

Well, youngsters, my yarn today has to do with an ad-venture I had in Burma, a part of India bordering on the eastern coast of th' Bay of Bengal. Kanya Simmot and I had

Kangy, Singeot and I had gone ashore to have a little fun, and to see what th' country looked like. Before that day ended we had quite a time of it.

a time of it. We were wanderin'around when we hove alongside a big elephant. Th' chocolate-colored native in charge of him asked us if we wouldn't like-to take a ride. Kangy wiggled his whiskers and looked very tickled. Singoot seemed willin' and I thought it would be great to cruise on an elephant. So we climbed aboard and got started. It was smooth sailin' un-

started. It was smooth sailin' un-til we hove alongside of two arguin' natives. That ele-phant gave 'em a swat with his trunk and actually stood on his hind-legs and grinned

SMATTER, CHARLEY, YOU WALK AROUND AS IF YOU WERE TIRED.

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SNIP, SNIP. SNIPPY -

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when th' two of 'em picked themselves up and called him a name. We'd no sconer got clear of th' naives when we over-took a fat white man wad-lif be dingbusted if th' ele-phant didn't pick th' man up in his trunk, dump him into a river that was near, then trotted on, snickerin' to himself. Then th' funniest thing of th' day happened—but not for th' elephant. We were joggin' along, takin' in th' scenery, when in th' road, right in front of th' ele-phant, a little mouse popped up and began to squeak. I've ne ver seen anything so You see, an elephant is afraid that a mouse will trunk. Well s'r, he went right up into th' air, and off into th' dirt we went. Th' last we saw of him he was cloud of dust.









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