

CLASSICS

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No. 140 15¢

ON JUNGLE TRAILS

Frank Buck



COMING NEXT



IN 1307, the Scots were in the midst of a bloody struggle to free themselves from England. Among the possessions in dispute was Douglas Castle. It belonged to the Scotman, James Douglas, but was held by force by an English garrison under the command of Sir John de Walton.

James Douglas was so determined to regain his castle as de Walton was to hold it. Only one of these two gallant men could triumph in the battle for the dangerous castle.

Be sure to read

CASTLE DANGEROUS

by Sir Walter Scott

BEST IN

CLASSICS *Illustrated*

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WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Help your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from **CLUE I**, your score is superior; from **CLUE II**—excellent; from **CLUE III**—very good; from **CLUE IV**—good; from **CLUE V**—fair. If after **CLUE V** you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: My home was a bottle. My master was the devil himself.

CLUE II: I had the power to grant any wish to whoever owned me. But the only way my owner could free himself of my company was to sell me for less than he paid for me. If he dealt with me in his possession, his soul belonged to the devil.

CLUE III: One day I was bought for \$50 by a Norwegian sailor named Krone, who wanted a beautiful house. I granted him his house; then he told me that come how later, he developed leprosy and he bought me again to wish the dreadful disease away so he could marry.

CLUE IV: I saved Krone and he was able to marry his love. But he had no happiness. He had paid two cents for me. He had to sell me for one cent, or he was doomed to die with me in his possession. He couldn't find a buyer, until his wife discovered there was an island where they had captured a cow worth one-fifth of a cent.

CLUE V: Even on this island, no one would buy me. Finally, Krone's wife in order to save him, bought me without his knowing it. When he discovered this, he had someone buy me back from her for two cents. Then Krone would buy me for one cent and he was doomed. What eventually happened to Krone and to me, is told in the gripping story by Robert Louis Stevenson which bears my name.

491 ILLUSTRATED

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ON JUNGLE TRAILS

Frank Buck



*FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, I
HAVE BEEN EXPLORING THE
JUNGLE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD FOR
WILD ANIMALS—NOT FOR THE FUN OF
SHOOTING THEM, BUT TO CAPTURE THEM
AND BRING THEM ALIVE TO AMERICA.
THAT I CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE
MAN WHO "BRINGS 'EM BACK ALIVE."*

EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED IN WILD LIFE AS A YOUNGSTER IN TEXAS

I WOULD RATHER WATCH THESE BIRDS AND ANIMALS THAN DO ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD.



MY FIRST MONEY FROM THE ANIMAL BUSINESS WAS MADE WHEN I WAS STILL A BOY

IT SAYS HERE THAT A MAN IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, WANTS TO BUY RATTLESNAKES

HE PROBABLY WANTS TO USE RATTLESNAKE OIL TO MAKE MEDICINE FOR RHEUMATISM



I PROMPTLY WROTE TO THE MAN, AND HE SENT ME A STANDING ORDER

ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF SNAKES FOR ROCHESTER? ISN'T THERE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE POCKET MONEY?

MAYBE, BUT THIS IS EXCITING WHEN I GROW UP, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A CAREER OF TRAPPING ANIMALS



WHEN MY SCHOOL DAYS WERE OVER, I MADE A TRIP TO THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA

I KNOW I CAN MAKE A LIVING BY COLLECTING BIRDS AND ANIMALS AND SELLING THEM TO PEOPLE AND TO ZOOS



HAVING DECIDED THIS, I CHOSE ASIA AS THE BEST PLACE FOR MY WORK. IN TIME, I DISCOVERED THAT JUNGLE EXPEDITIONS USUALLY TAKE EIGHT OR NINE MONTHS. ON EACH EXPEDITION, IN ORDER TO KEEP SAFELY THE WILD ANIMALS I CAPTURED OR BOUGHT, I SET UP A CENTRAL CAMP. I USUALLY BUILT IT IN NORTHERN JOHORE, IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.



MAKING A CAMP IN THE DEEP JUNGLES OF JOHORE PRESENTED MANY PROBLEMS. EVERYTHING HAD TO BE CARRIED IN BY ELEPHANTS.



THE IDEAL CAMP SITE HAD TO HAVE WATER.

HERE IS A GOOD, FREE-FLOWING STREAM.



AND IT HAD TO HAVE SHADE FROM THE TROPICAL SUN, AND IT HAD TO BE ON HIGH GROUND.

THIS SHOULD DO HERE. WE WON'T BE FLOODED WHEN TROPICAL RAINS FALL.



WHEN THE SITE WAS FOUND, THE SUPPLIES WERE UNLOADED AND THE TASK OF BUILDING THE CAMP BEGAN. I MARKED THE OUTLINE, USUALLY THIRTY BY ONE HUNDRED FEET.

DIG POST HOLES AT THE CORNERS AND ALONG THE SIDES.



LOGS WERE CUT FROM THE JUNGLE TREES AND SUNK INTO THE POST HOLES. OTHER LOGS WERE SECURELY ROPED TO THEM WITH A STRONG WIRE CALLED RATTAN.



WHEN THE WALLS WERE COMPLETE, WE PUT BIG LEAVES OF THE NIPA PALM ON A FRAMEWORK OF THIN BRANCHES WHEREVER WE WANTED A SOLID, WATERPROOF ROOF.



THEN

BRING IT OVER HERE!



WITH EXPANDED METAL, I BUILT A STRONG CAGE AROUND MY SLEEPING QUARTERS.

I WANT TO FIND WILD ANIMALS, BUT NOT WHILE I AM IN BED.



I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU OF AN AVERAGE DAY AT MY CAMP IN THE JUNGLE WITH THE FIRST BEAM OF SUNLIGHT, THE WHOLE JUNGLE WAKES-- AND I WAKE WITH IT!



ALl, MY CHIEF ASSISTANT, WAS WAITING WITH A BOWL OF WATER FOR A WASH.



AFTER BREAKFAST, I WAS READY FOR WORK.

COME ON THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS ARE WAITING TO BE FED.



WE WENT TO THE CAGES WHICH HELD THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS I TRAPPED DURING THE EXPEDITION FOR THE BIG CATS, THERE WERE CHICKENS AND A QUARTER OF WATER BUFFALO MEAT.



FOR THE MONKEYS, THERE WERE JUNGLE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.



FOR THE BIRDS, THERE WAS A SPECIAL DIET OF GROUND-UP GRAM, EGGS AND WATERCRESS.



AFTER THE FEEDING, THE CAGES WERE CLEANED. THEN WE SET OUT TO INSPECT THE SNARES AND TRAPS I LAID



THAT LEOPARD IS THE PRIZE CATCH OF THE DAY

WE PUT THE ANIMALS WE CAUGHT INTO A BOX ON BAGS AND TOOK THEM BACK TO CAMP WHERE A CAGE WAS WAITING FOR THEM



BEFORE WE KNEW IT, THE DAY WAS NEARLY GONE AND IT WAS TIME TO FEED THE ANIMALS AGAIN. BUT



WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE MONKEYS?

I LOOKED ACROSS THE CAMP



THE PYTHON IS GETTING OUT!



ALL! ALL!

COIL AFTER COIL OF THE GREAT SNAKE
SLID OUT OF THE BOX I COILED,
WAITING FOR AN OPENING



I LUNGED FORWARD AND CAUGHT THE
SNAKE BY THE NECK SO HE COULDN'T
BITE ME



SLOWLY BUT SURELY WE PUSHED HIM
BACK INTO THE BOX



IT WAS AN EXCITING DAY WHEN THE
TROPICAL NIGHT CREEPT UP ON US, I WAS
READY FOR BED I FELL ASLEEP IN A
JUNGLE WASHED IN WHITE
MALAYAN MOONLIGHT



I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BRING MANY ANIMALS BACK ALIVE FOR ZOO'S AND CIRCUSES BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO BRING THE JUNGLE JACK ALIVE. SO BEFORE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE ANIMALS THAT LIVE THERE, I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE JUNGLE.



THE JUNGLE IS ALWAYS DARK AND DIM THAT IS BECAUSE IT HAS FOUR LAYERS OF GROWTH THE FIRST IS JUNGLE GRASS, WITH EDGES AS SHARP AS KNIFE BLADES.



ABOVE THIS GRASS RISE BUSHES—THICK AND CLOSE TOGETHER.



THEN COME THE SMALLER OF THE JUNGLE TREES, WITH LARGE LEAVES WHICH HELP SHUT OUT THE SUN.



ABOVE THESE SMALLER TREES ARE GREAT ONES THAT SHOOT ONE HUNDRED OR TWO HUNDRED FEET TOWARD THE SKY THEIR BRANCHES TWINE TOGETHER, MAKING A SORT OF TENT OVER EVERYTHING BELOW.



TO COMPLETE THE PICTURE, ALL THE BUSHES AND ALL THE SMALL AND LARGE TREES ARE BOUND TOGETHER BY VINES AND CREEPERS SO THAT YOU NEED A BIG TWO-FOOT KNIFE TO CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH.



IN THIS JUNGLE LIVE ALL MANNER OF WILD AND BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS AND BIRDS. ONCE, WHEN I HAD JUST FINISHED SETTING UP MY FIRST JUNGLE CAMP

COME, ALI! LET'S TAKE A WALK UP THIS TRAIL.



THE FIRST THING WE SAW WAS AN ARMY OF MARCHING RED ANTS

THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED MILLION OF THEM



HERE COMES A SCALY ANTEATER, JUST IN TIME FOR HIS DINNER



ALI AND I CONTINUED OUR WALK. WE SAW AN ARGUS PHEASANT STUTTING BEFORE HIS MATE



THEN WE SAW A HORNBILL TEARING AWAY THE SID WALLS OF HIS NEST



THAT MEANS
THE EGG HAS
BEEN HATCHED



LOOK, THERE'S
THE BABY
NOW!



WE STARTED BACK TO CAMP
ON THE WAY

SEE THE RAFFAZZI
SCQUIRELS. HOW
BEAUTIFUL
THEY ARE!



THEY HAVE PLENTY OF
FOOD AND READY-MADE
HOMES IN THE FORKS OF
TREES. WHAT AN EASY
LIFE THEY LEAD!

YES, JIMMY,
IF LEOPARD
NOT EAT THEM



ONLY THE STRONGEST SURVIVE. THAT'S THE
LAW OF THE JUNGLE. ALL IT'S THE SAME
FOR ANTS AND HORNBILLS AND SCQUIRELS
EVEN THE LORDLY TIGER SLINKS AWAY IN
FEAR OF THE HIGHTER ELEPHANT

IT IS TRUE THE ELEPHANT IS THE MOST POWERFUL CREATURE IN THE JUNGLE HE IS MASTER OF THE LAND WHERE HE LIVES



ON ONE OF MY EXPEDITIONS, I HAD AN ORDER FOR TWO HUSKY MALE ELEPHANTS IT TOOK ME FIFTY MILES INTO THE INTERIOR OF CEYLON

TO GET TWO ELEPHANTS, I WILL HAVE TO CAPTURE A WHOLE HERD ALL TAKE SOME SCOUTS AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A HERD IN THIS AREA.



THE SCOUTS SET OUT, AND THE REST OF US BEGAN TO BUILD AN EIGHT ACRE KRAAL, OR PEN, IN WHICH TO TRAP THE ELEPHANTS



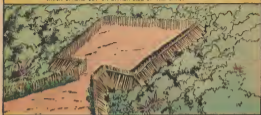
WE USED TAME WORK ELEPHANTS TO MOVE THE GREAT LOGS WE NEEDED



THESE LOGS, FIFTEEN FEET HIGH WERE SET EIGHTEEN INCHES APART AROUND THE WHOLE EIGHT ACRES



AFTER THE KRAL WAS FINISHED, WE BALT FLAME FENCES, FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG, WHICH SPREAD OUT ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GATE.



IT TOOK TWO MONTHS TO GET EVERYTHING DONE. THEN THERE WAS A FINAL TEST.

ALL RIGHT, TAKE HER IN.



NOW!



THE ELEPHANT CHARGED



AGAIN AND AGAIN IT HURLED ITS FIVE TONS AGAINST THE FENCE

ALL RIGHT THE FENCE WILL HOLD.



MEANWHILE, THE SCOUTS HAD FOUND A HERD AND WERE SLOWLY WORKING IT TOWARD THE KRIAL



WHEN IT WAS FOUR MILES AWAY, I SET OUT WITH SOME NATIVES

WE MUST CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND THE ELEPHANTS CAREFULLY THEY WILL STAMPEDE IF WE GET TOO CLOSE



SOON I CAUGHT MY FIRST GLIMPE OF THE ELEPHANTS

THERE ARE TWENTY-TWO OF THEM, AND THERE ARE TWO HUSKY, YOUNG MALES—EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!



SOON

THE HERD IS APPROACHING
THE ENDS OF THE FLANGE
FENCES. GET READY!

**I RAISED MY REVOLVER IN THE AIR AND
FIRED**

AT THE SIGNAL, A GREAT DIN BROKE OUT. THE NATIVES SHOUTED AND POUNDED ON DRUMS. I KEPT FIRING AS FAST AS I COULD, AND THE STARTLED ELEPHANTS RAN AWAY FROM THE NOISE, STRAIGHT TOWARD THE KRUAL GATE.



THEY EXPLODED THROUGH THE GATE LIKE A GRAY EXPRESS TRAIN



THEN

LIGHT
THE FIRES!



GREAT PILES OF BRUSHWOOD ON EITHER
SIDE OF THE GATE WERE IGNITED.



WITH THE FIRE KEEPING BACK THE MADDENED HERD, WE CLOSED THE GATE. I HAD CAPTURED TWENTY-TWO FIGHTING, SAUCE ELEPHANTS



FOR A FEW MINUTES, THEY CIRCLED MADLY AROUND THE KRAAL



THEN, LOWERING THEIR HEADS, THEY CHARGED THE LOG FENCE



THE LOSS WITHSTOOD THE ATTACK

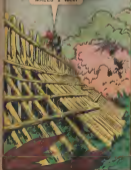


SOON

THEY SEEM TO REALIZE
THERE IS NO ESCAPE
THEY ARE CALMING DOWN.



WELL, I'VE GOT THE HEAD
ALL RIGHT BUT NOW I'VE
GOT TO SEPARATE THE TWO
MALES I WANT



**EVEN THE MOST EXPERT ELEPHANT MEN
COULD NOT POSSIBLY APPROACH THE
WILD ELEPHANTS ON FOOT. THEY WOULD BE
TRAMPLED TO DEATH. SO THE FINE WORK
ELEPHANTS CAME TO MY AID.**



THEY CAME UP, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF ONE OF THE BULLS I HAD PICKED OUT.



USING THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST HIS SIDES, THEY HELD HIM MOTIONLESS UNTIL TWO OTHER TAME ELEPHANTS CAME UP AT HIS HEAD AND TAIL.



HE WAS HEMMED IN BY A WALL OF SOLID ELEPHANTS THEN THE MEN SLID DOWN AND MANAGED TO GET HOOSES AROUND HIS LEGS AND BODY.



THE HOSES WERE BROUGHT UP OVER THE NECKS OF THE TWO TAME ELEPHANTS ON EACH SIDE.



LASHED FIRMLY BETWEEN THE ELEPHANTS, THE YOUNG BULL WAS MARCHED OUT OF THE SERIAL AND INTO A TRAINING CAGE WHERE HE COULD BE TAMED.



WE REPEATED THE PROCESS WITH THE OTHER MILLS I WANTED, THEN I HAD A PLEASANT TASK.

ALL RIGHT, OPEN THE GATE!



THE GATE WAS OPENED THE ELEPHANTS, SCENTING FREEDOM, LIFTED THEIR TRUNKS AND TRUMPETING LOUDLY, THUNDERED BACK INTO THE JUNGLE!





I WENT TO SEE AT LEAST A DOZEN SMALL ELEPHANTS, BUT NONE WERE SMALL ENOUGH. I HAD JUST GIVEN UP WHEN

YOU BUY TWO FIVE HORNILLS?

LET'S SEE THEM



ALL RIGHT WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE?

A LIZARD, TUAN.



I'LL BUY THE LIZARD AND THE HORNILLS WOULD YOU LIKE TOBACCO FOR THEM?

YES, TUAN



I GAVE THE OLD MAN HIS TOBACCO AND HE WENT OFF HAPPILY. AT THE EDGE OF THE TREES HE PAUSED

HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY FOR GAJAH KECIL?

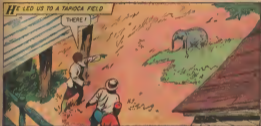




FINALLY WE REACHED THE OLD MAN'S VILLAGE



HE LED US TO A TAPIOCA FIELD



THAT'S THE SMALLEST
ELEPHANT I'VE EVER SEEN!



ELEPHANTS ARE MEASURED FROM THE
SHOULDER RATHER THAN FROM THE
HEAD

SHE'S THIRTY-
FOUR INCHES—TWO INCHES
SHORTER THAN THREE FEET!



SHE'S ONLY A BABY, TEN OR
TWELVE DAYS OLD BUT SHE'S
WEAK AND HALF-STARVED



SHE MAY BE DEAD BEFORE MORNING
STILL, I WILL BUY HER I MAY BE
ABLE TO SAVE HER LIFE



SOON I OWNED A BABY ELEPHANT THAT
MIGHT DIE AT ANY MINUTE

WE MUST GET HER TO EAT SOMETHING
IMMEDIATELY SEE IF THERE IS ANY
GOATS' MILK IN THE VILLAGE



ALL FOUND SOME MILK, BUT

SHE WON'T OPEN
HER JAW, FOOLS!



I HAVE AN IDEA. GO TO THE JUNGLE AND CUT A LENGTH OF BAMBOO.



ALI BROUGHT THE BAMBOO, WHICH IS HOLLOW, BUT SOLID AT THE JOINTS. I SHARPENED IT AT THE OPEN END.



WE BOILED SOME RICE TO ADD TO THE MILK.



THEN

ALL RIGHT LET'S TRY TO FEED HER.



AT FIRST THE LITTLE ELEPHANT FOUGHT AGAINST US WITH ALL HER TRY STRENGTH.



ALI FINALLY HAD TO HOLD HER UP WHILE I FORCED THE TUBE INTO HER MOUTH



SHE'S TAKING THE FOOD!

GIVE HER MORE, TOMMY



SHE TOOK THE SECOND FEEDFUL MORE EASILY BY THE TIME WE GOT TO THE THIRD FEEDFUL, SHE ACTUALLY LIKED IT

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW



WE PUT HER TO BED ON A PILE OF SUNNY SACKS



THE NEXT DAY, SHE WAS STRONGER AND HEALTHIER IN EVERY WAY WE LOADED HER ON THE CART AND TOOK HER BACK TO CAMP



ALL DURING THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION, BABY BOO, AS WE NAMED HER, JOE HAPPILY FROM HER BAMBOO TUBE.



WHEN I GOT BACK TO AMERICA

HERE IS YOUR LITTLE ELEPHANT. I'LL REALLY MISS HER.



I SAID GOODBYE TO BABY BOO BY SHAKING HER LITTLE TRUNK.



BABY BOO WENT TO HOLLYWOOD. SHE BECAME QUITE A STAR IN THE MOVIES AND A FAVORITE WITH EVERYONE WHO SAW HER.



THOUGH ELEPHANTS ARE THE MOST FEARED CREATURES IN THE JUNGLE, THE MOST HATED AND FEARED JUNGLE INHABITANTS ARE THE REPTILES



DID YOU EVER THINK OF A CROCODILE AS BEING A REPTILE? WELL, HE IS AND HE IS ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS MEAT-EATERS IN THE WORLD



YOU DON'T THINK OF CROCODILES BUILDING NESTS, BUT THEY DO. THE MOTHER SCRAPES TOGETHER A MASS OF VEGETABLE MATTER WITH HER GREAT TAIL, AND BUILDS A NEST ALONG THE RIVER BANK



IN THE CENTER OF HER NEST, SHE LAYS FROM TWENTY TO NINETY EGGS. THEN SHE FORGETS ALL ABOUT THEM AND SWIMS BACK TO SEA



THE TROPICAL SUN HEATS THE FERMENTING VEGETABLE MATTER AND THIS HEAT HATCHES THE EGGS



BABY CROCODILES ARE ABLE TO FEED AND CARE FOR THEMSELVES IMMEDIATELY THERE IS NOTHING MORE ANNOYING OR HARMLESS THAN A BABY CROCODILE.



BUT THEY GROW ABOUT TWELVE INCHES A YEAR AND SOON DEVELOP INTO FULL-GROWN SAVAGE KILLERS.



THE CROCODILE IS VERY SLY HE DRIFTS GENTLY DOWN A STREAM LOOKING LIKE A DEAD LOG.



WHEN HE IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO ATTACK, HE SWINGS HIS POWERFUL TAIL, IT IS AS HARD AS IRON AND STRIKES A STUNNING BLOW.



HAVING KNOCKED DOWN HIS PREY, THE CROCODILE SEIZES IT IN HIS JAWS AND SWIMS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER. NO WONDER THE NATIVES HATE THIS REPTILE AND KILL HIM WHENEVER THEY CAN.



THERE ARE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE REPTILE FAMILY SUCH AS SHARKS. SOME SHARKS ARE NO LARGER THAN YOUR HAND, WHILE PYTHONS OFTEN MEASURE THIRTY FEET AND WEIGH TWO TO THREE HUNDRED POUNDS.



PYTHONS KILL THEIR PREY BY WRAPPING THEMSELVES AROUND IT AND SQUEEZING IT TO DEATH.



THIS SNAKE CAN SWALLOW A PIG OR AN ANTELOPE WHOLE BECAUSE HIS LOWER JAW BECOMES UNHinged, ALLOWING HIS MOUTH TO OPEN TO THE FULL SIZE OF HIS THROAT. HIS THROAT, BEING MUSCLE, WILL STRETCH TO ALLOW A LARGE ANIMAL TO PASS THROUGH.



TO AID IN SWALLOWING, THE PYTHON HAS ROWS OF SHARP, TRIANGULAR TEETH WHICH POINT BACKWARD AND FORCE FOOD INTO HIS THROAT.



I HAVE HAD FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE WITH THOSE TEETH ONE DAY IN THE JUNGLE. I CAME ACROSS A NATIVE TRAP WITH A LITTLE MOUSE DEER INSIDE.



HOLD MY RIFLE, ALI I WANT TO LET THIS LITTLE CREATURE GO.

I RELEASED THE ANIMAL AND WAS WITHDRAWING MY ARM WHEN SOMETHING STRUCK IT WITH THE FORCE OF A HAMMER-BLOW.



THERE, FASTENED ON MY ARM, WERE THE BIG JAWS OF A PYTHON!



SWIFT AS LIGHTNING, A GREAT COIL OF SNAKE LOOPEO AROUND MY SHOULDER.

HE CAN CRUSH OUT MY LIFE IN A FEW SECONDS!





OF ALL THE SNAKES IN THE FAR EAST, THE MOST DANGEROUS ARE THE COBRAS. UNLIKE THE PYTHON, WHO KILLS BY CRUSHING, THE COBRA HAS A POISONOUS BITE.



SOME YEARS AGO, I WENT TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, JOE WINTER, NEAR SINGAPORE.

I HEAR YOU HAVE A LOT OF SPITTING COBRAS IN THIS DISTRICT. I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE ONE OR TWO.

YES, WE DO HAVE THEM. BUT BE CAREFUL. THEY CAN SPIT THEIR VENOM AS FAR AS FOUR FEET, YOU KNOW. THEY AIM FOR THE EYES, AND IF THEY HIT, THEY CAN KILL YOU, OR BLIND YOU FOR LIFE.



ONE MORNING, JOE AND I WENT FOR A WALK. JOE'S DOG, BUNKIE, SCAMPERS AHEAD OF US.

BUNKIE HAS FOUND SOMETHING UNDER THAT LOG.



IT'S A SPITTING COBRA!



A SECOND LATER, THE DOG LET OUT A FEARFUL HOWL.

THE SNAKE HAS SPIT IN HIS EYES!



HERE, PUT THESE GLOVES ON AND HOLD HIS PAWS IF HE SCRATCHES HIMSELF, THE POISON WILL GET INTO HIS BLOOD STREAM AND KILL HIM. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SNAKE.



I QUICKLY SENT BACK TO THE HOUSE FOR A NET THEN, PICKING UP A LONG STICK, I ROLLED THE LOG BACK A FEW INCHES.



I THROST THE NET BENEATH THE COBRA'S HEAD.



A PORE OF THE STICK SENT HIM WRITHING INTO IT.



INSTANTLY, I CLOSED THE TOP. I HAD EASILY CAPTURED A RARE SPECIMEN OF SPITTING COBRA.



BACK AT THE PLANTATION HOUSE, I WASHED BURKE'S BLINDED EYES



I'M SORRY, BUT IT SEEMS TO DO NO GOOD. HE SCRATCHED HIS EYES, AND THE POISON MUST HAVE ENTERED HIS BLOOD STREAM



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, JOE, LOSING A FINE DOG LIKE THAT



AND YET DOGS ARE DOGS AND SNAKES ARE SNAKES, AND EACH ACTED IN THE WAY NATURE INTENDED HIM TO ACT



WHEN I RETURNED TO SINGAPORE, I TOOK ALONG MY COBRA AND ADDED HIM TO THE ANIMALS I HAD ASSEMBLED THERE. ONE AFTERNOON I WENT ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION.



AS I PASSED THE ORANG-UTAN'S CAGE



WOULDN'T YOU LOVE TO GRAB ME AND BITE YOUR TEETH IN MY SHOULDER?



NEXT TO THE ORANG-UTAN WAS THE SPITTING COBRA. A WIRE SCREEN COVERED THE BOX BECAUSE A BOARD WOULD HAVE SHUT OUT THE LIGHT, AND A SNAKE MUST HAVE LIGHT TO LIVE.

WHY, ALL HAS FORGOTTEN TO GIVE HIM WATER!



I FOUND AN EMPTY SARDINE CAN TO USE AS A DRINKING CUP

I'LL HAVE TO PRY OPEN A CORNER OF THE WIRE SCREEN TO GET IT IN



PLACING A PIECE OF BURLAP OVER THE TOP OF THE BOX TO PROTECT MYSELF, I WENT TO WORK



SUDDENLY I FELT AS IF BRANDS OF FIRE HAD BEEN PRESSED AGAINST MY EYES I COULD SEE NOTHING



HE SPAT AT ME THROUGH THE OPENING I MADE. IF I DON'T CLOSE IT, HE WILL GET OUT OF THE BOX!



BLINDLY, I STUFFED THE BURLAP INTO THE OPENING.





STEP BY STEP I ADVANCED. I COULD HEAR THE GIANT APE, AND I COULD ALMOST FEEL HIS HAND SINKING INTO MY FLESH.



FINALLY I WAS SAFELY PAST HIM I FUMBLER WITH THE DOOR OF THE SHED AND JERKED IT OPEN.



THE SUNLIGHT STRUCK MY EYES AND THEY BURNED WITH REDDOUBLED FURY



RIDDICK, I HELD MY ARMS AT MY SIDES

IF I SCRATCH AT MY EYES, I'LL FORCE THE VENOM INTO MY BLOOD STREAM AND DIE LIKE BUNKIE DID



YET THE PAIN WAS SO INTENSE THAT I FLEW UP MY ARMS JUST AS ALI RAN UP

NO SCRATCH, TOMMY.



GET ME TO THE HOUSE



WHEN WE GOT THERE, I DROPPED INTO A CHAIR

BRING WARM WATER AND BORIC ACID AND CLOTHS.

YES, TOMMY.



WHILE ALL SENT FOR A DOCTOR, I BATHED MY EYES, WASHING AWAY AS MUCH OF THE POISON AS I COULD WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME



FOR THREE HOURS I SAT THERE, NOT KNOWING IF I WOULD LIVE OR DIE

AND IF I SHOULD LIVE WILL I BE PERMANENTLY BLINDED? WHY I WOULD RATHER DIE!



FINALLY

I SEE A GRAY LIGHT!



GRADUALLY, MY SIGHT RETURNED

SHOULD WE KILL THE COBRA, TUNUP?

NO, IT WAS MY FAULT I LET HIM SPIT IN MY EYES. HE ACTED IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW HOW



THERE ARE MANY DEADLY CREATURES IN THE JUNGLE LIKE THE COBRA, BUT THERE ARE OTHER CREATURES, TOO--GENTLE AND BEAUTIFUL. ONE OF THE FINEST OF THESE IS THE PELANDON, OR MOUSE DEER. HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A REGULAR DEER, EXCEPT THAT HE IS ONLY EIGHT INCHES HIGH.



HE IS SO TINY THAT YOU CAN HOLD HIM ON THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.



THE MOUSE DEER IS PROBABLY THE FASTEST THING ON FOUR FEET IN THE JUNGLE, FOR HIS SIZE.



BUT BECAUSE HE IS SO SMALL, HE IS EASY PREY FOR MANY LARGER ANIMALS.



THE MOUSE DEER IS A SORT OF GOD OR HERO TO THE NATIVES OF MALAYA. THEY TELL STORIES ABOUT HOW HE USES HIS WITS TO ESCAPE HIS ENEMIES. FOR EXAMPLE, THERE IS THE LEGEND OF THE MOUSE DEER WHO WANTED TO CROSS A WIDE RIVER.

I DARE NOT SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER IS FULL OF BRAVE CROCODILES.



KEEPING AT A SAFE DISTANCE ON SHORE, THE MOUSE DEER SPOKE TO ONE OF THE GREAT REPTILES.

HOW DO YOU DO, MASTER CROCODILE?



THE CROCODILE SAW IN THE MOUSE DEER A TASTY SNACK.

COME CLOSER, SO THAT YOU CAN SEE ME BETTER. IT ISN'T EVERY DAY YOU GET A CHANCE TO LOOK AT A KING.



SO YOU ARE THE KING OF THE CROCODILES? HOW MANY SUBJECTS HAVE YOU?

MORE THAN ANY OTHER RULER IN THE JUNGLE.



PROOF ME, BUT I AM CERTAIN THERE ARE MANY MORE MOUSE DEER IN THE JUNGLE THAN THERE ARE CROCODILES.

RIDICULOUS! I'LL SHOW YOU.



MY PEOPLE / COME
TO THE SURFACE
OF THE RIVER!



THOUSANDS OF CROCODILES AT ONCE
APPEARED

THERE, ARE YOU
CONVINCED?

NO I SHALL NOT BE
SATISFIED UNTIL I
COUNT THEM, YOUR
HIGHNESS WOULD YOU
BE GOOD ENOUGH TO
HAVE THEM LINE UP IN
STRAIGHT ROWS FROM
BANK TO BANK?



THE CROCODILE SHOUTED ORDERS AND SOON

AM, THAT IS
FINE I'LL START
COUNTING.



ONE...
TWO...



AND SO THE CLEVER MOUSE DEER
CROSSED THE RIVER ON THE BACKS
OF THE CROCODILES WHEN HE REACHED
THE OTHER SHORE

I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT, YOUR
HIGHNESS, THERE ARE MORE
CROCODILES THAN MOUSE DEER
GOODBY.



A FEW YEARS AGO, I DECIDED TO BRING SOME HOUST DEER TO AMERICA.

THESE NINE ARE SPLENDID SPECIMENS I WILL TAKE THEM WITH ME



ALL DURING THE VOYAGE, NOTHING WAS NEGLECTED TO KEEP THEM HAPPY AND HEALTHY

HERE'S YOUR DINNER— JUNGLE PLANTS AND ROOTS I HAVE BEEN KEEPING FRESH FOR YOU IN THE SHIP'S REFRIGERATOR.



THE PASSENGERS SOON HEARD OF THE DEER.

HOW DARLING!

WHAT EXQUISITE CREATURES!



BUT WHEN THE BOAT REACHED SAN FRANCISCO

I'M SORRY, MR. BUCK, BUT THEY ARE SUBJECT TO ROOF AND MEATH DISEASE. YOU CANNOT BRING THEM INTO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A PERMIT FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



I FOUND THAT SUCH A PERMIT COULD NOT BE OBTAINED

YOU MUST SEND THEM BACK TO MALAYA

BUT THEY WILL NEVER SURVIVE THE JOURNEY WITHOUT MY CARE AND THE SPECIAL DIET I GAVE THEM



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO VERY GENTLY, I CHLOROFORMED THEM, EVER SINCE THEN, I HAVE DONE ALL I COULD TO MAKE UP FOR THIS ACT WHEN IN THE JUNGLE, I OFTEN RUN ACROSS HOUSE DEER TRAPS SET BY THE NATIVES



I NEVER PASS THE TRAP WITHOUT SETTING THE HOUSE DEER FREE.

YOU DESERVE A BETTER FATE THAN TO BE POPPED INTO A CURRY POT



RUN ALONG.



ROAM THE WILDS AND USE YOUR WITS, IF YOU REALLY CAN, TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM YOUR ENEMIES



ALL LIVE ANIMALS TO ME ARE BEAUTIFUL. THAT IS WHY I HAVE NEVER WILLFULLY OR UNNECESSARILY HARMED A SINGLE ONE. I HAVE ONLY FEELINGS OF KINDNESS FOR EVERY CREATURE THAT BREATHES ON THIS EARTH



NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS, ILLUSTRATED EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FRANK BUCK

MORE 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: 1,000 monkeys of different varieties, 190 gibbon apes, over 30 orang-utans, 50 elephants, 60 tigers, over 60 leopards of different types, 10 hyenas, 20 tigers, 110 antelope and deer, 2 giraffes, 11 camels, 50 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 Gainville, 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 equalled by only a very few other men, Frank Buck died on March 26, 1950, just nine days after his sixty-sixth birthday.

THE WRECK OF THE ESSEX

THE WHALE is the largest animal on the earth, and the biggest big-game hunters of all were the men who, more than one hundred years ago, set out in small ships and fragile boats to go whaling.

On August 12, 1819, the whaleship *Essex* left Nantucket Island in Massachusetts for a whaling cruise to the South Pacific. Fifteen months later, on November 20, 1820, the *Essex* was in the middle of the Pacific, nearly at the equator, when a school of sperm whales was sighted.

Three boats were lowered for the chase. Captain George Pollard Jr. commanded the first boat. First mate Owen Chase was in the second boat, and second mate Mather Jay was in the third.

Chase harpooned a whale, but as it dove, it smashed the side of the small whaleboat with its flukes. Chase cut the harpoon line to free the whale, and told his men to stuff their jackets and shirts into the hole. Then he ordered the boat back to the *Essex* for repairs.

Chase was standing on the deck of the *Essex* while his boat was being repaired, when he saw a whale surface nearby. He thought little of it. Whales commonly struck the small boats that pursued them, but for a whale to attack a ship was almost unheard of.

But a moment later, Chase and his men stared with horror. The eighty-five-foot whale was deliberately heading for the ship, which was almost twice its size. The whale smashed into the *Essex*. As water poured into the hold, the whale struck the ship again.

There was no way of saving the *Essex*. Chase and his men lowered a spare, undamaged whaleboat and abandoned the ship just before it turned over on its side. They managed to save only two sea chests and some instruments.

Meanwhile, the other two whaleboats were

making their way back to the *Essex*. When Captain Pollard saw the wreck, he said, in astonishment, "My God! Mr. Chase, what is the matter?"

"We have been stove (struck) by a whale," Chase replied.

Captain Pollard ordered the men to chop away the rigging and the ship righted itself. This enabled the men to salvage two casks of biscuits, 185 gallons of water, two compasses, some tools and a few live turtles.

The following morning, the officers met to make their plans. The *Essex* was a floating wreck, and of no use to them. They had to make their way to land in their small whale-

boats, with limited rations, few instruments and no protection from the sun and the sea. The nearest island was the Marquesas, 1,400 miles away, but they were inhabited by cannibals. The nearest safe land was the coast of South America, 3,000 miles away.

The three open boats, with their tiny sails, started across the Pacific, with the men praying they would be rescued by a whaleship or survive the long voyage to South America, which they

aspired to reach in sixty days. In one boat was Captain Pollard with six men. In the second boat was first mate Chase with five men. The third boat held second mate Mather Jay and six men. Food was limited to one biscuit and a half-pint of water per man per day.

From the beginning, the voyage was torturous. The food and water rations were barely enough to keep the men alive, even when the turtles were eaten. The men were constantly hungry, thirsty and shivering—afraid that the little food there was would not last long enough.

On the seventeenth day at sea, a violent storm struck. The boats managed to stay together and afloat, but the winds blew them off their course. The men were forced to row



to try to get back on course. Ratons were doubled to give them strength, but even so they could row for only a few hours at a time.

On the thirty-first day, a small island was sighted. At first the men hesitated to land, fearing cannibals. Finally, hunger and thirst drove them ashore. There were no cannibals, but there was very little food and water to be found. It was clear the island could not sustain twenty men for as long as it might take them to find a passing ship.

After a week on the island, the voyage was resumed. For a while, the men thought of going to Pitcairn's Island, where some of the families of the mutineers of the *Bounty* still lived, but they decided they could never find it. Instead, they headed for Easter Island, which they thought was 1,200 miles away. Three men chose to stay behind on the island, hoping to survive there until they could be rescued. It was felt the island might support three, but no more.

The three boats set sail on the thirty-eighth day since the wreck of the *Essex*. By the forty-fifth day, Captain Pollard realized that winds had driven them far off course. They could no longer hope to reach Easter Island. They had to head for the Juan Fernandez Islands off the coast of Chile, 2,500 miles away. Little food and water remained.

On the fifty-second day, one of the men died and was buried at sea. Two nights later, there was another violent storm.

When the seas cleared the next day, Owen Chase, in his boat with four seamen, looked around and saw nothing but the barren ocean. The other two boats were not in sight. In the darkness of the storm, the three boats had been separated.

Chase's boat continued the lonely, endless voyage across the Pacific. The men were racked by hunger, thirst and exposure. One died and was dropped into the sea.

By the sixty-ninth day, the four survivors were so spent that none had the strength to

sail the boat.

On the eighty-first day, one of the men went mad and demanded a cup of water and a napkin. A few hours later, he died. Now three were left, including a seventeen-year-old boy.

On the ninety-first day, the boy lay down in the bottom of the boat and prepared to die. At that moment, a sail was sighted.

The three barely living corpses were rescued by a British ship. For three months they had sailed and drifted almost 4,500 miles across the Pacific Ocean in a twenty-seven foot whaleboat.

Five days later, a whaleship picked up Captain Pollard and one other man in his boat. They had sailed and drifted 4,600 miles. Second mate Mather Joy and the men of the third boat were never found.

The five survivors of the *Essex* were returned in Chile. Captain Pollard notified the United States Navy about the three men who had stayed behind on the island. The Navy had a ship stop at the island to see if they were still alive. They were there, still waiting for that passing ship that had never come.

Thus, of the twenty men who had set out from the wreck of the *Essex*, eight survived. First mate Owen Chase wrote an account of the sea tragedy, called the *Narrative of the Extraordinary and Daring Voyage of the Whale-ship Essex of Nantucket*. He went back to the sea and in time became a captain.

Captain George Pollard made one more voyage. His ship cracked up on a reef and once again he set out in an open boat. This time, he and his crew were rescued in a few days. But he never returned to the sea.

Of all the principals in the sinking of the *Essex*, the one who became most famous was the whale who attacked the ship. The story of a whale turning on a whaleship was heard and read by a young whaler named Herman Melville, and later became the climax of Melville's great novel, *Moby Dick*.



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