

Bringing Wheat to Lloydminster during Winter  
John Aldworth West

I started out one very cold morning, about ten below zero, a few days before Christmas with a team of oxen and a load of wheat which I was going to sell and buy a few extra things for Christmas. There had been a fall of snow during the night so I had to break the trail all the way to Lloydminster about 24 miles. If I walked behind the sleigh for shelter the oxen would stop so I had to walk beside them and keep prodding them on, when I arrived in town it was too late to try and sell my load of wheat so I tied up the oxen in a nice warm stable and fed them. I went into the hotel for supper after which I went into the sitting room and not yet feeling real warm I sat in a chair over a radiator, it was so warm and I felt so comfortable but I soon began to feel nauseous so thought I would go outside and have some fresh air but when about halfway to the door I collapsed, just momentarily I realized I was lying on the floor with several men looking on. I heard one say (he was the bartender at that hotel) "He didn't get it here, let's get him outside. "He ain't drunk", said another, "Let's get a Doctor." At that I opened my eyes and sat up. "Have a shot of brandy, pardner," offered the bartender. (I didn't like the way he had suggested putting me outside just because I had not bought my booze from him) so I said no, I wouldn't touch your putrid stuff, however I soon felt 100% O.K. again. I could not sell the load of wheat the next day so I left it with a relative of my Sunday School teacher who thought he could sell it so I drove the oxen home. I would like to have Fluden one but I thought they were just as tired as I was although they had four legs to my two so I walked and was not sorry to reach home.