

He tied strings around the holes. Another had the habit of muttering to himself "Get thee behind me Satan". I asked him once what he said that for, and he said he was speaking to certain cravings within him that were ~~fight~~ striving to force him back to the booze. We had one boy, whose voice was like a silver bell. We could hear him singing in the fields all the way across the prairie to the house. Sound carries far in still air like that. ~~take a little of it they were~~

I think perhaps city people are too prone to judge a man by the cut of his coat, the angle of his hat, the crease down the front of his pants ~~note~~ I use the homely word "pants". We don't say trousers on a ranch. ~~White hands and a white collar will not make a man. I remember~~ there was one old rancher who used to say: "Fists ain't made to hit the other fellow with. They're meant to grip around implements. They're meant for work. That's what the Lord made hands for—to work, and there's aint no grief that hard work won't cure." Seems to me there's something to that homely bit of philosophy.

On a Sunday our men would "doll up" in their best. They would go then a-riding or a a-courting. ~~We had~~ One boy used axle grease on his hair. It shone like the morning sun. Another—a Yank, who had drifted out to Alberta from heaven knows where —always brought forth on Sunday a pair of fine white spats. With these, a clean shirt and Sunday suit, Lem made a great hit with our nearest neighbor's youngest girl.

To me the growing grain was like a miracle. It shot up from the bare earth and leaped along overnight. It grew to be as tall as a man and as thick as a forest. We used to go out into the grain fields of an evening, and as we passed through the tall grain, it seemed to murmur and whisper on all sides of us. In certain months in Alberta daylight stays till nearly eleven o'clock at night and a great moon hangs above the waving, golden grain, seeming like an immense artificial balloon, orange colored, as if i