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# ROAMING IN THE JUNGLE WITH YOUR LITTLE BOOK

THERE'S nothing like roaming in the jungle. All you need is enough jungle, yourself, a rifle, and cartridges which have been slightly damped. You needn't take any food with you, because it says in the handbook that "food is where you find it" and the jungle is full of food as everyone knows. There are bananas and . . . and . . . well, there's bananas anyway and they're "a whole food and a balanced diet" by themselves.

If, on the other hand, a meat diet is preferred, an iguana can be shot and roasted. This reptile tastes just like chicken (the book says). To enjoy it all you require is starvation for two or three days, and then there is nothing so appetising as a meal of roasted iguana set about with yellow taros and garnished with fresh green shoots of anything that has fresh green shoots, and topped off with mangoes. If, after the meal, you feel a trifle peculiar you know you've eaten the wrong sort of mangoes.

Thus forewarned (by the book) you set off into the cool greenery of the plantains and towering banyan trees; your feet caressing the springy turf, and your hands gently putting aside the trailing vines that would ban your going. Pleasantly the parrots fight above you in the sunshine.

### A Footprint in the Soil

Presently you notice a creeper hanging from a tree with some green and yellow fruit about the size of a goose's egg growing on it. "Ah!" you say, pulling out your handbook, "Paw-paws!" The handbook says they aren't paw-paws. It doesn't say what they are, so you bite one (only)!

Further along the track you find a footprint in the soil. This of course is an iguana. You trail him. Like an Indian you search him out; you follow him for miles; and then his footmarks vanish into the muddy river. Just as well, because crocodiles are tough if not cooked by an expert.

Written for "The Listener"  
by EVAN PHILLIPS



" . . . Set off into the cool greenery"

Near by stands a tree full of white parrots, but they look so glorious up there fighting and biting pieces out of each other that you refrain from shooting even one. Sooner remain hungry than eat a battle-scarred parrot—and you're not really hungry anyhow. So, you whistle a carefree tune and wander again along the river bank, stopping occasionally to glory in the smooth green loveliness of the plants beneath your feet. Above you, through a rift in the jungle-roof, you can see the white clouds blowing along in the unfathomable sky. All is peaceful and life is on day wages.

### The Poetry of Nature

For all the morning you wander thus. Now in the shade, now in the sunlight; now gazing at the phenomenon of the trunkless banyan tree, now admiring the multi-coloured blur of the "bathtowel beetle" which, being a friendly little beastie, comes and settles a moment upon your arm to allow you a perfect view of its gaudy wings and football-jersey body. "Ah, the poetry of nature," you say, rubbing your hand on the leg of your pants to still a gentle itch. Beside you a frail green fern nods its fairy-like fronds slumberously and you marvel again that such beauty could be.

About this time you do begin to feel hungry, but the handbook says that those round green fruit you've got your eye on are full of prussic acid; so you decide again that iguana is your best bet. Iguanas are free from prussic acid. They are easy to kill and easy to cook, but you can't find any because they aren't any keener on being killed or cooked than you are.

By now the sun has become slightly duller and the air feels thick. Up one of the near-by trees a "revving up" beetle begins to rev. Zing-zing-zing—getting faster. Zing, zing, zing, faster still—reaching a terrific speed! He's almost bursting with "zings" when he suddenly turns off the ignition and runs down mournfully like an unwound gramophone

or a punctured bagpipe—and then you get it. With his last note the sky blackens and it rains barrelsful!

The springy turf is mud in a minute. The pleasant itch upon your hands begins to burn like fire and you remember the smooth green plants by the river. Glancing at your arm where the bathtowel beetle sat you find a large discoloured bump which hurts when you touch it. But you aren't one to curse over a small matter. You smile and your smile tastes of blood. That was done by that fruit you bit a piece out of.

### Looking for the River

Now you really are hungry and, deciding that roast parrot might be quite nice after all, you make your way back to the muddy river. But while you've been away someone has removed the river, so you spend the rest of the day bogging about in the mud looking for it. Once you see a snake and wonder if you could eat him. Before you can decide, he slithers away and your stomach yearns after him with a rumble and an ache. You are very wet and it's still raining. Your boots are full of water and your hands itch and burn. You curse the bathtowel beetle roundly and take out your compass with the specially-warped dial. This leads you along a very warped path through the mud and semi-darkness until you come to where you saw the snake, again.

Now it's dark. The sun goes down with a bump and the rain hisses down with delight, running over your face and off the point of your chin (which has begun to sag just a little) as you grope along, thrusting your rifle before you to ward away the damp fingers of the plantains that clutch and point at you out of the darkness. A big beetle hits you in the face and you step sideways hastily.

### It is Dark in the Bush

Whoever took the river away has now put it back and you scramble ashore with a feeling of satisfaction. You know where you are at least. You scramble back in to find which way the water is flowing. It isn't flowing! It isn't the river.

There is only one thing for it. The "bushman's signal of distress"—three

(continued on next page)



"The handbook says they aren't paw-paws"

Coming Again with Victory

# PHILCO

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of Quality