

TRUE  
ANIMAL

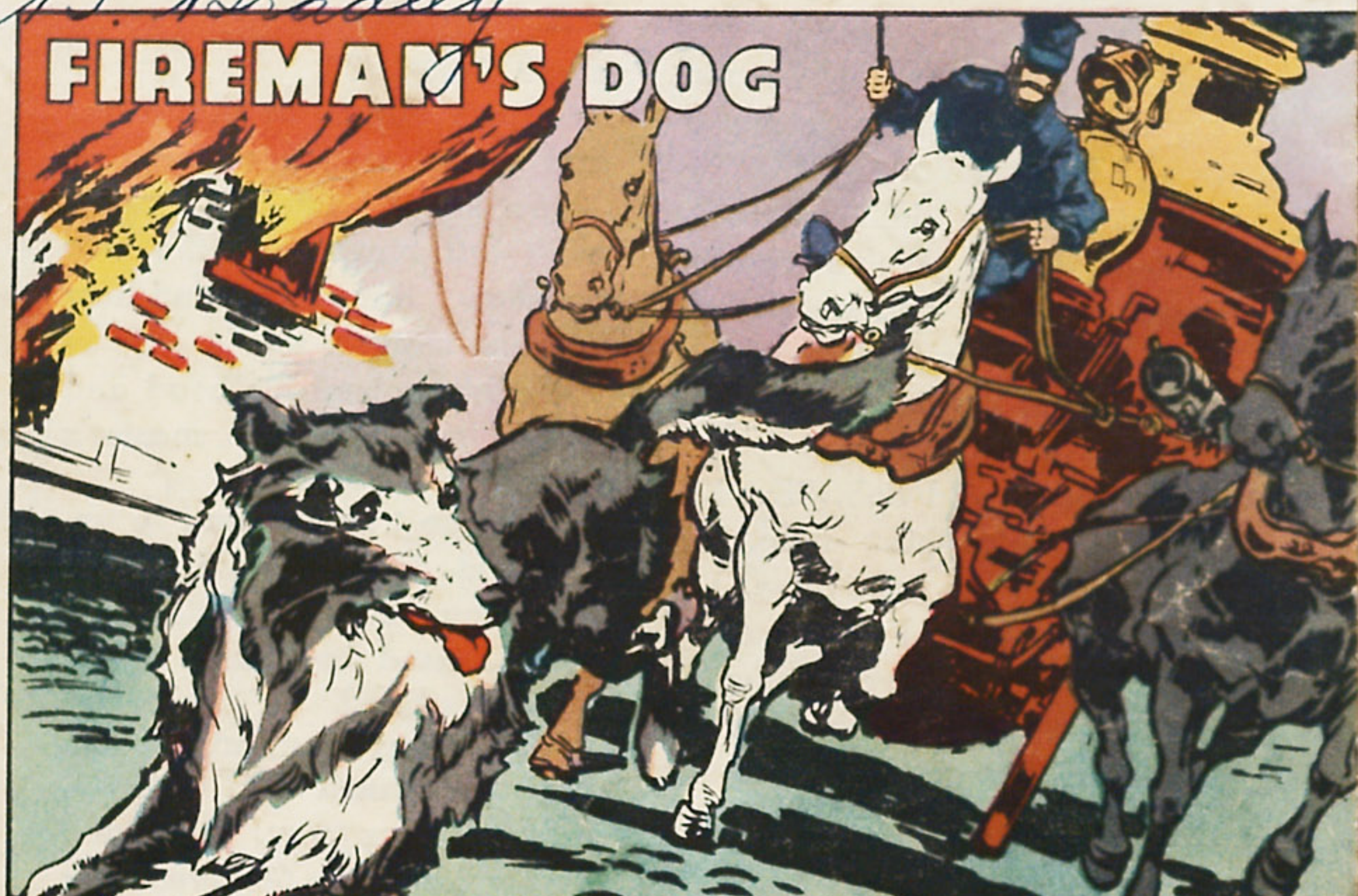
PICTURE-  
STORIES

# TRUE ANIMAL PICTURE-STORIES

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WINTER ISSUE 1947

10¢



**10  
EXCITING  
FEATURES**

INCLUDING

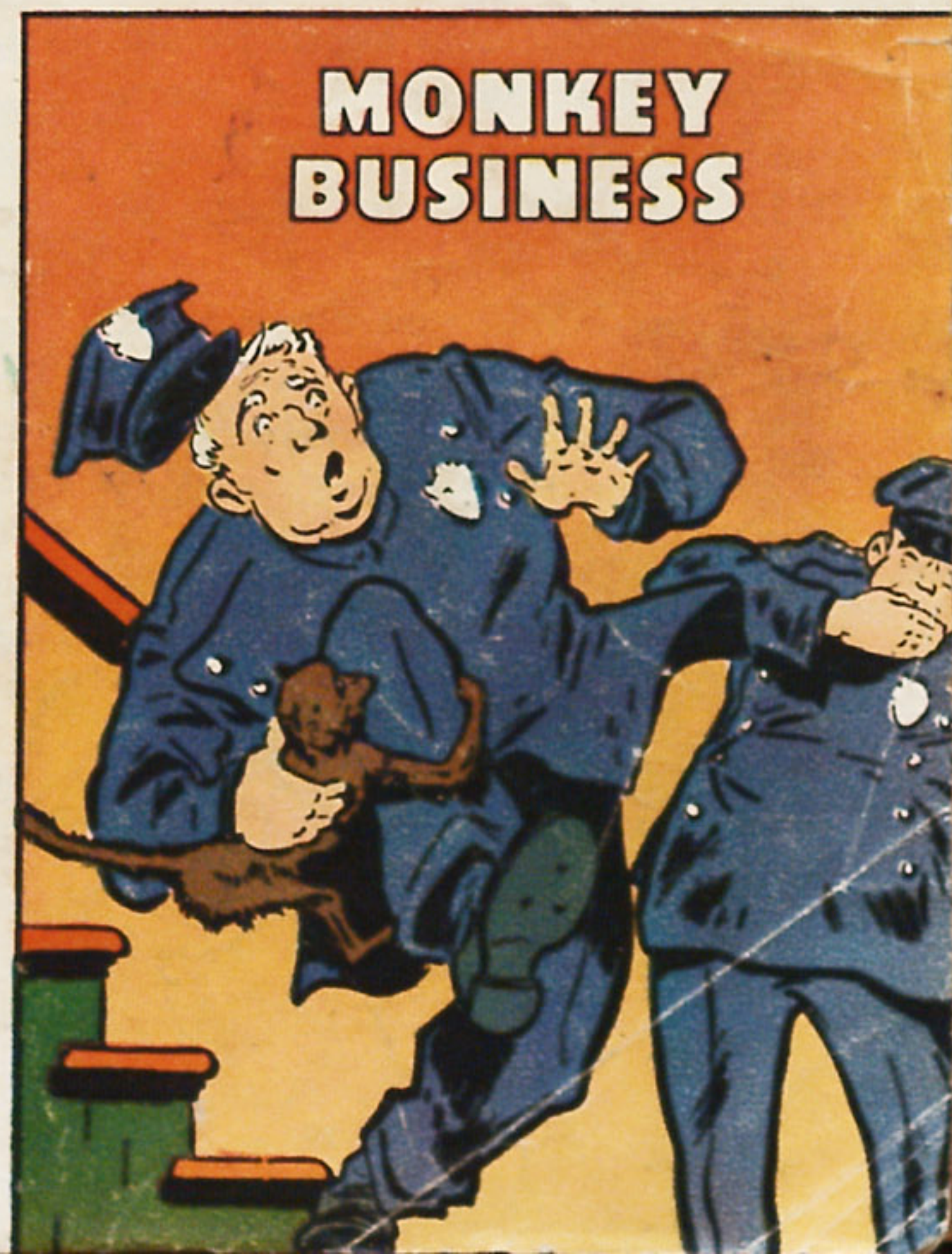
**JUNGLE MASTER**

**BALTO  
OF  
NOME**

**BEAR FACTS**

**SCHOONER  
OF CATS**

**DOG  
NAMED  
BILL**



# SOLDIER DOG

By ALICE DALGLIESH

World War II's heroes included many dogs. Here's the story of how one dog joined his master in the army.



GULLIVER

"I WISH," said Bob, "that I could do something to help win the war."

It was a hot day, and he and Carolyn were sitting under a tree in the garden.

"But we *are* doing things," said Carolyn. "We've bought defense stamps and we've collected papers and cleaned the attic — and we have a Victory garden."

"I know," said Bob, "but I'd like to do something more. If I were grown up, of course, I'd join the army, but I'm not, so—"

"So, I'll go in your place," said a voice. Bob looked up to see Tony, the boy next door, coming in at the gate. By his side, walked Gulliver, his big shepherd dog.

"I couldn't help hearing what you were saying," said Tony. "And I was just coming over to tell you that I was going to enlist."

"Tony! Will you come back and let us see your uniform? Will you have lovely gold stripes on your sleeve?" asked Carolyn.

Tony laughed. "Not so fast! I can't start out being a captain, you know. I have to be just a plain soldier."

By this time, Bob had found his voice.

"Carolyn would think about uniforms! What I want to know is — what are you going to do about Gulliver?"

"That's just it, Bob. Gulliver and I've always been together — you know how it is. And I can't *tell* him about the war and how I have to go and how he must wait for me."

Gulliver raised his head and looked up into his master's face.

"See, he tries so hard to understand. Gulliver, old boy, I wish you could go with me." Tony leaned over and patted Gulliver's head.

"Bob," Tony went on, "you've played so much with Gulliver, and he likes you. Dad and Mother can't take Gulliver back to the city. Will you keep him, Bob? After all," Tony's voice was eager, "that would be doing something to help win the war, wouldn't it? Keeping a soldier's dog while he was away?"

Bob jumped to his feet. "I'll ask Mom right away." He raced to the house and it was scarcely a minute before he was back. "She says I can!" he shouted.

"Good work!" said Tony. The day Tony was packing his bag, Gulliver sat beside him and looked up at him with puzzled eyes.

"I'm going in the army, Gulliver," Tony explained over and over again. "You stay here with Bob and I'll be back again."

But Gulliver still looked puzzled. When Tony left for the station, taking his bag with him, then the big dog understood. His tail drooped and he lay down with his head on his paws, keeping his eyes on the road.

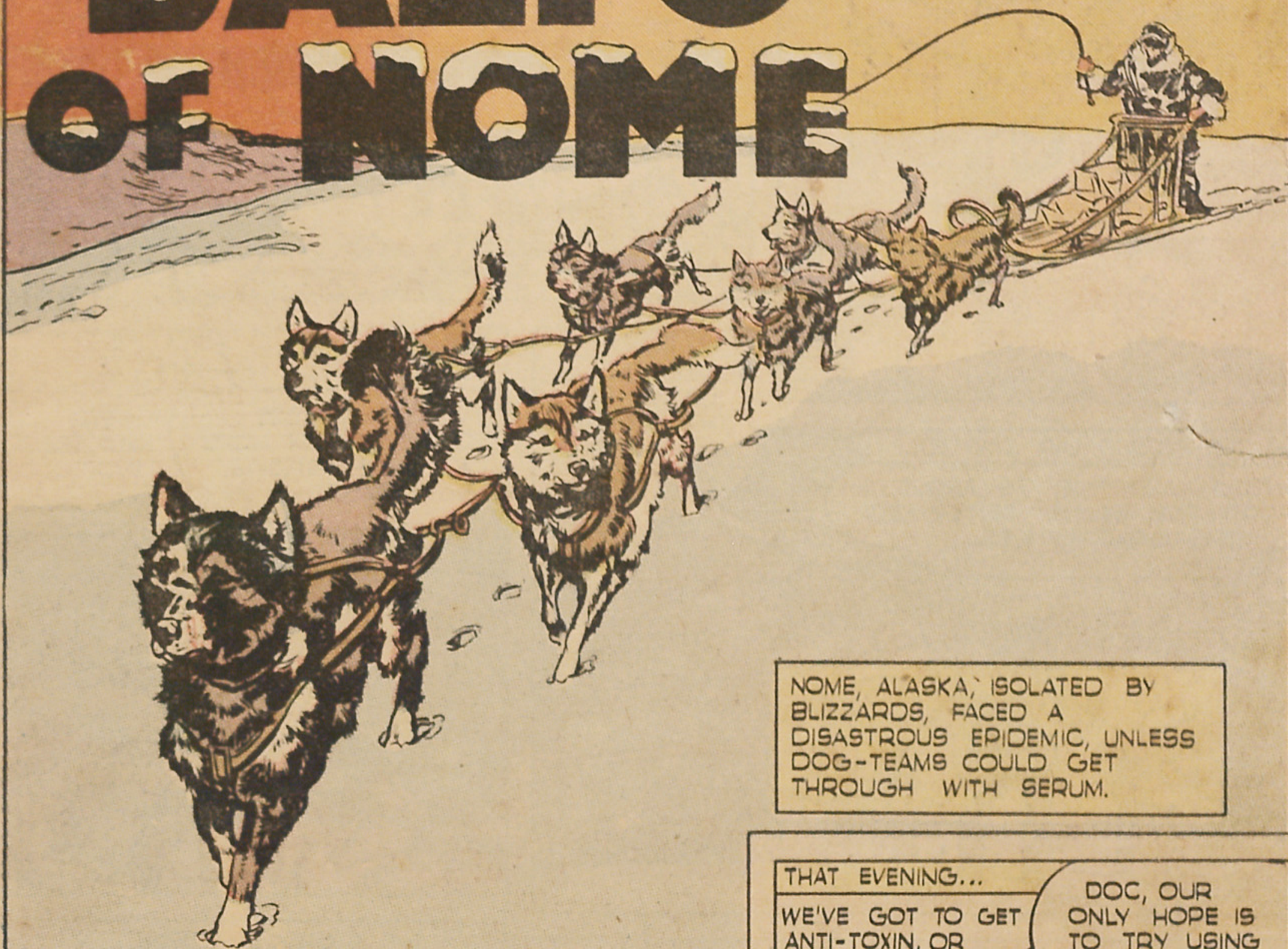
Everyone in the little town was doing something to help win the war — Mrs. Daly, Bob and Carolyn's mother was taking a course in First Aid. Sometimes, she practiced bandaging on Bob and on Carolyn. Once in a while, when both the children were busy, she even practiced on Gulliver. Gulliver was very patient about it. He was so quiet and so good and his eyes were so sad that Mrs. Daly almost cried.

"Oh Gulliver," she said, "I know how it is. You miss Tony dreadfully. Cheer up, old boy, he'll soon be coming home on leave."

One day, Mrs. Daly did some extra special bandaging on Bob. Bob lay on the couch near the window with both legs and one arm in splints, the other

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

# BALTO OF NOME



NOME, ALASKA, ISOLATED BY BLIZZARDS, FACED A DISASTROUS EPIDEMIC, UNLESS DOG-TEAMS COULD GET THROUGH WITH SERUM.

THAT EVENING...

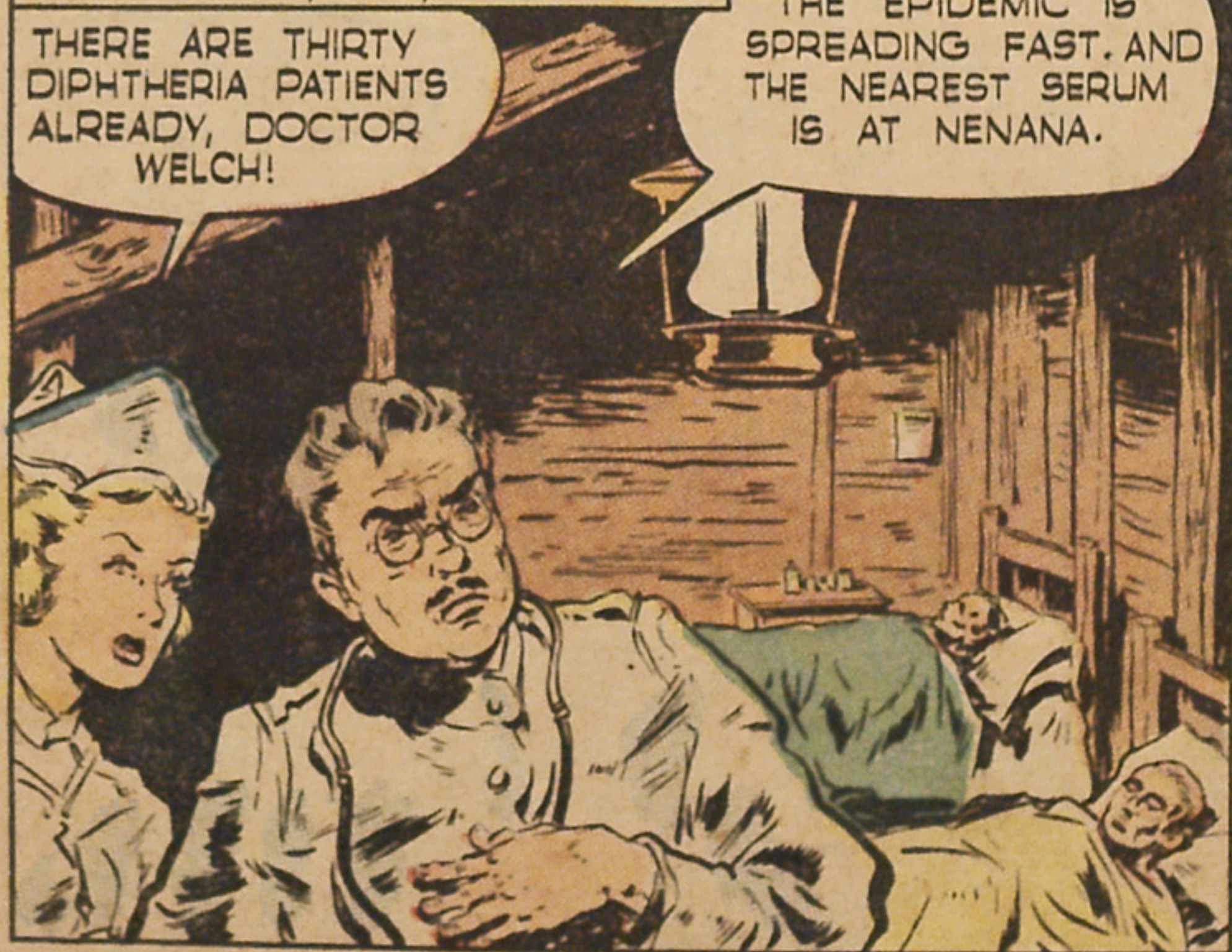
WE'VE GOT TO GET ANTI-TOXIN, OR DIPHTHERIA WILL WIPE US OUT.

DOC, OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO TRY USING DOG-SLEDS.

LATE JANUARY, 1925, IN NOME...

THERE ARE THIRTY DIPHTHERIA PATIENTS ALREADY, DOCTOR WELCH!

THE EPIDEMIC IS SPREADING FAST. AND THE NEAREST SERUM IS AT NENANA.



CHAMPION DOG-SLED DRIVERS INCLUDING GUNNAR KASSON, VOLUNTEERED TO RACE THE ANTI-TOXIN IN RELAYS FROM NENANA, 665 MILES AWAY.

THE TRAIN WILL BRING THE SERUM TO NENANA. FROM THERE ON, MEN, IT'S UP TO YOU. IT'S A BIG ORDER. GOOD LUCK!



ON JANUARY 30TH, THE FIRST RELAY WAS READY AT NENANA.

WATCH THAT SERUM! HOPE YOU MAKE IT!

I'VE JUST GOT TO!



AS THE SECOND LAP STARTED...

HAD A HARD TIME. IT'S ABOUT FORTY-FIVE BELOW. BETTER KEEP THIS WRAPPED WELL.

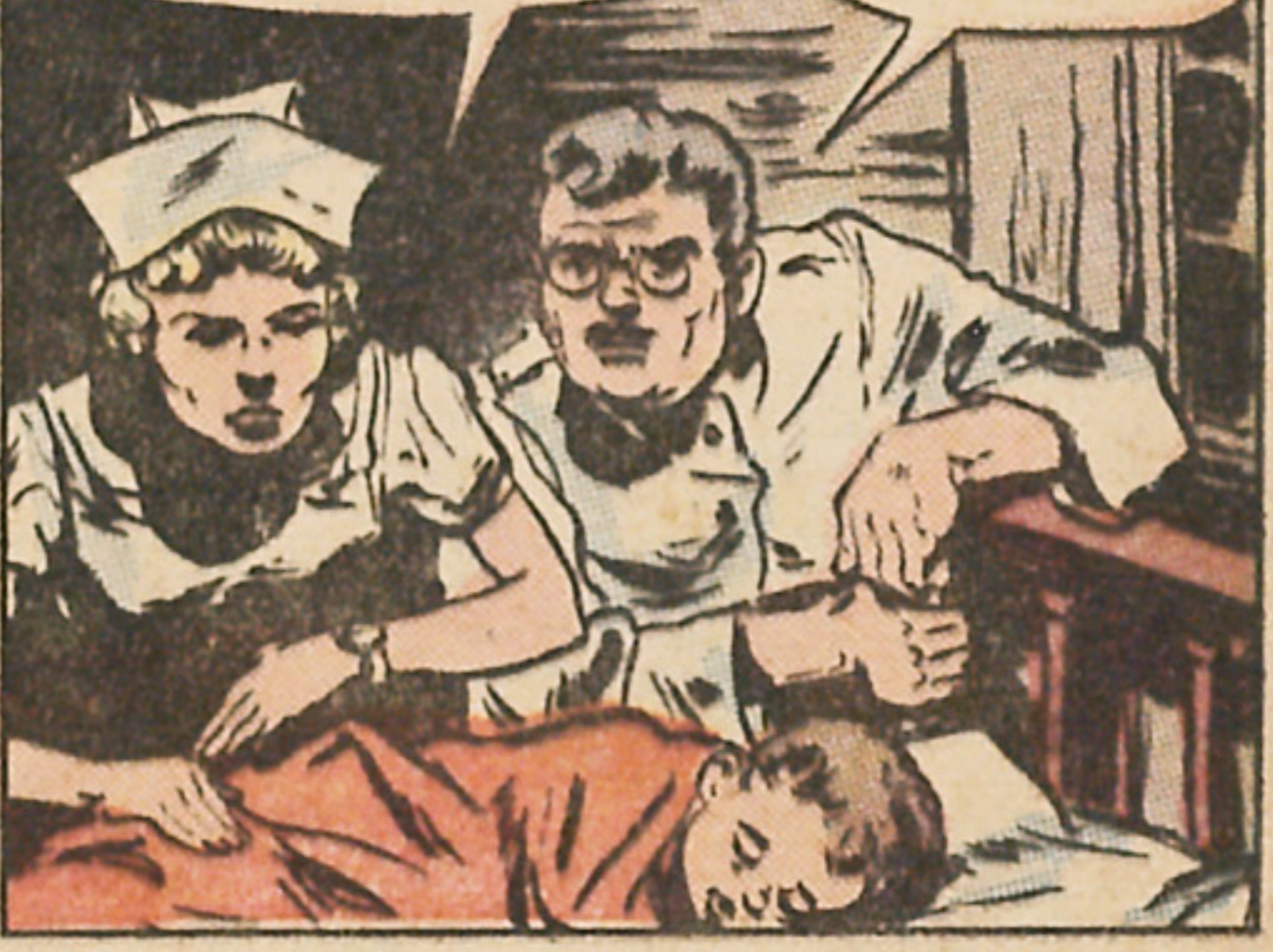
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS STORM, AND WE'RE LATE NOW!



BACK IN NOME, IN SPITE OF HEROIC MEDICAL EFFORTS...

I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO LOSE MORE OF THESE PATIENTS, DOCTOR!

WE'RE HELPLESS WITHOUT THE SERUM.



AT 10:00 P.M. ON FEBRUARY 1ST, AFTER WAITING TWO DAYS, GUNNAR KASSON BEGAN HIS RELAY.

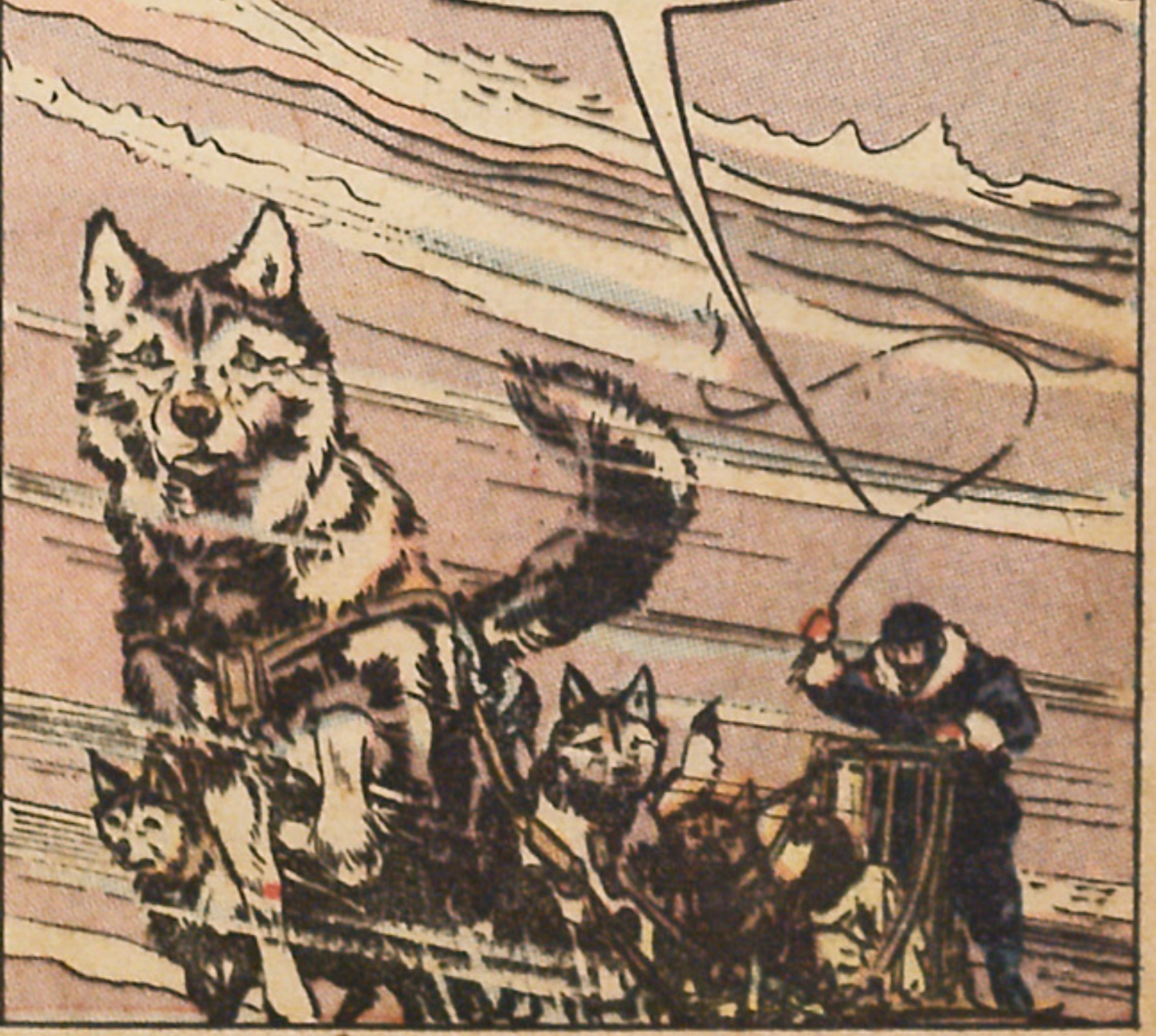
I HAD PLENTY OF TROUBLE, KASSON. THE BLIZZARD WIPED OUT ALL TRAILS.

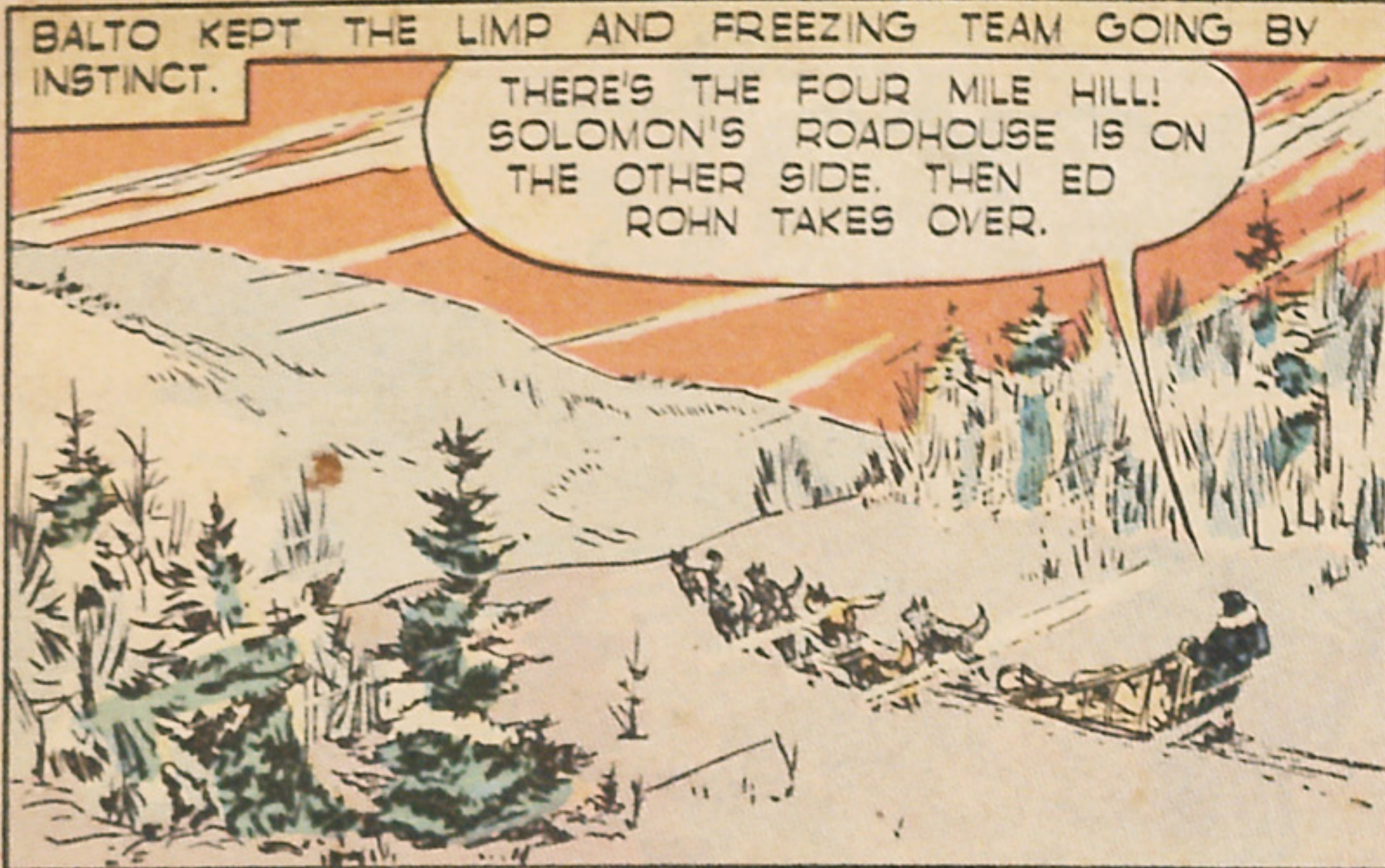
IF THE SNOW AND WIND LET UP A BIT, I CAN COUNT ON MY LEAD DOG, BALTO, TO DO THE REST.



BUT...

THE STORM IS WORSE... CAN'T SEE A THING! COME ON, BALTO, YOU'RE IN CHARGE!





BALTO KEPT THE LIMP AND FREEZING TEAM GOING BY INSTINCT.

THERE'S THE FOUR MILE HILL! SOLOMON'S ROADHOUSE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. THEN ED ROHN TAKES OVER.

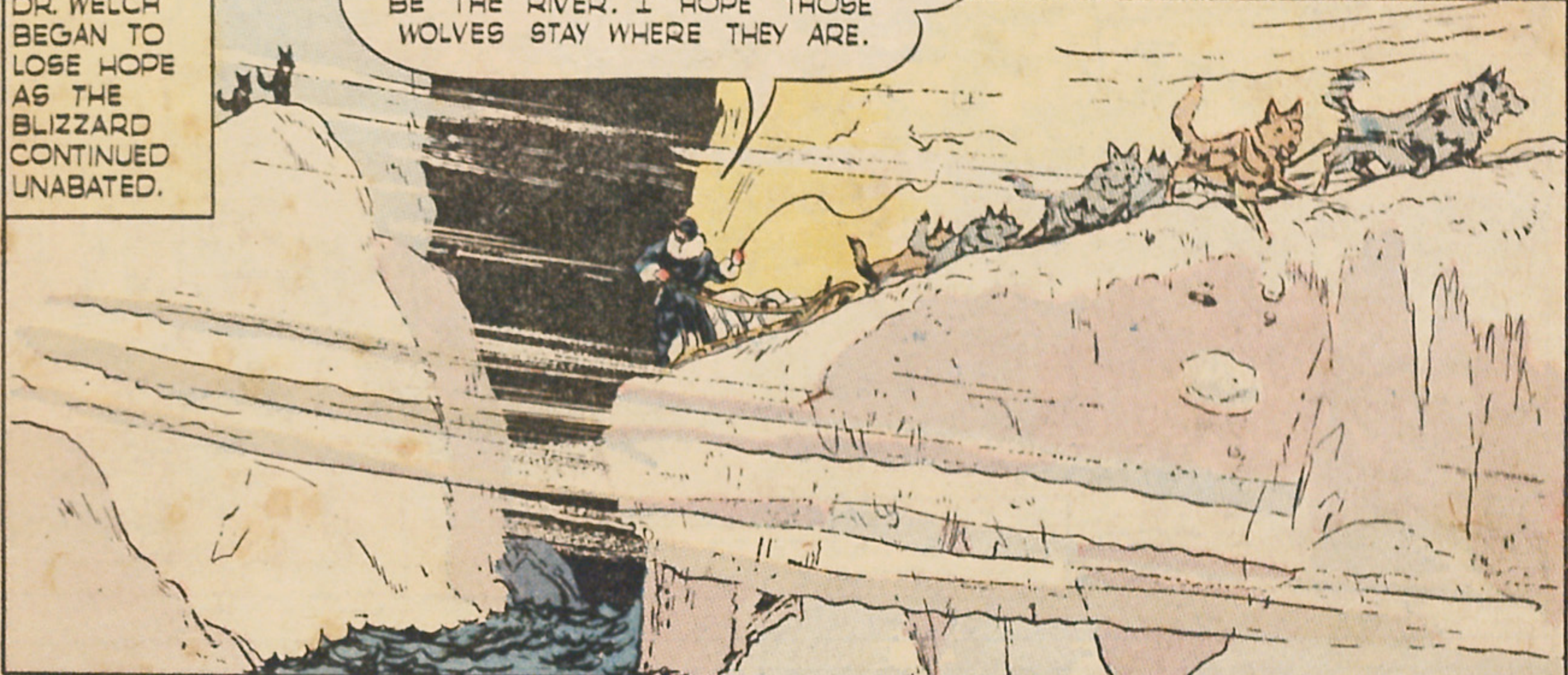


BUT IN THE BLINDING STORM...

BALTO! WE MISSED OUR RELAY POINT! IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE NOME!

MEANWHILE IN NOME, DR. WELCH BEGAN TO LOSE HOPE AS THE BLIZZARD CONTINUED UNABATED.

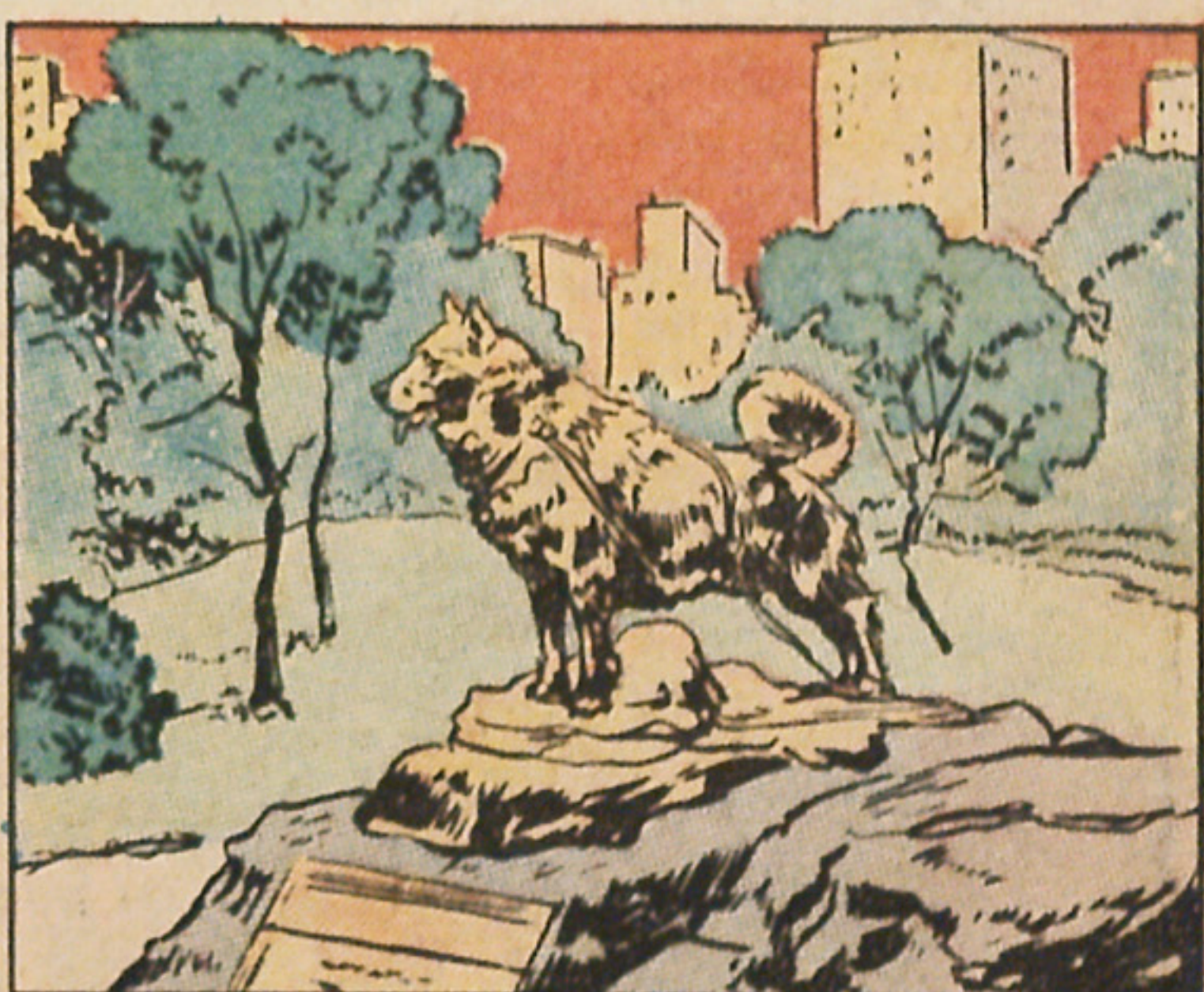
BUT... IT'S A DANGEROUS SHORT CUT. CAN'T MISS A STEP, BALTO, OR IT'LL BE THE RIVER. I HOPE THOSE WOLVES STAY WHERE THEY ARE.



CAUTIOUSLY BALTO PICKED HIS WAY ALONG THE TRAIL, AND AT DAWN...

YOU MADE IT, KASSON! YOU'RE A HERO!

BALTO'S THE REAL HERO! I ONLY FOLLOWED HIM!



TODAY, A BRONZE STATUE OF BALTO STANDS IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY, TO HONOR THE DOG WHOSE FORTITUDE AND ENDURANCE CHECKED THE DREAD DIPHTHERIA EPIDEMIC.

# Fireman's Dog



BRUCE, A BLACK COLLIE, USED HIS SHEEP HERDING TALENTS TO BECOME AN UNFORGETTABLE FIRE-DOG HERO.

IN 1889, AT A NEW YORK CITY FIREHOUSE...

JAMES MACMURRAY'S MY NAME. THIS IS BRUCE. IT'S THE CAPTAIN WE'D LIKE TO SEE ABOUT A JOB.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU. CALLAHAN'S THE NAME. I'LL GET THE CAPTAIN.

TOWARD THE END OF THE INTERVIEW...

BUT ONE THING, CAPTAIN, IF I GET THE JOB, BRUCE STAYS WITH ME.

WELL, MAYBE, IF THE MEN WON'T MIND.



OH, HE'S A FINE DOG, SIR. BEEN WITH ME TWO YEARS. BEST SHEEP HERDER IN JERSEY.

HE WON'T BE USING HIS HERDING TALENTS HERE, BUT HE'LL MAKE A GOOD MASCOT.

IN A SHORT TIME, BRUCE BECAME THE POPULAR PAL, AS WELL AS MASCOT, OF THE FIREMEN.

YOU'RE WORSE THAN A SERGEANT ON INSPECTION TOUR.

ONE COLD JANUARY EVENING...

HEY KIDS, A FIRE!

WONDER WHERE IT IS?

I TOLD YOU TO GO BACK, BRUCE! IT'S TOO COLD TONIGHT!

THE FIRE WAS WORSE THAN EXPECTED...

LIVERY STABLE

MELN MAD-SCH

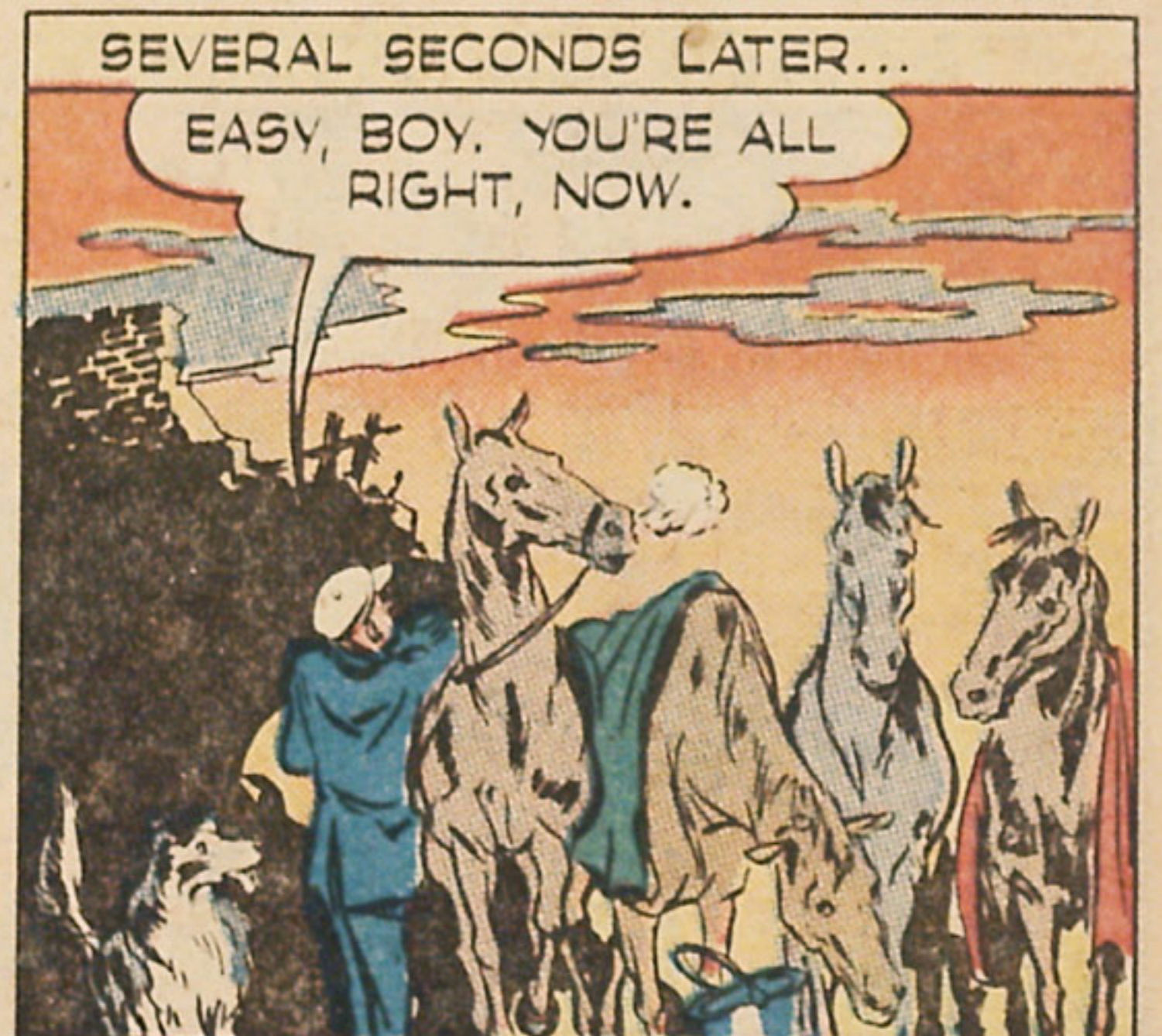
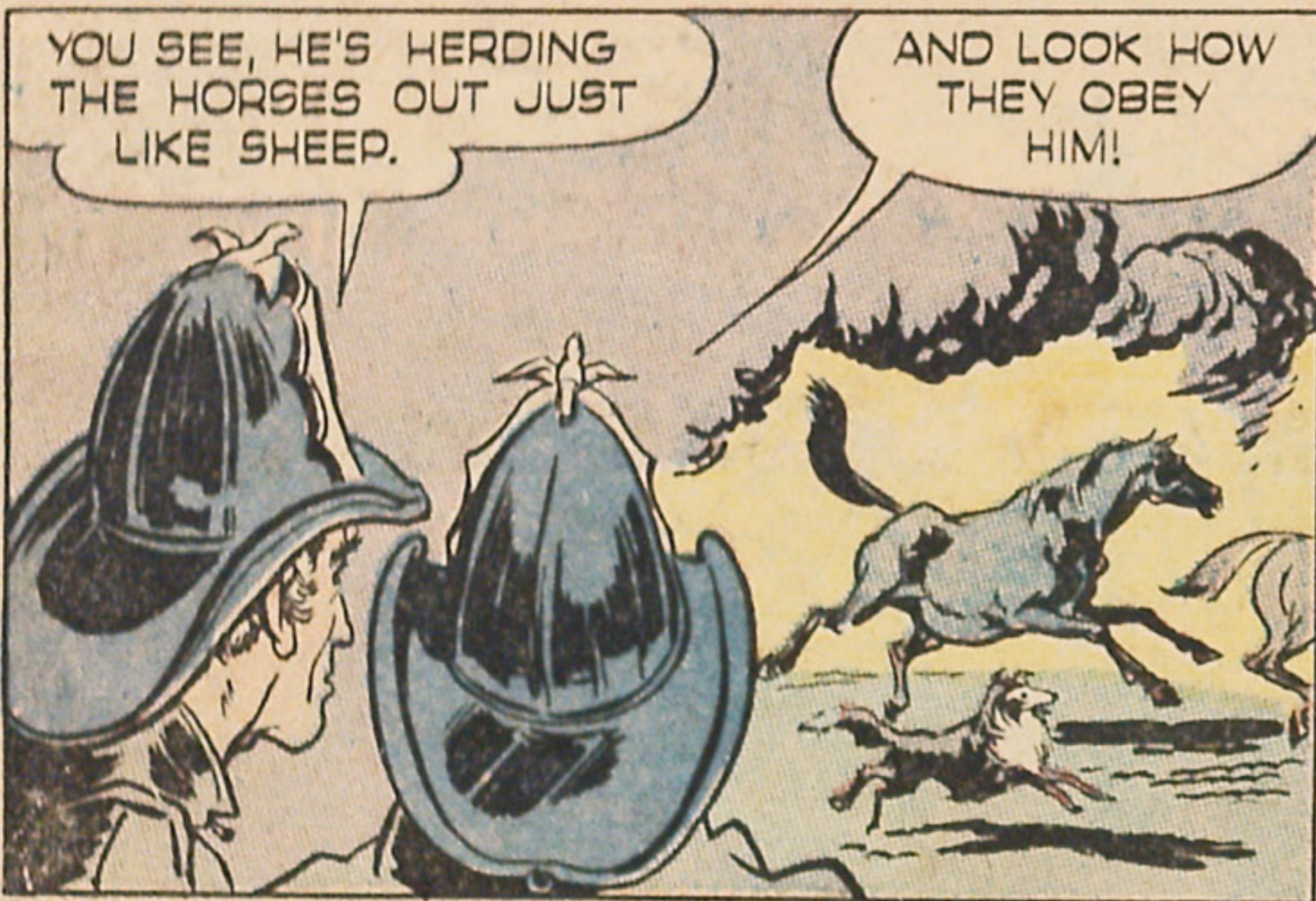
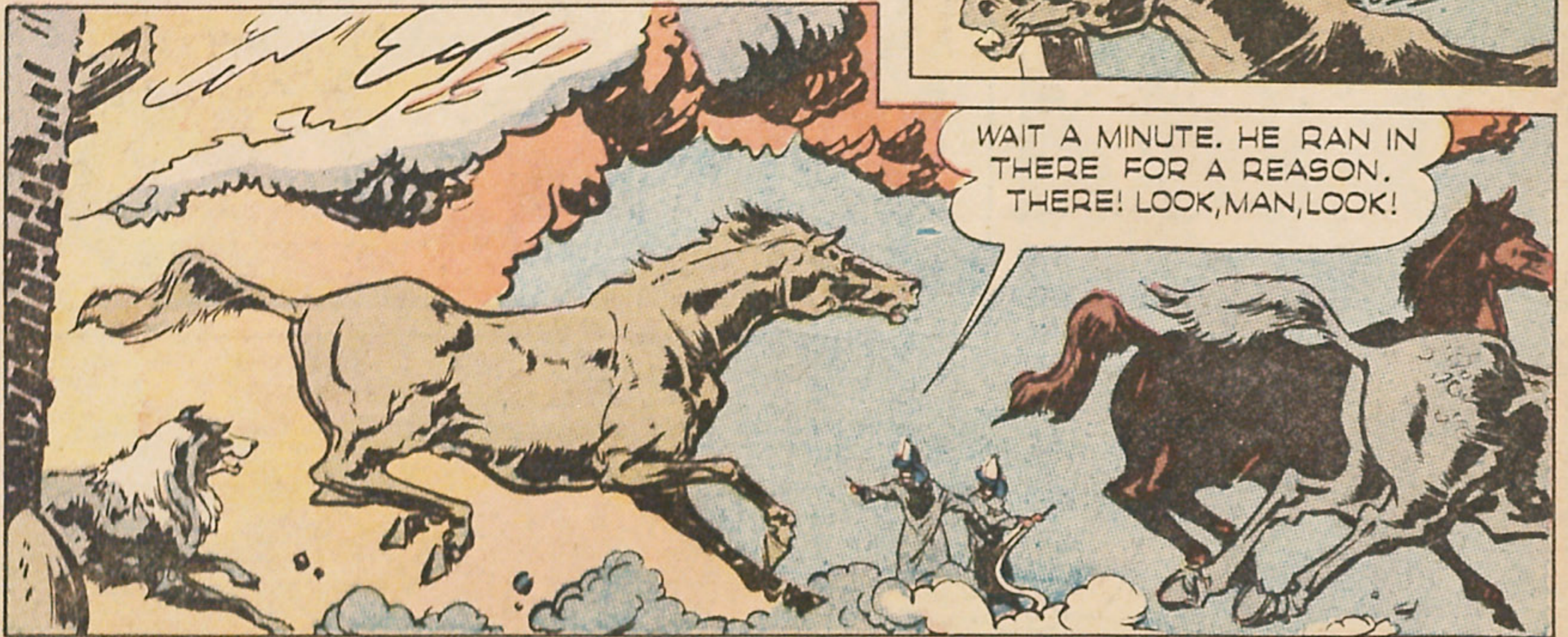
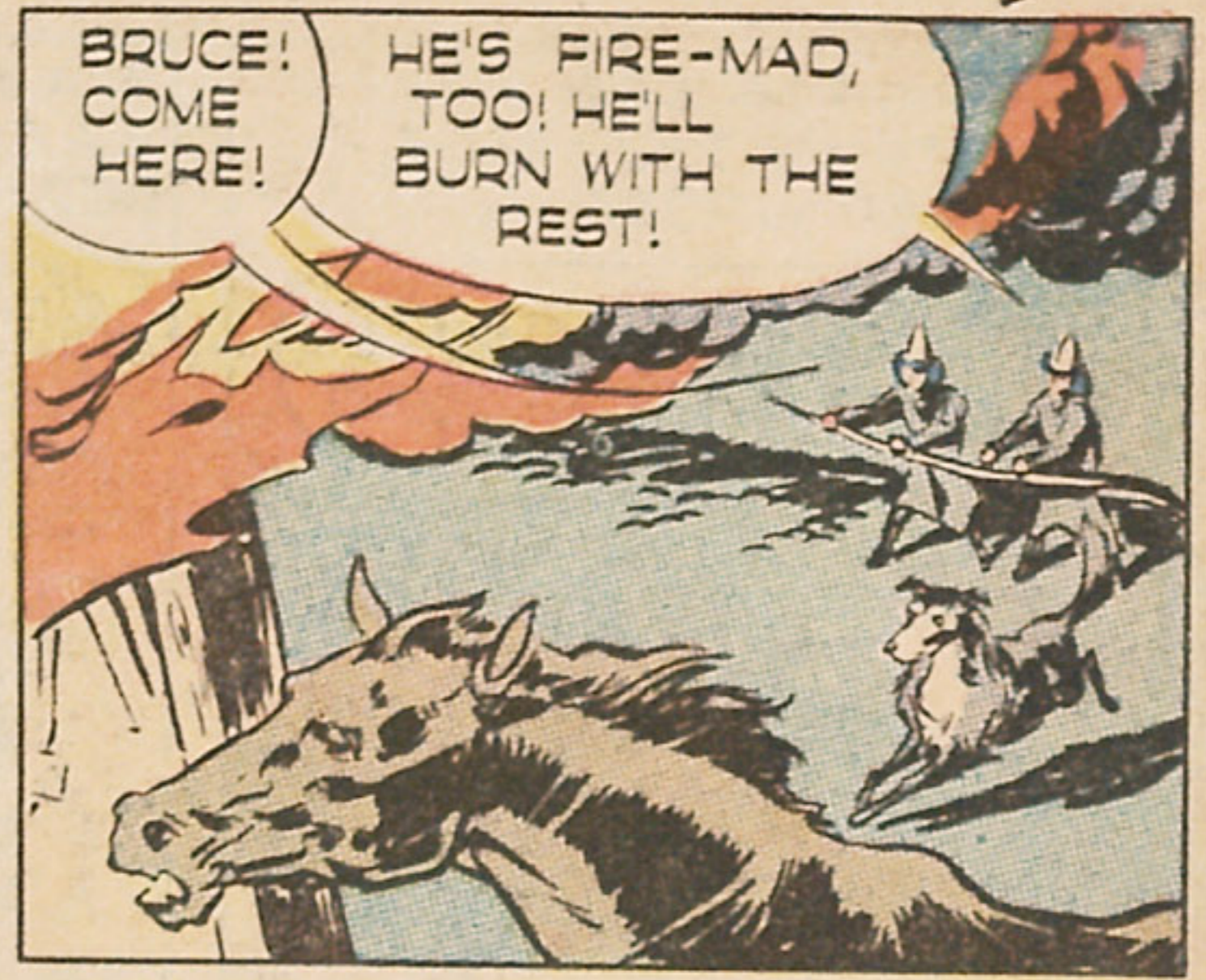
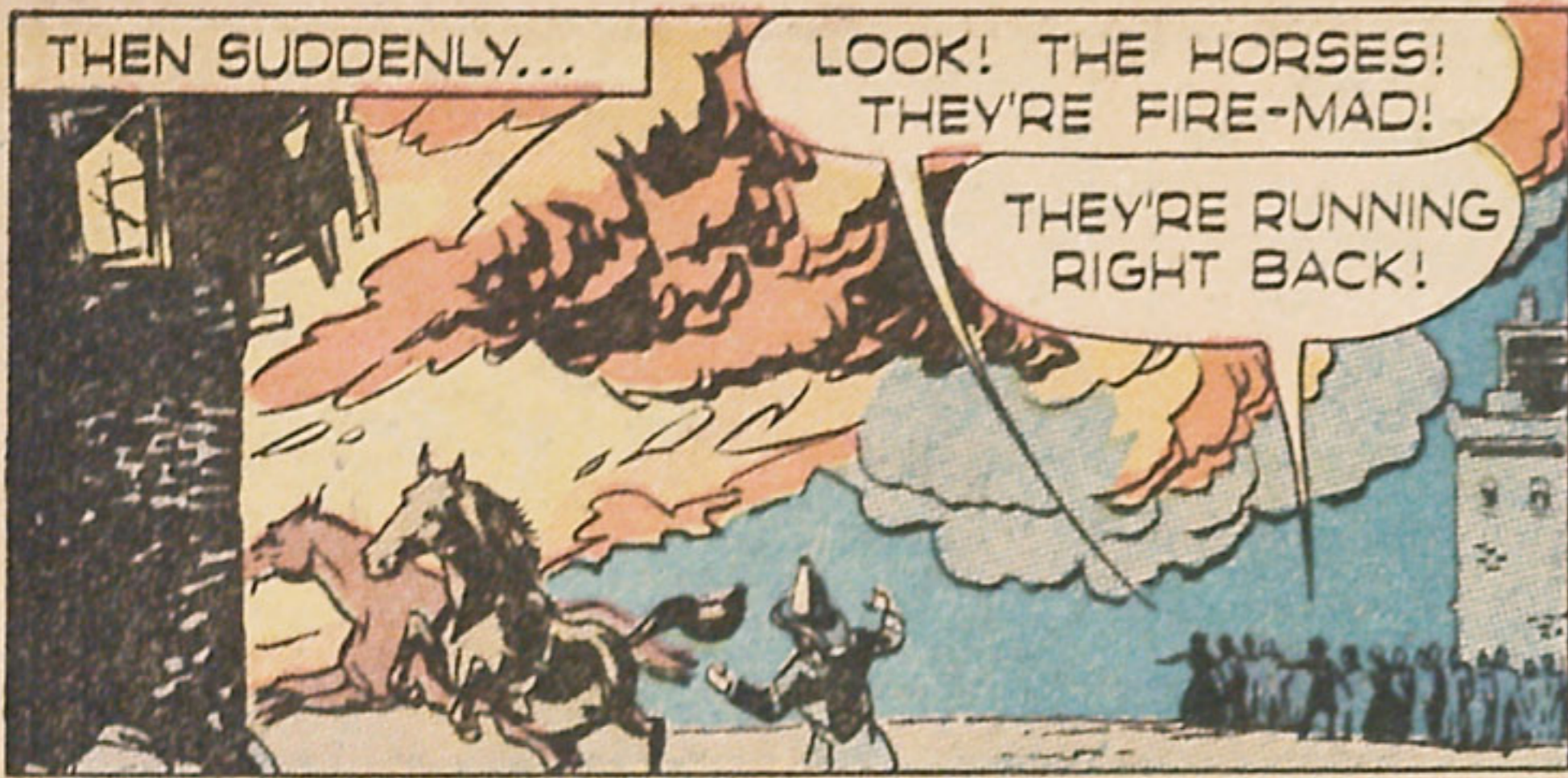
BUT FIREMEN SOON HAD THE BLAZE UNDER CONTROL.

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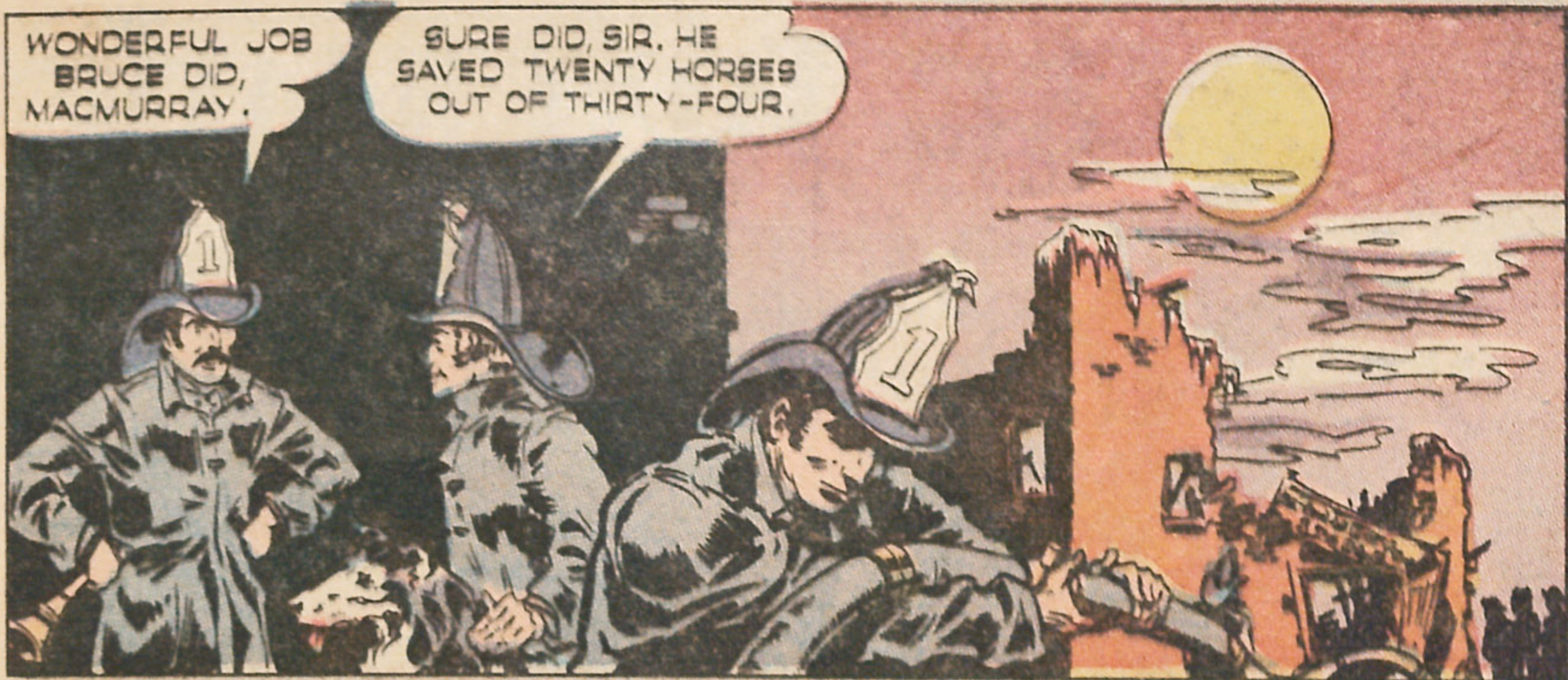
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WONDERFUL JOB  
BRUCE DID,  
MACMURRAY.

SURE DID, SIR. HE  
SAVED TWENTY HORSES  
OUT OF THIRTY-FOUR.



THE NEXT DAY...  
PACKAGE FOR ROBERT  
BRUCE MACMURRAY!

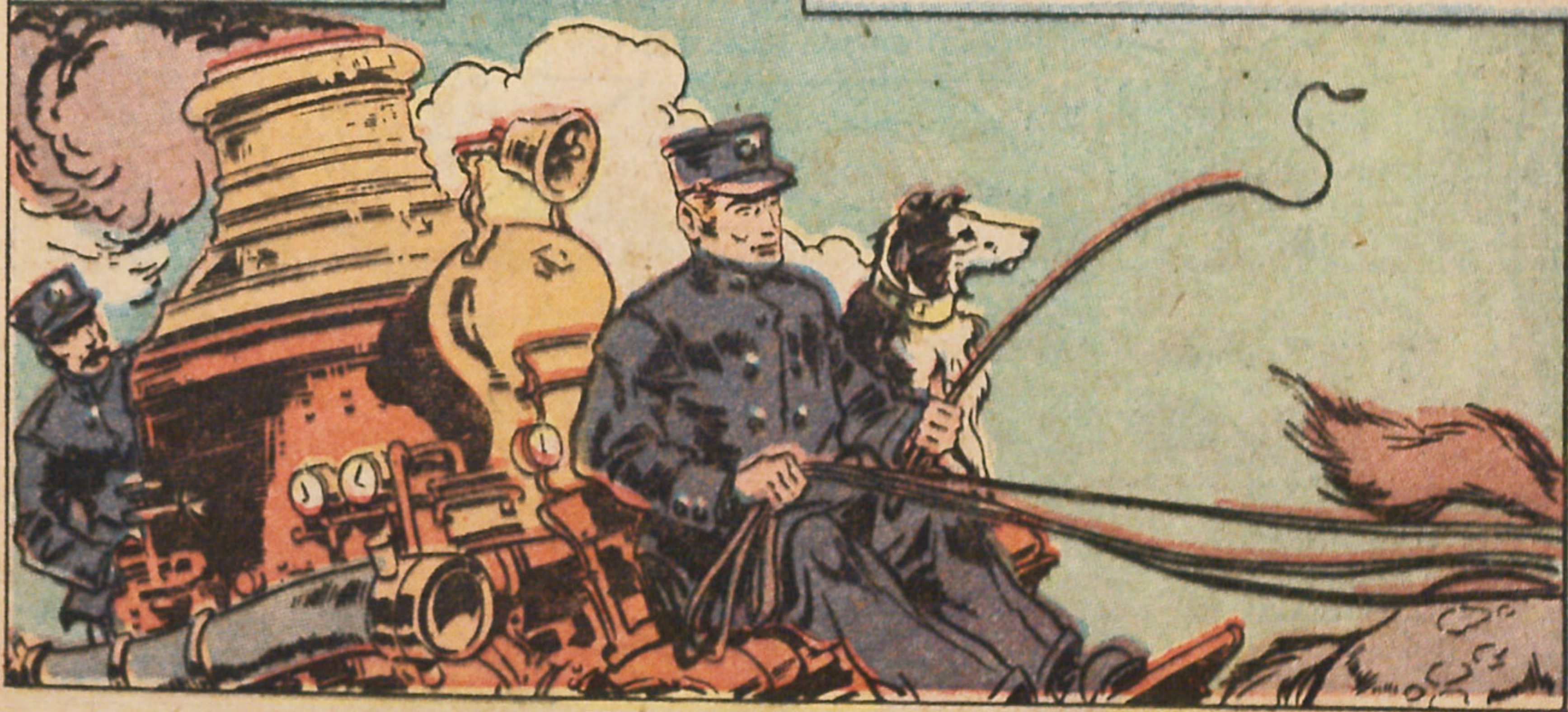
DON'T THINK HE'LL  
MIND IF I TAKE  
IT FOR HIM!



WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS! IT'S FROM  
THE OWNER OF THE LIVERY STABLES  
TO BRUCE FOR SAVING TWENTY  
HORSES. IT SAYS "IN GRATEFUL  
REMEMBRANCE OF SERVICE  
RENDERED ON THE NIGHT  
OF JANUARY 27, 1890."

REAL GOLD,  
FROM TIFFANY'S,  
TOO!

SOON, ANOTHER ALARM—AND FIRE-DOG  
HERO BRUCE, RESUMED HIS FAITHFUL SERVICE  
TO GRATEFUL FIREMEN.



# A PIG THAT MADE HISTORY



IN 1637, A POOR WOMAN NAMED MRS. SHERMAN LIVED NEAR BOSTON. SHE OWNED ONLY ONE PIG, THE HERO OF THIS STORY.

GO GET YOURSELF SOMETHING TO EAT!



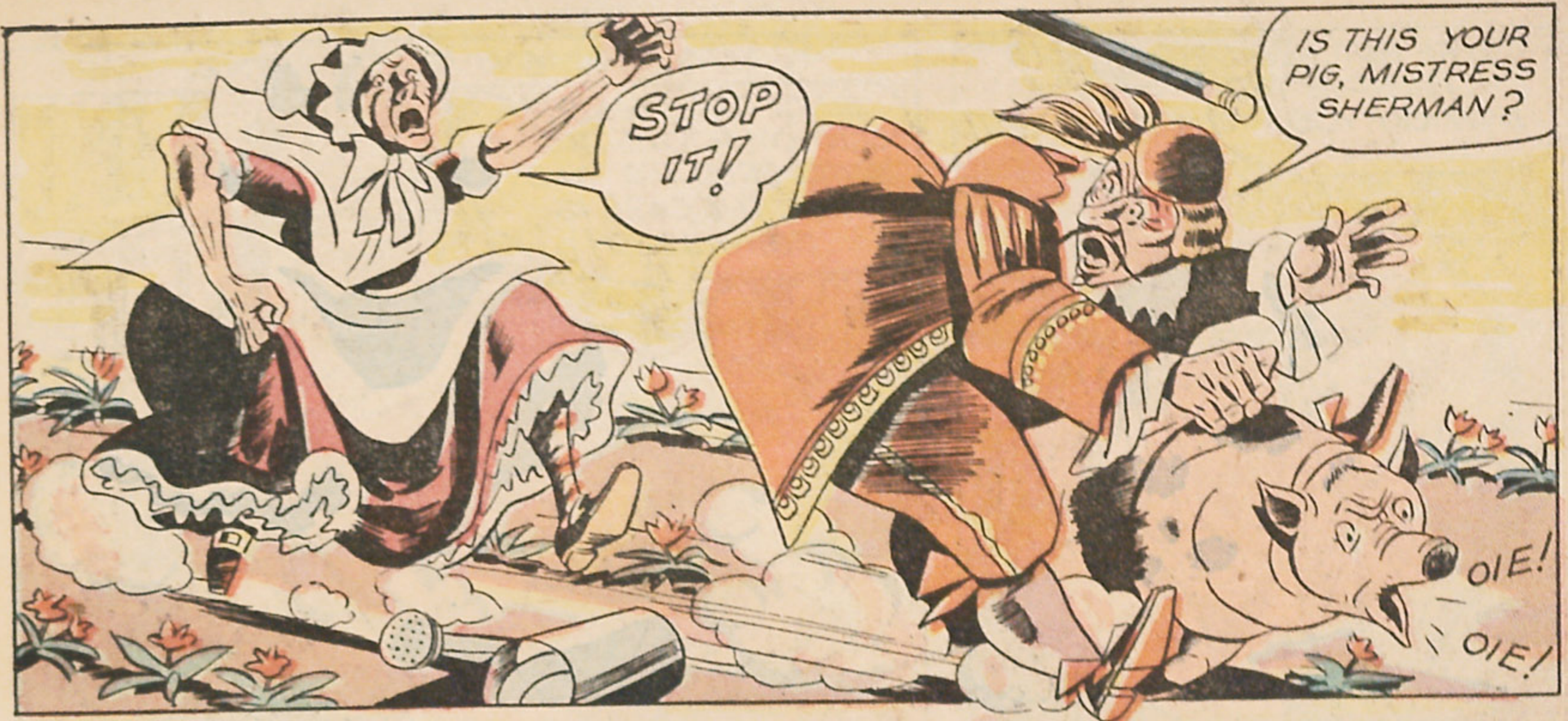
THE PIG WANDERED ABOUT SOMETIMES ON TO THE LAND OF THE RICH GENTRY.



ONE GENTLEMAN, CAPTAIN KEAYNE, HAD A GARDEN THAT THE PIG LIKED ESPECIALLY.

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU DESTRUCTIVE HOG!





IS THIS YOUR PIG, MISTRESS SHERMAN?

STOP IT!

OIE!  
OIE!



AYE, HE'S MINE!  
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT  
TO BEAT HIM!

IF I CATCH HIM  
HERE AGAIN, I'LL  
BUTCHER HIM!

OIE!



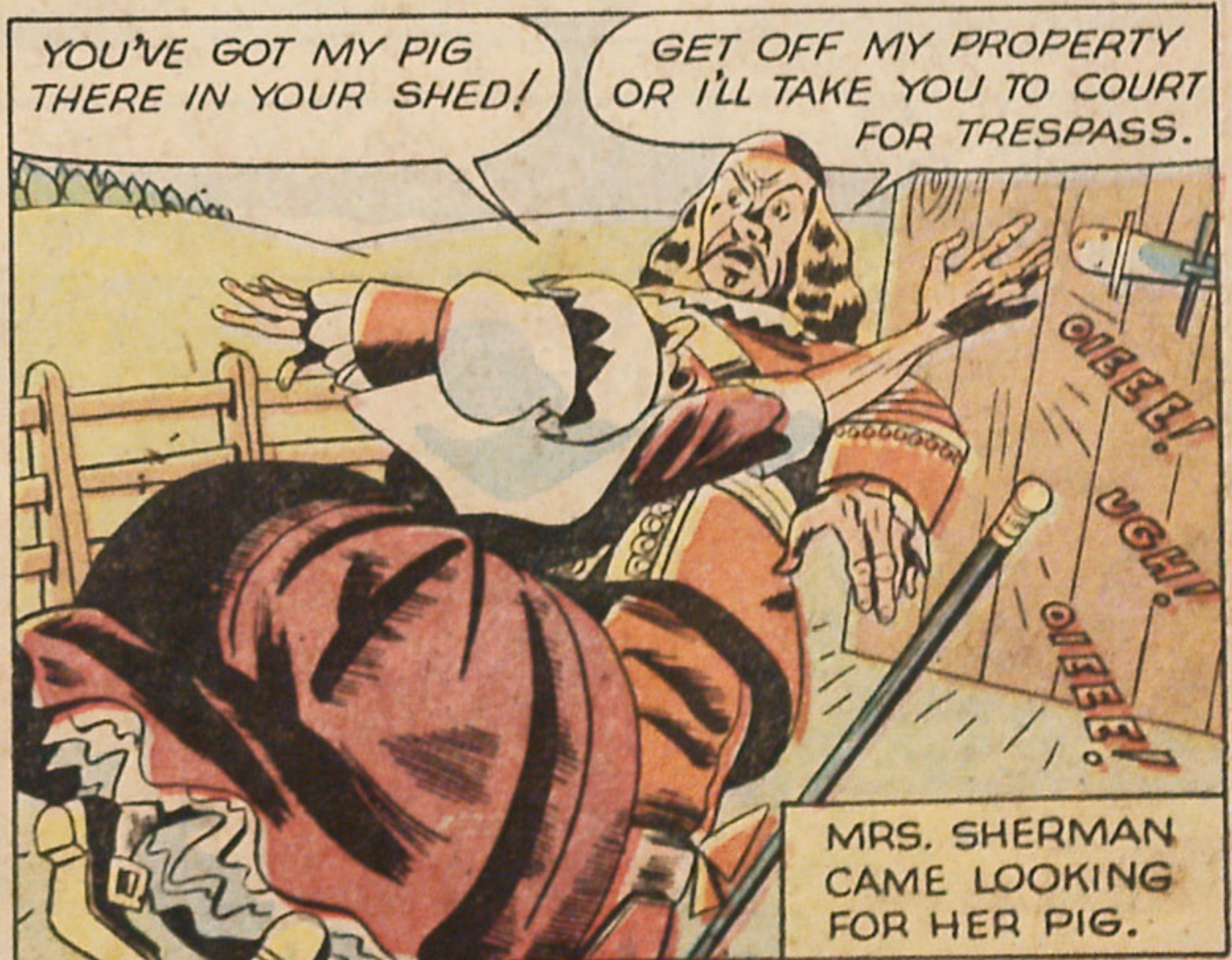
IF YOU DO, I'LL HAVE THE  
LAW ON YOU... EVEN IF  
YOU ARE OF THE GENTRY.



BUT NOT LONG AFTER...

THOMAS, CATCH THAT  
PIG, TAKE IT TO THE SHED  
AND BUTCHER IT.

AYE,  
CAPTAIN  
KEAYNE!

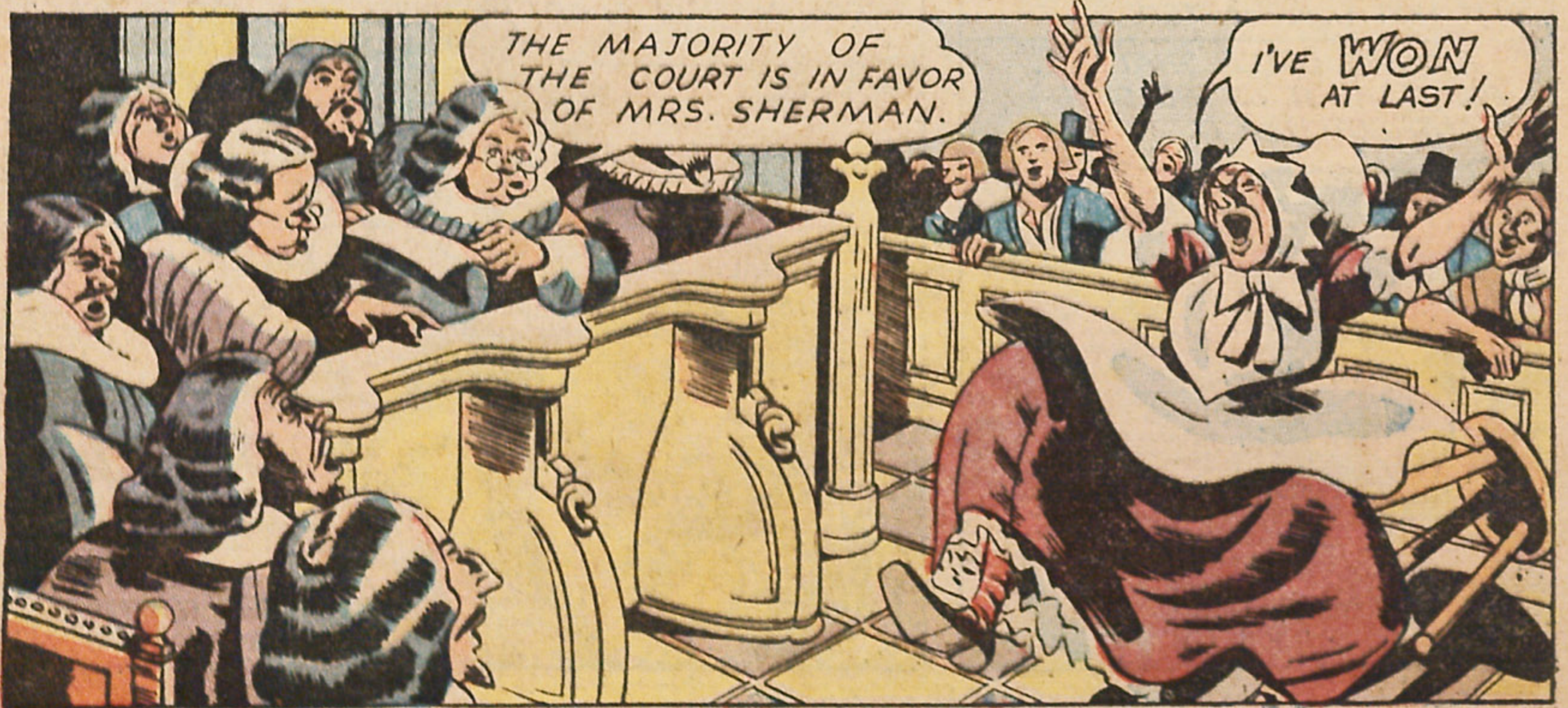
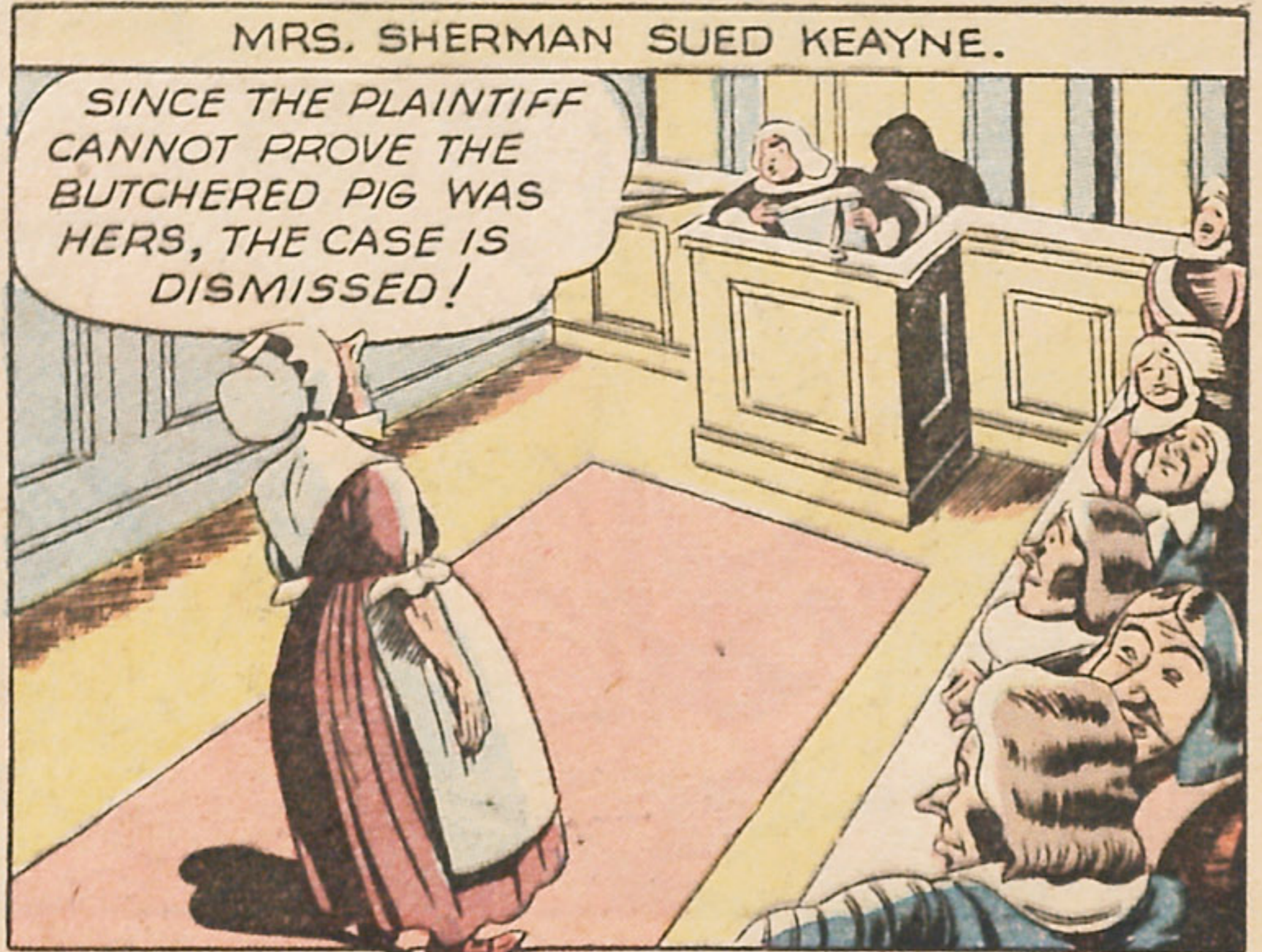


YOU'VE GOT MY PIG  
THERE IN YOUR SHED!

GET OFF MY PROPERTY  
OR I'LL TAKE YOU TO COURT  
FOR TRESPASS.

OIE!  
OIE!  
OIE!

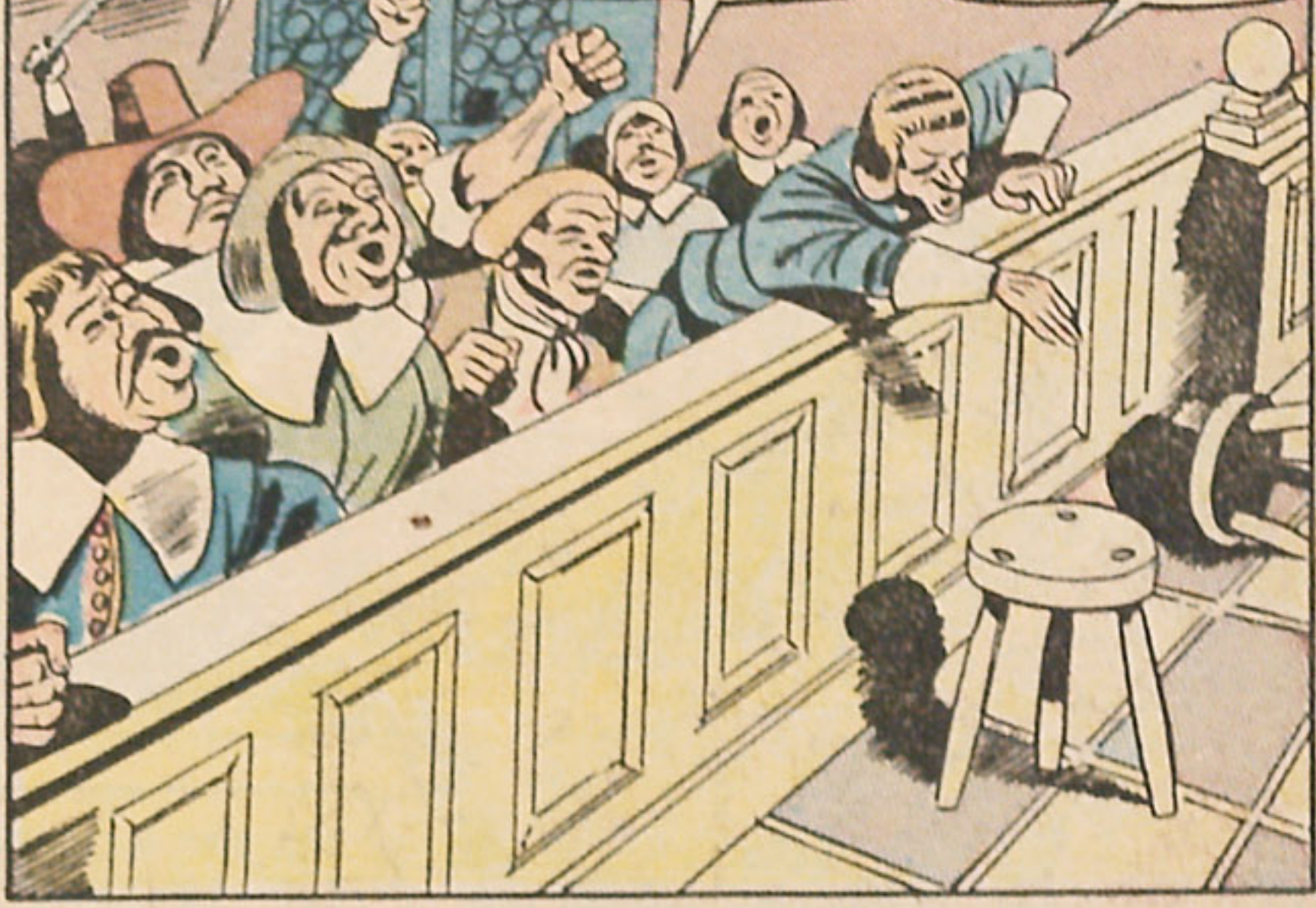
MRS. SHERMAN  
CAME LOOKING  
FOR HER PIG.



BUT THE VERDICT IS REVERSED BECAUSE THE MAJORITY OF THE GENTRY VOTED FOR THE CAPTAIN. CASE DISMISSED!

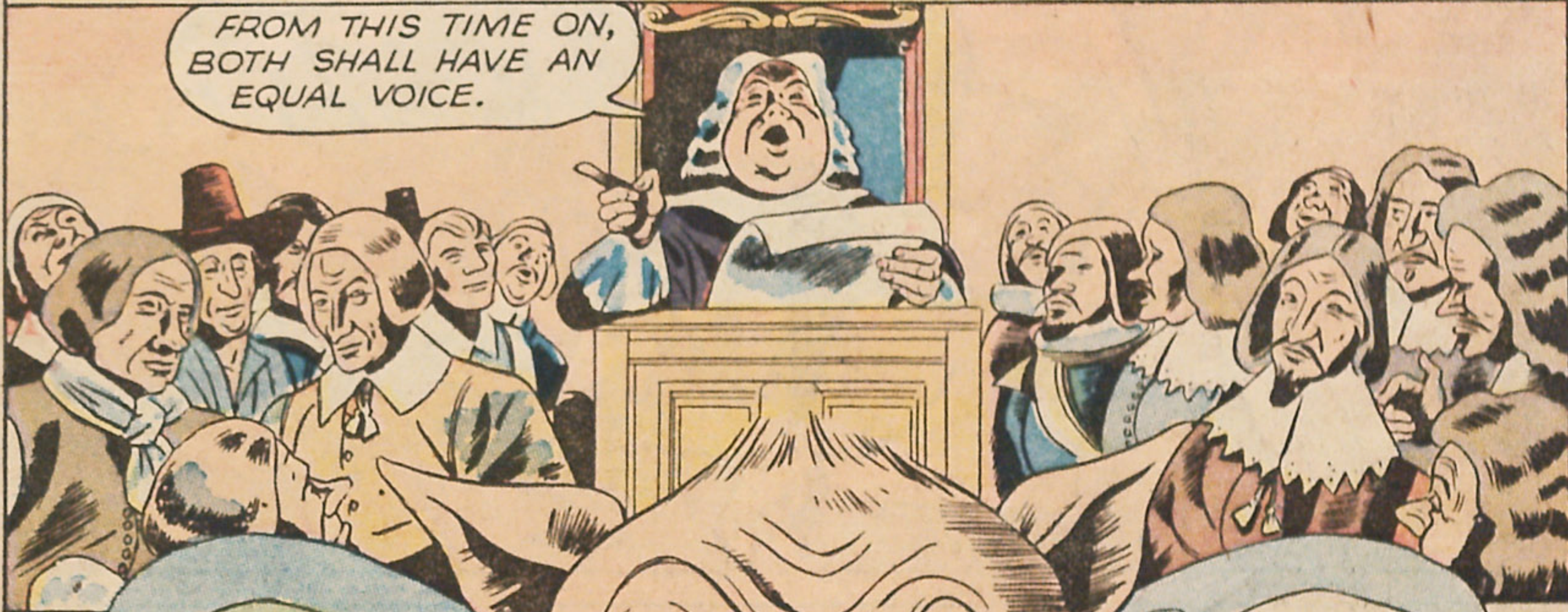


DOWN WITH THE GENTRY! WHAT GOD'S OUR VOTE? LET THE COMMON PEOPLE'S VOICE RULE!

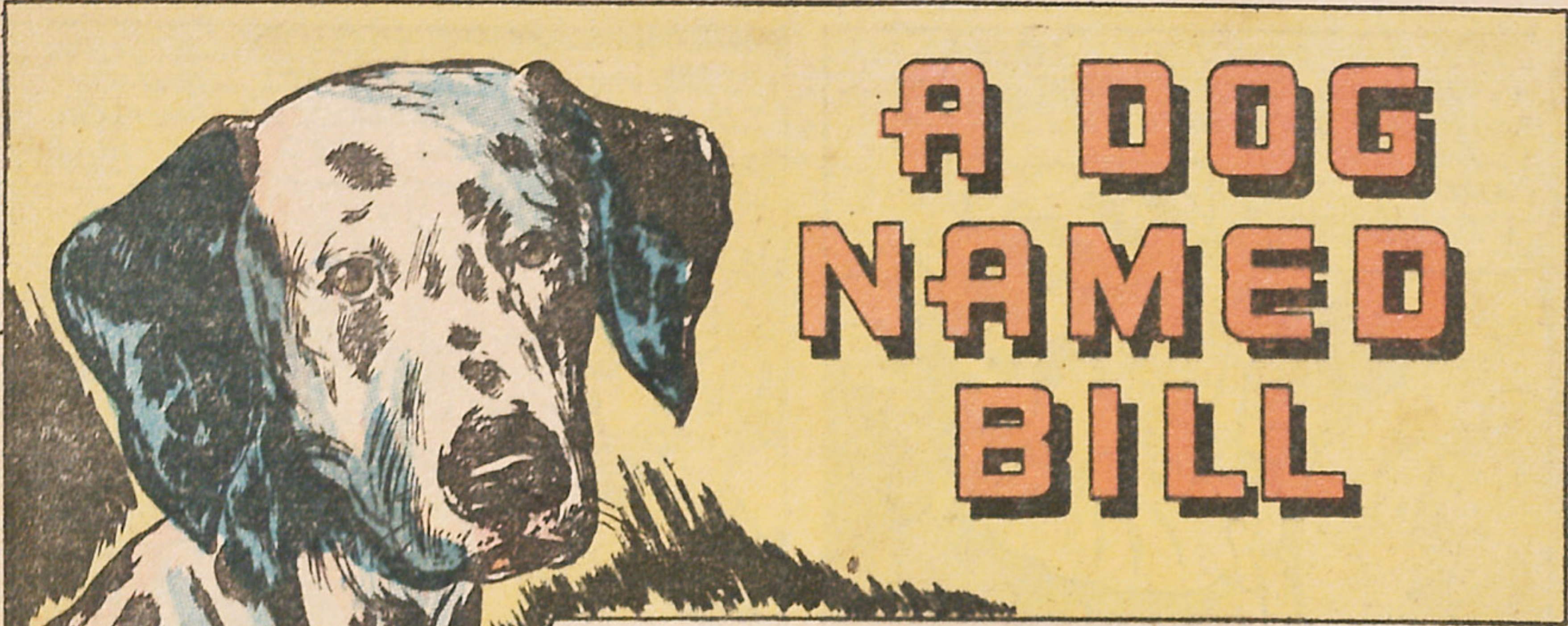


THE EXCITEMENT OVER MRS. SHERMAN'S PIG WAS SO GREAT THAT THE GENERAL COURT IN BOSTON WAS DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS .....COMMONERS, AND GENTRY.

FROM THIS TIME ON, BOTH SHALL HAVE AN EQUAL VOICE.

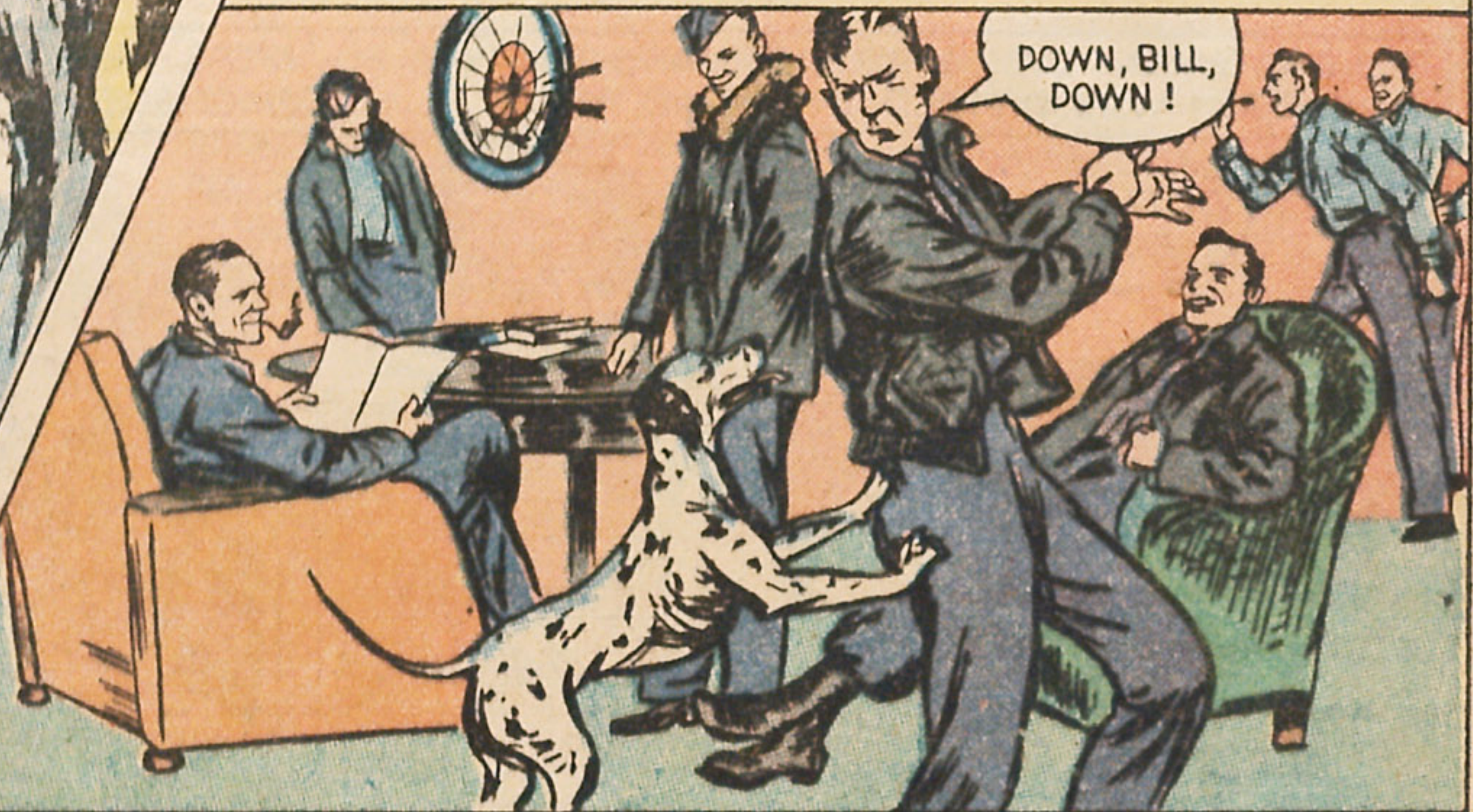


THE U.S. CONGRESS TODAY IS DIVIDED INTO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE, ASSURING THAT NO CITIZEN SHALL EVER SUFFER SUCH INJUSTICE AS BEFELL MRS. SHERMAN AND HER PIG.



# A DOG NAMED BILL

BILL WAS A CLUMSY, FRIENDLY DALMATIAN PUP WHO BELONGED TO AN R.A.F. PILOT STATIONED SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.



DOWN, BILL,  
DOWN!

WHENEVER HIS MASTER TOOK OFF, BILL WAVED GOODBYE WITH HIS STRINGY TAIL.

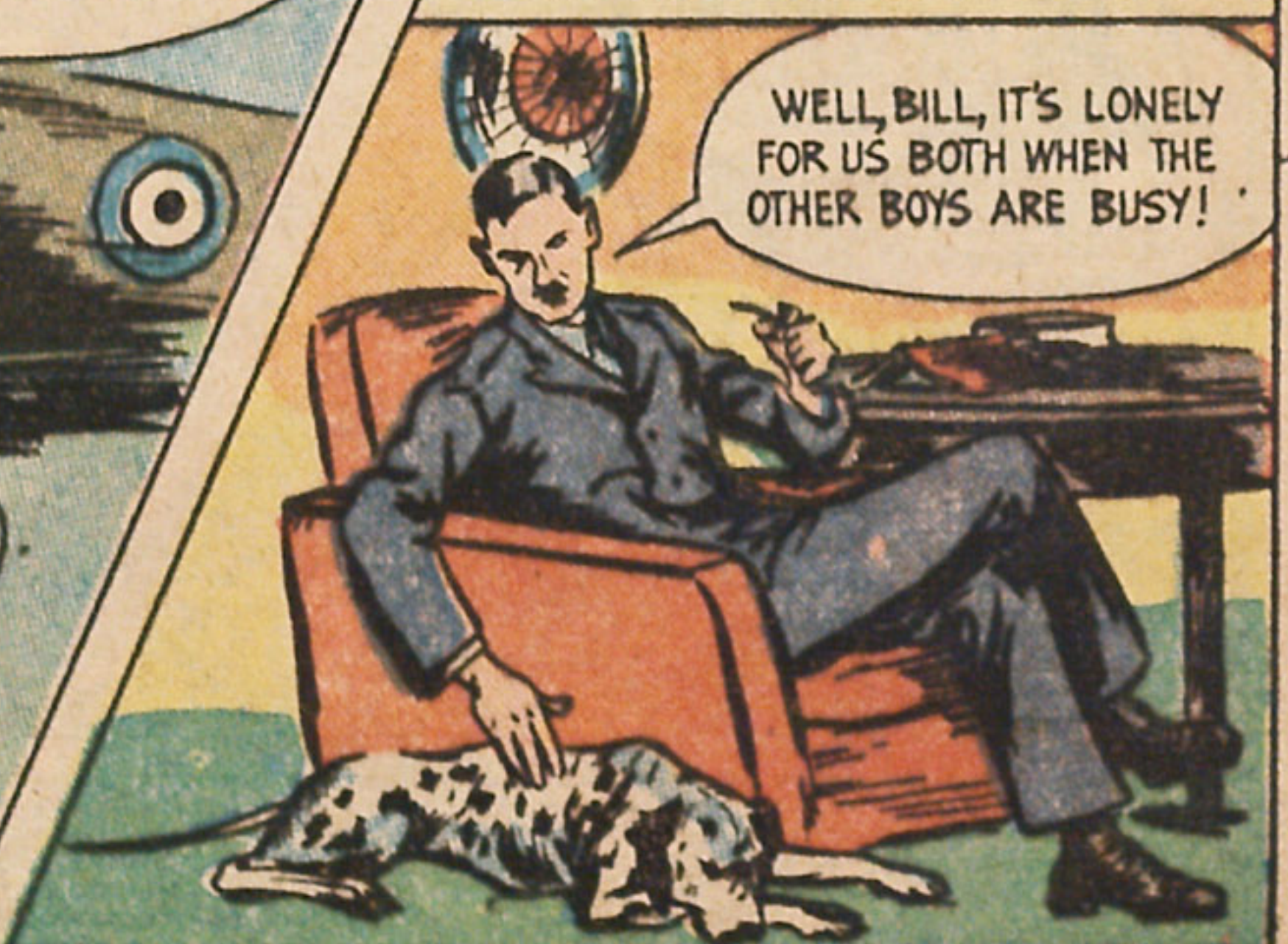


GOOD HUNTING AND  
A SAFE RETURN!

TAKE CARE OF BILL TILL  
I GET BACK!

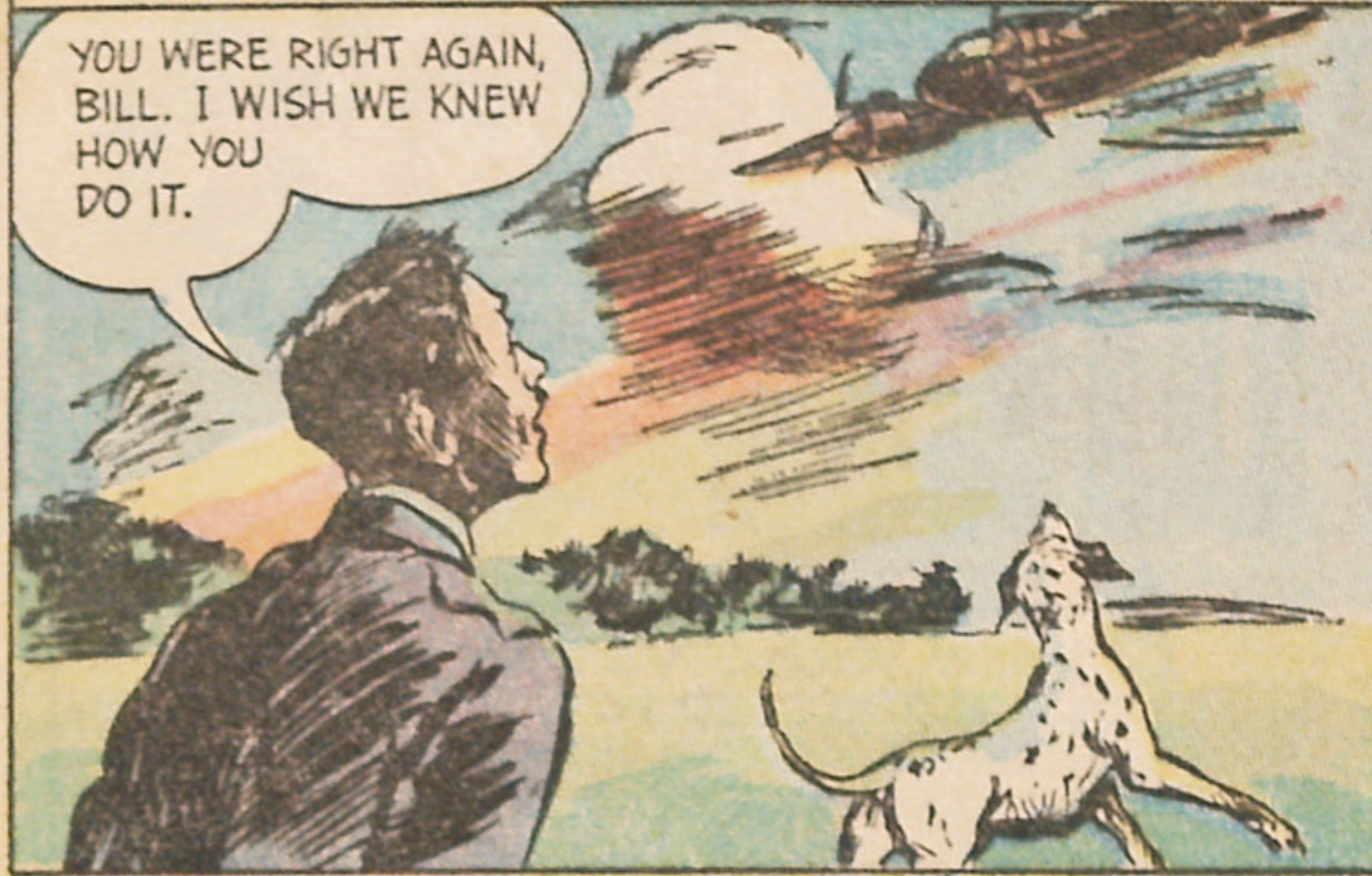
ARF!  
ARF!

WHILE HIS MASTER WAS GONE, BILL AND THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER SPENT THE ANXIOUS HOURS OF WAITING IN THE EMPTY MESS HALL.



WELL, BILL, IT'S LONELY  
FOR US BOTH WHEN THE  
OTHER BOYS ARE BUSY!

BILL ALWAYS KNEW BEFORE ANYONE ELSE WHEN HIS MASTER WAS RETURNING.



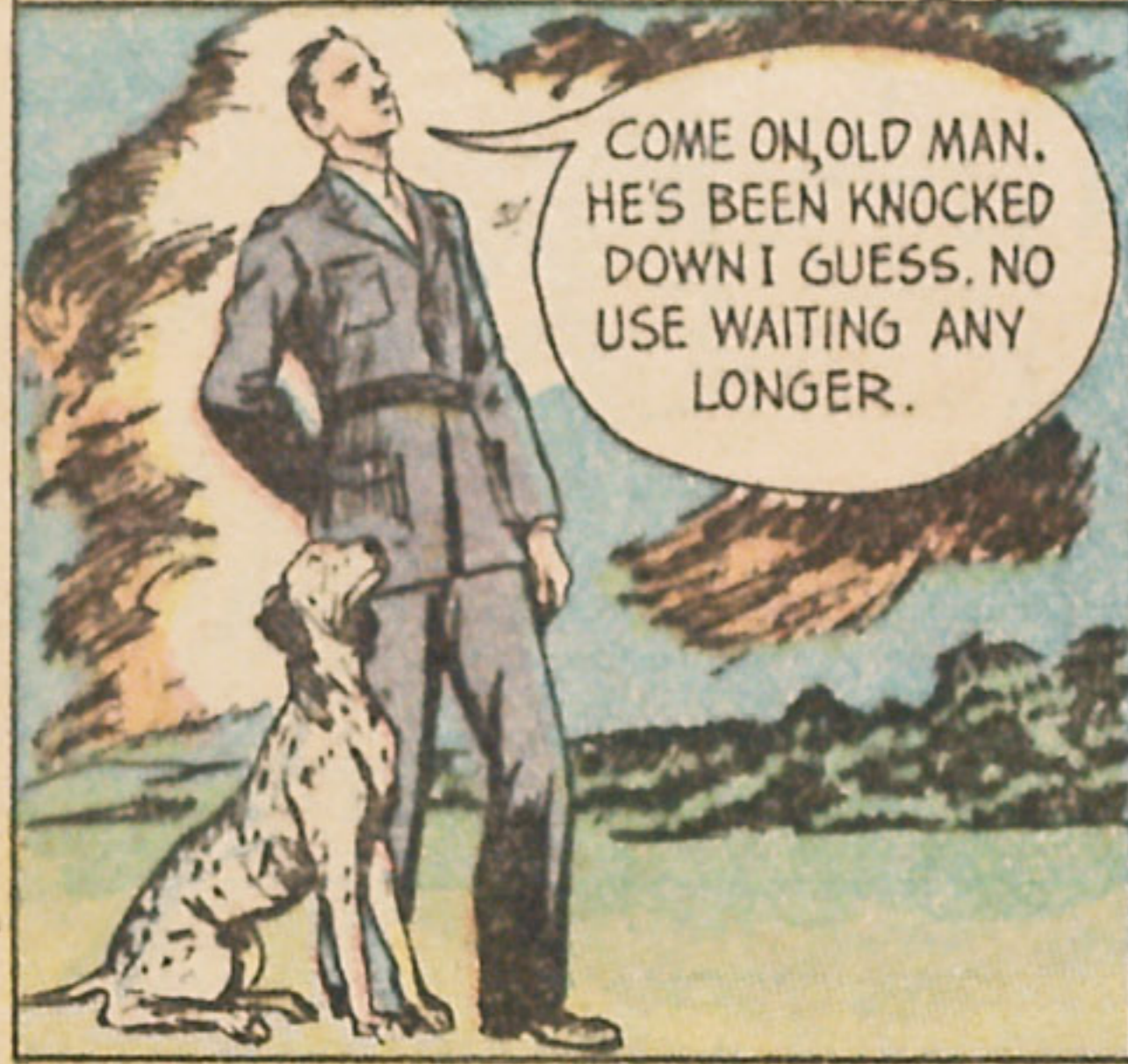
YOU WERE RIGHT AGAIN, BILL. I WISH WE KNEW HOW YOU DO IT.

ONE DAY BILL SAID GOODBYE AS USUAL.



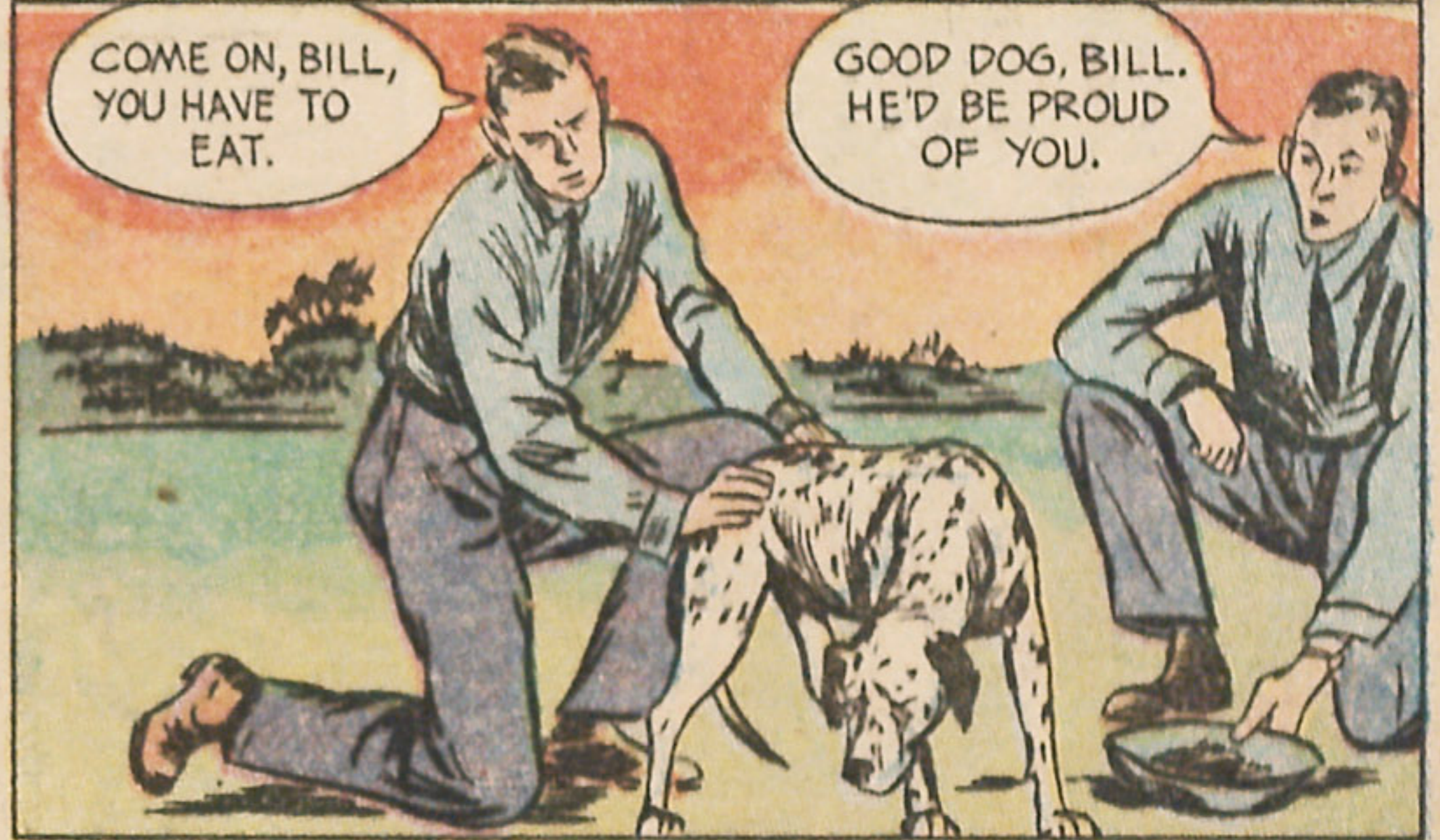
SO LONG, OLD MAN. I'LL SEE YOU SOON.

BUT HIS MASTER DID NOT COME BACK WHEN BILL THOUGHT HE SHOULD.



COME ON, OLD MAN. HE'S BEEN KNOCKED DOWN I GUESS. NO USE WAITING ANY LONGER.

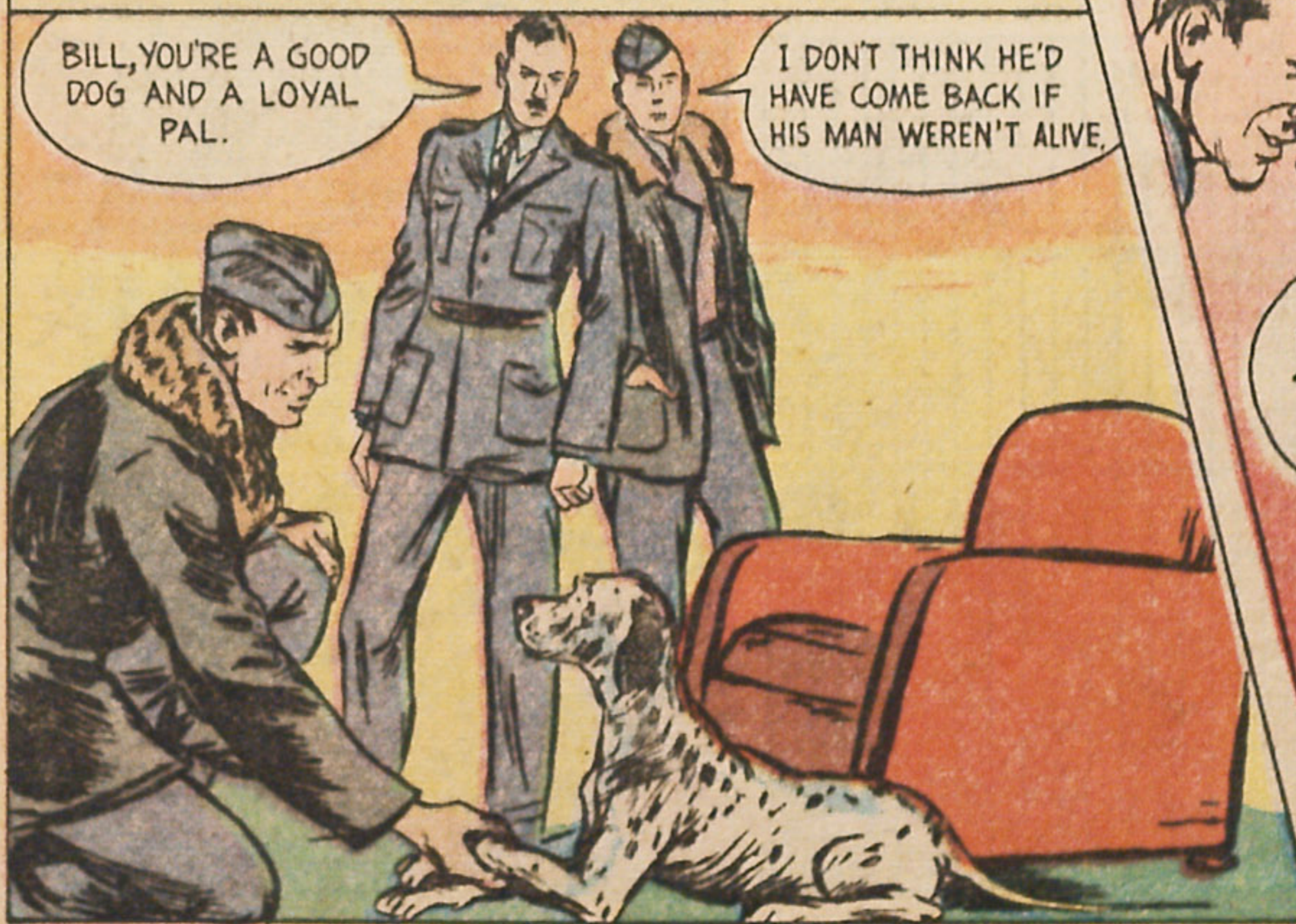
THE NEXT MORNING, BILL WAS STILL WAITING.



COME ON, BILL, YOU HAVE TO EAT.

GOOD DOG, BILL. HE'D BE PROUD OF YOU.

AFTER FOUR DAYS, HIS MASTER'S CLOSEST FRIEND COAXED BILL BACK TO THE MESS HALL.



BILL, YOU'RE A GOOD DOG AND A LOYAL PAL.

I DON'T THINK HE'D HAVE COME BACK IF HIS MAN WEREN'T ALIVE.

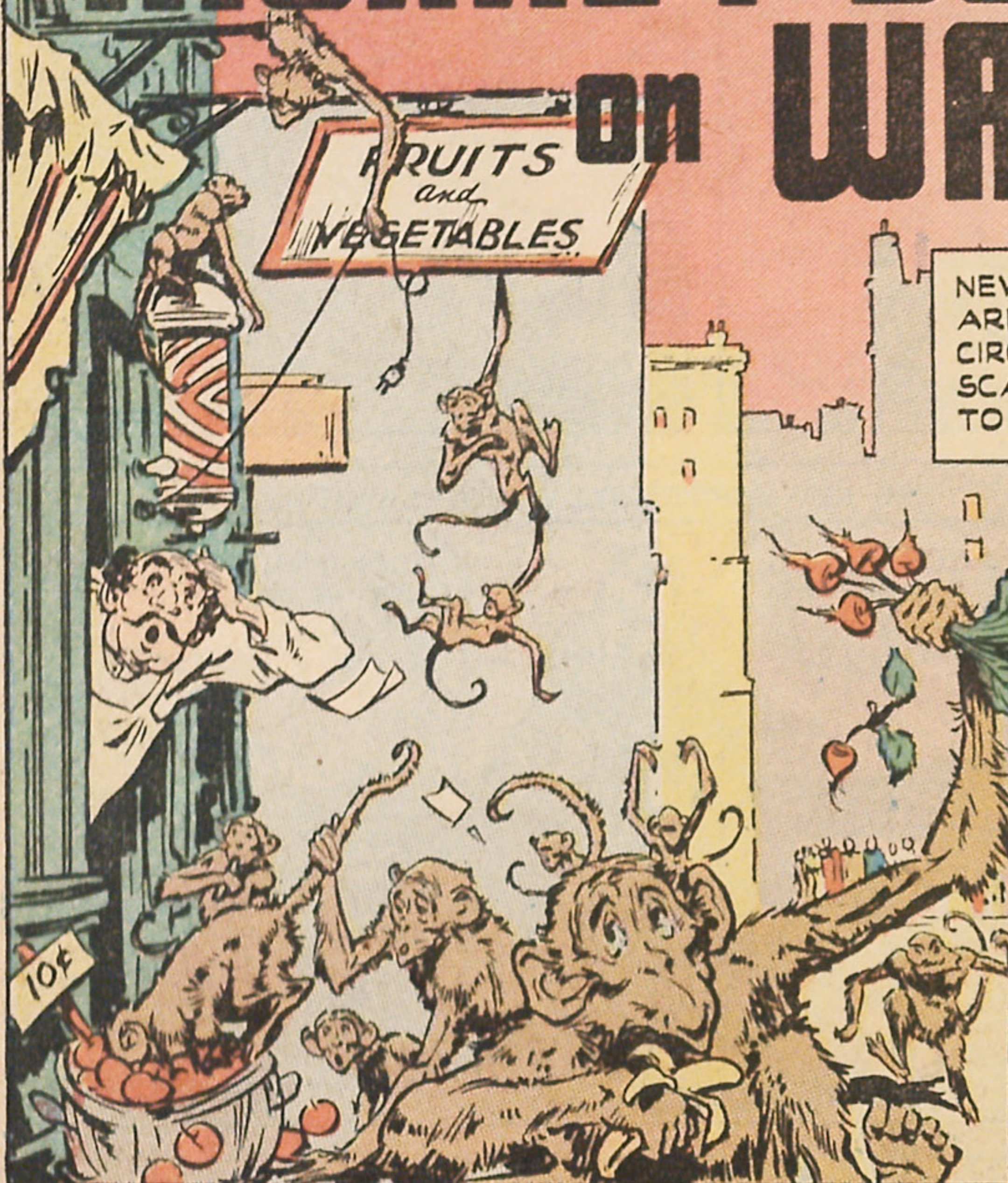
AT LAST, A MESSAGE CAME FROM INTELLIGENCE...



YOU HEAR THAT, BILL? HE'S O.K. — CAPTURED BUT WELL. YOU WERE RIGHT!

ARF ARF!

# MONKEY BUSINESS ON WALL ST.



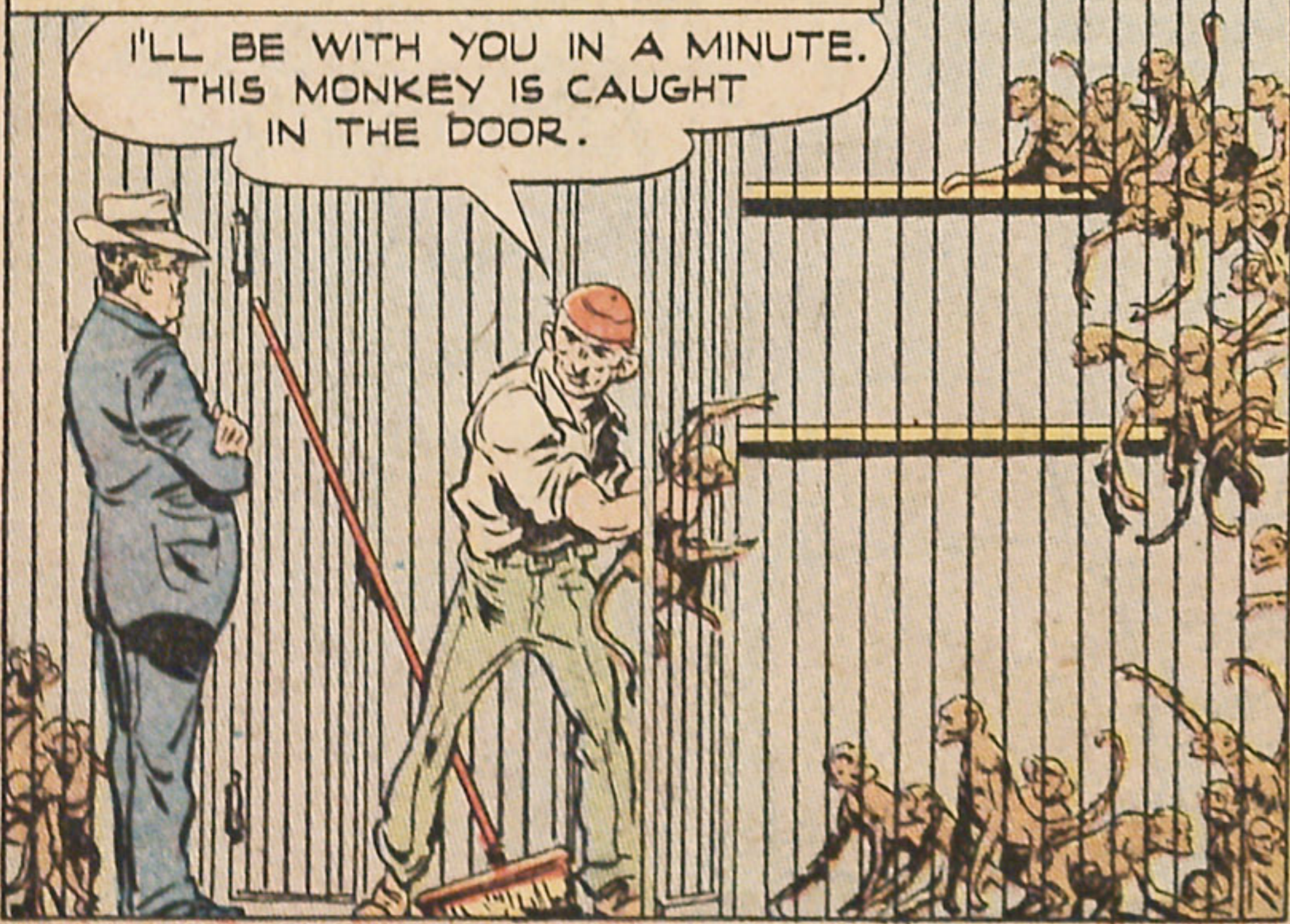
NEW YORK CITY'S BUSY BUSINESS AREA TURNED INTO A THREE RING CIRCUS AS ONE HUNDRED MONKEYS SCAMPERED OUT OF THEIR CAGES TO LOOK AT ALL THE FUNNY PEOPLE.

SUDDENLY THE EAST INDIAN MONKEYS TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY AND MADE A BREAK.



ON THE MORNING OF MAY 11, 1946, ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF TREFFLICH'S PET SHOP...

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. THIS MONKEY IS CAUGHT IN THE DOOR.

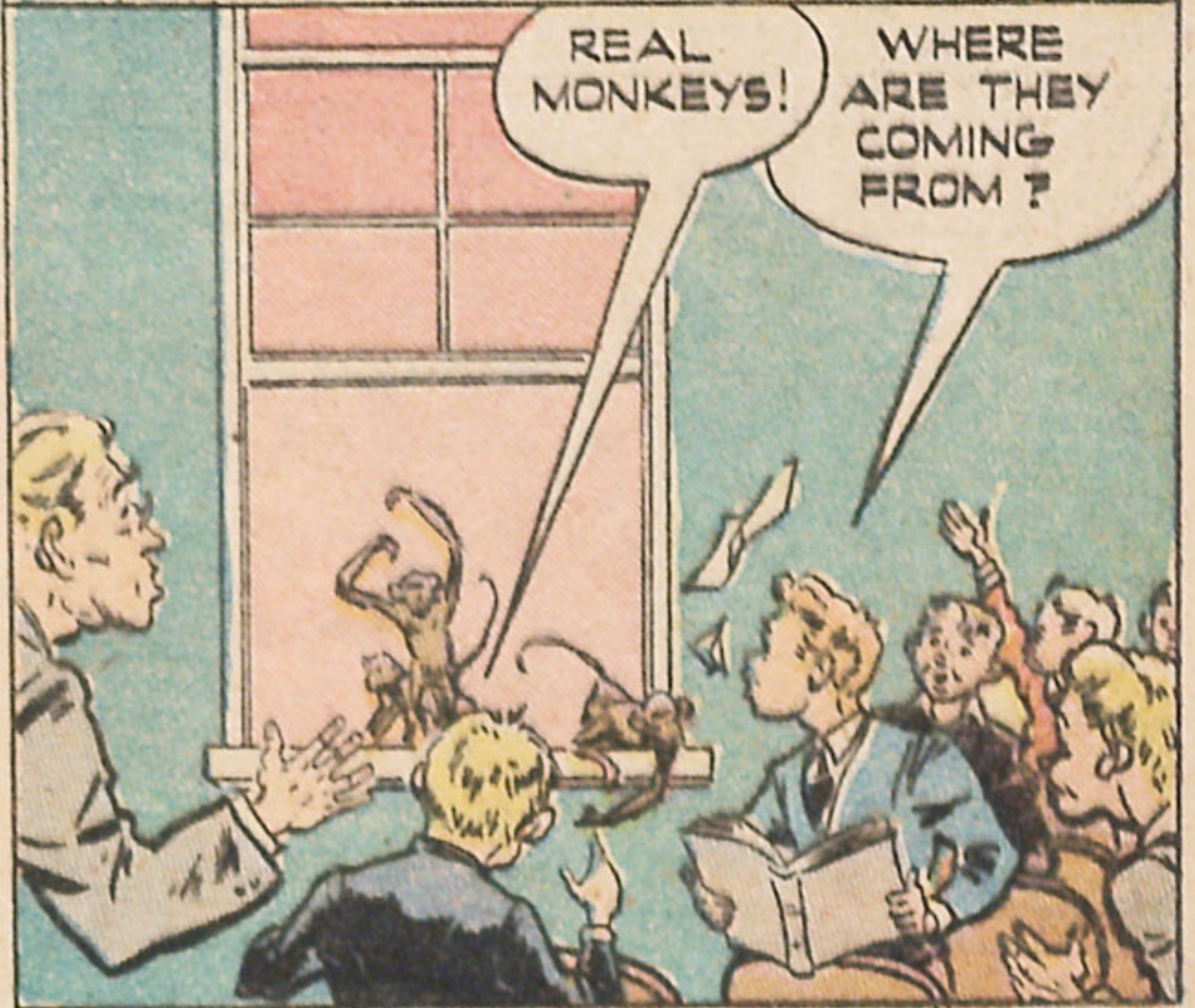




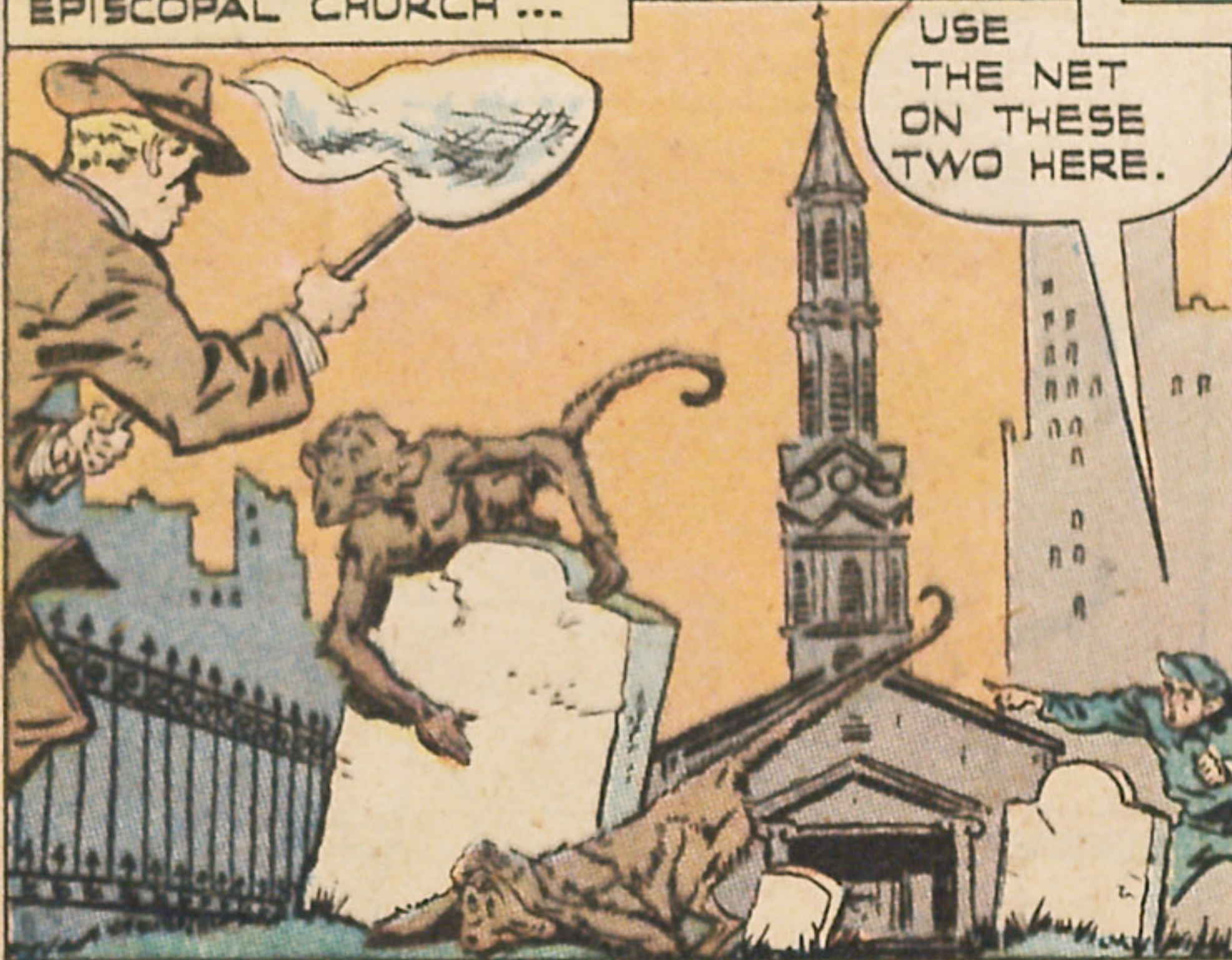
TAKING THE FIRE ESCAPE ROUTE, THE MONKEYS SCURRIED IN ALL DIRECTIONS IN THE NEW YORK DISTRICT NEAR WALL STREET. IN A GROCERY STORE STOCK ROOM ...



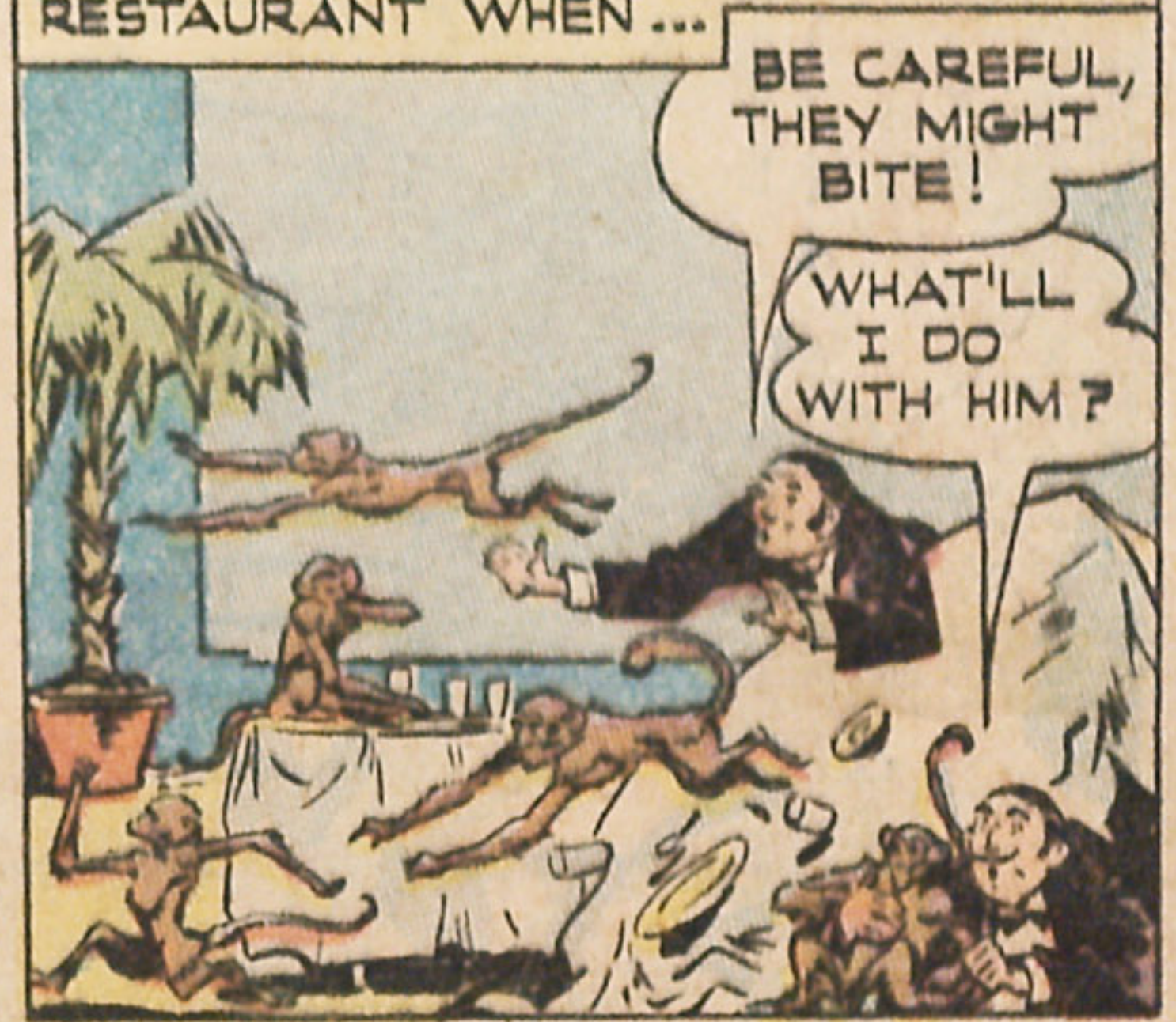
AT THE TRINITY MISSION HOUSE ON FULTON STREET, DURING CHOIR PRACTICE ...



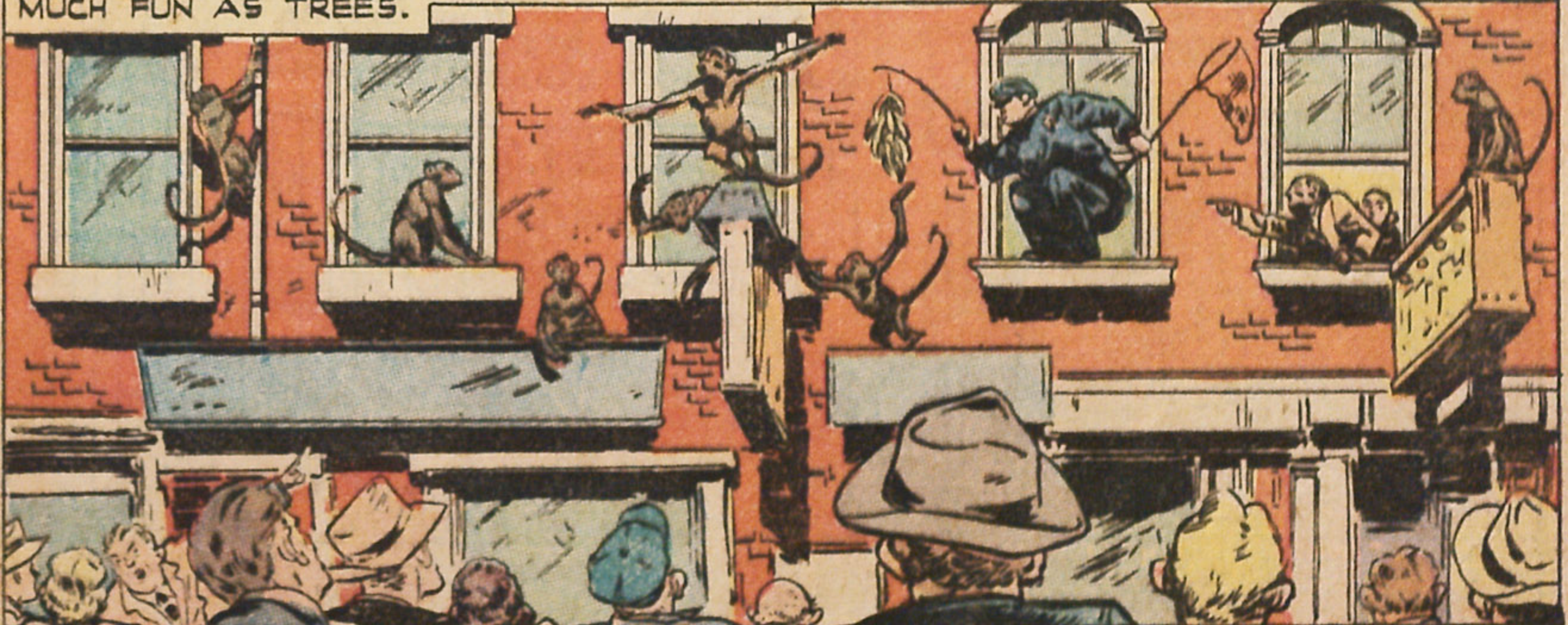
AT THE CEMETERY OF ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH ...



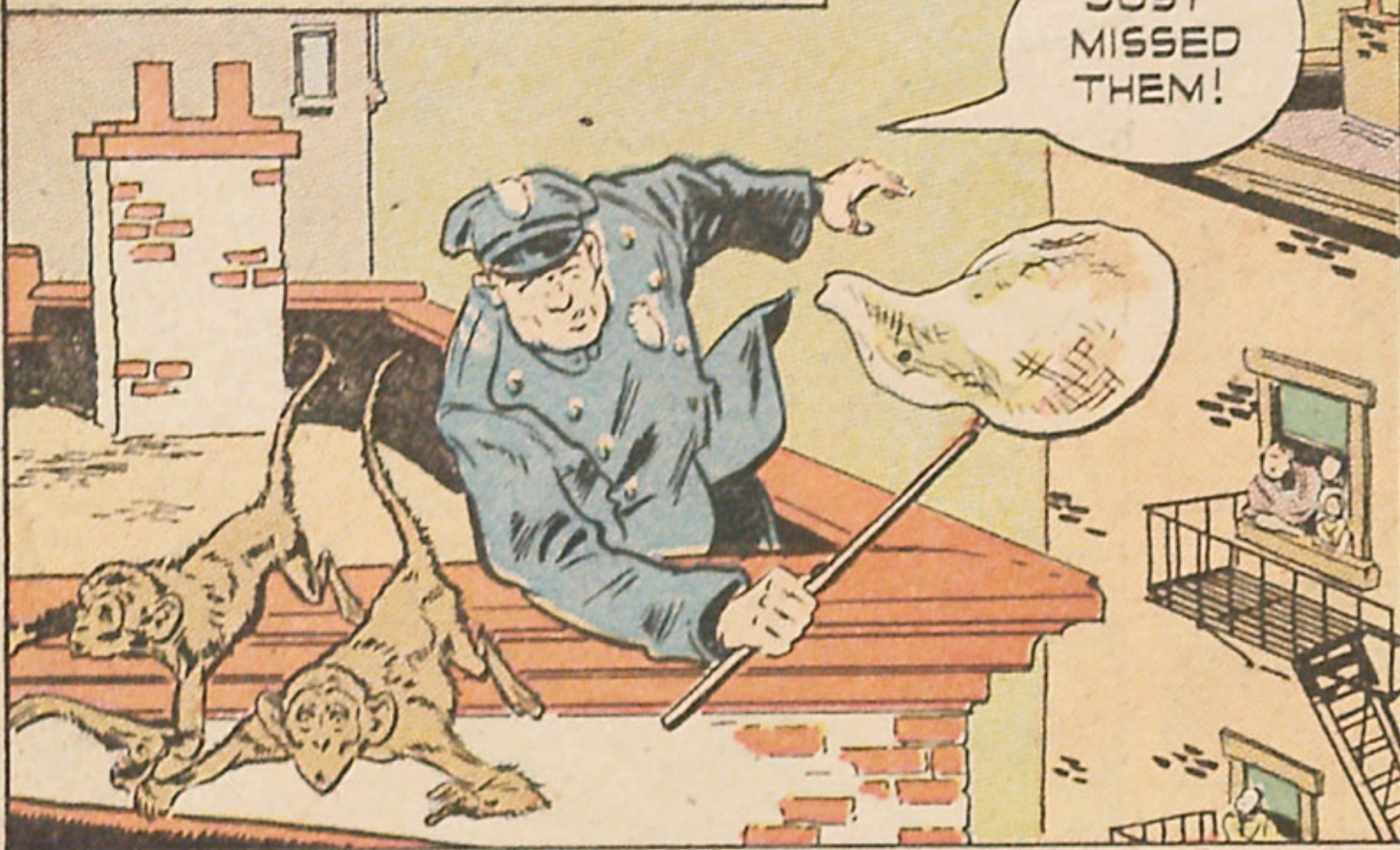
PREPARATIONS WERE BEING MADE FOR A WEDDING PARTY AT A RESTAURANT WHEN ...



BY THIS TIME, OTHER MONKEYS HAD DISCOVERED THAT NEARBY BUILDINGS WERE AS MUCH FUN AS TREES.



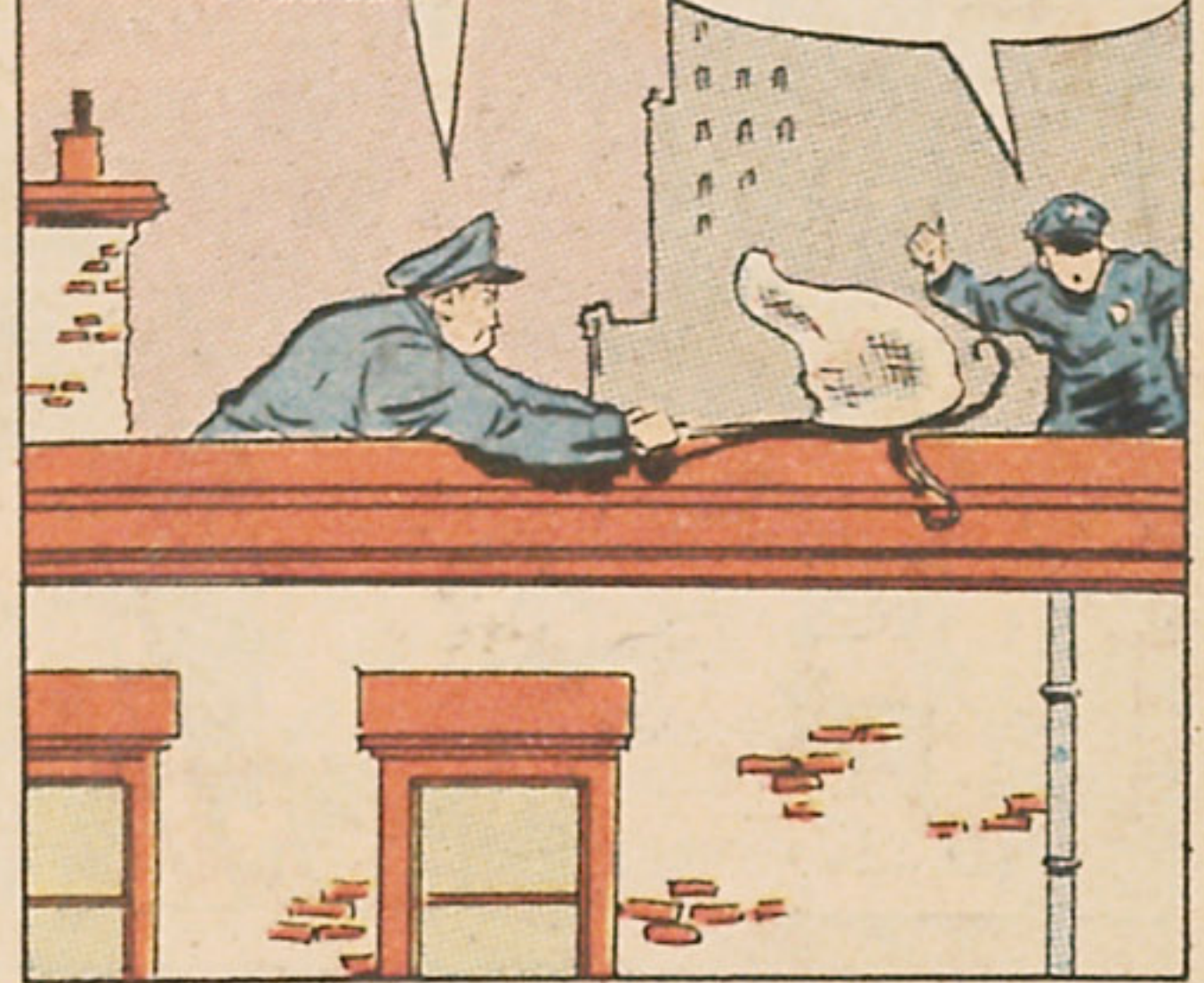
MANY WERE EASILY RECAPTURED, WHILE OTHERS WERE STUBBORN. ALL NEXT DAY, MAY 12, A FEW MONKEYS RESISTED CAPTURE.



FINALLY, EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY...

YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU RASCALS.

THEY'VE BEEN SCAMPERING AROUND FOR TWO DAYS.

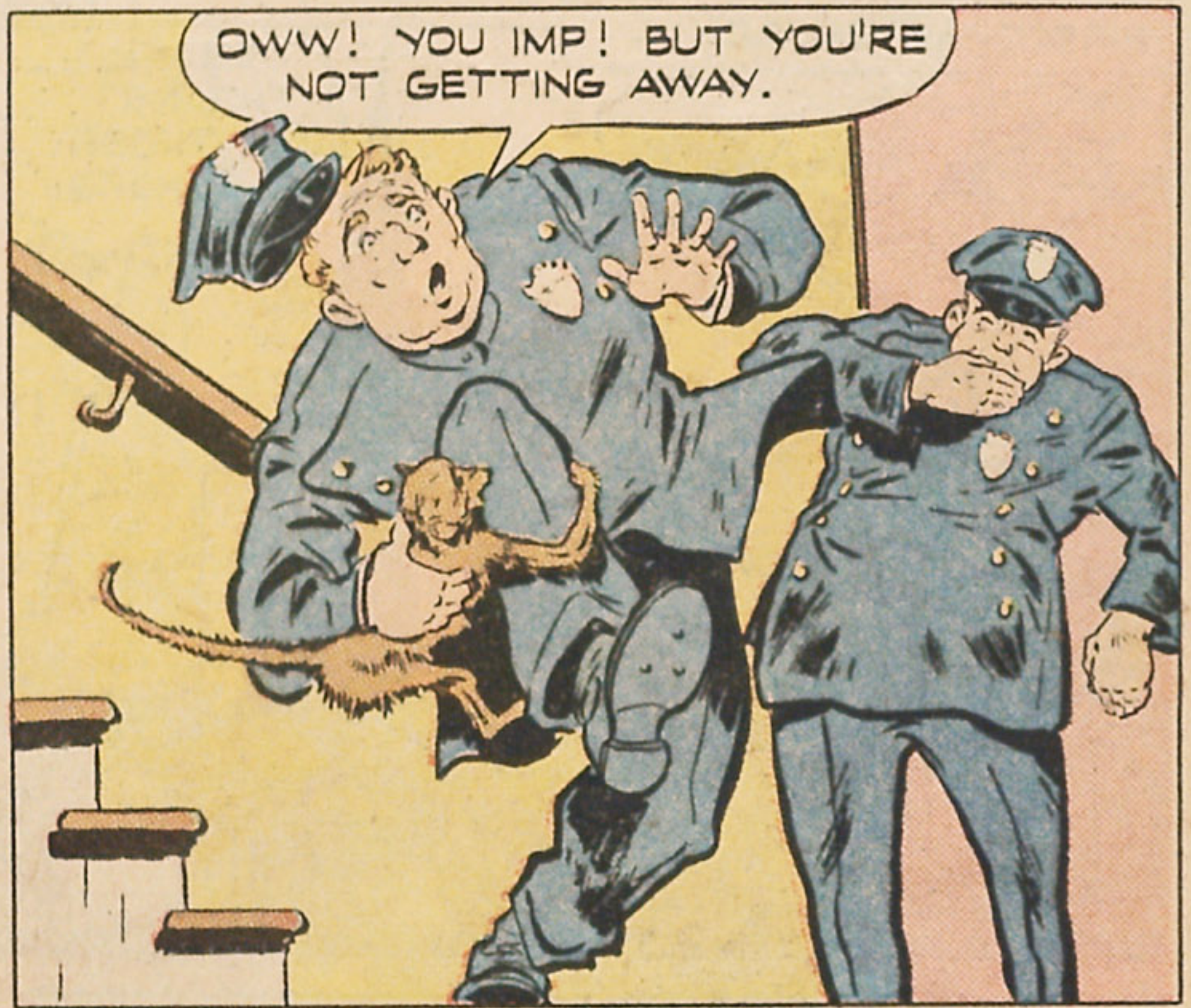


THE LAST HOLDOUT PLAYED CAGEY...

HERE MONKEY, MONKEY—COME ALONG NOW.

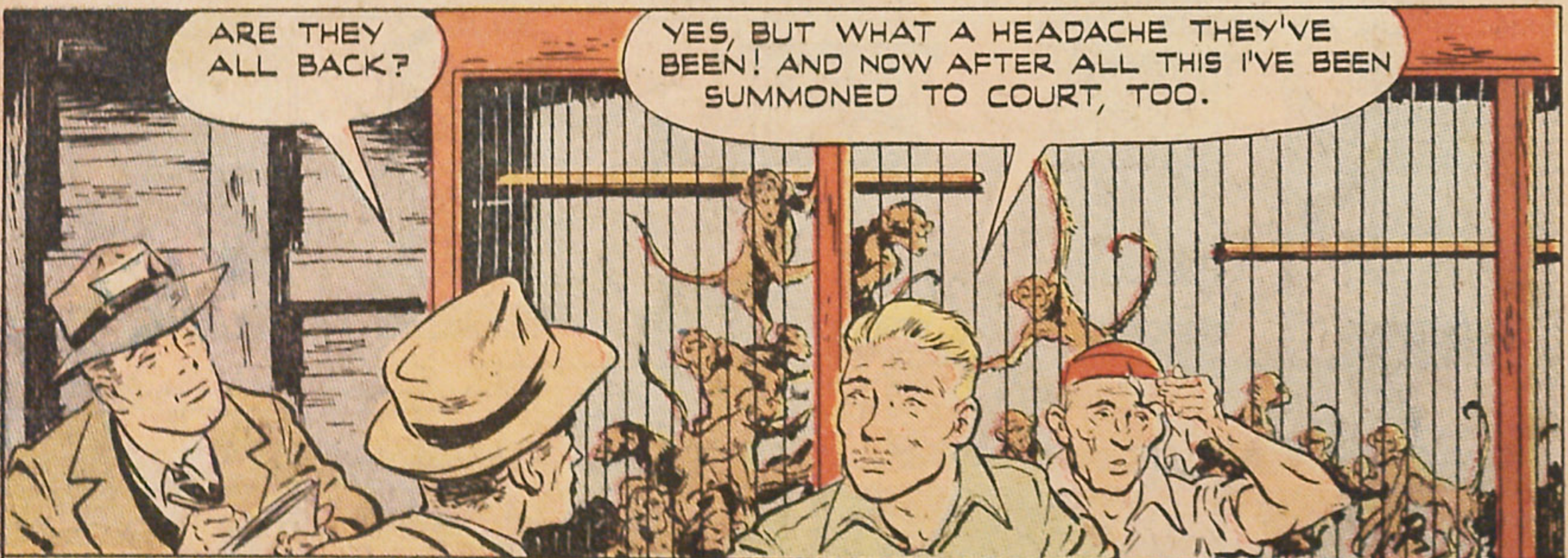


OWW! YOU IMP! BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY.



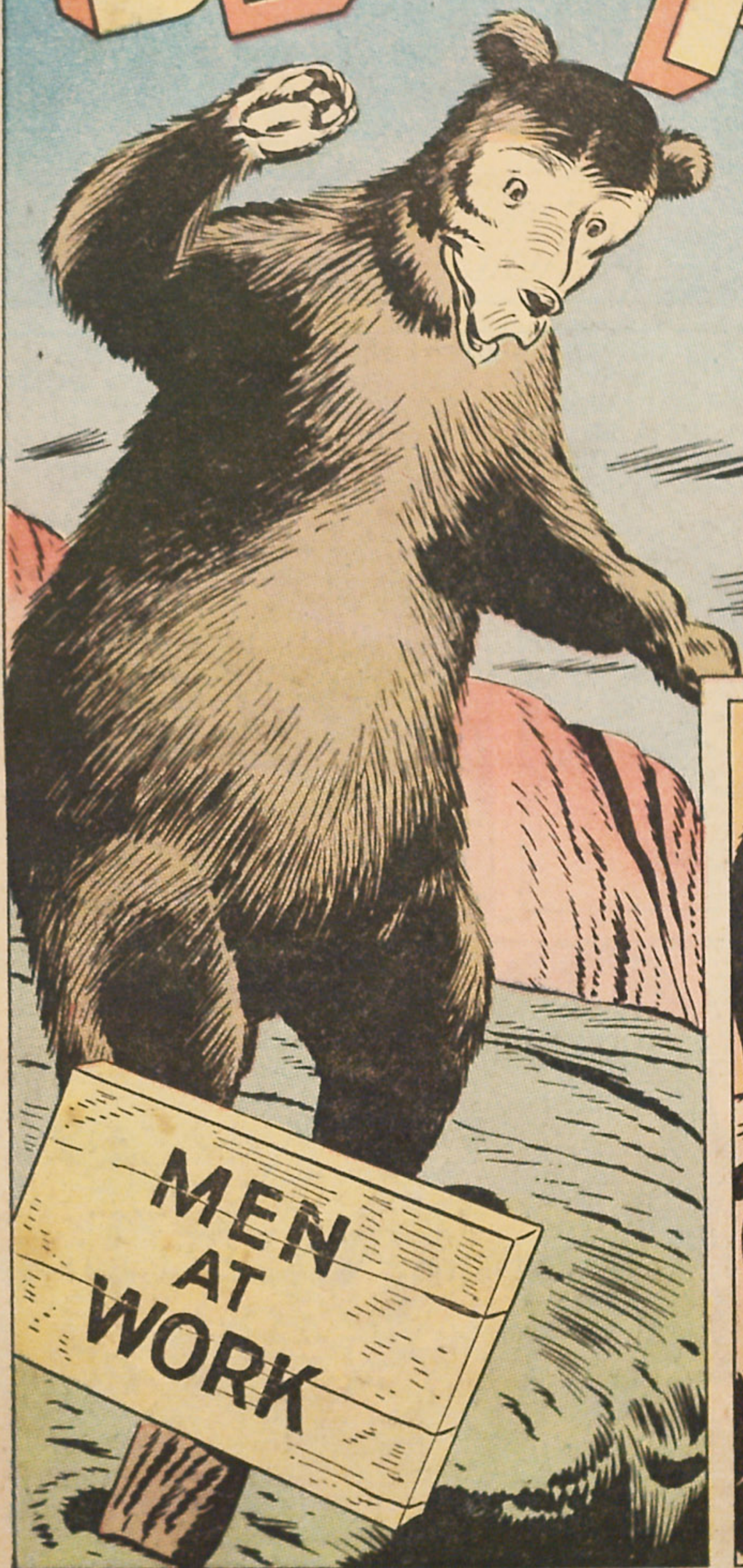
ARE THEY ALL BACK?

YES, BUT WHAT A HEADACHE THEY'VE BEEN! AND NOW AFTER ALL THIS I'VE BEEN SUMMONED TO COURT, TOO.



BUT THE COURT WAS CONVINCED THAT MONKEYS ARE DIFFICULT LITTLE ANIMALS TO MANAGE AND DISMISSED THE CHARGE OF NEGLIGENCE.

# BEAR FACTS



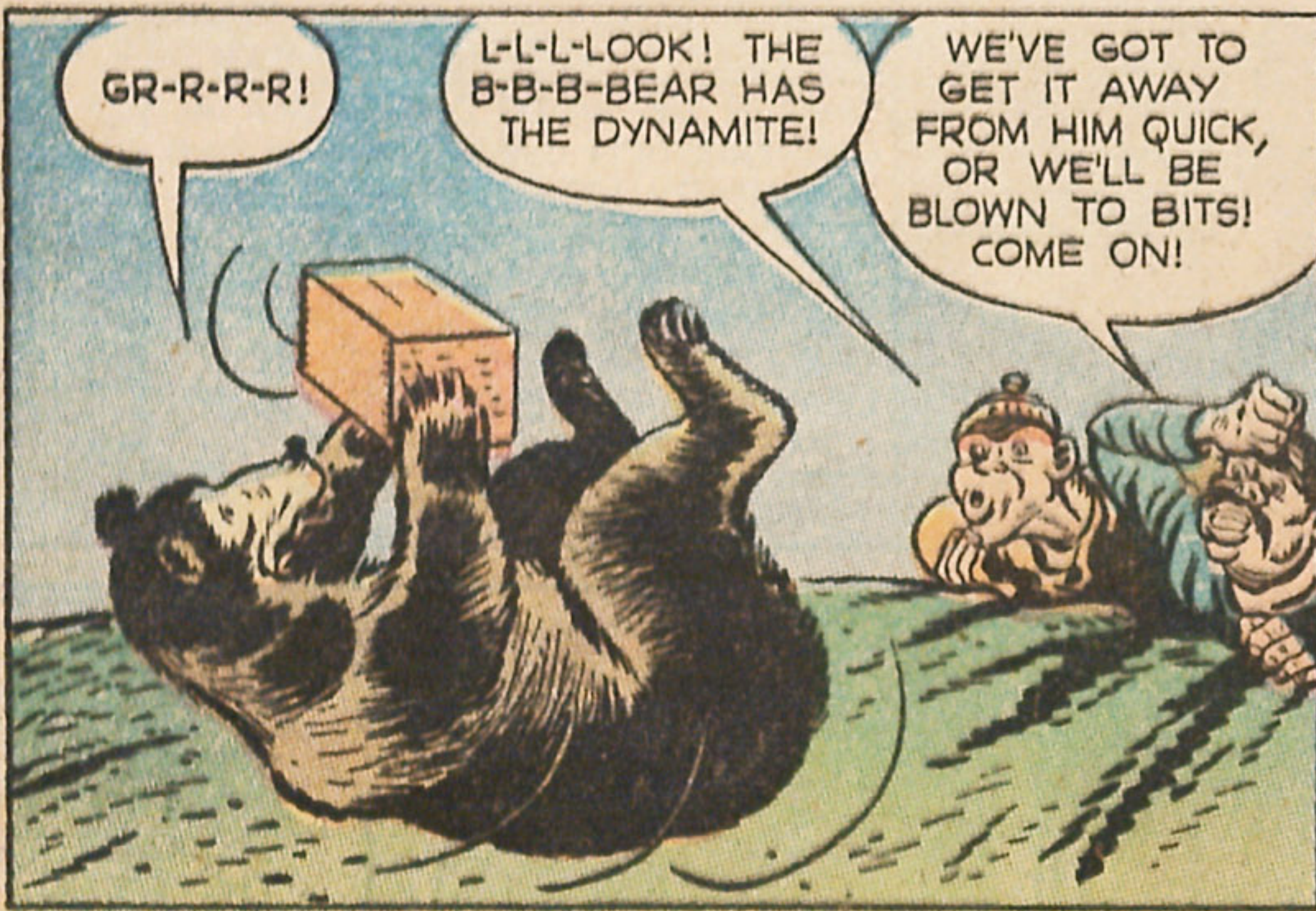
DEEP IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA, A CONSTRUCTION GANG WAS BUILDING A MILITARY HIGHWAY THROUGH COUNTRY NEVER BEFORE PENETRATED BY HUMAN BEINGS. THE ANIMALS, SEEING MEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO FEAR THE NEW-COMERS. INSTEAD...

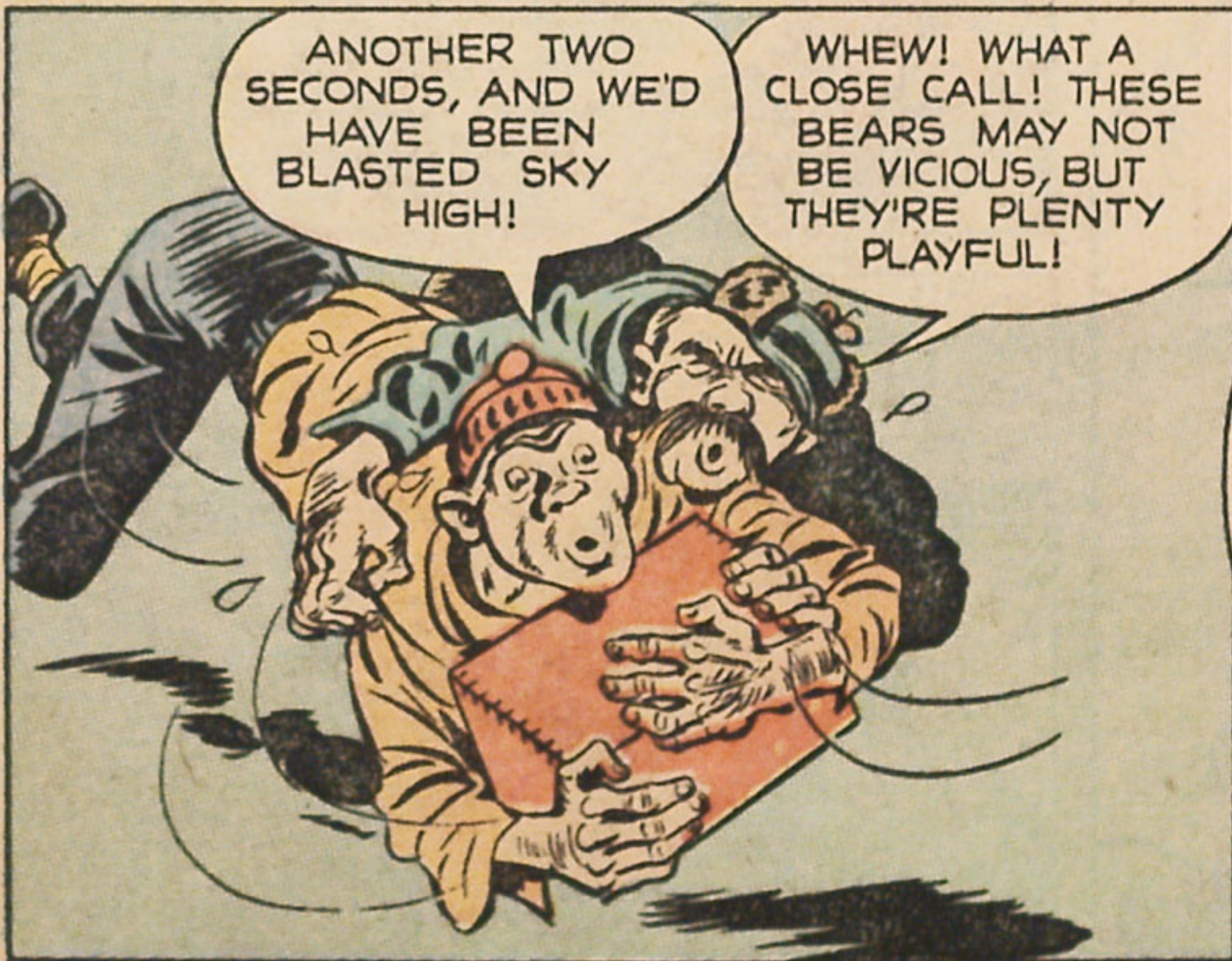
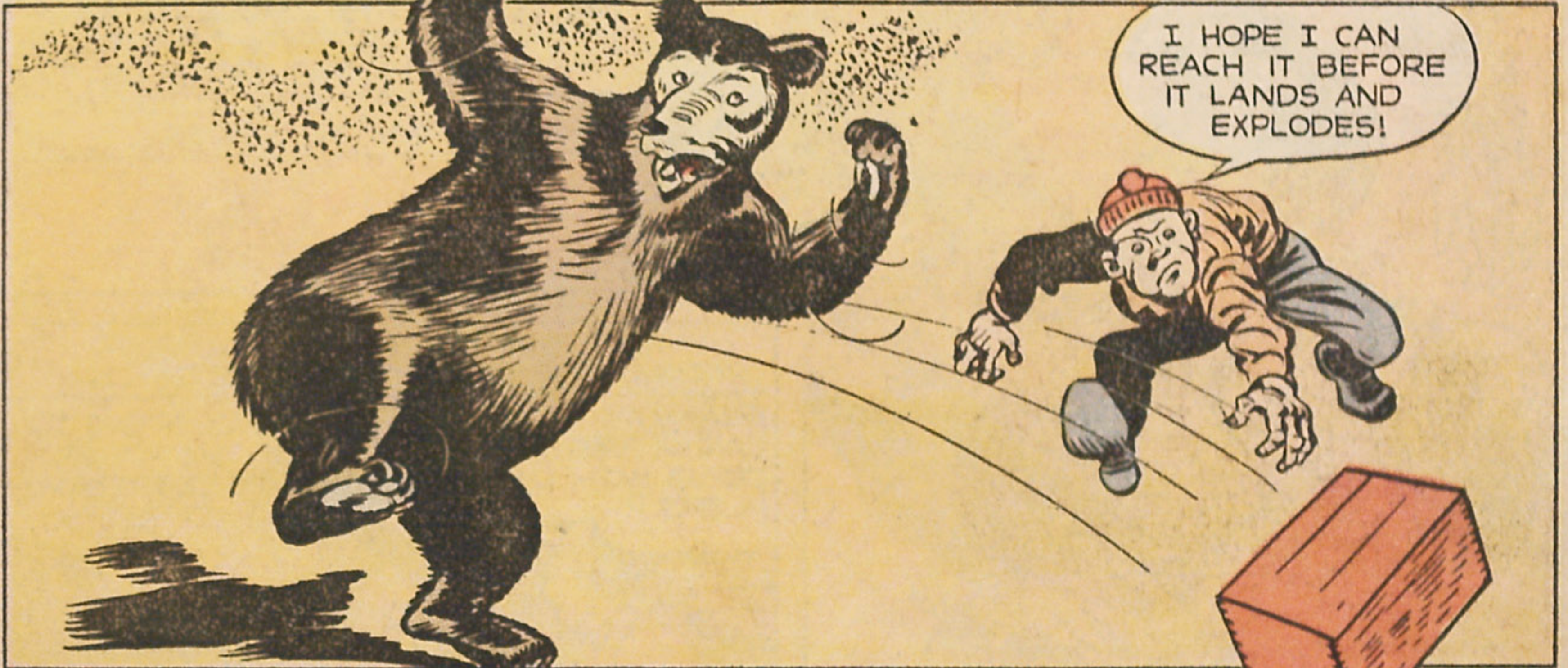
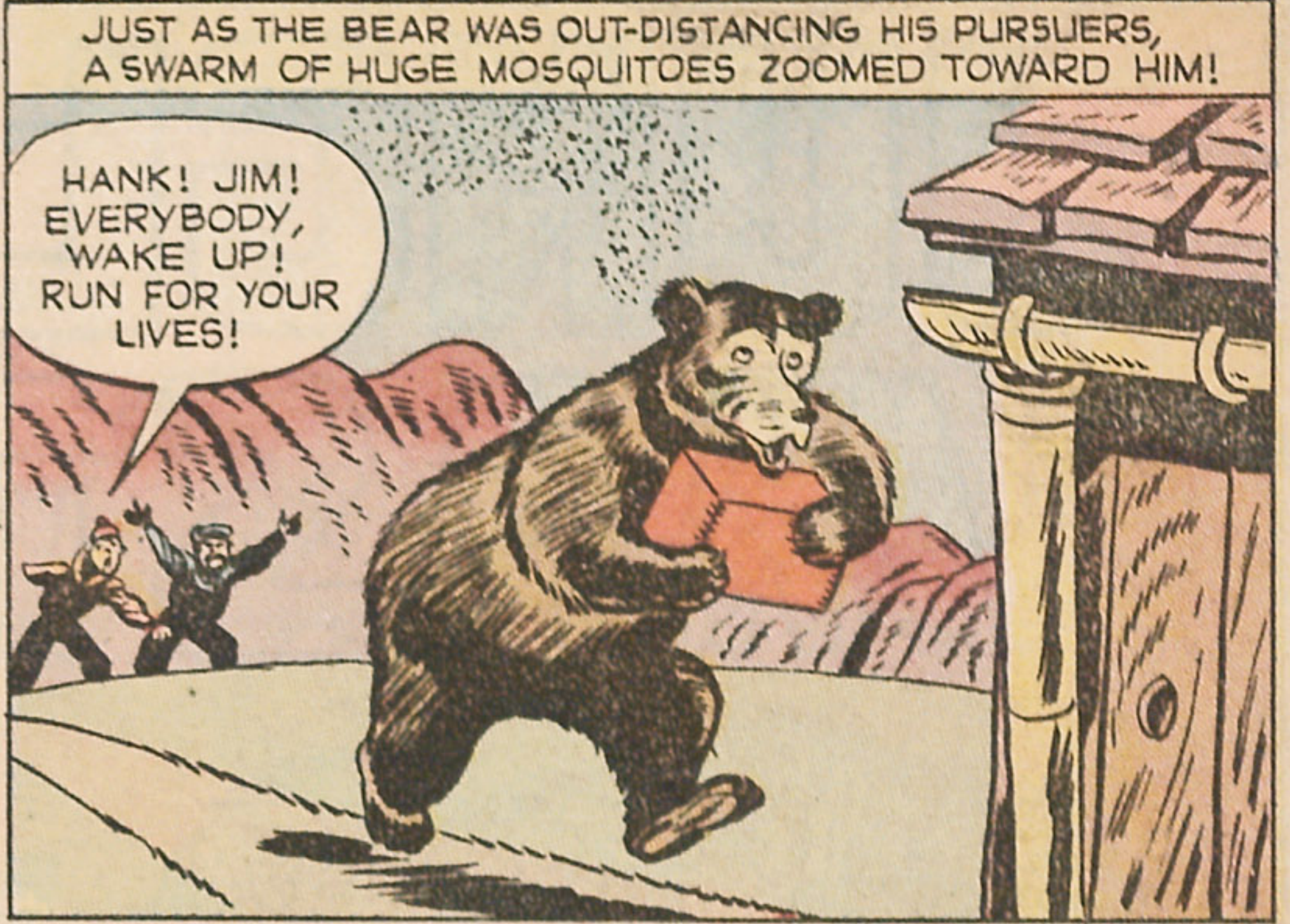


HA, HA! MIKE GOT IT IN THE NECK FROM OLD BRUIN!

THESE BEARS AREN'T VICIOUS, BUT THEY'RE SO NOSEY THEY'RE A NUISANCE.

WORK





# JUNGLE MASTER



FRANK BUCK WAS A SMALL-TOWN BOY FROM GAINESVILLE, TEXAS, BUT HE TOOK TO THE JUNGLE PATHS OF THE GLOBE TO TRAP WILD BEASTS— AND WON THE REPUTATION OF BEING ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ANIMAL HUNTERS.

WHILE A BOY, FRANK BUCK BEGAN TO COLLECT SMALL ANIMALS .ONE DAY...

FRANK, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH DAD'S PLIERS ?

I'M ONLY TRYING TO GET THE POISON FANGS OUT OF THIS OLD COPPER-HEAD, MA.



AND DON'T YOU EVER DARE TOUCH ANOTHER WILD ANIMAL AGAIN!

OH, LET THE BOY HAVE HIS ANIMALS, MOTHER, AS LONG AS HE PROMISES NOT TO PLAY WITH SNAKES ANY MORE.

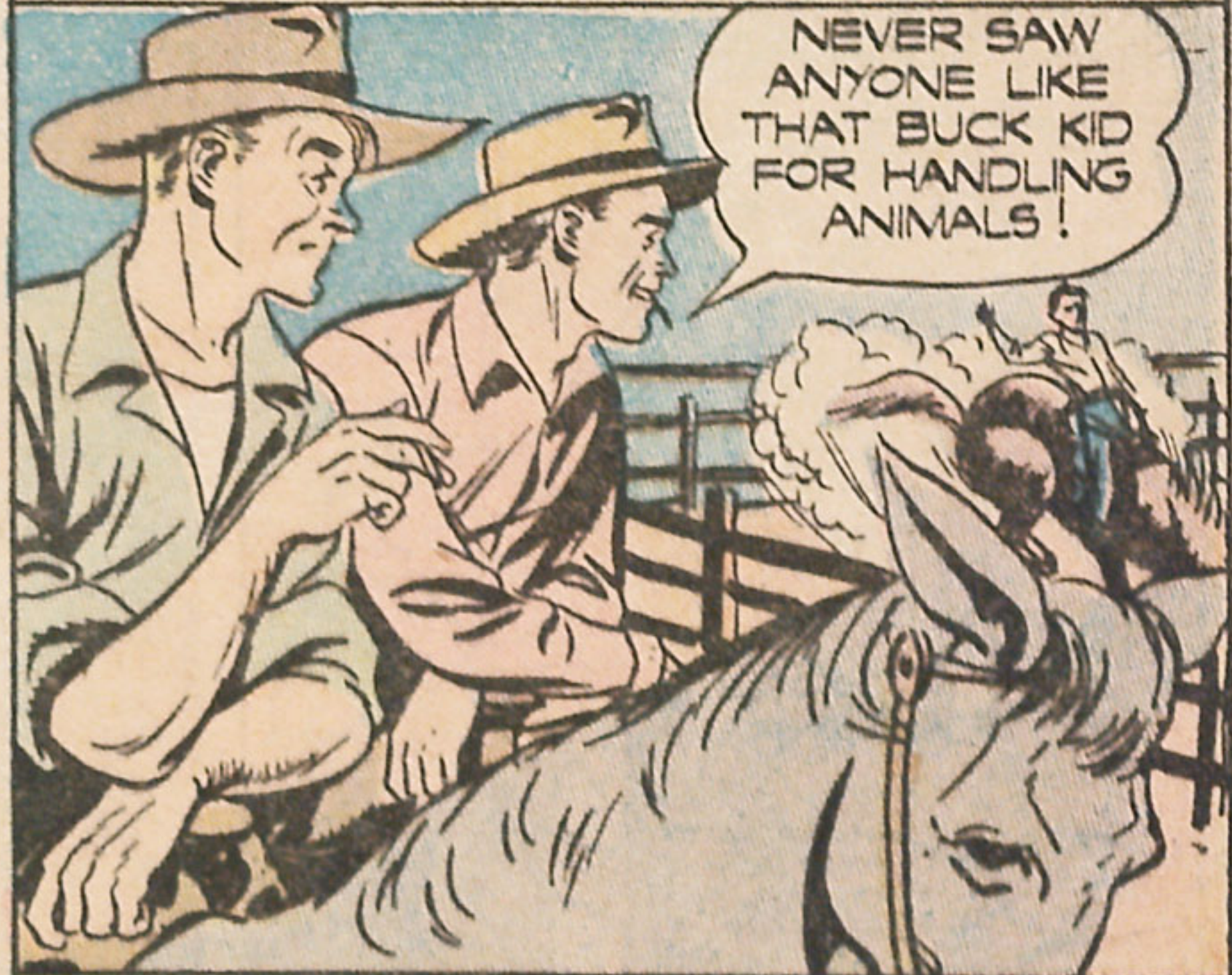


WHILE HE WAS STUDYING GEOGRAPHY...



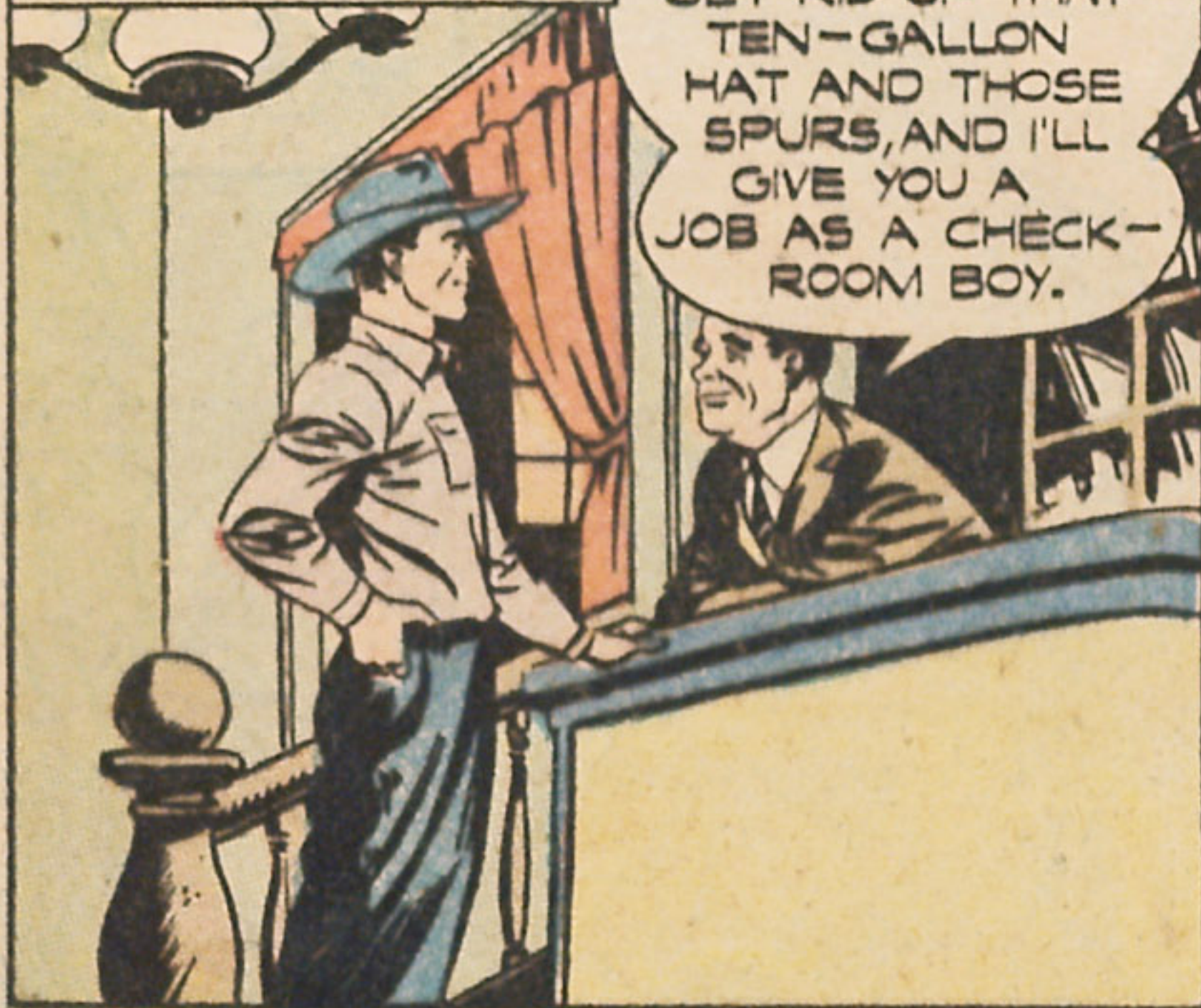
SOMEDAY MAYBE I CAN TRAVEL TO ALL THESE FAR-AWAY PLACES.

WHEN FRANK WAS EIGHTEEN...



NEVER SAW ANYONE LIKE THAT BUCK KID FOR HANDLING ANIMALS!

LATER, IN CHICAGO...



GET RID OF THAT TEN-GALLON HAT AND THOSE SPURS, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB AS A CHECK-ROOM BOY.

BUCK LATER BECAME A THEATRICAL AGENT. BUT...



I'M GOING TO GIVE IT UP AND GO TO SOUTH AMERICA TO COLLECT ANIMALS.

SO, AT BAHIA, BRAZIL...



THESE ARE THE BEST BIRDS YOU CAN BUY, SEÑOR.

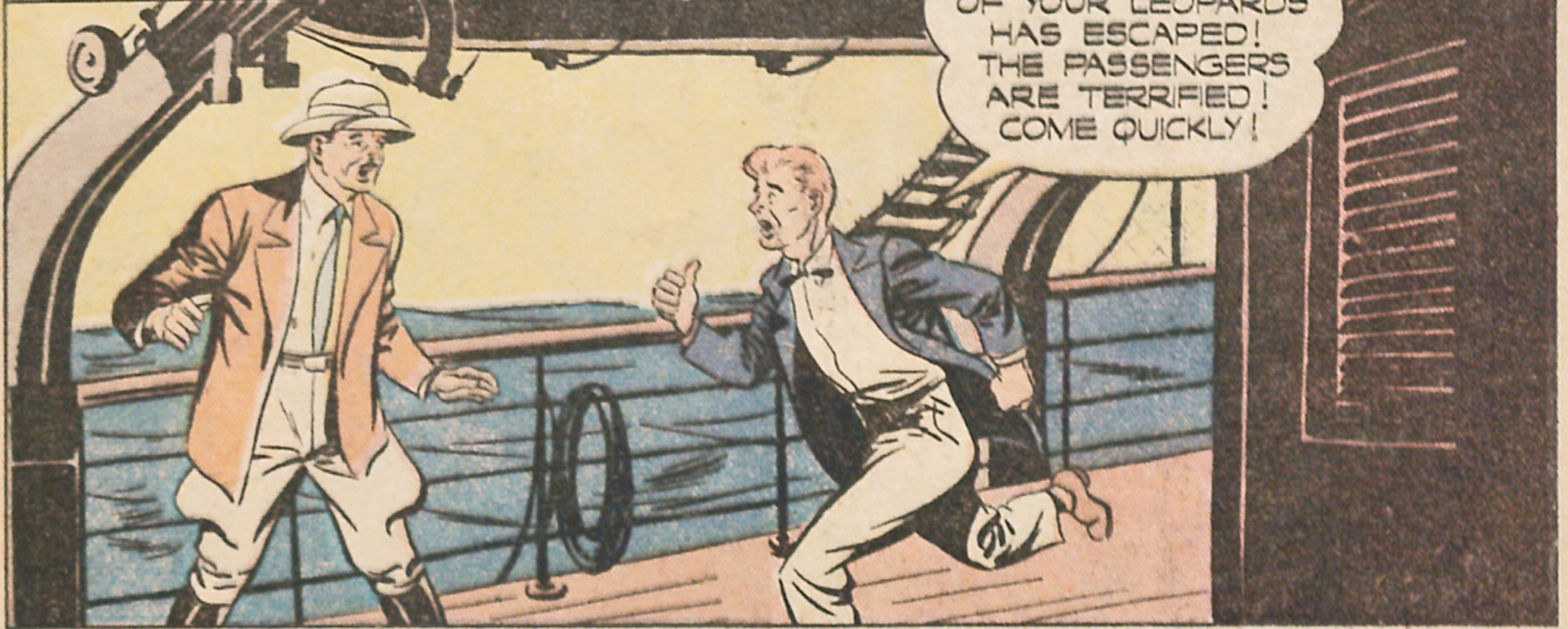
OKAY, I'LL TAKE THE LOT OF THEM.





ONCE, ON A RETURN TRIP...

MR. BUCK, ONE OF YOUR LEOPARDS HAS ESCAPED! THE PASSENGERS ARE TERRIFIED! COME QUICKLY!



HE OUGHT TO BE SHOT, BUCK.

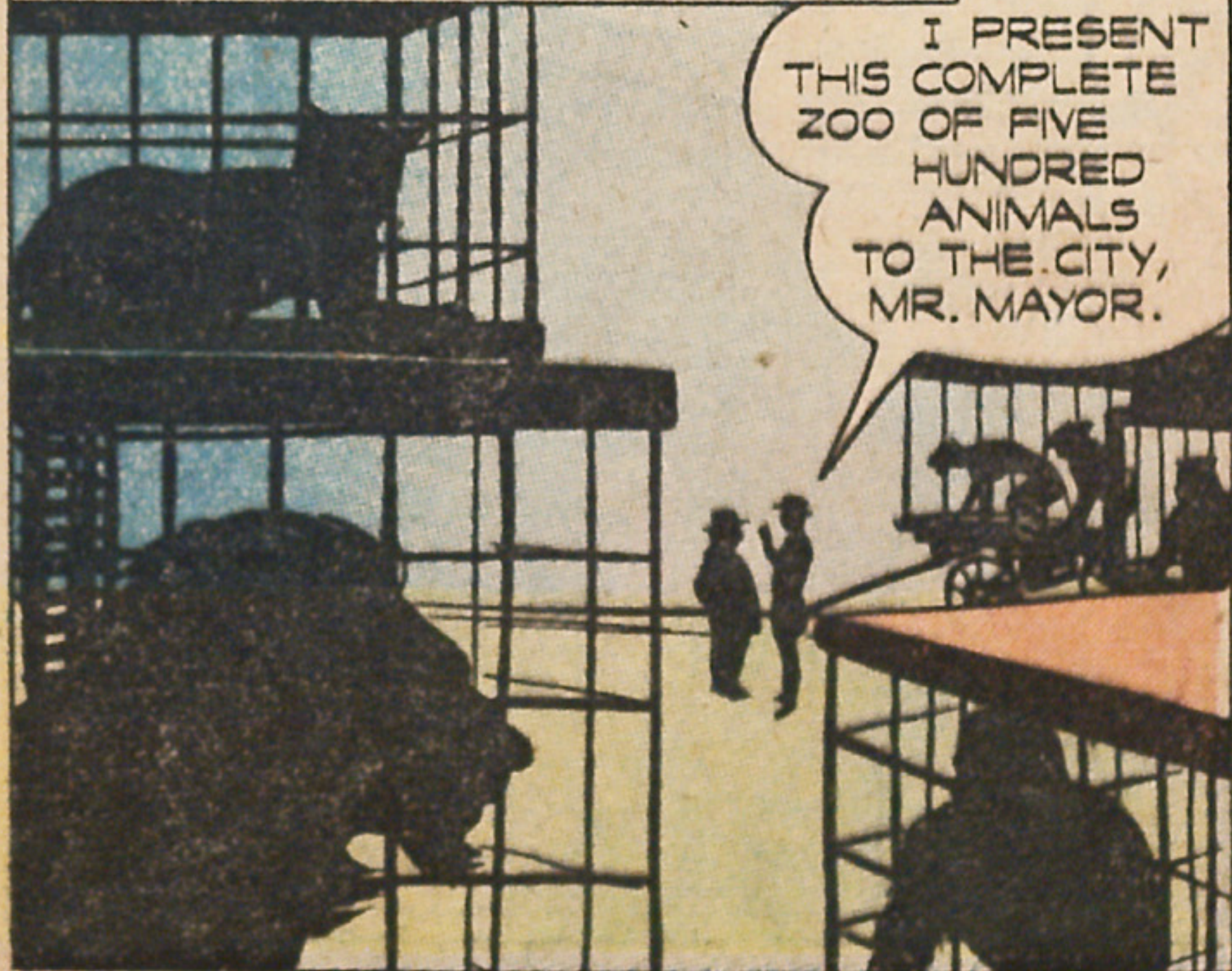


A LASSO IS BETTER THAN A BULLET. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL NOW.



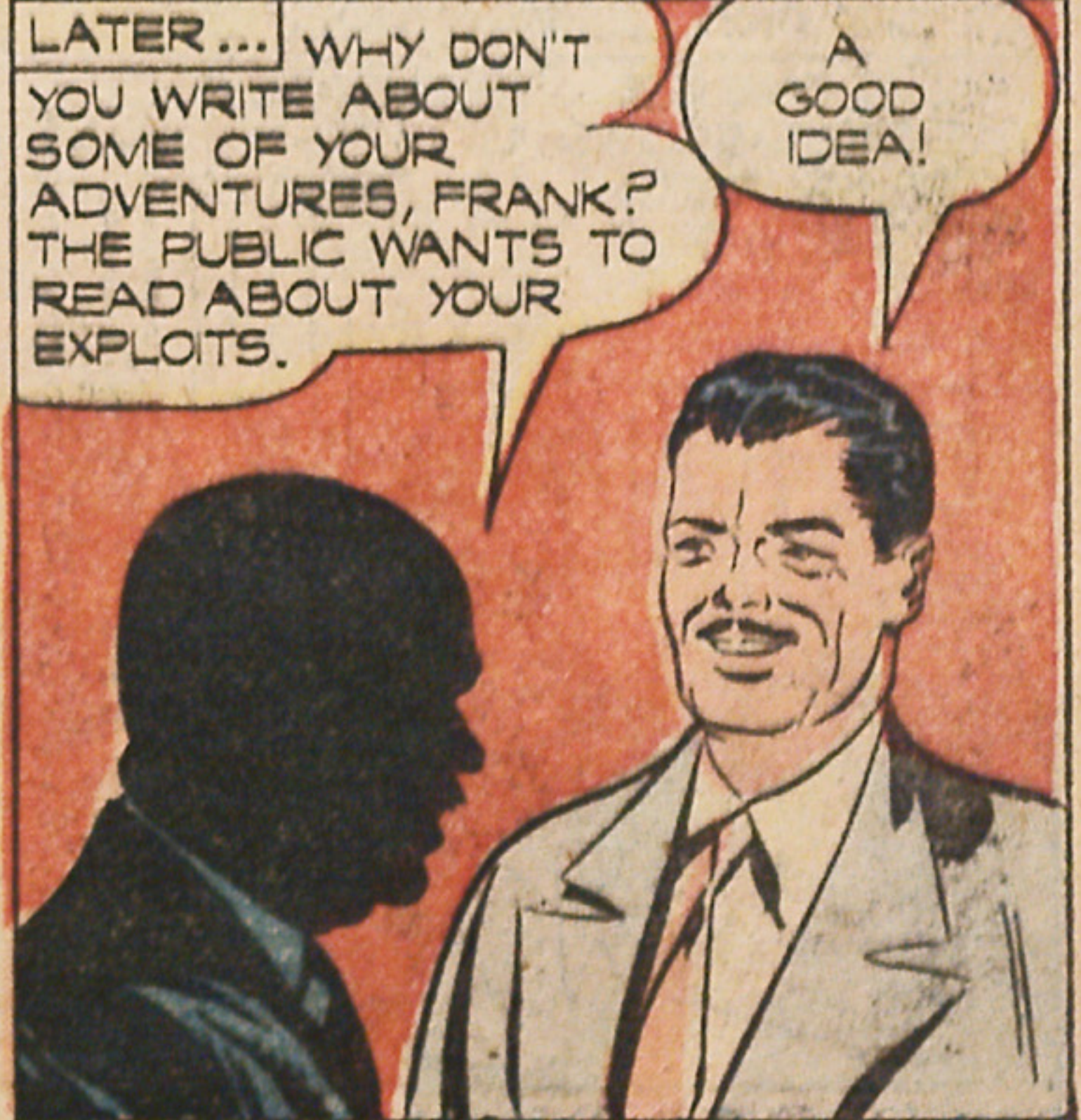
THEN, ONE DAY, IN DALLAS, TEXAS...

I PRESENT THIS COMPLETE ZOO OF FIVE HUNDRED ANIMALS TO THE CITY, MR. MAYOR.



LATER... WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ABOUT SOME OF YOUR ADVENTURES, FRANK? THE PUBLIC WANTS TO READ ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS.

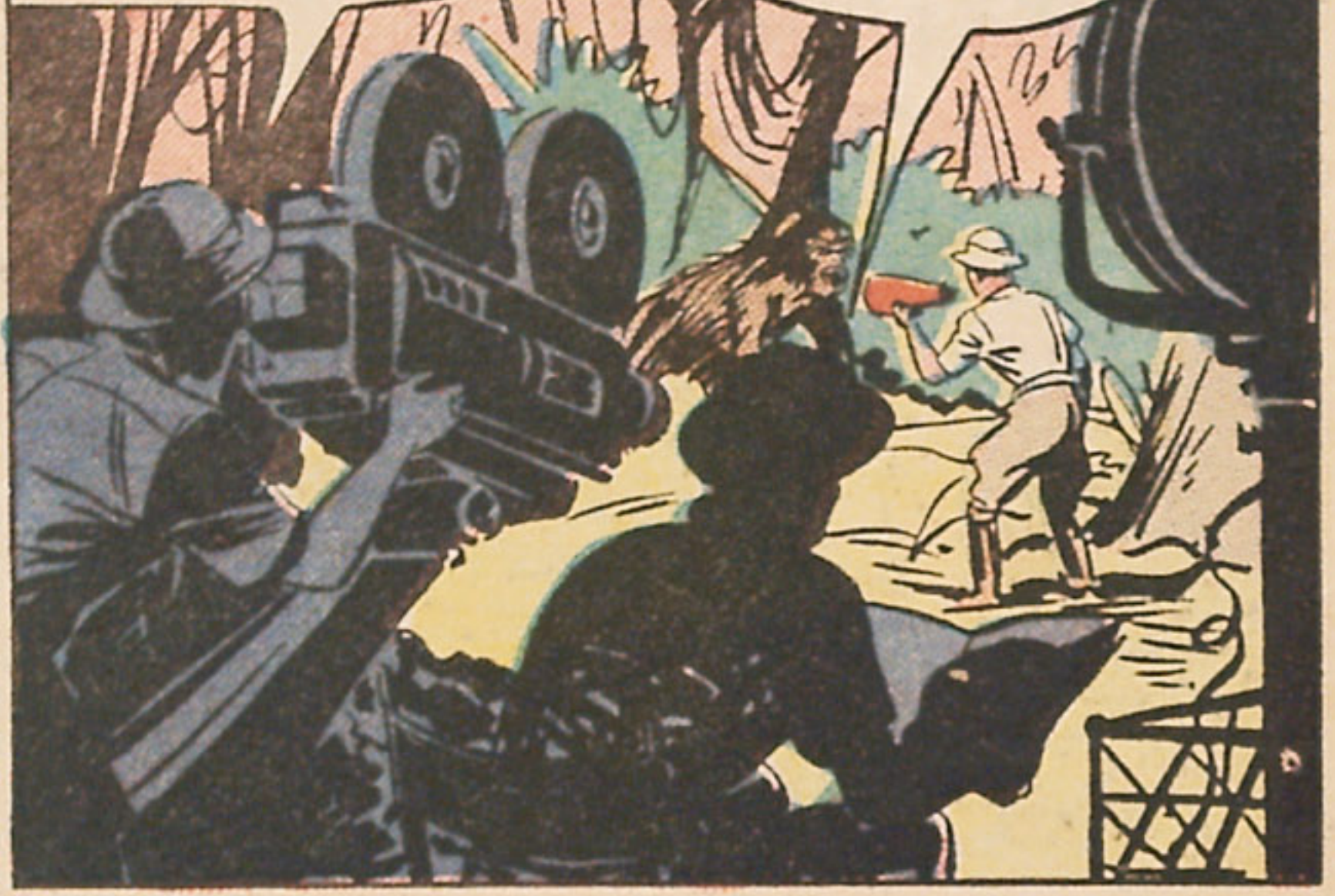
A GOOD IDEA!



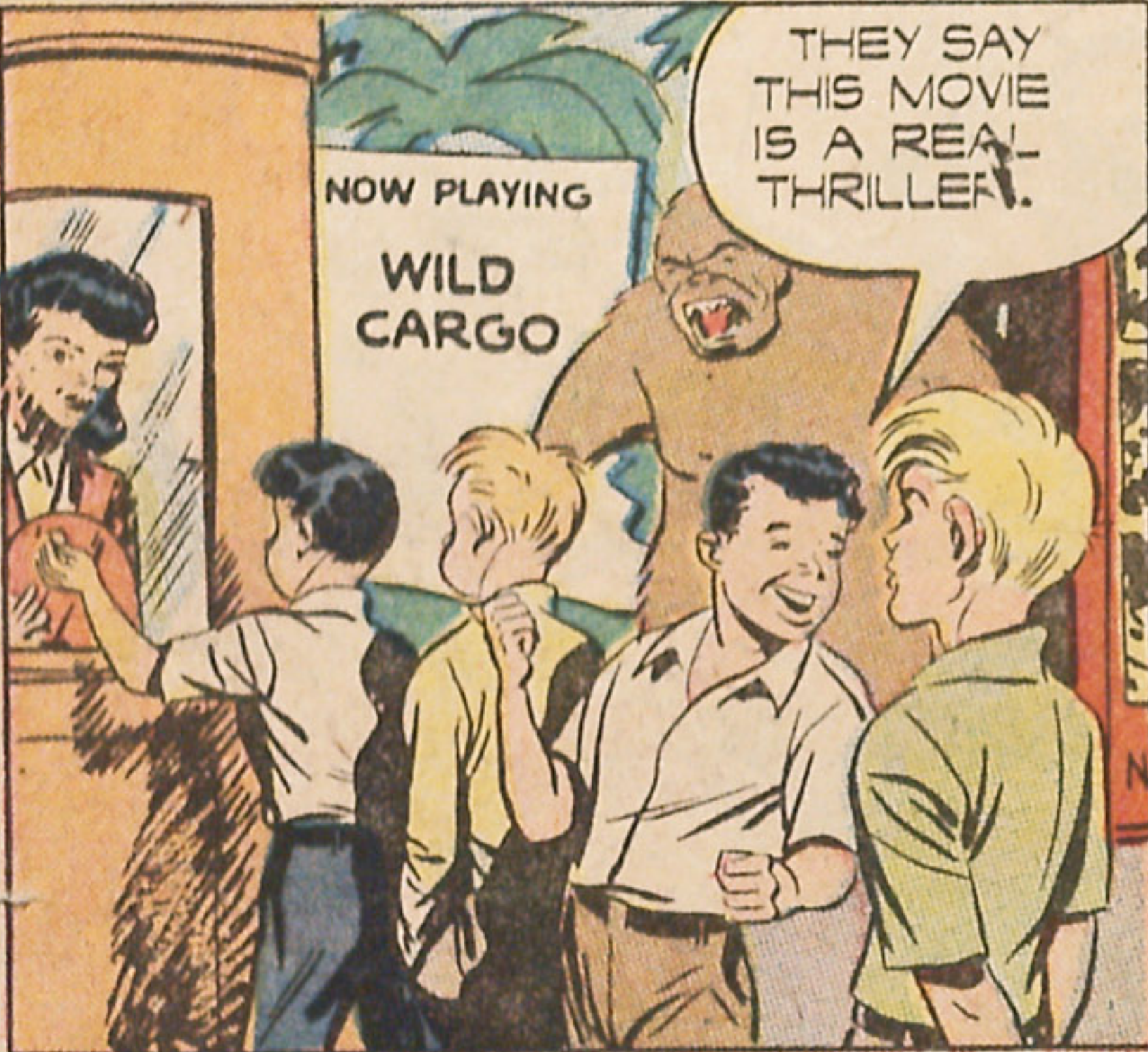
SOON, BUCK WROTE A NUMBER OF BEST SELLERS. A COPY OF FRANK BUCK'S "BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE," PLEASE.



THEN... HIS BOOKS ARE SO EXCITING, HE'S MAKING THEM INTO MOTION PICTURES.



AND IN A REAL JUNGLE TOO! NO FAKE MOVIE SETS FOR BUCK.



THEY SAY THIS MOVIE IS A REAL THRILLER.

NOW PLAYING  
WILD CARGO



IN 1939 AND 1940, BUCK MADE SEVERAL TRIPS TO GET ANIMALS FOR THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR.

LET'S PICK UP SOME OF THESE FELLOWS. FAIR-GOERS WILL LIKE THEM.



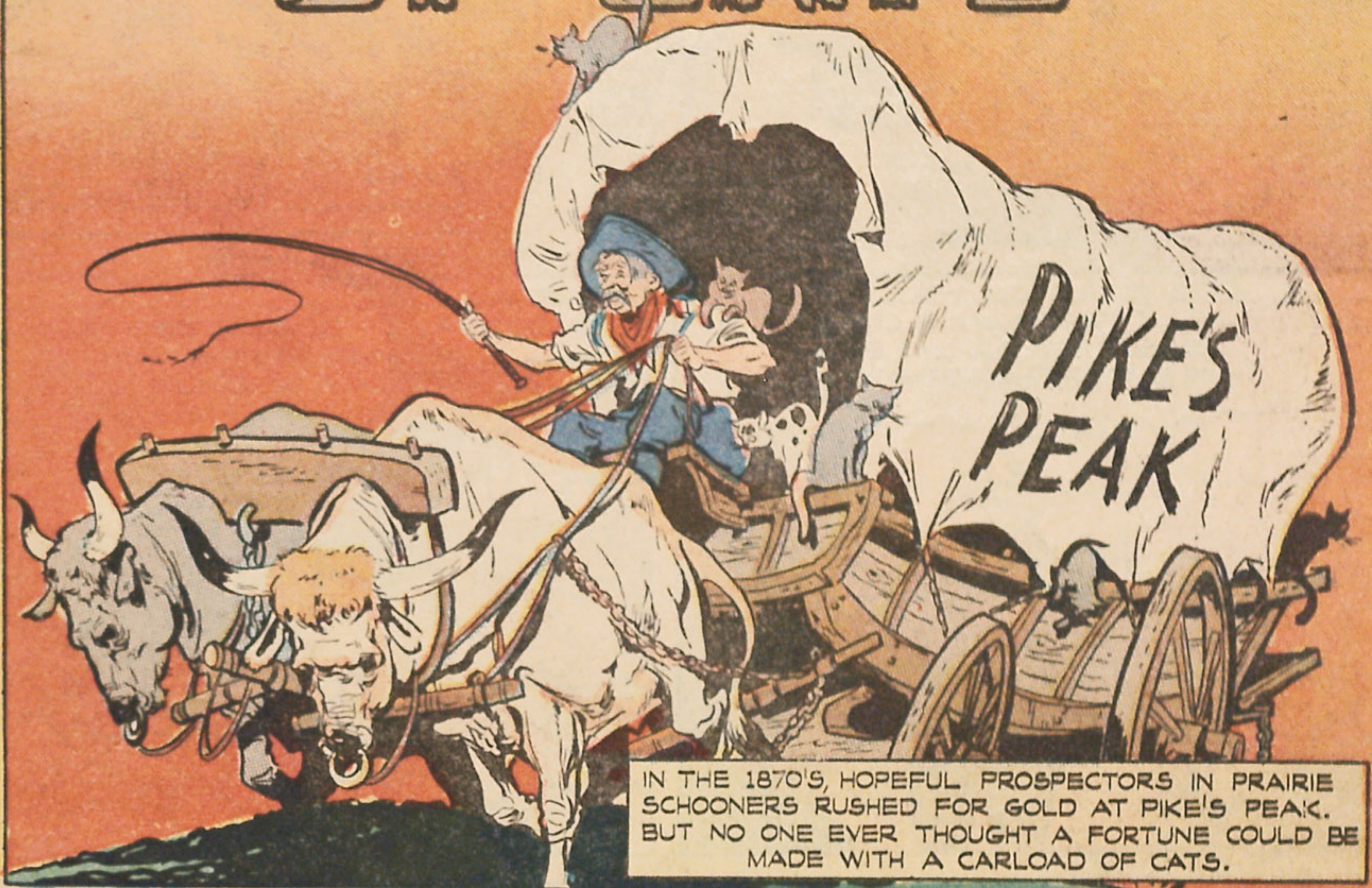
AT THE FAIR...

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST SHOWS HERE, MR. BUCK. ARE YOU GOING BACK TO TRAP MORE ANIMALS?

PERHAPS AFTER THE WAR.

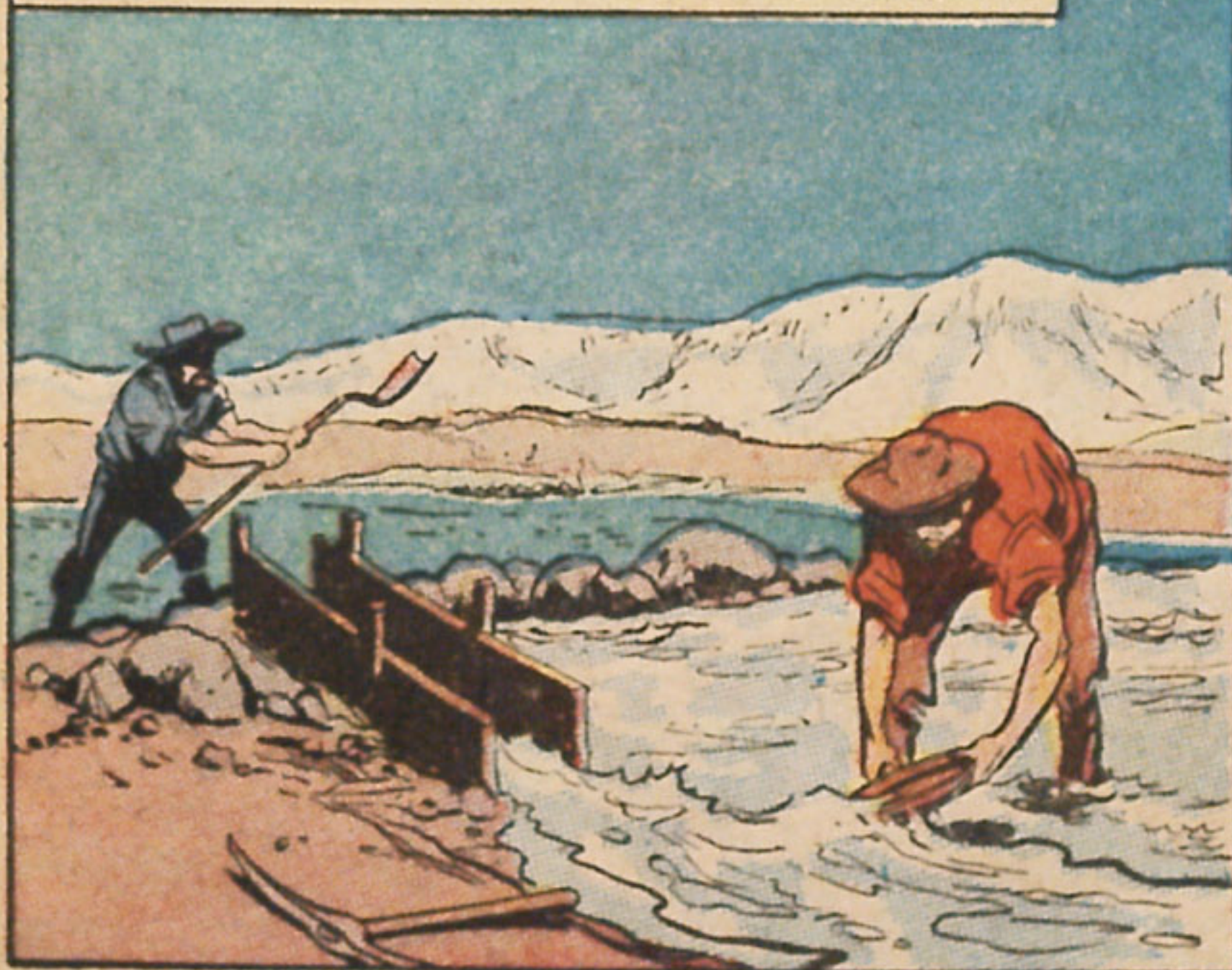
TODAY, AT SIXTY-TWO, FRANK BUCK CONTINUES TO UNFOLD THE NUMEROUS HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF HIS JUNGLE LIFE, THRILLING MILLIONS OF READERS AND MOVIE-GOERS.

# SCHOONER OF CATS



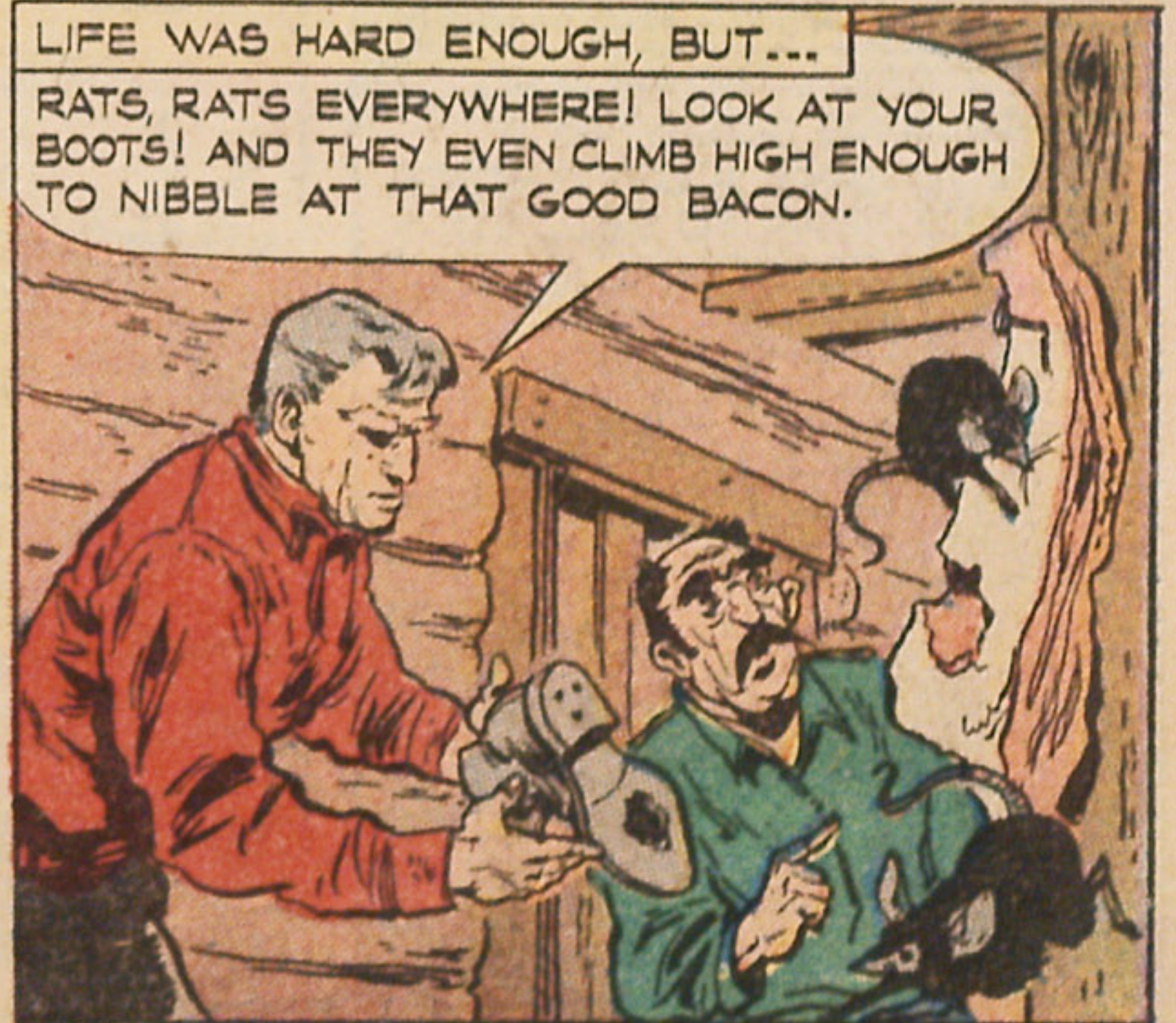
IN THE 1870'S, HOPEFUL PROSPECTORS IN PRAIRIE SCHOONERS RUSHED FOR GOLD AT PIKE'S PEAK. BUT NO ONE EVER THOUGHT A FORTUNE COULD BE MADE WITH A CARLOAD OF CATS.

THE REGION AROUND PIKE'S PEAK, COLORADO, WAS CROWDED WITH GOLD SEEKERS.



LIFE WAS HARD ENOUGH, BUT...

RATS, RATS EVERYWHERE! LOOK AT YOUR BOOTS! AND THEY EVEN CLIMB HIGH ENOUGH TO NIBBLE AT THAT GOOD BACON.





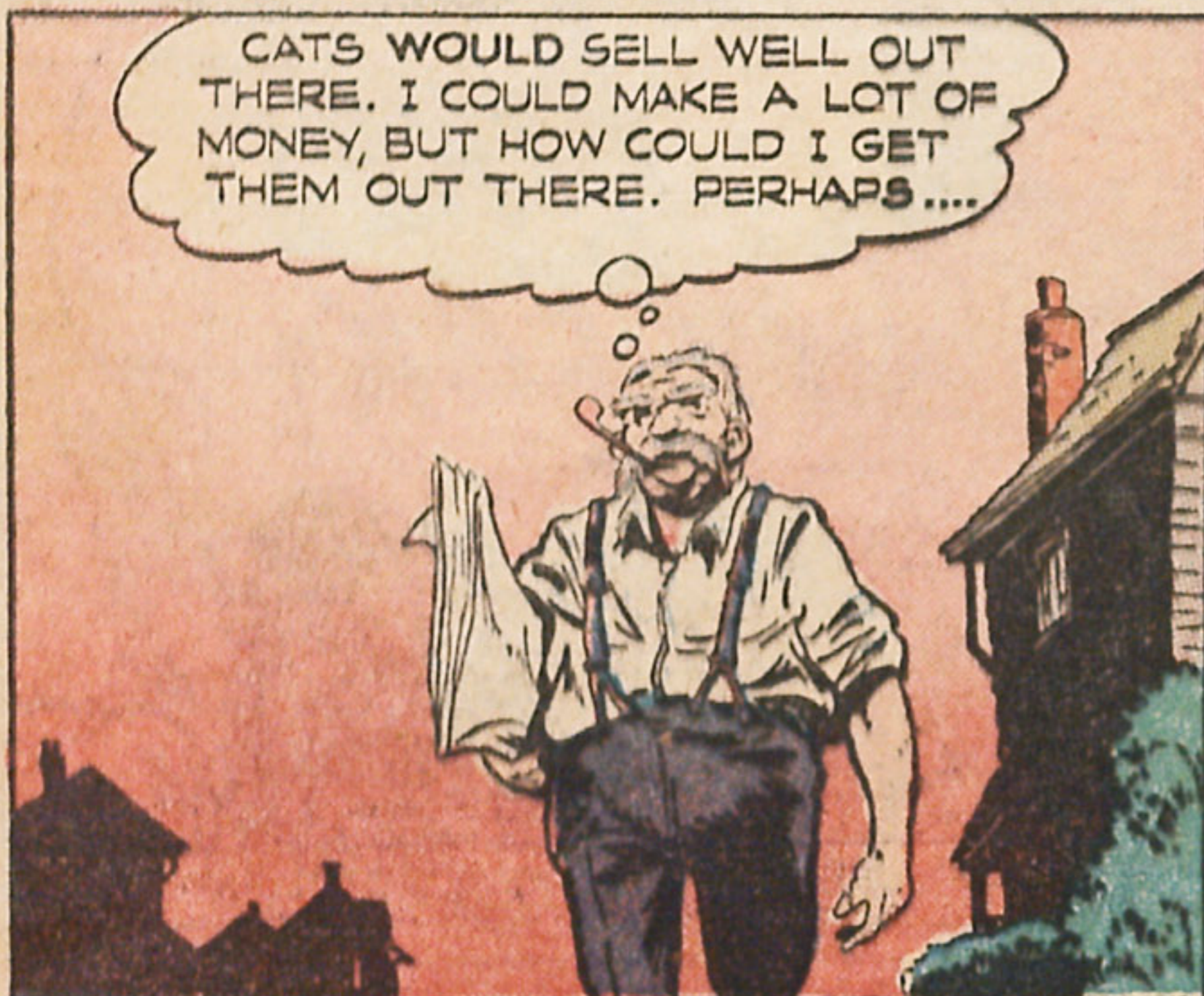
I DON'T SUPPOSE IT DOES ANY GOOD TO SHOOT THEM. THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED AROUND HERE.

SHOOT ONE, AND A SCORE WILL COME TO HIS FUNERAL - YES, AND EXPECT SOMETHING TO EAT.



BUT, IN NEBRASKA ... I SEE WHERE THE PROSPECTORS ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH RATS AT PIKE'S PEAK.

THEY OUGHT TO IMPORT A CARLOAD OF CATS. THAT WOULD SOON TAKE CARE OF THEM.



CATS WOULD SELL WELL OUT THERE. I COULD MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, BUT HOW COULD I GET THEM OUT THERE. PERHAPS ....



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

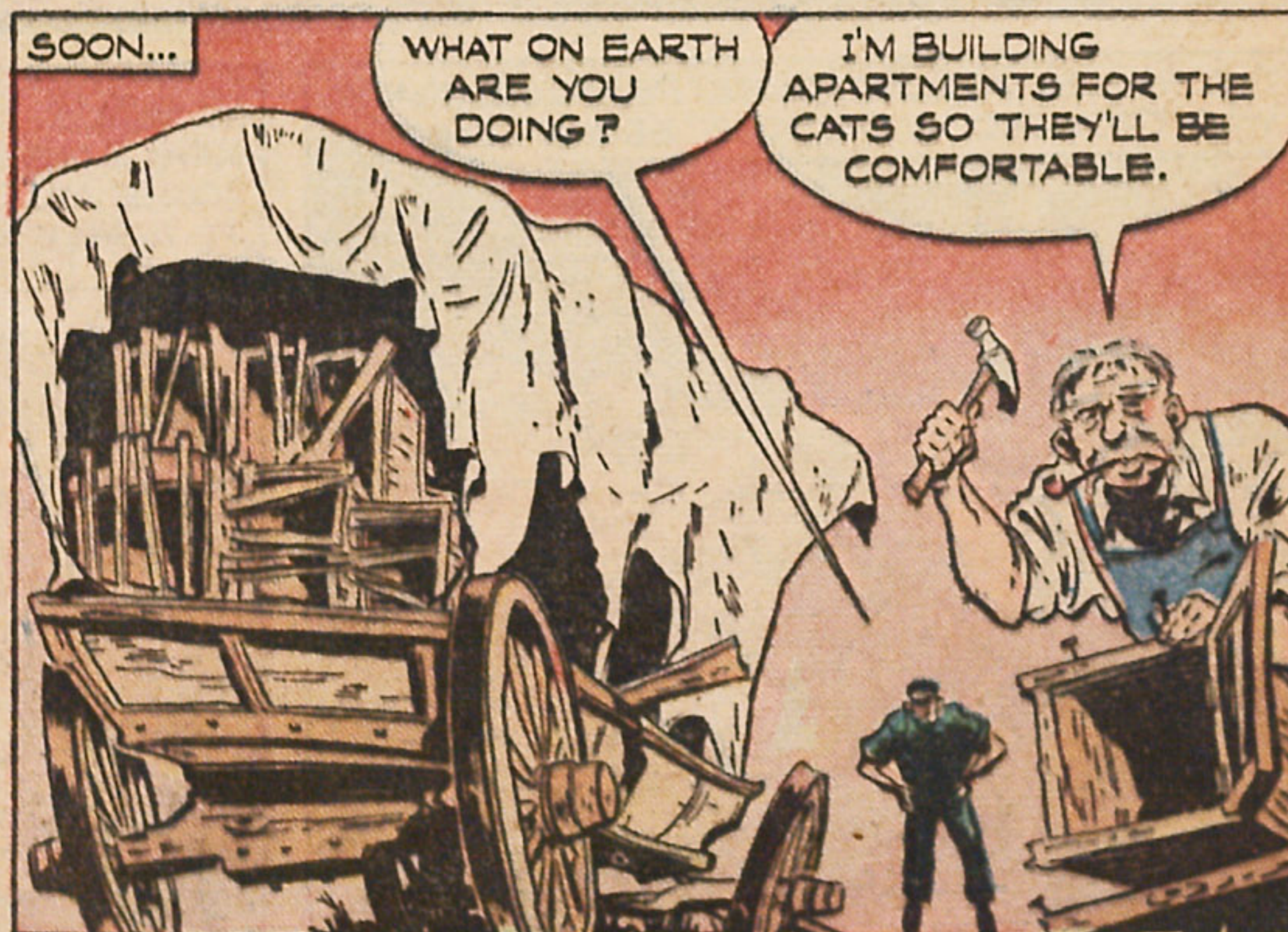
I'M GOING TO PIKE'S PEAK WITH A SCHOONER OF CATS.



RUMOR OF THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION SPREAD FAST.

THE DUTCHMAN BORROWED \$25 FROM ME TODAY. HE'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF CATS TO PIKE'S PEAK TO SELL TO THE PROSPECTORS.

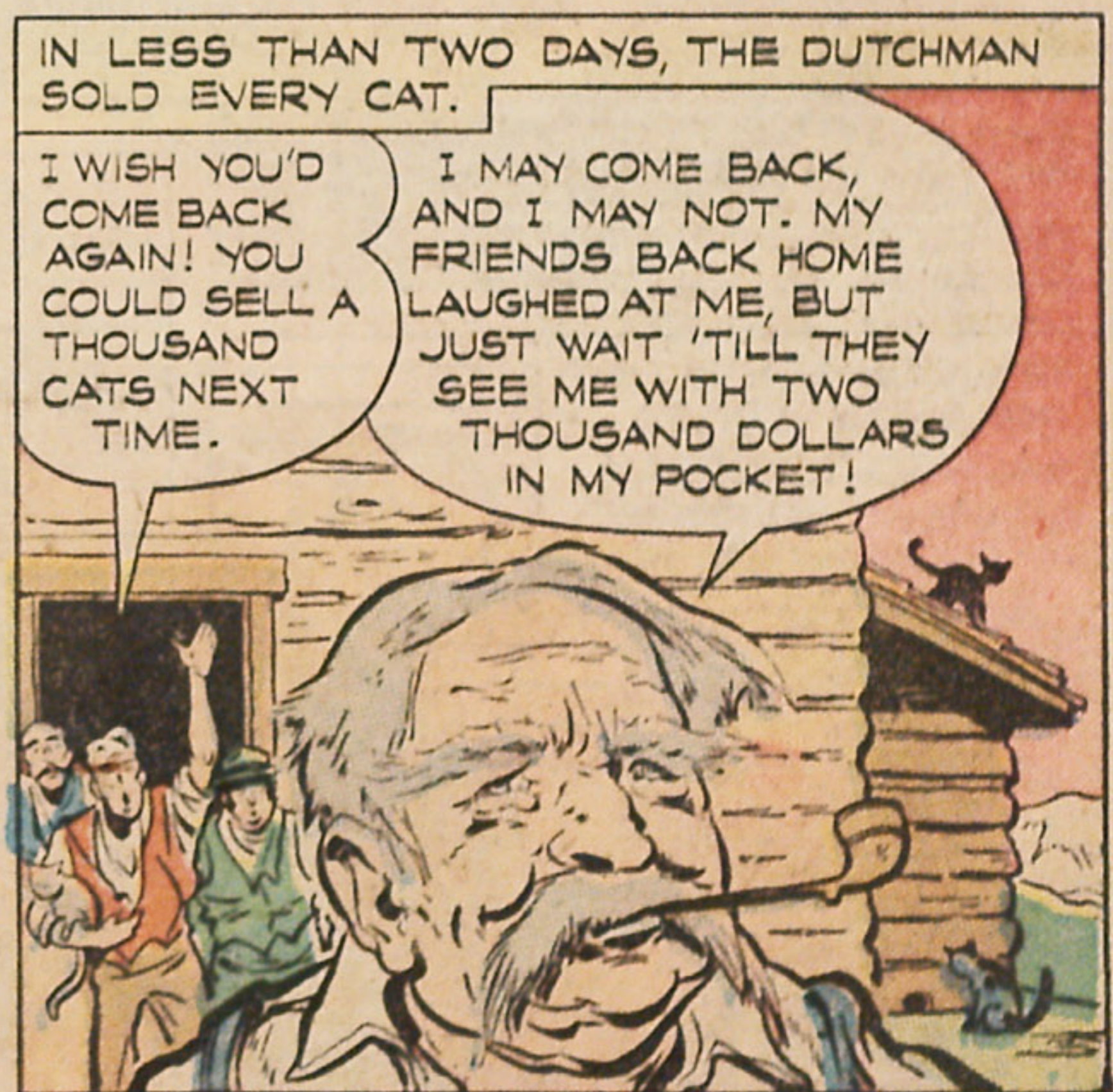
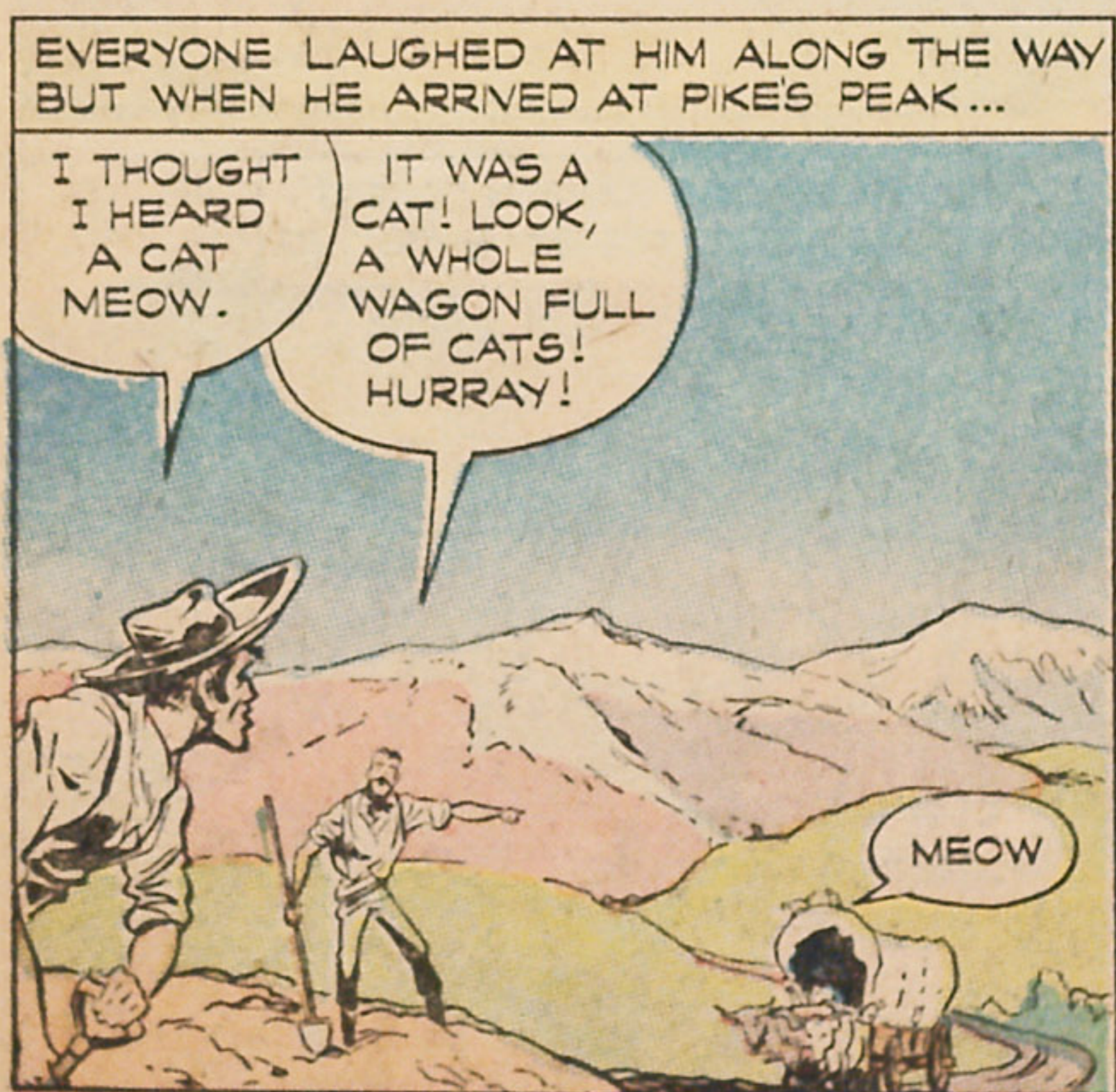
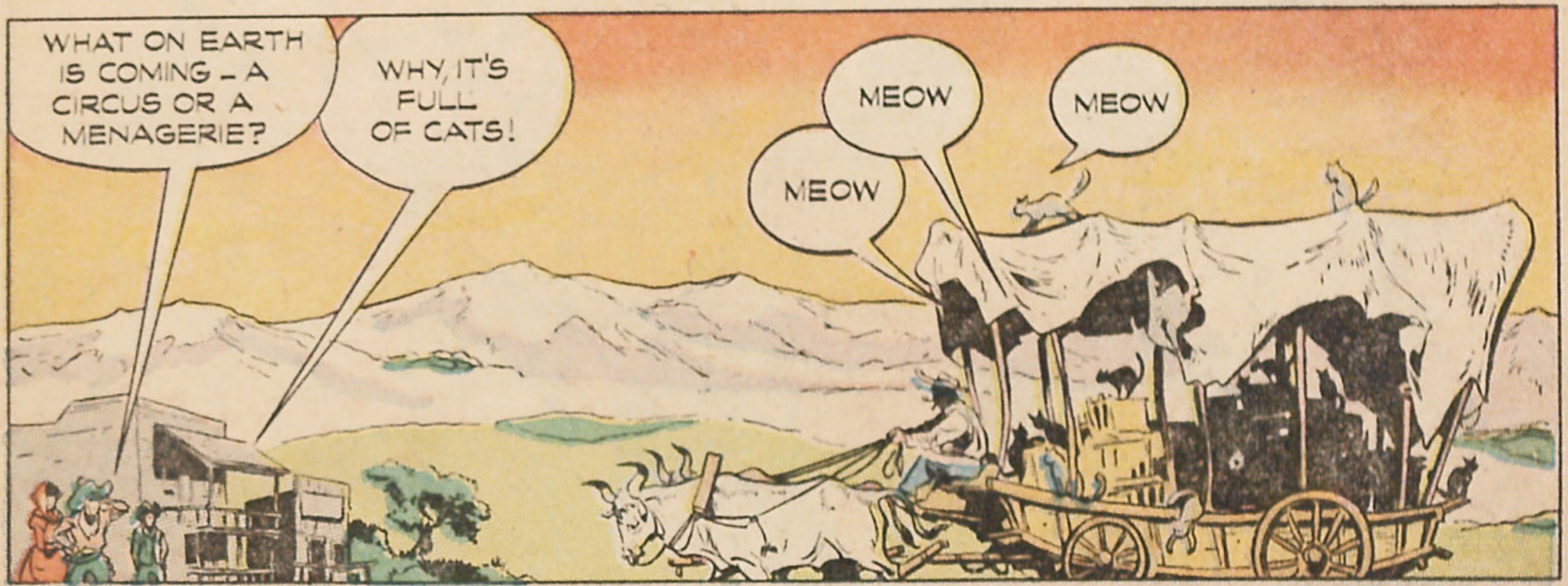
AND IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER! YOU'LL NEVER SEE THAT MONEY AGAIN.



SOON...

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

I'M BUILDING APARTMENTS FOR THE CATS SO THEY'LL BE COMFORTABLE.



# Panda Man

THE EXCITING STORY  
OF FLOYD TANGIER-SMITH,  
WHO TURNED FROM BANKING TO BIG  
GAME HUNTING, HEADED MANY ZOOLOGICAL  
EXPEDITIONS TO ASIA AND SENT BACK  
THOUSANDS OF SPECIMENS, INCLUDING  
ONE OF THE FIRST BABY GIANT PANDAS  
EVER SEEN, DEAD OR ALIVE, IN THE U.S.A.



AT DARTMOUTH UNIVERSITY AND BOWDOIN COLLEGE,  
HE HELD THE RECORD FOR TARGET SHOOTING.



FLOYD WAS BORN IN  
YOKOHAMA AND  
LEARNED TO SPEAK  
JAPANESE BEFORE  
HE SPOKE ENGLISH.



AFTER A FEW YEARS IN THE FAR EAST BRANCHES OF A BIG U.S. BANK...

WHY DON'T YOU CHUCK BANKING AND DO SOME BIG GAME HUNTING, FLOYD?

MAYBE I WILL AT THAT!



AND HE DID! IN 1930, TANGIER-SMITH HEADED A ZOOLOGICAL EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF TIBET, INDO-CHINA, AND SIAM.

YOU KNOW THIS REGION BY HEART, SMITH, DON'T YOU?

I OUGHT TO—AFTER SPENDING ALL MY SPARE TIME EXPLORING IT!

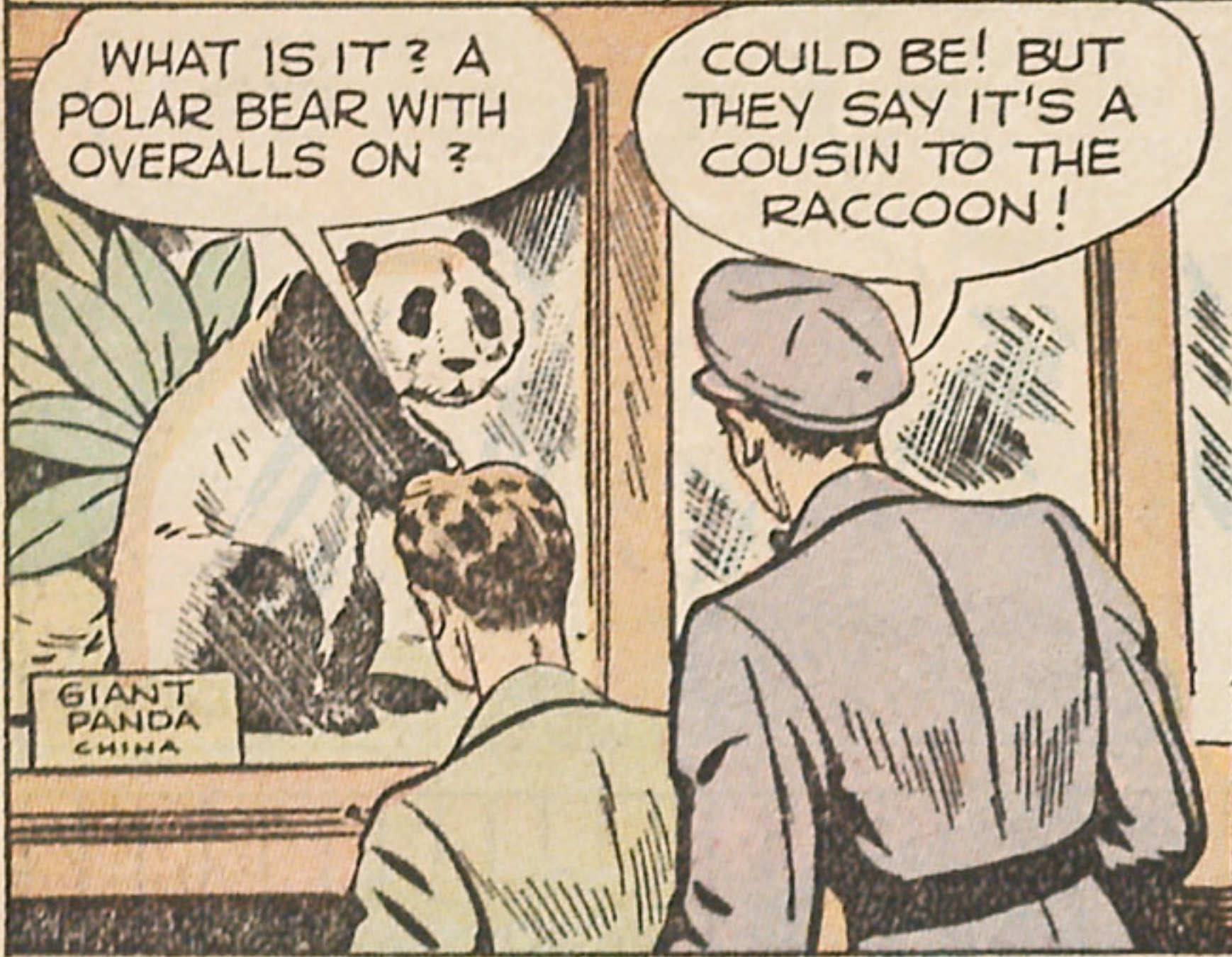


THAT EXPEDITION ALONE SENT BACK MORE THAN 10,000 SPECIMENS, MANY OF THEM RARE



HOW'S OUR PANDA TODAY? I HOPE I CAN GET HIM BACK TO THE UNITED STATES ALIVE. IF I DO, HE WILL BE THE FIRST ONE!

BUT THE PANDA DID NOT LIVE. HE WAS STUFFED AND SENT TO AMERICA BY TANGIER-SMITH.



1934 - HE BROUGHT OUT OF WESTERN SZECHUAN PROVINCE IN CHINA THE FIRST GIANT PANDA EVER TAKEN ALIVE.



1937 - DELIGHTED WITH THE CLOWN-LIKE ANTICS OF THE PANDA, HE WENT BACK FOR MORE. ON THE HOME VOYAGE ...



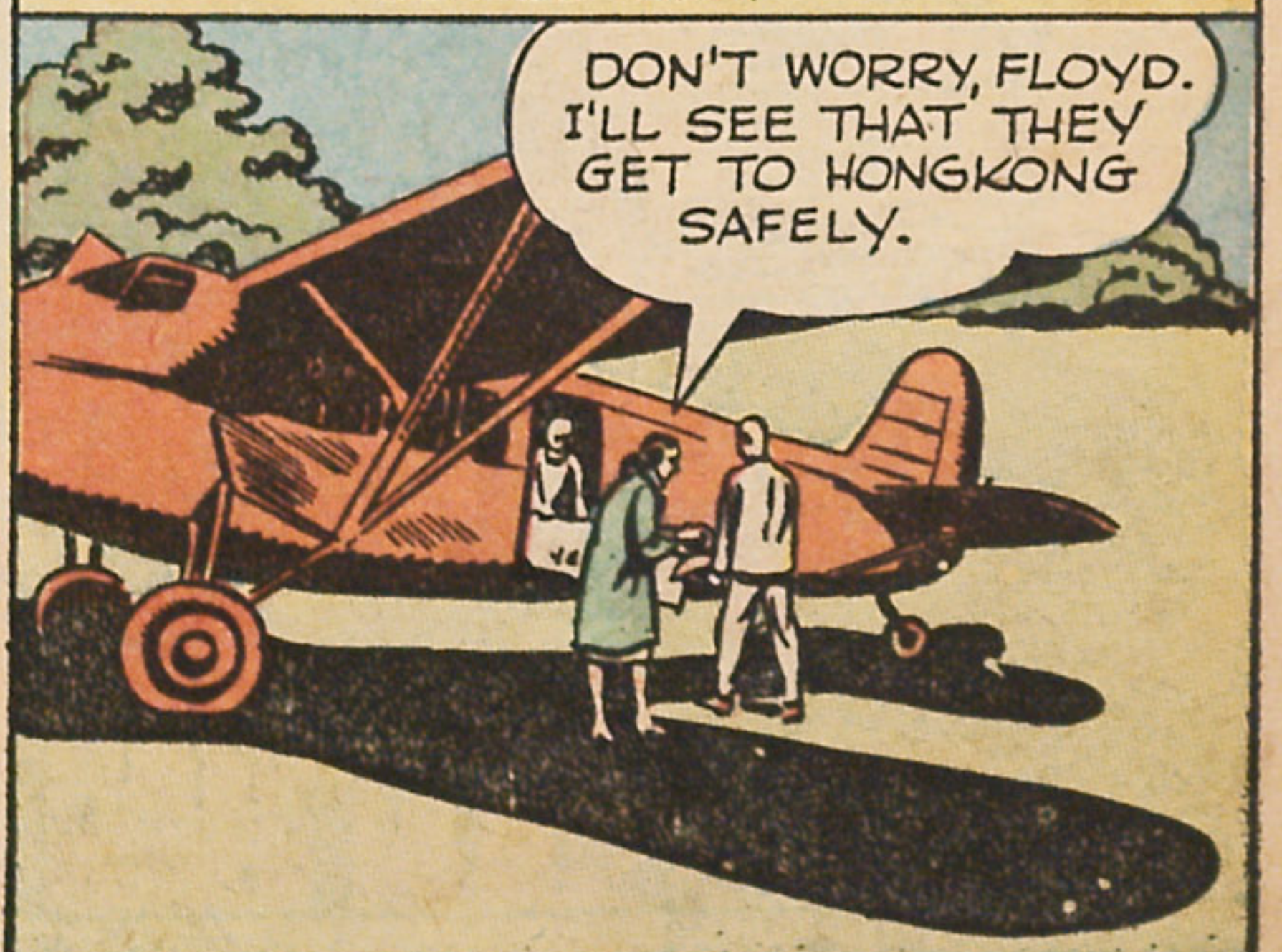
1939 - BACKED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE LONDON ZOO...



AFTER BAGGING ALIVE BLUE SHEEP, TAKIN, MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS, A GOLDEN MONKEY, AND MANY OTHER RARE SPECIMENS...



TANGIER-SMITH WAS TOO ILL TO GO BACK OVERLAND WITH THE ANIMALS. HIS WIFE JOINED HIM.

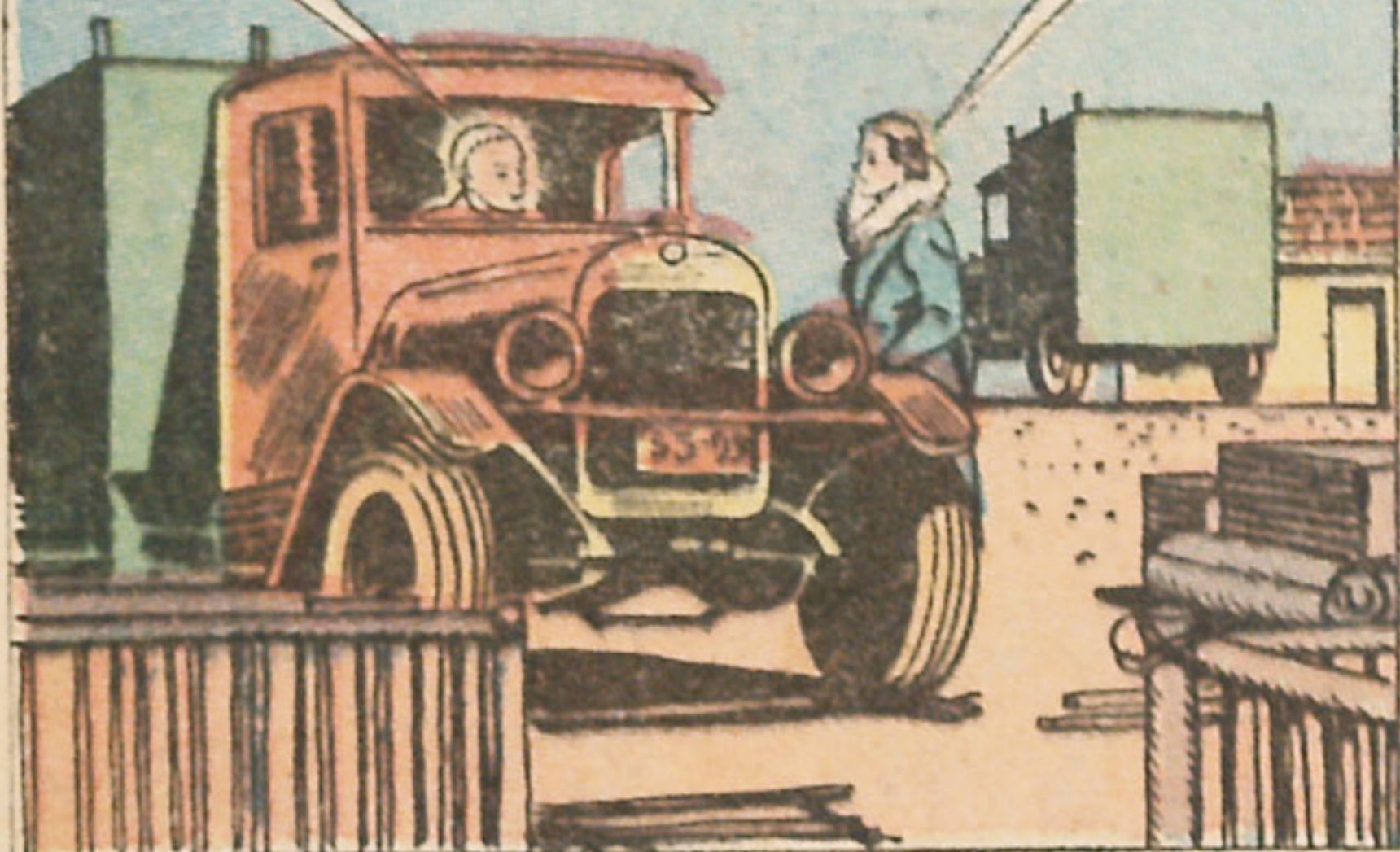




SO ELIZABETH TANGIER-SMITH TOOK OVER.

YES, MISSY. CAN TAKE ANIMAL TO HONGKONG. WHAT MAN GO AS BOSS?

I WILL GO ALONG MYSELF!



THE JOLTING TRUCKS WERE HARD ON THE DELICATE ANIMALS AND BIRDS. EVERY DAY...

MISSY, TODAY ONE MORE BIRD DIED!

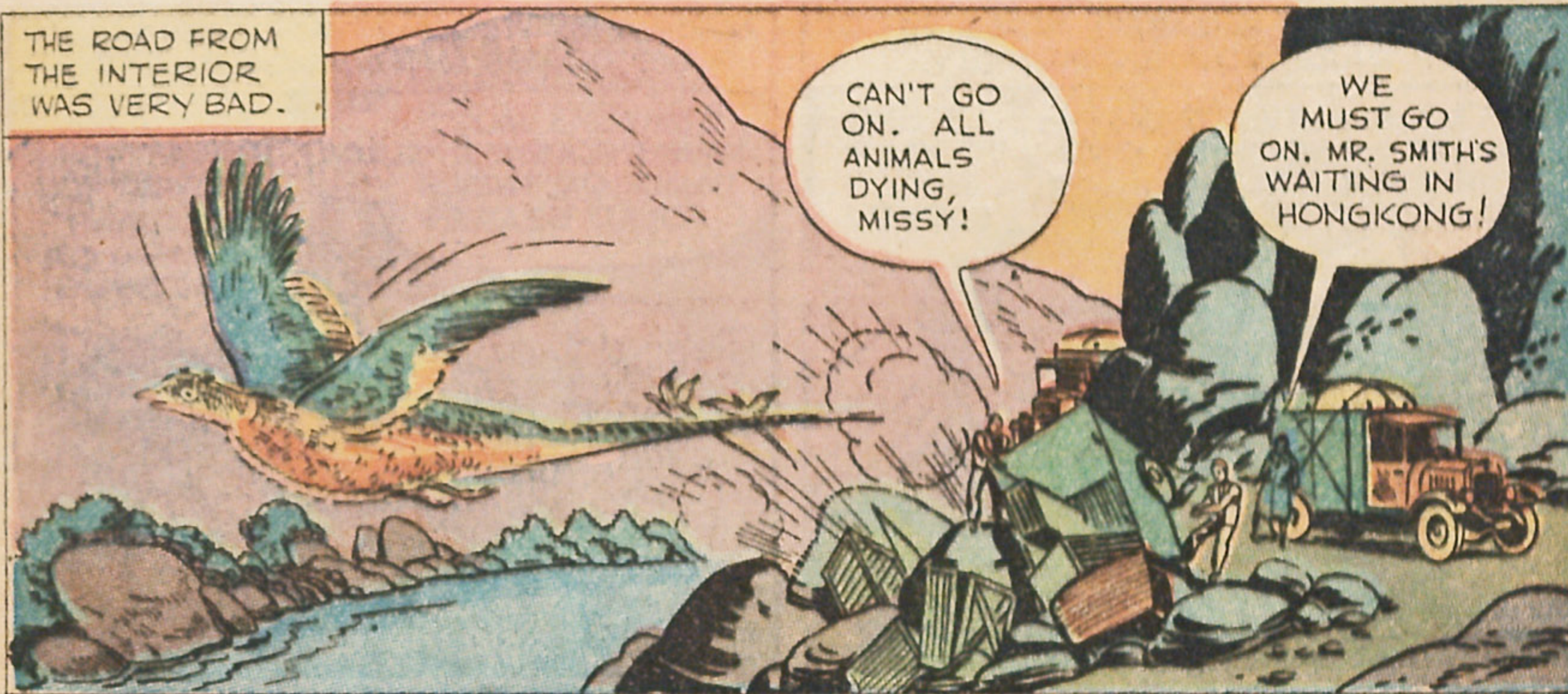
OH DEAR! I HOPE WE SHALL BRING SOME OF THEM BACK ALIVE!



THE ROAD FROM THE INTERIOR WAS VERY BAD.

CAN'T GO ON. ALL ANIMALS DYING, MISSY!

WE MUST GO ON. MR. SMITH'S WAITING IN HONGKONG!



SHE SPENT NIGHTS IN RUDE NATIVE HUTS, CARRIED HER OWN SAUCE-PAN AND CHOPSTICKS.

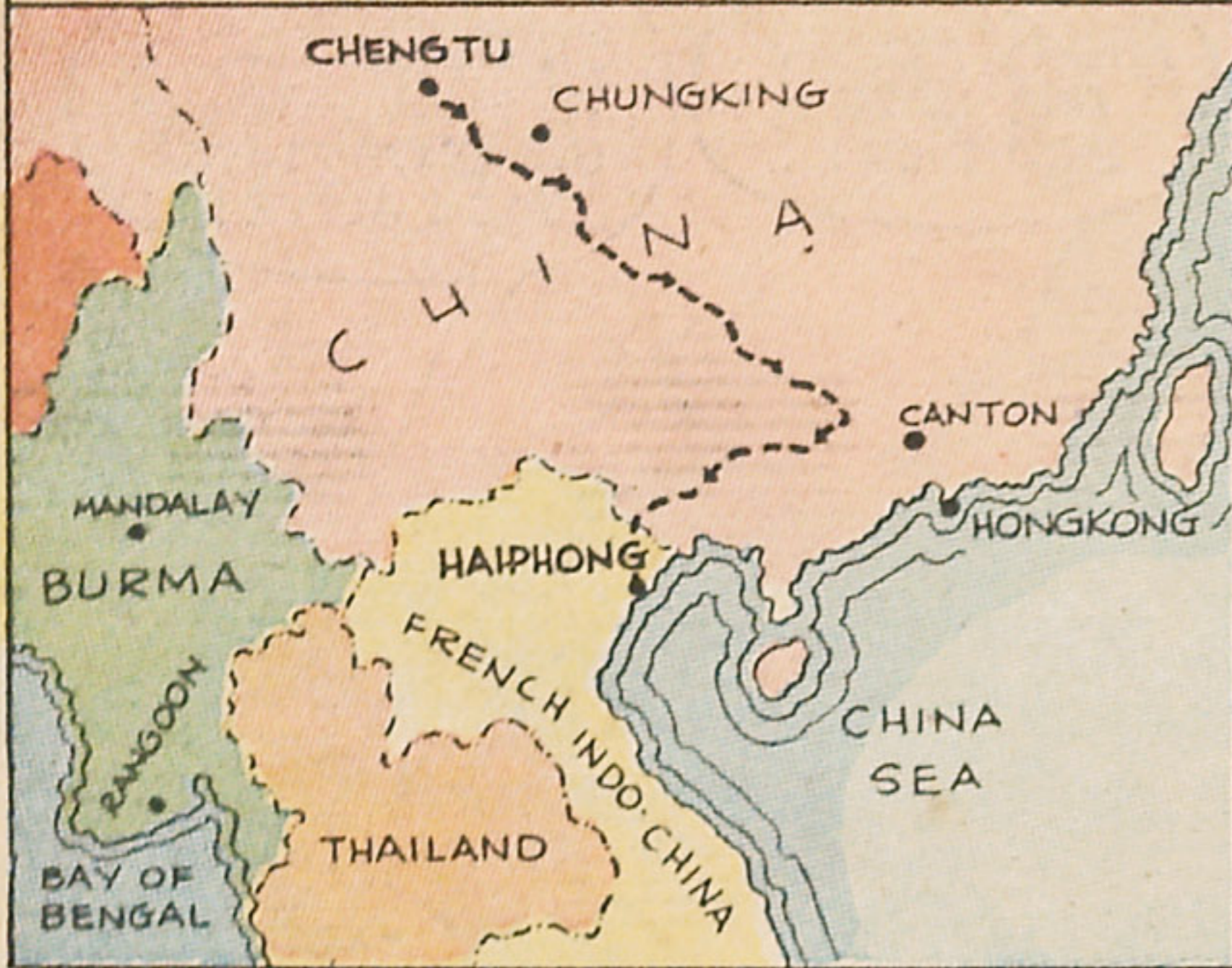


TWO DAYS FROM CANTON, THEY WERE STOPPED BY FLEEING REFUGEES.

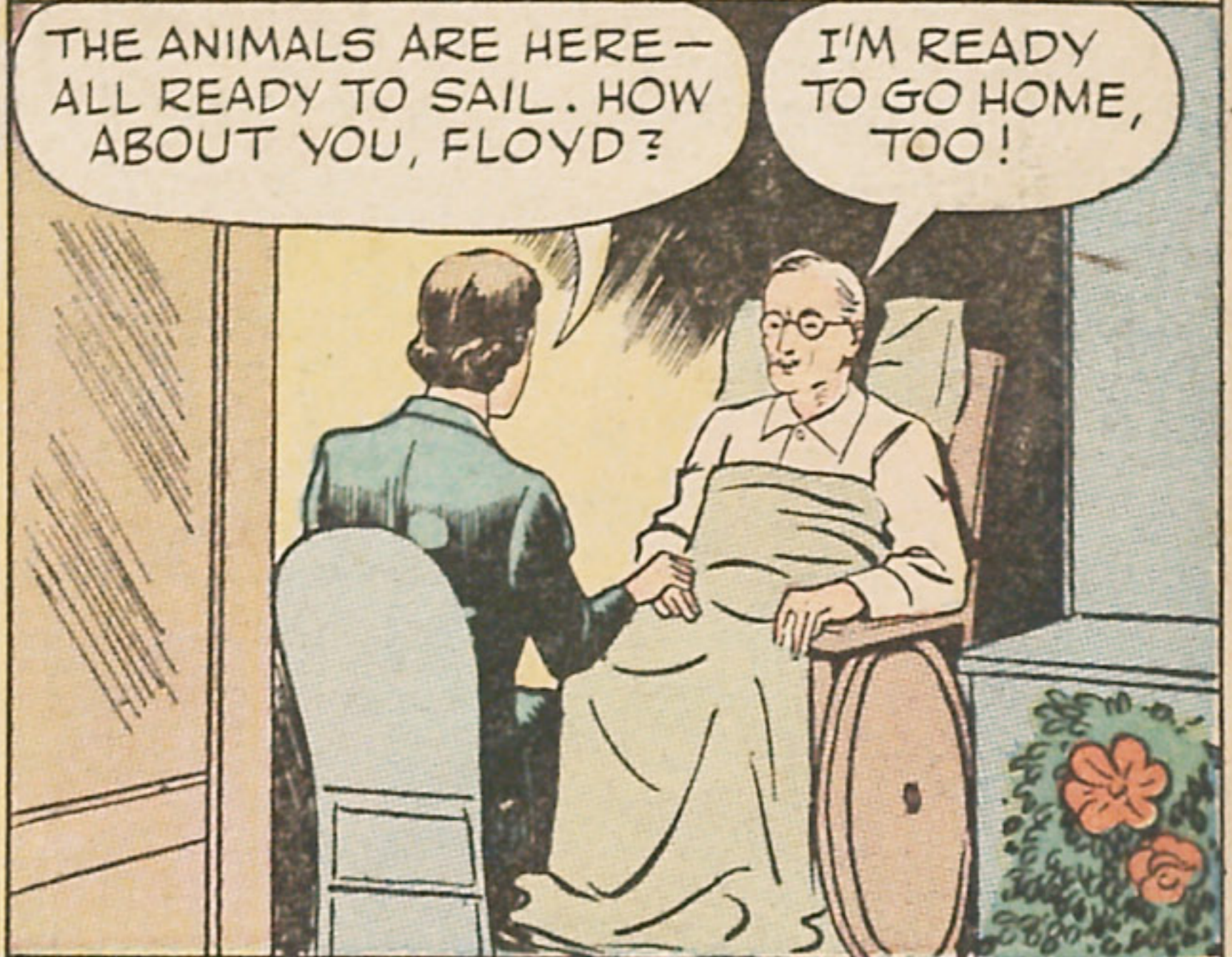
JAPS HAVE TAKEN CANTON! NO WAY THROUGH. MUST GO INDO-CHINA.



ONE MORE WEEK THEY JOLTED OVER BAD ROADS TO THE INDO-CHINA PORT OF HAIPHONG.



IN HONGKONG, ELIZABETH TANGIER-SMITH FOUND HER HUSBAND IN THE HOSPITAL.



ON BOARD SHIP ELIZABETH MADE A PET OF A VERY RARE GOLDEN MONKEY.



AFTER A SIX WEEKS' VOYAGE THEY SAILED UP THE THAMES AND DOCKED IN LONDON.



TODAY AT THE ST. LOUIS (MO.) ZOO, "BABY" IS THE PET OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS HE'S A BORN CLOWN AND IS VERY HAPPY IN HIS NEW HOME.



## SOLDIER DOG

(Continued from  
Inside Front Cover)

arm and his head very neatly bandaged. Then the telephone rang and Mrs. Daly answered it.

"Bob," she said, hurrying into the living room, "I've got to leave you for a minute. Veronica Wright has hurt herself and her mother wants me to help. She's sent for the doctor, but she wants me."

Lying there, Bob could look out of the window and see Dr. Pepper's garage. Leaning up against the side of the garage was a brand new tire. Dr. Pepper had left it there when he was called away in a hurry.

Suddenly Bob saw a man climb over the fence and creep very quietly towards the tire. Bob couldn't even lean out of the window and scare the man away. Then he thought of Gulliver and he whistled softly. In from the kitchen bounded Gulliver and saw Bob lying bandaged on the couch. Gulliver was full of sympathy. His friend was in trouble, that was too bad! Gulliver began licking Bob's face with his big wet tongue.

"Cut it out, Gulliver! The window. See, boy!" Then, as the big dog put his paws on the window sill — "Speak, Gulliver, speak!" And Gulliver spoke! The tire thief, looking up, saw the huge head in the window, dropped the tire and ran!

"Good boy," said Bob. He couldn't pat Gulliver, with both arms bandaged, but his voice told the dog that he was pleased. Gulliver raced around the room, knocking an ashtray off the table as he went. Just then, Mrs. Daly came back.

"Oh, Bob," she said, "I'm so sorry I had to leave you like that. And Veronica wasn't badly hurt. Gulliver, what have you been doing?" She picked up the broken ashtray.

"Don't scold him, Mom," said Bob. "He didn't mean to break the ashtray and he's brave, Mom, truly he is. Get me out of these bandages and I'll tell you the whole story. Dr. Pepper wouldn't have any tire now, if Gulliver hadn't barked. Hurry, Mom, my foot's gone to sleep!"

After his day of being a hero, Gulliver went back to lying on the front porch, his eyes on the road. And then, one day his master really did come up the road — Tony came home on leave.

Gulliver went wild with joy. His tail wagged itself almost off. He put his paws on Tony's shoulders and almost knocked him over with the joyousness of his welcome.

"Steady, boy," said Tony. "He thinks I've come home to stay."

"And he's miserable while you're away," said Bob. "Can't you take him as a camp mascot or something?"

Tony shook his head. "We have a mascot, a scrawny little dog, not a patch on Gulliver—but he's there."

It was Carolyn who had the bright idea.

"I know what you could do," she said. "Dad read to us from the paper about Dogs for Defense. They are just like soldiers."

"Oh," said Tony. "Dogs for Defense. Sounds good, eh, Gulliver?"

Gulliver wagged his tail and reached up to lick his master's ear.

Tony wrote for information, and a paper came for him to fill out. He sent it back with a snapshot of Gulliver, and soon a man came to look Gulliver over and see if he was right for the army. In the end he said that Gulliver was just right, and he could start training at once.

As soon as the man left, Tony threw his service cap in the air.

"Does he wear a uniform?" asked Carolyn.

"Sure he does," said Tony. "Service cap and all just like mine."

"He's kidding," said Bob. "But the dogs *do* wear a uniform. I saw a picture of it. It's a sort of harness with a dog's paw print on the shoulder."

"It's all very well for you and Gulliver," said Bob. "You're both going to be in the army. But I just have to stay here and do nothing."

"You *did* do something," said Tony. "You did a lot. You took care of Gulliver while I was away. You heard the man say he was in fine condition, didn't you? *You* did that."

"Oh, well," said Bob, trying not to look too pleased, "that wasn't anything."

"I hope he'll be a good guard dog," said Tony.

"Of course, he will be," said Bob. "Remember what I told you about the man who tried to steal Dr. Pepper's tire. You'll be an extra-super-guard dog, won't you, Private Gulliver?"

The day came when Gulliver had to leave for the city where he was to be trained.

"You see, Gulliver," Tony explained, "you're going to learn to work for your country, and when we both come back, we'll be together again. Be a good soldier, Gulliver!"

Perhaps Gulliver understood some of this. Anyway, he knew that his master was asking him to do something very important. When the train came whistling around the curve, Tony spoke to Gulliver again.

"Be a good dog, Gulliver. Do as they tell you! And use your nose and your ears when you're on sentry duty!"

Then Tony and Bob turned and walked up the hill towards home, while on and on went the train, taking a soldier dog to the city.

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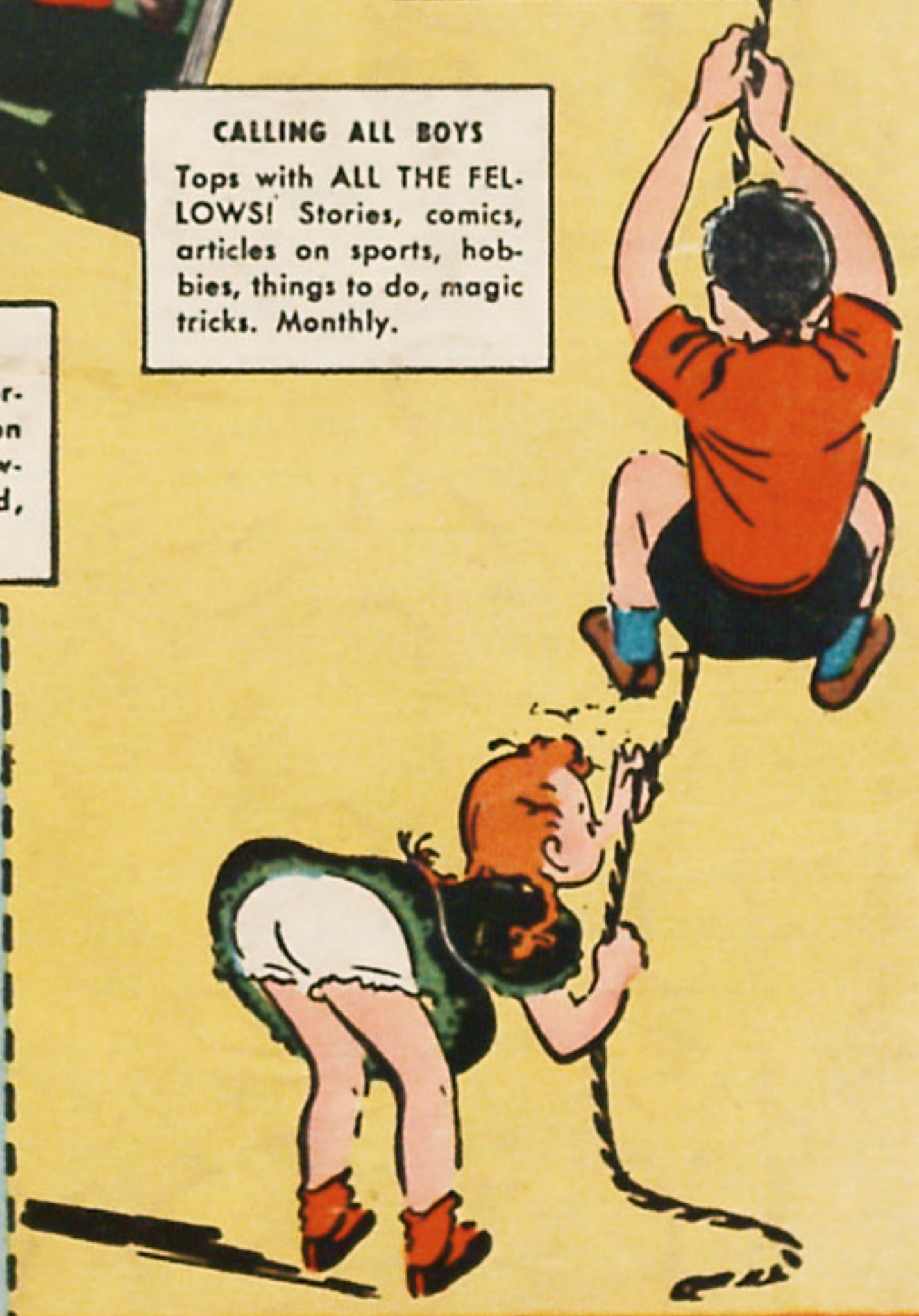
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