

Official Handbook for members of
FRANK BUCK'S ADVENTURERS CLUB



(BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE)

Frank Buck's

MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

SIGNED _____

It contains confidential information for members of

Frank Buck's
ADVENTURERS CLUB

and should be shown **ONLY** to your family and boys and girls you want to become fellow club members.

SPECIAL WARNING: Do not show Secret Pages 14 and 15 to anyone, except your parents!

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Frank Buck's
ADVENTURERS CLUB
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Fellow Adventurer:

I am mighty glad to welcome you to our Adventurers Club. Here's your club pin and official handbook.

Wear your club pin proudly. It marks you as one of a chosen group with special privileges only members can enjoy. Your book contains not only my most thrilling adventure, which I wrote especially for you, but also a lot of other things --- secret pages, confidential information, interesting pictures, my mysterious jungle code, and wonderful prizes which only boys and girls in our club can get. So read every page carefully.

Tell all your friends that they, too, can become members by sending in the carton from any Pepsodent product.

Yours for adventure,

Frank Buck



Frank Buck's Coolie Camp in the heart of the Jungles



Greetings to my
Fellow Adventurers
From
Frank Buck

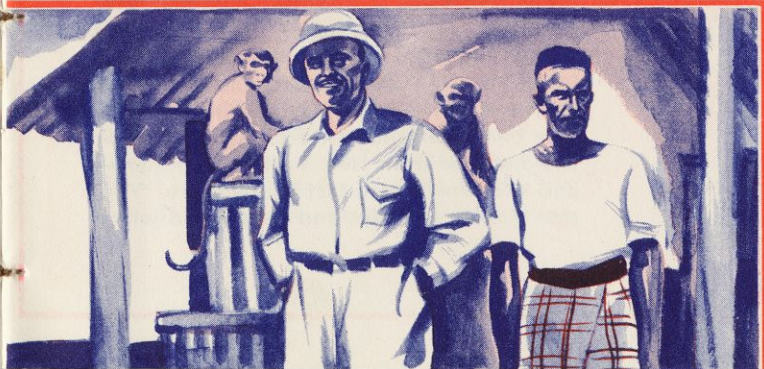
My Most Thrilling Adventure

Written especially for members of my Adventurers Club
By (Bring 'Em Back Alive) FRANK BUCK
(This story has never before been published)

THE biggest thrill of my life came just a year ago. I have had plenty of thrills—twenty years packed with adventures in far-off jungle countries in Malaya and Ceylon and India—but this one was the biggest of all because it took me **TEN YEARS** to get it!

I have shot a leopard alive out of a tree into a net by cutting the branch it was on with bullets; I have crawled into an eighteen-foot pit with a genuine man-eating tiger and put him into a cage by his tail; I have had a poisonous cobra—one of the deadliest snakes known—spit his venom into my eyes so I was blinded for hours and didn't know whether I'd ever recover my sight. These were all thrills—and pretty exciting and dangerous. But the biggest one was when I caught my male Indian rhinoceros just last year!

It was big because as I said I had been trying to capture one of these animals for the past ten years. They are the rarest and biggest of the whole rhino family. There are hundreds of leopards and tigers in the jungles to every one of these great, strange beasts. Even the Nepalese, or jungle people,



Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck's Coolie Camp at the Century of Progress in Chicago.

MY MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE

who live in the country where they are found rarely see them. They are called "armor-plated" rhinos because their backs are heavy and tough as steel plates. In all the world outside of India there are only three of them in captivity, and all of these are girl rhinos. My order, given to me ten years ago, called for a male rhino, none of which to my knowledge had ever been captured!

When I told Ali, my Number One Boy, about it he threw up his hands.

"API INI!" he said. "GILA!"

Which was his way of saying, "What is this, Master? It's crazy!"

"It's what we're going to do, Ali," I told him. "We're going to get one of those big rhinos — or bust!" Ali made no reply, but out of the corner of my eye I could see him fingering his lucky piece — the charm he always carried with him to ward off misfortune.

Ali thought we had a pretty good chance of "busting," but I had made up my mind that at last I was going to get one of those rhinos. I had waited long enough, and THIS time I was going to do it! I was going to catch the rarest animal in the world!

The best place to find Indian rhinos is in far Nepal, on the far border of India. (You will find it on my adventure map on pages 12 and 13.) I was in Singapore, at the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula. It is over two thousand miles to Nepal — twice the distance from New York to Chicago — and they don't have fast trains there. You ride slowly, for days and days. And when



A MALE RHINO
5 tons of fight! Not one
in captivity until - - -

you get there you have to ride more days into the jungle on elephant back or bullock cart — and sometimes you walk!

The jungle is a savage, mysterious place. There are great trees there that grow a hundred and fifty feet high, and in the damp crotches of their branches are green ferns shaped like baskets where beautiful red and black squirrels make their homes. Creepers and vines hang from the trees, sometimes so closely matted and grown together that you have to cut your way through. On the branches and climbing up and down the vines are hundreds of little rhesus monkeys chattering and playing together. And there are great pythons there — some of them thirty feet long! — and strange jungle birds with feathers of red and green and blue and yellow, and big leopards and tigers that can kill their prey with one swipe of their enormous paws.

It was through this jungle that I had to go to get into the rhino country of Nepal. Once there I set up a temporary camp, then hired a large group of “boys” — natives born and bred in the jungle who knew the trails and the lay of the land of the whole surrounding section.

Once my camp was set up, I sent these natives out in groups on a wide sweep of the country to get on the trail of any rhinos that might be there. Indian rhinos travel singly except when a cow rhino has a calf and I had to find a mother and calf — a baby rhino, and a boy — because a full-grown Indian rhinoceros would be too big for ANYBODY to handle. Don't think



My Number 1 Boy—Ali
He's with me
on my radio program

when I say "baby" I mean a real little one. The rhino I wanted had to weigh about a ton — as heavy as an automobile! — and as dangerous as one going sixty miles an hour!

It was a long time before my boys found any rhinos, and while they were looking I built a cage. It was the biggest and strongest cage I had ever made. Solid jungle logs half-a-foot thick went into it, bound and tied together with RATTAN — the toughest of all jungle ropes. It HAD to be strong. When you get a ton of fighting, savage animal behind bars you're asking for trouble — and you get it!

I got it — and lots of it. I had had my cage built over a week when two natives came running into camp and started jabbering excitedly to Ali. Ali became as excited as they were.

"Rhinos, Master!" he told me. "Big rhino — and a little one!"

"A male?" I demanded.

"Yes, Master! A very fine young male! The one you look for ten years!"

That was enough for me. There were rhinos around! And at last I was going to have a chance at one!

I called in all my natives and gave them careful orders. I had to separate the young one from its mother. If I had tackled the life out of one or more of my boys. So we advanced very quietly until we sighted them, and sure enough — there was just the rhino I was looking for!

It took a long time to get him away from the old female, but we finally did it by mov-



Our Trail—In the dark mysterious jungle

MY MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE

ing carefully, and coaxing, and driving until at last he stood and fed alone in a fairly open stretch of jungle. Then all I had to do was to CATCH that thousands of pounds of animal dynamite!

I drilled my boys carefully in just what they were to do. I had brought along from Singapore one of the strongest animal nets in the world. It was made of heavy, native rope and would bend and stretch enormously without breaking. It was over a hundred feet long, and about five feet high, enough to encircle any rhino and hold him — I hoped!

I had a number of long poles cut from the jungle and sharpened to points on one end. And then I practiced the boys in what they were to do. At a signal from me they were to run as fast as they could, surround the rhino before he knew what was happening, and push the sharpened ends of the poles far into the ground. These poles were fastened to the rope net, and the net would make a complete fence around him and pen him in.

When the natives had had enough practice far behind the rhino, I gave the order to start forward. Silently we crept through the jungle, carrying the heavy net and the poles across our shoulders. The rhino was still there, feeding, and not suspecting we were near him.

I looked about to make sure everything was ready. The net was spread out in a long line — like a fence — and thirty boys held the thirty poles. I drew a deep breath, raised my arm, and suddenly shouted,



The Prey Sighted
by my native boys

“GO!”

Fast as we could run we started for that big rhino! We got the net almost around him before he knew what was happening. Half the boys had already plunged their poles into the soft jungle mud. And then suddenly he knew that his freedom was being taken away from him! He lowered his great head and charged!

He hit my net like an express train! I could hear the strong rope sing and stretch as he struck it! But it held firm for a moment!

He charged again — and again! More furious — more savage! Even a stone wall could not have stood up against him! He ripped that strong fiber to ribbons! He broke it and shattered it and tore it to shreds! And then he charged me! Straight ahead he came — like a two-ton battering ram, and as dangerous as a tusked cyclone!

I jumped to one side just in time! I could feel the wind of his big body whistle past me. He whirled and came back — charging low, his head down, his eyes red and furious!

Again I dodged that crushing weight and that ripping, terrible single horn. And this time he seemed content. Having ripped and torn my net to pieces, he turned and ran off into the shadows of the jungle. And I had lost the prize I had been trying to win for ten years!

But I decided I hadn't lost it. I would follow him — trail him through the jungle — for miles if I had to, just to get one more chance. I hadn't come all the way to Nepal to fail!



“Go!” I shouted

MY MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE

So for hours we followed the great prints of his feet in the jungle. At any moment he might have turned on us and charged. But I wasn't going to let fear or danger stop us now. I had come to get this rhino, and as I'd told Ali I'd get him — "or bust!"

As night came on I ordered the boys to light torches. And by the flares of these gleaming flames we searched that mysterious and dangerous jungle through the night!

All at once a shout went up in the dark and I ran forward. There was a deep, mucky water hole through a fringe of ferns and creepers — and there I found my rhino! In running through the jungle he had fallen into a spring hole and become mired in the mud! — stuck fast beyond his knees! — held firm by the sucking earth itself!

There was my rhino — a prisoner of Mother Nature! What I had to do now was get his tremendous bulk out of that hole and into the cage I had built!

It was a tough job bringing that heavy cage up through the dense jungle — but we managed it. And we finally got it anchored securely on the edge of the bog hole. Then my real work began. In danger of at any moment slipping into the mud with that savage rhino, I had to creep forward and lasso him with the strongest rope I had!

I finally got it around him — secure and fast. Then I ran the end of it up through the door of the cage and out through the bars at the back.

When the rope was ready and set I ordered

(Continued on Page 20)



We tracked him
with torches!

MY MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE

all the boys to take hold of it. When they were all on I gave the order.

"Pull!" I shouted. "Heave — ho!"

They dug their heels into the ground and pulled with all their strength! For a moment I thought the rope would break. Then the rhino began slowly to move forward!

"Pull! Pull! Harder! Fast!"

He came up slowly out of the mud toward the door of the cage! He grunted and he groaned — but he came! Two tons of him! — mad, savage, angry, roaring! Straight into the door of the cage he went, fighting every minute, but helpless in the mud and the rope that bound him!

With a shout of triumph I slammed the log door shut behind him! I had finally — alive and well — what I had been trying for ten years to capture! An "armor-plated" male Indian rhinoceros — the rarest animal in the world! But Ali only grinned and held up his lucky piece excitedly — implying that his talisman had made the capture possible.

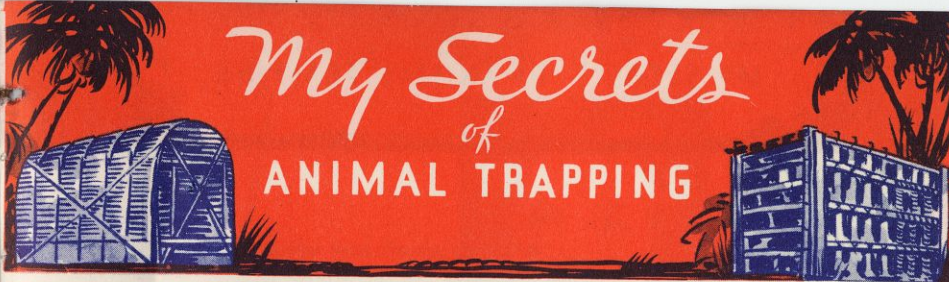
Should any of you ever happen to be in St. Louis you can see this rhinoceros there in the Zoo. As I said, he's just a "baby" now — only weighing about two tons! When he grows up he'll weigh five tons — or **TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!**

Do you wonder that this was my biggest thrill? The rarest animal in the world — the armor-plated rhinoceros — that it took me ten years to capture?



They pulled with all their strength

Don't miss a single one of Frank Buck's thrilling Adventures over the Radio



My Secrets of ANIMAL TRAPPING

By FRANK BUCK Himself

When I go out into the jungle on an expedition I take a lot of equipment with me. I have to have rifles and guns, of course — big ones for elephants and tigers and leopards, and plenty of ammunition. But as my job is bringing animals back alive, I never use these guns unless one of my boys or I am in danger. Then I have to shoot — and shoot quick!

I take animal nets, too — strong steel ones for leopards, pythons, and other animals and reptiles, and heavy rope ones like that I told you about in catching my Indian rhinoceros. Then there is all sorts of camping equipment — tents for temporary shelters until I build a base camp, and food supplies for my natives, mosquito netting to keep the jungle insects off at night, and all sorts of cooking utensils and camp necessities. Not much clothing, but what I do have is mighty important — especially a good quality neckerchief and the kind of hat that will shield my head from the burning rays of the sun. You've no idea what a tropical helmet like this means to me in the jungle. Sometimes it takes as many as fifty boys and a dozen bullock carts to carry all this material to my distant camp.

But the main part of an animal expedition really lies in the small, simple things — the things that you boys and girls can have yourselves. For instance, a knife and an ax are very important in the wilds of the Far East. The cages and traps I use in the jungle are made right on the spot. Strong, hardwood logs are cut from the forest and bound together with RATTAN — a strong rope-like vine cut by the natives in the jungle. No nails or screws go into these cages at all — most jungle natives have never seen nails — and the only two things needed to build the biggest cage or trap are just a good knife and an ax.

Another simple thing I use a good deal is a lasso. These ropes must be very strong and reliable, as sometimes it is a matter of life or death whether the rope holds the animal it is fastened to. I once had to climb into a pit with a savage man-eating tiger in order to get him into a big box. He was tied and bound with ropes I had thrown over him from the top of the pit — but if one of these ropes had broken he would have clawed me to pieces in less than twenty seconds!

Come with me
RIGHT INTO
THE JUNGLE!



FRANK BUCK'S ADVENTURERS CLUB
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