

Describes shooting trip with his father.

Canadian Pacific Railway

EN ROUTE

near Moose Jaw
Tuesday Oct 23/23

My dear Lois

The last thing before I left Winnipeg last night Sam Mathewson handed me your letter of last Tuesday so that I am not very up-to-date on what you are doing.

I do hope that Alice is up and about again and that everything is going well with you.

I left Winnipeg at 8³⁰ on Saturday morning and was met at the station at Stockton by Dad who had been driven in by Mr Francis (Frank) Hopkins in an old motor car. They drove me a mile or two to Mrs Badhams

where I was met by a little whirlwind
who I very quickly found to be Mrs Bedham
I was also met by a pointer, four
hounds, two or three cats two dogs called
"Peter" and "Joan", and probably, if I had
looked, I should have also seen horses,
cattle, turkeys, hens and a guinea
pigeon. Going inside the door I met
Gerald (Rosy) O'Grady, a young man
named Douglas and Tom, the man
of all work.

We took a snapshot of a group
which included Mrs Bedham but
in the meantime I can tell you
that she is a little wiry woman

nd about Francie's ³ size, very
dham vehement in her speech and
in all she does. Determined that
called everyone must be made comfortable
and generally a jumping jack on
springs with full vocal accompaniment

She ~~total~~ was dressed in a white
smock reaching about down to her
trouser pocket, a pair of
voluminous khaki knickerbockers
a pair of cheap brown cotton
stockings and a pair of clumsy
black boots, one boasting of a
lace, the other about half laced
and 'half not laced with a long
piece of binder twine. To complete

the picture you must know that
 an accident to her right knee
 bent the leg outward about six
 inches out of ~~true~~ truth. Her face
 and hair are a little like
 Gracie Skelton used to be when
 Gracie was at her thinnest except
 that Mrs B's is small and
 weather beaten.

Mrs B. is the sole proprietor and
 manager of seven or eight hundred
 acres of land which she works
 herself with occasional hired help
 and aided most of the time by
 the hired man Tom.

She has, of course, no children but
 is the active head of the school board

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among the things ^{EN} ROUTE
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and arrangements for the convenience of the
hundred odd children in five wagon
loads from their homes to the
"consolidated" school at Stockton.

In a blizzard the tracks become
obliterated across the prairie and
one day last winter she had to
order all the children to remain
at the school or in the town for
the night. That night numbers
of cattle were smothered and
frozen and her own animals
nearly wrecked the barn when they
were eventually located and driven in.

on top of her other activities I was surprised to find her playing the organ in church on Sunday. The clergyman takes services at three widely ~~at~~ separated points each Sunday and our service (Church of England) was at 2³⁰ for the Sunday school and 3⁰⁰ for the grown-ups. Church is the meeting place for the people and I was fortunate in meeting by appointment an old Upper Canada chum named Billy Dobson who turned out to be the principal of the school.

After church we talked to the young clergyman and to the various people and then Dad, Mrs B. + I went to dinner at Billy Dobson's. I found

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that he had a nice young wife
and a little boy about Ruth's age.
After a fine dinner we all went
up and inspected the school which
is a surprising good fire proof
building. They are short of apparatus
and equipment and Dobson asked

me if I had any of my old
chemistry books which he would
like to have for his personal reference.
I said you would look and
would mail him a book if it
could be found address. -

W. Dobson, Stockton, Man.

I have strayed from my
purpose which was to tell you
about my shooting trip. We went

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out on Saturday afternoon and
again on Monday and had excellent
luck both times.

I will tell you about Monday.
At about six o'clock we heard Mrs. B.
moving about and when we got down
to breakfast at 7³⁰ she had
milked four cows, fed the chickens
and the cows and the driving horses
and got breakfast on the table for
us. On our part we had made up
our rooms.

After breakfast we packed our
bags and then went for a stroll
while Mrs. B. fed the hogs and the
cats and the dog and washed
and put away the breakfast things
and got a mid lunch for our picnic.

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Mr Hopkins called for us at 9³⁰
The guns and bags and pic nic
things were got ~~about~~ aboard the car,
the hounds and all but one of
the dogs were locked up. The driving
horses were left food for their mid-
day meal and we started off.

Over prairie roads we went for a
mile or two, then branched off
for a few hundred yards to hide
the car beside a clump of spruce
trees and in one of the hundreds
of saucer like depressions which

must have provided wonderful chances
 for games of hide and seek with
 the Indians in the old days and
 now provide similar scope for
 the operations of rum runners in
 these more enlightened times.

We started off in open order
 four abreast first Mrs B then
 Mr Hopkins (whom she calls Hopper)
 then Dad and then me. We were
 spaced roughly fifty yards apart
 and I was obliged to walk at a
 terrific clip in order to keep up.
 The birds would lie under a bluff
 sheltered from the wind apparently
 sunning themselves. ~~They~~ It was

the last day of "shooting" so that they were pretty wild and we registered more misses than hits.

However we got back at lunch with about 10 birds and repeated the performance in the afternoon. I did not get quite as many as ~~Dadd~~ + "Hopper" but I got quite enough to be interesting especially as they were very generous in giving me the best chances.

We returned, packed our bags and caught the train at 4⁵⁵ after what was for me a most interesting 3 days during which I had my first days outing with Dad since I have grown up, my first experience on a ranch and my first shot at a prairie chicken. Hopper drove us all to

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the station and Billy Dobson was there to see us off.

Hugh and Mathewson met us at Winnipeg in the McLaughlin and we spent part of the evening distributing birds to Mrs B; and to Dad's friends. The inscription on one brace "To Bishop — from The Saints Rest" which is one of the names Mrs Badhem gives to her place. The other name is "The Devils Roost" or something equally terrible.

Hugh and Dad left me at the Winnipeg station after what has been a very memorable holiday.

At the risk of tiring you out I must tell you of one or two other little impressions I got.

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I was surprised at the extraordinary number of things Mr. Badham was able to attend to in a day but of course this necessitates giving many things only "a lick and a promise". On this subject Dad tells me that on one of Audrey Fisher's last visits one of Mrs B's boots got lost and could not be found for many months. Last week, hoping to be useful, Dad got permission to sweep out the living room. Needless to say he made a thorough job. The bench on the far side of the dining room table is hidden

from view but that did not stop Dad
 He pulled out the table and the bench
 two and in sweeping out the
 miscellaneous assortment of rubbish
 he found the long lost boot, all of
 which Dad says will make a
 good story to tell Audrey who has
 also frequently had ambitions towards
 "tidying up" "The Angels Rest"

I was also surprised at the
 extraordinary familiarity of the various
 animals. There seemed to be absolutely
 no fear or shyness. One day Peter
 and Joan the two "horrid pigs" as
 Mrs B calls them, followed Dad and
 Mrs B all the way in to town and
 nothing they could do could get rid

of the beasts. Another day Joan made
 Dad jump about a foot by nibbling
 his leg to attract attention and
 while we stood talking on Sunday
 one of the pigs got Dad's toe in
 her mouth and caused him to dance
 a hompie.

One of the hounds gave a most
 ferocious snap and growl at
 the cat who merely rolled over on
 her back and looked submissive and
 playful. He had not much more
 than got up on his feet again
 when along came the pig and pulled
 her tail. As this brought no
 response Mite Pig took quite a
 firm hold of the cat's tail quite

at 3-

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close to the body and gave her
a swing from side to side. The
cat took it all quite calmly
and walked quietly away with
the pig following and continuing
to tease her for a few yards

I hope your little family
is performing with equal good nature

your affectly

Edward S. Windsor

Please send
this to Mother and
Helen but please do
not ask them to return it
as I want it for my
diary W^h

Badaam