

Mrs. Sabister has
a crooked rib from a horse
kicking him while he was getting
ready to shoe it.

Chinook Alta.
October 14, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I suppose you know our Canadian Thanksgiving
comes generally in October. This year it came on the
ninth - last Monday and we were invited to Sabister's
to dinner. In fact you might say we had two
Thanksgiving dinners. The week before I had been
exceptionally fortunate in shooting two *Corda* geese
and I gave one to Mrs. Manner and one to Mrs. Sabister
with the result that we helped eat them both. They
were fine big birds - Mrs. Sabister's weighed eight pounds
before it was dressed and Mrs. Manner said hers
weighed six pounds dressed. The five adults (including
Proudfoot) at Sabister's were unable to completely demolish
the fowl though all did their best - of course there were
plentiful accessories of both places. I wish you
and especially Evelina who is so fond of game had
been here to enjoy the geese with us. They note
these biggest ducks we had look like sparrows. I believe
they stood fully as tall as the large tame geese or their necks
are so long. Their wings spread from tip to tip

a little short of five feet.

These are the only ^(the largest variety) Canada geese I have known of being shot in here. They don't seem to have this on their list of regular stopping places as our sloughs are too small for them. They are much wilder than ducks and with their long necks can see you a long way off. Generally one stands pickett duty. Also their thick feathers turn shot so that it is very difficult to kill them. There was a flock of perhaps twenty in this bunch and I saw them light in a slough. I immediately got my gun and sneaked up on them but before I was even in sight they flew up having heard me I guess. I fired into the bunch and knocked two down with first shot breaking their wings but each took another shot at closer range to kill it.

It is beautifully warm weather now and wind dying. We had one big snow storm last week which is the way since we have been here for early heavy snow. We took advantage of the snow to haul out our stove on the bob which is a tower lift and smoother riding than wagon. Also we hauled our granary from town out here to our grain field.

We are very sorry to hear about the house not being rented. It's really tragic.

We are advertising the strip for sale but apparently no wants it that has the money.

Threshing is going on apace. Down by the scarp
crops are turning out fine better (except stubble) than
last year. North of here and east of the scarp
much grain is damaged by frost rust & hail.
One farmer five miles south of here (nearly half
way to scarp) has a large field that threshed sixty
one bushels of wheat to the acre (remember that) and
quite a few fields near there are turning out
around fifty bushels to the acre. This wheat is selling
close to \$1.50 per bushel which would make from
\$70.00 to \$90.00 an acre all of which above \$15.00 is
profit and most of the \$15.00 is pay for work done by
the farmer at a generous rate of remuneration - and
we are trying to sell the scarp for \$11.00 per acre.

If we hadn't been haid this year we would have several
thousand more than enough to meet everything except repaying
our mortgages or we could have done that very nearly.

Give my love to Ellena Will and to Mary. I'd be glad
if you would send this on to Evelina as I'd like
her to hear of the geese I shot. I'm quite a hero
since then and have recounted the details to a number
of thrilled audiences. Everybody had to ask questions
when I weighed one of the birds in Miller's store.
Selden went up to see local in the small mill
two weeks ago.

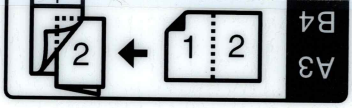
I wish you'd return this home as I
never know it are returned to the dealer
perhaps - S. S. B.

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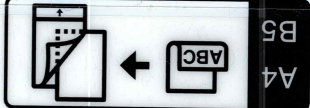
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