

IF NOT CALLED FOR IN 10 DAYS
RETURN TO



The New
Sherbrooke
Wm. Wright
Prop^r
Sherbrooke, Que.

1929



Mrs Edward Spragg Winslow
4143 Dorchester St W
Westmount
Que

Ride in
bucket across
Glacier to Pointe Idaho
mine



p. 364 have
been mislaid
if they turn up I'll
send them to you.

A copy of these
2 rap is enclosed
A. B.

EDWARD S. WINSLOW

10 PHILLIPS SQUARE

Patel Idaho

MONTREAL, QUE.

Sunday afternoon 3rd Nov/29
at the Granby Co Hotel
Angeot B.C.

My dearest Lois

As I prophesied, you will probably have a big break in receiving letters from me since the one I posted to you at Prince Rupert a week from yesterday - that was Sat. Oct 26th

Well I landed in Stewart just one week ago - Sunday the 27th and had Kate Ryan & her nephew Johnny to lunch and later went and ate goat meat sandwiches and drank tea as an evening meal at her house. On Monday we drove up to the Big Missouri and met the manager Mr. Bill Ditchman & his wife who are both New Zealanders. The distance was about 15 miles all upgrade and we found snow at the upper end. Their children are a little girl of 3 years & a boy of 18 months. They live in a little circular space surrounded by mountains and get a great deal of snow in the winter - so much so that windows 10 or 12 feet above the ground get covered and have got to be shovelled out to let light & air into the house. The big trees shelter the ground under them so that a deep conical depression is formed. If your child gets lost, such a depression is one place where you look for him because if they slip in they sometimes can't climb up again. To keep the children dry and not too warm is a problem and I promised to send Mrs. Wm. Ditchman Big Missouri mine, Stewart, B.C. enough "Greenfell cloth" to make up two Teddy Bear suits or whatever you call those pull over suits that are made like a sack to cover everything but the head, the hands & the soles of the feet. If you can get some of that cloth thru the Greenfell Association or elsewhere and if you could also get one or both the suits made up, I will pay the bill. If you

cannot get it made up, send the material along with one of your nice little notes explaining how the Greenfell Association (meaning yourself possibly) recommend making up the little suits. As I understand it they ought to be very roomy for ventilation and to allow of putting on woolies underneath.

Well, so much for Big Missouri. From there on Tuesday the 29th we walked a couple of miles through the snow and then drove three or four miles to the Premier Mine where we found no snow. The manager is Mr Dale H. Pitt and he was exceedingly kind in having me up to his house to dinner, bridge etc on Wednesday and ~~Thursday~~^{Tuesday} evenings. I left Premier at about noon on Thursday spent Thursday night at Stewart and got up at six o'clock Friday morning to go on my most exciting expedition so far.

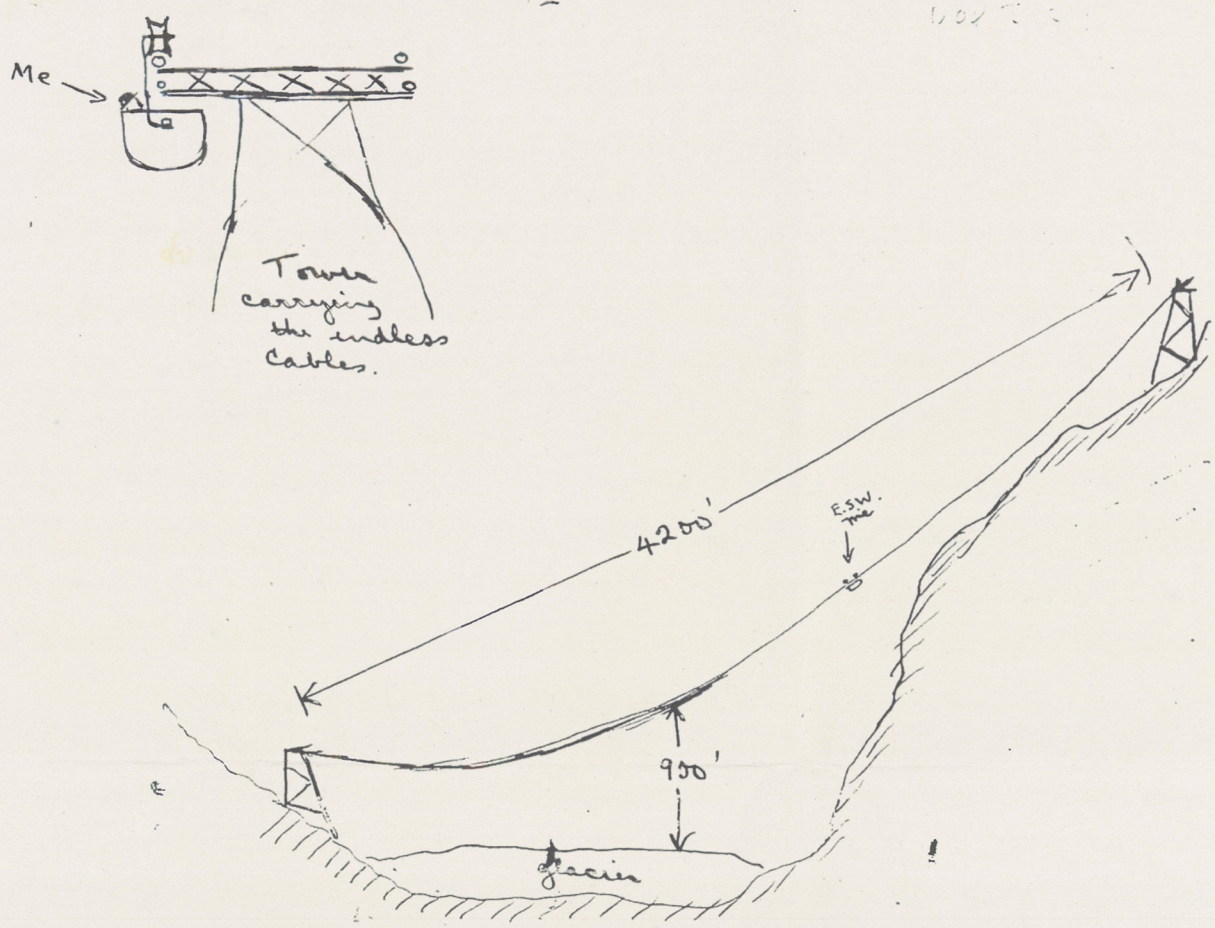
We drove to the wharf in the semi darkness and telephoned Mr Pitt to find out if conditions were good enough to allow of me riding a bucket up the tram line to the Porter-Idaho Mine. We did not have much hope because it was blowing rather hard up the harbour and we supposed that this would mean an impossible blizzard across the glacier. However after telephoning to the upper end of the line it was found that conditions were excellent so we were given permission to start.

A motor boat conveyed us down and across the harbour to the lower end of the tram line. We had previously signed a document releasing the mine from all responsibility in case of accident. The boat trip consumed half an hour. The buckets were like about a four foot section at the bow of a canoe. Some Rd sacks were used to line the bottom and sides and ~~to~~ I hopped in



This cable is used as a track

This lower and thinner cable is used to pull the buckets along.



The cableway is about six miles long and the buckets run at about six miles an hour so that it takes just one hour to make the trip in each direction. The tram line starts up from sea level passing gently up grade through a broad avenue flanked by huge trees. Numbers of felled trees lie criss crossed below the cableway. Gradually the spacing of the towers becomes greater, ~~to~~ as the big trees begin to disappear and the slope of the valley becomes steeper. We pass two or three fair sized torrents and we suppose that these must be some of the big spans we have heard about. But no, we run into a building and around a huge wheel where our direction is changed so that we go at right angles to our former course, a few other big spans

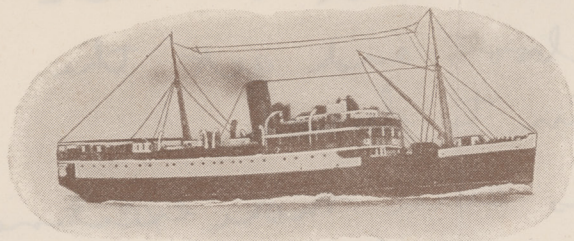
and we approach the foot of the glacier which is coming down from the right and runs at right angles to our new course. Then comes the huge span that I have tried to indicate in my sketch. I suppose if you put the Royal Bank Building at the site of Mount Royal Lookout and then connected the top of it with the top of the CPR Wharfedale station, letting the rope sag about as I have sketched it you would have something like the same arrangement. Anyway it makes you feel small going up and a good deal smaller going down. I tried to say a little prayer but the only thing I could think of was 'Now I lay me down to sleep'. A little higher up and everything is snow. None on the ground, snow in the air and heavy hoar frost on the stationary cable making it look twice its normal size. Finally we reach the upper terminus. A man catches the bucket which has been automatically released from the drag line, trundles it around to a convenient part and I step out, to find that one or both of my feet have gone dead. I want to about to restore circulation.

Presently along comes the bucket containing Archie Mac Gill wray. He is crouched up like a trussed chicken, with his head laid flat on one side and for a moment I think something is wrong with him but his bucket comes to a stop and he unwinds and says he has had a wonderful experience.

The manager of the mine is "underground" with the mining inspector and so the accountant suggests that we save time by walking down to the Compressor house by ourselves. We ask how long it will take us to get there.

UNION STEAMSHIPS LIMITED

Head Offices: UNION DOCK, VANCOUVER
British Columbia



T. S. S. "CARDENA"

On Board.....

3rd Nov/29
continued on the 5th 19

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and are told about five minutes. He says it is just around the lower corner of the building and then follow the path right down. We start but the path seems to be leading off too far to the right. The snow swirls about us so we have difficulty in keeping one another in sight. Finally we make out the outline of the Compressor house in the distance below and simultaneously we can make out the sound of the machine. Our path has come to an end at a tunnel mouth and we must then follow an unbroken path guided by big stakes driven into the snow at wide intervals. The snow is up to our middle now and it is difficult to make progress. I pull my black rubber coat under me and half slide half paddle down the rest of the hill. We find the Compressor wonderfully well installed on a concrete base and the power house has a concrete floor. Everything going fine.

Starting back we find our job much harder. We are unaccustomed to the altitude. The snow balls up under Archie's hob-nail boots and we have to pause every few minutes to get our wind. Finally in a little less than half an hour's climb we reach the

office again and am met by Gus Anderson the
Superintendent. I am wringing wet and we have
both got to take off our high boots and get the
snow out of them before going in to lunch.

The return to the sea level is even more exciting
than the ~~so~~ ride up because one is frequently
looking right down at what is coming at an
angle of almost 45 degrees sometimes. The big
span from that view point looks twice as big.

However we get down, catch our little boat
then ~~this boat~~ our big ^{ORE} or boat for anchor, then
I leave Archie and catch this boat which
runs back to ^{Stewart} Stewart and then returns and
is now at Prince Rupert when I will post
this. Hop. I have it tried you

Best love

Edward