

ON JUNGLE TRAILS

By FRANK BUCK

author of "BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE," "FANG AND CLAW,"
"WILD CARGO," etc.

With

FERRIN FRASER



WITH TWENTY-TWO REPRODUCTIONS
OF PHOTOGRAPHS, AND A MAP

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FOREWORD

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. Thus I have come 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 was more interested in watching the birds and animals around our home than in anything else. While I was still a young boy, the family moved from Gainesville, where I was born, to the outskirts of Dallas. Of course Dallas in those days was just a small town and we lived near a densely wooded area through which ran Turtle Creek.

This creek was a continuous source of wonder to me. There were fish in it, and frogs, and water snakes. Texas birds played around in the bordering brushwood and trees. Raccoons, opossums, and squirrels haunted the shores. Coyotes, foxes, and wildcats were not far away, and the deadly rattlesnakes and copperheads were there too.

I used to set out homemade snares and traps for red birds (cardinals), rabbits, and squirrels near Turtle Creek, but my first money from the

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animal business was made by capturing rattlesnakes. In a newspaper I read that a man in Rochester, New York, would buy rattlesnakes in any number. Rattlesnake oil in those days was generally believed to be a cure-all for rheumatism, gout, and stiff joints. As these snakes were more or less plentiful near home, I promptly wrote to the Rochester man, with the result that he sent me a standing order. During the greater part of my school days I made pocket money by capturing deadly rattlesnakes.

When school days were over, I definitely knew where my interests lay. Instead of becoming a doctor or a lawyer, as many people thought best for me, I determined to be an animal and bird collector. Wild life interested me more than anything else in the world, and I didn't see why I shouldn't choose for my business and my career the thing that really interested me.

My first trip away from America, made in 1911, was to the jungles of South America. This was so successful that I went there again a year later. The collection of birds from this second trip was sold at so much profit that I decided I could make a living from collecting birds and animals and selling them to zoos and private individuals.

Having decided on this course, I selected Asia as the best place for my work. Though I have

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traveled in practically every jungle country in the world, to this day I maintain headquarters in Singapore, the capital of the Malay Straits Settlements. And it is due to the fact that I have spent so much time in the jungles of Asia that I have become an authority on the fauna of that country.

In the past twenty-five years I have crossed the Pacific Ocean forty-five times and have traveled around the globe a dozen times. To the city of Dallas I have delivered a complete zoo, including over five hundred specimens of rare animals, birds, and reptiles. At my Singapore compound I have assembled the biggest collection of animals ever brought together in one place, with the possible exception of the big zoos in New York, London, and a few other large cities.

One of the most interesting features of my work is bringing to zoological gardens in the United States a large number of firsts — animals which had never been seen here before.

Among these firsts are the only authentic man-eating tiger; the biggest king cobra ever captured alive, delivered to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of the New York Zoological Park; and rare Indian rhinos, which were brought 16,000 miles from the jungles of Nepal, where few white men are allowed, to Dr. Hornaday, Dr. Penrose,

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and Mr. George Vierheller, of the New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis zoos. Among the other new specimens, never before seen alive in America, are the anoa or pigmy water buffalo of Celebes; the babirussa, rarest of wild swine; the long-nosed or proboscis monkey of Borneo; the siamang gibbon, largest of the gibbon apes; and the great black cockatoo of New Guinea, the fairy bluebird of Borneo, the red-crested green wood partridge of Malaya, and a number of the rarer varieties of Himalayan pheasants.

My American wild animal headquarters, the Jungle Camp at Amityville, thirty miles out of New York City on Long Island, is probably the biggest private zoo in the world.

I am proud of the fact that in my whole career of dealing with wild creatures I have never willfully or unnecessarily harmed or injured a single one. I have made it my business to bring them back alive, for I have only feelings of kindness for every creature that breathes on this earth.

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I

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE



THE animals that inhabit the jungles and the great forests of the continent of Asia lead lives full of danger. For the law of the jungle is that only the strongest animals can live and survive. The weak ones — whether they are savage tigers or great elephants, small squirrels or tiny mouse deer — cannot live long in the jungle, where the strong are the kings and the weak are the food of the strong.

To those of us who live in America this may seem like a cruel law. But it is a natural law, and it is the way wild animals have lived in the jungle since the beginning of time. The strong have killed the weak, not for the mere fun of killing or to show their great strength, but that they themselves may live. For animals must have food; and to get their food, it is natural and right for them to use their fangs and claws in order that they may go on living.

During the last twenty-five years I have spent

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most of my time in the jungle countries of southern Asia — India, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, Sumatra, Java, Nepal, Borneo, the Sulu Islands, the Philippines — on my job of bringing wild animals back alive so that you may see them in the zoo and the circus. But I have never been able to bring the jungle back alive. So before I tell you about the animals that live there, I want to tell you about the jungle where these animals live, so you will have a picture of it in your minds.

Thousands of square miles of the continent of Asia and the large islands that lie to the south in the Indian and Pacific oceans, are still jungle — and most likely always will be. This jungle is thick and dense. It climbs hills and goes down into valleys. It spreads across flatlands and covers great swamps. It grows fast and its plants never really die, as some of our northern plants do, because this jungle territory is close to the equator, where the sun shines its hottest and heavy rains are much more frequent than in other parts of the world. The temperature never changes much from a hundred degrees all the year round.

The jungle is always dark and dim. This is because there are really four layers to an Asiatic jungle. On the ground is a thick growth of jungle grass that is sometimes four or five feet

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tall and has edges as sharp as knife blades. Above this grass rise bushes, thick, close together, reaching six or eight feet above the grass. Then come the smaller of the jungle trees — trees about the size of our own oaks, elms, maples, and walnuts. But these jungle trees have much larger leaves that help to shut out the sun. Above these trees grow great ones that shoot a hundred or two hundred feet toward the sky, with their branches twining together and making a sort of tent over everything below.

Of course in the great tropical forests there are clearings here and there, which are called padangs. Here many of the grass-eating animals come out to graze in the cooler hours of the early morning or late evening. Various fowl come here to dust and sun themselves, and the more ferocious animals come out to hunt.

But you still haven't a picture of the real jungle that grows away from these clearings on all sides. All these bushes, all these small and large trees, are bound together by great vines and creepers. These vines grow from the ground into the tree branches. From there they hang down, twist and grow together, and tie the bushes and smaller trees into such knots that you need a big two-foot knife, which the natives call a parang, to cut your way through. And of course all this jungle — thousands of

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miles of it—is dark and dim because of the tree branches, the leaves, and the vines that shut out the light of the sun so that sunlight never gets to the ground.

This is the jungle where I capture the animals you may have seen in a zoo. This is the jungle where tigers live, and elephants, and great black panthers. This is the sort of place that is “home” to leopards, hyenas, apes, monkeys, and tapirs. This is where orang-utans, water buffalo, honey bears, and pythons live. This is where great crocodiles swim in the rivers, and where many beautiful tropical birds fly through the treetops. This is the jungle that has been my home for the better part of twenty-five years—the jungle I want you to know and to understand.

Before I tell you how I capture alive the strange and queer animals that live in Asia, I want you to take a walk with me through the jungle.

Many years ago, when I first became interested in animals and decided to make them and their capture alive my job in life, I set up a camp in the jungle of northern Johore. Johore is a country just north of Singapore, which is at the tip of the Malay Peninsula. Johore is a wild spot, and its jungles are full of all kinds of animals and birds.

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With my camp set up—and I’ll tell you later about the kind of camp I build in the jungle, and how I do it—I called to Ali, my Number One boy. Perhaps I should tell you that it is the custom for every white man who travels in the East to have a servant, or several servants. These servants, or helpers, are numbered. Number One boy is the chief, a sort of lieutenant, who is smarter than the rest, and the most help to his master, or *tuan*.

My Number One boy, Ali, is not really a boy at all. In the jungle countries of the East all servants and helpers are called boys. Ali is now nearly forty years old. He has always been faithful and loyal, and on more than one occasion he has saved my life. I too have always been as loyal to Ali, a brown Malay, as he has been to me.

“Ali,” I called when my first camp was set up, “let’s take a walk up a jungle trail.”

Ali, who didn’t know me very well that first year, looked at me as though I were *gila kechil*, which in the Malay language means slightly mad. You see, Malays, and most of the native people of the Far East, are rather lazy. They don’t take *any* walk, or do *any* work, unless there is some reason for it.

“Tuan not feel well?” he asked.

“I feel fine!” I told him. “That’s the reason

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I want to take a walk. I want to look over this jungle. Put that rifle of mine over your shoulder, and come on."

He came — but he didn't see much sense in the idea. Why anyone should want to walk along a jungle trail was something Ali, who had lived near the jungle all his life, couldn't understand. But you will understand when I tell you of all the strange things we saw there on that first walk of ours.

A few steps took us out of sight of camp, and the jungle closed in around us. We couldn't see more than fifty feet in any direction because of the thick vines and creepers and trees that grew on all sides. But the trail under our feet was worn and smooth. It was an animal trail, and it had been made through that dense jungle by thousands of animals going to water. I knew that sooner or later we should come to a river or some water hole where the jungle creatures drank.

Before we had gone half a mile, I saw a strange thing. At first it looked like a shadow moving across the trail. I thought a great snake, a python, might be climbing in the branches of the trees overhead and casting his moving shadow on the ground. When we got closer, I saw that it was no shadow at all. It was an army of marching red ants!

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I have seen many armies of these ants. They move great distances on their tiny legs in search of new homes and new feeding grounds. They move in a column, just like an army, and they keep their formation as well as trained soldiers on the march. Their column is about eight inches to a foot wide, and it may be a mile or even two or three miles long. Nobody knows how many ants there are in one of these armies, because nobody could possibly count them. I should say that such an army might contain over a hundred million of these tiny ant soldiers.

Think of a hundred million ants all moving together in a straight line! They never turn aside, but always go straight ahead *over* anything that gets in their path. I have seen them climbing over big fallen logs and trees in the jungle and even going up and down the sides of tall bamboo fences on rubber plantations. They seem to think it is easier to go over anything that gets in their way than to go around it.

I was standing on the trail, watching this army of ants, when Ali touched my arm.

"Tuan," he whispered, "here come pangolin!"

I saw a little animal with a long tail move out of the grass at one side of the trail. Ali and I stood so still that he didn't see us. But he saw the column of ants, and he moved toward them quickly.

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Now a pangolin is also called a scaly anteater because he does eat ants and he does have scales. These scales cover his whole body like the scales of a fish, only they are much larger and are as strong and hard as iron. He can raise or lower these scales as he wishes — open them up or fold them tightly down against his body, in the same way that a porcupine uses his skin muscles to bristle his quills. When in danger, a pangolin rolls himself into a ball with his scales closed so that they cover him like a knight's suit of armor. It takes a mighty big animal to hurt him through these scales.

Pangolins are gray in color. They can climb trees like cats. In the trees they feed on buds and the insects and bugs that crawl over ferns growing from the damp crotches of the jungle trees. They can hang on a limb with their long tails, then swing down and get the insects from the tree trunks with their sticky tongues.

Ali and I stood there on the trail and watched this pangolin. I wanted to see what he was going to do about this army of red ants. Of all food, a pangolin likes ants best. Here was the biggest meal this pangolin had ever seen in his life. Millions of ants were crawling across the trail, and all he had to do was put out his tongue and lap them up — which is the way a pangolin eats.

But this anteater had other ideas. He walked up to that moving army of ants, watched it a minute, then lay down right across it!

The ants, of course, never stopped. A pangolin is not nearly so big as the jungle logs which ants sometimes crawl over, so they swarmed in their column straight over the pangolin. Now the pangolin opened his scales — and he left them open. The ants kept right on moving. They crawled over and under every scale as millions behind kept coming forward.

Then the pangolin did a strange thing. He closed his scales. This meant that beneath his scales he was holding hundreds of ants prisoners, because the scales shut so tightly the ants could not get out.

That anteater had his dinner all right, but he couldn't eat it while it was under his scales! I watched him carefully to see what he would do.

He got to his feet, looked around, and saw a small water hole on one side of the trail. It was rain water that had fallen into a hollow. The pangolin walked over to this hollow, waded in, and lay down in the water. Then he opened his scales. The ants he had caught beneath the scales floated to the top of the little pool. And that pangolin opened his mouth, put out his sticky tongue, and ate his nice, water-washed dinner.

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You see now what I mean about the law of the jungle. While it was pleasant for that pangolin to get his dinner so easily, it was hard on the ants that had to be his food. But this is the jungle law. Every animal is food for some other animal, and only the strongest can keep on living.

A moment later Ali and I stepped over the army of ants — it kept right on moving as if nothing had happened — and went on with our walk. We went slowly along the trail, with the jungle deep and dark on each side of us.

All at once I heard a queer sound. It sounded like a small hammer tapping on a cement block. We stopped and looked up into the trees from which the noise had come.

Thirty feet up on the side of a great jungle tree, I saw a strange bird hanging with claw-like feet on a small branch. The bird was almost as big as an eagle and as black as night. It had a huge curved beak, and with that beak it was pecking away at what looked like a patch of cement in the side of the tree. This was the sound Ali and I had heard — the tapping of this big beak against a wall of mud that had hardened in the tropic sun until it was almost as strong as cement.

"Little hornbill also inside!" Ali whispered to me.

This bird was a hornbill. And I knew that

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inside that wall of hard mud, in a hollow in the great tree trunk, was a mother hornbill with her baby.

This is the way hornbills breed. The mother and father birds fly about the jungle until they find a large hollow tree. Together they peck away every piece of soft wood with their strong beaks and drop the pieces outside. When the inside of the trunk is clean, they build a nest there of dead leaves and moss. Then the mother hornbill goes inside and lays a single egg in the nest. A hornbill never lays more than one egg at a time.

To protect the mother and the baby hornbill that will soon hatch out, the father hornbill builds a wall of mud across the opening in the tree trunk. He goes to the nearest swamp or creek and brings back clay, a mouthful at a time, until the hole leading to the nest is sealed up. When this clay grows hard in the heat of the sun, it is almost as solid as the tree itself.

There is one other thing besides safety that hornbills have to look out for in this queer nest of theirs. This is food, for both the mother hornbill and the young squab when it is hatched. So in building their wall of mud, they leave one small hole in it. This hole is just large enough for the mother hornbill's beak. And all the time the mother bird sits on the nest, the father feeds

her through this hole. It takes a lot of frogs and mice and jungle fruit to do it, but the father hornbill seems mighty proud of his job.

Ali and I stood on the trail for a time and watched this hornbill high on the tree trunk. He was now tearing down the hard mud wall, and inside the trunk the mother hornbill was helping him. Then suddenly, through the opening they were making, I saw a small fluffy head with bright black eyes and a beak so large it looked funny on so small a baby.

"There's the squab," I whispered to Ali.

My voice was louder than I thought, in the jungle stillness. The mother hornbill pulled her baby back into the nest, and the father made loud and angry noises while he glared down at us.

"Come on," I said to Ali. "Those birds are going to have trouble enough without thinking that we are going to hurt them."

I knew, you see, that those hornbills — like the ants and the pangolin — also lived under the law of the jungle. It was quite likely that before the father and mother finished giving their baby his hunting lessons, something would happen to them. Hornbills teach their babies to catch frogs and mice for themselves. But during these lessons very often some bigger animal catches and eats the bird that is learning to catch and eat the frogs. It's the jungle law.

Ali and I went on and left the hornbills. We walked slowly along the trail with here and there patches of sunlight falling through the leaves above us.

After a time we stopped to watch two raffalii squirrels playing on a branch. Almost every country in the world has its squirrels. You have seen them, of course, because they live everywhere — all over North and South America, as well as in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

But you have probably never seen a squirrel like the one called raffalii. It is by far the most beautiful of them all. It is colored as brightly as a bird — pure white, inky black, and a rich red. Its head, back, and tail are as black as coal. Its sides and shoulders are a snowy white, and its under parts are a deep and lovely red.

Of all the squirrels in the world, this one has the easiest life. Squirrels that live in northern countries must put away nuts and food enough to last through the long winters. But the raffalii, which lives in the tropics where the climate is always the same, never has to worry about food. There is always plenty on all sides.

This squirrel does not even have to build a house to live in. Other squirrels have to find a hollow in a tree or dig out a hole in some fallen log in the woods. The raffalii's home is already made for him. In the damp crotches of jungle

trees, basket ferns grow, and the center of these ferns is really shaped like a little basket. All the squirrel has to do is to jump in and be rocked to sleep as if he were in a treetop cradle.

As Ali and I watched those two squirrels playing on the branch above us, I couldn't help thinking of the jungle law again. This might really be their last day of play. Tonight maybe a civet cat or a leopard would catch them for food. For civet cats and leopards have to live as well as squirrels. Perhaps the civet that caught those squirrels would later be caught by a great leopard. It's the jungle law, and the way all wild creatures live.

Ali and I had just started on, leaving the squirrels behind, when we heard a strange and beautiful sound. The jungle is full of sound; there is almost never a silence. There is always a steady chattering of birds and monkeys. But those noises are harsh. What Ali and I heard now was a sweet, lovely sound, like a low whistle.

I knew at once that the sound we had heard was the call of an argus pheasant!

The argus pheasant is one of the rarest birds in the world, almost as rare as the famous bird of paradise. Very few white people—even those who have lived all their lives in the East—have seen a wild argus pheasant. But most of them have heard this lovely whistling call just at

daybreak or dusk. Near Mount Ophir and other hill districts in Malaya these birds call to one another from hill to hill, and their call can be heard for a mile across the valleys.

Argus pheasants are as beautiful as their call. They are large birds, and their general coloring is brown. All the different shades of brown run through their feathers. The tail feathers of a male argus are seven feet long. The primary wing feathers are nearly three feet long, each with dark brown eyes, or spots, going clear down to the tips.

The minute I heard that call in the jungle, I wanted to see the pheasant if I could.

"Ali," I whispered, "that was an argus pheasant! There may be a strutting ground near here. Let's find it."

An argus pheasant strutting ground is something that few white men have ever seen. In the breeding season all male birds strut before their mates—that is, they show off their fine bright plumage. You have seen roosters, or turkeys, or peacocks strutting proudly about as if they owned the world. But argus pheasants are prouder than any other bird, and they have a different way of doing their strutting and showing off their fine feathers.

In the first place they must have just the right piece of ground. A pair of pheasants will

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search the whole jungle over until they find a piece of flat, level land. Then the male pheasant clears it of every blade of grass and twig and weed. With his feet he scratches out every bump in the ground and rolls every stone and pebble to one side.

He pulls out the grass with his strong beak. He pushes the twigs and branches aside with his claws. If there is a stalk or weed too big to drag out with his beak, he uses his long neck. He winds his throat around the weed and pulls it out by the roots. When he has finished, he has cleared a piece of jungle ground twelve or fifteen feet square, and has made it as smooth as a floor in your house.

Then he struts! While his mate sits at one side of the clearing, he walks proudly up and down, with his wings spread and his big tail feathers held stiffly up over his back. He walks proudly, lifting his feet high, and showing off every beautiful feather to his mate.

I had always wanted to see one of these argus pheasants strut, and there seemed now to be a chance. So I led Ali into the underbrush. We moved quickly but silently in the direction of the call we had heard. At last, after crawling a few yards on our hands and knees, very carefully so as not to make a sound to drive the birds away, we came to the strutting ground.

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Looking through the jungle leaves, I saw it — a clear space, as bare and flat as if a farmer had just finished rolling it. At one side sat the brown female argus pheasant, looking with bright black eyes at her mate. And her mate was working away with his feet and his bill and his neck to make the place even more flat and level for his strutting.

All at once I saw that the beautiful bird was in danger. I let out a cry to warn him — but it was too late!

In the center of his strutting ground was a stick of bamboo, a tough, strong wood which the Malay native people use for nearly every purpose. This stick had been put there for a purpose by some *sakai*, by some native of the jungle country.

The pheasant had wrapped his neck around the stick to pull it out, just as he had pulled out the weeds that had grown there. My yell to warn him came a second too late. His mate, frightened by my cry, flew off into the jungle. But he gave a pull on that bamboo stick with his neck — and cut his own throat!

That bamboo stick had been sharpened by some native until its edges were like knife blades. In trying to pull it out, so that he might have the ground clear for strutting before his mate, this argus pheasant had killed himself.

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This is one of the ways in which the native sakai of the jungle catch pheasants. For natives must eat as well as the birds and the animals. I knew that in a few hours this argus pheasant would make a dinner for the women and children of the nearest native village. It's the law of the jungle, you see. If some wild creature doesn't kill these animals and birds that live there, man does. The men who live in the Asiatic jungles have to struggle, too, in order that they may eat.

Ali and I turned back to the trail and went on with our walk. After a time we came to a wide river that led down to the sea. I had known that we should come at last to water, because all jungle trails lead there if you follow them far enough.

"Here *sungai* (river)," Ali said.

It was a big river, smooth and clear, with the trees and vines on the banks showing in the surface of the water as if it were a looking glass.

Playing about in the water, near the top, were a number of large fish which the natives call *ikan anjing*. These big fish, somewhat like the dogfish or small shark of American waters, come up the tidal rivers from the ocean to feed along the banks. They are not very good as food, but the native sakai eat them when other food is hard to get.

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As I stood there on the bank with Ali and looked down into the water at these big fish, I couldn't help thinking that here was a jungle creature that was safe. There was no other fish in those waters big enough to harm him. It seemed that here, for once, the law of the jungle did not work.

Even as I was thinking this, a swift shadow moved across the water. Looking up into the sky, I saw a great white-and-black fish eagle flying with silent wings.

These Asiatic eagles are big, strong birds, about the size of an American bald eagle. They have a smaller head, but a sharper beak and more powerful talons, or claws. They eat squirrels and rats and monkeys — any small animal they can swoop down on, grasp, and carry away in their claws. They eat fish too, dropping down on the water and catching them with their talons, as our American fish hawks do. They are the fiercest and most cruel of all the birds that fly in Asia. They are the real kings of the air.

I saw now, as I watched this eagle, that these big fish in the river weren't as safe as I had thought. The eagle was out hunting his dinner, and from high up in the sky he could see these fish swimming just below the surface of the water.

All at once he folded his wings against his sides

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and stopped flying. Without his wings to hold him in the air, he dropped straight down as fast as a stone. Like a bullet fired from a gun, he came toward the water. Just before his feet touched the river, he spread his wings again to stop his fall. But his hook-like claws went far enough beneath the surface to catch into the back of one of those big fish I had thought so safe!

I watched to see the eagle flap his wings again and fly away into the sky with his fish dinner. But something seemed to be wrong! He beat his long wings and tried to rise. He made a white foam of the water all around him, but he couldn't take off. He fought and twisted about. He tried with all his might to fly away with that big fish. But he couldn't do it! And suddenly I saw him moving out across the river toward deep water.

I realized then what was wrong. The eagle had dropped down out of the sky and sunk his claws into a fish that was too big for him to carry away. The fish was too heavy for the eagle to fly with it. And he had struck so hard that his great claws were caught fast in the fish's back. He couldn't let go, and the fish was swimming slowly but surely toward the deep water of the river. In a moment he would dive below the surface and drown the great bird!

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With a loud scream and a last flapping of his big wings, that eagle, the ruler of the skies, sank below the waters of the jungle river. That eagle had no enemies big enough to fight him in the air. But in the waters of the river he met his match in a fish that was big enough to carry him out and drown him.

Since that first walk Ali and I took into the jungle, I have had many like it. I have seen many other strange things there. But I wanted you to take this first walk with me so you would know a little more about the jungle and the jungle's law. In the wild countries of the Far East, in the great forests where I capture alive the animals you are going to read about, it is the strong that live, and the weak that die. It is the law of the jungle, and in the jungle it is a just law. It is the same law for the ants and the hornbills, the squirrels and the argus pheasants, the fish and the eagles. It is the law, too, for the great and strong panthers and leopards, the tigers and elephants.

II

ELEPHANTS!



ELEPHANTS are the largest animals that roam the Far East jungles. A full-grown male elephant will weigh anywhere from four to six tons, and that's eight to twelve thousand pounds — as heavy as the largest motor truck you have ever seen.

A full-grown elephant stands from nine to twelve feet high at the shoulder. In other words, he would have to stoop far down to get into an ordinary room, and his head, if he held it erect, would almost touch the ceiling of a schoolroom.

With his great size and strength, the elephant is the most powerful creature that lives in the jungle. There is no other animal that can stand against his charge. Even the lordly tiger fears him and will slink silently away to avoid a fight. The elephant, with his long ivory tusks, his strong trunk, and his heavy, dangerous feet, which can stamp out the life of any other living creature, is the master of the land where he lives.

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Yet, despite the elephant's huge size, it is possible for man, with less than a fiftieth of his weight, to capture these greatest of jungle beasts. And this is because man, small and puny as he is in comparison, has a brain that reasons.

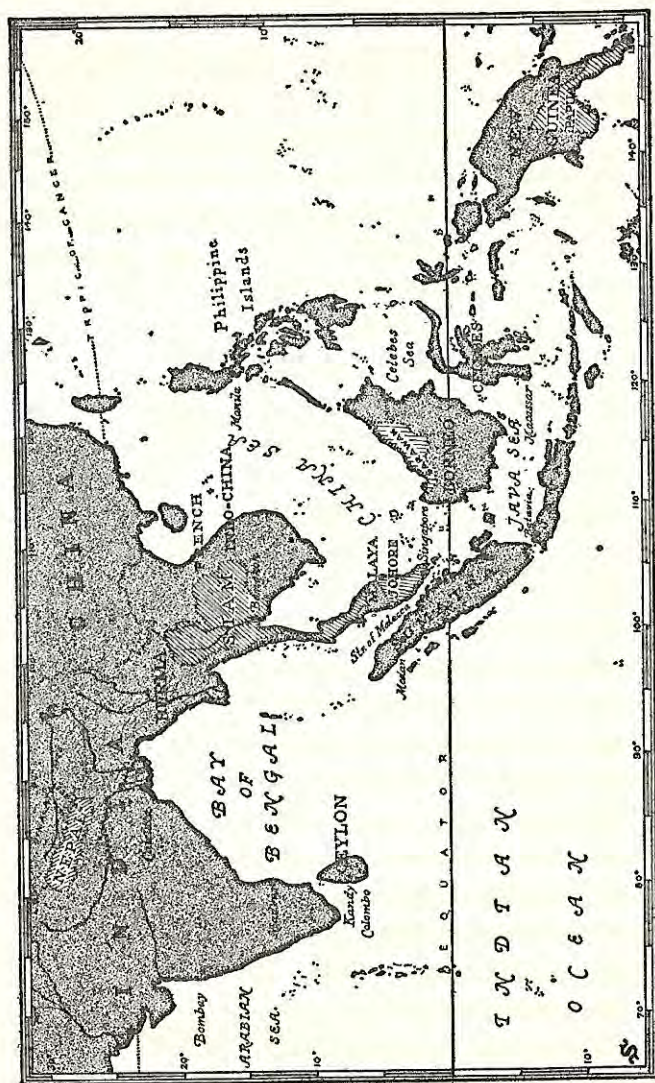
In my work I have captured and brought back to America alive several dozens of elephants. They have ranged in size from a little baby that stood barely three feet high to a full-grown elephant almost twelve feet tall. In this story I am going to tell you just how elephants are captured alive in their jungle home.

A few years ago, before I left America on one of my expeditions, I received an order for two fine husky male elephants. There are very few bull elephants in the United States. Most circuses and zoological gardens do not want male elephants, because they are rougher and less steady in their habits than the females. In the next circus parade you see, with the bands playing and the clowns going through their antics along the curbs, the elephants that come along most likely will all be nice gentle girl elephants.

So this order for two big husky males had me a bit worried. I knew that in order to capture just those two male elephants I would have to capture a whole herd.

I decided to try to capture them in the island of Ceylon, off the southern coast of India. This

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is where the famous Ceylon tea comes from. Some of the finest work elephants in all the East come from Ceylon.

Now I could have captured my elephants in India, or Siam, or Burma — all countries in Asia. But as I had orders for a great many other animals on this trip, I wanted to get my elephants as quickly as possible. And I had good reasons for choosing Ceylon and planning my elephant drive for the same period as the Festival of the Tooth, which is held each year in the interior of this great island at the city of Kandy.

I shall never forget the first time I heard of this famous festival. I was a young man then, just starting out on my career in the animal business, and I was in Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, for the first time.

I found Colombo a strange city. From the harbor it looked dingy and unromantic. Black cargo boats lay at anchor inside a concrete breakwater, and the wharves on all sides were piled high with sacks of copra (coconut meat) and tea chests. But beyond the wharves I found a beautiful tropical paradise of palms and flowers.

A quarter of a million people live in Colombo. They are people of every race and religion. There are white and black, brown and yellow people in Colombo — Europeans, Americans,

Malays, Persians, Chinese, Tamils, and Arabs. And they make their living in as many different ways. Many are traders. In this crossroads of the world, in huts of mud and in buildings of marble, you could buy everything from typewriters and Persian shawls to native medicines and precious stones.

It was in Colombo on my first trip, years ago, that I met an old friend of mine, George Davis. He was a District Officer of the British government at the time, and from him I heard of the great Festival of the Tooth.

"It's lucky you came just now, Frank," he told me. "You're just in time to see the Tooth."

"Tooth?" I laughed. "Whose tooth?"

"Buddha's," Davis said seriously.

I stopped laughing. The name of Buddha throughout the East is a serious matter. He was the founder of Buddhism, one of the strongest religions in the world. Millions in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, China, and Japan are followers of Buddha.

"Do you mean," I asked slowly, "that there is actually a tooth of the great Buddha still in existence?"

Davis nodded. "According to the Buddhists," he said.

"But Buddha has been dead for twenty-four hundred years."

"Just about," Davis said. "But all the same, Buddha's Tooth is paraded at Kandy, seventy miles from here, once each year at this time in the full of the moon."

"Actually paraded?" I asked.

"In the streets of Kandy," he answered, "in a howdah of glass and gold on the back of the biggest elephant you ever saw, Frank. And speaking of elephants, there are hundreds there. All the elephant men of Ceylon go to Kandy for the festival and take their beasts with them."

"Well!" I exclaimed. "I'll have to go to this festival — if not to see the Tooth, at least to see the elephants."

That was why I attended my first Festival of the Tooth at Kandy in the interior of Ceylon. It was a sight well worth going miles to see. Thousands of natives, pilgrims of Buddha, marched down the ancient streets. Precious jewels, sewed on costumes of red, yellow, and green, flashed in the bright sunlight. Plumes and feather fans stirred the hot air. Great Indian drums beat steadily over the shrill cries of the Buddhist priests.

All through that long parade of Buddha's Tooth marched elephants — hundreds of them! There were big elephants and little elephants, dressed in colored velvet trappings, with their gray sides scrubbed clean in Buddha's honor.

They shuffled along the pavement until the sound of their feet on the stones was like a heavy, steady rain. Yes, as Davis had said, all the elephant men of Ceylon were there at Kandy for the festival.

So, remembering all this from years back, I picked Ceylon at the time of the Festival of the Tooth for my attempt to capture the two male elephants for which I had orders. I knew that in Ceylon, at Kandy, I could get the help I needed for my elephant drive.

Strange as it may seem, in order to capture wild elephants, tame elephants are needed. These tame elephants must be hired from an elephant man. They are rented out in much the same manner as are trucks or freight cars in the United States. You pay so much rent, and the animal will work for you, under the direction of his master, until the rent contract is up.

Elephants in the Far East are the greatest of all working beasts. Once captured, tamed, and trained, they become as gentle and docile as horses. They do the same work there that our horses and mules and tractors do here in America. Only there is a great advantage in having a good work elephant. His life is more than five times longer than that of a horse or a mule, and he is many times more powerful.

In Burma I have seen work elephants handling great teakwood logs — the logs that are used to make the decks of our finest steamships — as easily as if they were no heavier than matchsticks. And after the logs have been floated down the rivers to the sea, I have seen elephants again handling them, pulling the heavy trunks of the trees out of the water and piling them neatly on the shore.

Elephants do most of the road building in the Far East. They work on the great rice plantations. They are even used by the British military forces to pull heavy guns in India. So you can judge how valuable they are, and can see that two thousand dollars is not too great a price for a good work elephant.

As I said, I knew I should need a number of these tame work elephants to help me capture my wild ones. So I sought out at Kandy, after the festival, an old acquaintance of mine, an elephant man named Ratwatti.

Ratwatti comes from an old Ceylon family. His father, and his grandfather before him, were in the elephant business. Ratwatti has a splendid collection of work elephants which he rents out, and I made a deal with him for thirty of his best. These were loaded with all the equipment and supplies needed for a long stay in the interior jungles — and we were ready to set out.

But one other thing was necessary before I could attempt to capture my two male elephants. You can't just walk into the jungle and capture or shoot elephants. The British government, which controls most of the elephant territory in the Far East, doesn't allow it. Elephants are too rare and valuable as working animals to permit any chance of their becoming extinct. It was necessary for me to get permission to hold an elephant drive. So I went to the Kandy District Officer, an old friend of mine, for the papers I needed.

"How big a kraal do you intend to build, Frank?" was the first question he asked me.

This business of a kraal — a pen in which to drive the wild herd — is very important. While I wanted only two husky young males, I knew I should have to capture a whole herd in order to get just the two. And to capture an elephant herd, it would be necessary to build a kraal that covered at least eight acres of land.

I told the D.O. (District Officer) the size kraal I wanted to build. He figured with a pencil and paper for a moment, then told me what I would have to pay. You see, to build a kraal of that size, you need a great number of logs. These logs have to be cut from the jungle, right at the spot of the kraal. The government charges a fee for each log, and it uses this money

for the building of new trails and roads through the jungle.

With this point settled, the D.O. went into other matters. He reminded me of the elephant laws, which are strictly and justly enforced by the British. From a herd of wild elephants you are not allowed to take females over a certain size; these must all be turned loose again into the jungle. Male herd leaders are never to be taken. Any elephant over eight feet tall must be set free, as these larger elephants are likely to die in captivity. The death rate of elephants captured when as large as this is over forty per cent.

With these things settled, the D.O. shook my hand, wished me luck, and I was off into the Ceylon jungles on the back of Ratwatti's biggest elephant.

We went fifty miles into the interior. Fifty miles is not far in an automobile on a smooth road. But fifty miles through a Ceylon jungle is a long trip, especially if you make it on the gray back of a swaying, slow, shuffling elephant. Those big plodding feet can throw up a lot of dust. And when thirty elephants are plodding along, there is thirty times as much dust! I breathed it mile after mile, and heaved a great sigh when we finally made camp and picked out a level place to build our kraal.

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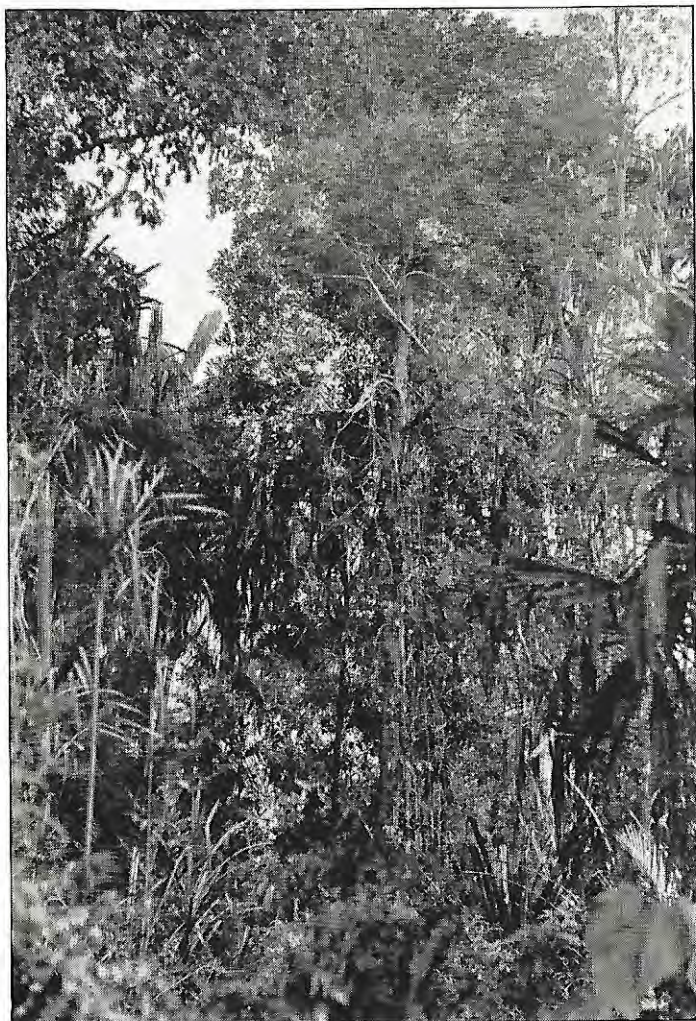
It was then that Ratwatti sent out his native scouts. You must try to get the picture. Here we were in the center of a great jungle — trees and vines and thickets — that stretched dozens of miles in all directions around us. Somewhere in that jungle, we knew, were elephants. But *where?* We intended to build a great pen of logs, a kraal, into which to drive them. But unless we could find our elephants, the kraal, no matter how big or how strong, would do no good. So Ratwatti's native scouts set out in all directions into the jungle to find an elephant herd.

There was no telling where they might find such a herd. Perhaps a mile away — perhaps ten — perhaps twenty. They had their orders, to search the wilderness over hundreds of square miles for elephants. Once found, the scouts were to send in a runner to report, then they must stay with the herd, no matter where it went. They were to eat, sleep, and live on the trail of that herd until the kraal was built and it was time for the drive.

Most people have the wrong idea of Asiatic elephant herds. They believe elephants travel in great numbers, like the herds of bison that used to live on our western plains. As a matter of fact, Asiatic elephants live in very small herds. A herd of ten or twelve elephants is the normal size; one of twenty-five is considered large.



The baby mouse deer standing on Frank Buck's hand weighs only two pounds. His other pet is a white-handed gibbon.



Through this sort of jungle country we have to chop our way when scouting for wild animals.

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Elephants are really family animals. Many of them stay in one family as long as they live. An old bull elephant will gather a few cows around him, and they will live together and rear their young for dozens of years in contentment and peace.

The old bull, the herd leader, has to be a fighter. Sooner or later some other bull elephant is going to come along and want to rule the herd. When this happens, there is a royal battle between the two great males. They fight with their trunks, their hoofs, and their sword-like ivory tusks until one or the other is defeated. The victor becomes the leader, and the herd goes on quietly as if nothing had happened.

The defeated male, if not killed in the fight, is likely to become a rogue elephant. When an elephant goes rogue, he is the terror of every living thing in the jungle. Defeated in battle, he takes out his defeat on everything that stands in his path. He rips up bushes with his trunk, he tears great branches from jungle trees, and he tramples ruthlessly over the native rice plantations, killing when he gets a chance.

When a rogue is on the loose, the call goes out to the military, and the local Forest Officer sends soldiers to shoot down the mad elephant. It is the only way to deal with such an animal, for he is of no use to anyone, least of all to himself.

But to get back to the kraal I had to build. While Ratwatti's scouts were busy in the jungle, trying to locate an elephant herd, Ratwatti and I were not idle. To build an elephant kraal that covers eight acres of land is a terrific task.

The first thing I did was to mark off the eight acres I had selected in a rough circle. Eight acres, you must understand, would contain a fair-sized village of a hundred or more houses. With the ground marked off, I set half of Ratwatti's men to digging post holes around the whole edge of the circle. The other half of the men — there were two hundred in all — were ordered to chop down the trees I had contracted for with the D.O., both inside and outside the circle.

From these trees, you see, I wanted big logs. Each log had to be over fifteen feet long and at least a foot thick. I knew from experience the power of an elephant charge. Any log less strong than this would be likely to give way before the power and weight of a herd of wild elephants, and then the herd would be able to break loose and stampede off into the jungle.

This is where Ratwatti's tame work elephants began to help me. To bring in one of these logs from the place where it was chopped down in the forest would have required twenty men. But one work elephant could do the same job.

When a log was cut and trimmed of its branches, we fastened a chain around it. To the chain we tied a five-foot pole. Then a big work elephant would come up, guided by the native driver on his back. That elephant would simply take the pole in his mouth and walk away with the whole log! Elephants trained in this work can even set the end of the log in the hole dug for it, and then erect it by pushing it upright with their foreheads and trunks.

These logs, fifteen feet high, had to be set eighteen inches apart around the whole eight acres of the kraal. So you can easily see, with so many hundreds of logs to be put in place, why I needed Ratwatti's two hundred men and his thirty work elephants.

But just building the kraal didn't finish the job. As an approach to its single gate — through which I hoped the wild elephants would come — great fences had to be built of logs, in exactly the same manner as around the kraal itself.

These fences are called flange fences, and they serve a very important purpose. They spread out on either side of the kraal gate in the shape of a fan, getting wider apart as they go deeper into the jungle. They reach four hundred feet from the gate, and make an immense runway leading, like a funnel, straight into the kraal itself.

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The purpose of these flange fences is to keep the wild elephants running straight ahead, after they are started. If it weren't for these fences, the herd might stampede to one side and escape into the jungle. But once the herd is between the fences, it has to go ahead toward the narrow mouth of the funnel and into the kraal.

It took two full months to get my great kraal built. One of the last things we did was to make a sliding gate at the entrance. And the flange fences had to be covered and masked with leaves and brushwood, so the elephants wouldn't suspect they were being driven into a trap. I was mighty happy when the long job was finished.

Before the actual drive could be held, there were two other things which had to be done. The first was to test the strength of the wall of the kraal. This was very necessary, because if that wall of logs happened to be weak in any spot, the wild elephants might be able to push it down and break away.

For this test I had Ratwatti ride his biggest work elephant into the kraal. This was an enormous beast, weighing nearly five tons, and almost as strong and powerful as a railroad locomotive. Once inside, I ordered the driver on the elephant's back to charge the great animal against the wall of logs.

It was a dangerous thing to do, for if the wall

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had crumpled and fallen I should have had two months' work to do all over again. But it was equally dangerous not to do it. Because if the kraal wall would not stand the charge of this tame elephant, it would not hold up against the attack of wild ones. So I held my breath as the man drove the muscle and strength of his great beast again and again against the log wall I had built with so much labor.

The wall held firm and solid. In spots the logs creaked and cracked. In others they bent outward in the earth from the force and power of nearly five tons of trained elephant. But around the whole eight acres of the kraal the wall stood up sturdily, and I was satisfied that I had done a good job in the first half of my task of capturing alive two husky male elephants.

There was one other thing which had to be done before the actual elephant drive could be held. This was an elaborate and formal ceremony which all mahouts go through before they will risk their lives on a drive.

Now a mahout is an elephant man. In the Far East a mahout is the same as a truck driver or a mule driver in America, except, of course, for the fact that a mahout drives an elephant instead of a truck or mules. Mahouts love their elephants. Usually when an elephant is captured in the jungle, a young boy is assigned to

that elephant. In most cases the boy and the wild elephant are about the same age, perhaps twelve or fourteen years old. The two grow up together and live together all the rest of their lives.

Perhaps you have heard that elephants live to a great age — hundreds of years. This is not true. The normal life of an elephant is the same as the normal life of a man, and the two lives are much the same in many ways. An elephant reaches his working years at about the age of eighteen or twenty, just as a man does. Also like a man, he is through with his working span when he becomes seventy or eighty years old.

So perhaps you can understand the great bond between a mahout and his elephant. The two grow up together, and they live together all of their natural years. And I really mean *live* together. A good mahout literally eats and sleeps with his elephant. So there is a deep and genuine love between the two that we in America perhaps cannot understand if we think of it merely as a feeling between beast and man.

All the mahouts of Ceylon, where I was holding my drive, are true Buddhists. They are very superstitious and deeply religious. And although they worship Buddha, they have not forgotten the ancient jungle gods of their ancestors. While our natives were building the

kraal walls, they carefully carved the top of some of the logs as an offering to the jungle gods. You see, in time of danger, the natives of the Far East very often turn back to the ancient gods, believing that these will keep them from harm.

So, before the drive, my mahouts called on all the old forest and jungle gods and spirits to protect them. The ropes we were to use were blessed by their native priests. Each mahout led up his elephant. Before us all, he dropped on his knees and asked his elephant to carry him safely. There is something rather grand and noble in seeing a mahout asking the elephant he has cared for and protected so many years to protect him, his master.

And so — we were ready for the wild elephant drive!

But before I tell you about the drive itself, you must understand what was happening to the herd of wild elephants during the two months we were building the kraal.

Ratwatti's scouts, as you know, were out in the jungle on the trail of the herd which they had found. For two months the scouts followed that herd — there were twenty-two elephants in it — no matter where it went. They ate and lived and slept within constant sight of those twenty-two great gray beasts.

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A week before the date set for the drive, they had to begin working the herd slowly toward the kraal. This had to be done very carefully, for the elephants were likely to stampede off in the wrong direction and be lost for days. By merely breaking a single dry stick to windward, the men could set the herd moving slowly in the desired direction.

By the time we were ready for the drive, Ratwatti's scouts had the whole herd in a position about four miles away from the opening of our flange fences. This meant that my native helpers and I had to circle through the jungle for miles in order to get *behind* the elephant herd. We did not dare approach too close for fear the great beasts would stampede.

The natives who work on these elephant drives are called beaters. They do not beat the jungle for elephants in the way they do for tigers or leopards. Instead, they move very slowly in a great semicircle behind the herd, and always very quietly. The sound of a breaking branch now and then will keep the wild elephants moving steadily ahead. If the elephants start off to one side, a branch is broken on *that* side of the semicircle, which sets the herd straight again. This process is continued for hours until the elephant herd is directly in front of the opening of the flange fences.

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Strange as it may seem, it is not the bull, or herd leader, that really leads the herd. Always in times of danger it is some wise old cow elephant that hears the sound, lifts her trunk, sniffs the air, and then moves off slowly with the rest of the herd behind her.

During the working of the herd toward the kraal, I had my first real glimpse of the elephants. Through the jungle trees and underbrush, far ahead, I was able to count the whole twenty-two great beasts. And you can imagine my satisfaction in seeing among them two husky young males — exactly the elephants I wanted to fill my order back in America!

In my experience with elephant drives I have seen a lot go wrong. Once, when the main drive started, a cow didn't move fast enough to please the native beaters. A mahout, more daring than he should have been, ran up behind and prodded her with a bamboo pole. She turned, quick as a flash. Before I could get my rifle to my shoulder, she snatched up that mahout in her trunk, dashed him to the ground, and stamped his life out with her great forefeet.

I didn't want anything like that to happen on this drive. So as the wild herd and my native beaters got closer and closer to the flange fences, I had them move even more slowly. The real danger comes when the fences are reached. For

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if a herd senses that it is being driven into a trap, it is likely to turn about, without warning, and charge anything or anybody that stands in its path.

All at once I saw the ends of the flange fences just ahead. The elephant herd was moving slowly straight into the funnel-like mouth. Now was the time!

I glanced quickly about at my semicircle of beaters. They were all in place, ready for the drive. Raising my revolver in the air, I fired three quick shots — the signal!

A second later it was as if a wild battle had broken out in that quiet bit of jungle. Two hundred mahouts and beaters raised their voices to the skies and shouted with all the power of their lungs. They beat on hollow tree trunks with clubs; they pounded native drums and tin pans. Their shrill cries could be heard a mile away. And all the time I kept loading and firing my revolver into the leaves of the trees as fast as I could pull the trigger.

And the elephants? Well, the elephants, startled, naturally ran away from all this noise. As the noise was behind them, they ran straight ahead. And their path ahead was between the flange fences toward the kraal gate!

Faster and faster they went. The dust rose in clouds from the feet of the stampeding herd.

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They added the thunder of their great hoofs to the noise two hundred men were already making. And we ran behind them, keeping up our racket, stampeding them toward the narrow gate into the kraal.

They went through that gate like a gray express train through a country crossing. They went through it and straight into the eight fenced acres beyond!

It was then I yelled to my beaters. "Light those fires!" I shouted. "Light them quickly!"

You see, on each side of the gate, we had piled up great heaps of brushwood and soaked them with oil. A match or two tossed into the brushwood started the roaring flames, and no animal would dare those flames, in trying to escape by the opening he had entered.

With the fire keeping back the maddened herd, we put up the sliding bars across the gate — and I had captured twenty-two fighting, savage elephants from the jungles of Ceylon.

For a few minutes they circled madly around the kraal. Then a young bull discovered that he was actually trapped and in a pen. Lowering his head, he charged the logs with the force of a battering-ram. Another elephant joined him, and together they threw their bodies wildly against the logs, again and again. But those logs, tested by the power and trained strength

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of Ratwatti's biggest tame elephant, withstood the attack.

Presently — and here is where elephants are more patient and understanding than humans — the herd seemed to sense that it was trapped and that there was no escape. One elephant after another calmed down and began to feed on the rich grass and leaves inside the kraal. After a time the whole herd of twenty-two were quietly feeding inside their new prison.

I had captured the herd. But if you think this ended my job, you're wrong. I had permission, you remember, from the D.O. to take only two husky young males. The rest must be turned back into their jungle home.

Here is where Ratwatti's tame elephants came in again. You must get the picture. Inside my kraal were twenty-two wild, savage elephants, each one capable of dealing out death to anyone who approached. From those twenty-two I had to pick out just *two*, get them outside the kraal away from the others, and into strong cages I had built for them. A job? Rather! But Ratwatti's tame elephants did it.

Four of them advanced through the gate into the kraal. Each had a mahout astride his neck and another expert elephant man with a coil of rope mounted upon his gray back. Tame elephants used in this sort of work with wild

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elephants are called decoys. The decoy elephants, which are always powerful bulls, walk right up to the wild ones. Even the expert elephant men could not possibly approach the wild elephants inside the kraal on foot — they would probably be trampled to death. But mounted on the decoy elephants, they can get close to the wild ones.

With the mahouts guiding them, the tame elephants came up, one on each side of the young bull I had picked out. Using their weight against his sides, they held him motionless until the two other tame elephants came up at his head and tail. Then he was literally hemmed in, at both sides and at front and rear, by a wall of solid tame elephants.

The men with the coils of rope slid to the ground and managed to get nooses around the legs and body of the wild elephant. The ropes were then brought up over the necks of the two tame elephants on either side of the wild one. In that way he was lashed firmly to a decoy on each side.

With this done, the rest was easy. Bad boy as he was, that wild jungle elephant was marched out of the kraal with a decoy elephant on each side of him to keep him in line. Straight into a training cage he went, where he could be tamed and made useful and gentle, ready to be shipped

to America so that people could see the kind of animals that live in distant parts of the world.

The same process was repeated with the other male I wanted. When they were both in their training cages, I heaved a deep sigh. Half of my job was done. I had captured my elephants and filled my order. But *really* to fill it, I had to take those two wild elephants back through the jungle to Kandy, then seventy miles to Colombo and the sea. From Colombo they had to go by ocean to Singapore in the Malay Peninsula. And Singapore is ten thousand miles from the United States, where those "two husky young males" of my order are now making their home.

The most fun I got from that whole elephant drive was at the very end of it. With the two I wanted safely in their training cages, I had a pleasant task before me. This was the releasing of the other twenty of the herd, by tearing down the gate of the kraal and letting them run back into the jungle.

I shall never forget how, when we let down the last bar of the gate, those elephants scented freedom. Their trunks were all raised toward the open gate. They sniffed the free air of their beloved jungle. Then, trumpeting until the whole jungle rang with the sound, their tails held grandly up, the whole thunderous herd ran back into their native home!

III

LEOPARD IN A TREE



AFTER twenty-five years of experience in the jungle, I know pretty much what to expect from the animals that live there. Just as you know what your pet dog or cat will do under certain conditions, so I know what the wild creatures of the jungle are likely to do. All animals behave more or less according to the habits that make up their own family characteristics.

In this way, because I have seen hundreds of wild elephants and studied them in the jungle, I know almost exactly how they will act on an elephant drive, such as the one I have just told you about. For the same reason I know what tigers will do when they are pursued. I know how water buffalo will behave when I am trying to capture a herd. I am fairly certain of the actions of crocodiles when I am trying to take them alive from the muddy waters of some jungle stream.

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the tree the limb the leopard clung to. If the limb were cut, the leopard would fall. And unless I had misjudged the distance, she would fall straight into the steel net my boys held ready to catch her.

Looking about to see that all was in readiness, I again raised the rifle to my shoulder. This time I aimed directly at the limb to which the leopard clung. My first shot struck the limb at a spot about three inches from the trunk of the tree. I could see the wood and bark fly in the air as the bullet hit.

The leopard snarled angrily and made ready to leap from the limb to the safety of the tree trunk. But before she could jump, I fired again. The bullet hit just below the first one and tore out another gash in the limb. The sound of it drove the leopard back, and she hung there, filling the jungle with deep growls.

I knew I could not keep her on that limb long. Sooner or later she would jump to the trunk of the tree. My only chance was to shoot and shoot fast — to cut the limb from the tree with bullets before the big cat realized what was happening.

Taking careful aim, I fired as fast as I could pump my rifle. The bullets thudded into the limb and tore away the wood. The limb began to bend and crack. I sent two more bullets speeding into the exact spot of the crack. The



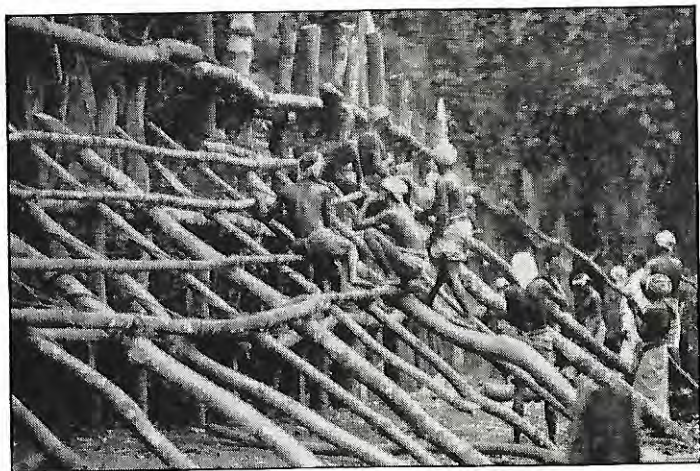
The elephants are loaded with equipment ready for a march into the jungle.



One elephant can do the work of twenty men in hauling the great logs which make this fence in the jungle of Ceylon.



The natives have carved and decorated the tops of some of the logs around the kraal as an offering to their ancient gods.



The native workers are making the log fence still stronger to withstand the attacks of a herd of wild elephants, when they try to escape from the kraal.

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last one clipped the limb from the tree as cleanly as if done by a knife.

The leopard let out a scream as the limb gave under her. Then she dropped — turning in the air, twisting, clawing, whirling down through a hundred feet of space! Luckily the limb fell toward the tree. The leaves slowed it so that it fell more slowly than the leopard.

With a roar the leopard landed squarely in the center of the steel net. She bounded up, clawing wildly with all four feet. When she hit the net again, I yelled to Ali and the boys.

"Roll that net over!" I cried. "Twist it around! Get that leopard so tangled she can't move."

Ali and the others worked for their lives. A hundred and fifty pounds of animal dynamite was fighting savagely against them. Claws fought madly against the steel wire. Great teeth snapped and slashed together. But the strong steel of the net held, and in a moment or two the leopard was tangled and helpless on the ground.

Ali looked at me with a proud grin on his round brown face.

"We do it, tuan! We do it!" he cried. "We have *kuching balu marmar!*"

Yes, we had the leopard, a beautiful specimen of the rare clouded variety. We tied a

ON JUNGLE TRAILS

Singapore at my compound. He was a thinner Lal, a weaker Lal. We were both delighted to meet again, and I could see that he would recover from his illness. Every dollar I had spent was more than repaid by the eager, loyal light that burned in Lal's round brown eyes.

But I could see that he was still far too weak to go about our daily tasks. A few months' vacation at home would make him as strong as ever.

"Lal," I told him, "I want you to go up to Bikna Thori for a while and see that wife and those children of yours. Just take it easy and rest. When I want you, I'll send you a cable. Then you come to Calcutta."

Lal's eyes looked worried. I could see that he didn't want to leave me.

"You *sure* to come, sahib?" he asked.

"Of course I'll come, Lal," I answered. "When you get my cable, meet me at Ootram Ghat — as usual."

"Yes, sahib," he said, and stood as straight as a Gurkha soldier — as he had done the first time I had ever seen him at Atol Acool's fifteen years before.

So Lal sailed for India and home, and I went on about my work in the jungles of Johore, getting together another big collection of animals and birds.



A permanent camp has been set up in a cleared space in the jungle. The men are at work building a rhinoceros cage.



In hundreds of cages at camp are the animals we have captured. It is sometimes a part of the day's work to recapture an escaped animal — in this case a cobra, deadliest of poisonous snakes.

ON JUNGLE TRAILS

Ali wiped the rain from his eyes and nodded. Quickly I reached up and grabbed the tiger by the tail.

"Let go!" I shouted. "Let go!"

The natives released their hold on the ropes and the tiger fell like a rock. I gave his tail a quick twist so that he went straight into the box. As he hit the bottom, I flung myself against the sliding door and pushed it shut, holding it with my shoulder.

"I've got him!" I called. "I've got him! Quick! Throw me a hammer and some nails, so I can nail the door shut."

By this time the tiger was on his hind feet in the box and fighting furiously at the door. It took all my strength to hold it closed against him.

"*Kasi pacoo!*" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "*Kasi pacoo!* (Bring nails.) They're on the ground up there where we brought 'em from the truck. Hurry!"

No hammer! No nails!

And all the time the giant tiger was fighting against the door while I was weakening from the unequal struggle.

"Nails! *Pacoo!* Nails!" I yelled over and over again.

Finally the major yelled down to me that they had found the hammer—but no nails. He tossed me the useless hammer, which I caught in



Native homes, on the edge of the Malayan jungle, are built high above the ground, as if standing on stilts.



Supplies for the jungle camp can sometimes be bought at this native trading post.

ON JUNGLE TRAILS

I have against any other creature. This cobra behaved in a natural fashion. It was *my* fault that I allowed him to spit in my eyes, and I paid the penalty. For this cobra acted in the only way that it knew.

I hope you will always remember this story, and no matter what an animal does to you, *be kind* to it. For the animal, be it mammal, bird, or reptile, always acts as nature intended it to act.

I am mighty proud of the fact that in all my twenty-five years of experience with animals I have devoted myself entirely to *live* animals rather than big game hunting, museum collecting, or anything that necessitated killing them. To me a live animal is beautiful, whether it is an elephant, a tiger, a leopard, a bird, or even a lowly reptile. A dead animal is not beautiful. And so I have dedicated my life to bringing animals back alive. I have always done so, and I always shall.

ANIMALS BROUGHT TO AMERICA

This is a partial list of the animals I have brought safely back to America alive.

- 49 elephants
- 60 tigers: Royal Bengal, Malayan, Manchurian
- 29 spotted leopards
- 20 black leopards
- 10 clouded leopards
- 4 Himalayan snow leopards
- 20 hyenas
- 52 orang-utans
- 100 gibbon apes: white-handed, silvery, agile, hoolock, siamang
- 5000 monkeys of different varieties
- 20 tapirs
- 120 Asiatic antelope and deer: black-buck, nilgai antelope, Indian gazelle, axis deer, barking deer, hog deer, sambar
- 9 anoas or pigmy water buffalo
- 1 pair of seladang or Malayan gaur, the only pair ever brought out alive
- 5 babirusa, rarest of wild swine
- 2 African Cape buffalo
- 18 African antelope: sable, waterbuck, the rare white Oryx of the Sudan
- 2 giraffes
- 40 wild goats and sheep: ibex, markhor goats, Barbary sheep, Malayan serow, Punjab sheep
- 11 camels
- 40 kangaroos and wallabies
- 5 Indian rhinoceros, the rarest and most valuable wild animals in America, as this is written
- 60 bears: Malayan honey bears, Himalayan black bears, Indian sloth bears

BROUGHT TO AMERICA

- 90 large pythons, over twenty feet in length
- 10 king cobras
- 100 small snakes: half-grown pythons, cobras, vipers, other varieties
- 25 giant monitor lizards
- 15 crocodiles
- 500 small mammals of different species: civet cats, Asiatic squirrels, binturongs, wild dogs, musangs, porcupines, marble cats, anteaters
- 100,000 birds, ranging from the big ostrich-like cassowaries of the Panpan Islands down to Australian finches, and including cockatoos, parrots, birds of paradise, swans, cranes, peafowl, Himalayan song thrushes, and such rare pheasants as the Impeyan, argus, tragopan, blood, fire-backed, Bulwar's, and Prince of Wales



INFORMATION ABOUT ASIATIC ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND REPTILES

There is no attempt here to give complete scientific descriptions or details of the many animals, birds, and reptiles mentioned in the book, nor are all of those that are included in the text described here. This section is added to the book to give the scientific names and such data as seem to me to be instructive on the wild creatures that are least known or that appear prominently in the preceding chapters.

ANTELOPE: BLACK-BUCK OR INDIAN ANTELOPE (*Antelope bezoartica*). Page 85.

Black-buck are found on the open plains of India from the foot of the Himalayas nearly to Cape Comorin at the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula. They frequent both grassy districts and cornlands. The does and young males are light tan or fawn-colored, while the fully matured bucks are a rich sable shading to black on the back and hindquarters. Although the usual number in a herd varies from 10 to 50—among which there often will be only a single fully sable buck—in some cases the herd may include hundreds of animals. These antelopes possess great speed and grace, and when running they frequently progress by a series of long leaps. The species is characterized by the beautiful spiral twist of the long horns of the bucks (sometimes over 80 inches long), the dark hair on their upper parts, and their hair-tufted knees. The black-buck is generally hunted in India with the aid of trained falcons or cheetahs (hunting leopards).

NILGAI ANTELOPE (*Boselaphus tragocamelus*). Page 85.

The native name for this animal, *Nyl ghau*, signifies blue ox, and it is regarded by the natives of India as an ox, although its true classification is undoubtedly among

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merely by his tail and hind feet. When sleeping, he rolls himself into a ball with his scales erect and the tips of them fastened into every little notch of the object he lies against, such as a tree trunk. From this position it is quite impossible to remove him against his will. The erected scales are also useful in helping him to break a fall. His flesh is considered very good eating among the natives.

PYTHON (*Python reticulatus*). Pages 71, 85, 90, 91, 143, 242-245.

The python is among the largest of living reptiles. It usually attains a length of 18 or 20 feet—even, in some instances, a length of 30 feet—and is from 7 to 10 inches in diameter. It has beautiful large markings of greens, browns, and yellows. It inhabits the islands of the East Indies and the Malay Peninsula. These snakes will easily overpower and kill a fair-sized antelope, sheep, wild pig, or any other animal up to that size. They swallow the animal whole and digest it slowly afterward. After seizing their victim, they smother it by constriction, throwing several coils of their body over and around it. In swallowing, they always commence with the head of their prey. Their lower jaw unhinges to accommodate whatever bulk they are swallowing. During the time of digestion the snake is very lazy and unwilling to move, even to defend itself from attack, though at other times it is fierce enough. Pythons are usually found near water, where their victims come to drink. They move, climb, and swim with ease. The female gathers her eggs into a conical heap, around which she coils herself, entirely covering the eggs so that her head rests in the center on the top of the cone. In this position she remains, without food, for the two-month period of incubation. After the eggs are hatched, the young remain under her protection for a few weeks longer.

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RACKET-TAILED DORANGO (*Dissemurus paradiseus*).

Page 84.

This bird is found in northern India and up to the foothills of the Himalayas. It is of a glossy black with steel-blue shades, crested with feathers slightly hackled. It has two elongated tail feathers, six or eight inches in length. They end with a web of feathers giving the effect of a racket—hence the name, racket-tailed dorango. Its size is about equal to that of our mocking bird. The dorango is famous for its singing qualities and for the mimicking of other birds.

RAFFALII OR TRI-COLORED SQUIRRELS (*Sciurus raffalii*).

Pages 13, 14, 82.

This handsome tropical squirrel is found only in the Malay Peninsula. Its head, back, and tail are a glossy black, while the sides and legs are the purest white, with the underparts a russet brown or red. There is no more beautiful sight than these highly colored little squirrels among the tropical verdure of the Malay forests. Like other squirrels, they live largely on fruit, nuts, and berries. They have a bushy tail which they curl up over their back when in repose. Raffalii squirrels often make their nests in basket ferns growing in a notch of a tree.

INDIAN RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros unicornis*). Pages 70,

137.

The Indian rhinoceros is not only the largest and bulkiest of the three varieties found in Asia, but it is the biggest of the entire rhino family, including both African and Asiatic varieties. It inhabits the tall grass jungles of Assam and Nepal, in which it forms runs or tunnels completely concealed from view. The rhino has a single horn on the top of the snout, which is not connected with any bone in the head and is therefore more or less movable. This horn is highly prized by natives for it is supposed to have magic healing powers. Their heavy, thick

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skin is thrown into folds around their shoulders, back, and legs, from which they get the name of armor-plated rhinoceros. Though their eyes are small and their eyesight dull, their senses of smell and hearing are very acute. They are harmless when undisturbed, but become wild, ferocious beasts when cornered or when sensing danger, using their horned tusks and hoofs for attack and defense. They are fond of water and of wallowing in the mud, and they feed on boughs of trees and on grass.

SHAMA THRUSH (*Cittocincla macrura*). Page 84.

The Indian shama is closely related to both the European and the American thrushes. It differs from other thrushes in its black-and-white coloring and in the fact that its tail is much longer than its wing. It is a timid but graceful bird, much sought after by Indian bird catchers on account of its beautiful song. The reason that it is not more often imported to the United States as a domestic cage bird is that it is very delicate and cannot stand cold weather or changeable climates. The female is of more somber color than her mate, being a rather uniform dark brown and pale rufous color. The shama inhabits the eastern section of the Himalayas up to an elevation of six or seven thousand feet.

MALAYAN TAPIR (*Tapirus indicus*). Pages 4, 83, 89.

The Malayan tapir is the largest of the tapir family. It is readily distinguished from the New World species by the glossy blackness of its head, limbs, hindquarters, and neck, and the white middle section of its body. It has small eyes, a rather long proboscis-like snout, short tail, and thick skin very scantily covered with hair. This animal is found only in Sumatra and Borneo, besides Malaya, and it is becoming more and more rare in these countries. The tapir is considered to be the oldest animal in the world, and its form has remained practically unchanged down through the ages from prehistoric days, when it roamed on every continent. Smaller species of tapir are

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found more plentifully in Central and South America, and are of a uniform dark brown color. All tapirs are shy, solitary, and inoffensive—frequenting the thick forest, usually near water where they can bathe or hide when pursued. They feed on various vegetable substances, such as shoots of trees, buds, and leaves. Natives hunt them for their hides and flesh.

TIGER (*Felis tigris*). Pages 22, 82, 136–164.

Among the beasts of prey, the tiger is comparable only to the lion in size, and it far surpasses this "king of beasts" in strength and ferocity. The tiger's rich, magnificently striped fur makes him easily the most beautiful of all the carnivorous animals. His ground coloring shades gradually from the lightest to the darkest of rich reddish gold, over which runs his deep, almost black stripings. Besides India, he inhabits Malaya, Sumatra, Siam, Burma, Indo-China, and parts of China. He feeds chiefly on deer, antelope, wild hogs, cattle, monkeys, and peafowl. Tigers are good swimmers, often swimming from island to island to change their hunting ground. Females usually have from 2 to 4 cubs at a time and are extremely protective mothers, defending them viciously from every danger. When the cubs are old enough to eat meat, she kills food for them and teaches them how to kill small animals themselves, and she never deserts them until they are fully capable of killing large animals. She kills so many animals during this teaching period that the young tigers follow her example and become extravagant killers themselves, killing many more animals than they can use for food. Older and more experienced tigers kill, on the average, only one cow or other large animal a week. They like especially the domestic cows, and hover around villages at night, awaiting their chance to spring upon one of these thin, half-starved animals and drag it off into the jungle. Here they eat their fill and then go to their lair, to sleep for a whole day or even longer. Later