

was scarce on the plains so they drank the blood of these animals. When the herds were destroyed the same wolves were left with the same habits and they did exactly the same thing with horses, cattle and big game. As long as the Buffalo herds remained they filled a definite place in nature, but following the destruction of the herds there was no place for them, and it was necessary to get rid of them completely.

I heard a broadcast over the radio lately in which the speaker said there are two wild animals that cannot be tamed or handled—the wolf and the leopard. Wolves must be trained entirely differently from the great cats such as lions, tigers and panthers. The cats must be obtained quite young, and it is necessary to implant the mental concept that the trainer must be obeyed. When the cat matures he retains this mental fixation, and is usually fairly reliable, although he will try out the trainer occasionally. If it starts for the trainer, he must advance toward the cat and never back away.

If you try strong methods with a young wolf, when he matures he will size you up—decide you don't amount to much and attack you. Even some dogs will do that. You can never be his master, but you may be his friend. If you understand his nature and make no mistakes with him, he is capable of considerable friendship, and will protect the trainer against his own mate. But they are quick to resent an affront and never forgive it although like a stallion and a bull are not thoroughly reliable.

It is considered fatal to fall down while training large predators. A few years ago the trainer at Gay's lion farm in California, while training his special pet lion fell, and the lion killed him. I have fallen several times in the presence of friendly old pairs and nine or ten friendly young wolves. They leaped on me but instead of biting they licked my face. They are a one-man animal, and will never transfer their allegiance.

Lobos occurred in three families, with variations caused by climate and geographical changes. The most northern family (Canis Tundrarum) or White Arctic or Barren ground wolf, which preys on the Musk Oxen, found above the eighty-fourth latitude on the islands of the Arctic Ocean and the Arctic Coast, inhabits a country where there are seven months of night, and the track once found in the terrible arctic storms of the tundra or open plains, must never be abandoned, if the lone hunter expects to survive. The Musk Oxen form a circle, with the bulls on the outside and the cows and calves in the center. If a wolf jumps over their backs, he is trampled to death by the cows. There are very few White Arctic wolves, and only the most powerful and shrewdest survive. According to Fritzof Nansen, the Arctic explorer who visited our yards, there has never been a live specimen brought into captivity until we obtained these white specimens which you will see. The pups are white, and the old ones are also white when their coats are new in early summer, but later the sun tans the tips of some of their hairs black.

The next family is the great northern wolf, dark gray color, with large partially webbed feet, which ranges from Great Slave Lake to approximately the forty-ninth latitude. We have them.

The third family are the tawney wolves, which were formerly found along the Rocky Mountains and the old buffalo range from Canada to Central New Mexico. They have broad heads and smaller feet. We have them.

The parents of these wolves were obtained from the last survivors of the Buffalo wolves, e.g. Old Snow Drifts of Montana, the original Three Toes of Montana and others.

The Lobos are on exhibition on the Roosevelt Highway, U. S. 6, six miles east of Kane.

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The Only Lobo Wolves In The World

THE LOBO WOLVES derived their name from a word in the Blackfoot Indian language meaning Buffalo wolf, and sounding like Lobo (Spanish word for wolf.) They were also known as the Buffalo gray or Loater wolf. They formerly followed the Buffalo (Bison) herds in their migrations along the Rocky Mountains and their accompanying plains from the Southern border of Great Slave Lake, Northern Canada, to Central Texas and New Mexico. They are not timber wolves. They will kill them and drive them out of the country. The United States Biological Survey claimed there never were any timber wolves in the old Lobo territory until the Lobos were exterminated, then many have gone in. A large Canadian timber wolf weighs sixty to seventy pounds, and a large Lobo weighs over a hundred pounds. It often required several years to trap one, at an expense perhaps of eight thousand dollars, five thousand of which was usually put up by one of the Western Cattle Growers' Associations on the head of a single Lobo. In the meantime, he killed several thousand dollars worth of cattle a year. The usual reward was five hundred to five thousand dollars for the worst killers, down to seventy-five dollars for a Lobo pup. The July number of the American Magazine, 1933, has an article on the Lobo which says the Butcher Lobo of Colorado often killed eighteen beef cattle in one night.

These Lobos were captured by the United States Biological Survey, and a few by the Canadian Government, when they completed their extermination about 1920. They are the same wolves which previous to 1920 ranged the plains of the Rocky Mountains, killing cattle and occasionally horses, selecting the fattest and the best, and when they met they frequently killed each other; and were so intolerable that the United States and Canada cooperated in a war of extermination, which is long since completed, there being none in zoos or in the wild. If they were timber wolves we would have them all in one large yard which would be better, but being Lobos we are compelled to keep them separated in pairs or they would soon destroy each other.

They mate for life and hunted singly and in pairs, never in packs unless in family groups. They are different from any other wolves, the same as the Grizzly bear is a special bear, and they inhabited the same country. The Indians called them Grizzly wolves.

Trappers from the region about Great Slave Lake, Northern Canada, come here and tell us this story. In the days when the Lobo existed in that territory, if the trappers saw the single large track of a wolf in the snow they often followed it in the hope of finding fresh meat, for Lobos hunted alone and killed as they went. Perhaps they would find a moose partly eaten, maybe a second and a third killed but not eaten. The timber wolves had not disturbed the carcasses for when the Lobo arrived they left the country, and if two Lobos met they generally fought it out. We prefer the Great Slave Lake family of Lobos, and our pack is mostly composed of them. They have longer teeth, are better fighters than either the Lobo of the Western United States or Montana Lobo. They are more courageous, harder to tame, more inclined to attack the keeper, but they are perfectly square, with no tendency to attack when the keeper is off his guard. The males are the larger.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his book about his ranch in South Dakota, said the Lobos killed many of his cattle, and he got what he considered the best fighting dogs for killing them. They were half Great Dane and half Bulldog. There were nine of them. "They killed many Lobos, but they were always big pups or a small female. They would follow an old one as long as they were with the men on horseback, but if they got ahead of the horses they came back. One night after following one all day the men slept out and the Lobo returned and killed all the dogs around the campfire."

William Hornaday, manager of the New York Zoo, in his book, "Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," said of the predators, the lion is the most reliable, next the tiger and the Russian timber wolf, and the least the leopard. He always conceded the Lobo was more savage than the Russian timber wolf.

Stanley P. Young, principal biologist of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Survey, in his book on the extermination of the Lobos called "The Last Stand of the Pack," described them as the consummation of absolute savagery, and have seldom been tamed, even though they are taken from their dens before their eyes are opened. We take them from their dens when they are three and a half weeks old. A man handles them eight hours a day for a month, and one hour a day for a year. We discard 10 out of 11 before they are 5 years old, which is the age of full maturity. These pups on exhibition in the yards of their parents were handled eighty hours, and were wilder and more vicious than when taken from the den. They will be eliminated this fall.

The litters arrive once a year during March and average two to four. The pups play together like kittens. They have a favorite game, an imitation of the hunt of later years. One little fellow will start running and invite the others to chase him, which they do, catch him and bite him in harmless play. This continues until about the middle of July when their wild nature begins to assert itself, then as usual, a little fellow starts on his run of fun—they all chase him and eat him up. This sometimes is re-enacted until only two are left, unless they are particularly hard boiled when a number will survive if fed to repletion. Their parents watch this game with interest, and do not interfere for they have no love for a pup that cannot fight. If anyone else tried to harm their pups they would object instantly.

Pen Number 1: Achilles III had fights with four male Lobos. He killed them all. Three of them he drove his fangs through their skulls and the other he tore out its throat. He didn't get hurt. He was only one year old when this occurred. Three of his victims were two and three year old males. The last a vicious seven year old male. They were valuable and a serious loss. Achilles IV, male in this pen, killed his father.

Pen Number 2: We obtained two beautiful timber wolves, a black and a grey. We had them only ten days when the following incident happened: The timber wolves ran through the runways to become acquainted with the Lobos. They fought through the wire, with this large male, when the Lobo tore his way through, and according to a visitor we saw it, they both grabbed him over the shoulder. He slashed one over the heart and crippled him, then tore the throat of the other on his way through, then returned to the crippled one, bit him in the same place crushing his heart and ribs, and dragged his body through the wire and hid it in his den. The fight lasted only a few minutes. What his idea was we do not know, for old Lobos will not eat wolf meat like timber wolves. He then returned, I think, to get the second carcass when I arrived and shut him out. One timber wolf, weighed seventy-five pounds, and the other eighty-five.

These were not the common Canadian timber wolves which are inclined to be cowardly and can be bought for \$50.00 each. They were Central Alaskan, the largest and most savage timber wolves in the world — and the only American wolf that will fight with a Lobo. The loss was \$600. When I was in the Klondike region in 1887, eight years before it was called the Klondike, the old prospectors and trappers said the animal feared the most in that country was the big grey wolf. This was difficult for me to understand for there were Kodiak bears and Grizzlies. The Portland Oregon Press, 1928, said one of these special wolves from Central Alaska had gotten down into that country. Three men were trout fishing, not far from the city of Portland. He killed them all. One man's head was bitten off except for a shred of skin. His fishing rod was found nearby, broken. The wolf did not eat the men. He was afterwards shot by a hunting party. These were the same brand of timber wolves that this big Lobo killed when he went through the fence. The female in this pen killed a valuable female.

Pen Number 3: These pups were taken from their dens when 3½ weeks old, and were selected as the best from about thirty. After intensive daily training, the average is one out of eleven which are finally tamed. We mean to the same degree that a tiger or leopard may be tamed—not a dog. If a keeper strikes a pup they will all attack instantly.

Pen Number 4: This male, when a puppy, together with a female pup, ganged three other male pups and ate them. He was her favorite and of a different litter. She is now his mate.

Pen Number 5: This female has nearly killed our men on three occasions. She also killed the most beautiful dog I ever saw. I bought it from a banker's wife in Los Angeles. She got him in Alaska and said she paid five hundred dollars for him. He was beautifully trained and supposed to be a full blooded timber wolf, but appeared to be about half husky and half timber wolf. He weighed eighty-five pounds and was black. She was young and had no mate, and pretended through the wire to be friendly with him. After some days of observation I admitted her to the runway where I kept him, like a flash she tore out his throat.

Pen Number 6: This female is the last Lobo that survived in the wild. Her mother crossed from Canada into Montana in 1930. The mother and one pup were shot and she was lassoed. No other Lobo has been discovered since.

Pen Number 7: These are last year's pups. If they are well fed there is no difficulty, but if they are not they will gang one of their companions and eat him. They will also gang a man the same as young lions if hungry.

Pen Number 8: This male protected me twice from female mates when they tried to attack, and once was the boss of nine young wolves when four of them suddenly ganged me. He drove them off alone. When a wolf once attacks we always shoot him, although we do not pay attention to minor hostilities. Wolves are much more difficult to manage than panthers. The boss of a pack of young wolves is always the most intelligent and may be tamed.

Pen No. 9: When this female was a pup in the den it appeared her mother had eaten all her pups. About two weeks later we had occasion to open the den and found a pup skin and bone, the most vicious little devil imaginable. After ten days of handling with heavy gloves she tamed. She had defended herself from her murderous mother, without food, thereby saving her life.

We are often asked why these are the only Lobos in the world. Nature always provides the right check when the occasion arises. If it had not been for the Lobos, the Buffalo herds would have over-run the country. The herds were followed by vast herds of old ones, cripples and weaklings, which were undesirable breeding stock and would have trampled the pasture. The Lobos killed them by the thousands, not for eating but for the love of killing. Water