

besides the farmers and ranchers —there they sat, their absorbed gaze bent upon the magnificent brutes that one by one were lead to the little platform. A graduate of Glasgow university sitting next to me squinted his eyes and made a telescope of his hand to gaze at a great Hereford bull, and literally sighed with joy, because it was such a perfect specimen of its race. The auctioneer was a study. He would laterally jump up and down when some especially fine specimen was lead into the ring and he would scream:

"Oh boy! What have we here! What have we here? Gentlemen, gentlemen, look at this beautiful animal! The most perfect specimen of the Hereford race my eyes have ever looked upon. The greatest calf thrower in the country, gentlemen! Oh my God! what an animal!"

I sat and listened to all this. By my side sat my formerly N.Y. husband and he had completely forgotten ~~the fact~~ <sup>my existence</sup>. By the way we bought the champion of that sale. I had an amusing experience a few months later with a visitor from New York, whom I was driving over the ranch. He was a writer of "Canadian" plays and with a couple of other authors, he had done me the honor of calling upon me while en route to Banff.

I was driving a pair of huge geldings, with my party clinging to their seats in the democrat. When we came down almost perpendicular hills, I know very well those men's hearts were in their throats. They didn't know whether they could trust me or not. However, the incident I want to relate here didn't take place on the hill. We were driving through a road that went along the side of the bull pasture. One of our bulls came along the fence line. Said the man who wrote plays of "the great outdoors". "Tell me, Mrs. Reeve, how much are one of those bulls worth?" Before I could reply he added: "\$50. ? \$100? Something like that?" I said: "You are a nice one to write of ranch life. The bull you are looking at cost \$7000. Its sire brought \$30,000. when he