

A cowboy moved to Okotoks, Alberta from a small town in Saskatchewan. Okotoks happens to be just a few miles from where I live in the De Winton area south of Calgary. Anyway, this story is called . . .

A Nice Tradition

A cowboy, new to Okotoks, strolls into the pub in the old Willingdon Hotel (The Royal Duke) on Elizabeth Street and orders three pints of beer.

He sits in the back of the pub, drinking a sip out of each one in turn. When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more.

The bartender approaches and tells the cowboy, "You know, a pint starts going flat after I draw it. It would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The cowboy replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in Manitoba, the other is in Ontario. When we all left our home in Saskatchewan, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we

drank together. So, I'm drinking one beer for each of my brothers and one for myself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice tradition and leaves it there.

The cowboy becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way. He orders three pints and drinks them in turn. One day, he comes in and only orders two pints. All the regulars take notice and fall silent.

When he comes back to the bar for a second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I want to offer my condolences on your loss."

The cowboy looks quite puzzled for a moment, then a light dawns in his eyes and he laughs. "Oh, no, everybody's just fine," he explains, "It's just that my wife and I joined the Pentecostal Church and I had to quit drinking."

"Hasn't affected my brothers though."