

# IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS

It was while Kangy, Singoot and I were cruisin' with Tops'l Barney that we went ashore on th' Nicobar Islands, in th' Bay of Bengal. And what beautiful little islands they were, with their tall cocoanut palms, deep, green jungles and snow-white beaches.

Well s'r, our adventures started before we set foot on land. I was pullin' th' boat, close to shore, when zoom, a big wave curled high over our heads, then with a roar broke on board th' boat, nearly swept us overboard, then carried us high up onto th' beach. We were good and wet, but by gravy I was mighty thankful that it had not happened out in deep water.

After we'd made th' boat fast to a tree at th' edge of th' lagoon, we started inland and soon came to a native village tucked away in a grove of palms. Th' king of th' village gave us a great

welcome. While we sat in th' shade feastin' on bananas and oranges, he ordered his dancers to show us what they could do. It was a picnic to watch those fellers hep around. After they'd finished, Kangy and Singoot got busy and showed some of their fancy steps. I was mighty proud of 'em when th' king slapped his fat sides, laughed, and said they were better than his men.

Later, after we'd said good-bye to th' king and his people, we had our big adventure, and a mighty close call, too. We'd left th' jungle, and I was steppin' down off a log when a big crocodile reared up in front of me, sent me sprawlin' with a flip of his tail and snapped his jaws within an inch of my head. We got out of there in a hurry, figurin' we'd had enough adventures for one day.

My next yarn will be about Handsome Jack.



WHEW-BUZZ-  
BY INK

HAVE YOU AN OPENING FOR A REFINED QUIET FELLOW?

WHO IS HE?

I'M THE MAN-

WHAT? ARE YOU OUT OF WORK?

YEP, I GOT FIRED-

WHAT FOR?

I THREW A BOTTLE AT THE ELEVATOR MAN-

AND DID THEY FIRE YOU FOR THAT?

NO, FOR MISSING HIM