

We put a competent foreman in charge of the grain ranch, and took up our residence at Bow View.

On one side of the ranch, down three hundred feet of canyon and cliff, like a long sinuous moving ribbon, the Ghost River flowed, bearing on its breast in the fall the hundreds of logs of the Eau Claire Lumber Camp. On another side, moving along with a stately grace, one of the loveliest rivers in the world, the Blue Bow River flowed down from the hills. Wherever we looked were sunlit hills, and beyond them hills higher and yet higher, and beyond those higher hills, the jagged, marvelous outline of the snow crowned ~~Rustic~~ Rockies, silhouetted against a sky whose iridescent colors were like a sea of opal and mother of pearl. This was my home.

I spent a great part of my time in the saddle and so did my children. They could ride like "little devils", to use an expression of one of the cowpunchers. I had five saddle horses of my own, Daisy, Lady Bug, Ethel, Silver Heels and Viper. Daisy was thoroughbred; Lady Bug ~~was a~~ ~~Percheron~~ ~~mare~~ was the foal of a Percheron mare and a racing ~~father~~ sire. Silver Heels was an Indian bronco and Viper was a demon. He threw me more times than I like to record. ^{Ethel} ~~was~~ was a gentle, lovely creature — the kind of animal my husband liked me to ride — safe, surefooted, ~~and~~ ~~sure~~ ~~footed~~. I had named her after Ethel Kelley, author of "Wings", one of my New York friends.

Came no echoes of the hurrying dance life of the dead years? Did nothing stir within, luring and calling me back? How may one explain this thing? Even when galloping over the hills and across the wide spreading pastures and into woods where the long searchlights of the sun pierced through to the ~~marvel~~ flowering carpet of every conceivable color; even when picnicing and holidaying with friends — neighboring ranchers, or people from Calgary — no matter where I was, and nearly all of the time, during that first year, ~~the first year was always a~~ ~~the first~~;