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.

Kangy, Singoot 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.

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. started.

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

when th' two of 'em picked themselves up and called him a name.

We'd no sooner got clear of th' natives when we overtook a fat white man waddlin' along smokin' his pipe. I'll be dingbusted if th' elephant 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' elephant, a little mouse popped up and began to squeak. I've never seen anything so scared as that elephant was. You see, an elephant is afraid that a mouse will run up th' inside of his 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 tearin' down th' road in a cloud of dust.









































