

JODEE THE JOKER

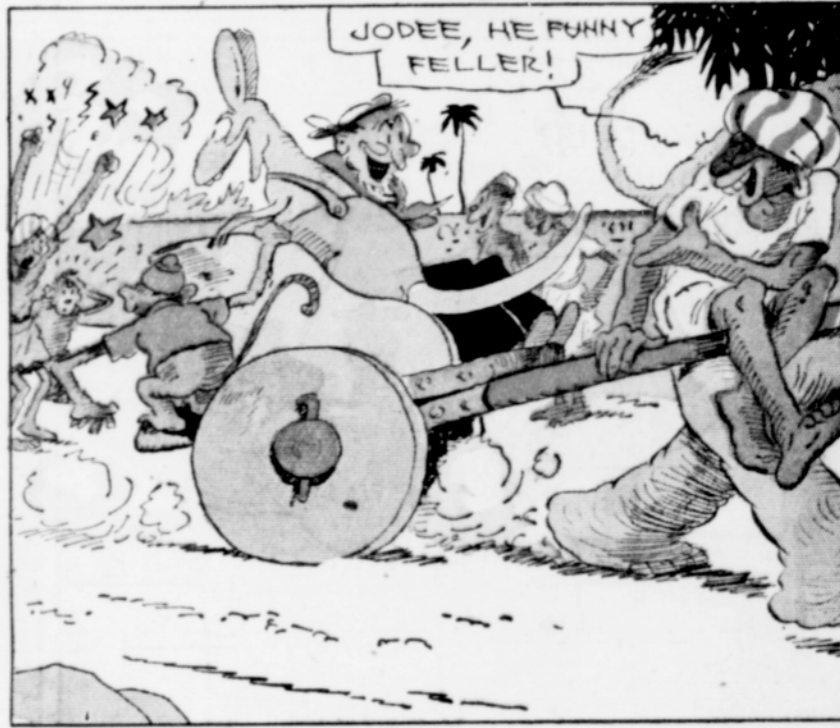
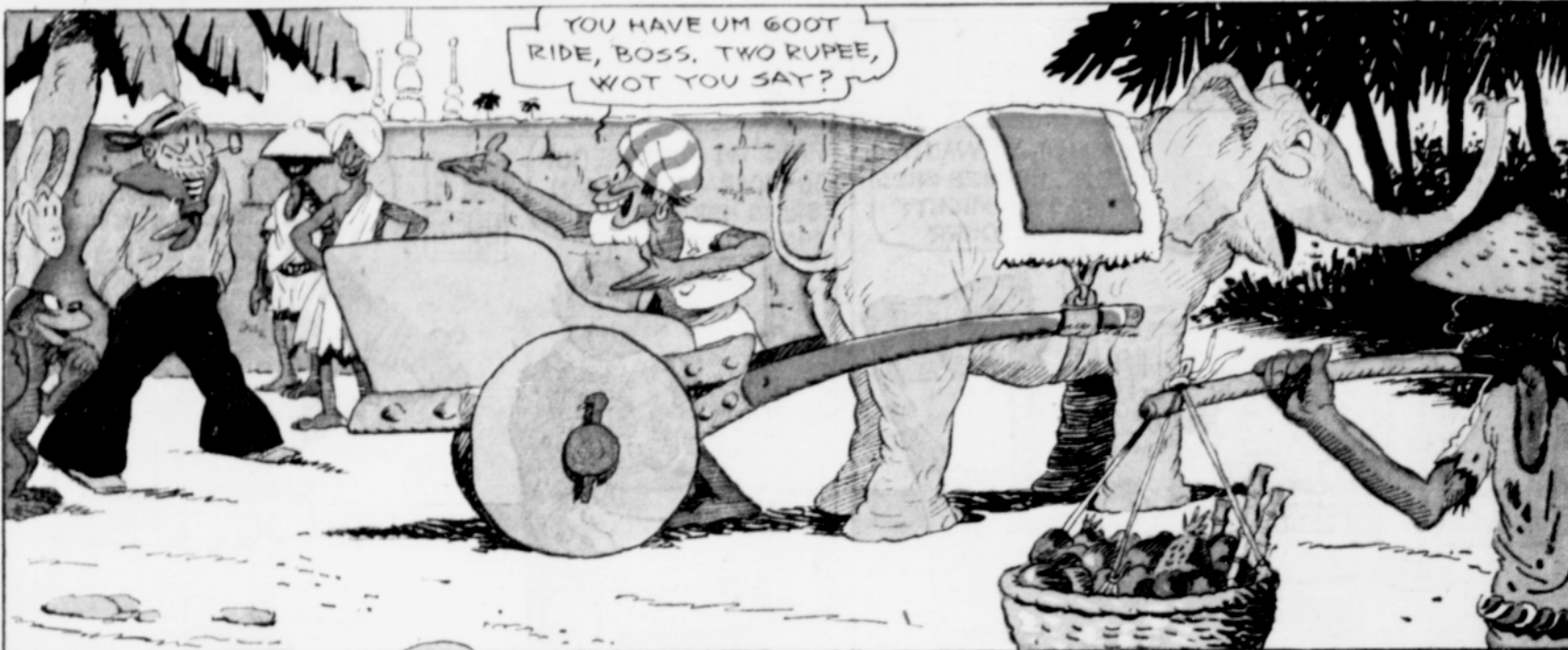
After leaving Burma, Tops' Barney called th' Lanai across th' Bay of Bengal and anchored in th' harbor of Colombo, th' principal port of Ceylon, to take on more cargo. It was there that Kangy, Singoot, and I had another adventure with an elephant.

While we were walkin' around th' streets of Colombo we spotted an elephant hitched to a two-wheeled cart. When th' native driver asked us if we'd like to take a ride I said, "Aye-aye, mate." So we climbed into th' cart and were off. By gravity, by th' time that ride was over I figured all elephants were natural jokers.

We'd no sooner cleared th' town when we hove alongside a native juggler with a monkey performin' on a pole. Our elephant yanked th' pole from under th' monkey and down came Mr. Monkey on top of th' juggler's head.

Then we rolled along and overtook a native carryin' chickens tied to a pole. Th' elephant grabbed th' pole in his trunk and flipped chickens and pole up into th' air, and actually grinned at th' sight of th' native chasin' after his chickens. Well s'r, it was a funny sight.

Next came th' funniest joke of th' day—but not for my pals and I. We'd stopped with th' back of th' cart close to th' river, and th' driver was whisperin' into th' elephant's ear. Next thing we knew that dodgast elephant reared up on his hind-legs and out we went, head-over-heels into th' river. When we came up for air that elephant, whose name by th' way was Jodee, and his driver were makin' off and givin' us th' ha-ha. And we had to walk about five miles back to town. Jodee was some joker.



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