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BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

By Frank Buck

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With Edward Anthony



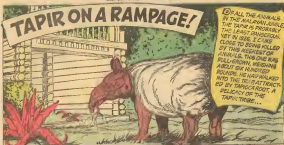
FRANK BUCK, AS HE
LOOKED IN LATER
LIFE...

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

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

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TAPIR ON A RAMPAGE!



OF ALL THE ANIMALS IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE THE TAPIR IS PROBABLY THE LEAST DANGEROUS. YET IN 1938, I CAME CLOSE TO BEING KILLED BY THIS RESISTANT ANIMAL. THIS ONE WAS FULL-GROWN, WEIGHING ABOUT SIX HUNDRED POUNDS. HE HAD WALKED INTO THE TRAP ATTRACTED BY TAPIR ROOT, A DELICACY OF THE TAPIR TREE...

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



LATER, I HAD THE TAPIR PLACED IN A PEN IN MY COMPOUND KATONS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SINGAPORE. COULDN' ALL MY HORROR ONE DAY WHENEVER I WAS IN THE MALAYAN DISTRICT, AND BUILT THE PEN. IT WAS ABOUT TWENTY FEET SQUARE AND FIVE FEET HIGH, BUILT ENTIRELY OF TWO-BY-FOURS. NO GATE WAS MADE IN THE PEN AS THIS SEEMED UNDESIRABLE. THE SPACES BETWEEN THE PLANKS PROVIDED A GOOD FOOT-HOLD AND IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO CLIMB OVER...



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



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



SUDDENLY THIS "WEEKEST OF ANIMALS" WHIRLED BACK A FEW FEET, AND CHARGED STRAIGHT AT ME, BURYING HIS HEAD IN MY STOMACH AND KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF ME.



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



IN ALL MY PREVIOUS REALMS WITH THE TAPIO, IT HAD LIVED UP TO ITS REPUTATION FOR RAGELESSNESS, SO IT TOOK ME A FEW MINUTES TO REALIZE THAT THIS FELLOW WAS MORE THAN ANGERED... THE FURCATED CREATURE HAD MURDER IN HIS HEART...

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



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



THEN WITH ALL THE LUNG POWER I COULD COMMAND, I SHRIEKED "ALI! ALI!" THE CRAZED BEAST STARTED DRAGGING ME ALL OVER THE ENCLOSURE. WHERE WAS ALI? THEN I REMEMBERED. HE WAS WITH THE SHOPS AND THERE NOBODY CHATTER PROBABLY KEPT HIM FROM HEARING ME. YET I FAIRLY SHRIEKED HIS NAME OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

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

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

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



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

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

NOT NOW, ALI. HELP ME TO THE HOUSE.

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

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

ALL AN ANIMAL SO FULL OF DEVILS SHOULD BE QUIPPED OUT OF A GUN, WHICH IS ALREADY OVERSTOCKED WITH DEVILS.



THE EXPLANATION SEEMED TO SATISFY ALI. SEVERAL DAYS LATER, I PLACED THE TAPIR IN A NARROW CAGE AND RUBBED THE OINTMENT ON MY BACK... FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE CAGE WAS A RAS TIED TO THE END OF A LONG STICK. A FEW MONTHS LATER, I DELIVERED HIM TO THE KANSAS CITY DEALER WHO HAD ORDERED HIM FOR A MID-WESTERN ZOO. THERE, HE WAS AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN.

TWO RHINOS

WANTED AND DELIVERED!!



BACK IN 1892, DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, THEN DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, COMMITTED HIMSELF TO SECURE FOR HIMSELF AND THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY ONE NINE RHINOCEROS CALF EACH. THESE ANIMALS ARE EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN AND IT WAS WITH SOME MISGIVINGS THAT I ACCEPTED THE ASSIGNMENT...

ON MAY 20, 1922, I SET SAIL FOR HONG KONG, CHINA. ON THE FIRST LEG OF ONE OF MY MOST IMPORTANT COLLECTING TRIPS, I HAD ORDERS FOR GRANDES, FLAMINGOS, EGARS, GIBBONS, ANTELOPE, AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THE INDIAN RHINOS, OF WHICH THERE WERE NO LIVING SPECIMENS IN AMERICA. FROM HONG KONG, I WENT TO SINGAPORE, MADE PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR TRAPPING AND THEN I SAILED FOR CALCUTTA, INDIA...



NEPAL* IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE INDIAN RHINOS ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, AND NEPAL FEELS ALL FOREIGNERS--ESPECIALLY WHITE MEN--BOTHIN HER BORDERS, BUT I WAS FORTUNATE IN MEETING GENERAL RAJAH SHUM SHERE, NEPHER OF NEPAL'S MONARCH, AT A RESTAURANT...

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

I WILL CONTACT THE RAHARAJAH AND LET YOU KNOW.

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

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



*AN INDEPENDENT KINGDOM BETWEEN THIBET AND INDIA.

*IN 1922, ABOUT \$12,500.

SHUM SHERE HIMSELF UNDERTOOK TO HEAD THE EXPEDITION TO SECURE THE RHINO CALVES WHILE I JOURNEYED TO BURMA AND THE MALAY PENINSULA TO OBTAIN OTHER ANIMALS. ON ORDER, THE GENERAL LED A HUGE EXPEDITION OF MOUNTAIN MEN TO THE NEPALESE INTERIOR...



THE ORDER FOR THE RHINOCEROS CALVES CAME AT A GOOD TIME. IN CALCUTTA, SHAM HAD BEEN COMPLAINING THAT THE ANIMALS WERE TRAMPLING THEIR CROPS. SHAM HAD BEEN AUTHORIZED TO KILL AS MANY AS HE COULD, BESIDES, OF COURSE, CAPTURING TWO CALVES ALIVE FOR ME...



THE DOMINANT RACE IN HINDU AND WORLD-CAMOUFLE SOLDIERS

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, I RECEIVED WORD THAT THE RHINOS WERE READY FOR ME AND THAT SHAM WERE WAS WAITING FOR ME IN CALCUTTA. WHEN I MET HIM, HE TOLD ME THAT THE CALVES WERE CAPTURED BY SURROUNDING THEM, ONE AT A TIME, WITH A ROPE FENCE ENCLOSING AT FIRST ALMOST AN ACRE. THE ROPE, HELD BY THE SHUKAST, WAS NARROWED GRADUALLY TO ENCIRCLE AN AREA PERHAPS TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER...

THEN A MORE PERMANENT FENCE WAS CONSTRUCTED OF STAKES BANGED WITH BARTH. WITH THE ROPE STRETCHED TIGHT INSIDE THE CORRAL TO PREVENT THE CALVES BEING INJURED IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE...



BEFORE LEAVING CALCUTTA, I WENT TO SEE SHAM WHERE TO SETTLE THE FINANCIAL TRANSACTION FOR THE TWO RHINO CALVES...

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

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



THE FOLLOWING EVENING LAL BANSAL, WHO WAS MY NUMBER ONE BOY IN HINDU COUNTRY - AND I STARTED NORTH, I HAD FIFTY THOUSAND RUPEES TIED UP IN A PIECE OF SILK CLOTH FASTENED AROUND MY WAIST BENEATH MY CLOTHING. I DON'T BELIEVE I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE NERVOUS IF I HAD A COBRA WRAPPED AROUND ME INSTEAD OF THAT MONEY...



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



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



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

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



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



NEEDLESS TO SAY, I DID NOT WANT A KNIFE-AND-FUN PARTY, BUT I DREW MY REVOLVER FOR THE EFFECT AND STARTED TALKING...

NEVER FELT MORE LIKE PUNCHING A MAN ON THE NOSE. BUT THAT WOULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING, FOR THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY BLOODYTHIRSTY GUYNAS IN CAMP AND I HAD NO DESIRE TO HAVE THEIR CARRYING KNIVES RUN UP IN MY THIGHES! ...



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

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

GOTTEN INTO HERE! WHEN SHAM SHERE HEARS OF THIS OUTRAGE...

IT IS ALL A MISTAKE, SAID I HAVE MIS-UNDERSTOOD A THOUSAND PAROONS!



W. P. M. S.

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



AT LAST WE REACHED RASAU, AND LOADED OUR CARGO WITH LAL AND TWO NEPALESE BOYS TO GUARD THE RHINOS AND JODEROM. MY BODYGUARD DURING THE TRIP TO ATTEND ME. AFTER PAYING HIM I SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE MAJOR, AND WAS GRATEFUL THAT HE HAD NOT FOUND OUT THE TRUE STATUS OF MY FRIENDSHIP WITH SHAM-SHRE...



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



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



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



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



I HAD GREATEST BLOOD IN GETTING MY RHINOS TO THIS POINT. I WEIGHED TWENTY POUNDS LESS THAN WHEN I SET OUT TO NEPAL... BY THIS TIME, I HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT SOME PEACE OF MIND, BUT I DIDN'T GET IT. THE REASON, AT YAHOO!



THE STORM INCREASED IN INTENSITY AND MY CARGO ON THE FORWARD DECK WAS BEATING THE FULL FORCE OF IT. I VIEWED THE SCENE FROM THE BRIDGE, AND IT LOOKED TO ME AS IF THE CARGO WAS SHIFTING. .



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



WHAT AN ASSAULT! WHEN I HAD GIVEN MYSELF AN HOUR I WORKED FRANTICALLY BETWEEN THOSE TOWERING WAVES THAT KEPT POUNDING OVER THE DECK, WONDERING EVERY MOMENT WHETHER I AND MY CARGO WOULD BE SWEEPED OVERBOARD. .



AT LAST THE JOB WAS DONE AND I HURRIED BACK TO THE BRIDGE. BUT MY TROUBLES WERE FAR FROM DONE. WE RAN INTO TWO MORE RAGING STORMS, NOT MUCH LESS VIOLENT THAN THE FIRST. BEFORE WE REACHED SAN FRANCISCO I HAD NOTED THAT I WAS RIGHTLY GLAD TO SEE IT. . . . THAT CITY'S SKYLINE. .



ON MAY 22ND, 1932, JUST ONE YEAR AND THREE WEEKS AFTER I RECEIVED THE ORDER, THE LARGER OF THE TWO RHINOS, STILL BEARING THE MARK OF THE ANDROS KNUFE IN ITS HOOF, ENTERED ITS PERMANENT HOME AT THE BRONX ZOO IN NEW YORK CITY. I SOMETIMES GO TO THE BRONX ZOO TO LOOK AT MY RHINO AND SAY, .

HELLO, YOU NERFANCE! I LOVE YOU FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED! AG



FRANK BUCK

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

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

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



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

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

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

became a cowpuncher. One of his jobs as cowpuncher was to accompany the cattle by rail to Chi-

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

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

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

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

Great Lives
MATHEW BRADY
Photographer of the Civil War



Brady and his "Whatnot Wagon!" they shouted.

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

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

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

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

war zone and work at his own expense, however.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS

An Incident in the Life of Ulysses S. Grant

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

A Volcano Changes the Course of History

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

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

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

The Nicaraguan project was considered by the United States in 1833, but the idea was abandoned. Holland and England made plans which also were discarded. In 1849, Cornelius Vanderbilt organized a company to construct a canal. But the company gave up operations after \$2,000,000 had been spent and lost.

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

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

had been formed in France and was asking \$100,000,000 for its rights to the Panama site; (2) Panama was infested with Yellow Fever; (3) A big lake, centrally located, would make the Nicaraguan project so much easier; (4) Panama was under the rule of Colombia and any agreement between Panama and the United States would have to be cleared by Colombia.

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

An American commission examined the French company's assets and found them to be worth only \$40,000,000 instead of the \$100,000,000 the French were asking. The lower price was agreed to by the French. As for the Yellow Fever, the United States had great scientists and everyone felt they would come up with a solution to

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

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

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



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