

MISSOULA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1909.

ALL BUT OUTLAWS OF GREAT BUFFALO HERD MOVED FROM FLATHEAD TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SETTLER



PATRIARCH OF HERD (CENTER) WHICH DIED.



FEEDING FROM THE HAY RACKS.

WITH the shipment Wednesday of nearly 200 buffalo from Ravalli, Mont., to Canada, all but the outlaw remnant of the largest herd of wild bison in the United States were removed from their native haunts to the United States of a foreign park to make way for the advancing march of development. Trapped into man-made corrals, roped and loaded into cages, bound down with chains and wire, hauled over long and rough roads, then dragged by main force into freight cars and shipped like so many common cattle over the railroads, nearly 800 of these lords of the plains have been dragged from their free and untrammelled range of their nativity into a national playground, where they will be kept as noble specimens of a rapidly vanishing species of American big game. And this is all done to make room for the white man—the man with the plow and the hoe, whose conquest of the soil has swept the red man, the bison and other wild game before him like mist before the wind. The settler, in the great battle of development, needed more hands to conquer. The Flathead reservation offered an enticing field for his activities. But there was not room for the red man's buffalo and the white man's cattle, for the bison had to make way for the munching sheep and the toiling horse and the ravenous sheep and swine of him who was coming to transform the unbroken wilds into an Arcadia of homes, farms and ranches. The grazing range of the buffalo was to become the feeding ground of domestic animals, so the bison were sold for a paltry sum and men were hired to capture and ship them into the country of the purchaser—the Canadian government. And when the 150 head that remain upon the reservation are rounded up and shipped this fall, there will be none of the noble animals left to dispute the right of the white man's stock to every blade of grass on the range where once the buffalo was lord of all he surveyed.

Countless Numbers. But a few years ago bison roamed the western plains in countless numbers. Herds so large that days were required for them to pass a given point frequently forced pioneer immigrants to encamp and wait patiently for them to pass before they could resume their journey over the new trail into the unknown wilderness of the vast west. In their migrations the beat of their hoofs resounded like the mighty rumble of thunder, and the dust from their heels clouded the sun itself. Running before a prairie fire or stampeded by a flash of lightning these great masses of shaggy, wild-eyed, snorting beasts made the very earth tremble beneath their man-

jele forms. But these days have swiftly glided into the past, and with them are vanishing the buffalo like a mirage at the setting of the sun. The thunderous sound of their hoofs is heard no more, and the plains where they once were wont to graze in peace or rush in maddened flight before some impending danger, are crossed with fences, dotted with farm houses and producing farm products to sustain life and pour dollars into the pockets of their conquerors—the white man.

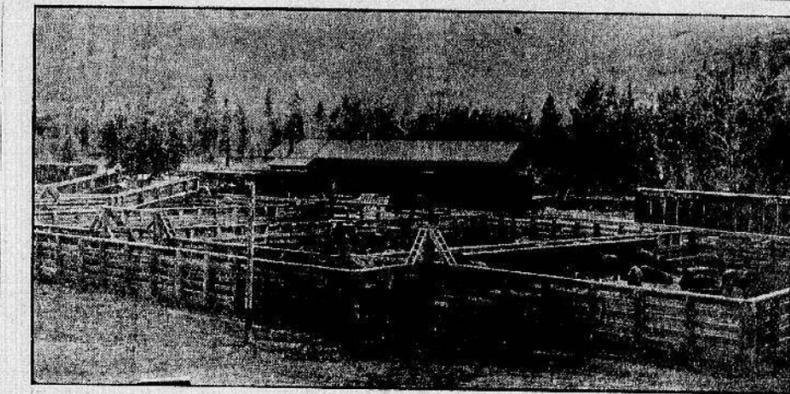
Whitened Skulls.

A few years ago whitened skulls and scattered bones marked the great immigrant trails into the west, grown into monuments to mighty herds that fell under the ruthless slaughter of countless hunters. But even these relics of pioneer days have disappeared and have become indistinguishably mingled with the dust of the earth. Man's appetite for fresh meat and the discovery that buffalo tongue was a delicacy to tickle the palate of an epicure first led to the ruthless slaughter of the animals, the lives of countless thousands being sacrificed for the sake of their tongues. When the bison began to starve and wealth developed a hobby for buffalo hides and heads, man's greed for gold furnished a motive for the slaughter of more and more until he suddenly awakened to the realization that the bison was almost extinct. A desire to find and protect these noble animals led to the purchase of a few head in the early eighties. He increased this herd by breeding and purchase to more than a hundred head in a few years.

established a bison range in Montana, but it failed to act in time to prevent the loss to this country of the largest herd within its borders.

The Allard Herd.

Among the individuals who took an interest in preserving the buffalo was Charles Allard, who secured a few animals and started a herd on the Flathead reservation near Roman in the early eighties. He increased this herd by breeding and purchase to more than a hundred head in a few years.



BUFFALO IN LOADING CORRALS.

the purchase of the animals and an offer of about \$100,000 was made. This was accepted, Pablo agreeing to deliver the animals in Canada for that price.

Then came the task of rounding up these animals, transporting them from their range to Ravalli, Mont., 25 miles away, loading them upon freight cars and shipping them to Canada, where they had to be unloaded and delivered in the parks. To say that such a task was Herculean is to express it mildly, but Michel Pablo was not daunted. He employed a force of expert riders, mounted them upon his own best horses and set forth to accomplish the task, riding at the head of his men on his own favorite mount. A corral into which the animals might be driven from the range was the first necessity. Taking advantage of a horseshoe bend in the Pend d'Oreille river, the outside bank of which is of clay and stands almost straight up and down, he had a fence constructed across the neck of the horseshoe and wing fences built for a distance of a mile or more from the end of this fence and a cut in the bank of the river cut into the range. Into this the buffalo were driven in three separate bands at different times. It required much hard and dangerous riding on the part of the buffalo punchers, and many of the animals escaped numerous times, but perseverance prevailed and two years ago the herd was successfully rounded up and then driven down the Mission valley into the corrals at Ravalli. From these corrals the animals were pulled and dragged by means of block and tackle into the railroad cars. Last year another round up was made, but just when the riders were about to drive the herd to Ravalli the band stampeded and made its escape from the corral at Roman.



UNLOADING THE HAULING CRATES.

country. The Canadian government took an interest in the matter and established herds in some of its parks. The United States government has, at last, been interested and has

In 1893 he purchased the herd owned by "Buffalo Jones" of Kansas, and drove them across country to his herd on the Flathead. Accompanied by his family and riding in an old-fashioned

barouche, he followed the herd across plain and mountain until the members of the band were safely delivered on the reservation in Montana. This herd consisted of full-blooded and half-breed animals. The latter were products of cross-breeding with cattle, but they did not prove to be a desirable animal, having all the undesirable and none of the good qualities of either ancestor. The mongrels were separated from the blooded animals, and the latter were permitted to range in a wild state on the reservation. They thrived and the herd grew until it numbered almost 500.

When Allard died the herd passed into the possession of his partner, Michel Pablo, a half-breed Indian and an expert buffalo raiser. Pablo was induced to dispose of a few of the animals to zoological parks, but kept the larger portion of the herd intact until he learned that the reservation was to be thrown open to settlement and that his buffalo must make way for the settler and his cattle. Then it was that Howard Eaton, expert hunter of Wolf, Wyo., attempted to interest the United States government in the purchase of the herd. Failing in this he turned to the American Bison association, but again was unsuccessful.

Makes an Offer.

It was at this juncture that the Canadian government sent Howard Douglas, superintendent of the western Canadian national parks, out to the Flathead to see the herd and make an offer for it. Mr. Douglas recommended

his horse gored under him, and his brother, Johnnie Decker, twice had his mount gored and was slightly injured, his life being saved only by the prompt action of Pablo and his brother in firing pistol bullets into the neck of an infuriated beast that was trying to kill man and horse.



In their manhooded struggles against being dragged into captivity 20 of the animals were killed, some of them rushing blindly against the sides of the corrals with such force as to break their necks. One, the patriarch of the herd, fought with a younger

lacerated, bleeding, rugged animal that stood in the corral at Ravalli, gazing longingly through the cracks of the high, strong fences out upon the hills, beyond which lay the wild free range from which they had been dragged in ignominious captivity to be loaded into cramped stalls of railroad cars, there to be left to vent their fury in vain kicks against the walls of their prisons until steam and stench in the corral necessitated some showiness in hauling the bison from the round-up corral necessitated some of the animals standing in the cars for eight days before the last train started for Canada. At last all of the shipments save those that were killed and two that escaped were loaded aboard and the long trip of 1,300 miles to the point of unloading was commenced. Canada has secured a bargain in buffalo and the United States has lost an asset which it may never be able to replace.

Much interest is already being manifested in the routing round up of the remaining portion of the herd which is scheduled to commence about the first of September. The riders who have been leading the strenuous life on the buffalo range for the past two months will now turn their attention to gathering together the cattle that have been wintering on the reservation, and this work will continue until haying time. When the season's work is gathered the summer riders will again don their "chaps," high-heeled boots and spurs, mount their favorite steeds and ride forth to the buffalo range. Then the work of manhandling the outlaw buffalo from their stamping grounds into the corral at Roman will be gotten under way.



PULLING A BISON ABOARD A CAR.

bull, then lay down in the loading chute and died.

Pathetic Picture.

It was a pathetic picture to one who stopped to think, as he gazed at the

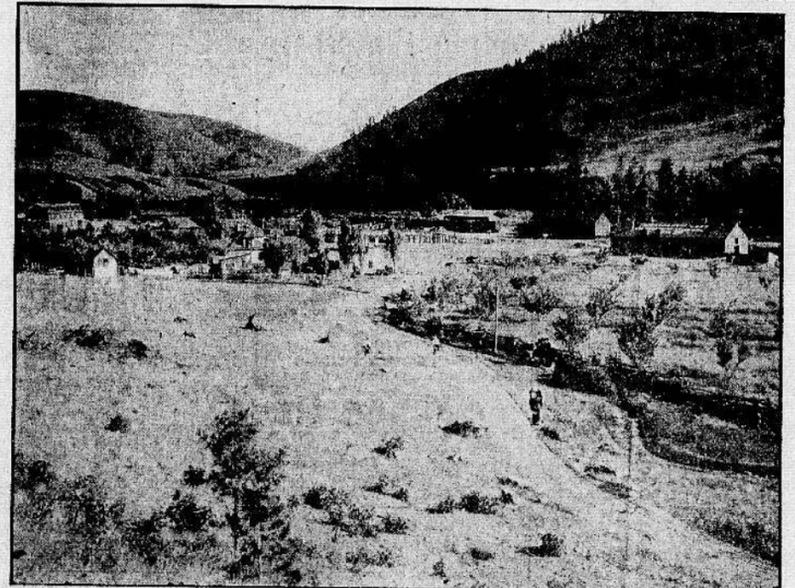
Since the work of shipping the present hand was begun the wilder members of the herd have strayed some 50 miles from their usual feeding grounds, and it was feared that they would migrate so far from their usual haunts that it would become an almost impossible task to drive them back. But Indian riders report that within the past two weeks the straggling bands have turned their noses back toward their accustomed range and are gradually moving back in that direction. It is hoped by the riders and Pablo that by the first of September the animals will have forgotten the excitement that has been in progress in the vicinity of Roman and be back in that district, for enough trouble is anticipated in handling the beasts as it is without having to search for roving bands of them over the entire reservation and rounding them in a bunch of three or four at a time.

The same methods and tactics used in handling the recent shipment will be employed in handling the outlaw herd, provided the herd does not upset all plans. Some changes are planned at the corral at Roman, as experience has taught the riders that the buffalo is a fully animal and cannot be tamed twice in the same place or manner.

A buffalo that has been driven into a trap once and succeeds in making his escape cannot be driven into the trap in the same place again, and will always attempt to escape from the place that afforded him freedom before. The entrance to the corral will be changed to another location, the leading chute will be moved and the entire corral will be strengthened to withstand the onslaughts of the obstreperous beasts.

New crates of a little better construction than the ones used just time will be constructed for the hauling of the animals from Roman to Ravalli to the loading pens. An effort will also be made in the fall to load and haul more bison at a time from the round-up corral, so that those loaded into the cars at Ravalli will not be forced to stand in their cramped stalls so long as many of the recent shipment were forced to do.

Though the riding on the recent roundup and the incidents attendant upon the work were more thrilling and sensational than any "wild west" performance ever dreamed of being, still greater excitement is anticipated when the next round up is gotten under way. But notwithstanding the dangers they have passed through and the narrow escapes from death that some of them have had, the riders face the coming round up with eager anticipation. Those bronzed men who sit the saddle with as much composure as a millionaire rests in his upholstered chair, and find mere enjoyment and actual life in doing so, would rather ride than be the president of a railroad. To them the excitement, the danger and the thrill attendant upon a chase either before or after a rushing herd of bison, constitute life.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RAVALLI.



SHAGGY MONARCHS OF THE RANGE.