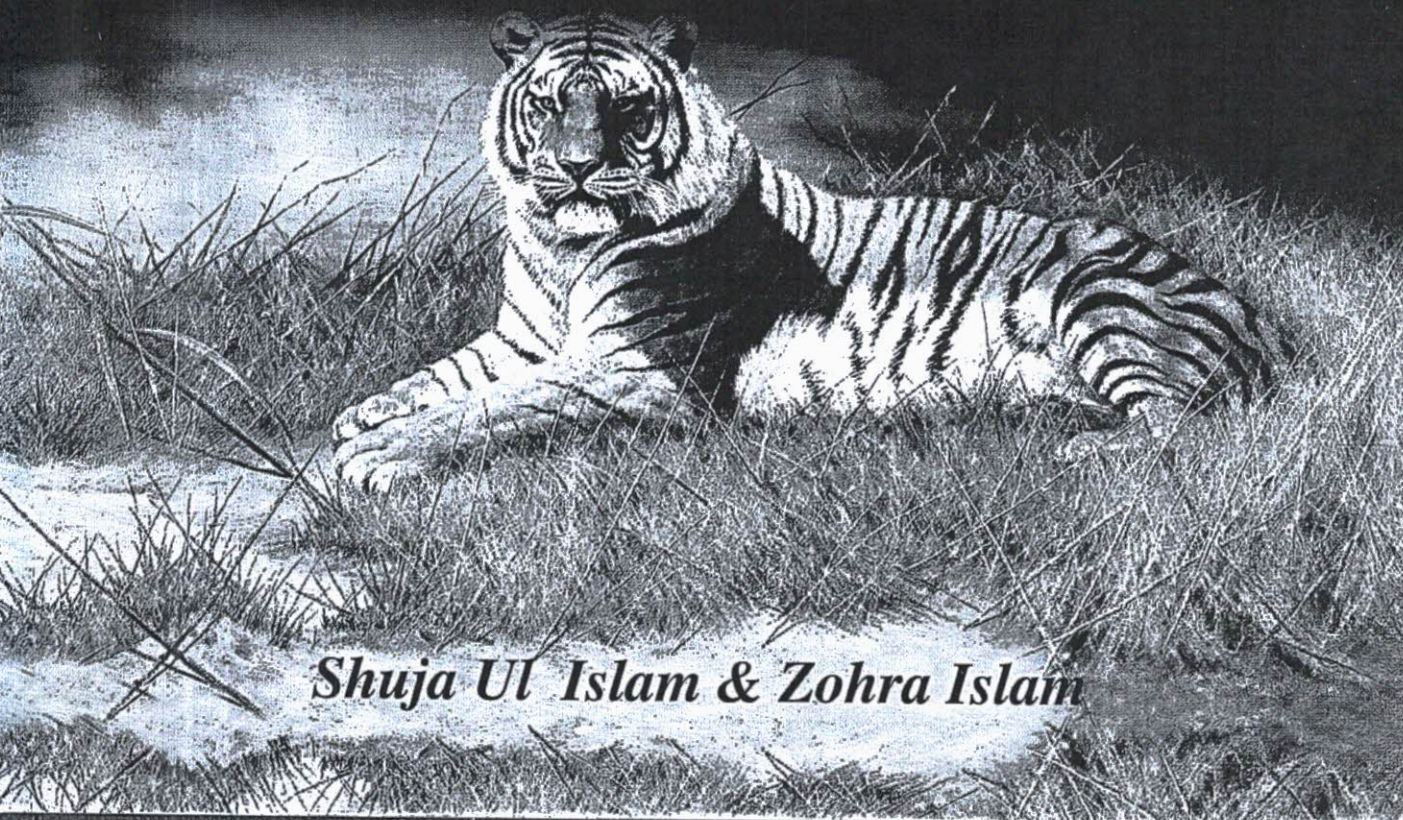

HUNTING

DANGEROUS GAME

with the

Maharajas

in the Indian Sub-Continent



Shuja Ul Islam & Zohra Islam

9

Frightened to Death with a Close Encounter

Nepal

My American friend, John Coapman, with whom I had hunted many times, finally quit his position with the American Beverage Company and joined forces with another American, Win Mumby, to form their own professional hunting company in the late 1950's. They obtained a concession to hunt in Nepal within the Chitwan Forest, an area well known for tigers and the scene earlier of many fabulous grand hunts during the days of the British *Raj*.

On many occasions I visited John to hunt with him or assist when the number of hunter clients booking visits required additional help. John and I had many enjoyable times hunting those forests during the winter months, and our adventures included some unusual experiences related to tiger hunting.

In this risky business, John had some close calls during his dangerous encounters with the great cats. Many times when his client had wounded a tiger, John would have to risk his life in his endeavors to follow the wounded beast and finish the job. To enter thick cover following a wounded tiger is extremely life threatening. Where possible, an alternative was employed by rounding up the native's herd of water buffalo. We would push them ahead of the riflemen toward the pocket of cover believed to hold the wounded tiger. The buffalo, who hated tigers, would have the courage as a group to seek out

the predator and endeavor to push him out of his cover. The result was great roars of rage from the tiger and snorting by the herd.

On one occasion John used the usual method of waiting for a tiger to return to his kill, John was sitting up on the *machan* with his client, trying desperately to keep the man still. It seems remarkable how thoughts go racing through one's mind when one is about to face the big confrontation. While the hunter seeks that opportunity, he has fear regarding the outcome. In this instance, the client was far more apprehensive than most, displaying his nervousness through all sorts of trembling and shaking motions.

As darkness envelopes you, one becomes much more sensitive to what is close around. The antenna of your senses seeks explanation for the slightest sound. That hunter became overly apprehensive that the roles might be reversed and that he might become the object of a stalk. The client was overwhelmed by the premonitions of peril. John was greatly dismayed.

Upon the approach of the tiger, the animal caught the man's scent and motions and uttered an awesome growl. He barred his fangs and hissed like a mighty snake. The client panicked, throwing up his arms in great agitation.

The tiger looked up at them on the platform viewing the waving man as a threat, and took a tremendous leap, landing on the edge of the *machan*. When the client saw the wicked yellow eyes glaring savagely at him from only a few feet away, the man came apart shivering, aghast with primitive fear. In the intense commotion that ensued, the ropes holding the *machan* on the tree limb were severed. With a resounding crash the *machan*, the hunters and the tiger hit the ground in a swirl of dust and debris. Pandemonium followed. Naturally the tiger was startled and greatly alarmed by all the clatter of wreckage crashing down with and upon him. However, the animal was unharmed and took off, fleeing into the darkness of the dense forest. Not so quick to recover, the upset hunter and John lay on the ground within the pile of broken branches, pieces of the *machan*, and other litter.

The shaken hunter was completely mesmerized with fear. For him the world had turned upside down. Perhaps this fellow had been wandering around too much without his pith helmet. He was completely disoriented and consumed with apprehension of being eaten by the savage beast. He was not able to rationalize and would not move. The man trembled with a wretched fear. He was convinced his end was imminent. John extricated himself from the pile of debris. However his colleague remained in place, and pointed his

finger toward the top of the pile while shouting repeatedly in a falsetto voice, "Tiger, Tiger!" Overcome with terror, in his imagination the poor man thought the tiger was still on top of him, and he did not want to budge from his cover.

With patience, John endeavored to explain to the man that he was out of danger, but the man was unreceptive to assurances. It took John minutes to convince his companion that the tiger was long gone and that it was safe for the man to emerge and crawl out of the pile. Part of his reluctance to emerge was due to the fact that he had wet his pants and was embarrassed. For the rest of his stay the frightened hunter never left the immediate vicinity of the camp and was delighted when the time came for him to leave.

On another occasion I was helping John move his hunting gear to a distant area. All of the provisions were shipped from India, so we had to proceed to the narrow gauge railroad station closest to the border. Ghorī Fanta was a one-hut station in the present Province of Bihar. The station master handled the shipment for us. We arrived early in the afternoon and were eager to tell the story of our unusual experiences enroute.

John drove the open jeep, while I sat next to him. We were alert to any opportunity that might arise to shoot small game that we might pass in order to augment the camp provisions. In the distance I caught a glimpse of several jungle fowl feeding, so I quickly took up the shotgun and got ready to fire. As we approached the birds, I saw them run off to one side. I signaled John to stop, and I quickly dismounted the jeep. While making my way rapidly to where the jungle fowl had gone, I heard the crackling sound nearby of something heavy breaking branches underfoot.

A couple of birds burst from cover in a rapid whirl, alighting on the first branch of the nearest tree. My eyes were focused upon them, little realizing that their sudden movement was caused by a disturbance in the nearby grass. I should have caught the significance earlier. But John by then had recognized that the scramble of the birds was attributable to the presence of a predator in the grass.

John rapidly picked up his rifle and followed me. By then I had some inkling of what was happening and realized that I was in great danger. I traced my footsteps backward while keeping a vigilant lookout. When John joined me, a movement along our flank disclosed stripes of black and yellow moving about within the grass. Only a momentary glimpse was enough to alert us to

the presence of larger, dangerous game. The tiger had appeared for an instant and then disappeared ghost-like into the dense thicket. He had not revealed his intentions, but without a growl we suspected he was proceeding on a stalk.

We were both very tense. John brought his rifle to his shoulder. At any moment we expected the tiger or tigers to charge us. Tigers rarely hunt in pairs, yet we had the impression that there was more than one. Fortunately we were spared the ordeal of a charge from close quarters. John had no clear shot. Unfortunately, I was inadequately armed; a shotgun would be useful only at point-blank range.

We were glad to get back safely in the jeep and proceed to the railway station, relating the story of the dangerous encounter to all who would listen. The sun was well over the horizon when we had completed the loading of the jeep with our gear and provisions. The departure of the sun flows quickly in the tropics and with it ebbs the heat. It was almost evening, yet still daylight, however pleasantly cooler as we left the railway station to return to our camp. The passage of day opens a new stage of the jungle scene, for night roaming creatures resume their regular patrol.

As we turned a corner in the road, we viewed a sight seldom experienced. Ahead of us were three grown tigers walking up the dirt road right in front of the jeep. The element of surprise caught both us and the tigers unprepared. They turned around and ran abreast down the forest road in a full gallop for almost fifty yards. The tigers kept their tails straight up in the air while their running generated a cloud of dust in their wake.

Later on we concluded that this was the same group of tigers we had encountered earlier while pursuing the jungle fowl. They were a tigress accompanied by her full grown cubs. While in the jungle, two days are never the same. This was a unique set of experiences that we recalled for years. Seldom do you see tigers out in the open fully exposed to view in broad daylight.

Another day during the same trip brought forth additional memorable experiences. It had been our habit to drive the forest roads at night in the hopes of encountering a tiger in the openings visible from the dirt track. As luck would have it we came across an elusive tiger late one afternoon. The same one had eluded many *shikaris*, for it had a habit of never returning to a kill for a second meal.

The majestic beast had just killed a young sambar stag. However, the noise of our vehicle disturbed the tiger, who slipped quietly into the dense growth of bushes. We always carried a makeshift assembled *machan* in the jeep while driving through the jungles. So we promptly hung it with ropes from a tall tree nearby without touching or approaching the kill. I climbed up onto the platform with John's *shikari*, Balbahadur. This man was John's highly regarded assistant, who took care of the place when John was away. We had a spotlight and were prepared to wait for hours after John drove away in the jeep.

As soon as John left the site, we heard sounds from the jungle. Calls of warning by other creatures and heavy steps gave me the impression that I could sense the presence of the tiger in the vicinity. By then the diminished light of evening was setting in, and it soon became fully dark. We sat very still, maintaining absolute silence, since we felt the tiger was about to return to his fresh kill at any moment.

While absorbed in my concentration, I heard the mournfully inquisitive call of a brown hawk owl and the chatter of a tree pie (a little bird with a very long tail). Then I vaguely perceived a dark silhouette approach the sambar stag. Without pause it commenced tearing away chunks of flesh from the carcass. I recognized it was time for me to level the rifle and take aim, just as Balbahadur switched on the spotlight. The tiger turned around, only forty feet away, dropping the chunk of meat from its mouth and looked up at us, roaring in extreme rage.

While greatly alarmed, I felt my mind lock on my emotions and slow the shivering that I must confess was taking place. I tried to take careful aim at the animal's shoulder and pressed the trigger. The loud bang of the shot had the tiger tumbling in the air. The tiger went into wild contortions, paws rapidly extended upward as if lunging for the golden ball. In the midst of repeated leaps, each time pawing at an unseen enemy, great roars rose from its throat menacing enough to chill one's heart. My second shot of the double barrel rifle guaranteed that it would drop dead on the ground.

Of course, we pelted the carcass of the great beast with stones before approaching with loaded rifles off safe. We were able to retrieve the tiger the same evening and to return to camp with it in the jeep, for John had joined us upon hearing the shooting.

The area abounded in all types of game then. We had some memorable hunts for sambar stags, the largest of the Indian deer with impressive antlers, each side usually bearing three stout tines while heavily pearled. We also shot slightly smaller *barasinga* swamp deer, chital, para (small hog deer), and wild boar. The bird shooting afforded incredible action, for we took large bags of black and grey partridge, swamp partridge, together with many jungle fowl in the adjoining forest areas.



John Coapman, manager of Tiger Tops.



"Terai" tiger shot by Shuja ul Islam

10

The Famous Tiger Tops in Early Days

Nepal— Chitwan Forest

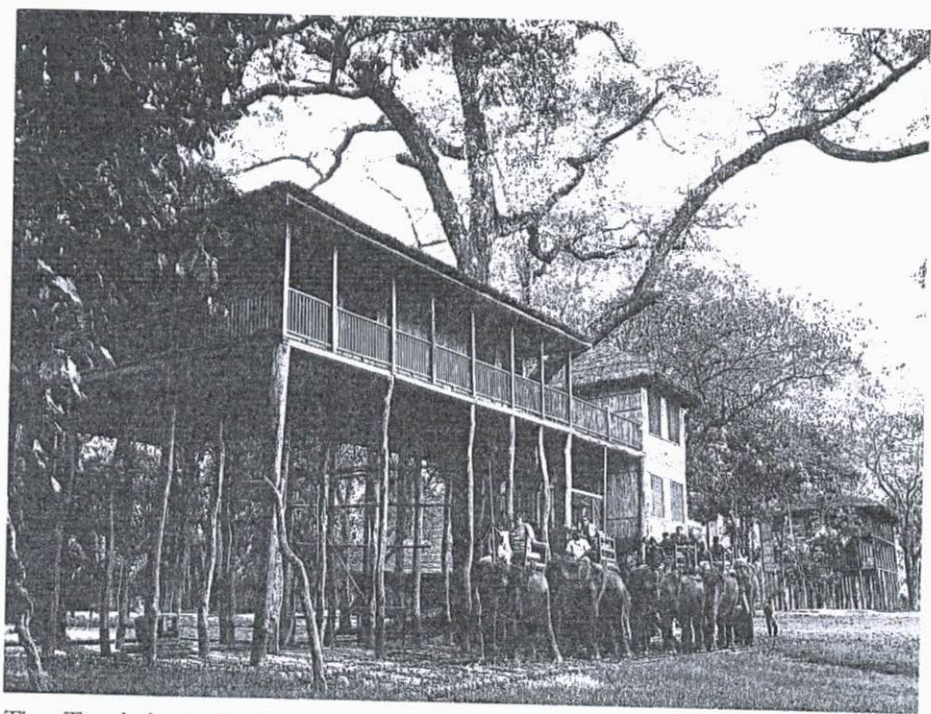
It was my privilege, years ago, to have hunted tigers within one of the once most famous big-game hunting areas of all Asia. This area became the Royal Chitwan National Park in 1973, and covers 370 square miles. My visits to the area took place several decades earlier in the 1950's.

I was a guest at the renowned Tiger Tops Lodge soon after its construction. The famous rambling resort was built standing on long poles high up in the trees. That area had been previously a hunting reserve maintained exclusively for the use of the ruling classes, and was most jealously guarded by permanent resident retainers. Entrance was limited. Those not invited were prohibited from entry, in order to maintain the quality and quantity of game within. The area had been the venue of biannual grand hunts that sometimes included the royalty of Europe and India, as well as senior officers of the British *Raj*. Those elegant and magnificent affairs were well-planned hunts that employed several hundred elephants and great numbers of beaters. They were used to round up and push the big game through the forests toward shooters positioned at points of advantage.

With the establishment of the lodge, some of the old hunting staff had been reemployed, including the *mahouts* (elephant drivers) and the veteran *shikaris* to guide the tourists. Some of those guides were famous for their jungle knowledge, such as Dildas from Tehri Garwal (near Mussoorie) and his

relatives. The Gurkha *shikari* Balbahadur presented a smart appearance, dressed as a Gurkha soldier, with wide brim hat, one flap raised and decorated with an embossed brass plate bearing the logo of Tiger Tops. Balbahadur was John's valued deputy. It is said that the Gurkas are "gallant little fellows, very small and slight, but with the courage of lions, the activity of cats, and the fidelity of dogs." That was an apt description of Balbahadur.

The Royal Nepal Airlines, then limited to a single plane, maintained a scheduled flight that landed in an open field at Meghali. It was quite a common occurrence for the veteran Dakota DC-3 to buzz the field in order to vacate the wild buffalo from the landing strip. The arriving passengers were off-loaded onto the waiting elephants, with all their luggage, and then marched through the grassland and forest mosaic. Often they were shown game in clearings along the way such as the Indian one-horned rhino, Indian gaur, the wild Asiatic water buffalo, and occasionally a black sloth bear or a wild boar. Nearly always deer, sometimes including the magnificently antlered sambar, and lesser game were seen.

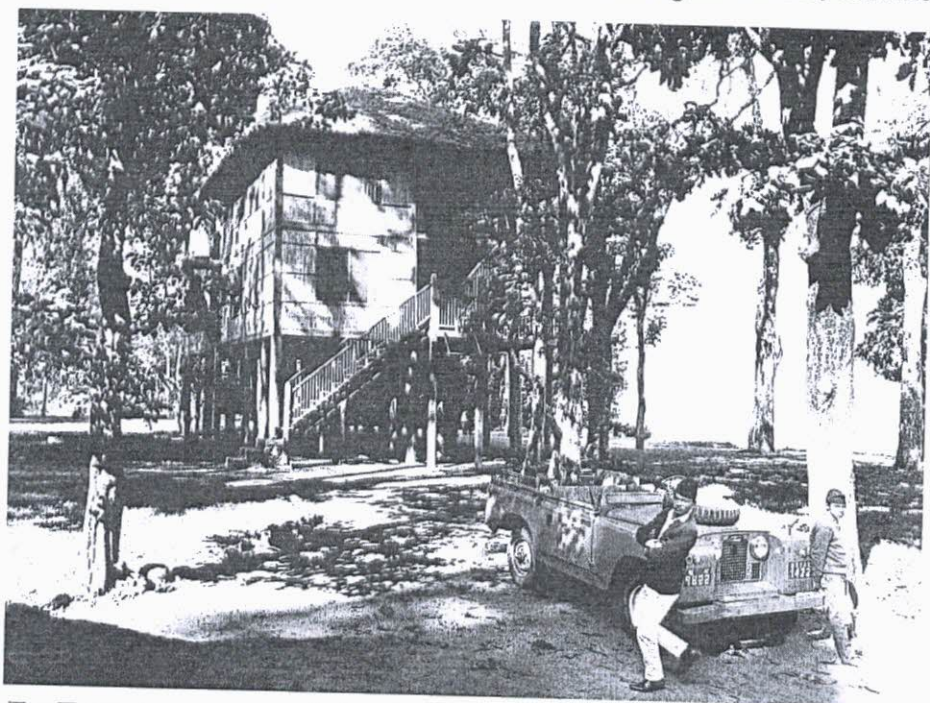


Tiger Tops lodge in the Chitwan forest. John Coapman is riding the lead elephant, while Shuja U1 Islam is riding in the howdah on the second elephant. The lodge had about ten guest rooms at that time. Seesal trees are shown in the background.

Each guest was transported directly aboard the elephant's back to their assigned detached lodging up in the trees. Each person or couple was provided a comfortable abode, which comprised a bedroom with a private bathroom having all the necessary facilities. We more often stayed in the "Royal Palace," which has now been converted into a hotel. Once we were about to depart on a scheduled flight but were late having breakfast. When we reprimanded the bearer (waiter), he casually remarked, "don't worry. I have just served tea to the pilot." Things were seldom on time in Nepal in those days.

After a well-deserved shower and time to change clothes, the guests assembled within a circular thatched roof lounge. With a roaring fireplace in the middle of the room, they were served a cocktail of their choice. The setting was exotic, and the guests were usually spellbound at the incredible transition from wilderness to a situation of comfort catering to their expectations of a first class resort.

In the later years there was a lot of pressure on the declining number of big cats by those sportsmen who yearned to hunt tigers. So my friend John Coapman promoted the development of the area into a game reserve, with the



Tree Tops lodge was patterned after a lodge in Kenya. Note the typical Nepalese dress of the two men standing by the Jeep.

blessing of the Nepalese royal family. The Chitwan Forest was declared a game sanctuary, and John, with the assistance of American financiers, created the first-ever tiger resort. Tiger Tops was unique both in its setting and with what exciting experiences it regularly offered tourists.

Many tiger baits, *Boda*, (young buffalo) would be set out at various strategic positions carefully selected by the *shikaris*. When a report came in that one of the tigers had made a kill the guests were taken in small numbers to await the tiger's return and witness it on its kill. A substantial *machan* had already been permanently set up near each post where baits were tethered. Some were enclosures covered by cut branches laced tightly together, whose cut foliage was so thickly woven that little light penetrated except through the viewing ports. A grass fenced passage was prepared leading to the viewpoint.

Sometimes two tigers would be seen on a kill, as the animals became accustomed to being fed regularly at those specific locations. Eventually the employees had a phone system installed whereby they could advise the lodge when a tiger was on the kill.

During the early stages of the project, I worked closely with John in its development, when my time permitted. Normally in India, the lassitude, indifference, and procrastination of subordinates makes it almost impossible to get projects done in time. Seasoned travelers to India know that it is useless to try to hurry employees. However, John and his assistant Balbahadur exerted a remarkable leadership in moving the development ahead. The normal situations of endless palavering were cut short and the inappropriate delays for no good reason were minimized. The lodge and its amenities were a dream come true for John. However, even after construction was completed, there were many problems that continually arose. Due to the frequently delayed aircraft flights, bringing about cancellations of bookings, financial difficulties arose, and the Nepalese government took over the establishment.

I was impressed with John's character in both warmth, sincerity, good common sense and woodsmanship. So I greatly enjoyed what opportunities there were for me to hunt with John in the Chitwan Forest. Together, we had many interesting experiences, for in 1955 tigers were still relatively abundant. We made long walks through the forest while waiting for baits to be taken. We hoped to see a worthy target, but primarily we enjoyed the exercise in the country. I enjoyed the rambles along stream beds looking fresh sign of tigers. We did this in the cool of early mornings when footprints are distinct from the night movements. In the fresh hours shortly after dawn there follows a



Cow Indian rhino stuck in the mud. While they tried to extract her it proved impossible, and they had to shoot the beast



A pair of rhinos running out of the stream.
These are the largest of the three Asian rhinoceroses



Shuja U1 Islam photographing an Indian rhino from atop an elephant in the Chitwan forest.

consistent lively chatter of sounds from smaller creatures and birds. One becomes aware of a wide variety of inhabitants, both from their sounds and from the impressions left in the mud following their drinking. It was a pleasure for me to get away from the crowded city of my work, its noise, and fumes.

On one occasion John had placed baits for quite some time, anticipating the arrival of a distinguished sporting client who failed to show. Life was humdrum until we had reports of a killed bait. The *katra* was almost *hallaed* (throat cut) by the tiger. Our boys who had been tending the young buffaloes staked out as baits, came upon the tiger just after he had made his kill. With an enormous thrusting roar to frighten the lads, the boys scampered back in full retreat, reaching us fully out of breath.

John suggested that I sit up on the *machan* to await the appearance of the tiger that had taken a bait, but I thought he should avail himself of the opportunity. John had been working very hard, and I believed he needed a break in routine that the excitement of a tiger hunt would provide.

We were lodged in the farm house of a wealthy Sikh landowner, whose friendship we valued. John took one of their sons, Rajit, with him to experience the thrills of a tiger hunt. The young person was excited to have the opportunity, but was very fidgety and would not sit still.

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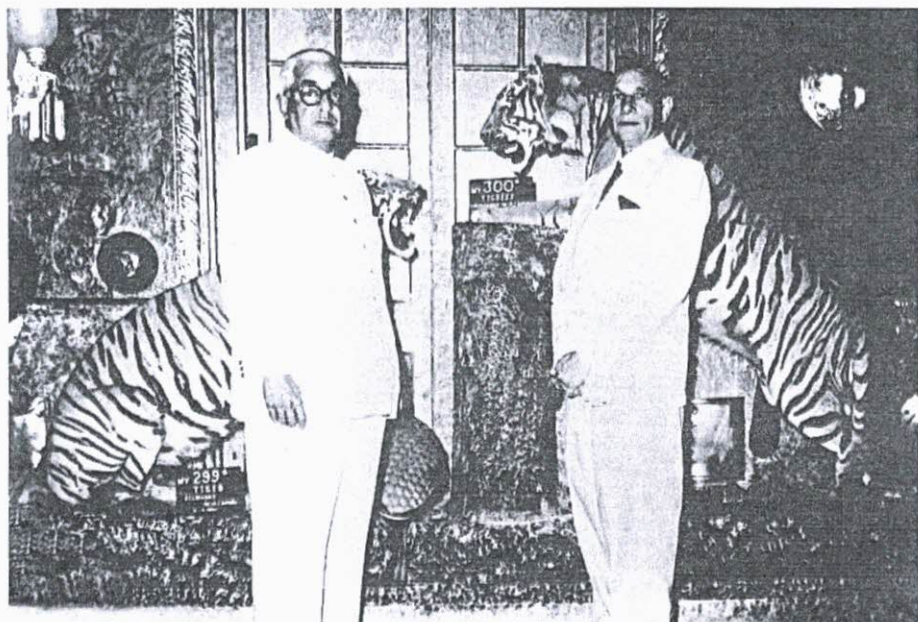
Double on Tigers

During the 1950's my father and I continued to make frequent trips to India. There was a certain amount of nostalgia in those trips, since we had grown up in India, but had become citizens of Pakistan. During those excursions we hunted tigers whenever we could make arrangements. Those events were memorable to me, but even more so to my father who had a vastly greater store of recollections. As he advanced in age, every year was a milestone. He often would reminisce, recalling his most vivid past experiences of tiger hunting.

In 1952, I was fortunate to accompany him on one of his most memorable hunts in the Mirzapur District near Varanasi. We had flown from Pakistan to New Delhi and had driven on to Varanasi (previously Benares), where Vizzy resided at his Vizianagram palace in northern India. Varanasi is the holiest city of the Hindus. With a continuous array of shrines, temples, and palaces, Varanasi is one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

It is remarkable that so many Indian princes, no matter what their origin have a keen interest in maintaining a palace in that city. Owning a prominent palace or *ghats* (stone steps upon the Ganges) is believed to provide a guaranteed entrance to paradise, since all who die in this eternal city are thought to be admitted to heaven without any questions asked.

As usual, upon our arrival Vizzy hosted a banquet dinner of mixed Indian and western cuisine, with all its pomp and grandeur. We had course after course, served by attentive help. On occasions like this, we sometimes had black buck or Indian antelope, considered the most attractive and elegant of gazelles. While they are smaller than a hundred pounds, their flesh is praised for excellent eating. These were considered the finest game meats of India. Beef



Vizy (left) and my father Badrul Islam (right), standing in front of the 299th and 300th tigers shot by the Maharaj-Kumar.

was not served as cows are considered sacred by Hindus. In any case, the meat of the thin cattle was coarse and undesirable.

Vizy was a notable host. On occasions like this, he delighted in gathering people of various extractions that were compatible to the sport of hunting. He was quite particular that personalities did not conflict, nor were topics brought up that would polarize his guests. He avoided political talk.

The assemblage was helping Vizy to celebrate a milestone of his colorful career. He had just received from the taxidermist the elegant full mounts of his 299th and 300th tigers. A large banquet had been arranged, together with a formal photo session.

"Pray, tell us how you bagged those big tigers," one of the guests enquired.

Vizy didn't need much urging to tell his story. "It was in the tall grass of the *Terai*. I was on the point, where a large field of grass narrowed downhill toward a grove of trees. The beat of a line of a dozen elephants approached me. We thought one would come out."

"But you got two?"

"Yes. They are seldom together. But these were a mating pair—indignant at being disturbed. Their growls were ferocious."

"One of the riders of the advancing line sang out that a tiger was in the reeds, while the line was still two hundred yards from my position. My elephant stood as still as a statue, not yet trembling, but I got myself ready for action with two more cartridges in hand. I was alert to the need of rapidly reloading should I miss a fast running shot. My *mahout* was rolling his head, looking intently, as was I."

"Where is the *shaitan*? he spoke softly to me. I was tingling with excitement, knowing the encounter was about to happen."

"Abruptly several of the elephants of the advancing line trumpeted loudly and broke into a wild turmoil. Their sense of smell is greater than ours, and without seeing the peril, they knew of the danger. Interspersed with trumpeting from their mounts. I could hear yells from *mahouts* and riders that the *shaitan* of a yellow devil was after them. It was quite a sight to see the great elephants bouncing around, but their *mahouts* regained control."

"Apparently one tiger made a faint charge at one elephant, yet retreated as the beast reared up and trumpeted. The grass was weaving as if the cat was retreating toward me. The tiger's courage was overcome by the sight of so many indignant elephants."

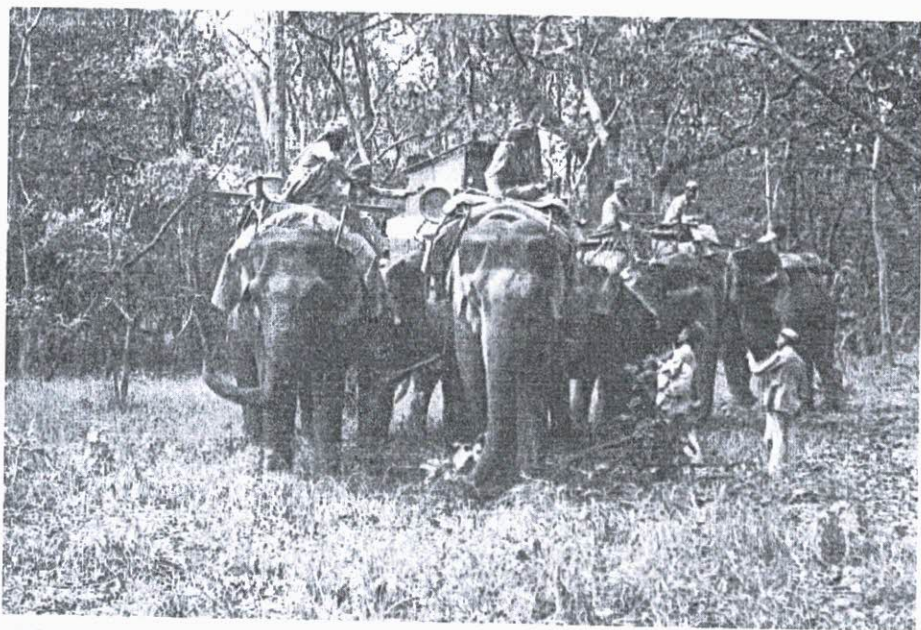
"One can not be certain of how a tiger will react when disturbed. Such is the fascination of the hunt."

"As he drew nearer my elephant began to tremble, a clear indication that I had to be ready to shoot. The low voice of my *mahout* endeavored to calm my beast. I had rifle in hand and was peering for a sight. The swishing grass now indicated two large animals were approaching. Yet I was afraid one or both would sneak out. I hoped they were headed for the woods. To do so they would have to cross a short opening, and I would have my chance."

"Were you in danger?" the guest enquired.

"One always is in tiger hunting. That is what is so exciting about it. It was scorching hot, and I was sweating both from the heat and the dangerous confrontation about to happen. The line had regained their alignment, and it seemed they were successful in pushing the game toward me."

"The grass was like a thick wall, obscuring any vision of the animal swishing through. I could not fire until stripes appeared. Hopefully he would



Elephants assembled with their *mahouts*. Careful organization was required by Vizzy's "Etiquette of the Hunt."

sambar stag that rolled its eyes in fright upon seeing all the elephants. No other large game was flushed other than the usual occasional hog deer, less frequently a Barasingha (swamp deer), or an odd wild boar. On the third day, having shot no game, a general drive was planned in which all the various species were to be fair game. We all had good sport. I was excited at the frequency with which animals broke forth from the grass, attended by bursts of shooting.

I remember my father had stood up on the *machan* with shotgun in hand, hoping to shoot some of the peacocks which had taken off from deep cover and came flying over. In the distance we heard someone call out, "*maro, maro.*" (shoot, shoot!) Just then, our old faithful *shikari* Munia saw tiger stripes in the grass. He promptly tugged on my father's trousers, urgently motioning him to sit down. Munia handed him his favorite rifle, a large caliber double 450/400 Wm. Evans rifle and motioned toward where he had seen the tiger. I was sitting just behind my father. In order to give him room to maneuver I moved to the side.

Soon my father lifted his rifle to his shoulder and hastily took a shot at a moving animal which appeared to be a tiger. It seemed to slump in the grass. At that moment, following close behind was another streak of yellow and



Vizzy and his great uncle Nanaji sitting atop the rhino shot by the Maharaj- Kumar during an elephant drive through the *terai*.

black. My father took quick aim and fired with the second barrel. We saw it drop also. Yet it seemed incredible that both would be neatly killed. We only saw them for an instant as they ran by. In those rapid movements, presenting only a fleeting target, one faces a much greater likelihood of only wounding the animal. We watched intently for a half hour before leaving the platform and approaching the positions where they fell. Within a few feet of the first tiger we found a tigress. Both were stone dead.

What a remarkable experience! He had killed two outstanding tigers within a minute. Both were exceptionally well placed shots. I had been ready with my rifle to follow up my father's shots, yet I realized that it was not necessary. Normally, I would have followed with a shot. I relished the opportunity of shooting at a tiger rolling over after the first shot. In fact, I was known to be the best "back-up" gun. Both animals made no movement even though my trigger finger was itching to be pulled.

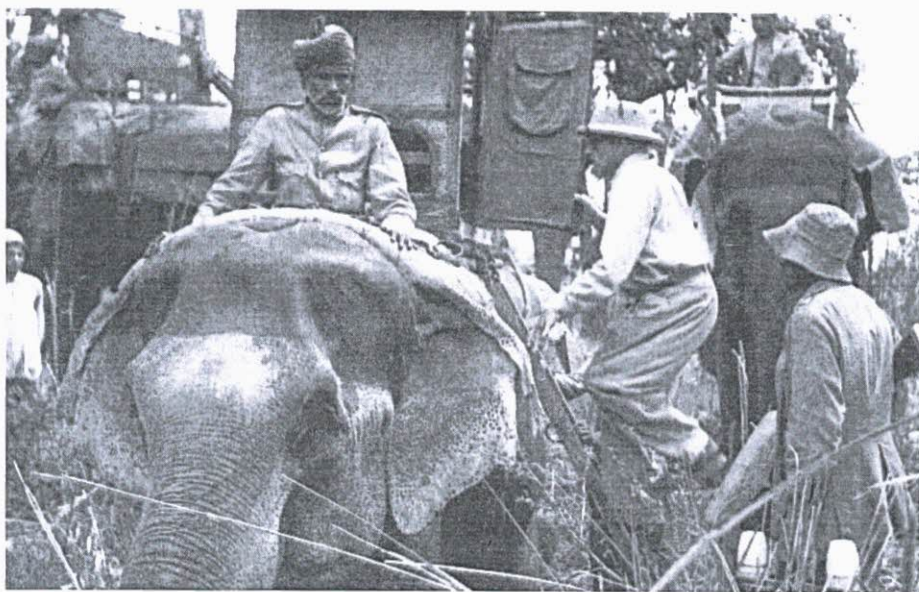


My father Badrul Ul Islam with tiger he shot.

Naturally, there was much jubilation back at the camp, and in the evening we had a sumptuous dinner. Vizzy embraced his friends with a great hug and persistent hand shaking. It was very touching for me to see the old friends demonstrate such cordiality. Brothers couldn't have been closer than Vizzy and my father. They had covered so much ground in their roles as hunting companions over a period of 40 years.

On the following day, we saw Vizzy make a remarkable running shot at a tiger that was breaking away into the opening at a full gallop, dashing from one grass area to another. While I was much younger, one would expect, that with quicker reflexes I would have gotten off the first shot.

My rifle had not reached my shoulder by the time Vizzy fired. My elephant was alongside that of his. However, he was much faster on the draw. Vizzy rolled the tiger over with quick shooting before I could get into action. He gave me a lesson on snap shooting that I will never forget. He was as quick with a rifle as an expert duck hunter can be with a shotgun.



My father, climbing onto a Howdah. Munia looking on

During this hunt I had occasions to become better acquainted with Vizzy, in spite of the fact that he had reservations when dealing with younger people. Such was typical of the way the old Indian Rajas and Nawabs were brought up. They were expected to be reserved, and have an appropriate demeanor commensurate with their concepts of class distinction.

While times and conventions had changed rapidly following the war, the old die-hard traditionalists still had their inbred ways. So it was refreshing to see Vizzy mend his style and take me under his wing, so to say. His benevolence was touching.

He related to me some interesting stories, which I had heard earlier. However, I was delighted to hear the tales directly with quite a different perspective. Vizzy relished the memory of the instance when he bagged four tigers. In fact, it was an entire family, consisting of a male, female and two full grown cubs taken in a rapid succession of shots from one stand/position. He gave me a photograph of that day's bag of four tigers, which I cherish to this date.

During this particular shoot, he afforded me a lot of opportunities to cull many animals, which was a real bonus to me. On several instances, he handed over one of his many prized Holland & Holland engraved rifles with



Vizzy with the four tigers he shot during one day's hunt. He is holding his favorite rifle, a .375 H&H hammerless double-barreled rifle.

lots of ammunition, and called upon his top *Shikari* Bakatawar to make certain I had a good time on the hunt.

That was a memorable visit, for we not only celebrated Vizzy's career accomplishments as an outstanding big game hunter. My father made that incredible double on tigers. That was a most remarkable feat of superb marksmanship. The story of that terrific shooting was retold many times in our gatherings. It was just as if he had shot two partridges with his shotgun, a left and right.

Many a toast was drunk to my father Badrul, called "Badar" (the full moon) by his hunting friends within the numerous clubs in Delhi. They would raise the subject of his distinguished shooting, especially a double on tigers.

The pelts of those two tigers were sent to Van Ingen and Van Ingen, taxidermists in Mysore, for mounting. They were to be sent to my father's home in Pakistan, but with all the turmoil of those halcyon days, the mounts never arrived. All we have left are the remarkable memories of a magnificent shooting event and a few photographs.



A large entourage participated in the hunt. All gathered to admire the splendid tigers taken. (*above*)



Vizzy with a massive Indian rhino he bagged with his large caliber double rifle. (*right*)