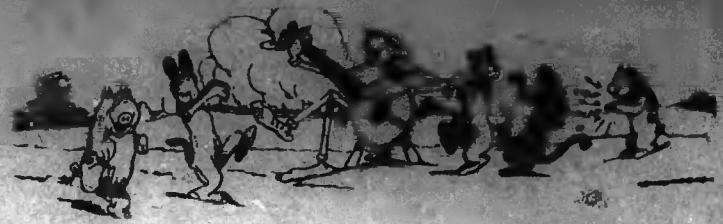
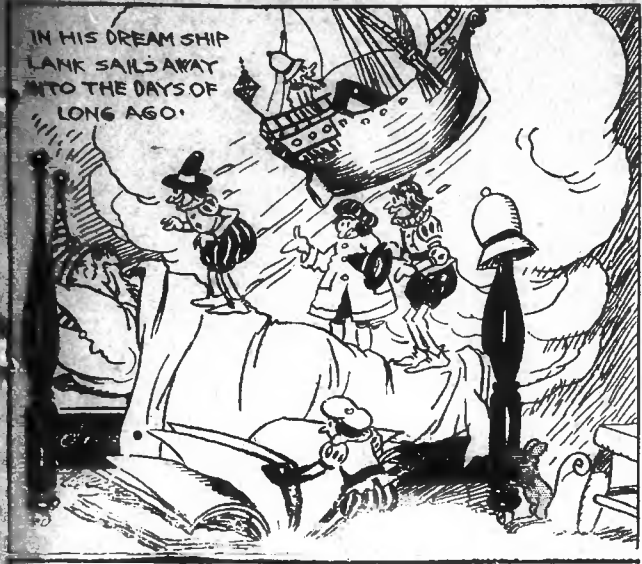


LEM TUTTLE'S SO STINGY THAT HE ALWAYS LOOKS OVER TH' RIMS OF HIS SPECTACLES SO'S HE WONT WEAR TH' GLASSES OUT.



# SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



IN HIS DREAM SHIP LANK SAILS AWAY INTO THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.



THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKIN' HOUSE. I'WONDER WHERE I AM?



HOY LANK!!

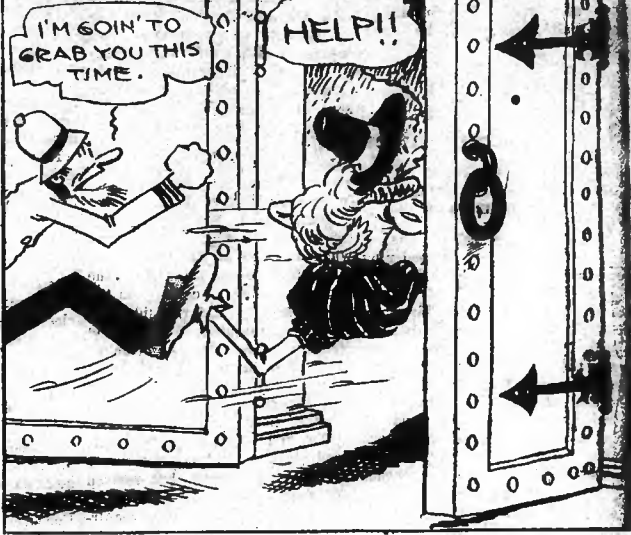


BY GRAY... I'LL MAKE SURE YOU ANYHOW!



HALT!!

HO!! THE GUARD!!



I'M GOIN' TO GRAB YOU THIS TIME.

HELP!!



HE WAS PURSUING SIR SLIM JIM YOUR MAJESTY.

TO THE DUNGEON WITH HIM. HE'S GOT A MEANEYE.



CHEER UP LANK. TH' WORST IS YET TO COME

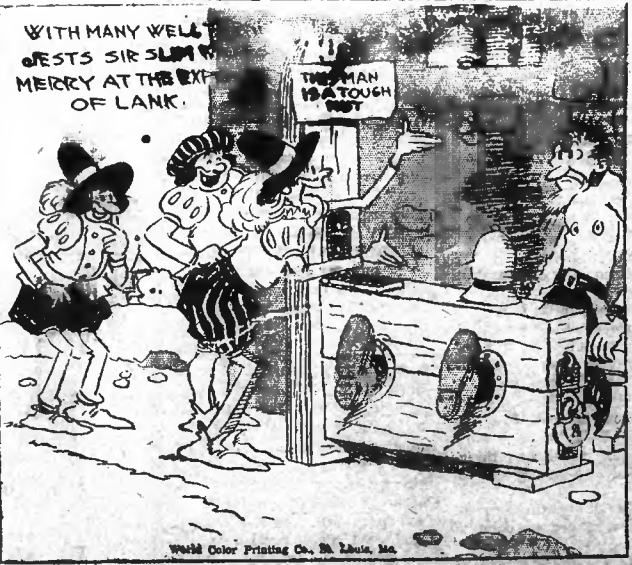


SIR SLIM TELLS THE KING HOW LANK CHASED HIM OVER HILL AND VALE.



THE MAJESTY DECREES THAT ONE, KNOWN AS LANK, BE CONFINED IN THE STOCKS FOR THIRTY DAYS.

HUH?



WITH MANY WELLS WETS SIR SLIM MERRY AT THE EXP. OF LANK.

THE MAN IS A TOUGH FIST



WOY!! WOT A DREAM

STUFF! WE MEN MEN KNOW

HELLO WIFEY, HOW ARE YOU OLD DEAR? HUH? HO, HO, SUPPER READY?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

NOTHIN' WRONG, WHY?

WHY ARE YOU SO HAPPY? BEEN DRINKING?

NO! GEE WIZZ, I CAN BE HAPPY WITHOUT HOODCH, WIFEY.

THEN IT'S SUMPIN' ELSE, GUESS YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH THE BOYS.

NO, I DONT! GEE WIZZ, YOU MAKE ME SICK.

THATS RIGHT, FLY OFF THE HANDLE.

NICE WAY TO GET UP IF I CANT COME HOME A GOOD HOUR.