

Calgary. There my husband built a model ranch. Our buildings were all modern and up to date. ~~There is no great excitement~~ Immense implements houses went up to house and protect the implements, my husband observing that a tremendous amount of waste was everywhere noticeable through the habit of the country of leaving the implements out all winter. We put up long cattle sheds, where in the storms the cattle had a place for shelter, and the first summer blizzard — it came in June a blinding snow storm that whirled over the country like a living mad ~~xxxxx~~ destructive force — demonstrated ~~the~~ wisdom of his work. While hundreds of cattle, drifting before the blizzard perished trapped in coolies and gulches or against the fence lines, our herd of 150 odd head came up the lanes and sheltered safely in the long sheds. They had laughed at my husband for expending so much money on "fancy sheds for cattle, who can rustle just as well out in the open"; but after that blizzard they no longer laugh and other similar sheds went up all around us.

It was a great experience to see the crop go in. ~~Although~~ My experience of country life consisted of owning a house at Orienta Point Manarone I knew the Boston Post Road fairly well. But I was a city girl, born and bred of the city. ~~So the farm life was all new to me.~~ ~~xxxx~~ At first I ~~xxxx~~ felt exactly as if I were in some dream. It seemed incredible to me that it was actually me — I, used to the teeming, seething throngs of the metropolis — here on an Alberta ranch, ~~xxxx~~ The great ~~xxxx~~ distances — the immense vistas — the incredible horizons, mirages and the phenomenon of sky and earth merged in one great brooding haze, seemed to set us as it were apart from all the world. Indeed we seemed to be right on the top of the world. There was no limit to the distances about us. I could look out to the east, to the north to the west to the south, and all I saw, was waving, rolling prairie, dim brown under ~~xxxx~~ golden a sky where ~~xxxx~~ that was always gilded with sun. Indeed even in a storm I have seen the sun blazing through. I suppose that is why they call the country "Sunny Alberta". It is rightly named.

We had come in the Spring and I ~~xxxx~~ for a time I never tired of