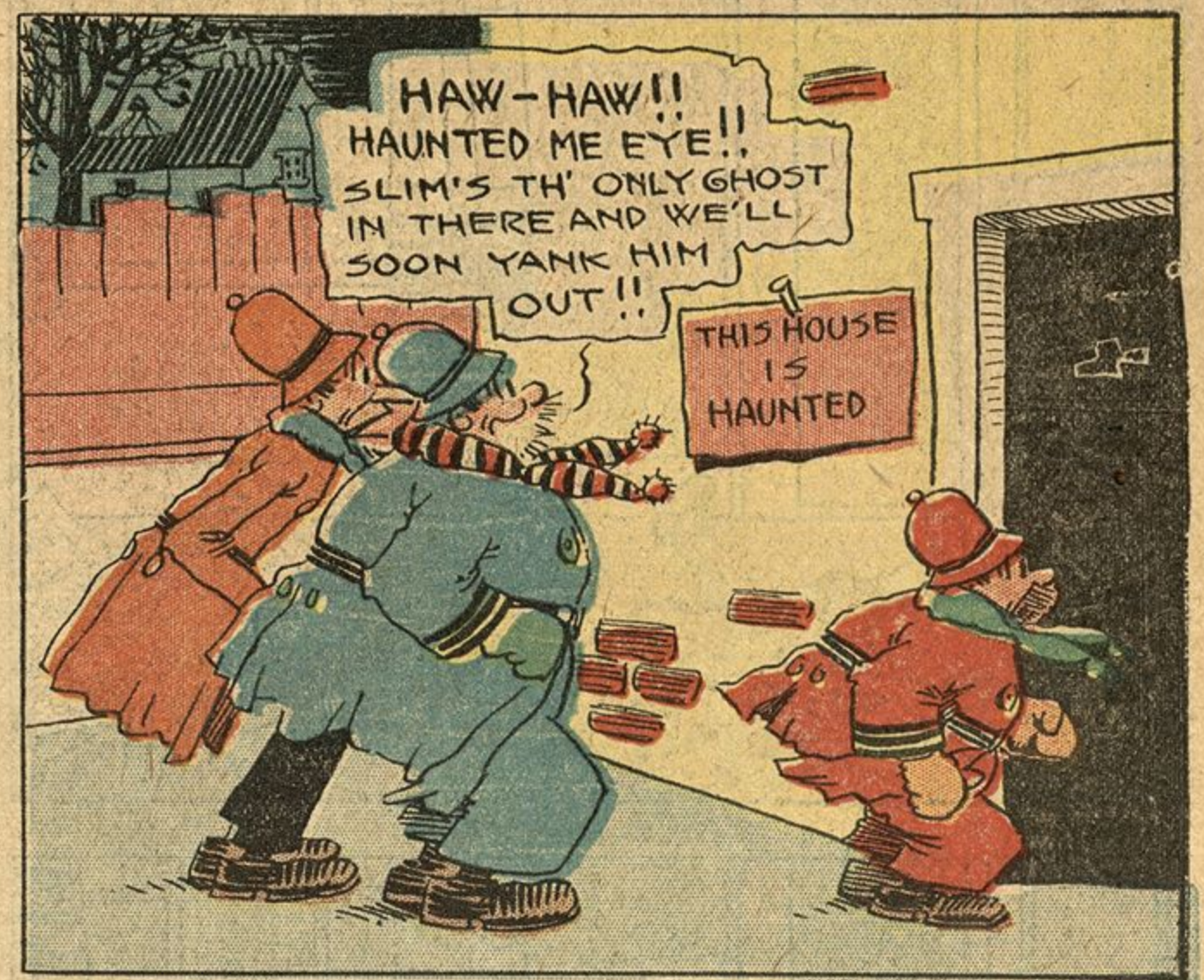
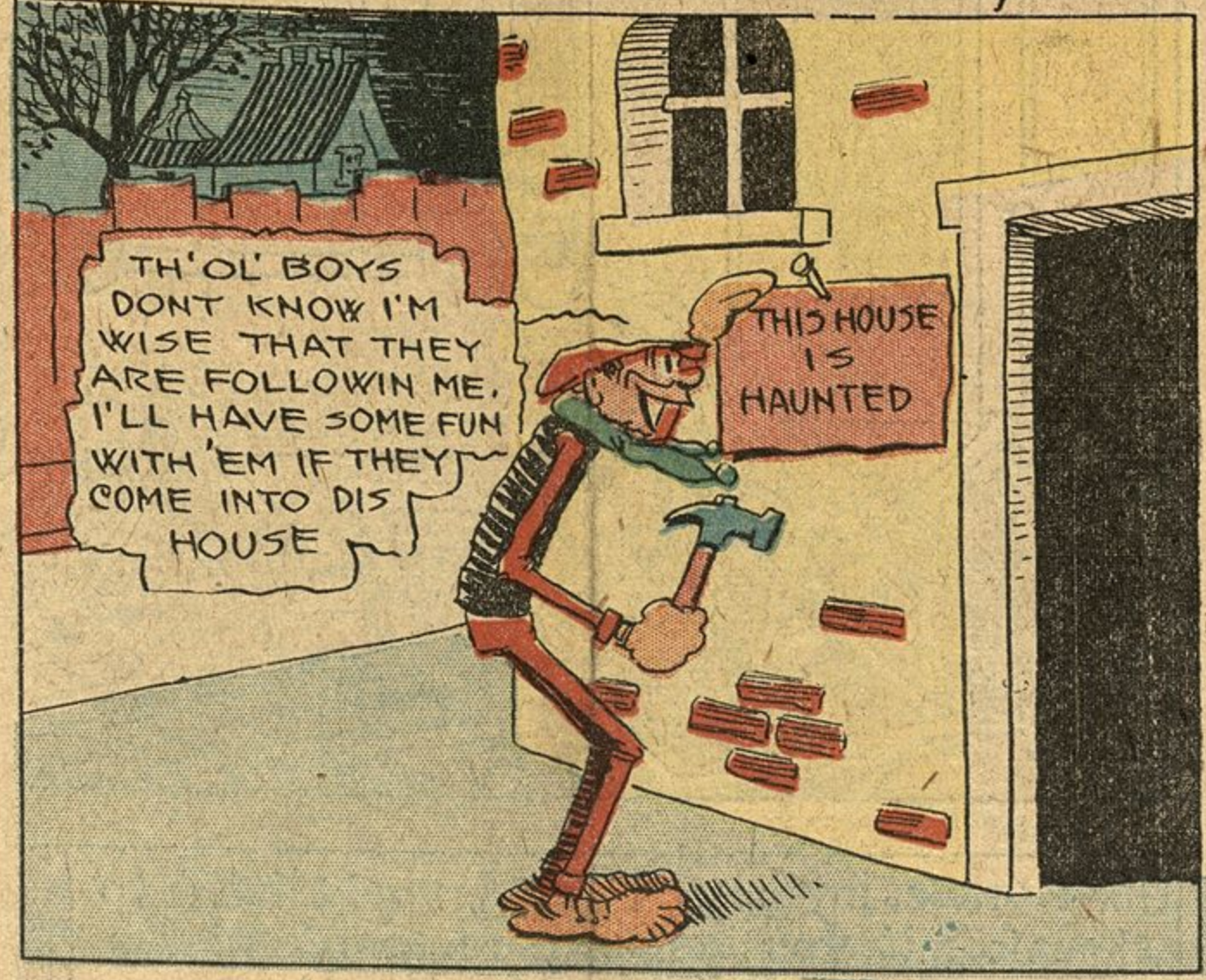
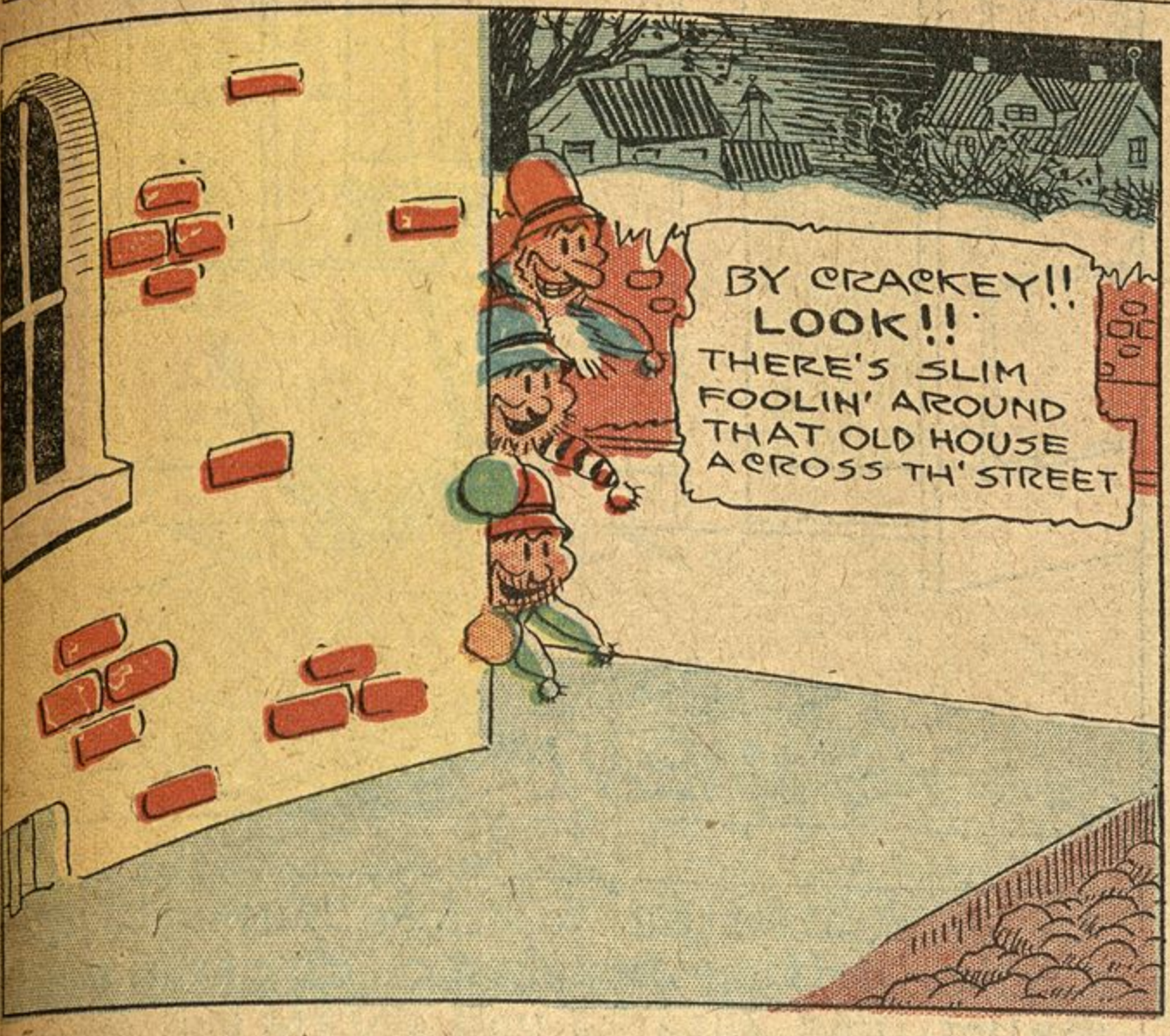
CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

November 27, 1930

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



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

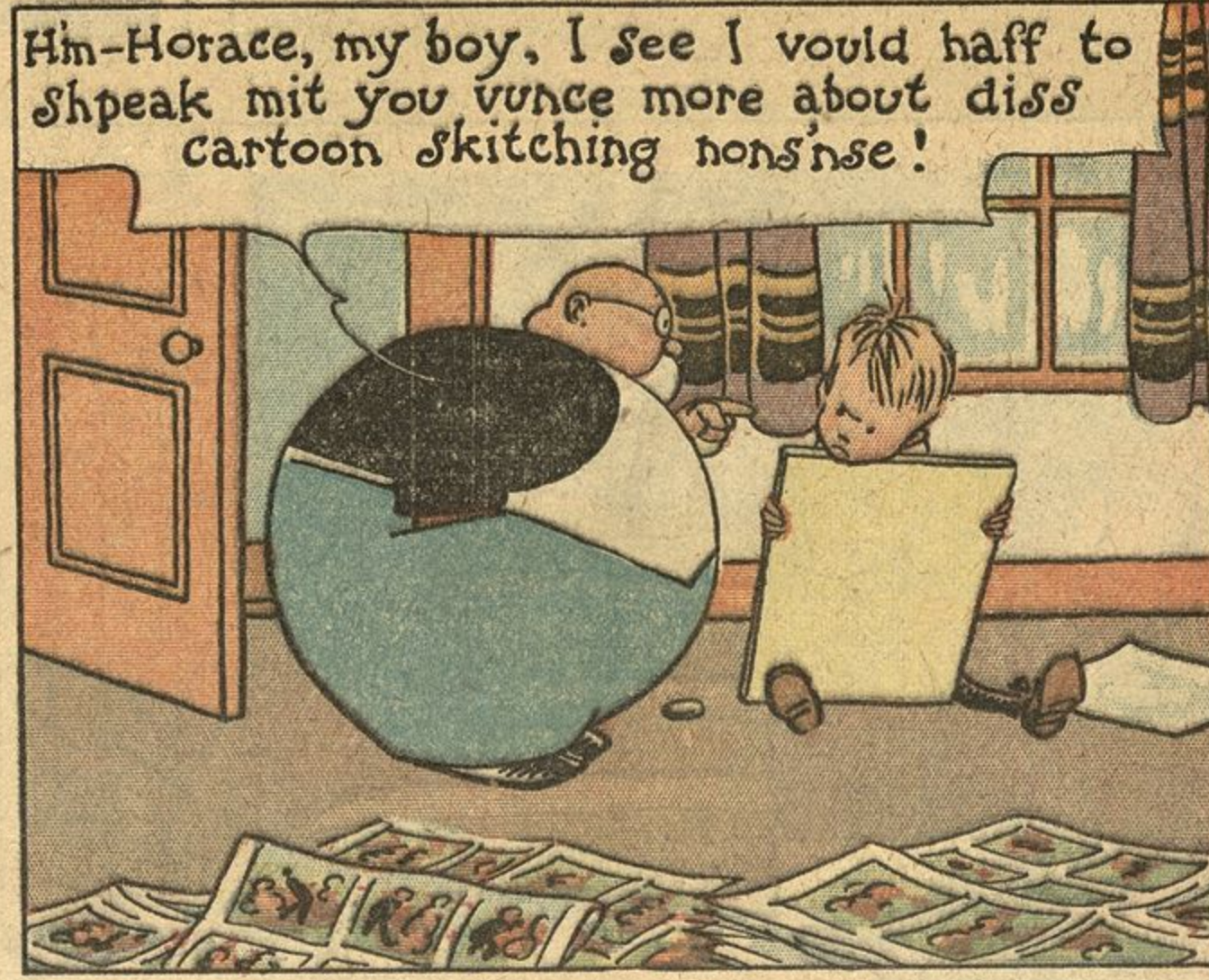
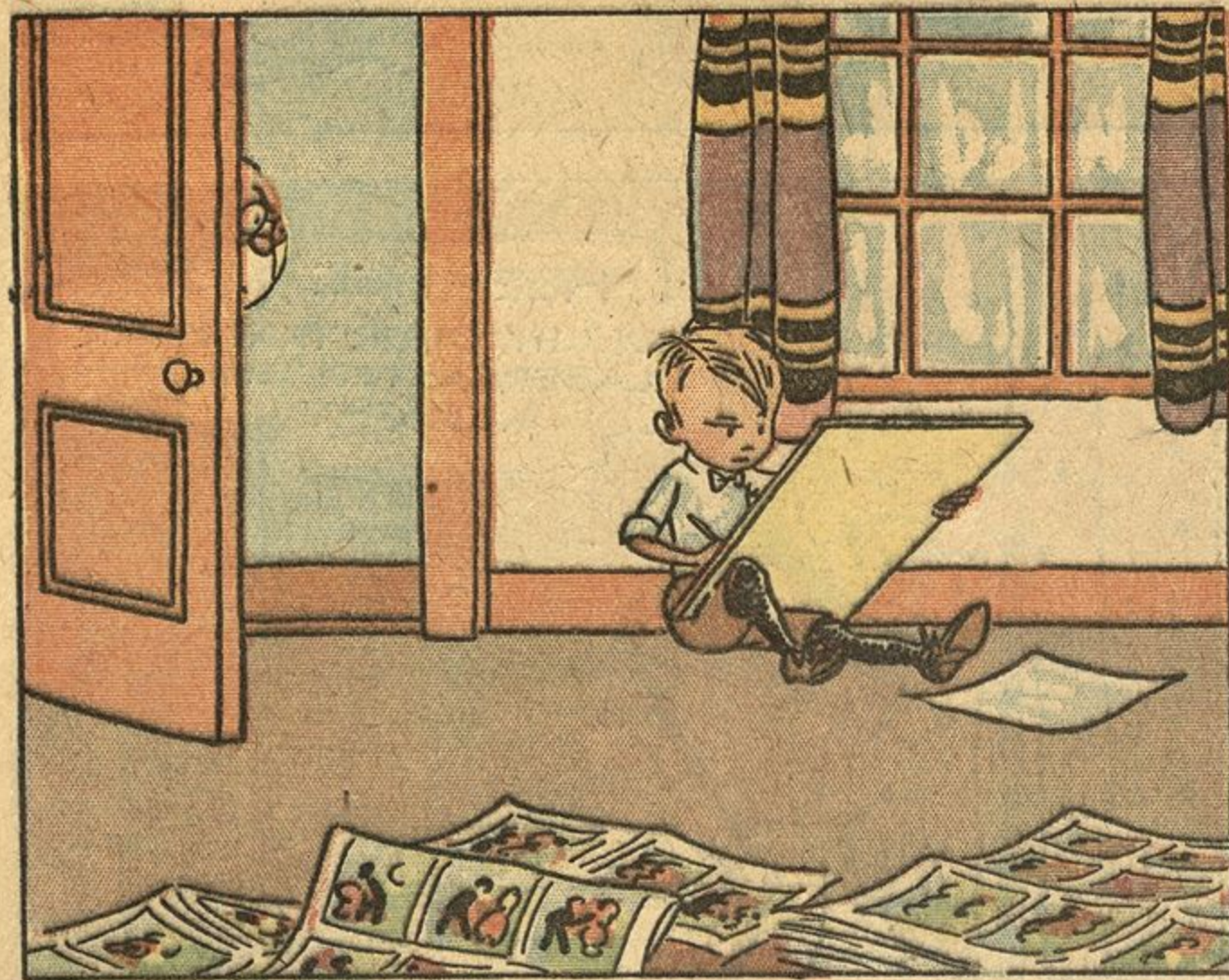
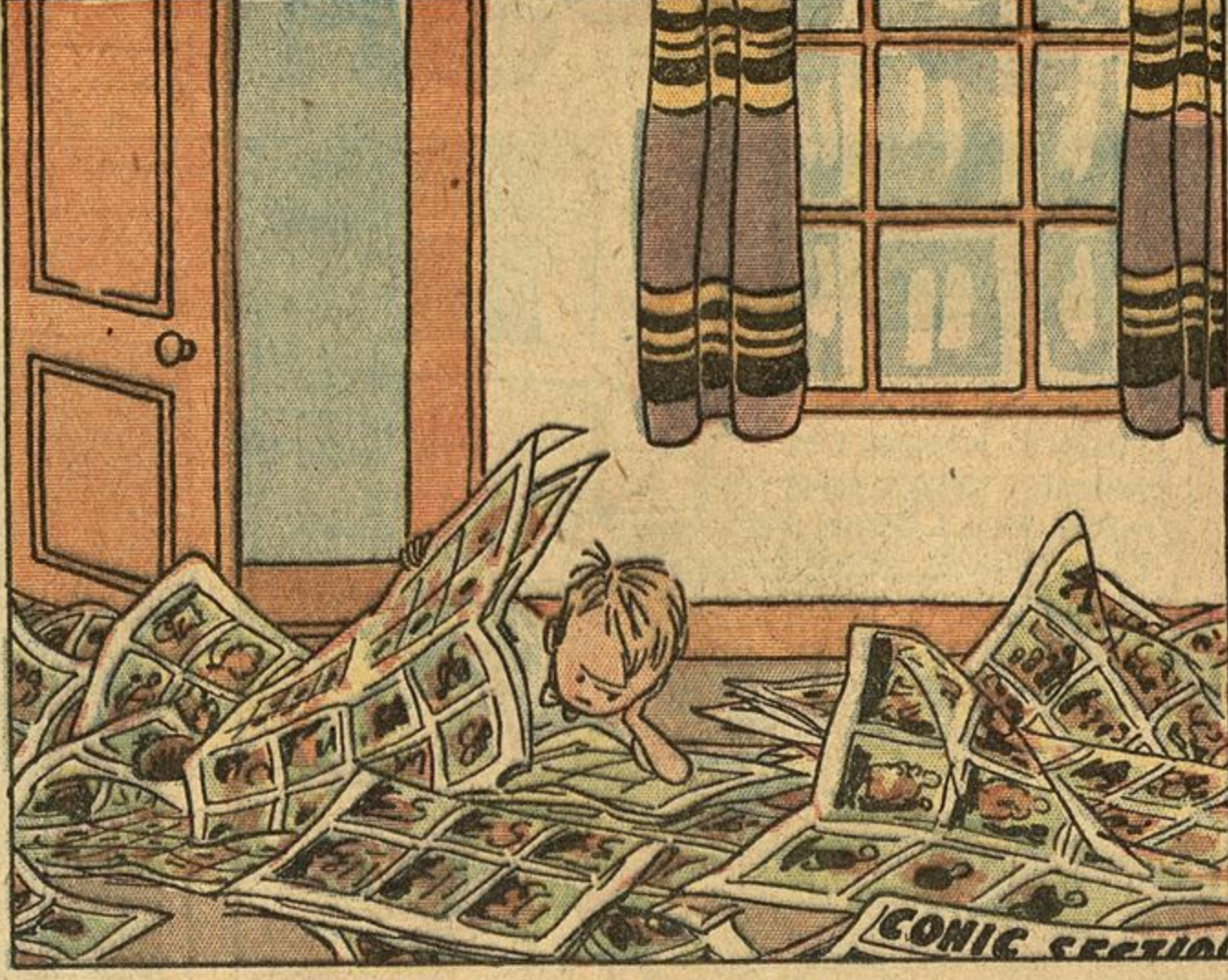
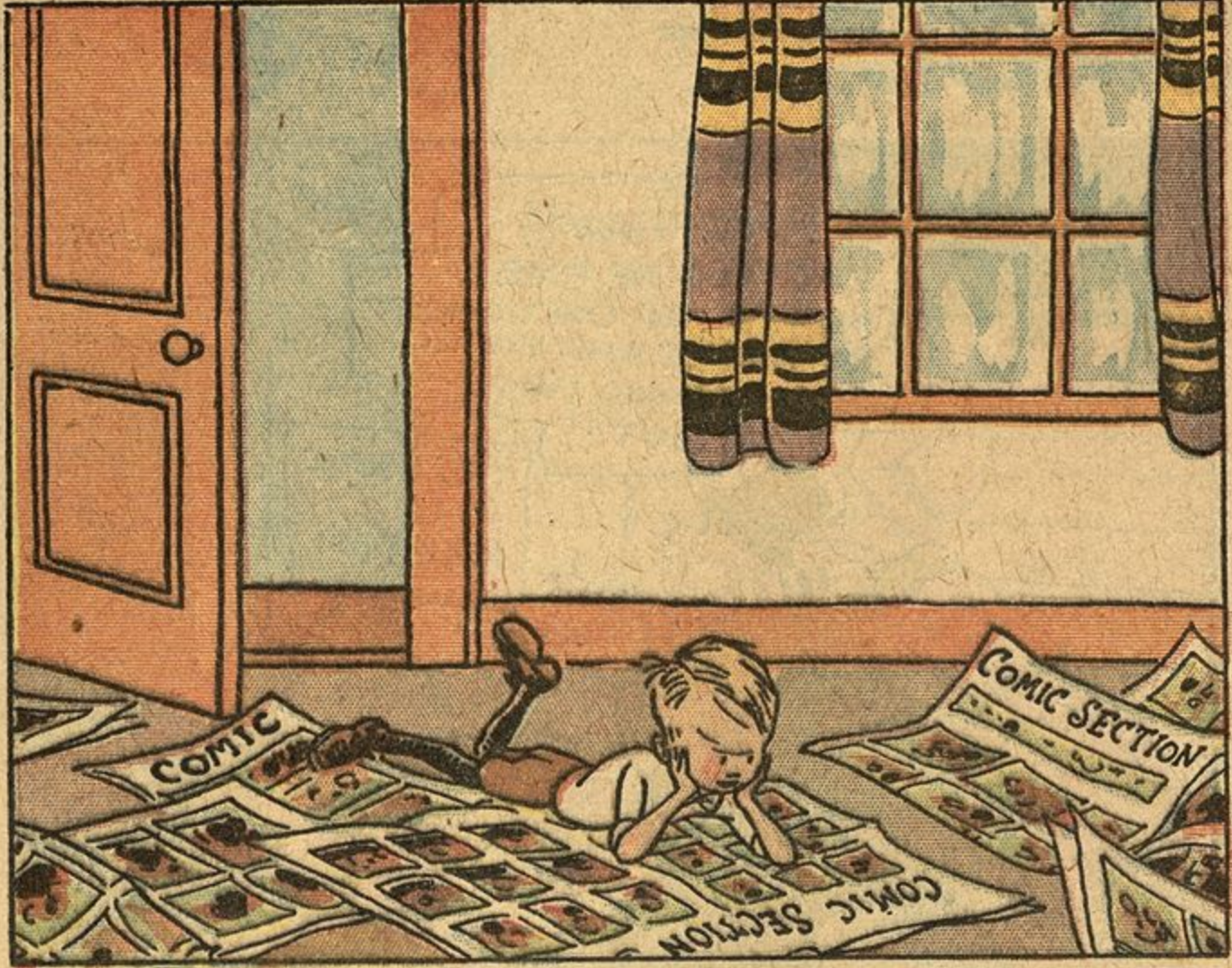
FRANK RINGO



A cartoonist must be good, not only at der outlining of it out, but also at der shading of it in!

The Outline of Oscar

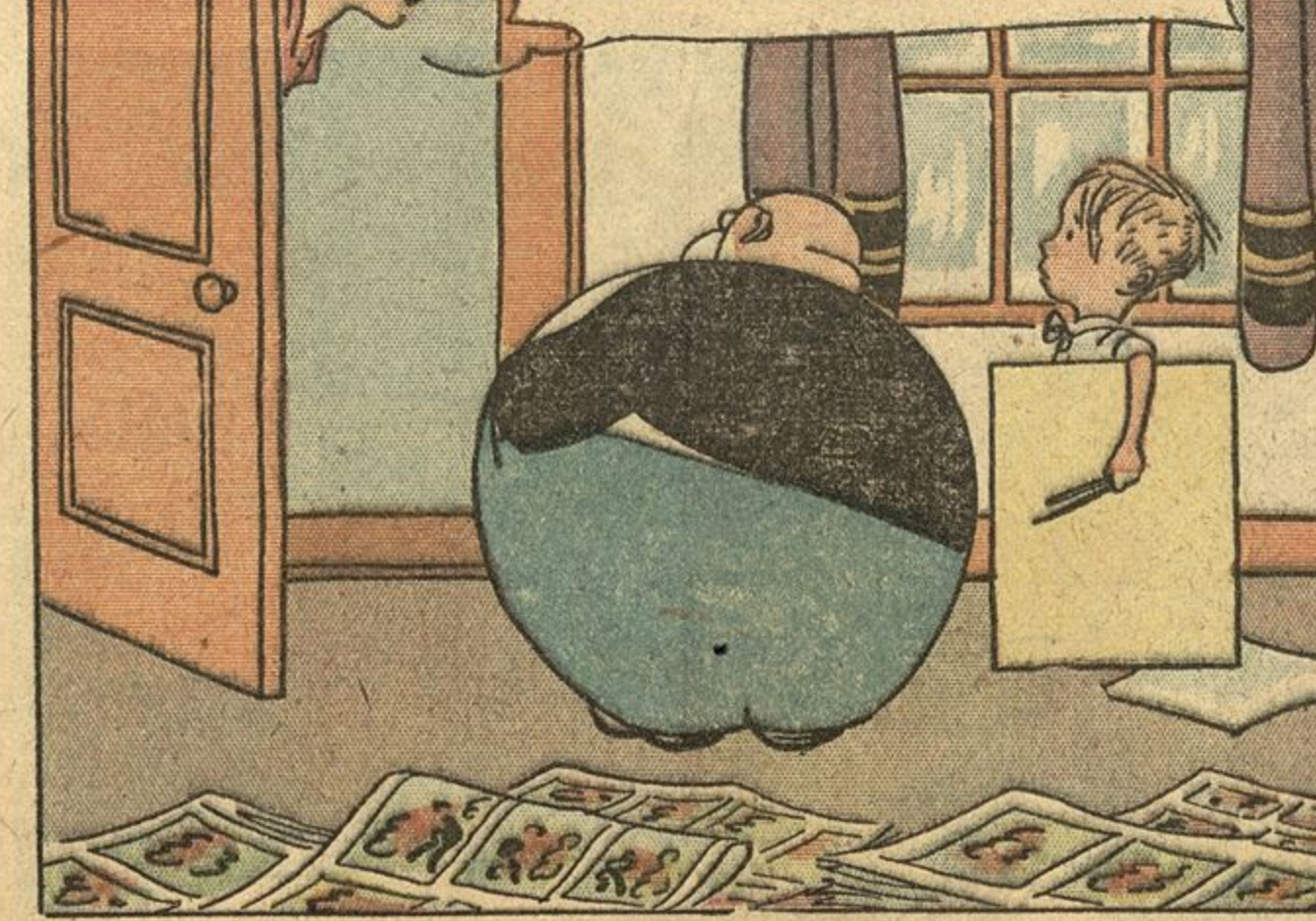
EVEN A CRITIC MIGHT BE WRONG, YET.



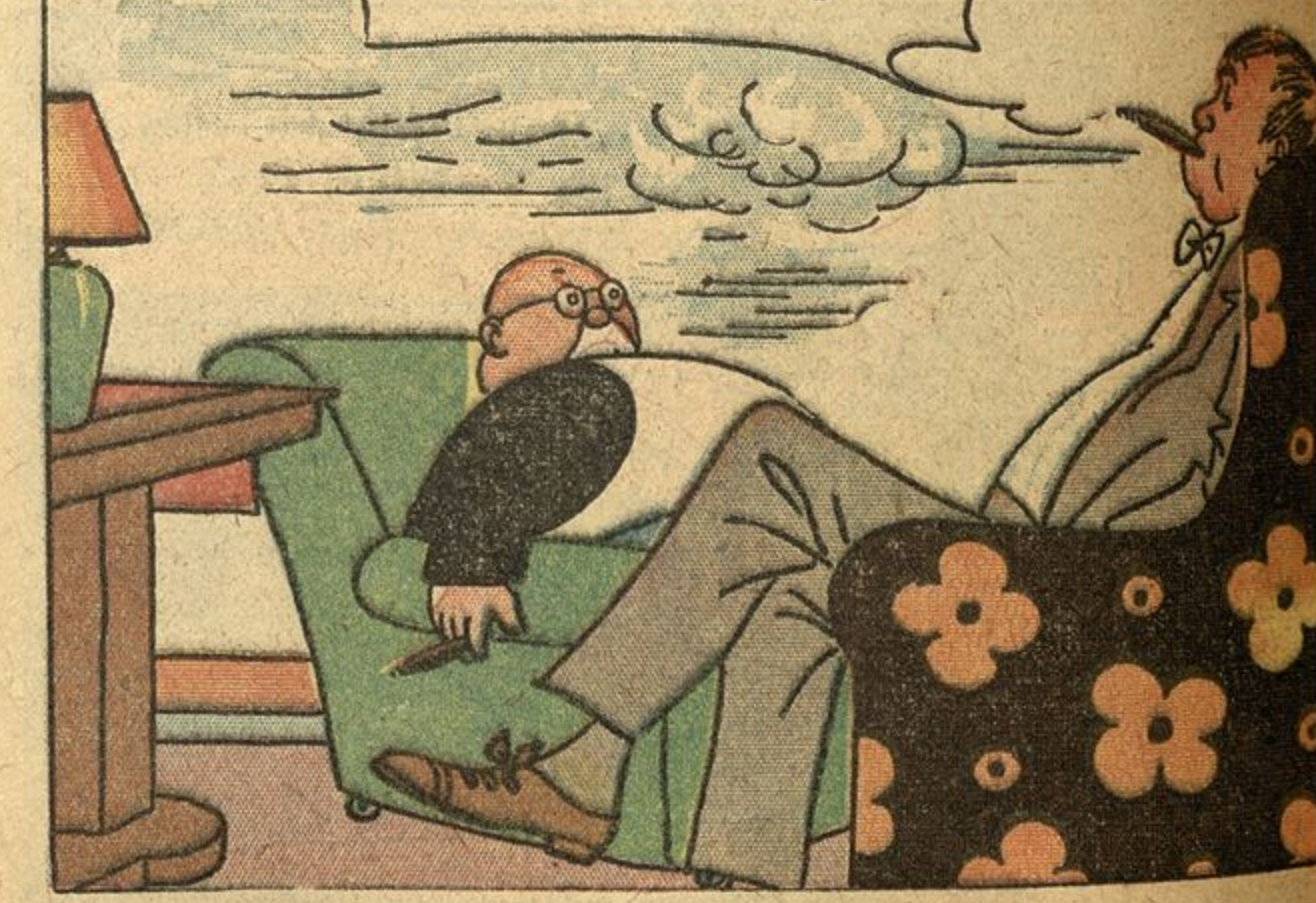
as I haff already indicated to you at some length, it iss all vulgar, coarse, gross, low, gauche, cheap, common, und —und—



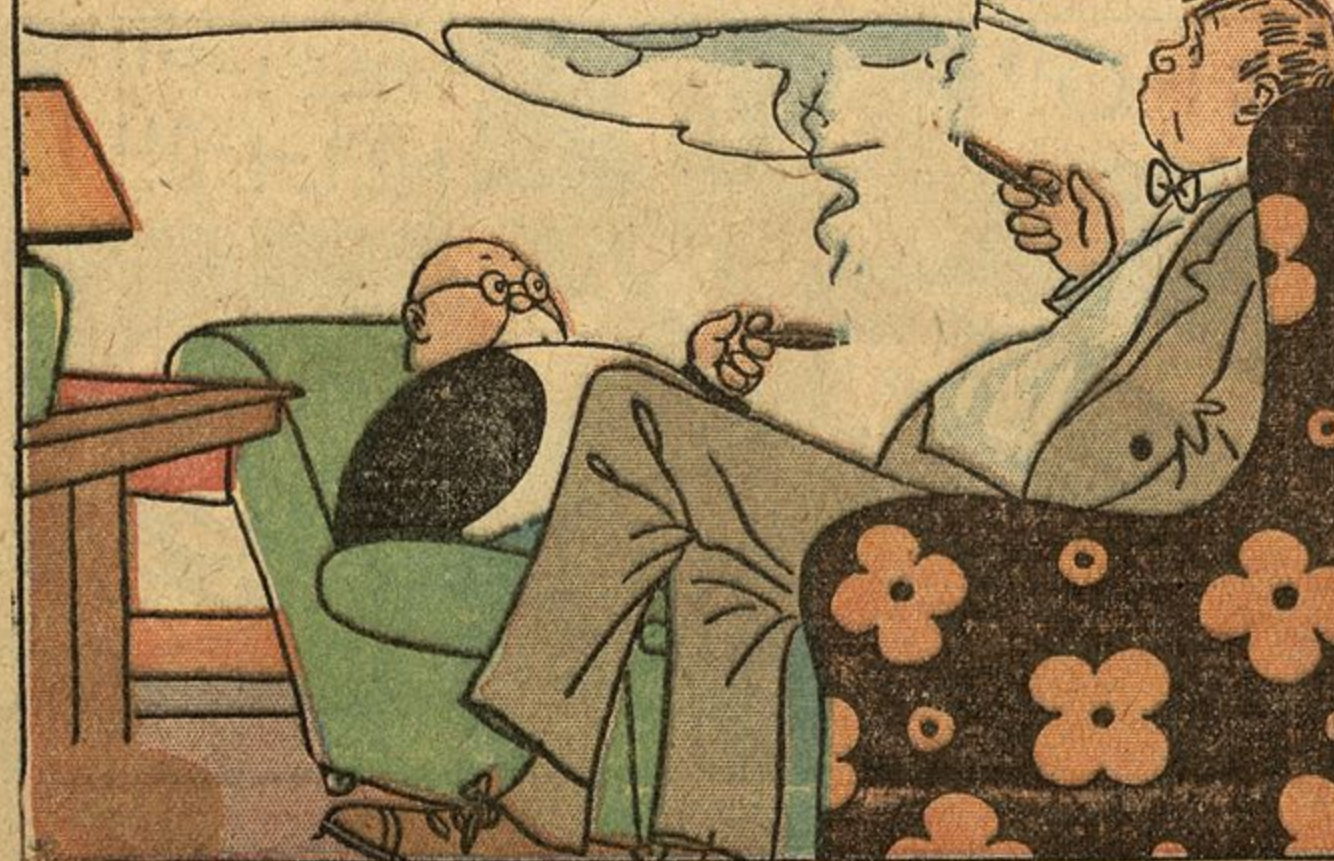
Hm-Horace, my boy, I see I vould haff to shpeak mit you vunce more about disss cartoon skitching nonsense!



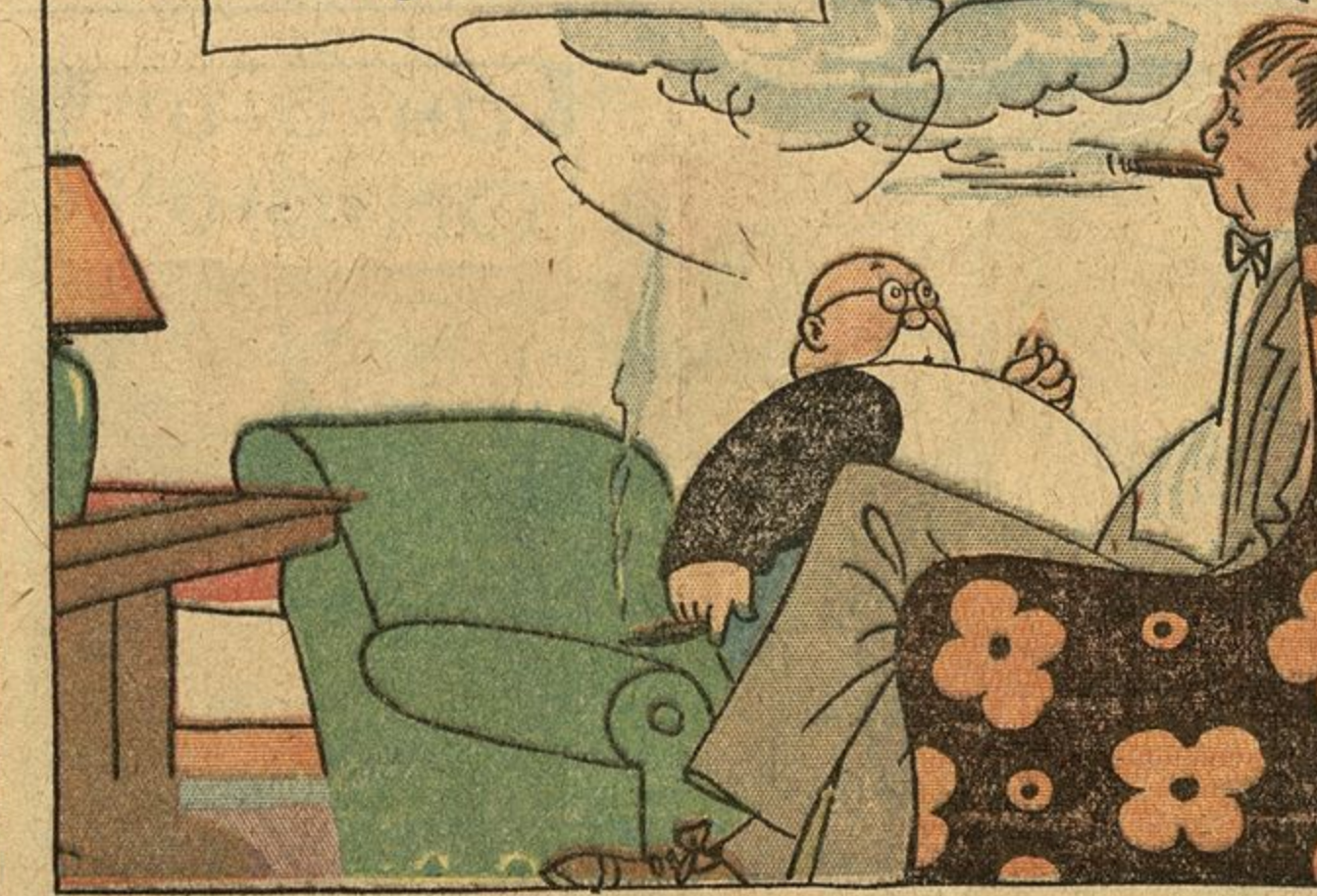
Iss dere, after all, anything laughable in a fellow getting smashed on der head mit a mallet, und shparks und shtars und moons coming out, und all dot kind of shtuff? No! On der contrary—



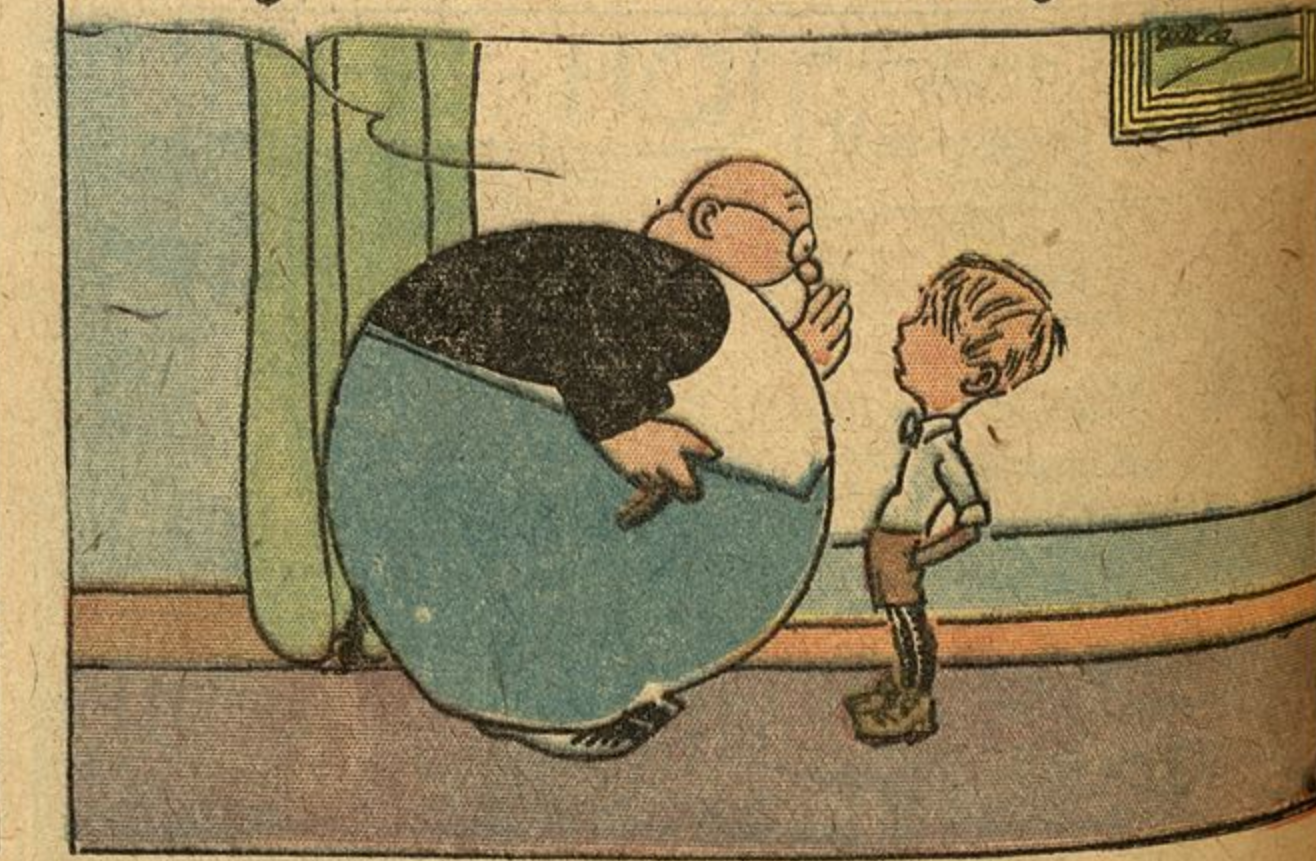
he seems to have a natural ability — can make a likeness so good that you couldn't tell it — and cartoons, and —



Excuse, please, Congressman —



Run quick like a good boy und get der funny skitch vot you drew of der fellow landing mit hiss head first in der garbage can!



JINGLE - JINGLE - WELL, IF IT AINT OLD SANTA

THERE'S SANTA CLAUS, - TELL HIM WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS -

SANTA, I WANT A LIL HOUSE - YES -

AND A NICE DOLL BABY - YES - YES -

AND TWO TRICYCLES. TWO TRICYCLES? WHY TWO?

SO IF I BREAK ONE I'LL STILL HAVE ONE LEFT -



LEAPING TUNAS AHOY-Y-Y!

Kangy and I were cruisin' with Tops'l Barney, an old shipmate of mine, when we had an adventure that beats anything that I've ever been through.

It was a fine mornin' in th' tropics. Up aloft, th' lookout was keepin' a sharp eye ahead for reefs, for we were nearin' th' coast of Borneo. All at once he bawls out: "Big school o' somethin' headed this way!"

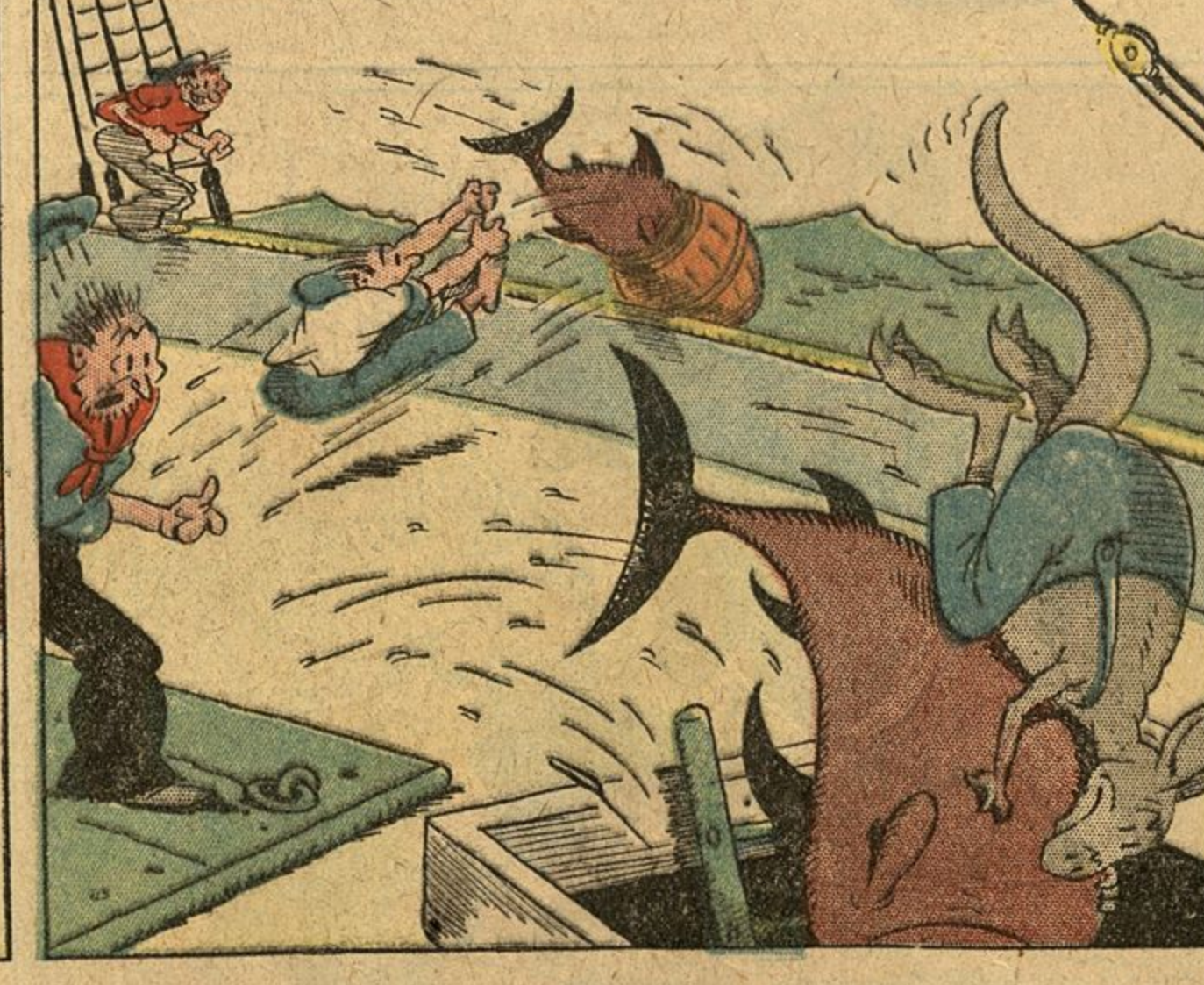
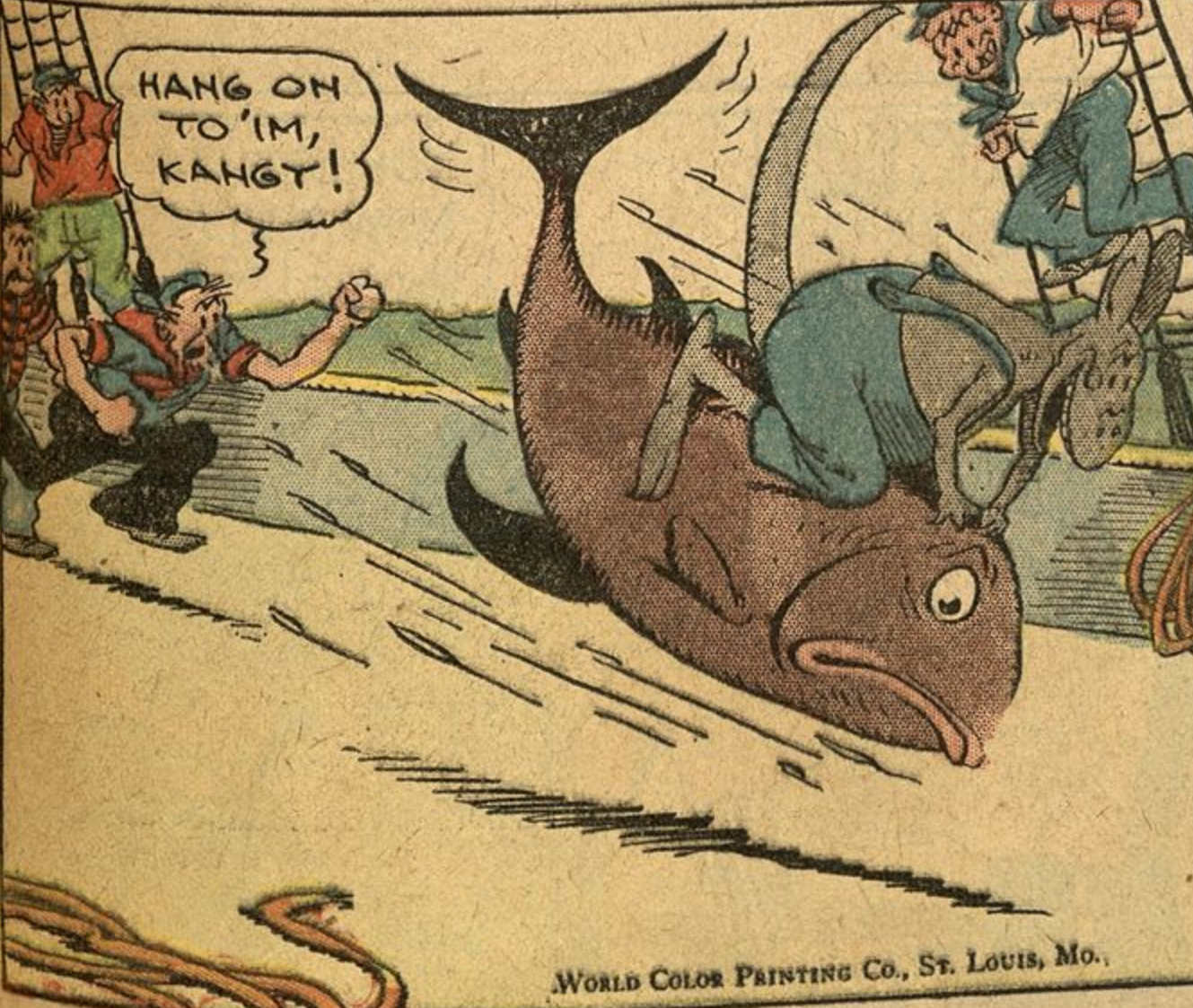
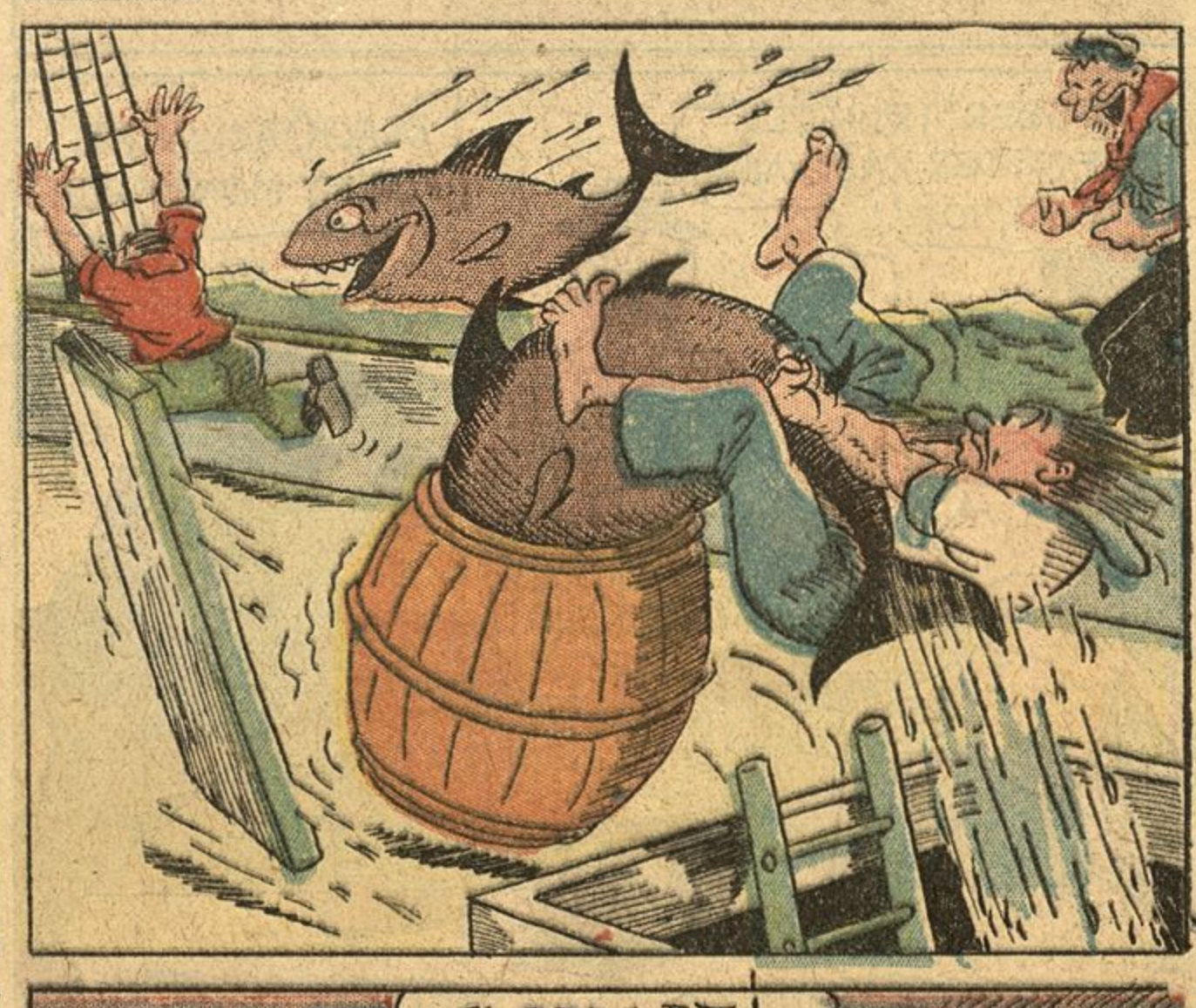
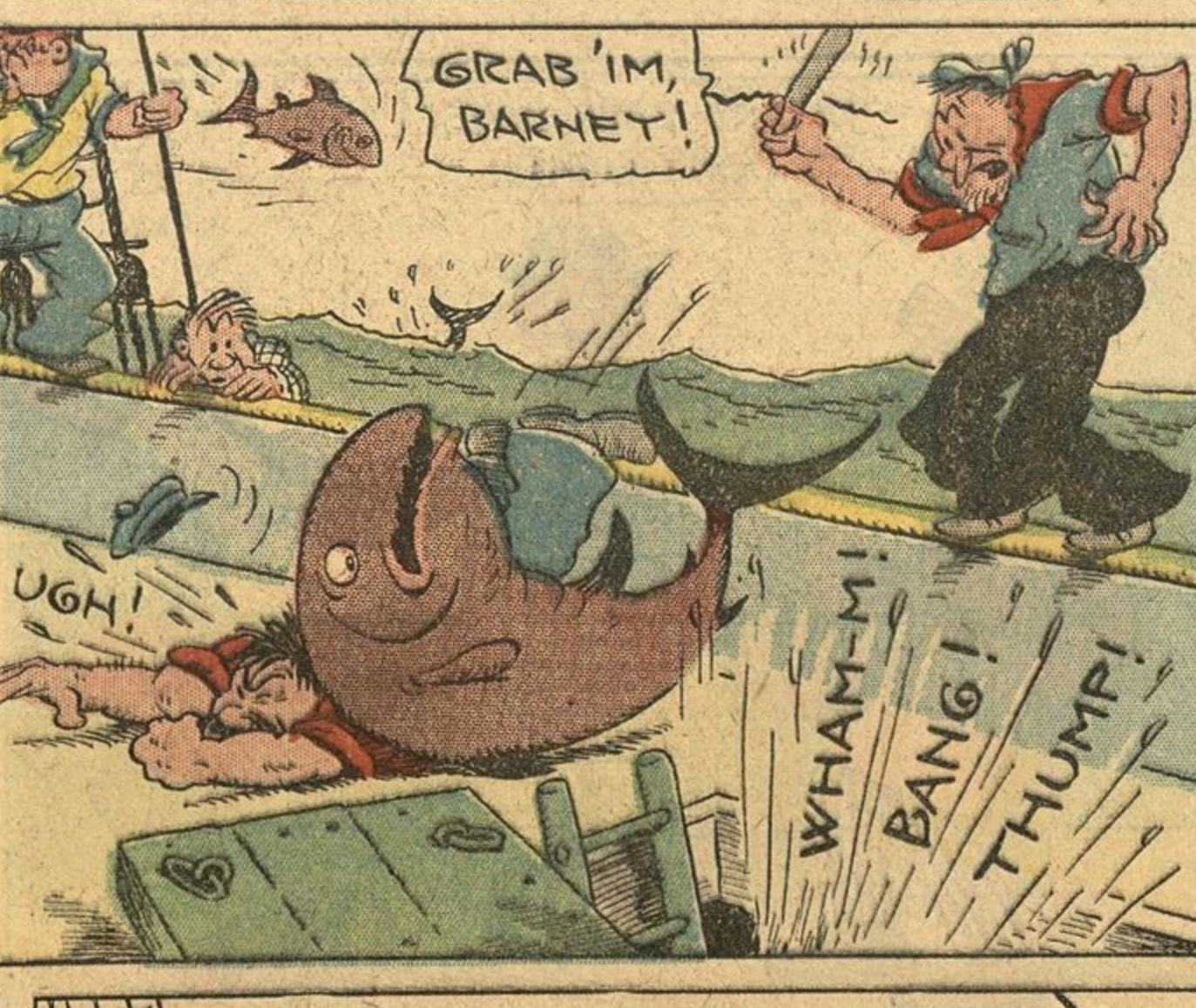
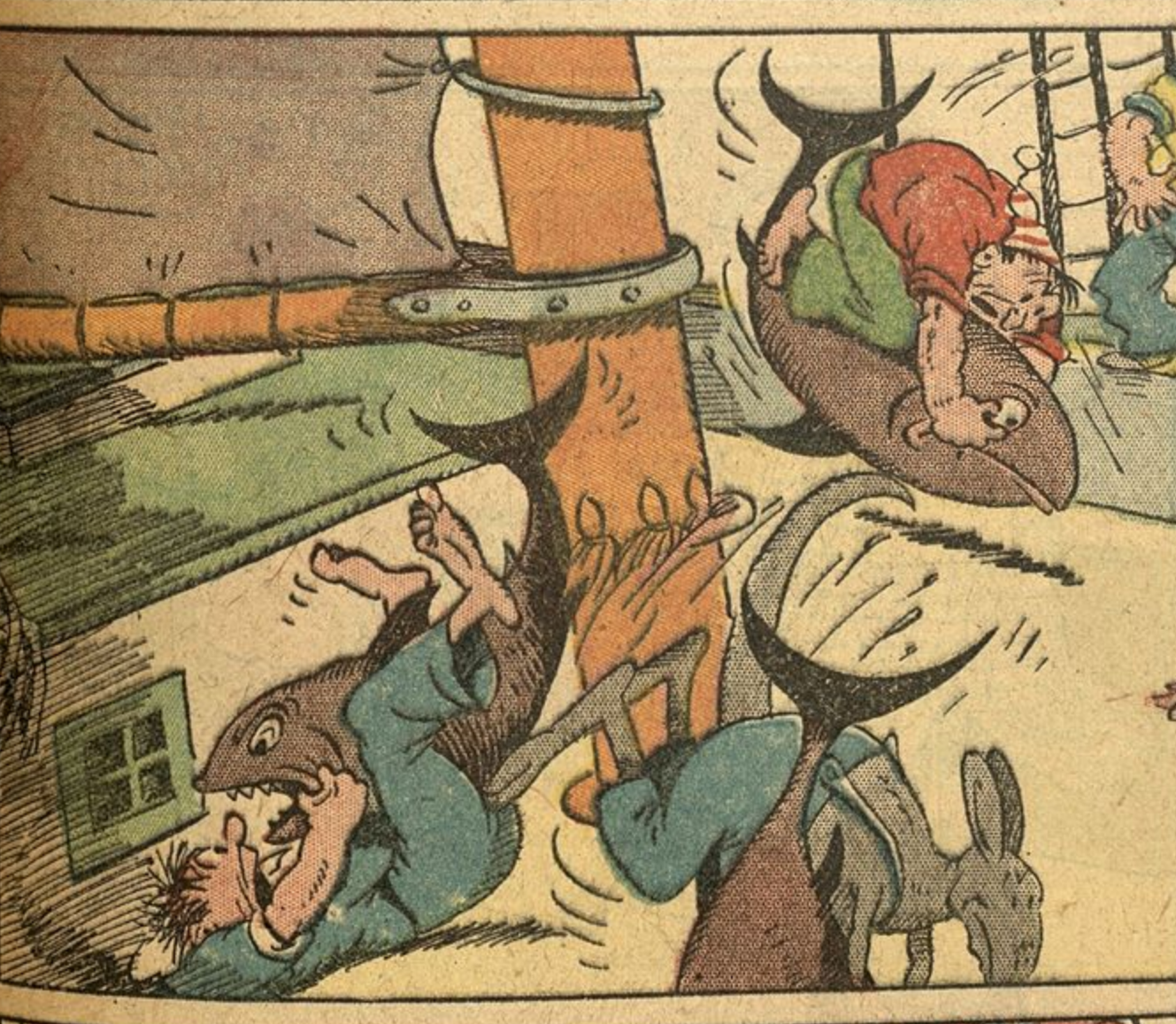
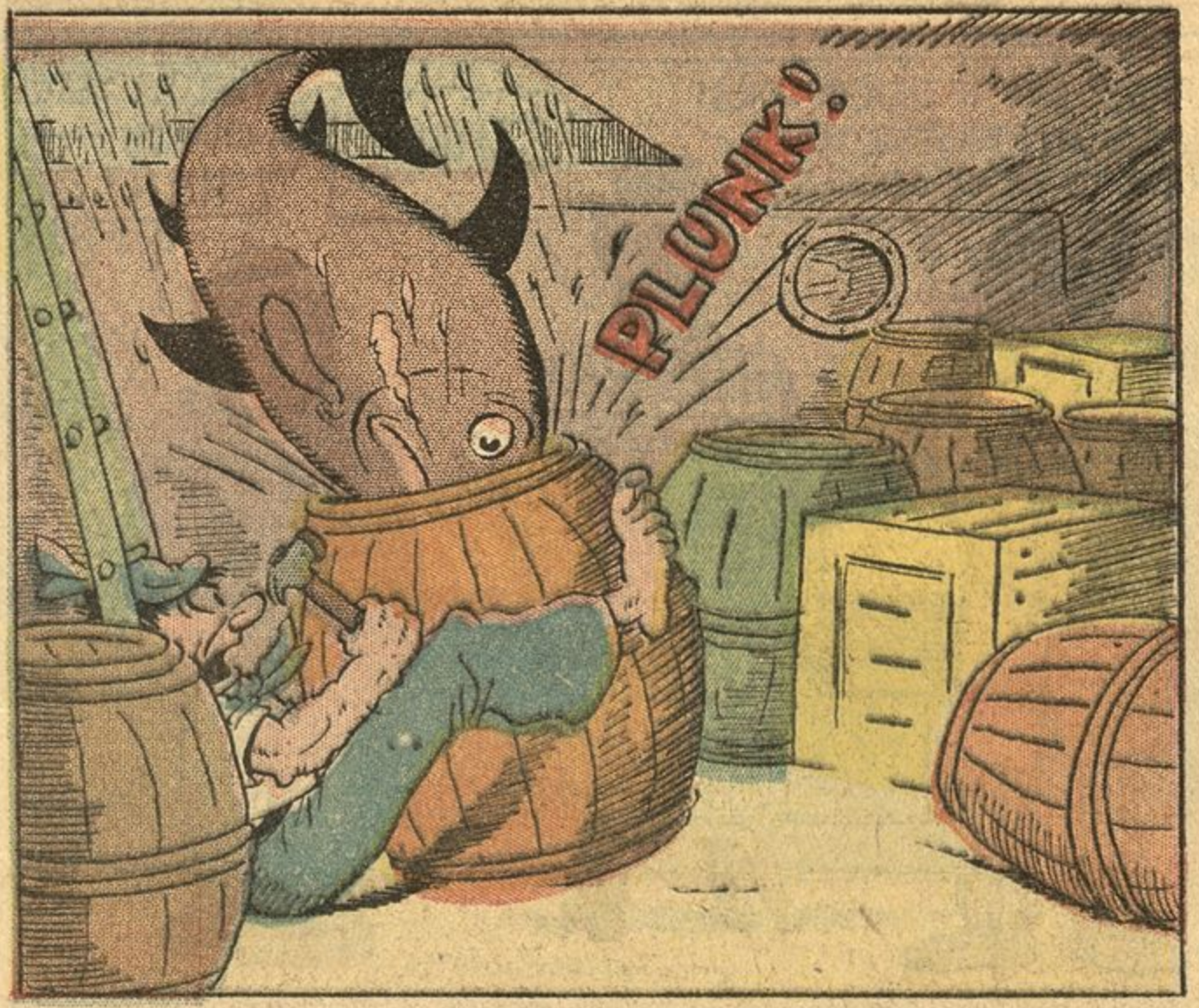
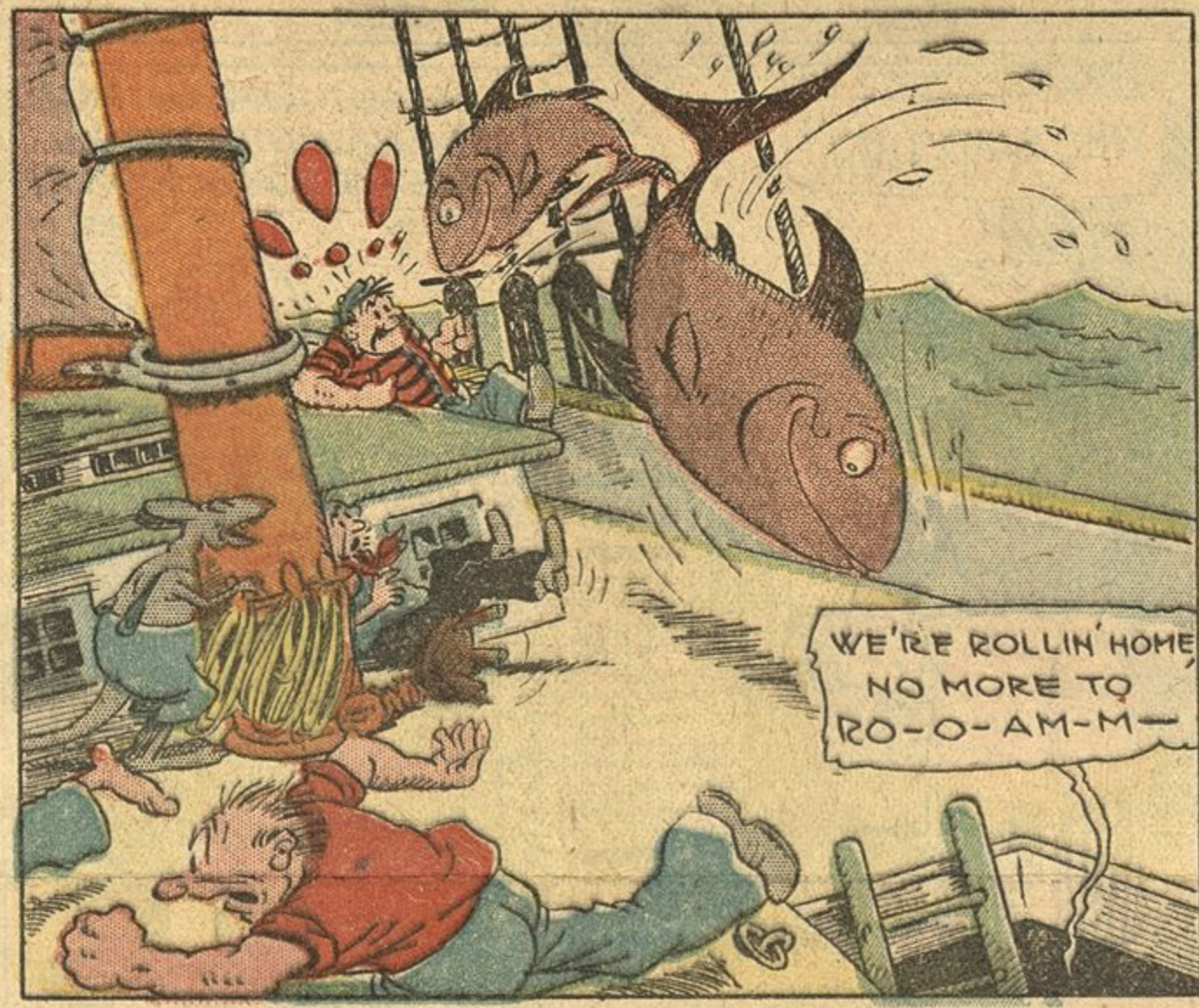
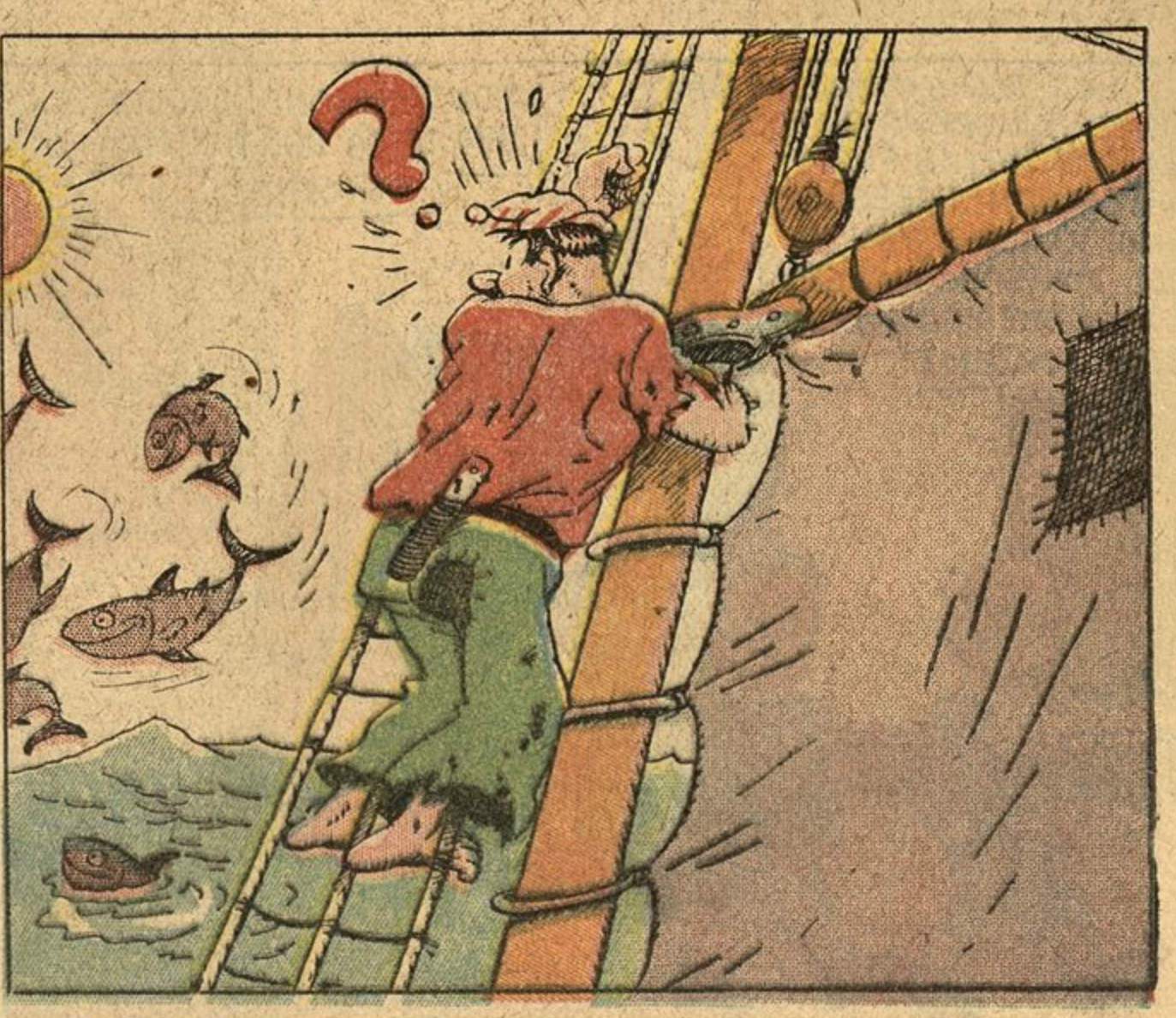
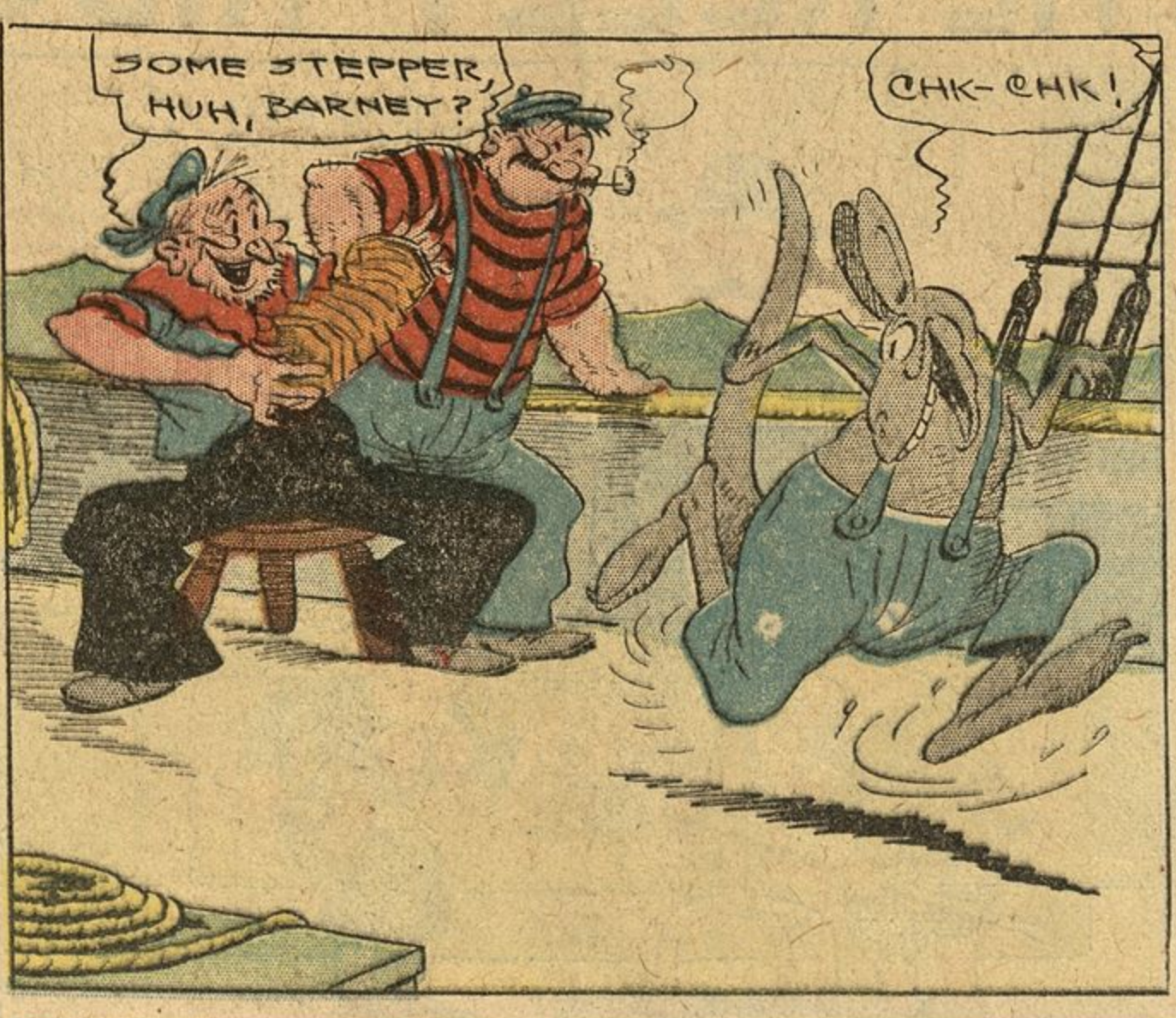
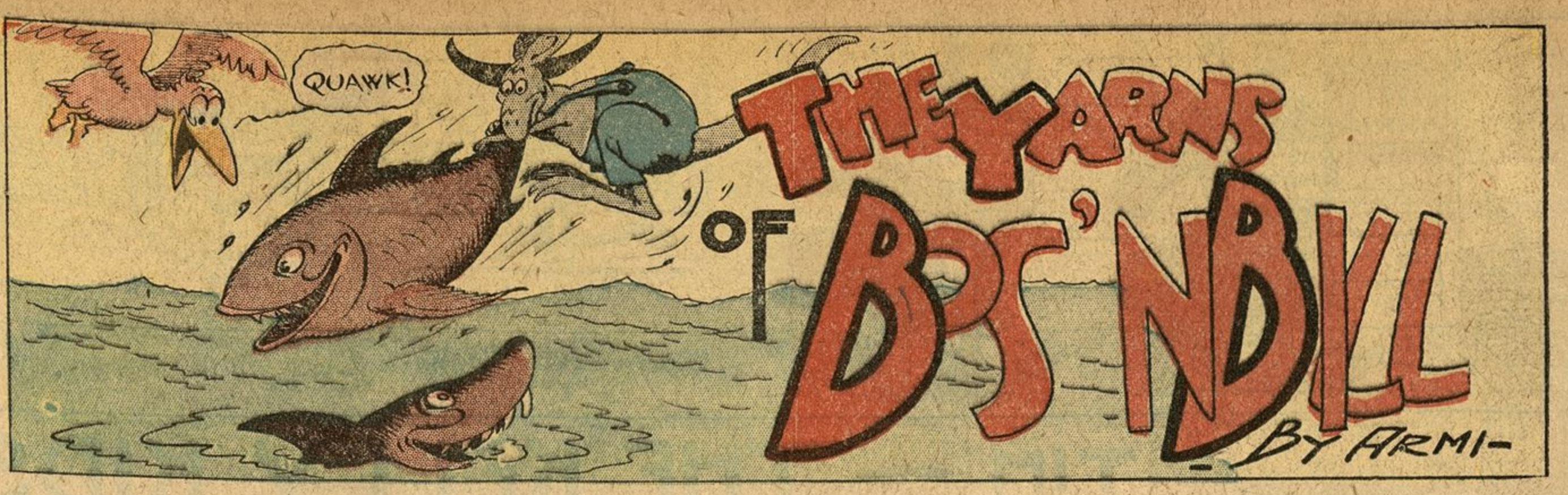
Well s'r, just then a fish 'bout ten feet long landed on deck. Then more of 'em flopped over th' rail. Th' big fish, which, by th' way, were known as leaping tunas, were bouncin' about th' deck like rubber balls. I'll be blowed if it weren't like a three-ringed circus.

Down in th' hold one of th' crew was tightenin' th' hoops on an empty barrel. One of th' tunas dove down through th' open hatchway and plunked headfirst into

th' barrel. Th' next thing we saw, was a tuna sailin' up through th' hatchway, a barrel over his head, and a pop-eyed sailor hangin' onto his dorsal fin. Over th' rail bounced th' tuna. Just in time, th' sailor let go and landed on deck.

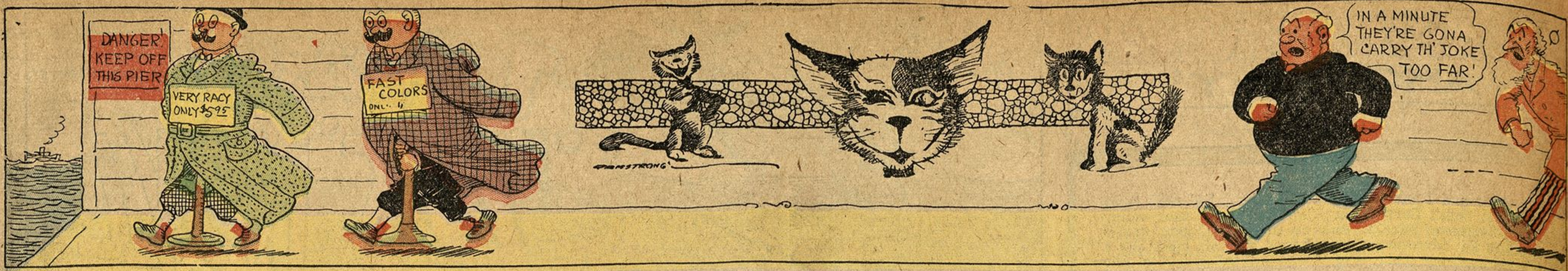
While I was wonderin' what was goin' to happen next, a blue streak shot past me, headin' for th' open hatchway. Blow me if it wasn't Kangy, ridin' a tuna as big as a horse. Down th' hatchway bounced th' tuna, with Kangy stickin' to his back.

Just about then th' last of th' big fish flopped over th' side into th' sea, and all hands but th' man at th' wheel made for th' hold to see what had happened to Kangy. I'll be dingbusted if there wasn't th' tuna, dead, and perched on his back was Kangy, wigglin' his whiskers, and as pleased as a cat with two tails.

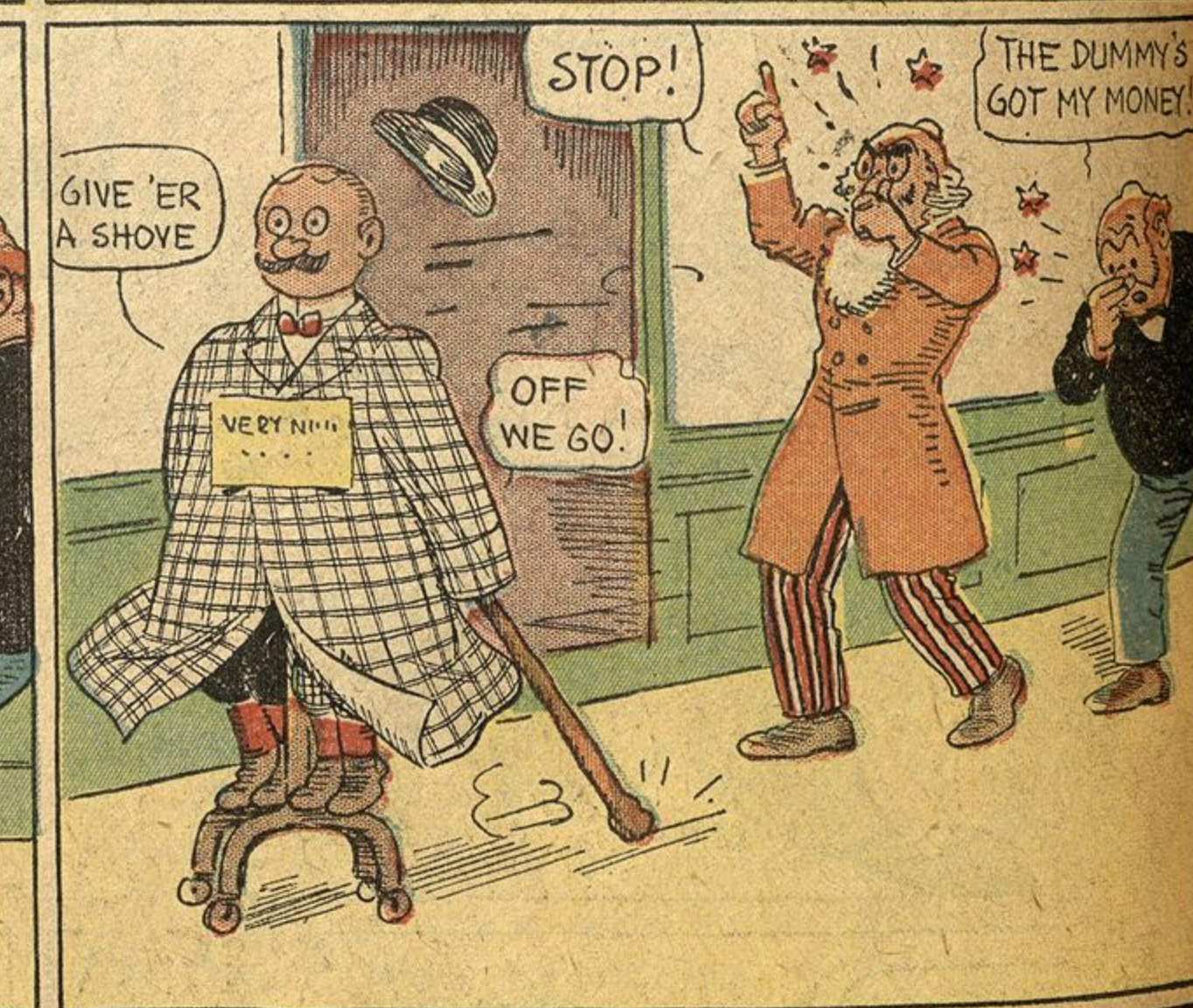
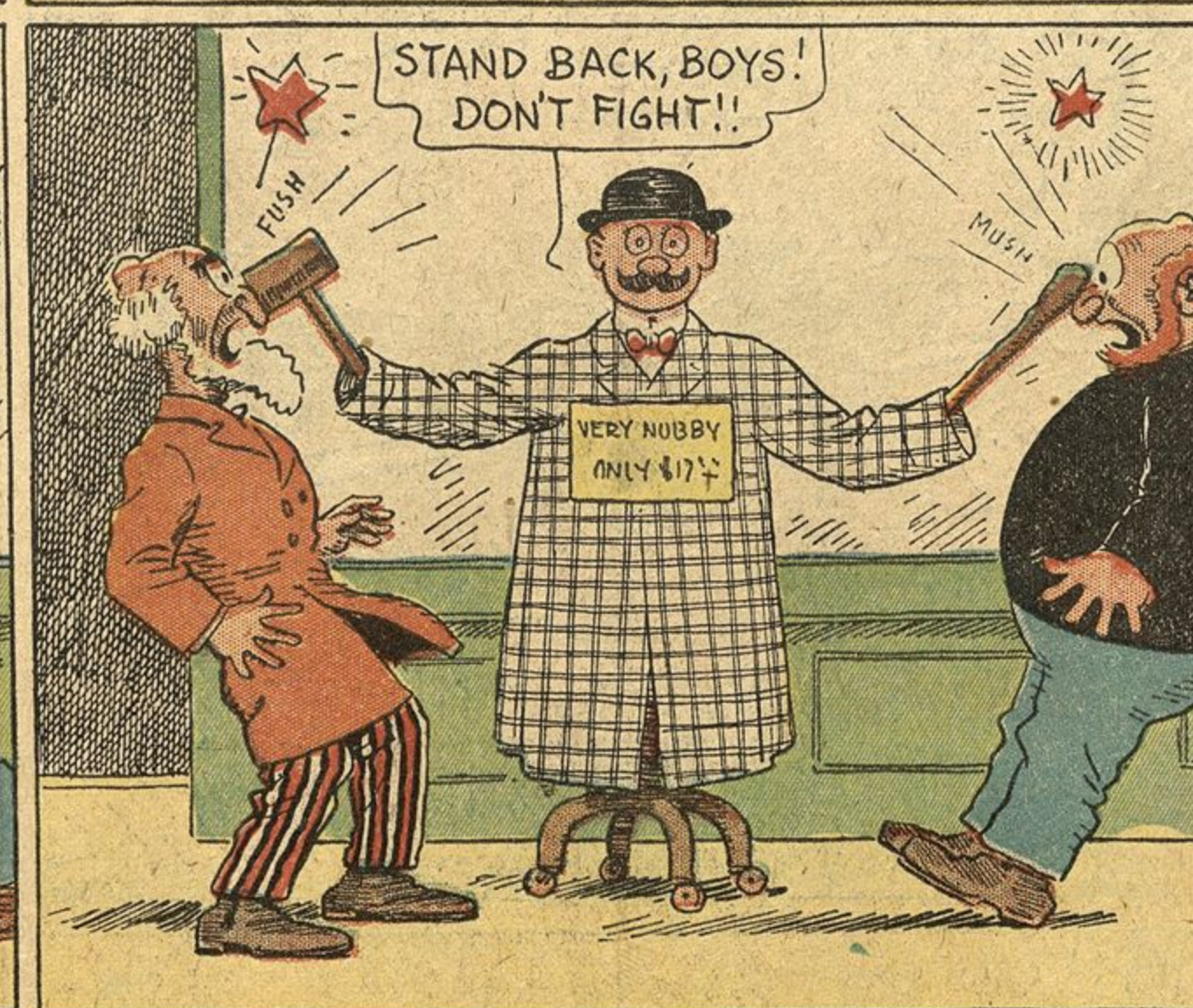
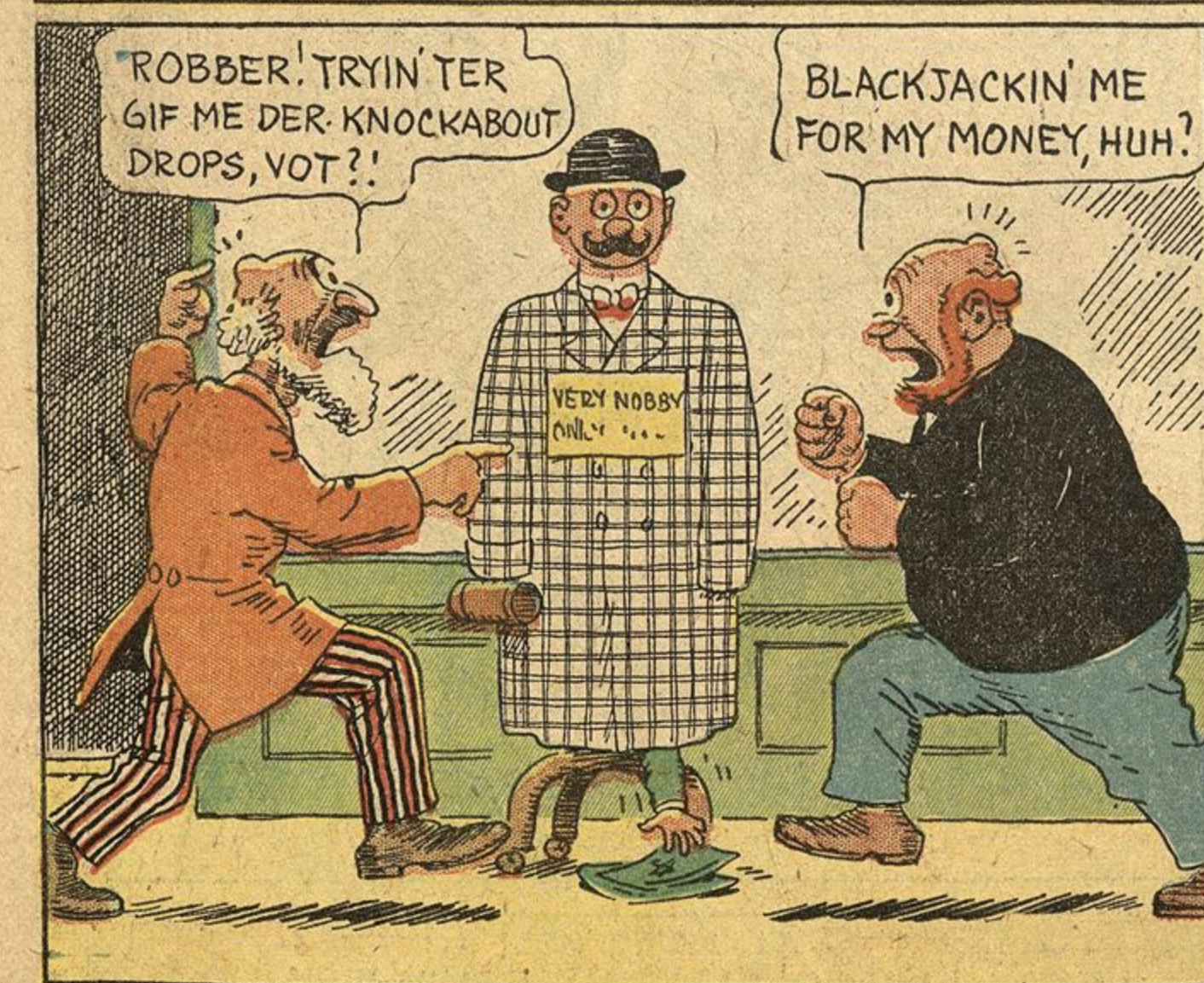
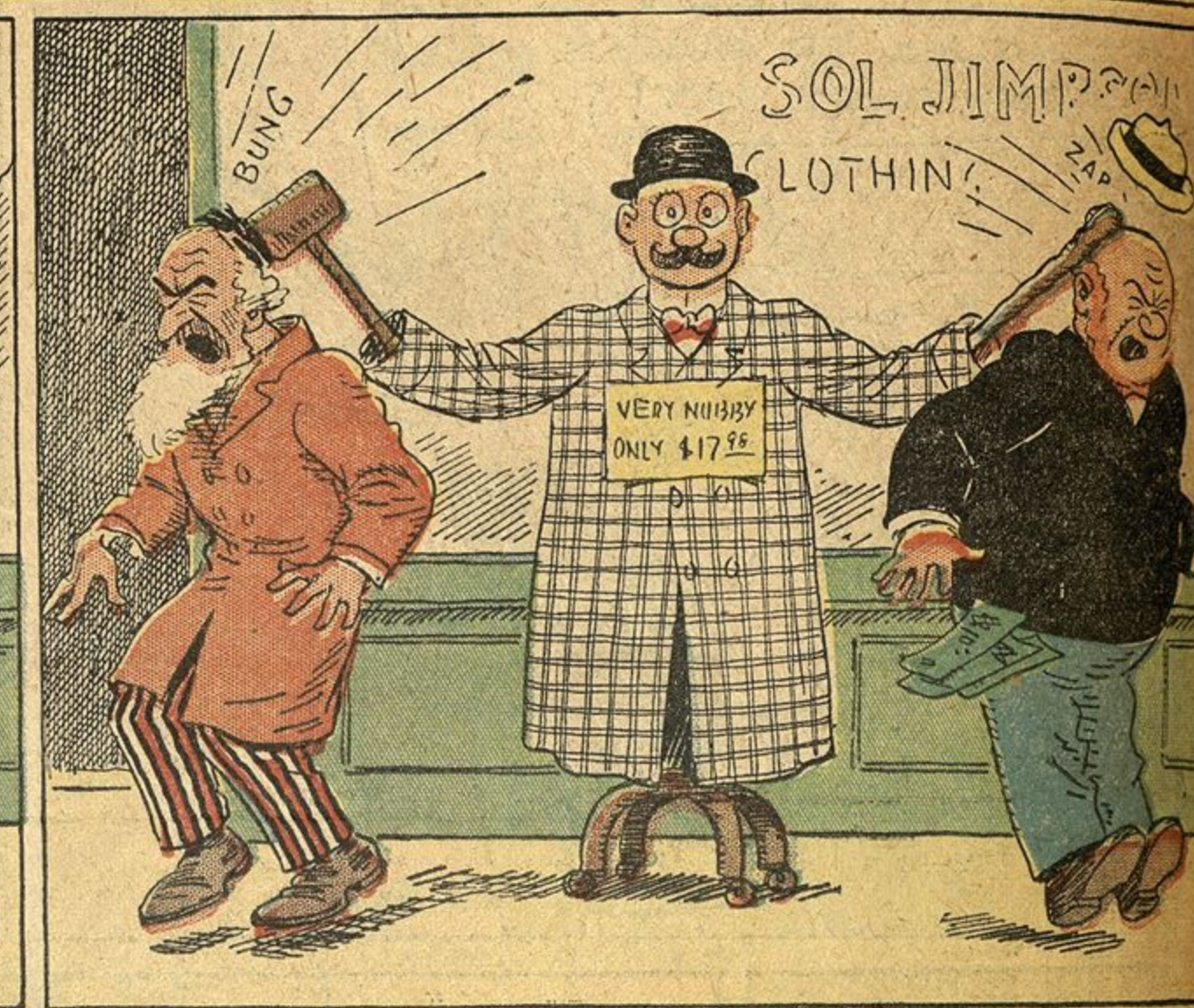
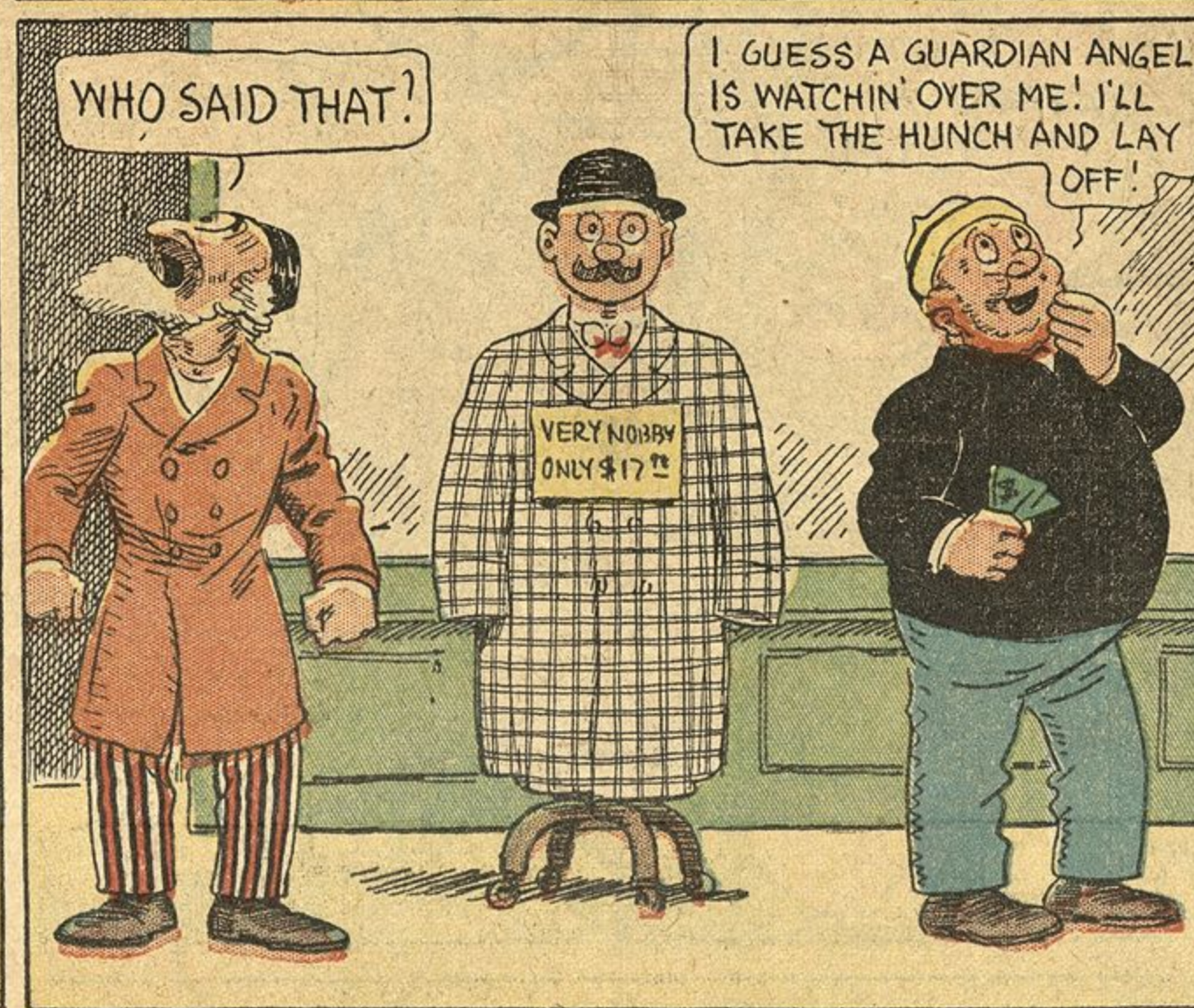
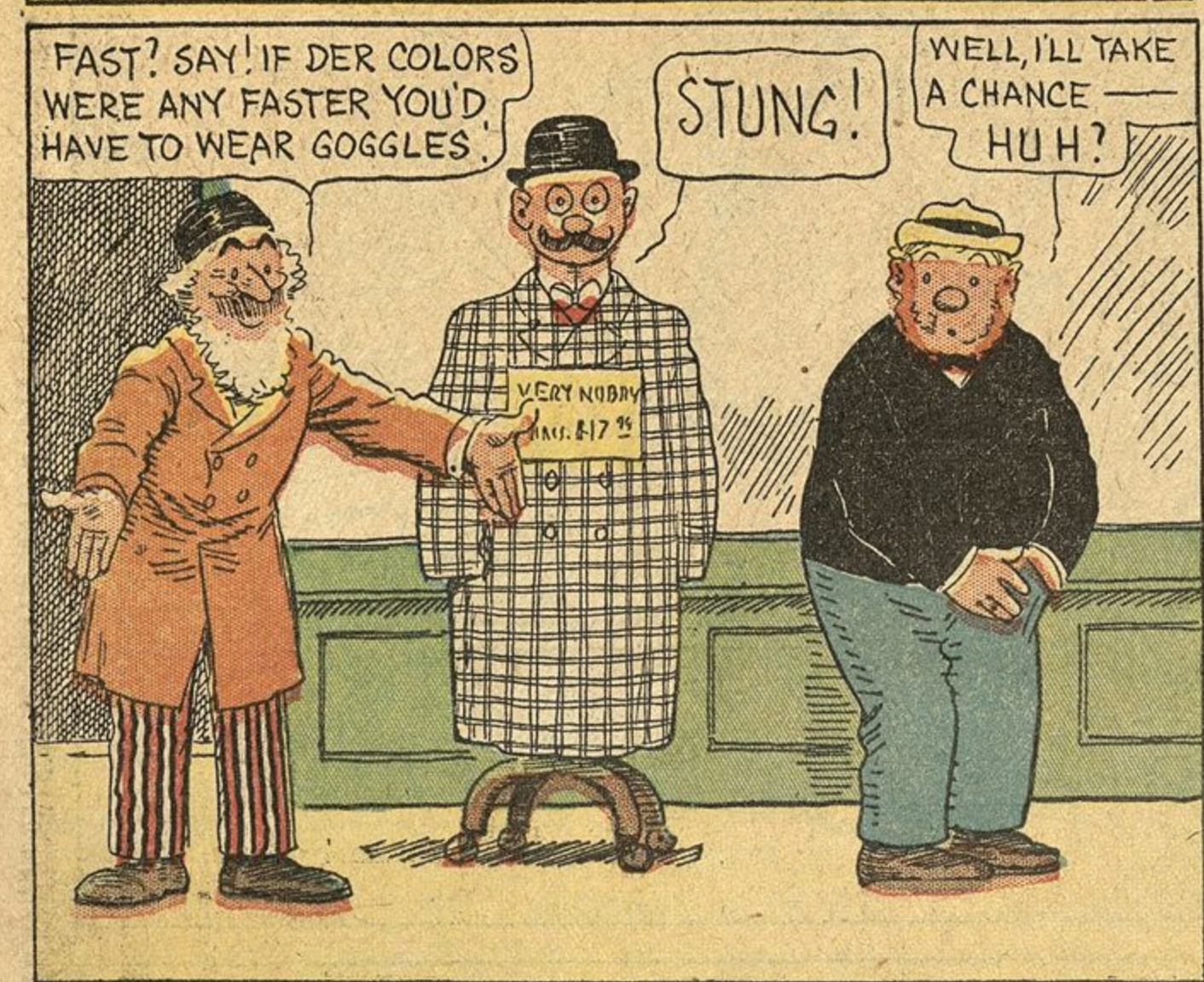
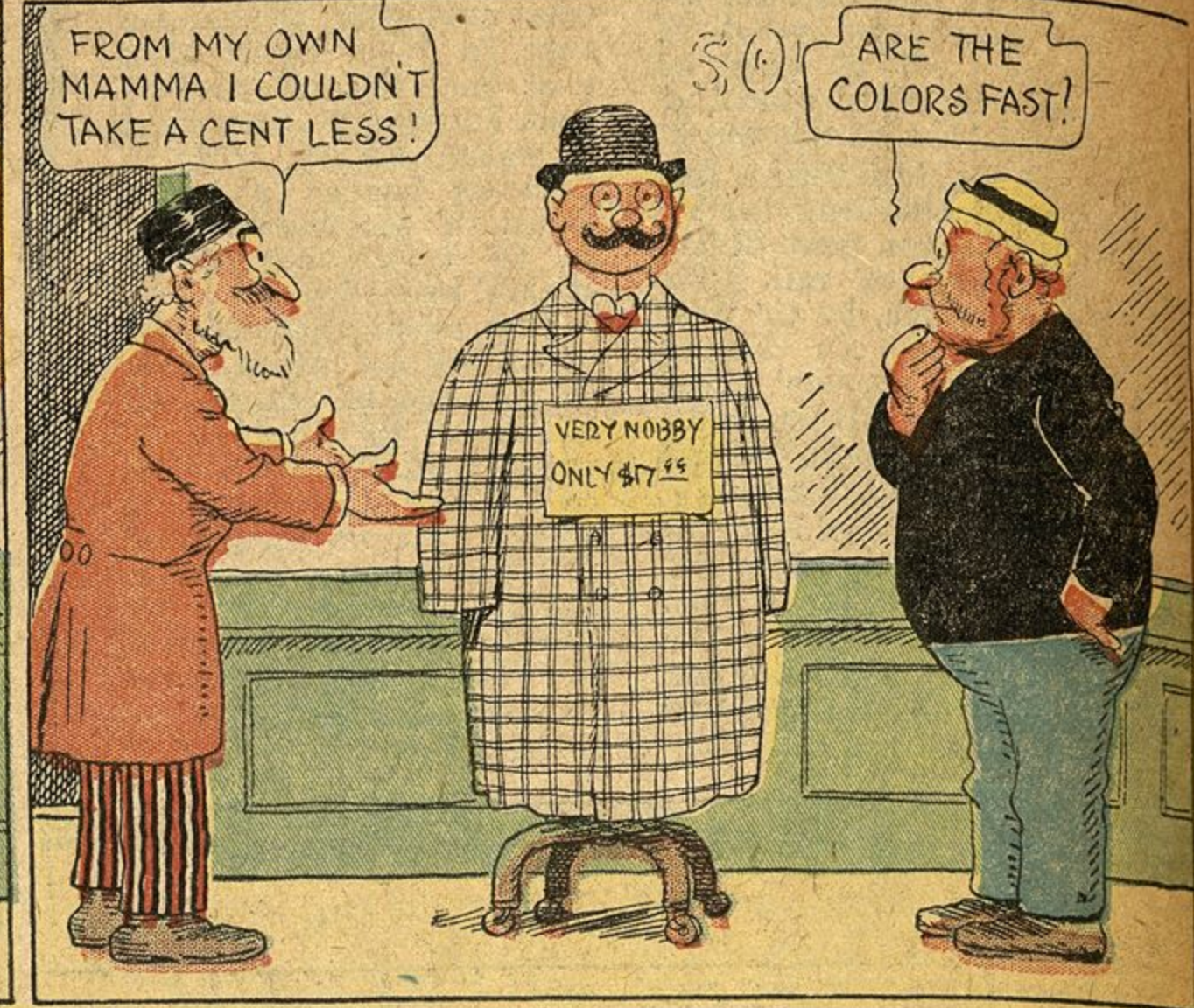
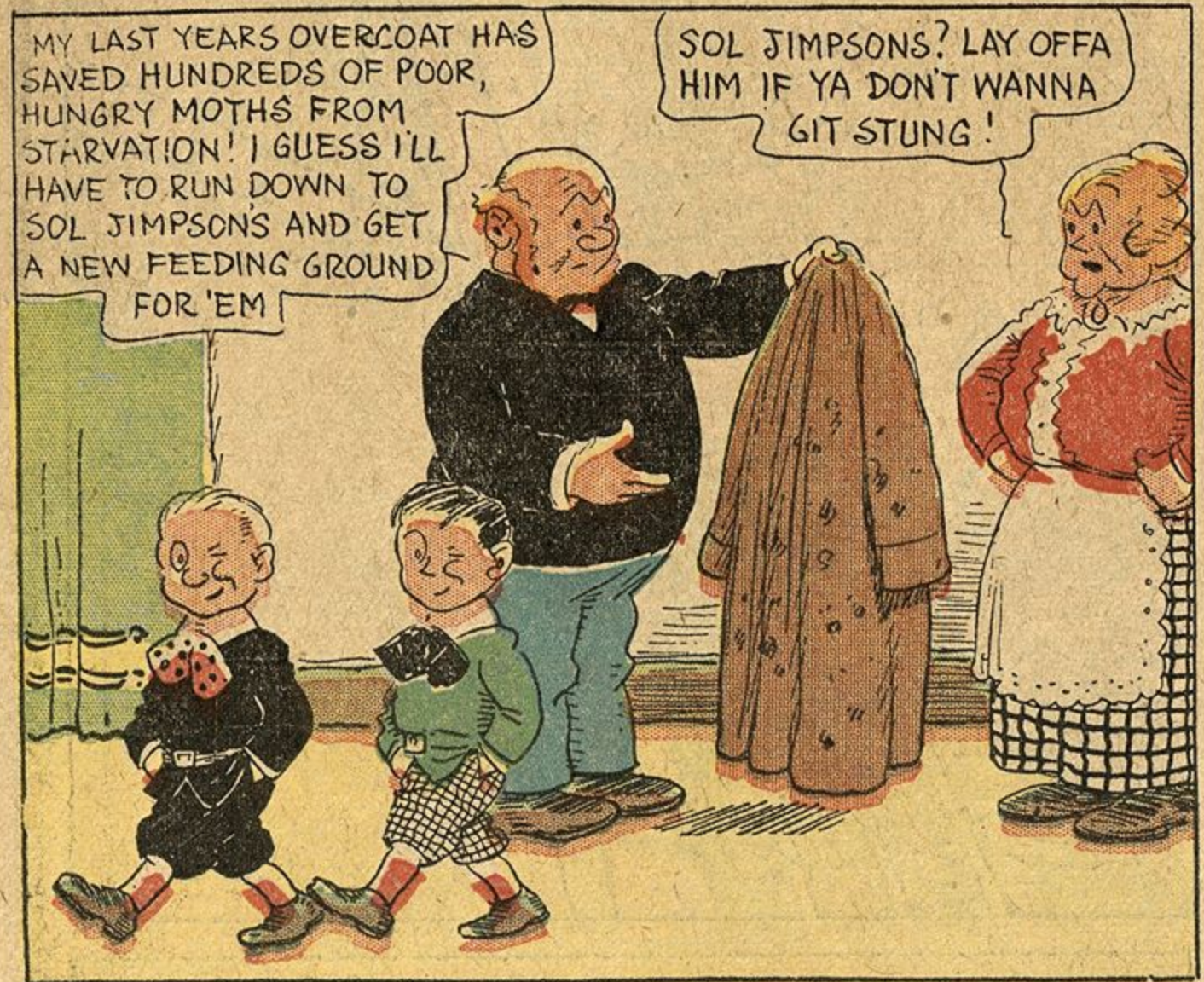


WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



OH! YOU DONT SAY. *By INK*

JOHN NEVER REMEMBERS ANYTHING —

DOESN'T HE? —

— WELL, MY HUSBAND HAS A VERY POOR MEMORY ALSO. —

ISN'T THAT DREADFUL?

OH, I DONT THINK SO.

THIS IS MY THIRD NEW FALL HAT

HE FORGOT ABOUT BUYING ME THE OTHER TWO —