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FRUIT DRINKS



3 Months in Hospital Without Relief


This is the remarkable story of how Mr. H. F. Gough, of 325 River Road, Christchurch, suffered. Writing on 12/11/44 he says:



After three months in the Hospital, I was discharged, worse than when I went in, in spite of treatment by electrical rays, etc., to relieve the agonising pains of rheumatism in my legs, hands and feet. Even after my discharge, it took me hours to

walk from St. Elmo Courts to the Square (about 400 yds.) and back. Sometimes I thought life was not worth living, but after taking R.U.R. I soon began to recover and it was not long before I was climbing ladders and working with the best of them.

Testimonials are on file praising R.U.R. for the relief of numerous common ailments such as Rheumatism, Neuritis, Listlessness, Persistent Headaches, Sleeplessness, Constipation, out of Sortsness, and numerous other ailments, so take R.U.R. and Right You Are, a Product of R.U.R. (N.Z.), Ltd., 141 Cashel Street, Christchurch.



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Mistaken Journey

by ROY SHEFFIELD

An account of adventures in Central South America by an English "Innocent Abroad." He is now on a cattle ranch in the Matto Grosso.

XV.

FOR a day or two after our return from the camp the weather was wet, and I was glad we were off duty and able to remain indoors in comfort. Then, at breakfast on the first fine morning, Walter announced that we were going to cross the swamp in a canoe to discover where the cattle were herding.

The canoe was the usual hollowed-out tree, long and very narrow, and Walter warned me how easy it was to upset it, and of the unfortunate consequences which might result if we did so. It sounded like old times to hear the familiar warnings trotted out again, but he was perfectly right, of course, as the incompetence of a novice like myself could be a danger to the lives of the whole party. Rufino came with us, and wielding a paddle apiece we followed the twisting course of the creek as it wound through the trees.

For about three hours the going was easy, since there was a good depth of water and a clear passage between the timber; later on, however, the creek lost itself in tall elephant grass, and after pushing through this for a while we made a detour across the campo to where Walter expected many of the cattle would be herding. Even there the flood water had reached a depth of nearly two feet, but there were large areas which rose clear of the swamp, and Walter was pleased to discover that a large number of animals were grazing in the vicinity. They would come to no harm there, he said, as the flood water had almost reached its maximum depth, and the extensive stretches of dry campo would not be threatened.

The easiest way back to the ranch-house was to make for the Big River and to come down with the current. It was only four or five miles to the main stream, and, until we reached the last half-mile, progress was not difficult. There, however, the dense tropical undergrowth proved a formidable barrier, and we changed our course repeatedly in an endeavour to find a way through. It was like trying to force a passage through a hedge, except that in this case the hedge was half-a-mile thick. Mainly by wading in water up to our thighs, and by dragging and pushing the canoe, we eventually struck a little, open creek which afforded us a clear run to the river.

Soon after entering the winding channel we saw two huge water snakes slide past, and I felt glad we were riding in the canoe and not still pushing it. Walter, however, said they were harmless,

meaning they do not attack people; perhaps he is right, but I should hate to get mixed up with one if ever it did turn nasty!

During our days at the camp the V-shaped ripple of an alligator's snout in the water was a daily sight, and scarcely attracted our notice. Drawing near the Big River we saw several more, and at closer quarters the sinister, slightly contemptuous manner in which they viewed our approach filled me with a sense of utter loathing. I can think of no greater insult than to call a man an alligator—and to mean it.

Once we reached the Rio Paraguay itself the strong current bore us swiftly homewards, and the steady rhythmical dip of our paddles lent a charm and purpose to our progress which made me think that my preconceived notions of what a canoe trip should be like were not far wrong after all.

Walter dropped a line overboard and caught six fish in as many minutes. It was typical of the man that, because the fish were not particularly good eating and were likely to be wasted he drew in his line sooner than take a life needlessly, even a fish's.

I should like to hear Walter's remarks if ever he came to England and after a day's hunting suddenly discovered he had been chasing to the death a stag, or a fox. Perhaps he would call somebody an alligator—and mean it.

The remainder of the journey was accomplished without incident and with a final powerful sweep of his paddle Rufino guided the canoe to the shore in front of the ranch house.

Mac, too, was relieved to know that the cattle were grazing on dry campo, and it was decided to make another trip in a slightly different direction to discover if another large herd had also established themselves so satisfactorily.

* * *

THIS time, the canoe party numbered four, namely, Walter, myself, Rufino and another Indian called Carlos. We took our saddles with us, for Pietro had been dispatched across the campo on horseback with orders to round up four horses, and to meet us with them at a certain landmark. The meeting place was near higher campo, where we intended to leave the canoe and to pursue our investigations on horseback.

We followed the creek for some distance, as we had done on the previous trip, and then branched off in a fresh direction. After nearly four hours' paddling we reached the appointed place and found Pietro waiting for us with the horses. It was a blazing hot day with not a cloud in the sky and, before saddling our mounts, we rested and had a drink of maté. I noticed Carlos kept looking up at the sun, and presently he and Rufino began muttering together and both stared anxiously at the horizon. Walter joined in the discussion as well, and then

the first of



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