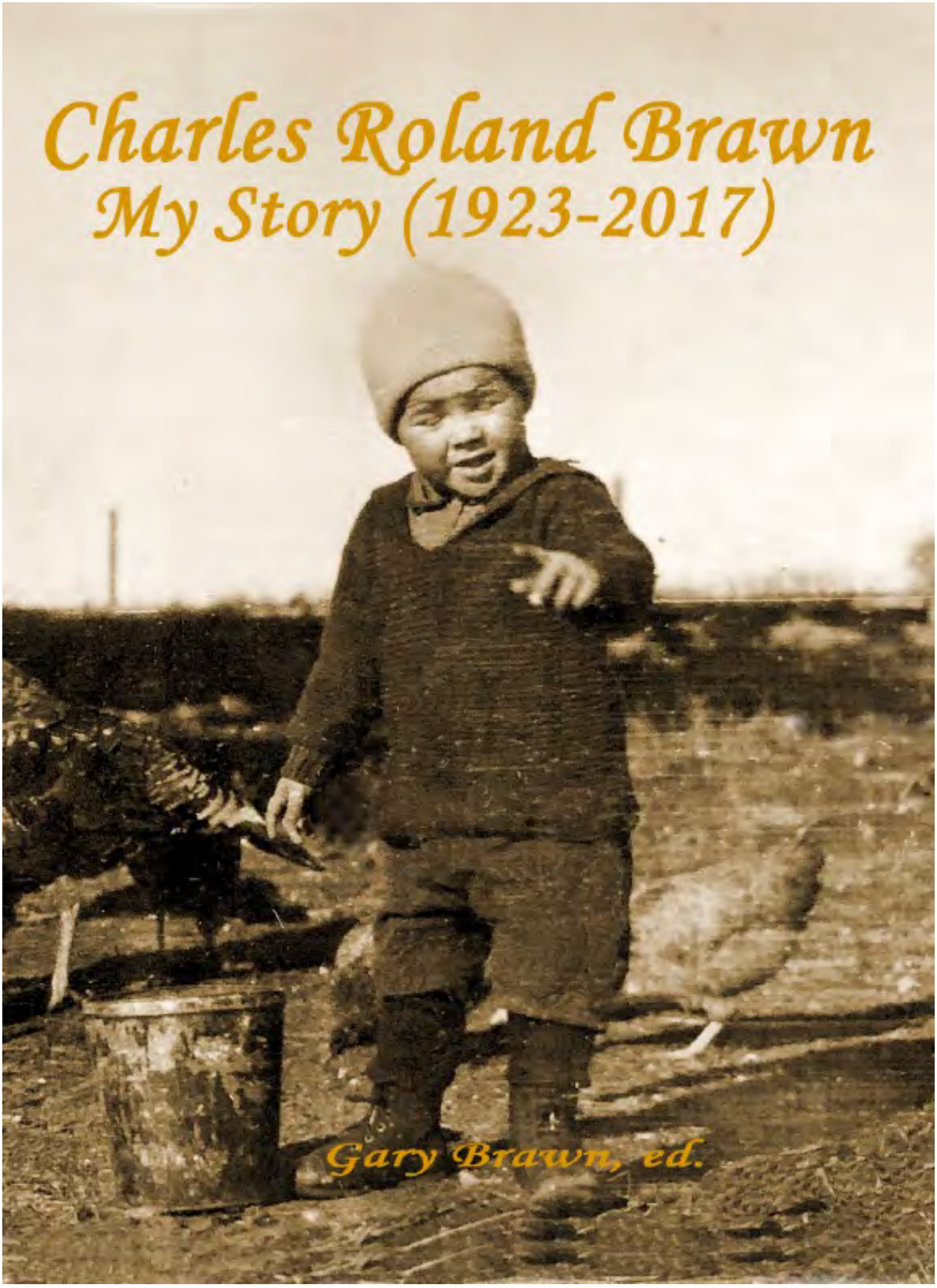
Charles Roland Brawn
My Story (1923-2017)



Gary Brawn, ed.

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PREFACE

My father, Charles Roland Brawn, was always oriented to his work. Activities for diversion from work usually involved participation in civic or church committees. As he approached the conventional retirement age of 65, I and other members of his family were concerned whether he would be able to find new sources of significant meaning in his life. He was attracted to travel, and it was appealing to him to be able to escape Manitoba's challenging winters by spending extended periods in the southern United States, but the family expectation was this would not be enough.

Charles had long had a fascination with the courage, drive and imagination of his maternal grandparents in leaving their homes in Germany just after the start of the twentieth century to venture to an exciting but frightening and far distant world to start anew. Charles' first serious post-retirement project was to tell the story of his maternal grandparents, Carl and Marie Roland, and their daughter (his mother), Martha Roland. He found the challenge of gathering, saving and organizing almost forgotten recollections very stimulating and satisfying, and with the help of his sister, Irene Mary Brawn Moore, he was able to produce *The Rolands, Reflections of an Abbey Pioneer Family*. It was never anticipated this modest little book would have wide circulation, but it pleased Charles to think that his efforts were a positive step in preserving the memory of those persons whose lives were so critically important to him.

When at last the "Roland" project was completed, Charles was encouraged to turn his talents to gathering information concerning the family of my mother, Doreen Lois (Hall) Brawn, whose parents were early pioneers in the Belmont, Manitoba district. At a certain point, Charles handed that Hall family history effort over to me, feeling, I think, that he had taken it as far as he could. My brother, Roland Dale Brawn, a historian by occupation, sensing that our father needed a new challenge, came up with the notion that he and Charles could work together investigating almost forgotten stories of ordinary Manitobans. Their work was published initially as newspaper feature articles in the Brandon Sun and other local newspapers and later as *Every Stone a Story, Manitoba's Buried History*, in two volumes.

After my father and brother decided to take a break from that project, Dale and I encouraged Charles to begin sorting and fleshing out the story of his own life. Like most children I had a vague idea of that life, but the story lacked detail and was blurry at best. As the early period of his upbringing had already been canvassed in the Roland family history, his principal focus was on what happened to him after leaving home, joining the military in W.W. II, meeting and marrying Doreen, being a parent, businessman and civic volunteer. The closer he got to his age at the time of his writing, the less enthusiasm he was able to muster. When questioned concerning this, his usual response was "Well, what is there to tell."

I don't claim my father's life was hugely significant to anyone other than his family and close friends, but I believe as a good man he deserves to be remembered, and this effort reflects simply my desire that when his great grandchildren begin to feel a curiosity about the

family that came before them, they will find this story informative and interesting, as I have found it to be.

Apart from the memories jotted down by my father, his sister, Irene, and others, the information contained herein has come from online searches, correspondence and chats with relatives, and a careful review of documentation of any kind collected by my father over many years. Various friends and relatives have generously contributed their time and efforts to make this biographical sketch as complete and accurate as possible.

My brother, Dale, because of his expertise and skills, would have been the logical person to take on this project, but, as he continues to follow a schedule that most people would consider the equivalent of three fulltime jobs, that was not practical. The sharing of his personal memories and reflections was, however, invaluable.

My friend, Kenneth Coleman, has shared his time and expertise as a genealogical researcher in expanding my factual knowledge of the extended Brawn family, which of course provides the context for my father's story. I have also come to rely on Joan Smith, daughter of my father's uncle, Douglas Brawn, and still a resident of the Weston Favell area north of Northampton, England. She has taken many initiatives to search out other family members who remained living in or near Northampton, and her efforts have led to stories and photographs which otherwise would have been impossible for me to track down.

My wife, Angela, is a keen photographer, and she has taken on the task of formatting and correcting the photographs contained here so that they may be shown in their best light. She has also been willing to listen patiently to my almost daily recitation of frustrations and exciting discoveries, and to follow up with repeated (and no doubt boring) editing reviews. She has my gratitude and admiration.

A word about the structure and organization of this biographical sketch. For the most part the writer's voice is that of my father, Charles R. Brawn. When the contribution is from another person, I have attempted to make the attribution clear, and to provide emphasis of that I have used italics extensively.

Gary Brawn
June 24, 2024

THE ROLAND FAMILY

Marie, Carl and Martha Roland

1910: IMMIGRATION TO CANADA

Charles Roland Brawn states: My maternal grandparents, Carl and Marie (known in Germany as Karl and Maria) Roland, were thirty-six and thirty respectively when they embarked on the fearful but exciting adventure of emigrating to a new land. My mother, Martha, was an impressionable twelve. My sister, Irene Mary Brawn Moore, recollects being told that the Roland family knew no English when they decided to emigrate. They bought an English-German dictionary and started learning English.

I confess I know little of life for the Rolands before their arrival in Canada. My grandparents had grown up in the Saxony area of Germany near Halberstadt where, for a number of years, beginning at age six, Carl worked in the cabbage and sugar beet fields after morning school was completed. Child labour was unexceptional. In the working class it was not simply accepted, it was expected.

The maiden name of my grandmother, Marie, was Bartschat. She had trained as a nurse and midwife. Marie appears in her photographs to be of stern countenance, but in my albeit vague recollection and from all reports she had a good sense of humour and great empathy for others. As may be judged by her actions, she was clearly dedicated not only to her family but to her community.

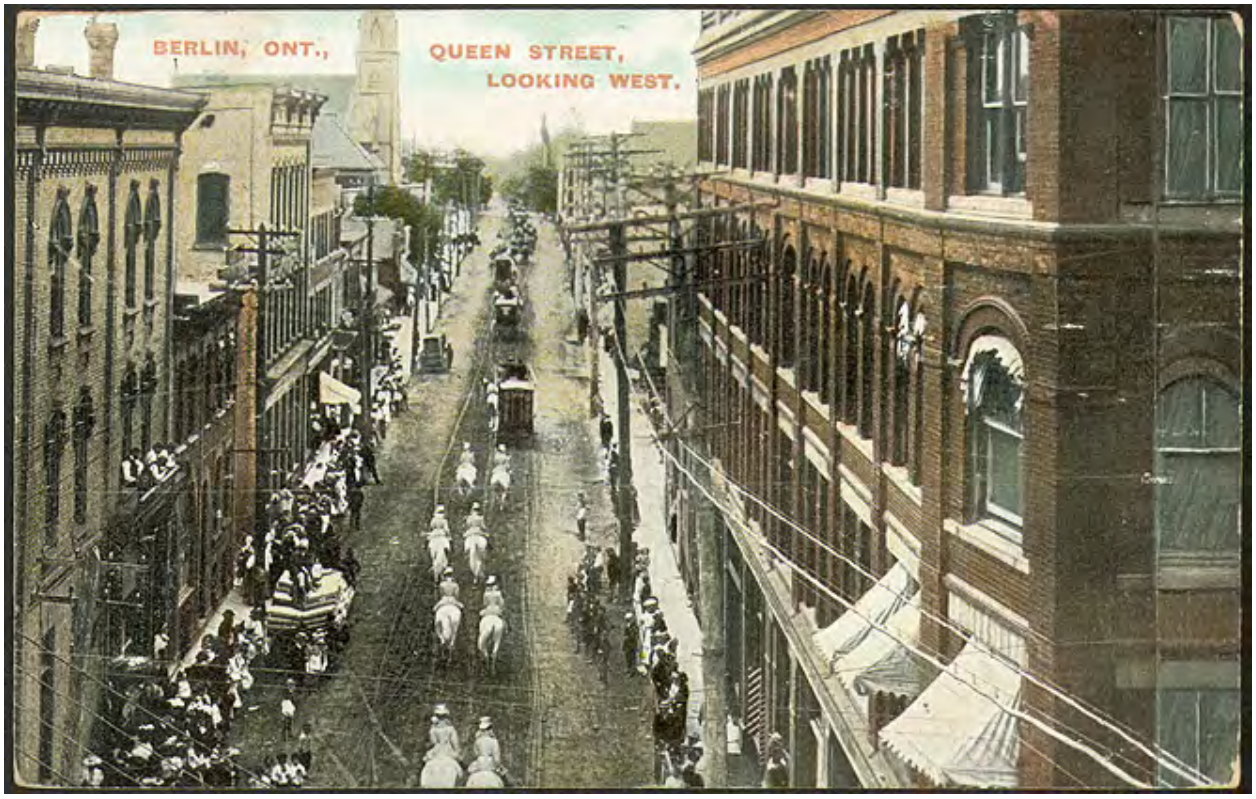
I know nothing of my mother's early life other than that she was born on April 12, 1898 in Kyritz, Ostprinitz-Ruppin, Brandenberg, Germany, was an only child and had cousins in the same area where she was raised.

Although Carl was a trained horticulturalist in Germany, employment before emigration had been with a building supplies company and a construction firm. Considering their relatively impecunious circumstances, the Roland family's decision to emigrate from Germany to Canada was doubtless accompanied by considerable trepidation, although of course tempered by excited optimism.

For reasons now unknown, it was decided Carl would travel to Canada in advance of his wife and daughter. He sailed on the S.S. Cleveland from Hamburg, Germany to New York arriving on July 7, 1910, indicating on the passenger manifest he was a gardener and it was his intention to proceed to Berlin, Ontario. He travelled 3rd class. Marie and Martha followed in steerage on the S.S. Montfort, departing from Antwerp, Belgium and arriving on September 17, 1910 in Quebec City. The passenger list indicated it was their intention to travel on to Berlin, Ontario.

It was in New Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario where the Roland family re-united and spent their first winter in Canada. It was here they had their first taste of life in their new homeland and began the arduous process of learning a new language and acclimatizing to a foreign way of life. Grandfather Carl never suggested to me he had friends or relatives in Canada to help him and his family in their adjustment to life in this new land, but it was no accident their first stop was this epicentre of German culture in Ontario.

According to the 1911 Census, about 70% of the 15,196 residents in Berlin, Ontario identified as ethnic German but only 8.3% had been born in Germany. It was widely understood across Canada and in Germany that this area was associated with the German heritage, a place apart, a Germanic enclave in the middle of English Canada, a place where a German immigrant family would be comforted by the language, the cuisine, the common religion, and many shared values.



Berlin, Ontario 1912

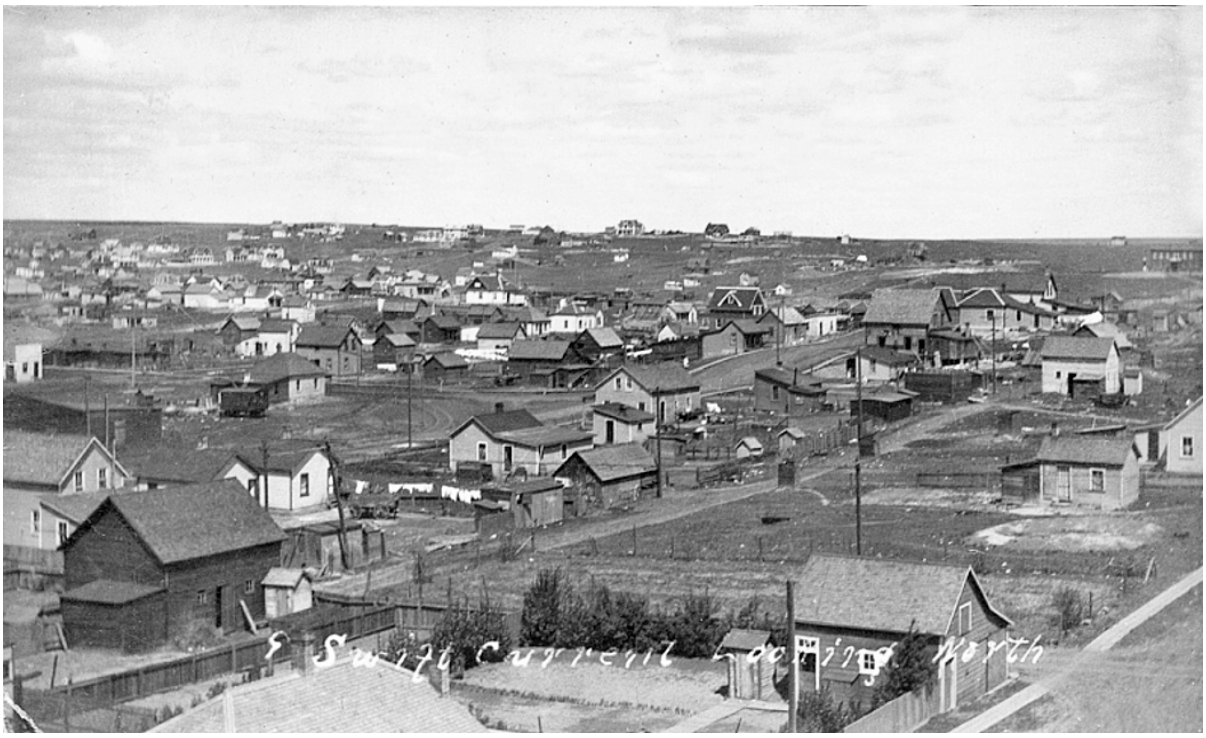
No doubt that ethnic connection eased considerably the cultural transition facing the Rolands. It also made it much easier for Carl to find temporary employment to cover basic living expenses, and augment the reserve savings the family would require to homestead. The next stage in the Roland family travels was by rail to Swift Current, Saskatchewan in the early spring of 1912.

1912: ESTABLISHING A CLAIM[i]

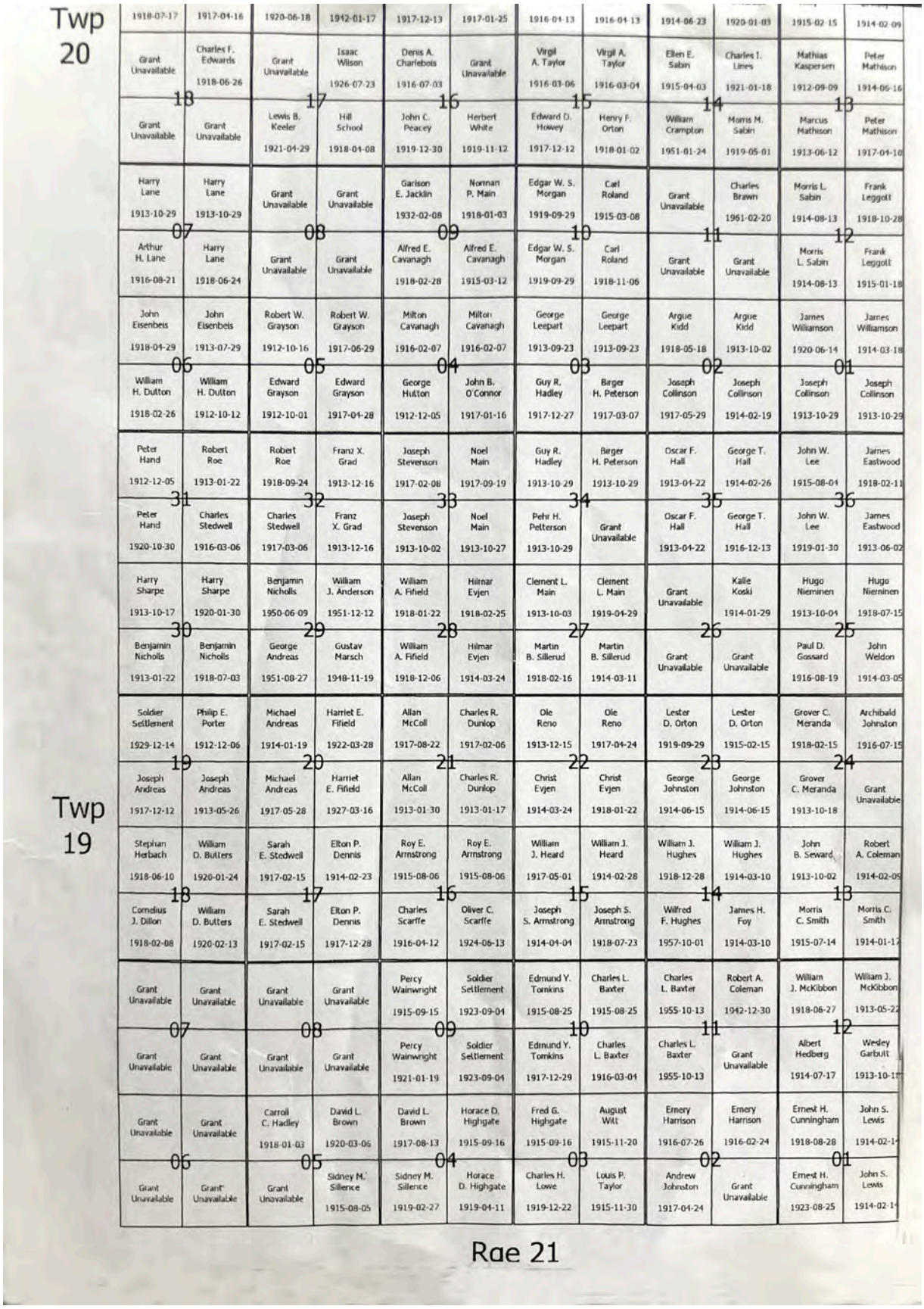
Under the western Canadian survey system, only 16 full sections of the 36 available in most townships were given over to homesteaders at an early stage of municipal development. The remainder were set aside as land appropriations with sections 11 and 29 reserved as school lands. All other odd numbered sections were reserved for selection as railway grants, with The Hudson's Bay Company receiving section 8 and most of section 26.

In 1912 Swift Current was a bustling community, swarming with immigrants anxious to find land on which to settle and begin a new life. It was common for immigrants to line up for many hours, perhaps even all night, on the sidewalk in front of the Land Office. If they had to leave the line for some critical reason, they would attempt to hire someone to hold their place for them. On finally gaining access to the office, new arrivals were often advised by the Government Land Agent that it was quite in order for them to obtain information on the land that was available and then go out to examine it prior to filing for it. The risk in this approach was, however, that the applicant might travel a considerable distance to view his prospective land, conclude it was very acceptable and then on his return to file the claim documents find that in his absence someone had stepped forward to stake ownership on that parcel of land. Bearing this in mind, my grandfather filed on the N.E. ¼ of Sec. 10-20-21 without ever seeing it. Title was granted March 8, 1913. He was also able to get a pre-emption on the S.E. ¼ of 10-20-21, the title for which was granted to him on November 5, 1918. Subsequently he purchased the N ½ of 3-20-21 from the original homesteader, George Leepart.

The following days were long and busy, taken up with the purchase of everything the family required in order to set up a new home and to aid their attempt to be self-sufficient on the prairie. The few prized possessions they could bring from Germany and their new supplies, including a walking plough, were loaded on a covered wagon, hitched to a team of horses and, with a milk cow in tow, the Roland family set off across the virgin prairie on the three or four day long sixty-mile journey to begin their new life. They were to make this trek to and from Swift Current many times in the following years - for foodstuffs, feed for the livestock, materials needed to construct their buildings, and on occasion for medical attention.



Swift Current, Saskatchewan, 1912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Frank Leggott 1915-01-18
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Robert W. Grayson 1912-10-16
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Milton Cavanagh 1916-02-07
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Argue Kidd 1918-05-18
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John B. O'Connor 1917-01-16
Guy R. Hadley 1917-12-27
Birger H. Peterson 1917-03-07
Joseph Collinson 1917-05-29
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Peter Hand 1912-12-05
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Guy R. Hadley 1913-10-29
Birger H. Peterson 1913-10-29
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John W. Lee 1915-08-04
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George Andreas 1951-08-27
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Andrew Johnston 1917-04-24
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Ernest H. Cunningham 1923-08-25
John S. Lewis 1914-02-14

Many years later, our neighbour, Bud Watson, for whom I worked in my 16th summer, shared his memory of my grandparent's arrival in the neighbourhood. From a distance he could hear the creaking of a wagon and the jingling of the chains of the horse harness tugs. Finally, a covered wagon appeared over a nearby hill carrying a man, a woman and a young girl. According to Mr. Watson, the Rolands stopped and, in very broken English, Grandpa sought from him directions to the survey stake marking the land which had been granted to them.

When attempting to locate a specific geographic location on the open prairie, it was important to locate a reference point such as a survey stake, then tie a piece of string or cloth around the rim of a back wheel of the wagon and count the revolutions. Knowing the circumference and the number of revolutions, it was possible to measure a distance with reasonable accuracy. Each quarter was a square with a half mile on each side.

The countryside in which my grandparents had chosen to establish their new life was approximately sixty miles northwest of Swift Current in the Palliser Triangle, a semi-arid geographic area encompassing a large part of southwestern Saskatchewan and southeastern Alberta. The area was named after John Palliser who led the first survey expeditions (1857 – 1861) to Canada's west. In Palliser's view, because the area was unusually dry and treeless, and generally had an unfavourable climate and soil, it would be unsuitable for growing crops. This opinion was not communicated to the European immigrants who had in fact been encouraged to settle as farmers in the southern prairies. The Federal Government was concerned that the area be settled so that Canada's claim upon it vis-à-vis the United States could be bolstered. It advertised the area to immigrant famers as good for growing wheat. The triangle began to be settled and farmed at the beginning of the 20th century.

For many earlier years this area had been very attractive for ranching. By 1912, however, the sandy soil had already been overgrazed, presaging the questionable farming practices that helped to turn the area into a Dust Bowl a few short decades later. I remember as a child hearing a prominent local rancher, John (Pop) Minor, who had come from Nebraska in 1900, talking of the huge cattle drives from Montana to Saskatchewan toward the end of the prior century.

The federal government and the Canadian Pacific Railway were both interested in the economics of bringing immigrant farmers into the west, but gave less attention to what became of them later. It is a tribute to the settlers' adaptability and their determination and their work ethic that so many of them were successful.

My birth came only ten years after my mother's parents began homesteading and my early memories of the countryside of my birth are of open, largely virgin, prairie, with the nearest trees about six miles west of our farm in an area described on provincial maps as "The Great Sandhills." There one could find sparse groves of white and black poplar, aspen and chokecherry. As the trunks of the poplar trees were only two or three inches in diameter and generally from fifteen to twenty feet in height, many were required to provide building materials for housing, barns and corrals, and firewood needed for heating and cooking.

Another major source of fuel and an effective alternative to wood for cooking was dried buffalo dung, or "buffalo chips," which in my youth could still be found in quantity in many parts of the prairies. The buffalo themselves were by then long gone.

Although the area where my grandparents homesteaded was not extensively settled in 1912, there were homesteaders scattered throughout the area and word quickly spread among them that there was a new family in their midst. The residents soon began to come by the location that my grandparents had chosen for a yard site in order to become acquainted and to offer helpful advice and assistance. Until alternate accommodation could be created, the covered wagon provided both storage and shelter.

My grandparents had been in the district for a very short time when it became common knowledge that my grandmother had healing skills. In the book *Memories of Yesteryear Rural Municipality of Miry Creek No. 229 1913 - 1963*,[ii] William Fifield, a neighbour and good friend of the Rolands, spoke of my grandparents:

One of the chief hazards to be faced by the first settlers was the great distance and slow means of travel to get where there was a doctor in case of a serious accident or sickness. The closest place where there was a doctor was Gull Lake, a distance for people in this area of from fifty to sixty-five miles.

This situation was alleviated to a great extent after Carl Roland moved out to his homestead in the spring of 1912; his wife, being a professional nurse, did so much to help the sick and injured in their time of need. While she has long since departed from their midst, she is remembered by all with heartfelt gratitude for her untiring devotion in caring for the sick and in her capacity as midwife, always giving freely of her professional knowledge and time, with little or no thought of reward, just the happiness that comes from being able to help alleviate someone's suffering. It mattered little if it was day or night, summer or winter; when her help was needed, she just left whatever she was doing and went. As for an example, one evening in the coldest of winter, her services as midwife were required at the home of Bert White. Shortly after the baby was born near midnight, there was a knock on the door and she was informed that there was urgent need of her services in the same capacity down at the Mike Andreas home.

She bundled up and was taken down there, a distance of seven miles, cold as it was, thirty below zero with a strong wind blowing. After this baby was born and the situation well in hand, she was taken back to Bert White's to make certain that everything up there was satisfactory, after which was taken home and had no sleep whatever during that hectic night.

This was just one of the many nights' sleep lost and the hardships endured in her devotion to duty and being of assistance to her neighbors.

While mentioning the services rendered by Mrs. Roland, it should not be forgotten that, when she was called away from home for nursing duties, considerable credit should be given her husband, Carl, for his co-operation in sacrificing his time and leaving his own work go to make it possible for her to get away, especially during the summer when he was trying to get

as much of his land broken as possible and doing it with a twelve-inch walking plow. He would then have to get his own meals as well as look after their little daughter, Martha, by himself, also occasionally having to unhook during the day and take his wife when her services were needed by some settler with no means of transportation.

The collective family memory of the birth of the White and Andreas children was that in total Marie was away from home for three full days during which Martha had responsibility as a fourteen-year-old for the running of the Roland household.

Clearly Marie was a very capable nurse/midwife who had a great deal of empathy and was never deterred from caring for someone in need regardless of the hour or the weather. Before the appearance of the automobile, all of her travel across the roadless prairie was by horse and buggy (or sled in winter). It was also well prior to the arrival of the telephone, so the call for help from a neighbour in need had to be delivered in person. In due course, the Rolands acquired their first automobile, and Marie became comfortable driving herself, but to begin with these calls for medical assistance almost invariably meant my grandfather had to stop his work in order to hook up horses and to drive Marie on her errands of mercy.

The matter of compensation for these services was not generally discussed. Money was a very scarce commodity and seldom offered. Payment was usually in the form of a chicken or a roast of beef or part of a ham, if these were available. Otherwise, compensation might have been fresh vegetables or firewood. The important consideration for Marie was attention to the welfare of the patient. The unwritten code of the prairies was to "help your neighbour."

For a number of years, Marie delivered every baby born in that part of western Saskatchewan. That included, in addition to the White and Andreas children referred to above, Lennox Main on January 12, 1920 and my school chum, Mary Crampton, on January 19, 1922. There were numerous others. The appreciation and respect of the community for Marie’s contributions was made evident in many ways in the following years

1912-1913: MEETING BASIC HOMESTEAD NEEDS

The summer and autumn days of 1912 were long and arduous for the Roland family. Not a moment could be wasted, with the construction of a sod house being the first priority. Ploughing a fireguard around the yard site accomplished two purposes: to guard against the ever-present threat of prairie fire and to provide sod for the roof and walls of the house. One side of the Roland house was dug into the side of a hill, requiring long days of back breaking work with a shovel. The effort was justified by the practical advantages. This design saved a great deal of conventional construction material, as well as making the house cooler in the summer and easier to heat in cold weather. The Rolands' sod home was still being used as late as the mid-thirties, but as a chicken coop.

In order to support the sod on the roof, it was necessary to construct rafters using tree trunks. This required travel with the horses and wagon to the Sand Hills, where it was possible to cut down poplar trees. The logs were placed vertically with the lower end dug into a trench in the

ground which was filled in and compacted. The upper ends were lashed to a horizontal pole on which the roof poles rested. These were placed as close together as possible and chinked with grass, then covered with sod cut from the fire guard plowed around the yard site. The walls that were exposed to the elements were pulled together as closely as possible and chinked with grass and mud. The following photo shows the home of William and Lena Fifield (Sec. 28-19-21 W3), close friends of the Rolands. It was a typical sod house and the style and materials were common for many early years in the area. The Rolands' first home was a similar type of construction except that it was built with one wall dug into a hillside.

The Fifield Family's sod home

It is difficult to appreciate fully the hardship faced by the pioneers living in accommodations like this but, compared to living in a tent or the covered wagon that had transported the family from Swift Current, it was considered quite comfortable.

As soon as the Rolands' sod house was habitable, the priority was to build a shelter for the animals and to begin ploughing as much land as possible in order to prepare a few acres for planting in the following spring. To avoid overworking the horses, particularly in the hot

weather of summer, my grandfather would get up at dawn, feed the horses and eat his own breakfast. He would then hitch the horses to the walking plough and begin the arduous task of breaking the virgin prairie soil. A typical walking plough would be pulled by two horses and guided by the farmer who not only had to control the direction and pace of the horses, but also the depth of soil being ploughed.

Walking plough

While my grandfather was ploughing, my mother and grandmother were busy carrying sod to the site of the prospective house or erecting a fence to enclose a small pasture for the horses and cow.

In addition, they planted a garden in soil dug up by spade in the prairie grass. By thoughtful plan, the garden was located on very good soil near where the well would later be located. They also dug a root cellar in which to store vegetables.

At about mid-morning Carl would return to the yard, tether the horses and feed them again. They would then rest until mid-afternoon and during the animals' rest period Carl would work at some of the other pressing tasks such as digging a well, building a fence to contain the livestock or working on the construction of the sod house and animal shelter. At mid-afternoon, he would harness the horses and return to the ploughing until dark. On a good day, Carl could plough nearly one half an acre. During the long days of summer, he would make quite good progress but as the days shortened in the autumn, he would be compelled to work shorter hours and his progress slowed.

After a few acres of prairie grass were turned over by the initial ploughing, it was necessary to use a disc and harrows to break up the large clumps of soil to make the soil malleable in

preparation for sowing grain. This was a slow, tiresome process but one that had to be completed thoroughly.

By the end of the summer of 1912, Carl had about fifteen acres ready for planting the following year, a sod house and a rudimentary barn had been built, a small pasture fenced, and a well dug, assuring a steady supply of good water near the house.

While initially water from a nearby slough, after boiling, provided the family's basic needs, the Rolands' ultimate welfare relied on a more dependable arrangement. Digging the Roland well was a major undertaking generally requiring the efforts of at least two people. The well had a diameter of three feet and was dug by spade. When a depth of approximately six feet was reached, dirt was hauled up by pail and rope to the surface. It was a fortunate farmer who found water at a depth of twenty feet or less. Happily, and luckily for the Rolands, Carl secured a good and dependable water supply at a reasonable depth.

At the first sign of winter, the family moved to Swift Current where my grandfather was able to obtain employment with the Town working with his horses, digging trenches for sewer and water lines. This provided much needed cash to pay the family’s living expenses during the winter and to help cope with the financial needs of the next year's farming operation. This arrangement also afforded my mother an opportunity for a few months of schooling.

1913-1914: HARD WORK AND PROGRESS IN THE EARLY YEARS

As soon as it was obvious that spring had finally arrived, the family trekked back to the farm to begin the new season's activities. While it was too early to begin working on the land, there were many other tasks to be undertaken. Numerous trips were made to the Sand Hills for loads of trees to be used for fence posts, in constructing a small shop in which to do blacksmithing, and for building an enclosure for chickens.

When the frost was out of the ground, Carl began again to plough and prepare additional acres for the crop to be sown in 1914. This was followed as soon as possible with seeding the acreage he had prepared the previous year.

Seeding, as with most of the other farm chores, was very labour intensive. Carl made an apron or pouch which he hung around his shoulders and which would hold as much grain as he could carry. He would fill this from a large bag of grain and, while walking slowly across the field, would scatter or broadcast the grain as evenly as he could. When his apron/pouch was empty, he would walk back to the bulk supply for a refill. Seeding was very possibly the most physically taxing job of the season. After seeding in this fashion, Carl would have to harrow the soil again to cover the seed to ensure germination. As the grain grew, the only weed control available was to hoe by hand.

Harvest that autumn also required strenuous physical labour. It was accomplished by the use of a scythe - a large, sharp, curved steel blade attached to a long "S" shaped wooden handle, with a short handle attached in the middle and perpendicular. Proper technique required the

scythe being pulled as close to the ground as possible in a semi-circular motion from right to left. As a strong, energetic, fit man, Carl might have expected to harvest four or five acres in a season. After the grain was cut in this fashion, it was left to dry in the sun for a day or two, and then, with my mother and grandmother assisting, raked into piles, tied into bundles and carried to the yard where it was spread out, a bundle at a time, on a blanket and beaten with a flail to separate the grain from the straw. The use of a blanket was to save as much of the grain as possible.

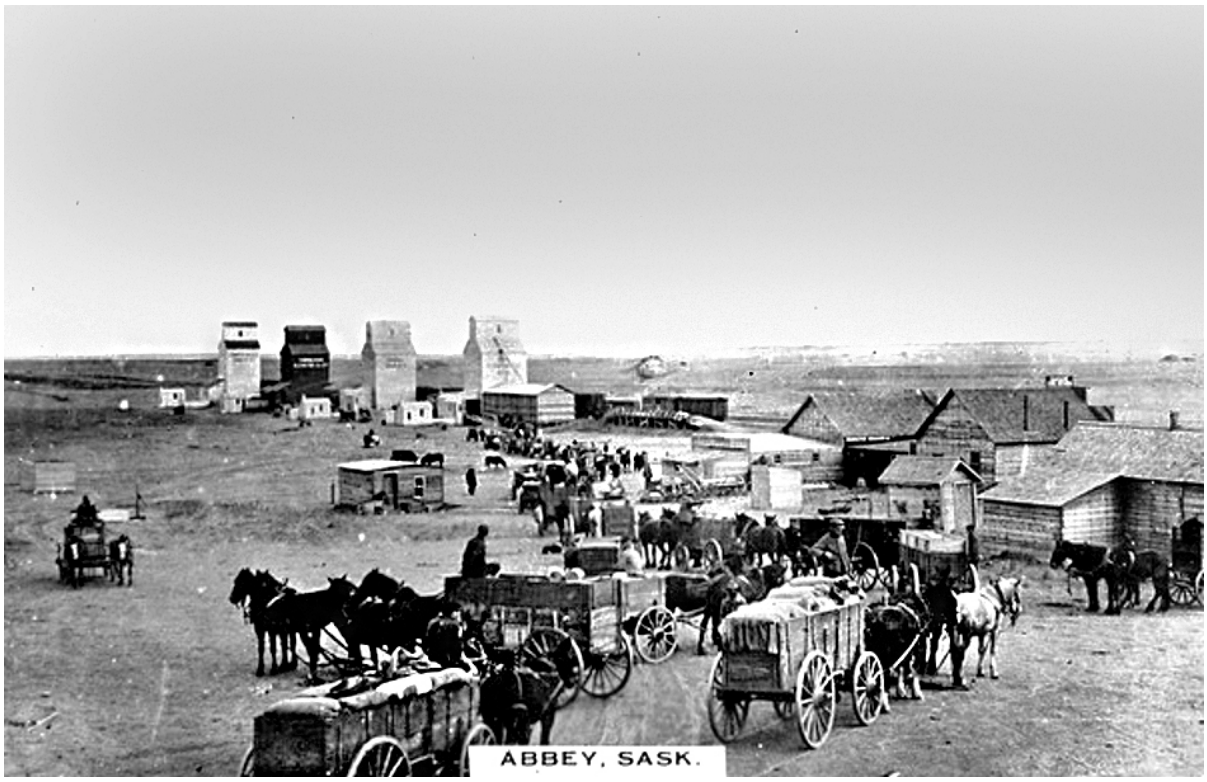
The yield and quality of the crop in 1913 was considered fair and the Rolands were thrilled finally to see some material progress resulting from all their hard labour. They now also had the seed grain they would need for next year's crop as well as wheat to grind for flour and cereal. Grain kept for household use was ground in a small hand-cranked grinder. Putting the grain through the mill two or three times would make it fine enough to boil for a breakfast cereal. Flour for bread required more grinding.

There was little social life for the Rolands during their first two years on the farm as there was little time to spare and there were few nearby neighbours with whom to associate. Also limiting social opportunity was the fact that my grandmother was regularly being called upon throughout the district to practice her nursing skills. Answering these requests for help was always Marie's first priority.

Carl came to Canada with considerable knowledge of plant science. Once settled in Saskatchewan, through advice from neighbours and untold hours of trial and error, he also became skilled in blacksmithing and horseshoeing. For many years he lacked the funds to purchase necessary tools, but, by labouring over his anvil and hot forge, eventually he could make most of the tools and horseshoes he required as well as repair machinery and sharpen ploughshares.

During this period my mother, Martha, spent her time assisting her parents by tending the family's cow and her two calves, making sure they did not wander off, but allowing them to graze on the prairie grasses, then bringing them to the yard at milking time. Martha did the milking, cared for the calves, fed the chickens and gathered the eggs. Her spare time, if you could so consider it, was spent in the kitchen assisting her mother, as well as establishing a garden and preparing soil for the garden area to be used in the following year. Livestock and a good garden were critically important in the life of the pioneers and were often the responsibility of the women of the house. Initially Martha was not distracted from her farm obligations by school as there was none in the area.

By late summer of 1913, railroad construction had reached the village of Shackleton, which was only about twelve miles from the farm. While there were many items the family was not able to purchase at Shackleton, most of the staples needed on a daily basis were available there. The Rolands were able now to send and receive mail on a more frequent basis. In 1913 the Canadian Pacific Railway purchased a quarter section of land from D.F. Kennedy in order to continue the rail line west, and the village of Abbey was established. Abbey was named by Mr. Kennedy after his family’s farm in Ireland.



By the fall of 1913 my grandparents had winterized their sod house as well as they could and, in addition, had built a small shelter to house the horses, the cow and the calves. Carl had also constructed a modest shop in which he could work during the warmer days of winter - making or repairing harness or other items.

When spring of 1914 arrived, Carl travelled to the South Saskatchewan River and began a practice which became thereafter an annual spring activity, and reflected his ingenuity and his concern to take advantage of all opportunities. He would cut willow branches from which he would weave baskets in sizes appropriate for gathering eggs, collecting vegetables from the garden or taking laundry out to the clothes line. Each year he would give a number of these baskets away to neighbours.

In 1914 the crops were very poor but there was just enough grain to be harvested and straw to be stored for feed and bedding for the livestock. Nothing was wasted. In order to assist the settlers who had poor or no crops, and accomplish some necessary road construction at the same time, the government made funds available to pay farmers to build roads. The compensation was $5.00 per day for a man and two horses. During the next two years, Carl took part in this program in the summers as time permitted.

1914-1915: THE PERILS AND PRIDE OF PIONEER LIFE

My sister, Irene Brawn Moore, states: *Grandma was what in those days was called a trained nurse, today a R.N. She helped anyone who asked for it and delivered babies for miles around. In 1914 one new mother died and Grandpa and Grandma ended up taking the baby, a little girl, and raising her. The father, Ed Howey, asked Grandma to find a home for the baby. He could manage his three boys six years and up but a baby was more than he could manage. He had no relatives and no money to hire help.*

This baby was named Martha after my mother and raised by my grandparents, although they did not adopt her, as she still had a father.

Martha Howey

It was during the autumn of 1914 that my grandfather had an accident that was to affect his health for many years to come. It was not unusual at this time for farmers, who could arrange the time away from their own farms, to earn some extra money by working on a threshing gang. On this occasion Carl was working on a gang using horses unaccustomed to being near noisy, dusty machinery. He had to lead the horses up to the threshing machine, calming them as he did so. As he attempted to climb up on the load of sheaves, the engineer blew the whistle on the steam engine, the horses bolted and Carl fell beneath the wheels of the wagon.

Carl's condition was so obviously serious that he was loaded on a democrat, a large buggy pulled by two horses, and was driven to the nearest hospital, which was sixty miles away at Swift Current. In order to speed the trip, every few miles the driver would stop at a farm and exchange horses with the farmer who would feed and water these horses awaiting the return of the driver. Carl was hospitalized for several weeks but was able to recover sufficiently to return to farming by the next spring. Nonetheless he suffered ongoing effects of the accident for many years, especially stomach cramps when he was compelled to stand up to drive a farm implement such as a rod-weeder.

Crops were good in 1915 with yields as high as sixty bushels per acre of wheat and thirty bushels per acre of flax. The economy, both locally and nationally, was strong and it would have been understandable if Carl was optimistic about the future of his family. This was, however, not a particularly happy time for German immigrants, as Canada was losing young men by the thousands in the Great War.[iii] The mood of the country was reflected in the renaming of New Berlin, Ontario to Kitchener. Carl never complained in my hearing of his or his family's treatment during this period, but the fact he and his family were of German heritage, newly arrived from Germany, and with a heavy German accent, must have created major concerns and complications in their lives.[iv] It no doubt helped that there were in the area a number of immigrant families from Germany, Russia and other European countries.

Fire was a constant threat to the early prairie settlers. November, 1915 is remembered for an especially dangerous fire which in fact took the life of a homesteader. Joe Armstrong remembers[v]:

> *It is printed very visibly on my mind because it was the first time I had what you might call violent death strike near home, in the person of Robert Gibson, whom my brother Roy and myself counted among our intimate friends to the east of us.*
>
> *On that day, the morning was much as usual except for a haze hanging along the horizon to the Southwest, which looked like a heavy wind coming in from that direction. The signs were right. By the middle of the forenoon a heavy wind was blowing from the Southwest to the Northeast and by noon time a severe gale was blowing. Weeds, grass and dust were scudding before the gale and, if such a thing is possible, there seemed to be a breath of disaster in the wind. The wind had also gradually grown colder until it chilled the blood, and everyone got out warmer clothing. I remember that, when we came out of the shack after the noon meal, there was a pall of smoke to the East of us which looked very bad. After watching for a while, we decided to drive over in the district to the east and see what was going on.*

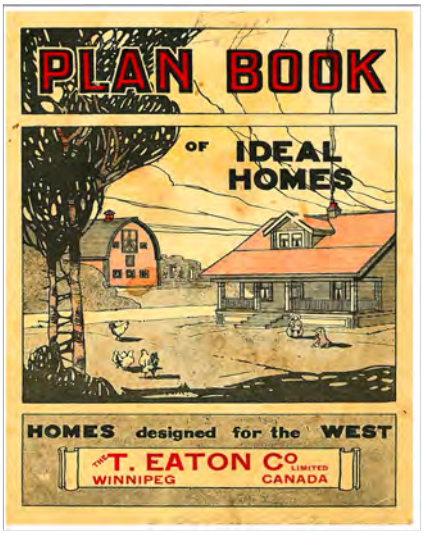
When we got as far east as the Meranda home, we discovered where the fire had started. An old stack bottom or manure pile to the east of Meranda's buildings had been set on fire possibly two months before that day and had been considered completely burned out. However, the terrible force of the wind had found a spark in that old pile and fanned it into life and then had blown fire over in the prairie grass.

With that wild pushing wind behind that blaze, it had reached the Cabri district by the time we had reached the point where it had come to life. We went on eastward and found prairie land crops both burned out. At Bill Armstrong's place it had cut across his crop land cleaning up about half of his wheat crop. It had missed his buildings, but the wind had shifted his barn a foot or two off its foundation. The fire had gone nearly straight east but was fanning out and becoming much wider as it went. The Gibson place was straight east of Bill Armstrong's and that placed it right in the centre of the face of the fire. Bob Gibson had seen it coming and he had quickly got on a horse and ridden out to meet it, with the intention of lighting a back fire to guard it off his buildings. He had not realized the tremendous speed the fire was travelling at and both he and his horse were caught right in the centre of the worst part of it. Bob had put on a fur coat on account of the severely cold wind and this, I believe, was probably one of the reasons he was so badly burned. The quilted lining in the coat got on fire and burned him terribly, and I understand he could not get it off because it sort of welded itself to his skin.

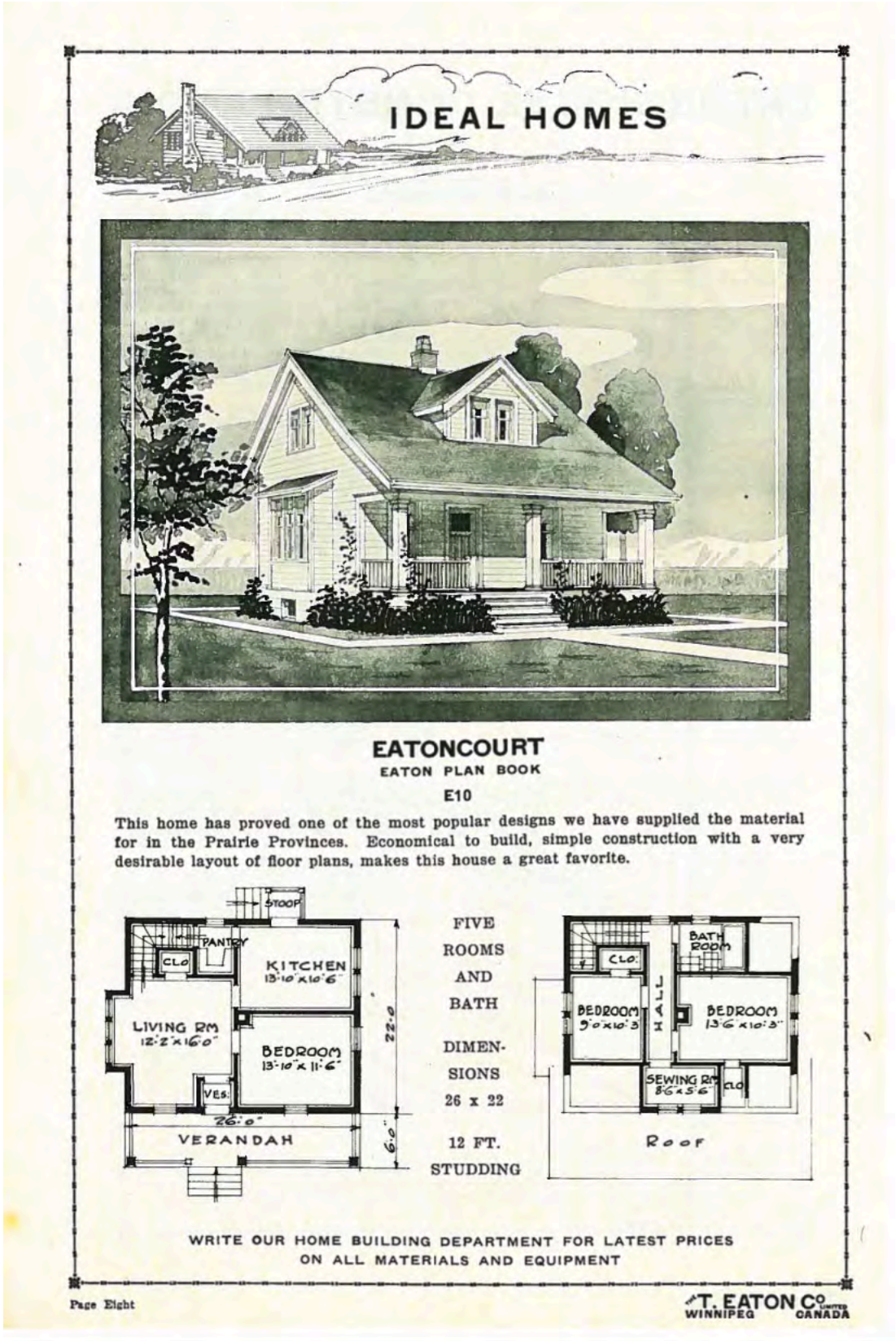
Very miraculously, I would say, the fire for some reason veered around Bob's buildings, leaving his wife and three children safe. Bob was found by neighbours almost immediately and rushed into Abbey to Dr. Carefoot. However, Bob was so badly burned he had no chance and I did not manage to see him.

The fire of course raged on east of the railway which acted as a guard and burned itself out just north of Cabri. Numerous buildings were burned and a number of livestock, but I did not hear of any other fatalities to humans. The horse Bob was riding had to be shot the next morning when the neighbours were able to find him. That is the story as I remember it.

1915 also provided happy memories for the Rolands as that was when they bought the materials and built a three-bedroom frame home with a large, screened-in veranda and a combination storm porch and wash room. The materials were purchased from the T. Eaton Co., for many years a major supplier of house building materials on the prairies.[1] The transaction began with the purchase of a set of plans at a cost of $1.00. When the order for materials was placed, the cost of the plan was refunded. The cost was $887.00 for the lumber for the house and two granaries. Adding the nails, paint, hardware, glass and freight brought the cost to approximately $1,500.



T. Eaton Plan Book



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T. Eaton Plan for the "Roland House"

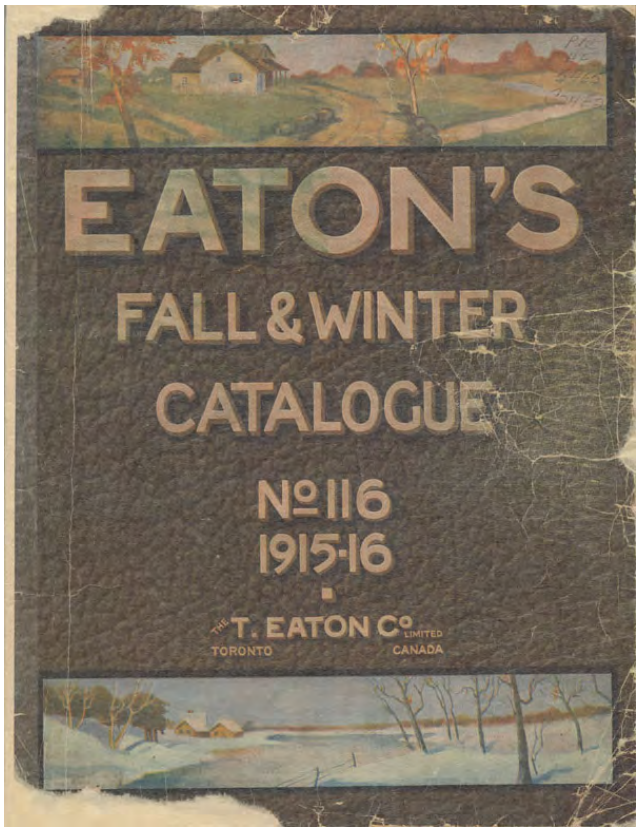
Construction was accomplished with the assistance of Hugo Wein, a longtime friend of my grandfather's, who had immigrated from Germany about the same time as the Rolands. Hugo operated a flourmill initially at Swift Current, and, after 1935, in Shaunavon, a community approximately 140 km south of Abbey. For many years Carl would take a load of grain to Hugo to have it milled and bring home a winter's supply of white flour, whole wheat flour, and bran.

Irene*: When Mother was 17, a relative of Hugo Wein wanted to marry her. Grandpa put his foot down and refused to give permission for them even to be engaged. He said they were too young. She was alright but I have sometimes wondered if in part he wanted her to help at home. Anyway, over the next year it faded out as the young man was told to stay away for a couple of years.*

It gave my grandparents a powerful sense of accomplishment to move from their very small sod hut into a three-bedroom home with a full basement and with heat provided by a furnace.

The accompanying photograph of our house was made after it had sat vacant for several decades. Even so late in time no visitor who knew the family history would find it difficult to imagine the pleased excitement of my mother and my grandparents as they moved into the house, arranged their newly acquired furniture, sewed curtains and drapes for the windows, and prepared their first meals in these grand surroundings.

The Roland House



1915 was also the year in which Carl indulged in his first major personal extravagance when he purchased a platform rocker and companion table from the T. Eaton Co. for $15.50. He enjoyed spending the long winter evenings in this chair reading his favourite newspapers and western novels. Following Carl's death I inherited Grandpa's chair, and had it recovered, at a price many times more than its original cost.

1916-1917: CARL'S PRIORITIES

Carl's first concern was always his family, but his next priority was care of his livestock on whom the livelihood of the family depended. Constructed a year after the house was a large hip roofed barn (with plans and material also from the T. Eaton company), which would handle ten horses and eight cows in addition to providing a box stall for small calves, or animals requiring special care. Carl insisted on working with horses, as he would not use oxen. William W. Fifield, in his contribution to the municipal history *Memories of Yesteryear*[vi] describes some of the issues involved in this decision:

> *Some of the homesteaders had horses to do their breaking with, these were usually the settlers with former farming experience who brought their own equipment with them when shipping up from the States and the older settled parts of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Those having to buy their farming equipment used oxen for their power in most cases as it required considerable less outlay of capital to get started farming with oxen than with horses, usually costing from three to over four hundred dollars for a team of horses, while a pair of oxen could be bought for around a hundred to a hundred and sixty dollars, depending on their size and age. After their services were no longer required, they could be turned out on the grass to fatten up and be sold for slaughter, thereby retrieving the investment and saving the expense of wintering them, while with horses, the disposal of them usually entailed a credit*

arrangement for the major portion, as while nearly all those farming with horses were in need of more power, no one had much ready cash.

For those using oxen as power, even when endowed with patience, equanimity and a good moral character, breaking with oxen was rather trying most of the time and sometimes was so downright aggravating as to cause an occasional burst of profanity. They would stop to graze at every opportunity, and their slow meandering gait pulling the plow in a dilatory zig-zagging manner, and then when the heel fly problem was added to existing woes, it made the predicament of the hapless ox farmer seem very disgusting indeed.

The Roland Barn, long after abandonment

The loft of the barn would be filled with ten or twelve loads of oat sheaves and as much hay as possible. Then, when threshing, the separator would be backed up to the front of the barn and the blower extended into the loft to blow the straw to be used for bedding into the remaining space. This protected the quality of the feed and simplified the feeding operation during the winter months. In winter the livestock were kept in the barn except when let out twice a day for water. On mild days they might be let outside for an hour or so of exercise, but never long enough for a chill.

The barn had a plank floor which had to be scraped and swept every morning and the manure stacked at the back door. When the stalls and the floor were cleared, the back door would be opened and the manure and waste straw forked onto a sleigh, a team harnessed and the load hauled to a nearby hillside where it would be scattered as fertilizer. In the event of a snow

storm, it was acceptable to postpone this job for as much as a day, but no longer. Carl's determined dedication and attention to detail was evident in everything he did on the farm and cleaning the barn was no exception.

My grandfather's affection for and dedication to his horses was strengthened by an incident one winter day when he was on his way home (I think from Swift Current) with a team and sleigh and a severe blizzard swept upon him. Soon any evidence of a trail was hidden in the snow and he realized he was truly lost. He tied the reigns loosely to the sled and, to keep warm, walked behind. Given their head, the horses trudged on through the blinding storm. When eventually they came to a stop, Carl discovered they were standing in front of their barn.

Carl also relied heavily on border collie dogs which he carefully trained to manage his livestock. He would use them, for example, to round up the cattle and separate the milk cows and bring them to the gate where Carl waited. They also knew the horses by name and could bring in whichever one Carl named. They only took orders from Carl and he did not like anyone to pet them. They were wonderful watch dogs.

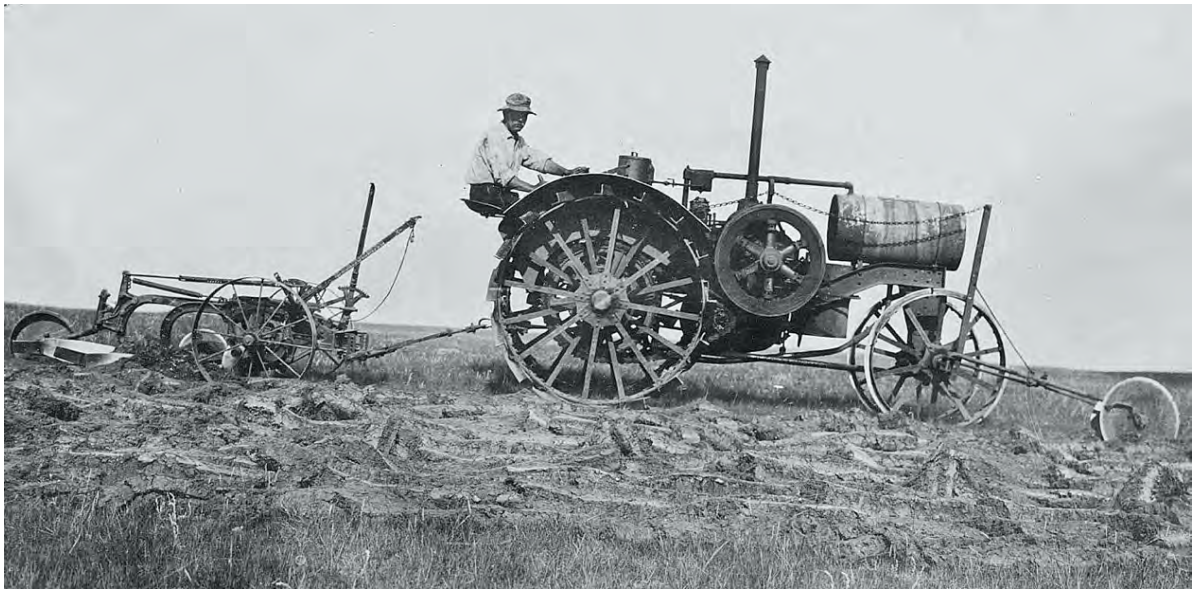
Carl’s border collies Bellauw and Lidee

By 1916 Carl had broken 160 acres of land and was able to sow it all: sixteen acres to flax and the remainder to wheat. Wheat that year sold for $2.25 per bushel with a yield of twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre and the Rolands were on their way as successful Canadian farmers.

1916 saw the purchase of a binder as well as additional horses to speed up the process of breaking the soil. Carl now had a two-furrow plough on which he could ride while ploughing. This made the days less trying physically and speeded up the process considerably. While this was not the time for Carl, Marie and Martha to sit back and enjoy the fruits of their labour, much of the initial drudgework had been completed. My grandparents had a comfortable home, a large hip roof barn for the livestock, a good well with a windmill to pump the water and Marie was able to drive herself in a good buggy to answer many of her calls as a midwife. Marie's medical and midwife duties were also made somewhat easier that year by the installation of a telephone service in the district.

It is to be noted the 1916 Census reported that residing with the Roland family was Arthur Kruger, 29, who had arrived in Canada from Germany in 1911 and was described as a labourer; James F. Gaud, 33, from England, a farmer, and Henry F. Orton, 25, also from England, another farmer. Gaud and Orton were also described as lodgers in the Roland home. It was not unusual for farmers to have a "hired man" to assist with general farming operations, with additional men hired as the demands of seasonal work required. This was the period of the "Harvest Excursion" and therefore from spring until fall men were constantly passing through the area seeking work.

Irene: *Sometime during the first world war, Grandpa had a threshing machine and a Titan tractor. He hired a crew and went threshing in the fall and got some much-needed money*.



Carl Roland on his Titan Tractor

1917: LEGGOTT SCHOOL

In September, 1917 Leggott School (located on the SE corner of the SE quarter of section thirteen), approximately three miles from the Roland farm, was finally opened. It continued to function as a school for thirty years. The school was 22 feet by 24 feet, with a full basement which was much used by the pupils when inclement weather prevented them from taking their recess breaks outside. Adjacent to the school was a barn to accommodate horses brought each day by the teacher and students and, of course, nearby were two outhouses. Leggott School's first teacher was Miss Parks who was in the first year responsible for fifteen students from grades one through eight.

Sometime after the school was closed in 1947, the building was moved into Abbey where for a time it was used as a supplementary classroom. Whether it has an ongoing purpose appears unclear.

Leggott School, long after being closed and moved to Abbey

1917: MARTHA ROLAND GOES TO SCHOOL

Martha Roland

Although by this time Martha was nineteen, and far older than the other students, she welcomed her long-awaited opportunity to move ahead with her education, largely deferred since the family's immigration years earlier. My mother was fully aware she had much time to make up. In due course and in short order Martha passed the requirements for Grade Eight. School for my mother was a welcome break from the drudgery of her labours at home and relief from what must have been a lonely period for a girl in her teens.

Martha rode Toots to Leggott school, the same horse that initially carried me when in due course I attended Leggott School.

Martha Roland on Toots in front of the Rolands' "T. Eaton catalogue" home

1918 – 1919: LIFE IN THE ABBEY AREA

A cursory review of the news reports in the Swift Current Sun through 1918 gives a clear sense of life in western Saskatchewan, including the Abbey area, at that time. Examples:

A recurring feature of the Swift Current Sun through this period was under the heading "STRAYED" in the classified section," which detailed all the horses, cattle and other farm animals which had wandered off, and could not be located. In the January 22, 1918 edition there were nine advertisements including: "Strayed from West of Abbey": *one Dark Bay Gelding 1300 lb. One strawberry Roan Gelding 1300 lb, no white marks or brands; gray hairs on tail of both. Good reward offered – Inform Elmor Smith, Box 22, Abbey, Sask.*

Good fences were obviously needed, but when there were fields to be ploughed, gardens to be planted, wells to be dug, houses to be constructed, fences were a luxury. Nonetheless, the consequences of their absence created great bother and expense and much wasted time.

Swift Current Sun, September 17, 1918, p. 1, under the heading "Town of Abbey was Nearly Destroyed by Fire Saturday": *Union Bank, Garage, Two Restaurants, Butcher Shop and Livery Barn Are Completely Destroyed – Hard Fire Fighting Saved the Balance of the Town: The town of Abbey had a severe scorching on Saturday morning last in a fire which broke out in the rear of the Palace restaurant at about 3 o'clock. The citizens were soon aroused and all gave willing help to fight the flames which were making rapid headway in all directions from the place where the fire started. For a while it looked as if the whole town was doomed and had not the C.P.R. came to the rescue with the railway tank full of water the probability is that the whole town would have gone up in flames. The buildings destroyed are the Union Bank, two restaurants, automobile garage, real estate office, butcher shop and one livery stable. It was only with the greatest difficulty that another livery barn was saved as well as several other buildings. The burned area is practically leveled to the ground, the only thing that stands higher than a table is the vault of the Union Bank. All the cars from the garage were safely gotten out and some fixtures were saved from one of the restaurants but nothing to amount to much money value outside the autos was saved. Assistance was asked from the Swift Current brigade but as there is no waterworks system in Abbey the brigade from here would have been of little use. Buildings in all parts of the town caught fire and the citizens are to be commended for the good and efficient work done in saving the buildings left unburned. The amount of loss and the amount of insurance carried has not as yet been learned.*

The resilience and tenacity of the Abbey residents is reflected in their determination to carry on with plans, regardless of this disaster, as evidenced in the Swift Current Sun, October 11, 1918, p. 2, under the heading "Hospital At Abbey": *Dr. Carefoot and Miss Love, a graduate nurse, of Abbey, have secured the residence of A. Bolsover in that town, and will open a hospital on October 22nd. The public are invited on that date to visit and inspect the building and the arrangements made for caring for the sick. Besides a reception room, kitchen and dining room, there will be accommodation for twelve beds. The building is comparatively new, and is admirably suited for the purpose for which it is to be used. Nurse Love is well*

and favorably known in Abbey and district, and this in itself will be a guarantee that the institution will be properly run – Cabri Clarion.

Dominating life on the Prairies in this period was the "Spanish Influenza,"[vii] which had arrived in Saskatchewan in October, 1918 and in the following month led to the death of more than 2,500 residents[viii] and eventually more than 5,000. Every edition of every newspaper featured reports, anecdotes and advice concerning this devastating public threat. In the November 1, 1918 edition of the Swift Current Sun it was reported: *There have been several instances, especially at the outset of the disease where families have been found without attention for days, without the one member of the family being able to help the other; and in one instance the wife was found in bed beside her dead husband and with all the children sick with the disease. She was found in this pitiful condition two days after her husband died beside her.*

Two pages later, it was reported that the provincial government had amended the restrictive provisions of the Temperance Act to permit greater latitude for pharmacists to dispense alcohol without a doctor's prescription, it being thought by many in the province that imbibing alcohol was a possible cure for this terrible contagion.

Alcohol was not the only "remedy" available, as newspapers throughout the province carried advertisements touting the miraculous benefits of many possible cures or preventatives. Pharmacies made known they had a good stock of such Spanish Flu remedies as Lysol, Carbolic Acid, Formalin, Creolin, Antiseptic Solution, Chloride of Lime, Camphor, Eucalyptus Oil, Igal, Vapo Creoline, Frear's Balsam, and others.

Life in rural Saskatchewan was, for most, a time of healthy living. People worked hard, but through a frugal approach to limited economic resources could generally access nutritional meals. The code of "neighbours helping neighbours" was the cultural norm. But while the isolation of rural living provided some initial protection from the Spanish Flu, if it somehow found its way into one's home, one could not expect healthy neighbours to endanger their own families to come to one's aid. If no member of the family was able-bodied enough to care for the animals on which the farm depended, they often died. If no one in the family was healthy enough to keep the fires going, a family could freeze to death.

The epidemic left many orphans.

Marie Roland's nursing skills were especially valuable to her community through this influenza period. And, of course, she was not the only one to give assistance. Many women came forward (and it was almost always women) to answer the pleas for nursing help. Without nursing care the consequences of becoming infected were very severe, and Abbey was blessed indeed to have at hand Dr. Carefoot and his twelve-bed hospital.

As if the Spanish Flu was not bad enough, crops were very poor in 1918. The Swift Current Sun of August 27, 1918 reported: *From Swift Current to Abbey most of the wheat is cut, and should make a yield of nearly six bushels. From Abbey to Lemsford there is practically nothing.*

THE BRAWN FAMILY

1920: CHARLES WILLIAM BRAWN arrives in Abbey

In 1920 crops were good and Carl again required additional help with harvest so he let it be known he was seeking workers. One of them was to become his son-in-law - my father, Charles William Brawn.

Charles was born in Whetstone, Middlesex, England on December 4, 1900, one of a family of thirteen children. As my father only rarely spoke of his family in England, I grew up knowing very little, and, to be frank, I did not exhibit much interest in "old" people who lived far away, were strangers and likely always to remain so. Later inquiries indicate my father's parents were George and Mary (Cooke) Brawn and his paternal grandparents were David and Phoebe (Bates) Brawn.

Appendix 1 describes the genealogy of the Brawn side of the family. Appendix 2 describes the genealogy of the Bates side. As will be seen, the earliest members of the Brawn family so far discovered resided in the mid 1500's in the Grendon area, approximately seven miles to the East of Weston Favell and north of Northampton, England.

The Brawn family moved to Weston Favell in 1902 where Charles grew up. In early January, 1918 my father joined the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve (Regimental number Z7110), telling the authorities he was born on December 31, 1899, allowing him in this fashion to circumvent the requirement of being eighteen.

Charles' military record indicated that when he entered military service he was 5 feet 8 inches tall, had a chest size of 33 inches, dark brown hair and grey eyes. He described his occupation as a "Shoe hand." His character was assessed as "very good" and his ability as "satisfactory."

My father's career as an Ordinary Seaman began with onboard training commencing January 14, 1918 on various ships including Victory II, Victory I, Excellent and Victory X and ended with a two-and-a-half-month stint which terminated on March 5, 1919 aboard H.M.S. Neptune, a dreadnought battleship.

Neptune was the first British battleship to be built with super-firing guns. Shortly after her completion in 1911, she became the flagship of the Home Fleet. In early 1914 she was assigned to the 1st Battle Squadron. *Neptune* was present at Rosyth when the German fleet surrendered on November 21, 1918 and was reduced to reserve there on February 1, 1919 as she was thoroughly obsolete in comparison to the latest dreadnoughts. The ship was listed for disposal in March 1921 and sold for scrap in September 1922.

Charles' last ship, the H.M.S. Neptune

When many years later, his son, Ronald Brawn, expressed a fearful abhorrence of rats, which thrived in rural grain storage areas, Charles shared that it was very common during his time on the Neptune to wake up in the night to find a rat scurrying through his hair. It is a testament to the human spirit that one can learn to cope with practically anything.

Following his discharge, Charles and his chum, William Murby, both 20, decided to go to Canada, which continued to be described by the Canadian government and Canadian Pacific Railway brochures as a land of golden opportunity. Their first stop was a visit in Montreal with Charles' sister, Florence Phoebe Brawn, who had married Frank Daniel Goatcher in March 1918. Frank had spent eight years between 1906 and 1914 living and working in Montreal, before returning to England on the outbreak of war. The young couple decided to move to Montreal where Frank wished to resume work in the commission business. The Goatchers, with sixteen-month-old Hazel Joan Goatcher in tow, sailed on the Metagama from Liverpool arriving in St. John, New Brunswick on February 10, 1920.

Friends Charles Brawn and Bill Murby followed on the Victorian, arriving from Liverpool at Quebec on July 2, 1920. They initially stayed with the Goatchers, and perhaps hoped to remain in the Montreal area, but shortly succumbed to the exhortations of the federal government and the Canadian Pacific Railway to head west on a "harvest excursion." As farming was still largely unmechanized, and the season for harvesting was very short, farming in the west required a large number of workers for a very short period of time. In this program, which ran from about 1890 to 1929, a worker could leave his home in eastern

Canada on a C.P.R. harvest excursion train and be charged only $15 to Winnipeg and thereafter ½ cent a mile from Winnipeg to his final farm destination. The travel charge on return home was only marginally higher. Pay varied by location and duties, but was considered an exceptional return on effort for an unskilled labourer.

According to Irene: *They* (Charles and his friend, Bill Murby) *landed at Abbey broke. At the hotel, the owner, Ole Paulson, said he knew where they could get work. He gave them a room for the night. In the morning he gave each of them one dollar to get breakfast at Sam Wong's cafe. He had phoned Grandpa and told him there were two men wanting work. Grandpa came and hired them, so that was another beginning.*

Charles W. Brawn and William Murby, at work on the Roland Farm

The photo was taken while the tractor, a McCormick-Deering 10-20 Titan, was providing the power to operate a grain separator during the threshing operation.

After harvest Charles remained with the Roland family for the winter while Bill Murby[ix] returned temporarily to Montreal, where, according to the Canada census taken June 1, 1921, he was residing with Frank and Florence Goatcher.

Charles quickly developed a serious romantic relationship with Martha Roland and as a couple they became enmeshed in the social life of his new home community.

Charles & Martha on windmill 1920

Charles William Brawn

While my father did not talk of his family often, he never spoke disparagingly of any of his relatives. Occasionally a letter would come to him from one or other of his siblings, but this was not a frequent happening. He seemed to be closest to two sisters, Florence and Nellie, who had moved to Ontario.

Clearly there was some correspondence with the English relatives, as this photograph of Charles had been sent by him from Canada to his brother, Arnold, in Great Britain.

Martha Roland (with camera) and friend, Lena Fifield, at Dipping Vat Stampede
1920

It is remarkable my grandparents were able to accomplish and acquire so much in such a relatively short period of time. A Day Book kept by my mother records the major assets of the family as of April 1920:

1 McCormick-Deering Titan tractor	$1176.00
1 McCormick- Deering seed drill	
1 Deering Binder	
1 McCormick Reaper	97.00
1 I.H.C. Packer	
2 I.H.C. Discs	
6 sections of Harrows	
1 Harrow Cart	
1 Oliver Plow for tractor	
1 Oliver Gang Plow	
1 Sulkey Plow	
1 small Cultivator	
1 Hay Mower	
1 Hay Rake	
1 set of Sleighs	44.00
1 Hamilton Wagon	105.00
1 Democrat	35.00
1 Buggy	93.00

With the purchase of the Titan tractor, the breaking of the land went much faster as the tractor pulled a two-furrow plough, doubling the amount of land covered in each trip back and forth across the field and accomplished this substantially faster than the speed of the horses. In addition, the farmer did not have to give the tractor a rest as he did with the horses.

A family journal records that on July 20, 1920, the Roland family attended the Abbey Community picnic at a cost of $2.20 and a week later the Sand Hills picnic where they spent $3.00.

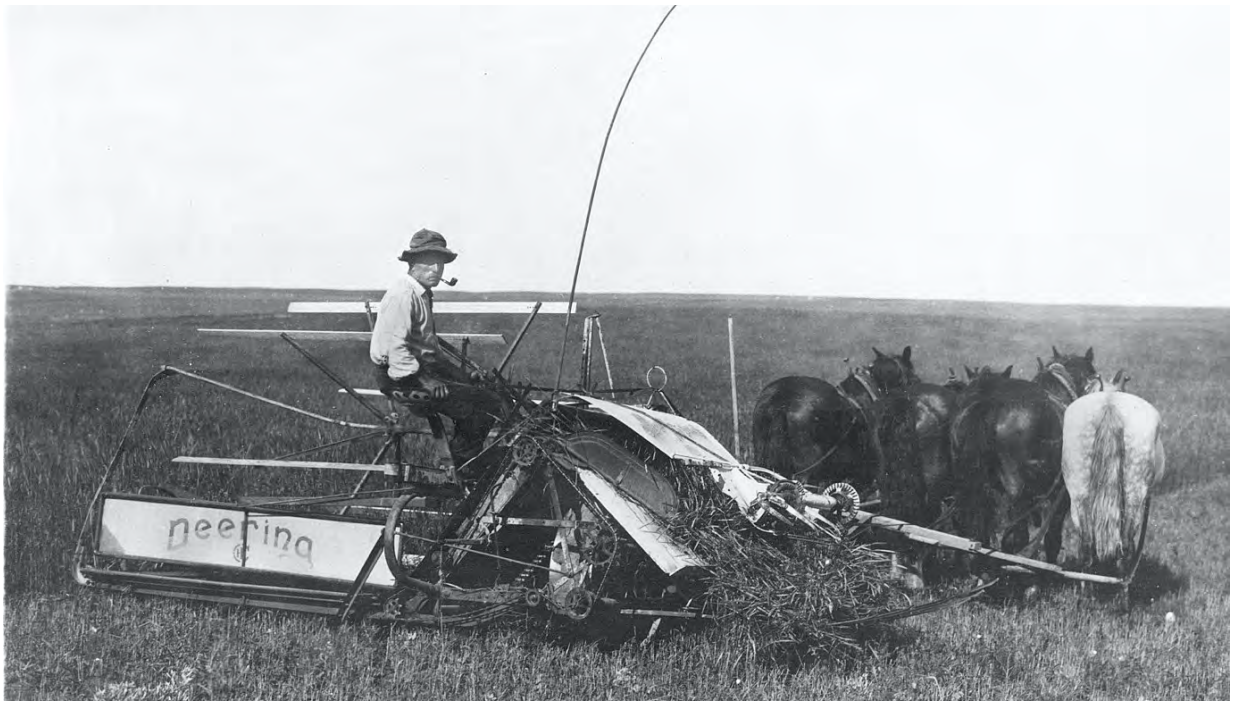
At that time gasoline cost fifty cents per gallon and coal oil or kerosene, on which the tractor operated, cost thirty-four cents per gallon. A boxcar load of hay cost $212.00. Hail insurance premiums for 350 acres of crop cost $224.00.

As Irene states: *By 1920, I think pretty well every half section had a yard and a set of buildings on it. But not all that came made a go of it. They moved to the towns or elsewhere. Jack Lee[x] and his wife were Grandpa's nearest neighbors. They lived where the Hutterite yard is now. They moved to Abbey where Jack got a job as a bartender at the hotel. He worked there until he retired. He wasn't cut out to be a farmer.*

1921: THE ROLAND-BRAWN PARTNERSHIP

My parents, Charles William Brawn and Martha Roland, were married on July 21, 1921 and thereafter the Rolands and Brawns effectively operated as a farm partnership.

My father became the person primarily responsible for operating the tractor, while Grandfather used horses in other farm chores. For example, during the spring seeding, my father would be preparing the soil while my grandfather would be seeding the grain with the horses. Later they would both be busy cutting and stacking hay for the winter months and then, during harvest, Grandfather would be busy cutting the grain with a binder while my father would be setting up the stooks.



Carl Roland on binder

The binder was a machine pulled by four horses that cut the grain and, in the same operation, bound it into bundles that could be handled conveniently. The cuttings were dropped onto a carrier, which held these bundles until there would be six or seven, then dropped them together so they could be set up on end in a stook or shock, to shed rain.

Frequently the crops on the western prairies suffered from lack of moisture, with the effect that they would be short and have a poor stand of straw. A binder would not work as well then as it would if the straw was fairly tall. An implement called a "header" was designed to facilitate the harvest of short crops. The table of a header was engineered to operate close to the ground and the grain was conveyed through an elevator into a wagon which, when full, was unloaded by hand and stacked as high as was practical.

When time came to thresh, a separator was located adjacent to the stack, or stacks, and the grain forked into the machine. A farmer would customarily place several stacks in a row or a cluster to facilitate the threshing.

Carl Roland on header

1922: FRANK ARTHUR BRAWN, a life cut short

I was born on the family farm on November 1, 1923. I was told my arrival brought great joy to the Roland/Brawn household. I expect that joy was tinged with relief, as I was not the first child to be born to my parents. My older brother, Frank Arthur Brawn, who had been born on August 1 1922, just over a year prior to me, died on November 3, 1922, having lived for barely three months. On the Medical Certificate of Cause of Death, Dr. James Ross Rehill stated: *"I was called to attend child, but child was dead before my arrival. I can elicit no history that would justify me in stating a cause of death."*

I also don't know the cause of Frank's death, but, even with the care of my grandmother, infant health was always problematic in the early twentieth century. Frank had been named for an older brother of my father who had been killed in the First World War.

Martha and Frank Brawn, late summer 1922

1923: CHARLES ROLAND BRAWN, early years

Charles Roland Brawn and father, Charles William Brawn,
about 1926

To distinguish me from my father, for whom I was named, I was initially called Roland, but in family lore I was subsequently assigned the nickname "Bud" to accommodate my sister, Irene, who as a child had a great struggle to pronounce Roland. Bud I became and Bud I remained until I joined the Army which appeared much to prefer that I be called by my first name, Charles. I did not resist as, of the choices available to me, that was my preference as well, notwithstanding the confusion caused by carrying the same name as my father.

1926: IRENE MARY BRAWN, early years

I was almost three years old when on September 26, 1926 my sister Irene Mary Brawn was born. I don't have a clear recollection of her arrival, but she was a wonderful chum (although at times I claimed she was a pest) to me through our time together on the farm. From early in their marriage, my parents followed the practice of travelling to Toronto as soon as harvest was complete and did so again in 1926 which is why Irene was born in Toronto. Our family stayed with my father's sister, Florence Phoebe Goatcher, known as "Sis," and her family. My father was able to find gainful employment there - something he was not able to do in the Abbey area in the winter.

Irene Mary Brawn

1926: EXPANSION OF THE FARM

By 1926 my mother and father had their own home. They had been able to buy a quarter section of land adjacent to the Roland farm and to rent another 160 acres of school land. My parents' yard-site was a mile and one quarter east of that of my grandparents. On it was a three-bedroom house and a barn large enough for eight head of livestock.

I never heard a discussion within the family as to how decisions were made, duties assigned or profits divided. Everyone, including the children, simply did the job for which they were best suited and in due course bills got paid and the family fortunes were steadily improved. My parents worked hand in hand with my grandparents, sharing the workload and the bounty it provided. Most of the livestock were housed at my grandparents' farm due to the convenience of the large barn and the presence of a good well providing adequate water for the livestock and for both houses. In their small barn my parents kept a team of horses for their transportation.

Living at the Brawn farm had a practical advantage for our family. As it was only a mile from Leggott School, my sister, Irene, and I were able to walk when the weather was suitable. If the weather was inclement, we would be driven by horse and buggy in the morning and picked up after school, usually by my grandfather. When we were old enough to manage and care for a horse, we would drive ourselves. Transportation in the summer was by horse and buggy and in the winter with a team of horses and a van or “cutter.”

At about the same time as my parents purchased their property, my grandfather purchased the 320 acres bordering his land to the south from homesteader George Leepart. This gave the combined family almost a thousand acres to farm, considered a large holding for that period, particularly when all farming operations had to be accomplished using one tractor and from six to eight horses. This required that the tractor be in operation from daylight until dark. It is a wonder my father had any hearing left after being bombarded by the roar of the tractor exhaust all day, day after day.

By this time there was a full-time doctor in Abbey and, while my grandmother’s nursing and midwife skills were still needed from time to time, she could more fully occupy herself with the many chores that were the responsibility of a typical prairie housewife.

My grandparents' first automobile was a Chevrolet Model 490 touring car purchased in 1926. It was now possible to go into town in a matter of minutes traveling at twenty-five to thirty miles per hour and in relative comfort. This car cost approximately $800.00 and was never used in winter as at that period of time there was no such thing as anti-freeze and the freezing of water in the radiator was a major concern. For this reason, the car would be put away for the winter and the horse and sleigh would re-take responsibility for family transportation.

Carl and Marie Roland with Martha Howey

1920’S and 1930’s: RURAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES

This was a carefree time in my life despite the fact that I had numerous and often onerous chores to deal with when I got home from school. Irene's duties were different but no less demanding. Although initially bringing in and milking the cattle was my responsibility, this task was delegated to Irene as soon as she was able to handle it. Thereafter, on our return from school, I would change clothes and immediately go to the field to relieve my father on the tractor. He would then attend to other chores with some of the horses.

Irene: *Bud and I had our chores to do; all kids did. Gathering the eggs and tending the chickens was my job; Bud had to look after the pigs. But you did whatever you were asked. You never thought of saying no. I wasn't too happy about going down the pasture to bring the milk cows in. I didn't mind the walk; it was the cacti I didn't like. They were hard to see in the grass and the needles were sharp. You were alright in leather shoes but running shoes were not much protection. Those needles hurt.*

While Irene would attend to the milking and other chores as required, she much preferred to be in the house with Mother helping to make supper or baking something for the next day. During the years when we had good crops, my grandfather would often take a sleigh load of wheat to town on a Saturday. I was always a willing helper, my job being to load the sleigh on Friday afternoon on my return from school. I very much enjoyed being able to drive the

team and Grandpa would even let me direct the team into the livery barn in Abbey, following which we would go to the restaurant for lunch, which was a great treat for a farm boy, especially being able to order off a menu. Ordering was simple for Grandpa, as I cannot recall a time he did not ask for wieners and sauerkraut.

Irene: *Once or twice during the summer Dad would pick up a loaf of bakery bread when he picked up the groceries. Bud and I would eat that rather than the homemade bread. We ate it with jam rather than cake or pie. I find it hard to believe that we were so dumb but we were. We were so used to homemade we didn't know how lucky we were.*

Attending to most chores was primarily my father's responsibility, with assistance provided by me and later by Irene as we grew mature enough to be helpful. Even in summer when my father would spend all day on the tractor, he would then take care of the milking and feeding of the livestock, other than the horses. We normally milked four to six cows, which provided an adequate supply of milk, cream and butter. As Carl always worked with the horses, he looked after them himself, again with some help from me and Irene as we were able.

As I have noted, Grandpa was a blacksmith and did forge welding for any of the neighbours who did not have their own blacksmith shop. I used to like watching him shoe horses and work on the anvil; he was very fussy, doing it just so. Irene and I both enjoyed assisting Grandfather in the blacksmith shop. Irene's favourite chore was to crank the forge to heat whatever metal Carl was working on. I usually fell to cranking the post drill which is a piece of shop equipment designed to drill holes in heavy metal and was fastened securely to a wall of the shop, and which could be operated manually or by belt power driven by a small engine. I don't know why I preferred this as it did not lead to results that were in any way artful or creative.

Irene: *I remember in '34 or '35 when it came time to pick chokecherries, Dad was very thoughtful. He offered to stay home with Norman who was only two or three. He knew Mother would enjoy an afternoon out in the hills with Grandpa and Bud and me. It sounds very kind and considerate but the truth was Dad hated picking berries. We all knew it too. We had a lovely afternoon. We took a snack and a cold drink. Grandpa was such a clean picker he'd just shake his head when he saw our pails but chokecherries are easy to clean and we always got plenty. The jelly and syrup were good.*

During the summer months, the farmers in the community dealt with the need for fresh meat by establishing “beef rings.” This was a cooperative effort in common use on the prairies with each member (representing a family) having a “half share" or a "full share.” With a half share the farmer would provide the beef ring with a beef animal every second year, usually a steer weighing perhaps 600 to 800 pounds. The animal would be butchered on Friday evening and cut up very early Saturday morning with each shareholder's allotment placed in a clean cotton bag which had been left by the family the week before, to be picked up by or on behalf of the shareholder later in the morning. We usually took turns with neighbours picking up and distributing that week’s shares. During the season, each member holding a half share would receive all of the cuts that would make up one half of a beef during the

summer. On the weekend that he provided the animal, that farmer would also receive the heart, liver and tongue.

The holder of a full share provided an animal every year and would receive the cuts that would be equivalent to a complete animal. This plan worked very well, providing each family with fresh meat every week during the summer season. The butcher, usually a farmer of the district, was paid a small fee and as well usually received the hide of the animal, which had a small value. The last beef ring butcher that I knew was Sandy Robertson. Until Irene was old enough to be responsible for picking up the meat, that was my task early Saturday morning, when it was our family's turn in the pickup and delivery rotation with neighbours.

By late fall the "beef ring" would be over for the season. We would then slaughter our own beef animals as by that time the temperature would allow for freezing of the meat. After the beef had been sectioned into roasts and steaks, the balance would be carefully cut into stewing meat and hamburger with the remaining scraps ground into sausage meat.

Irene: *We had a half share and had to put a beef in every other year. It had to be over two years old and a good growthy animal. The meat had to be picked up every Saturday morning. We all had meat sacks made out of half a flour sack with your name on them in embroidery thread. We and three other families took turns picking up the meat at Sandy Robertson's and delivering it. This meant only one week out of four being spent running around.*

We would have fifteen pounds of beef every week: the steak for Saturday's supper; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for Sunday dinner. The poorer cut, the boil, would sometimes be put in a tight pail in the ice house for a day or so or else Mother would can it in pint jars, processing it while Sunday dinner cooked, generally three pints, but you opened as many as you needed for a casserole.

One thing I hated was the spring butchering. It had to be done I know. The whole house seemed to be greasy. Either two or three pigs would be done. First the leaf lard was rendered and kept only for pastry. The hams and side bacon went into brine for some time then drained and into the smoke house. Grandpa did the smoking; the meat was so good. I'd love to have some again. We ate pork chops and some roasts, rib roasts that is. Then Mother would trim the fat off the chops and can them with slices of onions. This made very tasty casseroles with carrots and potatoes added. The shoulders were cut into a few roasts, the rest ground and made into sausages. Mother canned these too. It was a busy week or two but a lot of eating for the summer.

We always had chickens as we had eggs, chickens to fry in season and to roast. All the women raised turkeys, but these were to sell for Christmas treats. In the fall the district got together at each place in turn and killed and dressed the turkeys. The men killed and plucked the turkeys and the women sat around the dining table and picked all the pin feathers. The hostess of the day would serve dinner in the kitchen to the men. When the men went back to work, she would reset the table for the women, then she could eat too and then clean up the mess. Everything had to be done by 3:30 so the parents could get home to do the chores and

make supper for the kids. The turkey money always went to the wife for Christmas for the family, maybe a new outfit for the kids for the school concert.

In those days everybody raised Barred Rocks or Buff Orpington chickens. These were quiet birds, easily handled. Once in a while one would nest away, coming out later with eight or more chicks. This was fine; the more the better. One of my jobs was to go to the barn when I gathered the eggs and throw down from the loft a sheaf for each milk cow. It only took a minute. In behind the ladder was a box with a lid. It was never used. It was always closed with about eight inches of straw. It must have been in June when I noticed a Buff had nested on the box. Mother said to leave her alone so I did. About a week later the black mother cat had her kittens on the box beside the setting hen. I thought it odd but sometimes animals do things we think odd. Then one day the cat and kittens were gone. I just thought she had moved them, then I noticed that the hen had her wings sort of spread out, then one of the kittens peeked her head out from under the wing. She had all four of the kittens keeping warm. When I told mother she thought I made it up but I tried to get her to go and see so she believed me. It got even stranger when a few days later the hen was gone getting a drink and some food. There was the mother cat laying on the eggs, her kittens nursing. Between them the eggs were kept warm. I told mother about it when I got back to the house. She was sure I made it up. I said go to the barn and see. She finally believed me. Animals and fowl do some strange things.

As stated, we always had chickens, Barred Rocks and Buff Orpingtons. The Buffs were the best mothers so the turkey eggs were put under them to be hatched. For two or three years we had ducks too. I don't know where Mother got the settings of eggs but they were put under a Buff too. It was so funny when the ducks hatched. They were loose in the yard and of course found the little slough. They hit water right away of course but the poor hen nearly went crazy. She tried to go in after them but when her feathers started to get wet, she got out. Then she ran around the slough back and forth trying to coax the ducks out. They would come out finally and she had to go through this every day as long as she mothered them. The hens that mothered the turkeys were much luckier.

The women in the district traded garden seeds, house plants and roots of shrubs. Grandpa made a plant table that fit in the five-window bay window. Mother had the table full of house plants, also on the window sills. All the colours of geraniums, a shamrock, ice plant, ivies, you name it. Someone gave her a slip of what they called a maple. It grew very large. Up to the ceiling. Then it bloomed, it was beautiful, then it just died. I guess it was only meant to bloom once. We also had lilies, the colour of the wild tiger lilies. They multiplied so well we had lots and gave away lots. Not everyone had the right room or the desire for house plants. Mother liked a fern, not the maiden hair but a bit larger. It would bloom once in a while, tiny white flowers.

Grandpa had been trained as a botanical gardener. He could tell you the English, Latin and German name of any plant you showed him. He always grew the tomatoes, cabbages and cauliflower. He started them indoors and always had a good crop. No one was allowed to touch them. When the tomatoes started producing, he would pick them and take them to the house. Before the frost he would pick them all. The biggest, nicest were laid on newspaper in

old fruit boxes, the kind peaches and plums came in. They would be put in the cool room in the cellar. He would turn them and look after them. We would have tomatoes pretty well till Christmas. Parts of the cauliflower were used in mixed pickles and some in sweet mustard pickle. Everybody made beet pickle and of course dills. The potato patch was always on the west side of the trees and the garden on the east. The rhubarb patch was along the fence on the east side of the garden. We also had a row of winter onions.

While many people would consider the maintenance of a large garden to be a major and burdensome chore, my grandparents felt otherwise. For them, working in the garden provided relaxation and a welcome break from their many other duties. Long before the time came to begin work in the garden, my grandparents, and later my parents, would have flats of tomatoes, cabbages, onions and other vegetables started in the south bay window in the living room. At the appropriate time those flats would be set out in a cold frame that my grandfather built at the south side of the house.

In our garden everyone in the family had certain responsibilities. For example, my father would do much of the hoeing and "picking potato bugs," a tiresome, distasteful chore. My mother would assist my grandfather with the asparagus, tomatoes and cucumbers. When the peas were in season, everyone would pitch in with shelling. It was a pleasure to eat them fresh, but the greater portion was used for canning. The garden produce not consumed immediately was canned for use in the winter and following spring. Dozens of sealers of vegetables were prepared and stored away each fall. In addition, a variety of pickles such as dill, beet relish, cucumber relish, and sweet mixed relish was prepared. Despite the fact that all preparations, including sterilizing, were undertaken under the limitations imposed by the coal and wood stove, I don't recall a sealer ever being thrown out because it had spoiled.

Irene: *When the garden started bearing, we had to shell peas for canning. I had to tip and tail the beans too but used a board and sharp knife. There were broad beans to shell for the table too. There were summer turnips and kohlrabi also. We liked to peel them and slice them to eat raw. With a big garden we lived well. Once in a while we would get a rain. If it was warm enough, the mushrooms would pop up all over. If there were enough, Mother would can some. We ate a lot too; we all liked them. They didn't come often so we enjoyed them when they did.*

We always had a big garden and Mother canned everything – mushrooms, peas, beans, and tomatoes. She used swiss chard leaves as spinach. The stems were then cut in bite size pieces, a teaspoon of celery seed and teaspoon of salt added. In the winter she drained the water off, added a cream sauce. It tasted like creamed celery. There was chokecherry and apple jam, chokecherry jelly, syrup and cordial for adding to cold water for a lovely drink.

In our district everyone lived well. We grew our own food. A big garden, chickens, milk cows. It was a lot of work but you could live well. We picked chokecherries at Duncans' ranch in the fall so had jelly, syrup. There were no saskatoons anywhere nearby. Grandpa had friends (Hugo Wein) *who had flour mills at Swift Current and later Shaunavon. After harvest, Grandpa would take some of the baskets he made out of willows and fill them with potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages and eggs, together with some sacks of wheat and oats.*

He'd have a good visit and come home with a year's supply of flour, bran and rolled oats. It was a good trade.

Despite being as self-supporting as possible, there was still a need for staples like flour, sugar, face soap, tea, coffee, kerosene for the lamps (and tobacco for Grandpa). In preparation for the long winter months, our family would lay in a supply of several bags of flour and a one-hundred-pound bag of sugar. As well, the coal bin in the basement adjacent to the furnace room would be filled with several wagon loads of hard coal and sufficient kindling for lighting the furnace through the winter.

Through periods of drought, farm wives had primary responsibility to deal with the discomfort and extra work caused by heavy, seemingly endless, dust storms which seemed to blow fiercely every day. Sweeping and dusting were never-ending chores.

Irene: *Growing up in the dirty thirties on a farm just east of the sand hills did get dirty at times. The west wind would get going and the dust would fly. It was so dry much of the time. The hill top west of the yard blew down to hard pan. We found some nice arrow heads there. The dust drifted in around windows. The windows and doors were kept shut until evening when the wind died then all the windows and doors were opened to cool the house.*

On the prairies during the twenties and thirties clothes washing was strictly a manual affair. After pails of water were carried from the well and heated on the stove, the clothes would be scrubbed on a “scrub board,” a corrugated enamel panel in a wood frame. Following this, the clothes would go into a washing machine, the agitator of which was rotated by means of a lever on the top. The alternative used by some neighbours was a machine that was rotated in a half circle with the tub moving and the agitator remaining stationary. In either case, the machine had to be manually operated.

Soap was typically homemade. I recall helping my grandmother make soap and wondering where on earth she found the recipe - a mixture of lye, wood ash, beef fat and probably other secret ingredients. The resulting mixture was quite effective when used in washing overalls and other work clothes, but was rough on skin, even on hands toughened by constant physical labour.

When winter arrived, the family’s activities were restricted due to the cold weather. Daily chores were a shared responsibility with the cows to be milked, the livestock fed and watered, the barn cleaned out and the manure hauled away, usually to be spread later on the land as fertilizer. Weather permitting, Saturday was usually the day to go to Abbey for groceries and, when there was sufficient supply, to take eggs or butter to sell to the grocer.

As winter waned, Carl could be found in his blacksmith shop making or repairing parts for the wagons or sleighs or implements. If there was anything that he required that could be made with the shop equipment at hand, he would make it, usually using surplus material from some other application or a piece of worn-out implement. Nothing in the line of metal or wood was wasted. Carl loved to work with his hands. He nowhere seemed so happy as in his blacksmith shop where he would take on any repair challenge which presented itself. I

loved to watch him and he encouraged me to help where I could. A frequent saying was “if someone made it, you can repair it or remake it, if you try.” Carl was pleased to help neighbours with blacksmith work, sharpening ploughshares and the like. Irene remembers watching Carl shoe a horse for Knute Larson, who had his hounds with him. Knute wanted the horse shod so he could hunt coyotes on horseback.

In the early spring, when the weather was warm enough to melt the snow, Carl would take his harness maker’s bench outside in a sunny area sheltered from the wind and would repair harness. His sewing was done by hand stitching using a sharp awl and strong waxed thread. As well as his blacksmith talents, he was well known in the district for his skills at sewing leather, repairing reins or traces or making new ones. He would often be interrupted in his own work by a neighbour with a broken piece of machinery in need of repair or ploughshares to be sharpened. He never appeared to be bothered by this and never asked to be compensated for his time. He could not tolerate careless workmanship and, when shown shoddy workmanship, would remark “Oh, by Jove.” My grandfather never seemed to be in a hurry. No matter the job at hand, he would go about his task quietly, with deliberation, and without complaint.

During the winter, evenings provided my parents and grandparents an opportunity to catch up with projects and activities for which no time was available during the busy months of summer and fall. They had to work, however, within the limitations imposed by the poor illumination available from coal oil lamps.

There was no electric power on the prairies until the mid 1940’s, which meant that there was no refrigeration and no running water. All cooking was done on a combination coal and wood range. Most of these stoves had an extension water reservoir adjacent to the fire box which allowed for a supply of warm water at hand as long as the stove was in use. The milk, cream, butter and eggs were kept fresh in an ice house where large blocks of ice were stored during the winter and covered with straw to preserve the ice for use during the hot summer months.

Cutting and transporting and storing ice was another example of back breaking farm labour. Carl had dug a basement-like hole about twelve feet square and about eight feet deep and then erected the shell of a building inside. The walls and roof were insulated. The interior would be filled with blocks of ice, and covered with a deep blanket of straw.

As Irene has reminded me: *Every year around the end of January we would get a real thaw. Most of the snow would melt. There was a little slough on the north side of the ice house. Because of the nearby trees and the slope of the land, this little slough would fill with water. When winter cracked down again, the ice got six to eight inches thick and the men would fill the ice house. All the old straw would have been cleaned out. A foot or so of clean straw from the loft would be spread on the bottom. The blocks were cut by a special saw. They would be about 2 x 3 ft. They were fitted together in the ice well. As they built up the layers, they would throw an odd pail of water down as they quit for the day. They wanted it to freeze in a solid block. The opening was left uncovered overnight. As it was filled, clean straw was packed between the ice and the wall, between the 2x4s. When it was full and well frozen, they would*

put a layer of clean straw on top, about a foot and a half. This was good insulation. This was a lot of work but made the summer a lot nicer. We could have ice cream whenever we wanted it and it was our fridge.

I recall a quilting frame set up in the living room in the winter, where my grandmother and mother would painstakingly cut and sew the dozens of pieces of cloth required to make a quilt, all the while chatting about social and family matters. I, and later Irene, was often given the task of carding the wool to make the lining. This wool was acquired from a neighbouring sheep rancher, washed several times, dried thoroughly, picked over to remove all burrs, and then carded.

In addition to quilting, the long winter evenings gave my mother an opportunity to sew and knit, activities for which the summers usually provided no time. As well as knitting mitts and socks for Dad, Irene and me, Mother made most of her and Irene's clothes and such items as aprons and curtains.

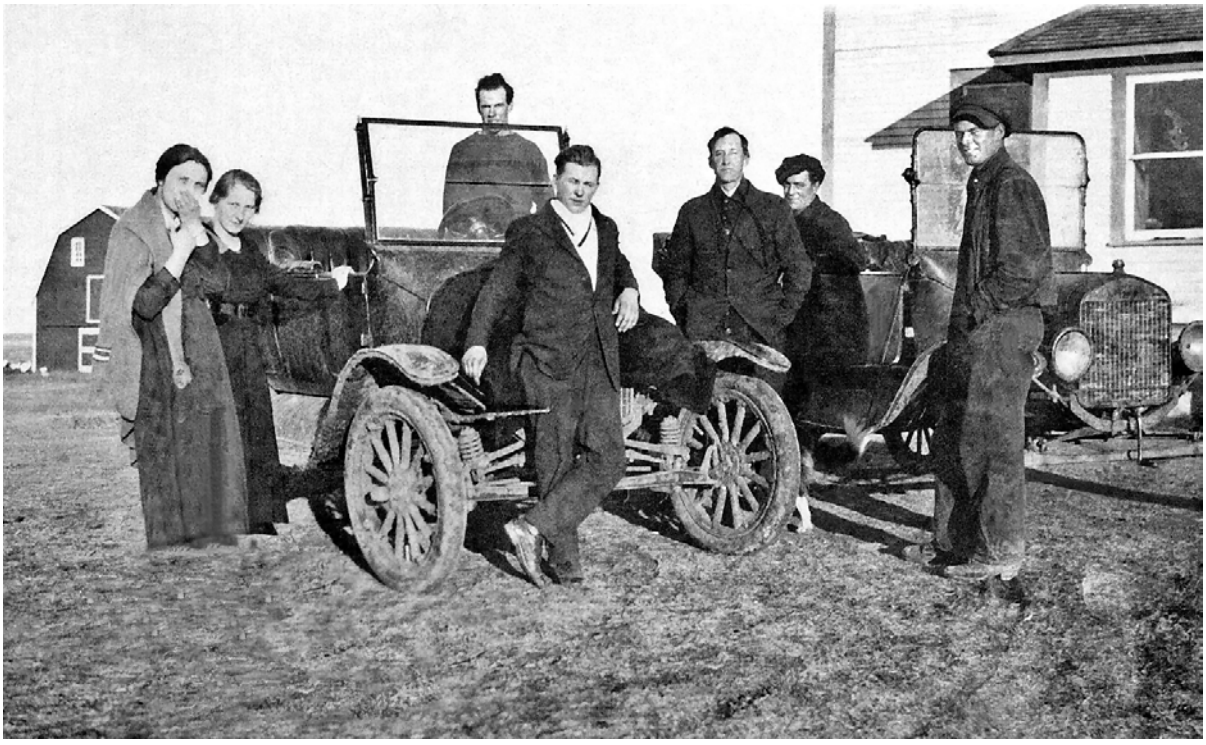
Irene: *In those early years, nothing was thrown away. The men all wore denim jackets, bib overalls and work pants. When these wore out the women would cut out all the useable material. The waist band and all the seams were thrown out. Mother took an old feather tick, folded it down to about seven feet and covered it with denim patched together. It was a warm cover. She took a worn-out blanket, tacked some old cotton and wool sweaters on to it, added a cover of denim. We sat on it and, when covered up with the tick, we were warm on our 2 3/4 mile jaunt each way to school. When we got to school, I would carry the lunch buckets and water pail to the school; Bud put the horse in the barn and threw the blankets in an empty manger.*

Recreation on the Roland farm during the twenties was very limited. Field work with horses usually meant stopping about 6:00 p.m. in order to avoid over-working the animals. Working with the tractor would usually be carried on until dark, thus leaving little spare time. Evenings that were available were taken up mainly with working in the garden. During those few evenings when the weather was not suitable for gardening, Carl could be found working in the blacksmith shop or repairing harness and Marie and Martha would be busy in the house, baking or canning or perhaps making soap, churning butter or working on other time-consuming tasks that were more difficult to complete during the busyness of the day. The only sporting activity that was engaged in regularly on the farm during this period was horseshoes, a popular game in the area at that time and a game at which Carl was proficient.

Although I do not think of my family as particularly church-oriented, religion was an important part of pioneer life. My mother and maternal grandparents were raised in Germany as Lutherans. My father was raised in the Anglican Church, and told us that in fact for a number of his teenage years he was a member of the local church choir. None of my family had much interest in the church after coming to Canada, although both my parents and grandparents supported fundraising efforts by the United Church in Abbey, the only church in that community in the 1920's and 1930's. In the summer months, the Abbey United Church Minister would conduct Sunday afternoon services in the Leggott School and our family would usually attend. Catholics in our district travelled to Lancer, eight miles away.

Except for harvest time, our family did not work on Sunday which became the day in which we made an extra effort with dinner. Every Saturday in summer we received fresh meat from the beef ring and our garden generally provided a variety of vegetable choices. My father favoured Yorkshire pudding and he was generally accommodated. Pie was a common dessert, but a special treat for all was homemade ice cream, possible because of the ice stored in the ice house the previous winter. Frequently a neighbouring family would join us for dinner, which was usually followed by games for the children and a time of discussion and perhaps a bit of teasing and gossip by the adults.

Although it easy to characterize the lives of my parents and grandparents as unrelentingly hard, their social life was extensive and critical to them. Also, as was common in that area at that time, there were a stream of temporary farm labourers, from Harvest Excursions and otherwise, and “hired men.”



Martha Brawn, Marie Roland, Charles Brawn and four temporary farm workers
behind the Roland House and Barn

In the summer the community activities were largely in the form of softball games, usually between the men of the district versus the school students with an occasional women’s team competing. Ball tournaments were a popular form of entertainment on the prairies and were usually held on Sunday afternoons, the one day that most farmers would set aside for respite.

Each school would wind up the school year with a “field day” involving a cross section of sporting activities followed by a potluck supper.

One of my father’s disappointments was not being able to organize a soccer (or football, as my father described it) club in Abbey. He had grown up playing this game and to my untutored eye was very good at it. For many years we had an old soccer ball in our yard. I recall clearly how light on his feet and adept my father was in controlling the ball. In later years almost every small town had a baseball team and leagues were formed with tournaments scheduled throughout the summer months. Soccer however, was never to enjoy that popularity.

As extra funds were very scarce during this time, entertainment consisted of activities that would allow participation by as many people as possible and with a minimum of equipment. Racing, broad and high jumping, and shot put were popular. For the more robust there would often be rodeo events such as saddle bronc or bareback riding and calf roping, although these were not activities engaged in by our family. While there were generally no cash prizes for the winners, bragging rights had a considerable value for many participants.

Fishing in the South Saskatchewan River was a popular diversion and for many well worth the long journey. If we had reason to think the fish were biting, we would often get together with two or three neighbouring families, spend the day fishing, and conclude with a riverbank picnic. Our equipment and technique were certainly not sophisticated. We would sit along the bank with a line on a willow branch, usually baited with a grass hopper. Goldeye was a common catch. Conversation usually covered a wide range of topics, from the perils of trying to make a living farming, to world affairs and, of course, politics. It was commonly accepted the politicians were to blame for virtually all the problems encountered by prairie farmers, including the plagues of grasshoppers and gophers.

If the fishing went well my father or grandfather would fillet the fish. Fish for our shore lunch would be fried. Any fish not needed for that purpose would later be pickled by Mother with vinegar, onion and spices, ending up much like the pickled herring one can find in stores today.

Carl took great pleasure from fishing, but he also used these Sunday afternoon excursions to the Saskatchewan River (approximately 20 miles away) to collect the willow branches he needed for his basket weaving projects.

Another activity Carl enjoyed was hunting for small game with his .22 Remington Pump Action rifle. He used mainly .22 short cartridges as their report was minimal, and they were cheaper than .22 long cartridges. When hunting partridge or prairie chicken, he was often able to shoot a second bird before the flock became alarmed and flew away.

Although Carl was probably slightly more proficient, my father was also a very good shot with a .22, but had no particular interest in hunting and never, in my recollection, hunted upland game.

Irene: *The country was overrun with rabbits and gophers. It got so bad the R.M. put a bounty on them, one cent for a gopher tail and five cents for a pair of rabbit ears. That doesn't sound like much but one dollar bought a lot.*

South of the house was the stack yard. That was where the sheave stack was put. The rabbits loved that and they came in the dark for a feast. Dad and Grandpa would leave the outside porch door open, and, when the moonlight got bright enough, they would sneak out to the porch and shoot them, then in the morning go and cut off the ears and throw them over the west fence. The coyotes generally took them.

Bud got the bright idea, I went along with it, to go out after dark and set up some of the dead rabbits around the stack. So, we did, but only once. When Dad went out the next morning, there were no ears to cut off, they were already gone. Well -- we didn't do that again. The hazards of being a kid.

On Christmas Day in my sixteenth year, Grandpa gave me my own .22 rifle, a Cooey single shot, known as the Model 39 and manufactured in Cobourg, Ontario. Although it was relatively inexpensive, I thought it to be one of the best rifles in the country and a wonderful present and I looked forward to the Saturday work/hunting outings in the hills with my grandfather. Cutting trees was very hard work and had no recreational value that I could see, but it was worth it to be able to share these experiences with my grandfather.

Carl was a short, very quiet man and idle conversation was rare, although, when we were hunting, he would be quick to point out something of interest such as a rabbit burrow in a snow bank or a hawk sitting in a tree watching for small game. He would always encourage me to get close enough to whatever I was shooting to be able to hit it in the head as he did not want to spoil the meat by damaging the breast, especially in a prairie chicken. It was common in the early fall to shoot partridges when they went after the potatoes in our garden.

While the winter months provided more time for relaxation, the weather and, in the early years, the lack of money, precluded much off farm activity. A highlight for my parents or grandparents during winter months would be a visit by neighbours for an evening session of cribbage or whist. A large lunch and many cups of coffee would follow.

Irene: *We had all the usual games: checkers, snakes and ladders and other board games. Some friends of mother's, a Mr. and Mrs. King, made me a doll house and some homemade doll furniture. The next Christmas they gave me a set of furniture they bought. I was quite proud of it. Also, I had a wickerwork doll carriage. The boys had mechano sets, different kinds of blocks. We all had books. I had the Louisa M. Alcott books (Little Women) and also the Katie books. These were the usual type of books for girls. Bud had a huge book, it had everything in it: history, geography, even some fairy tales. I think I found it more interesting than Bud. We were taught to play cribbage as soon as we learned our numbers at school. The adults always played Norwegian whist; the kids played trump whist.*

I was pleased and interested to hear from Irene in a letter dated March 14, 1995: *On the 4th the Legion here hosted the Zone Crib Tournament. I won the singles and was supposed to go*

to Beachy on the 18th but arranged for one of the two men who tied for second to go. I am not driving 100 miles alone to play cards.

Frequently there would be communal activities at the school where the residents of the district would organize a whist drive, followed by a dance. Music would be supplied by those in the district with the talent to play an instrument. It seemed most commonly there would be at least one violin, a banjo or guitar, and the piano. The musicians usually played for the enjoyment of it, although sometimes there would be a silver collection taken to replace broken strings and other minor expenses.

The participating families would all bring sandwiches or cake and they would take turns contributing cream, coffee and sugar or perhaps fuel for the Coleman lamp. These were truly family affairs and babies and small children would be wrapped in a blanket and laid like cordwood on a table at one end of the dance floor where they would usually sleep quite soundly through the whole event. As is the case in most communities, there were those women who found it easy to take a leading role in organizing social events. Names that come most easily to my mind were mothers of children with whom I attended school. One of my classmates, Jean Lines, who, much to my frustration, academically was always first in our class, was one of a family of six girls and a boy. Her mother was one of the women who would be at the center of arrangements, accompanied by Mrs. Rewerts, Mrs. Linder, Mrs. Crampton and, of course, numerous others.

Occasionally a "box social" would be organized to raise money for some school or district project. Box lunches always brought out an extra effort on the part of the women of the district as each of them strived to have the box that had the fanciest contents or was most artfully decorated or brought the highest bid. These would always be very popular events with much good-natured bantering among the men as they attempted to encourage their neighbours to out-bid each other for the right to share a box lunch with the woman who prepared it.

William W. Fifield in the book *The Memories of Yesteryear*[xi] provides an example of the fun that was often had at these events: *Allan McColl was the auctioneer and John Minor the one who paid the most for a basket that night. Joe Buck, a homesteader from over east several miles had found out which was Mrs. Minor's basket and had told someone that he was going to have supper with her, this information being relayed to John Minor who promptly said, "Like H--- he will!" the result being that it cost John Minor slightly over twenty dollars to have supper with his wife that night.*

One of the few luxuries that the family acquired during this time was a battery-operated radio. We were fascinated to hear in 1935 the report of the execution of Bruno Hauptmann, who had been convicted of the kidnapping of the baby son of Charles Lindberg. On December 11, 1936 we listened with rapt attention to the live broadcast of the abdication of Edward, Prince of Wales. Saturday evenings in winter almost invariably saw at least one of the neighbours visiting to listen to a hockey game. In the thirties on the Canadian prairies a battery-operated radio was considered amazing technology.

Irene: *We all enjoyed it. It was a Philco and for some odd reason static didn't bother it as much as other radios in the district. On June 22, 1938 there was a Joe Louis fight*[xii] *to be broadcast. All the district gathered at our place in the house. The men politely suggested the women and little kids go outside during the match. The joke of it all was the fight lasted less than one round. So much fuss for nothing. The women got a kick out of this.*

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

Irene: *My first memory is of a kind of weird happening, at least at the time it was. It was in June, everything was green. Bud wasn't there that morning. He would have been in school. Dad was in the field. Grandpa had the machinery and Dad did the farming. Anyway, that morning the dog, a black and white collie, suddenly went crazy barking his head off. Mother looked out the door, then she called the dog in, hooked the screen door, shut the inside door, locked it and pulled down the shade on the south window, then pulled the blind on the east window almost down. Then she crouched down and was looking out to see so I went over and looked out too. What we saw was really strange: a man was walking south down the road. All of a sudden, he would start to make a big circle almost from side to side of the road; at the same time was also making tiny circles. After finishing a big circle, he would walk straight for a while, then start another circle. He went down the road out of sight. It was a really weird performance. We learned later what was really going on and I guess it made sense. For about a year there was a family living on the east side of the road about 3/4 of a mile north of us. The oldest boy, about 18, had been hired by Joe Collinson to do some work for him. Joe lived on the next corner 1 ¾ miles south. The young man was just learning to dance and was practicing his waltzing as he went down the road. When you know about it, it is not so strange, but it sure looked odd to mother and me.*

The people who lived on the next road west of us went to Hill School so we didn't have much to do with them. You just visited in your own district. One night in late October of '33 we were all in the kitchen just going to sit down at the table for supper. Mother was starting to dish up when the door burst open. It was one of the Weinberger boys who lived straight west of us: "Mrs. Main sent Lennox down. He says his dad hung himself in the barn. Mrs. Main wants you to phone the police and then come right over." With that he was out of the house and away. Dad went to the phone and called the central office. Frank Harp who ran the office wanted to know why Dad wanted the police. Dad told him what had happened. Mr. Harp called the police. They asked Dad to go over right away. They had to drive about 25 miles on poor road; it would take them at least an hour, so Dad went over right away, we sat down and ate supper. Mother and Grandpa kept the conversation on normal things. Us kids didn't hear much about it from the adults.

Mrs. Norman Main was a strange person. Mother said it was because she was a Blue Nose, in other words born and raised in Nova Scotia. Mother said they were raised with different ideas than we were. She had come out west to teach school, met and married Norman Main. When mother and Dad were first married, they lived six or eight miles north west of the farm. One day in late October of 1925, Mother and Bud were going down to Grandpa's in a buggy. They had winter coats on and all bundled in blankets because it was cold. When they got to

*Mains, Mother saw all the kids huddled on the east step out of the wind. They didn't even have coats on. Mother asked why they were there and not in the house. The kids explained that mom had just scrubbed floors. She made them go out as she didn't want them to mess them up. Mother marched the kids into the house, giving Mrs. Main a blast. She said she was going to tell her mother (*Marie Roland, who in 1920 had helped deliver Lennox Main*) about this and it better not happen again. Grandma had quite a standing in the community because of all the nursing care and help she gave anyone who asked.*

For the most part, my childhood memories are happy. Occasionally, however, I will think back on an event or experience which was not only traumatic at the time, but distressing even now when brought to mind from the deep recesses of memory. One such occurrence took place when I was twelve. The crops in 1935 were very poor but we gathered all the grain sheaves that were to be had and, with the grain separator in front of the barn and the blower extended into the loft, began to thresh. My grandfather was on a rack driving up beside the threshing machine when the horses became startled and bolted. Grandfather was thrown to the back of the rack and before he could get to his feet on top of the load the horses had raced through the gate at the entrance to the barn yard. As they galloped at full speed through the gate, the corner of the rack struck the gate post, demolishing the rack, throwing Grandpa to the ground and scattering the load of straw.

The horses' terror was further heightened by the noise and erratic motion of the wheels and reach of the rack which was being dragged behind. I and the others who had been on the threshing gang raced to try to catch them, but it was impossible until, after running for over a mile, the horses played out and stopped. When we arrived on the scene, we discovered that not only had the harness and wagon gear been demolished, one of the horses, named "Bill" by Grandpa, had a broken leg.

My grandfather stood for what seemed a very long time looking at the horse and then turned and walked back to the yard. I followed and when we reached the yard he said, as he walked to the house, "Get the car." By the time I drove across the yard to where he was standing, he had his shotgun in his hand, but spoke no more.

Grandfather got behind the wheel and we drove in silence to the location of the horses and got out of the car. Grandfather broke open the shotgun, slid one shell into the breech and snapped it closed. Again, he stood for what seemed forever, looking at the injured horse, then slowly brought the gun to his shoulder, cocked the hammer and pulled the trigger, ending poor Bill's suffering. As painful as this experience was for me, I knew it was even more devastating for my grandfather.

SCHOOL DAYS

Leggott School, around 1930 – back: Floyd Larson, Miss Stena Mae Bainbridge (teacher), Dorothy Lines, Angie Schmidt, Bill Collinson Jim Collinson; third: Fred Tuffs, Harold Linder, Harold Rewerts, Marjorie Lines, Gordon Collinson, John Crampton, Gus Hoeft, Willard Larson; second: Bill Crampton, Adolf Hoeft, Louise Larson, Evelyn Rewerts, Mona Tuffs, Mary Crampton, Roland Brawn, Willie Hoeft, Harland Rewerts; front: Ruth Crampton, Gordon Linder, Fritz Hoeft, Ken Larson, Gordon Larson, Muriel Rewerts, Jean Lines, Audrey Tuffs; on steps: Leonard Linder.

I feel I was a reasonably able student, but as I stated I never bested my rival, Jean Lines, for top marks in our years together at Leggott School.

Leggott School was a typical prairie one room school with attendance varying from twelve to twenty-five students encompassing grades one to ten, all taught by one teacher. A teacher in Saskatchewan during the 1930's was paid about $500.00 per year depending on the relative wealth of the school district. Out of this munificent sum the teacher would have to pay board and room, usually at a neighbouring farm, at a cost of perhaps $15.00 per month. I can remember at different times a teacher was lodged with us, or at the home of our neighbours, the Lines or the Howards.

Leggott School had a full basement, a large central furnace and indoor-type washrooms. Because it would be many years before the convenience of running water was available, using the washrooms was not particularly pleasant and the contents of the toilet tanks had to be emptied regularly. Janitorial duties in the school, including floor sweeping and blackboard cleaning, were usually handled by one or two of the older students. They would be expected to be at the school early enough in the morning to have the furnace operating so the

temperature in the school was warm enough for the teacher and students by 9:00 o'clock. The compensation for this chore was typically $1.00 or $2.00 per month. I recollect these chores were handled in my time at the school by Jim and Bill Collinson.

My earliest school recollection is of being bullied, although I acknowledge that description is perhaps both harsh and exaggerated. My foggy memory is of scribbling on the freshly cleaned blackboard after the day's classes were done, annoying the Collinson brothers who were busy cleaning up the school. They were neighbours and on occasion I rode back and forth from home with them. Their patience apparently wore thin and they hung me up by the crossed straps of my bib overalls on a coat hanger in the cloak room, leaving me shouting threats about what my father would do to them. They totally ignored me, casually finished their work, and when finished took me down and gave me a ride home in their buggy, acting as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Our neighbour children, the Cramptons, also attended Leggott School and would frequently "hitch" a ride, standing on the back of our buggy. At the school the horse would be stabled and fed an oat sheaf at noon. After returning from school, the harness would be removed and the horse saddled and ridden to find the milk cows and to herd them to the yard for milking.

Irene: *When I started school we had a nice quiet bay mare, Bess, to drive. You could ride her bareback or with a saddle. We had the buggy for summer and a nice little cutter Grandpa built for the winter. I guess I was a little weird too because I wanted to go to school. I wanted to learn to read. In the fall and winter Dad, Grandpa and Bud sat around the table in the front room reading. Mother would be reading or knitting or sewing and I would be playing with stupid toys. I really envied Bud. I hated to miss school. Dad once threatened to move my bed to school. I'm sure he was glad I felt that way.*

We used to get three-day blizzards then. Anyway, we knew that Bess could not break trail the first mile because of a nasty side hill. Dad would hitch up the team and Grandpa would drive us. The first couple of days the team would have a hard time at the one quarter mile strip. The side hill to the west would always block that one place in. After the team had packed the road for three or four days we would go back to Bess and the little cutter. When I watched my kids get on the school bus the first few days I had to laugh, what a difference but I still think we had the best of it regardless.

Someone had donated an old stove. It didn't look like much but it worked. Every school had a boiler to make coffee and a big box of coffee mugs. Ours were kept in a locked storeroom in the basement. Before any event at the school, they, the boiler and mugs, were taken to Mrs. Rewerts. She scrubbed them up. We had to take three cream cans of water for coffee and drinking as we had the best well in the district.

"Tip", Irene Brawn, Bud Brawn and "Old Bess" in summer of 1937

School gymnasiums in rural schools were unheard of at that time and as the size of the school imposed serious space constraints there was no indoor physical education or recreational program for the students during the winter months. A lack of water precluded the flooding of a rink for winter use so there was no hockey facility. In the summer there would be softball games during the noon hour in addition to practice in broad jumping, high jumping and relay racing in preparation for the annual school picnic and district sports days, where the students would compete with students of other schools.

At school in the winter when the weather was warm, there would inevitably be a snowball fight, often pitting the boys against the girls and frequently resulting in bruises and, occasionally, in tears. In the spring and early summer, the boys would often sneak out of the school yard at noon to catch gophers, usually by drowning them out of their dens by pouring a large pail of water down the hole and catching the rodent with a snare as it came out. I recollect the teacher found this activity less exciting than many students did.

Major events of the year for all of the students and for the community at large were the field meet, the end of June picnic and the annual Christmas concert. Irene recalls that during the 1930's *the last Friday in May was the field meet. There were six country schools in the meet.*

It was held in Rex Main's pasture which had the advantage of being an exceptionally level piece of natural prairie. He kept his cattle out of it until after the meet. He put an old bin there to use as a booth and put a three-sided counter in front made of planks. People brought a couple of gas stoves to make coffee and boil wieners. You could buy coffee, hot dogs, soft drinks, chewing gum, chocolate bars and cigarettes.

They sorted out the ages: 7-8, 9-10, 11-12, 13-14, 15-16. We competed in standing broad jump, running broad jump, hop step and jump, and high jump; also races and a relay race. It ended with ball games between the school teams. This was a big day for the whole country. The spring work was over and everyone came whether they had kids in school or not. They had horseshoe pits for the men and they were always in use. On this day you saw people you hadn't seen for months or perhaps since last year. Everyone took their own dinner. Mother would make a potato salad and cook a ham the day before. She put the salad in an enamel pot. The ham, sliced, would be wrapped in waxed paper and put on top of the salad. If it was really hot, they would chop a pail of ice and put it around the enamel pot in the bread pan. This kept it cold. Along with bread and butter and a pie, this made a good meal. Dad would buy coffee and pop at the booth. Lunch would be from 12 - 1:30; then back to events.

There were red, blue and white ribbons for each age group in each event. There was a cup for the boy and girl who won the most points; also, a silver cup for the school that had the best average. They totaled up the points that each school earned then divided by the number of pupils to get the score. The powers that be decided that if a school won the cup three years in a row, it got to keep the cup. Well! We at Leggott did it so they had to get another cup. This one you had for the year you won it and we won it for another two years. I've often wondered what happened to our cup; we were so proud of it.

For the June picnic we would all eat supper in the school basement as it was cool. Mrs. Rewerts made the coffee at her house. It takes time and a lot of heat to make a boiler of coffee. I imagine her house was like an oven that night.

In the afternoon the men and older boys would play soft ball against the school team. Then everyone that wanted to play chose up teams. Everyone else sat in the shade of the trees in behind the backstop and visited. Halfway through the afternoon a freezer of ice cream would be brought and a bunch of cones. By the time everyone had a cone the freezer would be empty. At supper time we had sandwiches of all kinds, cakes and another freezer of ice cream, and coffee of course. All this was the dirty 30's.

We at Leggott School even had a bootlegger at the dances. It was Fred Tuffs. He always parked his car in the north east corner of the yard. No one ever parked near him. He had a well-trained German Shepherd ("Sport"). If anyone but Fred opened the car door the dog would go for him. They seemed to do well out of it too.

Then we had Mrs. Rewerts, a wonderful person. They lived a 1/4 mile north of the school. Whenever we needed her to play the organ and then later the piano, she was right there. As often and as long as we wanted.

The seven weeks summer holiday was enjoyed by all the kids. We did nothing exciting but could play all day after our chores were done.

For the Christmas concert, a stage would be constructed by some of the men of the district using material on loan from the local lumberyard. The stage would be dismantled and the lumber returned the day following the production. Every student would participate in the Christmas concert in some way or another. Roles would usually be assigned early in December to allow students time to memorize their lines and to take part in rehearsals during lunch and recess time. The fact that there would usually be Christmas exams to study for as well made the season particularly hectic.

Irene vividly recalls that *early in December the teacher picked out some plays we could do, also recitations, songs and some Christmas hymns. We would copy out our parts and memorize them. We would practice until we thought we had them down pat. Mrs. Rewerts would walk down to the school and play the organ for us to do our singing. She was so good about helping us. When we managed to get a piano at the school, she enjoyed it more. The old organ had been on its last legs for years.*

The people at the Abbey Hotel wanted to get rid of their old piano. They knew we at Leggott School wanted one and said they would sell it to us at a very good price. So, we put on a dance, the music was free, so that helped, we had raffles and odd things. The teacher went to Swift Current and bought a really nice scenic picture about 10" by 14" or 16". She had the clerk write a number between 1 and 150 and tape a piece of paper over the number. At the dance we sold guesses on the number and the nearest guess won. After supper at the dance the number was uncovered and the winner got the picture. The teacher got an odd shaped little jar about the size of a pint. It was filled with dried beans. They had been counted. We sold guesses there too. The winner got a prize, I think another picture. With this kind of thing, we got our piano. The teacher and the kids earned it and we were real proud of it.

The last week before the concert all we did was just practice. About two days before, the trustees came and put up the stage. The wires were strung up for the curtains and we could set up chairs and benches where we wanted them. The concert was really the high point of the year. The school would be packed. After the last carol was sung, Santa would arrive. He always insisted on a kiss from the teacher, then he handed out the gifts. Each kid got one. Parents with preschoolers would bring a little toy for their kid so they wouldn't feel left out. The bags of candy would be handed out. These contained hard tack candy, some peanuts in the shell and a Christmas orange. There were always extra bags for the little kids in the audience. Then there would be a big box of popcorn balls. Mrs. Charlie Lines made these. She tinted the syrup coating a pale pink and we really liked them. There was always a big box full and lots to hand out to the crowd. They would serve lunch after this and then, after lunch, a dance for a while. A lot went home after lunch. Kids were tired and ready for home.

In the school basement there was a three-foot-wide shelf about waist high. Here the babies were laid while the mums got them to sleep. There was always a card table and some whist players; Grandpa was one. If a baby woke and started to fuss, one of the old codgers would see whose it was. Then they would call up the stairs to where the teenage boys were hanging

out. They would say "Tell Mrs. --- her baby is awake." The boys would do it too, they didn't like to but they damn well knew they better. Mum would get her baby. The card players would go on.

School was over until the middle of January. The kids were happy about this. The excitement of Christmas, getting ready for it and then enjoying the gifts afterward. This was generally the coldest time of the year so we were glad to be at home. New games, books and toys kept us entertained.

Music for dances at the school was often provided by the Linder family orchestra usually supplemented by other local musicians such as our neighbour, Jim Kidd. In the prairies, the most common dances were old time quadrilles, but occasionally a schottische, polka or waltz.

THE DIRTY THIRTIES

Crop conditions in 1933 through 1936 were very poor. Rain showers were sporadic, resulting in under-developed crops. The yield and the stand of grain were poor, leading to a shortage of hay for feed and straw. To aggravate the situation further, the countryside was overrun with grasshoppers and gophers.

The grasshoppers devastated what little crop there was and at that time there was little that could be done to relieve the situation. Farmers were provided by the government with a chemical that could be mixed with sawdust and spread around the perimeter of the fields. This was labour intensive as there were no implements available that had been designed for spreading the material. A man standing in the back of a wagon accomplished the spreading and broadcasting of the sawdust with a shovel while the wagon was driven slowly along the edge of the field. There was considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of this poison, at least as spread in this fashion.

Gophers added to the frustration of the farmers as they not only devastated what crop remained but created large mounds of earth making subsequent cultivation more challenging. The only effective means of reducing the gopher population was with the use of poison called “Gopher Cop” which was mixed with wheat and deposited a spoonful at a time at the entrance to each hole. This was somewhat effective although it required much time and effort.

With so much land to farm and only one tractor and six horses to provide the power, there was very little time for entertainment or recreation for the Roland and Brawn families during the summer months. Completion of the seeding would be followed immediately by summer fallowing, followed by haying and then swathing of the early crops. In order to stretch the harvest season, Carl and Charles would sow substantial acreages of fall rye, which would be ready for harvest well before the wheat. Even though the crops were poor, the harvest had to be completed to salvage as much grain as possible. This was just as time consuming and as physically taxing as it would have been had there been a bumper crop.

The Government shipped carloads of straw and hay to the area in the winter during the worst of the depression period. This feed was allocated to the farmers by the municipality on the basis of the number of cattle and horses held by each farmer. While this feed sustained the livestock, the quality and nutritional value of the feed was often questionable and a concern to every farmer. There was, however, little alternative available. In addition to the livestock feed, in the fall of 1936 and again in 1937 the federal Government arranged for carloads of foodstuffs such as potatoes, apples, honey, cheese and salted codfish to be distributed in the drought areas on the basis of the number of residents of each age group in each home.

Our neighbours, Jim and Josephine Weinberger, remember:[xiii] *There was some government assistance. I remember one year they shipped some apples and dried, salted codfish from the Maritimes. The apples were okay but the cod was terrible. Mom soaked it in milk for a day or two to soften it and remove some of the salt, but it still wasn't very good. There was a report that one farmer nailed a fish on the side of the barn and the cows licked it, that was one way of getting their daily salt ration.*

1937 was generally a disastrous year for farming communities on the prairies but there was no area more adversely affected than southwest Saskatchewan and particularly the area south of the Saskatchewan River and west of Swift Current. On the 960-acre Roland/Brawn farm, there was not one acre of crop to harvest or to cut for feed for the livestock. The crops that were sown in May and June did not germinate until there were minor rain showers in late September. This, of course, was too little and far too late.

Early that year Grandpa was using a walking plow to prepare the garden area down by the gate in the north-east corner of the yard, with Irene and me following behind carefully planting potatoes. Suddenly, and seemingly without warning, there arose a terrible dust storm, so bad you could not see anything. Having to keep all the windows and doors shut sure kept the house hot, but at least it was possible inside to breathe.

In order to pay the land taxes my grandfather made an agreement with the Municipality that he, my father, or I, when I was old enough, would maintain several miles of roads in the area. This would usually be done on a Saturday and required being on the road by 7:00 a.m. and not finishing until about 5:00 or 6:00 p.m. This was an additional burden but it meant that the taxes were always current.

Irene: *In 1937 it was a complete crop failure. We did get some oats from the big slough. This was fed as sheaves.*

In about '35-'36 Grandpa went up to Henribourg to visit Matt and Emma Broberg. (See Appendix 3: The Bartschatt Family) *He bought a half section of land. Each 1/4 had buildings on it. In '37 he hired some big trucks. One was loaded with horse drawn machinery that they didn't use any more. The other truck was loaded with horses. He sent them up to Henribourg. He drove up in an old 1/2 ton-style truck. We called it the jitney for some reason. He sent the trucks back loaded with good, well cured lumber and told Dad to stack it in the garage and leave the car, a '28 Chev 4 door, outside. The lumber was treasured and lasted a long time. Dad used the last of it when he built a house in Abbey in '47.*

Grandpa spent the winter in Henribourg. He sold the horses and the horse machinery. He eventually gave the half section to Matt and Emma as they were raising Shirley Bartschat whose mother Elsie had died in about '34. He came back in the spring and things went on as usual.

There were so many people out of work, no jobs, they were applying for welfare. The government thought up a scheme, more for farmers than others. If you could use help with chores or help in the house you would hire someone. The government would pay you $5.00 a month and the person you hired got $5.00. If they stayed from October to the end of March, they would get $2.50 a month more. That doesn't sound like much today but even $1.00 bought a lot then. Mother and Dad decided to get a hired girl for the winter. They got Rachel Zimmerman from Fox Valley (approximately 47 miles south-west of Abbey). *They told her if she stayed the whole six months, took over and ran the house completely so Mother could sit and sew on her quilts or knit, they would give her their $5.00 a month too. To her this was riches indeed. She was quite happy to agree. She was twenty or twenty-one and a good worker. Bud and I thought her cooking was not as good as Mother's. She hadn't had the experience. Dad and Mother told her to go home to Fox Valley three or four days before Christmas and to stay and visit till three or four days after New Year's. Back then there were no winter roads so she wouldn't see her family till the end of March. Her three months wages made a good Christmas for her younger brothers and sisters. There were eight of them I believe. Grandpa sent down* (from Henribourg where he was visiting the Brobergs) *two Christmas trees, a smaller one for us and a big one for the school. Also, he had given Mother some money to get us gifts. In the spring Rachel went home and Grandpa came home from Henribourg and life went on as usual.*

Mother made quilts that winter, most of the brick work pattern but she made one of the Dresden Plate on rose sateen background. This quilt was filled with hand carded sheep's wool. One of the Duncans or Watsons asked if she would like a fleece. Of course she said yes. First, she clipped all the wool off the hide, then the wool had to be washed and washed and washed before it was clean. Then Bud and I had to pick the wool over getting all the burrs and so on out of the wool. Then it had to be carded. I learned to do that too.

Anyway, it was a beautiful quilt; I have used it for years. It started to get worn so I put it away. Finally, I got a flower garden pattern and used all my remnants. I had twenty-three blocks. I put fifteen blocks on sheets as a cover on Mother's quilt.

Mother was also very capable of beautiful crochet work, knitting and embroidery. She could sew anything. I could pick out a dress in the catalogue and she could copy it exactly. The was expert at darning and mending.

To the east and south of us a lot of people were droughted out. Once in a while Bud and I would meet a family on the move. They were heading for the Peace River area. They were offering good deals to get people to move in. The family would have a rack or maybe two, at least a rack and a wagon. The rack would be loaded with furniture and household goods, a milk cow tied behind; then generally an extra team tied to the second rig. They stayed away

from the highways. They could tether their stock at night and let them graze. The farmers always let them water up at their wells. It was a very long trek and I've often wondered how many made it.

Men would come around buying up old batteries, old hens, jugs, just what they could get. One day a car drove up beside the door. Mother and I went out. The man started to get out when Tip, the dog, went for him. He sat back in the seat and got his right leg in. He couldn't get his left leg in as Tip had hold of his pant leg and he slammed the door on his leg. We had a hard time getting Tip to let go. When Tip let go, the man was gone. We never did know what he wanted.

We sometimes thought we were hard done by. With no electricity, life was different. Coal oil lamps to be filled, the lamp chimneys cleaned. In summer the ice well was our fridge. It was a nuisance having to run down the yard but in the hot weather the butter, cream and cream can were kept there. With four cows being milked, we shipped cream. This helped buy groceries or what have you. People who didn't have an ice well envied us. It was a big help. All through the 30's we grew some crops. On the south 1/2 there was a big flat slough that was always seeded to oats. It was threshed into the barn loft as it was the best straw. They grew some wheat but no bumper crops. Twenty bushels was considered a big crop. But there was some wheat to sell to pay taxes and so on.

The Roland and Brawn families fared better than most due to their large garden which was tended carefully to obtain the best yield possible. It was only due to a strong work ethic and a desire to make the best life possible for their family that my grandparents and parents were able to live as well as they did. Due to their untiring efforts, they were also able to supply butter and eggs to the local grocer in exchange for some of the needed staples. To say these were trying times would be an understatement. Although our family faced serious financial challenges, many of our neighbours were in a significantly worse position. It was common for young men to hire out for manual labour and young women to assist with house work, for which compensation was generally minimal. One of our neighbour children, and a classmate of mine, Mary Crampton, recalls she worked one summer for Carl Roland where she learned to make cheese and blood sausage.[xiv]

1931: DEATH OF A MATRIARCH, MARIE ROLAND

Marie Roland and Irene Brawn

October 27, 1931 began for me with an early breakfast and quick departure with my grandfather, my father and our neighbour, Charlie Lines, to the Sand Hills to cut trees for fence posts and firewood. The men took along three hay racks, with the intention to cut and bring back two loads of wood for the winter use of our family and one for the Lines family. The wood was white and black poplar perhaps ten or twelve feet in length. These would be stripped of the small branches on the site. At home they would be sorted and the straightest ones set aside to be used as fence posts. The remainder would be cut up in lengths suitable for the kitchen stove.

I was four days short of my eighth birthday, already my second opportunity to accompany the men on this junket. It was an enjoyable and exciting adventure for me and I strove to make a positive contribution. I appreciated the break from the normal fall routine on the farm and there was physical pleasure in swinging (as best I could) that big ax. I remember also being struck by the beauty of the Hills. Autumn had painted a multi-coloured work of art extending for miles, as the foliage ranged from a deep green through soft yellow, brown and various shades of red.

Although no permits were required to cut trees in this area, I'm sure my grandfather obtained permission from the ranchers who either owned or had grazing rights over the area and who were all friends of his. On arrival at the site, we unhitched the horses and tethered them in such a way as to allow them to graze on the prairie grass. We proceeded to work our way into a bluff, being careful not to cut anything not useable. Somehow over the decades since then the fragrance of the leaves, the fresh cut wood and the sage has remained fixed in my memory.

Just prior to noon, one of the men dug a shallow fire pit and set up a tripod made for the purpose on which was suspended a one-gallon pail, probably bearing the name "Rogers Golden Syrup" or "Planters Peanut Butter." This was filled with water and brought to a boil which made the best tasting coffee imaginable. Everyone in the district had his or her favourite method of making coffee. Some added a tiny pinch of salt, others an eggshell. Whatever the method employed that day, it tasted especially marvelous when drunk outside after some hours of work. I particularly remember my lunch on this dark October day as Mrs. Lines, a wonderful cook, had sent with her husband a pin-cherry pie for him to share. Very special.

About three o'clock, we lit another fire to heat up the remainder of the coffee while we hitched up the horses and loaded the wood. After a quick sip or two (or three) of coffee, and carefully extinguishing the fire, we started on the path for home. It was important we not be traveling after dark as there were, of course, no lights to guide our way. A further, related concern was the possibility we would meet in the darkness an automobile as the headlights on cars at that time had a very limited range and we carried no lights whatsoever.

On arriving home, we noted there were two cars near the house, one of which was that of Dr. Dowsley, our district's doctor. As we began to unhitch the horses, someone ran towards us from the house to tell us that Grandmother had been stricken with a severe stroke. My father and grandfather ran to the house while I attended to the horses. On my arrival at the house, I

observed the doctor coming out of the living room with a pan of blood. I later learned that "bleeding" was a common method used to reduce blood pressure and, it was hoped, alleviate the severity of a stroke.

We learned my grandmother had been at a neighbour's house participating in a quilting bee when she collapsed. I never came to know how she was moved to our home, or who had set up a bed in the living room. The doctor seemed to be bustling around the bed, but I have no idea what he was doing. When he left, his countenance was grim and he said "the next 24 hours will tell the story." Sadly, my grandmother lasted less than that, passing away mid-morning on October 28, 1931 without ever regaining consciousness.

I recall Grandma's casket lay on a stand on the veranda until the funeral. I stood with my sister, who was then five years of age, gazing at this wonderful woman, feeling great sadness, but not fully understanding the effect her death would have on our family. A private funeral service for Marie Roland was held at the Roland farm, and later a regular funeral in the Abbey Church. She was interred in Abbey cemetery. There was a parade of vehicles on the road from the cemetery the whole way back to town, confirming the high regard in which she was held by the community.

Irene: *I don't remember Grandma very well, only that she made a cake for my 5th birthday. It's the cake itself that I remember. It was made in an Angel Food pan but I don't recall the kind of a cake it was. It was covered with white icing with half walnuts stuck on for decoration. She had found a small bottle that fit in the center. She had cut some sweet peas that had five or six blossoms each and put them in the bottle. That crown of flowers is what I remember, sitting between my grandparents in front of the cake.*

Grandma died of a stroke at the end of October 1931. The coffin was on saw horses on the veranda. Bud and I both remember standing beside it wondering if Grandma was really in there. At that age you don't really understand death.

When I was about ten, I started asking Mother about Grandma - what she did, what she was like and so on. She told me about several incidents that have stuck in my memory.

One man in the district got a badly broken leg. They asked Grandma to help get him ready for the trip to Swift Current, the nearest hospital seventy miles away. There was a Doctor at Cabri, but no hospital. The first thing Grandma did was to start pouring the whisky into him to help kill the pain. She had them put a mattress in the back of a democrat. This, for those who don't know, is like a buggy, only the sets of wheels farther apart. It had a box with low sides, something like a box on a 1/2 ton today. Anyway, they put a feather tick, folded, on the mattress. She splinted the leg, all the while giving him more whiskey. They put a box over the leg and covered him with a blanket. Grandma told them how much whiskey to give him and how often. They took off for Swift Current at a hard run. Everyone had driving teams then and they traded teams all the way to Swift Current. Everyone helped when asked, running to harness and help change teams then caring for the tired team. After a rest, a meal and so on, they traded teams on the way home the next day, arriving back with the horses they started out with. It was so much better when the hospital was built at Cabri.

Grandpa and Grandma lived on the NE 1/4 of the north section of the block. On the SE 1/4 of the south block lived Berger and Eileen Peterson. They had three kids at the time I'm telling about and were expecting another before Christmas. One day in late October Grandma took the buggy and went to see how Eileen was doing as she hadn't seen her for some time. What she found really got her dander up. Eileen had little fuel in the house, little food, no clothes for the new baby and not much for the other three. She knew Berger had sold wheat; they had seen him go by with a wagon hauling it into town. But Berger, like his three brothers, were gamblers. If they got some money, they would head for a poker game.

Grandma got hold of Berger and really reamed him out; she went up one side of him and down the other. She told him that if he didn't get fuel, food and clothes in the house right away she would report him to the Police. She would have too. In those days things were much different. He would have been in deep trouble because he had a good farm and could afford what was needed. Also, the police would have closed down the poker game. Gambling was against the law. If Berger's behaviour had brought the law down on the others, he would have been in even more trouble.

My memories of Grandmother are also rather vague, but I do remember well her patience with Irene and me and that we very much enjoyed being in her company, especially on those days when she would be baking. We knew there would always be a treat for us. We would often sit on the back steps, with Grandma on the top step and Irene and me lower. We would be helping to shell peas or peel horseradish and talking about those things families talk about - the neighbours, the crops, up-coming school events, the neighbours and so on. My involvement in these activities pretty much ended when I was older and mature enough to work in the fields. I enjoyed this more, especially when I was strong enough to drive the tractor. While this meant long hours in the field, I always felt I was making a bigger contribution.

Many years later, Carl shared with me that farming conditions were so bad at the time of Marie's death he did not have a cent, the banks would not help, and the farm survived only because of a loan from his longtime friend Hugo Wein. Carl never forgot this act of compassion and generosity on the part of his friend.

Following the death of my grandmother on October 28, 1931 the Brawn family moved into the Roland house to live with my grandfather. We all lived there together until 1943 when Carl moved to Abbey.

Irene: *Grandma died at the end of October, 1931. At that time, they* (still) *had Martha Howey living with them. When Grandma died, she thought she would go on living with Grandpa and keep house for him but he would not have that. She was only 17 and he was nearing 60. Mother told me a lot of this when I was about 10 and asked many questions.*

Grandpa went to Dad and Mother and suggested they move over to his place. He didn't see the sense of them spending years of work and money only to end up with two yards so they moved over that fall. Grandpa told Martha (Howey) *that Mother would be the boss. Also, she lost her privacy. I was put on a cot in her room. Bud was put on a cot in Grandpa's room.*

*Mother and Dad had the east bedroom. Things went well enough until Martha found out there would be another baby in the summer. She said she wanted nothing to do with babies and dirty diapers. She left and went to Leader to Aunt Emma (*Broberg) *for a while. About 1970 when I was visiting at Swift Current Grandpa asked me if I remembered Martha. I said not very well as I was only five then. He showed me a picture of her and her family. She had eight kids, all steps and stairs. She sure got the babies and the dirty diapers. I had to laugh about that.*

1932: NORMAN EDWARD BRAWN, early years

Our family expanded on July 3, 1932 with the birth at our farm home (N1/2 10/20/21 - 3) of my brother, Norman Edward Brawn, who quickly brightened the life of everyone. Having a new member in the family created a pleasurable diversion for my grandfather who would enjoy sitting in his rocker with Norman on his lap as he indulged in an after-dinner pipe.

Irene: *Mother had a girl from Fox Valley to help her for a few weeks. When Norman was about a month old, Grandpa, Dad and Mother decided they would go to Leader to visit Aunt Emma. They left Bud and I with the hired girl. We didn't want to go anyway; we didn't like Emma any more than she liked us. They went up to Leader one day and came back the next. That was quite a drive on roads not of the best. The car was a 1928 Chev.*

After lunch on the day they left, Jim Kidd, a bachelor neighbour who lived just north of Joe Collinson's, came calling. He brought his violin with him for some reason. He was quite a good fiddler and played for all the school house dances. Anyway, Bud and I were told to go outside and play. They locked the door so we played in the shade of the house and listened as Jim serenaded the hired girl. I wasn't six yet so all this didn't mean much, just more weird grown up people. When you are five or six most adults seem a little odd anyway.

When Norman was born, I sort of resented him. I wasn't jealous but when Mother had to go to the garden or hang out clothes, I had to stay in the house. If the baby woke and started crying, I would go and tell Mother. I wanted to be outside playing with Bud, not staying in the house waiting for the baby to wake. I started school in the fall so got away from that task.

1937: DEATH OF MARTHA ROLAND BRAWN

The last years of the thirties were a welcome improvement from the earlier years of the decade, especially 1937. Rains came at the right time; the crop was good and all seemed well with our area of the world. Most people were very optimistic that the economy was at last turning around. For our family, however, the world came crashing down with the death on July 3 of my mother, Martha, after a brief bout of pleural pneumonia. I recall, on an evening in late June, standing near the house with my mother, looking at some of the fields of rich, golden wheat and hearing her say “I have never seen a crop like this before but I don't believe I will see it harvested.” Within a month she was dead.

At the time of Mother's passing, I was thirteen, Irene ten, and Norman five. This passing was traumatic for all of us but I think our mother's death was especially devastating for Irene as she and my mother had a close relationship and it placed a heavy burden on Irene's shoulders as she attempted to fill my mother's role of homemaker. With the heavy workload imposed by the harvest, this was a truly daunting task for a ten-year-old. I honestly don't know how she managed it. In addition to her workload in the kitchen, Irene felt personally responsible for the wellbeing of Norman who naturally turned firstly to her for comfort and advice. She found it troubling that she was unable to provide the "mothering" she instinctively felt he needed. These incidents reminded us that life for our family was never going to be the same again.

Martha Roland Brawn

My mother had blond hair. I do not suppose she ever went to a hairdresser, but I do recall her heating an old- fashioned curling iron by suspending it in a kerosene lamp. She had the softest hands, notwithstanding the rough treatment to which they were subjected daily. I cannot imagine she ever used a skin cream. As her photographs illustrate, my mother, Martha Roland Brawn, was a beautiful woman.

Irene: *As I stated before, Grandpa came back from Henribourg* (after Marie's death in 1931) *and life went on. We got some rain and crops grew. Late in June* (1937) *Grandpa went up to Henribourg to visit. While he was there Mother got a bad cold and could not seem able to shake it off. On the 26th she said she had to go to the hospital, she was so ill. Grandpa was away with the truck so we were stranded. Dad got on the phone and started to ring the central office. In those days Sunday hours were 10 AM to 12 and 4 PM to 6 PM. There was always someone there but they didn't answer readily. Dad kept ringing and ringing. Finally Frank Harp, who with his wife and daughter ran the office, answered. When Dad told him about the situation, he said he would come and drive them to the hospital at Cabri. The doctor put Mother in the hospital and Mr. Harp brought Dad home. Grandpa came home and on Wednesday Dad and I went to see her. She wasn't much better. She gave me a letter for Norman for his birthday on July 3rd and told me where his gift was hidden. I was to make him a white cake with chocolate icing.*

Dad and Mother decided I should ask the daughter of a neighbor to come and help me for a few days so the next day Mabel White came to help. She was about two years older and a great help. Dad went to Cabri on Sunday and we gave Norman his birthday. He was five years old. Dad didn't come home that night.

He came the next morning and told us "Well kids, she's gone." I have never forgotten that day. People were so good and tried to help. Mrs. Joe Collinson walked almost three miles. She must have been sixty anyway. Someone drove her home. Coming through the pasture she picked two cactus flowers and gave them to me to put in water. The next days went by in a blur. I don't remember much, just bits and pieces. I was trying to cook for them. Mabel was a big help but couldn't stay long as her mother needed her at home. So, Dad and I learned to cook. I knew a bit but Dad couldn't boil water without burning it, as the saying goes. We both learned from the old Blue Ribbon cook book. I did all my canning with its canning guide. I could make several kinds of cookies, white or chocolate cake, rice, tapioca or bread pudding. My biggest problem was getting the meat and vegetables all cooked at the same time.

Also, there were the chickens, eggs, milk, cream and butter to attend to. The garden was starting to come in also and that was another burden. Dad and Grandpa knew we needed help through harvest anyway. They hired Eunice Rae from Portreeve to keep house. She was 20-21 or so and very nice. A good cook too.

During July one thing that really bothered me used to happen. You know how little kids will find something and come running in to show Mum. Norman would do that, then there was just me and he would get the strangest look on his face. His shoulders would droop and he would turn and go back outside. I didn't know how to comfort him; I didn't know to comfort myself. When I think of this period of my life, I realize I was never a teenager like I would hope my children were. I missed out on a lot of fun. Perhaps in the long run, it didn't matter much.

Norman Brawn and Carl Roland

With Eunice running the house so well, things eased quite a bit. The usual chores and so on. Then school started. Norman started grade one and Bud was in grade nine. Dad was doing a lot of thinking about things. We had no relatives but Grandpa and he was sixty-five. Dad had a sister in Ottawa and one in Toronto but in England he had three sisters and five brothers. He worried what would happen to us three if he should die as mother did. She was only thirty-eight. He decided he should sell up and take us to England. He couldn't sell much, no one had any money. Anyway, in early October Dad, Norman and I left for Toronto. Bud was to sell a bit more grain then come on alone.

We left Abbey at 9:30 AM, got to Swift Current at 11:30 and spent the afternoon sitting around the station. About 4:30 we left for Toronto. We spent all Sunday at the station in Winnipeg. It was a beautiful marble building. From Winnipeg to Lake Superior all you saw was rocks and trees. It was interesting for a bit, then very tiresome.

Lake Superior was quite unbelievable for us. We had never seen water except in sloughs. The lake was like a beautiful blue sea. We reached Toronto in the morning and Uncle Frank (Goatcher) *met us and took us to their apartment. My aunt's name was Florence but she was always called "Sis." They had 4 kids. I was 12 and Bob was 14, Helen 16, Mary 18 and Hazel 20. We all packed in somehow. I shared a room with the three girls. We had a set of twin beds.*

Mary and Hazel worked in offices; Helen was in high school. Bob, Norman and I just walked half a block down Hampton Avenue, crossed the street, then through a back way to the school. It was quite a change for me, from a school with fifteen kids to one with over 1,600. I was put in grade six but I had already done all the work so was put up to grade seven.

The only thing I liked about the city was the Riverdale Zoo. It was only four blocks away. Bob and I went every week end. We had to take Norman too at times. I often went by myself just to get out and walk. One thing I didn't like was four flights of stairs to climb up or down. I just didn't like the city.

Dad ended up running a lunch counter about ten blocks along Danforth. It was an area of small plants, garages and so on. Mostly men for customers. It served meat pies, fried potatoes, soup or ham sandwiches. I would go along Saturday sometimes, peel potatoes and do dishes. It was a change anyway.

Uncle Frank, who had lost a leg in France during the First World War, worked at the Sunnybrook Veterans' Hospital as an elevator operator. He a wonderful sense of humour and was frequently asked to entertain with his stories.

In January, I got the measles. Norman had them first but was only sick for about three days. I was over three weeks with them. When Bud came back from Ottawa, he got them but was like Norman, only a few days down. The school nurse told Dad he should take us back west to the drier climate as we couldn't take the dampness. Anyway, we came back in the spring.

Following Mother's death, my father was faced with a number of crucial family issues: an eleven-year-old daughter and a five-year-old son not the least of them. While my father tried his best in the kitchen, limited as were his skills, and Irene was doing the best she could, it became obvious that we required more care than Charles could manage. To find a capable housekeeper who would assume responsibility for raising someone else's family seemed unlikely. As a result, it was decided that we would go to Ontario for the winter.

As Irene stated, after the completion of the fall cultivation in 1937, I joined my family in Toronto, later going on to Ottawa to stay with another of my father's sisters, Nellie Baker, and her family. I was fourteen. Here I worked in their business, Baker's Sharpening Works, where I learned to make doormats out of used tires. The business was of long standing and also involved saw sharpening and locksmithing.

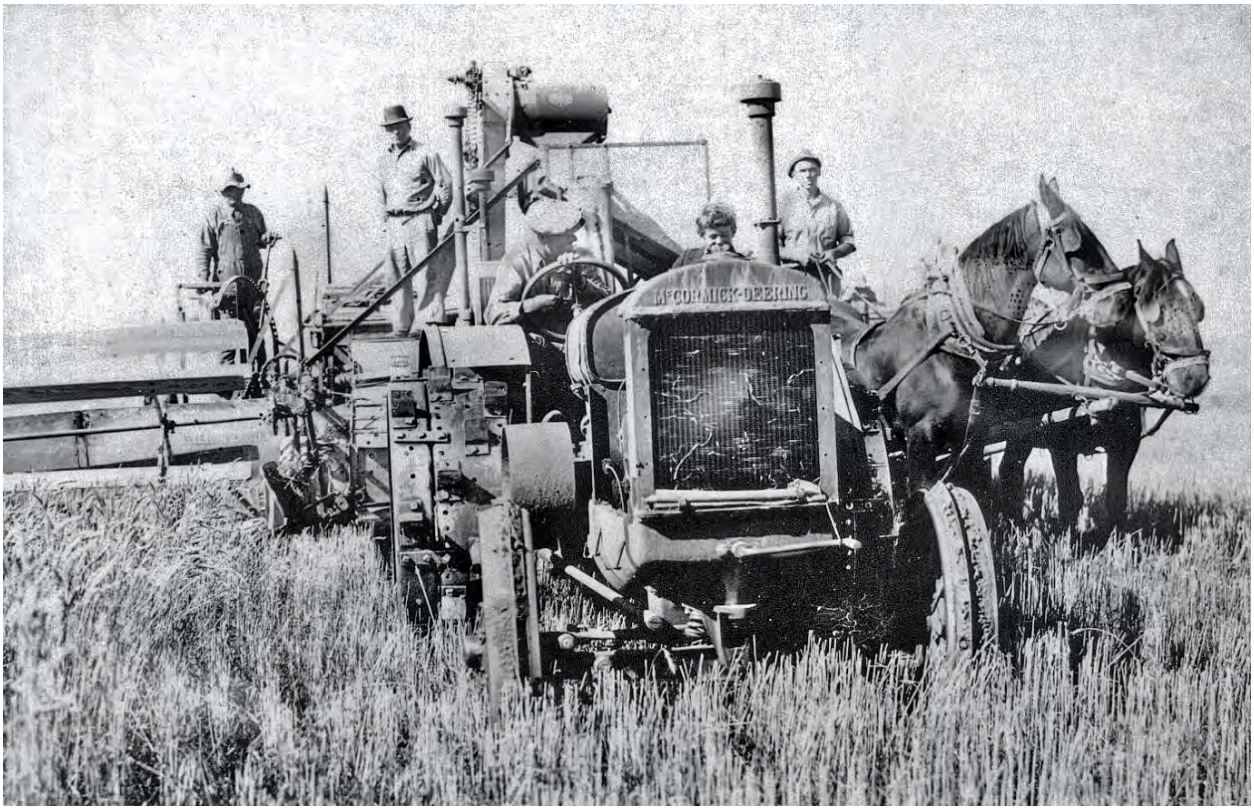
Harvest in 1938 was productive and for the first time for a number of years we and our neighbours had disposable income and were able to replace worn out equipment and pay store accounts that in some cases had been accumulating for several years.

From a farming point of view, 1939 appeared to be a repeat of 1938 with ideal weather during the summer. With good yields of top-quality wheat, barley and rye it seemed as if prosperity had returned at long last to the "dust bowl" area of Saskatchewan. That summer our family was delighted to welcome my grandfather's brother, Andrew (Andreas) Roland,

whom my grandfather had not seen for many years. He was charming and a great help in the harvest. (See Appendix 5)

In the summer of 1939, the crops looked good and a heavy harvest appeared to be in the offing, but reports of both actual and anticipated conflict in Europe and the Far East were causing unease even in so isolated a location as western Saskatchewan. In fact, war did break out in September. It was little comfort for my family and our neighbours that we were looking at the second good crop in a row.

Harvest in 1939 was accomplished using ten-year-old equipment operated by the family and one hired man. It was largely due to my grandfather's ability as a blacksmith that the equipment was kept operational and was able to handle the harvest of so many acres.



Driving the tractor is Charles William Brawn, accompanied by son Norman. Operating the combine is Carl Roland, accompanied by his brother Andrew. Driving the horses is hired man Rheinhardt Wohlgemuth, whose wife Bertha was employed on the farm at the time as a housekeeper.

At sixty-six years of age, when most men would be thinking of retiring, my grandfather was working shoulder to shoulder with the other men, putting in a full day's work, which at harvest time meant twelve to fourteen hours. After harvest, when it was assured that there would be money in the bank, Carl traded in the tractor pictured above for a McCormick-Deering W30, the first tractor in the area to be equipped with rubber tires. The cash price of this tractor was $1,339.

1940's: A TIME OF TRANSITION

Hauling the grain to Abbey was my responsibility, sixty to seventy bushels at a time, using a 1929 Chevrolet truck. Manual labour was the order of the day as there was no mechanized grain handling equipment to speed up the movement or transfer of the grain.

In the summer of 1940, when I was sixteen, my father made an arrangement with a neighbour, Bud Watson, for me to provide my services as a farm labourer. I always questioned (to myself, not openly) the fairness of the deal made as, in place of money, which I would have valued greatly, my father had, on my behalf, agreed I would receive as compensation the offspring of a certain pig, which unfortunately for me, turned out not to be fertile.

My obligations on the family farm, particularly during seeding and harvest, had always taken precedence over classes and study. After completing grade 8 and shortly following the commencement of grade 9, I quit school. In retrospect, this decision makes no sense to me, as over time I came very much to appreciate the value of education and I worked to become a dedicated life-long learner. I speculate my attention was pulled away from school by farm obligations and the prospect of entering the military, and generally the sense common for a 17-year-old that life was passing me by.

My 18th birthday was on November 1, 1941 and, as soon thereafter as I could manage, I joined the Canadian Armed Forces. Irene and Norman were still students at Leggott School, and living with Charles and Carl. Over the next two years, my father established a relationship with Emma Eileen Goddard, who he had initially hired as a housekeeper. In the fall of 1943, I received a letter from him advising that he and Eileen were proposing to marry, and in fact they did so on June 4, 1944. Eileen brought to the relationship a daughter, Olive Goddard, who at the time of the wedding was just short of seven years of age.

Also, in the fall of 1943 my grandfather purchased a house in Abbey and suggested he and Irene should move there to allow Irene to complete her high school education as she had graduated from Grade 10 at Leggott School. For a few years Carl continued to help with the seeding and harvest, as his strength and health permitted.

Irene remembers: *One Saturday, late in November, 1943, in the first winter I spent in Abbey with Grandpa, he brought in a big pan of herrings for me to thaw, clean and scale. I fried it for supper, then two meals on Sunday. I had to cook all and pickle most of it. Then we had it for lunch all week. It was handy for me just to open a jar and put out bread and butter.*

During that early period Carl lived in Abbey he curled for anyone who could not make their regular games because of work or illness. Also, friends such as Andy Eliason and Freddy MacDonald came to visit Carl and play cribbage.

IRENE MARY BRAWN, later years

Irene Mary Brawn

Irene graduated from high school in Abbey, and, to fulfill her wish to become a teacher, she took her teacher's training at Normal School in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Her first teaching position was at Rock Glen, Saskatchewan and later she taught for one year at the Farrerdale School in the R.M. of McCraney No. 282.

After teaching for only a short time, however, she met and on November 4, 1947 married local farmer Jack Moore.

Irene Brawn and Jack Moore wedding reception

Irene's thirty years on the farm were very fulfilling. In addition to being an essential contributor to the farming operation, raising two sons (Burl and Barney) and a daughter (Elaine), and being a dependable participant in the usual community activities, she found the time for her garden, flowers, bingo, reading and Saturday evening socials at Danceland.

In the fall of 1978, she and Jack moved from their farm to nearby Simpson, Saskatchewan where, in addition to the activities she had earlier enjoyed, she found she had the time to indulge her interest in liquid embroidery, knitting and quilting and of course spending time with her children and grandchildren. Irene was predeceased by Jack on July 10, 1983. She remained dedicated to her family and community until her death on February 5, 2004. According to Irene's granddaughter, Kara Penner, the celebration of Irene's life was held on July 3, 2004 at the family farm operated by Irene's son and daughter-in-law Barney and Fran Moore. Those in attendance were Kara and Cory Penner, Olive (Irene's step-sister) and Erwin Telke, Dorothy Moore (Jack Moore's sister-in-law), Lorna and Bill Rodman (Lorna was Dorothy's daughter), Fran and Barney, Gayanne and Wade Stover, Marshall and Amanda Moore, and Jennifer Moore.

Kara Penner writes: *The afternoon started with a small lunch including all sorts of fresh fruit: cherries, strawberries, grapes and watermelon along with some honey glazed donuts that Dorothy had brought along. Lorna had brought the watermelon. Everyone was introduced and visited for a short period of time. After snacks we proceeded up to the dam.*

After a short little trek through the long grass along a winding trail we came to the resting place chosen for Grandma Irene. A temporary plaque, made by Jen, was hung at the location stating

Irene Mary Moore
1926-2004

Everyone gathered around; a dozen roses were laid in the memory of Grandma. These were laid by Kara on behalf of Lain and Doug, Burl and Monica, Jana and Brad, Lee, Darby, and Trenton and Kara and Cory. Two pictures were also placed for everyone to remember her by.

After this, Kara began a little program. To start the afternoon off a Eulogy written by Grandma's brother Charlie ("Bud") was read by Kara. The song "The Dance" by Garth Brooks was then played. Following this, Olive read "the 23rd Psalm" and a brief reading from Ecclesiastes. We continued the celebration with a reading from Jana, Grandma's eldest granddaughter which was also read by Kara as Jana was unable to be in attendance. The song "On the Wings of a Dove" was played. Kara closed the ceremony with a poem entitled "To Those I Love, and Those Who Loved Me" and the reading of the Lord's Prayer - which everyone participated in. Our closing song was "Goodnight Irene" by Jim Reeves. "Missy" at this time decided to take a swim in the dam. After a short swim she came up and thoroughly shook herself on both Dad and Cory. As "Goodnight Irene" played Barney opened the urn and started sprinkling Grandma's ashes gently around the chosen tree. Fran and Olive also chose to sprinkle some of the ashes. At this time, Barney's cows came tearing through the fence after being chased by the dog "Missy." Everyone returned to the home of Barney and Fran for a social following the program.

It was a wonderful celebration of Irene's life and may she rest in peace forever.

EILEEN GODDARD

During the period Irene was taking her further education in Abbey and later Moose Jaw, Norman remained with our father, who in due course was joined by his new wife, Eileen Goddard, and her daughter, Olive. Norman continued to attend Leggott School where he completed his elementary education. When he began high school in 1954, the family moved to Abbey and farmed from there. It is sad for me to think that thereafter the house on the farm remained vacant and slowly deteriorated. It might have been possible for it to be moved to Abbey, but I understood Carl would not agree as he hoped some family member would eventually live there again.

Charles and Eileen were set on having their own children, and on April 16, 1945 their first child, William Ronald Brawn, joined them, followed over the next eleven years by John Robert (Jack) August 2, 1948, Janice Marie November 29, 1953, and Debra Lynn November 7, 1956.

Ronald, Eileen, Debbie, Janice, Charles and Jack Brawn

Grandpa, who had lived alone in Abbey following Irene's departure for normal school, began to take most meals with Charles and Eileen, and in exchange for his board, laundry and other help he paid Eileen twice a year what Irene described as “a pretty fair cheque.”

In 1967 Charles, Eileen and Carl moved to Swift Current where Jack could explore his hockey career and the girls, Janice and Debbie, could continue their education. To supplement the family income, Eileen began to take boarders, mostly hockey players with the Swift Current Broncos, many of whom became loyal lifelong friends.

Although I, and I believe some others in the family, felt it would have been more sensible if Grandpa had gone into a personal care home, Carl felt otherwise and was fortunate in being able to move with Charles and Eileen from Abbey to Swift Current where he lived out the last of his 97 years. No doubt Carl’s adamant refusal to consider moving into a seniors’ residence was influenced by the bitterness and unhappiness felt by his brother based on Andrew’s experience in such an institution in Oregon.

Again, according to Irene, *when it was decided Carl would accompany Charles and Eileen to Swift Current, Carl and Charles made a deal for Carl to sign over the land to him and Eileen. But neither man told anything of this to Eileen. Eileen told me, after Charles died, that one day she asked Carl for his board money. Carl apparently got pretty peeved and told her he had given the land over, that should have been enough and a deal was a deal. Finally, he told her what he and Charles had agreed to. Of course, she did not mind once she understood.*

Ronald Brawn, the eldest child of Charles’ second marriage, helped in the farm from a young age, but in 1964 obtained his first permit book, rented a half section from his father, but, as a farmer’s luck would have it, got hailed out totally. Not to be discouraged, he continued to work hard, and in the fall of 1967 took over responsibility for the whole of the family farm which by then had grown substantially in size. By this time, the Roland house on the farm was not habitable, and Ron, like his father, farmed from Abbey, of course keeping his grain and machinery at the farm. Over the next years he expanded the farm further. Both Carl and Charles would have been very proud to see how capably Ron has responded to the challenges of modern farming.

LAST YEARS OF CARL ROLAND AND CHARLES W. BRAWN

Carl Roland was a quiet, determined, introspective man with few diversions or distractions in his life. While I am sure he had many frustrations and irritations to deal with, I never heard him swear. The most vehement exclamation I ever heard from him was "by Jove."

An enjoyable activity for Carl was smoking his pipe. During the depression he begrudged the cost of his favourite tobacco, Ogdens Coarse Cut, so he obtained some seed and planted his own tobacco. This may have been one of his least successful ventures as, without other varieties of tobacco with which to blend it, there was no way to create a mix or blend that was acceptable in taste or smell.

Carl also sought substitutes for coffee, which was his second favourite indulgence. He tried roasting barley, grinding it and blending it with bought coffee or with Postum. As with the homemade tobacco, he finally gave up experimenting and indulged in the real thing.

My grandfather enjoyed reading newspapers and periodicals, particularly those dealing with agriculture and politics. The *Western Producer*, *Free Press Prairie Farmer* and the *Country Guide* were always on hand, although there were no doubt others as well. In addition, for some years he subscribed to *der Spiegel*, a German language newspaper. For lighter reading, he would indulge in novels by Zane Grey (his favourite) and other popular writers of western sagas.

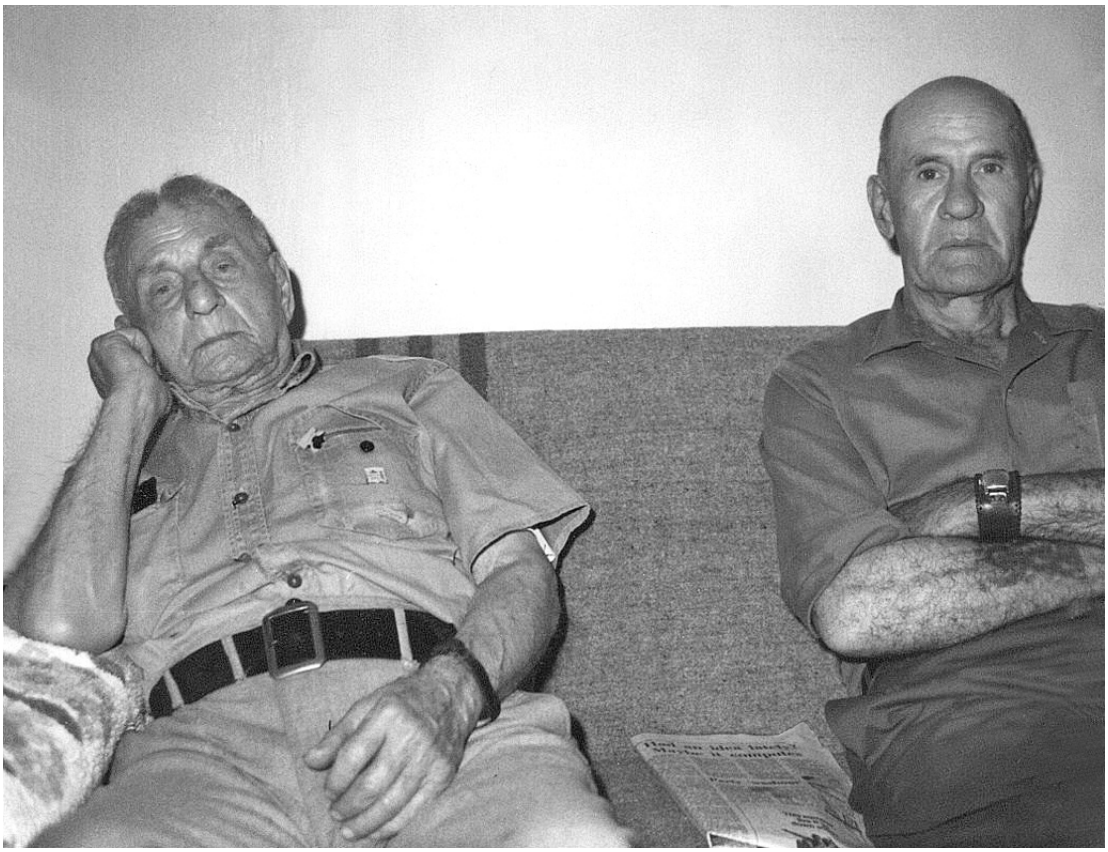
Although relatively short and stocky in stature, Carl was quite muscular, perhaps from the many hours swinging a sledge hammer at the anvil or manhandling the walking plough. My early memory pictures of Grandpa show him with a handlebar mustache. He always parted his hair in the middle. By no means a conversationalist, he never hesitated to state his opinion if asked. He had little interest in idle chat. He spoke with a German accent and with quite a deep voice. Although I never heard him sing while working, I recall when I was about ten years old hearing him sing a solo at a schoolhouse function.

While my grandparents were obviously bilingual, German was never spoken in the home. I recall someone saying that a German speaking visitor began a conversation in German and was told by my grandfather that they were now Canadians and only spoke English.

Carl was never one to flaunt his success. Late in his life, he said his main concern was not to be a burden to anyone, financially or otherwise.

Carl and Charles were always very supportive of the burgeoning co-op movement and the growth of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation party. The topic of conversation which most sparked interest in both my father and grandfather was politics. They felt the governments that had been in power had not served the people well and there was a need for change. For that reason, when the CCF was being organized, it found ready converts on our farm.

Charles was a community minded man who served several terms on the Leggott School Board and was one of the founders and a past president and frequent board member of the Abbey branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. He took pride in all his children. This is not to say he was comfortable in his parenting. Dad's way was to say in both words and attitude "just do it." Irene found that for her, especially following our mother's death, if she was physically big enough, she should be able to do it - all the housework and basically running the house. As she shared with me: *You and I both grew up and matured early, and it wasn't the greatest thing. Dad was too English with his idea that girls are there to look after the men in the family. The second family wasn't treated the same. They got away with murder in comparison to the way we were treated.*



Carl Roland and Charles Brawn

From this snapshot taken in the 1960's, one might conclude Carl and Charles were not particularly friendly with each other and generally cold and unemotional in their social interactions. This was far from the case. They worked closely together in challenging circumstances for almost fifty years, and each was dependent on the other. They knew each other as well as two people can, and each developed great respect for the other.

By any standard Carl and Charles were men of accomplishment.

Charles died on October 21, 1970 and Carl on November 11, 1971.

I am intensely proud of my parents and maternal grandparents. Even though I shared with them life on the Canadian prairies in the 1920's and 1930's, and was taught by them to work hard and contribute as my age and fitness permitted, the heavy weight of worry and responsibility for the future and fortunes of the family was carried exclusively by them. Each of them came to their life's circumstances with no obvious advantage such as money or patronage or formal education. Yet each surely could look back at their lives with a strong sense of accomplishment. I hope they will never be forgotten. I wish it had been possible for me to know my paternal grandparents.

NORMAN EDWARD BRAWN, the later years

In June, 1949 my brother, Norman Edward Brawn, graduated from high school. For two years he continued to help in the family farm operation. His life at this time was similar in most respects to that enjoyed by his school and neighbourhood chums. He was athletic and liked to be involved in sports activities, which included baseball.

Abbey Junior Ball Team – Back: Fred Roblin, Norman Brawn, Bob Dorey, Glenn Plowman, Ken Braaten, Sixten Johnson; Front: Phil Hauk, Merrill Pederson, Johnny Erickson, Chris Bonogofski, J. J. Dorey.

Nonetheless Norman came slowly to realize his future lay elsewhere and on October 24, 1951 he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) where he trained in communications. He specialized in radar, serving both in ground control radar and as an airborne technician on Argus anti-submarine patrol aircraft off the east coast and, later, installing radar equipment at RCAF stations across Canada. This exposed him to British Columbia, the part of the country he came to love more than any other.

Norman Edward Brawn

In March, 1954, Norman met Clarice (Clarie) Dillon in Senneterre, Quebec where both were stationed with the RCAF. Infatuation came quickly, and they were engaged by August, and then transferred to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan where on November 13 they were married.

Left to right
Front: Clarice Dillon Brawn and Norman Edward Brawn
Second Row: Carl Roland, Claudia Dillon (Clarice's mother), Charles William Brawn, Eileen Brawn
Third Row: four relatives of Clarice, then Olive Goddard (Eileen's daughter)

Norman's service record extended over almost 22 years and included stints at Bagotville, Saskatoon, Fort Nelson, Edmonton, Greenwood, Summerside, Halifax, Comox and San Josef, B.C. After his discharge from the RCAF, Norman became an apprentice electrician in 100 Mile House, B.C., Creston, B.C. and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan which continued over the period from September 1973 to December, 1976. From that date until June 1, 1992 Norman was employed as a Journeyman Electrician at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Joffre, Alberta, and then from January 1981 to June, 1992 was employed by B.C. Hydro (Terrace, Fort Nelson and finally Prince George, B.C.).

Norman and Clarie had three children: Gail, born in 1961; Sandra, born in 1962, and Michael born in 1966. Norman was always very busy at work, and the frequent moves necessitated by

his professions meant there were always many chores to complete to settle the family in their new surroundings. He enjoyed fishing, golf, card and board games, with particular emphasis in all cases on the social opportunities associated with the activities. He was a keen Edmonton Eskimos (now Elks) football and Edmonton Oilers hockey fan.

Norman and Clarie's daughter, Gail Brawn writes: *The challenges of being an Air Force family were mostly around the frequent moves, but the lifestyle also offered many opportunities. Our family got to experience so many regions of our vast country, and my Dad and Mom always made sure that we explored the history of each one. I have many childhood memories of running about near old buildings and memorials, some wildly overgrown with greenery. Dad was extremely interested in our family's ancestry and endlessly fascinated with the European regions we originated from. The landscapes, music, and rich anecdotes of England were his favourite, and he experienced these first-hand during his overseas assignments when he flew with the Air Force.*

My Dad enabled my siblings and I to learn many activities that have provided a lifetime of experience and many great memories. Like the time that he and my younger brother Mike and I went fishing in our little boat in the ocean waters of the Georgia Strait. Dad patiently helped us, 11 and 7 years old, to steer the boat and to learn how to use a rod and reel. I know he was pleased when my brother caught one salmon and I caught two, but was likely also secretly envious that he hadn't been able to reel in a big one himself! I also obtained my life-long love of CFL football from watching games along with Dad, who became interested when he and Mom lived in Edmonton in the late 1950s. The recently-renamed Edmonton Football Team continues to be my favourite over 40 years later.

Norman Brawn

My Mom and Dad had done some golfing early in their marriage but over the years we often didn't live near courses. Then when we moved to Terrace in the 1980's my brother Mike took up golf, and that inspired my parents and I to join in. This created a love of the game for myself and later for my sister Sandi's oldest son Jesse, and to this day during family visits we try to shoot a round. I'm not sure my Dad always enjoyed golfing with me, however, because my most shining moment - a 209-yard tee shot - was erased by the many times Dad chased my errant balls through the rough bushes of Northern BC courses.

Norman, Clarice, Christopher and Doreen Brawn

A very fond memory I have with my parents is of the visit to Prince George, in May 1989, that was made by Uncle Bud, Aunt Doreen, and cousin Christopher. We all took a 2-day trip together south of PG to Quesnel, where we golfed on my Mom and Dad's favourite course at Dragon Lake. We also visited the historic gold-rush town of nearby Barkerville, where we encountered May snow on the mountain highway. The day my Dad passed away three years later, he and my Mom had been golfing at Dragon Lake and had just arrived home. I'm so glad that the last thing Dad did was something that he and my Mom enjoyed so much together.

Doreen, Christopher and Charles Brawn during "Airstream" trip to visit Norman and family

Norman Edward Brawn

Norman passed away at home in Prince George, B.C. on June 1, 1992 a month short of sixty years from a sudden, major heart attack; Clarie died eleven years later, on January 11, 2004.

Gail Brawn: After Mom passed away in January 2004 I became the family contact for our little branch of the Brawns, and Uncle Bud and I began corresponding. I got a big chuckle out of one of his letters where he said, "...our circles of interest are not as large as they once were so when someone asks a senior 'what is new in your life?' they better be in a comfortable chair." At that time, he was writing the Roland family history and he asked me to do some editing on the drafts, which was a wonderful opportunity for me to learn some amazing family stories while getting to know my uncle. In 2006 when he learned that I didn't have my own computer he was kind enough to offer me a laptop that he was no longer using. Also, he became during this time the first person I ever knew to have a G-mail account - Uncle Bud was on the cutting edge of technology!

Norman Edward Brawn, Irene Mary Brawn Moore and Charles Roland Brawn

CHARLES ROLAND BRAWN: The Adult Years

MY (BRIEF) LIFE AS A SOLDIER

Charles Roland Brawn as a new recruit

As stated, as soon as I turned 18, I travelled to Regina to enlist in the Canadian Armed Forces. On being accepted, I was transferred to Saskatoon to a Motor Mechanics school where I completed a twelve-week course in mechanics. Following completion of that course I was moved to Fort William, Ontario for further training which was to be completed by The Veterans' Guard that was comprised of veterans of earlier military service who had volunteered again but who were considered too old for active duty. There were a number of German Prisoner of War camps in the Lakehead area so the Veterans' Guard were assigned to operate these. Someone in the upper ranks of the military must have felt that this was very

arduous work and these soldiers needed regular Rest and Recreation so Curran River Park Camp had been established as an R. and R. facility.

If there was one thing that the Veterans' Guard did not feel they needed and would not tolerate, it was having a group of younger administrators interfering with how they ran "their army" so within two weeks of our arrival we were told that we were to be moved to Fort William where we would be housed in an old nail factory in the west end industrial park area. The move consisted of an all-day march with full gear through the streets of the two cities (Fort William and Port Arthur) in a somewhat circuitous route arriving at our barracks at about 5:00 p.m.

I don't know the precise length of this building but it consisted of one long, warehouse type of structure with side walls perhaps 12 feet high with 8-foot-high partitions to separate the sleeping quarters from the mess hall and the drill area. The floors were of heavy plank construction which showed evidence of years of machinery being dragged across them. Cleaning meant hosing the floor down and then sweeping it with stable brooms.

Our training in Fort William was certainly "basic." It consisted of classes in the disassembly, cleaning and reassembly of Bren and Lewis machine guns and then firing on the ranges. We also went through the same routine with the Ross and Lee Enfield rifles. Part of the routine must have been a make-work project because both the Ross rifle and the Lewis machine gun had not been used for many years and were obsolete. Our rifle drill employed the Ross as there was a severe shortage of Lee Enfields for the combat troops. The Ross was considered a more accurate rifle but would jam with only four or five rounds of rapid fire. This precluded its use in combat but didn't affect its use for rifle drill.

Much of our drill was on the parade square, but every two or three days we would be taken on long route marches though the rural area, largely, I think, to strengthen our leg and back muscles as we would always have full packs.

The barracks at Fort William held their own unique "charm." The building was long, inadequately insulated and had atrocious heating and lighting systems with flying birds regularly occupying the higher reaches. You can imagine the condition of the floors and the results on our blankets. Further, our dining facilities were just open sections of the building and meal time found the men huddled over their plates feeling that if they had to take a direct hit from above it would be better on the back of their neck than on their plate. These conditions would not be tolerated today.

After two months of training, we were told that we were going to be moved out, going for advanced training in the east. There was no official destination announced but rumour suggested that it would be Val Cartier, Quebec or Debert, Nova Scotia. As always, following the announcement of the pending move, we were confined to camp until leaving.

We were to leave the camp at 22:00 hours Sunday evening, marching downtown to the railway station. Friday we were on an all-day route march in slushy wet conditions and returned to camp with soaking wet feet. My back ached so badly that I skipped supper, had a

shower and went to bed feeling very congested. Saturday there was no drill so I stayed in bed and about noon passed out, waking up the following Tuesday in the Military Hospital in Port Arthur. The diagnosis was “pleurisy with acute effusion.” Treatment consisted of having my lung tapped several times, coupled with bed rest, medication and diet. After a few days, the routine became as boring as an earlier hospitalization I had had with the mumps except that by now I had saved enough money to buy a mantle radio for distraction.

After about six weeks of what felt like incarceration, I was examined by a medical board that decided I should be granted a month of sick leave followed by another examination by the same board. I was given travel vouchers and happily headed for the farm where I could at least get out and do things in the great outdoors even if it could not be anything very strenuous.

Charles Brawn, Senior and Junior

It was suggested that perhaps all those cigarettes I surreptitiously enjoyed out behind the barn as a teenager may have caused the pleurisy. That has never been proven.

While sitting in the Abbey Café during this period of sick leave, I was introduced to George Riddler who operated movie theatres in a number of smaller Saskatchewan farming communities, one of which was Abbey. After some discussion of current and local affairs, he asked me what I was doing and I told him of my sick leave and that I was basically putting in time until I returned to Fort William and another medical examination. When he prepared to leave, he invited me to the theatre to see the projection room and the equipment he used. After showing me the equipment and explaining its function, he invited me to remain for the first show to see it in operation. I was pleased to accept his invitation as I was fascinated by the whole process and found it very interesting.

During the intermission between the shows, Mr. Riddler asked if I would like to stay through the second showing, an invitation which I readily accepted. At the completion of that evening's performance, he asked if I would like to come in each week and learn to operate the equipment with the understanding that if I liked it I might write my exams for a 3rd class Saskatchewan projectionist's license. That evening was to have more far-reaching effects on my life than I could ever have imagined.

After my thirty-day leave, I returned to Fort William and another medical with the same determination by the board. So, it was back to Abbey where, because I was now feeling much improved, I was able to help with the farm work and put on some weight.

Charles R. Brawn and friend

At the end of the second thirty-day period of sick leave, I returned to camp in Fort William and the medical board this time decided that I had not displayed sufficient recovery to allow further military service and would therefore be sent to Regina for the processing of a medical discharge. In Regina, after the medical board there confirmed the finding of the board at Fort William, I was given my discharge which became effective on August 25, 1942. I was advised that after complete recovery I was eligible for trade training if I wanted to take it. I could attend either the Vocational School at Moose Jaw or Saskatoon where my tuition and room and board would be paid by the DND.[1] I reserved my decision and headed for the farm, my military career at an end.

NEW OPPORTUNITIES

Of the choices vocational training courses available, I decided to enroll in the Machinist course in Moose Jaw, my thought being that on completion, if I could raise enough money for tools and shop equipment, I would open a machinist shop in Abbey. I was also at least partially influenced by the many hours watching and helping Carl in his workshop.

My classes ran from nine to five and I didn't find it very difficult, so I enrolled in the evening welding course at the same school. I think it took about three days for the administrator to find that I was enrolled in two classes and to deliver an ultimatum - one course or the other but not both, so I settled back to the machinist training and let the welding go.

Following the completion of the machinist course which lasted six months, I was advised that there was an opening for an aircraft mechanic at the airbase at Caron, just twenty miles west of Moose Jaw. #33 Elementary Flying Training School[xv] was created pursuant to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. It was a Royal Air Force (RAF) station operated under contract with Department of National Defense (DND) by Boundary Bay Flying Training School of Boundary Bay, B.C. with all of the group facilities operated by Boundary Bay and only the flying handled by the RAF.

Having always been fascinated by the very thought of flying, I went out for an interview and was given the job. Here I would work under an experienced aircraft mechanic looking after routine items of maintenance on the Fleet Cornell trainers. Each man was responsible for five aircraft and would do the oil changes, refueling, checking spark plugs, magnetos, navigation lights, control surfaces and cables and so on. This was a relatively easy job as the aircraft were all quite new and major repairs were seldom needed.

Groundcrew servicing Fleet Cornell Trainer [xvi]

The most interesting part of the job was moving the aircraft to and from the flight line every morning and evening. We would carefully push the aircraft out of the hangar in the morning, secure it with chocks on the apron and start the engine. After it had warmed up properly, we would taxi it out to the flight line on the taxi strip leading to the active runway, apply the brakes and run the engine up checking pressures, magneto, carb heat and so on and then shut it down and walk back for the next one. I enjoyed handling the aircraft so much that it would not have seemed onerous if it had been a two-mile walk. Fortunately, it was only a few hundred yards.

My hours at the shop were from 5:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. one day and from 2:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m. the next day so I had quite a lot of free time. With no car, going back and forth to Moose Jaw was awkward and there was little to do during the day at the field so I obtained part time work with Graham Construction of Moose Jaw which was constructing a new hangar and some smaller buildings at the field.

Here my work was less exciting and considerably more physical as I would be assigned a variety of chores such as working at the bottom of a trench with a jack hammer digging trenches for sewer lines or, usually on the hotter days, shoveling gravel into a cement mixer. Occasionally I would be lucky enough to be assigned to the truck hauling the cement and always enjoyed that as it was so much lighter work. My pay for the construction work was 60 cents per hour. If we had to work overtime to complete a concrete pour, we only received straight time. There were few perks with Graham Construction.

After I was at Caron for about a year the RAF decided to downsize some of their facilities and Caron was the first to go. I don't know how Boundary Bay decided who they would retain to mothball equipment but I was one of those they chose to keep and had the rather interesting experience of putting everything into long term storage. We began by mothballing each aircraft, changing the oil, greasing the exposed metal surface, putting silica gel in the valve covers, etc. following which we would crowd them into the hangar as tightly as we could. We then did the same thing with the gas bowsers, air compressors and so on. After dealing in this fashion with the aircraft, we went to the rather less interesting task of dismantling all of the beds and, after taking inventory, piling them all into the recreation building. This was followed by the hospital and sick bay, automotive, kitchen and dining hall chairs and tables and finally the kitchen equipment and general office and we were finished. The end of an era.

Following my return to Moose Jaw, I went to Canada Manpower and was advised that I could go to a Propeller factory in Montreal or to Canada Car and Foundry in Fort William where I would be on an aircraft production line. As I had a passing acquaintance with Fort William, it seemed to be a fairly clear-cut decision to go there. Due to the restrictions imposed by the war effort, one could not arbitrarily go from job to job without clearance from the Manpower office which was making an effort to assure that the factories producing items urgently required in the war effort were not short of staff.

When I arrived at Canada Car, they had just completed a contract building Hawker Hurricane fighter planes for the RAF and had a new contract on the production line for the U.S. Navy's

Curtis Helldivers. These were a two-seater fighter/bomber that could also carry torpedoes and were equipped with folding wings for below deck hangar storage on the aircraft carriers. I was assigned to the crew installing and fitting wings and flaps.

The section making the components for the wings and flaps was not always as particular as they might have been and sometimes, we would spend several hours with hand tools and files trying to get the tolerances demanded by the inspectors for the U.S. Navy. The need for the accuracy became apparent when everything had to fold up for storage and then go back accurately into its proper place when the wings were unfolded again.

The operation of this plant was a classic example of government/corporate inefficiency, the cost of which was being by the taxpayer. The plant ran on a 24-hour, three shift basis, but not all departments had a final inspector on duty and it was not unusual for a department to have a whole run of components rejected by the inspectors and then the department using that component would be held up until the correction was made. Often on night shift we would be told to slow down so that the day shift, when all of the plant and military officials would be around, could appear to be busy. I enjoyed the actual work on the aircraft but found the time spent in killing time to be very frustrating and eventually I made up mind to find something more challenging.

Curtiss SBW Helldiver in production at Canadian Car & Foundry, 1943

I struck up a friendship with one of the security people at Canada Car who was a former member of the Ontario Provincial Police. He suggested I speak to the City of Fort William Police Department which was looking for a man. Inspector Brown turned out to be a very

agreeable person to whom I took an instant liking. He walked me through the training and the type of work that I would be involved in as well as the good and bad sides of police work. After the interview he advised me that I would be hired, subject to a satisfactory medical, but with just one caveat. As they were a small force with a limited budget, if either of the two policemen who had enlisted in the army decided to return, I would be released.

Fort William Police Station and Court House

My new job was as unlike anything I had ever done, as one can imagine. For the first weeks my days were filled with studying the Revised Statutes of Ontario, the Criminal Code, the Highway Traffic Act and other laws and regulations. These study sessions were broken up by being called to accompany another officer to the district jail to pick up prisoners for court or to take prisoners from the local lock-up to the district jail and so on. Occasionally I would be sent to attend court to observe a policeman giving evidence gathered at an accident scene or a break-in and I would sometimes be sent with another officer to attend at an accident scene. This was very interesting work and became increasingly so as I became comfortable with the procedures.

After a few weeks I was assigned to work with the regular patrolmen on the beats. At that time, the City had only three cars and one of these was for the use of the Chief so there were only two available for street work. The cars had radio receivers, but no transmitters, and so could be contacted by the station but could not respond. All dispatching was done through Port Arthur police, requiring a phone call to Port Arthur to be relayed by their dispatcher - primitive by today's standards, but better than nothing.

All of the men on duty drew street patrol assignments and intermittently during the shift would be picked up by the Patrol Sergeant in the car to cruise the streets for a few minutes to review any trouble spots or quickly to check out the warehouse and waterfront dock areas where there might be incidents that might not be noticed by passersby. He would then drop the patrolman at the far end of his beat so he (there were no women on the force at that time) could work his way back again. Most of the time at night was spent in the back lanes checking doors, windows and fire-escapes. Most of the police constables would be at work during the evening and graveyard shifts as that was when the criminal mind seems to come alive and most nefarious activity took place.

As in most jobs, the least appealing duties were given to the new kid on the block. In the case of Fort William City Police, the least desirable task to be assigned was in the water-front district where the grain and ore boats docked and where the sailors off those boats and the young women with whom they liked to consort (and vice versa) would hang around. While I had never liked physical confrontations, I didn't mind this beat and never really had a problem I wasn't able to handle.

Charles Roland Brawn in Fort William Police Uniform

DOREEN LOIS HALL

It was during this period when I was a policeman in Fort William that I saw, met, courted and married the love of my life, Doreen Lois Hall. Periodically in my life, I have done something and afterwards have said “Where did that idea come from?” Well, this was one of those moments. My job involved shift work, but I had an evening off, and decided to go to a dance notwithstanding having two left feet and no dancing skills.

I don’t know if it was a provincial statute or a city ordinance or an ethnic custom but in Fort William at that time all of the unescorted ladies at a dance lined up on one side of the room and the unattached men on the other. I have no idea how many ladies were in that line-up but what I do know is that there was one that stood out from all the rest - tall, very good looking, well dressed and with a distinctive hair-do. I stood in a mental quandary. What if I went over there and asked her to dance and she said no. What would I do? And what if she said yes? With my dancing skills or lack thereof what would I do? Throwing discretion to the wind, I resolutely strode across the room, my footsteps echoing off the hardwood floor, certain that every eye was glued on me. I honestly have no recollection of what I said or what she said but what I do know is that if I had not asked the question, or if she had not responded favourably, I would never have become part of the Hall family (or she of my family). Even now it seems strange that a farm girl from near Belmont, Manitoba and a farm boy from near Abbey, Saskatchewan should connect in such circumstances.

Doreen Lois Hall, fall of 1944

Doreen was three years younger than me, was born in Belmont, Manitoba, and raised on the family farm approximately six miles south of that town. She attended a nearby one room school and remembers:

Alma School covered grades one to eight. If a child was able and prepared to go further, a transfer would have to be made to the Belmont Collegiate. Toward the end of my grade eight term, Mother and I had a long talk. She was determined I was not going to stay in the Belmont area. Several times she exclaimed: "I notice the neighbour boys sniffing around here and you are not going to be involved with any of these neighbour boys." Amongst other reasons, she was concerned that many of the families in our area were related to us and each other in some fashion or other. I often heard from my mother: "I always said to your father I brought some new blood into this family." Very possibly my mother was especially sensitive to this issue because of my father's parents being first cousins which may have contributed to my father's two brothers being mentally challenged.

After discussions with my mother about whether I would go on in school, perhaps with a view to teaching, or take nursing or hairdressing, it was decided I would move to Winnipeg and take a hairdressing course. I was 14 when these discussions took place, and barely 15 when Mother took me to Winnipeg to enroll in the Marvel Hairdressing School course and to find a room, which turned out to be on Donald Street relatively close to the school. In the fall of 1941, my mother purchased for me a new coat, some other clothes and a few accessories she thought I would need in the big city and I was ready for the great adventure of moving to Winnipeg.


40 MALE—FEMALE INSTRUCTION

CHOOSE HAIRDRESSING As Your Career

MARVEL Schools teach the most modern methods and detailed theory in all lines of Beauty Culture in bright modern surroundings. MARVEL Beauty Schools are now under direct supervision of Miss K. Dodge, recognized and licensed beautician and hair stylist. Inquire about our Low tuition rate and deferred payment plan.

WRITE OR CALL

MARVEL BEAUTY SCHOOLS

309 Donald St. Winnipeg.

Registered Under Trade Schools Regulation Act.

From The Winnipeg Tribute
March 21, 1942, p. 26

Doreen Lois Hall, kitted out for her move to the big city.

I knew no one in Winnipeg, except my uncle (Mom's brother) and aunt, Percy and Edie Smith, and my cousin, Donald. I don't recall frequent or regular contact with them except that Edie came every week to the Salon for me to do her hair. I don't recollect there was otherwise any significant support, emotional or otherwise, from Edie or her family. The friendships I developed through this period were with other young women in the hairdressing school.

The teaching philosophy and techniques at the Marvel School were not particularly sophisticated. The instructors emphasized a bit of psychology, encouraging the student to appreciate that although you don't know what you're doing, neither do most of the people who come in to have their hair done.

A student started off washing hair for lots of people, receiving appropriately critical comments on her performance. Then the jobs would get increasingly more challenging. In those days, "perms" were popular and involved big cords that would hang over the head. Mostly it was haircutting and setting in rollers under a dryer.

My course was not for a set term but it was expected graduation for most students would come within nine months. My first job was with Nu-Fashion Beauty Salon in Winnipeg. During that first year, Kay Whalen, a classmate, encouraged me to transfer with her to the Nu-Fashion shop in Fort William, Ontario, just to try a different experience, and because our accreditation would be recognized there. I did so because my mother had made clear I was not to give any thought to returning to the Belmont area as, in her adamant view, there was no future for me there.

By the time of my move from Winnipeg to Fort William, I would have been 16. I stayed for the full time I was there with my friend, Kay. We rented separate rooms in the home of an older couple. We did not know anybody when we went there. Our landlady said that was fine. She gave us breakfast before we went to work. We lived in a residential area, but it was not too far to walk to and from work each day.

I don't remember how much I earned in this job, but I do recall that after I had carefully saved for a year, I had accumulated $40. I remained in Fort William for approximately two and a half years and through the whole period worked in the same shop and lived in the same place with the same people. I don't have a clear recollection of how I spent my non-work time. I think with my background as a farm girl from a religious family I was likely not particularly concerned or comfortable to be active socially or recreationally. I had the sense my friend Kay was quite content in this arrangement, but as her parents lived in Winnipeg, and she could visit them more easily, she probably did not have the same reason to feel isolated.

Throughout this period, I did not return to visit my family and they were not able to come to visit me. In retrospect, I don't understand how my mother ever let me go. I know she was concerned about me making inappropriate connections in the Belmont area, but I still find it hard to believe because certainly she was always very determined that nothing

would happen to one of her kids. My mother and I exchanged letters, but I don't remember any telephone calls. I can't understand why I did not go home for Christmas, but I expect it was because I would have to have spent some of that $40.

At the same time, I don't recall being particularly lonely or homesick. Mother always sent trinkets through the mail, especially at Christmas or the time of my birthday. I'm sorry to say I can't remember ever sending any present in her direction. I hope I made up for that later. Communication with home was with my mother exclusively. I don't remember even a postcard from my father or brothers but of course they may well have made the same observation of me.

I was not particularly active socially but it was at a dance where I met Charles Roland Brawn, the man who was to become my husband. I don't specifically recall whether I went there with my friend, Kay, but, as was typical of dances at the time, the women were seated along one side of the room and the men sat or stood on the other. As I had come to this social event hoping to be asked to dance, I was certainly not unhappy when Charles worked up his courage to come across the room in my direction. I don't, however, think it was love at first sight. Rather I think our relationship developed slowly as, over time, we became better and better friends.

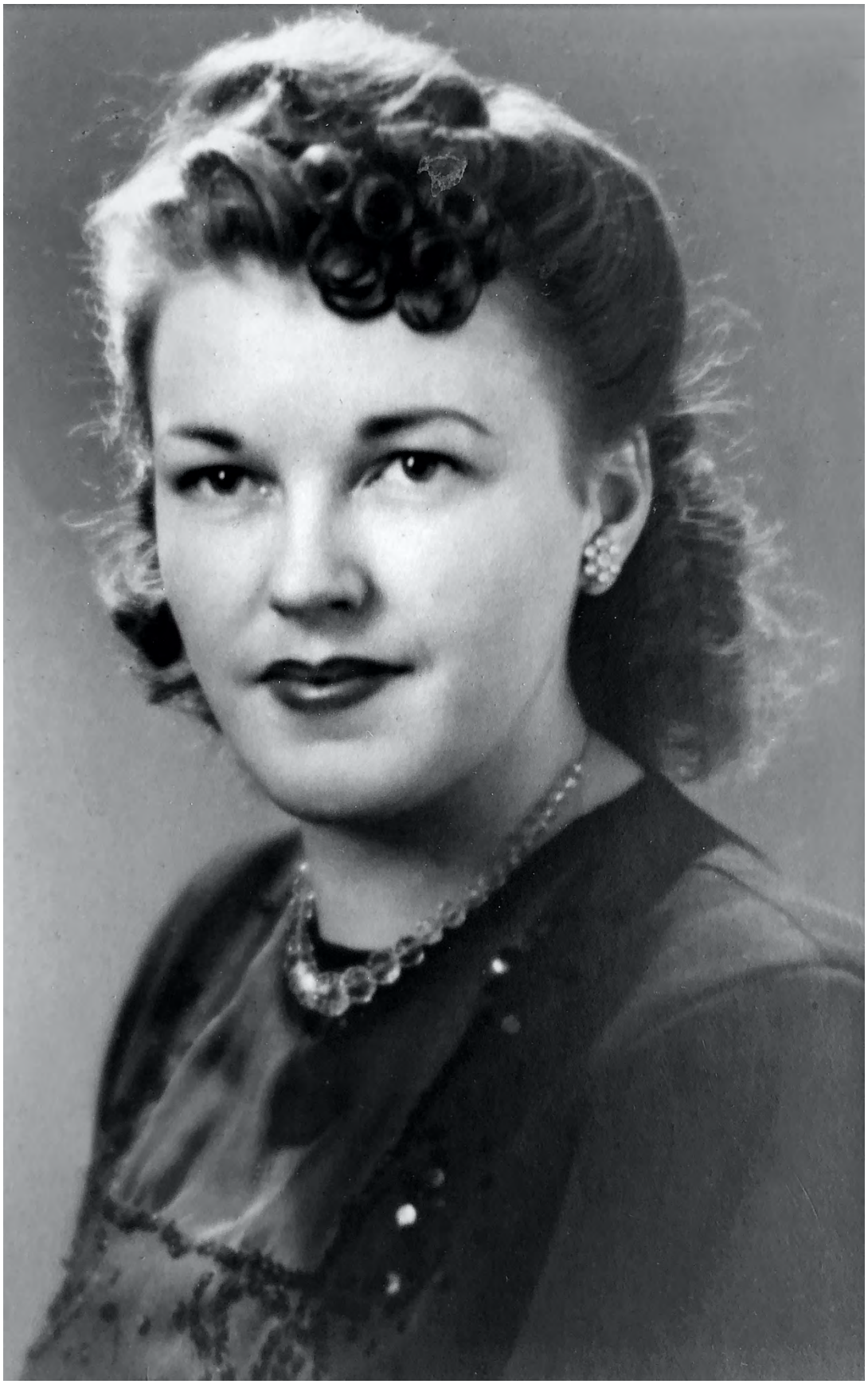
Doreen Lois Hall and Charles Roland Brawn

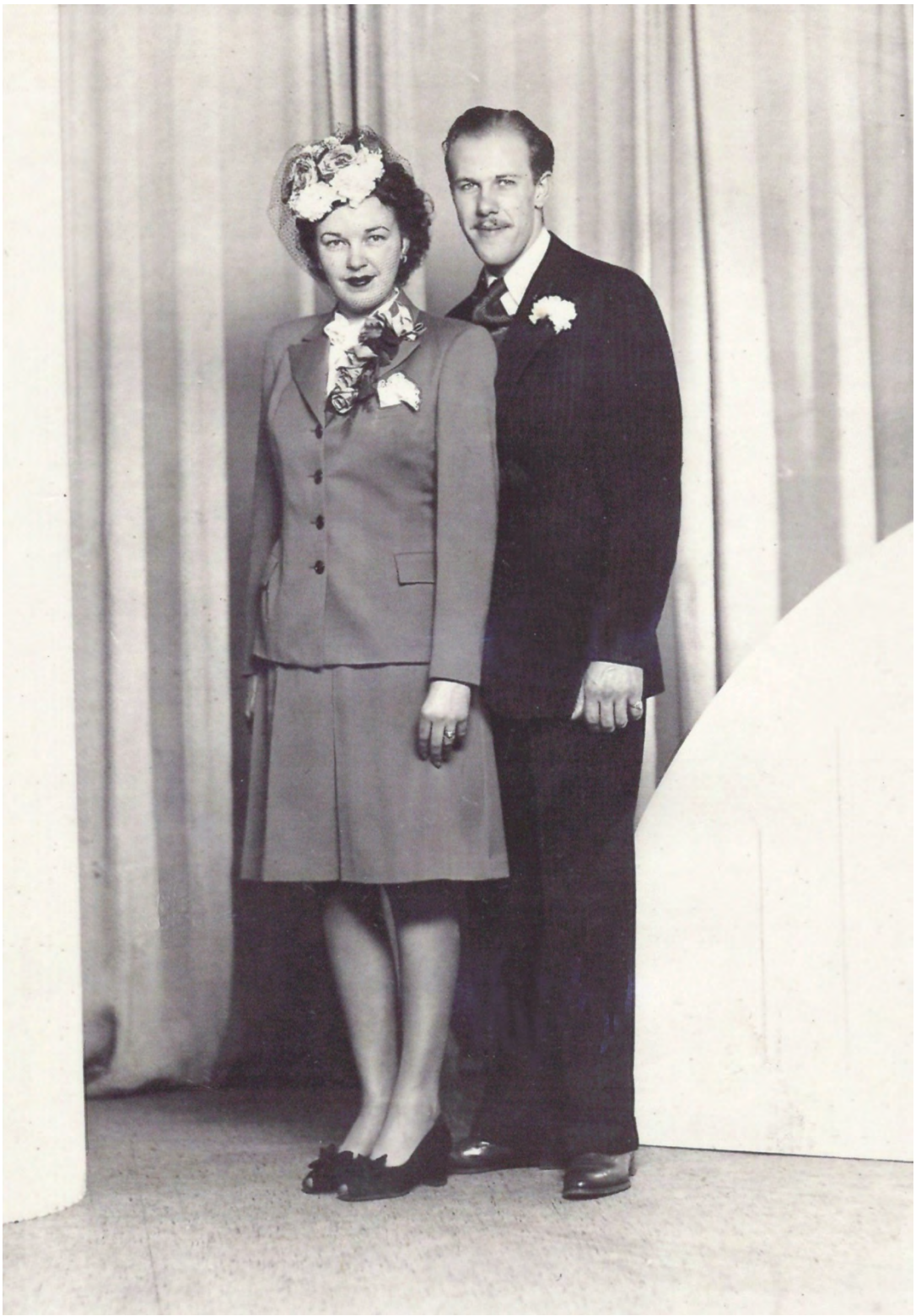
This was not a period when it would have been acceptable for a woman to have taken too much initiative in promoting a relationship, but apart from that, I think the relationship developed primarily because of sheer persistence on Charles' part. Several times a week he would make sure he was at the hairdressing shop when my workday ended, and so we would go for something to eat at suppertime. Charles remembers there was this little restaurant where we would often go and one of our favourite menu items was fruit salad and toast, probably because that was the cheapest thing on the menu. He also reminds me of an occasion when we were there that a woman came to our table and stated she was a palm reader. She looked at Charles' palm and said, "You're not going to live past 30. See where your life line stops there." It pleases me that Charles proved her emphatically wrong as he was able to celebrate 93 birthdays.

Charles proposed to me on Christmas eve, 1944 and we were married at 11:00 am on a sunny Good Friday, March 30, 1945, in Fort William, Ontario. No member of either of our families was in attendance. Following the wedding, we had lunch with our attendants, and then drove to Duluth, Minnesota for a two-day honeymoon. Our drive home was in heavy snow, forcing us to stay overnight in some small town.

Charles Roland Brawn and Doreen Lois Hall wedding party, with Best Man Andrew Charles Beatty on left and Maid of Honour Marie Estelle Daken on right

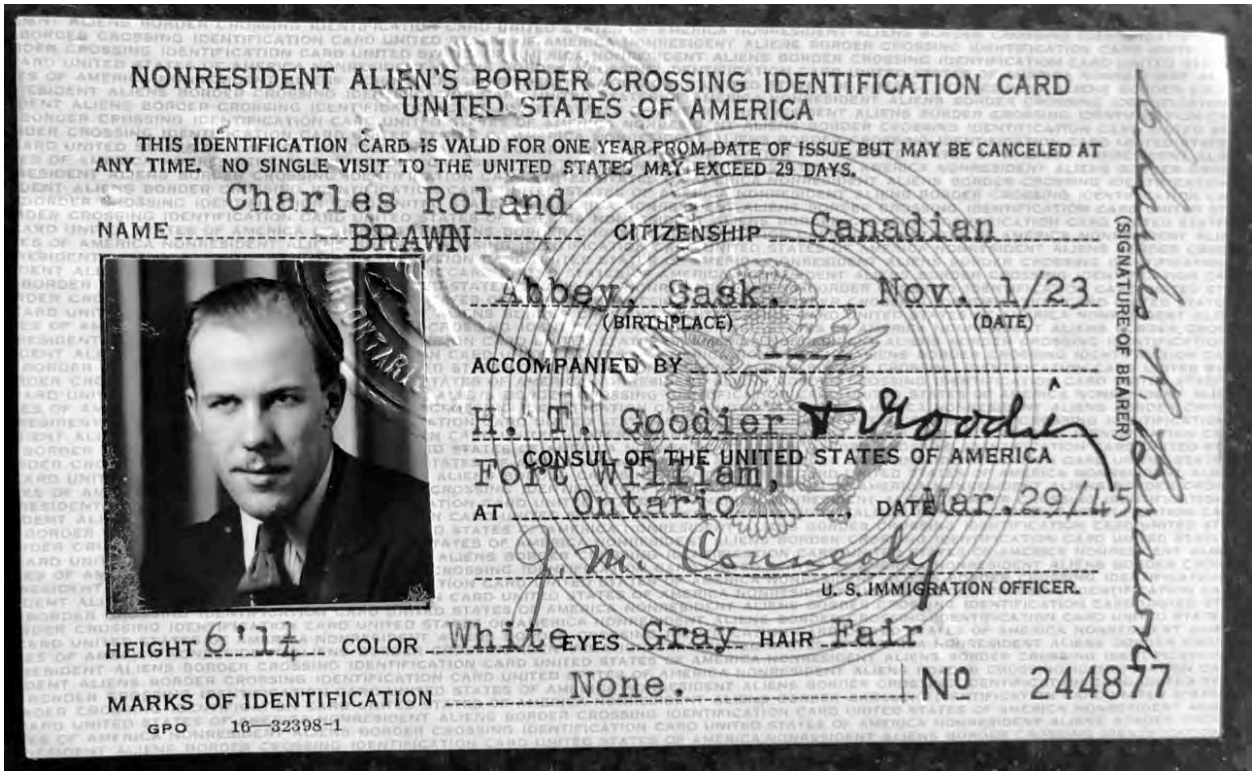
As I stated, a significant part of my job as a policeman in Fort William was to patrol the downtown area on foot. Inevitably connections (perhaps even friendships) are established by that regular contact. One of the business people who became a friend to me was a photographer, who was determined to make a wedding present to Doreen and me of formal photographs.





Doreen Lois Hall and Charles Roland Brawn March 30, 1945

To make possible our planned honeymoon, which required a trip across the Canada/U.S. border, it was necessary for me to obtain a nonresident border crossing card, which I was much relieved to receive one day before our wedding.



NONRESIDENT ALIEN'S BORDER CROSSING IDENTIFICATION CARD
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS IDENTIFICATION CARD IS VALID FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF ISSUE BUT MAY BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NO SINGLE VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES MAY EXCEED 29 DAYS.

NAME Charles Roland BRAWN CITIZENSHIP Canadian

Abbey, Sask. (BIRTHPLACE) Nov. 1/23 (DATE)

ACCOMPANIED BY ----

H. T. Goodier

CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AT Fort William, Ontario, DATE Mar. 29/45

J. M. Connolly

U. S. IMMIGRATION OFFICER.

HEIGHT 6'1¼ COLOR White EYES Gray HAIR Fair

MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION None. No 244877

GPO 16—32398-1

(SIGNATURE OF BEARER) Charles R. Brawn

Doreen: *Because I come from a very strong church family, I believe there was a reason why I went to Fort William and there was a reason that Charles and I met. Charles has done very worthwhile things in the community and I don't think he knew what he could do until he was put in a position to show that he could.*

I was recently asked what our favourite wedding present was. Initially, I could not recollect we received any, but on reflection I remember we received a small table lamp which I liked very much.

When word of our wedding reached the Abbey community, a collection was taken and $16.00 was sent to us with the community's best wishes. I have always been curious why the names of Mr. and Mrs. C. Howard were deleted. Did they change their minds? If they were away between commitment and payment, was no one (my father, for example) prepared to advance the $1.00 on their behalf? I acknowledge that thought is somewhat churlish, as I do recognize this was a period when one dollar was considered a significant gift. I recollect the monthly wage for my first post-war job was $125.

To Mr & Mrs. R. Braun.

Wishing you a long & happy married life with the best of health & lots of luck. from the friends of the district.

this is just a small token of esteem from the following.

Mr & Mrs Nienaber	1.00
Mr & Mrs. C. Main	1.00.
Mr & Mrs N. Main.	1.00.
Mr & Mrs H. Rewerts.	1.00.
Mr & Mrs A. Ellerser	1.00
Mr & Mrs. J Collinson	1.00.
Mr & Mrs. C Lines.	1.00.
Mr & Mrs J. Tuffs.	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. B. Linder.	2.00
Mr & Mrs W. Baker	.00
Mr & Mrs Joe Collinson	1.00
~~Mr & Mrs. C. Leonard.~~	
Walter Schmidt.	1.00
Mr & Mrs C Braun	1.00
Mr & Mrs A Nienaber	1.00
Mr & Mrs H Rewerts	1.00
Mr & Mrs Bill Collinson	1.00

LIFE AFTER MARRIAGE FOR CHARLES AND DOREEN BRAWN

According to Doreen: *A short time following our wedding we travelled to visit Mother and Dad who, in my absence, had moved to a farm north of Belmont. My mother expressed relief I was not with child, as apparently that had been her great fear. Charles and I then travelled on to Abbey, Saskatchewan, the area where Charles had been born and raised, and where his family still lived. Charles was uncertain what kind of job he wanted and together we considered various possible places to live. On our way to Abbey, we passed through Moose Jaw where Charles had taken a vocational training course during the war. Charles connected with an associate from that earlier period who offered him a job in a service station, and out of that Charles took advantage of an opportunity to buy a delivery business called "Cy's Delivery," and an old Ford delivery van with which he did flower deliveries, picked up beer bottles from hotels, and basically any related jobs that came long.*

*That fall (*1945*) I was pregnant with our first child, Gary. Mother came out to visit us in Moose Jaw. Charles and I were living in a pleasant second floor apartment. Mother was a great hands-on person and very direct. She said: "Don't like this. There's nothing for you around here. Get back to Belmont where we'll look after you." We didn't act on that suggestion right away, but we did think and talk about it, and by the spring of 1946 we reached agreement essentially to take Mother's advice. Although on June 24, 1946 Gary was born in the Brandon General Hospital, we were at that time living with my parents on their farm north of Belmont.*

In the early summer of 1947 Doreen and I and our nearly one-year-old son, Gary, visited my family at Abbey, planning to stay for a couple of weeks. I was unemployed and we had been staying with Doreen's folks on their farm near Belmont while I was looking for a job that might provide a future for our family. While Doreen's mother would have been happy if we had found something in the Belmont area, she just wanted the best for us and understood our looking further afield.

While in Abbey one day having coffee at the town cafe and visiting with old friends, someone mentioned that the Ogilvie Flour Mills grain buyer, Joe Wright, was looking for a trainee or "second man" as he was called in the grain buying trade. I hadn't thought of that as a career but we decided it was worth looking into so I called at the elevator to see what was involved. After a discussion with Mr. Wright and a tour of the elevator, with an explanation of the responsibilities, I was offered the job at a starting salary of $125.00 per month with two weeks' vacation after one year's service.

As a house was available in Abbey and there was no job waiting for me in Manitoba, we decided to stay there. Word quickly spread in the community that Doreen was an accomplished hairdresser and she was soon in demand. She worked from our home. It was in Abbey Doreen was introduced to curling, which subsequently became a recreational passion for her. It was also during this period Doreen became pregnant with our second child, Roland Dale Brawn, who on June 7, 1948 was born in the hospital at the nearby town of Cabri.

Buying grain was an occupation with its own peculiar problems and, to some extent, its own beneficial features. During harvest time and the weeks leading up to it, the hours were long and working conditions left much to be desired, particularly due to the dust. During the winter, spring and early summer, however, the work was relatively light and the hours were somewhat flexible to the extent that, while the elevator had to be open during business hours, one could be involved in doing other things.

I began work in the elevator in early summer and was shocked when, in July, Joe Wright advised me that he was submitting his resignation as agent and was recommending that I be given the job as buyer. While I was excited at the idea of the added responsibility and felt that I could handle the job and the extra $10.00 per month, I believed that I had been “used” to get an early replacement for Joe.

Harvest was a very busy time for me as I was slow in handling the loading of the grain cars, not being familiar with the shortcuts that came with experience. However, as time went by, I became more comfortable with the routine and with the customers that sold their grain or bought their flour and feed through our facility. When harvest was over, the Board of Trade in Abbey decided that it should re-open the theatre which had been closed for a year. Although the theatre had been for sale, there had been no buyers. As I had been working as a projectionist in that theatre some years previously and was able to obtain the required 3rd class license, I was offered the job - one night a week for $20.00 per week.

In order to add further to my income, I was able to acquire the right to ship livestock to Burns and Company on a commission basis. This involved my weighing the livestock through the scales at the elevator, issuing a receipt for them and then tattooing them and sending them over to the stockyard on the railroad siding. The animals were identified in the case of pigs by applying a number to the hip using an inked set of needles. In the case of cows, the number had to be clipped to the fur on the right hip. This was more difficult than marking the hogs, but the pay per hour was substantially more than my regular job.

A couple of months after landing the Burns contract, I was able to arrange to do somewhat the same things for the Selkirk Rolling Mills. My job in this case was to advertise the fact that I was buying scrap iron. The farmer would bring it to the elevator where I would weigh it and direct him to the storage area where he would unload. He would return to the elevator to have his truck weighed and I would issue a receipt for the amount of scrap. The vendor would be issued a cheque from Selkirk and I would be paid when the metal was shipped. My only duty was to handle the paper work and again I felt I was quite well compensated for my time.

In 1948 Burns asked that I put up posters advertising the fact that I would be buying turkeys in the fall. This would a one-day affair and a qualified buyer would come in from their plant at Moose Jaw to do the grading and buying. My only duty was to assist him where I could and to arrange for the details. I was paid on a commission based on net weight purchased. My compensation for the day was just a few cents short of $125.00, which I considered a great windfall.

The grain elevators in Abbey were all at the west end of town and were not serviced by Saskatchewan Power, so were equipped with stationary engines to operate the equipment. The Ogilvie plant had been built in 1914 and was an old, low-capacity facility with a worn-out Fairbanks Morse Model Z gas engine which had a mind of its own. If it was not going to start, it would simply not start and this was extremely frustrating, not only to me but to any farmer who might be waiting for a service that required moving grain up into the bins.

In early 1949 an elevator in Alberta burned to the ground but the engine room and the engine were saved and the decision was made to move the engine to Abbey and it was installed in April in the Ogilvie elevator. This turned out to be a Perkins Diesel which was made in England. It was a beautiful piece of equipment and was unbelievably quiet and efficient. One of my biggest disappointments in leaving Abbey was to be denied the use of that Perkins engine.

In the spring of 1949 crop prospects in southwestern Saskatchewan were somewhat dim and as the early summer approached weather conditions worsened. There was little rainfall and the forecasts were for a continued dry period. Abbey was a Pool and a Co-op movement community and Ogilvie Flour Mills decided that our market share of the prospective crop would not justify the expense of keeping the elevator open and I was given notice that my position with the company would be terminate in June. I was offered a comparable position in Hinton, Alberta, but after a lot of soul searching and as I was suffering from an allergy thought to be connected with pollen, Doreen and I concluded, that if we were going to move, we should consider Brandon, and a job away from the grain industry.

During the summer and prior to our move, we arranged for baby sitters for the boys and Doreen and I drove her parents to Vancouver, our first trip to the west coast. On our return we made arrangements for the packing and shipping of our furniture and left for Brandon. The actual moving of our modest household effects was handled by Smith Brothers Dray of Abbey, who made the trip of approximately 450 miles each way for a total of $25.00. I fully realized that this was a bargain, but noted after writing the cheque that the balance in our bank account was $228. It was very worrisome for me that in moving to Brandon we would have no friends, no home and no job. What made this move possible was that Doreen’s folks had earlier sold their farm north of Belmont and moved to Brandon where they had purchased a home. They were kind enough to invite us to stay with them and store our furniture in their garage until we could find a house of our own.

As soon as we arrived in Brandon, I visited the local Manpower office in search of a job but was disappointed to be told that the job market was quite depressed and there was little available. After a few days of this routine, I decided that if anything was going to happen it had to be made to happen so I began calling from door to door in the business community.

At the end of my first day of doing this, I had two job opportunities and decided I would try one more day and see if I could find anything better than those two. By mid-afternoon of the second day, I had accepted a job with Cruikshank, Johnston and Hood, an automotive supply company. I started in the shipping and receiving department and two weeks later moved up to the parts counter. My initial salary was $25.00 for a forty-hour work week.

When it became a certainty that I had a job and a steady income, meager as it was, Doreen and her mother began house hunting. Doreen's mother, Ivy Hall, had offered to loan us $2,500 as a down payment. Doreen and I agreed that the house we bought would have to have some rentable space in it to repay this loan, as I would not be able to make the mortgage and an additional loan payment out of my salary. Ivy's realtor friend, Daisy Lockhart, was recruited to find us a suitable house. At the end of that week, we had purchased a 1 1/2 story house at 335 - 4th Street that met our criteria. The price was $6,300 with $2,300 down and a $4,000 mortgage. It had two large rooms upstairs separated by the bathroom which had the bath and basin in one room and the water closet in a separate room. The rent from these rooms allowed us to pay the family loan off quite quickly and left us enough money from my pay to live on and to make the mortgage payments.

335 -4th Street, Brandon

When I took home that first pay envelope and gave it to Doreen, she would have been entitled to do what I suspect many women would have done - look at me with a pitying glance and say, “What am I supposed to do with this?” What she did, however, was to do what she has always done when faced with a problem - deal with it head on. She gave me back $1.00 to indulge my caffeine and nicotine addictions and then worked to make sure we fulfilled all our obligations. This budget was manageable if I bought the cheapest fine cut tobacco, rolled my own cigarettes and limited myself to one cup of coffee a day at work.

Charles and Doreen Brawn in front of their home at 335 – 4th Street, Brandon

As I had minimal education and job training, I had to scramble to find jobs to support my young family, which by then included two preschoolers. More often than not, I had two jobs and over those initial years in Brandon those jobs included, apart from being an automotive parts-man, a cab driver, photographer's assistant, appliance repairman and movie projectionist.

One of my part-time jobs was to assist Larry Phillips who operated a Photography Studio at 1006 Lorne Avenue. I had no experience but persuaded Larry my enthusiasm would compensate. This venture/adventure did not last long, as the income was just not dependable enough to meet my obligations. Likewise, my efforts as a taxi-driver.

Roland Dale Brawn and Gary Douglas Brawn

One of the early calls I made on our arrival in Brandon was to the union steward of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, the union to which all the motion picture projectionists were members. Thinking back to the basic instruction and experience I had received in Abbey, I resolved to apprentice as a projectionist in order to obtain my first-class license.

In 1950 the management at the Capital Theatre was having a problem with one of the projectionists being unable to attend to his responsibilities on the job due to an overfondness for alcohol.

Bill Stubbs in projection booth
At Capital Theatre July 26, 1952

Bill Stubbs, the senior operator in Brandon, was a dour old widower who lived alone in a single room over a pool room in the downtown area on 8th Street. When not in the theatre, Bill spent most of his waking hours in the beer parlour of the Crystal Hotel, usually in the company of another projectionist, Neil Findlay, who also worked at the Capital Theatre. As their work week was about 27 hours, they had lots of time to hold forth in the pub.

While I was eager to do whatever I had to do to get started, Bill Stubbs was not totally in favour of having an extra man in town and was not about to make this easy for me and kept me in limbo for several weeks. I was told by Mr. Stubbs that if I was accepted as an apprentice, I would have to put in 1,200 hours without pay in the projection room under the supervision of a first-class operator. Following this I could challenge the examination set by the Manitoba Department of Labour. If I was successful, I would be issued a first-class license but, in order to work in a projection room, I would have to apply for membership in the union and be accepted.

Finally, in late November I was given the green light by both the union and the Department of Labour and I began my apprenticeship at the Oak Theatre. Doreen and I decided that I would attempt to get my hours in as quickly as possible, especially in the winter when there was little else that we could afford to do, so I spent four evenings a week at the theatre, usually from about 7:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m., which was in addition to my regular day job. After a week or so in the booth, I was doing the actual operating and Harry Mitchell, the operator, would spend the evening reading a newspaper or magazine. I enjoyed the routine as I was much happier doing the work than I would have been just watching.

After about three months at the Oak, I was moved to the Capital Theatre where I worked under Stubbs and Findlay, both of whom, because of their beer-oriented lifestyle, were inclined to come to work somewhat under the influence. The equipment at the Capital was quite different from that of the Oak. The theatre was substantially larger and was under tighter management who would not tolerate mistakes in the booth.

The Strand Theatre was operated by Famous Players, as was the Capital, and was considered the first run theatre in town. The projectionists, Milt Bretts and Frank Twitchell, were very good operators and totally different personalities from the other projectionists. They would never drink or miss a shift unless extremely ill. While they had no objection to my spending time in their projection room, they made it clear that there would be no relief work at the Strand except at vacation time.

By the time spring came, I had attended the booths for several hundred hours and was well on my way towards getting a license and being able to earn some money at the job. Early in 1950 construction began on a drive-in theatre on the north hill of the city and by mid-summer the Green Acres Drive-In was ready to begin operations. Bill Stubbs, as senior operator in the city, made it known that he wanted the operator's position so the other operators decided to double up to cover the extra shift and each make some extra money. During the summer Stubbs' drinking began to be a concern to the man who managed both the Capital Theatre and the Drive-In. Late one night the manager, accompanied by the President of the Union from Winnipeg, came to the front door of our house to see me.

While I still had several hundred hours left to complete my apprenticeship obligations, they asked if I was prepared to challenge the exam on the understanding that, if I succeeded, I would join the union and be issued a license. I would then relieve at the Capital and Stubbs would be counseled to pay more attention to his job at the drive-in. We agreed and three days later I was in Winnipeg for a three-hour written and a one-hour oral exam which I passed.

From The Brandon Sun
August 9, 1950, page 19

It was only a few days later that I was working a regular shift at the Capital, knowing that I would be out again when the Drive-In closed after the summer season, but the hours at the Capital were netting me more money from evening shifts than I was earning in a forty-hour work week at my regular job. Finally, our family's financial prospects appeared to take on a rosier hue.

The second year of operation of the Drive-In began as it had the year before with Stubbs in the projection room and me filling in at the Capital. After a couple of weeks, I was being called to fill in at the Drive-In and so management decided that Stubbs had to go back to the Capital and I would take over full time at the Drive-In. Technically I was just relieving at the Drive-In with Stubbs still as the official operator. This subterfuge was to give him the opportunity, if he were to straighten out and wanted to go back, so there would be no tendering for the job and he would still have his pride, not having been bumped down.

In 1951 Doreen and I agreed it was time to find a house which we did not have to share with tenants. We found a lot at 904-6th Street and engaged the services of a contractor who worked for the most part on his own to build a modest two-bedroom bungalow. Shortly after the contractor began his work, Doreen's father, George Hall, appeared at the site, without being asked and without seeking compensation, ready to help in any way he could. Thereafter he returned daily.

It was while we were living on 6th Street that our boys worked their way through elementary and then junior high and high school. They made us very proud with their varied accomplishments, academically and otherwise. It was also at this time that Doreen was able

to begin curling regularly, soon to be encouraged by her fellow competitors to form her own rink, which quickly became the rink to beat in bonspiels in Brandon and area. In 1961 she and her team travelled to Calgary where they won the Calgary Herald event, one of the majors. Doreen was always polite, courteous and friendly, but she was also very competitive in all of life's activities, but perhaps especially in sports.

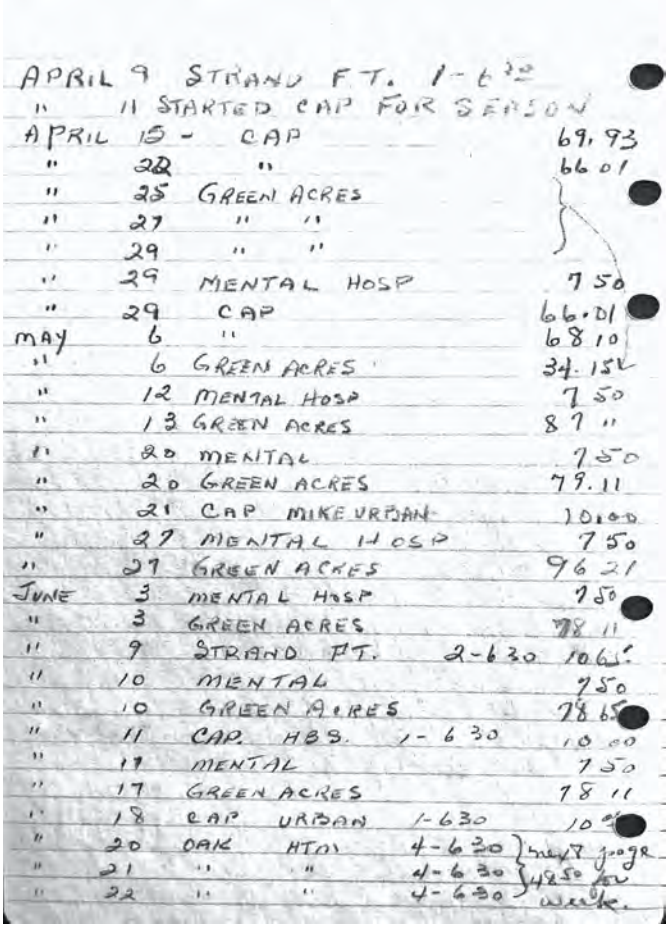
Doreen and Charles Brawn, with their boys Dale and Gary, with Doreen's mother, Ivy, in doorway, being careful not to intrude, in front of 904 - 6th Street

One of the subjects that I had to study for my projectionists' license was electronics, dealing with amplifiers and sound systems, so I thought I might pursue this further. I enrolled in a correspondence class in electronic repairs and began doing some radio and appliance repair work in our basement, not earning any significant money but getting some experience. My thoughts were that if it appeared that there would be an opportunity to supplement my theatre wages with this line of work and I liked it, I would purchase the necessary test equipment and pursue it. With television then being on the air in Minot, North Dakota, and clearly to come to Brandon shortly, it seemed the timing might be right.

Doreen and I agreed that, with the increase in pay from the move to Green Acres Drive-In and the work that was coming in, I should let it be known that I was doing appliance and radio repairs. One of my contacts in the appliance field was Vic Rosenman, owner of

Rosenman's Furniture, who offered me shop space in the basement of his downtown store. There would be no charge for the space but I was to give his work preference in scheduling. As I was not busy, this seemed like a fair offer and things worked out quite well until I decided I did not like servicing washers, dryers and stoves. After about a year I decided to give up this line of work and concentrate on service of electronics. As the sales of white goods was a large part of his sales volume, Mr. Rosenman required a serviceman in house doing that work and we went our separate ways with no hard feelings. I was now free to work in my own business, Brawn's TV, which, beginning in 1952, operated from the basement of our house at 904-6th Street. Doreen answered the phone and handled bookkeeping.

Charles Brawn in his basement electronics workshop at 904 – 6th Street



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I would still take all the hours I could get at the theatres. From the beginning of my work as a projectionist, it had been necessary to keep detailed records of the time I spent at different theatres, firstly in order to complete my apprenticeship and later to make sure I could monitor what I was being paid. For example, as illustrated for the period April through May, 1955, I worked at various times at the Strand Theatre, Green Acres Drive-in, Oak Theatre and the Brandon Mental Hospital (where there was a small theatre where shows were provided each Friday evening.) For the most part, my shifts were in the evening, allowing me to work on my own business during the day.

By late 1959, Doreen and I decided I could not continue to work full time as a projectionist while at the same time working most of my other waking hours trying to build up my radio and television repair business. Although I acknowledged it to be a gamble, we decided I should give up my projectionist license. The deciding factor was that this would permit me to have a more normal schedule and be available to spend more time with my family, a goal I had a constant struggle to realize.

INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE OF THEATRICAL STAGE EMPLOYES
AND MOVING PICTURE MACHINE OPERATORS
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

HONORABLE WITHDRAWAL CARD

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

That Brother Charles,R. Braun, joined Winnipeg City Local No. 299 on the 14 day of January 19 50

All dues and assessments having been paid to date the said Charles, R,Braun

is hereby granted an Honorable Withdrawal Card from Winnipeg City Local No. 299 this 31st. day of December 19 59

(Local Seal) President

Secretary

Charles with the business van on Park Avenue nest to 904 – 6th Street.

Shortly my electronics business grew sufficiently to warrant hiring technicians to help and then building a retail sales and repair shop at 637 - 10th Street. In business, as in life generally, it seems one opportunity naturally leads to another. When it appeared there was a growing market for stereo sound equipment, I hired a cabinet maker and established a cabinet making shop that handled the woodworking for construction of stereo systems. To keep the cabinet maker busy during slow times, we began making church pews.

Separately and without any significant advance planning, our business began to receive requests to provide public-address systems for major attractions coming to public facilities such as the Wheat City Arena, the summer fair and the winter fair. We also installed intercom systems in schools and offices.

Doreen's parents were for many years devout members of the Pentecostal Church and had been staunch supporters both of their local church and of the Manhattan Beach Church Camp located on the shore of Pelican Lake at Manhattan Beach, approximately ninety km SE of Brandon.

In the early fifties Doreen's father, George Hall, built a modest two-bedroom cottage in the central area of the camp on a leased lot owned by the Church. I had helped him with the construction of the cottage and had wired it for him and we were fortunate enough to be given the use of it by George and Ivy whenever we wanted. Through Doreen's parents we met a lot of the people who attended the church camp held during the first two weeks of July.

Because of my work obligations during this period, it was difficult for me to get down to the beach except on weekends, but we regularly took advantage of having the use of the cottage and used it as much as we could. In the early period of our marriage, I owned a motorcycle which, for the most part, was an indulgence, as it was no good for transportation in the winter or for the family. It was, however, handy for my trips to and from the Beach when Doreen and the boys were there for periods of time and I was having to work.

Charles and his favourite transportation as a young man

During this period, I met several people who were to have an influence on my life. One of the couples that we saw frequently during the camp one summer was Grant and Ruth Stephenson, both of whom Doreen had known as a girl as they had all grown up near each other in the Belmont district. Ruth, like Doreen, had been raised in a Christian home by quite strict parents who made sure that Church and Sunday School were a regular part of their lives. Grant and I on the other hand had a background in which the Church played a very minor role. This at times caused concern, both in the minds of our wives and their parents.

One particular summer the four of us attended several of the evening services at the camp and usually went for long walks or sat around someone's kitchen table over coffee afterwards. There would be long discussions about the meaning and implications of the message we had heard at the evening meeting. I had a difficult time dealing with some of the Pentecostal doctrine - in particular the "speaking in tongues," although I know that it is scriptural. I found this disquieting and I found that it also bothered Grant. Doreen and Ruth on the other hand had grown up with this and were not concerned as it was old hat to them.

Although Doreen's father was no doubt bothered by, and failed to understand, my not coming to grips with the simplicity of the gospel (as he saw it), he never badgered me about it and seemed to feel it would all fall into place eventually. Doreen's mother, on the other hand, was just as concerned about our having a right relationship with God and often admonished us about the need for dealing with it sooner rather than later. I'm afraid I caused them no small amount of concern in this regard as they were worried about what influence my actions or lack of action was having on Doreen and the boys.

The Red Parrott

One evening during the last days of camp, Doreen and I were walking along the beach away from the camp section and noticed, hidden away on a lot overgrown with weeds and scrub brush, a tumble-down cottage with a weathered sign reading "The Red Parrot." It seemed so out of place in an otherwise developed beach area that it piqued our curiosity and we determined to find out as much as we could about it.

When we returned to camp, I sought out Clarence Walker, the camp superintendent, and enquired about the property. He advised me that it was a lot that was included in the package when the camp purchased the land in 1939 and had not been used for years as it was relatively remote from the camp activities and no one seemed interested in renting it. My question of course was "Will you sell it and if so, what would the price be?" He advised me that the camp committee were meeting the next day and he would raise the issue with the committee and let me know what their decision was.

Needless to say, Doreen and I tossed and turned all night picturing in our minds what it would be like to have our own cottage at a beach we enjoyed as much as Manhattan. The next day Mr. Walker called and said that as they were not using the property, they would sell it and, if Doreen's father was in agreement, they would like to take his cottage, which was right in the centre of camp activities, on trade. The price that the committee were prepared to accept was $5,500 with an allowance of $4,000 for the other cottage and $1,500 in cash. After a hastily called family conference, Doreen's father and mother agreed to contribute their cottage if we would pay the cash difference which we were happy to do and we had a deal.

We didn't do anything with the cottage that year but early in the following spring we hired Murray Frederickson, husband of Doreen's cousin Joyce, and a carpenter by trade, to do some fairly extensive work on it. I had been able to buy enough matching windows second hand to replace the front of the building. We also found a good wood and coal range which answered our heating needs and on which Doreen could also cook and bake. The cupboards that we built were definitely not fancy, but the cost was something that we could afford and from a functional point of view we were ready to enjoy our cozy cottage.

One of our cottage neighbours was the manager of a company that sold pumps and plumbing supplies in Winnipeg and our next-door neighbour on the other side had a well beside his cottage. When I suggested to him that we might jointly dig a new well and put in a pressure system, running the water into both cottages, he was very interested and two weekends later we had a well dug, a pump installed and cold running water in our kitchens.

During the next few weeks, I was able to find a used water heater complete with elements for $5.00, a bath tub with taps and a wall hung basin for another $5.00 each. I was able to buy the copper pipe from our neighbour, Doug, at wholesale prices and he gave me instructions in soldering and we were in business. One more weekend and we had a hot and cold-water pressure system but of course I was concerned about what was going to happen to all of that water after we used it. Carrying it out in a pail was ok for a week or two but was clearly not the total answer. Thankfully, for me at least, this was in an era when you didn't require a building permit and from a construction perspective you could build just about anything you could afford providing you did it on your property.

The next move was to buy from our neighbour, Doug, a toilet system called a "Pail-a-Day" system, no doubt one of the worst waste disposal systems on the market. The one redeeming feature, however, was that on rainy nights it was dry and comfortable going to the bathroom, whether one liked the system or not

The renovated “Red Parrot”, being enjoyed by Doreen’s brother, Philip, in the hammock, father, George, in the chair, and Doreen kicking up her heels in the doorway

Our family all enjoyed the hours spent at that old cottage during the lazy days of summer. When camp was over, there were few people around and the beach became a small, tight-knit community of families like our own with children all about the same age and who all liked each other’s company and played well together.

During this period, we were fortunate enough to find a cedar strip boat with a 25 hp. Evinrude engine that would not only haul us around the lake but was big enough to pull the boys on water skis and they became very accomplished water skiers. We were also able to spend many quiet, peaceful hours fishing for pickerel and jackfish, trolling among the reeds.

Dale and Gary Brawn at Pelican Lake in mid 1950’s

Among the various attractive features of Pelican Lake that drew our family to it was the fact it was close to where Doreen's parents had homesteaded and where she had grown up. Her brother, Melvin Hall, had taken over the family farm and Melvin, Jean and their children were therefore nearby. The family connection was treasured.

In looking back on my life, it has become increasingly obvious that it isn't the cost of a thing that establishes value but rather the utility that the item offers. When I consider the many hours that we were able to spend together as a family in that cottage, primitive as it was, there is no doubt in my mind that it was one of the best investments we ever made.

I loved to see Gary and Dale so thoroughly enjoying all water sports but I never learned to swim and had a healthy sensitivity to the inherent dangers of any water-related activities. Melvin took considerable delight in sharing with anyone who would listen his recollection of my one and only attempt to ride the homemade surf board hauled behind his boat, and which apparently was a thrilling activity for the young Brawns and Halls and their friends. I was persuaded to buckle up a large, puffy life jacket, walk a substantial way into the water (perhaps up to my knees), grip the tow rope, and kneel on the board and give the "go" signal to Melvin. I think it is agreed I made it almost twenty feet before the fall and ensuing panic, and my involuntary, uncontrolled cries for help. Melvin claims I needed only to stand up and walk back to shore. Regardless I learned my lesson.

Melvin Hall pulling homemade surf board

Our languid summers at the lake finally came to an end when the boys began working during the school breaks and, while this didn't prevent our spending weekends there as often as we could, time moved on and this phase of our lives came to an end. Time however cannot erase our many happy memories of the days the Brawn family spent at Manhattan Beach.

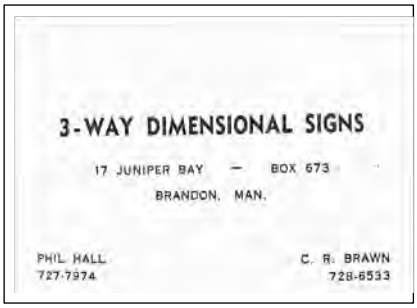
In the early sixties Doreen and I decided through a realtor friend, Tom Turpin, to buy an old two-story brick home with the plan we would convert it into two suites for rental. Murray Frederickson, the husband of Doreen's cousin, Joyce, was called on again to take on the carpentry work but Doreen worked there day after day, cleaning, sanding, painting, wall-papering and generally handling whatever was required. She continued to do this in every rental property we acquired after that. When there was a vacancy, she went in and cleaned the cupboards, stove, refrigerator, bathrooms and whatever she felt was not as clean and spotless as her standards required.

By the mid 1960's, I was exhausted emotionally and physically and was persuaded to change careers. For a time, I became the sales and repair representative for the Xerox company, a position which had the appealing advantages of regular hours and steady income. Nonetheless, I quickly concluded I was not cut out to be an employee.

As I considered my options, I determined that I did not want to return to the kinds of businesses which had so fully occupied every aspect of my life for the prior fifteen years. I was encouraged by our friend, Tom Turpin, to consider a career change to real estate, which had great appeal to me. I became a salesman with his company, Barker's Real Estate, and for a time was joined there by my brother-in-law, Philip Hall.

I enjoyed the work, but over time began again to feel the tug of wanting to be my own boss. I proceeded to study to become a real estate appraiser and broker following which Doreen and I established Brawn & Brawn Real Estate Service, and separately Roland Appraisal Service.

Starting a new business in a competitive environment had its obvious challenges and for a number of years there was a scramble to find enough additional income to meet our oblgations.

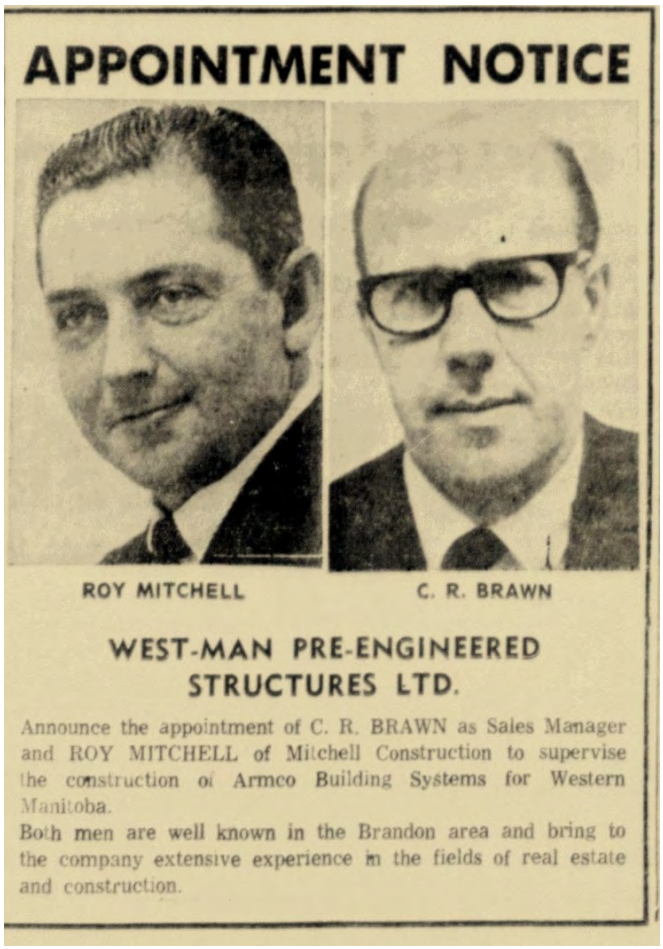


One such venture, joint with Phil and Carole Hall, was marketing (often at trade fairs) plastic signs, where the letters were pressed out by machine, and then painted. Magnetic strips would hold the sign in place on a metal surface, such as the side of a vehicle.

At the time it seemed to me my seemingly constant scramble to find ways to earn money was, quite simply, what was required to provide for our family. Looking back, however, I have deep regret about missing out on great swaths of family life because of the time demands made by regularly having two jobs.

This is not to suggest that my life was totally work oriented. Doreen and I had an active social life, with wonderful friends, and in the early 1960's I was able to indulge my dream to obtain a private pilot's license and to purchase a small airplane.

In November 1969, hoping for a complementary adjunct to our real estate business, I agreed to become the sales manager for Armco Building Systems which made the components for metal buildings in various styles, such as grain bins and farm equipment storage sheds. This was not a successful venture for me, and turned out to be largely a distraction.



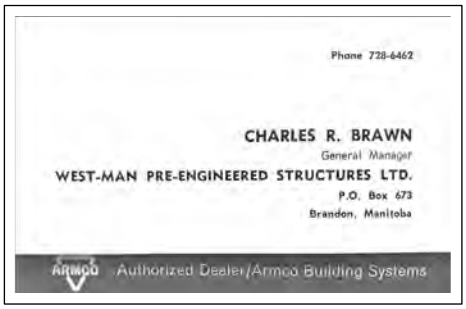
APPOINTMENT NOTICE

ROY MITCHELL C. R. BRAWN

WEST-MAN PRE-ENGINEERED STRUCTURES LTD.

Announce the appointment of C. R. BRAWN as Sales Manager and ROY MITCHELL of Mitchell Construction to supervise the construction of Armco Building Systems for Western Manitoba.

Both men are well known in the Brandon area and bring to the company extensive experience in the fields of real estate and construction.



Phone 728-6462

CHARLES R. BRAWN
General Manager
WEST-MAN PRE-ENGINEERED STRUCTURES LTD.
P.O. Box 673
Brandon, Manitoba

Authorized Dealer/Armco Building Systems

Although I kept busy with various side business ventures at different times, real estate was my primary focus, and Brawn & Brawn Real Estate grew to where it was the largest firm in the Westman area of Manitoba, with a considerable number of agents. Training and management of those agents and generally running a complicated business was a challenge which I enjoyed immensely. I was constantly on the lookout for agents who could be recruited to join our firm. One of those was my half-brother, Jack Brawn, who was coming to the end of his hockey career and weighing his options. He and his wife, Gail, agreed to move to Brandon so Jack could take training to become a real estate agent. He was good at that job, and in due course became my partner. The business flourished but I discovered that I did not like the loss of control which naturally resulted from having to consult with a partner. I guess the bottom line is that I was not a good candidate for partnership, and my partnership with Jack was dissolved. For a time, relations between us were strained, but years later Jack took

the initiative to re-open communications by travelling to Brandon to visit, which was followed by a very kind letter from Gail.[xvii]

A couple of years after that my son, Dale, who was at the time practicing law in Minnedosa, decided he wanted a career change and he took over the business. I continued to work in the firm, but my family was pressing me to retire, and, although I still enjoyed being involved in real estate, I wanted to travel and take on projects which were not work related. I agreed, with some hesitation, at least to cut back.

Although most of our real estate projects involved single properties, I partnered with Doreen's brother, Melvin Hall, on Marina Terrace, a lakeside development at Pelican Lake, not many miles from the homestead property where Doreen and Melvin were raised.

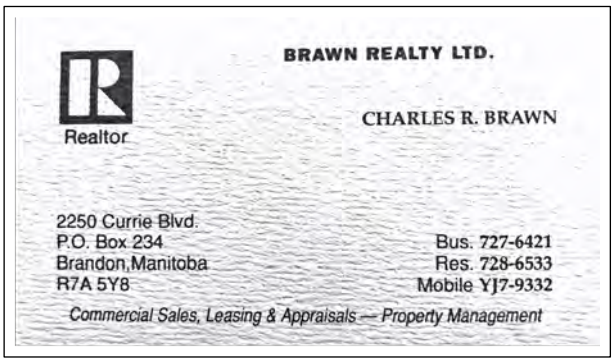
The largest real estate development venture was, however, joint with our friend, Tom Turpin. He and I believed that a strip mall on 18th Street, in Brandon, one of the city's busiest thoroughfares, could be very successful. We slowly over several years acquired a series of old, and often quite dilapidated, residences, and when we had all the property we needed for our project we arranged for the move or demolition of those buildings and the construction of the "Thomas Mall," the name suggested by me. Our "ribbon cutting" and Grand Opening was on Saturday, September 13, 1980, and was a proud day for both the Brawn and Turpin families.

Unfortunately, the opening of the Thomas Mall coincided with a period of rates of interest at an unheard-of level. Although rental of the mall units was proceeding well, Tom and I were not in a position to weather the ongoing challenges of construction and development loan rates hovering around twenty percent. We had one vacant unit, and were approached by a prospective tenant who wanted to start a video game business which we foolishly thought would lower the tone of the Mall. Business is business. Right? We were approached to sell the Mall and, as that sale provided a reasonable profit to us, we reluctantly agreed to do so. Each time I subsequently drove down 18th Street past the Thomas Mall, I felt regret. Such is life.

In the mid to late 1980's, Dale decided he wished again to change careers. His ambition was to attain the academic credentials to teach at the university level. While still being in charge of Brawn & Brawn Real Estate, he obtained his Masters of Arts degree (history), followed up by a Masters of Law degree, both from the University of Manitoba. When he decided to seek his doctorate from Osgoode Hall, he had to relocate to Toronto, and, of course, wind down the real estate business.

As I was not yet 65 years of age, and not ready financially or emotionally to stop working, I started Brawn Realty Ltd., which I intended to be a small-scale firm with only as much business as I could comfortably manage by myself (with Doreen's help, of course).

One of my first clients was my brother-in-law, Philip Hall, who wanted someone to assume some of the duties associated with managing his Brentwood Village mobile home park. He made a lot available for me to move in a modest mobile-home I could use as an office, and consequently my business-related costs were minimal. This allowed me comfortably to ease into retirement.



While I think I have generally enjoyed exceptionally good health (ignoring pleurisy as a young man, and subsequently dental challenges, flat feet, migraines and arthritis), there were several occasions when I was hospitalized for extended periods. In 1997 I was in hospital because of intestinal bleeding, brought on by diverticulitis requiring an operation which led to complications and I remained hospitalized for about nine weeks, including eight days in ICU. In all that time it seemed like Doreen was always there, except for the periods when she was spelled off by another family member. I most vividly recall that when in ICU any time I awoke Doreen was there.

In the spring of 2011, my faulty intestinal system created an emergency requiring immediate and extended hospitalization. I can only appreciate the pressure that situation put on Doreen when she had to call our boys and ask them to come home. Dale was a full-time professor at Laurentian University in Sudbury, and Gary and Angela had just arrived in California on their annual vacation. Dale drove and Angela flew home immediately, while Gary packed up their belongings and drove home as fast as safety permitted.

FAMILY REFLECTIONS:

Gary Brawn: My father was 87 when he underwent his 2011 surgery and hospitalization, but happily was able to enjoy the benefits of being relatively healthy for the remaining six years of his life. Although this was for him a period of contemplation and reflection, he was disinclined to work further on his autobiography. He certainly did not pressure me or anyone else to push that project to completion, but, through that final six years and since, I increasingly felt I did not want my father's life to be represented only by a small cardboard box filled with rough notes and old black and white photographs.

I sometimes wish I had pressed my father harder to help me fill out his life's story, but at the time I ended up concluding that it was important the agenda of activities for the last years of my father's life be set by him. The following pages follow no well-organized plan, but are intended to touch on aspects or chapters of the lives of my parents not covered by them, but which I think are significant in coming to understand them.

As I reflect on Charles as a father, and what he accomplished in his various endeavours over his 93 years, I am struck by this dichotomy. He and Doreen each left school after Grade 8, and yet, notwithstanding their minimal formal education, it was always understood in our home, without any particular discussion, that Dale and I would proceed to university and later into whatever profession we wished. We were never pushed or directed - only supported in whatever decision we chose to make. Likewise, the lack of even a high school education never held Charles back in his determination to be successful in his various businesses and in his volunteer commitments to community service.

I recently came across a newspaper photo from the Brandon Sun in 1964 showing my father as a Trustee of the Brandon School Division presenting me with some certificate of modest academic accomplishment. I gave no thought to it at the time, but on reflection and with the benefit of more than fifty years of hindsight, that photo is far more representative of my father's accomplishments than mine.

For the most part, my father's studies were job-related, such as the correspondence courses to become a movie projectionist or a television repair specialist or a real estate agent or property appraiser. But he also recognized that to be successful in whatever endeavour captured his interest, he would have to be a skilled communicator. He was attracted to the popular self-improvement books of the time, such as *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*. He also joined Toastmasters and worked hard with their assistance to become comfortable and effective in sharing ideas and persuading others of their merit.

I have a clear recollection of Angela and I attending a Brandon Real Estate Board social function when I was a young lawyer newly returned to my home town when my father, as President of the Board, acted as Master of Ceremonies. I honestly did not know what to expect, as I had been away from home for a number of years and earlier had never attended such a function when my father had such a role. I was struck by how self-assured and capable he was. I knew he appreciated the humour of the story-tellers, but had no sense of the self-

confidence he could bring to moving the evening's program along with very amusing stories. As at many other times in my life, I had to revise the picture I had in my mind of my father.

For the period when Dale and I were living at home, various general memories of our father come quickly to mind. Firstly, Charles was a hard worker. He almost invariably had more than one job. At different periods, as he detailed above, he might have been an automobile dealership parts man and cab driver, or movie projectionist and appliance repair man, or photographer's assistant and radio and television technician. Primarily, however, he was a businessman, and always strove to do more and better for his family. He liked to be his own boss, but I don't think that was for status or prestige, but simply because in that capacity the limit was raised as to what he could do for his family.

My parents never discussed their financial circumstances with my brother or me, and I never thought about it. For most of our family life together, we lived in a small, simple two-bedroom bungalow home in a modest neighbourhood. My mother was an exceptional homemaker, our house was always immaculate, and, even if the food choices were basic, we ate appetizing, nutritious meals. Like most of our friends, my parents would outfit us in September each year with a new wardrobe for school and church, and gifts at Christmas or on birthdays were often clothes. If Dale or I wanted a special item such as a baseball glove or a basketball, it was understood we would save for it and buy it ourselves. Our family never thought a family vacation to an exotic location like Disneyland was remotely possible. But as our situation mirrored that of our friends and neighbours, we naturally thought every aspect of our daily lives was "normal."

As I consider my father's work history, I can see the emphasis he put on keeping his family free from financial worry, even if that involved having more than one job at a time, or working long hours. I never thought to ask my father, even at the end stage of his life, whether he considered he had been "successful" in his work life. Depending on the criteria used to make that kind of judgment, it is certainly possible to conclude he was for the most part not successful. His work history objectively does not represent a trajectory steadily leading onward and upward to financial security so much as a wild scramble to satisfy the family's basic needs.

I think of my father as a dedicated and capable parent, an assessment with which he did not agree. In his later years Charles often commented on his regret at not spending more time with Dale and me while we were growing up. While it is true that Dad only rarely had time to attend our sporting events or perhaps even simply to play with us, Dale and I never thought for a moment his mind was not on us or that we were being neglected.

In the division of parental responsibilities of that time, our mother was certainly the primary caregiver and disciplinarian. Yet they worked as a team. In a circumstance of perceived misbehaviour by either Dale or me, Mom would often threaten us with the undefined but severe punishment that Dad would inflict when he got home. In truth, in my mind, she was the sterner parent and the one more to be feared.

Having said that, my brother, Dale, appears to have a different perspective*:*

The earliest memory I have of my father dates back to when we were living on 4th street in Brandon. As I recall we moved to 904-6th Street when I was about four or a little younger, so my first recollection of my father was when I was about three or four. He came home from work after I was asleep, and for some reason I had done something bad during the day and it was his job to punish. I remember being woken up and ….

I suppose on reflection I have very few early memories of my dad because he was typically at work. I don't think I can remember anything growing up except sometimes going with him to the Oak or the Strand Theatres, where he was a projectionist; and on one occasion I was at Manhattan Beach playing in the water while he and my grandfather finished work on a cottage they built.

My father was a strong-willed, opinionated man, and I suspect I may have been the same. Until I was in my 30's I don't think we had a conversation that in one way or another did not irritate either him or me.

I think his true character, and depth of understanding, came out the first year I attended university. I borrowed the family's Pontiac Laurentian, and I remember as if it were yesterday my father telling me not to let anyone else drive it. Well, I did. I was in a different car with a group of friends on the way to wherever the students in my dad's car were going and we came onto an accident on Victoria at about 34th. The Laurentian was totaled, vehicles were everywhere and people were standing around in shock. My first thought was not whether anyone was injured, but of how much trouble I was going to be in when I told my dad about what happened. When I did, he never said a word - no criticism, no rebuke, nothing.

Probably the most personal conversation I had with my father occurred when he was in his late 80s. I was staying in the spare room of my parents' apartment in Village Green, and one morning I was up early reading in the living room. He came out from his bedroom and began talking about how he felt he had treated me growing up. He said he felt badly, and should apologize for things he said or had done. He told me he and my mother always realized that I was treated differently than Gary, and he hoped that never translated into my feeling less loved. Then, as if he couldn't restrain himself, he added "Of course Gary was never a pain in the neck like you were."

Gary: Sometimes the most effective parental influence comes from modelling a behaviour. No lecture or admonition is involved in this process. I think of many small personal examples involving my father. I remember as a preschooler being with my father in a public restroom and being lifted to the sink so I could wash my hands. After I was let back down, Dad was careful to wipe up the watery mess I had created so the sink would be acceptable for the next person. I think of that often, in fact any time I make a mess, at a sink or anywhere.

Of course, genetics and family upbringing generally would encourage transfer of physical and personality traits from generation to generation. The first time this realization struck me

was when our family was returning from our cottage at Pelican Lake to Brandon. We were heading west on No. 2 highway, just south of Wawanesa. Dale and I, still pre-teens, were sitting in the back seat, our parents in the front. My father rested his arm over the back of the front seat, when I was suddenly and forcefully struck with realization that sometime in the future my hand would look like Dad's. That father/son connection was regularly emphasized during my youth by the commiserations I received that in due course, and sooner than I might wish, my thick mane of blond hair would become but a memory.

My father didn't swear, at least so far as such words ever came to my ear. I never heard my father make a racist or misogynist comment. Similarly, my father did not hit others or find violence attractive. I recall going as a child with my father and a fellow Bethel Temple board member to a Wheat King hockey game. I was amazed and appalled that this other man should be screaming encouragement at the players to bludgeon their opponents. My father would express enthusiastic support for his team but he would not do that.

Church-going was a big part of our family's weekly focus. As Dad has said, credit (or blame) for that goes to Mom's parents, particularly her mother, Ivy Hall, who not only was a serious proselytizer but a rigorous monitor of the religious commitment of her family members. As between my parents, I would guess the stricter enforcer of church-related obligations was my mother, but it was Charles who was almost always on the church board. When I was growing up, the family attended and supported Bethel Temple, a Pentecostal church. Sometime after Dale and I left home, my parents moved from that church for reasons not known to me to become similarly committed to and supportive of the Baptist Church. For the last decade or so of their lives, they were not regular members of any particular church, for which, again, I have no explanation.

Aspects of religious belief are probably always somewhat confusing to a young person, and that was certainly true for me. Throughout my youth, I could expect to go almost invariably to Sunday School at 10:30, the formal service at 11:30, a youth outreach activity mid-afternoon and evening service at 7:00 pm. I was not expected to go to the mid-week evening prayer meeting, but certainly was expected to attend the Friday evening youth service. At times, I sensed a certain logic in my parents' strictures concerning activities they found acceptable or not acceptable, but at other times was mystified.

For example, because Charles was a movie projectionist when I was a child, it was not unusual for me (and later for Dale) to deliver a meal to Dad when he was working at the Oak Theatre, which had a separate outside entrance to the projection booth. I have strong memories of sitting with my father while he worked, peering through the projectionist's window at the movie on the screen. I also recollect attending many Saturday afternoon matinees. But, at a certain point, my parents announced that movies were verboten, regardless of the target audience of the movie. For example, in 1953, when I was seven, the Disney studio released the animated movie Peter Pan, which I was excited to see. Mom announced Dale and I would not be going - no discussion, period. Their judgment was similar concerning dances, parties with school friends and social outings not associated with the Church youth group.

My father was fiercely supportive of his family. This first became obvious to me when I was sixteen and a newly licensed driver. I was alone in our car driving north on the 100 block of 10th Street, just south of the Strand Theatre, when the car ahead of me stopped and began backing up in order to maneuver into a parking spot. The driver of that car was the owner of a business in that area, and, before I could react, he backed into my car. We both got out of our cars, and the situation quickly became unpleasant, as he claimed, falsely, that I had rear-ended his car when it was stationary. My father was called, the man told his story and I explained the situation from my perspective. Dad said he could always rely on the truthfulness of what I said and was satisfied in this case. I was shocked and a wave of relief came over me, as I had feared my father would feel compelled to side with this reputable businessman, but without hesitation he came strongly to my defense.

Charles was conservative in his politics, but moderate in his views and actions. He believed there was a "true" path one should attempt to follow, but generally was not unduly upset if I or others had found a different path. Dale might in jocular fashion challenge Dad's support of a political leader or viewpoint about which Dale was critical but neither Dale nor I ever viewed Dad as an inflexible zealot.

After I became an adult, whether the issue was politics or religion or any other matter of social or personal significance, Dad and I were both generally content to bind ourselves to the unspoken compact to agree to refrain from challenging the other's views, while at the same time making our own views clear. When I was a teenager, we could not do that, but I like to think we both matured. An exception to his usually tolerant attitude was his determined and strongly expressed dislike of my decision as a university student to grow a beard.

My parents saw real estate as a desirable investment and that included their home. In 1965 they moved from 904 - 6th Street to a new house constructed to their plans at 17 Juniper Bay, a bi-level in design with a two-car garage, and located in a more affluent area in the west end of Brandon. Dale and I could finally each have our own bedroom. After both Dale and I had left home, 17 Juniper Bay was sold and our parents moved briefly to an older bungalow on 1st Street and then a split level on Silver Birch Drive. The Canadian tax laws allowing for tax-free capital gains on a personal residence encouraged and rewarded this approach, but it was a particular challenge for Mom, who inevitably had the primary responsibility of turning a house into a home.

In about 1975 a quarter section of land a couple of miles south of Brandon came to Charles' attention. On it was an old house and a large barn. For our parents, raised as children on farm properties, this property had great appeal, and turned out to be where they lived together for the longest period. Although they contemplated tearing down the house to build a new one, they opted for a major renovation, using the shell of the old brick, two-storied original construction. The land surrounding the yard site was rented to a neighbouring farmer, but the yard area was still very large, and except for a substantial garden it was grassed, which both my parents were determined to keep mowed to a professional standard.

They purchased a ride-on lawn mower, and initially Dad took responsibility for its use, but as his business always had priority the mowing responsibility slowly devolved to Mom. To begin with, she handled this job with her usual quiet resolve, but over a number of years of spending often two full days a week in the summer season sitting on that mower, she came to see this obligation as a burden and felt resentment.

In about 1993, Mom and Dad decided to attempt to simplify their lives by moving into Brandon and a more conventional living arrangement. Although Dad, in particular, had great regret about leaving the farm, he had to acknowledge he could handle his business obligations with more ease from the city, and there would be less worry in going away in the winter for extended periods. For Mom, the move meant she could remove lawn mowing from her list of household responsibilities. Dad advertised their property and an agreement was reached to take a home on 11 Imperial Crescent on trade, and they remained there until moving in 2002 to Village Green, a life-lease Plus 55 apartment complex.

After my father retired, I and the other members of our family worried that he would have great difficulty coping with the absence of work-related concerns which had occupied his attention for so many years. He had no hobbies; recreation was never a priority. While I think my father did truly miss his business, he was very willing in his retirement to take on new challenges and explore new interests. One benefit of Charles' varied work history and his aptitudes was that he was a "handy" man, who took pleasure in solving problems. Whether his challenge was a leaky pipe or a difficult and divisive board of directors, he looked for a practical solution and applied his best efforts to effect a resolution.

Charles had always been heavily involved in a wide variety of church and civic activities. Examples include: President Brandon Flying Club 1962-64, Chairman Brandon School Board 1966, Chairman Gideons 1960's, Member Kiwanis for many years, Chairman Church Board three years, member many years, Church Moderator one year, President Brandon Real Estate Board three years, Appraisal Association Secretary six years, Member Pelican/Rock Lake Water Control Board four years, Member Manitoba Real Estate executive 1976, Director CREA three years, Director of local Credit Union and secretary or director of numerous short term charity campaigns.

For the most part, travel for my parents began in earnest following Dad's retirement, generally was shared with family and good friends and included: 1985 - Hawaii (part of the celebration of their 40th wedding anniversary), 1986 - Spain with friends (the Krahns and the Greaves), 1989 - Australia and New Zealand with Melvin and Jean Hall and later to Nashville with Doreen's brothers, Philip, Hubert and Melvin and their wives, Carole, Eileen and Jean.

My wife, Angela, and I were delighted to share vacation trips with them to Florida, Prince Edward Island, San Francisco, the Dominican Republic and Savanah, Georgia, as well as family trips to our son's home in Calgary, and the home of my brother, Dale, in Sudbury. It was obvious to Angela and me that my parents were resolved to go to any lengths to make those times together as enjoyable for us as was possible, which of course made it very easy to respond in kind.

Beginning in the late 1960's, regular continental travel for my parents usually involved pulling an Airstream trailer. After exploring all the southern states, when my parents finally decided to settle on a particular winter getaway location, they chose Mesa, Arizona where Melvin and Jean Hall had a winter home. Initially they stayed there in their Airstream, but in 1994 Charles and Doreen purchased a "Park Model" modular home and settled in to all the activities which the Silver Ridge Resort provided, such as crafts, dances, tennis and cards.

In addition, and much to his family's surprise, Dad auditioned for the Ayn Rand mystery comedy play, *The Night of January 16th*, put on in the park. He was chosen for the lead role of District Attorney Flint, his first and only venture in live theatre (ignoring his participation in the Leggott School Christmas concerts more than half a century earlier). Doreen was conscripted as a makeup artist to join a very sizeable group of behind-the-scenes volunteers. Although Charles' performance was not reviewed in The New York Times or even the Arizona Republic, he received many very complementary assessments from the residents of the Silver Ridge Park.

Although Dad never came to love golf or other athletic activities, he was persuaded to become involved at least to the extent he could take pleasure in the social aspects of the game. This became especially important during summers in Brandon after retirement as my parents were able to join with a number of other couples who collectively organized social golf outings a couple of times a week at either their own club, Glen Lea Golf Course, or nearby rural courses where they could make a day of it.

Doreen and Charles were both very active volunteers in the Plus 55 life lease residential complex, Village Green, where they moved in 2002 and which turned out to be their last home together. Mom worked behind the scenes, decorating, organizing, cooking and the like, whereas Dad was always the one to head committees, make presentations or research residents' concerns. It pleased him to feel that his neighbours in the apartment development placed value on his experience and ability.

When Dad was persuaded to retire from his last business, Brawn Realty, our family, as stated, was very concerned about how he would cope, as he had always taken far more satisfaction from his work than from any leisure activity. Through the years of our parents' marriage, Mom had done her best to encourage him to try activities such as tennis, badminton, curling and golf, but none truly captured his sincere interest. Indeed, that concern turned out to be well-founded, as for a number of post-retirement years Dad suffered boredom and regret that he had not continued in his business.

He was attracted to writing, and for several years composed a regular bulletin for the Glen Lea Golf Course in consideration for which he was provided with a complementary golf membership. His bulletin reported on league results, upcoming tournaments, and exceptional performances by club members.

Certainly, he continued to be busy with his volunteer and other activities, but he was looking for a greater challenge. In approximately 2004, when he was in his early 80's, Charles

decided he would try his hand at writing a novel, which he tentatively titled *Warm Warm Room*, and within a year had completed about ninety pages. He circulated his "work in progress" for assessment and got encouraging feedback[xviii], but was stuck.

Dale stepped in with the suggestion that Dad join him in the research and writing of articles of historical interest in the Brandon and nearby area. This led to a long series of features in the Brandon Sun, and some other rural newspapers, many of which were subsequently published in book form as *Every Stone A Story: Manitoba's Buried History* (in two volumes). This project gave Dad pleasure and personal satisfaction, for which Dale deserves great credit.

Charles Brawn – "On Assignment"

This photograph appeared on the front page of the Brandon Sun Community News April 24, 2008, and the accompanying article stated:

> *For this father-son duo, it all comes down to telling stories before they get forgotten completely. "I kept thinking about all the stories that weren't being told," said Dale Brawn, who, along with his father Charles, is releasing a book tomorrow that collects a number of interesting life stories about now-dead Manitobans. The book, called Every Stone A Story, follows 50 people who have a connection to Manitoba – primarily Westman – and tracks them, literally, to the grave. Each of the tales is accompanied by a photo of the person's final resting spot, a task that necessitated*

> *about 10,000 km of driving, Dale estimated… Together, they write and polish the stories, and then one or the other of them has to drive out to snap a picture of the headstone – or sometimes, the empty field where the headstone isn't…. "My grandfather died at 98, a pioneering farmer," Charles said. "It bothered me that in 20 years, no one would know he had passed this way."*

Dale: *I suspect the best time I had with my father was when we were working together on a newspaper column he and I did for the Brandon Sun. He was passionate about it, and it was a source of real satisfaction on my part to see him that happy.*

Gary: Angela and I have often talked of how fortunate we were in the relationships we had with our parents. It was somewhat easier to have a closer connection with my parents than with Angela's as Charles and Doreen lived in the same community, and it was not a challenge to have regular informal contact. In contrast, Angela's parents, Wilbert (Bert) and Beatrice (Bea) Martin lived at some distance, initially in Swan River and later Saskatoon or Edmonton, where Bert worked for the Federal Department of Veterans' Affairs in the Veterans' Lands Act section. During those periods, visits with us and (perhaps more importantly) with their grandson, Christopher, were generally restricted to holiday periods. We loved the contact we had with Bert and Bea who were a delight, but it was frustrating to both them and us that distance imposed such serious limitations.

When approximately sixty, Bert had a minor stroke, which caused him to take early retirement, and permitted the Martins to move ahead with their long-planned relocation to Brandon. Adjustment was not difficult for them, as, apart from Angela, me and our son, Christopher, they had many members of their extended family nearby. Both had been raised on farms north of Brandon in the Cardale and Strathclair areas. Charles and Doreen were very welcoming to the Martins as the two couples had always enjoyed their shared times together. Dad invited Bert to be his partner in a senior golf league. The two couples regularly met for social bridge.

In about 1988, when Bert was about 63, he had a major stroke, which caused paralysis on his right side, and loss of ability to speak. Bea took complete responsibility for Bert's care, which continued until the pressures of that responsibility damaged her health to the extent of making that care arrangement impossible. Bert had to enter the Fairview Personal Care Home, the same facility which later became home for my mother, and that is where he remained until his death in 2001. Bea continued to reside alone in her own home until her death four years later.

Christopher, Angela & Gary Brawn, Bea & Bert Martin, Charles and Doreen Brawn

Support from my parents often came in concrete form such as helping us with loans to buy our first and later our second home. But more significantly, we knew they were always there to be turned to for help and guidance if need of any kind should arise. With great insight on their part, it is possible their most significant contribution to the strength of our relationship was that they refrained from providing unsought advice. We never had even a small stretch of unpleasantness or awkwardness in our interactions.

Both Mom and Dad often expressed regret about some perceived failure in their parenting, but when their grandson, Christopher, came along in 1976, they were determined to be as attentive and caring as they could possibly be. They saw Christopher regularly, but by their choice not so often that Angela or I could view it as an interference. They were always determined that the time spent with Christopher would be meaningful for him. They were very open about the delight they felt in being able to spend time with Christopher. Angela remembers coming to the farm house to pick up Christopher, at the time a preschooler, after a visit and finding Christopher and Doreen on their hands and knees fully engaged in fort building with the furniture cushions, something Mom would never have considered with Dale and me.

My parents had a big German Shepherd guard dog which they had inherited with the farm. Shep was not friendly with strangers, but loved Christopher, who in turn had great fun playing with Shep. Mom was often at war with gophers in her yard, and an activity shared with Christopher and Shep was for Mom to flood a gopher hole with water, while Shep and his faithful companion guarded the rodent’s escape hatch.

On another occasion Angela had taken Christopher to the farm and was visiting with Mom in the house while Christopher was with Charles at the barn. Charles came rushing into the house with Christopher crying in his arms, and reported there had been an accident in the barn. Apparently, Christopher, as an independent, strong-willed preschooler, had ignored Dad's admonitions to avoid a certain area of the loft floor with the result that he had fallen through an opening onto the cement floor below. Dad was frantic with worry as he grabbed his little grandson and rushed him to the house. According to Angela, Charles was ashen, shaking and frantic with worry. Christopher was fine, but Dad's recovery took far longer.

On February 1, 2016 Mom collapsed in the parking area of their apartment building and was taken to the hospital by ambulance for tests. The exact cause of her fall was never determined, but in the course of her brief hospitalization red flags were raised concerning the level of her comprehension. She was good at keeping a conversation going without getting into the type of specifics that would warn of a cognitive deficit. It was decided after she was released from hospital that she would have sessions with a psychiatrist to identify the nature of her challenges.

About the same time Mom began more and more to verbalize delusions about misbehaviour by Dad, and in particular developed the strange notion that there were women of low moral character who lived somewhere upstairs from their apartment and, when she was not watching, would come down and either carry on with Dad or steal or move her things. Clearly her memory was failing, but the delusions were particularly painful for Dad and us to deal with. In May or June, Mom went through a three-week assessment at the Assiniboine Centre psychogeriatric assessment unit, which concluded that she could not live on her own. She reluctantly agreed to be paneled for personal care, but truly did not see the need of it. The paneling process was commenced at the end of July. We were told it could be a year before a room became available, but by what seemed a miracle we received within a month a call that a room would be available at the Fairview Nursing Home (my mother's first choice) in mid-September and that is where she spent the final two and a half years of her life.

Mom's subsequent decline, both physical and mental, was easily observable. Just after midnight of New Year's Eve, 2016, when going to the bathroom, she had a fall and broke her hip. Luckily, there was enough noise from the fall to awaken the resident in the next room, staff were alerted, and Mom was shortly taken by ambulance to the hospital. By an almost miraculous happenstance, a surgeon from Winnipeg who had just arrived in Brandon on a locum offered to do the required surgery, as his schedule was completely open for New Year's Day. Although Mom seemed physically to recover quickly from the operation, it was not long before the ongoing deterioration related to her vascular dementia caused here to be bound to her wheelchair.

I always saw my mother as very capable of taking on any challenge, and a person who was not satisfied to accept in others or herself anything other than the best effort possible. She was raised in a family with traditional values, and the expectation was that she would go out into the world, find a husband, support that husband in whatever endeavours he undertook, raise a family, and encourage her children to be good people and productive members of the

community. She was of course not unique in this. The same could be said of Angela's mother and many others of that generation.

I thought my mother could do anything. She did not share that conviction, and was always very determined to be a behind the scenes support to others, firstly to my father, and later to my brother and me. I had no idea until working on the family history project that my mother's education stopped at grade eight, as she seemed so knowledgeable and capable.

Doreen was always a shy person, but frequently overcompensated for that shyness by being somewhat assertive, even quietly aggressive. She was always very accommodating and generous in providing praise to my brother and me. She was generally very uncritical, although there was often a hint in her comments that she had concerns and worries about aspects of our lives.

My mother was a stickler for propriety in most social situations, but that could be trumped on occasion by her determination always to be truthful and honest, even if it might be easier and less stressful to be otherwise. I think, for example, of various gifts which Angela and I gave to her over the period of our time together, which we were convinced would be welcomed and appreciated, only to have them returned to us a few days later with the explanation that either they would never be used by her, or they had for a negative connotation or she simply did not like them.

I am not sure Mom went through life easily. She never complained of feeling worry or stress, but there was considerable evidence that she did. I think she believed she could deal with most awkward social situations by an act of will.

Through the period when attempts were being made to determine the nature of Mom's medical difficulties, Dad was experiencing abdominal pain and weight loss. Initially he surmised it related to intestinal difficulties, perhaps a partial blockage or a diverticulitis flare-up, but after x-rays, CAT scans and MRI's and the involvement of specialists it was concluded he had pancreatic cancer. Because of his age and frailty, surgery was deemed not to be practical. There was no non-surgical cure, but Dad's surgeon refused to consider surgery, as he was convinced Dad could not survive such a lengthy, difficult operation. Chemotherapy and radiation were also ruled out as the consequences would be severe. Dad was given perhaps six months to live, and urged to indulge himself and take whatever steps were possible to make his remaining days as fruitful and satisfying and pain-free as possible.

Surprisingly, Dad's cancer was not accompanied by any significant pain or other physical discomfort. Mainly his challenge was to force himself to eat when his appetite had largely disappeared, and to keep active when all he really wanted to do was sleep. He lost considerable weight and got down to about 130 lbs. At approximately 12:30 am one evening in October, 2016 (Mom was in Fairview by that time) we received a call from Dad's neighbours who lived below him indicating they had heard a loud thud from above which they were concerned might have been Dad falling. We rushed over and found him semi-conscious and lying across the mat just inside the front door. Angela, and I decided we would invite ourselves to live with Dad to try to provide what help we could. We found that

arrangement much less stressful than worrying about him from a distance, as Dale was forced to do.

Dad was very cheery, and we enjoyed this time with him very much, although we worried our presence would upset the comfort of his usual routines and cause unwanted complications and pressures for him. With one exception, we never had one situation of even minor conflict, as he was clearly resolved to go to great length to anticipate and then accommodate any possible concerns Angela and I might have. He handled that potentially awkward situation with great dignity and thoughtfulness. The exception related to his tendency to fall when attempting to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night. We asked him to alert us when he wanted to get out of bed, so that I could go to help him. Angela gave him the school bell she had received on retirement, so he could ring it as a signal he needed attention. It pained him to bother us, but we emphasized we would much rather be wakened by the irritating sound of the school bell than the alarming sound of him falling.

In the last six months of his life, it was natural for Dad's thoughts and concerns to turn to spiritual and religious matters. Several times throughout that period I would sense in Dad a need for discussion and consideration of issues and questions that were clearly beyond what I was capable of helping him with. I would ask if he felt he needed what I referred to as an "Orton fix," which we both understood to mean a visit and a chat with Orton Anderson, a former hospital chaplain, who had moved from being simply Dad's friend to being his spiritual advisor. Invariably Orton responded quickly and each time Dad came from those visits comforted and more at peace.

My father's life's journey ended on February 25, 2017. He went into Palliative Care at our local hospital about ten days prior as he was falling with increased regularity and was from time to time somewhat confused. Initially he seemed to be doing well, but very shortly he began to fail and for the three or four days prior to his death he was essentially in a deep sleep, and unable to communicate or respond to stimuli. Dale had come from Sudbury to be with him and spent most waking hours during this period sitting with Dad.

Dale remember*s:*

> *The last memory I have of Dad was literally a memory of the last time we were together. He was in the palliative care unit of the hospital, and I spent three or four days with him before he became unconscious. He talked of growing up in a way he never had before, and I loved every one of his anecdotes. He did not appear to be in any pain, and seemed genuinely to enjoy sharing.*

Gary: On the morning of Dad's last day, I picked up Mom from Fairview, loaded her and her wheelchair into the car and proceeded to the Palliative Care Unit so Mom could sit with Dad. Just prior to noon, I explained to Mom we would have to go back to Fairview so she could have her lunch. I pushed her in her wheelchair down to the hospital entrance, went and retrieved the car, loaded her and the wheelchair in the car and was about to embark when she said she did not want to go. So, I unloaded the wheelchair, helped her in her chair to the hospital entry area, went and re-parked the car, returned, collected her and we headed back

up to Dad's room. She took her position next to his bed, held his hand, and within an hour Charles quietly passed away.

The funeral was delayed for two months to accommodate relatives who were away from the area for the winter. It was relatively straight-forward. Dad's longtime friend and counsellor, Orton Anderson, handled the service. Dad had chosen two songs which the minister's daughter (and friend of my parents), Nancy Berg, sang. The first song was *The Wind Beneath my Wings* which is clearly not a religious song, but was intended by Dad to reflect how much over the seventy years of their marriage he had come to rely on Mom.

Mom handled the funeral and related events quite well, but by the time we took her back to Fairview she was exhausted. I think (and hope) the funeral helped bring closure, as she had had great difficulty (exacerbated by her dementia) accepting the reality of Dad's death.

Over the next year, Mom suffered a gradual, but sustained, physical and mental deterioration. Angela and I felt she was being heavily overmedicated by her consulting psychiatrist, but by the time we were able to change doctors and get her off much of the offending medication, she had become bound to her wheelchair, and unable to speak in sentences. She never complained of pain or frustration, although doubtless she had an abundance of both. She did, however, go through a lengthy period when she adopted the mantra, expressed often and in a loud voice: "Gary, Gary, get me out of here!" Frequently I would hear this phrase as I came off the elevator on her floor at the Fairview Nursing Home, and initially thought this chant must have been triggered by her seeing me arrive as she looked out the second-floor window, but was told by staff and other residents my presence was not required for her to be calling out in this fashion.

A week or so prior to her death on February 18, 2019 (one week short of the second anniversary of my father's death), her care advisors at Fairview indicated she was approaching the last stage in her life. Dale spent that week at her side providing comfort and silent encouragement. Dale had to return to his work obligations in Sudbury on February 17, and I arrived back in Brandon late that evening from our winter vacation in California. I felt blessed to be able to spend February 18 quietly sitting with my mother. She was in a comatose state and unable to communicate by word or gesture, but exhibited a calmness and peace that made easy an acceptance of her approaching death.

Grandson, Christopher, remembers:

> *One of my most pervasive memories is how Grandma Brawn would grin and kid around with me in particular. Before their sickness, she would delight in saying "Oh, Christopher" and sometimes "you rascal," and reaching out and pinching me or shaking my shoulder. She was proper enough that you never had the sense it was a well-practiced motion, but she was genuine about it and it was through gestures like that that I remember her biggest, most genuine smiles.*

Charles and Doreen Brawn

Gary: There will be no chapters in history books outlining the achievements of Charles and Doreen Brawn, but I believe they were successful in accomplishing their life goal to be good persons. It is important to me that their great grandchildren and other family members have some basic sense of them and their lives and I hope this little book helps.

The headstone/bench marking the graves of Charles Roland Brawn and Doreen Lois (Hall) Brawn
located in the old section of the Brandon Cemetery.
Charles' ashes were contained in the milk jug;
the ashes of Doreen in the more ornate silver and blue urn.
Interment and service was held on August 30, 2019 with extended family in attendance.

APPENDIX 1: THE BRAWN FAMILY

EARLIEST MEMBERS OF BRAWN FAMILY (that I can find)

Thomas Brawn (1545-1605), born and died in Yardley Hastings, Northamptonshire.
Married to Ellen (surname not known) (1550-1581),
had at least six children including:

William Brawn (1580-1658), born in Yardley Hastings, but died in Grendon.
Married to Alice (surname not known) (1584-1619),
had at least five children including:

Robert Brawn (1617-1697), born and lived thereafter in Grendon,
married to Anne Bosworth (? -1731),
had at least six children including:

John Brawn (1648-1716), born and died in Grendon,
married to Sarah (surname not known) (1646-1679),
had at least six children including:

Robert Brawn (1678-1743),
married to Anne Lovell (1682-1762).
Robert Sr. was born in Grendon in 1678, Anne in the same place in 1682. They married on October 1, 1702 and had eight children: Abraham (1703-1710), named after Anne's father, Robert (1705-1774), Sarah (1707-?), Anne (1710-1710), William (1711-1793), Abraham (1715-1795), Anne (1717-?), the first Anne having died in 1710, her first year, and John (1723-1802). Robert was a farmer. He and Anne lived their whole lives in Grendon and died there.

The next in the direct line was Robert Brawn Jr. who was born on August 7, 1705, in Grendon, Northamptonshire. His father, Robert Sr., was 27 and his mother, Anne Lovell, was 23. Robert Jr. married Elizabeth Smith on October 11, 1730 in Easton Maudit. and they had six children together: Sarah Brawn (1731-?), John (1735-1801), Mary (1737-?), Anne (1743-?), Robert (1745-?) and William (1747-1828). Both Robert and Elizabeth died in Grendon, Elizabeth in 1759 and Robert Jr. in 1774 at the age of 69.

Next came John Brawn who married Sarah Barry in Stanwick, Northamptonshire, on June 10, 1757. Both were born in 1735 in their home community. In 1759 they became parents to John (1759-1836). Sarah died in Stanwick in January, 1767 and on April 5, 1768 John married Rose Marchant (1732-1809), also from Stanwick. John lived his whole life in Stanwick and was buried there on December 18, 1815.

Next came John Jr., who, as stated, was born in Stanwick in 1759 and married Sarah Middleton in their home village on October 18, 1781. Sarah was born in 1753. As a ten-year old, John Jr. was apprenticed as a carpenter and with Sarah had seven children: Thomas Brawn (1783-1799), William (1783-1862), Edward (1784-?), Mary (1786-?), John (1788- ?),

Thomas (1790-1863) and Sarah (1792-?). On May 5, 1836 John was buried in Stanwick, having lived 77 years.

Next in the direct line was Thomas Brawn, born in 1790 in Stanwick. He married Sarah Knight April 20, 1815 in Little Billing, Northamptonshire. They had six children: Keziah (1817-1891), Thomas (1818-1877), David (1819-1884), George (1820-1893), John (1822-1899) and Elizabeth (1830-?). In the 1851 and 1861 Census reports Thomas is described as a carpenter, and Sarah as a dressmaker. They lived in Rushden which is where Thomas died in 1863. Sarah died three years later and was buried in Grendon.

DAVID BRAWN AND PHOEBE (BATES) BRAWN

Next came David Brawn who was born in 1819 in Little Billing, Northamptonshire at which time his father, Thomas, was 28 and his mother, Sarah Knight, was 26. David married Sarah Bamford in Weston Favell on February 7, 1837, but Sarah died less than a year later, on January 28, 1838. They had no children.

David married Phoebe Bates on February 23, 1845 in Weston Favell. She had been born in that community in 1828 and baptized there on February 21, 1830. David and Phoebe had 13 children over 24 years. David died in Weston Favell, and was buried there on March 11, 1884. Initially Phoebe carried on alone, working to support herself as a laundress, but in the 1901 Census, although still self-employed as a laundress, she was sharing her residence with her son, Thomas, 45 years of age, who was employed as a bricklayer. Phoebe died at 78 in her home community and was buried there on July 26, 1906.

Various census reports indicate David Brawn was an agricultural labourer, and Phoebe a laundress. As each of the sons became teenagers, they also took employment as farm labourers. For the full period David and Phoebe were raising their family, they lived at Weston Favell, a small village north of Northampton and that is where George Brawn, (the father of Charles William Brawn and the grandfather of Charles Roland Brawn) was born.

Weston Favell is a village with a long history, no doubt going back to the Roman period if not to the Iron Age. Through the Victorian era, Weston Favell continued as a primarily agricultural community. In 1833, the population was 443, and the census reports for the years 1841, 1851, 1861, 1871 and 1881 show that most of the villagers continued to be employed in some capacity in agriculture, and related concerns (shepherds, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, and the like). Many of the men were hired as labourers by tenant-farmers and many of the Brawn clan were so employed.

Children typically attended school until they reached nine years of age, although certainly some continued for two or three more years. But, by age twelve, most children in the Brawn family had taken employment - as labourers if male, as domestic servants if female.

St. Peter’s Church has played an important role in the social and religious lives of many of the Brawn family extending over many years. Although the Church was rebuilt, restored, and

renovated many times, remnants of early construction suggest the first incarnation was probably in the Eleventh Century.

The Church of St. Peter, Weston Favell, 2015

The baptism, marriage and burial registrations completed and maintained by a succession of rectors reflect the most important happenings in the Brawn family living in Weston Favell. Robert Hervey Knight, who took over from his similarly named father, was the last of a long line of rectors in that family. He was the rector for St. Peter's from 1842 onward for more than thirty years, dying in 1875. He was replaced by the Rev. James Phillips. The names of these rectors appear on those registrations – for example: R. H. Knight senior on the marriage registration for David Brawn and Sarah Bamford, R. H. Knight junior on the marriage registration for David Brawn's marriage to Phoebe Bates, and James Phillips on the registration for David Brawn's burial.

THE CHILDREN OF DAVID AND PHOEBE (BATES) BRAWN:

Amelia Elizabeth Brawn

Amelia (described on Census reports as Elizabeth) was baptized in Weston Favell on March 30, 1845 at which time her father was 26 and her mother 17. She had an illegitimate child, Annie Elizabeth, in 1868 and then married David Barnabas Daniels (1844 - 1925) in 1869. They had ten children together. In the 1871 Census it is reported that Annie E. Brawn, granddaughter, was residing with her grandparents, David and Phoebe, and the six of their children who remained at home. Ten years later, Annie remained in the care of her grandparents and is described as a "servant out of employ." Amelia died in late 1918 when she was 73 years old. She lived in Weston Favell her whole life.

John Brawn

John was baptized in Weston Favell on July 4, 1847. He married Sarah Ann Moore in Abington, Northamptonshire on September 1, 1869. They had seven children. In the 1871 Census John is described as an "attendant" and a servant employed at the Abington Abbey. By 1881 John, Sarah and their children were living in Weston Favell, where John worked as a general labourer. In 1891 John was described as a "Groom and Domestic Servant." Sarah died in 1905 at 53 years of age. Four years later, John, at 63, married Elizabeth Anne Flowers, who was twenty years his junior. John died about July, 1916.

Eliza Elizabeth Brawn

Eliza was christened on April 7, 1849. She married William Nash on June 7, 1870, and thereafter was described as Elizabeth. In the 1871 Census, the young couple resided in Colney Hatch parish. William was a Glazier and over their married life together resided primarily in Edmonton parish, Middlesex and in the 1880's that is where most of their five children were born. On the 1881 Census it is noted that Eliza's younger sister, Mary Ann Brawn, 21, Dressmaker, was residing with them. Both Eliza and William died in 1907.

Harriett Brawn

Harriett was baptized on July 6, 1851 in Weston Favell, and died less than a year later, on March 29, 1852 and was buried in that same community.

Sarah Ann Brawn

Sarah was baptized in Weston Favell on February 6, 1853. In the 1871 Census Sarah is living in Ecton, approximately three miles to the northeast of Weston Favell and described as a domestic servant. She was employed by Samuel Sharman, a farmer of 326 acres who employed eight men and four boys. Sarah appears not to have married or had children. Genealogical inquiries are complicated by the fact the wife of her brother, John, was also known as Sarah Ann Brawn, and was approximately the same age.

Thomas Peter Brawn

Thomas was baptized in Weston Favell on September 2, 1855. His father was 36 and his mother 27. He married Hannah Elizabeth Bray on October 1, 1898 and they had four children

together. Thomas also had one child from another relationship. In 1881 and again ten years later he was noted to be working as a gas meter inspector in Kingstorpe. Hannah died in 1889. In the 1901 Census, Thomas is described as a widower and is living with his 73-year-old mother, Phoebe, in Weston Favell. Ten years later, Thomas has become a boarder at the home of his married nephew, Ernest Moore, son of Emma. Thomas died in October 1912 in Plymouth, Devon, England, at the age of 57.

Emma Brawn

Emma was baptized on September 6, 1857 in Weston Favell. In the 1881 Census, she is living as a domestic servant in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marsh in Edmonton, Middlesex. On August 11, 1881 she married Joseph Moore in Weston Favell. By 1891 she was widowed and living in Weston Favell, supporting herself as a home laundress, and sharing her home with her two sons, Ernest Charles Moore, born in New Southgate, Middlesex in 1884 and Alfred George Arthur Moore, born in the same place in 1886. She was either living with or adjacent to her mother, Phoebe, and Phoebe's granddaughter, Agnes A. Daniels. Ten years later, Emma's circumstances were essentially similar, but her sons, now 17 and 15, were working, Ernest as a "pressman" in the local boot and shoe factory, and Alfred as a "finisher." Phoebe, now 73, was joined by her widowed son, Thomas. Alfred died at 19 in 1905, and by 1911 Emma, still in Weston Favell, and still supporting herself as a laundress, lived alone.

Mary Ann Brawn

Mary Ann was baptized on November 6, 1859 in Weston Favell and was raised and schooled in that community. By the time of the 1881 Census, she had moved to the Edmonton parish of Middlesex to live with her sister Eliza Elizabeth and brother-in-law William Nash. She was a dressmaker. On December 18, 1881 she married John Henry Nicholls in Edmonton parish, Middlesex. A witness to the wedding was William Nash. John was described as a commercial clerk. Their child, Arthur John Henry Nichols, joined them in 1885. By 1891 John was employed as a railway clerk but the family continued to reside in Middlesex. Ten years later, Arthur continued to live with his parents, but had left school to take employment, like his father, as a railway clerk. In 1911 Arthur at 26 was still single and living at home with his parents, but had become a stock exchange broker's clerk. Arthur married in 1912, subsequently had two children, Derrick and Kenneth, and continued in his profession as a stockbroker. John died in 1918, and Mary Ann ten years later.

George Brawn

Born in 1862. See below.

Ellen Brawn

Ellen was baptized in Weston Favell on April 3, 1864. She was raised in that community and by the time of the 1881 Census, when she was 17, and still with her family, she was working as a home laundress. On December 25, 1882 she married George Thorley Moores, who, according to the 1881 Census, had been working as a corn miller and was a lodger in Northampton St. Giles. George had been baptized on April 12, 1856 which made him eight years Ellen's senior. By 1891 the couple had moved to St. Paul Deptford, where George had

taken employment as a journeyman miller, and they had started their family. Ten years later, they were living in St. Giles and George was a life insurance salesman. The Moores had four children: Herbert G. in 1884; Gertrude E. in 1886; Frances S. in 1889 and Edmund R. in 1899. George died in 1943 and Ellen in 1951.

Charles Brawn

Charles was baptized in Weston Favell on December 2, 1866 when his mother was 38 and his father 47. On the 1881 Census Charles is described as an agricultural labourer, although he was only 14. Charles and Emma were married on November 26, 1893. She was four and a half years younger than Charles. They shortly thereafter adopted Florence Coleman Harrison who had been born on July 11, 1894 in Weston Favell, and whose mother, Ada Harrison arranged baptism in Weston Favell on October 4, 1896. Charles was described on subsequent Census reports as a Mason's labourer, or Bricklayer's labourer. Charles died in 1928 and Emma in 1960. In 1921 Florence married Alfred David Brawn, a son of Charles' brother, George, and who, except for the fact she was adopted, would have been a first cousin. Florence died in 1972.

Arthur Brawn

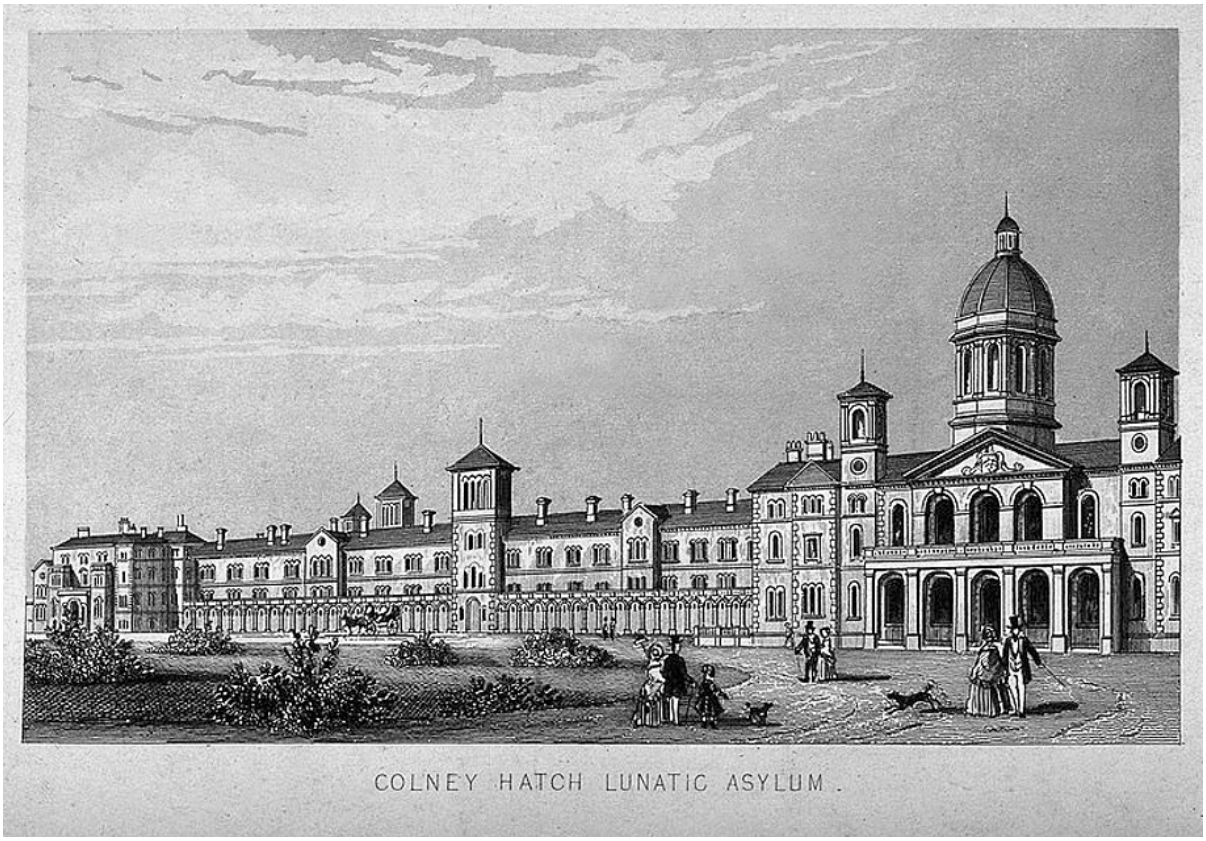
Arthur was baptized in Weston Favell on January 3, 1869. Although remaining in Weston Favell, at 12 Arthur had taken up lodging with the widow Mary Spence who was a baker and a farmer and employed three men and three boys. Arthur's job was to be an errand boy. On February 17, 1889 in Edmonton, Middlesex Arthur was married to Elizabeth Maude Mary Sales. The 1891 Census reports that the young couple are living in Islington and Arthur is employed as a "carman." Residing with them is Maude's brother, also known as Arthur. Ten years later, Maude and Arthur have been joined by their three children: Dorothy Maud (1895-?), Winifred Ethel (1897-1936) and Douglas Arthur (1900-1972). Arthur died in July, 1907 in Edmonton, Middlesex. The 1939 Census indicated Maude was "incapacitated" and living in Barnet, Middlesex with Charles and Constance Ward. She died in Barnet in 1941.

GEORGE BRAWN AND MARY ANN COOKE BRAWN

George Brawn, the grandfather of Charles Roland Brawn, was baptized on February 2, 1862 in Weston Favell when his father, David, was 43 and his mother, Phoebe, was 34. He married Mary Ann Cooke on February 3, 1889 in Friern Barnet, where he was working as an attendant and living at the Colney Hatch Asylum. Mary Ann was born in 1863 to Benjamin (a bricklayer) and Jemima Cooke.

The Colney Hatch Asylum was designed in the then fashionable Italianate style. The foundation stone was laid by Prince Albert in May, 1849. The organization of rooms and departments was in the corridor format widely used at the time. It was situated on 119 acres of land. When completed, Colney Hatch was the largest asylum in Europe, with frontage of 1884 feet and containing six miles of corridors. It opened in 1851. It was built to house up to 1,000 patients, but the planners had severely underestimated the demand for its services which required that shortly expansions were required to double the maximum patient capability to 2,000. By the 1860's, the population far exceeded what could be handled

properly by the institution and its staff, and patients were often placed under restraint at busy times, contrary to the hospital's non-restraint principles of operation.



Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum

Between 1888 and 1891 the British public were morbidly fascinated by the reports of the violent deaths of eleven women in or near the Whitechapel district of the East End of London. It was suspected most of the deaths were the work of one serial killer, who came to be known in the press as "Jack the Ripper." That person was never identified, but in the years which followed, there was much speculation that the murderer was a Polish immigrant named Aaron Kosminski, who in 1891 was forcibly confined in the Colney Hatch Asylum, and the Asylum gained much public notoriety because of that connection.

Because of increased overcrowding and requirements of repair to existing facilities, in 1896 a temporary building of wood and corrugated iron was erected to house 320 chronic and infirm female patients in five dormitories, despite the obvious fire risk. On January 27, 1903 this "temporary" housing was in fact destroyed by a fire, in which 52 residents died.

In 1930 the asylum was renamed the Colney Hatch Mental Hospital, and later the name was changed to Friern Mental Hospital. Part of what was this hospital has now been renovated, and re-branded as Princess Manor Park where footballers and pop stars live.

Perhaps due to the major fire which destroyed a substantial portion of Colney Hatch, George returned to Weston Favell sometime between the census reports of 1901 and 1911. In the Baptism Register for Edith Emma Brawn dated December 2, 1902, it is indicated George was employed as a Groom. But subsequently he took employment at St. Crispin Hospital (also a psychiatric hospital) in Duston which, like Weston Favell, was a village. Both are part of Northampton now. This is why the older children were born in the London area and the younger ones in Northampton. In the 1911 Census, George is described as a Lunatic Attendant.

St Crispin Hospital, originally Berrywood Asylum, was built in 1876 to take in the mentally ill amongst the paupers of Northamptonshire. The main building was designed by Robert Griffiths and consisted of a central administrative block and water/clock tower with wards for men and women ranged to either side, men to the east and women to the west. The hospital was extended for children with mental health challenges and for epileptics. It served as a military hospital during the First World War.

St. Crispin's Lunatic Asylum, derelict and fire-damaged

George and Mary had 14 children in 19 years. George died in October 1924 in Northampton, England, at the age of 62, and Mary in 1938.

George Brawn

Mary Ann Cooke Brawn

THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND MARY ANNE (COOKE) BRAWN:

George Thomas Brawn

George Thomas Brawn was born about 1890 in New Southgate, Middlesex, England, when his father was 28 and his mother four years younger. A year later, George was living in Friern Barnet where his father worked in the Colney Hatch Asylum. Ten years later (in 1901) he was still living with his parents in Friern Barnet, but was now joined by eight siblings.

By 1911, the family had moved back to Weston Favell, the home community of George's parents, and George was employed as a footman for the Manfield family which had made a considerable fortune in the manufacture and sale of shoes and boots. The census record confirms the Manfields had ten servants in their employ including a lady's maid, four housemaids, a cook, a gardener and a chauffeur. George later worked for the Manfields as a gardener.

According to John Buckell: *Sacrifice, Service & Survival, Weston Favell in the First World War,* p. 75:

> *George joined the Army Service Corps as a twenty-six-year-old volunteer on November 1, 1915, likely at the same time as his brother, Alfred, as both men arrived in France on November 21st and their ASC service numbers are not far apart but they went into different Horse Transport companies. George initially joined the 1st Company at Aldershot, but in France he served in the 12th Divisional Train, which saw action at Loos in 1915 and on the Somme in both 1916 and 1918. George served three years and two months in France. Of "good military character," he was awarded a Good Conduct Badge in December 1917. The following November he became dangerously ill with influenza and bronchial pneumonia. On November 8 he was admitted to 18 General Hospital at Camiers, and on December 15 was invalided back to England to convalesce in the military hospital in Nottingham. He remained there until January 9, 1919 when he was posted to 488 Horse Transport Company, an administrative and back up home service unit. He was demobilized on April 9. George claimed a disability award on the grounds that his illness had left him with weak lungs and chest. A medical examination at Northampton on March 9, 1919 confirmed this and diagnosed a degree of disablement less than 20%.*

In September, 1920, George married Annie Georgina Burton, and on July 14, 1923, their only child, Mary Elizabeth Brawn, was born. By 1939 George and Annie had moved to Brixworth, where George was employed as a gardener. Annie was described on the England and Wales register as a Housewife (invalid). Their daughter, Mary, was not living with them. George died in Brixworth, Northamptonshire on April 16, 1961.

Nellie Brawn

Nellie was born in January, 1891 in Barnet, Middlesex and baptized on February 3, 1891 in Friern Barnet. She was the first of George and Mary Anne Brawn's children to leave home. Travelling on her own as an 18-year-old "spinster", Nellie sailed to Canada in September, 1909 stating she had worked in England as a "domestic" and expected to continue in that employment in Ottawa, Ontario.

Nellie married John Robert Baker on November 5, 1910, a little more than a year after her arrival in Canada. The groom was described on the marriage certificate as a "polisher," and on other formal documents as a "sharpener." He operated a tool sharpening business in Ottawa, and the Bakers lived in that city for the remainder of their lives.

Nellie died on 29 January,1975 and was buried in Carleton, Ontario. Her obituary in the Ottawa Journal Newspaper February 1, 1975 stated: *Baker, Nellie – in hospital on Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1975, Nellie Brawn, beloved wife of John Robert Baker; dear mother of John R. William (Bill), and Irene, all of Ottawa, Phyllis (Mrs. John Dunn), Halifax, Alva (Mrs. G. Stockwell), Hong Kong; Joan of Detroit; sister of Mrs. Frank Goatcher (Sis) of Midland, Ont. Private family service was held on Thursday, Jan. 30, 1975.*

Frank Arthur Brawn (also known as George Arthur Brawn)

Frank was born about 1892 in New Southgate, Middlesex, England. In 1901when he was nine years old, he was living with his parents and eight siblings in Friern Barnet, the same community in which he had been born and where his father continued to work as an Attendant in the Colney Hatch Insane Asylum. By 1911, the Brawn family had returned to Weston Favell, at which time Frank at 19 was the oldest of the Brawn siblings remaining at home. He was employed as a "confectionary salesman."

Frank died in military service on 22 October, 1916

According to John Buckell, ibid (p. 73):

> *Frank enlisted in the Northamptonshire regiment in the early months of the war, on December 18, 1914, one month short of his 23rd birthday. His Army Services Record gives his name as George Arthur Brawn. He was posted to France and arrived there on April 22, 1915. By October, 1916, Frank was serving in the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshires on the Somme. After a week in billets the battalion had moved from Fouqueruil to Sand Pits Camp near Meault. The men spent much of the 17th and 18th October drilling in wind and heavy rain before moving into trenches in Trones Wood on the morning of the 19th. The trenches were in dilapidated condition but according to the battalion War Diary, the men "managed to make themselves fairly comfortable." On the 21st there was a heavy bombardment by the enemy from 4.20 am, and all ranks stood to arms until it ceased at 6.20 pm. It was on the following day, 22nd October, that Frank was killed but the Diary records "a fairly quiet day," and there is no mention of casualties. However, in trench warfare men could be killed by sniper or shell at any time. He was buried in the Guards Cemetery at Lesboeufs, north-east of Albert and south of Bapaume. The Northampton Mercury reported his death twice, as Brawn, Frank A. on 17th November, and as Brawn, G.A. on the 24th. Soldiers Died in the Great War records George Arthur Brawn, while to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission he is simply Brawn, A. Nevertheless, he was a hero by any other name.*

Winifred Brawn

Winifred was born about 1893 in Whetstone, Middlesex, England, and in 1901 was living with her parents and siblings in Friern Barnet. By 1911 she had moved from her parents' home, which had shifted to Weston Favell. At seventeen she is reported to be living at 51 Bostock Avenue, Northampton and employed by Percy and Gertrude Ennals as a General Servant "Domestic."

Winifred died in April 1952 in Wandsworth, London, England.

John (Jack) Henry Brawn

Jack was born on August 1, 1894 in Finchley, Middlesex.

By 1911 Jack was living in Weston Favell with his parents and siblings and employed as a farm worker.

According to John Buckell, ibid (p. 76):

> *Jack joined the army early in the war and arrived in France with the Royal Garrison Artillery on April 21, 1915. On September 18, 1917 the Northampton Daily Echo reported that Jack was seriously ill with gunshot wounds. He recovered from his injuries but it appears he was no longer physically fit for combat. In 1918 he registered as an absent voter, giving his unit as the 436 Agricultural Company, a home service unit of the Labour Corps assisting with farm work. Jack's military discharge certificate dated June 20, 1920 indicates he served for a period of five years and 327 days and was discharged with a small pension.*

Jack married Violet Ellen Liggins on August 15, 1925 at the Parish Church in Abington, the community where Violet resided. Jack and Violet had two children: Frank Alan and Jean Mary. By 1939 Jack was living in Weston Favell with his wife Violet (born on 5 October, 1903) and was employed as a "Labourer Flour Mills Heavy Worker." According to his son, Frank (who was named after his deceased uncle), Jack was employed on his return to Weston Favell as a cow man by a local farmer, and continued to work in agriculture until W.W. II when he took employment in a local leather tannery. After the war, Jack became the licensee and landlord of the village public house, The Bold Dragoon, a pub in Weston Favell which continues in existence today. He retired in 1957.

Jack died on October 23, 1957 at 408 Birchfield Road East, in Weston Favell and was buried in Weston Favell on October 26. His death certificate indicates the cause of his death was brain and lung cancer.

The Bold Dragoon, Weston Favell

Florence Phoebe Brawn (known as Sis)

Florence was born about 1896 in Whetstone, Middlesex, England, and five years later was living with her family in Friern Barnet. By 1911 she had left the family home, which was then back at Weston Favell, and had taken employment as a "domestic nurse" for Martyn de Carle Sowerby Salter, a Scientific Assistant (Meteorology) employed by the British Rainfall Organization in Hendon, Middlesex. Even though only 15, Florence had been hired to care for the family's one year old child.

Florence married Frank Daniel Goatcher on January 5, 1918, in Northampton. Frank was born on June 14, 1888 in Worthing, Norfolk. In 1906 he travelled to Canada. The ship manifest suggested he was a farm labourer. Very possibly he intended to join the hundreds (if not thousands) of others who were enticed by the prospects promised by the heavily advertised "harvest excursions." In fact, he remained in Montreal, Quebec and worked as a clerk, but was drawn back to England by the First World War. He enlisted in the Manchester Regiment on December 13, 1914, describing himself in the enlistment attestation as a "rough rider," and served in France. He received the Victory and British War Medals. Frank and Florence were married approximately four and a half months prior to his discharge on May 29, 1918. Florence was approximately eight years younger than Frank. On September 9,

1918 their first child, Hazel Joan, was born. In February, 1920 the young family sailed on the Metagama from Liverpool to St. John, New Brunswick, on their way to Montreal where Frank was to resume employment as a “commission” clerk.

By 1921 Florence and Frank were living in Montreal, Quebec with their two daughters, Hazel and Kathleen. Present in their home at the time of the federal census was William Murby, from Weston Favell, and good friend of Florence’s brother, Charles William Brawn.

Florence and Frank’s daughter, Helen, was born in Montreal in 1923, and their son, Robert, in 1924. Shortly after that the family moved to Toronto. For a few years, the Goatchers hosted winter visits from Florence’s brother, Charles William Brawn, his wife, Martha, and their children. Charles had found there was little remunerative employment in winter in the area of western Saskatchewan where he farmed with his father-in-law, Carl Roland. This arrangement allowed Charles to maintain some minimal involvement with his extended family.

As Helen and Hazel were married in Toronto in the early 1940’s, it may be presumed the family continued in the city until at least that time. Subsequently, however, the senior Goatchers moved north of Toronto to Midland, Ontario.

Helen married George Elo. According to a letter from Helen to me (Charles R. Brawn) dated December 6, 1994, Florence lived with her son, Bob, after Frank’s death until Bob at 55 died of a massive coronary in 1979. After Bob’s death Florence moved in with Helen and George Elo. After a few years, it was necessary for Florence to move into a retirement home in Midland, Ontario. She lived to be 90 and never spent a day of her life in hospital. Helen described her mother as “a remarkable woman – maybe the kindest person in the world.”

Florence died in Midland, Ontario on June 14, 1986; Frank on April 1, 1966.

Florence Phoebe Brawn Goatcher, Frank Goatcher and their children

Alfred David Brawn

Alfred was born on 18 October 1897 in Finchley, Middlesex. Four years later he was living with family in Friern Barnet. By 1911 he was living with his parents and nine of his siblings at 11 Weston Favell and working as an errand boy in the local shoe manufacturing factory.

According to John Buckell, ibid (p. 73):

> *Alfred volunteered for the army and joined the 172 Horse Transport Company of the Army Service Corps. This unit served with the 2nd Divisional Train, carrying stores and supplies to brigades of infantry and artillery attached to the 2nd Division. Alfred arrived in France on November 21, 1915, served throughout the war and was awarded the 1915 Star, Victory and British medals.*

In March, 1921 Alfred married Florence Coleman Harrison. By 1939 they were living at 30 High Street in Weston Favell. Alf was a bricklayer; Florence responsible for "unpaid domestic duties."

According to Alfred's niece, Joan Smith: *Uncle Alf and Auntie Floss (Alfred & Florence) lived in a cottage in the village of Spratton, Northants. The property had a large garden and they kept a pig and ducks that I remember as a child. After Floss died Phyllis and Harry Edgar (known as Auntie Phyl and Uncle Eddie) left their house in Milton Malsor and went to live with Uncle Alf.*

Alfred died in April 1976 in Northampton, Northamptonshire, England.

Alfred David Brawn

Doris May Brawn

Doris was born in April 1899 in Barnet, Middlesex. In 1901 she was living with her family in Friern Barnet. Ten years later she was a 12-year-old student living with her family in Weston Favell.

In 1928 Doris married Sydney Cooper, in Northampton and died in January 1980 in Northampton.

Charles William Brawn

See p. 30

Edith Emma Brawn

Edith was born on October 2, 1902 in Weston Favell. On March 18, 1927, she sailed on the Montrose, a C.P.R. ship, from Liverpool to St. John, New Brunswick, indicating her home was 11 Weston Favell and she was a domestic. The ship manifest does not disclose Edith's ultimate destination or long-range plan. She was back in England for her marriage in December, 1933 to Lawrence Richard Newberry.

Her niece, Joan Smith, observes: *the farm orchard and brook where I learnt to turn upside down on the railings (when I stayed with Aunt Ede – Edith Emma) now has houses built there. My first memories of going to Aunt Ede's at Milton was when the family lived at Rectory Cottage, which still is a very picturesque thatched cottage (although some of the garden at the back has been sold off since). They had a lovely old rocking horse and cousin Hazel had very long hair. I must have been very young at this time.*

Edith died in March, 1995 in Northampton, England.

Edith Emma Brawn

The “Aunts”: Doris May Brawn Cooper, Phyllis Ada Brawn Tack, Edith Emma Brawn Newberry, and Katherine May Mason Brawn

Joan Smith remembers: *Aunt Phyl made wonderful Yorkshire pudding. I used to stay for Sunday lunch when I went to visit (which was on a regular basis), when my father (Douglas Brawn) was on the night shift and then I would be taken to Weston Favell the next free Sunday and have my Sunday dinner at Uncle Norman and the other Auntie Phyls. I had a plate with a picture of a windmill at Weston Favell, so had to eat all the food to see the windmill! Uncle Eddie (Auntie Phyl’s husband) grew wonderful tomatoes and carrots. The soil is quite sandy there. Their house has the railway line in the distance and when as a child we went on holiday, we used to wave in passing.*

Aunt Dol (Doris) lived in the big house called The Grange (which is still there); she was housekeeper to Mr. Waller, who was in the leather business and had a chauffeur, which was very grand in those days, but he would wave to me, when I was on my bike.

Douglas Alfred George Brawn

Douglas was born on April 10, 1904 in Weston Favell. He was too young to serve in the Great War, but did volunteer for military service with the Army in May, 1922 (shortly after his 18th birthday) and, after training in England, was stationed in Gibraltar (on two separate occasions), Egypt/Cyprus and finally India. His daughter, Joan Smith, recollects: *From my father's experience in India, he would never eat curry. He said if we had seen all the flies, we wouldn't either!"* His active service was followed by a six-month Army Vocational Training course in Bricklaying (and related skills) which concluded in April 1929. Douglas married Katherine (Kit) May Mason in June,1939. On the England and Wales Register for that year Douglas was described as a Boiler Cleaner, employed by the Northampton Gas Company, and his wife as "unpaid domestic duties."

Douglas died on November 20, 1989 in Northampton, England.

Douglas Alfred George Brawn

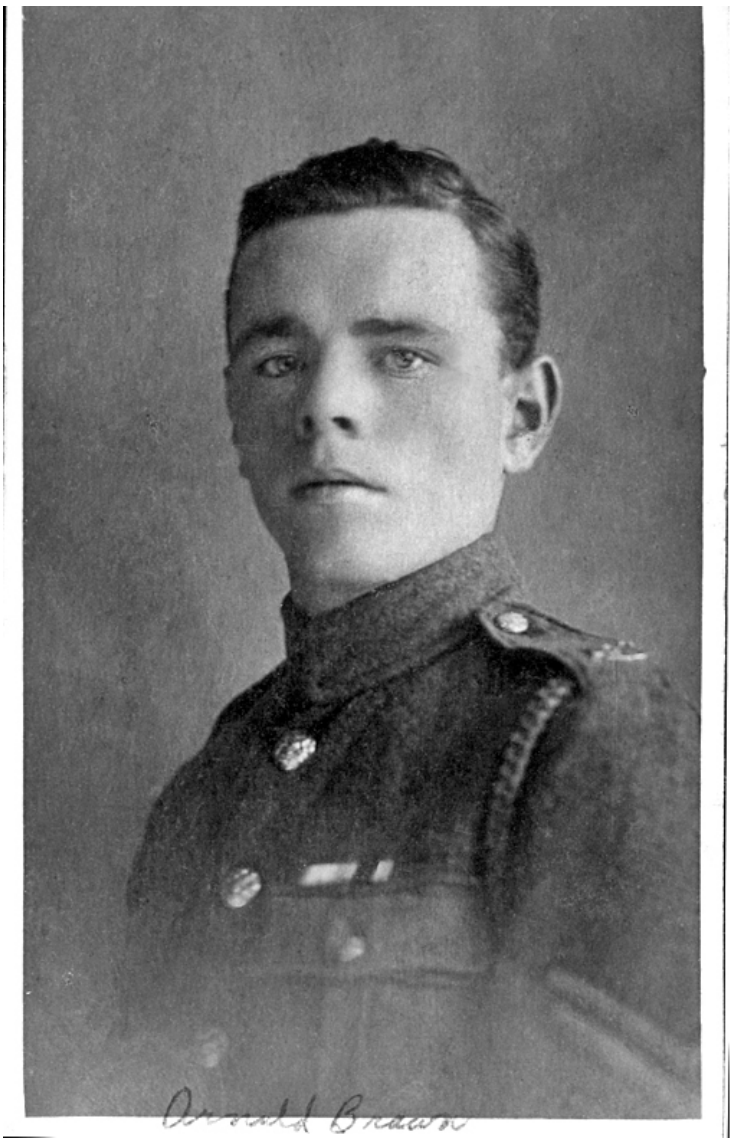
Phyliss Ada Brawn

Phyliss was born November 17, 1906 in Weston Favell, and in December, 1928 married Harry Edgar Tack.

Phyliss died in October 1987 in Daventry, Northamptonshire.

Arnold Arthur Brawn

Arnold was born on December 20, 1908, and married Bertha Mary Valentine, twelve years his senior, in September, 1932. On the 1939 England and Wales Register, the couple is shown to be living at the Compass Inn, Milton, Arnold a bricklayer and a licensed victualler, and Bertha having unpaid domestic duties. Arnold died in March, 1969 and Bertha later the same year.



Arnold Arthur Brawn

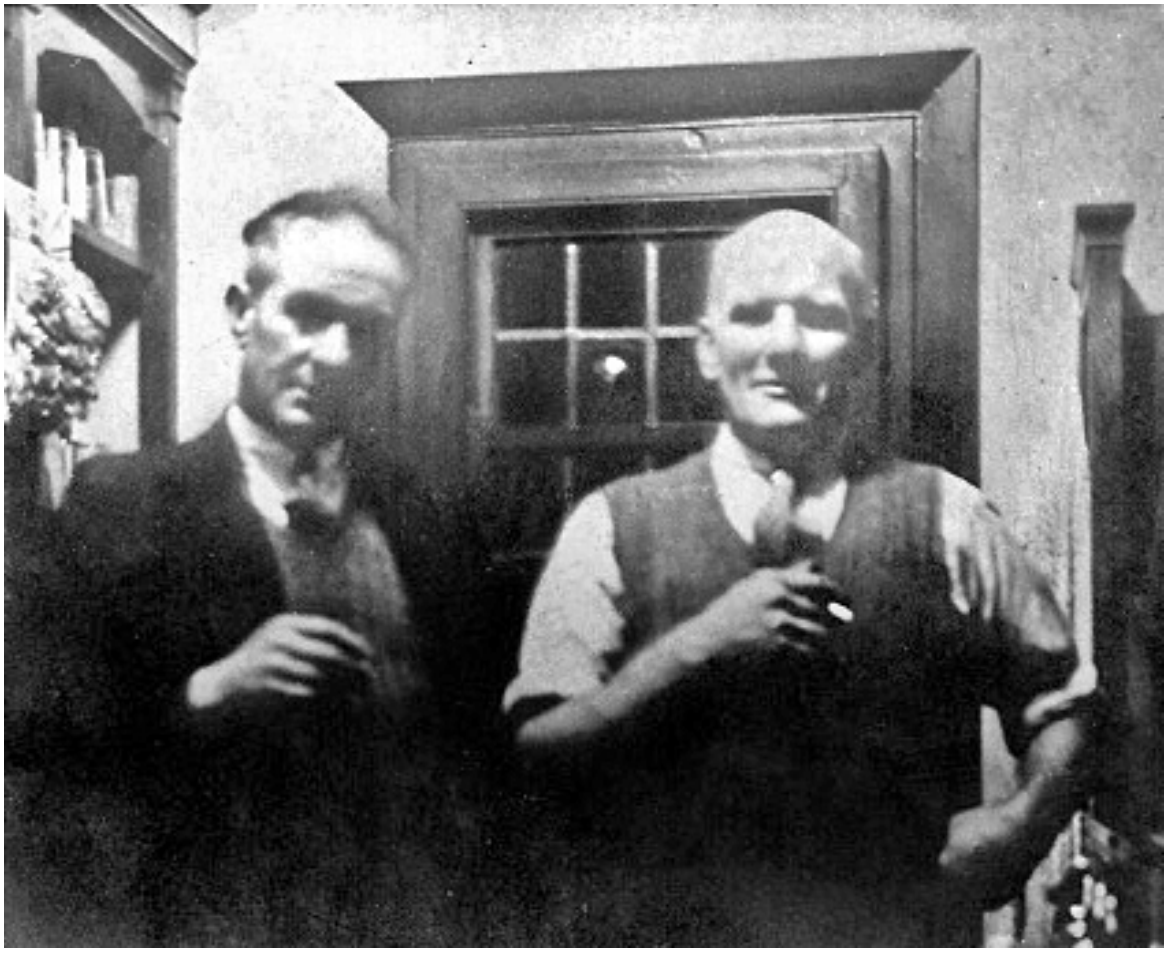
Norman Frederick Brawn

Norman was born on March 6, 1910 and married Phyllis May Alderman.

By 1939 Norman was a Bricklayer, and Phyllis a hairdresser and they resided in Northampton.

Subsequently they moved to Weston Favell and for a time lived in the “1839 Cottage.”

Norman died on May 13, 1958.



Norman Brawn with brother, Jack, behind the bar of the Bold Dragoon

Joan Smith, daughter of Douglas Brawn states: *My father worked at the Gas Works for over 25 years when it was coal gas and then for about 18 months until he retired, after it changed to North Sea. His brother Norman also worked there. Arnold and Jack were Publicans. I think Arnold had also been a builder and Alf was involved in property and was a lot better off, I suppose, financially, but they all seemed the same in that respect. They were brothers and that was that.*

It is such a shame the lane in Weston Favell where violets grew under the hedgerow that I used to walk down on a Sunday morning, with my father and uncle Norman, is now built up and also that they are clearing the land close to Milton Malsor to build a rail terminal.

APPENDIX 2: THE BATES FAMILY

On the Bates side, the great great great grandparents of Charles Roland Brawn were:

WILLIAM AND SUSANNA (WRIGHT) BATES

William Bates was born about 1750 in Duston, Northamptonshire. Susanna Wright, daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Wright, was christened June 21, 1772 in Weston Favell.
They were married by licence September 23, 1794 in Duston Parish Church. It appears the vows were repeated in Weston Favell Parish.

William Bates, 79, was buried January 28, 1829 in Ashley, Northamptonshire (suburb of Northampton), but there is no guarantee he is the correct William Bates. Susanna Bates, 62, of the Parish of St. Giles, Northampton, was buried July 19, 1833 in Weston Favell.

THE CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND SUSANNA (WRIGHT) BATES

Thomas and Elizabeth (Ashby) Bates
See below.

Elizabeth Bates
Elizabeth Bates was christened February 29, 1796 in Weston Favell.
No further information has been located for Elizabeth Bates.

George Bates
George Bates was christened November 3, 1800 Weston Favell and was buried July 31, 1803 in the same place.

Mary Bates
Mary Bates was christened April 4, 1802 in Weston Favell and was buried August 3, 1802 in the same place.

Sarah Bates
Sarah Bates was christened June 4, 1804 in Weston Favell and was buried September 15, 1804 in the same place.

Phoebe Bates
Phoebe Bates was baptised December 21, 1805 in Weston Favell and was buried October 8, 1806 in the same place.

George and Mary (Green) Bates
George Bates was christened April 12, 1807 in Weston Favell. Mary Green was born about 1810 in London. George Bates and Mary Green were married November 5, 1827 in St Sepulchre, Northampton, Northamptonshire. George Bates, 61, died in the June quarter of 1868 in Northampton. Mary Ann Bates, widow, was living in London in 1881, but no further record has been located.
There is no record of children.

Joshua Bates
Joshua Bates was christened December 4, 1808 in Weston Favell and buried on January 20, 1809 in the same place.

Charles and Harriett (Clarke) Bates
Charles Bates was christened April 1,1811 in Weston Favell. Harriett Clarke was born about 1812 in Weston Favell. Charles and Harriett were married December 23, 1832 in Weston Favell. Charles and Harriett had six children: Caroline Bates, born 1835; Louisa Bates, born 1839; Catherine Bates, born 1842; George Bates, born 1845; Eliza Bates, born 1849; and Henry Bates, born 1856.

Harriett Bates, 50, was buried March 23, 1862 and Charles Bates, 53, was buried August 17, 1864 in Weston Favell.

THOMAS AND ELIZABETH (ASHLEY) BATES

Thomas Bates, eldest son of William Bates and Susanna Wright, was born about 1795 and christened April 16, 1798 in Weston Favell. Elizabeth Ashby was born about 1794 in Yardley Hastings, Northamptonshire. Thomas Bates and Elizabeth Ashby were probably married about 1824.
On the 1851 census, Elizabeth (Bater) Bates, 63, was living in Weston Favell with her son Charles Bates, 22, and her granddaughter Emma Bates, 6 (daughter of Eliza Bates). Elizabeth Bates, lace maker, was receiving parish relief and Charles Bates was a farm labourer.
On the 1861 census, Elizabeth Bates, 67, boarder, was living in Weston Favell with John and Hannah Dunkley, 48 and 51, and their son William Dunkley, 13. Elizabeth Bates was a lace maker and John Dunkley was a gardener.
Thomas and Elizabeth (Ashby) Bates had five children and Elizabeth Bates separately had one additional child: Eliza Bates, born 1825; William Bates, born 1826; Phoebe Bates, born 1828; Charles Bates, born 1830; Emma Bates, born 1831; and Mary Ann Bates, born 1837.
Thomas Bates, 34, was buried August 5, 1831 and Elizabeth Bates, 67, was buried February 23, 1862, both in Weston Favell.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS AND ELIZABETH (ASHLEY) BATES

Eliza Bates

Eliza Bates was christened 03 April 3, 1825 in Weston Favell.
Emma Bates, illegitimate daughter of Eliza Bates, was christened March 30, 1845 in Weston Favell.

William Bates

William Bates was born October 23, 1826 in Weston Favell and lived for only one day.

Phoebe Bates

Phoebe Bates was born in 1828 and christened February 21, 1830 in Weston Favell.
Phoebe Bates married David Brawn on February 23, 1845 in Weston Favell. David Brawn was born in 1819 in Little Billing, Northamptonshire.
David Brawn died in 1884 in London and is buried in Weston Favell. Phoebe Brawn was buried July 26, 1906 in Weston Favell.
David and Phoebe (Bates) Brawn had 12 children:

1. Amelia Elisabeth Brawn was christened March 30, 1845 in Weston Favell.
2. John Brawn was christened July 4, 1847 in Weston Favell.
3. Eliza Elizabeth Brawn was christened April 7, 1849 in Weston Favell.
4. Harriett Brawn was christened July 6, 1851 in Weston Favell.
5. Sarah Ann Brawn was christened February 6, 1853 in Weston Favell.
6. Thomas Peter Brawn was christened September 2, 1855 in Weston Favell.
7. Emma Brawn was christened September 6, 1857 in Weston Favell.

8. Mary Ann Brawn was christened November 6, 1859 in Weston Favell.
9. George Brawn was christened February 2, 1862 in Weston Favell.
10. Ellen Brawn was christened April 3, 1864 in Weston Favell.
11. Charles Brawn was christened December 2, 1866 in Weston Favell.
12. Arthur Brawn was christened January 3, 1869 in Weston Favell.

Charles Bates

Charles Bates was christened February 21, 1830 in Weston Favell. Harriett Daniels was born in 1830 in Abington, Northamptonshire.
Charles Bates married Harriett Daniels on September 26, 1852 in Weston Favell.
Harriett Daniels Bates, 66, died in the latter quarter 1896 in Wellingborough, Northamptonshire and Charles Bates, 79, died March quarter of 1909 in Earls Barton, Northamptonshire.
Charles and Harriett (Daniels) had five children:
1. Elizabeth Bates was christened April 4, 1858 in Weston Favell.
2. John Samuel Bates was christened September 2, 1860 in Weston Favell.
3. George Bates was christened August 2, 1863 in Weston Favell.
4. Mary Bates was christened August 4, 1867 in Weston Favell.
5. Charles Thomas Bates was born in 1871 in Earls Barton, Northamptonshire

Emma Bates

Emma Bates was christened December 25, 1831 in Weston Favell, died at three, and was buried April 30, 1835 in the same place.

Mary Ann Bates

Mary Ann Bates, illegitimate daughter of Elizabeth Bates, widow, was christened July 30, 1837 in Weston Favell.

APPENDSIX 3: THE BARTSCHAT FAMILY

Irene: *Grandma* (Martha Roland Brawn) *had a brother and sister-in-law, Bill and Elsie Bartschat, who lived 4 miles east of Abbey in the Venlo school district. They adopted one daughter, Shirley. Marie also had a younger sister Emma who married Matt Broberg. They had no family. They ran the Leader ferry for some years and ended up at Henribourg. Most early settlers were in the same boat (ie. they came to Canada leaving most of their family back in their homeland). I never liked Emma, as she didn't like little kids. I can remember you* (Charles R. Brawn) *and I heading out to the veranda and away when they came in the other door.*

Emma Bartschat, who had been apprenticed as a seamstress, apparently came to Canada with the intention of joining her sister, Marie, and brother, Bill, following her divorce from a Mr. Lawrence, about which nothing is now known. Although she could temporarily stay with the Rolands, it was necessary for her to seek work, and initially she took employment at the Minor Ranch, a large cattle operation with a family which included a number of girls who required dresses to be made and mended necessitating the hiring of a seamstress. Emma

followed that job with other farm and ranch related jobs, on one of which she met Mads Broberg, a farm labourer, who immigrated to Canada from Denmark in May, 1923. After their marriage, and their stint operating the Leader ferry, they established a farm near Henribourg, assisted by Carl Roland. They had no children.

Wilhelm (William) Bartschat was born on March 17, 1882 in Berlin, Germany. He was 28 when he left his home in Marienthal, and on June 30, 1911 sailed on the Barcelona to Quebec. According to his daughter, Shirley, William followed his sister, Marie Roland, to the Abbey area and, beginning in approximately 1915, homesteaded the NE 17-21-20 W3. Within a short time, he gave up his homestead and decided to move to Minneapolis. On his draft registration card dated September 12, 1918 completed in Minneapolis he stated he was a “House man” staying and working at the Elgin Hotel. Subsequently he took employment in an oak furniture factory. According to Shirley, Bill was at times lonely in his new home and frequently would go downtown to listen to the Salvation Army Band which regularly played on the street. There he met Elsie Nelson who was a staunch Salvationist. On October 16, 1920 Bill and Elsie were married in Hennepin, Minnesota.

William and Elsie Bartschat

Bill discovered he was allergic to oak dust and he and Elsie moved to and bought a farm in Milaca County, Minnesota. They adopted Shirley in 1927. Shirley had been born on March 10, 1925 in Minneapolis.

Shirley Bartschat at approximately two years of age

That farm was not a success, and in July, 1929 at 47 years of age, Bill with his family moved back to Canada, indicating on his arrival questionnaire that he was heading to Abbey, Saskatchewan to work as a farmer with his brother-in-law, Charley (sic) Roland. He brought no “effects”, but did have $500 in his pocket. Shortly they were able to rent the Simpson farm about 17 miles south of Abbey, in the Roia Dene School District, where Shirley was able to start school in 1931. After a time, the Bartschats rented the George Smith farm about four miles east of Abbey (SE 35-20-20 W3), which was only one quarter of a mile north of the Venlo School. The teacher, Garth McLeod, boarded with the Barschats until Elsie had a stroke.

Carl Roland, Martha Roland Brawn, Bill Bartschat, Marie Roland and Andrew Roland

Elsie Bartschat died in 1934 and was buried in the Abbey Cemetery. At Elsie's funeral Shirley was introduced to her aunt and uncle, Emma and Matt Broberg, and informed she would be going with them to live on their farm near Henribourg, north of Prince Albert. Shirley reports that she wept for days in her sadness at the loss of her second mother and at leaving her father and her home. She also reflects that she became a nervous child.

Six years later, Bill married Angeline Florence Schmidt who had been born in Abbey on August 27, 1916, which makes it quite possible the midwife at her birth was Marie Roland. As it was explained to Shirley, Bill needed a live-in housekeeper and Evangeline needed work and a place to live. Bill refused to have a young, single woman who was thirty-five years younger than him live in his house, but after considerable discussion, it was decided they would marry. According to Shirley, this decision worked out very well for both Bill and Angeline. Bill and Angeline (Angie) Bartschat had a daughter, Sharon, who was born on July 9, 1941 and in November Shirley returned to live with her father, and his new family. According to Shirley, she and Angeline got along like best friends, perhaps even sisters, as they were not far apart in age – not like child and step-mom.

Shirley pushed for this move, explaining to the Brobergs she was determined to continue her education and there was no high school in Henribourg, but there was one in Abbey which she would be able to attend. Initially Shirley rode horseback the four miles from the Bartschat farm home to Abbey, but, according to Shirley, Mrs. Myers at the section house in Abbey felt sorry for her and so asked Shirley to stay with her and help her. Shirley stayed with Mrs. Myers until June, 1942 and completed her secondary school education. In September, 1943 Shirley went to the Saskatoon Normal School for teacher training. Thereafter she embarked on a teaching career which continued in many places for many years. She married Kelland Olsen on August 12, 1948 and in 1958 they adopted Grant.

Bill Bartschat died on September 10, 1950 and is interred in the Abbey Cemetery. Angeline Florence Bartschat died on March 16, 2000 in Swift Current.

APPENDIX 4: HUGO WEIN

The name of Hugo Siegfried Wein comes up quite often in the story of Carl's early years. It would appear the Rolands arrived in Swift Current in early 1912 at approximately the same time as Hugo and his wife, also named Martha. As there were very few German immigrants in this small, relatively undeveloped community, and both families were struggling to learn English, it was natural for the Rolands and the Weins to develop a friendship.

On February 19, 1912, near to the time Carl was trying to acquire his homestead property, Hugo made application to homestead the NE ¼ 30/20/21 W3 but never satisfied the requirements to take title. This property is approximately six miles west of Abbey. Fairly early Hugo determined that there was a better life for his family if he devoted his labours in a different direction. In an article in the Shaunavon Standard dated July 29, 1954, which was part of a series spotlighting local prominent businessmen, it is reported:

Born to the milling trade, Hugo Wein belongs to a generation of old-world men who were self-sufficient in their chosen work, and could turn a hand to any task remotely related to their trades. The province of Posen, he says, was in Germany when he was born there. Now it belongs to Poland. His grandfather, father and six brothers were millers, millwrights and farmers. They built their mills, grew the grain they milled and, when the need arose, could also bake the flour into bread – inherited skills that did well by young Hugo when he started to make his way in a new country.

Shortly after arriving in Swift Current, *Mr. Wein became a miller with the Ford Milling Co. During the summer months when the mill was idle, he turned to his other skills, baking bread for Fords or building houses for firms and individuals, as well as country schools for the government.*

Carl Roland, Martha Roland and Hugo Wein

APPENDIX 5: ANDREW ROLAND

Carl Roland's brother, Andrew, was born in Halberstadt, Germany on September 19, 1886 and was named for his father (Andreas). His and Carl's mother was Dorete (Dorothee) Kirsch. Andrew entered the United States on April 16, 1905. He enlisted in the U.S. Army on October 5, 1914 and was honourably discharged on February 14, 1918. When he filed his Petition for Naturalization (granted on September 10, 1919), Andrew was living in Dallas, Texas, and married to Emilie F. from Selma, Alabama, who was born on September 30, 1887.

Andrew Roland in his U.S. Army Cavalry Dress uniform

According to Andrew, he had been inducted into the German Navy at 18. He had to serve two years and he hated it. When he was discharged, he left Germany and came to the United States and became a U.S. citizen as soon as possible. He served in the U.S. Cavalry during World War I and was stationed mostly in Texas. Initially his unit patrolled the Mexican border to stop Mexicans from sneaking over the border, but after the U.S. entered the war there was also a fear Germans would surreptitiously enter the country through Mexico. Notwithstanding having served for three years and five months and being honourably discharged, Andrew registered for the draft on July 5, 1918 indicating on the government forms that he was working in a Dallas printing shop, and was married with two step-children.

Andrew and Emilie Roland

At the time of the 1920 U.S. Census, Andrew was still living in Dallas, but divorced, a boarder and still working in the same printing shop. Subsequently Andrew spent many years in the bakery business in Hatboro, Pennsylvania, just north of Philadelphia. That area of Pennsylvania was, like New Berlin, Ontario, culturally a German enclave, which no doubt influenced his decision to move there. He also worked for a period as a seaman on various ships operating out of New York, including the Cincinnati, the Reliance and the Konigstein. On the crew list for this last ship Andrew was described as 51, 3rd cook, 5'5" and 130 lbs.

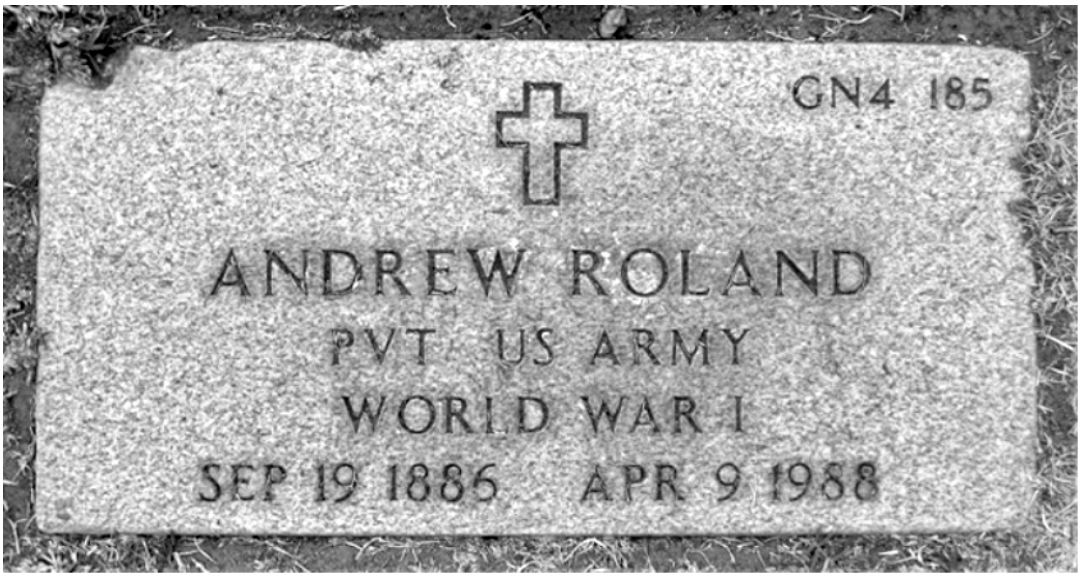
In the summer of 1939, Andrew came to the Roland/Brawn farm to visit Carl and his family and to help with the harvest. He had an engaging personality and was a devout member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. One of the tenets of this faith was the holding of Saturday as the Sabbath. While Andrew was pleased to assist with harvest in any way he could, he would not work on Saturday but would spend many hours of that day in Bible study and prayer. He credited his church with turning his life around and giving him purpose by taking him in during a particularly difficult time of his life when he was battling the challenges of alcohol and a marital break-up.

Carl and Andrew Roland

On leaving Abbey following his three-month 1939 visit, Andrew relocated to Oregon where (with the exception of another one month visit to Abbey in 1940) he spent his declining years in a veterans' home. In his correspondence with Carl, Andrew would often encourage his brother to open himself to God. For example, in a letter from Scappoose, Oregon dated November 30, 1967 sent on the occasion of Carl's 93rd birthday, Andrew wrote: *... I am 81 and pretty well worn out and will never make it to 93 so we are proud of you, but have you made pease (sic) with the good Lord who has kept us all these years whether we did appreciate it or not? It is high time, for soon we will not be able to. If you die without Christ all the 93 years you have lived in this old world was wasted for this life is not worth it if we have no hope of eternal life. Hear what the Lord says – Eyes have not seen neither have ears heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him. ...*

In a letter to Charles R. Brawn dated November 12, 1973 Andrew described his life in the veterans' home where he was living: *... Well, I don't feel too good. Of course, I am 87 now and am ready for the ditch. My eyeside (sic) is very poor and my hearing is worse. There are 1150 old men in this old soldiers' home. If I could hear good, I would like it better. I could be more social but there are only a few here whom I can understand a little but not good. I can hear nothing over the radio or television. They all talk too fast. My brain is too slow to interpret it. We got a theater and plenty of entertainment but I don't go to any because I don't understand. I still can read with my right eye but not good in my left eye. I got a broken blood vessel so operation won't do any good. I also got emphasema (sic) short on breath and of course rheumatism like all old people but I keep on till I drop.*

At some point Andrew moved to San Diego, perhaps because of the Oregon climate about which he made frequent complaints, for California is where he died on April 9, 1988 at 101 years of age. He is buried in the Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, San Diego.



Grave marker for Andrew Roland

APPENDIX 6: EMMA ROLAND BERG

I never heard Carl mention that he had any siblings other than his brother Andrew, but among his photographs and papers were postcards and a letter which clearly indicate he had a sister, Emma, who was born in Germany on November 20, 1882. Emma married Hermann Berge (1882 – 1950) in Berlin, Germany on July 27, 1907 and appears to have had a son, Hans Berge, born Mary 17, 1910. The letter from Emma (as translated) which confirms Emma's relationship to Carl is:

Berlin, May 30, 1932

Dear Brother, Sister-in-law and niece:

It has been a long time since we have heard from each other. I've been trying for some time to establish contact with you. It didn't work out though. How do you do? Are you still alive and healthy? Did Martha marry? Did she have children? Write back please. Write a long letter. We want to hear how you are doing. Is there also some economic depression and unemployment as there is here? What is Andrew doing? Did you ever hear from him? Do you know his address? Please write it to me. He hasn't written for years.

A letter I wrote to him was returned marked undeliverable. Is it that he is no longer alive? It is important for us to know about him. If you write to him, please ask him to write to me. I have the same address as before.

Dec. 4: It's been two years since Minna's death. She died in a Berlin hospital of a stomach operation. On Thursday before she died, I was with her with my husband. I myself have been going through two heavy operations. I was close to death.

My husband works at the Zoo in the gardens. Hans had his 20th birthday on May 17th. He went to primary school and after that he learned tailoring and is now a window cleaner because he can't find a job in his trade. In the meantime, I have been lying in the hospital for three weeks. God helps his children in distress.

I still work although millions are unemployed. Those who have a job are lucky. Greta Jordan has inherited from her mother and Herman Jordan was disinherited but he has the right to live there and Greta cares for his meals too. Erich Muller is unemployed.

Martha is in Thuselin (?) in an asylum. The district and the town are paying for it and Greta has to add three marks to it. That's not a comfortable heritage. It is hard on her two children. Every summer when Hermann is on vacation, we visit her. I am trying to ease her burden.

She and her children are looking forward to the visit and the presents Aunt Emma brings with her for the whole year.

Little Erma (?) is my darling. I had her visit us for several weeks a few times but not anymore as she goes to school now.

But now for something different. What do you think of the world's monetary situation? Will the whole world bankrupt, victor and vanquished? Even the rich American is hurting under this burden. How can this be? America has gained so much money in the war.

What is going to happen – a new world war, a world revolution or both? The Bible tells us doomsday is close at hand. Please read Daniel 2, Daniel 7, the book of Job, Mathew 24 and the Revelation.

Andreas has noticed as I have. I thank God every day for that.

I wish nothing more fervently that you also will be able to reach this conclusion and give yourself up totally to God and we will meet again on a new earth soon where there is no separation, no sickness, no pain, no sorrow, no cries, no tears because there won't be sin or injustice or death.

This makes me happy in any misery and sorrow. My Hanschen belongs to God. He's already been baptized but unfortunately my husband doesn't know anything about it but we pray for him and for you. May God illuminate you and give you mercy. Don't think of us as being crazy. I have carefully examined what I have adopted. All the prophecies in the Bible have proved true but some are still to come. For 16 years I have been happy in this faith and have been carrying all difficulties easier.

We didn't have a very good time in Germany since 1914 If you wanted to have enlightening writings tell me and I will send them to you. Since years, a nun from Canada has been here. I have talked to her about you. In the City closest to you there will be an Adventist Church. If you can't find one, please write to me. I will help you. I might send you a brother from there. It would be nice to see you again. Do you remember dear brother you liked to listen to me singing in the Krautstrasse in Berlin. I would love to sing for you again but different songs …

Well, I hope to receive a big and good letter from you.

Best greetings and kisses from your sister, sister-in-law and aunt Emma, my husband and Hans.

Emma Berg,
Berlin 0. 34
Gubenerstrasse 12
Germany

APPENDIX 7: DOREEN BRAWN'S SPORTS ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Doreen curled with a wide variety of teammates. On this rink her third was her cousin, Eileen Dunlop.

On this rink, her third was cousin, Gertie Kenyon, and lead was sister-in-law, Jean Hall

From the Brandon Sun Archives:

May 10, 1958: Doreen Brawn skipped her rink to Wheat City Curling Club competition laurels.

1959: Doreen Brawn's rink went undefeated though the Brandon Ladies' bonspiel and won the two main events and the grand aggregate.

January 30, 1959: Doreen Brawn and her rink of Polly Fairbairn, Rita Cornell and Frances Melvin defeated Mrs. Ross Fraser and her rink from Hamiota on an extra end to win the main event of the Brandon ladies bonspiel.

January 27, 1960: Five rinks have put four victories together without a loss. Included in those holding a 4-0 mark are defending champ Mrs. Doreen Brawn of the Wheat City Ladies Section.

April 13, 1960: Winning rink in the two-day windup bonspiel (for the Wheat City Curling Club) was made up of Doreen Brawn, Jean Mitchell, Pat Morningstar and H. Plant and they received a new trophy donated by Mrs. Marie Bass in memory of her mother.

January 18, 1961: Mrs. Doreen Brawn and her rink from the Wheat City Ladies section captured the Diamond D playoffs for district 16 at Virden Monday. She will enter the Manitoba semi-final in Russell on January 30-31 leading to the first Canadian Ladies Curling final. Mrs. Brawn drew to the four-foot ring with her last shot to break up a tight 5-5 battle with Mrs. Gerry Brown of Virden.

January 31, 1961: Two round-robin series couldn't decide the two finalists that will meet here (in Russell) today in the Western Manitoba Ladies Curling championship. Mrs. Doreen Brawn of Brandon and Mrs. Parker of Strathclair will meet this morning in a special playoff. Both had two wins and a loss after three rounds yesterday.

February 3, 1961: Mrs. Irene Parker's rink of Strathclair will represent the western area in the Manitoba Ladies Curling final as she came out on top of eight zone winners in Russell this week. The Strathclair rink downed Doreen Brawn of Brandon.

April 3, 1961: Mrs. Doreen Brawn was elected president of the Ladies' Section, Wheat City Curling Club.

December 5, 1961: Over on tenth street the ladies' section was quite happy about the efforts of member Doreen Brawn who captured the second event at the Rivers bonspiel recently. Members of the rink included M. McLennan, E. Turpin and D. McKinnon.

December 19, 1961: At the mid-season break, Doreen Brawn leads the ladies' section (of the Wheat City Curling Club) with a fine 10-2 record.

December 22, 1961: In a close, tense battle Wednesday afternoon at the Wheat City Club, Mrs. Elsie McFarland and her rink captured their club's championship in the Ladies' Diamond 'D' competition and the right to advance in the district playdowns as they topped Mrs. Doreen Brawn 7-6 in the club final. The frame was close throughout with neither rink able to gain a big margin. The victory came with the final rock as Mrs. Brawn was slightly off target with her last stone. Mrs. MacFarland and her rink of Mae McLennan, Audrey Collyer and Dot Ross, will now advance against the winners of the Souris ladies' club competition.

January 11, 1962: Mrs. Doreen Brawn and her Ladies' Section rink from the Wheat City (which included Audrey Collyer, Doreen Johnston and Lil Sharman) captured the annual city inter-club bonspiel Wednesday as she defeated clubmate Mrs. Mae McLennan.

April 7, 1962: Winners of the ladies Pot o' Gold bonspiel is the Brawn rink of the Ladies section of the Wheat City Curling club: Doreen Brawn, Mae McLennan, third, Elaine Turpin, second and lead Doris McKinnon.

April 10, 1962: (As noted at the annual meeting of the ladies' section of the Wheat City Curling Club held at the Columbian Hall) the winner of the Hall trophy was the rink of Doreen Brawn, Audrey Collyer, Doreen Johnston and Lillian Sharman.

January 9, 1963: The ladies curling in the Brandon Inter-Club Bonspiel got down to some serious curling Thursday … Doreen Brawn of the Wheat City, who was shunted in the B event Monday, bounced back to trim Agnes MacKay and Eva Loney.

February 21, 1963: Joyce Simpson of the Brandon Curling Club will meet Alma Kearns of the Ladies Section in the final of the major MacKay event. Both quartets have six wins without a loss. Simpson defeated Mrs. Thompson of Basswood in the eights, then took a comeback decision from Doreen Brawn of the Ladies Section that had the skips behind the glass on the edge of their seats. Simpson faltered in the early ends and was on the short end of an 8-4 count after seven ends. But the Brandon Club crew were not to be denied and struck back with a pair of three enders to go two-up coming home. Simpson then counted another pair on the last end when Brawn was heavy with her last shot.

April 2, 1963: Brandon Ladies Section of the Wheat City Curling Club held their annual wind-up bonspiel won by Doreen Brawn and her steady curling crew.

June 26, 1963: Doreen Brawn took the second flight in the City Ladies Golf Championship.

February 12, 1964: Doreen Brawn of Brandon lost her Manitoba Sugar game before winning in the Hudson Bay event at the Manitoba Ladies Curling Association Bonspiel in Winnipeg.

March 5, 1964: After travelling in tough company for two days in Brandon Ladies' 28th Annual Bonspiel, Eileen Dunlop (Doreen Brawn's first cousin) and her Dunrea foursome suddenly found themselves alone. They are the last undefeated rink… Dunlop ran up three straight wins to keep her streak alive as she defeated Dot Taylor of the Brandon Club and sent favorite Doreen Brawn of the Ladies' Section to the sidelines.

April 9, 1964: Doreen Brawn snared top honours in the B event of the Brandon Curling Club Ladies' Pot-O-Golf Bonspiel.

June 24, 1964: Brian Marshall, Sun Sports Writer: Better-known in curling circles, Doreen Brawn took the second flight (of the City Ladies Golf Championship) to edge Alma Kearns. Dorothy Rosenman nailed down third spot.

November 3, 1964: The Country Club ladies opened their curling season Monday with their pot-o-gold open bonspiel starting with 24 rinks… Doreen Brawn defeated Doreen Rungay.

January 14, 1965: Oak Lake - Doreen Brawn and her strong Country Club foursome powered their way through the District 16 of the Silver D playdowns here Wednesday undefeated. The Brawn crew comprised of Mae McLennan, Audrey Collyer and Doris McKinnon erased the possibility of a playoff as they won both sides of the double knockout competition.

January 15, 1965: Mrs. Doreen Brawn of Brandon skipped her rink to first place in the top event of the Rapid City Bonspiel.

February 5, 1966: The Winnipeg Ladies' Bonspiel opens in Winnipeg next week and Brandon will have four rinks entered in the week-long competition. Completing the Doreen Brawn entry will be Mae McLennan, Bunny Phillips and Phyllis Bray.

March 31, 1966: At Eighth annual Shilo Bonspiel: The B event was won by Doreen Brawn's Brandon rink.

April 5, 1966: The Brandon Golf and Country Club ladies' champions for the 1965-66 season are Doreen Brawn and her crew. They downed Del Hillman in the final. The Brawn rink consisting of Fran McDougall, Phil Draper and Joyce Holland, picked up the Dinsdale Cartage trophy for the win. Mrs. Brawn, along with her second, returned from the Shilo spiel where they were to have curled in the ladies' final.

April 30, 1966: The ladies section Wheat City Curling held their annual meeting. Doreen Brawn and her Hot Shots Fran McDougal, third, Phil Draper, Second and Joyce Holland, lead were presented with the Cook trophy, which is presented to the club champions annually.

November 24, 1966: Doreen Brawn lost to the Marge Halliday Shilo rink in the ladies' Pot of Gold bonspiel.

January 12, 1967: Four Clubs unbeaten in Ladies' Playdowns… BGCC only played one game, but it was probably the toughest. Doreen Brawn was down one going home and had last rock against her, but she managed two on the last end to win over Enid Ross, another BGCC representative.

January 16, 1967: The Brandon Golf and Country Club ladies' representatives led by their imperturbable skip, Doreen Brawn, Saturday won the right to represent District 16 in the ladies' provincial zone competition in Reston Jan. 26 and 27. In accomplishing the victory the BGCC rink had to play eight games including two final matches against the Brandon Club rink skipped by Mabel Mitchell. The BCC rink had not suffered a loss prior to the final and this required that BGCC defeat them twice since the competition was a double knockout affair. BCC had previously defeated the Brawn aggregation in their third game and thus only had to win one of the finals to win the district. Until the first game of the finals, BCC fair-haired pixies swept in a charmed circle. They only needed four games to reach them and

enroute had dispatched such giants as BGCC, Virden Afternoon, Griswold and Shilo. In their second confrontation with Mrs. Brawn, however, that of the final, their magic only carried them to a fifth end two-point edge for, in the sixth, tragedy struck Mrs. Mitchell. Their ability to hit left them and BGCC piled six stones into the house for six counters on the end and an 8-4 lead in the match. In the seventh, Mrs. Mitchell's attempted draw for one was short and BGCC gathered in another one when it wasn't their turn. Another in the ninth persuaded BCC to concede. In the second game BCC had just cracked a three on the seventh end and held a four-point edge in the game. But once again, this time on the eighth end, they let BGCC fill the house. Time after time their take-outs fell short of the mark, and when it was all over BCGG led 9-8. Mrs. Brawn complemented the five-ender with two more in the ninth with last rock against her and kept the house clear of Mitchell stones in the 10th to carry the playdowns. The victory in the finals climaxed a long, hard journey for the Brawn rink. The game they lost to Mrs. Mitchell had been a tough one. They were down two going home but Mrs. Brawn had last rock. She managed one on the end but it was not enough for the win and the rink was relegated to the bottom half of the draw. Here they had to win every game to remain alive but this is exactly what they did. Mrs. Brawn needed every bit of fortitude she could muster for the rink had extremely tough competition. But she responded admirably to the pressure and made her decisions coolly and spontaneously. The rink fashioned superb shooting.

January 31, 1967: Doreen Brawn and her Brandon Golf and Country Club rink will travel to Winnipeg Friday and Saturday to battle for the Silver D ladies' principal curling championship. Mrs. Brawn and her rink of Mae McLennan, Mary Adams and Jackie Geiler, sailed through Zone D play undefeated winning three consecutive games. Mrs. Brawn and her rink defeated Eileen Dunlop of Ninette, Maxine Fletcher of McCreary and Mrs. Mullett of Hartney in zone play.

February 18, 1967: Doreen Brawn skipped her BGCC rink (which included Mae McLennan, Anne MacKay and Jackie Geiler) past the BCC's Mabel Mitchel in the Eaton's event, and also won the tertiary Doig's event.

November 30, 1967: Twenty-three rinks wound up three days of curling in the Brandon Golf and Country Club's ladies' Pot of Gold bonspiel Wednesday. Mrs. Doreen Brawn and her Country Club foursome of Mae McLennan, Mary Adams and Anne MacKay topped the "A" event. The Brawn rink defeated Margo Mitchel and her Brandon Club rink 12-4 in the final.

February 21, 1968: Kent Gilchrist, Sun Sports Writer - Anne Fedoruk tangled with the previously undefeated Doreen Brawn rink in a classic. Fedoruk led the Brawn rink 8-0 after five ends of play in the 10 end contest. Mrs. Brawn came back to score a three on the sixth, two on the seventh, two on the eighth and three on the ninth end to take a 10-8 lead coming home. With her last rock, Mrs. Brawn played a great shot raising one of her own stones for shot rock. Mrs. Fedoruk had second and third shot stones. With her hammer rock, Fedoruk came down playing an angle raise of one of her rocks which hit the Brawn shot rock, pushing it through the house and sticking herself for a three count to win the fame 11-10.

February 22, 1968: Doreen Brawn gained revenge by knocking the Fedoruk foursome from the Curly MacKay event in the eights. Mrs. Fedoruk beat the Brawn crew in a classic Tuesday.

February 23, 1968: Doreen Brawn and her Brandon Golf and Country Club foursome emerged winners of the Curly MacKay's event and the grand aggregate. Mrs. Brawn with her rink of Mae McLennan, Elaine Turpin and Ann MacKay set back Drew Dickens and her Brandon Curling Club quartet 8-6 in the final. Mabel Mitchell of the Brandon Club was beaten in the semi-final by Brawn.

March 5, 1969: Defending "A" event champion Doreen Brawn of the Golf and Country Club was relegated to the "B" Eaton's event when she met the Mabel Mitchell rink.

March 7, 1969: Doreen Brawn of the Golf and Country Club defeated Shirley Bray's rink of the Brandon Club to win the Cook Lumber championship event. Other members of the Brawn foursome included third Mae McLennan, second Jackie Geiler and lead Sylvia Bohonos.

November 12, 1969: A couple of local rinks took part in the Ladies' $1,600 Pre-Centennial Spiel at the Highlander in Winnipeg. Doreen Brawn and her BGCC crew of Mae McLennan, Mary Adams and Phyl Bray split four games, while Mabel Mitchell her BCC rink of Shirley Brawn, Mildred Murray, and June Clark lost a pair of close ones.

November 24, 1969: Doreen Brawn and her rink of Mae McLennan, Jackie Geiler and Marg Cleland captured the Brandon Golf and Country Club Ladies' Pot of Golf bonspiel Saturday. Brawn's foursome defeated Gladys Dingle of Killarney in the final.

January 16, 1970: Doreen Brawn and her rink of third Donna Ferguson, second Shirley Allen and lead Yvonne Olynick captured the grand prize in the main Curly MacKay and Sons event of the Brandon ladies' inter-club bonspiel.

February 26, 1970: In the 34th annual Brandon Ladies Bonspiel, four rinks are in the fours of the Cook event: Mabel Mitchel, Doreen Brawn, Mildred Murray and Mrs. Hood of Dauphin.

February 27, 1970: The Cook championship event, finished up on the 6 p.m. draw Thursday, went to Doreen Brawn. The victim in the final was, once again, Hood.

April 1, 1970: Doreen Brawn (Mae McLennan, Phyl Bray, Donna Ferguson) copped the Dauphin Ladies Spiel.

April 8, 1970: In the ladies' A event (of the Shilo Bonspiel) Doreen Brawn of Brandon was Tuesday A event winner, defeating fellow Brandonite Jean Rookes in the final.

April 13, 1970: Doreen Brawn's rink was defeated by Kay Geekie of Strathclair in the Waskada ladies Bonspiel.

March 23, 1971: Neepawa - Doreen Brawn's rink of Mary Adams, Donna Ferguson and Shirley Campbell captured the A event of the Pick-A-Day bonspiel held here over the weekend. The Brawn quartet defeated Anna McKenzie of Winnipeg in the final. It was the second straight year that Brawn has won the major event in this spiel.

April 3, 1971: In the 13th Annual Shilo Bonspiel, defending champion Audrey Williamson will be back and will face tough opposition from other Brandon rinks such as Shirley Bray, Doreen Brawn and Doreen Rungay. Kay Geekie of Strathclair and Marg Mathison of Hamiota are also worth a mention, as is the Dunlop crew from Killarney.

April 10, 1972: Shilo - Doreen Brawn won her second consecutive ladies title as play concluded here Saturday night in the 14th annual Shilo Spring Invitation Bonspiel. Mrs. Brawn, with third Shirley McPhail, second Shirley Campbell and lead Muriel Clark, defeated Beryl Simpson and her Winnipeg rink…

February 14, 1973: Doreen Brawn (BGCC) is out of the city and will not defend her championship trophy, but her third of last year, Eileen Dunlop (Killarney) will be here.

March 30, 1973: CFB Shilo's annual pic-a-day bonspiel gets underway today. The ladies' entry of 64 rinks is also filled with the Doreen Brawn rink of Brandon back to try and make it three championships in a row.

March 26, 1974: Doreen Brawn and her rink topped the Brandon ladies inter-club bonspiel held recently. Mae McLennan was runner-up in the 56 rink spiel..

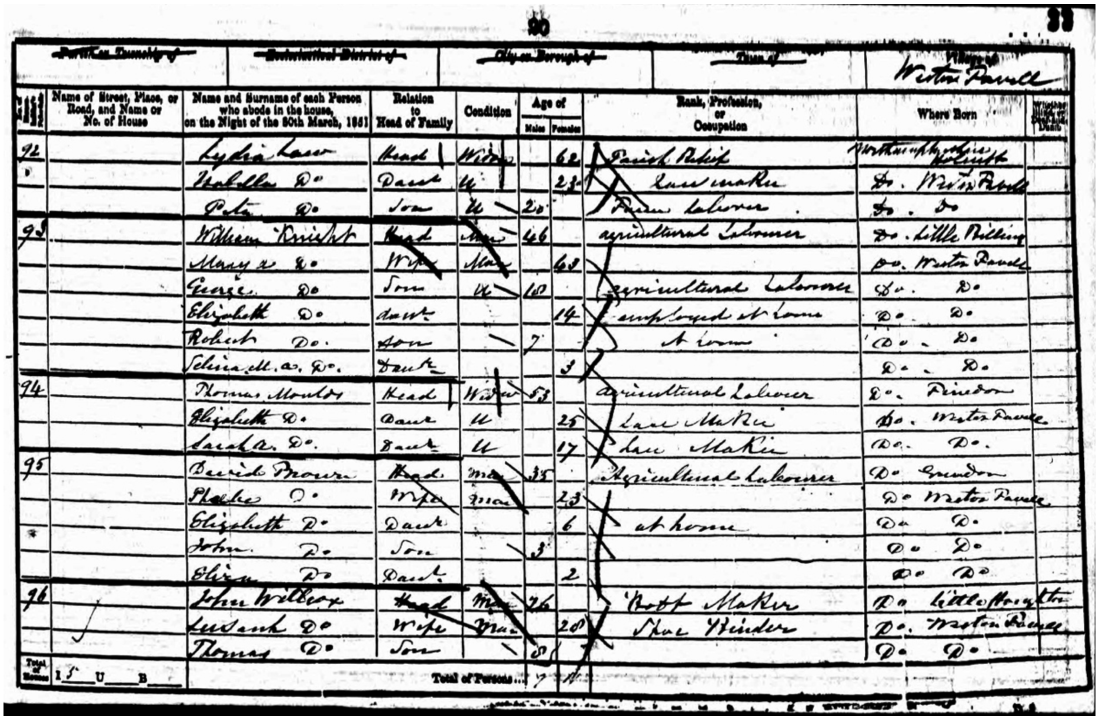
February 3, 1988: Doreen Brawn and Bert Martin came 3rd in the Novice Section of the Brandon Duplicate Bridge Club game for February 1.

October 21, 2007: In the Valleyview Leisure Duplicate game of Monday, October 15, Doreen Brawn and Gary Brawn came second to Dahl Cannons and Ian Hamberg.

Gary: Doreen lived in a time and place where it was not expected wives/mothers would work outside the home unless household circumstances required that. Although she lived a full life and was successful in her curling and other recreational pursuits, and although she never expressly said so, I had the impression she felt regret it had not been possible for her to become an active business or professional person. With her determination, work ethic and quiet drive to succeed, I am certain she would have been successful in whatever career she had the freedom to choose.

APPENDIX 8: CENSUS REPORTS AND CERTIFICATES

1851 England Census

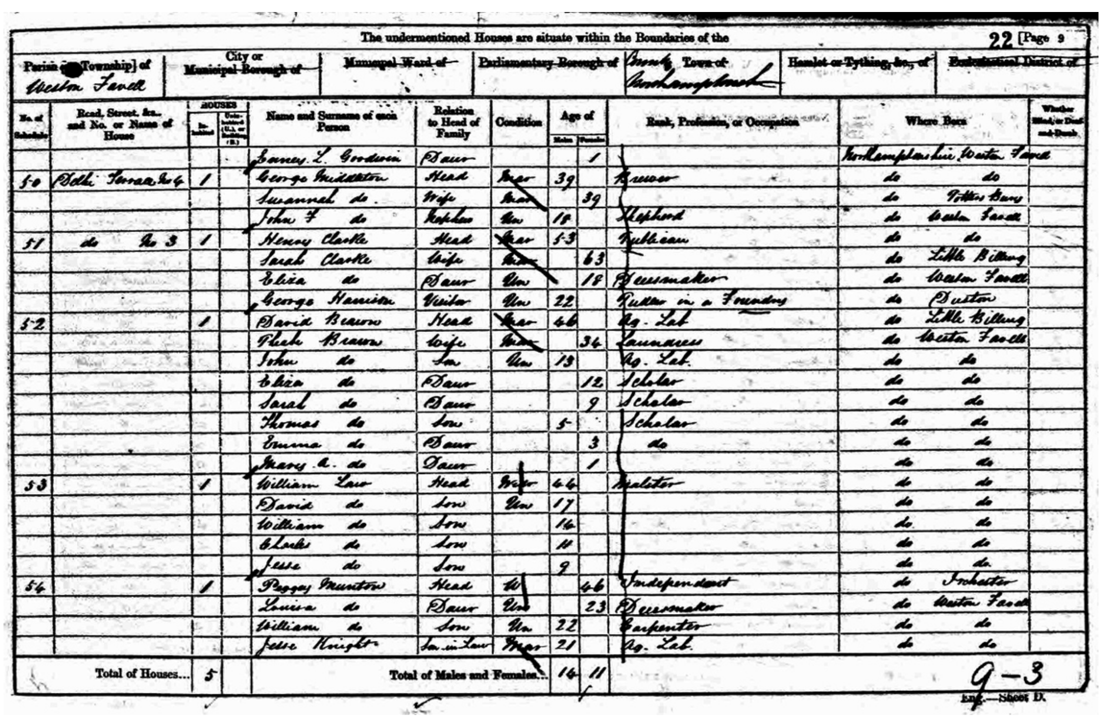


90 | 33

Village of: Weston Favell

No. of Householder's Schedule	Name of Street, Place, or Road, and Name or No. of House	Name and Surname of each Person who abode in the house, on the Night of the 30th March, 1851	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of Males	Age of Females	Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born	Whether Blind, or Deaf-and-Dumb
92		Lydia Law	Head	Widow		62	Parish Relief	Northamptonshire Wollaston	
		Isabella Do	Daur	U		23	Lace maker	Do. Weston Favell	
		Peter Do	Son	U	20		Farm Labourer	Do. Do	
93		William Knight	Head	Mar	46		Agricultural Labourer	Do. Little Billing	
		Mary A Do	Wife	Mar		43		Do. Weston Favell	
		George Do	Son	U	18		Agricultural Labourer	Do. Do	
		Elizabeth Do	Daur			14	employed at home	Do. Do	
		Robert Do	Son		7		At home	Do. Do	
		Selina M. A. Do	Daur			3		Do. Do	
94		Thomas Moulds	Head	Widower	53		Agricultural Labourer	Do. Finedon	
		Elizabeth Do	Daur	U		25	Lace Maker	Do. Weston Favell	
		Sarah A. Do	Daur	U		17	Lace Maker	Do. Do.	
95		David Brown	Head	Mar	35		Agricultural Labourer	Do Grendon	
		Phoebe Do	Wife	Mar		23		Do Weston Favell	
		Elizabeth Do	Daur			6	at home	Do Do	
		John Do	Son		3			Do Do	
		Eliza Do	Daur			2		Do Do	
96		John Willcox	Head	Mar	26		Boot Maker	Do Little Houghton	
		Susanah Do	Wife	Mar		20	Shoe Binder	Do. Weston Favell	
		Thomas Do	Son		8			Do. Do	
Total of Houses: 5 U B				Total of Persons	7	11			

1861 England Census



The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the — 22 [Page 9

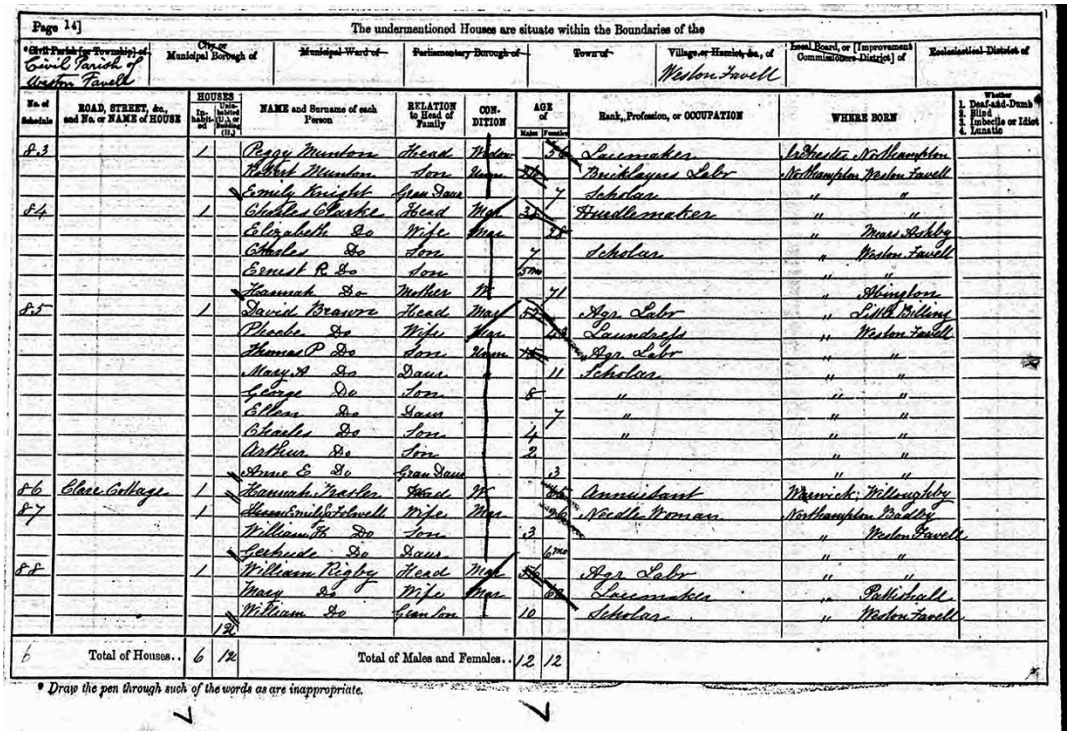
Parish [or Township] of: Weston Favell | City or Municipal Borough of | Municipal Ward of | Parliamentary Borough of | County Town of: Northampton | Hamlet or Tything, &c., of | Ecclesiastical District of

No. of Schedule	Road, Street, &c., and No. or Name of House	Houses Inhabited	Houses Uninhabited (U.), or Building (B.)	Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of Males	Age of Females	Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born	Whether Blind, or Deaf-and-Dumb
				Fanny L. Goodwin	Daur			1		Northamptonshire Weston Favell	
50	Bells Terrace No 4	1		George Middleton	Head	Mar	39		Brewer	do do	
				Susannah do	Wife	Mar		39		do Potters Bury	
				John F do	Nephew	Un	18		Shepherd	do Weston Favell	
51	do No 3	1		Henry Clarke	Head	Mar	53		Publican	do do	
				Sarah Clarke	Wife	Mar		63		do Little Billing	
				Eliza do	Daur	Un		18	Dressmaker	do Weston Favell	
				George Harrison	Visitor	Un	22		Puddler in a Foundry	do Duston	
52		1		David Brown	Head	Mar	46		Ag. Lab	do Little Billing	
				Phebe Brown	Wife	Mar		34	Laundress	do Weston Favell	
				John do	Son	Un	13		Ag. Lab.	do do	
				Eliza do	Daur			12	Scholar	do do	
				Sarah do	Daur			9	Scholar	do do	
				Thomas do	Son		5		Scholar	do do	
				Emma do	Daur			3	do	do do	
				Mary A. do	Daur			1		do do	
53		1		William Law	Head	Wid	44		Maltster	do do	
				David do	Son	Un	17			do do	
				William do	Son		16			do do	
				Charles do	Son		11			do do	
				Jesse do	Son		9			do do	
54		1		Peggy Munton	Head	W		46	Independent	do Irchester	
				Louisa do	Daur	Un		23	Dressmaker	do Weston Favell	
				William do	Son	Un	22		Carpenter	do do	
				Jesse Knight	Son in Law	Mar	21		Ag. Lab.	do do	
Total of Houses...		5		Total of Males and Females...			14	11			

9—3

Eng.—Sheet D.

1871 England Census



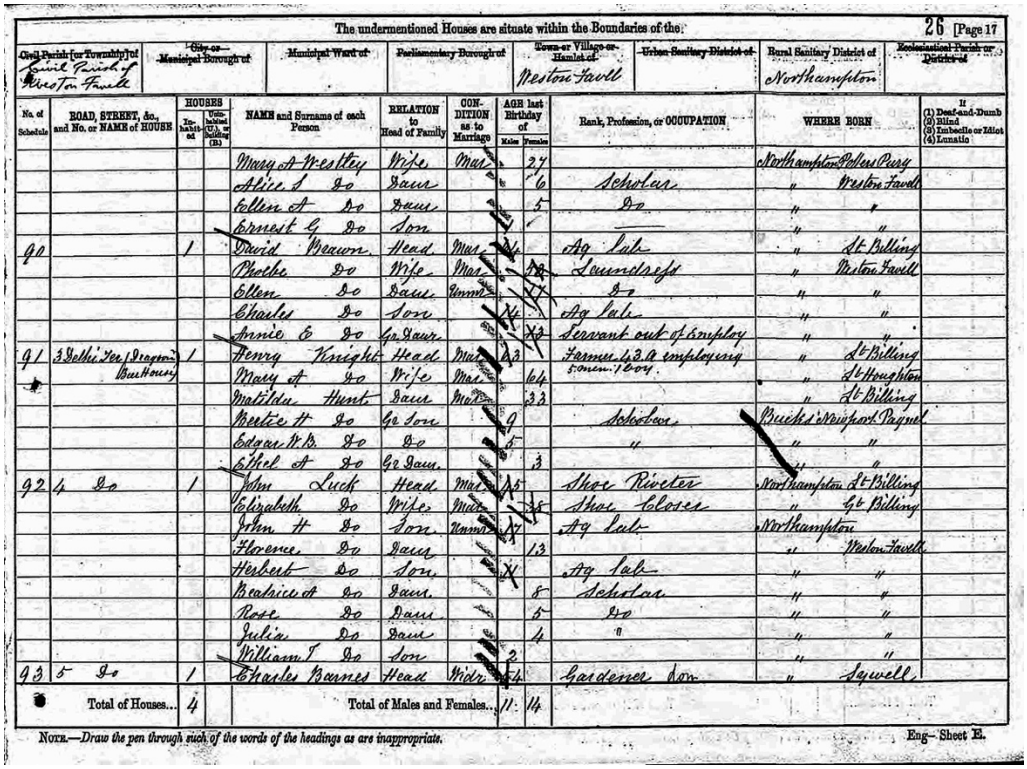
Page 14] The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the

Civil Parish [or Township] of: Civil Parish of Weston Favell | City or Municipal Borough of | Municipal Ward of | Parliamentary Borough of | Town of | Village or Hamlet &c., of: Weston Favell | Local Board, or [Improvement Commissioners District] of | Ecclesiastical District of

No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES Inhabited	HOUSES Uninhabited (U.) or Building (B.)	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CONDITION	AGE of Males	AGE of Females	Rank, Profession, or OCCUPATION	WHERE BORN	Whether 1. Deaf-and-Dumb 2. Blind 3. Imbecile or Idiot 4. Lunatic
83		1		Peggy Munton	Head	Widow		56	Lacemaker	Brackley Northampton	
				Robert Munton	Son	Unm.	22		Bricklayers Labr	Northampton Weston Favell	
				Emily Knight	Gran Daur			7	Scholar	" "	
84		1		Charles Burke	Head	Mar.	32		Shoemaker	" "	
				Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar.		28		" Mears Ashby	
				Charles Do	Son		7		Scholar	" Weston Favell	
				Ernest R Do	Son		5mo			" "	
				Hannah Do	Mother	Wd		71		" Abington	
85		1		David Beaver	Head	Mar	52		Agr. Labr	" Little Billing	
				Phoebe Do	Wife	Mar		48	Laundress	" Weston Favell	
				Thomas P Do	Son	Unm	15		Agr. Labr	" "	
				Mary A Do	Daur		11		Scholar	" "	
				George Do	Son		8		"	" "	
				Ellen Do	Daur			7	"	" "	
				Charles Do	Son		4		"	" "	
				Arthur Do	Son		2			" "	
				Annie E Do	Gran Daur			3		" "	
86	Clare Cottage	1		Hannah Tasker	Head	Wd		66	Annuitant	Warwick Willoughby	
87		1		Ellen Emily Bidwell	Wife	Mar		26	Needle Woman	Northampton Bailey	
				William H Do	Son		3			" Weston Favell	
				Gertrude Do	Daur			6mo		" "	
88		1		William Rigby	Head	Mar	56		Agr Labr	" "	
				Mary Do	Wife	Mar		56	Lacemaker	" Pattishall	
				William Do	Gran Son		10		Scholar	" Weston Favell	
		12									
6	Total of Houses..	6	12	Total of Males and Females..			12	12			

* Draw the pen through such of the words as are inappropriate.

1881 England Census



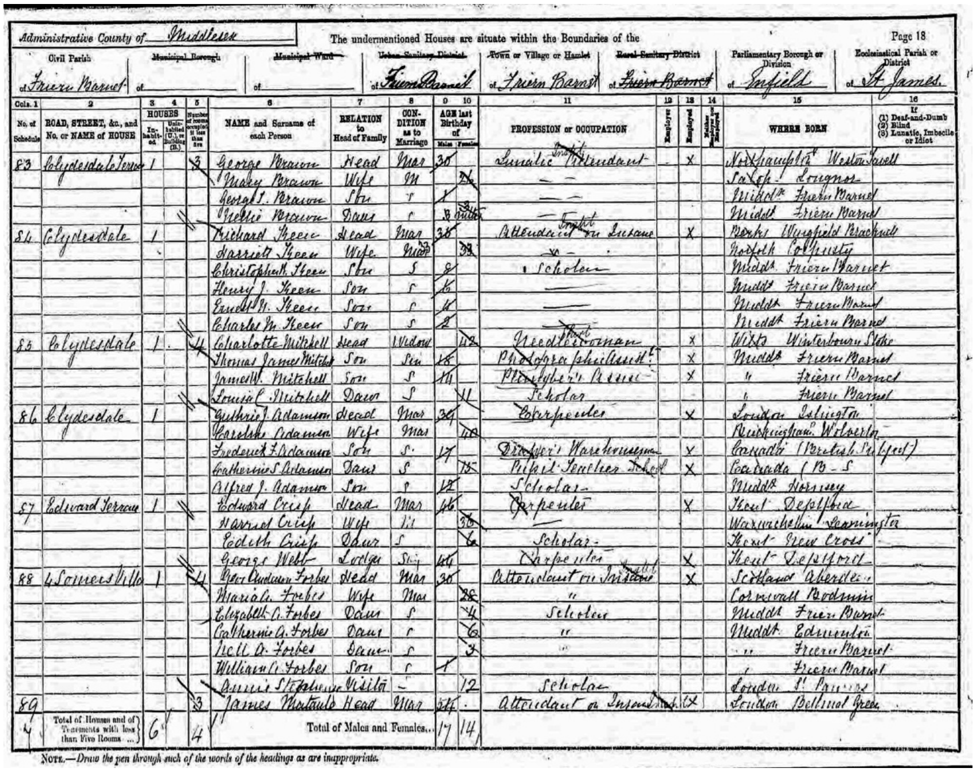
The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the: 26 [Page 17

Civil Parish [or Township] of: Civil Parish of Weston Favell | City or Municipal Borough of | Municipal Ward of | Parliamentary Borough of | Town or Village or Hamlet of: Weston Favell | Urban Sanitary District of | Rural Sanitary District of: Northampton | Ecclesiastical Parish or District of

No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES Inhabited	HOUSES Uninhabited (U.) or Building (B.)	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CONDITION as to Marriage	AGE last Birthday of Males	AGE last Birthday of Females	Rank, Profession, or OCCUPATION	WHERE BORN	If (1) Deaf-and-Dumb (2) Blind (3) Imbecile or Idiot (4) Lunatic
				Mary A Westley	Wife	Mar		27		Northampton Pollers Quay	
				Alice S Do	Daur			6	Scholar	" Weston Favell	
				Ellen A Do	Daur			5	Do	" "	
				Ernest G Do	Son			1		" "	
90		1		David Beaver	Head	Mar	24		Ag Labr	" St Billing	
				Phebe Do	Wife	Mar		28	Laundress	" Weston Favell	
				Ellen Do	Daur	Unm	17		Do	" "	
				Charles Do	Son		14		Ag Labr	" "	
				Annie E Do	Gr Daur			13	Servant out of Employ	" "	
91	3 Delhi Terr (Dragoon Barracks)	1		Henry Knight	Head	Mar	63		Farmer 132 a employing 5 men 1 boy	" St Billing	
				Mary A Do	Wife	Mar		64		" St Houghton	
				Matilda Hunt	Daur	Mar		33		" St Billing	
				Bertie H Do	Gr Son		9		Scholar	Bucks Newport Pagnell	
				Edgar W B Do	Do		5		"	" "	
				Ethel A Do	Gr Daur		3			" "	
92	4 Do	1		Jon Luck	Head	Mar	45		Shoe Riveter	Northampton St Billing	
				Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar		35	Shoe Closer	" Gt Billing	
				John H Do	Son	Unm	17		Ag Labr	Northampton	
				Florence Do	Daur			13		" Weston Favell	
				Herbert Do	Son		11		Ag Labr	" "	
				Beatrice A Do	Daur			8	Scholar	" "	
				Rose Do	Daur			6	Do	" "	
				Julia Do	Daur			4	"	" "	
				William J Do	Son			2		" "	
93	5 Do	1		Charles Barnes	Head	Widr	64		Gardener Dom	" Sywell	
	Total of Houses...	4		Total of Males and Females...			11	14			

NOTE.—Draw the pen through such of the words of the headings as are inappropriate. Eng- Sheet E.

1891 England Census



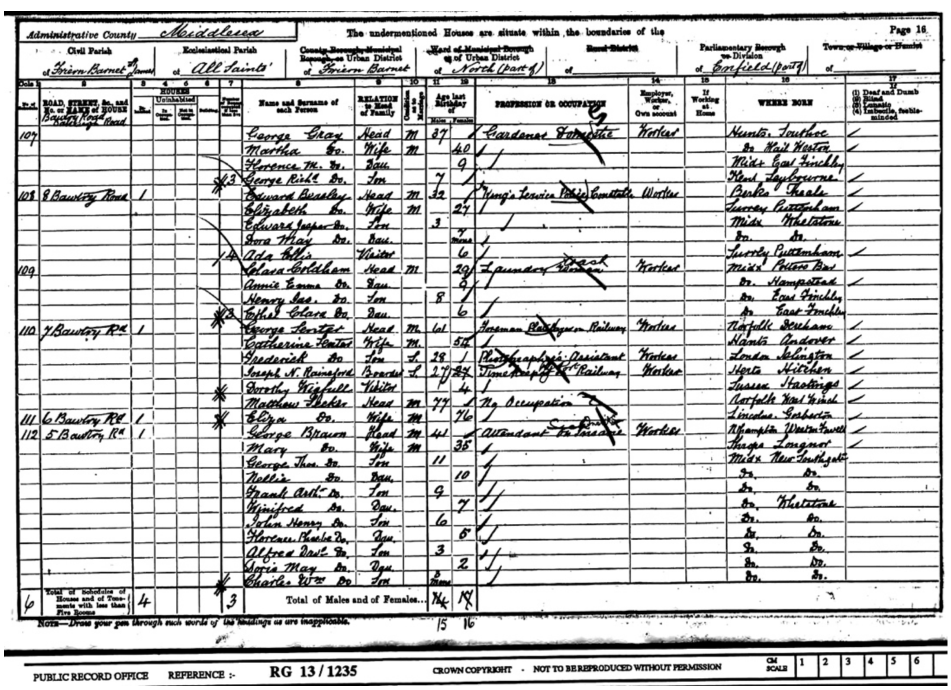
Administrative County of Middlesex. The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the — Page 18

Civil Parish of Friern Barnet; Urban Sanitary District of Friern Barnet; Town or Village or Hamlet of Friern Barnet; Rural Sanitary District of Friern Barnet; Parliamentary Borough or Division of Enfield; Ecclesiastical Parish or District of St James.

No. of Schedule	Road, Street, &c., and No. or Name of House	Houses Inhabited	Rooms	Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition as to Marriage	Age Males	Age Females	Profession or Occupation	Employer / Employed	Where Born
83	Clydesdale Terr	1	3	George Brawn	Head	Mar	30		Lunatic Asylum Attendant	x	Northampton Weston Favell
				Mary Brawn	Wife	M		26	—		Salop Longnor
				George T. Brawn	Son	S	1		—		Middx Friern Barnet
				Nellie Brawn	Daur	S		3 mths	—		Middx Friern Barnet
84	Clydesdale	1		Richard Treen	Head	Mar	38		Attendant on Insane	x	Berks Wingfield Bracknell
				Harriett Treen	Wife	Mar		38	—		Norfolk Corpusty
				Christopher H. Treen	Son	S	8		Scholar		Middx Friern Barnet
				Henry J. Treen	Son	S	6		—		Middx Friern Barnet
				Ernest W. Treen	Son	S	4		—		Middx Friern Barnet
				Charles W. Treen	Son	S	2				Middx Friern Barnet
85	Clydesdale	1	4	Charlotte Mitchell	Head	Widow		42	Needlewoman	x	Wilts Winterbourn Stoke
				Thomas James Mitchell	Son	Sin	18		Photographic Assist.	x	Middx Friern Barnet
				James W. Mitchell	Son	S	14		Plumber's Assist	x	" Friern Barnet
				Louisa C. Mitchell	Daur	S		11	Scholar		" Friern Barnet
86	Clydesdale	1		Guthrie J. Adamson	Head	Mar	39		Carpenter	x	London Islington
				Caroline Adamson	Wife	Mar		40			Buckingham Wolverton
				Frederick F. Adamson	Son	S	17		Draper's Warehouseman	x	Canada (British Subject)
				Catherine S. Adamson	Daur	S		15	Pupil Teacher School	x	Canada (B. S
				Alfred J. Adamson	Son	S	12		Scholar		Middx Hornsey
87	Edward Terrace	1		Edward Crisp	Head	Mar	46		Carpenter	x	Kent Deptford
				Harriet Crisp	Wife	M		36			Warwickshire Leamington
				Edith Crisp	Daur	S		6	Scholar		Kent New Cross
				George Webb	Lodger	Sing	44		Carpenter	x	Kent Deptford
88	4 Somers Villa	1	4	Geo Anderson Forbes	Head	Mar	30		Attendant on Insane	x	Scotland Aberdeen
				Maria A. Forbes	Wife	Mar		28	"		Cornwall Bodmin
				Elizabeth A. Forbes	Daur	S		4	Scholar		Middx Friern Barnet
				Catherine A. Forbes	Daur	S		6	"		Middx Edmonton
				Nell A. Forbes	Daur	S		3			" Friern Barnet
				William A. Forbes	Son	S	1				" Friern Barnet
				Annie Stephens	Visitor	—		12	Scholar		London St Pancras
89			3	James Metcalf	Head	Mar	34		Attendant on Insane	x	London Bethnal Green
4	Total of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms	6	4	Total of Males and Females			17	14			

Note.—Draw the pen through such of the words of the headings as are inappropriate.

1901 England Census



Administrative County Middlesex. The undermentioned Houses are situate within the boundaries of the — Page 16

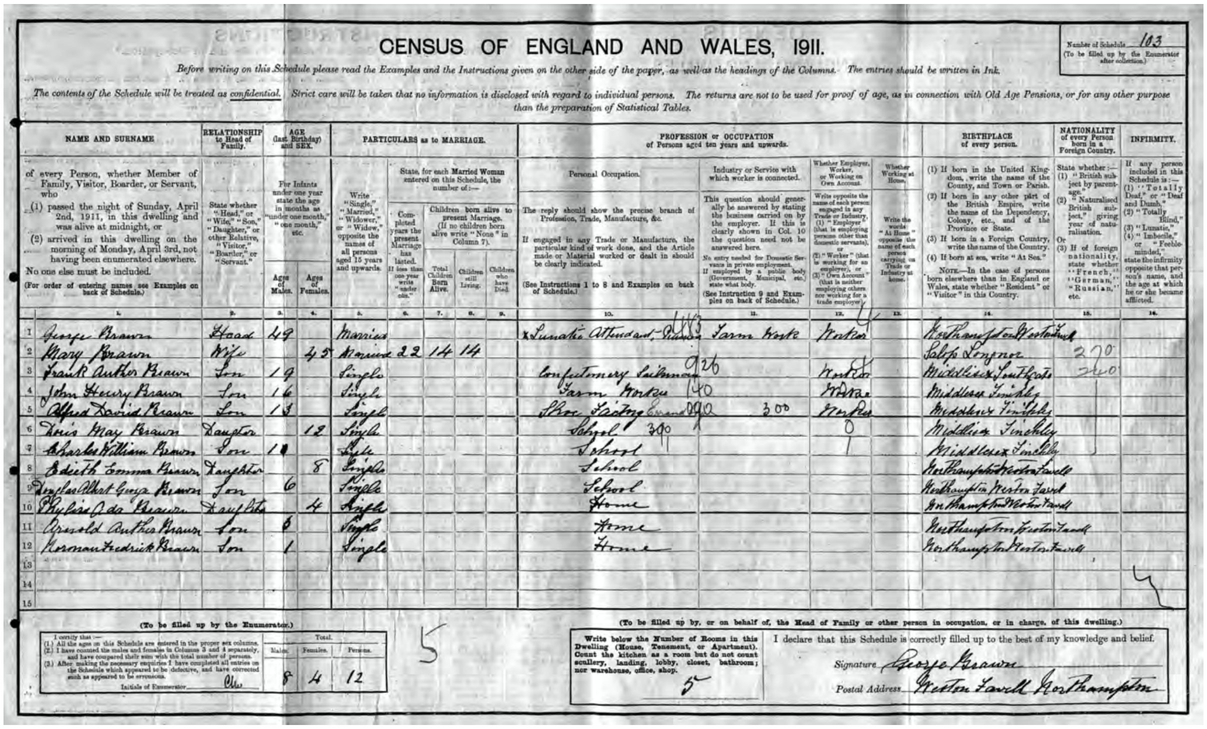
Civil Parish of Friern Barnet St James; Ecclesiastical Parish of All Saints'; Urban District of Friern Barnet; Ward of Urban District of North (part of); Parliamentary Division of Enfield (part of).

No. of Schedule	Road, Street, &c., and No. or Name of House (Bawtry Road / Kettering Road)	Inhabited	Rooms	Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition as to Marriage	Age Males	Age Females	Profession or Occupation	Employer, Worker, or Own account	Where Born
107				George Gray	Head	M	37		Gardener Domestic	Worker	Hunts Southoe
				Martha Do.	Wife	M		40			Do. Hail Weston
				Florence M. Do.	Dau.			9			Midx East Finchley
			3	George Richd Do.	Son		7				Kent Laybourne
108	8 Bawtry Road	1		Edward Beasley	Head	M	32		King's Service Police Constable	Worker	Berks Theale
				Elizabeth Do.	Wife	M		27			Surrey Puttenham
				Edward Jasper Do.	Son		3				Midx Whetstone
				Dora May Do.	Dau.			7 mons			Do. Do.
			4	Ada Ellis	Visitor			6			Surrey Puttenham
109				Clara Coldham	Head	M		29	Laundry Wash Woman	Worker	Midx Potters Bar
				Annie Emma Do.	Dau.			9			Do. Hampstead
				Henry Jas. Do.	Son		8				Do. East Finchley
			3	Ethel Clara Do.	Dau.			6			Do. East Finchley
110	7 Bawtry Rd	1		George Lenton	Head	M.	61		Foreman Platelayer Railway	Worker	Norfolk Dereham
				Catherine Lenton	Wife	M.		54			Hants Andover
				Frederick Do	Son	S.	28		Photographer's Assistant	Worker	London Islington
				Joseph N. Rainsford	Boarder	S.	27		Timekeeper Railway	Worker	Herts Hitchen
				Dorothy Wigfull	Visitor			4			Sussex Hastings
				Matthew Tucker	Head	M	77		No Occupation		Norfolk West Winch
111	6 Bawtry Rd	1		Eliza Do.	Wife	M		76			Lincolns. Gosberton
112	5 Bawtry Rd	1		George Brawn	Head	M	41		Attendant on Insane	Worker	N'hampton Weston Favell
				Mary Do.	Wife	M		35			Shrops Longnor
				George Thos. Do.	Son		11				Midx New Southgate
				Nellie Do.	Dau.			10			Do. Do.
				Frank Arthr Do.	Son		9				Do. Do.
				Winifred Do.	Dau.			7			Do. Whetstone
				John Henry Do.	Son		6				Do. Do.
				Florence Phoebe Do.	Dau.			5			Do. Do.
				Alfred Davd Do.	Son		3				Do. Do.
				Doris May Do.	Dau.			2			Do. Do.
				Charles Wm Do	Son		8 mons				Do. Do.
6	Total of Schedules of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms	4	3	Total of Males and of Females			14 / 15	17 / 16			

Note—Draw your pen through such words of the headings as are inapplicable.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE REFERENCE :- RG 13/1235 CROWN COPYRIGHT - NOT TO BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT PERMISSION

1911 England Census



CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.

Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in Ink.

The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, as in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.

Number of Schedule 103

	Name and Surname	Relationship to Head of Family	Age of Males	Age of Females	Particulars as to Marriage	Completed years the present Marriage has lasted	Total Children Born Alive	Children still Living	Children who have Died	Personal Occupation	Industry or Service	Employer, Worker, or Own Account	Working at Home	Birthplace	Nationality	Infirmity
1	George Brawn	Head	49		Married					Lunatic Attendant	Farm Work	Worker		Northampton Weston Favell		
2	Mary Brawn	Wife		45	Married	22	14	14						Salop Longnor		
3	Frank Arthur Brawn	Son	19		Single					Confectionery Salesman		Worker		Middlesex Southgate		
4	John Henry Brawn	Son	16		Single					Farm Worker		Worker		Middlesex Finchley		
5	Alfred David Brawn	Son	13		Single					Shoe Factory Errand		Worker		Middlesex Finchley		
6	Doris May Brawn	Daughter		12	Single					School				Middlesex Finchley		
7	Charles William Brawn	Son	10		Single					School				Middlesex Finchley		
8	Edieth Emma Brawn	Daughter		8	Single					School				Northampton Weston Favell		
9	Douglas Albert George Brawn	Son	6		Single					School				Northampton Weston Favell		
10	Phylis Ada Brawn	Daughter		4	Single					Home				Northampton Weston Favell		
11	Arnold Arthur Brawn	Son	3		Single					Home				Northampton Weston Favell		
12	Norman Fredrick Brawn	Son	1		Single					Home				Northampton Weston Favell		
13																
14																
15																

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.) Total: Males 8, Females 4, Persons 12.

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

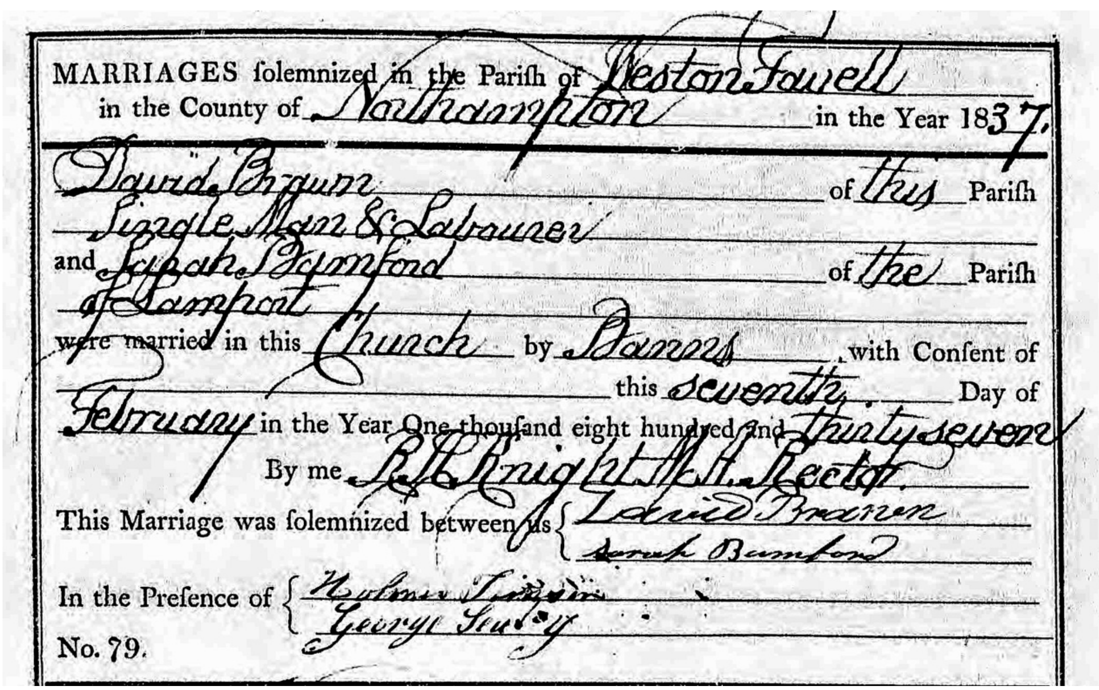
Write below the Number of Rooms in this Dwelling (House, Tenement, or Apartment). Count the kitchen as a room but do not count scullery, landing, lobby, closet, bathroom; nor warehouse, office, shop. 5

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature George Brawn

Postal Address Weston Favell Northampton

David Brawn and Sarah Bamford Marriage Registration February 7, 1837



MARRIAGES solemnized in the Parish of Weston Favell in the County of Northampton in the Year 1837

David Brawn of this Parish Single Man & Labourer and Sarah Bamford of the Parish of Lamport were married in this Church by Banns with Consent of this seventh Day of February in the Year One thousand eight hundred and thirty seven By me R. H. Knight M.A. Rector.

This Marriage was solemnized between us { David Brawn, Sarah Bamford

In the Presence of { Holmes Tims, George Seeley

No. 79.

David Brawn and Phoebe Bates Marriage Registration February 23, 1845

1845. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Weston Favell in the County of Northampton

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
17	Feb 23rd	David Brawn	Of full age	Widower	Labourer	Weston Favell	Thomas Brawn	Labourer
		Phœbe Bates	Minor	Spinster	—	Weston Favell	Thomas Bates	Labourer

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church after Banns by me, R. H. Knight Rector

This Marriage was solemnized between us, X The mark of David Brawn; X The mark of Phœbe Bates

in the Presence of us, X The mark of George Law; Holmes Timson

David Brawn Burial Registration March 11, 1884

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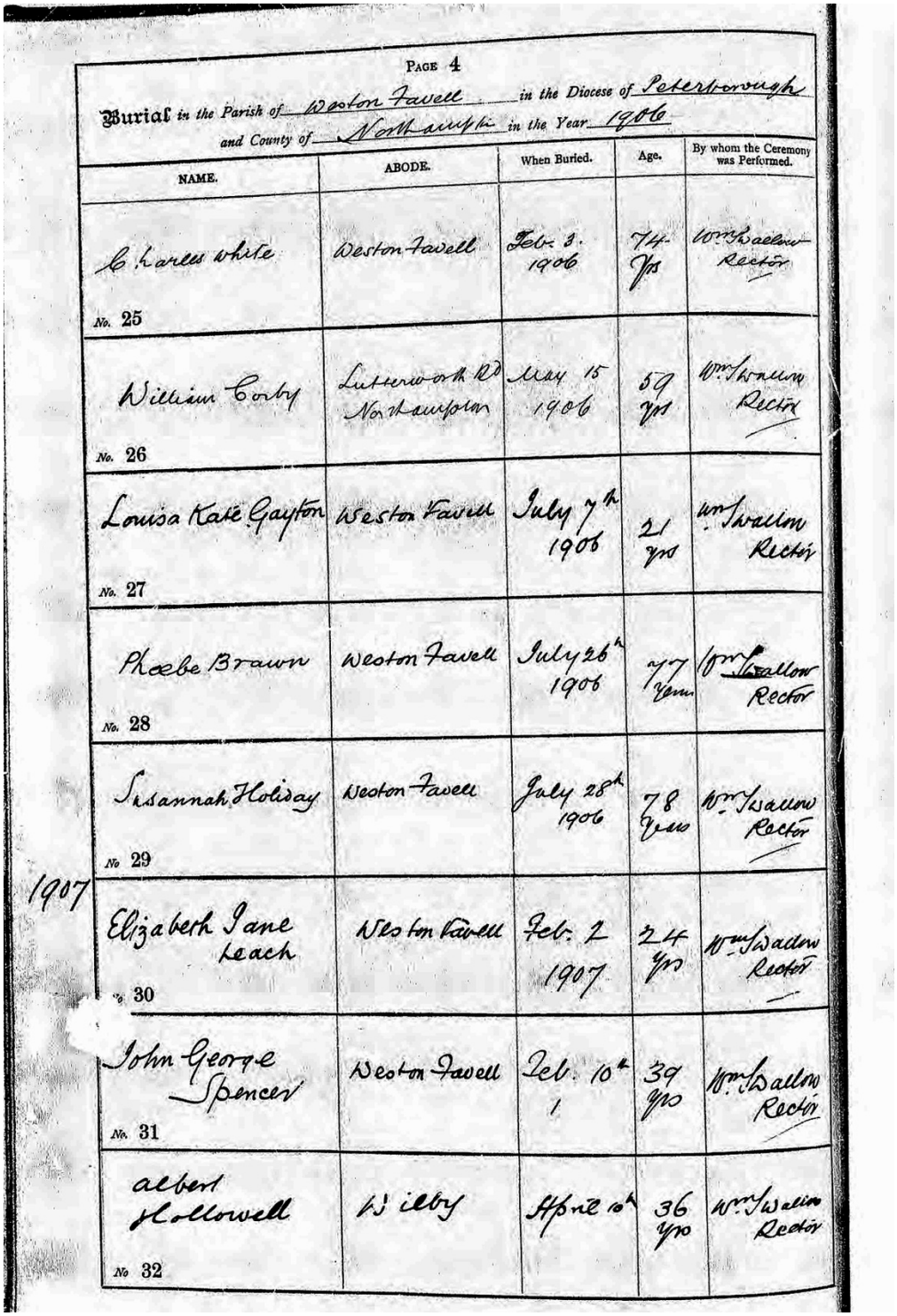
BURIALS in the Parish of Weston Favell in the County of Northampton in the Year 1883/1884

Name.	Abode.	When buried.	Age.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
Sam Bailey No. 649.	Weston Favell	October 24th	11 months	Alfred Longhurst Rector of Abington
Ruth Seaby No. 650.	Weston Favell	November 19th	72 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector
1884 Mary Ann Law No. 651.	Weston Favell	February 18th	59 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector
David Brawn No. 652.	Weston Favell	March 11th	69 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector
Ada Brawn No. 653.	Weston Favell	March 11th	13 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector
Frank Wiggins No. 654.	Weston Favell	April 2nd	1 mo	Jas Phillips Rector
Mary Clements No. 655.	Deal Street Northampton	May 3rd	82 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector
Charles Barnes found drowned after bathing at Wellingborough No. 656.	Weston Favell	July 26th	21 yrs	Jas Phillips Rector

Phoebe Bates Brawn Burial Registration July 26, 1906

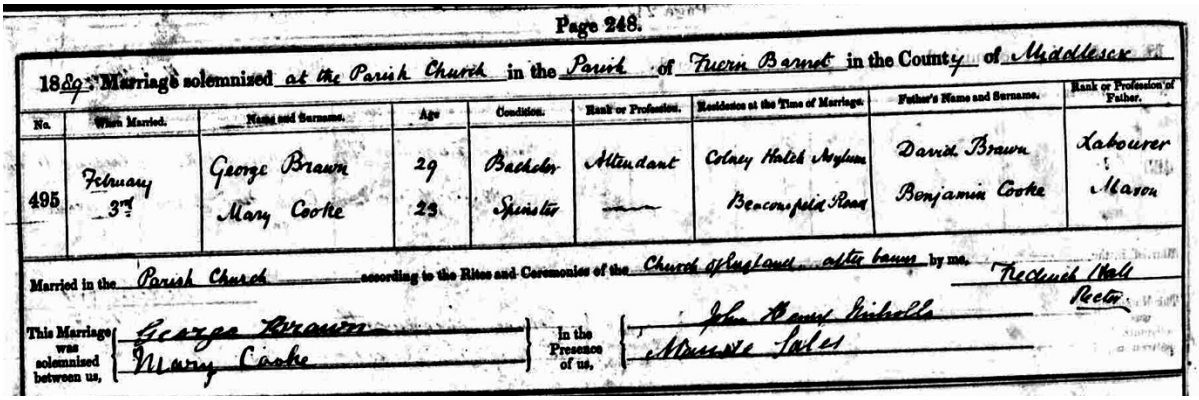


PAGE 4

Burial in the Parish of Weston Favell in the Diocese of Peterborough
and County of Northampton in the Year 1906

NAME.	ABODE.	When Buried.	Age.	By whom the Ceremony was Performed.
Charles White No. 25	Weston Favell	Feb. 3. 1906	74 Yrs	Wm Wallow Rector
William Corby No. 26	Lutterworth Rd Northampton	May 15 1906	59 Yrs	Wm Wallow Rector
Louisa Kate Gayton No. 27	Weston Favell	July 7th 1906	21 yrs	Wm Wallow Rector
Phoebe Brawn No. 28	Weston Favell	July 26th 1906	47 Years	Wm Wallow Rector
Susannah Holiday No 29	Weston Favell	July 28th 1906	78 Years	Wm Wallow Rector
1907 Elizabeth Jane Leach No. 30	Weston Favell	Feb. 2 1907	24 yrs	Wm Wallow Rector
John George Spencer No. 31	Weston Favell	Feb. 10th 1907	39 yrs	Wm Wallow Rector
albert Hollowell No 32	Wilby	[illegible]	36 yrs	Wm Wallow Rector

George Brawn and Mary Ann Cooke Marriage Registration February 3, 1889



Page 248.

1889 Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Fuern Barnet in the County of Middlesex

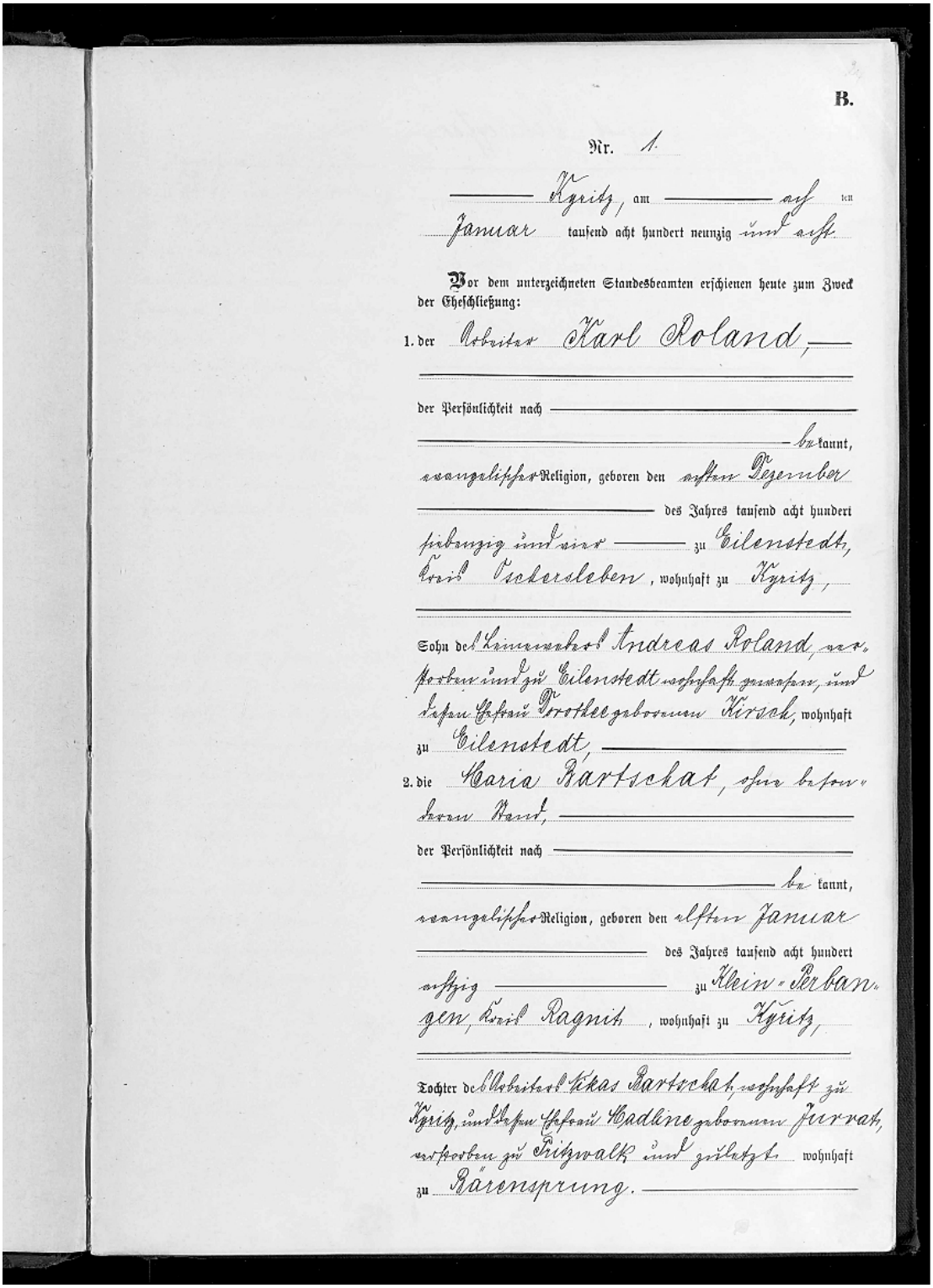
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
495	February 3rd	George Brawn	29	Bachelor	Attendant	Colney Hatch Asylum	David Brawn	Labourer
		Mary Cooke	23	Spinster	—	Beaconsfield Road	Benjamin Cooke	Mason

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England after banns by me, Redmund Hall Rector

This Marriage was solemnized between us, George Brawn, Mary Cooke

In the Presence of us, John Henry Nicholls, Maurice Sales

Marriage Registration for Karl Roland and Maria Barstchat



B.

Nr. 1.

Kyritz, am — auf den

Januar tausend acht hundert neunzig und acht.

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschienen heute zum Zweck der Eheschließung:

1. der Arbeiter Karl Roland,

der Persönlichkeit nach — bekannt,

evangelischer Religion, geboren den achten Dezember

des Jahres tausend acht hundert siebenzig und eins zu Eilenstedt, Kreis Oschersleben, wohnhaft zu Kyritz,

Sohn des Zimmermanns Andreas Roland, verstorben zuletzt zu Eilenstedt wohnhaft gewesen, und dessen Ehefrau Dorothee geborenen Kirsch, wohnhaft zu Eilenstedt,

2. die Maria Bartschat, ohne besonderen Stand,

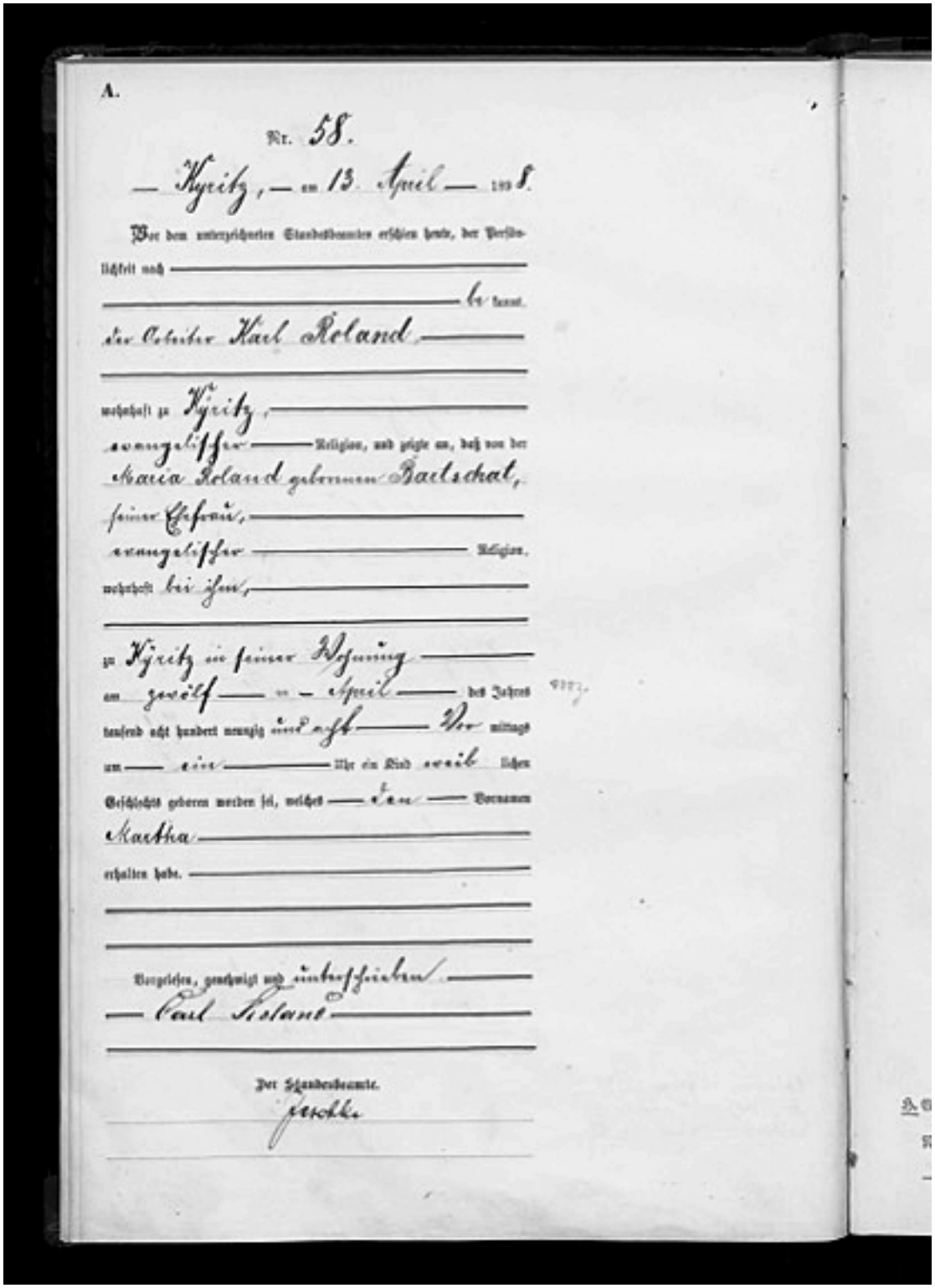
der Persönlichkeit nach — bekannt,

evangelischer Religion, geboren den elften Januar

des Jahres tausend acht hundert achtzig zu Klein-Serbanzen, Kreis Ragnit, wohnhaft zu Kyritz,

Tochter des Arbeiters Lukas Bartschat, wohnhaft zu Kyritz, und dessen Ehefrau Madlene geborenen Jurrat, verstorben zu Pritzwalk und zuletzt wohnhaft zu Bärensprung.

Birth Registration for Martha Roland April 12, 1898



A.

Nr. 58.

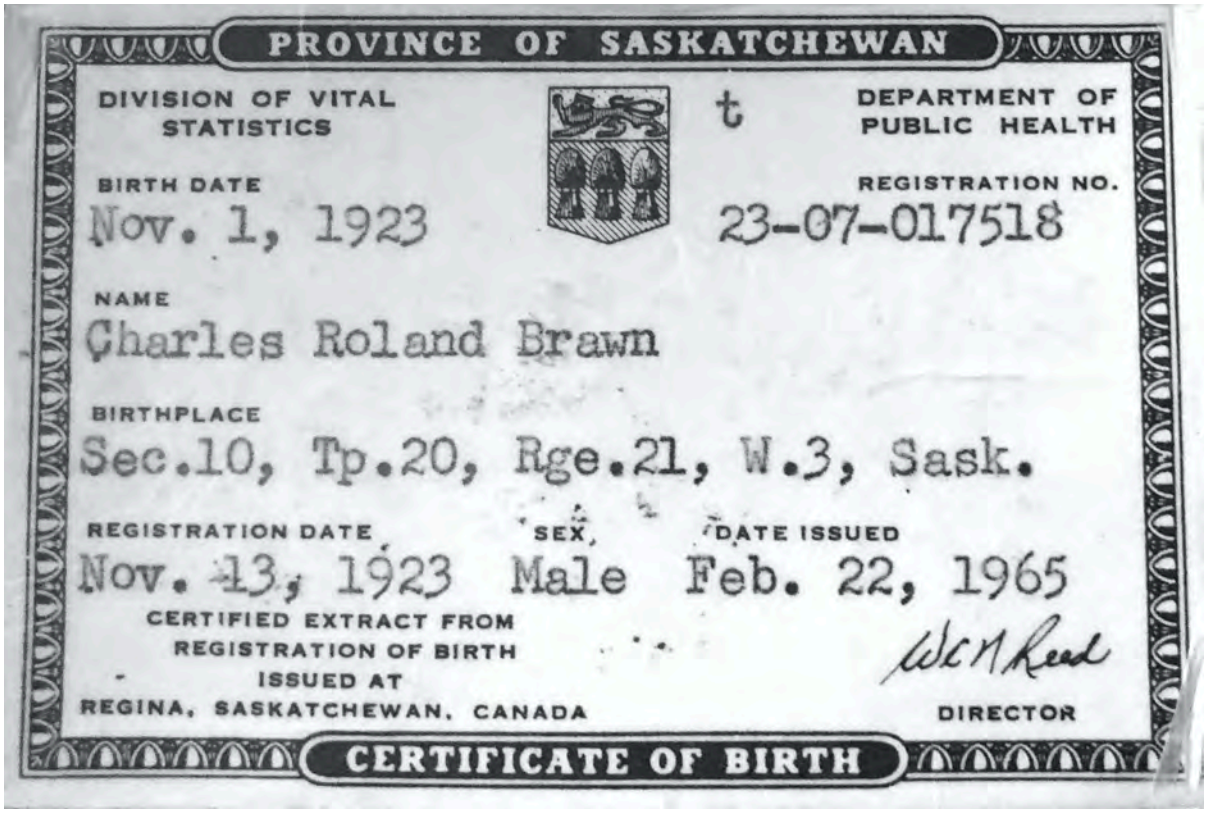
— Kyritz, — am 13. April — 1898.

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschien heute, der Persönlichkeit nach — bekannt, der Arbeiter Karl Roland, — wohnhaft zu Kyritz, — evangelischer — Religion, und zeigte an, daß von der Maria Roland geborenen Barlschat, seiner Ehefrau, — evangelischer — Religion, wohnhaft bei ihm, — zu Kyritz in seiner Wohnung — am zwölf — 12 — April — des Jahres tausend acht hundert neunzig und acht — Vormittags um — ein — Uhr ein Kind weiblichen Geschlechts geboren worden sei, welches — die — Vornamen Martha — erhalten habe. —

Vorgelesen, genehmigt und unterschrieben. —
— Carl Roland —

Der Standesbeamte.
Jacobi

Certificate of Birth for Charles Roland Brawn November 1, 1923



PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH

BIRTH DATE
Nov. 1, 1923

REGISTRATION NO.
23-07-017518

NAME
Charles Roland Brawn

BIRTHPLACE
Sec.10, Tp.20, Rge.21, W.3, Sask.

REGISTRATION DATE
Nov. 13, 1923

SEX
Male

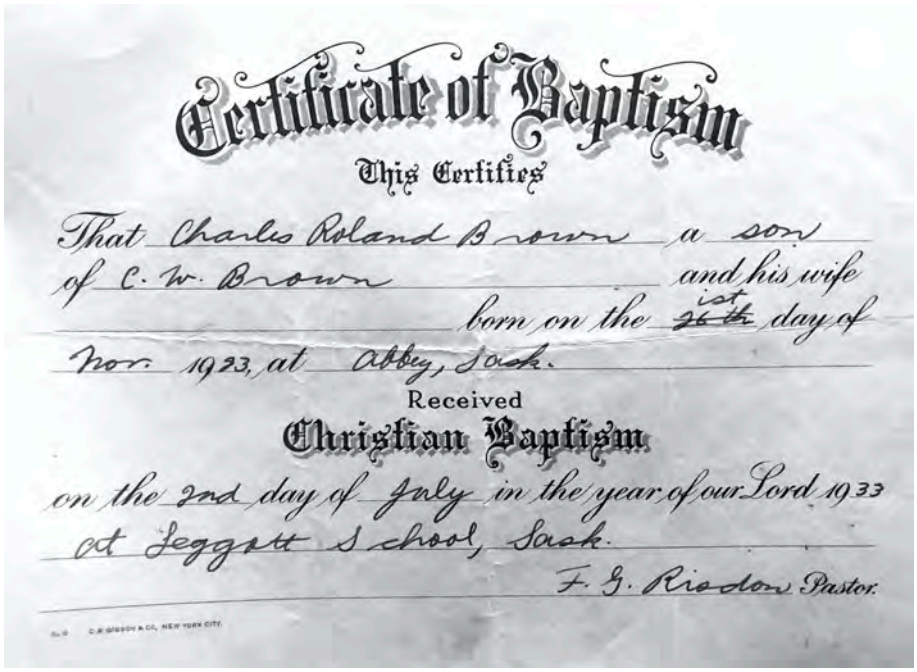
DATE ISSUED
Feb. 22, 1965

CERTIFIED EXTRACT FROM REGISTRATION OF BIRTH ISSUED AT REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA

W.C.M. Reed
DIRECTOR

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Certificate of Baptism for Charles Roland Brawn July 2, 1933



Certificate of Baptism

This Certifies

That Charles Roland Brown a son of C. W. Brown and his wife born on the ~~26th~~ 1st day of Nov. 1923, at Abbey, Sask.

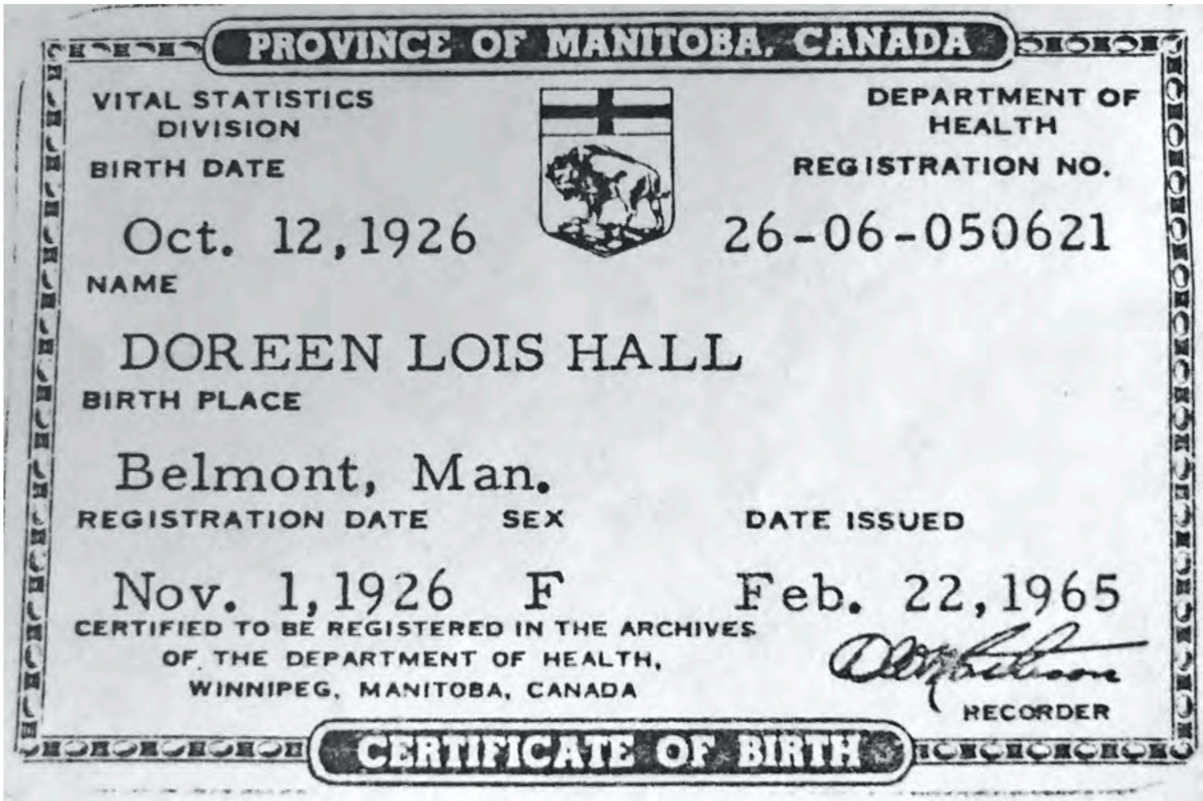
Received

Christian Baptism

on the 2nd day of July in the year of our Lord 1933 at Leggott School, Sask.

F. G. Riedow Pastor.

Certificate of Birth for Doreen Lois Hall October 12, 1926


PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, CANADA

VITAL STATISTICS DIVISION

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

BIRTH DATE
Oct. 12, 1926

REGISTRATION NO.
26-06-050621

NAME
DOREEN LOIS HALL

BIRTH PLACE
Belmont, Man.

REGISTRATION DATE
Nov. 1, 1926

SEX
F

DATE ISSUED
Feb. 22, 1965

CERTIFIED TO BE REGISTERED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA

RECORDER

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Certificate of Marriage for Charles Roland Brawn and Doreen Lois Hall March 30, 1945


Certificate of Marriage

This is to Certify that, on the thirtieth day of March A.D. 1945, at Fort William in the Province of Ontario, I solemnized the Marriage of Charles Roland Brawn and Doreen Lois Hall under Marriage License No. M 24781 issued on the 21st day of March A.D. 1945

Witnesses:

Marie Estelle Sahin
Andrew Charles Beatty

(Signature of person solemnizing marriage)

133 Bethune St. Fort William
(address)

United
(Denomination)

7223
(Registration Certificate Number)

INDEX TO PHOTOGRAPHS AND OFFICIAL CERTIFICATES

ENDNOTES:

[i] According to Provincial Archives of Saskatchewan website (Homesteading):
To encourage settlement in Western Canada, the Dominion Government offered a grant for a free homestead of 160 acres (also known as a quarter section) for a $10 registration fee to those individuals and families who were prepared to live on and cultivate the land during a qualifying period of time. Millions of people from around the world flocked to the Canadian prairies to take advantage of these land grants. The homestead process began with entry, which is a term that was used to describe the act of going to a Dominion Lands office and filing for a claim to a particular parcel of land or "homestead".
Eligibility:
Settlers could only obtain entry to a homestead quarter section if they met certain eligibility requirements:
Dominion Lands Act Eligibility Requirements, and Changes to Requirements Over the Years:
Before 1874: Initial age requirement was a minimum of 21 years.
1874: Age requirement was dropped to 18 years but if you were younger and already head of a family, you could make entry.
1876: Women were eligible to enter only if they were the sole head of family.
1908: Settler must be or declare an intention to be a British subject
Required Duties or "Proving Up" the Homestead:
Once in Saskatchewan and on their chosen quarter section of land, settlers had to meet certain obligations before the patent – or ownership – of the land was transferred from the Crown to the homesteader. The process of fulfilling the duties was referred to as "proving up" the homestead.
Some Required Duties for Homesteaders to Obtain Patent (Title), and Changes to Requirements:
1872 (original Dominion Lands Act)
The settler must cultivate and reside on the land for three years.
1884
The settler must build a habitable house and reside on homestead for no less than three months.
The settler must live within a radius of two miles from the homestead.
Within the first year after date of entry, the settler must break and prepare for to crop no less than 10 acres of the homestead quarter section.
Within the second year, the settler must crop the first ten acres, and break and prepare to crop no less than 15 more acres.
Within third year after date of entry, the settler must crop the 25 acres broken in the first two years, and break and prepare for crop no less than 15 more acres.
The settler must reside on the homestead for at least six months of the year in each of the three years.
1886
The settler must commence cultivation of his/her homestead within six months of date of entry or, if entry was obtained on or after the first day of September in any year, before the first day of June following.
Within the first year after entry, the settler must break and prepare for crop no less than 5 acres.
Within the second year, the settler must crop the initial 5 acres, and break and prepare for crop no less than 10 additional acres.
The settler must build a habitable house before end of second year and at the beginning of the third year must commence residence on homestead.
The settler must give six months notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his/her intention to make application for patent.
1908
The settler must be a British subject.
The settler may reside within a distance of nine miles of the homestead to count as residence.
1914
The settler must enclose the whole quarter section being entered by a substantial fence.
Any alien who has not resided in the British Dominions for the period necessary for naturalization shall be entitled to obtain letters patent for a homestead as if he/she were a British subject provided that he/she satisfies the Minister of the Interior that in all other respects save the period of residence that he/she is qualified to be naturalized.
1915

Residence and cultivation duties waived for those whose injuries during service in the First World War made compliance with homestead duties impossible.
Pre-emptions
Pre-emptions were introduced in 1874 and allowed a homesteader to obtain a second quarter section of land adjacent to the homestead.
The homesteader could receive the patent for the pre-emption by paying a fixed price for the land after receiving the patent for the homestead.
Pre-emptions could be purchased up to 3 years after the homestead was patented and could remain unimproved for at least 6 years after the date of entry.
This system was cancelled in 1890 and reinstated in 1908.
After an amendment to the Dominion Lands Act In 1908, pre-emptions could be made by any person who had obtained or intended to obtain an adjoining homestead entry.
Resident requirements for the pre-emption could be satisfied by residence on the homestead.
Cultivation requirements – 50 acres in addition to the homestead requirements – could also be satisfied on the homestead.
Patent for the pre-emption could be obtained when a fixed price for the land had been paid by installments over eight years.
Purchased Homesteads
Purchased homesteads were available from 1871 to 1918. Under this system, a settler could purchase 160 acres of land within a nine-mile radius of his or her homestead quarter. The price for the land was $3.00 per acre. A one-third down payment was required and the balance was to be paid in five equal installments.

[ii] Page 38.

[iii] Canadian War Museum website, article entitled "Life at Home During the War – Enemy Aliens, Anti-German Sentiment" (author unknown): *War fever created widespread hostility towards German Canadians and German-Canadian culture. Rejection of All Things German: The early part of the war witnessed a substantial backlash against many elements of the German presence in Canada. Public schools removed German language instruction from their curricula. Some orchestras refused to play German music. Winnipeg residents changed hamburgers to "nips" in order to sever the association with an enemy language. The sinking of the civilian liner Lusitania in 1915 with hundreds of civilian deaths seemed to confirm the popular view that Canada fought in a singularly noble cause against a nation of barbarians. Ugly riots in Victoria, Winnipeg, and Montreal targeted German-owned businesses and shops.*
Measures against "Enemies" in Canada: Anti-German propaganda, stories of German atrocities abroad, and fear of saboteurs drove many Canadians to demand protection from their government. Some 8,579 "enemy aliens" were interned behind barbed wire to remove the supposed threat, while tens of thousands more were forced to register with authorities and abide by stringent rules of conduct for the duration of the war. Sir William Otter, the distinguished Canadian soldier who oversaw the internment operation, stated that 8,579 "enemy aliens" were incarcerated in camps across the country. Otter classified 3,138 as "prisoners of war," while the others were civilians. The majority of internees were of Ukrainian origin.
Erasing Culture: From Berlin to Kitchener: Berlin, a moderate sized town in southwestern Ontario, was home to a large population of German Canadians and many Mennonites, a peace church that opposed military service. It became a focus of public unrest because of its name and the assumed disloyalty of many of its German or pacifist residents. Zealous patriots removed from its pedestal a bust of Kaiser Wilhelm I located in the city's Victoria Park and threw it into adjacent Victoria Lake. Soldiers of the local 118th Battalion ransacked and vandalized German businesses.
In early 1916, the local Board of Trade recommended that the city change its name as a symbol of patriotic commitment and in the hope that another name would be better for business. A municipal committee listed dozens of possibilities, including 'Amity', 'Imperial City', and 'Hydropolis', but overseas events provided another option. Great Britain's minister of war, Lord Kitchener, was killed in early June en route to Russia when his warship struck a German mine. Only a few hundred local residents voted in the ensuing referendum, but those who did chose Kitchener. Berlin, which was not on the ballot, disappeared from the map on 1 September 1916. Periodic attempts during and after the war to revise the original name failed.
German Atrocities, Real and Imagined: From the start of the war, most Canadians demonized the enemy. They believed the stories and rumours from overseas concerning German war crimes, and accepted without question what would mainly prove to be fabricated reports of German atrocities in Belgium, especially those involving women and children. News of heavy casualties and the use of a heinous new weapon, poison gas, at the Battle of Second Ypres in April 1915, galvanized public opinion against Germany and further convinced Canadians of

the enemy's fundamental barbarity. War propaganda reinforced enemy stereotypes and intentionally blurred the line between actual news and useful innuendo.
Lusitania and Edith Cavell: Not all reports of German atrocities were fake or exaggerated. In May 1915, a month after the shock of Ypres, a German submarine sank the civilian luxury liner Lusitania off the coast of Ireland. Nearly 1,200 civilians died, including hundreds of Canadians and more than 90 children. The Germans' execution of British nurse Edith Cavell in October 1915 for helping Allied soldiers escape occupied Belgium further outraged Canadians and gave the war effort a convincing martyr. Cavell became the war's most famous female casualty. In Canada alone, she had a mountain, several schools, a nursing institute, streets, and several hospital wings named after her.
Branding German Kultur: Wartime propaganda soon referred to German Kultur (culture) as a damning insult, a predisposition for war, cruelty, and destructiveness that placed Germany outside the community of civilized nations. A total effort against such an enemy was more than justified, the imagery screamed: it was expected.

[iv] Bill Waiser, in article in Saskatoon Star Phoenix, March 10, 2020, entitled: Say It Ain't So: Trading one identity for another after Great War: *The Canadian census is one of the most reliable, and sometimes only, sources of historical information about everyday Canadians. Collected every five years, the name-specific data provide a wealth of personal information — from age and marital status to religion and ethnicity.In fact, an individual can be followed over time and place through the census. But there's something amiss in the 1921 Saskatchewan census data. In the "place of birth" column, 68,202 people were born in Germany. That's a slight decline from the 68,288 for 1911 and a whopping decline from the 77,109 for 1916. Somehow, the province lost 8,907 German-born people between 1916 and 1921, a five-year period of limited immigration.*

The numbers for other ethnic groups, on the other hand, are all significantly higher in 1921 than they were 10 years earlier. The French-born population, for example, climbed from 23,251 to 42,152; the Scandinavian from 33,991 to 58,382; and the Russian/Ukrainian from 18,413 to 73,440. Only the German-born population declined over the 10-year period. What happened? In early 20th century Saskatchewan, Germans were welcome, even valued, immigrants to the new province. By 1911, they were the second largest ethnic group in Saskatchewan, making up almost 14 percent of the foreign-born population. In fact, Regina had a large German population, as evidenced by the name Germantown for the neighbourhood east of the downtown business district. As one of Europe's northern groups, Germans were said to share the same sterling qualities as Britons. Queen Victoria's oldest daughter Victoria had even married Prince William of Prussia; their son was Kaiser Wilhelm, the German emperor.

But with the outbreak of war against Germany and the Austro-Hungarian empire in August 1914, German immigrants became enemy aliens overnight. At first, political and community leaders called for public calm and restraint—let the German-born population go quietly about their lives and continue to work at their jobs. Canada's quarrel was with the German leadership, not the German people. But that was before the stories of so-called German atrocities in Belgium became front-page news. Then, there was the German torpedoing of the ocean liner Lusitania in May 1915. The Swift Current Sun claimed that the sinking of the ship was "the act of blood-crazed madmen, seemingly bent on the devastation of mankind. Germany has proven herself an outlaw."

This anti-German sentiment hardened as the Great War's death toll mounted and more and more Saskatchewan families were scarred by the loss of loved ones. As part of a national boycott campaign, the Saskatchewan chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire vowed, "From this day until my death, I pledge myself never willingly nor knowingly to buy an article made by the bloody hands that killed our boys." By attacking things German, IODE women could feel that they were participating directly in the war. In a December 1916 provincial plebiscite, meanwhile, temperance supporters made the prohibition referendum a loyalty test — a vote for liquor was equated with a vote for the Kaiser.

Eighty percent, four of every five respondents, voted to shut down the new government dispensaries. "As the war against Germany became longer and more bitter," one historian noted, "the war against booze enlisted more and more recruits." A year later, the Wartime Elections Act disenfranchised any enemy alien who had been eligible to vote since 1902. It was widely believed that Germans should not be allowed to participate in the

December 1917 general election. The foreign-language press was also restricted. English translations had to appear in parallel columns in "enemy alien" language newspapers published in Canada. The next step was an outright publication ban. Hostile gangs twice attacked the offices of Der Courier, Regina's German newspaper, before it suspended operations.

Several Saskatchewan communities changed their names in response to the war. Prussia, for example, was dropped in favour of Leader, while Kaiser became Peebles and Schultz was renamed Prelate.By war's end, the harassment and condemnation proved too much for many Germans and they deliberately abandoned one nationality for another. The most popular new identity was Scandinavian. According to census data for the years 1911 and 1921, the number of people in the three prairie provinces who gave their birth place as Germany fell from 18,696 to 13,343 during the 10-year period. Those born in Sweden, Norway and Holland, on the other hand, increased from 33,826 to 38,925 over the same period. The increase in the number of Scandinavians almost equalled the decrease in Germans. It was no coincidence.

[v] Memories of Yesteryear, Rural Municipality of Miry Creek No. 229 1913-1963, printed by Modern Press, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, 1963, p. 103.
[vi] Memories of Yesteryear, p. 40.

[vii] Erin Legg, "Spanish Influenza Epidemic" in The Encyclopedia of Saskatchewan: *The "Spanish Flu" was named in May 1918, since the Spanish media was the first to document the pandemic during a period in World War I when most countries had strict censorship. The Spanish Flu was an extreme strain of the influenza virus, which was transmitted by inhaling infected air. Scientists have hypothesized that this virus originated in China as a strain of avian influenza, which mutated and infected herds of swine. This virus was contracted by humans, and was dispersed throughout society as people and goods moved along Asian-European trade routes. In the trenches of World War I, the Spanish Flu quickly spread. Infected soldiers began returning to their homelands, thus carrying the virus throughout the world.*

Symptoms, such as chills, fever, headaches, pains, weakness, coughing up blood, and delirium, appeared suddenly. It was not uncommon for a person to be healthy in the morning, yet die from the virus by the evening. Two effects of the Spanish Flu were the increased risks of contracting a respiratory infection such as pneumonia, or becoming inflicted with cyanosis, a bluish skin discoloration that resulted from severely diminished amounts of haemoglobin in the blood. The Spanish Flu was difficult to treat because medical understanding of viral infections did not occur until the 1930s. Just as with today's influenza, there was no cure for the Spanish Flu. The most popular remedies were bed rest or drinking alcohol. Because of Prohibition in Saskatchewan, alcohol could only be obtained with a doctor's prescription from one of two distributing pharmacies in the province. Other preventative measures to which people resorted were folk remedies or wearing of masks.

The infection rate of the virus in Saskatchewan was about one in every four families. This virus was most detrimental to the 20 to 40 years age group, where the survival rate was 50%. As the epidemic spread throughout the province, a shortage of doctors was apparent. Approximately 10% of doctors were on military service, while many others became sick or died themselves due to the virus. Furthermore, 87% of the population lived in rural areas, yet had access to only a third of the province's hospital beds. Most deaths from this epidemic occurred at home. Often, bodies were stacked upon one another while undertakers waited for coffins. Once coffins were available, burial permits were often overlooked in order for the bodies to be quickly laid to rest. The transportation of dead bodies was not permitted, in order to control the spread of the virus. Communities were quarantined, schools were closed, church services cancelled, and public meetings were banned. Because of the impact of the virus on the 20 to 40 years age group, many children were left orphaned by this epidemic.

The Spanish Flu gradually weakened in 1919, and by 1920 had run its course. It has been estimated that the total deaths worldwide from this epidemic reached upwards of 20 million. In Canada, 50,000 people died, including 5,000 in Saskatchewan. As a result of this epidemic, there were demands for an increase in the number

of hospitals throughout the province, an increase in doctor's salaries, and more training on caring for the sick at home.

[viii] Maureen Katherine Lux, "The Impact of the Spanish Influenza Pandemic in Saskatchewan, 1918-1919, Masters Thesis, University of Saskatchewan (Saskatoon), available online, p. 77.

[ix] I never met Bill Murby but he was an important person in my father's life, so from time-to-time reports would be shared concerning his circumstances, many of which I think were based more on gossip and speculation than fact. What appears clear is that William (Bill) Alfred Murby was born on March 25, 1901 to Mark (bricklayer) and Emily Murby, in Weston Favell, just north of Northampton, the same community where my father was raised. Not only did Bill come to Canada and subsequently to Abbey with my father, an illustration of the connection between the Murby and Brawn families in Weston Favell was that on December 20, 1908 Charles' younger brother, Arnold Arthur, and Bill's younger sister, Miriam Sarah, were baptized together in the Weston Favell church.

Bill returned to England in the fall of 1923 to visit friends and relatives, and returned to Canada on April 25, 1924 indicating he was planning to return to his home, Abbey, Saskatchewan. It appears that in the mid-1930's Bill travelled between Canada and England on a couple of occasions. In early 1939 Bill married Alice Evelyn Cheyne in Northampton, and worked there around that time as an insurance agent.

Alice Cheyne had been born in Alberta in 1910, but the family later moved to Kindersley, Saskatchewan, and it is to be assumed Bill and Alice met in Saskatchewan. Subsequently the newly married couple returned to Canada and he became a storekeeper in Melfort Saskatchewan. They had two children, Marilyn and Sharon. Bill died on August 19,1962 and Alice on December 30, 1998. Both are interred at the Mount Hope Cemetery in Melfort, Saskatchewan.

[x] Marian (Lee) Trew, daughter of John and Emily Lee described her parents' situation in Bridging the Centuries, vol. 2, p. 961: *Through many misfortunes they lost their farm in 1926 and moved to town. Pop held many different jobs. He was town handyman, head bartender in the Abbey Hotel and later janitor of the Abbey School. He also picked up the mail from the railroad station and hauled it to the Post Office six nights a week. My mother worked alongside my dad whenever she could.*

[xi] Memories of Yesteryear, p. 44.

[xii] This was a rematch with Max Schmeling who had defeated Joe Louis in 1936, following which Schmeling had become a national hero in Germany. Schmeling's victory over an African American was touted by Nazi officials as proof of their doctrine of Aryan Superiority.

[xiii] Bridging the Centuries, vol. 2, p. 1414.

[xiv] Bridging the Centuries, vol. 2, p. 776.

[xv] No. 33 Elementary Flying Training School was opened by the RAF on 5 January 1942 as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. The Boundary Bay Flying Training School took over operation on 25 May 1942 and the school was closed 14 January 1944. The purpose of the school was to provide basic flying skills to prepare students for more advanced flying school training. The initial airplane inventory consisted of 56 De Havilland Tiger Moth biplane training aircraft. The Fairchild Cornell monoplane trainer replaced the Tiger Moth in January 1943 and inventory grew to approximately 100 aircraft. 1837 pilots completed basic training at Caron, of which 1833 were from the Royal Air Force, three from the Royal Canadian Air Force, and one from the Royal Australian Air Force. On average, pilots were expected to have 50 hours of flying time over their eight weeks of training.

[xvi] This photograph was taken at the #19 Squadron Flying Training Facility near Virden, Manitoba, but the planes and the organizational structure were the same as at Caron.

[xvii] Letter from Gail Brawn (Jack's wife) to "Charlie Brawn and Family" just after Charles was diagnosed with cancer: *Jack and Matty* (Jack and Gail's son, Matthew) *so much enjoyed their visit to Brandon this past Friday. Thank you that. I well remember the phone call we got from Charlie in 1973 when we were in Duncan B.C. He was suggesting that we go to Brandon and join him selling real estate. The following February we did just that! Charlie and Doreen welcomed us and our new baby girl with open arms and helped us to get settled in. Jack*

was quickly introduced to, and learning about a whole new world – REAL ESTATE. Before long, Jack was playing hockey with the Manitoba Senior League. He joined Kinsmen and we began to make friends and enjoy the beautiful little city that Brandon is. Going to Brandon was the best move we could ever have made. It changed our lives (for the better) more than we could ever have imagined. Our kids started their lives there, we learned so much, enjoyed so many wonderful experiences, and had so much fun. Doreen knit beautiful things for our kids, and she showed me how to wallpaper. Today I could wallpaper Buckingham Palace if someone wanted me to. Of course we didn't want to leave Brandon and it saddened us to have to go, but in the long run it was for the better. Both my sisters and their families are here in Regina, and we are closer to our families in Swift Current. We quickly settled in here on McIntosh St. and it has become home. That was 31years ago. We were able to be close to our mothers when we needed to be here. Three years ago my sister's youngest daughter died of cancer and it was a time we had to go through together. So Charlie, once again thank you for that phone call you made to us in 1973. Because of that call, we had 11 wonderful years in Brandon, which in time opened doors to more opportunities and experiences than we could ever have imagined. Give our love to Doreen. From us Jack & Gail

[xviii] One person who was generous enough to read and provide useful feedback on Charles' intended novel was James McCrae, a former Member of the Legislative Assembly for Manitoba representing Brandon West, and who in his retirement had turned his attention to writing a novel, published as *Dancing Winds*. He stated in an email dated November 4, 2005 he found Charles' work "realistic and touching," while acknowledging a professional editor will "have some work to do." Mr. McCrae's final comment was "Your story touched me. If you wish others to be touched by it too, then carry on and finish it up. Good work!"