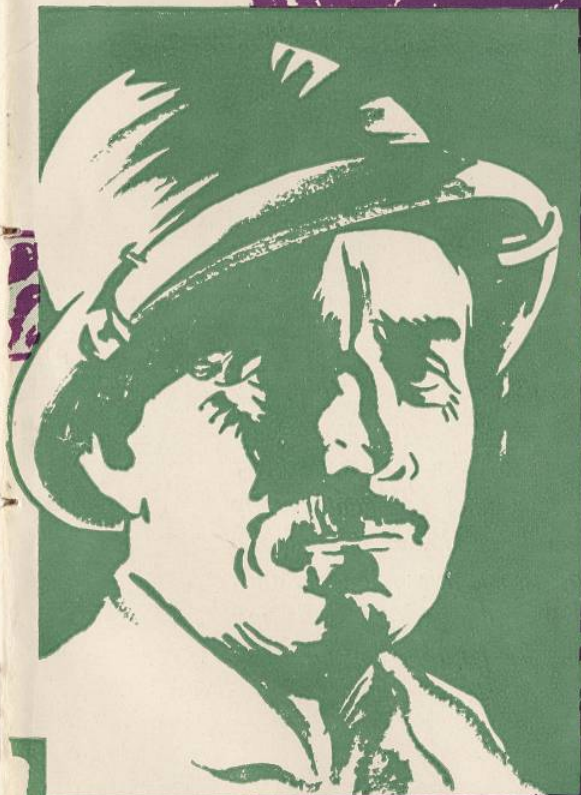


**FRANK
BUCK'S
WILD
CARGO**

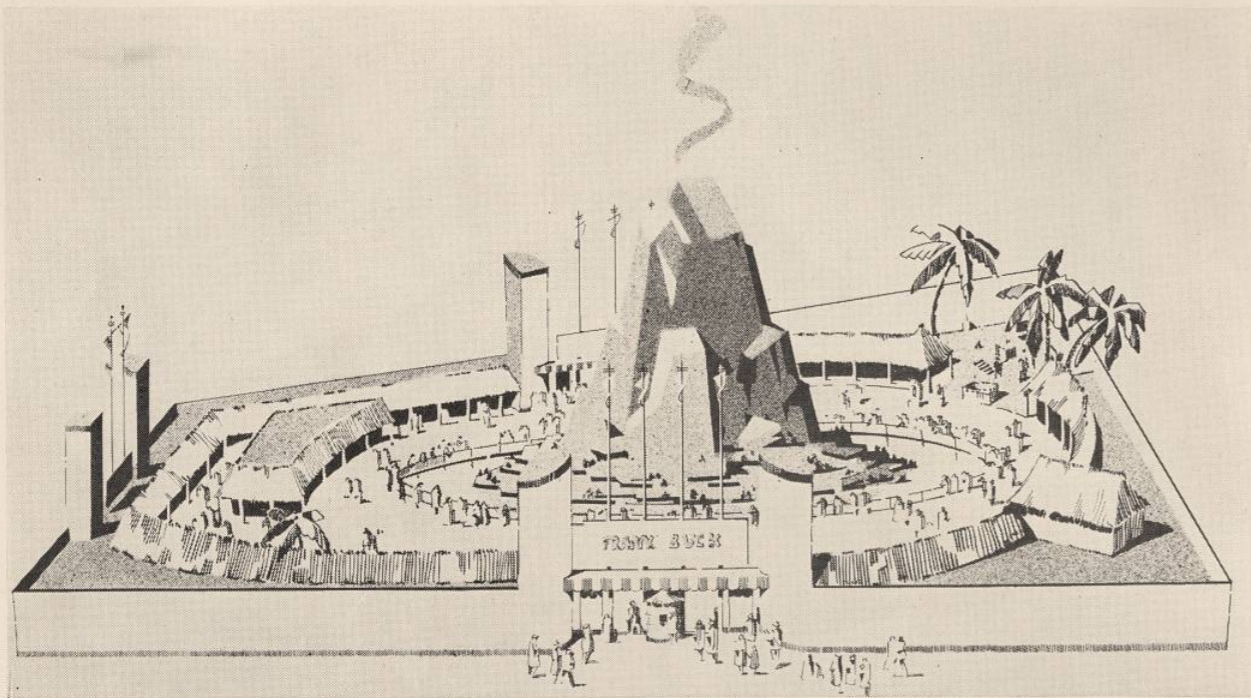
*of
Rare Wild
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Birds &
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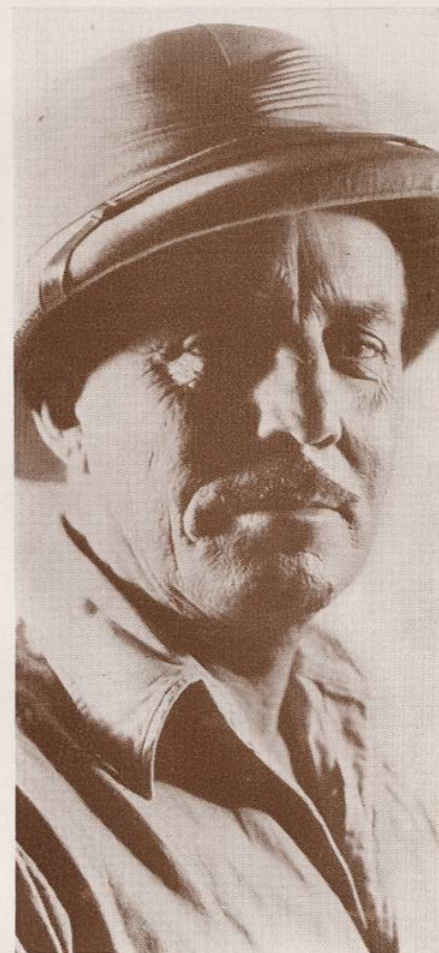


FRANK BUCK'S
• BOOK OF THRILLS •



*'Bring 'Em Back Alive,' Frank Buck's Wild Cargo of Rare Animals, Birds And Reptiles
As it Appears at the World's Fair, A Century of Progress, Chicago, 1934.*

In the jungle exhibit at the World's Fair, My Associates and I have done our utmost to show you the inmates of the jungle as they really are. The fierce and the gentle—the deadly and the harmless, the weak and the strong . . . all of them my friends, and, through the fuller knowledge that it is my wish that you may gain, I hope they may become your friends as well.



FRANK BUCK'S • Book of THRILLS

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



• Frank Buck, noted explorer and producer of the famous motion pictures "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and "Wild Cargo."

FRANK BUCK'S • Book of THRILLS

IT was down in the South East corner of Texas that the baby boy was born who was destined to become the most important figure in the world of wild animals and the men who capture them. When he was about nine years old Frank Buck moved from the town of Gainesville and took up his abode near Dallas.

If Mrs. Buck had known what her boy had in mind the career of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Buck would probably have been nipped in the bud. Still, it is a far cry from grass snakes, lizards and an occasional rattler to a five ton armored tank that goes by the name of the Indian Rhino. However, the first of the Buck captures of note was a rattler and it is mainly through the members of the crawling fraternity that he has come to universal fame. The diamond-back of Texas grew into the twenty-eight foot python of 'Bring 'Em Back Alive' and the barefoot boy who dodged the



rattler's venomous fangs is the man who wrestled with the huge brute in "Wild Cargo."

Frank's first zoo consisted mainly of snakes, to the great discomfort of the remainder of his family. A gila monster or two and a stray lizard might grace the Buck cellar for a day or so but the thrill was missing with these lesser trophies, though a gila monster is as dangerous as most poisonous snakes, and Frank liked to stick to the captures that gave him a kick in the capturing.

In those days, as today, there was usually a bounty on rattle-snakes and even if the bounty wasn't forthcoming the skins were saleable and rattle-snake oil found a ready market. Hence, the majority of Frank's pocket money in his boyhood days came in about the same way that it does now. When he was nine years old Frank had his first run-in with a jungle bad-man, the role being played this time by a large, healthy, black diamond-backed rattler. He was in some wild country near Mineral Wells, Texas, after any kind of small game that he might find when the shrill whirr of the rattler sent him jumping. This was the first time he had ever heard a rattlesnake, but there is something about the whirring of a rattler's tail that sounds like nothing else in the world and once he realized that he wasn't dead yet, he prepared for his first capture.

The big fellow was coiled near some brambles and Frank soon managed to get his head under a pronged stick he carried. Somehow or other, he isn't quite sure to this day, he managed to get the

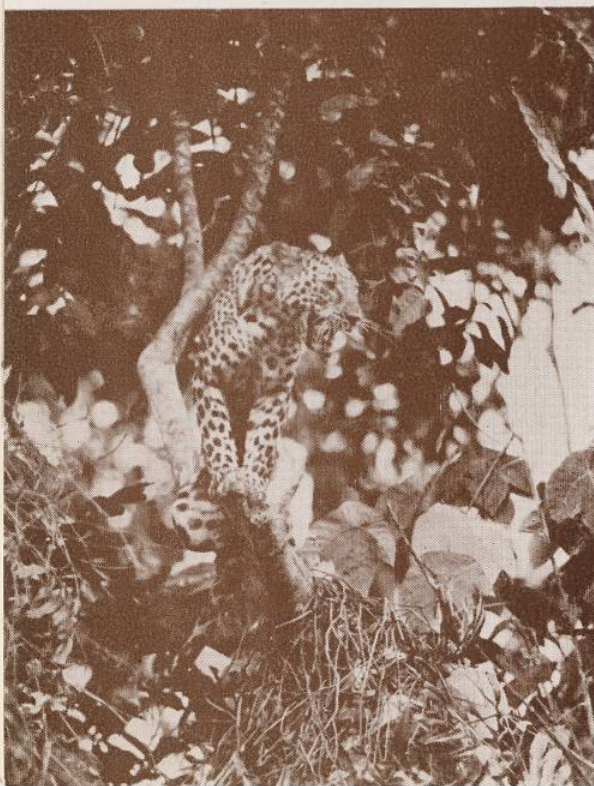


snake into a gunny sack he carried and his life as an animal catcher was launched.

Through boyhood years in Texas he trapped and hunted all of the wild life that throngs the state. A stranger going into the Buck back yard would find anything from a tame coyote to a pair of crippled wild ducks that he had found somewhere and brought home to cure. It was during these years that he acquired the skill with rope, rifle and bolas, the three stranded rope weapon common to several countries in South America, that stood him in such good stead in later life.

From Texas he went to Chicago and for a time followed the hum-drum walks of life that fall to the ordinary young man. But that didn't satisfy Frank Buck for very long and he managed to join an expedition that was going to South America

A Spotted leopard taken on the "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Expedition.



after rare birds. This trip was so successful that he made another and this time he did a little collecting on his own account.

Arriving back in the United States he found that he could sell half of this private collection of his for much more than he had thought the whole collection was worth. From then on Frank decided that this greatest thrill in life for him should be his whole career.

It was a tough long trail at first for the young collector was unknown. It takes a lot of capital to collect animals on speculation and hold them, in good health, until a bidder can be found, and in those early days it was hard to find zoos and collectors who would trust the inexperienced beginner.

After a few nondescript adventures some of which showed a little profit, but of which many more resulted in little more than new experience, Frank crossed the Pacific. Somehow, he knew that he was home. There is something in the Orient that reacts in this way on some people and Frank Buck was one of them. Almost from the beginning success began to come his way. The natives liked him instinctively and rare specimens began to come his way when older men were not able to fill the orders.

Over forty times Frank Buck has ploughed the waters of the Pacific. Twenty long voyages to the jungles of Malasia, of Sumatra and Borneo. He has tramped almost every yard of the island of Borneo, most of the dusty roads of India have shown the imprint of his feet and out of these adventurous wanderings have come strange cargoes, animals who have never appeared in any zoo before, reptiles, deadlier and larger than it was thought that they could ever be and as a crowning achievement he brought back the two most realistic, truthful and accurate motion pictures that have ever come from the wild places of the world.

(continued on every left hand page)



Giant Malayan Tapir

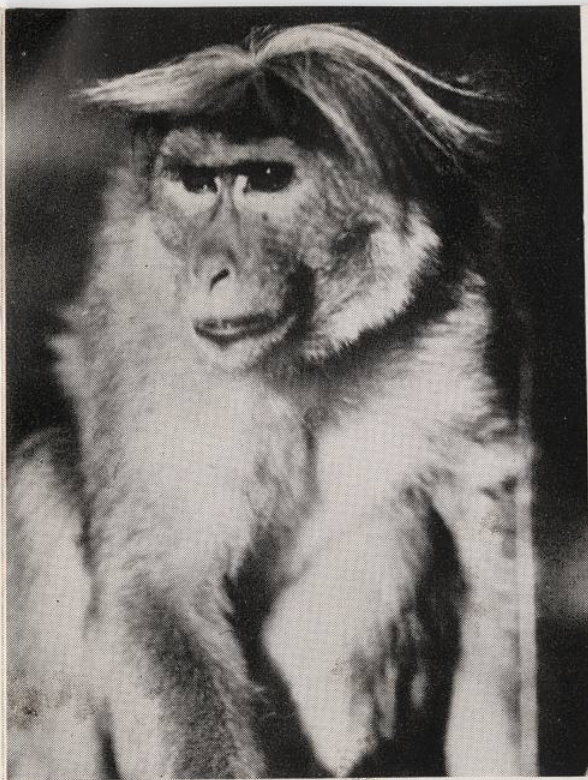
IN the dim beginning of the world tapirs roamed the jungle pretty much as they are doing right now. They are the oldest animals in the world today—that is they have been on the earth in their present form longer than any other animal. Animal life is continually going through a process of change. The shaggy mastodon of ten thousand centuries ago is replaced by the elephant. The nearest thing to a dragon that is left on the earth today is the giant lizard of Comodo Island. The ancestor of our present day horse was no bigger than a fox terrier and had three toes ten million years ago. Camels the size of greyhounds roamed the deserts of Arizona when men were still cave dwellers. Because this strange, harmless beast the tapir exists today in the exact condition that his forebearers attained millions of years ago, he is probably the most interesting animal in the world.

The tapir captured during my "Wild Cargo" expedition is one of the few specimens of this rare

beast that I have brought back to the United States during my many years of collecting animals, birds and reptiles for American Zoos, and it is one of the few in captivity in the world.

Tapirs are found in tropical, marshy country, where roots of aquatic plants abound, and where the luscious foliage of the mangrove and other shrubs and bushes grow along the banks of rivers and creeks. These vegetable growths form the greater part of the animal's diet. They are also very fond of tapioca root, which grows in great quantities throughout most of the Malayan Peninsula. Tapirs are usually taken in heavy log traps baited with this root. In color the Malayan tapir is glossy black on the fore and hind quarters, and clear white around the center of the body. There is also a variety of tapir in South America, which is considerably smaller than the Malayan variety and drab brown in color.

The tapir will never attack unless molested, and can be very easily tamed.



Bonnet Monkey captured by Frank Buck in the jungles of Ceylon.

Much credit must be given to Amedee J. Van Beuren, the producer of Aesop's Fables and the Vagabond Director Series of Travel pictures, for his foresight in helping Frank Buck to make these two films.

They are truly two remarkable visual stories of the adventures that pursue an animal collector and they set a new vogue in this type of entertainment that, because of its truth and accuracy, will do much to make the motion picture screen a worthier educational medium. Every single foot of film in both of these pictures was actually taken in the jungles of the Malayan Peninsula, not one scene, one single inch of film was taken after the expedition arrived back in the United States and it is to this obvious accuracy that the two pictures owe much of their appeal.



"Bring 'Em Back Alive," as compared to "Wild Cargo" was pretty much of a hit-or-miss affair. The Gods smiled on Frank and the bad men of the jungle strutted their stuff before the concealed cameras in a way that even Frank had not dared to hope they might do. Even then, when motion picture audiences sat in their more-or-less comfortable seats and watch the film unreel, they didn't think of the long hours that Frank and his cameramen sat waiting in the damp jungles, waiting for something to happen that might make a shot for their film and knowing that such a shot might run to fifty feet or so when they needed more than five thousand.

It was a long thankless job and even when everything was finished and they had thousands of feet of undeveloped film in the light-proof cans, they didn't know whether they would have a picture. But they did and Frank Buck and his pythons became household words. Even there, there was an element of chance for pictures in which snakes appeared had never been popular at the box-office. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" owed much of its amazing success to the fact that almost every foot of the film presented to the motion picture audience something that it had never seen before. Once more the Frank Buck luck was working overtime. There was one shot in the picture that was a sad disappointment to Frank. Those who saw the film will remember the fight between the water buffalo and the tiger. It was fairly distinct, but the expedition had set up three cameras to catch the scene, the tiger was known to be somewhere in the brush and the big bull was mad enough to tackle a dozen man-eaters, but when the tiger broke cover and the battle began it was so far away that only long shots could be taken.

Frank still claims that this would have been the greatest fight that the screen will ever show—if it had happened at the other end of the clearing. To

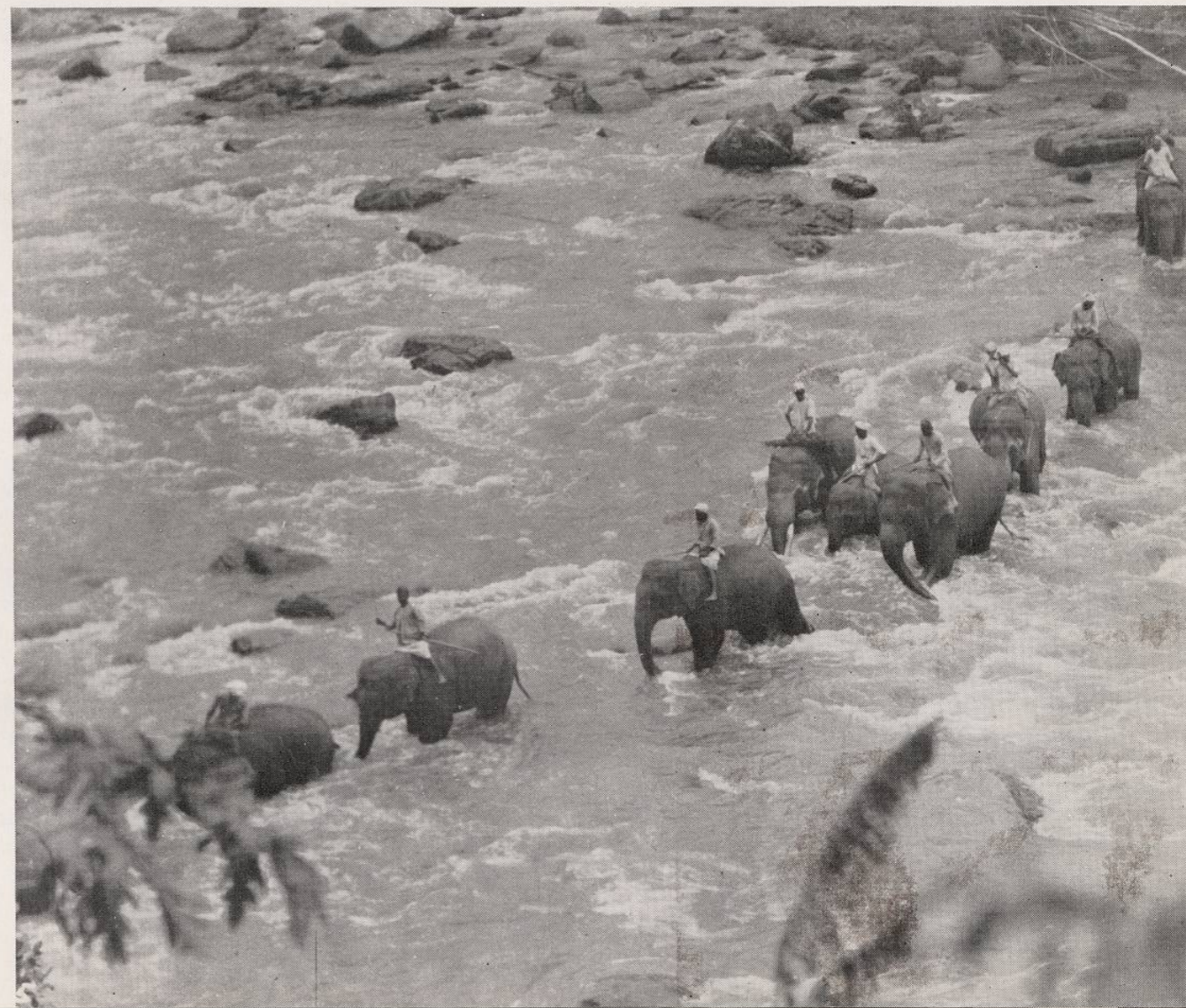
Elephants Crossing A Stream

ELEPHANTS are the principal work animals of the East. Most of the roads and railways running through what were a few years ago impassable jungles would not be there today except for the steady patience and tremendous strength of these huge pachyderms. In the olden days, and to some extent today, the wealth of a native prince was largely measured by his herd or herds of elephants. All elephants are extremely fond of water and the fording of the river which you can see from the photograph is enough to put an elephant into a good humor which will last all day. This herd belongs to one of the native rulers in Southern India and in fact consists of just a special few of his well trained animals, who are on their way to the timber country where they will be used to pull logs down to the river.

Elephants are usually caught in kraals when they

are young, and a youthful mahout is put in charge of the animal to break it and train it. The animals live for a long time and often when the mahout has grown too old for his job, the elephant will still be a powerful and useful work animal. In this case the job of mahout is usually passed from father to son, the son having been trained throughout his whole life with this end in view.

You will notice in the picture that the youngest elephant of the lot is between the old bull who is the leader of the herd and the big female. The older elephants take their place beside the younger one to protect him in the rapids which are very swift at this part of the river. The two larger animals were particularly fine specimens, weighing about five tons each and standing at least ten feet at the shoulder.





counterbalance that was the fact that he caught the sensational fight between the tiger and the python. Native legends tell of many such battles and Frank has seen several patches of jungle that plainly show that it has been their battleground but the one in "Bring 'Em Back Alive" is the only one that he, or any other white man of his acquaintance, has ever seen.

From the beginning, it had been in the back of Frank's mind and when a native brought him word that a big python was sleeping off a meal in a sunny clearing not far from the camp where they had gone to take shots of a particularly large tiger, Frank felt that maybe there was a chance. For several days he had beaters harry the big cat until he was savage enough to bite himself. One

of his trails, clearly marked by his pugs in the soft earth, lead right by the python's retreat.

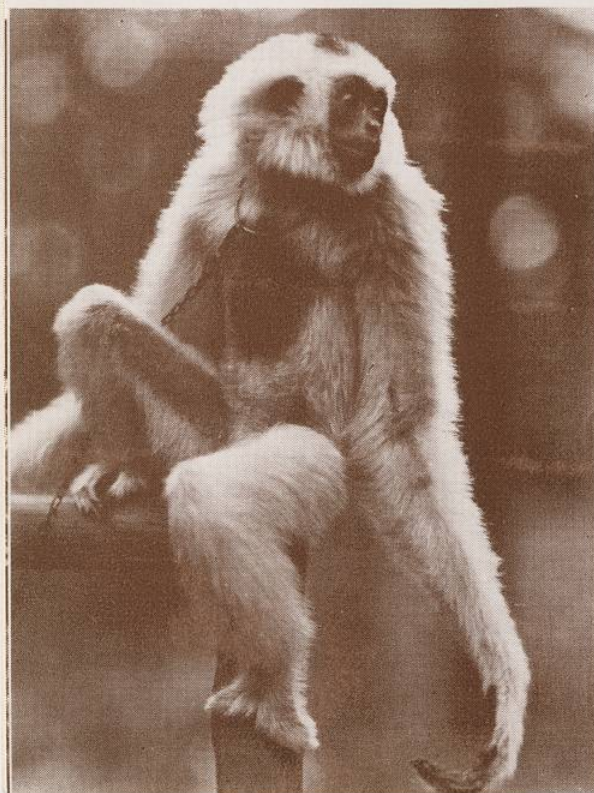
After checking carefully, Frank left definite signs and tracks across all of the other tiger trails, stationed his men at what seemed the strategic points, set up his concealed cameras and waited. On the third day it happened and the greatest fight in screen history went into the records. Through further good luck the python was a particularly big one and the match was pretty even bearing out the accepted theory that these particular creatures rarely bother one another.

"Bring 'Em Back Alive" also showed a fight between a black panther and a python which ended in another draw. Luckily for the black demon this python lacked the size of the tiger's opponent for in the second picture "Wild Cargo" a black panther on whose trail Frank had been camped for almost a week wandered across a python in a clearing near the camp and before Buck could do anything about it the huge snake, more than twenty-seven feet in length, had thrown a coil around the panther's neck and broken the spine as if it were a rotten branch.

According to Frank the black panther, or leopard, is the toughest denizen of the jungle. Leopards of any nature are rarely trained but the black leopard is untameable. Pound for pound he can tackle anything in the jungle and make him like it. Like the silver fox the black leopard can occur in any litter of leopard kittens as can the clouded species, the third in the family.

Followers of Frank Buck's stories will remember 'Spitfire,' the valiant member of this tribe, who, escaping from a cage on the deck of a steamer in the straits of Malacca, dived overboard and started for the shore. Even when sharks literally tore him apart the black battler fought back till the last life had gone from him.

Golden Gibbon ape taken by Frank Buck in the Malayan jungles.



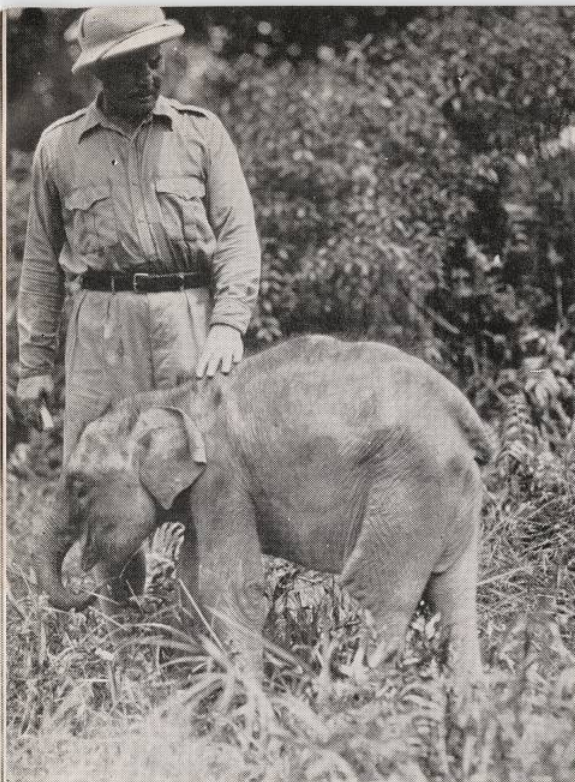
Building an Elephant Kraal

IN my motion picture, "Wild Cargo," there were scenes showing the capture of a herd of wild elephants. Though the elephant is the wisest and most easily trained of all animals, his capture is packed with more danger than a whole carload of tigers could ever be. In addition to the danger it is a real back breaking job. First a site must be selected somewhere in the heavy jungle where herds of wild elephants are not too far distant. Then timber has to be felled and dragged up to the chosen spot. Holes have to be dug for the huge logs and were it not for the enthusiastic help of trained elephants, their wild cousins would be safe enough.

The natives make quite a ceremony out of the hunt. When the logs are brought up for the building of the kraal, every twelfth log is carved

with signs and symbols, and faced in just the right direction to appease the evil spirits of the jungle. Aside from these especially carved posts that go into the main body of the kraal, they are also used at the entrance. Two of them can be seen in the accompanying photograph. Each of these logs are about twenty feet in length and are of the hardest wood that can be found in the jungle. It takes twenty natives to lift and carry one of the logs that go into the building of the kraal, but a big work elephant can handle several hundred of these logs in the space of a few days without mishap and with accuracy.

The Kraal in question was built in the mountain country about fifty miles from Kandi in the Island of Ceylon, and resulted in the capture of two fine young bull elephants who became part of my "Wild Cargo."



Baby Elephant captured by Frank Buck on the first motion picture venture.

In "Wild Cargo" Frank Buck captured a pair of black leopards in a rather unusual manner, or at least he captured the female in a strange way. The male of the pair, for they are gradually becoming common enough in the Malayan peninsula to permit of the mating of black males only with females of the same color, had been captured in a regular log trap but the female would have nothing to do with anything that Frank and his boys could build for her.

The order called for a pair of the species and Frank decided to try a native trick that he had heard about but had not tried before. The female was hanging around the camp where her mate was



caged and Frank felt that they ought to be together again.

Selecting a clearing less than a quarter of a mile from the camp Frank sent his Number Two boy to the top of a 'walking stick' tree, the aracca palm, so called because of its long, pliant trunk. Cutting off the tuft of leaves at the top the boy secured two ropes to the very top of the tree. Frank and the rest seized one of the ropes and wrapping it around another larger tree they bent the top of the palm over until the rope would stand little more strain.

The four corners of a net were fastened to the other rope and the net, lying flat on the ground, was camouflaged with twigs and leaves. A chicken was tied in the center of the net in such a way that any animal taking it would touch off a trigger that would release the rope holding the bent shaft of the aracca.

Next morning the trap was sprung but no panther was in it. With much labor the snare was set again and this time Buck and his party decided to leave nothing to chance. When night fell they were hidden in the surrounding trees to watch what was going to happen. The riddle of the released trap was soon solved. A hyena, who takes his food on the run, made a dive at the chicken. This time however, Frank had outsmarted the jungle for instead of fixing the trigger as before his Number Two boy lay along the limb of the other tree ready to cut the rope when the black panther should enter the trap.

It was the work of only a few moments to pin out another chicken and after a little wait the black leopard came to the lure. After first circling the net while the frightened fowl screeched and fought to get free, she apparently decided that the bird was caught in some natural snare and she made her lunge. Ahmed slashed the rope and the 'walking stick' bounded erect, jerking one hundred and

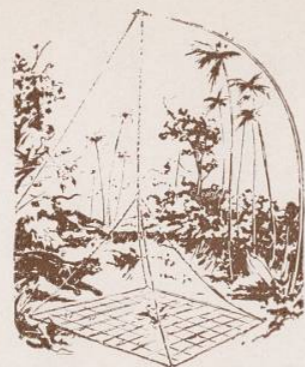
Argus Pheasant

THE argus pheasant is the rarest and most beautiful, as well as the largest of the pheasant family, and the one shown here was about the finest specimen I had ever seen. These birds though no bigger in body than a Plymouth Rock hen have long plumed tail feathers which give them a length overall of almost seven feet. The most conspicuous detail of this bird's gorgeous plumage, however, is the big primary wing feathers, each one of which is marked with a series of "eyes" in buff brown and white. It is from these "eye" markings that the bird derives the name of

"argus." These beautiful pheasants are extremely shy and few white men have ever seen them in their native habitat. Most of the rubber planters and others who live in or near the Malayan jungles have heard its musical call, which can be heard for a mile or more in the jungle, but few have actually seen the bird.

We caught a number of them during my "Wild Cargo" expedition by setting out snares. The male in the photograph had just been captured when the picture was made.





fifty pounds of startled leopard twenty-five feet into the air.

Next day the party cut her down and caged her with the mate she was so loathe to loose.

Everything in the jungle isn't filled with peril for even the Animal Empire has its comedians. The spectacled langur, Frank calls them the 'Eddie Cantor' monkeys and indeed they do resemble the makeup of the famous comedian, can always be depended upon for a laugh or two. They are greedy little creatures and Frank caught a score or so for his "Wild Cargo" in a manner that sounds like a page from an old fairy story with a moral to the effect that 'greediness never pays.' There were hundreds of them around the camp and up in the trees they were about as easy to cage as quicksilver. Frank made it very simple. Taking

Camera platform erected in the elephant kraal to take action closeups.



about a dozen coco-nuts he cut a hole in both ends. Through the small one at the bottom he passed a piece of string with a knot at the end and fastened the other end to a stake, leaving the nuts securely tied down. Then, through a hole large enough to admit the open fist of the monkey, he poured a handful of rice and waited for results.

Hardly waiting for Frank and Ali, his Number One boy, to get out of the way, and paying entirely no attention to the cameras on a platform less than forty feet from them, the greedy little rascals thronged around the nuts. Soon one of them found the rice inside and dived his fist into the nut to get at the grains of rice.

Alas! The hole in the nut wasn't big enough to allow the closed fist of the monkey to come out again and it didn't enter a single monkey brain that the handful of rice might be a cheap price to pay for freedom. Hanging on to their spoils and chattering and swearing in a way that would do credit to any dock-walloper, Frank and his boys gathered them in until they had all that they wanted. Frank says that there is an old Malayan proverb to the effect that 'most ill-luck comes through the stomach'—and that doesn't only go in the jungles.

All monkeys aren't as easy to handle as the spectacled langurs. The chimpanzee in "Wild Cargo" is tough enough to handle any half-dozen men in a rough and tumble battle and his powerful jaws can crack a man's arm with ease. It was a chimp that gave Frank one of his greatest thrills many years ago. The animal in question was part of a shipment that he was bringing home across the Pacific and the cage in which he was confined was a little too small to allow him to get the requisite exercise. With the help of the ship's carpenter who had been assigned to help him with his 'cargo,' Frank decided to take the brute out of the cage and put him on a collar and chain.

Chips, the carpenter, was somewhat of a bully,



Spotted Leopard

THE leopard, most graceful and beautiful of the cat tribe, is a real jungle bad-man. Three varieties of these cats are found in the Malayan jungles, and one is usually a little worse than the other, but it doesn't really matter much in which order you place them. Any leopard will tackle most anything up to twice its weight and usually come out on top. I have seen a male black leopard mix it with a full grown tiger in a free-for-all, and give as good as he got. The leopard depends largely on his razor-like claws to do the damage when he tackles a larger animal, but he is powerful enough to kill a good big sambor stag with a single bite of his strong jaws.

The three varieties of leopards are the spotted, as shown in the photograph, the black, and the

clouded. I consider the black leopard the toughest of his kind, in fact, pound for pound, he is without question the most ferocious wild animal in the world. While the spotted leopards are found practically all over Asia and Africa, and the black leopards also cover a wide range of territory though more prevalent in Malaya than elsewhere, the clouded leopard is confined solely to the southern part of the Malayan Peninsula and Sumatra. It is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of all the leopards. In "Wild Cargo" I managed to secure a remarkably fine specimen of this splendid cat by shooting a limb off from under it away up in the top of a jungle tree, while my boys held a net in which the leopard fell when the limb was broken by the bullets from my rifle.



Native using the primitive blow-gun with which they attain great skill.

and when Frank explained to him what he wanted to do, Chips offered to do the job himself, not realizing that the brute could easily beat him. Telling him that if he did his share it would be quite enough, Frank started to open the cage. Ali stood ready with the collar and Chips had been told to grab the chimp's wrist as it came out of the cage.

Chips grabbed his wrist and Frank caught his as the monkey stepped out of the cage but the ship's bully soon found out that holding the wrist he had grabbed was another matter. Frank saw that the man was scared to death and that he would let go in another moment so, gambling everything on one lucky punch, he let go his own wrist and swung with all his might at the exposed jaw of the monkey.

The blow landed flush on the 'button' and the monk went out for the count—or enough of the count to enable Ali to slip the collar round his neck. For the rest of the voyage Chips didn't have very much to say.

According to Frank Buck few jungle inhabitants will attack a human being if they are left alone. When frightened or in danger they will defend themselves and any female will invariably fight to protect her young. In mating season most of the big males are touchy and more apt to start trouble than at other times but only very few will actually spend their time looking for trouble. The wild pig is among this list but he is confined to certain districts of India and does not make the 'Public Enemies of the Jungle' list as compiled by Frank. In order of their ferocity when aroused this list runs as follows:

1. Tiger
2. Black Leopard
3. Selodang
4. King Cobra
5. Sloth Bear
6. Rogue Elephant
7. Russell Viper
8. Black Cobra (Spitting)
9. Rhinoceros
10. Crocodile

This list must be broken up in turn. The elephant is the most intelligent of all jungle animals but when on a rampage on in 'must' he can, through his sheer bulk, lay waste to huge stretches of jungle or even to a native village or so. The Selodang, or forest buffalo is as tough a customer as there is in the jungle world but he will not bother you until you start something with him.

Unlike the rest, in fact unlike the others of his



Python After A Too Heavy Meal

IN all my jungle adventures I cannot remember a more novel capture than the one illustrated below. While I was in Johore shooting scenes for "Wild Cargo," a rubber planter sent a fat young pig down to my camp for my Thanksgiving dinner. All of my employes were Mohammedans, to whom a pig is unclean, so I took care of the fat porker myself. He was about half grown and weighed nearly a hundred pounds. I had him in the cage that you can see in the photograph.

On Thanksgiving morning I came out of my sleeping quarters in the camp and realized that something was wrong. During the night a python had glided in between the bars of the cage, as it could easily do, and had killed my Thanksgiving dinner and swallowed it; but having swallowed it, the python found that getting out of the cage was not as easy as getting in. With that huge bulge in his

body he couldn't possibly get out between the up-rights of the pig pen. With the help of my native boys I lifted the snake, pig and all, out of the pen and into a box where he could digest my Thanksgiving dinner at leisure. I didn't like to lose those pork chops, but I'll trade a pig anytime for a python.

Note the difference in the size of the snake's head and the girth of the huge reptile where the pig is inside of it. Pythons have hinged jaws so that they can swallow an animal four or five times the size of their own heads. The hinges come unfastened and the mouth spreads out to an enormous size, then the big reptile gradually stretches his head over the animal he is swallowing. It takes about eight or nine days to digest a meal of this size, and then the python doesn't eat again for five or six weeks.





own breed, the King Cobra is eternally at war. His immense size and deadly venom make him the most dreaded inhabitant of the jungle world. He grows to a length of fifteen to twenty feet and attacks everything and everybody that crosses his path. More than that, if you don't happen to cross it, he will come looking for you. The Russell viper is one of the world's deadliest snakes and due to his coloring one of the hardest to avoid.

There are several other types of venomous reptiles that take an immense yearly toll of lives throughout the East, chief among them the little karait, a tiny little fellow less than a foot in length but with almost certain death in his bite. The black, spitting cobra is the most venomous of his breed, pound for pound and because of his exceptionally

Full grown Indian tusker moving logs for the elephant kraal.



large supply of venom he can spit his poison a distance of twelve feet or so and any drop of this venom striking an exposed nerve results in certain death.

Unlike the cobras and vipers the python does not kill by poison but by constriction and though undoubtedly many have been and are killed yearly by these huge snakes, they will not readily attack human beings and are not dreaded by the natives to anything like the extent that the poisonous reptiles are feared.

Probably the nearest and closest that Death has come to Frank Buck was due to a King Cobra and took place during the filming of "Wild Cargo."

The picture was taken and the whole company had relaxed and settled down to enjoy the feeling that comes when a tough job has been well done. It was Sunday afternoon and the camp pets had furnished a regular circus. The little honey bear, nicknamed 'Jim Londos' by the boys, had just taken a decision from 'Strangler Lewis,' the golden gibbon who made more fuss about it than all the wrestlers in the world. Barnacle Bill, the pig-tailed rhesus monkey, had been coaxed out of the sulks that always resulted when anybody else around the camp got any attention and the camp pest, a pelican who possessed an unending appetite had been satisfied for ten minutes at least.

In spite of the fact that the deadliest members of the fang and claw world were caged in that little compound the scene was as peaceful as a farmyard in Texas towards the close of an early summer day. Strolling around the cages, Frank saw that the big King Cobra was still caged in the wicker basket in which he had been placed immediately after capture.

A cobra needs quite a lot of attention or his skin will become infected from the muck and slime that accumulates at the bottom of this type of container. In addition, he was too big for the basket,



A Fight to the Finish

YOU may remember the scene of this photograph as it appeared in my motion picture "Bring 'Em Back Alive." The crocodile, a full grown bull croc of the type that annually kills hundreds of natives in the fords, in the drinking and washing places, and along the rivers of Borneo, Sumatra, India and other Asiatic countries, had taken up his home in a pool not far from our camp. Many of the jungle denizens used the same water hole, and the crocodile evidently resented the intrusion, but when he picked on the python who is as much at home in water as he is on land, he started some real trouble for himself.

The great snake was too fast and too powerful for the saurian who had little chance to use his powerful jaws before the great python had managed to get at least two coils around him. To most any animal the croc's tail is a dreaded weapon with which he can knock even a fair-sized bullock off

his feet, but the snake managed to keep his body coiled around the head, neck and middle part of the croc, so that the powerful swinging blows of the croc's tail had no effect upon him. The big snake's opportunity came when the croc swung his head sideways in an attempt to get one of the python's coils into his powerful jaws. It was the spot the reptile was waiting for, and before the crocodile could draw back, the snake had turned around his nose and bent his head back until his neck broke, as the picture shows.

This was an unusual battle, as these two groups do not often come in contact with each other, but when they do it's a real battle. However, with this enormous python (he was nearly twenty-eight feet long) the croc didn't have much chance. In fact, there are few jungle bad-men who care to mix it with a python of this size, and when they do they usually regret it.



Frank Buck about to use the South American bolas in "Wild Cargo."

for seventeen feet of cobra takes up quite a lot of room. Over to one side was the big box with the glass top that had been built specially to hold the reptile.

Calling Ali, the Number One boy, Frank found that he had left the compound to take care of several other matters. For a moment, he considered waiting until Ali returned, then, not expecting any difficulty, he called the other two Malay boys and told them that they were going to shift the cobra. The proceeding was simple enough and none of them were particularly worried about the problem.

The lid was taken off the big box and placed in a position where it could be quickly picked up and slipped on over the snake after it had been tipped out of the old basket. One of the boys went for clean sand and water to put in the new cage and

Ahmed picked up the cobra basket and started towards Frank Buck who stood behind the box in a sort of dead-end corridor made by the side of the shed and a pile of empty tiger-crates. On one side, the glass lid of the box closed the space between the tiger crates and the new cage, leaving about a four foot opening on the right hand side. Ahmed picked up the basket and took about three steps in Frank's direction when a look of ghastly fear spread over his face and he yelled to Frank. It was too late to do any good. The bottom of the basket had rotted away and the big snake was tumbling through. Ahmed jumped backwards as the last bit of the basket tore away and seventeen feet of furious king cobra lay writhing on the ground with a third of its length blocking the only avenue of escape for Frank Buck.

In less than ten seconds both of the Malay boys were out of sight and the huge snake, with head reared almost two feet from the ground, gazed around looking for trouble and hoping that he would find it. Knowing that he was closer to a horrible death than he had ever been in his whole life, Frank backed slowly away from the maddened reptile who, with hood spread and hatred glaring in its eyes, raised inch after inch of its body from the ground as it glided slowly towards him.

Frank backed slowly away. The cobra struck, and leaping further back, Frank found the hard wood of the shed against his shoulders. The snake's hood sank nearer to the floor as it glided forward to within striking distance and Frank knew that he must move quickly if he ever hoped to move at all—again.

Snatching his heavy canvas jacket from his shoulders he spread it in front of him, keeping his hands and arms still within the sleeves. As the cobra's head arose for the strike, Frank fell forward to meet him with the jacket spread before him. He felt the thud of the cobra's head against the tightened canvas of the jacket and could feel its squirm-



Crating A Captured Python

THE python in the photograph escaped in our "Wild Cargo" camp, and when discovered by one of my Malayan boys was just about to attack my pet honey-bear. I quickly mustered all of the Malays in camp and we finally managed to get the gigantic reptile back in his cage. Just as Ali and I were getting the last of him in, the camera man had snapped this picture. I had to throw a rope over him. Then I grabbed him by the back of the neck while several of the boys held his body, and we stuffed him back in the box.

The python is a non-poisonous constrictor that attains a length of twenty-five feet or more. They are capable of killing any animal of the jungle with the exception of the elephant and tiger, but they are usually harmless enough if left alone. My most serious encounter with the python during

my "Wild Cargo" expedition occurred when I reached into a brush back of a mouse-deer trap where a python was coiled. Before I knew it he had grabbed my arm and immediately began to coil his body around me. Ali started hacking at him with his jungle knife, but the boy wasn't having much effect as the snake's hide was too tough. As soon as I could get my right hand free I got my revolver out and just as the big reptile was getting a coil over my shoulder I managed to get two bullets into his head and shook him off. Then it took four more bullets to kill him. Ali and I went back to camp where we got out a pair of tweezers and spent the next two hours pulling loose python teeth out of my arm; but as a python has no poisonous fangs there were no bad after effects and within a week or ten days the injury had completely healed.





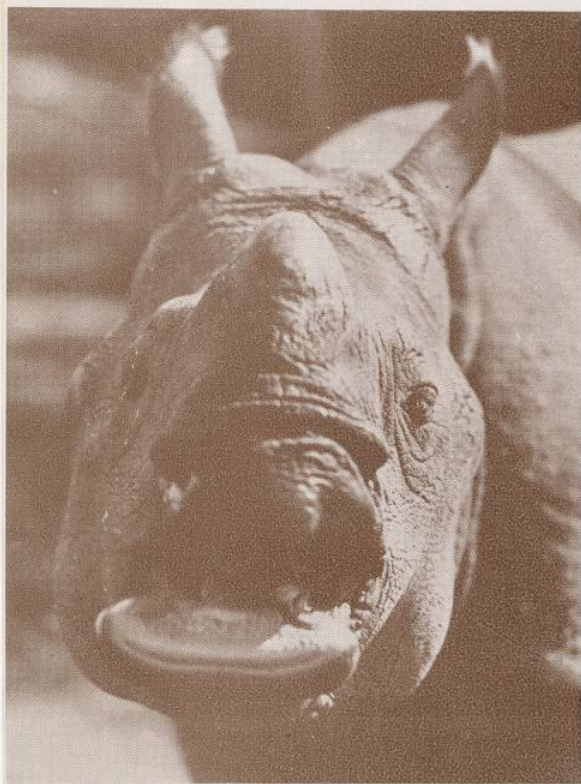
ing length as it writhed on the ground beneath him.

Suddenly something struck him in the side. Then again and again. His heart stood still for he thought that the reptile's head must be loose. Then he realized that it was the snake's tail that was hitting him in the ribs. He called loudly for the Malay boys but they were a mile or so away by then and it was to one of the unsung heroes of the expedition that the story really owes its happy ending.

A Chinese boy, employed around the camp in some menial position or other, heard Frank's shouts and hurried to the scene.

"Get down on the ground and get hold of him behind the head," Frank yelled at him.

Fore view of the Indian Rhino now in the St. Louis Zoo.



The Chinese boy's face went pale. Then, tightened his lips he threw himself down on the ground beside Frank and keeping his hand outside the canvas, started to feel around for the head of the snake. Frank had recovered a lot of his usual calmness and by now had a pretty good idea of how the snake was lying. His head came just a little below Frank's shoulders and as he lifted up a little, being careful to keep his full weight on the rest of the body, the boy was able to get a firm hold behind the reptile's head. Keeping his knee on the snake's body Frank rolled him up in the coat and dumped the whole shooting match into the new cage.

That's how you spend Sundays when you get in the wild animal business.

Among the other public enemies of the jungle the particular deadliness of any one example depends pretty well upon the individual. There are numerous well-founded stories about rogue elephants who have laid waste thousands of ruppees' worth of rice and paddy fields, who have wrecked whole villages and more than once taken heavy toll in actual lives, but these stories are more than balanced by the fact that the elephant on the whole is the best natured of beasts and is responsible, to a remarkable extent, for many of the most modern improvements in India today.

It is rather wonderful to think that it was due to these same elephants that the ancient architectural splendors of India, Persia and Carthage had their being. It was the skill and patience of these huge, docile brutes that tugged and hauled the thousands of tons of stone and timber that went into their ancient edifices and today it is this same elephant that tugs the ties for the sensational railroad developments going forward in India today, and it is due to this same patience of theirs that most of the roads in India have their being.

The tiger, on his record, must be given the palm as the toughest and fiercest member of the animal



Mouse Deer

THE mouse deer is the smallest of the deer family. It is a "pygmy deer" in every sense of the word, as it never attains a height of more than ten inches and weighs about four or five pounds when fully grown. Its legs are no bigger than a lead pencil and its tiny cloven hoofs are about the size of a dime. These little deer are my favorites among all the Asiatic animals that I have captured and handled. They are very plentiful in the Malayan jungles and the natives relish them as food, but I don't like to see them eaten. While in the jungles

I often run across traps that the Malaysians have set for them and have invariably destroyed these traps. It was while in the act of breaking up such a trap that I was attacked by the python referred to on another page of this book. I had a few of them around my "Wild Cargo" camp as pets and one of the females gave birth to a tiny fawn. The little fellow, as you can see in the photograph, is perfect in every detail—just a miniature deer. My pet gibbon was almost as interested as I was in the camp baby.



Frank Buck and the Honey Bear that became the camp pet.

kingdom. Frank Buck casts his vote for the tiger in preference to the lion as being the actual 'King of Beasts' and as the two animals are extremely rarely found in the same locale there is little likelihood of the question being settled more accurately.

Few tigers are man-eaters and those that finally take to that type of hunting are usually somewhat old and decrepit, however, they seem to make up in cunning, what they lack in strength and there are several authenticated instances where a man-killer has taken thirty-five or more victims before justice finally caught up with him.

One of the toughest assignments Frank ever received concerns a comparatively harmless member of the Malayan bird family. One of the American zoos wanted a cassowary, a bird somewhat similar to the ostrich and so extremely fast when it gets



going, that it is very hard to capture alive and in good condition.

After several unsuccessful attempts Frank remembered that as a boy in Texas he had acquired some skill with the bolas, the South American weapon consisting of three strands of rope, two of them being about three and a half feet long and the other about five, all of them having leaden weights at one end. Their other ends are knotted together and when properly thrown the weapon wraps itself around the legs of the victim and delivers him or her all tied up and ready for shipping.

Some of his old time skill had vanished but after about half a day of trying, Frank managed to get three excellent specimens all of whom came back to the United States as part of his "Wild Cargo."

Another member of the "Wild Cargo" caused more than a little trepidation around the Frank Buck Compound. For many years Frank had a standing offer from the St. Louis Zoo for a male Indian Rhino. The rhino, as Frank explains himself, elsewhere in this book, is among the rarest of wild animals and there are only a few in captivity and these all females. The St. Louis Zoo wanted a male and when Frank heard that there was a young male to be had in the country to the South West of Nepal he moved lock, stock and barrel in the hope of making a capture.

The rhino is a peculiar sort of an animal. Even when a comparative youngster of two years old, a healthy male weighs in the neighborhood of two tons, and all of that two tons is animated by about the worst temper in the whole animal kingdom.

At the expense of much valuable time, for the rainy season, the curse of all semi-tropical adventures, was close at hand, Frank set his native boys to the task of constructing a huge rope net in which he hoped to entangle the rhino. Frank tells you the story elsewhere in this book and those who saw "Wild Cargo" will realize how lucky the St. Louis

Great Indian Rhinoceros

THE Indian rhinoceros is the rarest of Asiatic big-game, and is the largest of all the rhinoceros family, which constitutes about five distinct varieties. When full grown the male Indian rhino will weigh five tons or more. The little fellow in the picture is a youngster, about three years old, weighing about two tons. It is the first male of this variety that has ever been brought to America. For years I had a standing order from the St. Louis Zoo for one of these male rhinos, but I had never been able to capture one. Every year they are becoming rarer and rarer. They were fairly plentiful once throughout Bengal and most of Northern India, but now they have become almost extinct. The few remaining specimens are to be found in Nepal or near the border of that country in India.

If left alone the Indian rhino is harmless enough, as are most animals of the jungle, but unfortunately he is the possessor of a very bad temper, and if you bother him or get too close to him he is ready for an argument anytime. His capture is shown in my motion picture "Wild Cargo," and if you have seen the picture you will agree with me that it was no easy task. If he had been a full grown male we should never have been able to manage him. As it was he was far too tough for twenty-five or thirty native boys, my Number One boy Ali, and myself, and if he hadn't fallen into a water hole after he had ripped our net to pieces, he would still be in the jungle instead of at the St. Louis Zoo.



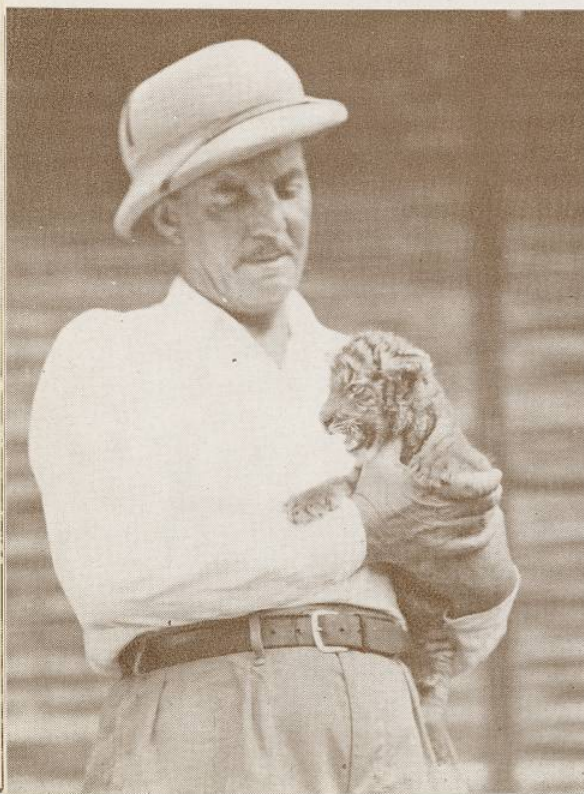


Zoo really is in having the rare animal in their collection.

Although Frank Buck is an excellent shot he rarely uses his skill during working hours. In "Wild Cargo" there was a sequence showing about the most interesting moment occasioned by his rifle wizardry. Among the other animals on the order were a pair of clouded leopards and though Frank knew that they were to be taken in the Malayan jungles, they are by far the rarest of the leopard family and for this reason alone, extremely hard to catch.

One of the pair was caught in the regular manner but the male defied every wile that was brought to bear upon him. Finally Frank took the matter in hand. The animal was cornered in the top of a

This is one baby tiger that will never grow up into a man eater.



large tree and Frank shot the bough out from beneath him.

This sounds like a tall order on the surface but when you use soft nosed, expanding bullets and know where you are placing them it doesn't take many to saw through a four or five inch limb. A half dozen or so of native boys were holding a steel net in which to break the animal's fall and before he got through with the shock of landing he was all wrapped up in the steel coils and ready to be placed in the cage with his mate.

In "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Frank had occasion to use his rifle. A tiger was driven almost into the center of a native village and Frank dropped him in his tracks only a few feet away from a crawling native baby.

Another ingenious method used to capture trophies for his "Wild Cargo" resulted in the taking of several flying foxes who look like nothing more than the popular conception of vampire bats. Frank had several of his native boys, working in pairs, carrying poles between them across which nets had been strung, walk up to the trees in which the desired haul was sleeping. Clapping his hands Frank walked under the tree and whole armies of startled animals soared into the sky with enough of them striking and getting entangled in the net to make a worthwhile haul.

Catching wild animals isn't dangerous according to Frank Buck if the catcher is careful.

"The man who isn't careful is killed," says Frank and the records seem to bear him out.

In the filming of the two motion pictures, just about typical of any other two expeditions upon which he has been, Frank has been wounded or injured many times. A brief summation of his wound stripes would read about as follows. He has been mauled by a rhinoceros, bitten by a honey bear, bitten by a lynx, scratched by a leopard

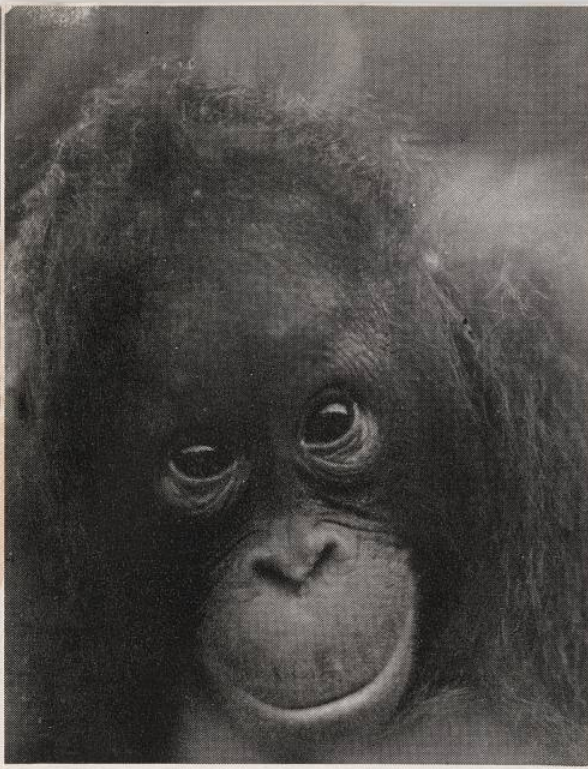


A Man-Eating Tiger Trap

ONE of the most important wild animal orders that I had when I went out on my "Wild Cargo" expedition was for a real bona fide man-eating tiger. As a rule only an aged and infirm tiger takes to the man-eating habit, but occasionally owing to a scarcity of natural food or for some other reason, a fine specimen in the prime of life will take to man-eating. The animal captured to fill the above mentioned order was one of the biggest and finest tigers that I have ever captured. He was taken on a rubber plantation belonging to the Sultan of Johore, where he had attacked and eaten a coolie the night before. We found his pug-marks in the soft mud alongside of the log fence shown in the picture, and we dug a pit which we hoped would be deep enough to hold any tiger that fell into it. We made a hole in the fence, for a tiger will always follow the line of least resistance, and if he can go through a hole instead of jumping over the fence he will invariably do it. Then we dug a pit directly underneath the hole about twelve feet deep and in such a position that when the tiger leaped through the

hole he would land on the brush and leaves which camouflaged the top of the pit.

Well, we caught our tiger all right, but he was such a big fellow that every jump he made almost brought him clear to the top of the pit. Luckily about a foot and a half of water and soft mud had collected at the bottom of the pit, which made the footing so slippery and uncertain that he was hampered in his jumping. I finally managed to lasso him from the top of the pit. Then while several of my boys held the rope tight, keeping his head up from the bottom, I caught several ropes around each of his paws and around his body, and while my boys held him in midair, I got down in the pit beneath him and guided him into a box which we had prepared for him. He weighed nearly five hundred pounds and it was a tremendous job to haul the box with the tiger inside of it up out of the pit, but we finally managed to get it out. Then we lashed carrying poles to the box and eight boys put their shoulders to the poles and we carried him away to serve a life sentence for murder.



A half grown chimpanzee with most of his troubles before him.

whose paws are teeming with septic poison germs, tossed around by a giant python and poisoned by the sap of the rhengus tree—apparently some kind of an Indian poison ivy. In spite of all that, Frank insists that care is the only jungle insurance. There are no scars.

“The man who is run down by a rhinoceros or mauled by a big cat doesn’t ever carry any wounds to talk about. He’s usually dead.”

That’s about the code of the jungle and when you elect to go into its wildest and deepest corners to drag its denizens into the light of day you have to play along the jungle rules. It’s a man-sized game.

There was one item in the “Wild Cargo” order that worried Frank Buck up to the very time that he saw his trophy safely captured. A certain zoo in the United States wanted a white male water buffalo. Male water buffalos are tough enough to take in the general run of events and the specification that it must be albino was rubbing it in more than a little. Albinos occur in all forms of animal life but the percentage in any particular specie is extremely small and no white buffalo had ever been brought back to captivity.

Frank was in his hotel room in New York when the order was given to him. The donor saved this particular item till last and in his own mind really doubted that the request was possible. Frank didn’t seem to have anything to say.

“Well Frank, is it possible? My people want a white buffalo worse than anything and it would be grand if it’s in the cards. Is there a chance that you can come through?”

Frank looked at him.

“There shouldn’t be,” he told him, “but it so happens that I might be able to oblige.”

There was a long, sharp native knife lying on the table and Frank picked it up.

“Do you see this knife?” he asked, “it was given to me by the old headman of a native village way up in the interior. I haven’t seen him since but the day before he gave me that parang he took me to a hillside that overlooked some jungle meadows. There were several buffalo herds grazing there and I saw nothing to get excited about until he pointed to a tiny white speck in the middle of a little bunch of cows.”

“It was your white buffalo calf and if he’s managed to live through two tough years of jungle life—then I’ll bring him back to you.”



Bull Elephant

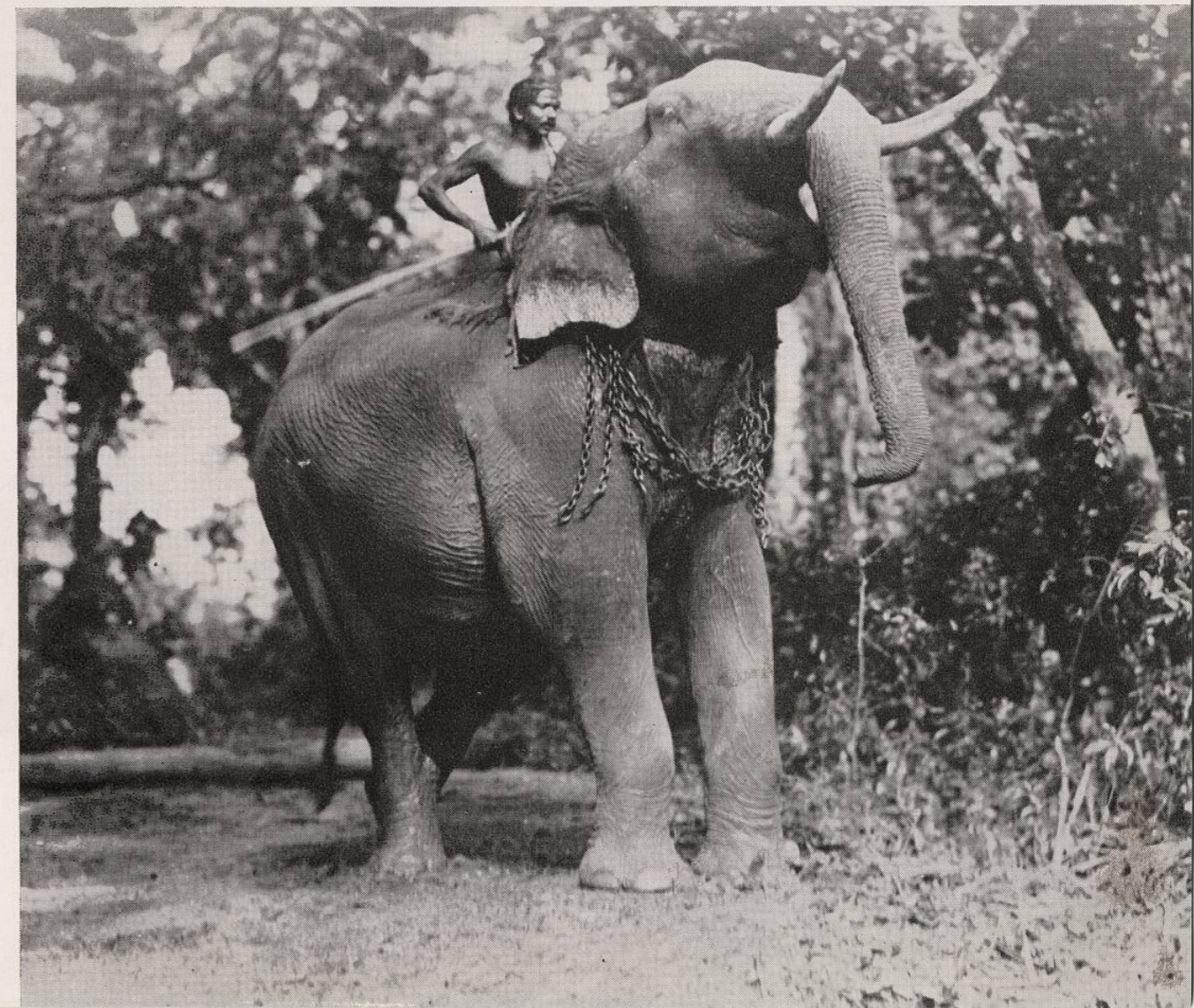
THE male elephant in this photograph is a particularly fine specimen of the Indian elephant. He weighs over nine thousand pounds and is roughly forty years old, standing about eleven feet at the shoulder.

The Indian elephant differs from the African in that it is a much bulkier and heavier animal, though sometimes not as tall. It has smaller ears and usually smaller tusks. Of the two the Indian elephant is by far the most intelligent and the most tractable. African elephants have never been domesticated to any appreciable extent, while the Indian elephant has been known as a beast of burden for hundreds of years.

In my opinion, the elephant is the most intelligent

of all animals, domestic or wild. The wild elephant when captured will soon adapt itself to new surroundings and become an intelligent and useful worker. The elephant in the photograph was one of the work elephants that assisted in the building of the kraal near Kandi in Ceylon, which was photographed in “Wild Cargo.” The chains around this tusker’s neck are to assist him in the handling of the heavy logs that went to make up the kraal in which I captured the young bull elephants.

Every year hundreds of elephants are brought to the Festival of the Tooth, held annually at Kandi, where their good and bad points are discussed by their mahouts just about the way farmers talk about their pigs and cows.





Frank left that part of the expedition until almost last. It involved the construction of a kraal and runway and the entire co-operation of the native village. After much haggling the arrangements were made and the buffalo herds were rounded up. Luck was with Frank once again and the buffalo calf had grown into a fine young bull. However, finding the white buffalo and catching him were two different matters as Frank was soon to find out.

A kraal was built and the host of native beaters began to move the massed herds in the general direction of the runway to the kraal. At first all seemed to be going well. The different groups moved gently along and though scattered bulls

Hornbill Toucan, a bird common to the Malayan peninsula.



and cows broke away through the beaters the big white youngster kept in the center of the herd and moved slowly towards the twin fences of logs that lead to the enclosure.

Frank still doesn't know what started the stampede but stampede they did and instead of rushing through the runway into the kraal prepared for them they tore through the brush of the partially cleared jungle towards the street of the little native village. Frank had stationed himself on a little hill that gave him a fairly good view of the surrounding country and he saw what was about to happen.

Most of the villagers were taking part in the drive but there were some old people and babies still in the rickety huts. Tearing through the streets, Frank and Ali managed to get them out of their thatched dwellings before the thundering hoofs of the herd tore through the walls of the three or four huts on the outskirts of the village.

As if this was all that they wanted to do the herd turned back and circled around the hill towards the beaters who were still pushing steadily towards the kraal. The Buck luck held again. The whole herd, led by a couple of old bulls with the white two-year-old at their tail swung around the mouth of the runway, hesitated a moment, and then swooped in a body into the log enclosure.

The rest was easy. Ali had brought a regular Texan lasso among the stores and Frank sat on the corner post of the kraal while the natives drove the cattle around in a milling circle until he could drop a noose over the white youngster's head and start him on his road to America.



A Full Grown Male Tiger

THIS particular tiger was photographed during the "Bring 'Em Back Alive" expedition after he had valiantly tried to make a meal out of the baby elephant that we caught in that picture. He is a beautiful specimen of the full grown male tiger and is strong and tough enough to lick anything in the jungle with the exception of a mad elephant—a sensible elephant doesn't bother anything that leaves him alone.

This particular tiger was not a man-eater and it is seldom that a fine brute such as this one has recourse to human flesh. Usually, it is only the old and toothless ones that prey on the defenseless natives, though occasionally a healthy speci-

men will accidentally get the taste of human blood and acquire a taste that leaves a trail of death behind him until he meets his inevitable fate. After twenty-five years of animal catching I think I can safely say that no healthy, normal animal ever becomes a man-eater and that the tiger earning such a name is truly a degenerate.

However, once a tiger has tasted human blood it is never satisfied with any other food and knowing that, the natives hunt them relentlessly though usually without much hope of success. It has been my good fortune to be able to free several native villages of a tiger tyrant and there is nothing that will earn you more gratitude from the thankful natives.



Pig-tailed rhesus monkey captured by Frank Buck and nicknamed 'Barnacle Bill.'

The "Wild Cargo" was almost collected. One by one, these strange items were ticked off the list until the job was finished and a host of new members for American zoos were ready for their long trip to the United States. There were many others besides these few that we have been able to tell you about, clouded leopards, a giant Malayan tapir, several pythons, snakes, monkeys and birds and to cap the list, the man-eating tiger of Jahore about whose capture Frank Buck tells you himself elsewhere in these pages.

It was a strange argosy and sounds a stranger one when, in the comfort of a warm room, a crackling

open fire and a cozy chair, you listen to Frank tell his own story. These animals are friends of his. He feels that he knows them. Most of them are pretty good fellows and when one of their number goes bad, he doesn't hold it against the rest. I think that deep in his heart Frank is sorry each time that the door of one of his traps closes behind some new jungle capture, but a job is a job and must be done whether it lies in the busy cities of the civilized world or in the death-filled jungles of its wildest corners.

Frank has said many times that while he owes most of the high spots in his thrill-filled life to the big, bad men of the jungle, it is for the little and the harmless that he feels the greatest regard. To the little camp pets who have whiled away so many dreary hours and helped to make the jungle's steaming heat bearable goes a lot of the credit for making the two remarkable motion pictures. Percy, the silver gibbon of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and "Strangler Lewis and Jim Londos" better known in the jungle as a honey bear and a golden gibbon monkey, deserve screen credit along with Frank and his intrepid cameramen.

One of the little camp pets was a particular pal of Frank's during the filming of "Wild Cargo". It was a full-grown female mouse deer and though it was a healthy specimen of its kind it only stood about ten inches high and weighed maybe a little more than four pounds. Frank had taken her out of a native trap, for they are much esteemed as food throughout the whole of Malasia, and within a few days she had settled down to a contented life among the other pets.

Shortly after her capture, Frank realized that she was about to give birth and the whole expedition awaited the great event with terrific interest for



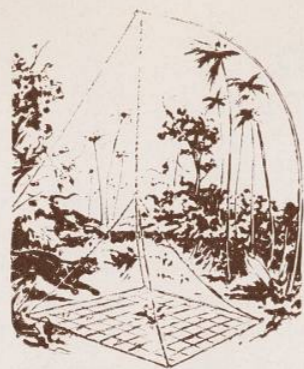
Robber or Land Crab

THIS robber crab was taken from a resting place which it had confiscated on my cot in a temporary camp we had made while screening "Wild Cargo." I had been inland to capture some gigantic bats, or flying foxes as they are called, and on returning to a small lean-to camp that my boys had built as a shelter for a couple of nights, we found the whole place literally carpeted with these huge land crabs. They are about ten inches across the actual shell, with a claw spread of about thirty inches, and lobster-like claws capable of snapping off one's finger with ease, to say nothing of mandibles that could bite through a tough leather boot. Unlike ordinary ocean crabs, they scour the jungle for food and often destroy such animals and fowl

as they can sneak up on. It is also stated that they have been known to eat human beings when they have found natives sick or wounded and unable to get out of their way during their migration when they travel in thousands. This, however, I have never been able to confirm. They were evidently attracted to our camp by the smell of food. The boys and I soon dispatched them and moved our shelter to a more secure location.

These giant crabs are also tree climbers. I have observed them in empty birds' nests high up in jungle trees with broken egg shells or the remains of fledglings scattered about them. This is probably why the natives call them robber crabs.





almost any little thing can become of great importance when you are miles away from civilization and getting tired of your own company. When the baby came he was a perfect little deer—no joke intended—and stood about four inches high on teetering tiny legs little thicker than match sticks.

He could stand very easily on Frank's open palm and, in spite of his smallness, was a perfect deer in every sense of the word.

When the expedition arrived at the coast and prepared to crate and ship the captives it was found that the mouse deer would have to be left behind for according to the Port Authorities they are germ

Frank Buck menaced by the escaped King Cobra during the filming of "Wild Cargo."



carriers and even if they had been shipped from the East they would have been denied entrance to the United States. With that exception the whole queer medley of birds, beasts and reptiles was securely packed and crated for stowing in the yawning holds of the two freighters who were to bring them to their new abode.

Most of the smaller animals and birds were shipped on the S.S. Tweedbank, the rest, including the now famous Indian Rhinoceros, followed on the S.S. Steel Navigator. Ali, Frank's Number One boy, or to give him his full name, Ali Bim Bahojo, came with the rhino in order to see that it received the proper care. Frank himself, came ahead of them and went down to the Staten Island pier to see his faithful follower arrive with their greatest single trophy. Rope slings soon had the big cage out on the dock and a crowd of ship reporters hovered around, eager to welcome the first male Indian rhino that had ever been brought to captivity. He was strong and healthy enough and in a few hours was happily packed up with a bale of hay or so and on his way to the St. Louis Zoo in a specially heated box-car.

What a thrill packed life this gathering of wild animals must be. We who stay at home and follow the well-appointed round of our daily lives can still appreciate the adventure that lies in a job that is ever changing, a job that may take Frank Buck to a corner of the world where even he has never been and lay before his eyes new thrills and scenes and places that we can only see if he should happen to have his cameras along and bring them back 'alive' for us.

**FRANK
BUCK'S
WILD
CARGO**

*of
Rare Wild
Animals
Birds &
Reptiles*

*•
Century
of
Progress*

*•
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1934*



FRANK BUCK'S
• BOOK OF THRILLS •