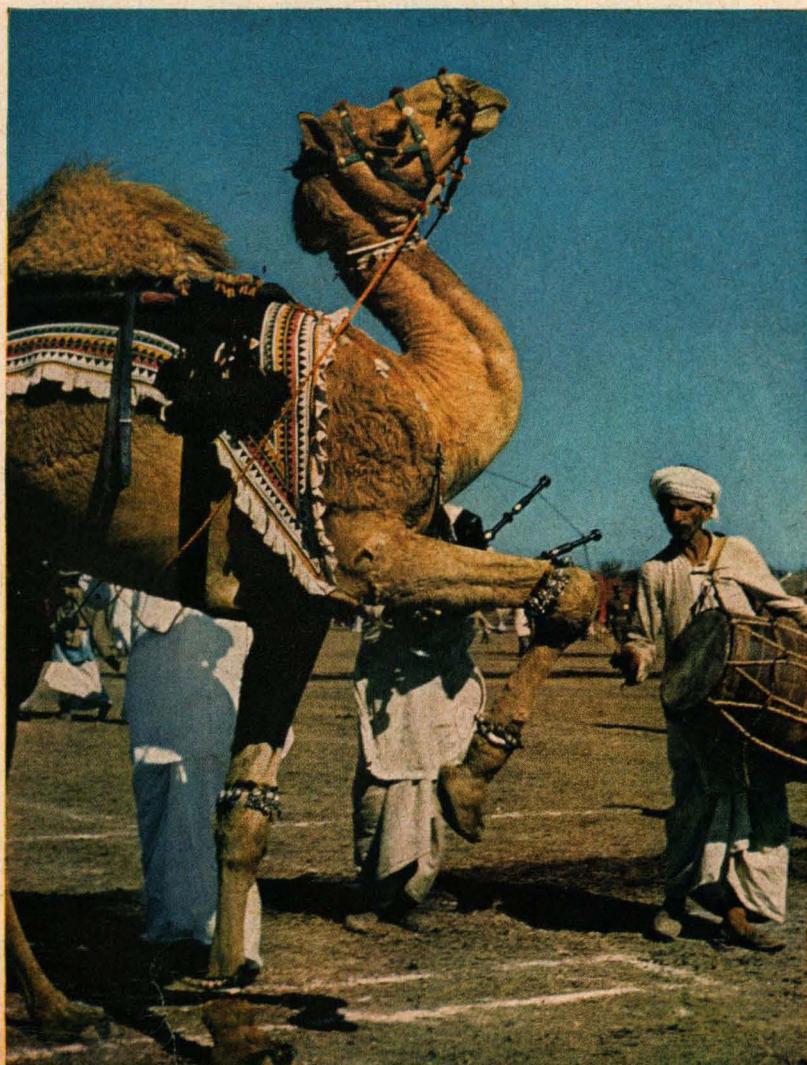




BOUNDING BRAHMAN BULL JUMPS OVER ROPE BEDS IN TRADITIONAL ACT AT FAMOUS LAHORE HORSE SHOW WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH ATTENDED IN PAKISTAN



ODD SCENES FOR A QUEEN

Animal kingdom acts up for Elizabeth

Photographed for LIFE by HANK WALKER

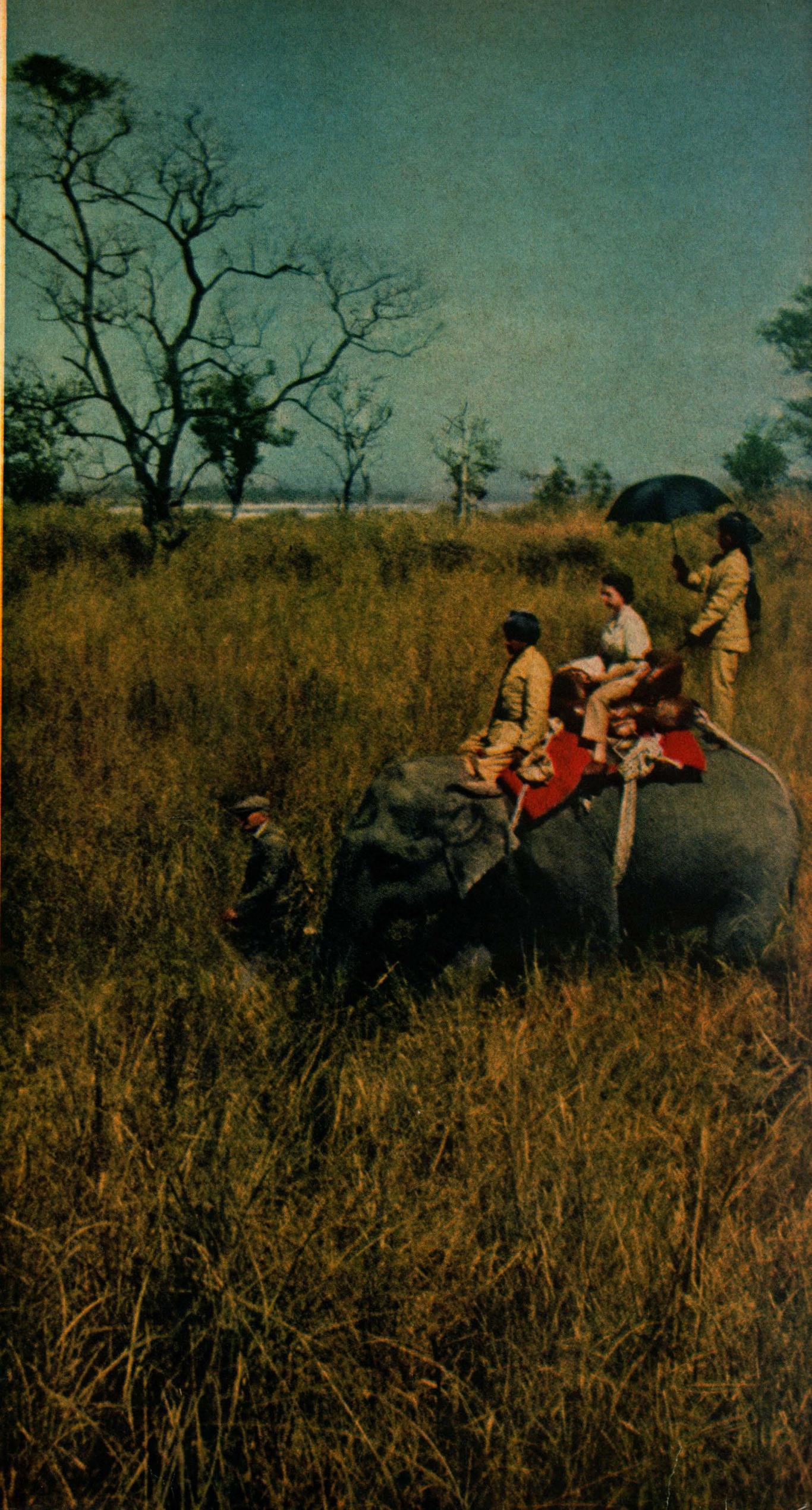
Even for a queen, it was a dreamlike trip into a world of strange sights and exotic diversions, a world in which bulls and camels cavorted and elephants stood in line like taxis. For Britain's Elizabeth II and her husband, Prince Philip, it was the grand climax of a 45-day state visit to India, Pakistan, Nepal and Iran. The trip began with a warm welcome in India (LIFE, Feb. 3), went on to a blaze of color at the Lahore horse show in West Pakistan and built up to a de luxe hunt for tiger and rhino in Nepal, with 305 elephants and a staff of 2,000.

On the last official royal British hunt in Nepal in 1911, Elizabeth's grandfather, George V, and his party spent days in the bush, bagged 39 tigers, 18 rhinos, four bears and an accident-prone leopard which jumped in front of the royal mail truck. On this year's more pacific hunt, a one-day affair, the queen shot only with a movie camera, her husband didn't shoot at all, and the British foreign secretary missed a tiger three times in a row. For a hilarious account of the royal hunt, see pages 51-54.

DANCING CAMEL at horse show rears and prances to music of native drum and bagpipe, winds up standing on its hind legs, held by a rope around nose.

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QUEEN'S TOUR
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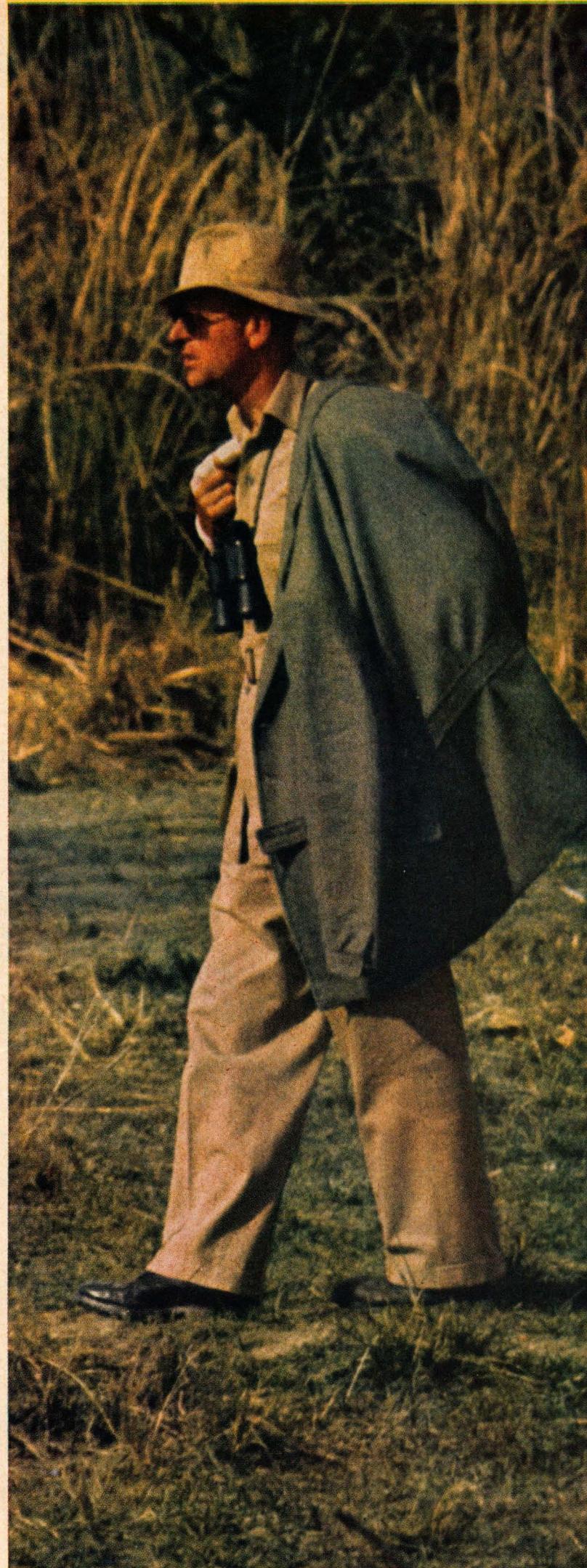


ELEPHANT CARAVAN carries queen's party through high grass on royal tiger hunt near Megauli in Nepal. Elizabeth rides lead elephant with mahout holding an umbrella over her. On elephants behind her are host King Mahendra of Nepal, then her husband Prince Philip. Elaborate arrangements included bar elephants to carry drinks and a tent city built on two-square-mile area from which troops removed six inches of soil to get rid of snakes and bugs.





AGILE QUEEN swings her left leg up to change mounts, from saddle on one elephant to gold-painted howdah on another which will take her to hunt area.



DISGUSTED DUKE, unable to shoot because of inflamed and bandaged trigger finger, walks toward camp site. Earlier he had bagged nine-foot tiger in India.

DEAD TIGRESS shot by the royal party rides to the Megauli camp site slung limply on a bed of elephant grass. She was considered of "reasonable" size.

TIGER HUNT AND RING AROUND A RHINO

by RUTH LYNAM, *LIFE Correspondent*

MEGAULI, NEPAL

THE royal hunt headquarters set up by the King of Nepal near the village of Megauli looked like a medieval encampment before a battle. Dozens of tents stretched behind enclosures, with a large pyramid-shaped one for the queen in the center. There were generators for lights, hot and cold water, carpets in the tents. Orchids lined the pathways.

Nearby jungle arrangements were just as complete. The host, King Mahendra, had rounded up 305 elephants and his professional hunters had already "ringed" a tiger. After locating the beast, they surrounded the area with 200 elephants and set up a five-foot-high white cloth fence to form a circle 300 yards in diameter. Tigers hesitate to jump such a ring, but to make sure the hunters put a buffalo calf into it during the night so the tiger could have a decent meal and be quiet. It got so quiet, in fact, that before the queen arrived the mahouts around the ring set up fierce shouts and made the beasts tramp around to make sure the tiger wasn't still asleep.

Suddenly there was a stir: the queen was arriving. Her saddle elephant sank to its knees, a spanking new aluminum ladder was placed at its side. The queen, wearing cinnamon-colored slacks, a bush jacket and sensible brown shoes, went up the steps and sat down. The elephant rose slowly, Elizabeth put on dark glasses, the mahout snapped open his little umbrella and

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QUEEN'S CAMP for hunt took 1,200 workers two months to construct in Chitawan Valley. Queen's

tent is large white one, left center, facing brown tent of King Mahendra of Nepal across camp street.

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QUEEN'S TOUR CONTINUED

held it over the royal hairdo. The Duke of Edinburgh, the King of Nepal and the rest of the party all climbed aboard their elephants and slowly the procession moved 600 yards to the shooting ring.

Glasses pressed to my eyes, I was all eagerness to see how the queen would get from her saddle elephant into the golden howdah on her bigger howdah elephant for the hunt itself. Well, when the bigger elephant came alongside, the queen swung one leg smartly over the saddle, slipped off and stepped into the howdah—it was as simple as that. She sat down on a comfortable-looking red leather seat. A large crocodile traveling bag and a wide-brimmed bush hat were handed in to her. A man in a loud, checked sports jacket and pith helmet took his seat behind the queen and opened the black umbrella again. He turned out to be commander in chief of the Nepalese army.

When I had found my own elephant (No. 24, a reporters' beast) I proudly showed other reporters how to get aboard without a ladder—you put *your* foot on the elephant's foot and mountaineer up the back using the tail as a rope. Photographer Hank Walker was on elephant No. 16, a photographers' transport, crushed in with two other photographers, cameras and lenses festooned over all three. In the howdah, which is roughly 5 feet by 3½ feet, it takes some time for three people to find out which is the least uncomfortable way of folding up all their legs.

Eleven howdah elephants took up their positions near the white cloth and the queen whipped out her movie camera. Big beater elephants lined up in front of the queen and the

king, then moved off toward the far side of the ring to go to work. The queen looked bewildered. The duke looked pathetic with his badly infected trigger finger firmly splinted.

Who was going to shoot? We all stared, and then Foreign Secretary Lord Home solemnly took possession of a rifle. This meant the animal was dedicated to Home and nobody else would be allowed to shoot. The tiger, a marvelous beast, tore across the clearing inside the ring, tail flying and stripes all in the right places. A shot rang out from Lord Home's gun.

Nothing happened. He had missed.

The queen played with her hat. I tried to rearrange my legs. Then—great joy! A "bar elephant" came sidling up. A glass of gin and orange found its way into my hands.

I saw the tiger (which by now had been established as a tigress by the experts) four times in all, but after one and a half hours of beating about in the ring and two missed shots, I frankly got a bit bored. Then the king decided to change the shooting location. Mahouts shouted, elephants beat the grass. The queen took more pictures.

Now there were two more guns: Rear Admiral Christopher Bonham-Carter, treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh, and Sir Michael Adeane, private secretary to the queen. Presumably Lord Home, having missed his tigress twice, had given up his sole right to prey.

Whoosh! There was the tigress again and three sharp shots. Everybody stood up. The head mahout presented himself in front of the king with the traditional salute of hands together in front of his face to announce that the tigress was dead. Amid general jubilation

CONTINUED



QUEEN'S ANTEROOM in hunting tent had coffee-colored carpet, yellow floral-patterned print walls.



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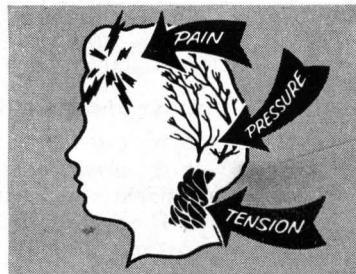
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QUEEN'S TOUR CONTINUED

the howdah elephants began to move into the ring, trampling down the white cloth. The tigress looked pathetic, but later we heard that she had damaged three elephants, tearing two trunks and one ear. They measured her—including the bumps on her back: rather bad form, but nobody protested. The verdict: eight feet, eight inches, the kill credited to Bonham-Carter and Adeane.

In a clearing by the river, the queen, the king, the duke and a sprinkling of princes sat down under an umbrella to a simple picnic of game consomme, wild boar shashlik, black partridge, Florican crane (very rare), chicken Nepali, wild boar curry and jaggi (venison) pilau. The caterer was a white Russian from Katmandu, Boris Lissanovitch, reputedly the only man in Nepal capable of coping with such an auspicious event. Boris moved 48 tons of food, crockery and kitchen equipment to the royal camp to prepare the meals for one day.

We were told that reporters would get exactly the same menu as the queen. Up came white-coated servants and in quick succession there appeared the wild boar curry, the shashlik, the crane, etc. In the midst of all this an elephant trundled into the clearing with the dead tigress slung across its back. Just as we were thinking in terms of camp and rest we were told that everyone would now move off to a different area for the rhinoceros shoot. All this and rhino too? We waited for 45 minutes while those 305 elephants made another ring around the rhino. Hatless now, the queen seemed much more relaxed and animated. Like me, she knew a little of what to expect.

The rhino, with her baby, tore out of the grass and stood in front of me. I quietly prayed it would not charge in my direction. Lord Home did not shoot—afraid possibly of killing the baby, which is forbidden. The rhino charged. Mahouts on "ringing" elephants shouted, beat drums and tossed sticks at it. Then came three shots and a general hubbub. We all stood up. The head mahout reported to the king that all was well and once again we rode into the ring to look at the dead creature. What a monster she was—all gray steely scales.

The queen left the ring and had a great time racing the duke back to the cars on the saddle elephants, roaring with laughter.

End of the day? Not quite. We took hot baths in tin tubs and then were served the same dinner as the royal group: tomato soup, peacock pilau, jungle fowl in white wine and mushroom sauce, wild boar Stroganoff. I wandered across the camp and found Boris Lissanovitch drinking champagne. He was very happy. The queen had remarked on the excellence of his dinner and in particular the peacock pilau.



DEAD RHINO is inspected by shooting party. Before hunt there were 80 rhinos in all Nepal, carefully protected by government. Now there are 79.