

~~San Geronimo & Dinosaur.~~

~~That was my first winter in Alberta.~~ There were to be six more ^{winters}

^{for me} ~~in Alberta.~~ Our money was tied up in cattle and land. We could'nt "pull up stakes" and quit, even if my husband would have been willing to do so.

He was not. He loved the "game". ~~He was going to win at it!~~

Don't think that I was altogether unhappy. Far from it. Time heals all our wounds. Time acclimates us to any condition and environment. There came a time, indeed when I even assured myself that I loved the life. It was fine, big! We were foothill ranchers, lords of a domain of thousands of acres. We gave employment to many men and those men were our friends.

I came to know ~~the~~ all the ranchers and cowpunchers in our part of the country, "our part" embracing an area that ran to a couple of hundred miles. Distances meant nothing to us. We all had automobiles and horses, and we were back and forth to each others places. The Old-Timers were a never failing source of delight to me. I loved them. Most of the people in our part of the world had the spirit of adventurers. They had come from the four corners of the earth. Americans had drifted in from every State in the union. There was one part of the country called Yankee Valley, and everyone there was from the U.S.A. The English were good sports and the best of ranchers. We had a duke's son riding the range for us. A peer's grandson kept a little road house, where we had Friday dances. Another duke's grandson had a polo and dude ranch adjoining ours? Two Italian princes had a great horse ranch and they came to call on us in overalls.

I knew most of the Indians well enough to call them by name.

There were ^p about 600 of them on the Indian Reserve that was on one side of our ranch. When one gave a job to an Indian, he moved on to the place the next day with all of his relatives and connections from far and near, besides his numerous horses and dogs. We would be awakened the following morning