

Dukes and Duchesses. Then there were royal Princes among them and two U.S. Presidents. We had to give them names to register them, ~~remember~~ I had resorted to the telephone books for suitable names, but my husband simply swept all that labor aside by having them number one two and three and so forth.

Fancy me — I who thought I was something of a connoisseur about pretty things, sitting on the railing of a pig corral, ~~actually enjoying myself as~~ I watched hundreds of little piggies cuddling up to or nursing their colossal mothers. ^{Perhaps} ~~I~~ my tastes are low, but I must confess to a wee liking for pigs—little pigs anyway.

We had thought 640 acres an immense tract of land. I remember fancying what fun I'd have riding all around it. I had ridden quite a bit along the prim bridle paths of Central Park, and a German riding master had hammered into my system ~~many~~ most of the rules that go to make a good rider. I flattered myself that I rode with some form. My husband too had been quite a rider. He was with the cavalry — Brooklyn militia ~~—~~ ^{The first time he} ~~chucked~~ me on ^{that} big stock saddle he could not forbear to laugh, and he gave my knee a squeeze as he said:

"Now cling with your knees if you dare!" I tried to. No go. You have to ride loose on a cowboy saddle. Later I grew to like the stock saddle and could go for miles without tiring.

But to get back to our acreage. 640 acres may sound a lot to a New Yorker. It's a drop in the bucket in Alberta. We soon realized that if we wished to stay "in cattle" we would have to have more land.

So we bought Bow View Ranch in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, midway between Calgary and Banff. It is one of the most beautiful ranches in the Province, and has an unsurpassed situation on the hills overlooking the Banff-Windermere Highway. We had ten thousand acres under fence and shared a government lease of Forest Reserve which ran to about 200,000 acres with two other cattlemen. U