

August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1903

My dear Friends,

I see my last letter was dated June 4<sup>th</sup>. Time flies even in camp life which thank goodness terminates to-day, for this afternoon we contemplate moving up to "Doris Court" and sleep to-night for the 1<sup>st</sup> time for 4 months within shelter of 4 walls. July is the rainy month here and when the rain does come down it is like a deluge. Imagine the delight of being aroused night after night from your slumbers by rain trickling down on you as a rule it has a nasty habit of drifting just the very side of the tent you happen to be lying. I can assure you we have found it awfully trying. Next month, September, we are supposed to get what they term "Indian Summer". Then about the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of October winter sets in.

August 12<sup>th</sup>

Since writing the above we have really removed to our own very own domicile, and right proud we feel to look around, even though it be on bare boards and feel it is indeed our own home. All the weary "trekking" at an end, we look from one window and see the lovely oats and barley looking splendid. From another window I look across and see the "Master of Doris Court" ploughing away for dear life with his fine pair of horses, each acre ploughed meaning the better prospect for the coming year.

The said team are just as fat as butter, they having taken themselves off 7 weeks ago across the prairie and baffled all efforts to find them until about 4 days ago when Banree and another young fellow rode away, we having had some tidings of their whereabouts, and, greatly to our delight, they returned the

same evening bringing the delinquents with them. Their long absence was getting a serious matter as time is growing short and every available hour must be devoted to ploughing before winter sets in.

Well, the many friends who are sufficiently interested in our welfare will be wondering what sort of "shanty" "Doris Court" is, so I must try and paint it as vividly as possible in your mind's eye. It is in bungalow form, measuring 30 ft. by 30 and contains 5 rooms, 1 large attic the whole extent of the house quite fit to use for a bed room as we have had it all nicely boarded round and floored and 2 very large cellars in which we can store all necessary provisions for the winter. I shall try and send with this a little plan which will give you all a pretty clear idea of the position and size of rooms. Everyone that sees it is of the same opinion that it is quite the best house in the Colony.

There will be a verandah 4 or 5 feet wide round 3 sides of the house which will be lovely in summer and a fine garden all around as we are not stinted for ground and we hope in the spring to get up some fruit and other trees from the experimental farm to plant around. There is certainly a great charm and fascination in planning it all out knowing that it is our own property. I often say it compensates one largely for all the hardships we have passed through. Everyone assures us that we shall not have the chance of feeling lonely there thro' the winter as we are close to the township and they will all be trooping out to see us.

We have gone to more expense over our house than we intended in the first instance but so many want putting up for the winter that we felt it would repay us to have extra room. As it is we have

had a lot of applications already which we have under consideration. Our bungalow will be warmed throughout by is placed in the octagon hall. There are no stoves as in England and we burn nothing but wood. The fires have to be kept going night and day during the winter and we have to put up double windows, viz outside frame which can be removed in summer.

The wild flowers are very lovely and those of my friends who know me best will guess the delight they afford me. The small single sunflowers are now in abundance all over our land, also gaillardias, a kind of lily of the valley and red tiger lilies. Whilst I think of it I want all old friends who can send me some seeds in a letter as I would much like my garden to be one of reminiscences of the dear old country especially Buckland, Nether, Homefield Brooklands and Home House, and I should prize them so. The mail goes out this eve so I must reluctantly curtail this edition and reserve further news till the next budget.

Love and kindest remembrances to all relations and friends.

Yours ever sincerely  
Alice Rendell