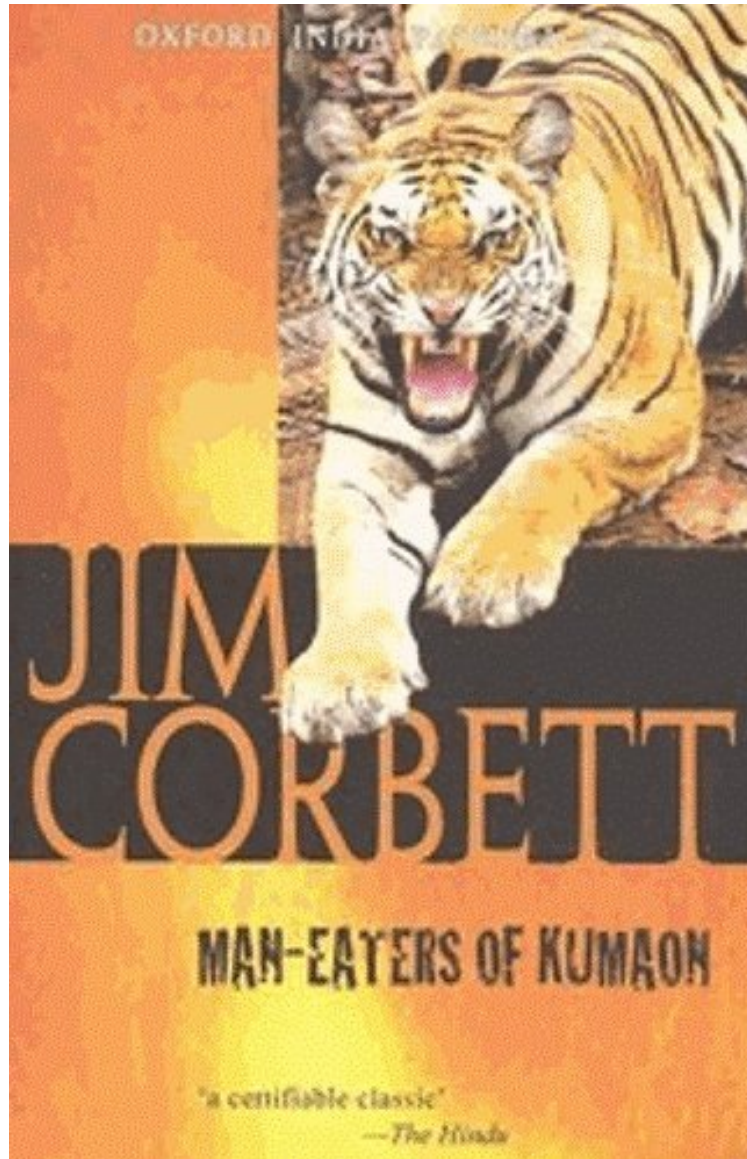


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Man-Eaters of Kumaon (Oxford India Paperbacks)

Jim Corbett

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#204773 in Books Jim Corbett 1993-06-17 Original language: English PDF # 1 5.20 x .45 x 8.201, .53 #File Name: 0195622553228 pages Man Eaters of Kumaon | File size: 58.Mb

Jim Corbett : Man-Eaters of Kumaon (Oxford India Paperbacks) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Man-Eaters of Kumaon (Oxford India Paperbacks):

4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. One of the most spine tingling books of all time. By TurboJim Corbett, who went alone to kill man eating tigers, some of which had killed up to 400 people tells a spine tingling story of the terror of the hill people when a man eater was loose, an uncanny affinity with the jungle, the animals who by their calls helped him accurately place the tiger, and his extensive knowledge of tigers who by their preference for

human flesh, usually due to injury, had also learned the techniques and ways of man. Some of the duels lasted for months, and on many occasions he was lucky to escape with his life. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. A Good Period Read of Man-eating Tigers By John Weinreich If you are interested in period pieces surrounding true events and real conditions, this would be a good book to read. The author tells the story in first person, about the difficulties in ridding the countryside of man-eaters, specifically tigers. It's a dangerous job, done for other than 'hunting' reasons, with little reward. I enjoyed the narrative for its realism and straightforward approach to solving a very real problem for the rural people in the areas affected. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A don't-want-to-put-it-down read By Customer An informative, well written, exciting book you read. Whether one is a hunter or not, one can't help but learn a lot about tigers as well as a few things about the culture of India. I would have thought that a description that goes into so much detail, such as the how the wind was blowing and how a blade of grass moved, would be boring, but it was not. Instead, these details draw the reader into the scene, as if he is there with the hunter. Being a true story makes the read even more exciting and enjoyable. The author's talent in spinning words into graphic pictures also contributes to making this one of the most enjoyable books I have read.

Jim Corbett was every inch a hero, something like a "sahib" Davy Crockett: expert in the ways of the jungle, fearless in the pursuit of man-eating big cats, and above all a crack shot. Brought up on a hill-station in north-west India, he killed his first leopard before he was nine and went on to achieve a legendary reputation as a hunter. Corbett was also an author of great renown. His books on the man-eating tigers he once tracked are not only established classics, but have by themselves created almost a separate literary genre. *Man Eaters of Kumaon* is the best known of Corbett's books, one which offers ten fascinating and spine-tingling tales of pursuing and shooting tigers in the Indian Himalayas during the early years of this century. The stories also offer first-hand information about the exotic flora, fauna, and village life in this obscure and treacherous region of India, making it as interesting a travelogue as it is a compelling look at a bygone era of big-game hunting.

It was not only the ripping-yarn action of the stories and the engrossing narratives that held me, I was just as much taken by the man who recounted them. Through the most riveting episodes, his compassionate character and quiet voice seemed personally to speak to me ... The book has never paled, never dated, and I have never forgotten its significance or the astonishing, gentle man who wrote it. Martin Booth, *The Sunday Times* About the Author Jim Corbett, who died in 1955, gave up big-game hunting in the 1920s as he became an ardent conservationist. His other books include *Jungle Lore* and *My India*, both published by Oxford. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Her tracks now as she carried away the girl led into the wilderness of rocks, some acres in extent, where the going was both difficult and dangerous. The cracks and chasms in between the rocks were masked with ferns and blackberry vines, and a false step, which might easily have resulted in a broken limb, would have been fatal. Progress under these conditions was of necessity slow, and the tigress was taking advantage of it to continue her meal. A dozen times I found where she had rested and after each of these rests the blood trail became more distinct. This was her four hundred and thirty-sixth human kill and she was quite accustomed to being disturbed at her meals by rescue parties but this, I think, was the first time she had been followed up so persistently and she now began to show her resentment by growling. To appreciate a tiger's growl to the full it is necessary to be situated as I then was—rocks all round with dense vegetation between, and the imperative necessity of testing each footstep to avoid falling headlong into unseen chasms and caves. I cannot expect you who read this at your fireside to appreciate my feelings at the time. The sound of the growling and the expectation of an attack terrified me at the same time as it gave me hope. If the tigress lost her temper sufficiently to launch an attack, it would not only give me an opportunity of accomplishing the object for which I had come, but it would enable me to get even with her for all the pain and suffering she had caused. The growling, however, was only a gesture, and when she found that instead of shooting me of it was bringing me faster on her heels, she abandoned it. I had now been on her track for over four hours. Though I had repeatedly seen the undergrowth moving I had not seen so much as a hair of her hide, and a glance at the shadows climbing up the opposite hillside warned me it was time to retrace my steps if I was to reach the village before dark. The late owner of the severed leg was a Hindu, and some portion of her would be needed for the cremation, so as I passed the pool I dug a hole in the bank and buried the leg where it would be safe from the tigress, and could be found when wanted.