

we had ambitions to branch out into the cattle ~~ranching~~ ^{game} ranching.

So to the foothills we went, and we bought the beautiful "Bow View", one of the most magnificent ranches in all of Alberta. It is midway between Calgary and Banff on the main Banff-Windermere highway. We had ten thousand acres under fence, and we had ~~xxxxxx~~ government leases on a range that ran to 150,000 to 200,000 acres of forest reserve. This we shared with two other cattlemen.

~~xxxxxx~~ used our grain ranch

We put a competent foreman in charge of the grain ranch and took up our residence in the foothills. Then began one of the most thrilling and happiest years of my life. In all the world, I am firmly convinced, there is no place more beautiful than ~~xxxx~~ our ranch in the Canadian Rockies.

In these ^{my} days I spent half my ^{life} life in the saddle. My children ~~x~~ could ride like "little devils" to use the term of one of our ^{John} cow hands. My youngest boy could ride back to front on a bucking horse. He had me

^{all} nearly out of my wits at times with fear. I've seen him ~~a most~~ on his feet on the back of a plunging, rearing, bucking, shaking young outlaw.

My daughter took to the saddle like a duck to water. We explored wild woods that were ~~one~~ everlasting joy. On one side of the ranch, like an immense glittering ribbon, down three hundred feet of canyon ^{xxxx} ~~fenced~~ along the Ghost River, bearing on its breast in the fall of the year the ~~xxxxxx~~ thousands of logs cut by the Eau Claire Lumber camp, which was not far from our ranch. On the side of the ~~ranch, xxxxxxx~~ moving along with a stately grace, flowed the blue Bow River. Wherever we looked were sun-gilt hills, and beyond them

hills higher and yet higher, till our eyes were raised to that jagged outline of immortal peaks, the snow-crowned Rocky mountains. This was my home.

Did I miss New York? Came no echoes of the hurly-burly, dancing life of the dead years? Did nothing stir within me, pleading and calling to me to come back, to come back. Ah yes! How can one explain it? No more than the poor ~~fisherman~~ boatman who heard the singing of the Lorelei. So deep in my heart of hearts I heard the siren call of New York.