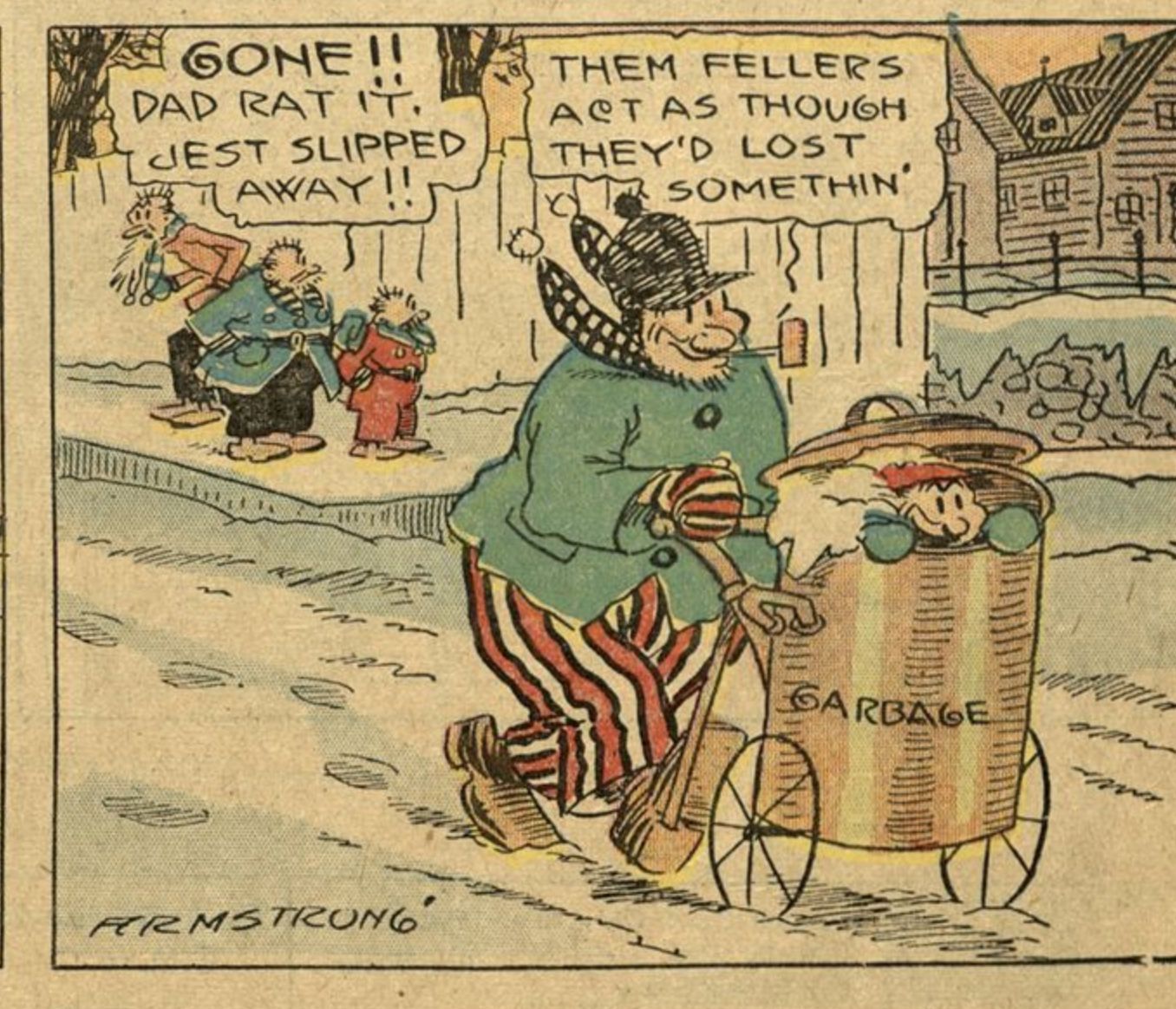
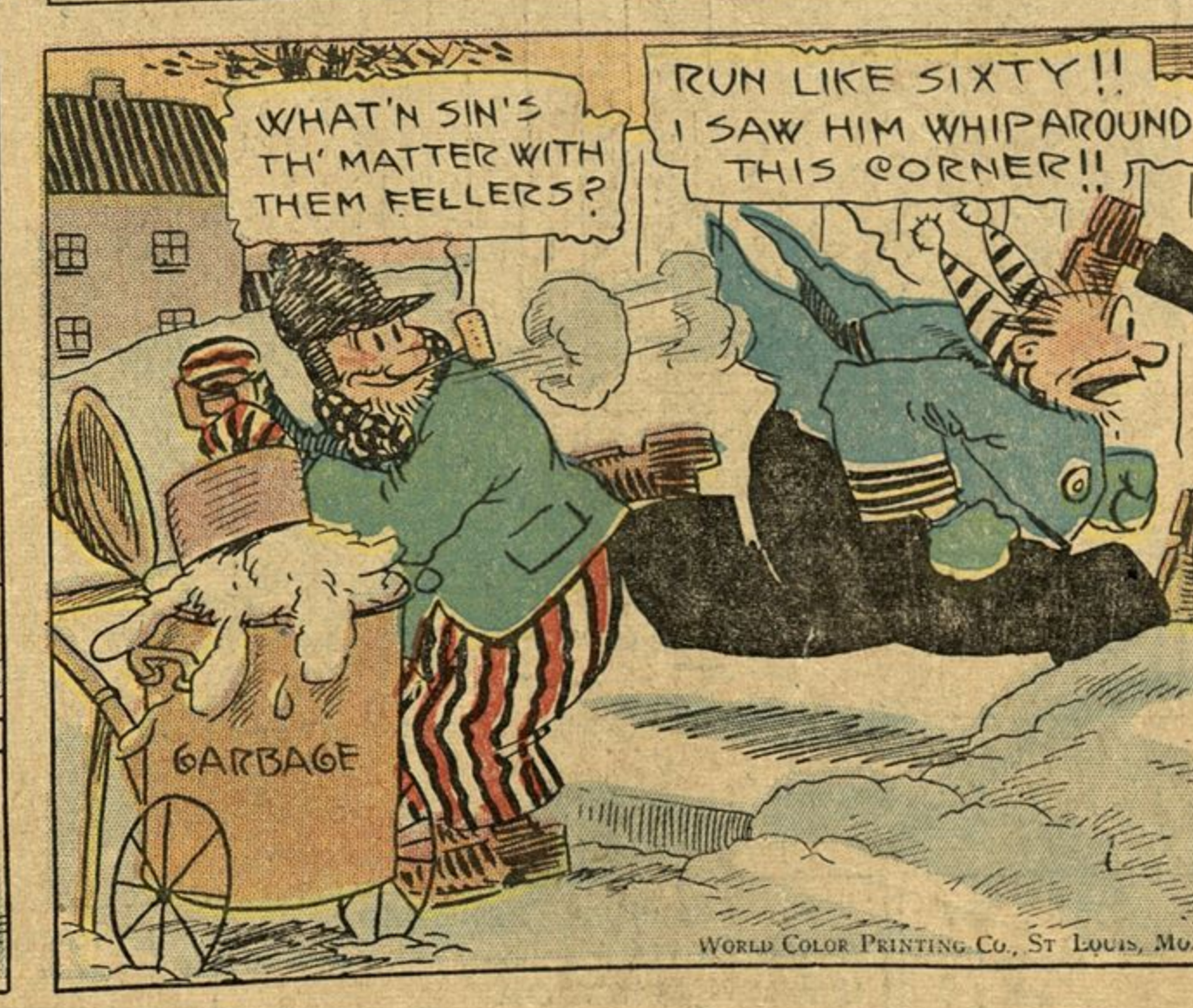
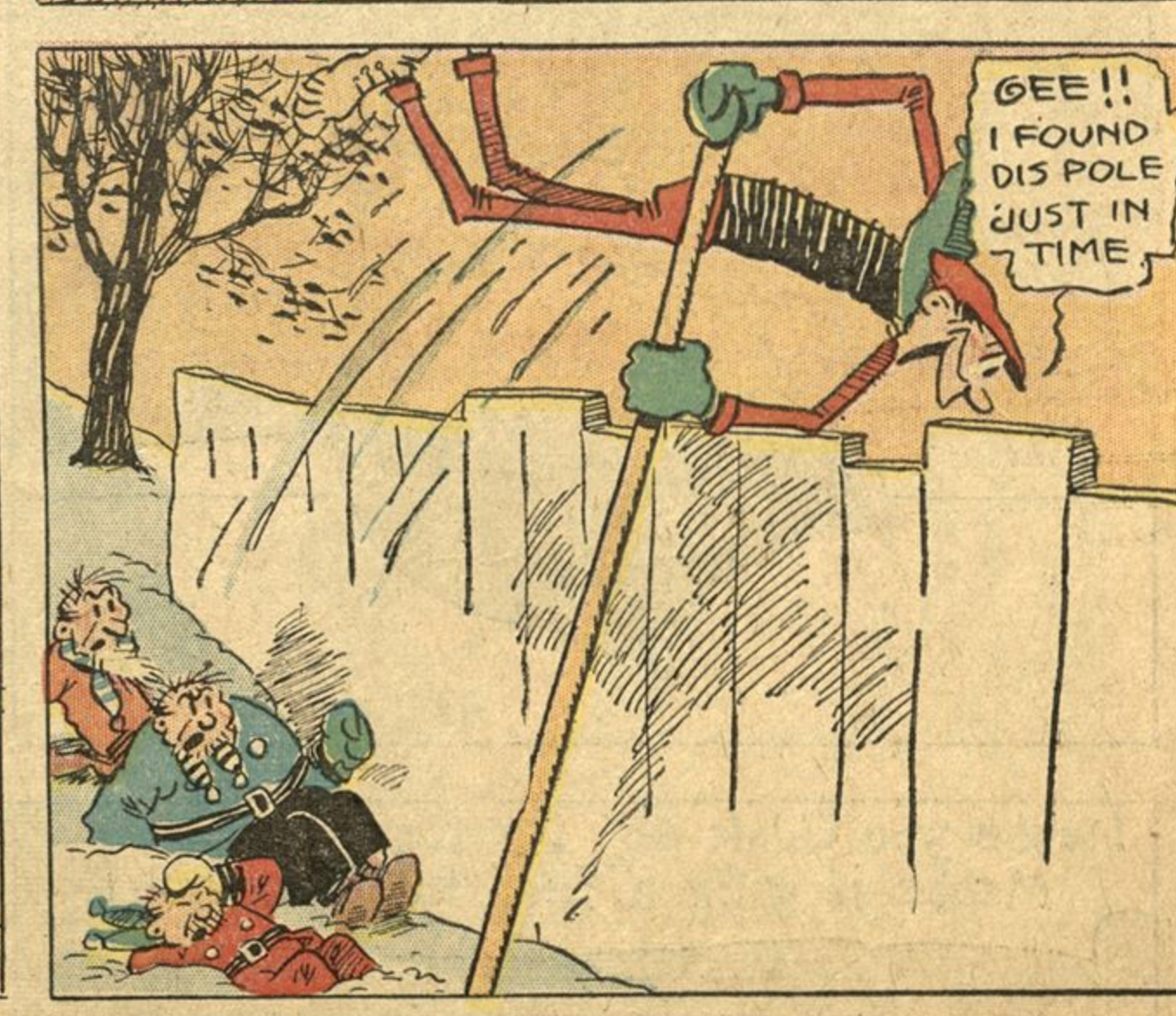
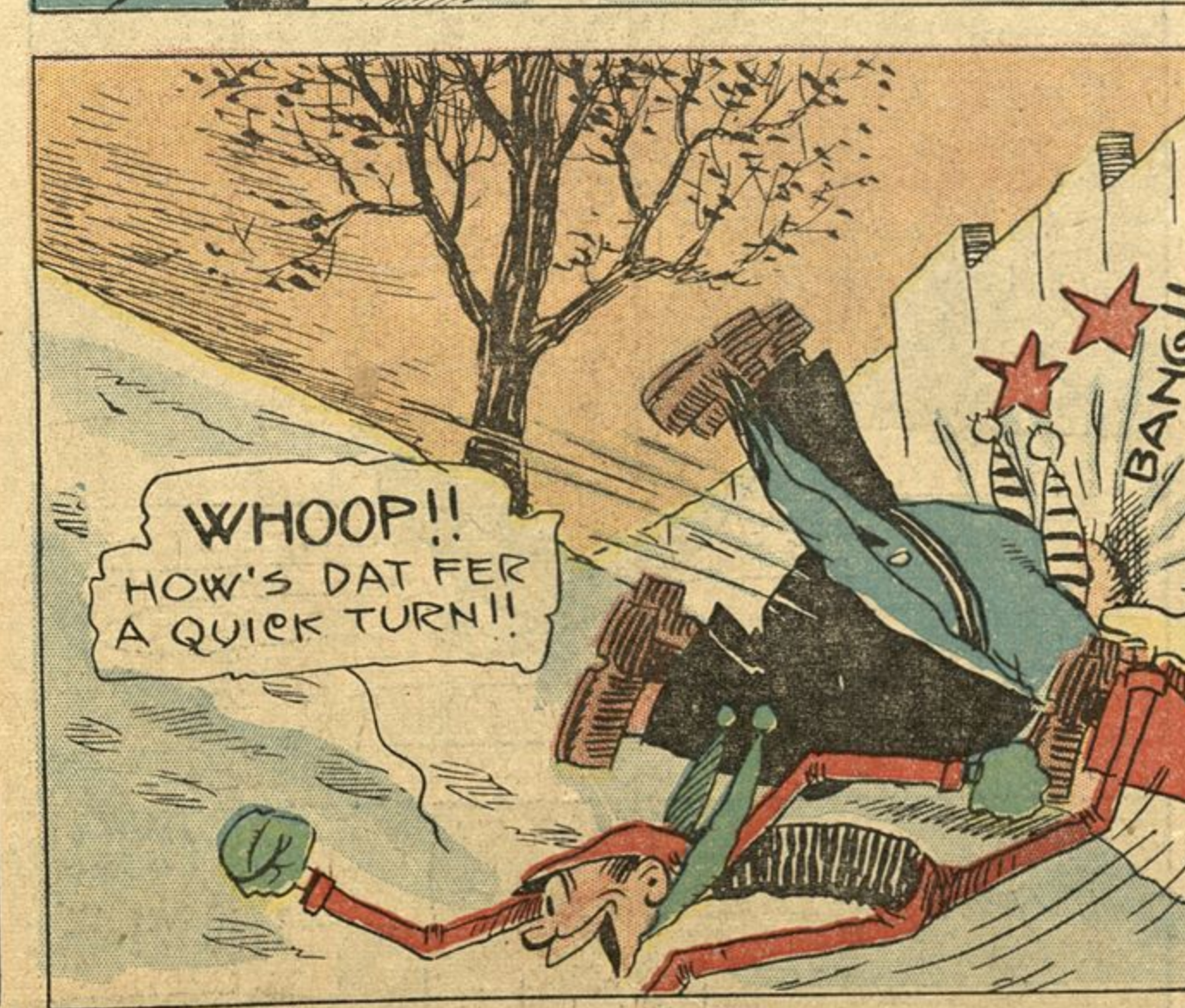
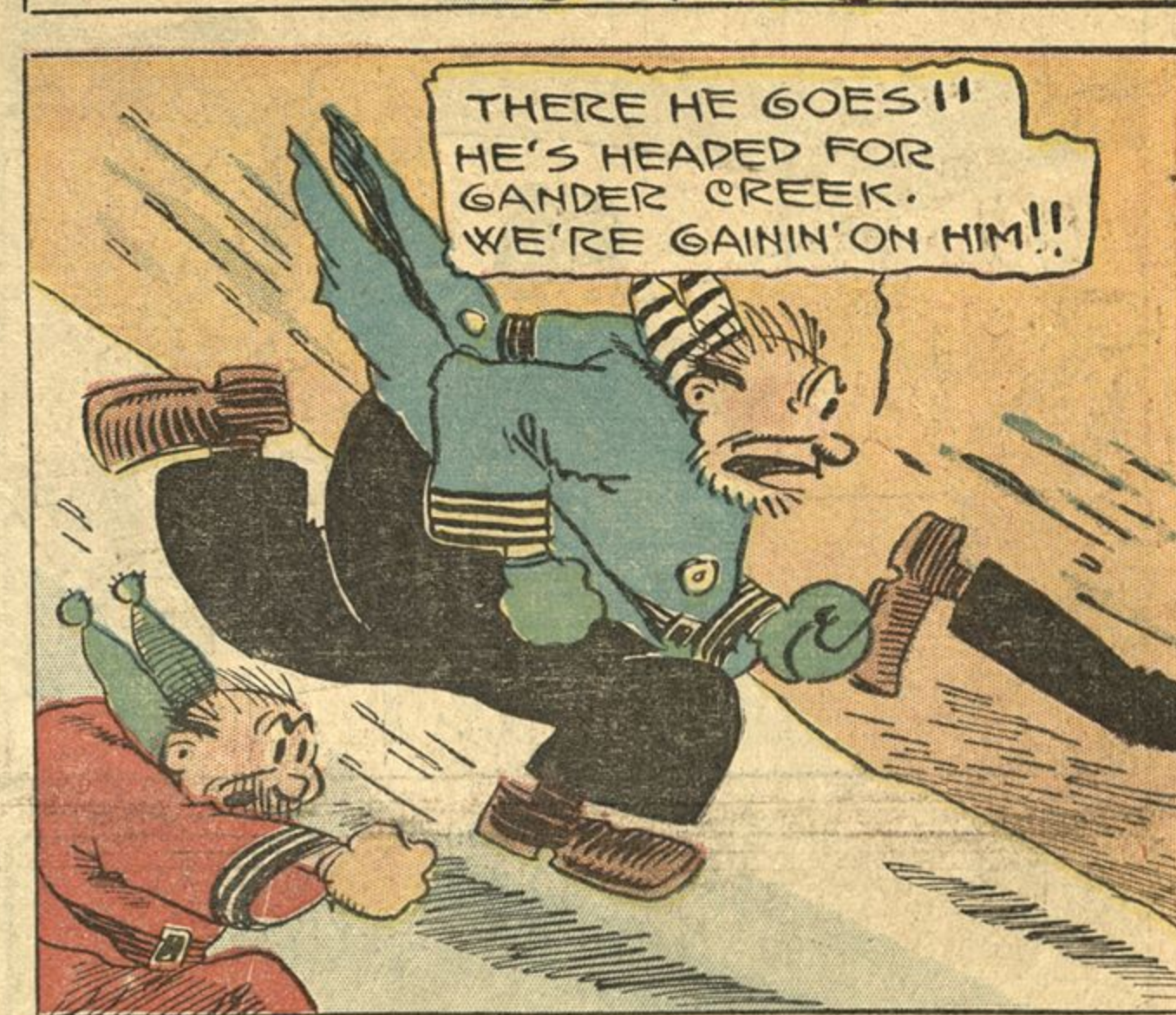
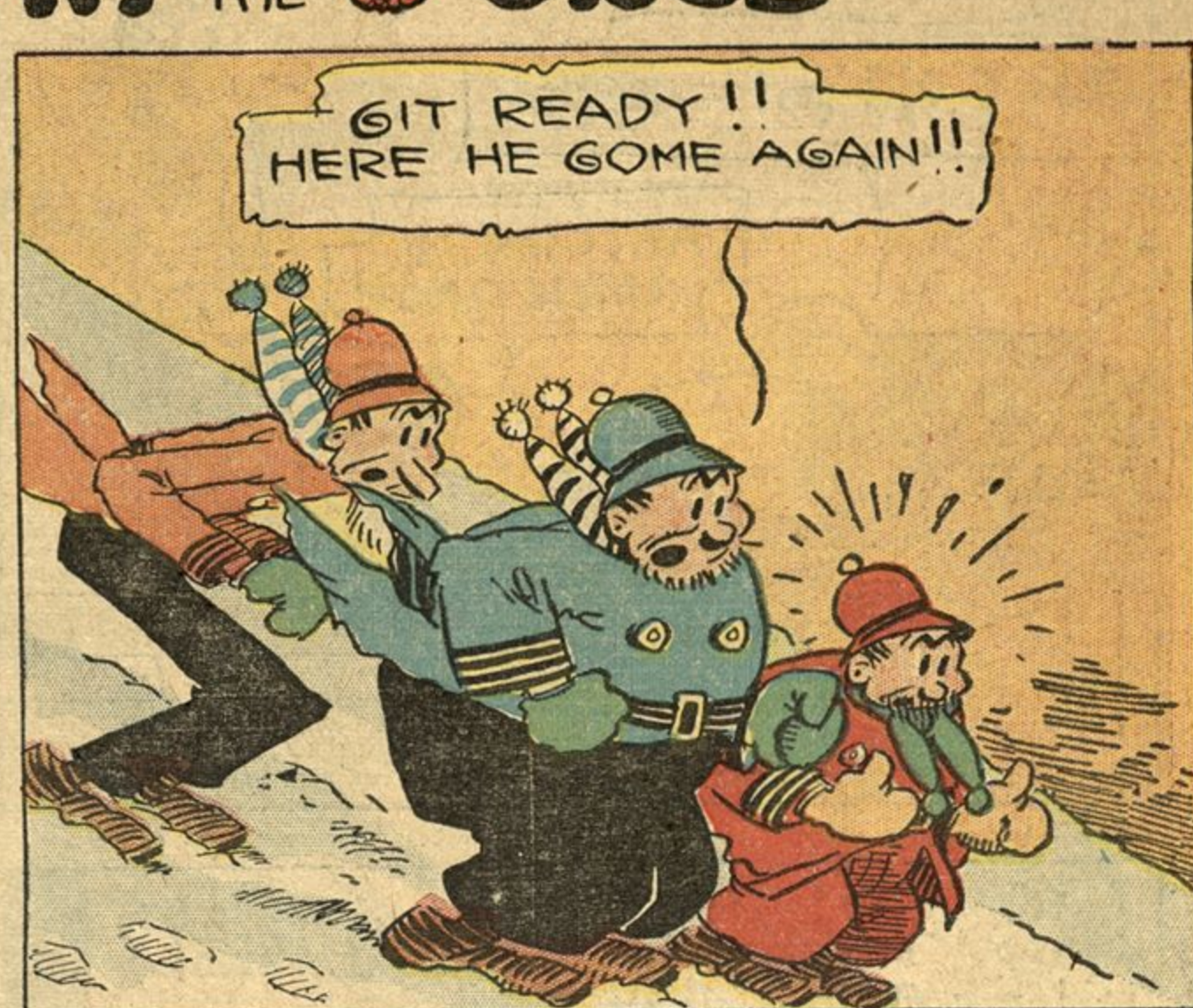


Comic Section

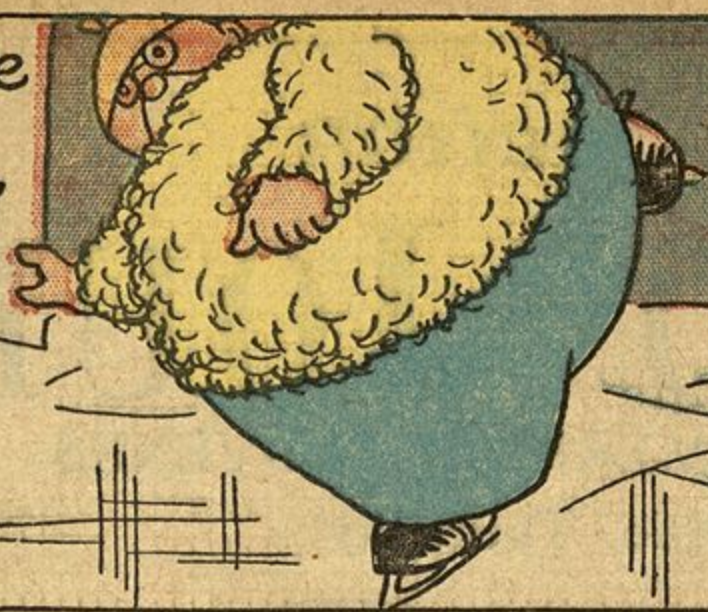
CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,
January 1, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



Next, der double
grapevine mit
two revolutions
und a Cupid's
bow!



The Outline of Oscar

ALWAYS MOVING KEEP

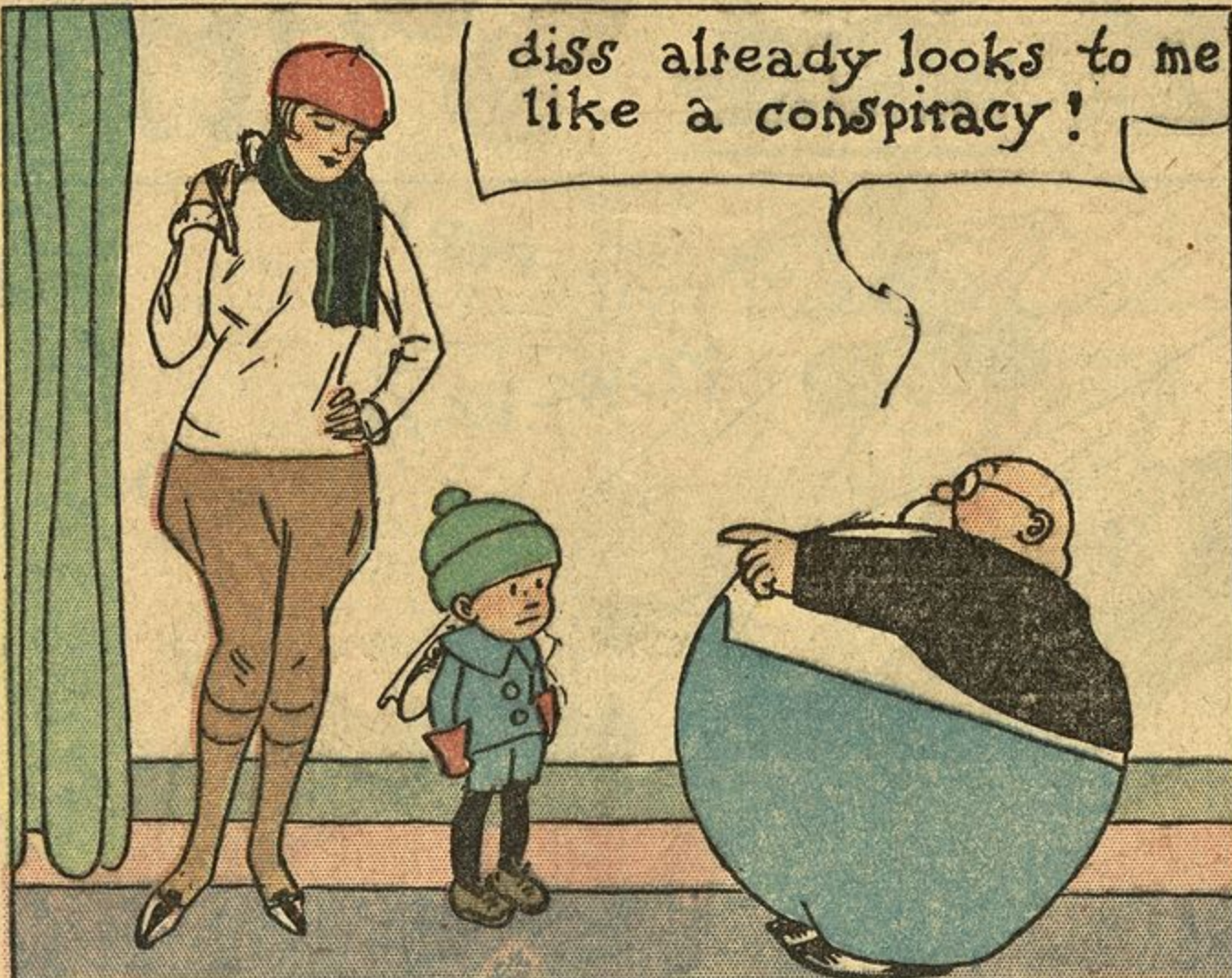
Come on skating, Daddy, the
ice is grand!

Sure I vill go! —but—

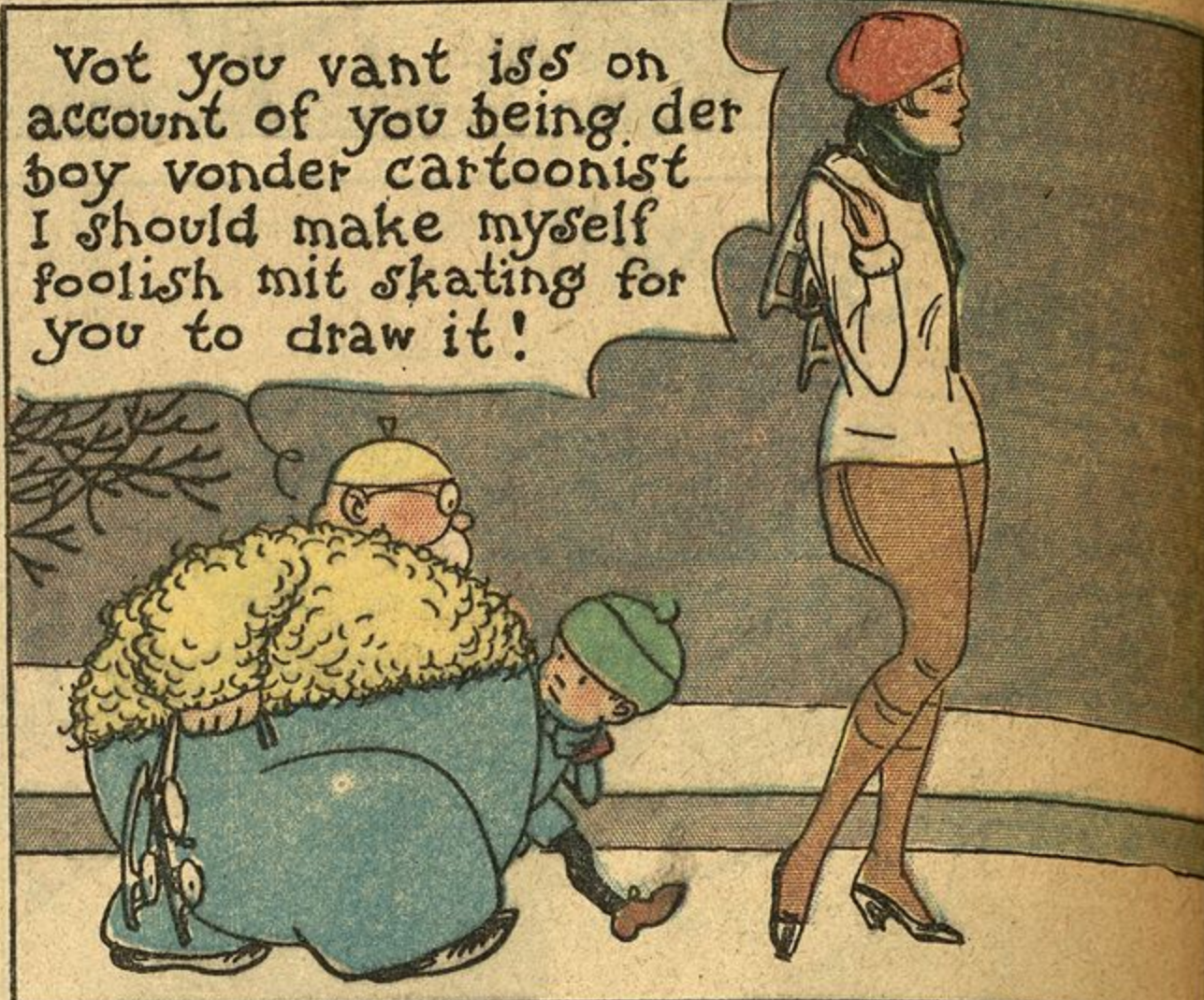
Ah, come on
Uncle Oscar!



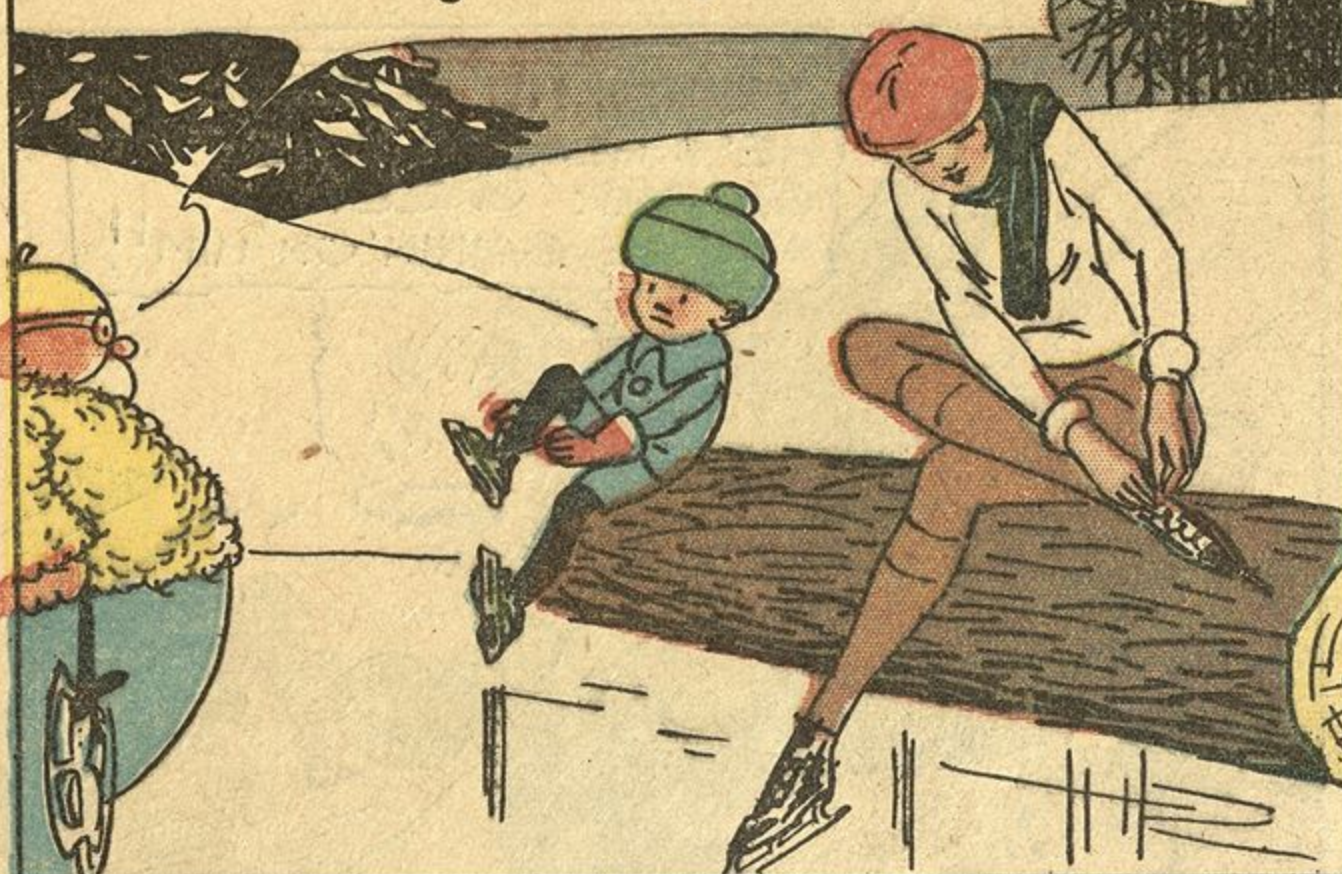
diss already looks to me
like a conspiracy!



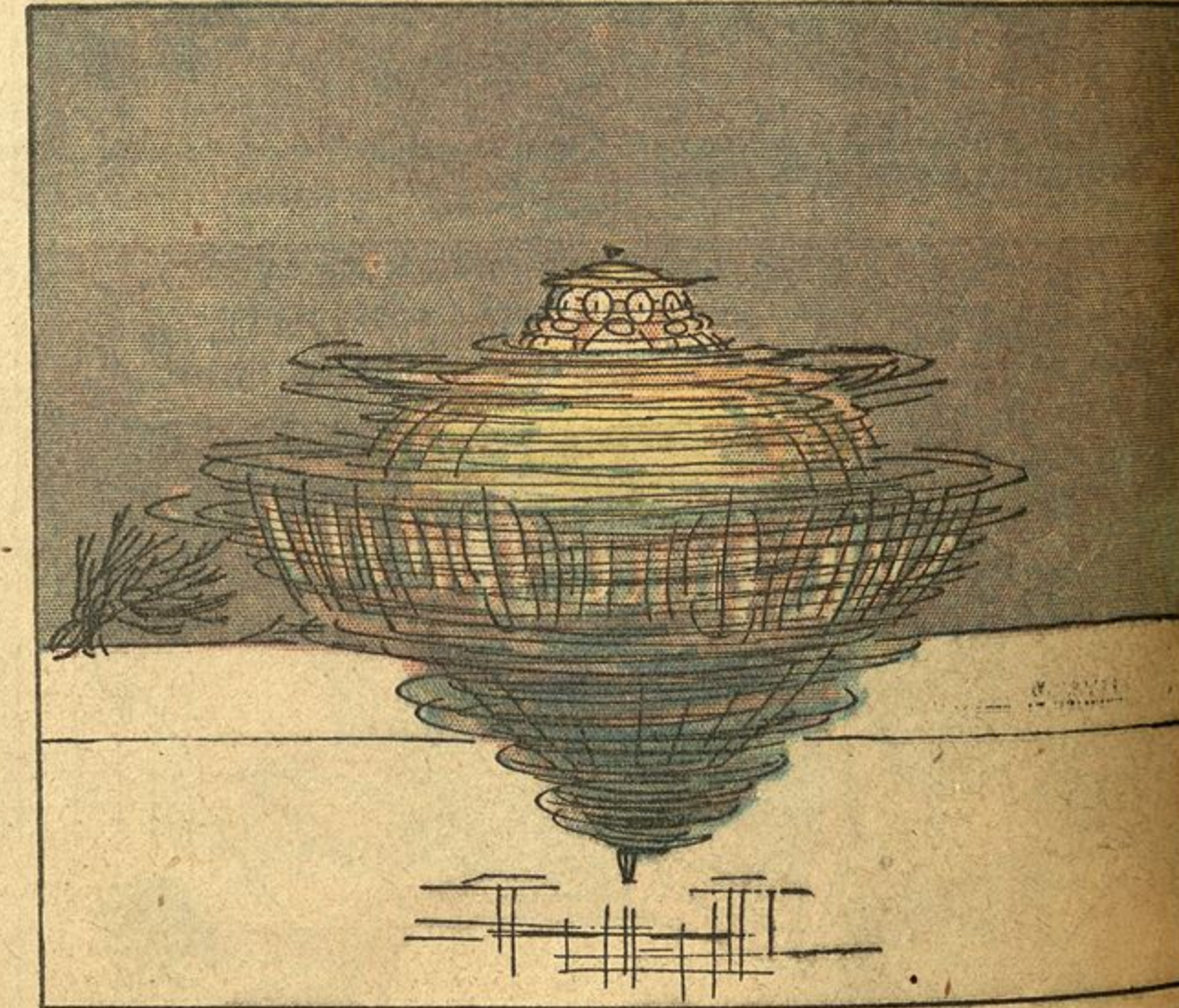
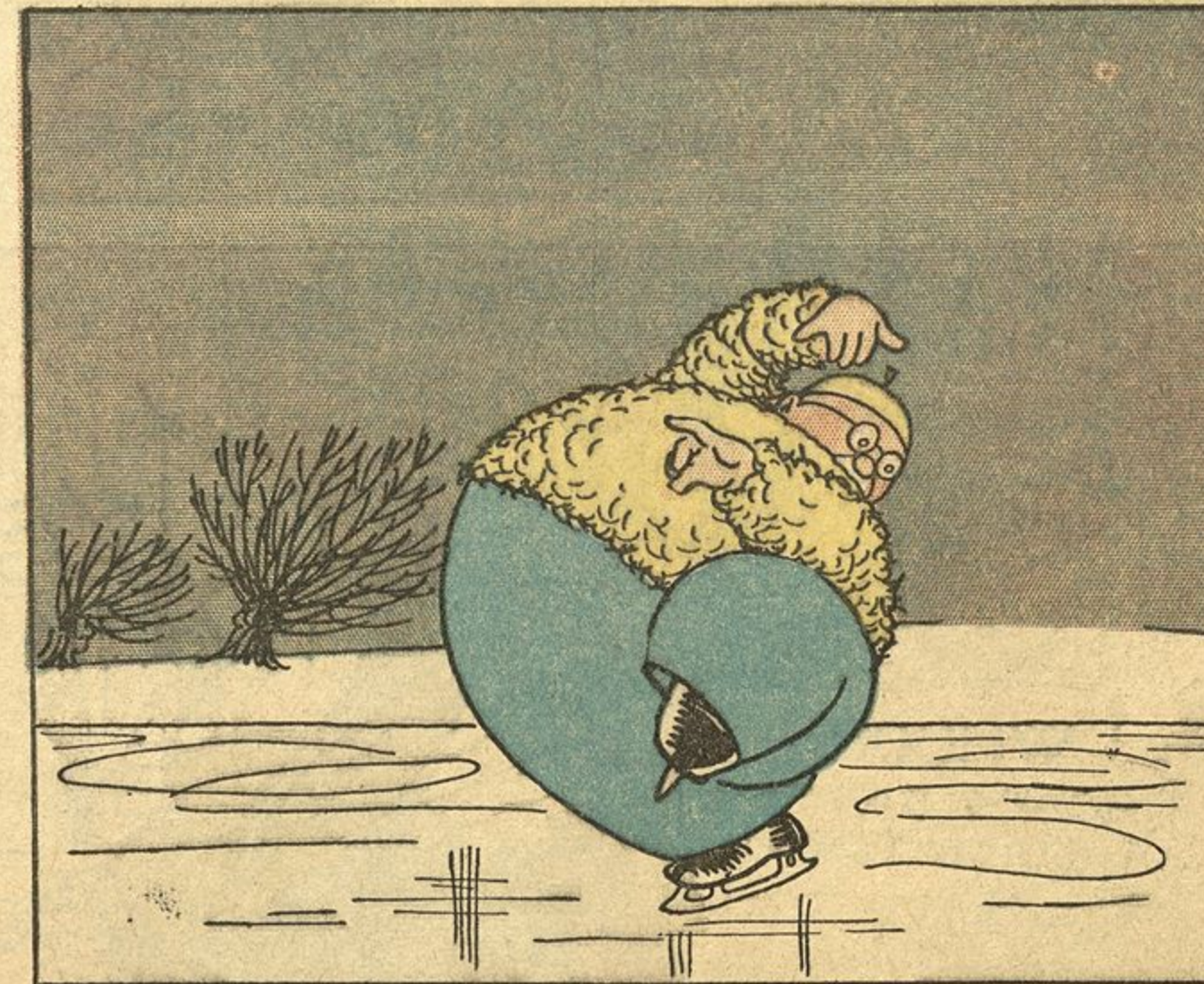
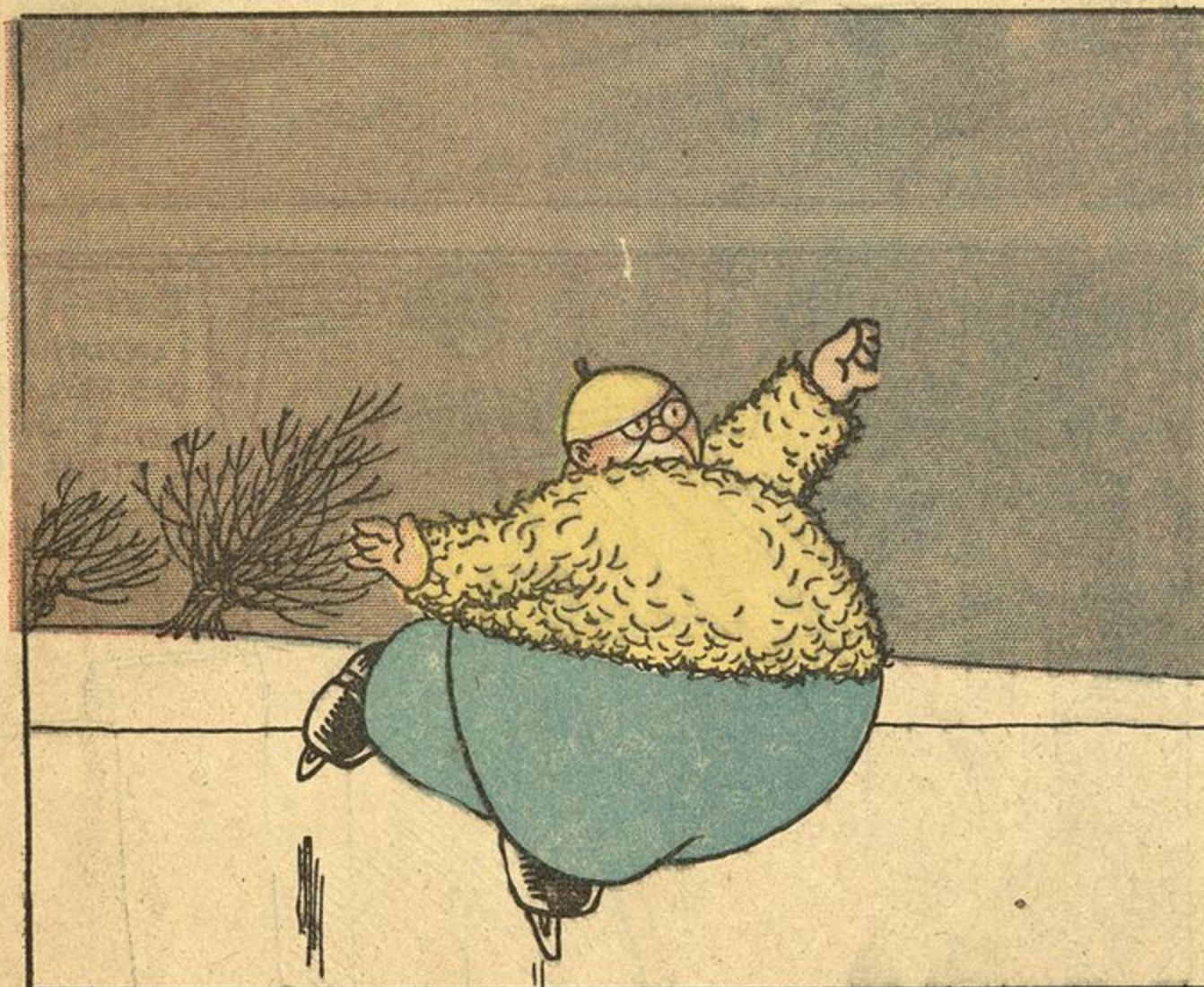
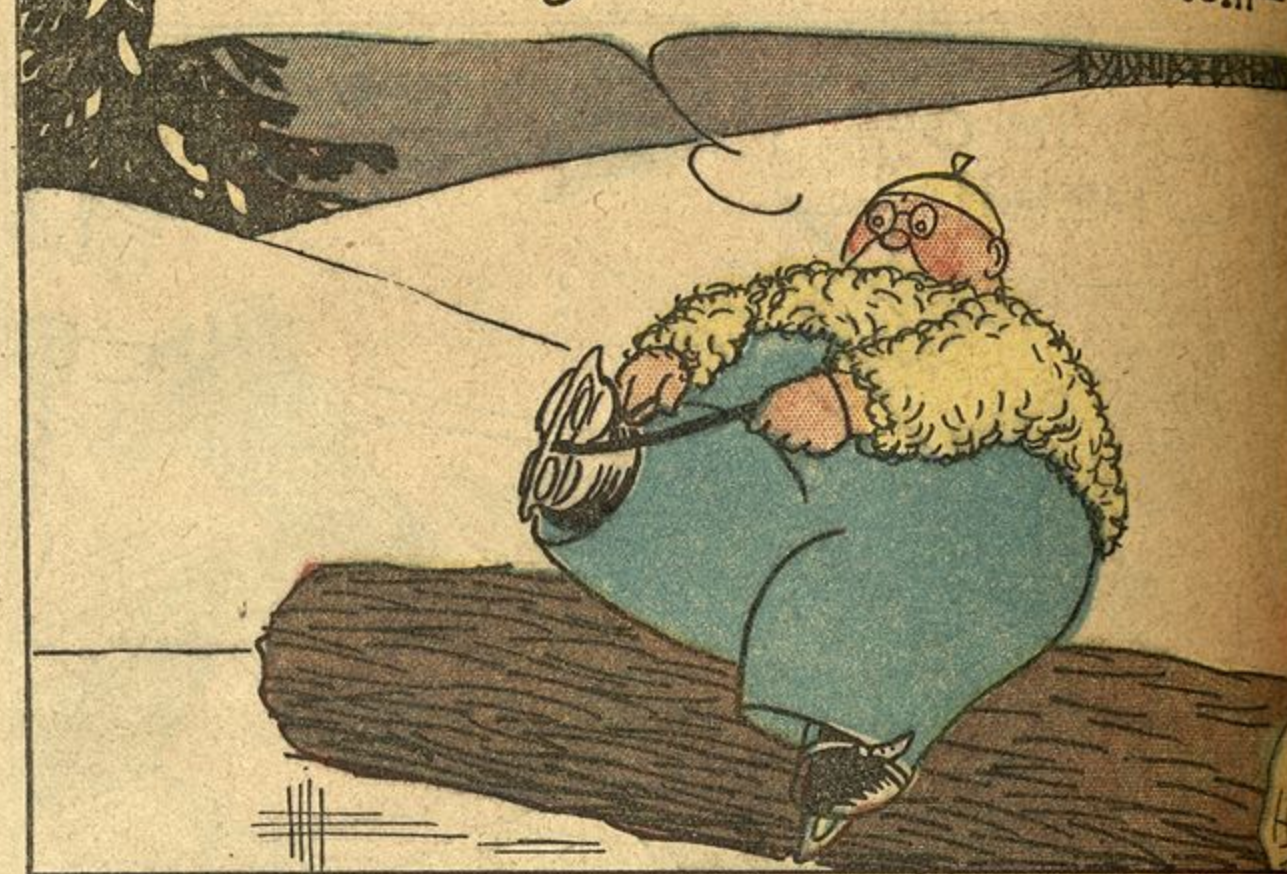
Vot you vant iss on
account of you being der
boy vonder cartoonist
I should make myself
foolish mit skating for
you to draw it!



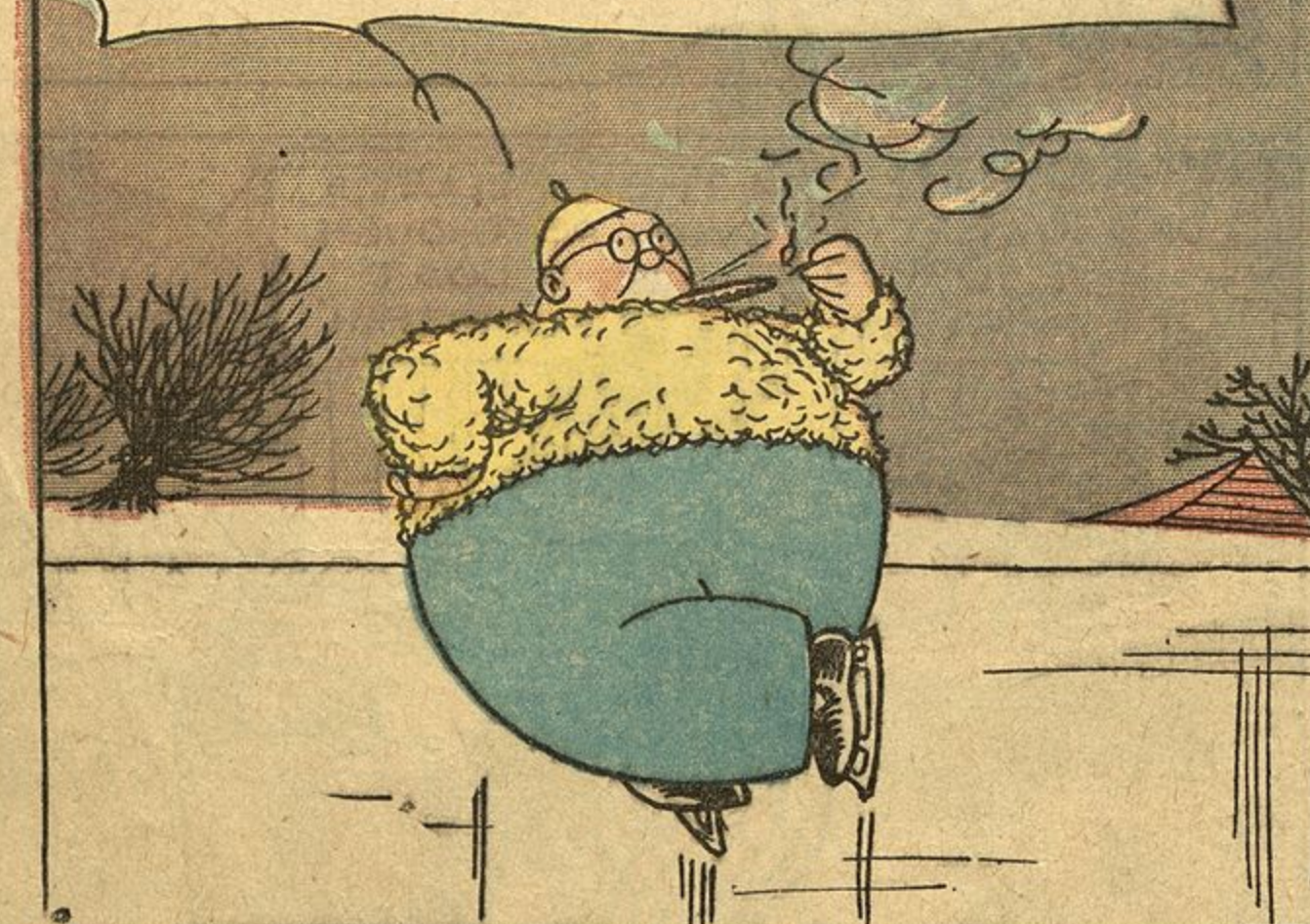
I know you! I should giff some nice
snappy material for a comical skitch,
mit me falling down schmack!



I am der fellow vot furnishes der
comedy relief, iss it? —vell, for
vunce in my-life I vould show dem—



Mebbe you think dot iss funny!
Mebbe it giffs a idea for a car—



Old stuff, Uncle Oscar!
I couldn't use that one!



O-GEE

I WAS OUT OF
TOWN ON
BUSINESS.

SO?
WHERE?

BARLEYVILLE,
JIM—

WENT BY
RAIL,
HEY?

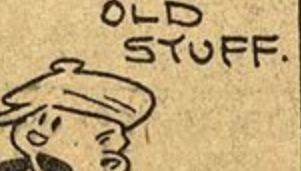
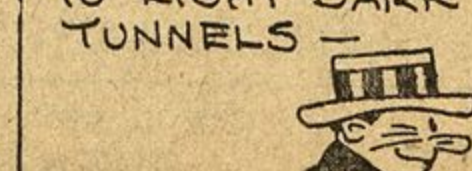
YES, AND IT SUGGESTED
A GOOD IDEA, AN
IMPROVEMENT ON
TUNNELS—

NOBODY'S THOUGHT
OF THIS, A WAY
TO LIGHT DARK
TUNNELS—

ELECTRIC
LIGHTS;
OLD
STUFF.

NOPE!
MY IDEA IS TO PUT
WINDOWS IN THEM—

BY BINK
THANKS
CHAS. GILMORE JR.



THE CANNIBAL TREE OF BORNEO

A cannibal tree that catches and eats animals, birds, and sometimes people, if they're not careful! Now what do you think of that, youngsters? My yarn today has to do with an adventure I had on th' island of Borneo with one of those meat-eatin' trees.

I wanted to see what the critters looked like. So, with Kangy, I pulled ashore from th' schooner and we started into th' jungle. But not a sign did we see of one.

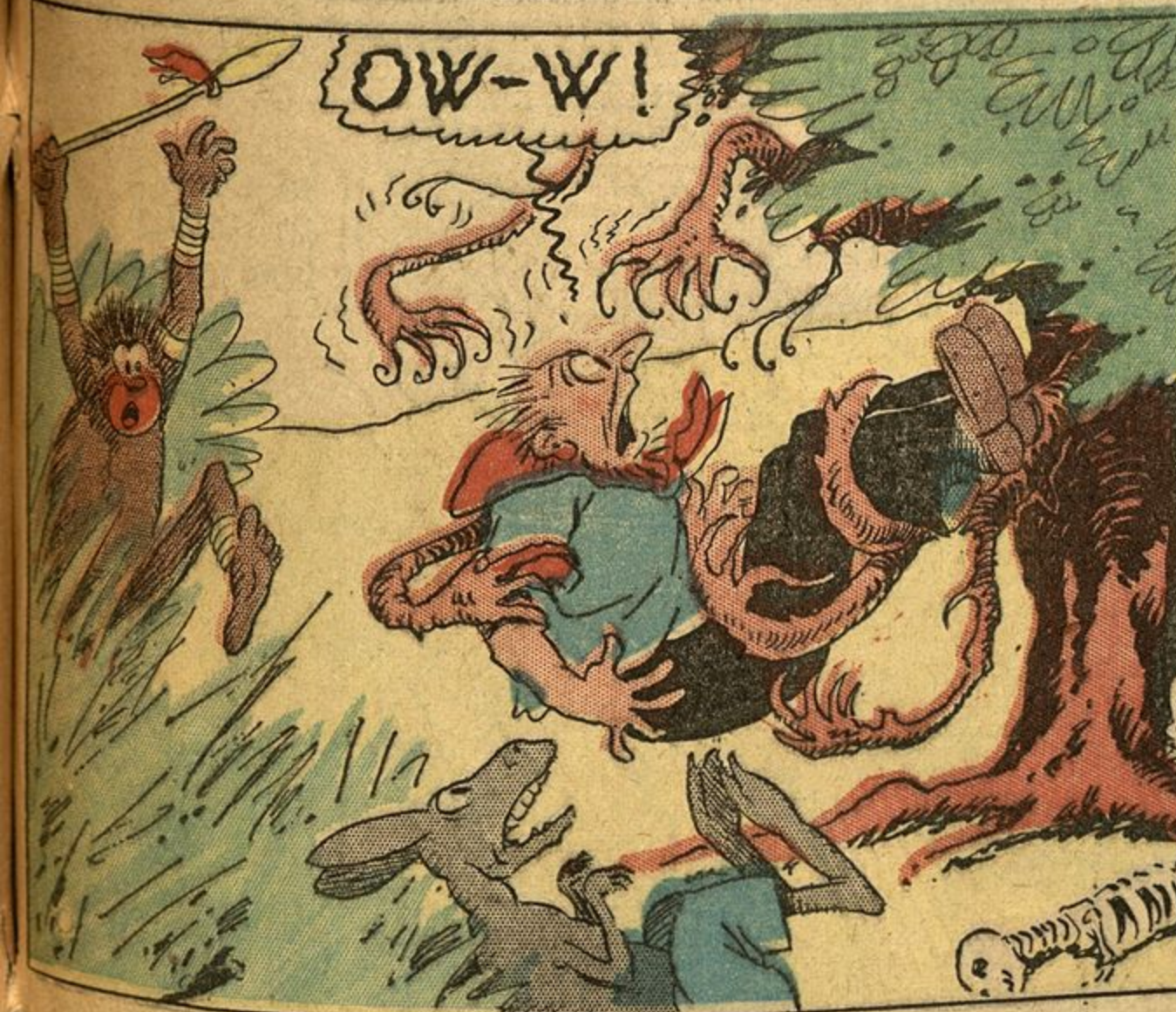
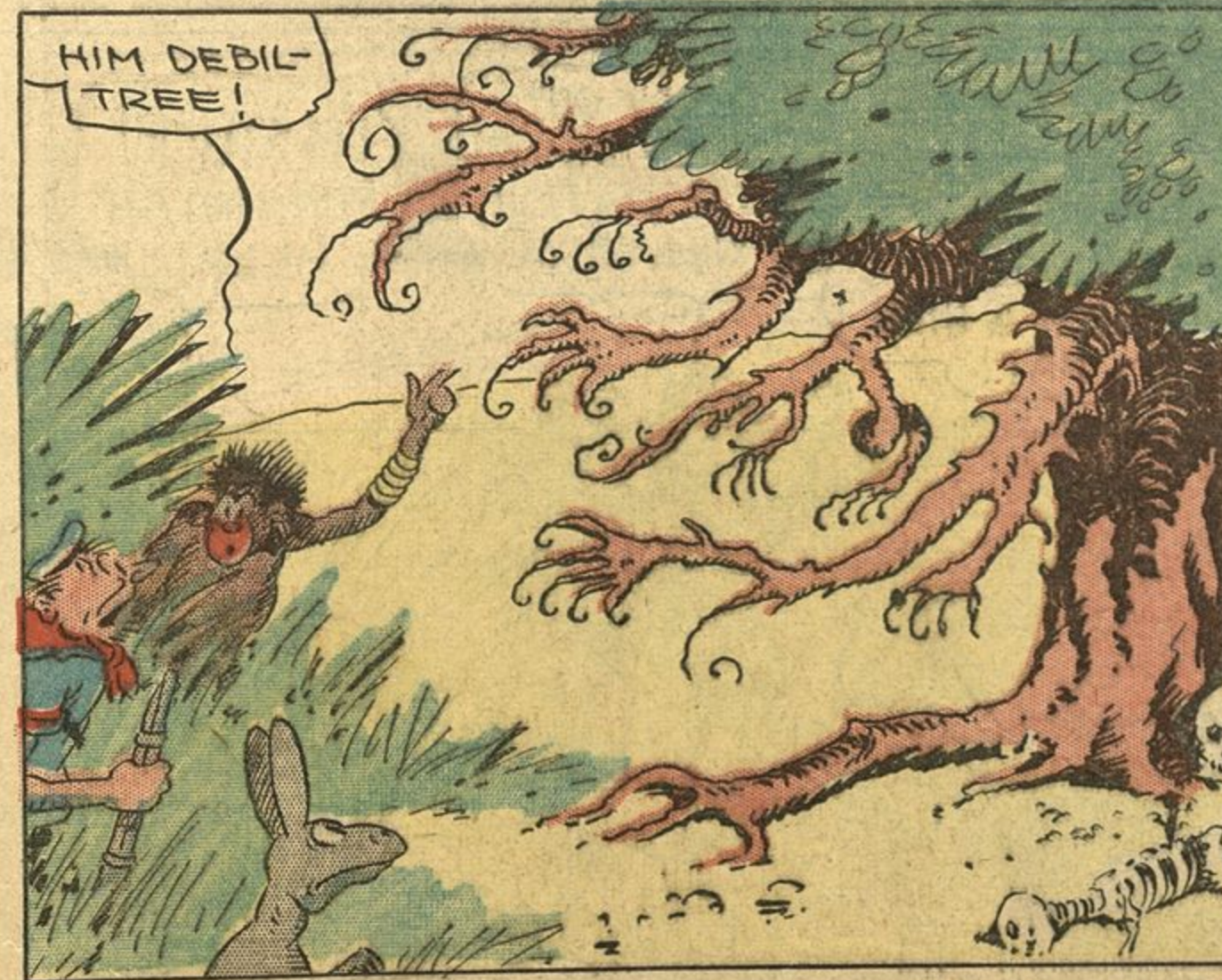
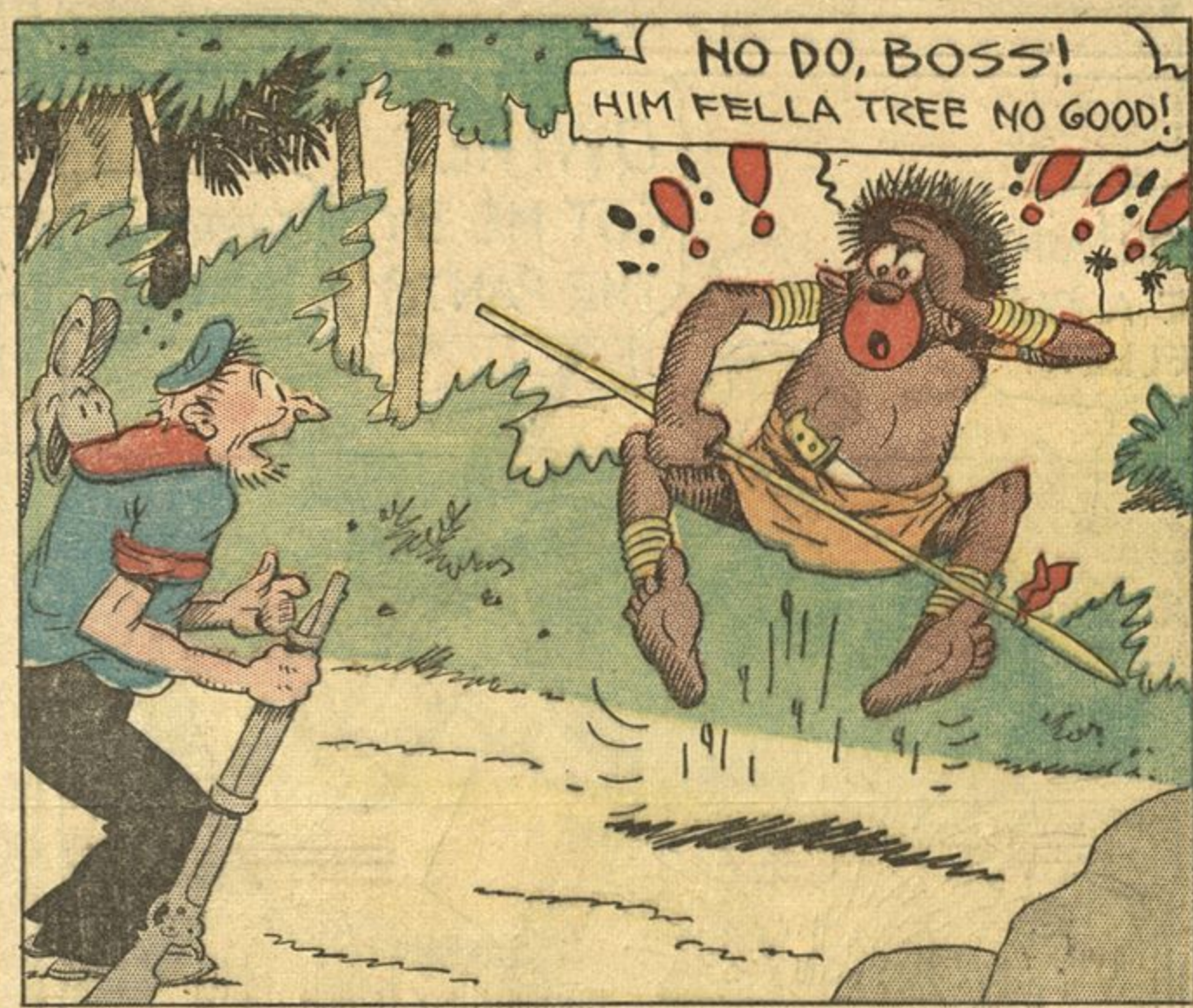
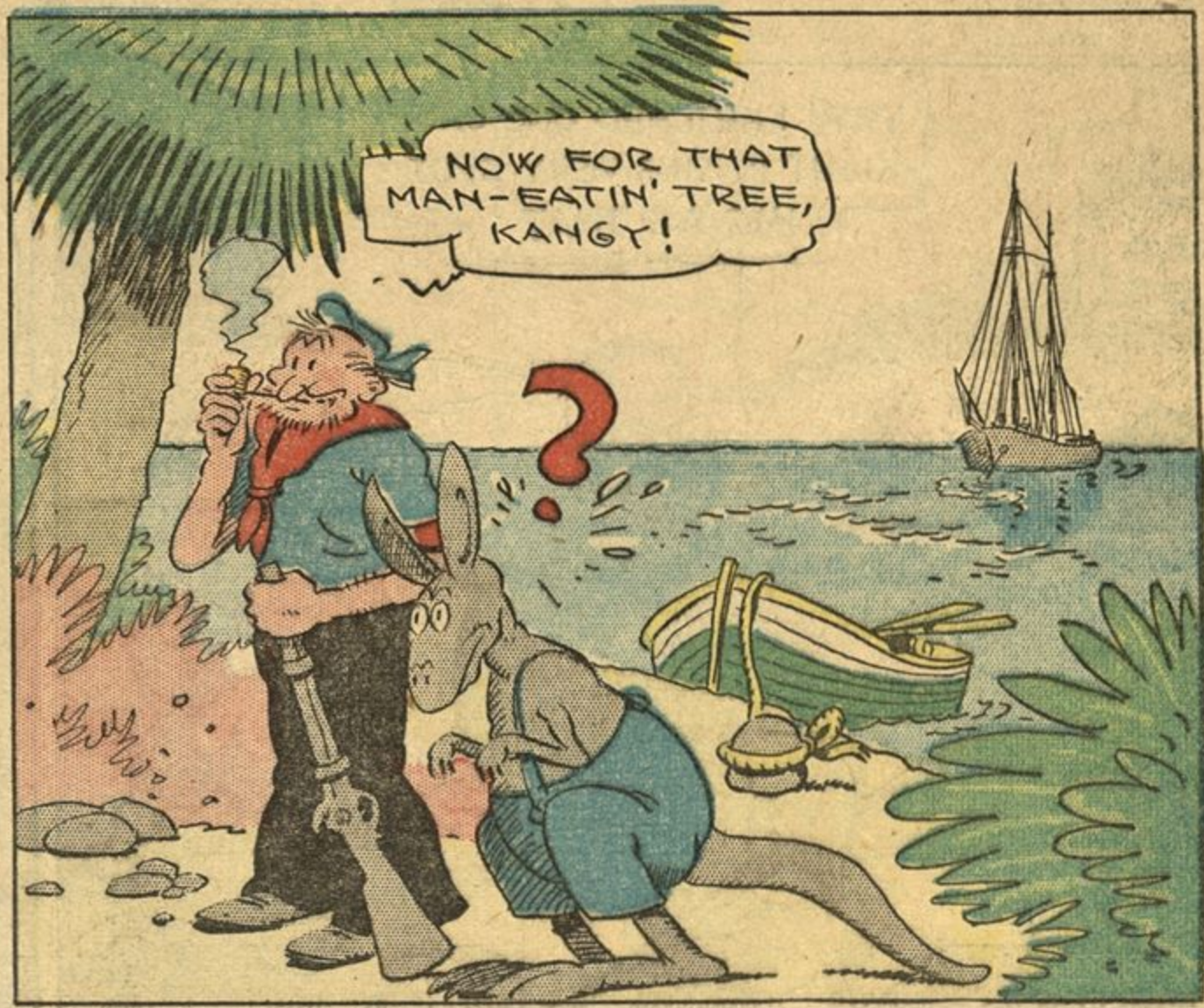
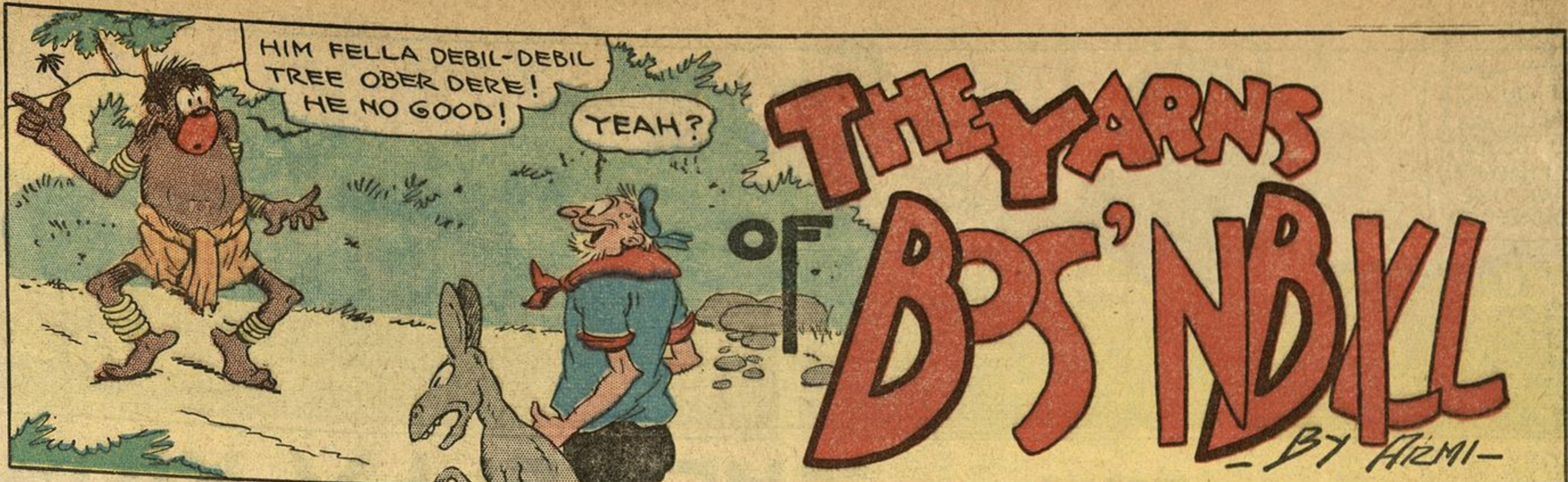
I was just about to head back for th' schooner when a native hove in sight. In my best pidgin-English I told him what we were lookin' for. Wow! That gent was so scared he went right up into th' air. He swore by ten thousand gods that he wouldn't lead us to th' debil-debil tree, as he called it. But a small hand-mirror I had with me did th' trick. For such a present he promised to show us

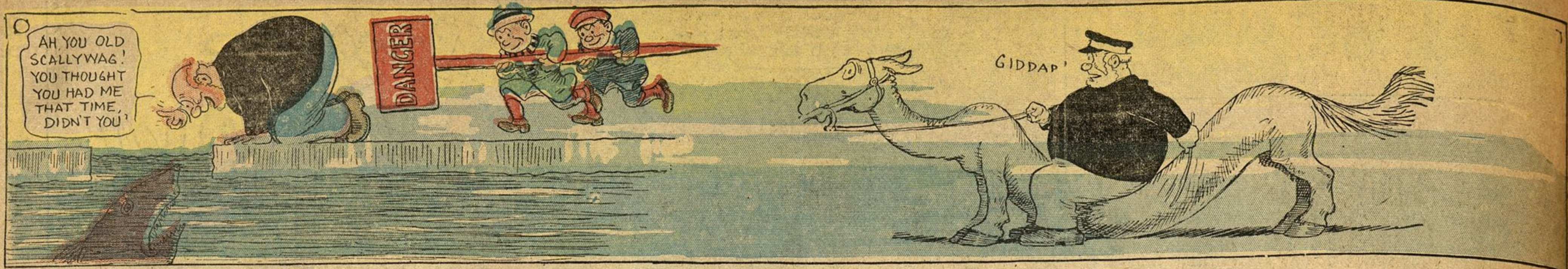
th' jungle cannibal.

At last, deep in th' jungle, he pointed to a thick-trunked tree with big thick leaves and chattered with rollin' eyes: "Him debil-debil tree!"

I didn't believe th' yarns I had heard 'bout these cannibal trees so, with th' savage chatterin', and tryin' to hold me back, I walked right up under th' thing, as bold as brass. So help me Tom Bowlin, if those big leaves didn't begin to shiver and whisper, th' limbs commenced to wiggle and claw around, and before I could get away th' thing had me!

Well, s'r, that native pulled a big knife from his sash, jumped for th' tree and whacked right and left at th' coilin' limbs that held me. In a minute or two I was free. I was so thankful I promised th' grinnin' savage I'd give him th' biggest mirror on th' schooner. And I kept my word, too.





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM

