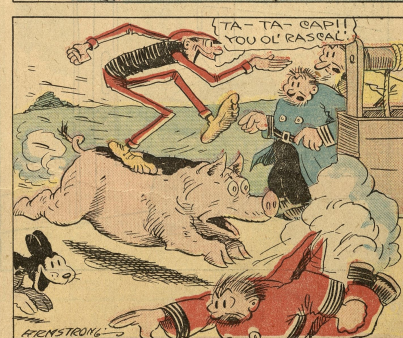
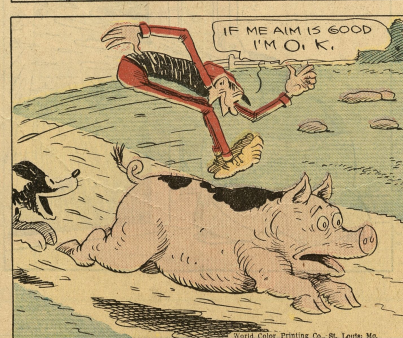
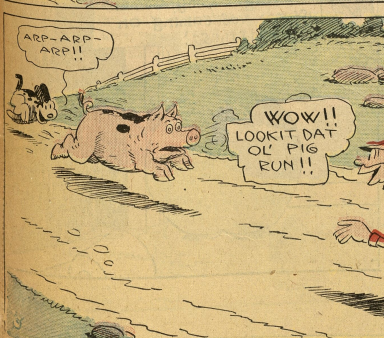
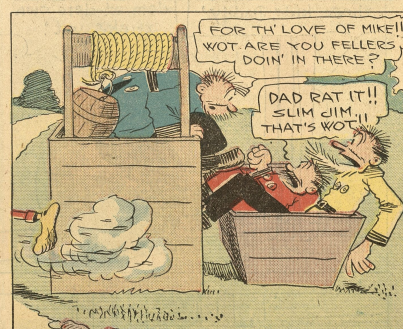
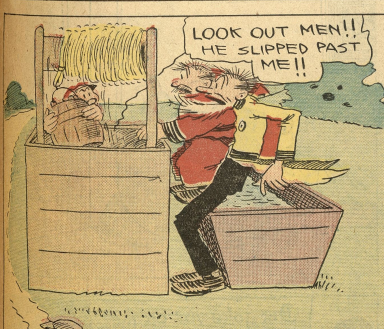
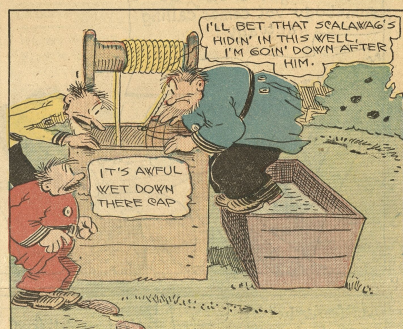
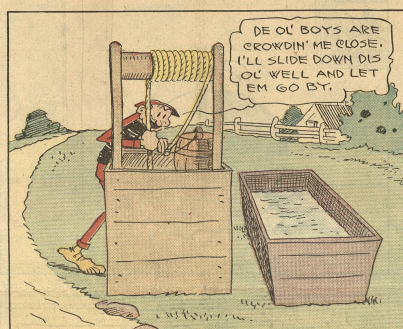
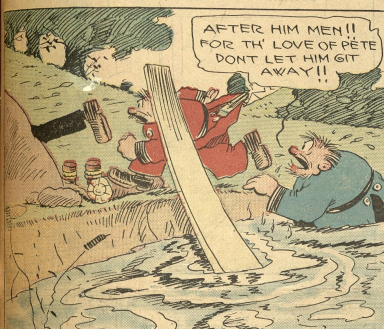
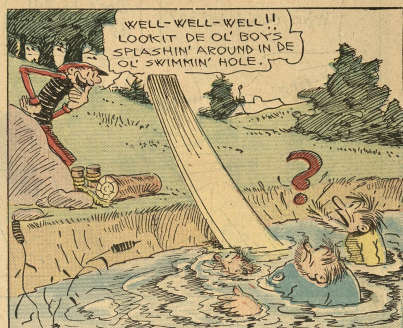
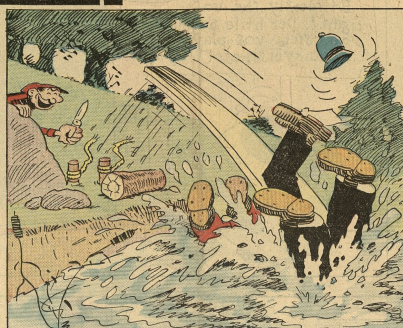


COMIC SECTION

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,
October 30, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



"FAIRY TALE" ALADDIN
and the wonderful lamp.
—ONE REEL—
THRILLS—THWACKS—

ALADDIN, A POOR BUT HONEST SWEDE, FINDS A MYSTERIOUS LOOKING LAMP ON AN ASH PILE.

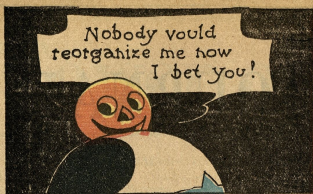
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE LAMP HE READS THESE DIRECTIONS, "MAKE A WISH THEN RUB ME AND IT WILL COME TRUE."

SO ALADDIN, WHO HAS ONLY THIRTY CENTS IN HIS JEANS, WISHES HE WERE A RICH MAN, AND PROCEEDS TO MASSAGE THE LAMP.

AND QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING A BURGLAR APPEARS, SMITES ALADDIN ON THE KOKO AND WITH A FIENDISH HAWHAW RELIEVES HIM OF HIS THIRTY CENTS.

Good NIGHT

NEXT WEEK—CLARA THIMBLE BUNG IN "HIT WITH A CODFISH"



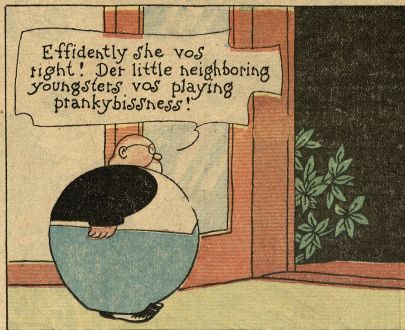
Nobody would
reorganize me now
I bet you!

The Outline of Oscar



Who could dot be?

Don't be sill,
it's Halloween!



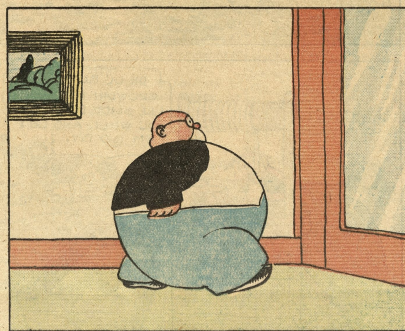
Effidently she vos
right! Der little neighboring
youngsters vos playing
prankybusiness!



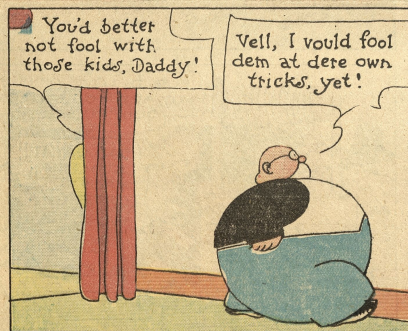
Vell, I vouldn't giff you
much for a fellow who couldn't take
a joke even ven it iss on hisownself!



Vot, again?
Still it might already be
somebody vot comes calling
actually!

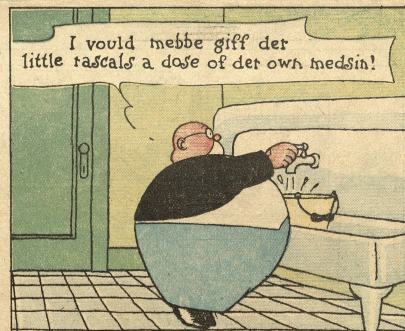


H'mm—der ash can!

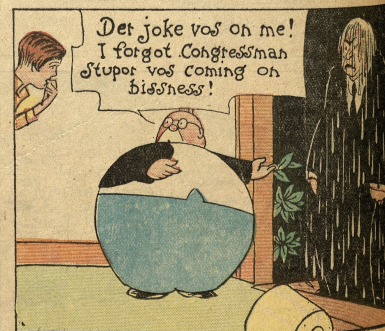
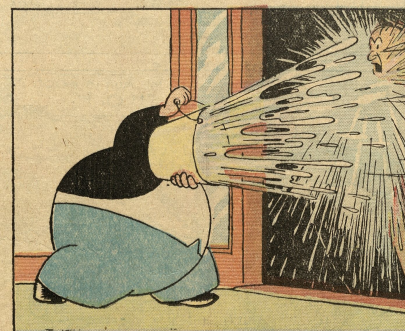
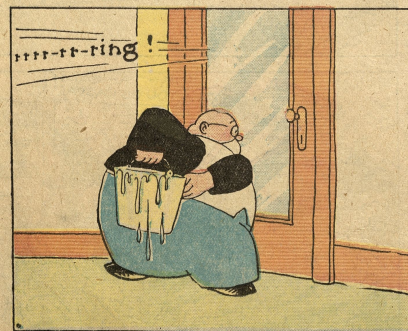
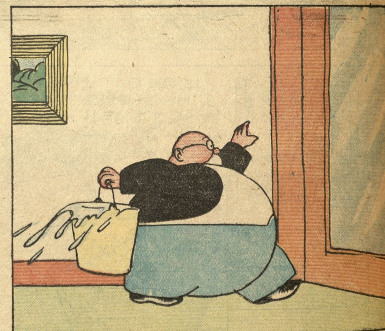


You'd better
not fool with
those kids, Daddy!

Vell, I vould fool
dem at dere own
tricks, yet!



I vould mebbe giff der
little rascals a dose of der own
medsin!



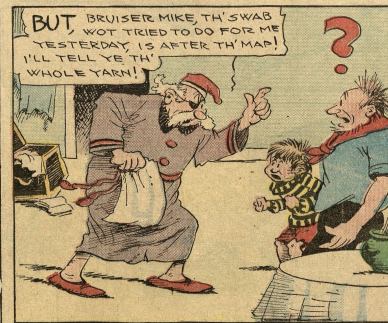
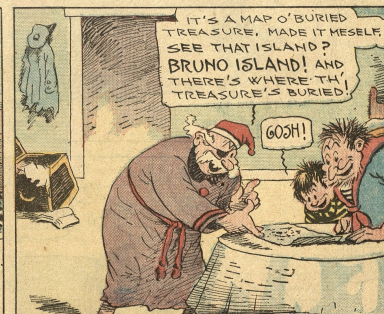
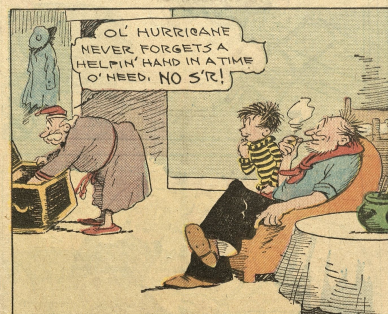
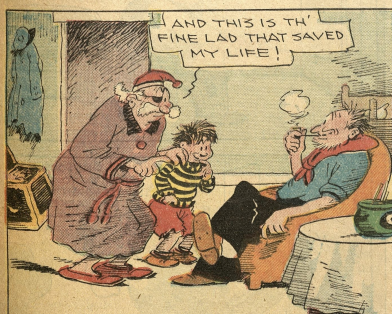
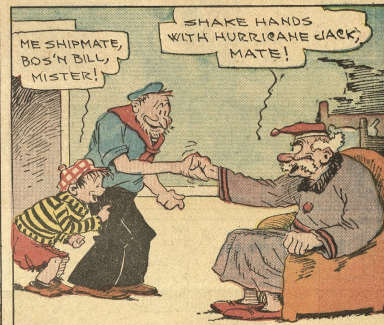
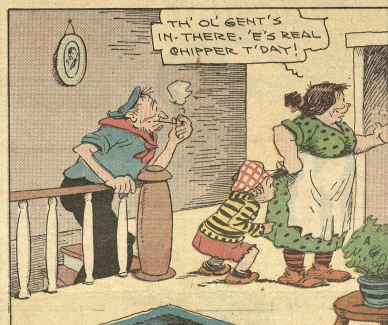
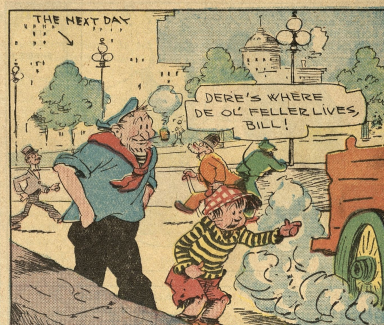
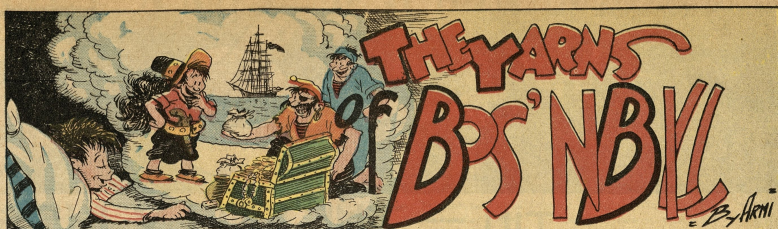
Der joke vos on me!
I forgot Congressman
Stupor vos coming on
hisownself!

THE TREASURE OF BRUNO ISLAND

In my last yarn I told you how Tim, while ashore, had saved an old man from a bad beating. Th' old feller had promised somethin' fine for Tim, and had said that I was to come with him. So th' next day we set out for th' house where th' old man lived. We found it, all right. Tim introduced us and we were soon yarnin' like a couple of old shipmates. He called himself, Hurricane Jack, and I'd bet that he was a hurricane one time. And how he raved over th' way Tim had bounced a board off th' head of th' swab that was beatin' him. That brought him 'round to what he had for Tim, and as it turned out, for me too, by gray.

Hurricane rummaged in his sea-chest; found an old yellow piece of paper and spread it out on top of th'

table. His finger was shakin' when he pointed to a map drawn on it. "A map o' buried treasures, mates, and I made it myself!" I was excited. If he had made th' map, then he knew where th' treasure was buried. He told Tim and I that we share equally in th' stuff; that he had buried th' gold and jewels, himself. But there was somethin' to spoil our joy. Hurricane told a yarn 'bout a big swab, Bruiser Mike, who had been shipmates with him, knew 'bout th' map, and that he was th' one that had slugged him th' day before, thinkin', most likely, that he would find th' map in Hurricane's pocket. But Tim spoiled th' big Bruiser's plans. And now Tim and I were to have equal shares of th' gold and jewels with Hurricane Jack. Don't miss my next yarn. Tim has another adventure.



SERVICE
MADE OF A GROGGERY
FILM OF A FAST AND FILMITY!

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER, SIR?

LEMME SEE HAVE YOU CORN?

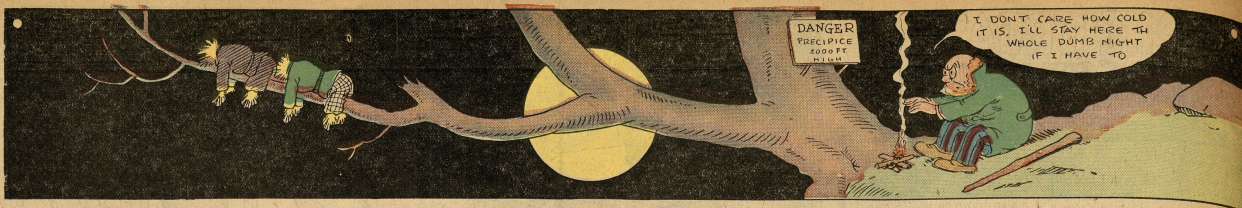
YES SIR!

LEMME HAVE CORN THEN!

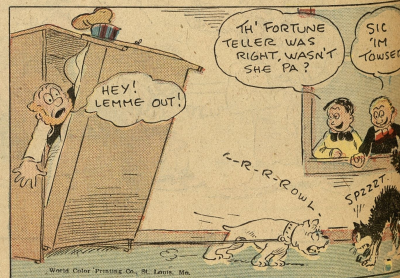
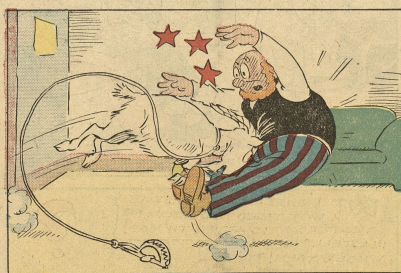
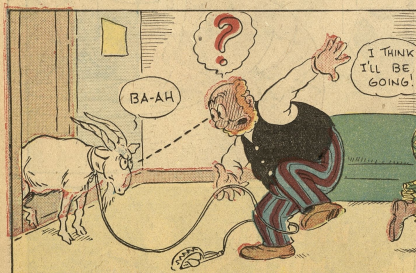
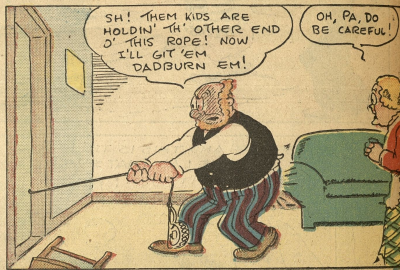
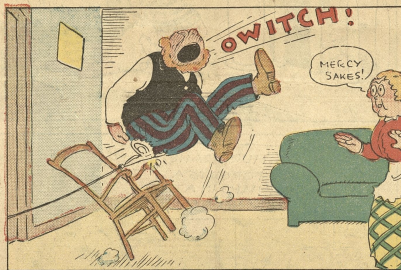
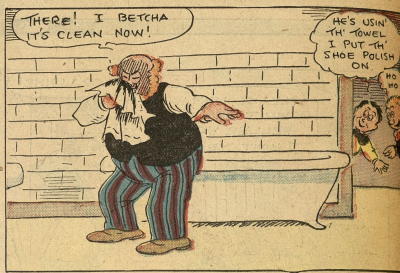
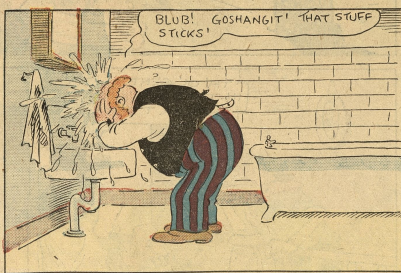
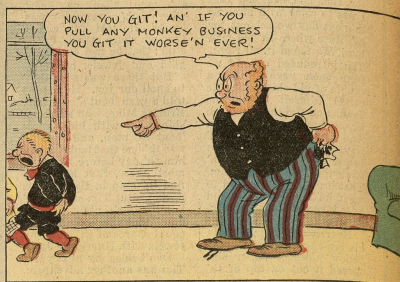
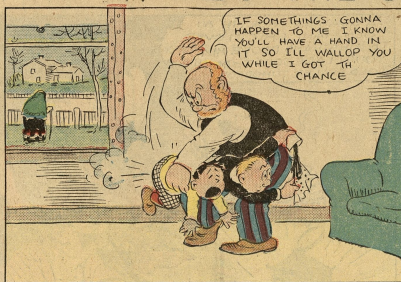
HOW WILL YOU TAKE YOUR CORN, SIR?

ON THE EAR!

???



TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



NURSERY RHYMES
FOR GROWN UPS
— ONE REEL —

LITTLE JACK HORNER
HORNED INTO
A CORNER



WHERE A FRIEND
OF HIS KEPT
HIS RYE.



THE OLD HUMAN MOP
LEFT NOT EVEN
A DROP



AND NOW HIS
FRIENDS CORNER
IS DRY.



HIC -
GOOD
NIGHT

NEXT WEEK
"LOST
IN THE
DESSERT"

5265