

For years I had wanted a crack at a handsome animal like this



## My Greatest Trophy

# TIGER WITH AN ARROW

Not in 100 years, I was told, had a striped cat been killed by a bowhunter

By **FRED BEAR**  
as told to **BEN EAST**



Lashed to a pole, my tiger is carried out of the brush

I HAD SEEN the tiger three nights before as he crossed a dirt road in the glare of our jeep's headlights. He'd been padding along at a walk, lithe and arrogant, 500 pounds of striped cat, beautiful and wonderful, the most breath-taking animal I had ever seen. At the roadside, he stopped, partly hidden by trees, and glanced back long enough for us to get a second look at him. Then he melted into the bush.

Now I was crouched in a machan, a dozen feet off the ground in a thorn tree, my 65-pound hunting bow resting across one knee and a razorhead arrow ready on the string, waiting for that same tiger.

Spread out in a U-shaped half circle in front of me and on both sides, 50 or 60 native beaters were advancing slowly through the leafless brush and scrub timber, shouting, pitching rocks ahead, whacking on tree trunks with small axes. If all went according to plan—and the plans had been very carefully laid—in the next few minutes that big tiger would come streaking through the bush. With any luck, I'd drive my arrow between his ribs.

If I killed him, he'd be the first Indian tiger taken with a bow in modern times, as far as I had been able



Here is our hunting car in front of Phoolsagar Palace

Native women celebrate the kill by dancing around cat



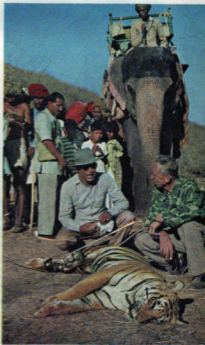


I pose with my bow-shot tiger, a fine average male of about 350 pounds. First arrow missed, second killed him at 80 yards



Rosie shows her hatred of the big cats by kicking at mine

My host, the Maharaja of Bundi (left), and I talk over kill





Tracker and I with a blue bull, a prized trophy of India



His Highness and I hunker down beside fine sambar I shot



The maharaja tries bait casting in palace pool



My spotted deer (chital) is outstanding example of the species

## TIGER WITH AN ARROW

*continued*

to learn. He'd also be the greatest trophy, to my way of thinking, that had come my way since I began bowhunting some 30 years ago.

The noise of the beat came closer. The drivers tightened their ring until the nearest was hardly more than 200 yards off, and the yelling and rock throwing made a continuous clamor all around the area. Whatever was going to happen would happen very soon. Then I saw a blur of movement in a thicket 30 yards to my right.

I brought the bow up and started to draw. Out of the brush came a big peacock, head and tail stretched flat, running like a wild turkey. He legged it past me and went out of sight. Then two monkeys broke out behind him, getting over the ground as fast as they could at a shambling gallop. Whatever the tiger might

be doing, the lesser jungle characters were clearing out. Seconds later a third monkey went by, and then two more peafowl scooted past, followed by a fourth monkey.

The beaters came on until I could see the nearest of them 50 yards away. I knew then that the beat was a blank. The tiger would have moved by now if he were anywhere inside that noisy circle. The shouting gradually died away. My first try at a tiger had failed.

The time was May, 1963, the place the dry hill country of central India. Indirectly, this hunt had had its beginning five years before and 10,000 miles away, and the planning had followed a very roundabout course.

In 1958 a letter came to me at the Bear Archery Company at Grayling, Michigan, where we make bowhunting equipment, from Oei Hoay Tjiang of Djakarta, Indonesia. He was a bowhunter, he said, with foxes, boars and other game to his credit, and had tried tiger hunting, but his equipment wasn't up to it. He'd got an arrow into a tiger, but it had run off and not been found.

In far-off Indonesia he'd seen one of our company's ads in a copy of *OUTDOOR LIFE*, and he wanted a bow and hunting arrows that would be adequate for tigers. But he explained sadly that he could not pay in dollars, since his government would not allow money to be sent out of the country for such goods. Would we trade him a modern bowhunting outfit for a finely decorated, even if ineffective, Indonesian bow and set of arrows? We would indeed.

What he said about tiger hunting touched a responsive chord. The big cats have held a special fascination



Getting off an elephant is easy—if you have someone holding a ladder for you



Drummers sing tiger-kill song, women dance

for me since my circus days as a kid, and for years I'd wanted a crack at either tigers or lions, or both, with a bow. I had taken what I regard as the top North American trophies—sheep, grizzly, and Alaska brown bears. I had also tangled with two polar bears that had had to be stopped with a rifle (see "Most Dangerous Bear? I Say Polar," *OUTDOOR LIFE*, December, 1962), and had made one African hunt. But I'd had no chance to satisfy my ambition where the great cats were concerned. If tiger hunting was as good in Indonesia as Tjiang indicated, maybe that was the place for me to go.

I wrote him at once, agreed to the swap, and asked what could be done about arranging a hunt. But he had overlooked including his complete Djakarta address in his letter, and mine came back. There matters stood for 18 months, while I tried to locate him with the help of the American embassies in London and Djakarta.

Finally, early in 1960, the Djakarta embassy brought the matter to the attention of a countryman and fellow archer of Tjiang's, who ran an ad in a Djakarta paper, addressed to him and reading, "Your address, please. About archery." That did it, and in a few more weeks the hunting outfit was on the way to Indonesia.

In the meantime, Tjiang had asked me to visit him for a tiger hunt. He had talked with an Indonesian colonel who was a great hunter and who had promised to make all the arrangements. Oei predicted my chances would be very good. "It often happens here that one meets a tiger in the road on the way home," he added. I began to plan just where I'd hang a tiger skin on my trophy-room wall.

That was in February. In November, Tjiang wrote me again. He had not yet succeeded in killing a tiger with the new outfit but was still hopeful. Then he reported something that shook me up. "Recently a group of hunters was attacked by terrorists and eight of them were killed and chopped to pieces," he wrote. "There must have been some misunderstanding, for generally terrorists would leave hunters alone."



These dancers entertain us in royal palace after the hunt

I lost interest in an Indonesian tiger hunt then and there. That was the kind of misunderstanding I had no wish to get involved in. Tigers, yes; terrorists, no.

But now I couldn't get the idea of hunting tigers out of my mind. It fermented for 2½ years, and then I got my chance, this time in India. Bob Halmi, a New York photographer I'd met on my African hunt in 1955, had been in India in 1962 and had formed a friendship with the Maharaja of Bundi. His Highness had invited Bob to come back for a tiger hunt and bring a guest. Bob picked me, suggesting that I do the hunting and he'd make pictures, and I accepted. That was why I was waiting in a machan that hot May afternoon when the beaters drove three peafowl and four monkeys by me, but no tiger.

On Alitalia Airlines, Halmi and I had flown from New York to New Delhi by way of Rome, Turkey, and Bombay. From New Delhi we went south by train to Kotah, an eight-hour trip. The maharaja sent his hunting car, an American jeep with a specially built body, to meet us there and drive (continued on page 107)

## TIGER WITH ARROW

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us to Bundi, a very old city of 45,000 persons, completely off the beaten track so far as tourists are concerned, and on to his palace two miles beyond.

Halfway to Bundi we overtook the elephant we were to use on our hunt. She was plodding the 50 miles from Kotah and had pulled up at a small village for what you might call a filling-station stop.

Given originally by our host, the Maharaja of Bundi, to his friend, the Maharaja of Kotah, as a wedding present, she was rented to us for the tiger hunt at \$22 a day. She was the greatest natural ham I've ever seen. Whenever she pulled off what she thought was a big deal, she showed her self-satisfaction by curling her trunk up against her head and silently opening her huge red mouth in a grin of sheer delight. No sound came but none was needed.

We nicknamed her Rosie, for the pinkish tinge of her upper trunk. It extended up onto her forehead but was covered there with black paint of some kind to prevent sunburn. Rosie had a retinue of four men to feed, water, clean, and ride her. They had stopped at the village to get the local baker to turn out 50 loaves of bread for her supper.

Halmi and I reached the palace on the evening of May 1, talked tiger hunting with our host over cocktails and dinner, and found everything ready. Up to two days before, my hunt had looked like a pushover. Two tigers had been hanging around the palace, and one, a good male, had taken to sleeping by day in a clump of banana trees in the gardens. A machan had been built there for me, but 48 hours before we arrived the tigers took to the hills. I was just as well satisfied. I didn't want to pick my trophy off a banana tree.

The maharaja, a fine athletic figure in his early 40's, proved one of the most charming hosts and hunting companions I'd ever met, as well as an experienced and enthusiastic hunter. He showed no concern about getting me a tiger. I realized he knew what he was doing, however, for he had killed some 200 of the big cats, including one man-eater that had accounted for 20 victims and was shot as it came for him on the machan.

For the first three or four days, our hunt was the most relaxed affair of its kind I had ever had anything to do with. May is the peak of the dry season in that part of India. Drought had seared the leaves off most of the trees, the thermometer hung between 100 and 110° day after day, and our activities were geared to the heat.

For coolness as well as beauty, Phoolsagar Palace, the maharaja's residence (staffed by close to 100 servants and guarded by a private army of 25 men) is built around a pool fed by a shallow, lotus-bordered lake. The doors were screened with mats six inches

thick, woven of twigs. Wet down by servants during the heat of the day, those mats cooled the air that was circulated by ceiling fans in each room.

We limited our hunting to late afternoons to avoid the worst of the heat. Breakfast and lunch were at the usual time, but dinner regularly came as late as midnight, when the night had turned comfortably cool, and sometimes not before 2 a.m. That discouraged getting up to hunt at daybreak, as I usually do.

When we arrived, the maharaja had four tiger baits out for me, young water buffaloes that had been purchased from villagers for \$15 apiece. Cattle were not available for baiting tigers because of the religious taboo against killing them. All meat served at the palace was game, for the same reason.

The first step in baiting a tiger is to find an area where one is hunting. It seems that everybody in that part of India is on the lookout for signs of tigers every day of their lives. Tigers take a heavy toll of buffaloes, cattle, camels, and other livestock. Now and then one turns man-eater. It's essential for the villagers to know when a tiger invades new hunting territory or moves from one place to another. They watch the dusty trails and roads for tracks and keep watch for kills the way you and I read our daily paper. If a tiger starts making mischief, or if there are important new developments in his habits, the reports quickly find their way to the maharaja. Consequently, when he wants to arrange a hunt he knows about where to look for the kind of tiger he is interested in.

Because a tiger is bound to drink after he has killed, water is essential in connection with a bait. If none is available, the cat will feed and then go in search of it. But if water is supplied, he will drink his fill, lie up near the kill until midmorning when the heat begins to bother him, and then retire a short distance into the jungle (in the hill country where I hunted it was no more than scrub timber and bush, mostly thorny) where he can keep hyenas, jackals, and buzzards off his meat. That's when things are ready.

Our baits had been staked out within a couple of miles of villages, in areas where tigers had been reported, and three men had been assigned to each buffalo to water and keep watch of it. Where there was no natural water supply at the baits, the villagers dug shallow pits, lined them with stones and mortar, and carried water in goatskin bags to fill them.

The baits could be seen from a nearby hill, and each morning before daylight the attendants went carefully to the lookout to see if a tiger had killed during the night. Once they found a kill, one would return to the village and the word would be relayed to the palace by runners on foot or bicycle. The others would stay at the scene to keep an eye on the tiger.

Our first beat, for the big male we had seen crossing the road earlier, failed because he was not watched care-

fully enough. He killed one of our buffaloes during the night, and the natives discovered him on the kill at daylight. But about that same time three more tigers—they turned out to be a medium-size male traveling with two grown cubs—were seen on a nearby hillside, and the man in charge made the mistake of leaving his two helpers to watch the bait while he went to learn where the three had gone. The two men he left were careless and were seen or smelled, and the big tiger left. After our unsuccessful beat, the hunter responsible stood at stiff attention beside the jeep with tears of shame rolling down his cheeks.

The tiger came back that night and cleaned up the buffalo. But he was suspicious of the neighborhood and had no further reason to hang around, so he cleared out.

We tied out more baits, and I was putting in my time to good advantage hunting other game. From the start, the maharaja had shown keen interest in my bowhunting, and he was doing everything possible to make the venture a success, but I realized he was also somewhat skeptical when it came to tigers. Bowhunting had died out in India more than a century ago, he told me. It had been at least that long since anyone had killed a tiger that way, and I could see that he was not too confident it could be done. Each time I went out, I realized I was more or less on trial. He was sizing up my ability and that of my equipment to deal with a tiger, and he gave me plenty of opportunity to prove myself.

I killed a fine six-point sambar, a deer about the size of an elk but with less impressive antlers, and an outstanding chital, the beautiful spotted deer of India. I also missed a couple of thinkara, graceful little gazelles weighing around 60 pounds, that moved so fast at the twang of my bowstring that they were never there when the arrow arrived. Two days after I shot the sambar, I made quite an impression on my host by dropping a blue bull of 500 to 600 pounds, putting it down with one arrow high in the ribs. He ran 200 yards and was dead when we got to him. The blue bull is one of the prized trophies of India and has the reputation of being tough to kill. The maharaja was generous in his congratulations, and I could see that bowhunting had climbed a notch in his estimation.

Word reached the palace that a cat had taken a camel at a village 15 miles away, but hurrying to the place we learned that the animal had made its kill four nights before, fed three nights in a row, but had now left.

To kill time one morning, and also because we thought it would make an entertaining sequence in the motion picture Halmi was working on, I decided to stage a demonstration of bowfishing by shooting carp in Phoolsagar Lake from Rosie's back.

There were plenty of targeta and the lake was shallow. The novelty would lie in my perch in an elephant howdah. I had learned that riding Rosie was a

lot like sitting in a big rocking chair, and since the howdah was equipped with footboards and handrails along each side, it was comfortable and safe. I'd also learned, however, that I had to watch out for thorn branches when riding through brush.

We got everything ready, Bob took his stand on a wall, and I climbed a ladder to the howdah, with the mahout sitting up front on Rosie's head. Then he announced she was not allowed to go into water during the heat of the day, for reasons of elephant health. That put a crimp in the plans, but it still seemed likely we could get close enough to impale a carp or two without getting Rosie wet.

We started down to the lake shore through a lush growth of lotus, and the elephant started to mow leaves and stems with her trunk and stuff them into her face by the armful. At the water's edge, the mahout halted her halfway to her knees in sticky mud. I spotted a carp out in the shallows, cut loose, and scored a bulls-eye, but trouble developed when I started to execute the retrieve.

Indian elephants have long tails, and Rosie was switching hers vigorously. Inadvertently, I wrapped my line around it, and when I yanked free, the carp came flying through the air and slapped the elephant smack in the face. I've seen horses on pack trips do some fancy hopping on frosty mornings, but nothing to match the lumbering war dance Rosie put on there in the mud. I needed that handrail. And that ended the carp fishing.

My time was about out before we got word of a second tiger kill. Bob and I were due to leave for home on Monday, May 13, whether the hunt had succeeded or not. At 10 o'clock Saturday morning a messenger brought word that three tigers, the male and the pair of two-year-old cubs that had interfered with our first beat, were on a kill 10 miles away.

**O**ur host assured us there was no need to hurry; I curbed my impatience while lunch was served. By 2 o'clock, however, preparations were complete. The last step was a fascinating ancient ritual, intended to insure my success. Servants drew the outlines of two tigers, about a foot long, in black powder on a stone in the courtyard and ignited the powder. It flashed with a smoky puff, and I was told to stamp out the burning embers to signify that I was snuffing out the life of a tiger.

The maharaja's orange-and-yellow flag had been fixed to the radiator of the jeep, as it always was when he was at the wheel. When that flag was flying natives stepped off the road as far as they could see us coming and bowed until we were out of sight. We drove out of the palace gate, past a sentry standing at present arms, and headed for the kill.

It was a strange, ceremonious way to start a hunt, but I had never set out on one with any greater eagerness. In all hunting, much of the fun and thrill

grows out of the feeling of the hunter for the game he's after. In my own case, the animals I like to hunt best are those I admire most. Unless game offers a challenge, is hard to take, dangerous to hunt, or makes an exceptionally beautiful trophy, I'm not greatly interested.

I enjoy whitetail deer because of their wariness and cunning. Sheep call for craft and stamina, are hard to stalk within bow range, and have heads of unmatched beauty. The three big bears of this continent offer about as much action and excitement as a hunter can hope to find, plus the added spice of danger. They're likely to fight back.

But if I were to pick what I regard as the world's top trophy, I'd vote for the lion or the tiger, and of the two I'd probably put the tiger in first place. I saw enough of the big cats before my Indian hunt was over to convince me that an average 350-pounder could do in the biggest grizzly or brown bear in about 30 seconds. For all the size and strength of the big bears, and terrible as they are in rage, none would be a match for an aroused tiger. I don't see how any living thing could stand up to an attack of the kind mine showed himself ready to make when my arrow knifed into him.

I must confess that if you hunt a tiger as most sportsmen do and as I did, with everything arranged beforehand, his exact whereabouts known, and the big cat finally driven into your lap, the hunting itself loses some of its kick. For the ultimate in excitement I'd like to bowhunt tigers on foot, backed by one rifleman, getting close enough for a shot the way you do with a bear. But I'm told by those who know that that is not practical. For one thing, you can't often walk up on one that way. For another, the method is suicidal.

We drove to the village from which the kill had been reported and on to within a third of a mile of where the tigers were believed to be. About 50 beaters had assembled there under the maharaja's chief hunter. A few had ancient, muzzle-loading muskets, but most were armed only with staves or hand-forged axes. Rosie was also on hand. She would not be used in the drive, but two men with rifles were in the howdah, and she would take a stand on the tiger's line of escape where her two hunters could turn the cat back toward me if the need arose.

The maharaja spent 45 minutes going over arrangements with his chief hunter and the beaters, discussing the plan down to the last detail. Not until every man understood exactly the role he was to play did they move off along the hillside. The bait had been staked out in a deep ravine, with brush-grown hills rising steeply on either side. The tigers were lying not far from what was left of the buffalo, on a flat bench that ran along the side of one of the hills. We left the car and climbed to a spot about 300 yards from them, and I got into my machan which was in a thorn tree nine or 10 feet off the ground. I

couldn't help reflecting that a tiger can jump that high without half trying.

I had the machan to myself, as we had agreed. Thirty yards behind me, the maharaja and Halmi shared another, the maharaja to back me with a .375 double, Bob hoping to get pictures. About the same distance to my left, two more men were in a third machan to turn the tiger or help me if I needed it, and strung in an irregular circle at the foot of the hill were eight or 10 stops on foot, with rifles, plus Rosie. To the right, a sheer wall of rimrock made it unlikely the tigers would try to go out that way, especially since there'd be beaters above. I could see a few monkeys up on top, and I wondered whether they'd give me warning when the tigers moved.

Waiting on a platform three yards up a scrubby tree for a cat to be driven into your lap is a lonesome business. I had done too much bowhunting to feel any lack of confidence in my equipment, but I knew I'd have to let the tiger come close if I hoped for a kill, and I also knew that the best-placed arrow cannot be expected to down an animal of that size and kind in its tracks. If I got a shot home, and the tiger located me, there was good reason to expect trouble. I had known that all along, and had also realized that my host had misgivings on the same score.

There were a few lagging minutes while the last of the beaters fanned out to their places. Then I heard a sharp signal yell and the beat began.

It moved slowly. There was a lot of yelling and whacking of axes on trees, and I could hear rocks being rolled down into the thickets. Every now and then the racket was punctuated by the roar of a musket firing black powder. The monkeys up on the rimrock ducked out of sight in a hurry. They weren't going to be around to tell me anything.

Twenty minutes dragged by. The beaters were taking plenty of time, but I concluded maybe that was the correct way to drive a tiger. Then, 70 yards to my right, I saw a big, breath-taking, striped cat sneaking around the base of a rock. It happened so suddenly that the sight caught me by surprise, even though I was expecting it. One second nothing stirred. The next, this full-grown tiger was crossing an open lane between thickets. He was gone before I could bring my bow up, but then I saw him zigzagging up toward the rimrock.

There was no chance for a decent shot, and the range was too long anyway, not less than 80 yards. The maharaja had warned me that he intended to kill the tiger if it got past me, for the sake of the natives, and I waited, expecting to hear the blast of his heavy rifle any second. I learned later I needn't have worried. From his stand the animal was out of sight.

The cat reached a shelf at the foot of the rimrock and stopped there, pacing back and forth, making no attempt to get away, probably out of concern



for the two smaller ones that were still somewhere in the brush below. I watched helplessly for 15 minutes, seeing him disappear momentarily in the bush, then come into sight again, his stripes blending into the pattern of light and shadow so it was hard to tell which was tiger and which was thicket. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. This was almost certainly the only chance I was going to get, and I had nothing to lose. If I wounded him, the beaters would take to trees at the first shout of warning, and if he came back my way I'd worry about that when the time came. I decided to risk the 80-yard shot.

My arrow struck the ground just behind him, and he changed ends in a blur and bit at it. I believe he chewed it to splinters in less time than it takes to tell it.

I didn't waste any more time. I had a second arrow on the way while he was still biting at the first one. It looked good in flight, but I couldn't see it hit. The tiger didn't leave me in any doubt, however. He ripped out as blood-curdling a roar as I'd ever heard—and I've heard big bears put on a very respectable performance—spun around two or three times, snarling and raging, and came barreling down the hill into the thick brush between the rimrock and my machan. The next thing I heard from him, he was not more than 30 yards away, roaring, growling, and tearing things apart.

**T**hen, from the machan behind me, the maharaja's big double bellowed, and I cursed fervently under my breath, sure my trophy had gone down the drain. A bowman can't claim an animal that shows a bullet wound, no matter what the circumstances. But when I looked around at the maharaja, I realized he'd shot at one of the smaller ones. It was now streaking hell-bent back toward the beaters. As it turned out, nobody had seen my tiger, and nobody did until it was all over.

At his first roar, every beater had gone into the nearest tree. Not a man would move until they knew what had happened, and listening to the horrible noises he was making, I didn't blame them. I wasn't doing any moving either.

It was maybe five minutes before his roaring died away, but it seemed close to 30. When everything got quiet, the maharaja called out to his men, and his head tracker came cautiously along the hillside and into the brush, carrying a heavy rifle. He found my cat dead.

For the sake of the villagers' livestock, the maharaja had promised that the smaller ones would also be killed if possible. He shouted orders to the beaters and the drive was resumed. The one he'd shot at was hit. The two of them took refuge in thick brush less than 30 yards from me and put on a show of frenzy and savagery that was hard to believe, roaring, growling, darting back and forth, even fighting each other. They'd have weighed only

about 100 pounds apiece, but for their size they staged a very convincing demonstration of tiger ferocity.

The beaters closed in, and suddenly the wounded one came streaking directly under my machan, teeth bared and growling. I cut down on him, but he was traveling too fast, and my arrow went into the ground behind him. Then he was the maharaja's cat. The first shot from the .375 missed, but the second rolled him. By that time the other one had broken through the stops and got away.

I climbed down from my perch and was led into the thicket where my tiger lay. My arrow had sliced into the liver and gone all the way through him. Over a small area, where he'd made his noisy death struggles, the trees and rocks were splashed with blood as if it had been thrown from a bucket. He was a good average male of around 350 pounds. To my way of thinking, that's a big bundle of cat, and I'd never killed an animal that thrilled me more.

We cut short the congratulations, loaded him into a rope net slung on two poles, and carried him out where we could get pictures. There Rosie had a chance to vent her feelings. She hated tigers. She walked up to this one and booted it repeatedly with a ponderous forefoot, sending it sliding along on the ground. If her mahout hadn't held her back, she'd have trampled it flat. When she could no longer get at it, she trumpeted a shrill scream of anger.

**W**e took the tiger to the car and headed for the village. Shooting these great cats is always welcome news, and there's a traditional ceremony to be gone through. The tiger was put down in an open place, and half a dozen veiled women danced around him to the slow throb of a double-ended drum beaten by two men singing the tiger-kill song, while every man, woman, and child in the village—about 100—looked on. The dancing women balanced brass bowls or baskets on their heads (one was decorated with what looked like a bunch of green onions), and the ritual ended when the chief came forward with a rupee, worth 20¢, on a cushion and presented it to the maharaja, who then gave it back to the chief's wife, after which the dancers slowly circled the car and the maharaja dropped a rupee into the bowl or basket of each. Before we left, Bhanwar Lal, the old hunter who had accompanied me, skinned the tiger, the 601st he had pelted.

We passed through a second village on the way back to the palace. Word of the kill had gone ahead of us, and the same kind of celebration was repeated there.

Twenty-four hours later, on our last evening at the palace, our host staged a far more formal and elaborate ceremony to celebrate the kill, with cocktails, musicians, and two unveiled girls who sang and entertained us.

Our leave-taking the next morning was quite a ceremony too. The maharaja presented me with a 300-year-old

ceremonial dagger, and I honored American superstition by giving him a quarter in return, as I had been cued to do. Next, servants brought three garlands of flowers on a tray draped with gold silk, and he hung two of them around my neck. Then Rosie stepped forward, picked up the third garland, and placed it neatly over my head. After this, she stepped back, curled her trunk against her forehead, and opened her yawning cave of a mouth as much as to say, "Didn't I do my part well!" There couldn't have been a more fitting ending to a terrific hunt.

Best of all, perhaps, the maharaja invited me back for another hunt. There are still boars, leopards and sloth bears to think about. 181 (88)

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## FIRST MOOSE

*(continued from page 61)*

morning since we had started out.

Three weeks earlier, when I arrived at Jim Thurston's Camp Kenogaming, 112 miles up the Canadian National Railway from Capreol, Ontario, moose hunting was far from my thoughts. True, I had reserved the last week of a one-month trip for the hunt, but the trout and walleye fishing, grouse and bear hunting, exploring, and wildlife watching were so much fun that I almost forgot I had a date with a moose.

My first trip to Kenogaming was a trout fishing venture with Roger Latham, who had corresponded with Jim. Rog is outdoors editor of the Pittsburgh Press. After that first trip, Rog and I often talked about returning to Kenogaming, and that's how this moose hunt came about.

Jim, who appears to be in his late 30's, is married and has three children. He spends his winters in Capreol and stays at his camp from before ice-out until late October. Camp Kenogaming, which Jim owns with another Canadian, is only about seven or eight years old.

During my second week in camp, Jim invited me to go with him and Frank Groux, his crack guide, on a trip to prospect for new moose-hunting grounds. The search was to take us through country that hadn't been hunted by anyone but Indians since it was lumbered more than 30 years ago. I jumped at the chance.

Next morning, a float plane flew us to a small, unnamed lake 20 airline miles south of Kenogaming. From there we planned to return by canoe through a chain of lakes, examining the country along the way for moose sign and locating possible campsites near the most productive looking spots.

The first day of the return trip was uneventful. At the lower end of one lake, we surprised a lone cow moose but saw little real moose country. We slept under the spruces that night near an ancient portage trail.

Morning mist hung in tatters over the water when we began the carry into the next lake. From there, we