



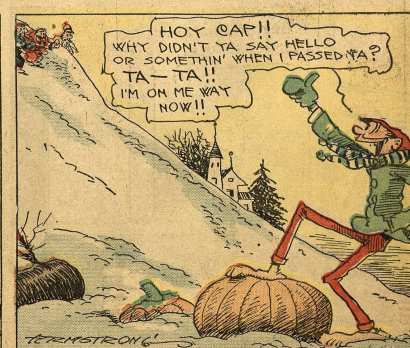
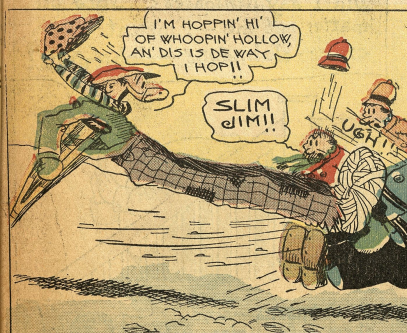
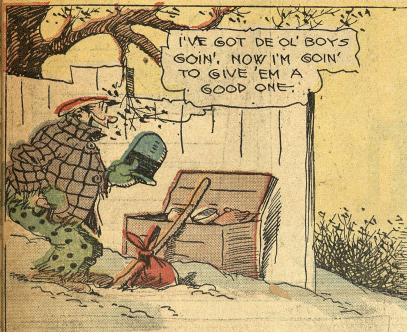
Comic Section CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

January 22, 1931

LIM JIM AND THE FORCE





No harm in getting
der professors
opinion,
anyway!

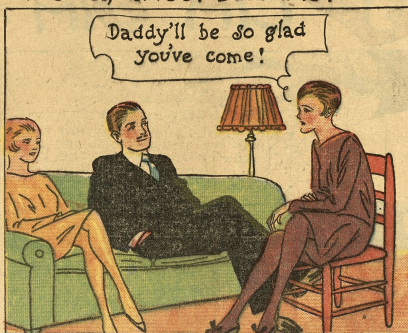
The Outline of Oscar

TACTICS MITOUT DER TACT



This is
a surprise!

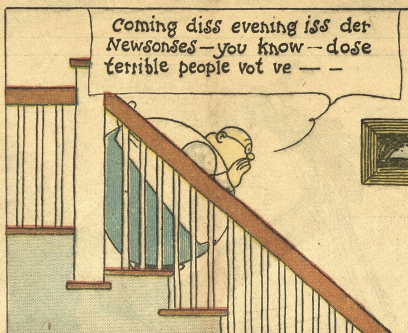
Awfully glad
to see you!



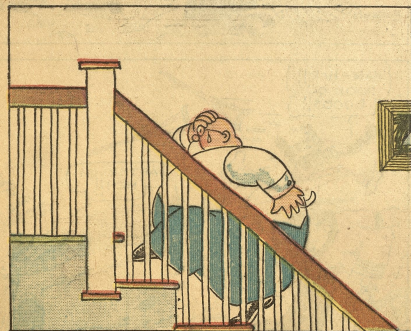
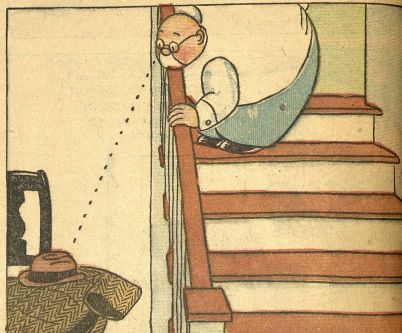
Daddy'll be so glad
you've come!



I forgot to tell you —



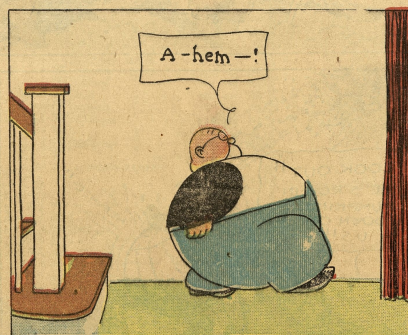
Coming dis evening iss der
Newsomses — you know — dose
terrible people vot ve —



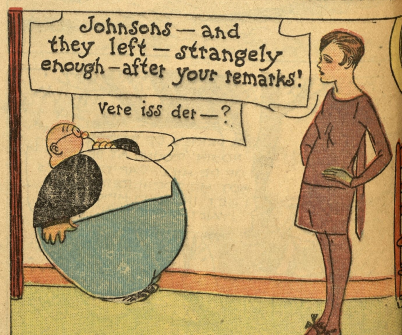
Did I say Newsomses? Vot's der
matter mit me — I meant der
er — er — Johnsons — John-sons!



Wheooo! Dot vos
a near shave!
Snappy vork in
der pinchiss, dot's
der shtuff!

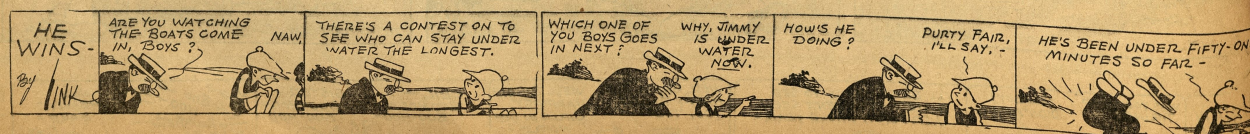


A-hem —!



Johnsons — and
they left — strangely
enough — after your remarks!

Vere iss der —?



HE
WINS —

ARE YOU WATCHING
THE BOATS COME
IN, BOYS?

NAW,

THERE'S A CONTEST ON TO
SEE WHO CAN STAY UNDER
WATER THE LONGEST.

WHICH ONE OF
YOU BOYS GOES
IN NEXT?

WHY, JIMMY
IS UNDER.
WATER.
NOW.

HOW'S HE
DOING?

PURTY FAIR,
I'LL SAY, —

HE'S BEEN UNDER FIFTY-ON
MINUTES SO FAR —

SINGOOT OF SUMATRA

Kangy and I were ashore on th' island of Sumatra, secin' th' sights and havin' a good time. We were walkin' along one of th' native streets when a Malay hove alongside with a monkey on his shoulder.

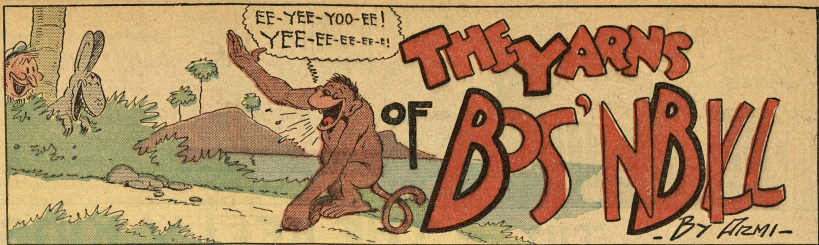
Th' native began jabberin' in pidgin English, tellin' me how smart th' monkey was. Then he whispered somethin' in th' monkey's ear, and dash my topknots if that little fellow didn't commence to dance and sing in monkey language. Kangy wiggled his whiskers and grinned.

Well s'r, to make a long story short, I bought th' monkey. Just after we'd gotten under way again I stopped to buy some fruit. All at once a rumpus started back of me. I looked around and there was that daddusted monkey amashin' a basket of eggs on a high-toned Chinaman's head. I knew that as soon as th'

Chinaman got th' scrambled eggs out of his eyes there would be trouble, so we skipped in a hurry.

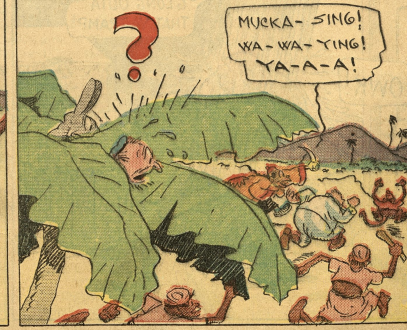
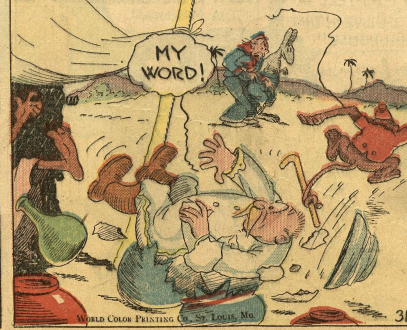
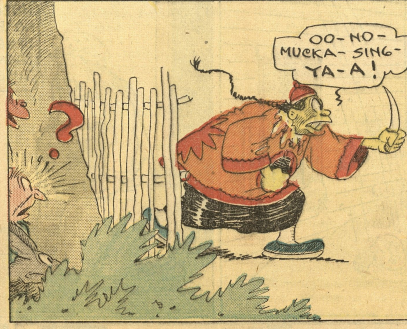
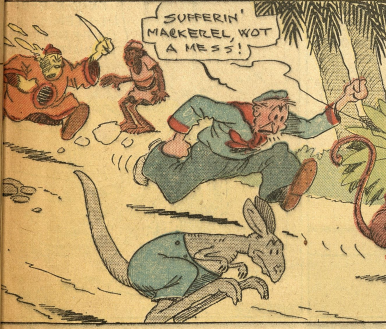
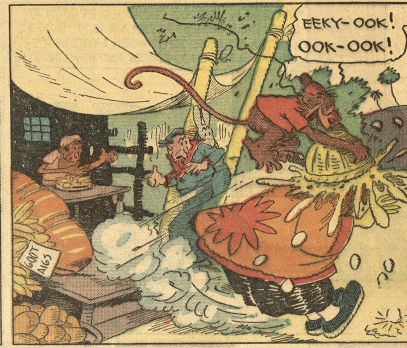
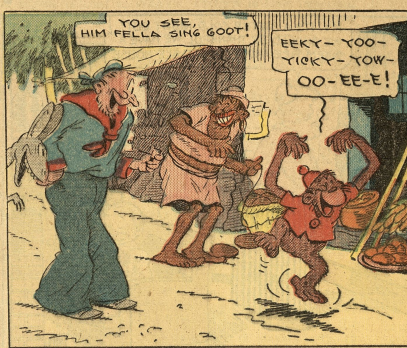
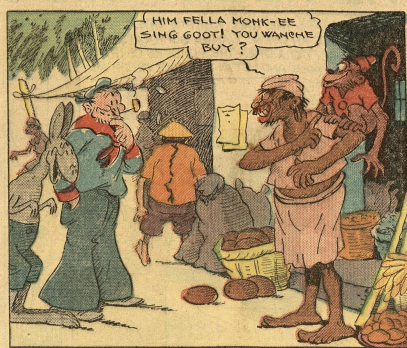
Soon I figgered we were safe I gave that a monkey a good dressin' down in pidgin English. Near us a fat white man was leanin' back on a cane, buyin' a vase from a native. I turned to see if th' Chinaman was after us. Right then th' monkey got busy, slipped up behind th' fat man, wrapped his tail around th' cane and yanked it away. Down went th' fat man, on top of some of th' vases that were on th' ground. Wow, what a crash!

Later, from our perch in a palm-tree where we had hidden, Kangy and I watched th' monkey streakin' down th' road with th' fat man, a lot of natives, and th' Chinaman, too, after him. In my next yarn I'll tell you some more about th' singin' monkey.

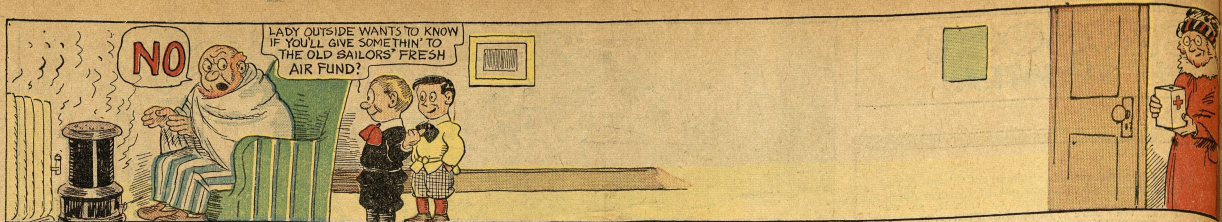


THE YARNS OF BOB NICKL

BY ALVIN



ETS O OUT-NIGHT- NIKKE- WHO HASN'T? YOU HAVEN'T. YOU DONT HAVE ANY FRIENDS AT ALL- WE'RE NEVER INVITED ANYWHERE- ZAT SO? WELL, I MET A MAN TODAY AND, HE WANTS US TO DROP IN ANYTIME WE'RE UP HIS WAY- A MAN BY THE NAME OF SHEFFIELD. WHERE DOES HE LIVE? IN FINLAND -



TIM -- THE KELLY KIDS -- TOM

