

THE ELEPHANTS OF RANGOON

Well s'r, I have to laugh when I think about what happened to a shipmate and me one time when we were ashore in Rangoon, a seaport in southern Burma.

We were strollin' around, takin' in th' sights, when we spotted some elephants carryin' whoppin' big teak-wood logs on their tusks and puttin' 'em in piles. My shipmate said it would be a bloomin' lark to take a ride on one o' th' leather-skinned critters. Just then th' native boss o' th' outfit that was in charge o' th' elephants hove 'long-side o' us with an oily grin on his money-face and said: "You likee ride elumfunt?"

Well, s'r, th' upshot o' th' business was that we climbed aboard one o' th' big fellers and were off, with th' bloomin' elephant rollin' like a ship in a heavy sea. All at once th' monkey-faced boss yelled: "Kazam!"

That must have meant, "get a move on" to th' elephant for he started to run. Again that dingbusted native yelled, "kazam!"

That elephant just naturally dug his toe-nails into th' ground and lit out, with us diggin' our fingers into his tough hide and hangin' on for dear life. And worst of all, that foxy old elephant was headed straight for th' river.

Into th' river he went, and we with him. When th' old rascal came to th' surface th' natives on th' bank o' th' river were laughin' fit to kill. That's when my shipmate and I figured th' whole business was a put-up job.

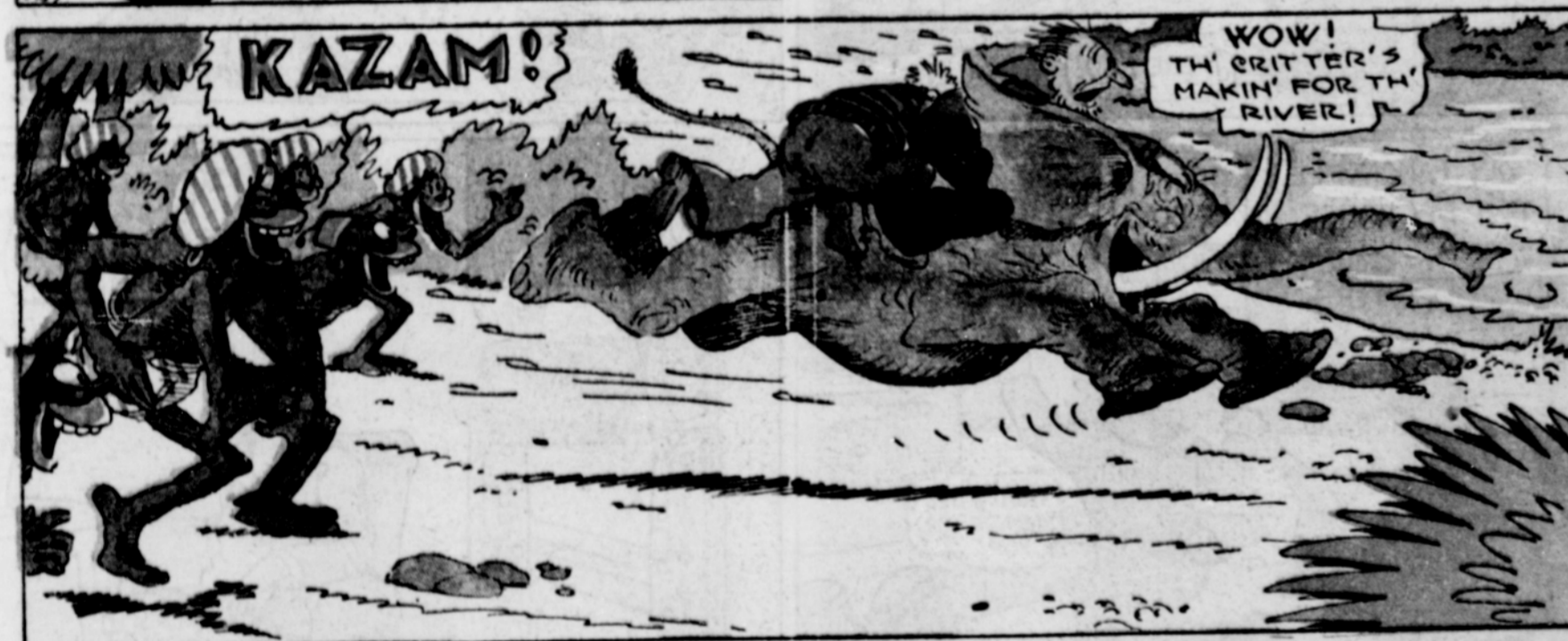
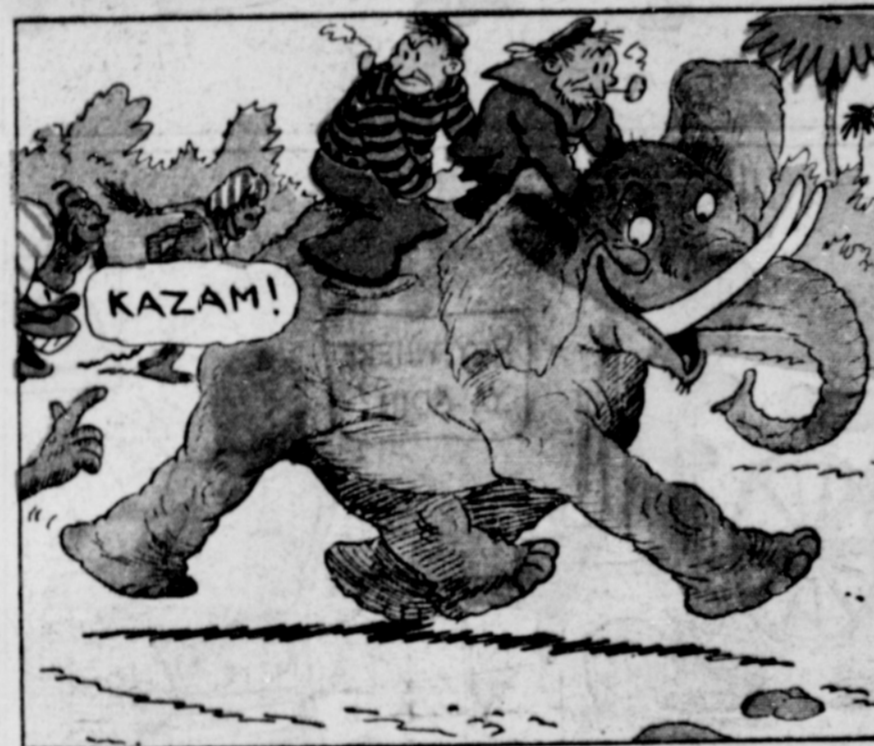
When th' elephant waded ashore and we slid off his back, th' monkey-faced boss said th' elephant was a great joker. Well s'r, we couldn't see th' joke. But a minute later we did. Th' elephant was standin' right behind th' native boss, with a twinkle in his little eyes. All at once he raised his trunk and landed a hefty wallop on th' boss's head.

Wow! It was funny to see that native's heels go up into th' air. My shipmate and I roared with laughter. That dingbusted elephant was some joker.



THE YARNS OF BOB'S NOLL

BY FRED



THE SILVER LINING OR IT'S A DARK CLOUD
SCENARIO BY BILL MITCHEL

FRED, THERE'S A STORM BREWING-



WHATTA WE CARE, EYTHE.- WISHT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE BREWING, THOUGH.

YES, BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE FOR SHELTER, FRED-



WHY DO WE? TELL ME THAT-

WE AINT GOT NO TOP AND OUR NICE NEW FLIVVER WILL GET SOAKED.



WHAT'S THE DIFF? SHE'S GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK.

LINK