

OLY SAYINGS  
BY  
SLIM JIM



HO, SLEEM, DATA EASY!!  
YOU TAKA DA LONG, SLEEM  
HOLE AN' PUTA DA DOUGH  
ALL AROUND HEEM.  
SEE!!

SAY PEPPINO!!  
HOW DO YOU  
MAKE  
MACARONI?

Comic Section

# CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

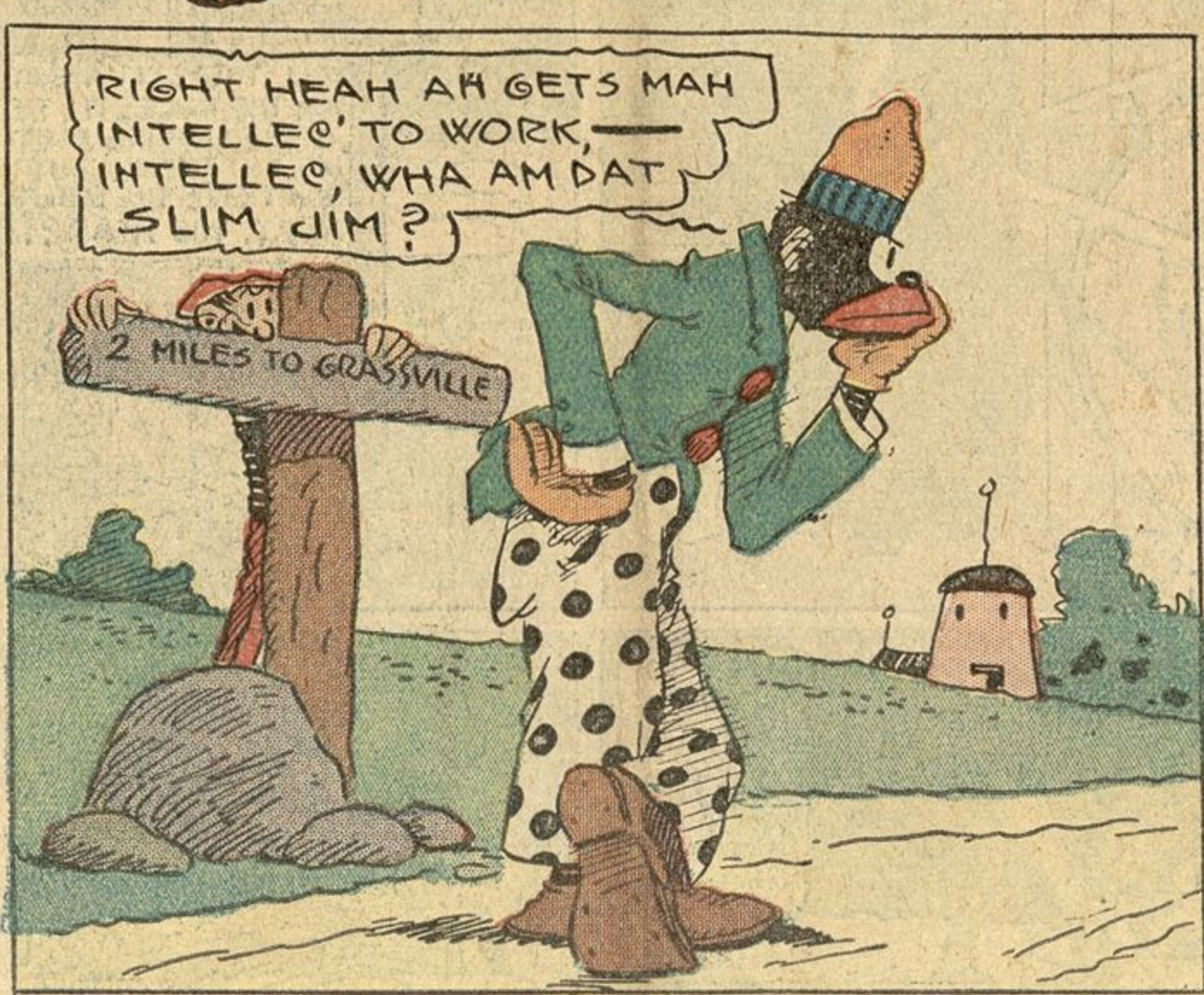
Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

July 31, 1936

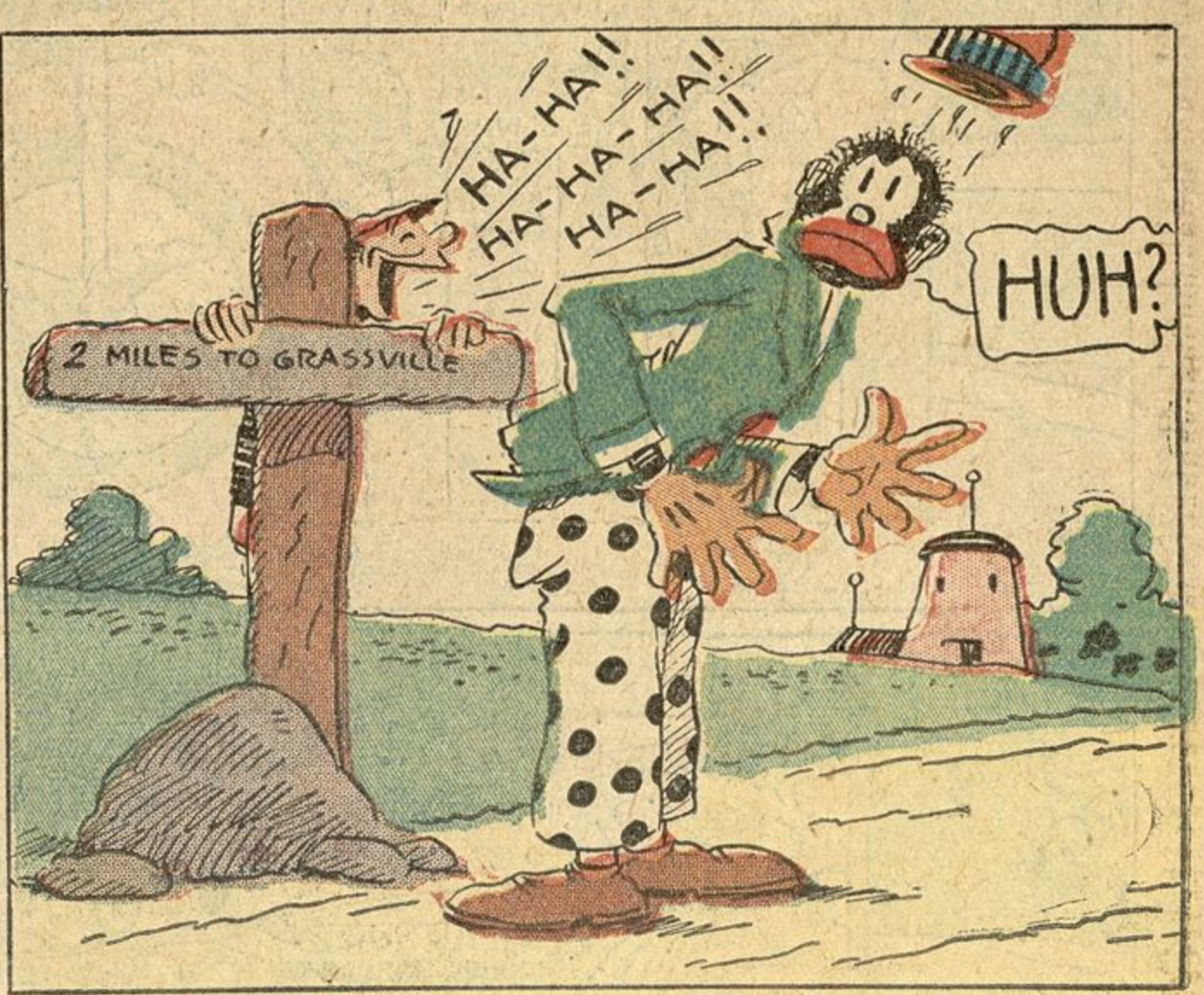
## SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



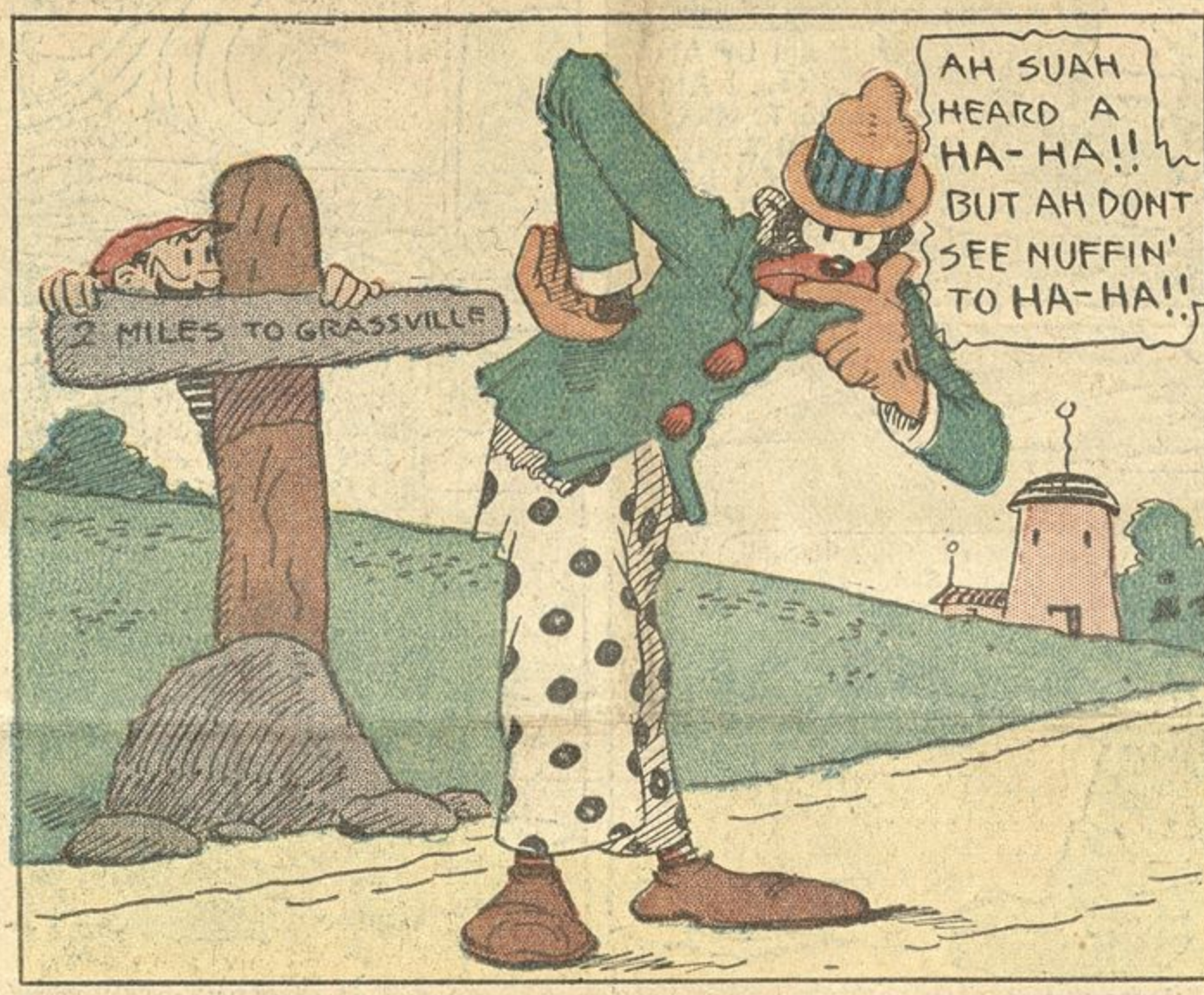
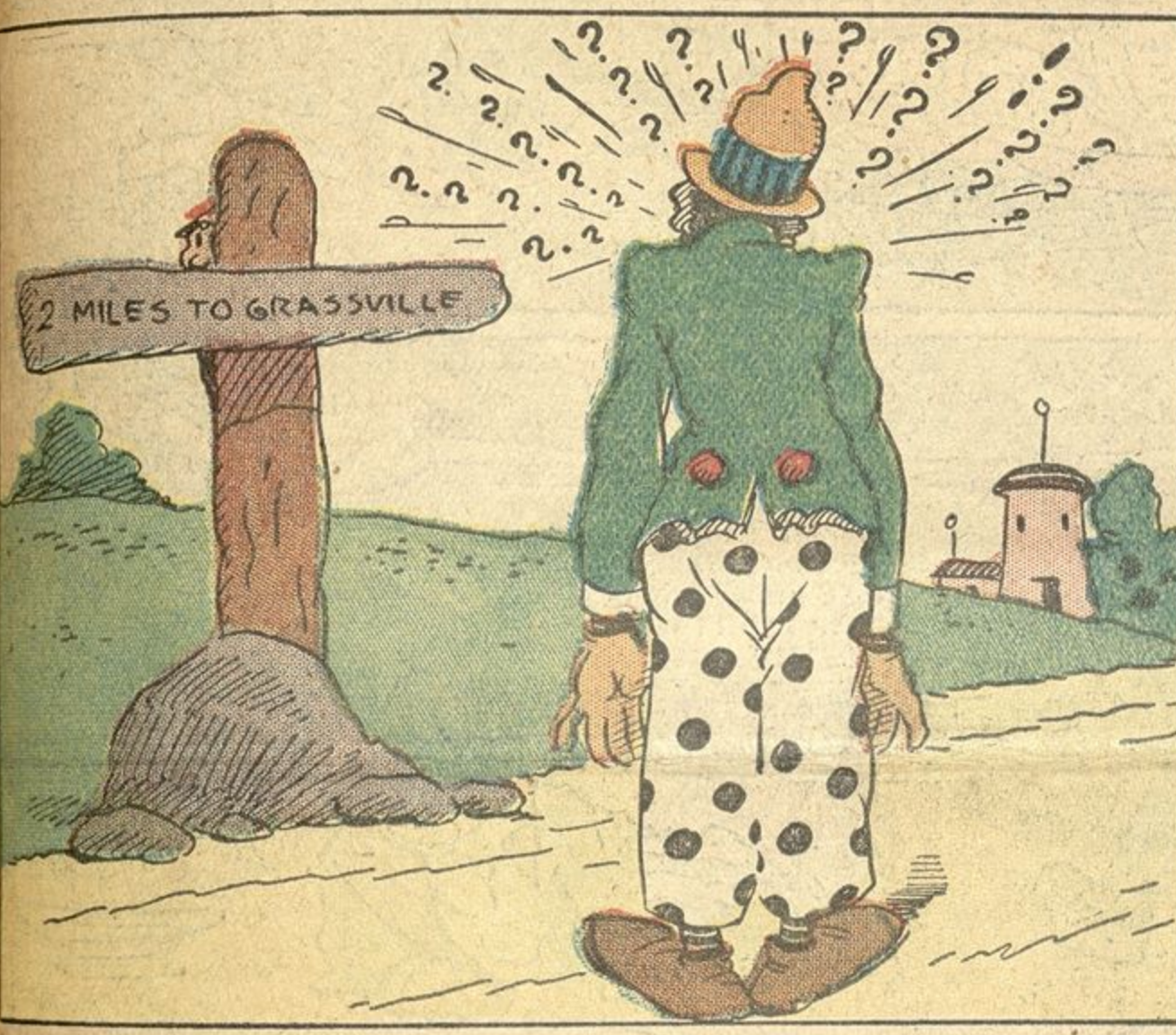
HOWDY CAP'N SAH?  
HOWDY? AH'S A HANKERIN'  
TO KETCH DAT OL' SLIM JIM  
CAP'N, YES SAH!!  
GO TO IT  
SAM!!



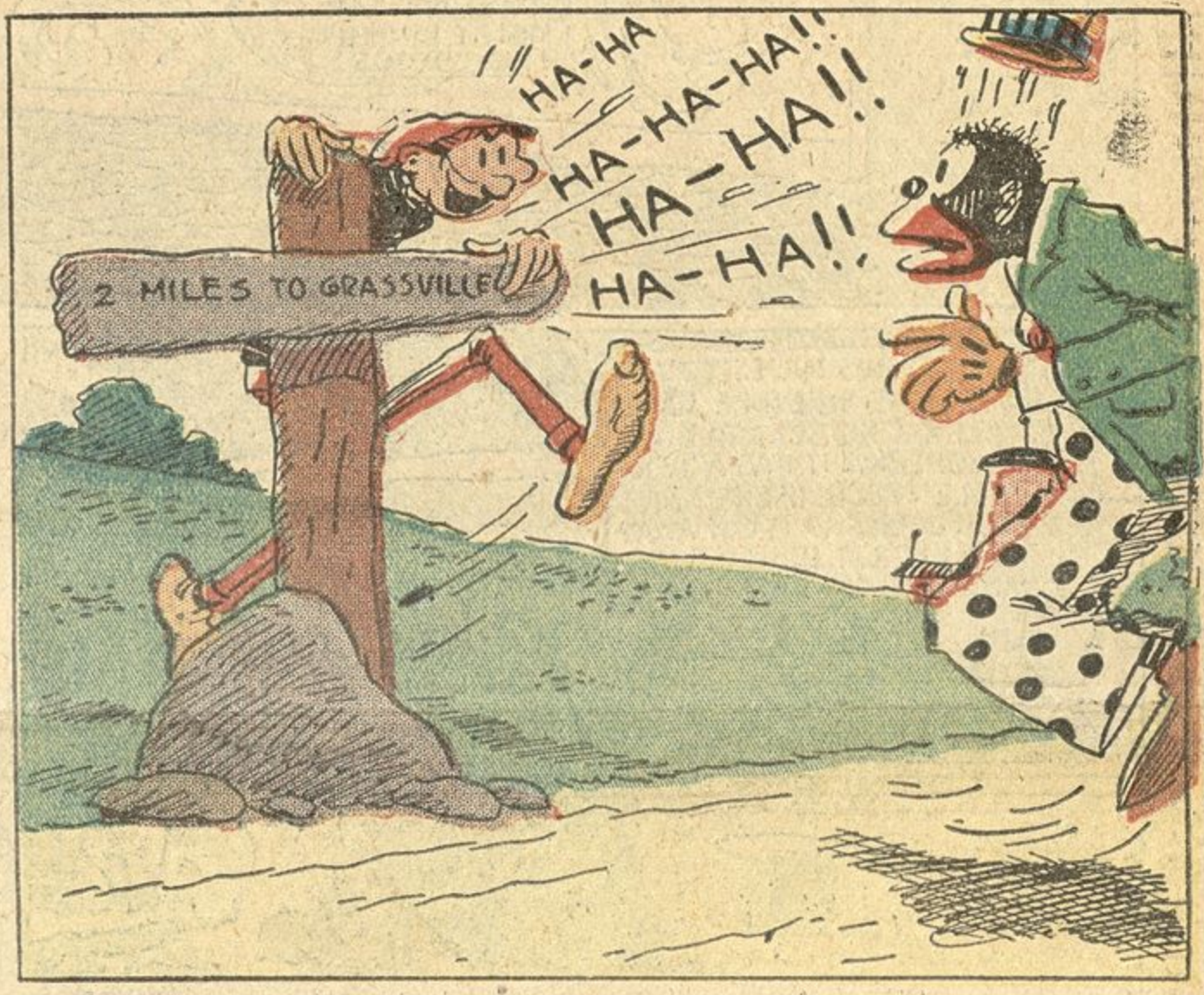
RIGHT HEAH AH GETS MAH  
INTELLE@ TO WORK—  
INTELLE@, WHA AM DAT  
SLIM JIM?



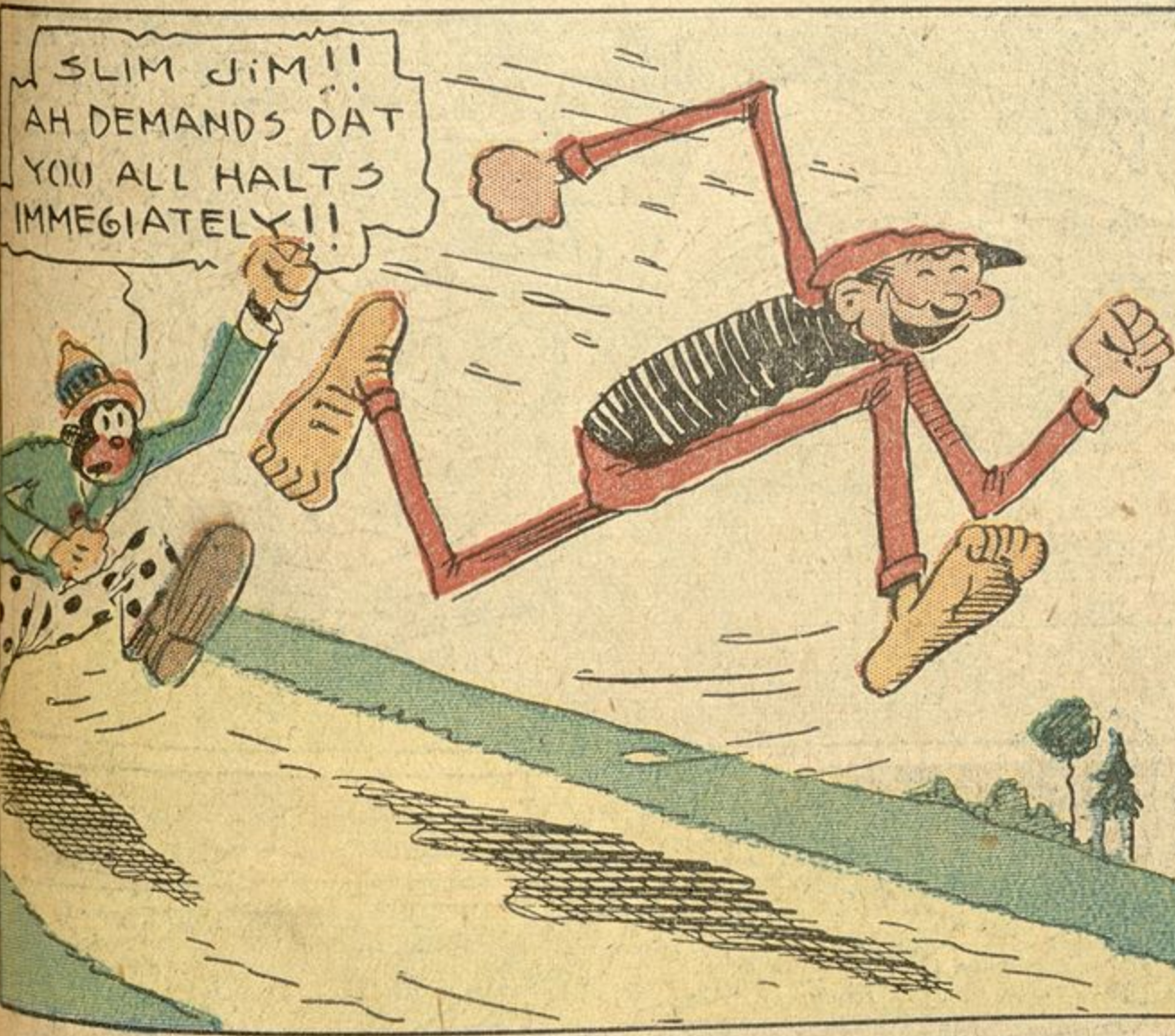
HA-HA!!  
HA-HA-HA!!  
HA-HA-HA!!  
HUH?



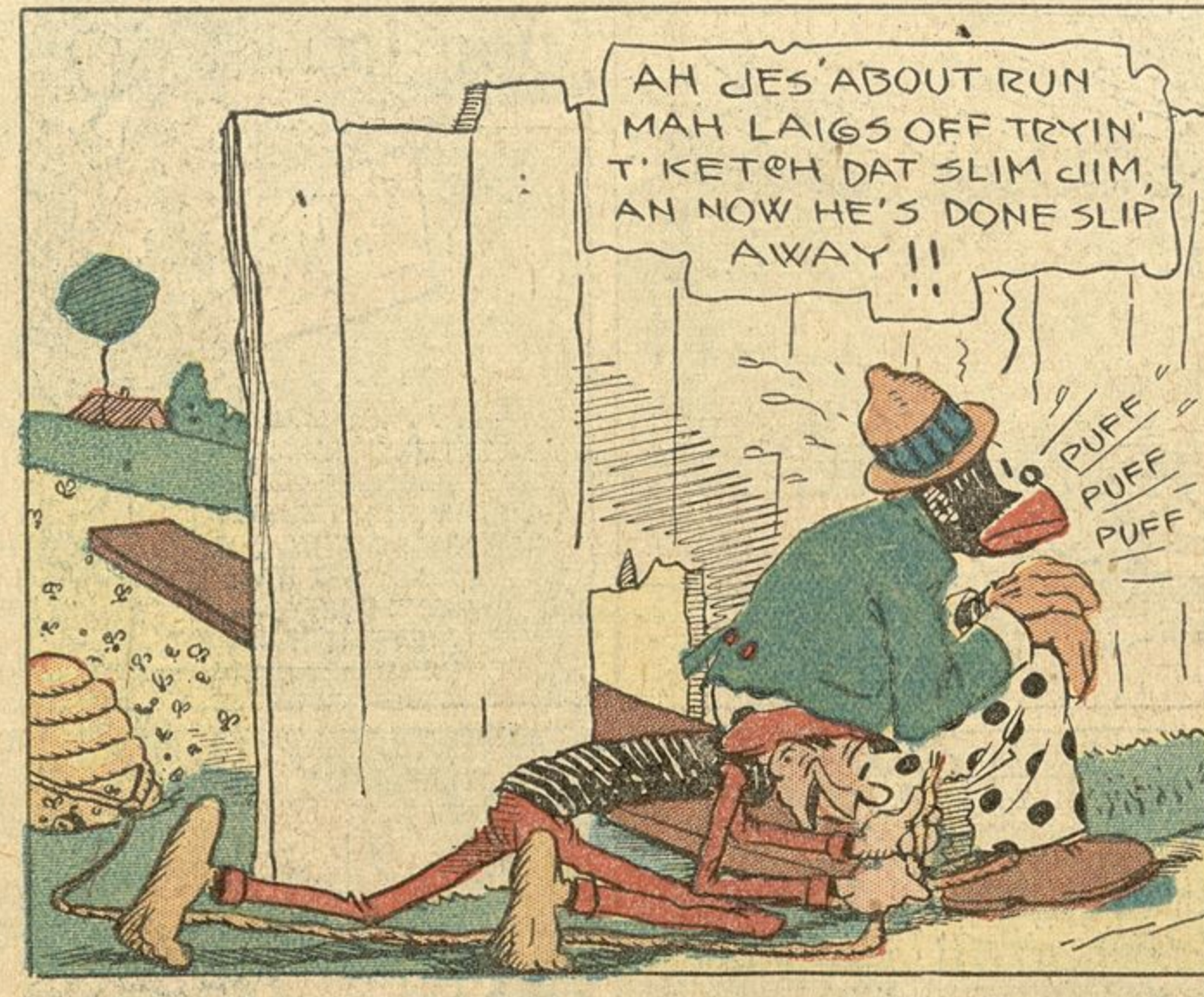
AH SUAH  
HEARD A  
HA-HA!!  
BUT AH DONT  
SEE NUFFIN'  
TO HA-HA!!



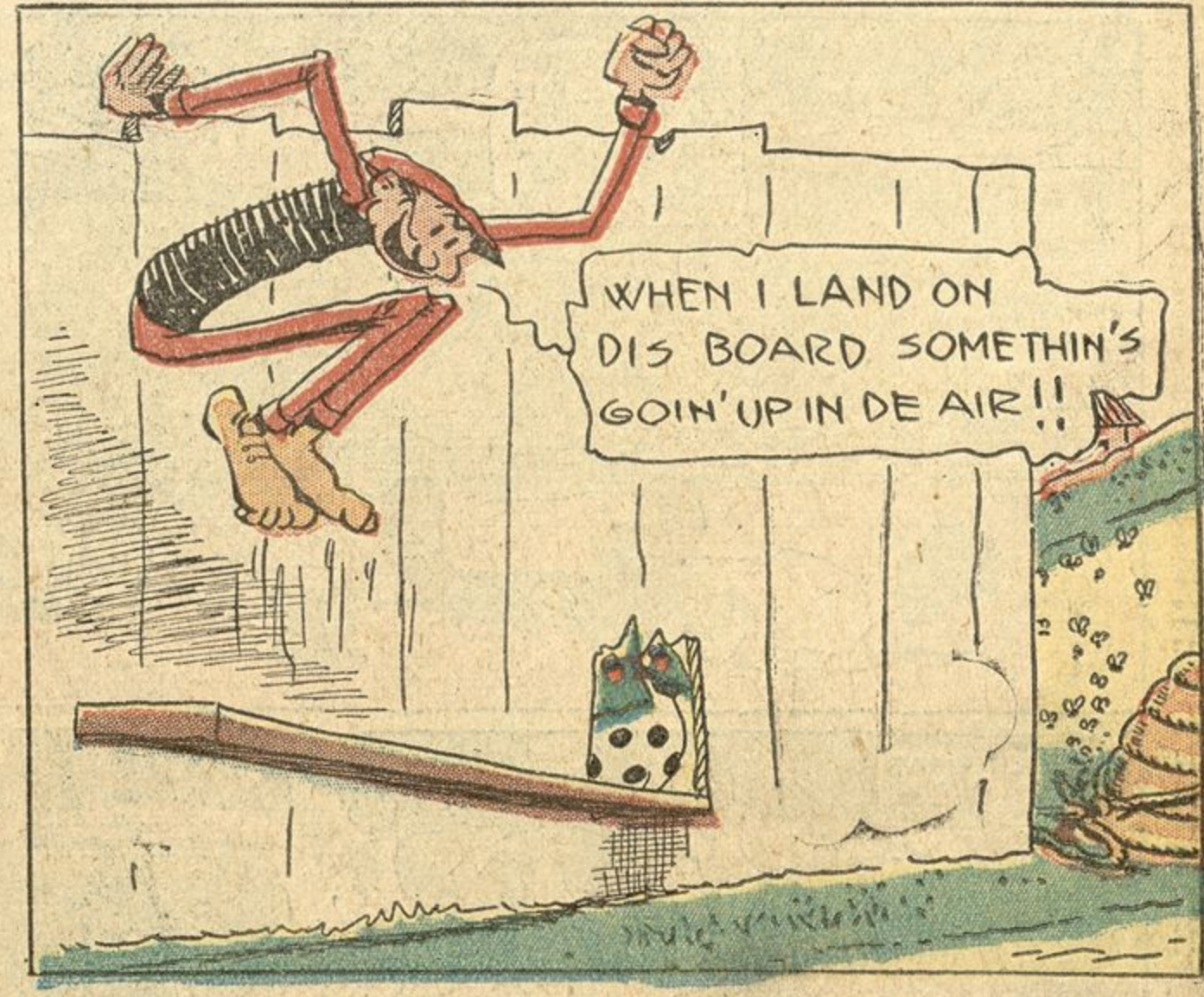
HA-HA  
HA-HA-HA!!  
HA-HA-HA!!  
HA-HA!!



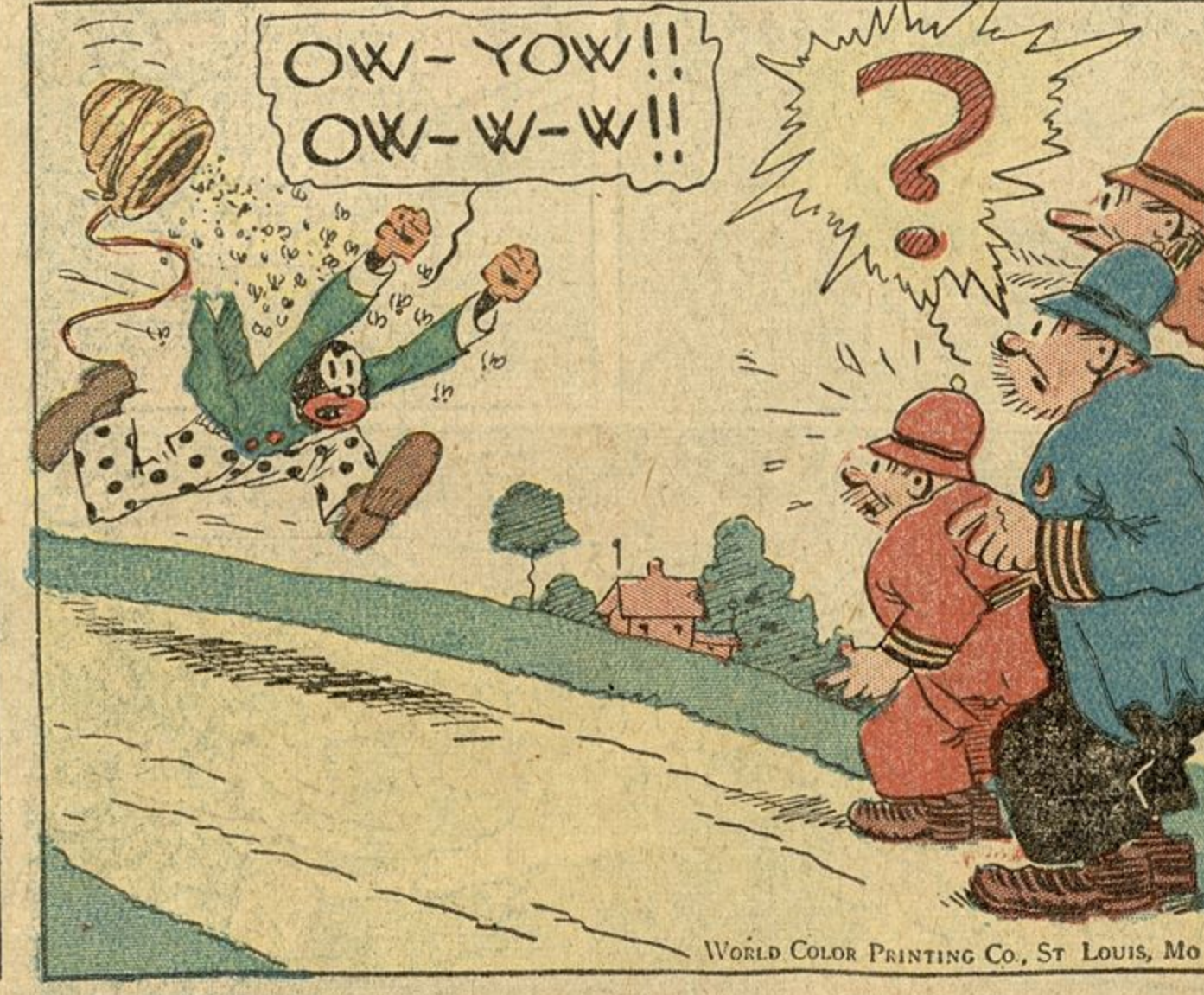
SLIM JIM!!  
AH DEMANDS DAT  
YOU ALL HALTS  
IMMEGIATELY!!



AH JES' ABOUT RUN  
MAH LAIGS OFF TRYIN'  
T' KETCH DAT SLIM JIM,  
AN NOW HE'S DONE SLIP  
AWAY!!



WHEN I LAND ON  
DIS BOARD SOMETHIN'S  
GOIN' UP IN DE AIR!!



OW-YOW!!  
OW-W-W!!



YOW!!  
OUCH!!  
OW!!  
HEL-LP!!

WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO

NEXT-  
ONE BUZZ-

YES, I WANT A FELT HAT,  
VERY LIGHT GREY-

I'VE GOT THE  
VERY THING FOR  
YOU-

HERE YOU ARE,  
HOW'S THAT?

GEE WHIZZ—  
THERE ARE FINGER  
MARKS ALL OVER IT.

WELL,  
YOU WANTED A FELT HAT,  
THAT ONE HAS BEEN-



AND SHE SAID "I DONT CARE  
HE WAS A HANDSOME  
LOOKING MAN."



# ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE

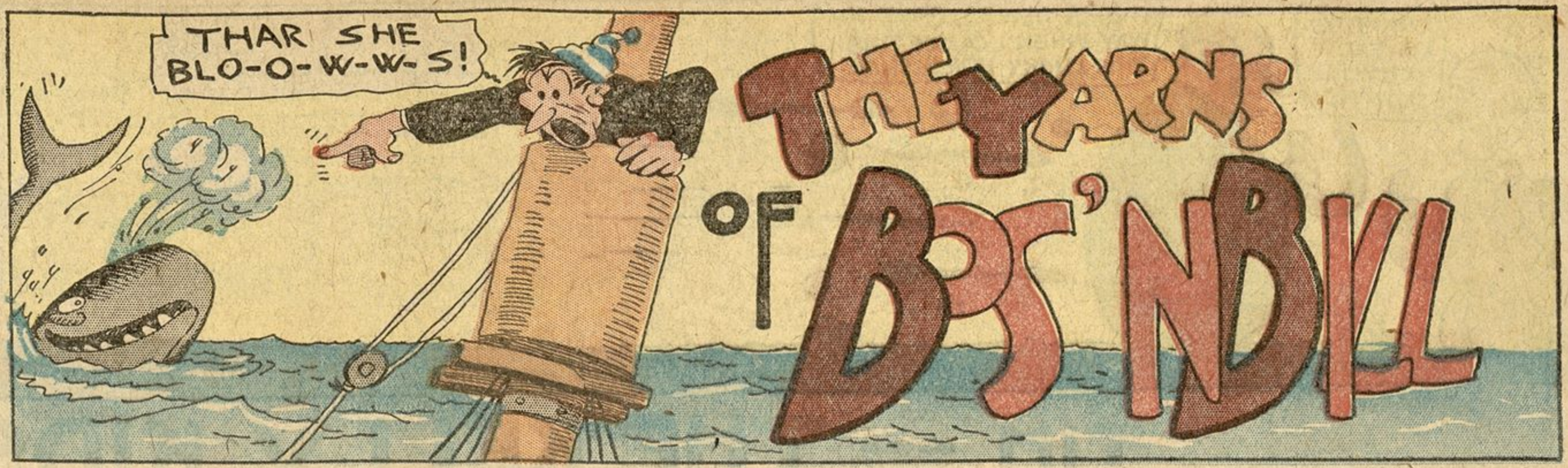
Youngsters, I'm goin' to spin a yarn today that I think'll tickle you.

Years ago I shipped as harpooner on a whaling cruise. We were cruisin' in th' Arctic Ocean, keepin' our eyes peeled for whales, when th' lookout bawled out:

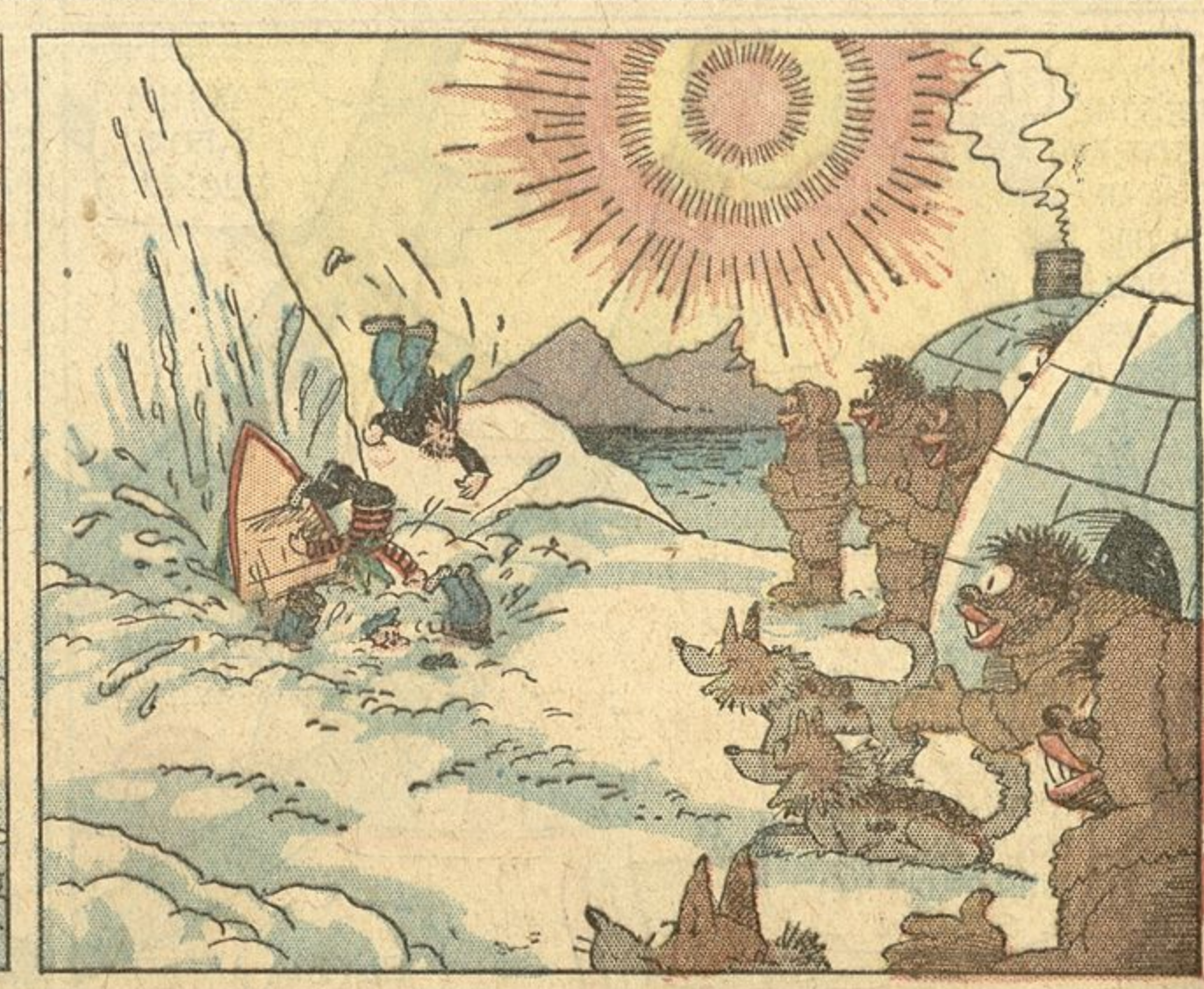
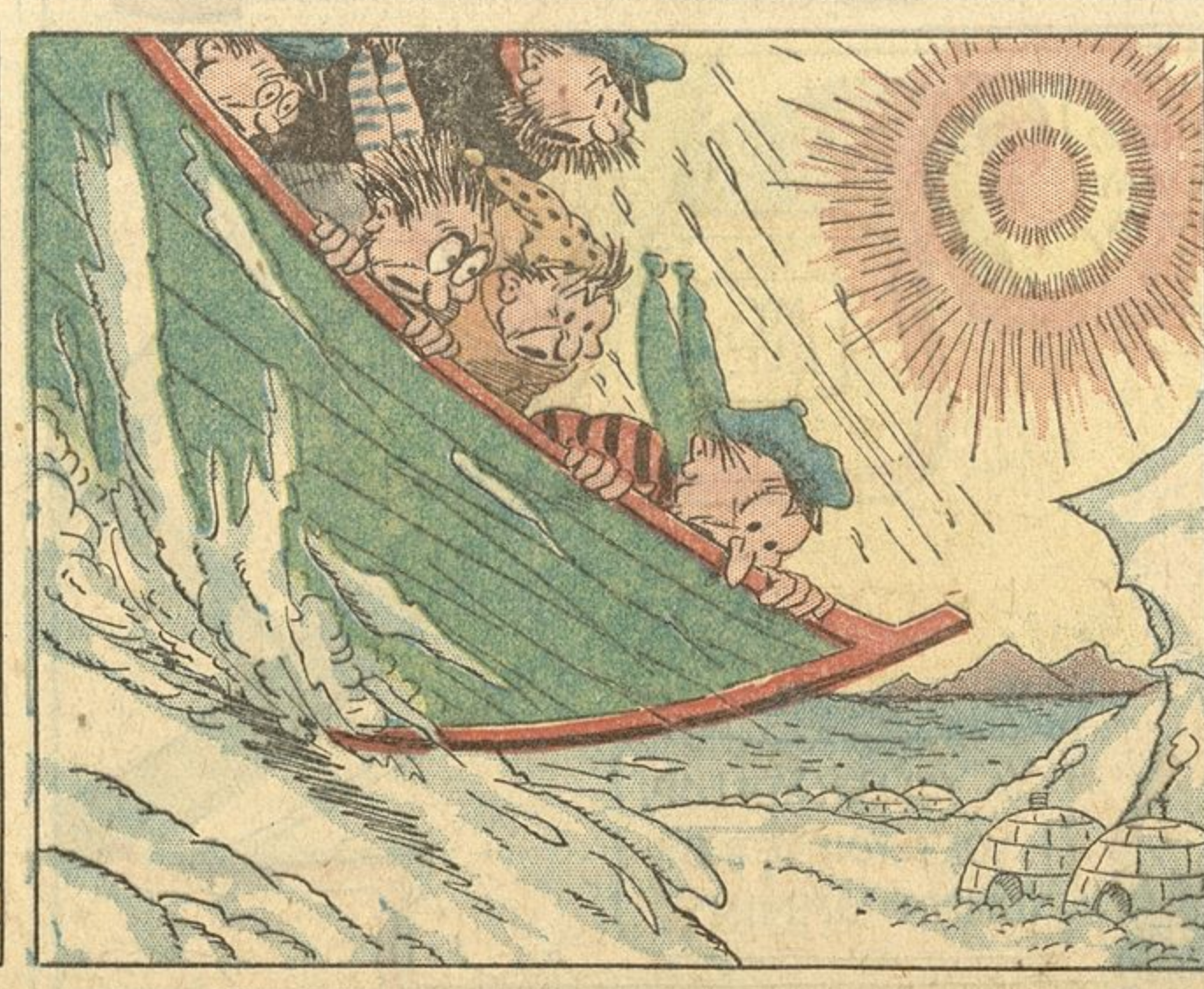
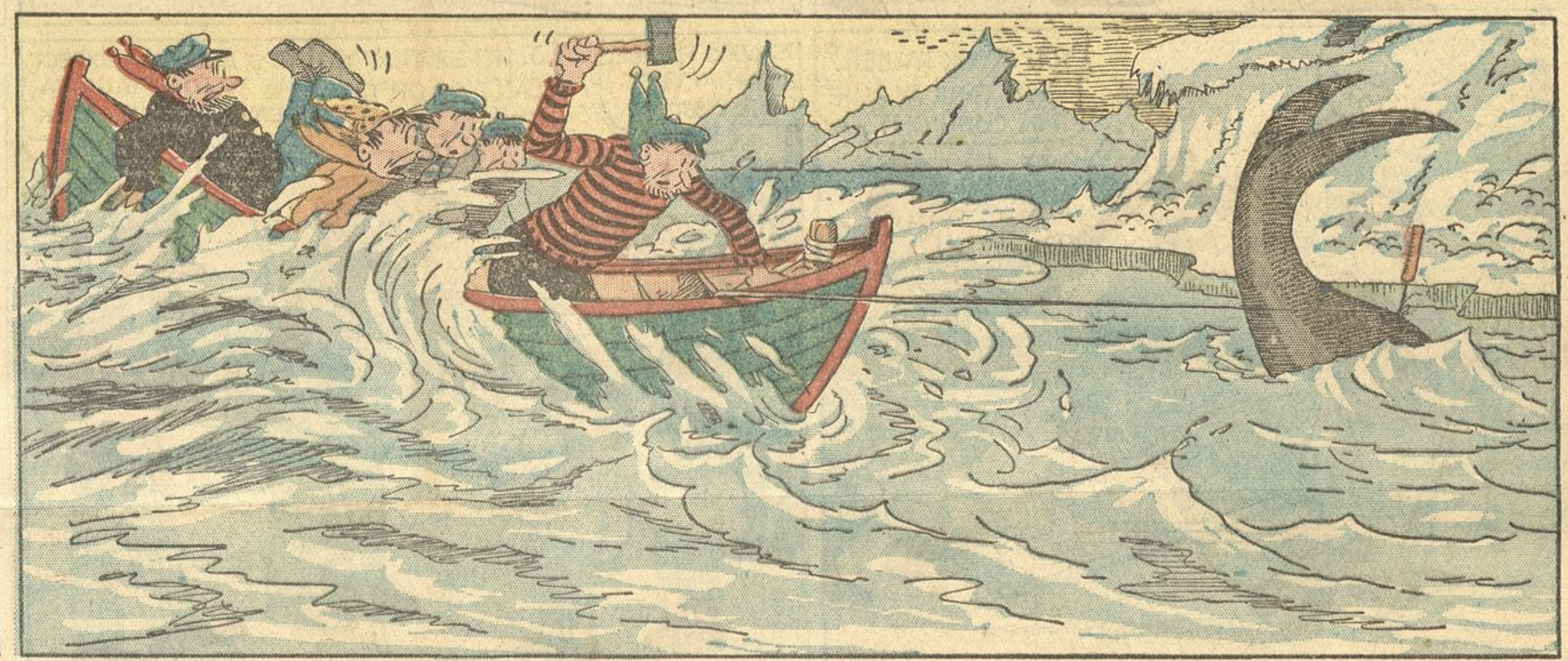
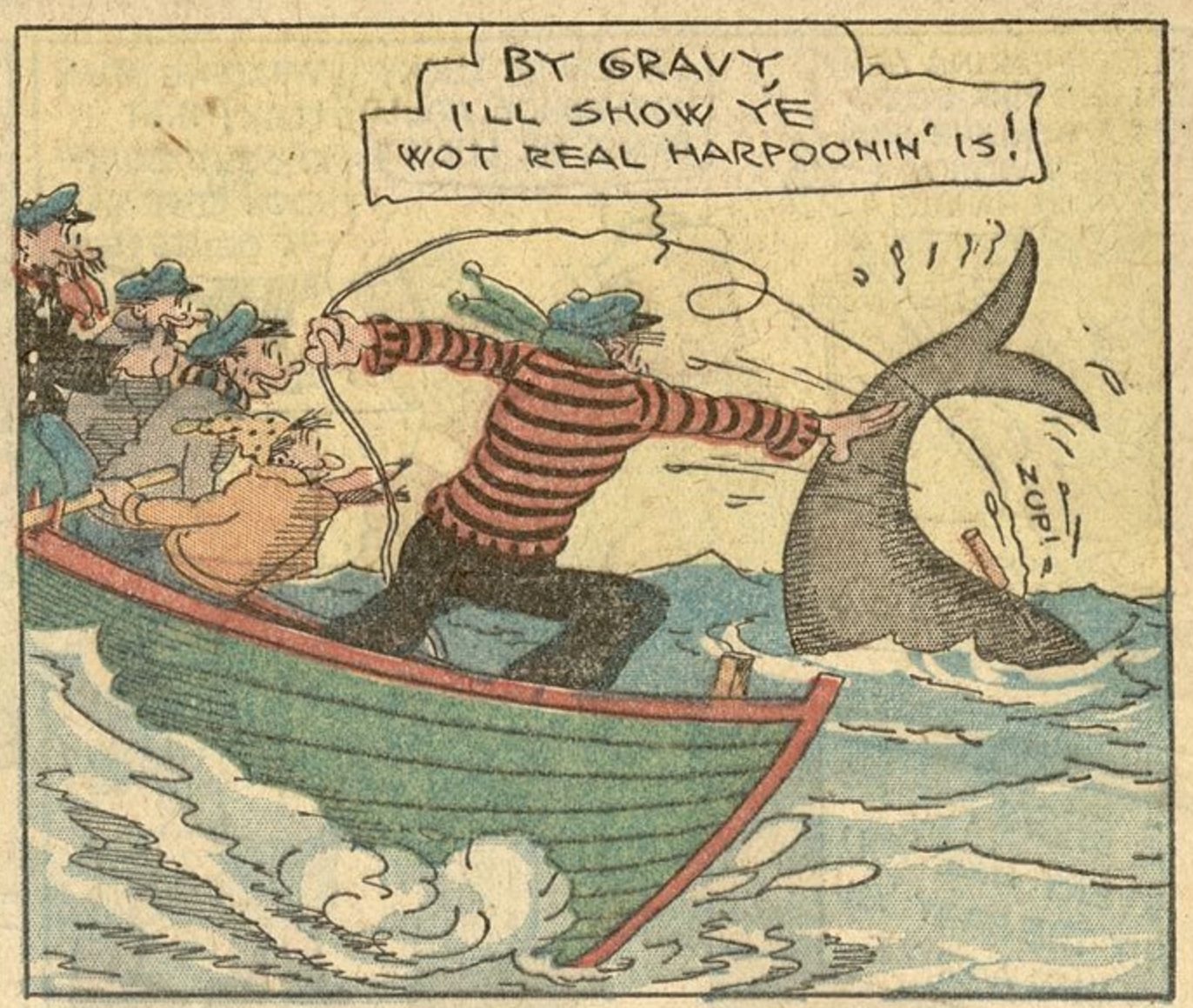
"Thar she blo-o-w-w-s!"

We tumbled into th' boats, and away we went. Th' whale was 'bout a mile away, and th' boat I was in reached him first. Bein' harpooner, I lost no time in puttin' an iron into his back. Wow, what a rumpus started then. Off went th' whale like an express-train, with our boat fastened to him with th' harpoon-line. All at once I saw we were gettin' mighty close to a big ice-field. Before you could say Jack Robinson that foxy old whale dove and scooted under th' ice-field. Quicker'n a wink, I cut th' harpoon-rope.

Well, s'r, th' boat was shootin' ahead so fast that it landed on th' ice and kept right on goin'. At first we were goin' up th' ice-hill. Near th' top th' boat slowed down, then it slid over th' top and started down th' other side, lickity-split. Just below was an Eskimo village. In a few seconds our boat plunked right into a big snow-drift, right in th' front yard of th' Eskimos, you might say. Laughin' at such a funny sight, th' Eskimos came and hauled us out of th' snow, then rubbed their noses against ours, which was their way of sayin' how do you do. Then they all helped us to haul our boat back to th' top of th' ice-hill. After they'd rubbed noses with us again, which was their way of sayin' good-bye, also, they gave our boat a shove and away we went down th' ice and out onto th' water once more.



# THE YARNS OF BOB AND BILL



MAMA-OH MAMA-  
By NINK

NOW GO RIGHT UPSTAIRS AND ROCK THAT CHILD TO SLEEP.

IT'S YOUR FAULT SHE IS AWAKE AND CAN'T GET TO SLEEP.

WHY IS IT MY FAULT?

YOU TOLD HER THAT HORRIBLE STORY ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS KILLED BY A LION.

I DIDN'T TELL HER THE LITTLE GIRL WAS KILLED.

I SAID "THE LION CHEWED OFF HERZ LEGS AND ARMS," THAT'S ALL.





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

