

BY SLIM JIM

LEM TOLIVER ASKED TH' DOC' WHAT CAUSED TH' RHEUMATISM IN HIS LEFT LEG? "OLD AGE," SEZ TH' DOC. "TAINT NETHER" SEZ LEM. "MY RIGHT LEG'S JEST AS OLD AND THAT AINT GOT IT"

Comic Section

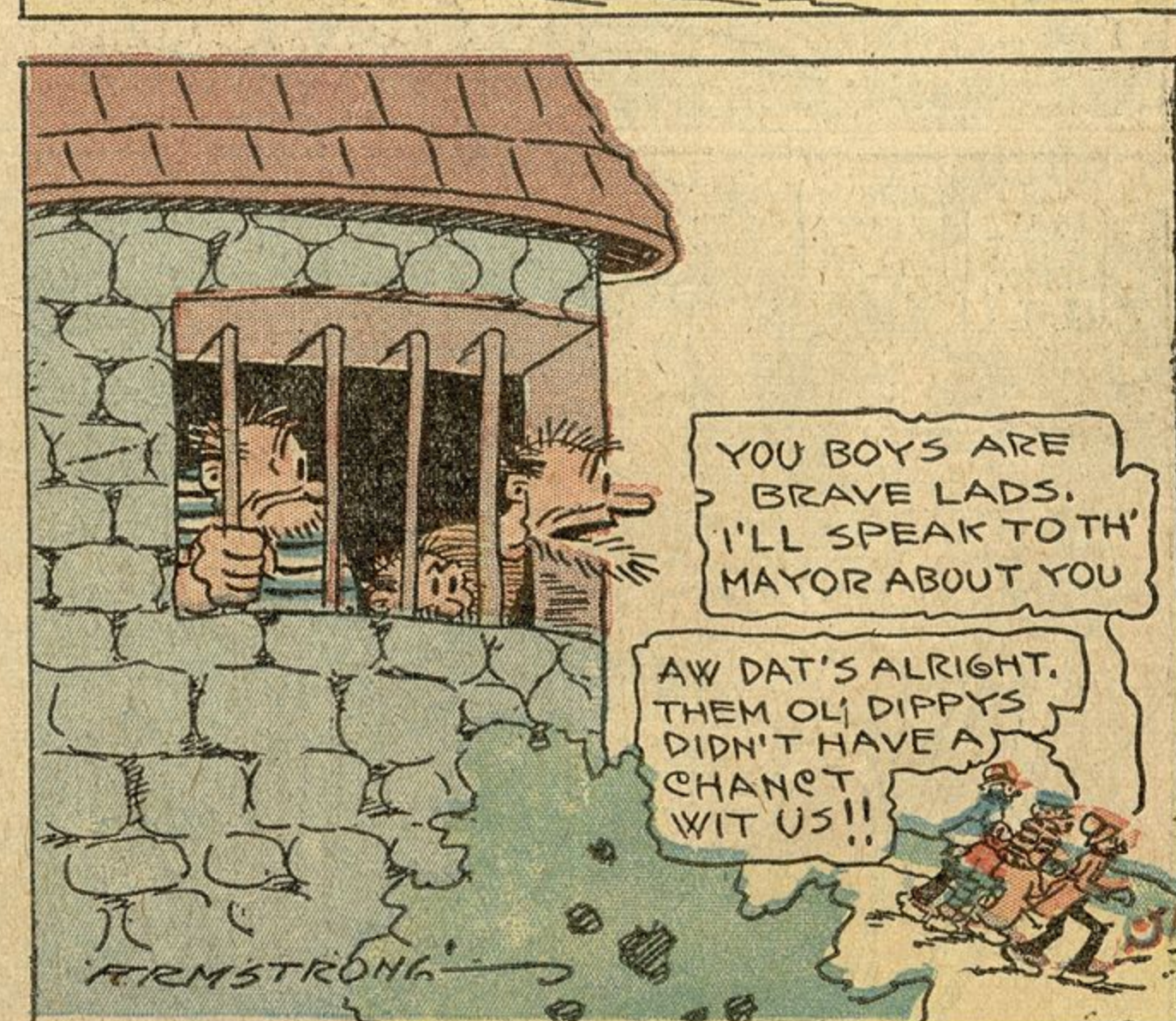
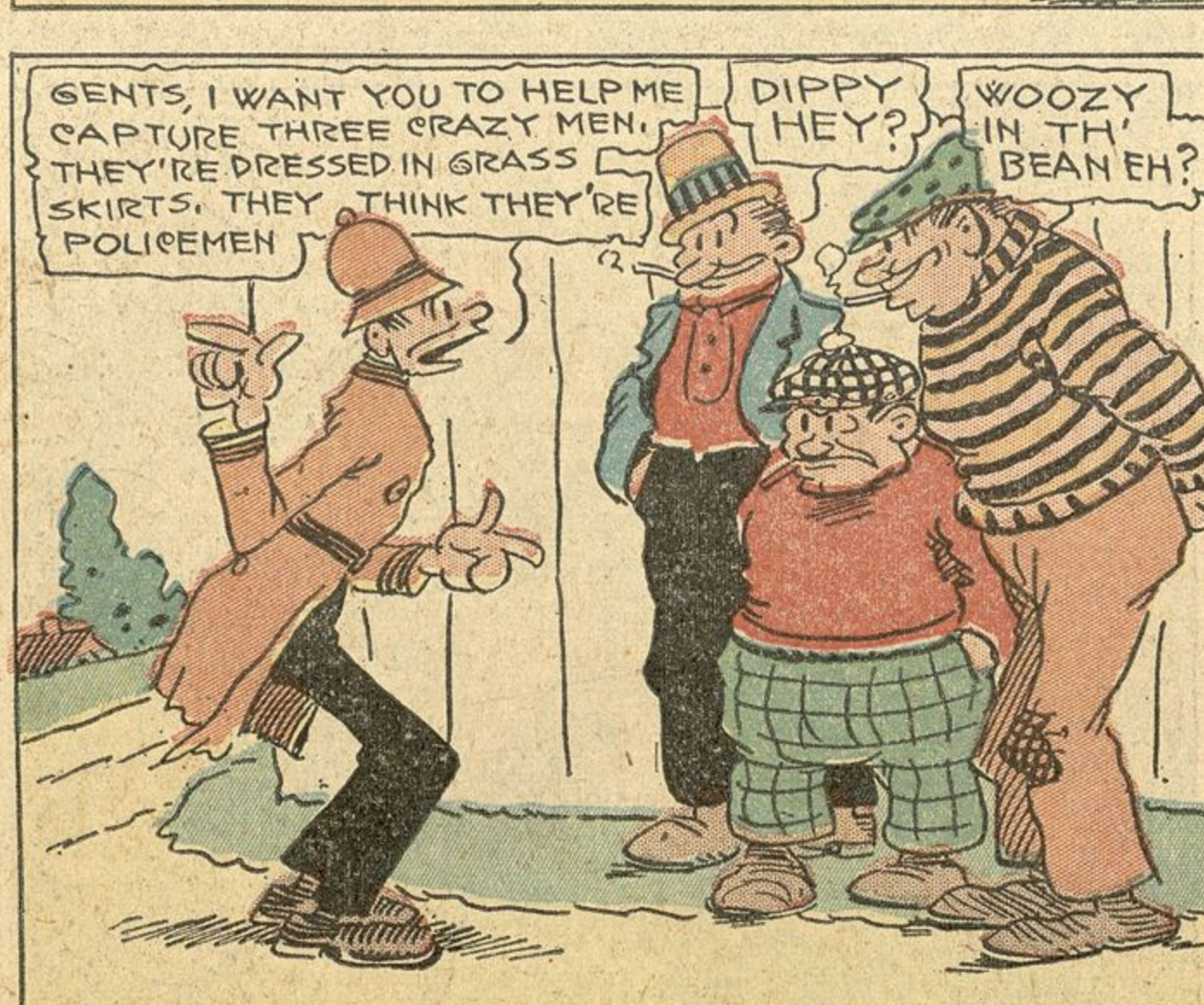
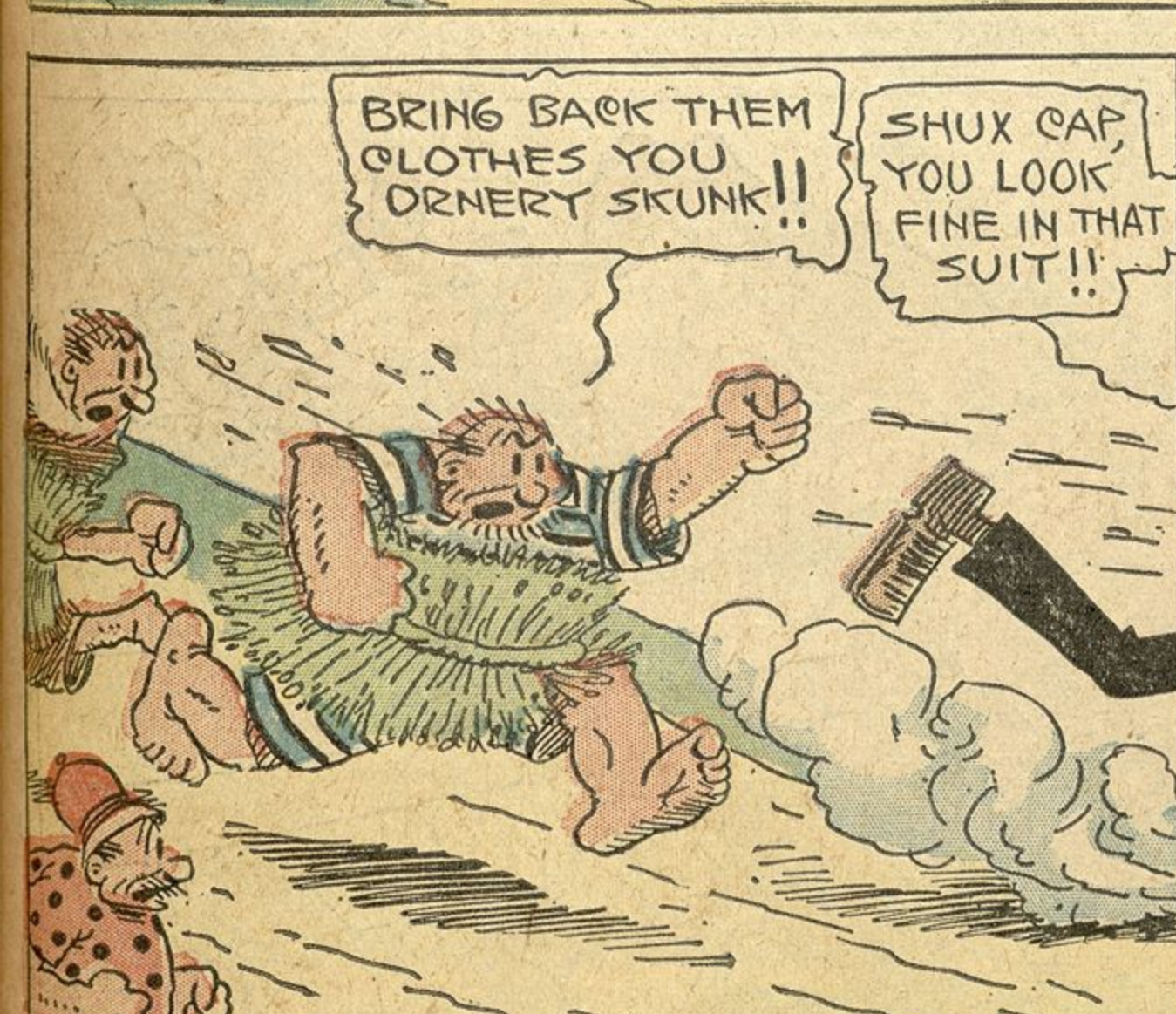
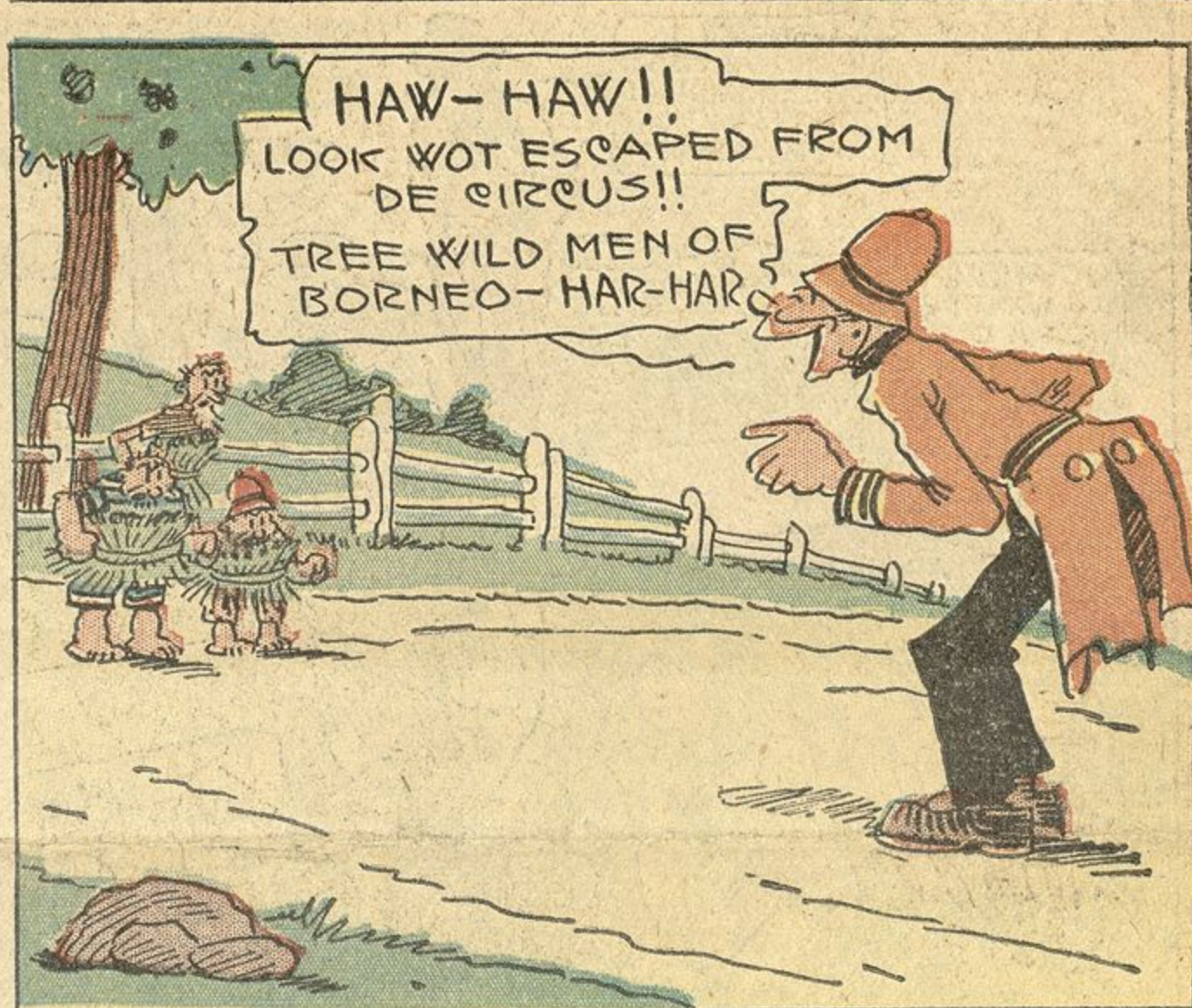
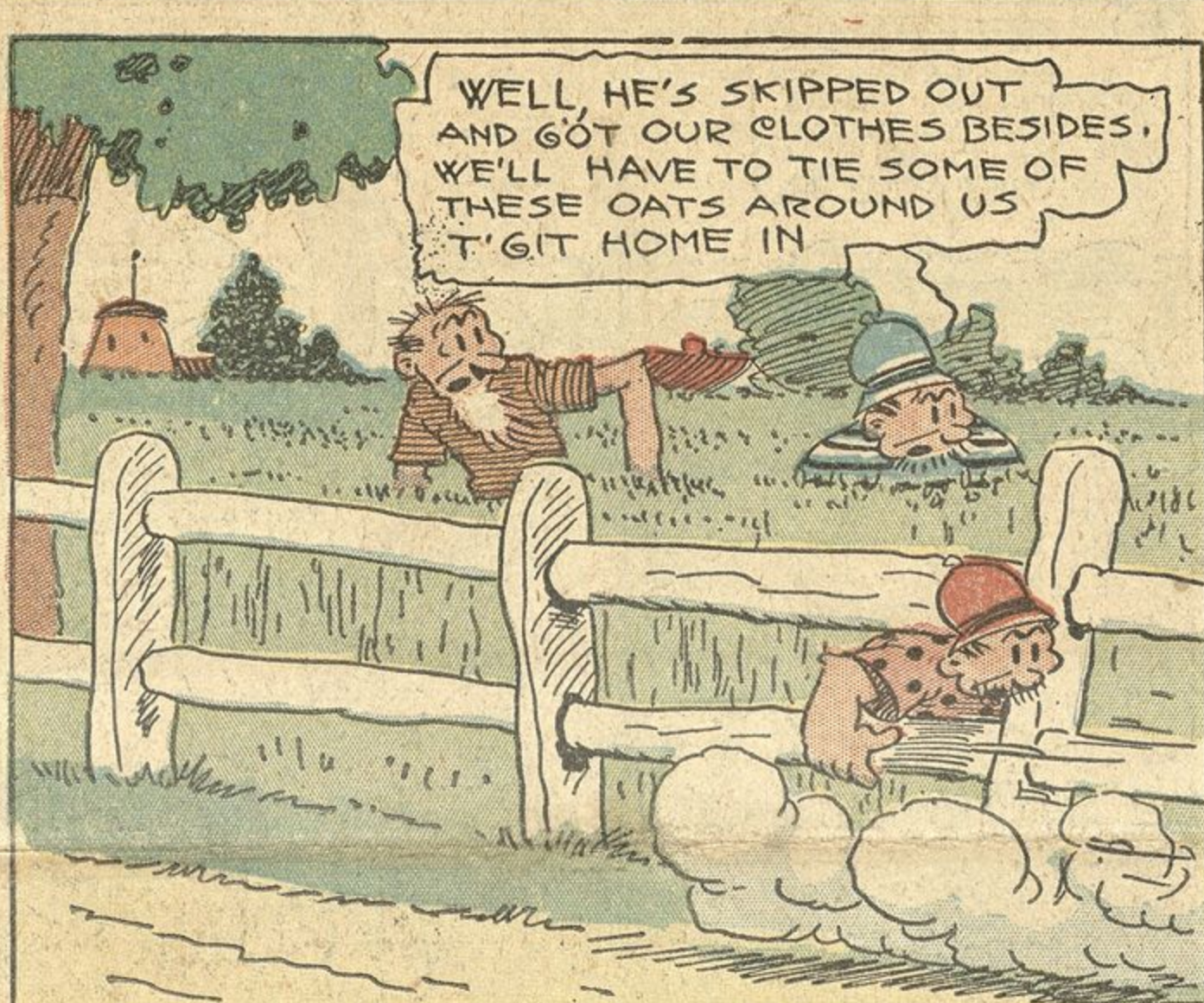
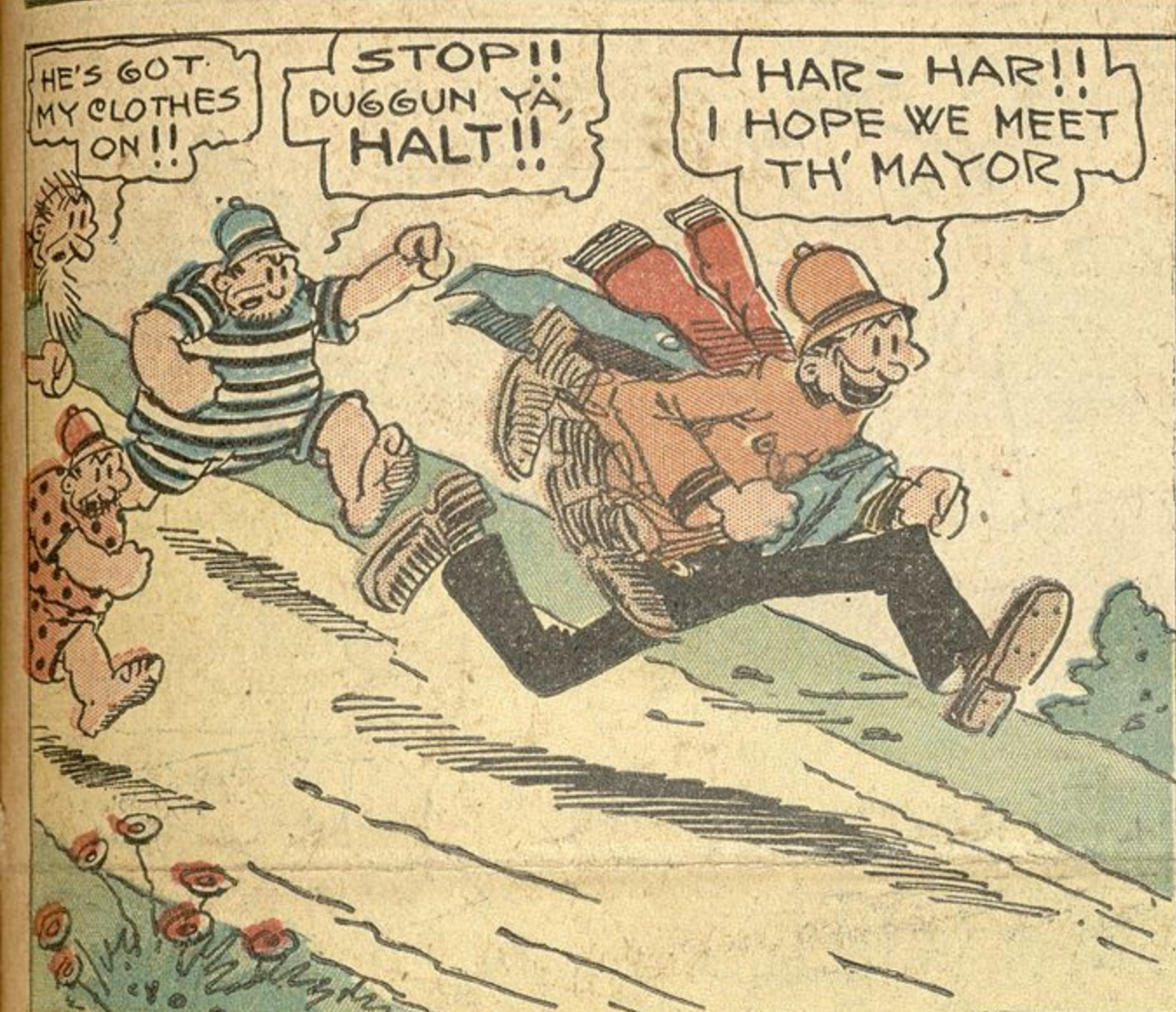
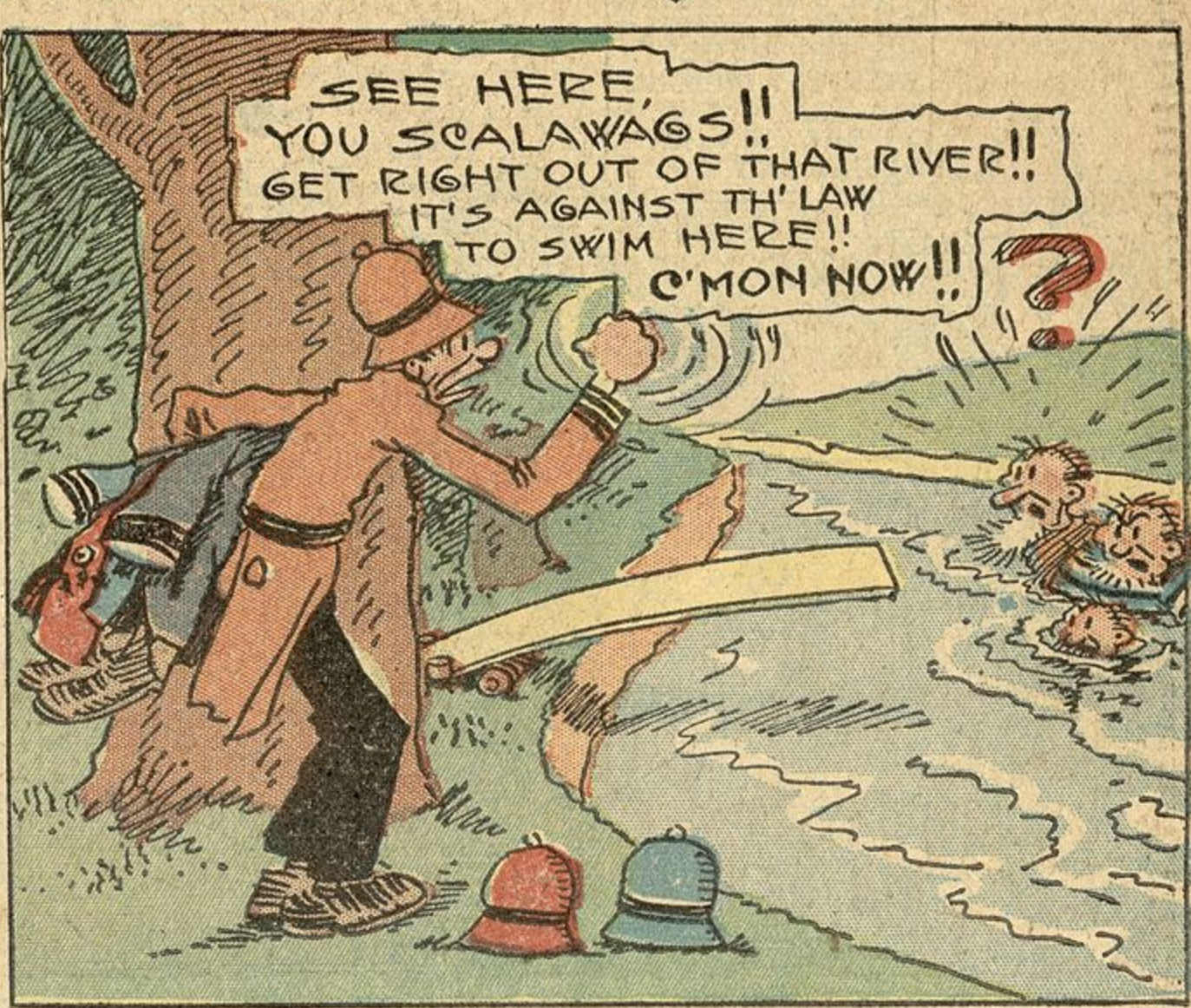
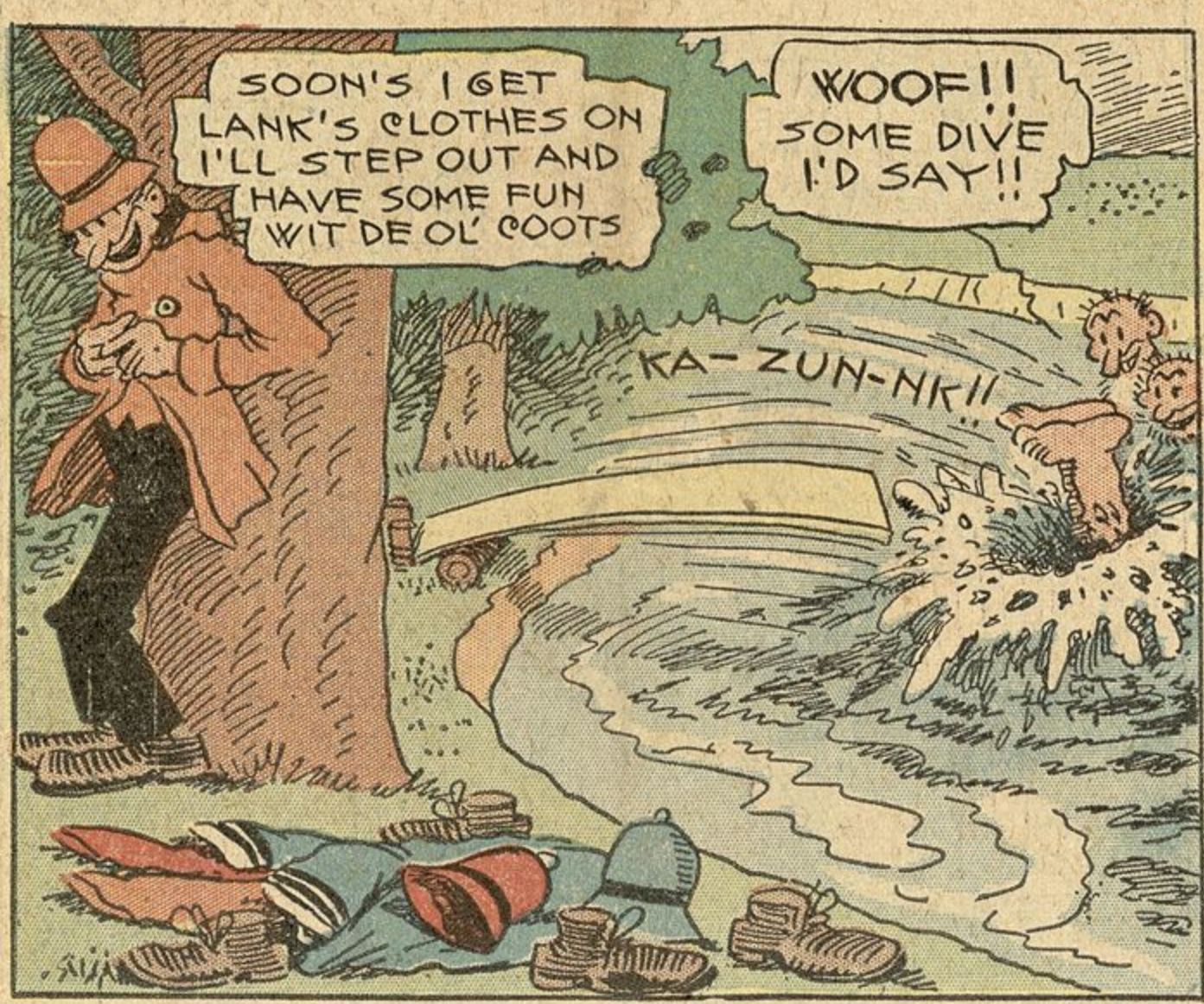
# CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

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## SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



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

PAGE THE PULMOTOR

I JUST SAW A GUY FALL OVER FLAT ON HIS FACE.

DID HE STUMBLE?

NOPE, I FOUND OUT HE WAS A BOOZE ADDICT.

OH! AND HAD A JAG ON, HEY?

NO, HE NEEDED A DRINK.

OH! HE NEEDED ONE SO BAD HE FELL OVER UNCONSCIOUS?

YES SIR, AND THEY BROUGHT HIM TO WITH A PULMOTOR.

BROUGHT HIM TWO? WASNT ONE ENOUGH?



MR. CUFF ISN'T SO DUMB, AFTER ALL -

HAINT THE SCENERY GRAND, CARRIE?

DON'T FORGET I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FIVE MINUTES.

WHATT'A YOU MEAN, CARRIE?

YOU'RE TOO FAMILIAR.

I DON'T GET YOU AT ALL, CARRIE.

YOU'RE TERRIBLY DENSE, MR. CUFF.

HOW COME, CARRIE?

AW, I DON'T WANT YOU TO "CARRIE" ME.

DON'T WORRY, - I WON'T! IT'S A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

SAND MAN

LITTLE NEMO IN

Slumberland

1

NOW, THIS IS THE PLACE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT - THESE ARE THE BIGGEST, SWEETEST MELONS YOU EVER CHEWED ON, BUT OH! WHAT A MEAN GUY OWNS THEM!

2

CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THAT OLD SCARECROW, SLIV, IN CASE SOMEONE COMES ALONG! PUT THE COAT AN' HAT ON SEE!

GET BACK IMPIE!!!! DON'T YOU TRY TO GET IN THERE!!

3

SOCK HIM, NEMO. GIVE HIM A GOOD WALLOP! HE NEEDS TWO OR THREE GOOD WHANGES THAT KID DOES!!

4

I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES!! MAYBE THAT HARD CIDER IS WORKING ON ME, - HUM!

LISTEN, IMPIE! DO YOU WANT ME TO HANG A COUPLE OF SHINERS ON THAT MAP OF YOURS? - EH, WE'LL GET DOWN AN' STAY DOWN!!!!

5

HE'S GONE! SLIV! NOW, GRAB A FEW BIG RIPE LOOKING BABIES AN' SHOOT 'EM TO ME! I'LL NOT MUFF ANY OF 'EM!

6

PUT 'EM RIGHT OVER THE OLD HOME PLATE, NO FANCY CURVES! LET 'EM COME!!!!

LET ME HELP YOU PUT THEM DOWN, IMPIE! WE'VE GOT TO BE VERY CAREFUL!

7

NOT QUITE SO FAST SLIV, YOU ARE MISSING.

HEY, FLIP, TELL SLIV THAT HE IS THROWING 'EM WILD. HE JUST BAMBED IMPIE ON THE BEAN!

8

KEEP STILL! KEEP STILL! SHUT UP, WILL YOU PLEASE?????

DON'T YELL SO LOUD, IMPIE! SOMEBODY'LL HEAR YOU, HEY, QUIT IT! QUIT IT!

9

10

THAT IS NOT NEMO, IS IT?

SURELY IT CAN'T BE! AN' YET.

AND YET...IS RIGHT! IT IS NEMO AND HE'S BEEN STEALING MELONS!

11

NOW, YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DID, IMPIE!!

IMPIE? WHO IS IMPIE? QUIT THAT DREAMING AND GO TO SLEEP - NEMO!!





# THE TREASURE OF THE WHANGHO

Years ago when I was bos'n on a ship named th' Golden Horn, I overheard a shipmate tellin' his pal about a Chinese pirate junk named th' Whangho that struck on an island durin' a typhoon and went down with all hands. What made me prick up my ears was when my shipmate said she had gold and jewels aboard and that nobody had ever been after th' treasure. Then he told his pal th' name of th' island.

Next day our ship ran into a tornado and went down with the two shipmates that had been talkin' about th' treasure-junk, and nearly all th' crew. Two days later I was picked up by a trader bound for Thursday Island. There I met an old shipmate that owned a trim little schooner. To make a long story short, in a few days th' schooner, with my shipmate, his Chinese cook, and me aboard was off for th' treasure of th' Whangho.

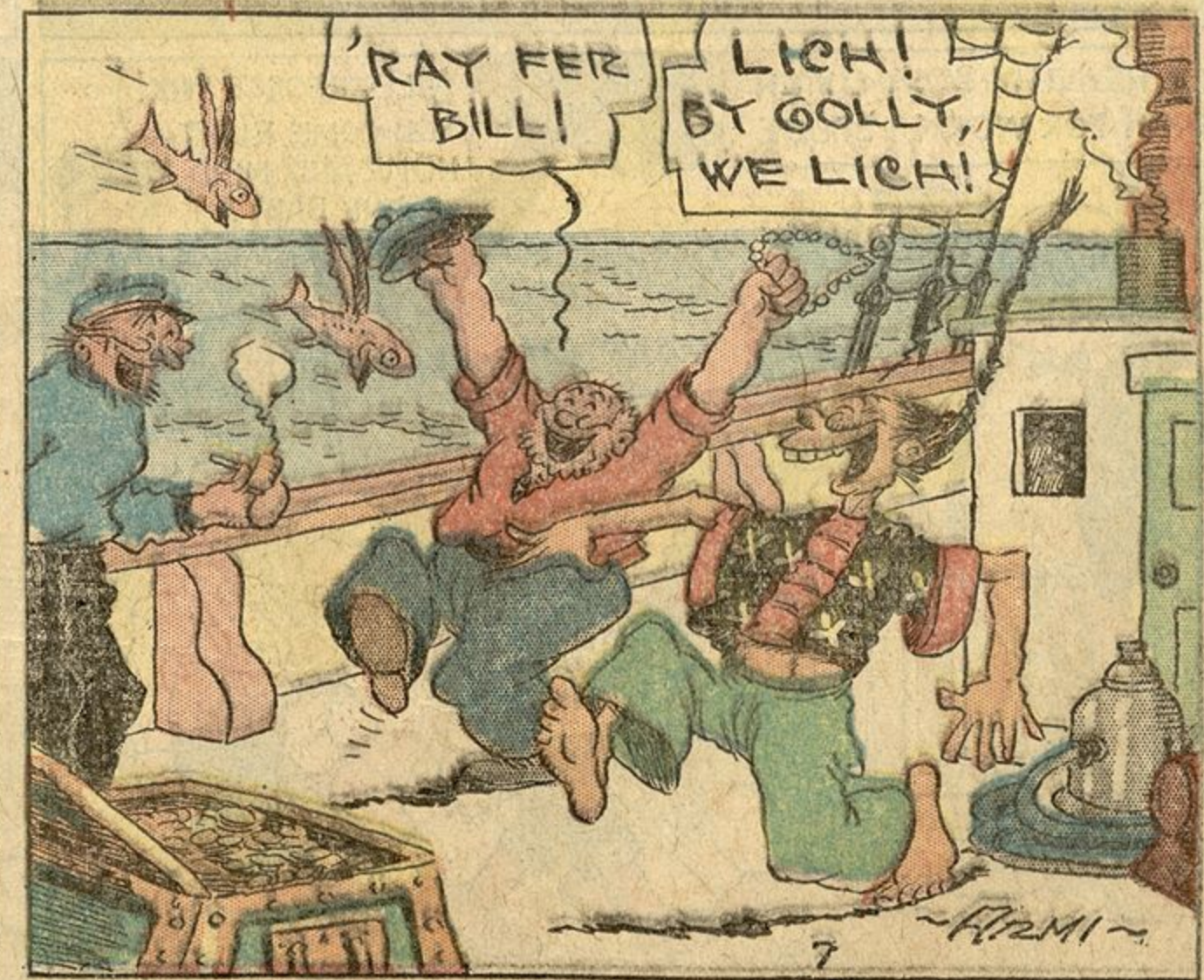
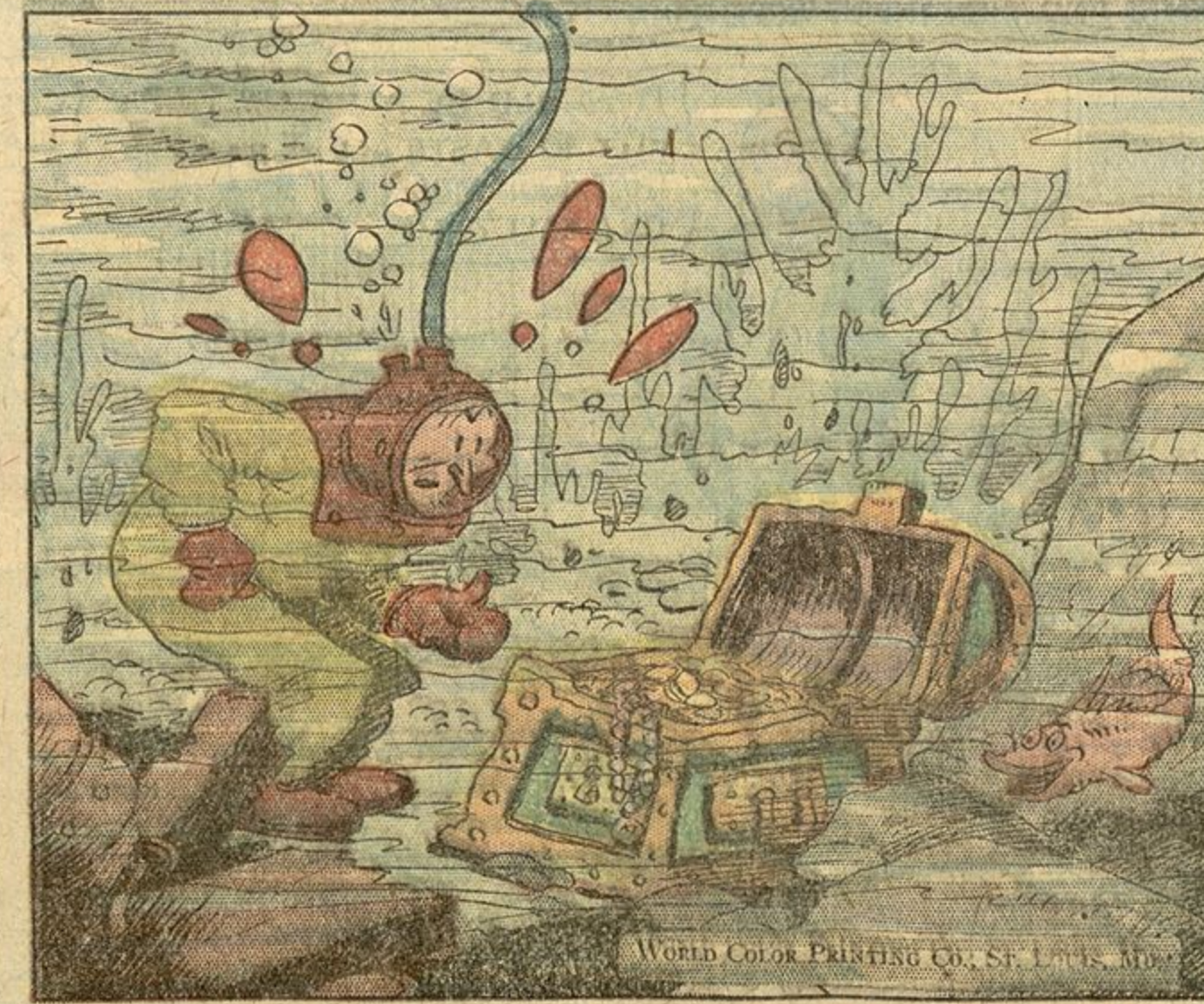
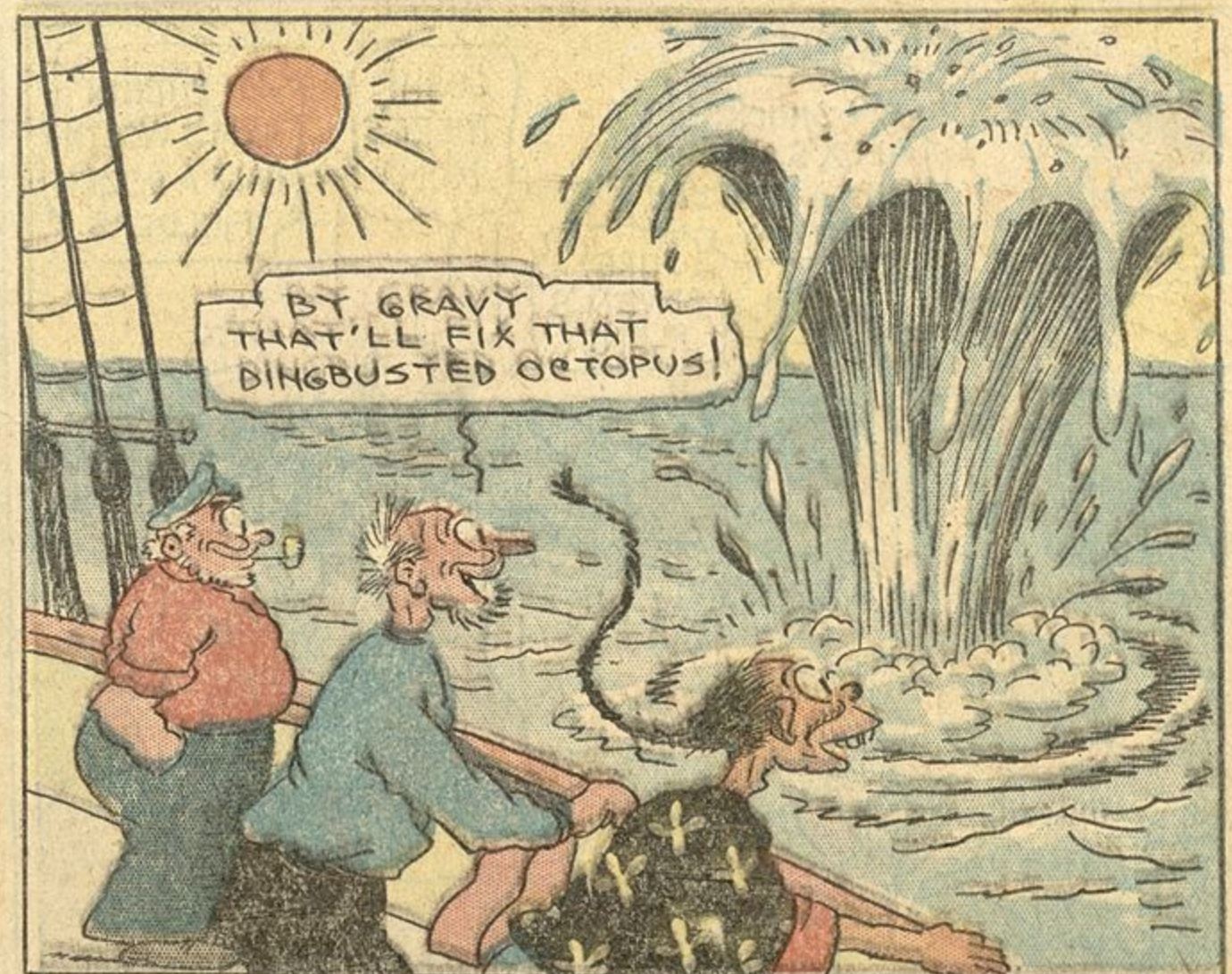
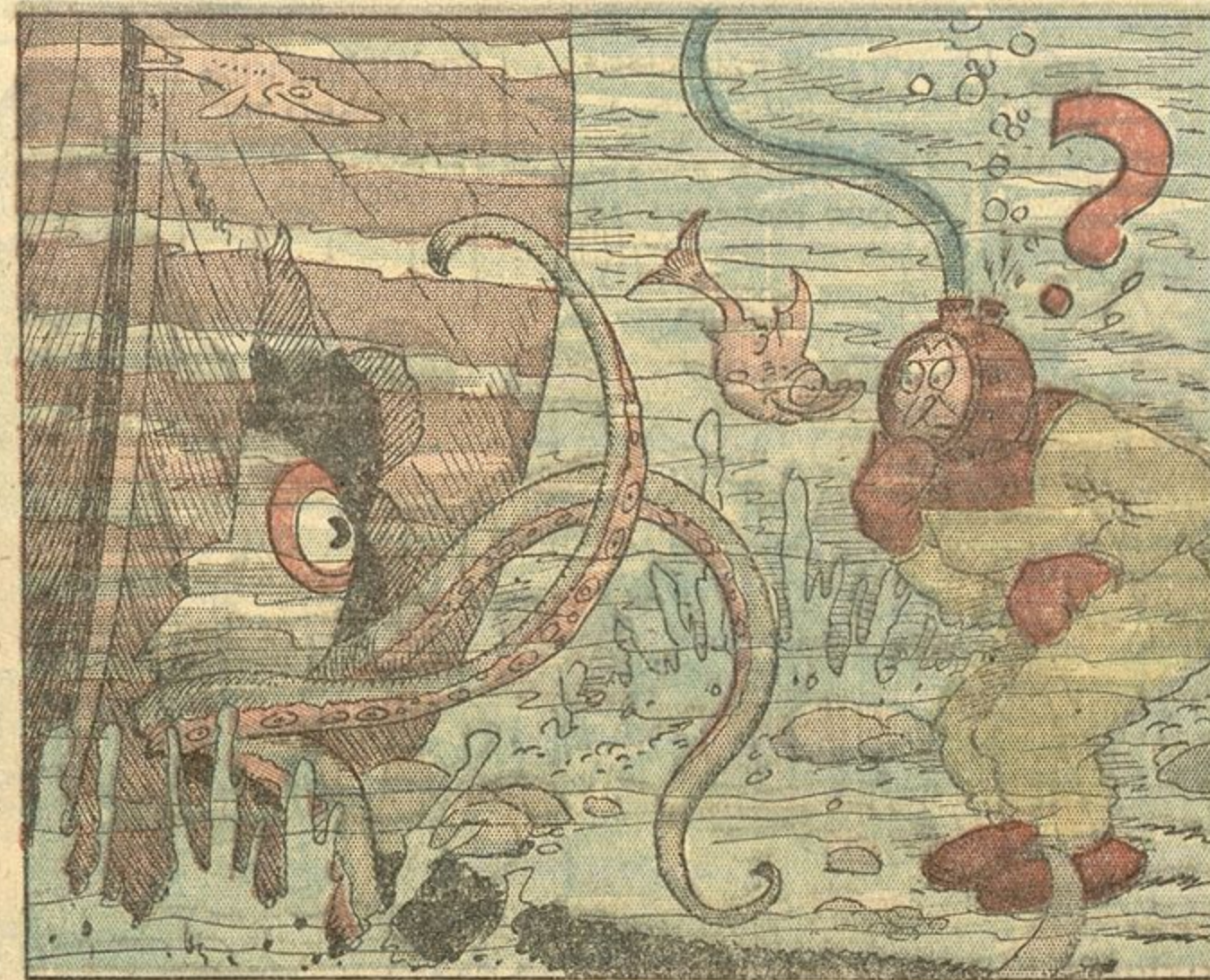
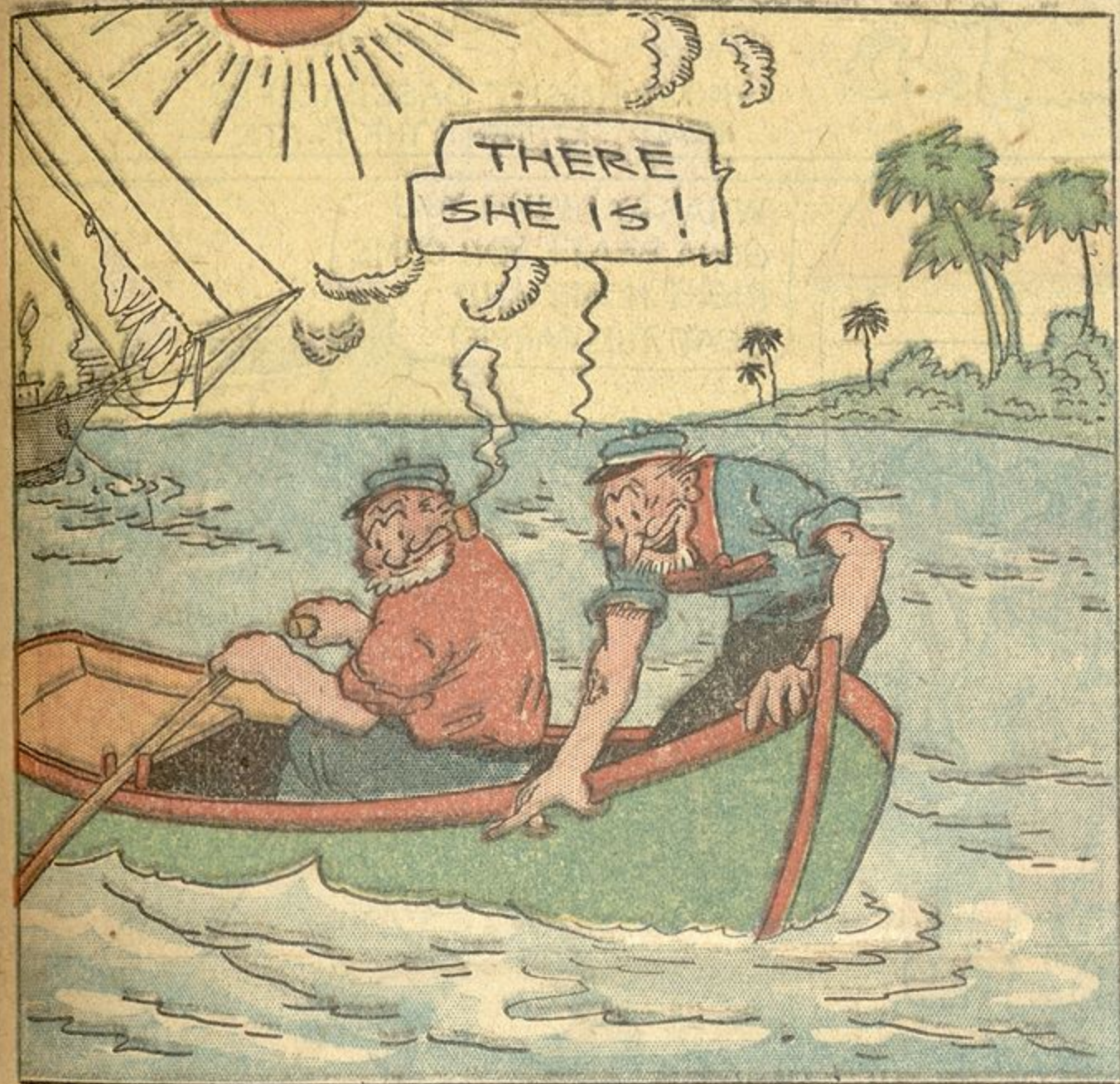
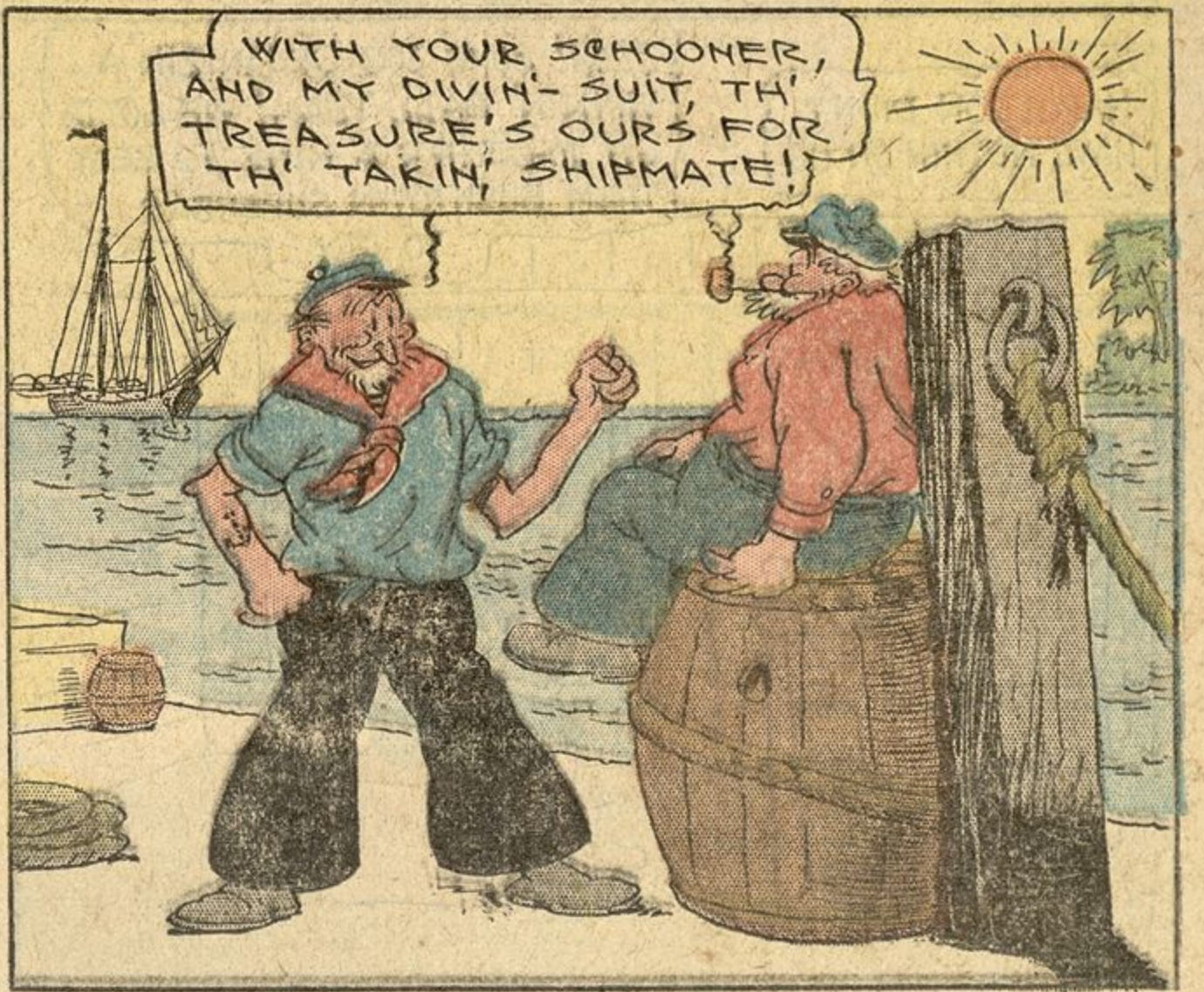
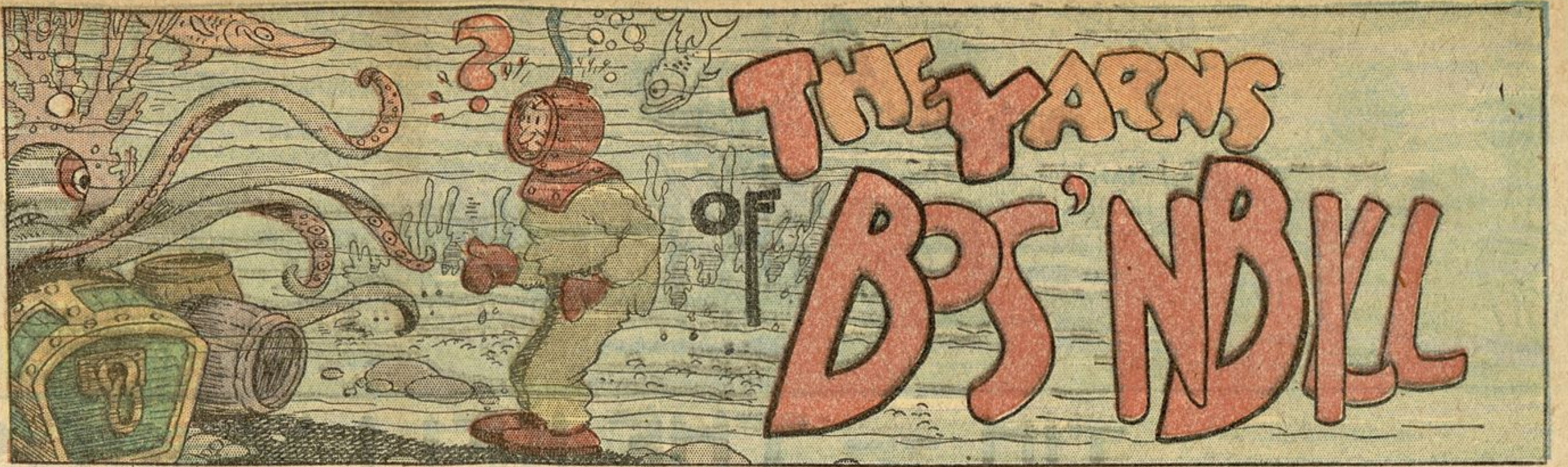
Well s'r, we located th' junk, sure enough. On my

first trip down in my divin' suit I looked around and there was a big man-eatin' shark headed for me.

But I was ready for him. As he dived for me I let him feel th' length of a long, sharp knife. That settled him, and he wiggled away in a hurry.

As I turned to take another look at th' junk I saw two eyes as big as saucers glarin' at me from a hole in th' side of th' junk. And then two long, snaky arms began stealin' toward me. An octopus! I wasn't prepared to tackle that kind of a critter, so I signalled to be pulled up.

Well s'r we planted a charge of dynamite under th' stern of th' junk, and that settled Mr. Octopus. But th' junk had been blown all to pieces. At first I didn't see sign of treasure. Then, right by a big rock I stumbled onto an old iron chest, and th' chest was nearly full of good yellow, golden money. Maybe you think we didn't celebrate when we hauled it up on deck.







## TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM

