

Tiger Hunt in India Both Thrilling, Successful for Salem-Area Girl, Friend

By CHARLES IRELAND
Valley Editor, The Statesman

Kid sisters do the darndest things when they grow up.

Now take Jane Pearmine, who was raised on a farm between Salem and Gervais. When Jane was a high school girl, her dad and brothers left her at home while they went deer hunting in the Willamette Valley.

So what did Jane do when she grew up? She traipsed over to India, went on a 15-day hunt in the wildest jungles of the interior, and came home the other day with the head and skin of one of the biggest tigers killed in recent years.

'Second Gun'

Jane hastened to add, however, that she was only "second gun" on the hunt for the massive tiger.

Rifling home the shot that felled the 575-pound beast was Warren McMurray, Savannah, Ga., who was attached to the U.S. diplomatic service at New Delhi, India, while Jane taught school there.

Details as vivid as a TV adventure show were recalled by the two Sunday-as they visited at the Mission Bottom farm home of Jane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pearmine Sr.

Long Planning

The "shikar" (tiger hunt) took place early this year, climaxing seven months of planning that was made easier by their friendship with an Indian naval commandet, Khushru Sanjara.

The plans included obtaining exclusive permission to hunt in a 400-square mile shooting block in deepest India, buying eight water buffalo to use for bait and hiring 100 natives to assist them.

The hunt was a thriller from the start. Traveling from New Delhi by plane and auto, Jane and McMurray reached the jungle base camp to be greeted with "Hurry up, there's been a kill." A native had just reported that a tiger had killed a buffalo.

"We went right into the jungle," Jane said. "About a mile from camp we turned a corner and found the tiger, asleep. He was 40 yards away."

The tiger stirred, and the natives started to climb trees. But there were "too many" people



Tiger that measured nearly 10 feet in length is pictured where he fell in Indian jungle after he was shot by Warren McMurray (right), U.S. diplomat who was hunting with Jane Pearmine of Salem area. They were among seven hunters who participated in 15-day hunt. Indian at left in photo is one of more than 100 who took part in the hunt. (Photo also on page 1.)

around for action. The tiger slinked away.

On the third day, a native brought word that the tiger had struck again, killing another water buffalo 15 miles from the base camp.

Because the tiger had eaten only half of the buffalo, it was felt that he would return at night to finish his prey.

So Jane and McMurray built a place of concealment which they suspended between trees, 12 feet above the ground. Then they settled down for a long wait for the tiger. Everyone else returned to base camp.

Schooled in the need for absolute quiet, they even took throat lozenges along to guard against coughing.

It was two hours before pitch-

black darkness overtook the moonless jungle.

Jane and her companion heard no sound of the tiger, but gradually they heard other animals grow tense and restless. The carnivorous tiger was on the prowl.

Again the jungle grew deathly quiet as the lesser animals fled. Still the hunters heard no sound from the giant tiger, but they sensed that he was circling them and the dead buffalo.

Finally, satisfied that all was well, the tiger abandoned caution and came crashing in like a giant.

The two hunters listened in spine-tingling wonderment as, 30 yards away, the great cat stopped in front of his kill, panting like a steam engine.

Then he settled down to his supper, ripping great bones out

of the buffalo like a rock crusher.

The hunters waited five minutes more. It was prearranged that McMurray would fire both barrels of his 450-400 Jeffries big-game rifle and that Jane would fire next.

A five-cell flashlight was mounted atop McMurray's rifle. The hunters still had not seen the tiger, but they knew the location of the buffalo he was eating.

Finally the zero moment arrived. A perfect shot through the tip of the shoulder was required to drop the monstrous tiger. McMurray figured he had seven seconds to go after he flashed on the light.

On went the beam, splashing light over a tiger so big and so

close that McMurray, cramped for space, could not get it all in the sights of his rifle. While the hunter played his rifle across the tiger's body three times, the beast turned and snarled.

A shot cracked, and the tiger charged the hunters like a streak of lightning. From 90 feet away, he fell 15 feet short of them and bounded into the jungle before McMurray could trigger the second barrel on his rifle.

The two hunters were dismayed. They did not move for the rest of the night, for, as Jane said, "not even a fool would go into the jungle with a wounded tiger."

For McMurray it was a night of despair. He kept thinking, "This was my chance, and I flubbed it."

At daybreak they were rejoined by the rest of the hunting party and a delicate search for the wounded tiger began. His

blood-stained path pointed the way. But high bamboo grass limited visibility and natives repeatedly climbed trees to look for him.

After two hours, a native called, "The tiger lies dead—in a clearing."

Cautiously, the hunters approached the tiger and affirmed

Rules Given to Halt Back Ache

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Dr. Eleanor Metheny, professor of physical education at the University of Southern California, told members of the Lions club Friday some rules to avoid an aching back.

Her rules: Don't stoop, but squat; don't bend, but lean; don't twist, but move; don't reach, but climb; don't jerk, but give; don't sag, but lead.

that he was dead. The lone bullet had pierced his heart.

The tiger had traveled only 90 yards after lunging at Jane and her companion.

Killing the tiger, which a forest officer called "one of the biggest in many years" brought an early climax to the 15-day shikar. During the remaining days, the hunters killed wild boar, bears, a blue bull, cheital stag and barking deer.

Several trophies from the shikar now repose in the home of Jane's parents.

And who got the head and skin of the big tiger? Well, Jane and McMurray have worked out a neat answer to that one.

On Friday, they'll be married at a Salem church. Then this globe-trotting couple will be off for Sweden and Iceland for a diplomatic stint and, probably, a polar bear hunt.

And, in 1958, they're tentatively planning an African safari to try for a black-maned lion and a rhino.

But they say they'll never forget the night they hunted that big cat in India.

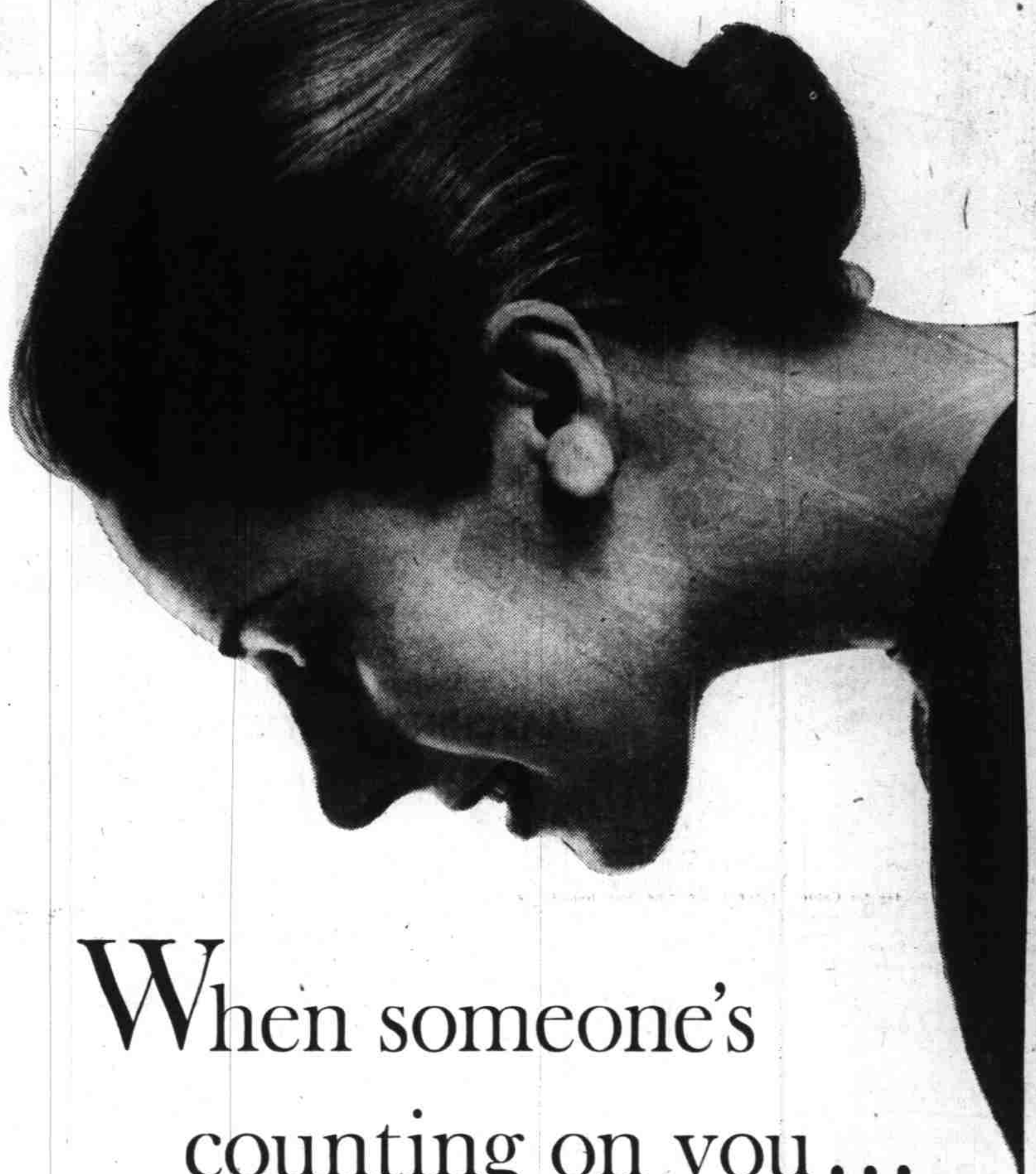
"For a while," said Jane, "I didn't know who was going to come out of that jungle—the lady or the tiger."

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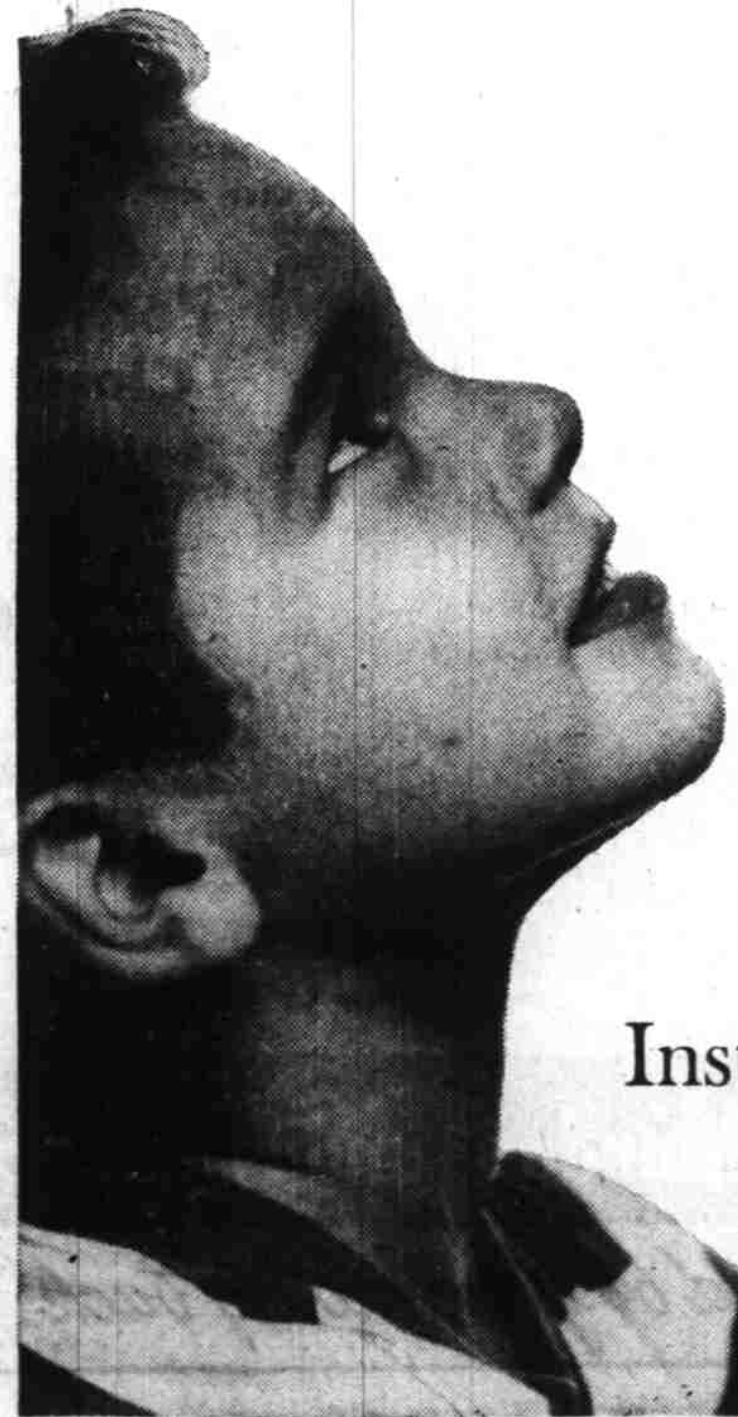
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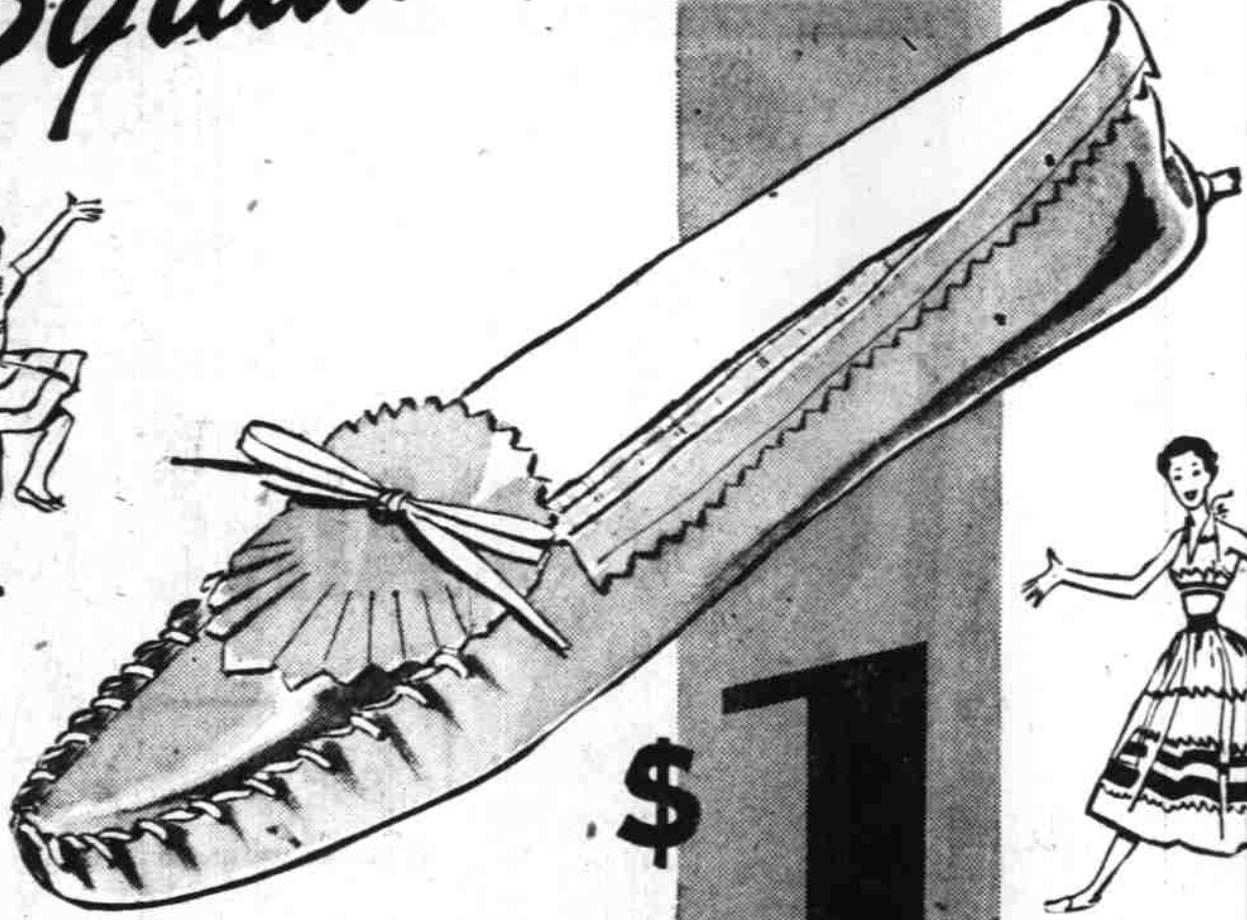
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