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# BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

By Frank Buck  
With Edward Anthony

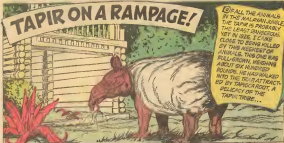


FRANK BUCK, AS HE  
LOOKED IN LATER  
LIFE...

**W**HEN I THINK OF ALL THE WILD ANIMALS WITH WHICH I'VE RETURNED TO AMERICA SINCE I STARTED BRINGING 'EM BACK ALIVE, I WONDER WHY I HAVEN'T HAD MANY MORE ANXIOUS MOMENTS. I HAVE HAD TO MAKE A STUDY OF SUCH HARD-BOILED DETAILS OF THE COLLECTING BUSINESS AS THE BEST WAY TO GET A SNARLING TIGER OUT OF A PIT INTO A CAGE WITHOUT GETTING RIPPED UP IN THE PROCESS, HOW TO TRANSFER A FURBEROUS KING COBRA FROM A CRUDE NATIVE CONTAINER TO A MODERN ENAMEL BOX, HOW TO...

BUT PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I TOLD YOU SOME OF MY ADVENTURES...

# TAPIR ON A RAMPAGE!



ALL THE ANIMALS IN THE MALDEN-DORRE THE TAPIR IS PROBABLY THE LEAST DANGEROUS. YET IN CASE I CAME CLOSE TO BEING KILLED BY THE RAGEST OF ANIMALS, THIS ONE WAS FULL-GROWN, WEIGHING ABOUT SIX HUNDRED POUNDS. HE HAD WELLED UP TO THE BEAT-AT-TRACTED BY TAPIR ROOT, A RELIC OF THE TAPIR TREE...

IN HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE, HE FLUNG ABOUT BLINDLY AND SUCCEEDED IN SCRAPING WHOLE PATCHES OF SKIN OFF HIS SPINE. THIS MEANT I HAD TO DO A JOB ON THAT BACK. AFTER ALL, I HAD AN ORDER FOR AN ANIMAL WITH A WHOLE SKIN...



LATER, I HAD THE TAPIR PLACED IN A PEN IN MY COMPOUND KITCHENS ON THE OUT-SHIRT OF SUNDARE'S DOUNGAN ALL MY NUMBER ONE BOY WHENEVER I WAS IN THE MALDEN DISTRICT, AND BUILT THE PEN. IT WAS ABOUT TWENTY FEET SQUARE AND FIVE FEET HIGH, BUILT ENTIRELY OF TWO-BY-FOURS. NO GATE WAS MADE IN THE PEN AS THIS SEEMED UNDESIRABLE. THE SPACES BETWEEN THE PLANKS PROVIDED A GOOD FOOT-HOLD AND IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO CLIMB OVER...



WHILE ALL WENT ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF FEEDING MY COLLECTION OF HILL WIND BIRDS, I CLIMBED THE FENCE AS USUALLY AS IF I WERE ENTERING A COW PASTURE. IN MY HAND, I CARRIED A POUND CAN OF ZINC OINTMENT...



I SCOOPED UP A HANDFUL OF THE OINTMENT AND SLAPPED IT OVER THE TAPIR'S BACK WITH AS MUCH DETACHMENT AS IF I WERE A BRICKLAYER SLAPPING SOME MORTAR ON A BRICK...



**S**UDDENLY THIS "YEEKEST OF ANIMALS" WHIRLED DROPPED BACK A FEW FEET, AND CHARGED STRAIGHT AT ME, BURYING HIS HEAD IN MY STOMACH AND KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF ME...



**B**EFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, I WAS ON MY BACK WITH SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF TAPE ON TOP OF ME. HIS EYES HAD A LOOK IN THEM THAT MADE MY FLESH CREEP...



**I**N ALL MY PREVIOUS DEALINGS WITH THE TAPE, IT HAD LIVED UP TO ITS REPUTATION FOR WICKEDNESS, SO IT TOOK ME A FEW MINUTES TO REALIZE THAT THIS FELLOW WAS MORE THAN ANGERED... THE INSULATED CREATURE HAD MURDER IN HIS HEART...

**T**HEN I HAD A MOMENT OF HORROR, OPENING HIS BIG MOUTH, THE ANIMAL BARED HIS POWERFUL TEETH AND REACHED TO GET HOLD OF MY FACE. ONCE HE GOT MY FACE BETWEEN THOSE JAWS, IT WOULD BE AN EASY MATTER FOR HIM TO PULL THE FLESH OFF...



**I**N A FRANTIC EFFORT TO BRING OF THE VICIOUS TEETH, I RANGED MY RIGHT KNEE AND GOT IT UNDER HIS LOWER JAW, AND REACHING UP GOT HOLD OF BOTH HIS EARS WITH MY HANDS. HE SWUNG FURIOUSLY LEFT AND RIGHT, BUT I HELD ON FOR DEAR LIFE...



THEN WITH ALL THE LONG POWER I COULD COMMAND, I SHRIEKED "ALI! ALI!" THE CRAZED BEAST STARTED DRAGGING ME AROUND THE ENCLOSURE. WHERE WAS ALI? THEN I REMEMBERED: HE WAS WITH THE SANDS AND THEIR NOISY CHATTER PROBABLY KEPT HIM FROM HEARING ME. YET I FAIRLY SHERKED HIS NAME OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

EVERY TIME I MADE AN EFFORT TO GET UP, THE BEAST WOULD POUND ME FLAT AGAINST THE TURF WITH HIS FRONT FEET AND RESUME DRAGGING ME ALL OVER THE PLACE...



IT WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER HOW LONG I COULD HANG ON. MY BACK WAS JENNING AS IT HAD NEVER TOUCHED BEFORE AND MY CHEST WAS SORE FROM THE POUNDING OF THOSE HOOFES. MY WEAKENING FINGERS CLUTCHED THE TAPE'S DARTS IN A FINAL FRENZY OF SELF-PRESERVATION. AT LAST, ALI AND ANOTHER BOY HEARD MY SCREAMS AND CAME RUNNING TO MY RESCUE.

WHILE ALI BEAT THE BEAST ABOUT THE HEAD, THE OTHER BOY SHOOK A TWO-BY-FOUR INTO THE HOLE-IN-HE KILLER'S MOUTH. THE ANIMAL BACKED AWAY AND I ROLLED CLEAR...



ALI AND THE OTHER BOY LIFTED ME OVER THE FENCE TO THE OTHER SIDE WHERE I LAY A HELPLESS MASS OF BRUISES.

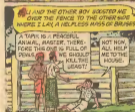
THE NEXT DAY, I WAS LINED UP FOR REMAINS. IN FACT, IT WAS THREE DAYS BEFORE I COULD GET UP. ALI TOOK CARE OF ME AND TRIED TO TALK ME INTO KILLING THE TAPE...

A TAPE IS A PEACEFUL ANIMAL, MASTER. THEREFORE THIS ONE IS FULL OF POWLS. WE SHOULD KILL THE BEAST!

NOT NOW, ALI. HELP ME TO THE HOUSE.

DOES THE MASTER THINK IT IS WISE TO GIVE TO AMERICA AN ANIMAL SO FULL OF POWLS? WILL THAT NOT MAKE TROUBLE?

ALI, AN ANIMAL SO FULL OF POWLS SHOULD BE QUIPPED OUT OF A GIG, WHICH IS ALREADY OVERSTOCKED WITH POWLS.



THE EXPLANATION SEEMED TO SATISFY ALI. SEVERAL DAYS LATER, I FOUND THE TAPE IN A NARROW CAGE AND RUBBED THE ONTMENT ON HIS BACK... FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE CAGE WITH A RAG TIED TO THE END OF A LONG STICK. A FEW MONTHS LATER, I DELIVERED HIM TO THE KANSAS CITY DEALER WHO HAD ORDERED HIM FOR A MID-WESTERN ZOO. THERE, HE WAS AS GENTLE AS A KITTY!

# GIANT JUNGLE MAN

I HAD JUST RETURNED TO SINGAPORE AFTER A LONG TRIP, WHEN ALI TOLD ME OF THE LARGEST ORANG-UTAN<sup>1</sup> ALIVE, ON A BOAT JUST IN FROM BORNEO...

"ORANG" MEANS "MAN" IN MALAY AND "UTAN" MEANS FOREST, THIS "MAN OF THE FOREST".

I WAS HURDED TO THE SINGAPORE MARSHES. ALI HAD NOT BEEN MISTAKEN, AND AFTER HOURS OF HASSLING OVER THE PRICE, THE GRAND-UTAN<sup>2</sup> BECAME MINE...

IT'S THE LARGEST ORANG-UTAN I'VE EVER SEEN, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CAPTURE HIM?

THE YUANY<sup>3</sup> WOULD BE AMAZED!

FINISHED

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE BEAST'S CAPTURE IN THE JUNGLES OF BORNEO, AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME BY THE "RATO"<sup>4</sup> OF THE GROUP OF FIVE MALAYS WHO OWNED HIM, ONE OF THEM SPOT HIM NESTING IN A TREE...

FOR MANY DAYS, THE MALAYS WATCHED THE GRAND-UTAN. IF THEY COULD FIND A WAY TO CAPTURE HIM, HE WOULD BRING THEM A GOOD PRICE...

LOOK NOW FOR THE BEAST, JUST TRAVEL FOR WATER, THERE IS THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM.

THE FIRST THING NECESSARY WAS TO CONDUCT AN EXPERIMENT. THEY FILLED A SMALL TUB WITH WATER AND CARRIED IT TO A PLACE NEAR THE GRANG-UTAN'S TREE...



...AND THEY MADE A DECISION! BY THE TIME AN GRANG-UTAN REACHES THE AGE OF THIS ONE, HE WAS PROBABLY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD... HE HAS LEARNED TO BE CAUTIOUS.



THE NEXT DAY THE MALAYS REILLED THE TUB, AND THE GRANG-UTAN REPEATED HIS PERFORMANCE OF THE DAY BEFORE. THE THIRD DAY, HE DID NOT TIP THE TUB OVER SO VIGOROUSLY AND ON THE FOURTH DAY, HE DRANK THE WATER...



THE MEN THEN RETIRED TO A CLUMP OF BUSHES, SOME DISTANCE AWAY. FOR A LONG WHILE, NOTHING HAPPENED. THEN THE GRANG CLIMBED DOWN HIS TREE, AND SPENT SEVERAL MINUTES STUPPING THE TUB AND ITS CONTENTS...



EACH DAY THEREAFTER, THE MALAYS FILLED THE TUB WITH WATER, UNTIL THE LAZY GIANT CAME TO DEPEND ON THIS CONVENIENT DRINKING POOL. THEN THEY BEGAN TO ADD A SMALL AMOUNT OF PARRY, THE NATIVE GIN...





APPARENTLY THE GRAND-UTAN DID NOT NOTICE THE TASTE OF AERIC IN THE WATER, OR DID NOT MIND IT AFTER ALL. HE HAD DRUNK PLENTY OF WATER IN HIS TIME THAT TASTED WORSE THAN THIS. TO A THIRSTY ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE, EVEN MUDDY WATER SOMETIMES BECOMES A LUXURY...



EACH DAY THEY INCREASED THE POTS AND THE ANIMAL CONTINUED TO DRINK. FINALLY...



THE WHOLE TUB WILL BE FILLED WITH AERIC THIS TIME! IF HE DRINKS IT, HE IS OURS!

AS SOON AS THE DRINK WAS THIRSTY, HE SLID DOWN HIS TREE FOR A DRINK, AS WAS NOW HIS CUSTOM, HE TOOK A MOMENT, RETAINED IT FOR A MOMENT, AND SPAT IT OUT. THEN HE DECIDED TO RECONSIDER. HE BEGAN TO DRINK SLOWLY, AND KEPT AT IT UNTIL HE HAD DRAINED THE LAST DROP.



THEN HE SAT DOWN BESIDE THE TUB, APPARENTLY FEELING HE NEEDED A REST. AFTER ABOUT FIVE MINUTES HE STARTED SWAYING TO THE RIGHT AND THEN TO THE LEFT...



AT LAST THE GRAND-OLDY STARTED TO STAND UP UNCERTAINLY AND UNSTEADILY...



IT WAS PLAIN TO THE ANIMAL THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG. HE HAD BETTER GO HOME TO HIS TREE-TOP HUT. HE TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED DOUBTFULLY FOR HIS TREE. FINALLY HE THOUGHT HE HAD LOCATED IT AND STARTED TOWARD IT...



HE MANAGED TO GET PART WAY UP THE TRUNK, BUT ARRIVE HE ARRIVE, WHETHER IT BE HISIDE MAN OR BEAST



...AND DOWN SLID THE BEWILDERED ANIMAL, LANING WITH A THUD...



THERE AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE THE TWO GRAND-OLDY LAY - DEAD FROM THAT POINT ON, HIS CAPTURE WAS A SIMPLE MATTER.

IT IS A FINE ANIMAL. BRING HIS PRICE FROM SOMEBODY!



THE GIANT JUNGLE MAN WAS A PERFECT ONE-SPEEDER, FOR WHICH I HAD PAID ONE THOUSAND STREETS DOLLARS (\$5.00) BUT ON THE WAY HOME, HE DEVELOPED A SAVOR OF DYSENTERY, AND ALTHOUGH THE SANITARY DOCTOR AND I SPENT ALL WE COULD ON THE LARGEST OF ALL GRAND-OLDY RED ABOARD'SHIP, WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE RISK INVOLVED IN COLLECTING WILD ANIMALS...

# TWO RHINOS

## WANTED AND DELIVERED!!



**B**ACK IN 1872, DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, THEN DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, COMMISSIONED ME TO SECURE FOR HIMSELF AND THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY ONE NORTH RHINOCEROS CALF EACH. THESE ANIMALS ARE EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN AND IT WAS WITH SOME MISGIVING THAT I ACCEPTED THE ASSIGNMENT...

**O**N MAY 10, 1872, I SET SAIL FOR HONG KONG, CHINA, ON THE FIRST LEG OF ONE OF MY MOST IMPORTANT COLLECTING TRIPS. I HAD DEPARTED FOR CRANES, FLAMINGOS, STORNS, GIBBONS, ANTELOPE, AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THE INDIAN RHINOS, OF WHICH THERE WERE NO LIVING SPECIMENS IN AMERICA. FROM HONG KONG, I WENT TO SINGAPORE, MADE PROVISIONARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR TRAPPING AND THEN I SAILED FOR CALCUTTA, INDIA...



**N**EPAL IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE INDIAN RHINOS ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, AND NEPAL FORBIDS ALL FOREIGNERS—ESPECIALLY WHITE MEN—BOTH IN HER BORDERS, BUT I WAS FORTUNATE IN MEETING SEVERAL RAJAS WHO WERE NEIGHBORS OF NEPAL'S AMBASSADOR...

**A** WEEK LATER, I WAS INVITED TO DAHM SHERE'S APARTMENT IN CALCUTTA, AFTER FIFTEEN HOURS OF PLEASANTRY...

GENERAL DAHM SHERE, I AM ANXIOUS TO OBTAIN TWO LIVE INDIAN RHINOS. COULD THEY BE OBTAINED IN NEPAL FOR A PRICE, OF COURSE.

I WILL CONTACT THE RAHARAJAH AND LET YOU KNOW.

I HAVE HEARD FROM THE RAHARAJAH. HE WILL DELIVER TWO RHINOCEROS CALVES FOR THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND RUPEES?

IT IS MORE THAN I HAD HOPED TO PAY, GENERAL, BUT I ACCEPT HIS HIGHNESS' OFFER, NEVERTHELESS.



A NON-INDEPENDENT KINGDOM BETWEEN THIBET AND INDIA.

\* IN 1872, ABOUT \$12,500.

**S**HUM SAHER, HIMSELF, UNDER TOOK TO HEAD THE EXPEDITION TO SECURE THE RHINO CALVES WHILE I REMAINED TO BORNA AND THE MALAY PENINSULA TO OBTAIN OTHER ANIMALS. ON ORDER, THE GENERAL LED A HUGE EXPEDITION OF HUNTERS IN TO THE NEPALESE INTERIOR...



**T**HE ORDER FOR THE RHINOCEROS CALVES CLAIMS AT A GOOD TIME RICE BROWERS IN NEPAL HAD BEEN COMPLAINING THAT THE ANIMALS WERE TRAMPLING THEIR CROPS. SHAH SHERE WAS AUTHORIZED TO KILL AS MANY AS HE COULD, SECURE, OF COURSE, CAPTURING TWO CALVES ALIVE FOR ME...



IN THE DOMAINT RACE IN NEPAL, AND WORLD-FAMOUS AS SOLDIERS

**S**EVERAL WEEKS LATER I RECEIVED WORD THAT THE RHINOS WERE READY FOR ME AND THAT SHAH SHERE WAS WAITING FOR ME IN CALCUTTA. WHEN I MET HIM, HE TOLD ME THAT THE CALVES WERE CIRCLED BY SURROUNDING THEM, ONE AT A TIME, WITH A ROPE FENCE ENLOSING AT FIRST ALMOST AN ACRE. THE ROPE, HELD BY THE SHURKAS, WAS NARROWED GRADUALLY TO ENCIRCLE AN AREA PERHAPS TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER...

**W**HEN A ROPE PERMANENT PEN WAS CONSTRUCTED OF STAKED BARKS WITH BARK WITH BARK, WITH THE ROPE STRETCHED TIGHT INSIDE THE CORRAL TO PREVENT THE CALVES BEING INJURED IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE...



**B**EFORE LEAVING CALCUTTA, I WENT TO SEE SHAH SHERE TO SETTLE THE FINANCIAL TRANSACTION FOR THE TWO RHINO CALVES...

I WILL DEPOSIT THE THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND RUPES, PAYABLE TO YOU HERE IN CALCUTTA, WHEN THE CALVES ARE DELIVERED.

AND HAVE MY UNCLE, THE MAHARAJAH, SUSPECT I HAVE PROFFERED NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN MUST TAKE THE MONEY WITH HIM.



**T**HE FOLLOWING EVENING LAL SAHIB, WHO WAS AN UNDER ONE BOY IN MY COUNTRY - AND I STARTED NORTH, I HAD FIFTY THOUSAND RUPES TIED UP IN A PIECE OF SILK CLOTH GASTENED AROUND MY WAIST BENEATH MY CLOTHING. I DON'T BELIEVE I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE NERVOUS IF I HAD A COBRA WRAPPED AROUND ME INSTEAD OF THAT MONEY...



THE IDEA UPPERMOST IN MY MIND WAS TO GET TO THE RHINO CAMP AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. BUT HE ARRIVED AT THE GANGES RIVER IN THE MONSOON SEASON AND LEARNED THAT HE COULD NOT CROSS FOR AT LEAST A MONTH...



I RETURNED ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA WITH THE ANIMALS I HAD ALREADY COLLECTED AND THEN WENT BACK TO INDIA. AT RAVALI, GUDES APPOINTED BY SHAM SHERE LED US TO BILGANGA, JUST ACROSS THE NEPALESE BORDER. FROM THERE, HE TRAVELED BY ELEPHANT TOWARD THE RHINO CAMP IN THE FOOTBALL COUNTRY...



ON REACHING THE RHINO CAMP I FAIRLY SLIP OFF THE BIG ELEPHANT ON WHICH I WAS RIDING. HERE WERE THE THINGS I HAD COME SO FAR TO GET. I WAS SO TAKEN UP WITH MY GOOD FORTUNE THAT I SCARCELY NOTED THE FEROUS MAN IN CHARGE OF THE RHINO CAMP UNTIL...

HAVE TAKEN CARE OF ANIMALS LONG ENOUGH? NOW PAY MONEY QUICK! VERY BODY! NO WASTE MORE TIME!



'YOU GET NO MONEY FROM ME UNTIL THESE ANIMALS REACH THE RAVALI FREIGHT YARDS!'



USELESS TO SAY, I DID NOT WANT A KNIFE-AND-GUN PARTY, BUT I DREW MY REVOLVER FOR THE EFFECT AND SORTED TALKING...

NEVER FELT MORE LAME PURCHASING A MAN ON THE HORN. BUT THAT WOULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING, FOR THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY BLOODTHIRSTY GUYNOS IN CAMP AND I HAD NO DESIRE TO HAVE THEIR CARRYING KNIVES WOUND UP IN MY SHOULDERS... (P.S.)

I AM ONE OF GENERAL GHUM'S OLDEST FRIENDS. I PRACTICALLY LIVED AT HIS HOUSE IN CALCUTTA! OTHERWISE, HOW WOULD I HAVE

IT IS ALL A MISTAKE, SAHIB? HAVE HIS-UNBROOD, A THOUSAND PARROTS!

GOTTEN INTO GENERAL WHEN GHUM HERE HEARS OF THIS OUTRAGE...

SON OF AN APE! IF DON'T PAY MONEY WILL TAKE AWAY!



IT WAS A GREAT SIGHT TO SEE OUR OLD CARAVAN COMING DOWN THROUGH THE JUNGLE. BY NOW THE MAJOR WAS QUITE FRIENDLY. I FOUND HIM VERY SUSCEPTIBLE TO FLATTERY AND I PLAYED UP TOUT TELLING HIM WHAT A FINE FIGURE OF A MAN HE WAS. AND THAT REJOICED EVERY INCH A GENERAL ON HIS PONY. IT WAS ALL IN THE GAME.



AT LAST WE REACHED REXAUL AND LOADED OUR CARGO WITH LAL AND TWO NEPHEW BOYS TO GUARD THE RUNDS AND JOHNSON. MY BODYGUARD DURING THE TRIP TO ATTEND ME. AFTER SAYING HI TO THE MAJOR AND WAVING GOOD-BYE TO THE MAJOR, I WAS GRATEFUL THAT HE HAD NOT FOUND OUT THE TRUE STATUS OF MY FRIENDSHIP WITH SHAM-SHRE...



IT MIGHT HAVE SEEMED THAT THE WORST OF MY TROUBLES WAS OVER. BUT THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN RECKONING WITHOUT A NEW DANGER THAT PROMPTLY DEVELOPED THROUGHOUT ALL ASIA. RINOCEROS HORN IS BELIEVED TO HAVE AMAZING MEDICINAL VALUE AND AT EVERY STOP WE LITERALLY HAD TO BEAT OFF THE NATIVES TO PROTECT OUR VALUABLE CARGO...



AND INSTEAD OF ALL OUR PRECAUTIONS, WE FOUND ONE MORNING THAT SOME NATIVE HAD CARVED A PIECE AN INCH SQUARE AND TWO INCHES DEEP OUT OF THE TENDER YOUNG HORN OF ONE OF THE RHINOS ...



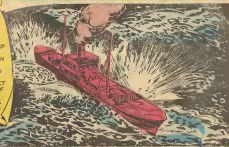
AT PATHAL GOLA, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE GANGES RIVER, THE BENGAL AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY TERMINATES. I CHARTERED A BOAT FROM THERE TO AOKARAGHAT AND FROM THAT PLACE I OBTAINED RAILROAD CARS INTO CALCUTTA. DO I NEED TELL HOW HAPPY I WAS WHEN WE FINALLY ARRIVED THERE?



THE RHINOS WERE SHIPPED TO HONG KONG ABOARD THE "LAKE GARDEN." THERE THEY WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE "PRESIDENT IRVING," ON WHICH VESSEL I ALSO LOADED ALL THE OTHER SPECIMENS I HAD COLLECTED OR BOUGHT FROM DEALERS, DURING MY LATEST STOP IN ASIA ...



I HAD GREAT BLOODY GETTING MY RHINOS TO THIS POINT. I WEIGHED TWENTY POUNDS LESS THAN WHEN I SET OUT TO AFRICA. BY THIS TIME, I HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT SOME PEACE OF MIND, BUT I DIDN'T GET IT. THE REASON: A TYPHOON!



**T**HE STORM INCREASED IN INTENSITY AND MY CABRIO ON THE FORWARD DECK WAS GETTING THE FULL FORCE OF IT. I VIEWED THE SCENE FROM THE BRIDGE, AND IT LOOKED TO ME AS IF THE CABRIO WAS SHAKING...



**I**N SPITE OF THE CAPTAIN'S WARNING, I WAS DETERMINED TO LASH THE CRATES DOWN MORE SECURELY. I DROPPED HAND-OVER-HAND ALONG A WIRE CABLE TO REACH THE DECK BELOW THE BRIDGE.



**W**HAT AN ASSUMPTION I HAD GIVEN MYSELF! FOR AN HOUR I WORKED PRACTICALLY BETWEEN THOSE TOWERING WAVES THAT KEPT POUNDING OVER THE DECKS, WONDERING EVERY MOMENT WHETHER I AND MY CABRIO WOULD BE SWEEPED OVERBOARD...



**A**T LAST THE JOB WAS DONE AND I HURRIED BACK TO THE BRIDGE. BUT MY TROUBLES WERE FAR FROM DONE. WE RAN INTO TWO MORE RAGING STORMS, NOT MUCH LESS VIOLENT THAN THE FIRST. BEFORE WE REACHED SAN FRANCISCO I NEED NOT SAY THAT I WAS BENTYBLAD TO SEE IT...



**I**N MAY 1927, WELL, JUST ONE YEAR AND THREE WEEKS AFTER I RECEIVED THE ORDER, THE LARGEST OF THE TWO RHINOS, STILL BEARING THE MARKS OF THE AMBUSH, KICKED IN ITS HORN, ENTERED ITS PEN. WARENT HOME AT THE BRONX ZOO IN NEW YORK CITY. I SOMETIMES GO TO THE BRONX ZOO TO LOOK AT MY RHINO AND GAY.

HELLO, YOU NURSANCE! I LOVE YOU FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED ME!





# MAN-EATER



**T**HEY USUALLY BECOME A MAN-EATER WHEN EITHER AGE OR INJURY MAKES HIM TOO SLOW TO CAPTURE WILD GAME. SOMETIMES A TIGER, CORNERED BY A HUMAN BEING, KILLS THE HUNTER AND THIS DEVELOPS A TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH. IN ANY EVENT, SOME FIFTY-SEVEN NATIVES IN BRITISH NEPA ALONE ARE KILLED ANNUALLY BY MAN-EATERS...

**T**HIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN-EATING TIGER, PROBABLY AS VICIOUS AN ANIMAL AS I'LL EVER ENCOUNTER. I WAS AT THE BAR OF THE RAFFLES HOTEL IN SINGAPORE WITH AN OLD FRIEND, THE SULTAN OF JOHORE. HE HAD BEEN TALKING OF THAT VERY MENACE...

I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE A MAN-EATER ALIVE.

OH-HO! YOU CATCH MAN-EATER ALIVE, I BUY THE CHAMPONE!



**S**OME WEEKS LATER, I RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL FROM THE SULTAN. A MAN-EATER HAD STRUCK IN JOHORE, KILLING ONE NATIVE, PUTTING THE OTHERS IN A STATE OF TERROR. THE SULTAN WAS SENDING AN OFFICER AND EIGHT SOLDIERS TO WAR ON THE BEAST, BUT IF I WANTED TO TRY CAPTURING THE KILLER ALIVE, I WAS WELCOME TO TRY.



**I** HAD REQUESTED THE SULTAN TO ORDER THE BODY OF THE SLAIN NATIVE LEFT WHERE IT WAS WHEN THE KILLER HAD FINISHED HIS MORN. THE POOR VICTIM'S BODY WAS THERE WHEN I ARRIVED WITH ALL. (IT WAS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT...)

**C**ROSSING THE RUBBER PLANTATION WAS PENDE JUNGLE, AND I COULD STILL FOLLOW THE MAN-EATER'S TRACKS ACROSS THE SOFT BLACK EARTH, THERE ON THE TRAIL, I ORDERED A PIT dug...



**A** TIGER, AFTER GORING HIMSELF ON HIS KILL, WILL RETURN AT A LATER DAY BY THE EXACT SAME ROUTE TO DEVOUR THE UNFINISHED REMAINS OF HIS FEAST. THEREFORE, A PIT FIFTEEN FEET IN DEPTH WAS dug AND COVERED WITH CAMOUFLAGING NIPA PALMS...



**W**HEN WE HATED PROFITLESSLY, THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE NATIVES ASKED PERMISSION TO BURY THEIR COMRADE. LATER, THE OFFICER APPROACHED ME...

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF...

YEA... YOU'D BETTER GO HUNTING THE KILLER. I GUESS HE WON'T RETURN HERE.



**I** ORDERED THE PIT LEFT AS IT WAS, NOW COVERED WITH NIPA PALMS. THEN, REGULARLY FOR, I RETURNED TO SINGAPORE. BUT ON THE SECOND NIGHT, THE BEAST CAME, MORE WENT ON THE ROAD...



...AND ALTHOUGH AT A MUCH LATER DATE THAN IS NORMAL ACCORDING TO HABITS OF TIGERS, THE MAN-EATER STARTED FOR THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME - BY WAY OF THE OLD TRAIL - AND THE PALM-COVERED PIT!

RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM THE SULTAN AND MARRIED TO THE FIT WITH ALL POSSIBLE HASTE WHEN I ARRIVED A CROWD OF NATIVES AND A NEARBY PLANTER AND HIS WIFE WERE ALREADY AT THE SCENE...



PRESSED QUICKLY, ROUGHLY TOWARD THE FIT. THE PLANTER'S WIFE WAS TRYING TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE BEAST, ONE OF MY FIRST IMPULSES WAS TO HEAVE THE LADY TO THE TIDE...



HOWEVER, DISREGARDING THE PLANTER AND HIS WIFE, I LOOSENED A COUPLE OF THE LOGS, PLACED BY THE NATIVES OVER THE OPENING OF THE PIT. I PUNDED DOWN. WE HAD CAPTURED AN ENORMOUS CREATURE...



I PULLED BACK JUST IN TIME. THE KILLER MADE A VICIOUS LUNGE UPWARD, JUST MISSING MY FACE AS I SPRANG BACK...



THE BUSINESS OF GETTING THAT TIGER OUT OF THE PIT PRESENTED A REAL PROBLEM. THIS WAS DUE TO HIS SIZE. A CAT LIKE THAT ONE WOULD NOT BE EASY...

ALL, HAND ME A ROPE! KEEP PLenty HANdy!

YES, TUN!



WHEN A STORM BROKE WITH THE FURY KNOWN ONLY IN THE EAST! THE DIRT CHURNED INTO HEAVY MUD. THE FOOTING WOULD BE BAD!



WHEN THE RAIN DID HOWEVER, WAS TO WEAKEN THE TIGER'S FOOTING, PREVENTING THOSE TREMENDOUS LEAPS. I WORKED THE LASSO FROM ABOVE. TIME AND AGAIN I FAILED AND THEN I CAUGHT HIM!



THEN, WITH THE ANIMAL'S HEAD AND JAW SECURED, I MANAGED TO CATCH HIS FORELEGS. I HAVE NEVER BEEN SUCH NERVOUS AS GLOMERATED FROM THE EYES OF THAT FEROCIOUS BEAST. THE JOB THIS FAR HAD TAKEN AN HOUR AND MY BODY ACHED...



EVENTUALLY, OTHER ROPES WERE FASTENED AROUND THE BEAST. I ORDERED THE LASSO ROLLED AWAY AND THE TIGER HUNG TO THE SURFACE OF THE PIT. NOY WOULD COME ANOTHER DANGEROUS JOB, GETTING THE KILLER CAGED!



WE WERE DRENCHED TO THE SKY! OUR FEET SLIPPED ABOUT ON THE MUDDY GROUND. SUDDENLY...

AYY-Y-Y!



I POKE FOR THE COOLIE AND FOUND BOTH OF US HEADING FOR THE PIT. BUT ALI GRABBED MY FOOT, SLIPPING A ROPE AROUND IT. HAD WE GONE INTO THE PIT, DOUBTLESS THE OTHER COOLIES WOULD HAVE DROPPED THEIR ROPES AND RUN...



THE COOLIES WERE NOW AFRAID OF SLIPPING. I SAW THAT WE MUST CRATE THE TIGER AT ONCE. I ORDERED THE CAGE LET DOWN INTO THE PIT...



IT WAS HOPEFUL I'D TRYING TO GET THOSE MORE HAND FEET INTO THE CRATE. I SAW THAT THE MEN WERE WEAKENING. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO. I TOOK MY LIFE IN MY HANDS AND LOWERED MYSELF INTO THE PIT...



ALL RIGHT! LET GO THE ROPES!

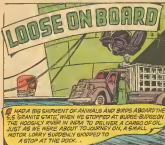
I SLAMMED SHUT THE TRAP DOOR. I COULD FEEL THE IMPRISONED BEAST POUNDING AGAINST THE SIDES OF HIS CELL. I CALLED FOR HAMMER AND NAILS BUT NONE CAME DOWN. PLASTERED WITH MUD, MY STRENGTH RAPIDLY EBBS. I WAS IN A FURY OVER THE DELAY...



THE HAMMER AND NAILS HAD BEEN LOST IN THE MUD. AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE YEARS AND PROBABLY HIS ANKLES, ALI DROPPED DOWN BESIDE ME WITH THEM IN HIS HANDS. WITH A CRAZY FERVENTNESS, I HELD THE HAMMER WHILE ALI HELD THE NAILS. THE MAN-EATER WAS OURS!



THE QUARTER I COLLECTED LATER FROM THE GULFAN WAS THE HARDEST I'VE EVER TASTED. AS FOR THE MAN-EATER OF JHORE, HE EVENTUALLY WOUND UP IN THE LOWS FELLOW ZOOLOGICAL PARK IN MUMBAI, INDIA...



1 I HAD A BIG SHIPMENT OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS ABOARD THE S.S. GRANITE STATE, WHEN WE STOPPED AT BUENOS AIRES ON THE HOBBLEHAY LINE IN ORDER TO DELIVER A CARGO OF OIL. JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO JOURNEY ON, A SMALL MOTOR LORRY SUDDENLY SKIPPED TO A STOP AT THE DOCK...

2 THE MAN WANTED "BUCKEYE", HE HAD A FULL-GROWN SPOTTED LEOPARD TO SELL. LAL WAS GOING TO AMERICA WITH ME ON THIS TRIP AND WITH HIM TO INTERPRET THE MAN'S HINDUSTANI, I MADE A DEAL...

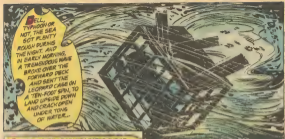


3 THE LEOPARD WAS A SAVAGE BEAST AND I SAW AT ONCE IT WAS NECESSARY TO KEEP THIS SCREAMING CYCLOPE ARIEY FROM MY BETTER BEHAVIOR DAYS. I STOWED HIS CAGE ON THE HIGH DECK AGAINST THE RAIL AND A FEW FEET FROM THE REST OF MY COLLECTION...



4 WHEN WE WERE WELL OUT IN THE PACIFIC, A STORM CAME UP AND THE SEA GREW ROUGH. I WANTED TO LOCK DOWN MY CRATES, BUT THE SHIPPER LAUGHED AT ME. "A LITTLE BREEZE WON'T HURT YOUR ANIMALS. SEE DON'T SHIP ANY REALLY BAD SEAS THIS TRIP." HE SAID "WE'RE OUT OF THE TYPHOON AREA!"





**B**ELL, TYphoon or not, the sea got plenty rough during the night. And in early morning, a tremendous wave broke over the forward deck and sent the leopard cage on a ten-foot spin to land upside down and crack open under tons of water.



**B**EWILDERED LEONARD LEAPED OUT OF THE BROKEN CASE, MIXED A FEW SHOTS WITH THE ROARING OF THE SEA BEFORE FADING DOWN DECK TO THINK THINGS OVER. AMONG THE OIL BARRELS LASHED TO THE MAST AGAINST THE BULKHEAD...

**L**EARNED ABOUT THE LEONARD BEING LOOSE FROM THE SHIP'S OFFICER, WHO WAS PALE AND TREMBLING LIKE A MAN HAVING A BAD NIGHTMARE.



ANYTHING I CAN DO, SIR?

YES, SEND A QUARTERMASTER AT ONCE TO ROUT OUT MY BOY, LAL!



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, LAL CAME ON THE RUN, STILL DRESSING AS HE ARRIVED...

SAID CALL FORMER!

YES, THE LEOPARD IS LOOSE, LAL. PULL THE LEAD NODS OUT OF THE CARTRIDGES FAST! YOU'VE BLAMED THEM FOR ME BEFORE!

**L** GOT THE CAPTAIN'S PERMISSION TO TRY TO CAPTURE THE LEOPARD ALONE, BUT I WAS PROHIBITED TO KILL HIM IF HE ATTACKED. MY RIFLE WAS LOADED WITH REAL BULLETS. LAL HAD THE BLANK LOADED



SHOOT THE BLANKS, LAL! TRY TO SCARE HIM UP THE STEPS TO THE PROMENADE DECK!

**L** HAD ORDERED THE EMPTY CASE, NOW REPAIRED TO BE PLACED NEAR THE DOOR OF THE OFFICERS' MESS-ROOM ON THE UPPER DECK. THE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN AND ALL OTHER MEANS OF REACHING THE ROOM CLOSED. LAL FIRED A SERIES OF SHOTS AND THE LEOPARD EARLY FRIGHTENED TURNED AND SCAMPERED UP THE STEPS. THE FIRST STAGE OF MY TRAP WAS OVER...



**I**N MORE FAVORABLE SURROUNDINGS, THE LEOPARD MIGHT HAVE TAKEN BOTH LAL AND ME TO DEATH. NOW HE WANTED TO ESCAPE... ANY-MORE... AROUND AND AROUND THE MESS-ROOM DECK WE CHASED HIM...



**A**FTER SEVERAL TURNS, I WAS ABOUT GONE IN. FORTUNATELY, THE LEOPARD WAS, TOO, FOR AT LAST HE RANKEDED-INS THROUGH THE GARDNER'S MESS-ROOM DOOR...



**W**ITH THE LEOPARD INSIDE THE MESS ROOM, IT WAS GAME ENOUGH FOR THE CREW TO COME ON DECK. THEY SLAMMED THE REQUIRED CASE AGAINST THE MESS-ROOM DOOR AND BLOCKED THE OPENING ABOVE IT WITH BOARDS. THEN I TRIED TO PRED THE LEOPARD INTO THE CASE...



**W**HEN I SPOTTED HIM, HE FERDLY GROWLED VICIOUSLY AND SNAPPED THE END OF THE POLE AS IF IT WERE A MATCH STICK...



**T**HERE WAS ONLY ONE OTHER THING TO DO. I HEARD A PETTY OFFICER SAY "ARE YOU CRAZY?" BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I CLIMBED THROUGH THE WINDOW, TOSSED THE END OF MY LARIET THROUGH THE CASE TO THE MEN OUTSIDE, THEN CAUTIOUSLY CLOSED UPON THE MESS ROOM TABLE. THE TIME MY GUN WAS LOADED WITH REAL BULLETS!



SLIDDED ALONG THE TABLE TOWARD THE SHARING DEVL. THE SIGN OUTSIDE HELD THE END OF THE LARIAT. JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SPRING, I THREW THE LOOP AROUND THE ANIMAL'S NECK...



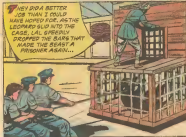




THE MEN RESPONDING BEAUTIFULLY YANKED THE LEOPARD UP TO THE DOOR, BUT THEY WERE PULLING AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE BEAST AND COULD GET HIM NO FURTHER THAN THE DOOR JAMB. I SPRANG TO THE FLOOR...



GRABBED THE LEOPARD'S LEGS AND FAIRLY SCREAMED...  
PULL! PULL LIKE THE DEVIL!



THEY DID A BETTER JOB THAN I COULD MAKE MOVING FOR, AS THE LEOPARD SLIP INTO THE CAGE. I AL SPEEDILY DROPPED THE BARS THAT MADE THE BEAST A PRISONER AGAIN...



AS I WIPED THE PERIRATION FROM MY FOREHEAD, I WAS ALARMED TO DISCOVER THAT THE LEOPARD WAS CHOKING TO DEATH. I OPENED MY KNIFE, ORDERED THE MEN TO HOLD THE CAGE AWAY FROM THE KISS-ROOM DOOR.



TO ME, A DYING ANIMAL IS AS PAINFUL AS ANY AS A DYING HUMAN BEING. I REACHED IN AND CUT THE ROPE THAT WAS CHOKING THE BEAST...



WITH A SLASH OF MY KNIFE, I SLIT THE ROPE. THE LEOPARD CAME ALIVE INSTANTLY. FORTUNATELY I DUCKED OR HE WOULD HAVE RUG DOWN INTO MY SHOULDER AND CLAMPED ME TO DEATH. FIVE WEEKS LATER, THE TROUBLE-SOME CREATURE, CONSIDERABLY TRAMP, WOUND UP AT THE LINCOLN PARK ZOO IN CHICAGO.



# JUNGLE LAUNDRESS



OF THE THOUSANDS OF MONKEYS AND APES I'VE BROUGHT TO AMERICA FROM ASIA, THE MOST INTERESTING WAS A FEMALE ORANG-UTAN THAT I NAMED SLAPYS. I BOUGHT HER FROM A TRADER WITH FOUR OTHER ORANG-UTANS. WHEN I PICK UP APES IN THIS FASHION, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE TAME OR WILD. I'VE FOUND IT WISE TO TREAT THEM ALL AS WILD. IT'S SAFER THAT WAY. ONE DAY, SLAPYS REACHED FROM HER CAGE AND STRUCK MY ARM...

IT SOON BECAME APPARENT TO ME THAT IT WOULD BE PERFECTLY SAFE TO LET SLAPYS HAVE THE RUN OF THE PLACE. SHE WAS DELIGHTED, BUT I HADN'T CONSIDERED JUST HOW FAR SLAPYS WOULD GO WITH HER FREEDOM. SHE ANNOYED THE SERVANTS, AND ON A FEW OCCASIONS COMPLETELY DISRUPTED THE ORDER OF THE ROOM OF ANDY BUCK, A FRIEND WHO WAS SHARING MY HOUSE AT THE COMPOUND...

THE APPROACH OF A TAME ORANG IS UNMISTAKABLE. THERE IS NO GRABBING OR FRANTIC REACHING. AFTER A WHILE, I WAS CERTAIN SLAPYS WAS TAME. I SOON TOOK HER OUT OF THE CAGE AND NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH JOY IN AN APE. I PLACED HER UNDER MY HOUSE AT MY COMPOUND IN KATONS, AND FASTENED HER WITH A TEN-FOOT CHAIN...



IT WAS NECESSARY TO CURTAIL SLAPYS' LIBERTY ONCE MORE. SHE WAS PROBABLY GREATLY FUELED BY THIS, AS ONLY THE DAY BEFORE, SHE HAD PERFORMED AN ACT OF REAL UNCLEANNESS. ALI HAD OPENED ONE OF THE BIRD CAGES TOO WISE AND A BIRD FLEW OUT. ALI WAS FRANTIC AND A FURIOUS CHASE FOLLOWED...



**G**ADI MADE A FINAL WEARY DASH AFTER THE HINA, DRIVING THE Tired BIRD IN GLADYS' DIRECTION. GLADYS MERELY REACHED UP AND CAUGHT THE HINA IN HER HANDS...



**W**HEN HOLDING THE BIRD SO CAREFULLY THAT NOT A FEATHER WAS RUFFLED, GLADYS HANDED ALL THE FUSITIVE, STROKING IT TENDERLY BY WAY OF FAREWELL...



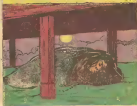
**G**LADYS DID NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT HER CONFINEMENT, AFTER ALL, IT WAS BETTER THAN LIFE IN A CAGE. AMONG OTHER THINGS, SHE WAS AN EXCELLENT CHAIRSEATER. SHE MADE A CEREMONY EACH NIGHT OF BAKING HER BED FIRST, SHE WOULD SPREAD OUT HER BUNDLE OF STRAW...



**A**FTER THE STRAW WAS PROPERLY SPREAD, SHE WOULD LAY HER BLANKET ON IT, THEN SHE WOULD LIE ON THE BLANKET AND ROLL OVER UNTIL SHE WAS COMPLETELY WRAPPED UP.



**I**F THE BLANKET DID NOT ROLL EVENLY, GLADYS WOULD UNWRAP HERSELF AND TRY AGAIN. EVENTUALLY SHE WOULD BE SATISFIED THAT THE BLANKET WOULD NOT COME LOOSE WHILE SHE SLEPT...



ONE DAY, I WAS PASSING GLADYS ON MY WAY TO THE COMPOUND. I CARRIED A PAIL OF WATER WITH A CLOTH IN IT, WITH WHICH I INTENDED TO WASH A SMALL LES WOUND OF ONE OF THE ANIMALS. GLADYS REACHED OUT HER HAND TO STOP ME...



SHE INDICATED THAT SHE WANTED THE PAIL OF WATER AND CLOTH. I LET HER TAKE IT. SHE CARRIED IT TWO OR THREE FEET, THEN SAT DOWN WITH THE PAIL BETWEEN HER LEGS AND BEGAN TO SCRUB...

GLADYS RUBBED AND SCRUBBED ROUSED AND RUBBED AGAIN UNTIL SHE WAS SATISFIED THE CLOTH WAS CLEAN. THEN SHE WROGHT IT OUT LIKE AN EXPERIENCED WASHWOMAN AND LAID IT ON THE GRASS TO DRY IN THE SUN...



GLADYS HAD GONE THROUGH ALL THE ACTIONS OF AN ASHTIC WASHING CLOTHS AND DRYING THEM. I COULD NOW SEE THAT SHE HAD BEEN RAISED IN A NATIVE VILLAGE. NOW SHE GOT THERE, I WOULD NOT KNOW, BUT PROBABLY SHE WAS RAISED FOR THE PURPOSE OF SELLING HER TO A TRADER. IT IS LIKELY THAT SHE HAD BEEN RAISED WITH THE CHILDREN OF A FAMILY, WHO HAD ALL GONE TO THE RIVER BANK WITH THE MOTHER ON WASH DAYS...



**G**LADYS GOT TO BE SO MUCH FUN THAT I FREQUENTLY TOOK HER WITH ME TO SINGAPORE. SHE ENJOYED NOTHING MORE THAN AN AUTO RIDE. WHEN I WOULD UNLEASH HER, SHE WOULD RUN JOYOUSLY TOWARD THE VEHICLE AND CLIMB INTO THE FRONT SEAT...



**W**HEN SHE WOULD GET BACK IN THE SEAT LIKE A LADY OUT FOR AN AIRING, CONTAINING HER DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION TO AN OCCASIONAL PATT ON MY ARM...



**A**BORD THE "PRESIDENT CLEVELAND" ON HER WAY TO AMERICA, GLADYS BECAME A FAVORITE AMONG THE PASSENGERS...

**S**HE ENJOYED A CUP OF TEA AND A PIECE OF CAKE WITH THE WOMEN...

**T**HE WIRELESS OPERATOR OF THE "PRESIDENT CLEVELAND" GREW VERY FOND OF GLADYS AND SHE RETURNED HIS AFFECTION...



**A**ND SHE ACQUIRED A REPUTATION AS A BOOK-WORM. THE FACT THAT SHE HELD THE BOOK UPSIDE DOWN MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO GLADYS...

LOOK THERE, MR. BUCK! THAT'S A HIGH-TENSION WIRE! IF SHE HAD TOUCHED IT, SHE'D HAVE BEEN DEAD IN AN INSTANT! IF SHE HAD MADE A MOVE TOWARD IT, I WAS GOING TO KNOCK HER OUT!

**W**HEN GLADYS ESCAPED FROM HER COLLAR AND CHAIN AND I FOUND HER IN THE WIRELESS OPERATOR'S ROOM, THERE WAS THE WIRELESS OPERATOR, TOO, WITH A PITCHER RAISED AS IF TO THROW IT AT GLADYS...

I THOUGHT YOU AND GLADYS WERE SUCCESS! WHY DID YOU WANT TO HIT HER WITH A PITCHER?



**I** COULD HAVE OBTAINED A HIGH PRICE FOR GLADYS FROM THE MOVIES, BUT INSTEAD I GAVE HER TO THE MUNICIPAL ZOO IN MADISON, WISCONSIN FOR \$750. THERE I KNEW SHE WOULD LEAD HER OWN LIFE AND THAT HER AFFECTIONATE AND INTERESTING CHARACTER WOULD MAKE HER MANY FRIENDS. MY PARTING WITH HER WAS THE SADDEST ANIMAL SALE I'VE EVER KNOWN.



# HOLTER'S TRAPS



SOME YEARS AGO, IN 1918 OR 1919, WHILE I WAS IN THE DE BOER HOTEL IN MEDAN, THE LARGEST CITY IN SUMATRA, ALBERT HOLTER, A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, CAME TOWARD ME...

THE LAST TIME I HAD SEEN HOLTER, HE HAD BEEN MANAGING A LARGE TEA ESTATE. NOW HE ADMITTED HE HAD SEVERED HIS CONNECTIONS WITH THE TEA PEOPLE. I TENDERED HIM MY REGRETS...

ALI! I'M GOING HOME AND WILL NOT NEED HIM. WHY NOT ASK HIM?

TEA BUSINESS, BAH! I'M COMING INTO A MAN'S GAME - TRAPPING TIGERS! AND I WANT TO SCREEN YOUR BOY!



I DID NOT SEE HOLTER FOR A YEAR, THEN I MET HIM IN THE HARMONY CLUB IN BATIKIA, JAWA...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEG, HOLTER? THAT'S CERTAINLY TOUGH!

FORGET ABOUT IT. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR BOY ALI, I'D PROBABLY BE DEAD RIGHT NOW, SUCK.



HOLTER THEN TOLD ME HIS STORY. HE HAD HIRED ALI AND THEY WENT TO NORTHERN SUMATRA, WHERE RUBBER AND TOBACCO INTERESTS WERE PAYING FIFTY DOLLARS\* FOR EACH TIGER KILLED...



\* APPROXIMATELY \$20.00 IN U.S. CURRENCY.

ALI WAS EXTREMELY USEFUL. HE COULD NOT HAVE HAD A SURFER EYE FOR LOCATING GAME TRAILS IF HE HAD BEEN ONE OF THE ANIMALS HIMSELF. HE SET OUT HOLTER'S TRAPS AND CLEVERLY CONCEALED THEM.



IN FACT ALI WAS SO USEFUL, THAT HOLTER BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE THE MALAY BOY'S ASSISTANT AND IT REVERTED HOLTER, SO ONE DAY...

TEAH WILL ALLOW HIS HUMBLE SERVANT TO ATTEND MARRIAGE FEAST AT VILLAGE HEADMAN?

WHY SURE, ALI! GO AHEAD! ENJOY YOURSELF!





BY THE TIME THAT AFTERNOON, HOLTZ DECIDED TO VISIT HIS TRAPS ALONE, FOR ONCE HE WOULD NOT HAVE TO LISTEN TO ALI'S CONSTANT ADVICE. HE HAD HIS RIFLE, THAT WAS PROTECTION ENOUGH...

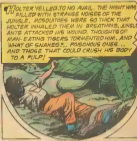


BY THE TIME THAT AFTERNOON, HOLTZ DECIDED TO VISIT HIS TRAPS ALONE, FOR ONCE HE WOULD NOT HAVE TO LISTEN TO ALI'S CONSTANT ADVICE. HE HAD HIS RIFLE, THAT WAS PROTECTION ENOUGH...



WHEN SUDDENLY, HE WAS CAUGHT IN ONE OF HIS TRAPS!

YOW-W-W!



HOLTZ YELLED TO NO AVOID. THE NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH STRANGE NOISES OF THE JUNGLE. MOSQUITOES WERE SO THICK THAT HOLTZ INHALED THEM IN BREATHS. JUNGLERANTS AND ANTS ATTACKED HIS WOUND. THOUGHTS OF MAN-EATING TIGERS TORMENTED HIM, AND WHAT OF GORGES?... PARADOXICAL ONES... AND THOSE THAT COULD CRUSH HIS BODY TO A PULP!



AFTER AN ETERNITY OF WAITING AND SUFFERING HIS HELPERS. BUT BY THEN, HOLTZ WAS UNCONSCIOUS. ALL, RETURNING ABOUT MIDNIGHT FROM THE MARRAGE FEAST, HAD GUESSED WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND ORGANIZED A SEARCH...



HOLTZ WAS TAKEN BY BOAT AND OX-CART TO INDIA. THERE HIS LEG HAD BEEN AMPUTATED...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, HOLTZ?

SOMETHING PARADOXICAL FOR A CHANGE. THERE'S A GOLD STRIKE IN BORNEO. I INTEND TO GET MY SHARE!

WHEN I JOINED ALI IN SINGAPORE, IT WAS HARD TO GET HIM TO SPEAK ABOUT HOLTZ. I TOLD HIM HOW SMART HOLTZ CONSIDERED HIM, BUT ALI WAS UNIMPRESSIONED. LATER, I LEARNED THE REASON THE MAN HAD FORGOTTEN TO THANK ALI FOR SAVING HIS LIFE!

# CHIPS LENDS A HAND



I HAD AN ORDER FROM THE AL O BARNES SHOW TO GET A GOOD-SIZED ORANG-UTAN, LARGE ENOUGH TO BE LED INTO A CIRCUS RING, ONE DAY. A MESSENGER FROM CHOP JOO BOON, A CHINESE TRADER IN SINGAPORE, TOLD ME THE TRADER HAD JUST THE ANIMAL I NEEDED...

THE ORANG-UTAN WAS THE RIGHT SIZE AND AGE, BUT HE WAS ABOUT AS TAME AS A FRESH-CUGHT PANTHER. HE HAD, HOWEVER, TOO FINE AN ANIMAL TO PASS UP...



THE SHIPMENT, OF WHICH THE ORANG-UTAN WAS PART, WAS A VERY LARGE ONE AND I HAD ONLY LAL TO HELP ME. I DECIDED TO ASK THE MATE OF THE SHIP TO LEND ME ONE OF HIS MEN FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE TRIP.



THE MAN I DESIRED WAS THE SHIP'S CARPENTER, A BIG, SWAGGERING BULLY NAMED CHIPS...

FEEL THAT MUGGLE, BOSS! YOU GOT THE RIGHT MAN/THE TIME!

FINE! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF HEAVY WORK TO DO!





**I WAS FORCED TO ADMIT CHIPS WASN'T JUST JOASTING. WHEN I MOUNTED SOME TIGERS SHOT AROUND THE BIG CARPENTER, UNRAID, MOVED THEM ABOUT IN THEIR HEAVY CHAINS AS IF THEY WERE SO MANY KITTENS IN BASKETS...**



**ONE DAY I TOLD CHIPS I HAD A REAL JOB FOR HIM. I WANTED TO TAKE THE ORANG OUT OF HIS CAGE AND TRY TO TAKE HIM DOWN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE...**

**"YOU MEAN THIS IS A REAL JOB? JUST TAKING SHIRMOO OUT OF HIS CAGE?"** "OUT KIDDING, BOSS!"

**IT'S A REAL JOB, ALL RIGHT, CHIPS. YOU'LL FIND OUT.**

**NOW I'LL EXPLAIN HOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO GET THE APE OUT OF HIS CAGE, WHILE LAL PUTS ON THE COLLAR.**

**WHAT? OH, THE COLLAR! I'LL DO IT MYSELF!**



**NOW LISTEN, CHIPS, WHEN I OPEN THIS DOOR, THE APE WILL COME OUT. I'LL GRAB ONE OF HIS WRISTS WHILE YOU GRAB THE OTHER. LAL WILL SNAP THE COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK FROM BEHIND!**

**NOTHING TO IT, BOSS!**

**AS SOON AS THE CAGE WAS OPENED THE ORANG-UTAN STEPPED FORTH WITH AN ANGRY GEARL. AS HE DID, I GRABBED ONE WRIST AND CHIPS GRABBED THE OTHER.**



THE GUY'S BOWLING WITH  
FOOD, AND HE'S GOING TO  
TO SHOW US WITH HIS TIGHT, AND HIS  
HEAD, AND HIS AT ALL, AND HIS  
TIGHT, AND HIS TIGHT, AND HIS  
FOUR, TO GET THE COLLEGE AND  
THE BIG AND'S MACK. (SPOON) AT 5:45  
CARRY TO  
...  
...  
...

INSTANTLY I KNEW CHIPS WAS GOING TO LET GO. HE DID. I LOST NO TIME IN FOLLOWING SUIT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SILLY TO STAND ON ALONE...



I JUMPED BACK. THE BEAST CAME AFTER ME, WITH THOSE GREAT ARMS OUTSTRETCHED I AM KEEN FOR AFFECTION, BUT I DIDN'T WANT ONE OF HIS EMBRACES. FOR THE GRANG-UTAN'S METHOD OF FIGHTING IS TO DRAG HIS VICTIM TOWARD-SELF AND TO TEAR HIM TO PIECES WITH HIS TEETH.

THE ANIMAL HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF A LONGER REACH, BUT I KNEW MORE ABOUT BOXING. AS HE SPREAD HIS ARMS TO GRAB ME, I WADED IN AND LET HIM HAVE AN UPPERCUT WITH ALL MY BEEF BEHIND IT...



WHENPO KISSED THE GORILLA WITH A BANG AND LAL SNAPPED THE COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK. AS FOR CHIPS...

BY HIS HANDS WERE FORTHEN. HUMAN COULD 'A' HOLD ON WITH HIS HANDS SOPPIN' NET!

200-0-0!



CHIPS CHANGED EXCESSES MANY TIMES DURING THE VENGE. BUT HIS FIRST ONE, AMONG THE SEVEN, WAS GONE. AS FOR THE GRANG-UTAN, BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO, HE WAS CONDUCTING HIMSELF IN SUCH A MANNERLY FASHION, I WAS ABLE TO LEAD HIM BY HIS CHAIN WHEN I DELIVERED HIM TO AL BARNES.

# ELEPHANT TEMPER

**I**N MY BUSINESS, A TANG-  
SOUNDING ORDER OFTEN MAKES  
THE MOST TROUBLE. I HAD AN  
ORDER FOR AN ELEPHANT  
WHICH WAS TO PULL A HEAVY  
LOAD OF CHILDREN AROUND A  
SAN FRANCISCO PARK. I PLACED  
MY ORDER WITH AN INFLUENTIAL  
BUSINESS, WHOSE BUSINESS WAS  
TO KERRAH\* ELEPHANTS. AND  
KERRAH'S ELEPHANTS IS BIG  
BUSINESS. AFTER HERDS OF  
THE WILD PROCEEDERS\*\* ARE  
LOCATED, THEY ARE PRINTED  
BY HUNDREDS OF NOISE-MAKING  
MACHINES AND DRIVEN TOWARD  
THE KERRAH...



\* FEDERAL \*\* TRADE MARKED ANIMALS

**W**HEN REACHING THE KERRAH, THE WILD  
HERD IS DRIVEN THROUGH A RUBBER GATE,  
THE KERRAH WALL, ENCLOSING SEVERAL  
ACRES, IS MADE BY DRIVING LARGE  
POSTS INTO THE GROUND A FEW INCHES  
APART AND LACING THE POSTS WITH  
WIRE CABLE...

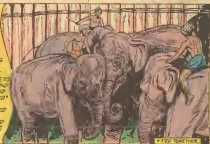


**I**NSTEAD THE KERRAH IS A SMALLER CORRAL  
INTO WHICH THE HERD IS NEXT DRIVEN.  
FOUR MAHOUTS\* ON TAME ELEPHANTS  
SEGREGATE\* THE ANIMALS THAT ARE TO BE KEPT...



\* MAHOUTS

**W**HEN A CAPTURED  
ELEPHANT IS SELECTED,  
IT IS JOCKEYED WITH  
THE SKILL WHICH ONLY  
A TRAINED MAHOUT  
POSSESSES, ALONGSIDE  
THE FENCE. THEN THE  
MOST SKILLFUL AND  
FEARLESS MAHOUT SLIPS  
NONCELESSLY FROM HIS  
ELEPHANT AND DIPS ONE  
HIND LEG OF THE CAPTIVE TO  
THE FENCE. THE OTHER HIND  
LEG IS LASHED TIGHT AND  
THE FRONT LEGS HOBBLED\*  
WHEN ALL SELECTED  
ELEPHANTS ARE SEGREGATED  
IN THIS MANNER, THE  
REMAINDER OF THE HERD  
IS DRIVEN BACK TO THE  
JUNGLE.



\* KEEPT TOGETHER

MY ELEPHANT WAS A FINE HEALTHY YOUNG LADY ABOUT EIGHT FEET IN HEIGHT, WHO AFTERWARD BECAME KNOWN AS BARE. I ARRANGED WITH THE BRITISH INDIA STEAMSHIP COMPANY TO TAKE BARE FROM RAJCOON TO SINGAPORE, WHEN WE HOSTED HER ABOARD SHE TRUMPETED PLENTY OF DISPLEASURE. SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT A BIT!



MY SINGAPORE COMPOUND BARE ADJUSTED HERSELF TO CAPTIVITY REASONABLY WELL. SHE SHARED HER TEMPORARY HOME WITH FOUR SMALLER ELEPHANTS, WHICH I HAD OBTAINED SOME MONTHS BEFORE IN SIAM. ALL GAVE HER A SHORT DAILY TRAINING PERIOD TO PREPARE HER FOR HER CAREER...



SOON, WE WERE AT THE DOCK, LOADING FOR AMERICA. AS I PREPARED TO CLIP THE HARNESS AROUND HER, BARE GRABBED ME WITH HER TRUNK AND...



WITH LITTLE LUCK, I MIGHT HAVE SUFFERED A BROKEN BACK OR SNAPPED MY SPINE. BUT FORTUNATELY, I WAS NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED.



AS I GOT TO MY FEET, BARE HAVING SHAKEN HERSELF LOOSE FROM THE ROPE THAT HAD HELD HER AND LEG, CAME RUNNING FORWARD. WHEN SHE REACHED THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOUR FOOT FLAYSHE, THE IMPACT OF HER FORWARD RUSH SNAPPED THE CHAIN ON HER FORE-LEGS, NINE OR TEN FEET OF IT REMAINING FASTENED TO THE FOOT. BARE PICKED UP THE CHAIN WITH HER TRUNK AND WHIPPED IT AROUND LIKE A BIG BULL WHIP.



THE WHYLING CHAIN WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND MY FOOT AND BARE CONTINUED RUNNING, DRAGGING ME ON ONE KNEE ACROSS THE GRASS. AFTER SHE HAD DRAGGED ME SOME SIXTY FEET, MY TWO KOREAN BOYS MANAGED TO STOP HER BY JABBING THEIR HOOKS IN HER TRUNK AND FOREHEAD.



**T**HE FLESH WAS OFF MY KNEE AND I WAS A WRECK, HARDLY ABLE TO STAND WHEN I WAS RELEASED FROM THE CHAIN THAT HAD BOUND ME TO THE ELEPHANT. WHAT MADE IT ALL THE WORSE, THOUGH, WAS THAT ABOVE ALL THE NOISE, I HEARD THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP SHOUT, "I THOUGHT YOU KNEW YOUR BUSINESS."



**T**HE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN ANYTHING BUT HELPFUL DURING THE WHOLE PROCESS. HE HAD EVEN LAUGHED WHEN BASE HAD THROWN ME. BIG JOKE THAT WAS! HE GAVE ME JUST FIVE MINUTES TO GET ON BOARD OR HE WOULD HAVE LEFT WITHOUT ME. HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET OUT ON THE HIGH TIDE, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. I WAS LICKED...

TAKE HER BACK TO THE COMPOUND. ALL I'LL SEND A WIRE-LESS TO YOU WITH INSTRUCTIONS.



**I** WIRED ALL INSTRUCTIONS TO HAVE MY CARPENTER BUILD A CRATE AROUND BASE AND HAVE HER PUT ABOARD THE "PRESIDENT CLEVELAND," SOON DUE IN SINGAPORE. THEN I WIRED A FRIEND OF MINE, BILL MORRIS, MATE OF THE "CLEVELAND," WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR BASE'S CARE. OUR NEXT STOP WAS MANILA...



**T**HE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP ON WHICH I WAS SAILING WAS THE MOST MISERABLE I HAVE EVER RUN ACROSS. I HAD ORDERED HIM FOR THE OTHER ELEPHANTS FAR AHEAD OF TIME, BUT...

CAPTAIN, MY HAY WAS NOT YET ARRIVED. I HOPE YOU WILL GIVE ME TIME TO GET SOME IN.

NOT ONE MINUTE! WHEN THIS SHIP IS DUE TO SAIL, SHE'S GOING TO SAIL!



**W**ITHOUT THE ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF HAY, MY ELEPHANTS WOULD BE WITHOUT FOOD NEAR THE END OF THE TRIP. DURING THE VOYAGE, I HAD BECOME VERY FRIENDLY WITH THE ENGINEER AND I TOLD HIM MY TROUBLES...

I CAN'T LOSE THOSE ELEPHANTS! AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

BUCK, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY WORK!



# KING COBRA

**O**F ALL THE CREATURES THAT DWELL IN THE JUNGLES OF ASIA, THE KING COBRA IS THE MOST VICIOUS AND THE ONLY ONE THAT WILL ATTACK WITHOUT PROVOCATION...



**I**F SOMEONE OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK WANTED ME TO OBTAIN A KING COBRA FOR THE REPTILE HOUSE, FOR A LONG TIME I HAD BEEN TRYING TO FILL THAT ORDER WITH NO SUCCESS. THEN ONE DAY, IN NORTHERN JOHORE, AN OLD SAKAL\* CAME TO ME WITH A SNAKE HE WANTED TO SELL...



\*SALAK JUNGLE MAN, SEE SECTION AND UNCLIPPED

**T**HE OLD MAN SET HIS BOX ON THE GROUND AND LIFTED THE LID CAUTIOUSLY. INSIDE WAS THE LARGEST KING COBRA I HAD EVER SEEN. I CLOSED THE DEAL AT ONCE AND PAID THE OLD MAN HIS PRICE—TEN DOLLARS...



**I**N SINGAPORE, I ORDERED A BRAND NEW BOX, TWO CHINESE BOYS WERE HELPING ME. I SENT ONE OF THE BOYS FOR THE OLD BOX. AS HE APPROACHED, HE STUMBLER, JARRING THE BOX SUFFICIENTLY TO CAUSE THE ROTTEN BOTTOM TO FALL OUT, THE DEADLY COBRA WITH IT...



THE KING COBRA RIGHTED ITSELF, REARED ITS HEAD THREE FEET, AND SPREAD ITS GREENISH BROWN HOOD. THEN IT SAW ME...



DISTINCTLY, I JUMPED BACKWARDS. THERE WASN'T FOR TO GO, AS I MADE MY BRISK RETREAT THE BARBS STRUCK, MISSING MY LEG BY ONLY AN INCH OR TWO...



I WAS TRAPPED. I SUFFERED MORE FROM PLAIN ORDINARY FRIGHT AT THAT MOMENT THAN AT ANY TIME IN ALL MY LONG CAREER OF ADVENTURE. I FLATTENED MYSELF AGAINST THE GRID, GRIMLY BITING THE KILLER THAT LAY ALMOST AT MY FEET. THE EXPRESSIONLESS EYES LOOKING AT ME'S GAVE ME A COLD AND CLAMMY FEELING. I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE THIS WAY. I SLOWLY SLIPPED OFF MY WHITE COAT...



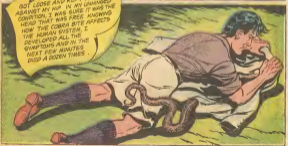
**AS** THE COBRA STRUCK AGAIN, I HELD THE COAT IN FRONT OF ME AND LUNGED FORWARD...



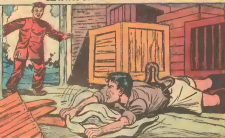
**I** HIT THE GROUND WITH A BANG, THE COBRA'S WRIGGLING BODY UNDER ME. I PRESSED HARD, HOPING TO GO WRENTH IT DOWN THAT IT COULD DO NOTHING WITH THOSE MURDEROUS FANGS. THEN I SCREAMED LIKE A LUNATIC FOR THE BOYS...



**P**ART OF THE SNAKE GOT LOOSE AND KEPT HITTING AGAINST MY HIP. IN MY LIMBERED CONDITION, I WAS SURE IT WAS THE HEAD THAT WAS FREE. KNOWING HOW THE COBRA BITE AFFECTS THE HUMAN SYSTEM, I DEVELOPED ALL THE SYMPTOMS AND IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES DIED A DOZEN TIMES.



**I** YELLED LIKE MAD AS MY AND ONE OF THE CHINESE LADS APPEARED. HE WAS CALM AND INTELLIGENT. I TOLD HIM TO TIGHTEN THE COAT THAT I WAS HOLDING OVER THE SNAKE'S HEAD...



**I** CAUTIOUSLY RAISED UP A BIT, HE SLID HIS HAND UNDERNEATH ME AND GRABBED THE SNAKE BEHIND THE HEAD. THEN HE BEGAN TWISTING MY COAT OVER THE COBRAS MOUTH, HEAD AND NECK UNTIL IT WAS HELPLESS...



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, THE KING COBRAS THAT I HAD ALMOST KILLED BE HAD PROPPED INTO HIS NEW BOX. I SHALL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO THE LITTLE CHINESE BOY WHO CAME TO MY RESCUE. WHEN I LATER PRESENTED HIM WITH A WREST WATCH AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION, YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT I WAS HANDING HIM A MILLION DOLLARS.



**DR. BYRNE** WAS DELIGHTED WITH HIS GIANT KING COBRAS. IT WAS THE PRIZE EXHIBIT OF THE REPTILE HOUSE UNTIL 1929, WHEN IT DIED. BUT THE BIG KING COBRAS MAY STILL BE SEEN MOUNTED IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NEW YORK CITY...



**I** WANT TO MAKE A PLEA FOR THE REALISTIC ATTITUDE TOWARD WILD ANIMALS. THE JUNGLE IS A PLACE OF WONDERS AND IS NO LESS IMPRESSIVE IF WE SEE IT AS IT IS. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO ENDOW WILD CREATURES WITH FANTASTIC VIRTUES THEY DO NOT POSSESS. LIFE IN THE JUNGLE IS A FIGHT-FOR-ALL-RIGHT, NO FOULS RECOGNIZED, NO WEIGHT LIMITS. FOR THIS REASON, IT IS THE GREATEST STRUGGLE IN THE WORLD, THE MOST STIRRING OF ALL BATTLES FOR EXISTENCE.

**THE END**

# FRANK BUCK

**M**ORE THAN that of any other person, the name of Frank Buck is associated with the collecting of live wild animals. In more than twenty-five years, Frank Buck captured or obtained through purchase thousands of live specimens of wild animals and birds from all the far corners of the world. Included in the list of wild animals he brought back alive are: 3,000 monkeys of different varieties, 100 gibbon apes, over 50 orang-utans, 50 elephants, 60 tigers, over 60 leopards of different types, 20 hyenas, 20 tapirs, 120 antelope and deer, 2 giraffes, 11 snakes, 90 pythons, 10 king cobras, 5 Indian rhinoceroses, many lizards and crocodiles, over 500 smaller animals of different species, and more than 100,000 birds of all types. In addition to his collecting, Buck wrote seven books, many magazine articles, and produced five motion pictures about his adventures in exploring and animal collecting.

Frank Buck was born in Gainesville, Texas on March 17, 1884. When he was five years old, the Buck family moved to Dallas, Texas. In school, Frank was more interested in geography than in any other subject. It was in elementary school that he first read and learned about places like India and Malaya, although he then had no expectation of ever going to those far-off places. Even as a school boy he began collecting small wild animals and birds. He was especially fond of birds then, and his love for them remained constant throughout his life.

While Frank was still a young boy, he and his elder brother Walter decided to start a ranch. They managed to purchase a few calves and to rent a piece of grazing land from a neighboring rancher. They would have been successful, too, except for the fact that they decided also to raise some hogs at the same time. The hogs ate so much the boys had to borrow heavily to feed them. Then the hogs died of cholera and the Buck brothers found it necessary to sell their cattle



to pay off their debts. The venture, of course, was a complete business failure.

Frank Buck left school at the end of the seventh grade.

While he was still in his early teens, he got a job as a ranch hand. After a while, he became a cowpuncher. One of

his jobs as cowpuncher was to accompany the cattle by rail to Chicago. At Chicago, Buck quit his job and set out on his own. He did many different types of work until 1911. Having saved up the sum of \$3,500, he went to Bahia in Brazil. There he saw many birds that he thought could be disposed of in New York. He bought a collection. When he returned to New York, Buck sold all of the birds immediately at a good profit. He continued to collect and sell birds for some time thereafter, extending his markets by taking some of the collections to London and disposing of them there.

In time, Buck added small animals to his collections. Finally, he began buying and collecting large wild animals, supplying zoos, dealers and circuses. So extensive did his enterprise eventually become, he established permanent headquarters in Singapore, Malaya. Buck carried on his operations in this manner for eighteen years. Then his business investments collapsed and he found himself practically penniless. For many people, such a reverse would have spelled disaster. But Buck borrowed \$6,000 and started all over, building a new, thriving business out of the ruins of the old.

Buck's first book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," was published in 1930. From that time on, he spent more and more time writing his stories of true jungle adventure, producing and appearing in motion pictures based on his experiences, lecturing on platform and radio, and operating his own private zoo at Amityville, Long Island.

After a life of thrills and adventure equaled by only a very few other men, Frank Buck died on March 26, 1959, just nine days after his sixty-sixth birthday.

Great Lives  
**MATHEW BRADY**  
Photographer of the Civil War



Brady and his "Whatnot Wagon!" they shouted.

"Come to take our pictures?" they called at the man in the long white coat. Mathew Brady smiled, for surely he had. But his pictures were usually not the type to send home to wives and sweethearts. It was not for profit that Brady had come to the battlefield. He had come to record the history that was being made there.

Though photography was still in its early stages of development during the 1860's, it was not new to Mathew Brady. Twenty years earlier, at the age of sixteen, while a clerk in a New York store, Brady had come for instruction to Samuel Morse. Morse taught young Brady what he had learned from the French inventor, Daguerre.

After three years of work and study, Brady opened his first Daguerrotype Gallery on Broadway. As his skill improved, so his reputation spread. Many famous people came before his lenses, from Edgar Allan Poe to the Prince of Wales. Brady's folio, "A Gallery of Illustrious Americans," brought him even wider recognition.

When the Civil War broke out, Brady had a second gallery in Washington. But with the eyes of an historian, he turned from photographing the fashionable to taking pictures of war. He reasoned that recording the war in pictures might easily be accomplished . . . with government financial backing. He visited President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton. But they had no time for pictures. Brady was given permission to go into the

war zone and work at his own expense, however.

As the Union troops marched gaily to Bull Run, expecting a quick and easy victory, Brady was with them. He was still with them when they met defeat and returned to Washington in confused retreat. Brady's pictures of Bull Run helped to dispel the North's foolish optimism of a short war.

With an assistant, Brady gathered crews and equipment to send into the field. He hoped to meet the cost of this with the profits from his galleries. With the spring Peninsula Campaign, Brady drove his "Whatnot Wagon" to the front. Disregarding Confederate cannon, he coolly took his pictures. In the often sweltering darkroom, he worked in haste to develop his plates, capturing the scenes that thundered outside.

Amid mounting expenses, Brady's twenty camera crews followed the Union Armies. Gallery profits fell far short of paying all the bills, but Brady's faith was unshaken.

Battle after battle followed. Then came Gettysburg. Brady's camera focused on the smoke and fury, often as Union guns smashed the brave side of the South. Then came the end. Two days after the surrender at Appomattox, Brady took Lee's portrait in Richmond . . . a fitting climax to the four years of struggle which had cost Brady one hundred thousand dollars.

Then financial tragedy struck. With the coming of peace, no one cared for pictures of war. A bankrupt man, Brady watched as the War Department took a set of his negatives and his suppliers took another set to settle his accounts.

Bitter and neglected, the once famous Brady of Broadway died in poverty. Little knowing that one day the nation would hold him in gratitude. For today, the pictures are part of our National Archives, preserved as Mathew Brady had hoped, so that all Americans may see the reality of the War Between the States.

# AMERICAN PRESIDENTS

## An Incident in the Life of Ulysses S. Grant

**E**ARLY IN SEPTEMBER, 1845, the Fourth Infantry Regiment, United States Army, was ordered to move from New Orleans, Louisiana, to Corpus Christi, Texas. A short time before, Congress had passed a bill calling for the annexation of Texas and President Tyler had signed the bill. War with Mexico seemed imminent. The Fourth Infantry was sent to protect the Americans living in Texas. Among the officers with the Fourth Infantry was Lt. Ulysses S. Grant, a graduate of West Point Military Academy.

Grant had already established himself as a tough, hard-living, outspoken man. In a short space of time, he had made many enemies among his superior officers. He had seen classmates of his promoted to higher rank, while his rank remained unchanged. In spite of his disappointment, Grant refused to change his ways. He was heartily disliked by both officers and enlisted men.

The Fourth Infantry made the trip to Corpus Christi in large sailing vessels. Because there was only three feet of water at the outlet of the bay at Corpus Christi, these vessels could not unload the men and supplies. Small steamers had to meet the large ships at an island called Shell Island, some miles from shore. By the use of pulleys, the men and equipment were transferred from the ships to the steamers. The steamers then came into Corpus Christi Bay.

Grant had been on guard duty for several days at Shell Island. After having been relieved of his detail, he decided to board his ship. This was not in an official capacity, but merely to obtain some personal belongings.



As he boarded the ship, he heard a tremendous racket at the other end of the ship.

In a moment, the captain, an excitable little man dying from consumption, came running out. He was carrying a sword nearly as large and as heavy as himself. He was screaming that his men had mutinied. Grant knew that

the story of a mutiny was a lie, and existed only in the mind of a very weak and dying man. But Grant had been trained at West Point, where blind obedience is stressed above all else.

As an officer, he felt that it was necessary to sustain the captain without question. In a few minutes, all the sailors charged with mutiny were in irons. Not one of them had resisted Grant, but he could read the glowing hate in the eyes of those so wrongly accused.

Shortly afterwards, as Grant was about to leave the ship via the pulley system for the steamer alongside, his foot became entangled in one of the ropes. He lost his balance and plunged into the water, twenty-five feet below.

When he came to the surface, he began swimming around the side of the ship. He looked up and saw the sailors lining the rail. Would they rescue him, after he had put their friends in irons? He felt that the men had a right to hate him. But even as he swam in the water, Grant believed that there had been no other course for him to follow.

The sailors threw a bucket with a pull rope attached to it toward Grant. And so, the man who was later to become President of the United States was ingloriously hauled back up to the ship's deck.





# STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

## A Volcano Changes the Course of History

**E**VERYONE KNOWS the important part the Panama Canal plays in our everyday national well-being. But how many of us know that if a volcano had not erupted in Nicaragua at just the right moment, the canal would probably have been built in Nicaragua instead of Panama?

For four hundred years, rulers and financiers had been thinking about building a canal joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Its narrowness and its big, central lake, made Nicaragua, in Central America, the most likely spot for successful canal construction.

The first to think of a canal were King Ferdinand of Spain and his son Philip. The king favored Panama as the location of a canal while Philip favored Nicaragua. However, their project never got past the thinking stage.

The Nicaraguan project was considered by the United States in 1853, but the idea was abandoned. Holland and England made plans which also were discarded. In 1849, Cornelius Vanderbilt organized a company to construct a canal. But the company gave up operations after \$1,000,000 had been spent and lost.

Then followed the French attempt. This project was headed by the famous builder of the Suez Canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1883, after having spent \$200,000,000, the company went bankrupt. Only one-third of the job had been completed.

One of de Lesseps' employees had been Philippe Bunau-Varilla, his chief engineer. Bunau-Varilla returned to France, convinced that the canal could be built. Meanwhile, there was quite a bit of feeling in this country that the United States should build a canal. The question was where... Nicaragua or Panama? The advantages were all in Nicaragua's favor because: (1) A new company

had been formed in France and was asking \$109,000,000 for its rights to the Panama site; (2) Panama was infested with Yellow Fever; (3) A big lake, centrally located, would make the Nicaraguan project so much easier; (4) Panama was under the rule of Colombia and any agreement between Panama and the United States would have to be cleared by Colombia.

Meanwhile, Bunau-Varilla had become interested in the new French canal company which was willing to sell its rights to the United States. With the aid of influential friends here and in France, he was able to overcome the obstacles which the Panama project presented.

An American commission examined the French company's assets and found them to be worth only \$40,000,000 instead of the \$109,000,000 the French were asking. The lower price was agreed to by the French. As for the Yellow Fever, the United States had great scientists and everyone felt they would come up with a solution to

this serious problem (as Walter Reed and his associates did). As for the lake in Nicaragua, why, the Panama project was already one-third completed.

Then, as the United States Senate prepared to debate the issue, Bunau-Varilla played his trump card. He showed that Nicaragua was a country of volcanoes. Why, even one of their postage stamps showed a volcano erupting. Wouldn't it be dangerous to build a canal where a volcano might destroy it at any time? And Nature came to the French engineer's assistance. On the very eve of the debate, the volcano whose picture was on the stamp (Mt. Momotombo) erupted.

The senators were sufficiently impressed. In 1903 they passed the Spooner Act, authorizing the building of a canal in Panama.



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