

should take the second one. Accordingly he shot it, and then in his own words: "I shot that thar bear and, believe you me, he turned around that quick the bullets came out of his rear end and shot my poor pal stone dead."

His other stock tale was of being caught out on a winter's night in the mountains, by the biggest snowstorm the West had ever known. Since he could get no farther he tethered his horse to the branch of a tree and dosed down himself in the deep snow for the night. But when he woke in the morning he found that one of those sudden thaws which a Chinook brings had come along, and he was lying in a "Swaaaaamp" and nowheres could I see my hoss. I looked round and round—then I saw him hanging to the top branch of a tree, stone dead, with his neck broken—that thar thaw had come so almighty quick it had cleared the snow." It was tempting for such a type of man to try and impress a gaping audience in those days, though the modern folk would promptly laugh him out of court. There was a true tale about two Scottish immigrants who settled in an out-lying place. James was a "meenister of the Kirk—", and Dave opened up a store, so James pinned up on his chapel door a notice: "Serve God and deal with Dave" which, as an example of Scotch thrift in double advertising was a masterpiece.

At Canyon Ranch I remember the spotless kitchen utensils hanging on nails driven into the log walls, an immaculately clean stove, and a big table of bass wood, scrubbed to a virginal whiteness which was our host's pride. After our simple meals we had to scrub it, then cover it with newspapers so that sun from the big southern window shouldn't stain or flies defile its beauty. No film star had greater care taken of her complexion than that table at Canyon Ranch! We had also to clean and polish the dishes and cutlery, and hang everything back in its appointed place. Woe betide us