

QL 737
U53 G7

The Last of the Buffalo--Grinnell

p. 268--an Indian said of the numerous buffalo: "The country was one robe."

MHS

Buffalo skins: various uses:

hide: tipi covers, cradles winter robes, quivers, gun cases ...

saunders: containers, buckets, bullet pouches, moose robes ...

hair: head dress, pillows, hats ...

Tail: medicine sticks, lodge dec'n, whips

hoof & feet: glue, rattles

scrotum: rattles

pouch: (lining) buckets, cups

brains: hide preparation

tongue: best part of meat

bones: knives, winter sleds, war clubs, fish hooks ...

horns: cups, spoons, powder horns ...

sinew: bows, thread ...

- single buffalo weighed 500 - 2,000 lb; most meat preserved for later use

(over)

"No part of animal went to waste. Meat, marrow
& fat were eaten; hides ... sewn together to make
clothing & lodge covers; tools & ornaments carved
from bones; storage bags made from
intestines & organs. Sewer ... for sewing
& binding."

MHS - exhibit

Indians" followed. buffalo for at least part of each yr ...
Flathead tribes, such as Flatheads & Shoshones, also traveled
to plains to hunt buffalo.

In spring when fresh food supplies were needed, & in fall
when game was well-fed, Indians held large hunts. Men
killed ... then women skinned, butchered, preserved, transported
meat & other useful portions of carcass. ... Women worked
year-round, drying meat, curing hides, making clothing, containers
& lodges.

poaaible adds, Bago-buffalo scene:

--Riley keeps hand on horn button even after buffalo butts the m'home.

-- " clammers into passenger seat and angles his body out to look upward for Mariah.

62A: insert Mariah reacting to Riley's interview of Jick, or ignoring it?

Moiese buffalo: check against graf in Ted Williams' Audubon fire story,
in '88 forest fires filebox:

"Even now (Aug. 20 '88), late in the rutting season, last year's winter fur
was sloughing off in thick mats."

inserted on
ms p. 35,
March 9, '88

Montana west of the Continental Divide, the end toward Idaho, always feels
to me as if the continent is already bunching up to meet the Pacific.

If you're anything like me, your notion of buffalo is a creature of the plains...

make sure Riley's column on buffalo isn't too nostalgic.

--"One species, ours, made war on another." Point out that it began with arrows, spears and pishkun cliffs, before railroads and Sharps rifles?

--Mariah's pic: the blurred buffalo in b'ground just short of vanishing, more shadows than real.

At Moiese, where seeing the buffalo has brought Toussaint back to mind, so soon after seeing Blondina, Jick tells Maria he doesn't want to go on with the trip-- "all this monkeying around with the past."

buffalo: look like a guy who's put on his sweater but not his pants.

8 Sept Movie/s

- 7 p.m. - grasshoppers: chorus - as if air is humming (?) (vibrating?)
- C pic, possible like cover scene: out thru Red Sheep saddle to valley beyond
- from atop Red Sheep, fld Valley stretches n. in orderly pattern as if declaring, this is . way . world's. If only it was. (pick)
- St. Lg from Red Sheep: oddly angled across . section field patterns; because . mission predated survey?

8 Sept. '87--drive to Moiese Bison range, 6-6:30 a.m.

--huge full moon, bright moonlight--shine of m'light on Ninepipes water.

--moon was in the west, $1/3$ way up in the sky; sky clear except for small lacy,
~~doily~~ doily-like clouds schooled around the moon--clouds so thin they were
transparent when they passed in front of moon.

- several cottontails on road as we started up Red Sleep
- also doves & sage chicken bunches on road
- pg at. base of hills, ribbon-like, near Flathead R.

Cremell

- 269 - ... Indian once said to me ... "The country was one robe."
- 273 - old wallows "often contain water after all other moisture."
- 273 - Telegraph poles pushed over by scratching buffalos

NOV 11 1961

p. 31--change "capacious" Bago to "commodious"?

QL 737

U53

R6

The North American Buffalo--F.G. Roe

Not Bison Range / 3

bison head bigger than my chest

Jim Norgaard - seasonal - lives in Minnoka - Masters, envl studies

Flood Valley: Minnoka start from valley / pr.

Old Tundra Cape Whalays 6:30 a.m. - 9 p.m.
(5 + Aug) Sun. 8 - 4

Anybody who's seen a nickel knows what a buffalo looks like, of course. But not entirely. Up close, a buffalo appears to be two animals pieced together: the front half of a shaggy ox and the rear of a donkey. There's even what seems like a seam where the hairy front

seen one
on an
(old)

~

None of us said anything while the songs of birds poured into our ears. I guess we were afraid the spate of sound would vanish if we broke in on it. But after a bit Mariah and Riley and I realized that the music of birds was ^{natural} a part of this place, constant as the glorious grass that made feathered life thrive.

I take no family pride in the fact that it was Mariah who broke the song spell. Doing that quick little toss of her head, as if that

"Riley, try not to be a total dip for a minute and let's get
down to work, okay?"

"What the hell, I am working--at least when you're not yammering
at me."

same of previous
"Then let's hear those golden words. What's your story angle *change*
going to be?"

"I'm telling you, I don't know yet!"

"Isn't it about time you started finding out?"

Jick, get out while you can. Ranches like you aren't going to
the way things are headed.
have a prayer. I ~~am~~ know you don't think much of this Reagan gang."

Which was true: it seemed to me the country was being run by people
barely bright enough to operate an umbrella. "But it's worse than you even
think

Reagan and his bunch are tossing you guys to the corporations
like peanuts to an elephant."

I still didn't tumble. "I know I'm pretty close to being history,"
I argued back to Riley, but that's why the place ought to go to you."

by accident, but there was more to it than that, because his mother's

side of the family was from Gros Ventre originally and he was being a

somewhat

~~indifferent~~ dutiful son by accompanying her to the occasion. My suspicion,

though, is that he also was fishing for something to write in his column.

cut from Red Sleep scene:

Mariah to Riley: "Isn't it about time you started finding out?"

ms p. 37, 1st sight of buffalo: cut "Huge-headed, dainty-legged, dark as char"
because it's too showy where it is?

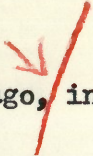
changed to Riley switching to laptop computer in Feb. '89 revise.

"I was young then, I wanted to see," I began, while Riley's pen did too. The sentences surprised me with their readiness, as if I was being told word by word right then instead of all those decades ago when Toussaint was yet alive. As if the telling was not at my own instigation. "When it came the season to hunt, I rode to the Sweetgrass Hills. From up there, the prairie looked burnt. Dark with buffalo, here,

cut in April '89 revise

call it--I made my offer.

no 47

An afternoon in April three years ago,  in the middle of lambing time,
this was; (I remember that my feet hurt from tromping around in overshoes
from daylight to dark the past month, so maybe it was my lower extremities

cut?

rather than my so-called brain that prompted the proposition to Riley just
then. Anyhow, he and I were sharing coffee from my thermos outside along the
sunny south wall of the lambing shed. A few minutes earlier when I'd
seen Mariah and him arrive in his old gunboat Buick I momentarily thought

cut in April '89 revise

But do you think goddamn Riley would see it that way?

"Jick, I can't." He did have the grace to look highly uncomfortable,
as if his underwear all at once was full of barley chaff.

change
or
cut

"Aw, sure you can. I know this isn't your country up here"--his
family ranched down in the southern part of the state, on the Shields
River in the Crazy Mountains area; Riley's father had died, but his
older brother was running their cattle outfit--"but the Two has got
some things to recommend it, now doesn't it?" I held my thermos cup

changed in April '89 revise

"Even the BB is bound to be right once in his life," Riley delivered

in turn.

changed in April '89 revise

Back at the Winnebago, silence now as sourly thick as their argument had been, I informed Mariah and Riley that maybe one upclose look at buffalo in a lifetime was enough for geniuses like them but not for me. I meant it, too, I let them know. As fresh as ever to me were those tales from Toussaint Rennie when I was but a shavetail kid, fourteen or fifteen years old, of having seen buffalo in their original thousands and thousands when

changed in April '89 revise

"Yeah," I kept on as I drove toward the original dozen dark grazers, who by now had drifted around a corner putting the high fence between them and us, "Toussaint said the Two Medicine country was absolutely buffalo heaven at first." I guess I was laying it on Riley and Mariah a little thick, dwelling on Toussaint and what a sight the buffalo were to his fresh eyes, but damn it all, I did feel justifiably ^{ticked off} ~~peevish~~ about having been enlisted into this big centennial journey that had petered out here in its first day.

8 Sept. '57 - Moose

buffalo feeding: tails switching - occasional moose

brn-black: brn in some light, black in others

snort - grunting; snore-like, bulling-like (hum, vibrates to it)

calf suckling while cow's tail switches (various kinds of eating going on)

all ten heads down, eating (never looked at us or deer)

elk in profile grazing on ridge beyond buffalo

small-legged; hairy legging

tails up like pump handle when they crop

dainty way they walk; small hooves (dainty but do it in a plodding way)
/ fence (posts) give birds a perch; haven't seen birds

- hawk that flew from post to post as we drove after him, & shooting jcs
sparrowhawks hovering in mid-air in same place

--grass of the bison range: like a forest under your feet (thick?)

--constant sparrow hawks at trail site

old bull butting younger one out of his way

8 Sept '87 Movie/2

- antelope, unlike buffalo, seem to notice us, but don't care
- 1 " pregnant in grass & the pic of it
- trail seems bird haven; elk @ distance only animals around
- grasshoppers' constant singing
- view down to Foothill Valley:
 - contrail-like tails of dust show vehicles moving on roads
 - St. Ignace thing tidy below, when it's anything but.
 - irrigation sprinklers on off, like silver snake lines
 - scene like a diorama below: can see ranches, cars going, irrigating, Mission mtn backdrop

Not. Bison Range/2

Red Sleep - start, 7 a.m.

- clouds on Mission Range (pic)
- buffalo roll & kick the feet in air, dusting themselves
- F & R wide & slow below
- buffalo: heads down as they walk, tail flared out, like /lag
- vent-spoke horns
- fox tail in sunlight (pic); sprays of purplish green light; like flame
- field patterns to n. below (pic)
- rounded ^{country} country, not like bench lands of T. Two
- bird song: tee-tee ^{loud warbles} wht/whoop/ ^{brunting - 6 notes} dura dura
" alt + clamorous; answering each other; vocal range incredible
cover the sun's disk, then the lane
- record pic in valley from 1/4 mi trail: 3 black dots of buffalo
- grass knee high, thick as a lawn

Nat'l Bison Range - Jim Norgaard

Keethel: hovers in mid-air
Mission Range to. e.

Bison: get up near and lat; because of heavy front end,

- old black heads
- look like old robes
- flicking the tails; whisking
- horns like gts moon
- goaties
-

Jick at Moiese: Was it really only this morning I left the ranch?

Maiah

- Riley switches from notepad to laptop as Jack begins Tint's buffalo story; have sound of PC typing, pucker pucker pucker?, contrast c Jack's voice.

changed in Oct. '89 revise

"Honking the horn was a totally dumb idea," Mariah rendered.

dumb-ass

I self-defended, "Riley did it."

"That explains it."

"Don't get your kilts flapping," Riley told us soothingly. "A little

inserted in Oct '89 revise

A schoolbus wreck, or ~~xx~~ a guy getting high on something or other and blowing his wife and kids away with a deer rifle, Christ only knew what one or both of them had had to take pictures and write about, that week.

• ranch seemed a place of recuperation for them

changed in Dec. '89 revise to inc. Bill Lang's buffalo lore

Mincey little hooves on them; if they toe-danced across you, they'd leave you in the ~~approximate~~⁹ condition of a hamburger patty. Those wicked quarter-horn moons, too. Or if neither of those did the job, just getting butted by a head that size. . . Nor was my mind eased any by the creatures'