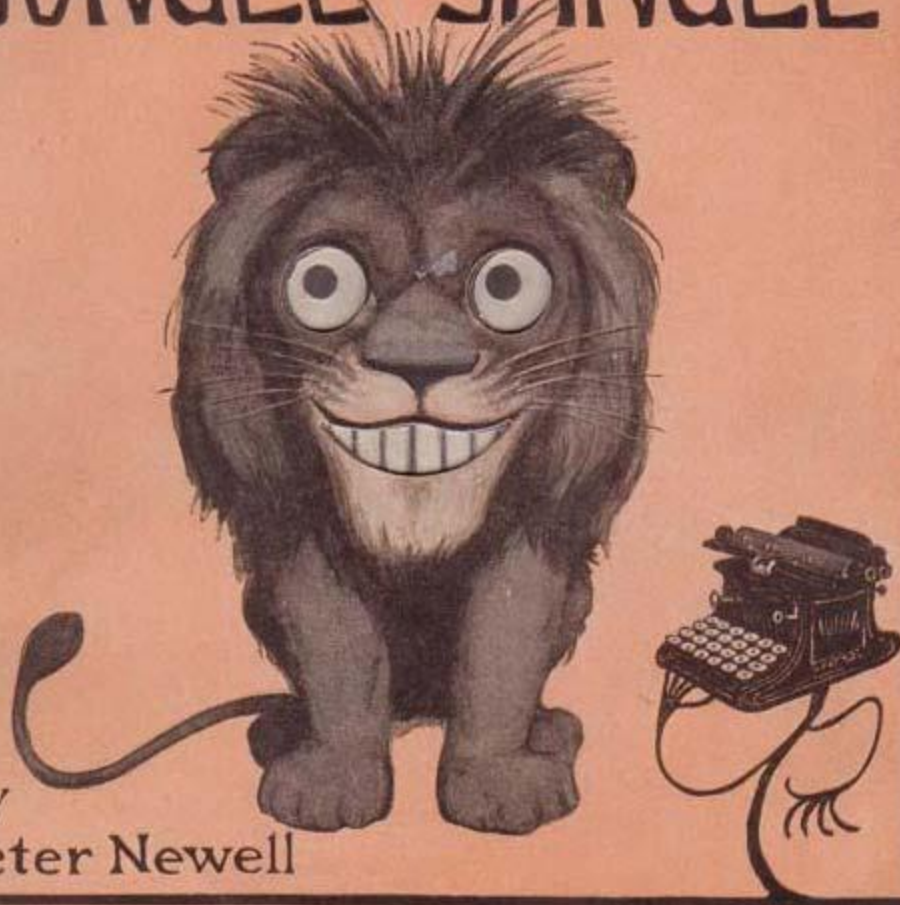


JUNGLE-JANGLE

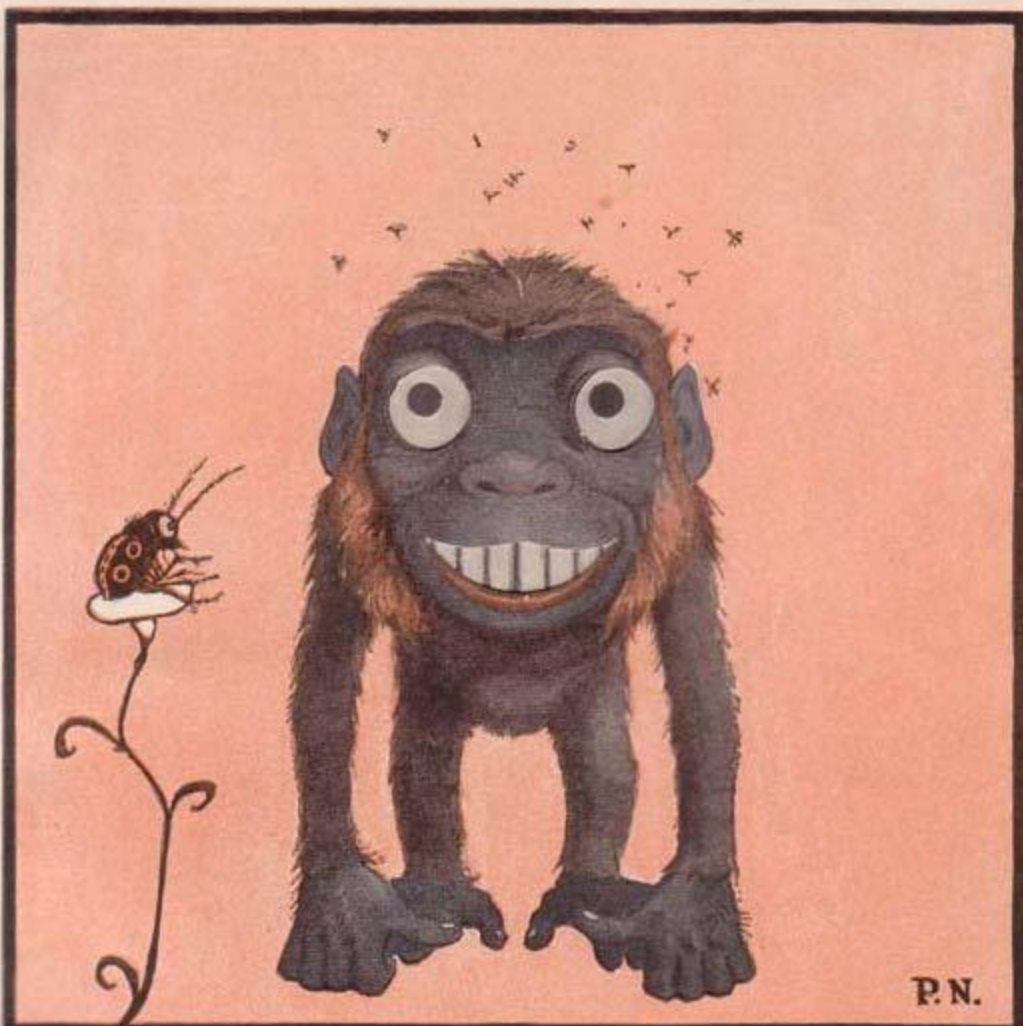


By
Peter Newell

A big, mighty hunter is hot on me trail;
But he'll shiver an' shake with the blues,
An' tumble a *wintersault* off from me tail
When me teeth an' me optics he views!



COPYRIGHT, 1969, BY
PETER NEWELL, NEW YORK
PATENT APPLIED FOR

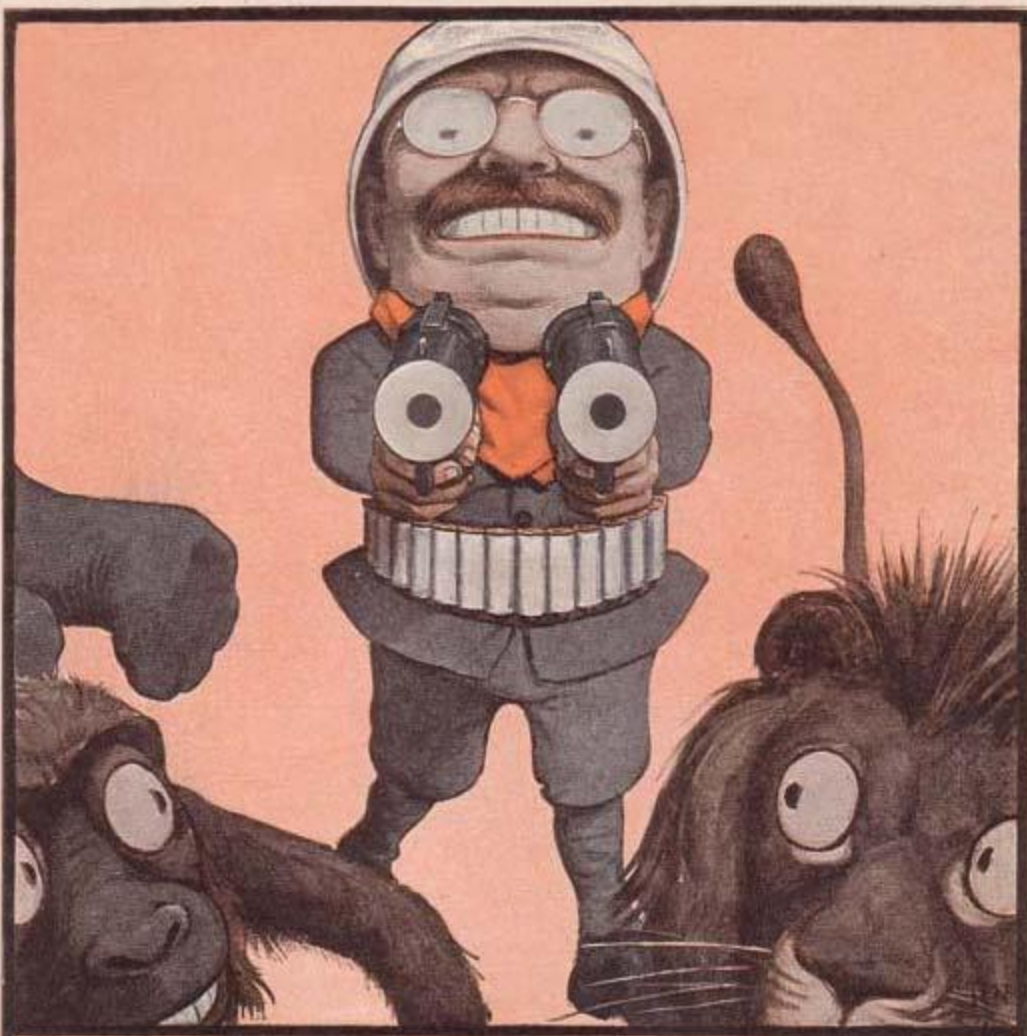


P.N.

A Nimrod's adrift in the jungle, I hear—
Now won't he be filled with surprise,
An' bolt like a *Nimble-rod*, crazy with fear,
When he glimpses me teeth an' me eyes!



An' so a big fellow is after me hide—
Such folly I view with amaze.
He'll *hide* his own head an' he'll wish he
were dead
When me eyes an' me teeth meet his gaze!



With my eyes and my teeth you are stung
to the quick,
Despite all your bluster and brag!
I'm sorry I didn't just bring my Big Stick,
Or a butterfly-net in my bag.

John Sewell