



But we never did have that picnic. When we came into the clearing there was bedlam before us

in northern Johore on the Malay Peninsula.

For the past twenty-three years I have been constructing these shelters of poles and attap in the jungles where I can house in cages as many as a thousand animals and birds at a time before finally transporting them to my compound in Singapore for the long voyage home. They're wild, noisy places, these permanent camps of mine. Three hundred monkeys can do a lot of chattering, a ten-foot tiger and a pair of spotted leopards such as I caught this last trip can do quite a bit of high-powered snarling and roaring, and a half-dozen hyenas can howl like the shades of all the demons in this world and the next. Add to this the constant chirping of a few hundred birds, the shrill screams of a dozen or so gibbon apes with fire-siren throats, and the hoarse barking of a cageful of binturongs, and you'll see why occasionally I like to get away from camp into the comparative quiet of the jungle, which actually only *seems* quiet by comparison.

Life in a Jungle Camp

It was this desire to get away for a time that made me suggest a picnic to Ali, my Number One boy. I had set out a line of black leopard traps a few miles from camp, and I thought I could combine the business of visiting these traps to see if I'd made any catches with the pleasure of a good old-fashioned American picnic in the cool quiet of the jungle forest.

The word was new to Ali, of course. "Pick-nick?" he repeated, his brown eyes questioning.

"It's an old American custom," I smiled. "You go out in the woods with a lunch basket, sit under a tree, and eat hot dogs."

The idea of hot dogs nearly slew him. He had never heard of frankfurters before; and I could see from the expression on his face that he thought his *tuan* had gone suddenly *gila*—crazy—and intended to cook a canine. I explained the thing to him as best I could, but he looked downright happy when I let him pack the lunch. And he was mighty careful to see that nothing went into that long, round, handmade Malay basket but packages of boiled rice wrapped in cool banana leaves, some cooked fish neatly done up the same way, a jar of jam, another of cheese, and two tins of biscuits and a dozen mangos. If we'd had so much as a puppy in camp Ali would surely have hidden it before we started out!

We covered about eight miles in inspecting the traps. To Ali, Ahmed and Awi's disgust, there was nothing in any of them. The sliding door of one was sprung, and there were fresh tracks about, but the leopard had evidently been too smart to be caught. We set it again and went on. The boys were not so much disgusted at the emptiness of the traps—we don't expect to catch a leopard every day—as at the fact they were carrying two heavy coils of rope along with the lunch basket and an eating mat, all of which now seemed useless with no full leopard traps to use the ropes on, and when we could just as well have gone back to camp for lunch.

I decided now was as good a time as any for the picnic. Malays, like everyone else, feel better with full stomachs and are more cheerful company. So when we came to a little clearing in the shade of a huge durian tree, with a grassy bank that sloped gently down to a pretty little jungle stream. I stopped and said:

(Continued on page 52)

Snake in the Grass

By Frank Buck
with Ferrin Fraser

EVER since the serpent first tempted Eve with an apple in the Garden of Eden he has been frowned on as the villain of the animal world. Not only was he destined to crawl all the years of his life in the dust of the earth, but he has been kicked around, maligned, and wantonly killed more than any other creature. The average man today, walking across a country field on a bright Sunday afternoon in spring, and seeing a harmless little garter snake playing in the grass, will instinctively look for the nearest rock or club to strike cut its life.

Now, I am by no means setting up a defense for snakes. I'm not particularly fond of them myself, and I've seen some that were as beautifully designed and

Pythons are not venomous, but don't make the mistake of stepping on one. Ali, Frank Buck's Number One boy, did and barely escaped death from its jaws and coils. Here's the story of the rescue

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY HAENIGSEN

colored as any creature God ever made, and others that were more venomously poisonous. But I would like them to be understood and have a fair chance along with the other animals that populate the earth.

I want in this story to tell you of two snakes I captured alive on my last expedition to the Malayan jungles, and point out that they had as much personality, were just as interesting, and battled just as hard for their freedom as any of the more respected and honored animals of the world.

For the making of my new motion picture and for the capture of the large collection of rare animals, bird and reptiles I hoped to take back to America, ten months ago I set up a permanent camp

High Ski

By Bill Cunningham

When young Dick Durrance reported to his first skiing coach about a year ago he amazed that gentleman with an exhibition of not-in-the-book stunts. That was before Durrance started collecting major skiing championships. You should see him now, performing in Olympic competition!

THE average Floridian knows as much about snow as a hen does about toothpaste and considers the word *ski* a typographical error. And why not? Snow has only faintly dusted that delightful state something like three times in the last hundred years and then only across its northernmost section.

And yet fate, especially sporting fate, will have its little laughs. The absolute antithesis of moiling Miami in February is the little village of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, an hour from Munich in the frozen clutch of the Bavarian Alps. Mighty Zugspitze rears its shaggy ice-bearded head ten thousand feet above the village toward the clouds and regal Alpspitze hems it on another side, the whole resembling one of those old-fashioned frosted German Christmas cards.

In this setting, where snow has been known to drift into crevasses to a depth of ninety feet, the cream of the world's amateur sportsmen will meet from February 6th to 16th, in the quadrennial Olympic Winter Sports Championships. And when the last slalom is finished, the last telemark swung, it will probably develop that the king of all the world's ski riders is a native Floridian.

The name of the young gentleman is Richard (Dick) Durrance and the log of his still-tender life is unique.

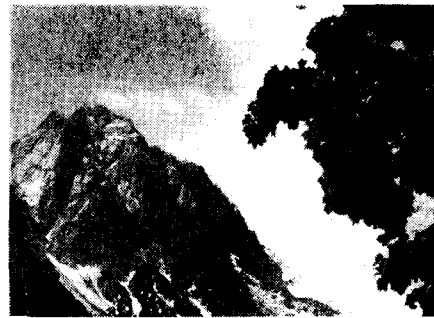
Born of well-to-do parents in Tarpon Springs, Florida, he spent his early years—the first twelve of them, to be

exact—in that semitropical scene. The boy had never seen snow, had seen only the picture of a skate, and had never even heard of a ski when the family fortunes switched him northward and he found himself, all at once, a youthful student in the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He met snow here, but it was only a casual acquaintance which he didn't embrace with any especial enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, he was pretty homesick for Florida when those frosty blasts came banging out of the north and the February Storm King began to stalk abroad.

Nothing to Do but Ski

But Florida wasn't to be his for a long, long time and then he was to rebel at the reunion. His father had rather pronounced ideas about juvenile education and had decided that the German school system is about the finest there is. So young Richard, his elder brother Jack and assorted brothers and sisters suddenly found themselves, coincidentally enough, in this same little town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the winter Olympics are to be held, enrolled in its schools and settled in permanent residence.

It was here the Durrance boys first really met the ski. It was the principal toy of the Bavarian kinder. It was their baseball and football and movies and
(Continued on page 49)



EDWIN LEVICK

Forward somersaulting over obstacles saves cross-country time for Skier Dick Durrance. It also floors orthodox skiing experts, and is only part of the unusual technique that has made Durrance Number One man on the American Olympic ski team

Left, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Alps, where the Olympic ski men will compete

WIDE WORLD