THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON

(First installment of a hair-raising serial, in an unlimited number of parts -- we hope. Please note that all characters are entirely fictitious; and do not refer to any living persons -much. Ed)

And a fair wind blew as the sun rose and they came nigh unto the shore. And they espied there a galleon, so small as to be but a toy, measuring scarcely 15 cubits. Yet it did sail, within in many people, and neither oar nor sail was seen. There came from the ship a sound as of barking dogs and they would have fled had not Jason, who had been silent the while, said "Stay brothers. have you not heard men tell? Surely this id naught but the wonderful kingdom of Naia, ruled over by the great and just King Johnjee"

And as he stepped onto the golden beach he saw among a group of men one, who by his trappings and pink nose must surely be the king. "Oh most majestic of all men I, Jason, wish to pay homage to your greatness and linger awhile on your bounteous shores". To which the great one replied in majestic tones "Hewitt's the bloody name; d'ya wanta see the boss?" Thenceforth the wanderer was conducted into the almighty King's presence.

"O King," spake he, "I bring you greetings and a shipload of hungry sailors, and as men tell us that your generosity knows not an end, I do humbly crave your pardon and beg of you to suffer us awhile".

"Your wish is my command, O Jason," he replied. "You haven't by any chance got a cigarette? No? Have one of mine."

And there were great preparations for eating made by slaves so fierce that they were confined in a large cage made of wire. And he tarried awhile to rest his eyes on the opning and emptying of tins of strange delicacies. Then outspake one of these, a small plump man and merry. "O great son of a dog, what shall I do with this?" "Thou can'st use it for an enema, an thou wish, O thou illegitimate, peopled with lice" quoth he who would have been the leader.

Meanwhile there came to the door of this cage, a man of large belly with basins in either hand. In a voice both gutteral and commanding he spake "Fill 'em up, don't be frightened".

He then betook himself to a table and, ere a few minutes had gone, the basins which ahd been filled with food enough for twenty men, were like unto the cheeks of a baby.

While Jason and his men sat and ate and wondered, many more came and were fed. Then there came roaring a small chariot, driven they supposed by the same magis as the metal galleon. And he wondered how such a speeding chariot could stop. His puzzledom was short-lived for a tree arrested its mad career. Then there emerged four men who betook themselves and sat in a small house which bore the mystic symbols "Officers' Mess". And the heroes were sorely puzzled by those who were not as other men. They bore no signs of toil and their raiment was clean. Quoth Jason "'Tis the chosen ones of the King". But outspake the man of large belly, whose plates were once more filled, "Nay, Jason. 'tis not so; Them's the bloody officers." Jason bethought himself to scan them and found them pleasing; the wide king was indeed fortunate to have such followers. Having partaken of all the wondrous foods and drunken of many draughts of the juices of fruits served by one Gunner the son of King, but not, it was believed, of the KING, the heroes betook themselves and laid in the shade as did the men, and slept greatly.

(to be continued;

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The Doc has given us food for thought lately. Developing along the lines of Darwin's Theory of Interdependence of Species, he told us we should not curse the mossies as they have a bebeficial effect on the propagation of the human race, at least in those countries where they are prevalent. Taking New Caledonia as an instance, when the mossies come out the locals take to their mosquito nets night and day. Having nothing better to do they indulge in a little begetting and nine months after the mosquito season, the population increases proportionately.

He left before we could ask him about the results up North where the mossies knew no season.

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SCHPLENDID.

"Shorry I'm late, Shergeant. I've been beerfully frizzy down at the barracksh".

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