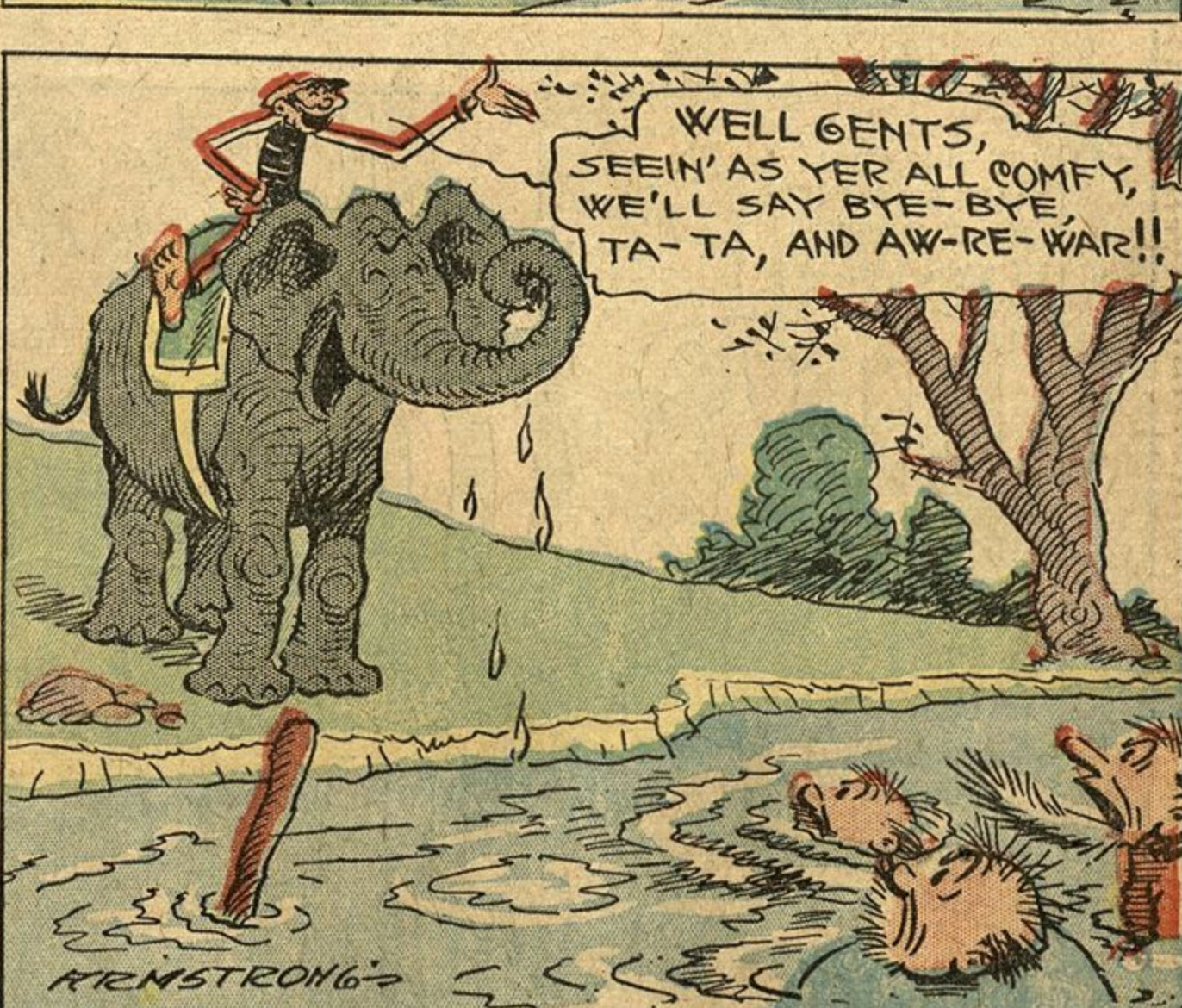
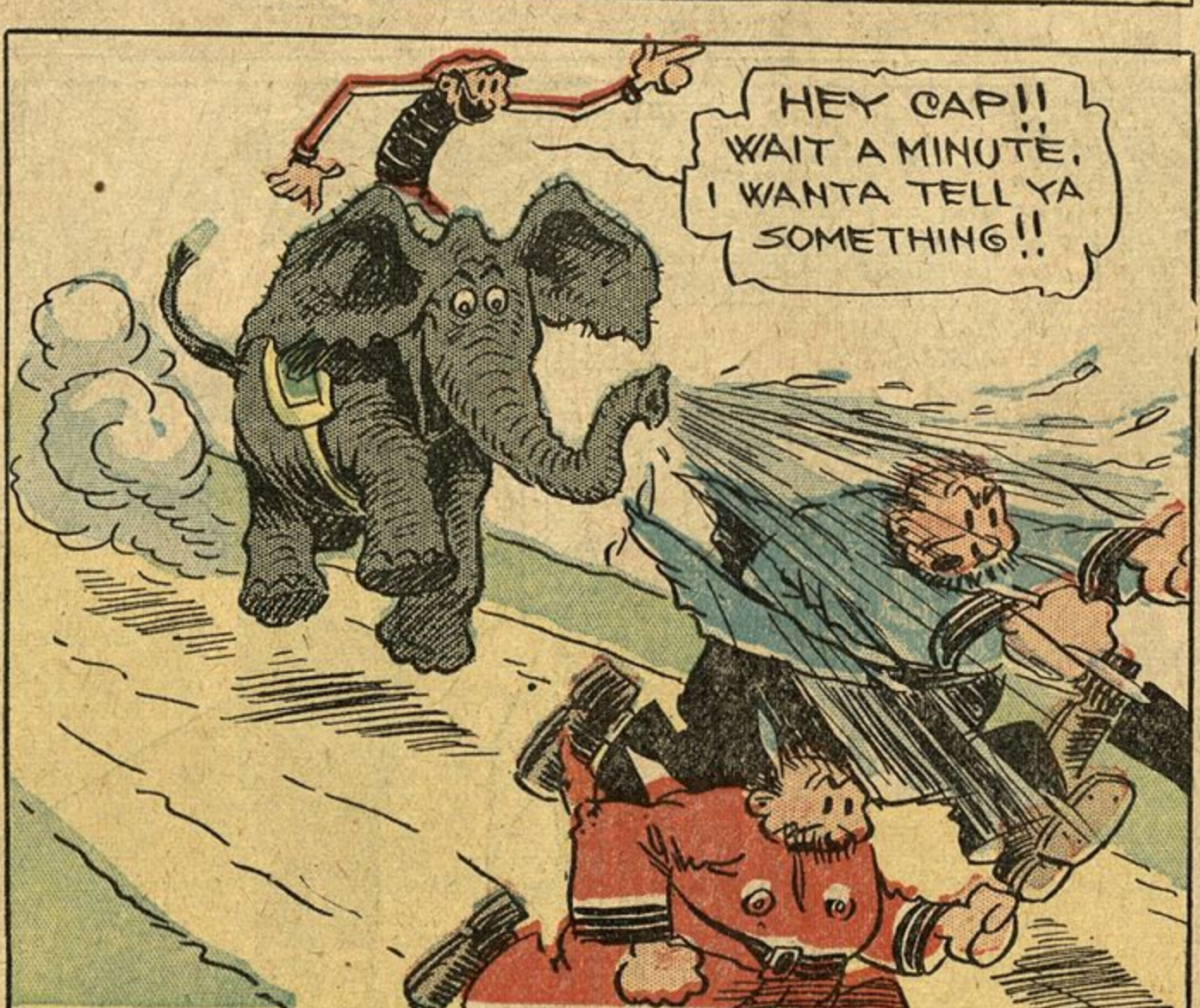
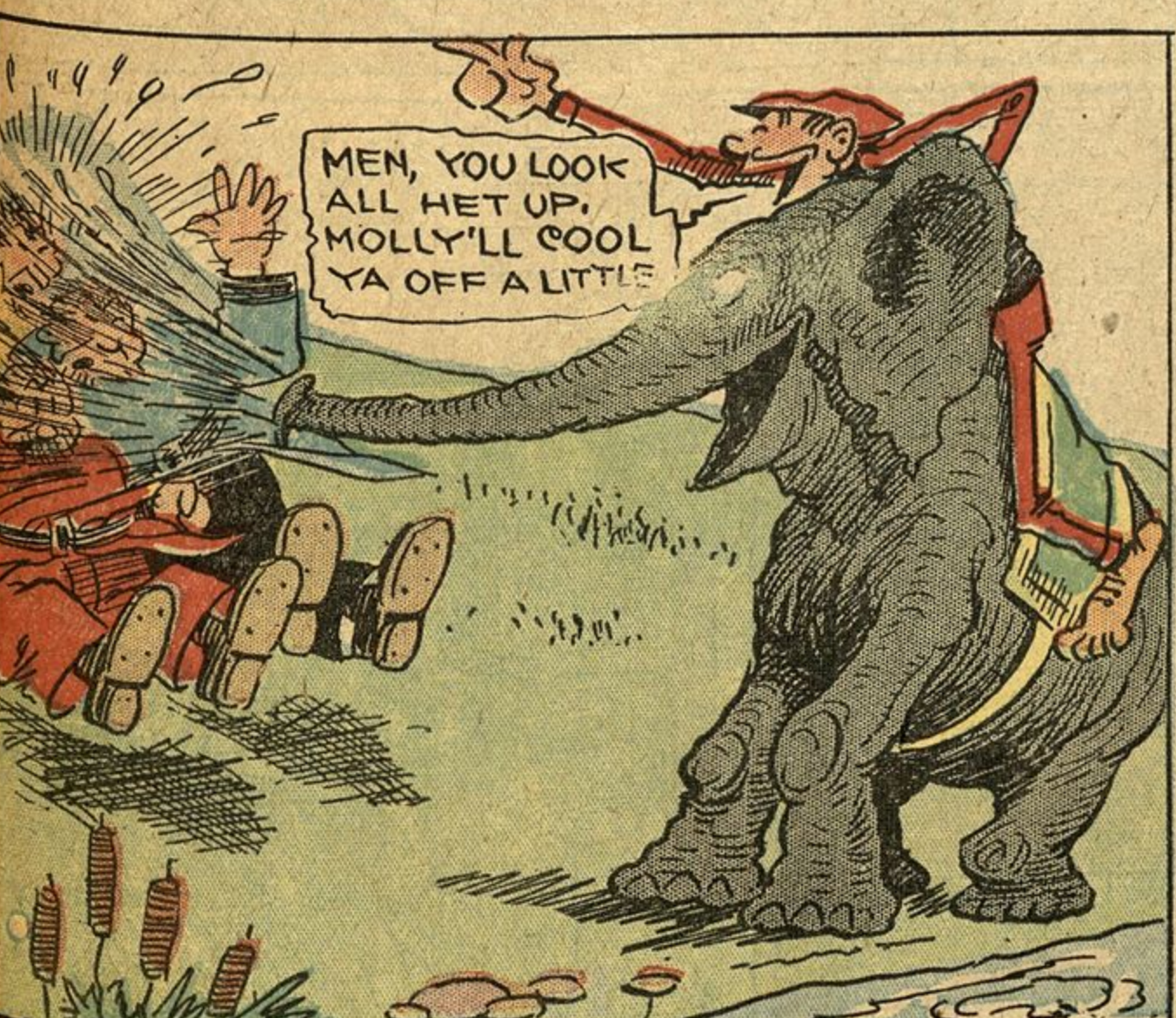
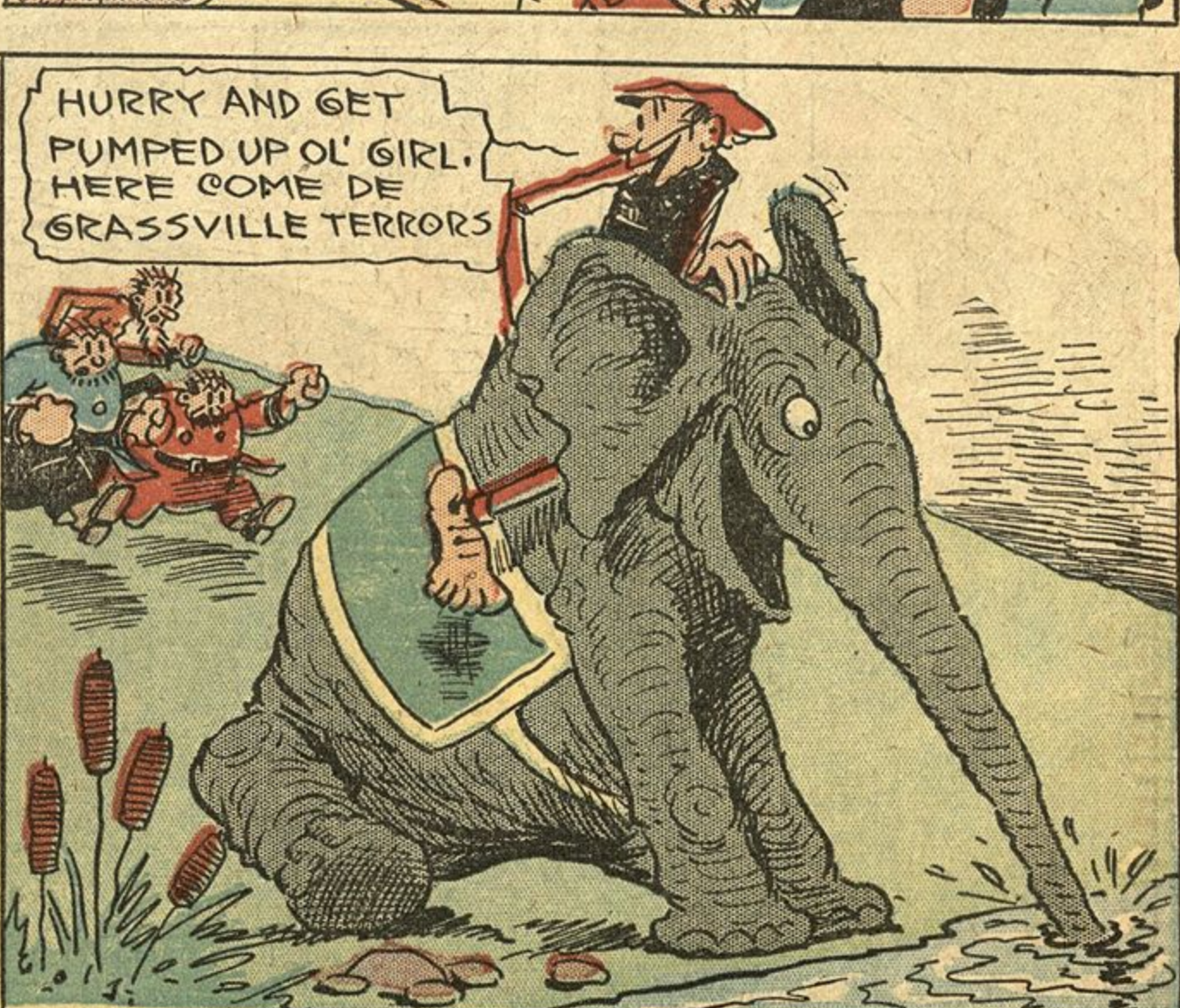
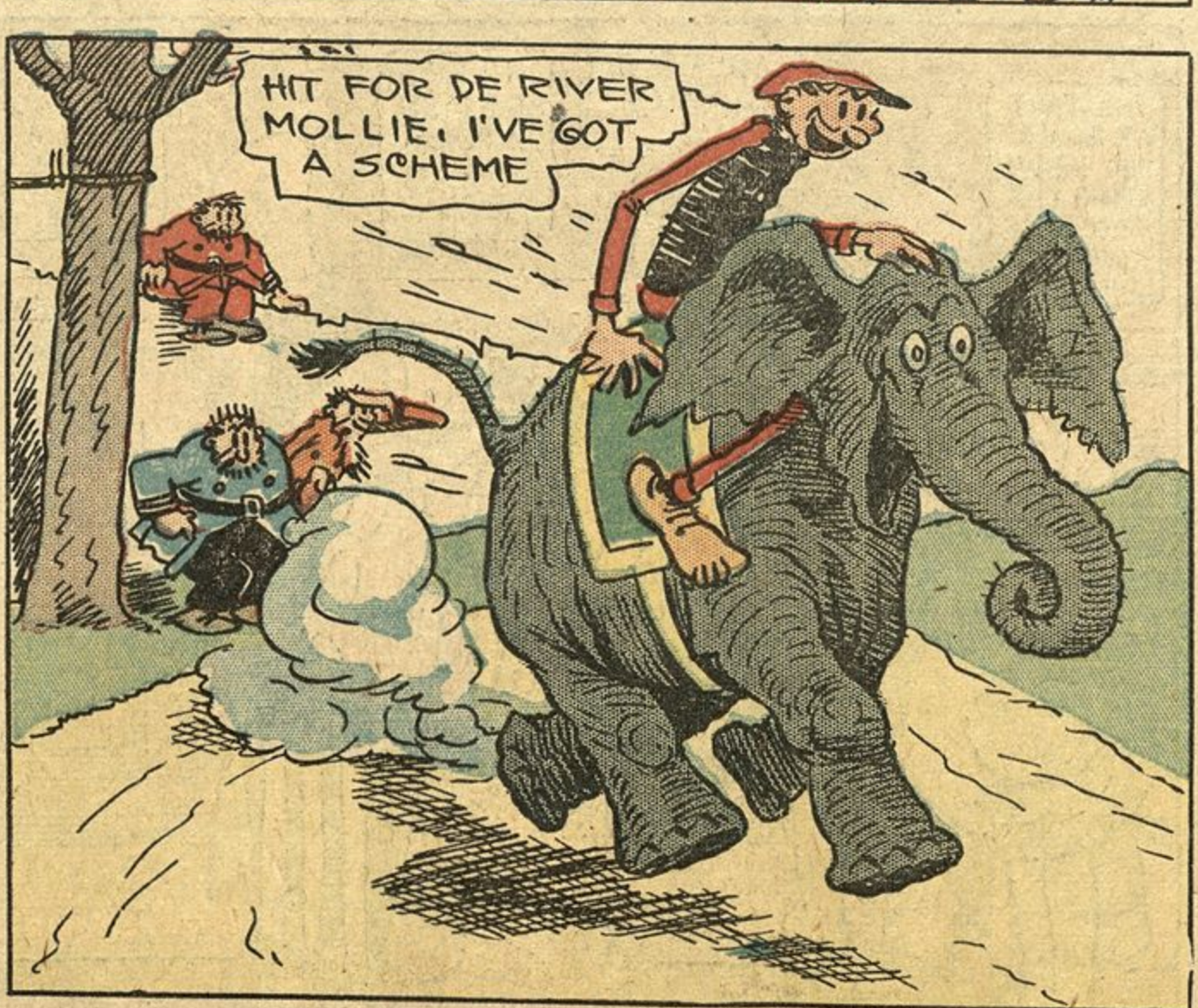
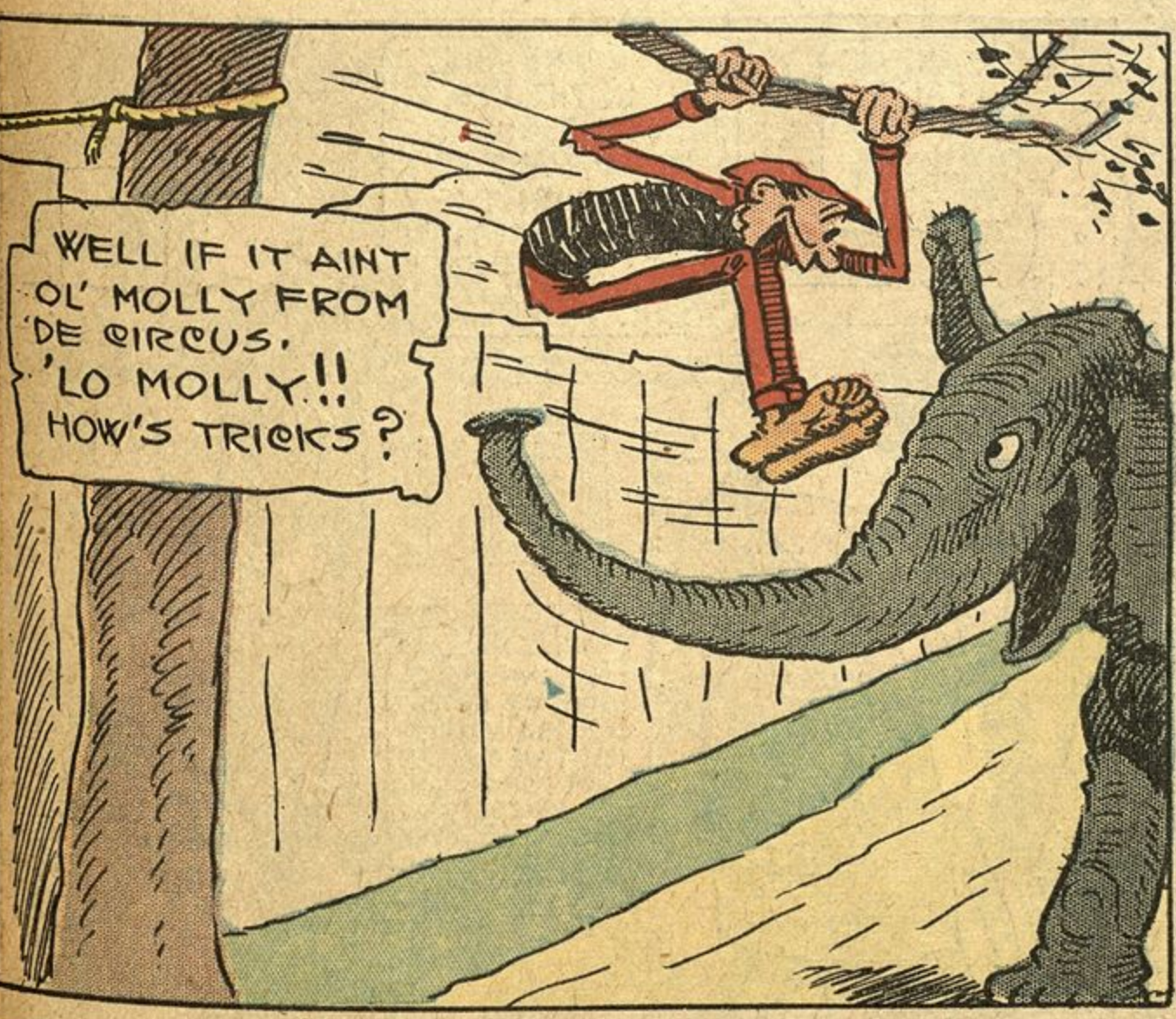
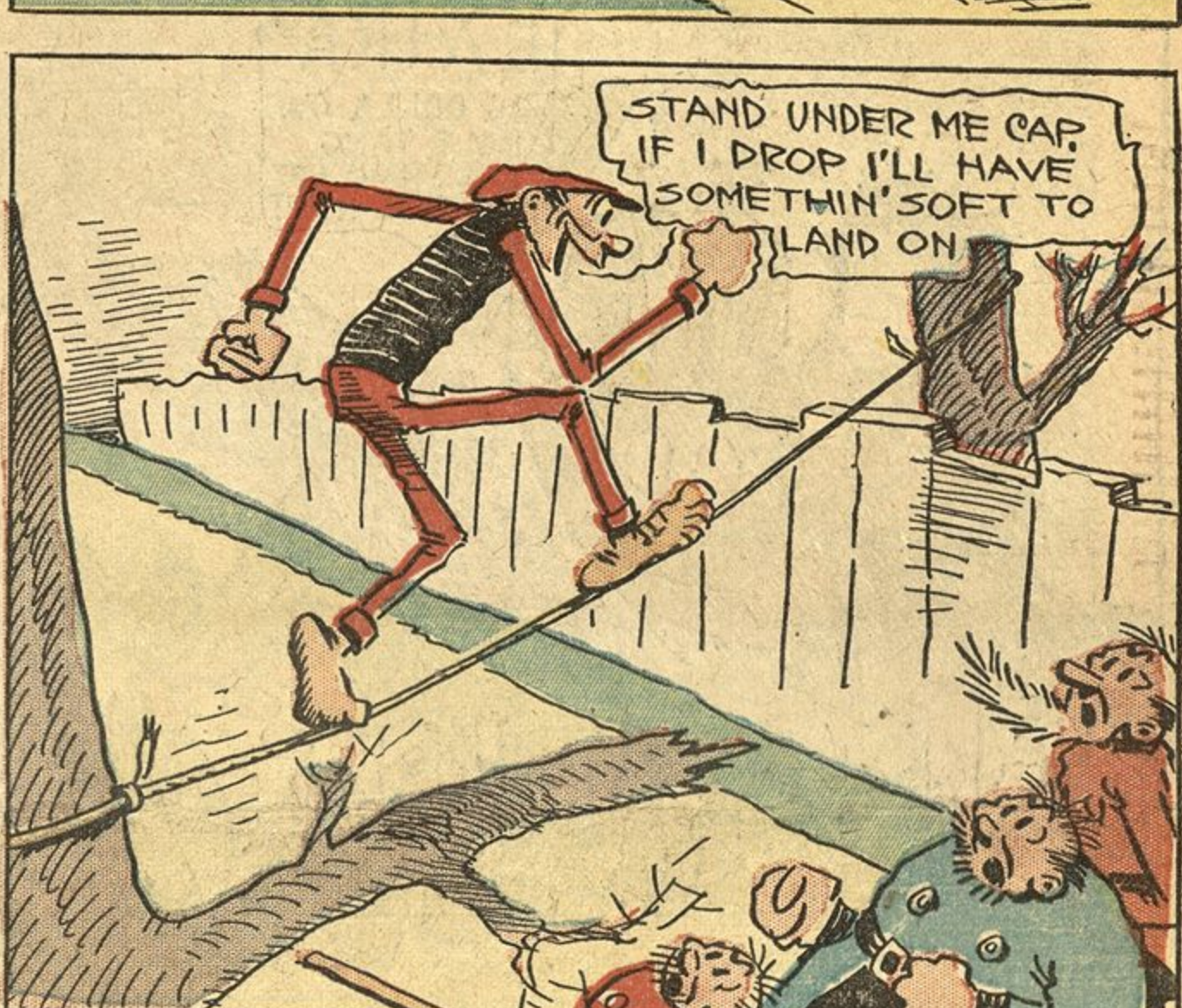
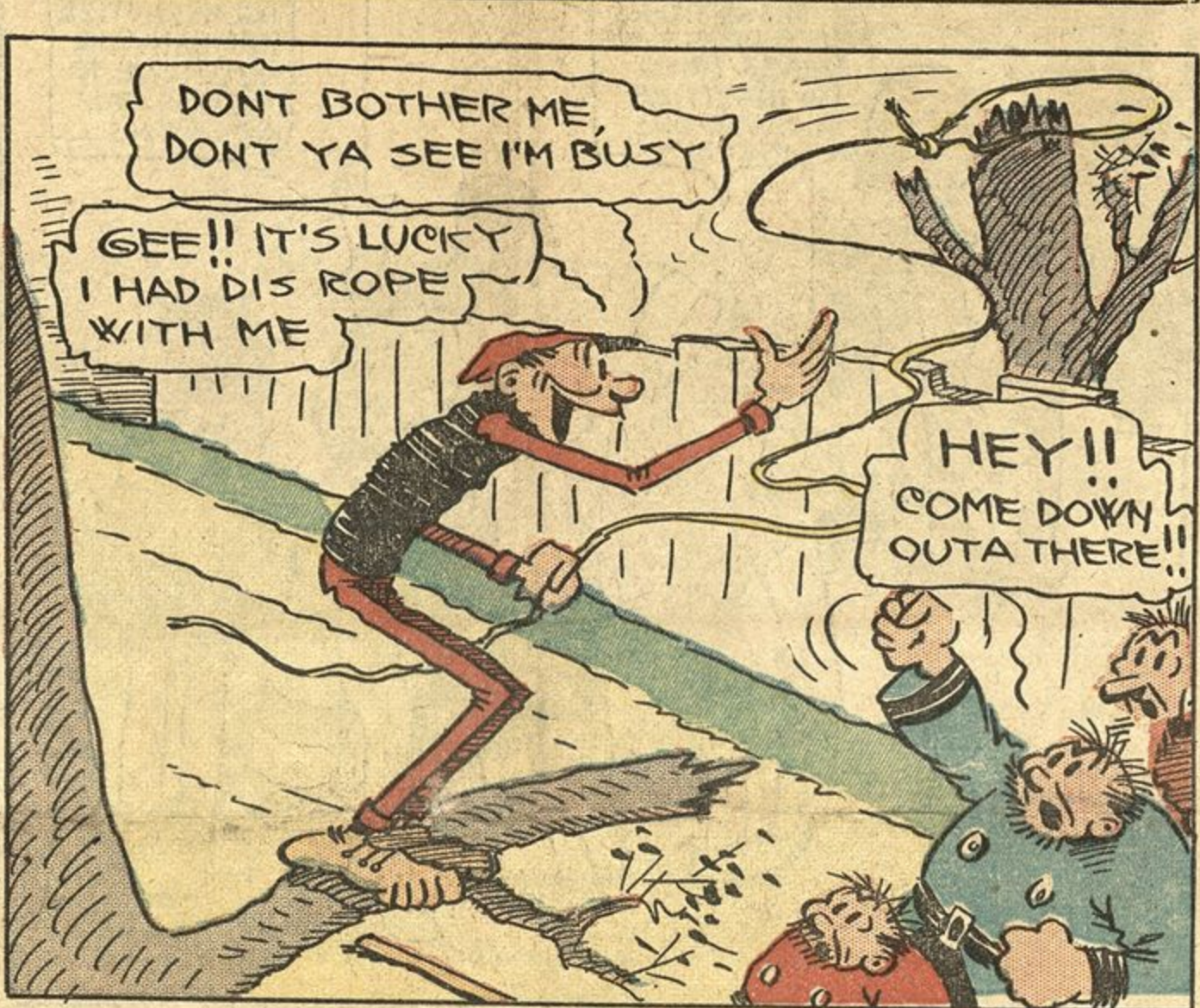
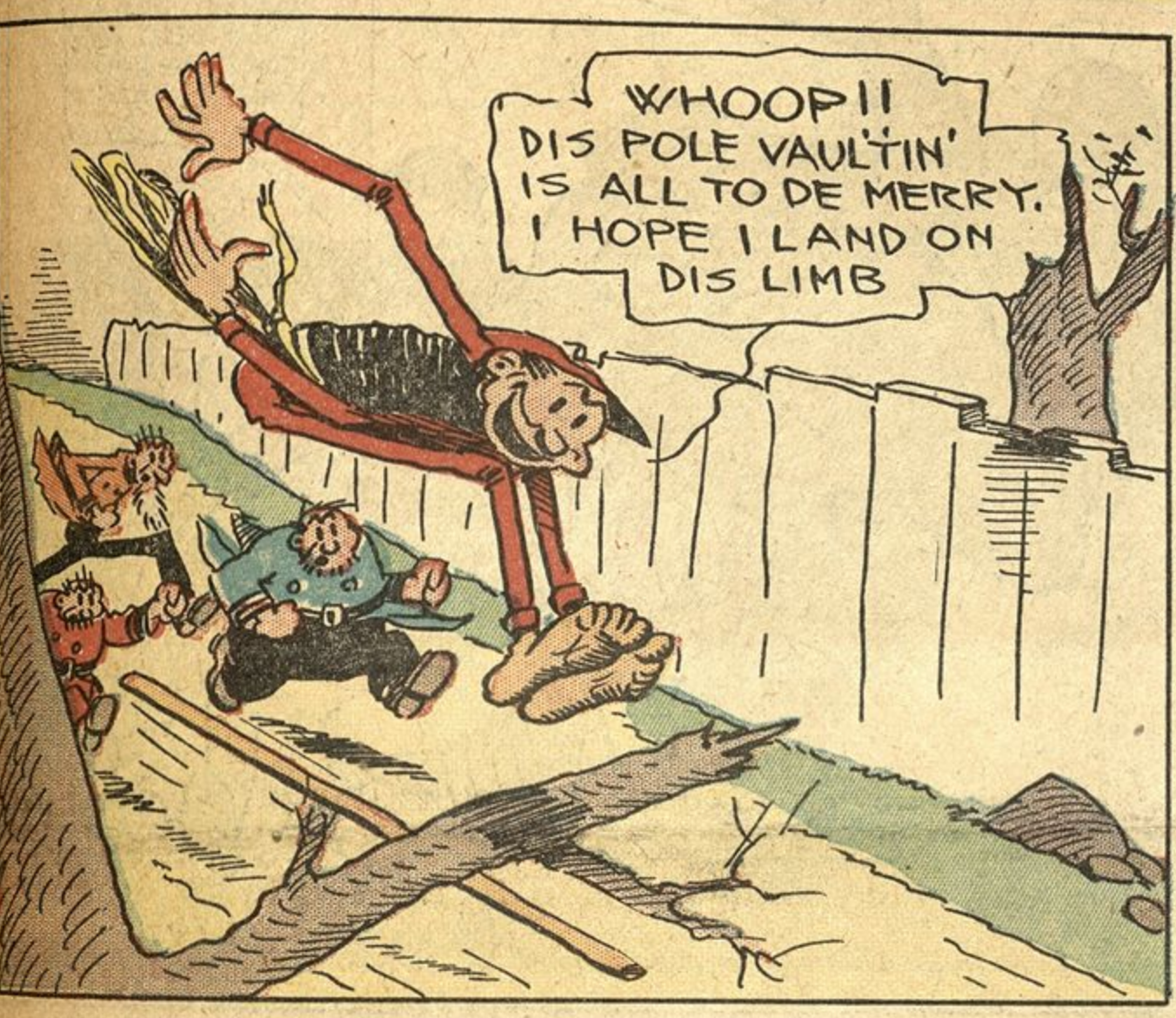
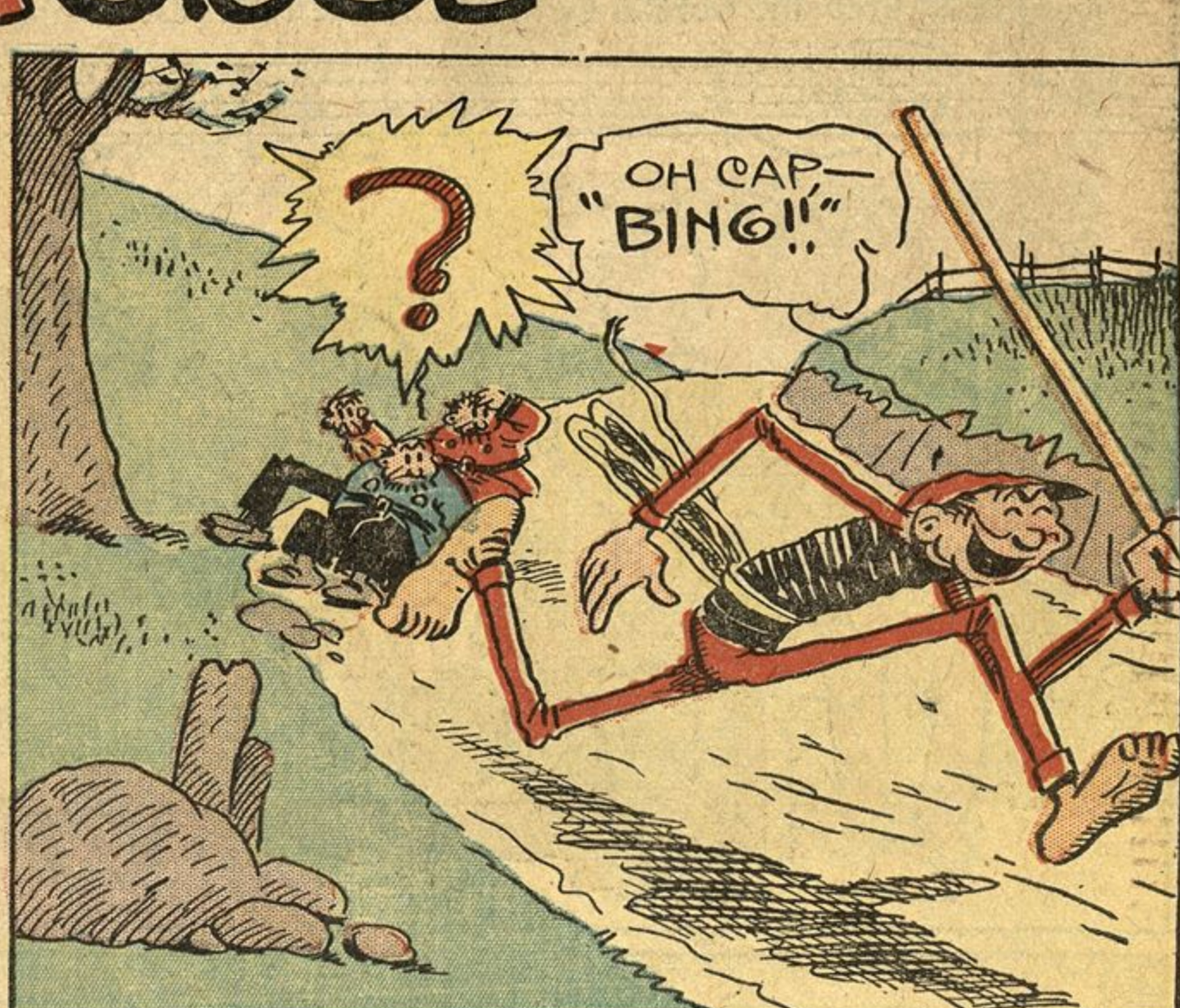
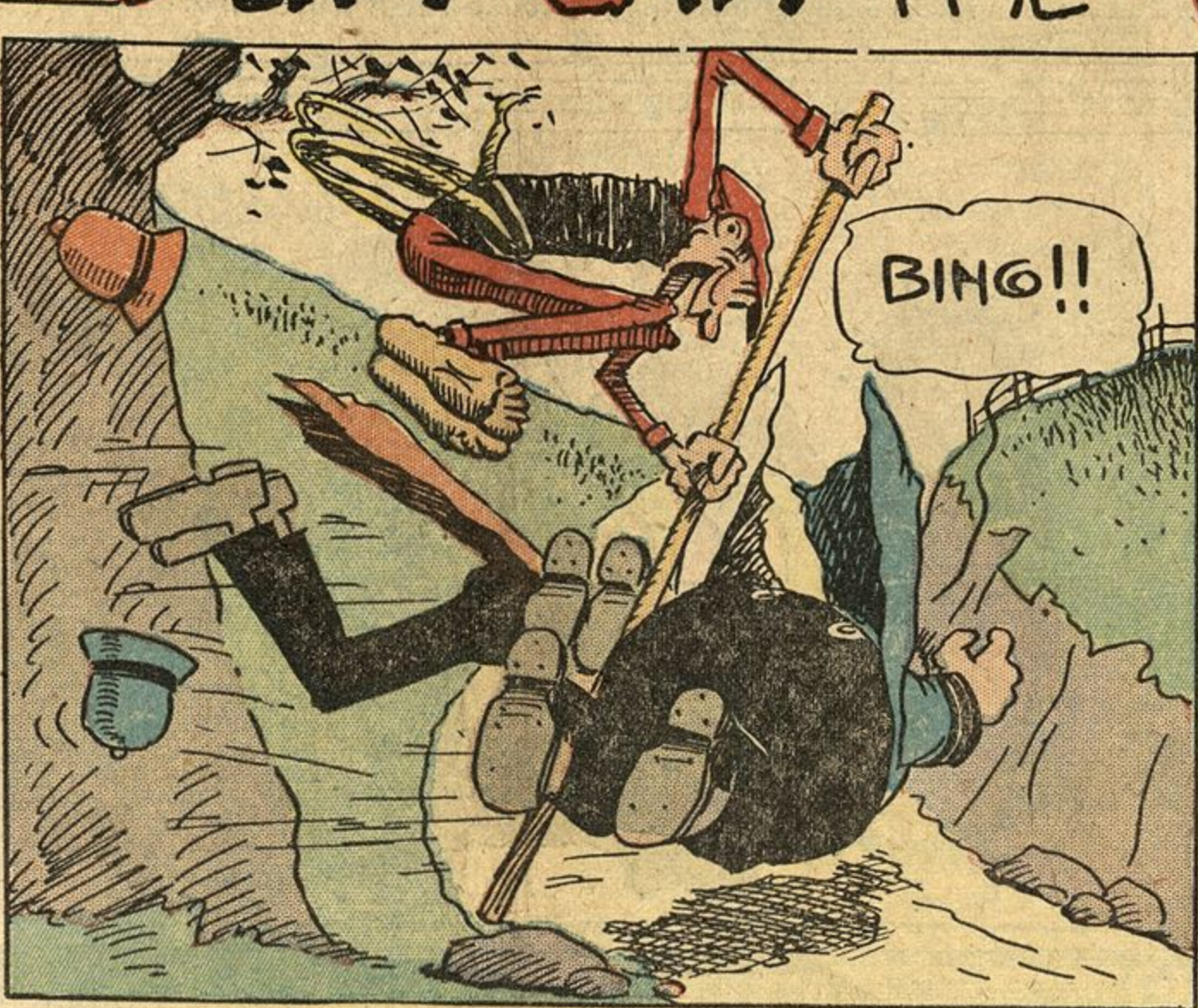


Comic Section

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,
October 2, 1930

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



OH! JOYOUS VACATION - ONE REEL. BY INP.

THERE'S THE COTTAGE WE'LL PUT UP AT FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, FINE ISN'T IT? QUITE A CROWD THERE.

GOSH! WIFE, WONT IT BE A RELIEF TO BE AWAY FROM OUR TALKATIVE NEIGHBORS WHO BORED US WITH TOWN SCANDAL EVERY NIGHT ON OUR PORCH.

I'LL SAY SO

HALF HOUR LATER ON COTTAGE PORCH

NEW ACQUAINTANCE? WE'VE BEEN HERE TWO WEEKS AND WILL STAY TWO MORE.

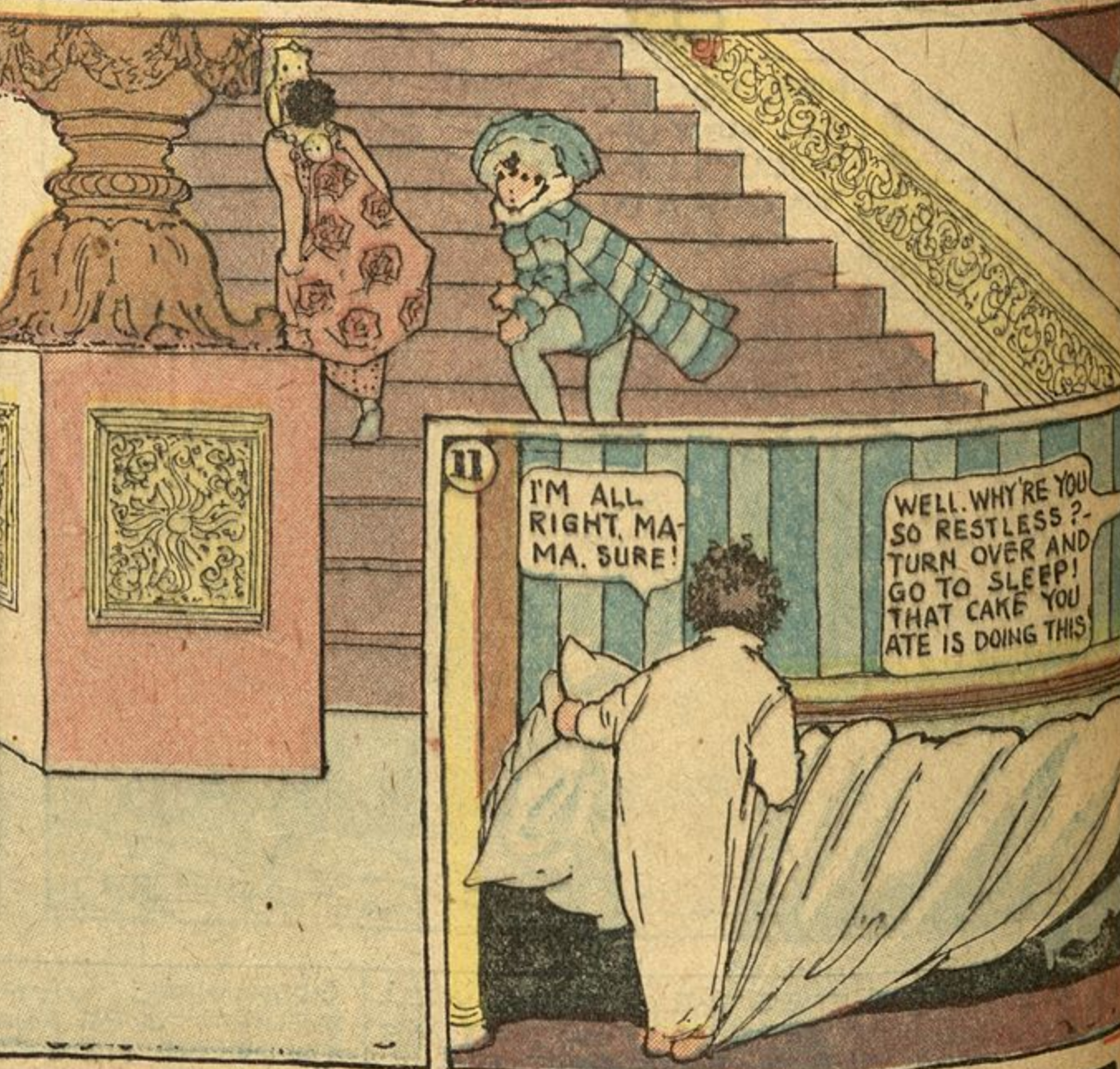
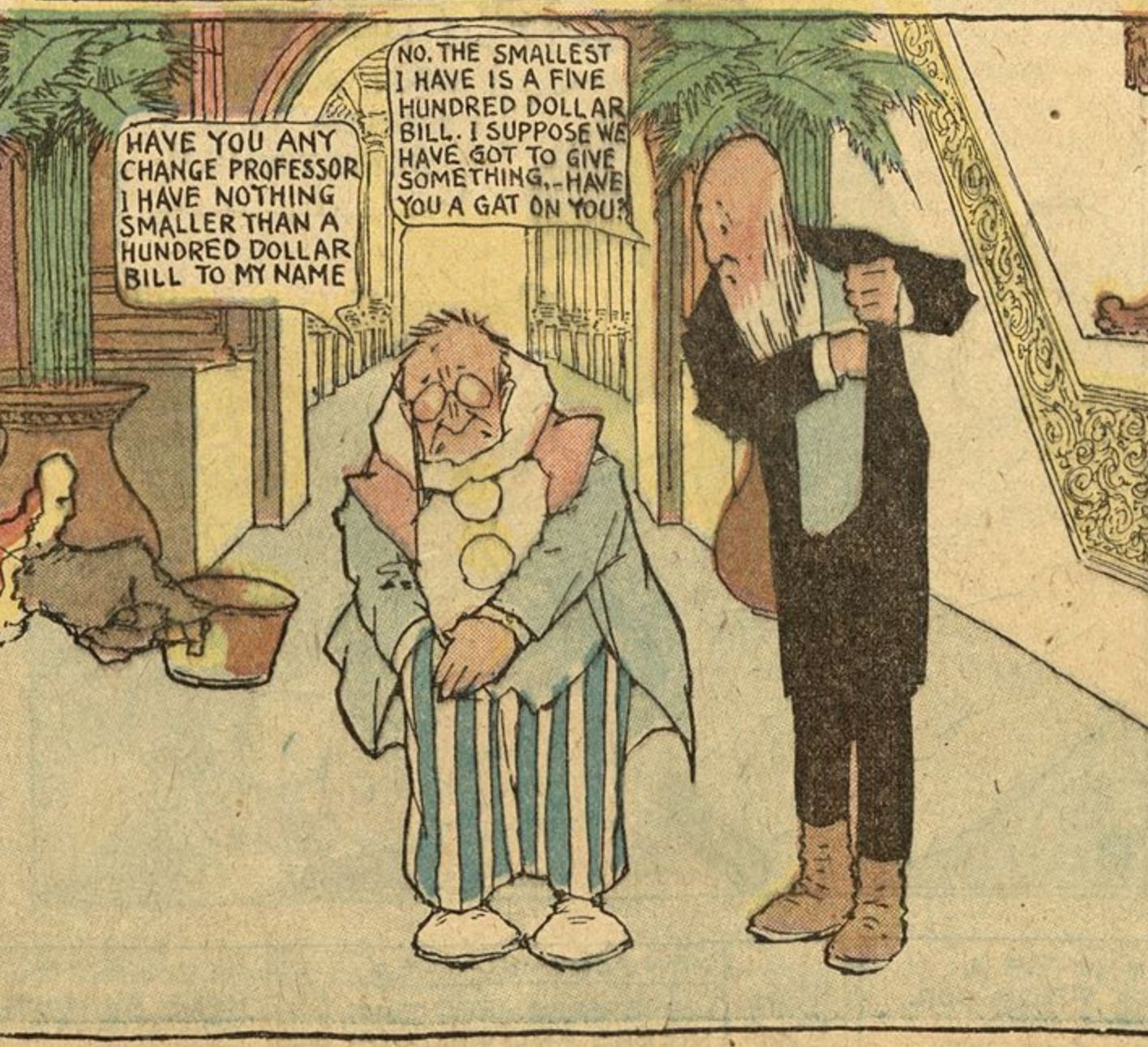
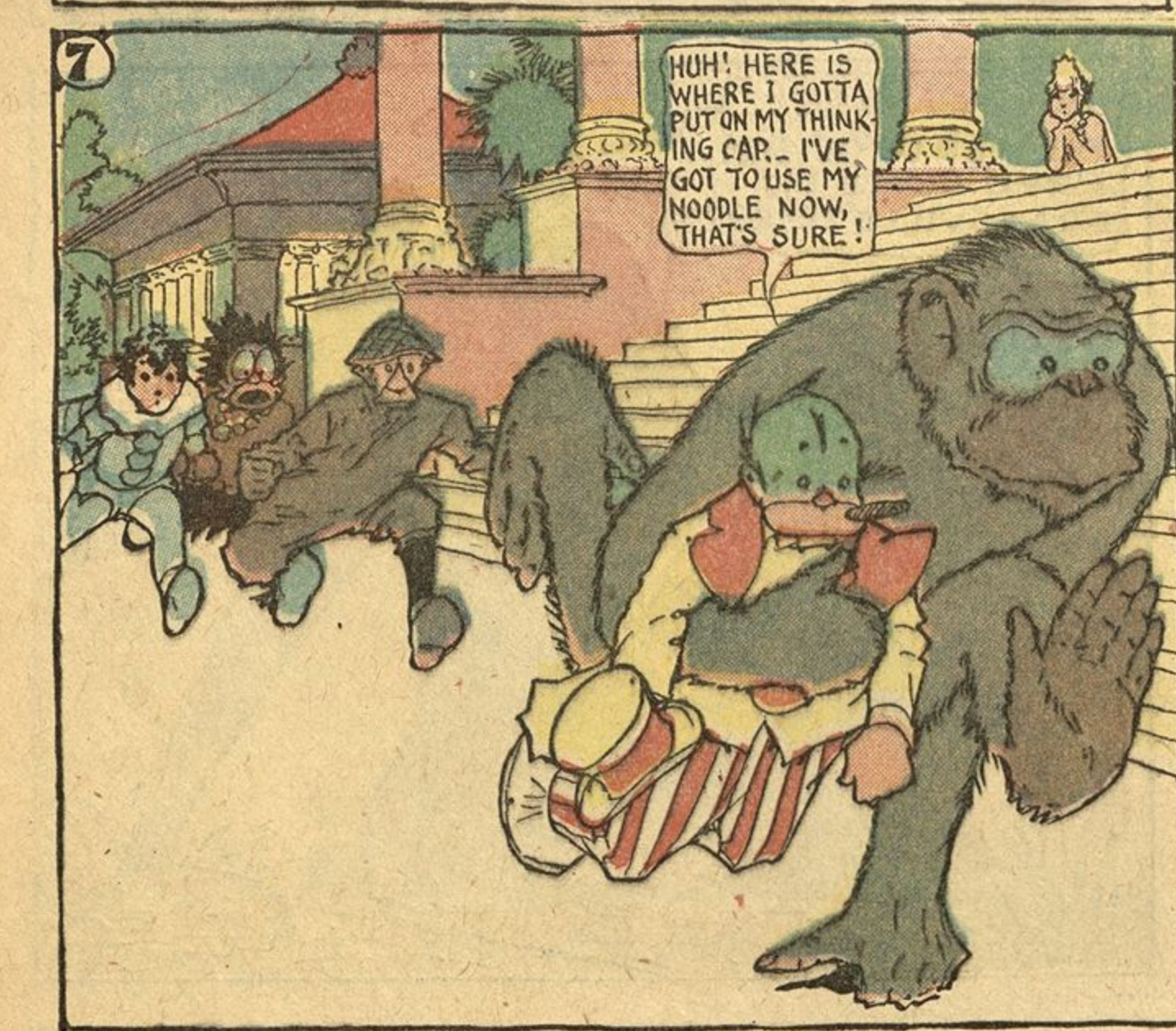
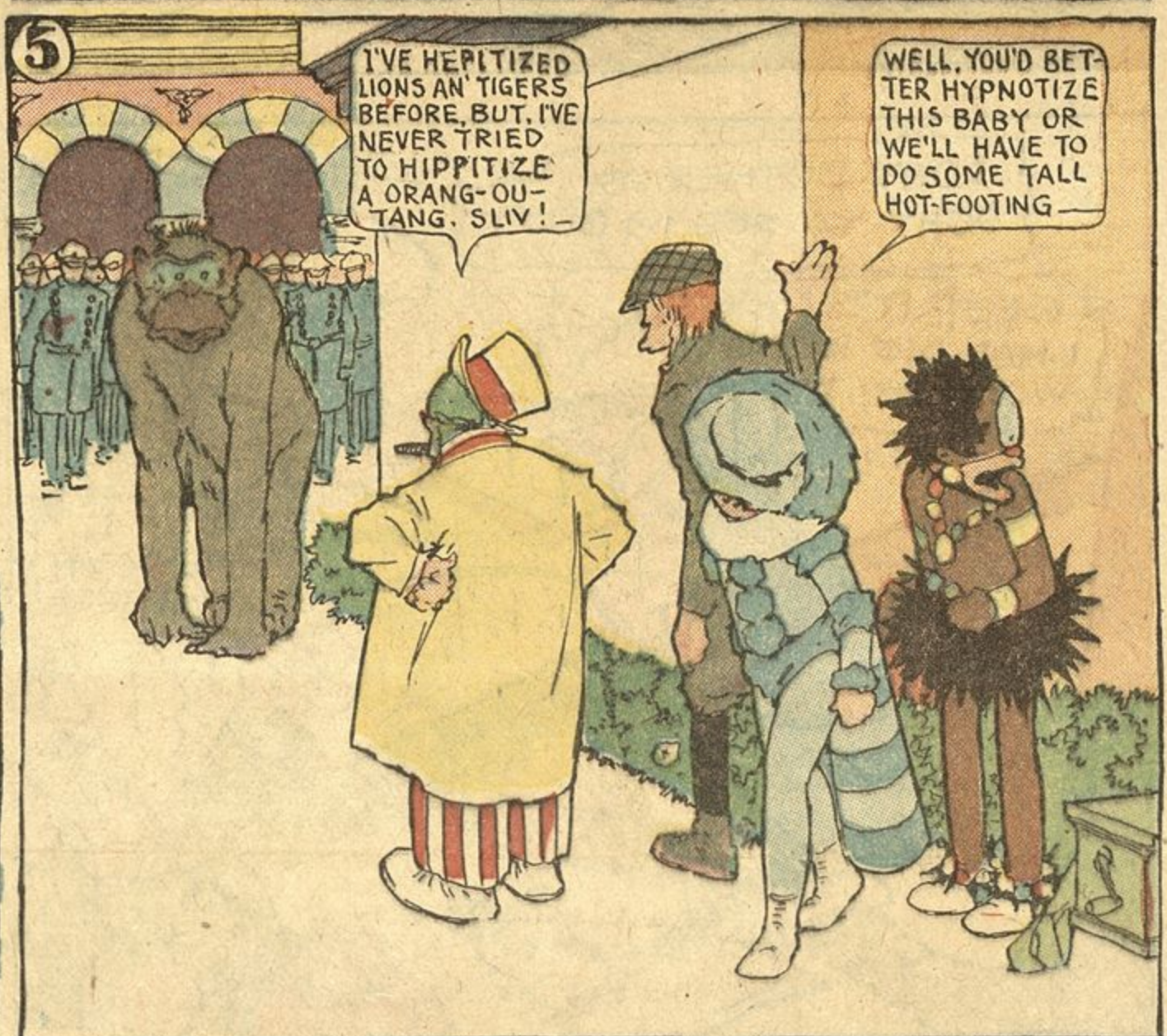
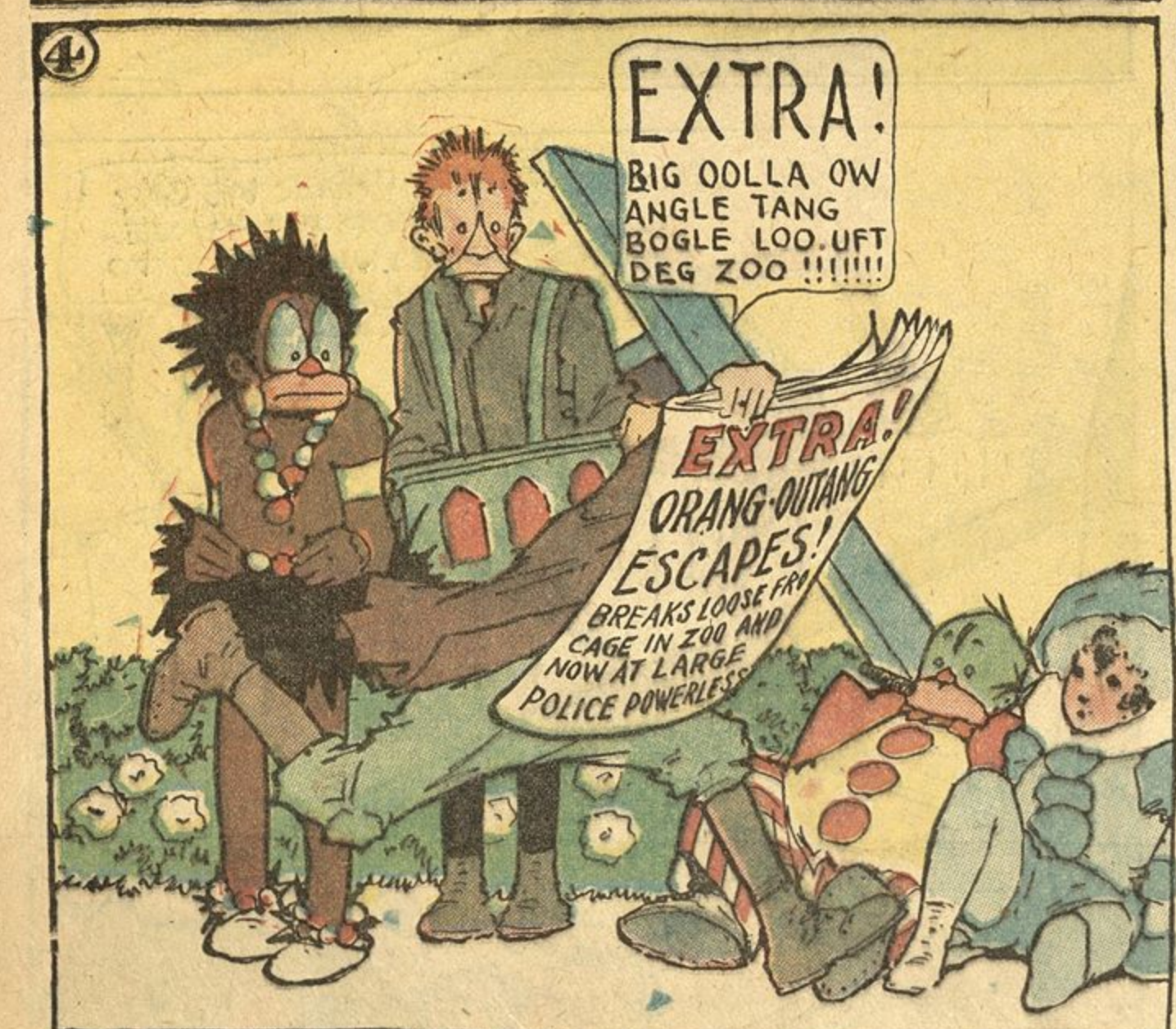
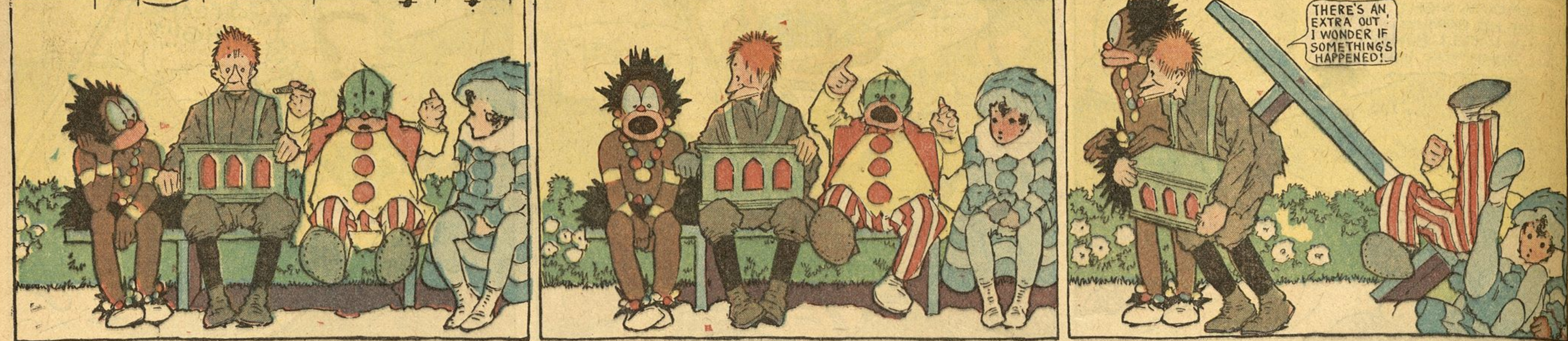
I'M SORRY YOU DIDNT ARRIVE HALF AN HOUR SOONER. - YOU MISSED SOMETHING. - SEE THAT WOMAN IN PURPLE? -

WELL, HER HUSBAND CAME UP HERE UNEXPECTEDLY AND CAUGHT HER OUT BOATING WITH A PERFECT STRANGER. - I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY -

TRUE TO LIFE- MOTHER I BOUGHT YOU A HAT, TODAY- THAT'S A BIG SURPRISE. HERE, TRY IT ON- MY HAIR ISN'T FIXED OR ANYTHING. I'LL SLIP IT ON FOR YOU. YES, DO. THERE! DO YOU LIKE IT? OH! VERY MUCH- SO DO I, - I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AND GET YOU ANOTHER ONE.
--

LITTLE NEMO IN *Slumberland*

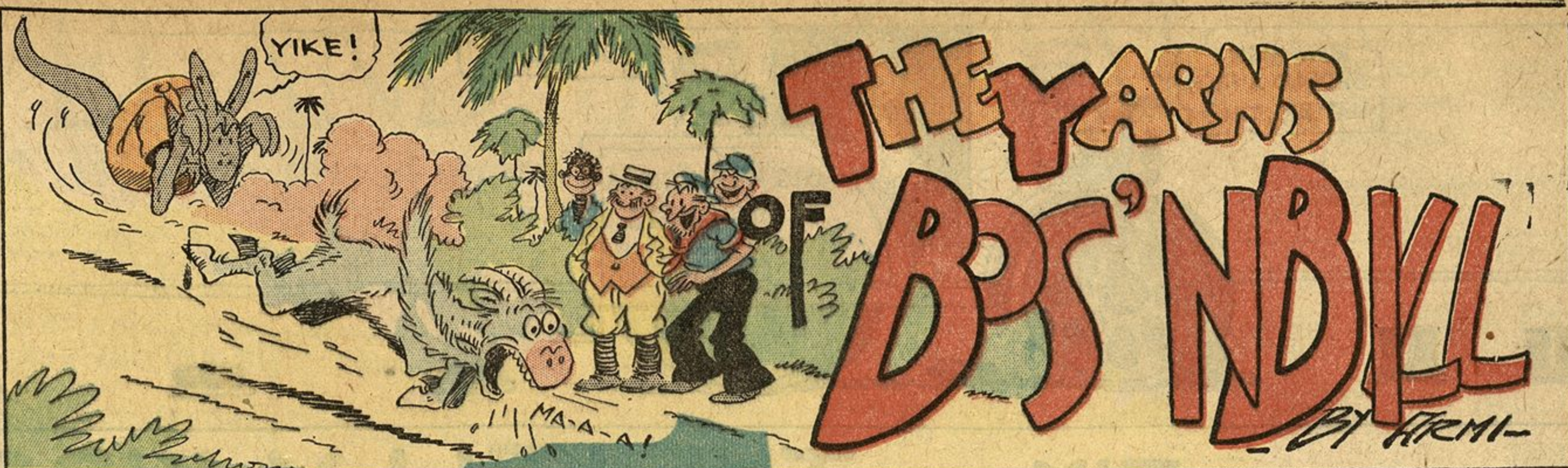
1. READ, READ THE PA-PERS EV-RY DAY AN' RE-MEM-MER WOT THEY SAY - YOU'LL LEARN WHOS WHO AN' YOU'LL LEARN WOT'S WOT WOT'S - TRUE WOTS NEW WOT IS ROT WOT'S NOT. OH.



WHISKER BILLIE

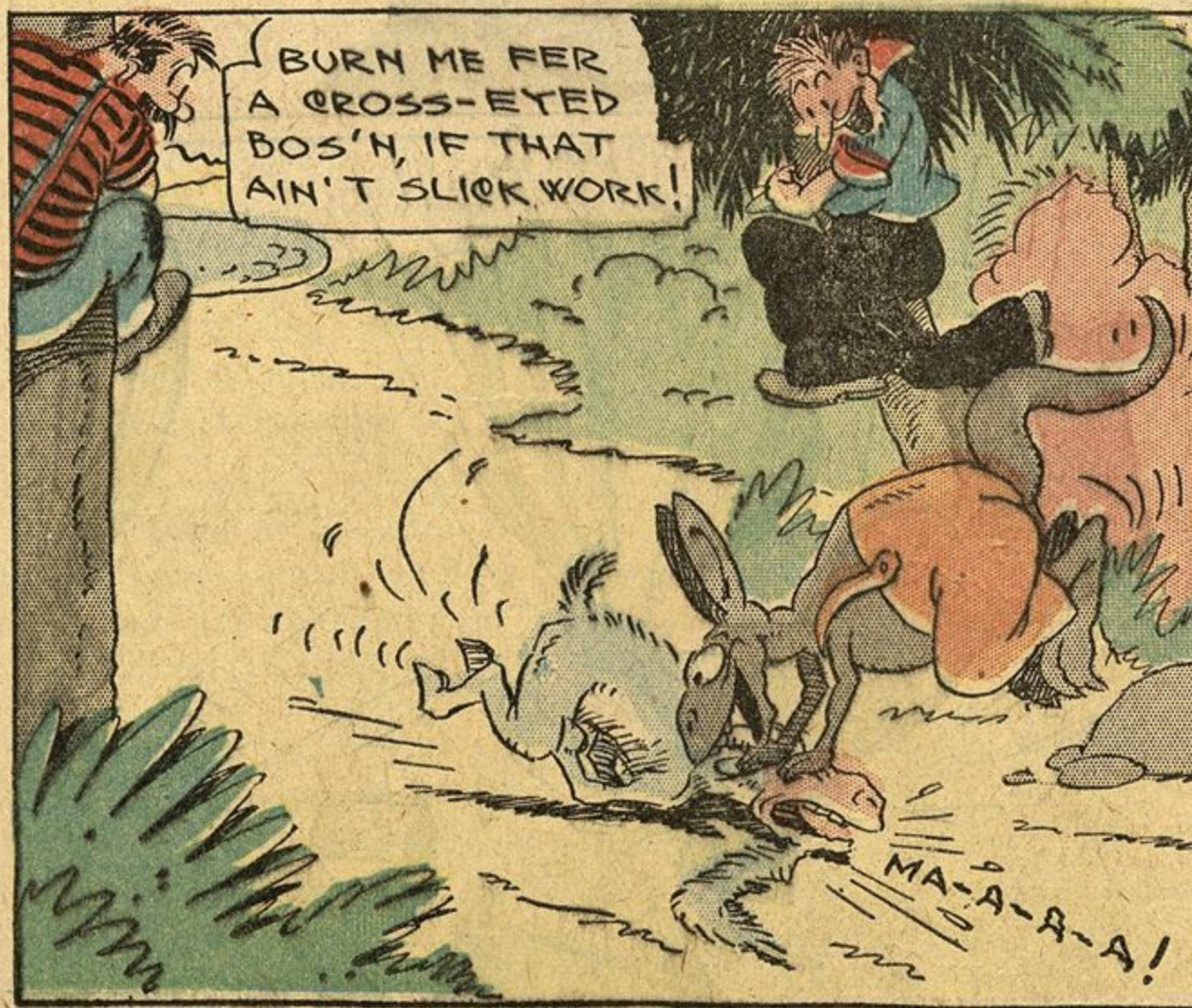
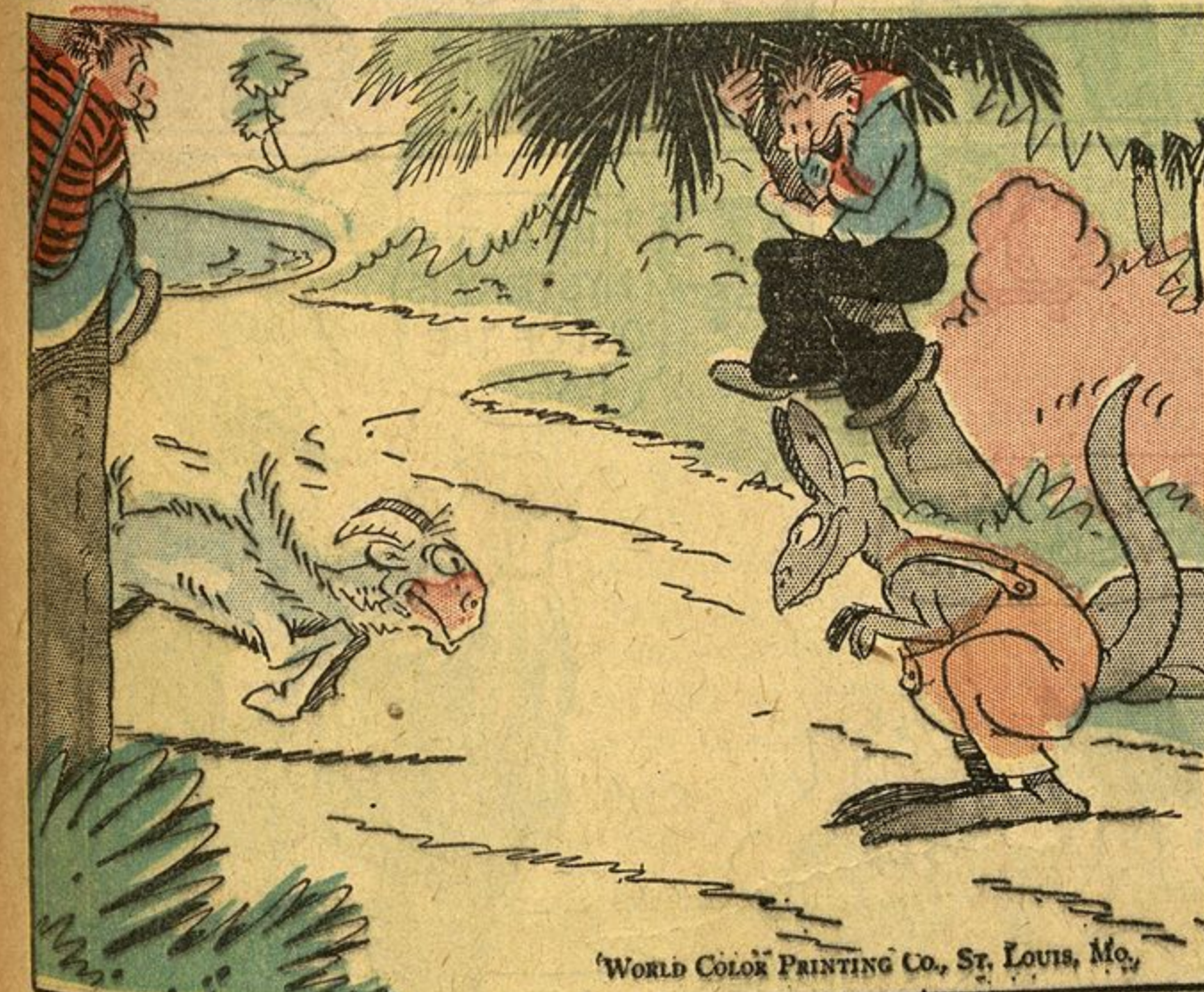
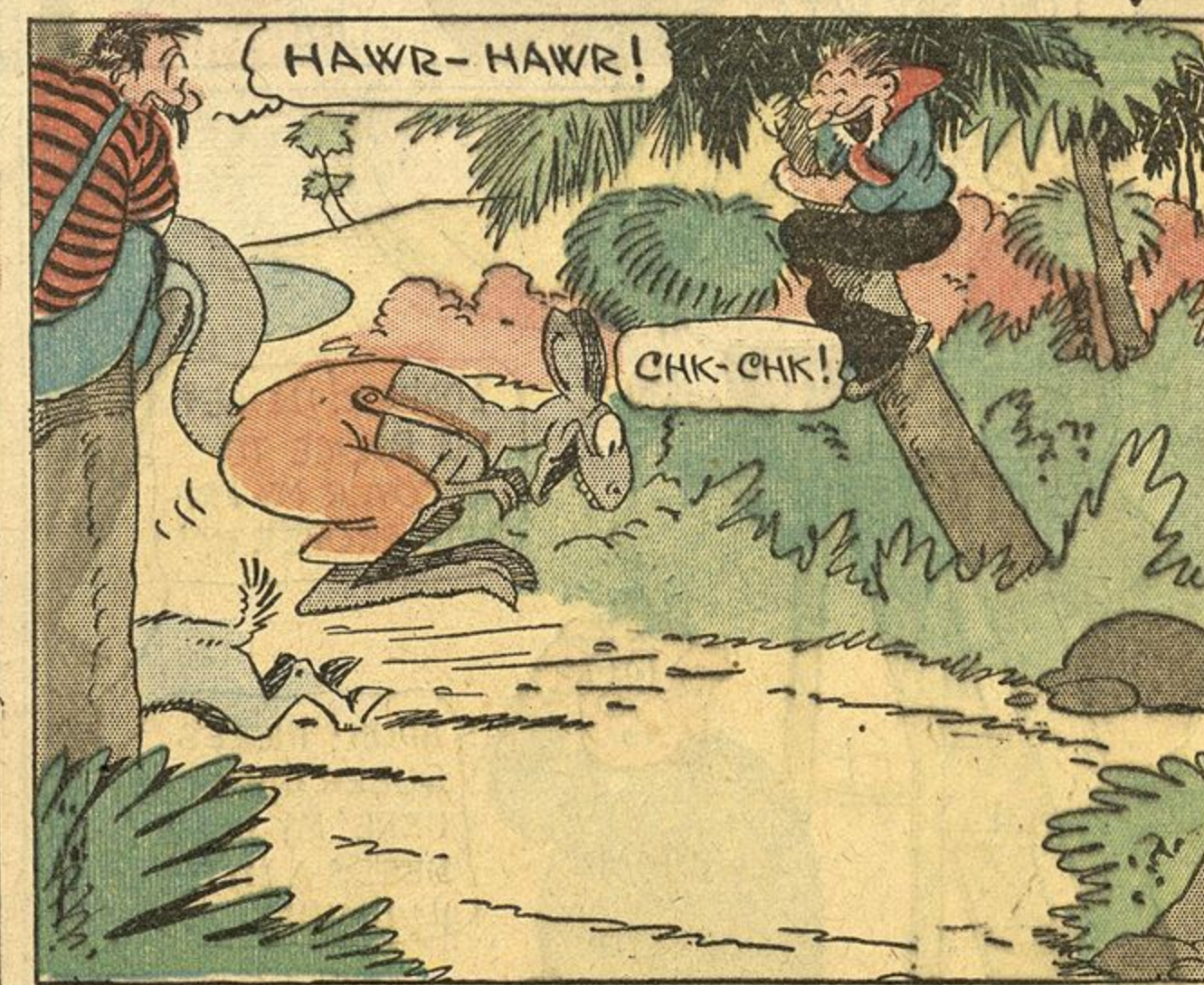
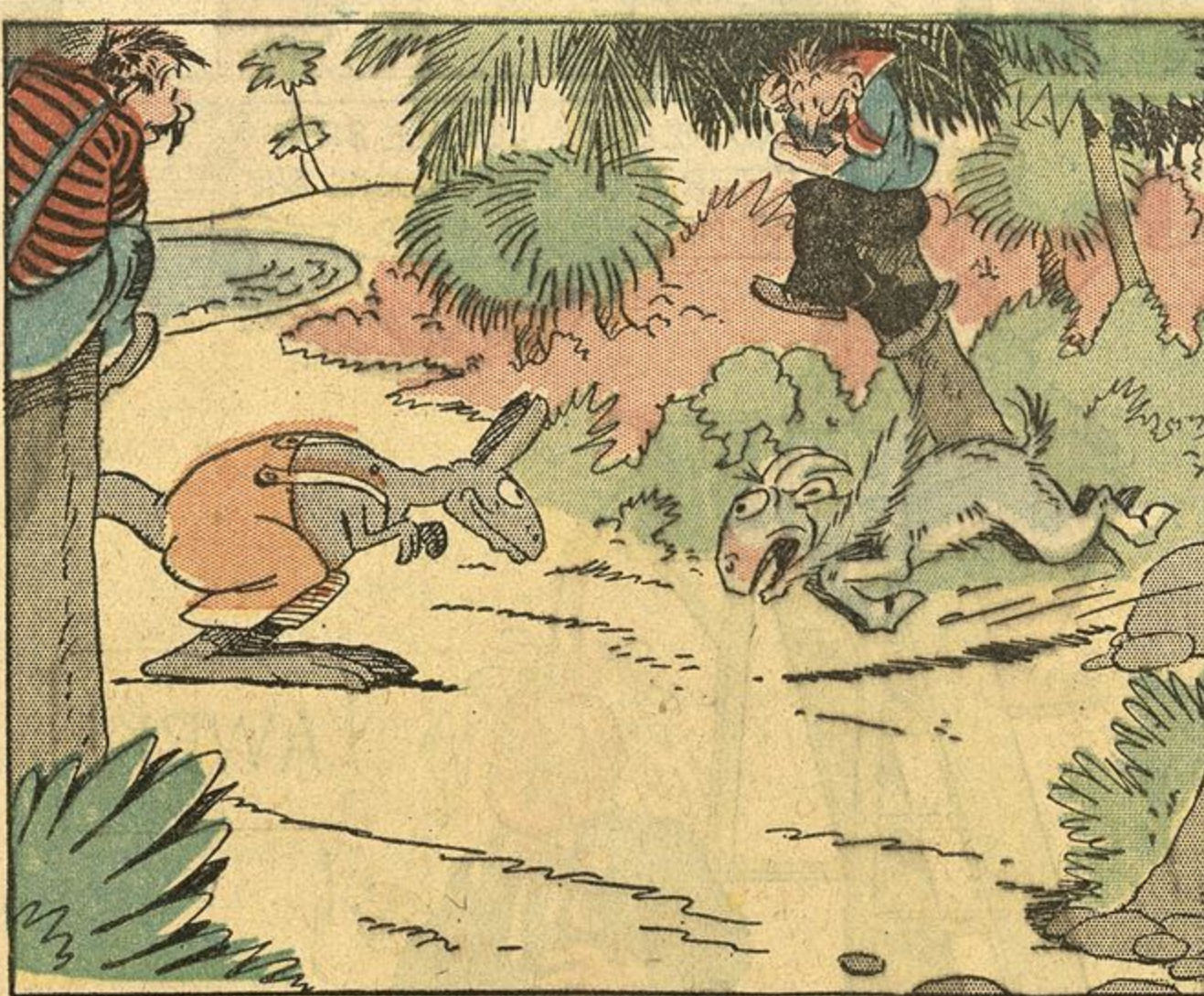
You kids'll grin when I tell you that th' first thing I did after bein' paid th' two thousand dollars for capturin' th' two robbers, was to buy Kangy, my kangaroo pal, a pair of pants. Well s'r, while we were both still admirin' those pants, who sh'd heave 'longside o' me but Tops'l Barney, an old shipmate o' mine. We were yarnin' away about old days when whaml, somethin' hit Barney from behind and he went end over kilter, rootin' into th' sand with his nose. Just then my peepers landed on what had keeled Barney over. A big billy-goat, with a mean eye, and whiskers two feet long, gettin' ready to scupper me. By this time Barney had dug th' sand out of his eyes and nose and was settin' up. Barney is pretty fat, but when his eyes lit on that goat gettin' ready for another broadside he bounced

to his feet like a rubber ball and lit out for th' nearest tree, with me cuttin' th' wind right 'longside o' him. We'd no sooner got settled on our perches in th' trees when th' real show started. Down th' road, hoppin' along like a big cricket, came Kangy. Soon's Whisker Billie spotted my pal, up went his tail, down went his head, and he whizzed down th' road like a greased bullet. Shucks, Kangy made a monkey out of that goat. Every time old whiskers charged him, Kangy would hop up into th' air and Mr. Goat would hit only air. After a little Kangy got tired of playin' tag. When Whisker Bill made for him again he jumped into th' air and landed on that goat's back like a ton of bricks. You sh'd have seen how Kangy thrashed that goat. When he finally let him up, Whisker Bill lit out for th' jungle.



THE YARN BOSS' N BILLY

BY FIRM



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

15

BY FIRM

