

~~They~~ There was a common saying that once Alberta got into your blood you never wholly could be weaned from it. You might go away, but you would always come back. The place was like a magnet. It would pull you back. One heard all sorts of terms applied to it: "Vampire land!" "God's land!" "Man's Land!" and so forth. I think it was like the country in Service's Yukon, which made or broke a man—a place where only the strong could survive. A place that strafed one almost to death but which gave eventually the greatest of rewards.

Some poet once wrote: "Unless we carry the beautiful with us we will find it not" ! One did not need to carry beauty with him to see it out there. I realize that; but even beauty does not wholly satisfy the cravings of a hungry soul. I think I was hungry all the time.

It was 'nt that I wanted so much to return to New York and my friends—but ~~six~~ deep in me was the overpowering urge to—write! I realized that when I went down to Calgary, shut myself in a room for two weeks, and it seemed as if I had turned on a mental faucet. Everything wanted to come tumbling out of me at once! I had so much to write—so much to tell—the words ran over each other—they jostled for room and space.

And now I am back in New York! The roar of the city resounds in my ears. My life is in jeopardy every time I go out on the streets. Like Rip Van Winkle I feel as if I had come up out of a long sleep and all the world had changed for me. But time wings along. Time acclimates us to all things, as I have said. ~~Thousands~~ Thousands of miles away from me now the magnet of the ranch may be turning toward me. Will I go back? I do not know.