A FAMILY HISTORY

by

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and

Barbara M. B. Knapp
INDEX

Introduction

PART I

THE FEES

Chapter I - Leech and Burnett (Our Maternal Grandmother)

Chapter II - Cooks of Glenwilliams

Chapter III - The Johnson Girls

Chapter IV - The Fee Family

Chapter V - The Fees of Hartney

Chapter VI - The Hartney Years

Chapter VII - A Prairie Family

Chapter VIII - The Brownridges

Chapter IX - The Depression Years

Chapter X - The Langley Years

Chapter XI - The Fees Today

PART II

THE KNAPPS

Chapter XII - The Bucknells

Chapter XIII - The Knapps

Chapter XIV - Prairie Settlers

Chapter XV - Changing Times

Chapter XVI - The Knapps Today

Conclusion
INTRODUCTION

This history is dedicated to those members of my family who are interested in hearing the story of their ancestors. When I became involved in this subject I regretted that I had not gleaned information when there were more of the older generation around to question. Perhaps this will serve as a stepping stone to those of future generations who believe, as I do, that our present is formed and shaped by what has gone before.

It is actually the work of two people, Mary Bthel McCowan, and myself, Barbara Knapp, with a tremendous amount of help from my daughter, Sandra Pinner, and my brother, John Fee. John spent hours sorting and identifying old photos, reading old letters and diaries, and checking cross-references. His continued interest kept me plugging at the typewriter. Sandy also spurred me on, and when she offered to take on the prodigious task of retyping it all, I could not do any less than my utmost to complete the job.

My references, besides official documents such as birth certificates and marriage certificates, are Aunt Mary's journal, old letters, newspaper clippings, John M. Fee's letters to his wife and Hazel Parkinson's book, "The Mere Living".

Originally I had decided to write a combined history of the Fees, the Brownridges, the Knapps and the Bucknells. However, when John obtained Aunt Mary's family records of the Fees, I found them so well researched and summarized, and written in such a warm,
interesting and descriptive style, that I knew that they should
be left as they were. I have merely rearranged some of the con-
tents, removing only those parts which were repetitious, and drawn
up a family tree from her information. The first four chapters of
the Fee history are quoted directly from her journal.

The Knapp section of this narrative, unfortunately, is
much less complete than the Fee section. This is mainly because
the Knapps apparently did not keep many written records. Almost
all my information concerning them was "word of mouth".

Many times I found that the same family story, told by
two members of that family, carried two totally different messages.
What is important to one person is only a minor point to another.
I should say here that the opinions and conjectures in the section
written by me, are those of only one person - myself. If I have
angered or maligned any member of the family, I have done so inad-
vertently. I have tried to write honestly, but the only parts to
which I can swear are those which are backed up by documentation
letters, birth certificates, etc. - and even some of them are
suspect.

In a way, I feel that this work is a tribute to Aunt Mary.
She did so many good and kind things for all of us, which we were
never able to repay. The family record was close to her heart, so
perhaps this can be considered a "Thank you, with all our love."

Barbara Knapp

Surrey, B.C. 1980
A FAMILY HISTORY

PART I - THE FEES

CHAPTER I.

Leech and Burnett (Our Maternal Grandmother)

Agnes Leech Burnett (Nichols) - born 1815, in Londonderry, Ireland.

The following is a short sketch of her life, as told (to) Kemie, by our Mother, Jennie Fee:

Mary Ann (Duff)
Jane (?)
Agnes (Grandmother)
John -

were all born of Robert and Jane(t) Burnett, (commonly called Robin and Jean) - in Londonderry, on the shores of Lough Foyle. When all were young, the father, Robert B. emigrated to Canada. They had only one letter from him, saying that he had arrived safely. One of his friends, who had gone with him, wrote after a considerable period, saying that when travelling thro' the bush, they had stopped at a spring and had a drink. He, being overheated, it caused his death. His widow, being delicate, and finding the income from a small farm insufficient to support her growing family, they moved to Glasgow, where she had a sister. The children found work, weaving. Mary Ann married Hugh Duff. Jane never married. Agnes became engaged to a young man, but as he was unwilling to include her Mother in his home, the engagement, after several postponements, was called off, and he married someone else. Shortly afterward, Agnes met and married one Thomas
Nichols, a gardener, who did not balk at having to support his mother-in-law.

Five years later, Nichols, together with many others interested in the new land of Canada, emigrated to Ontario, and after a year there, sent for his dependents, Agnes, her mother, and sister, Mary Ann Duff, and Hugh Duff set sail. They had a terrible voyage of stormy weather, six weeks in a sailing vessel. The journey ended in Hamilton. Nichols was not there to greet them, so Hugh Duff set out through the bush, over corderoy roads, to find him. Upon arrival at the settlement, he found that Tom Nichols had been killed by a falling tree six weeks previously, and only his grave was to be seen. Duff's face told the bad news before he spoke on his return to the young wife. Agnes and her relatives went to the home of his brother, William Nichols, and there remained for a short time. In her grief, Agnes paid little attention to her surroundings, or to anyone, and the unscrupulous relatives, taking advantage of her depression and indifference, little by little, appropriated most of her belongings - household things, and even personal things. Duff, being a teacher, soon found a school, and the mother Burnett went to live with him and Mary Ann. They heard that a widower, known to Duff, had need of a housekeeper (as indeed he did, having six young children to look after), and Agnes went there to look after his household. Two years later, 1845, she married John Courser Cook. Several children were born to them, but the only one who survived was Janette Brown Cook, born January 29, 1852. Six years later, John Cook died. All his
sons were married by this time, and Agnes and her small
daughter went to live for six months with Alfred on his
mountain farm. Dan, the oldest son, took over the home
farm. Agnes had a cottage built in Glenwilliams, and
there she and her daughter lived, very frugally, but
pleasantly, until three years after her daughter, Jennie,
was married. (I think this is a mistake. It must have
been six years. B.K.) At that time she accompanied her
daughter and little grandson, Wilfred John, to Manitoba,
where, at the home of her son-in-law, John Messmore Fee,
she died, three years later, July 23, 1887. Her grave
is in Melgund Graveyard, the first grave there.

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I have a note before me that Mother once gave me.
Apparently her Grandmother Burnett's name was Mary. She
had a sister, Janet, and the family name is Leech. I
remember Mother telling us about our Great-aunt Mary. She
was a very particular housekeeper, and stern with her maids.
No one but herself was capable of starching and ironing the
wonderful caps she wore. The water used in the house was
not sufficiently good for the purpose. Her niece, Agnes
Burnett, was often sent to a clear little spring some dis-
tance away, with two long-necked bottles, to bring water for
the starching of Great-aunt Mary's caps. One day, bright and
sunny and exhilarating, Agnes walked along the path to the
spring - swinging the bottles back and forth, gently at
first, and then a little faster and harder, when to her
horror she heard a crash and was left standing with two
long bottle-necks in her hands. Great-aunt Mary also kept
a brightly polished horseshoe (silver), that was heated and
put in the churnful of cream on butter-making days. She
always had fine butter and attributed it to the silver horse-
shoe.

(I have copied this story exactly as it appears in
Aunt Mary's journal, but I must confess that it confuses me
completely. I think she was confused too, as the Janets and
Marys have been crossed out and rewritten almost every time.
As far as I can make out, Janette Brown Cook's Grandmother
was Janet, her Great-aunt was Mary. This Aunt was probably
Janet Burnett's sister in Glasgow, who took her and her
children in when Robert Burnett disappeared. See the follow-
ing entry from her journal. B.K.)

sisters
Mary Leech   -  Janet Leech
            m - Robert Burnett

Robert Burnett - Janet Leech
Mary Ann - m - Hugh Duff
Janet
Agnes - Grandmother Cook
John
Mary Ann Burnett - Hugh Duff
Robert
Andrew
Janet Burnett (Graham)
Agnes Burnett (Nichols) - John Courser Cook
Janette Brown

(Janet Burnett died unmarried - John Burnett - no record)
Mother's first cousins:

Robert Duff - m - Martha Murray
  Martha
  Albie (Adopted)
  Joseph
  Janet

Andrew Duff - m - Annie Carter
  Annie
  Bertha (Tupper)
  Albert

Janet Duff - m - Henry Graham
  Walter
  Henry
  Emma (Short)
  William
  Elsie

My Mother, being so much younger than her half brothers and sisters was reared as an only child. She had a real affection for her half-brother Alfred, and liked her half-sister, Harriet, who had married against her Father's wishes. She was deeply fond of the Duff cousins. Janet Duff (Mrs Graham), after her marriage, came to live at or near Rapid City in Manitoba. She was a charming intellectual woman, and we used often to visit them, driving from Hartney to Rapid City, a distance of sixty miles, with horses and democrat (a great adventure in our young lives). When I say we visited them often, I mean about once a year! Curiously enough, we never had much feeling of friendship for Auntie Graham's family. They were well read and intelligent, but so "heavy" that they were hard to know - and they were all older than members of our family. Henry Graham Sr. was a dour, stern
man, hard to live with, but very fond of his wife, in spite of his manner. Elsie wrote very good poetry, but was rather a religious fanatic. Emma was the only one who married.
CHAPTER II

Cocks of Glenwilliams

John Courser Cook - Born January 24, 1802
- Died February 4, 1858
- m - Harriet Bedford

John Courser Cook - m - Harriet Bedford
John Cook - born Oct. 27, 1824
Hiram " - " Feb. 18, 1826
Isaac " - " Sept. 20, 1829
Daniel " - " Sept. 9, 1830
Alfred " - " Oct. 3, 1834
Harriet " - " Sept. 6, 1837

All children of John Courser Cook and Harriet Bedford Cook, and:

Janette Brown Cook - born Jan. 29, 1852

Child of John Courser Cook and Agnes Burnett Cook
(Married 1845).

Janette B. Cook married John M. Fee
December 11, 1878, at Glenwilliams.

My Mother told me once that her Father's brothers and sisters, so far as she knew, were Moses, Isaac, a half brother Daniel, and two sisters whose names she did not know. No mention of George.

Glenwilliams

For many years we have wanted to visit Glenwilliams - for there my Mother was born, and there she lived until her marriage (and for three years after) with her widowed Mother, Mrs. Agnes Cook. We heard so much about the "Glen" in all those years that we had got to regard it almost as a myth.

But today (Nov. 27, 1928), I have actually been there, and now that I have seen it, cannot wonder that my Mother regarded it with such fond memory.
We took bus to Georgetown, and after inquiring the way, set out on foot to the Glen, which lies almost due west of the town. It is a narrow glen, with a swiftly flowing stream running through it. The houses lie on the hillside on either side, and there are many beautiful trees along the banks of the stream — and surrounding the buildings, most of which are old and pleasant looking.

We entered the Glen, and asked where Mr. Joseph Beaumont lived. I had heard that it was he who bought my Grandmother's house. We wandered on through the village until we came to a place which I felt certain was the right house, so we went in Mr. Beaumont's factory which stood near. Young Beaumont directed us to his Mother's. She assured us that it was (the house), and told us about many of the people whose names were familiar to us, from hearing of them so often. The Beaumonts live in the house that belonged to Squire Williams. My Mother stole apples there once, in company with Mary Jane Brown.

We wanted to visit the graveyard, and so ascended a long picturesque hill to the place. There we found the graves of almost all the "Glen" folk I had heard of — Stulls, Browns, Bairds, Coopers, Leslies, Twiddles, Williams, Bedfords, Duffs, Tosts, etc., and many Cooks. My Grandfather, (died 1858) was buried there, and his first wife, Harriet Bedford. Strangely enough, the verse on his tombstone, which is very well preserved, was the same as that which we had seen on the tombstone of a Cook in Provincetown cemetery, in Cape Cod.
"Depart my friends. Dry up your tears. 
I must be here till Christ appears."

It is a beautiful spot, this cemetery, and from there one has a splendid view of the Glen and its surroundings. In my Mother's time these hills were covered with pine woods, but there is only an occasional pine tree left now. The cemetery was surrounded by Lombardy poplars.

On our way through the village we had gone into an old shop, where a carpenter - an old man - was at work. He told us his name was Murray. I said "Oh, I know all about the Murrays" and told him who my Mother and Father were. He had known them both well, and said "Oh yes, Jennie was a nice girl". I should have liked to talk more to him, but found it hard, and had to come away.

**** Before we came away we went to call on Maggie Tost who used to be an old school mate of my Mother. She was very anxious that we should stay and visit her but we were obliged to cut our visit short, returning to Georgetown and from thence to Toronto.

(Dec. 18)
I was amused today at receiving from Ted a "pome" which I suspect he had written during a spare hour at school. They are as follows:

Lines on receiving a picture of the River Credit,
from M*** McM****
"And is this Credit! Can it be! Eh what! 
Thou naughty stream that once wouldst fain 
have squonch
Untimely soon, when he that brinkly strayed, 
And fleets of chips had greatly thought to 
launch,
Young Wilfred's infant flame! And that the cot, 
That all his pullings sheltered, of his roars 
Gave echo back - that once with roses was 
o'er laid,
W hile yet he totly toddled "twixt it's doors! 
Say, streamlet, that so well nigh brought to 
aught
A proud career - Say what? Why, dost exist? 
Art thou a fable? Nor that dwelling flow'r 
arrayed?
Then - real may be more that seems now mist. 
Was Deutschland's Capital not only dreamed? 
Was Cross's Pasture Field the thing it seemed?"

W.J.F.

Not to be outdone by these poetic effusions I 
responded by several lines of my own "carpentering":

"O little sheltered Glen! 
(To they Credit be it said,)
It was in thy power then 
To keep our little Ted.

But he was from thee torn! 
Thou didst yield him graceful lee, 
Could it be that thou didst scorn 
To retain so small a Fee?"

(I had never heard the story of little Ted Fee's 
near escape from the Credit River, but I loved their witty 
and typically Fee way of mentioning it. B.K.)

In April 1938 - Mamie, Dan and I went together to the 
Glen and over the same ground Dan and I had done previously.
On returning we drove past Grandfather Cook's farm, a handsome place not far from the Glen. In Georgetown a man called Harley came to us and said that he had in his possession an old flint lock gun that had belonged to Isaac Cook - undoubtedly our great uncle Isaac. My Mother has often told us that her father, as a boy of nine or ten looked on at the battle of Lundy's Lane (1814) - so his family must have been living near Niagara at that time. It was when (he was) a young man the settlers moved to the Georgetown and Stewartstown sections.

My Mother wrote her cousins Reverends Andrew and Robert Duff - to ask if they knew anything concerning her father's family. The following is an excerpt from Robert's letter written from Goderich, April 27, 1912. He was preaching there:

"Your very welcome letter to hand. In reply would say I have some recollections of your respected father's early days from accounts by himself. About 1812 - 1815 there was war between U.S. and Canada and the U.E. Loyalists settled from New York State and Pennsylvania in large numbers, their families with them. They also brought religion with them, and upright living - the Methodists came first, from near New Jersey and Penn boundary ****, next Presbyterians ****. Of the Anglicans, from New York State near Niagara Falls, over the River, Bedfords, Stulls, Ackerts, Traves, Chryslers, and John Cook, a single young man, settled on 100 acres next Bedfords' 200. After clearing three acres for wheat, he
managed to raise his own pork and Bread, which was the bill of fare for about a year. The cow, bought dear, and brought from a long distance got killed by a falling tree. Two years after, your father married a Miss Bedford (Harriet) who became the mother of all the family except yourself — A cow belonged to her portion and a comfortable house of peeled logs. Also barns and sheds, and one of the best young orchards around the house, after the manner of early settlers. Stewarttown was the P.O., or Norval, those times. Pop, as they all called him, dearly loved his children. As for Harriet, he nurses her on a spoon as a tender motherless babe, and the Bedford relatives made her dresses. But he made all the boots and shoes for the family, himself, for years, being so handy with tools. The first grief for the family was when his genial and favorite son, Hill (Hiram), came home, sick, from a distance, and died, beloved by all. Your dear mother thought more of him than of any of the family. John Cook was a name that meant Truth and Integrity and I never knew him to have an enemy. Harriet was 15 (mistake? M.McC.) when "Pop" married your mother (and my Aunt Nancy) and after 6 or 7 years you were born. His health broke awfully with a dangerous Erysipelas when you were in infancy, and although he gained in flesh again his spirits were low, and (he) eventually died in a very short illness. So that you never had a chance personally to realize what a noble and loving nature your father possessed. Although you may
well be proud of being the child of so good a sire. And respecting religion, I can well remember seeing him read his Bible, although he seldom talked religion.

"The family, of course was of German extraction, the 3rd generation back from your father, consequently not related to others of that name in Esquesing Township."

(My Mother greatly prized this letter, as she did the following from her favourite cousin, Andrew Duff). No date.

"You ask me to tell you all I know about your fathers' family. As nearly as I can remember from what I heard your father tell in conversation with his neighbours; His father was a U.E. Loyalist who came from the U.S. when they separated from the Mother Country, and settled in the Niagara Peninsula. There were four brothers in your father's family - Moses, who lived in Niagara District, Isaac, somewhere about Woodstock, George who lived in Lambton District, and your father, John. Do you remember visiting Isaac with your father and mother when a little girl, 5 or 6 years old? You and your mother remained at Isaac's while he and your father went on a visit to their brother George ** Your father always had an intense feeling against the U.S., and his U.E. Loyalist stock accounts for that. The brothers are all dead. George was the youngest. I remember Moses coming to see your father in his first serious illness with erysipilis. Isaac also came once to see him and George and his wife came to visit him, having driven in a lumber wagon many miles from his home. No G.T.R. to Georgetown then. ** Andrew Duff"
(To summarize the preceding entries: Cooks arrived in Canada from New York State about 1812, when John Courser was 10 years old and settled somewhere in Niagara Peninsula. Around 1817 he went to Stewarttown, Glenwilliams area, settled on a farm next to Bedfords. He married Harriet Bedford who died 21 years later, after bearing six children, and seven years later he married his housekeeper, Agnes Nichols (a 30 year old widow). They had several children who did not survive and in 1852 Janette Brown Cook was born. John Courser Cook died in 1858, aged 56, but his wife, Agnes, lived to be 72 - a really ripe old age in those days. B.K.)
CHAPTER III
The Johnson Girls

The only information up to date is that two Johnson sisters, Arabella and Elizabeth, came to Canada at the same time, the only ones of the family to do so. Elizabeth married a man called Johnson (no relation, however). Arabella married our Grandfather Fee.

The sisters came from Cavan County, Ireland. After her marriage, Elizabeth lived at Fort Stanley, Ont.

Isabel Johnson, their daughter, married a man called Jordan. Fanny Johnson, """"""" Binns.

(Binns and Johnsons have, I believe, been at Fee-Goss reunions. Isabel's daughter, Mrs. Eliza Jordan Pollard, knew May Goss and Phoebe Hawley quite well. She lived at Windsor, Ont.).

The sisters arrived in Fort Erie, Ont. This was three years after the Fee brothers had arrived.

Both sisters were dark, and our grandmother was reputed to be a beauty. Aunt Phoebe told me that she believed John and Arabella eloped to be married. It's probably true. Elizabeth, older, and doubtless feeling responsible for Arabella - well married herself - might not appreciate, as Arabella did, the dashing young soldier without prospects. (Anyway, I thought this a romantic note, sorely needed in the Fee annals). When John left the army, he and Arabella moved to Stewarttown, a pretty rural spot, where there were numbers of ex-army men and their families. There the family lived until a few months
after Arabella’s death in 1859. Her gravestone bears this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Arabella Johnson,
wife of John Fee. (A native of County Cavan).
1814 - 1859

(All of the tombstones bore similar inscriptions. Apparently the Irish, at least, have no intention of coming up anything else on the resurrection morn. It was rather amusing, but a little sad too. She was forty-five, mother of ten, (eight living), when she died - rather more than the age of most mothers of her time - all with big families. This is very noticeable in old cemeteries.)
CHAPTER IV

The Fee Family

From "Irish Families", Ed. MacLysaght, Dublin, 1957
p. 291

FAY. Name not common in Ireland. Present day representatives are chiefly found in city and suburbs of Dublin, the remainder being in Meath and adjacent counties. These are the Fays (called GeFeae in Irish), who came to Ireland with the Angle-Norman invaders at the end of the 12th century and settled in County Westmeath. Not many Fays are of Gaelic origin, however it must be remembered that there was a native Irish family of O'Fay in Ulster who were erenaghs of a church near Enniskillen. Their name in Irish is O'Fiaich from fiach, a raven. Under the name of O'Fee they are numerous in Co. Fermanagh in the census of 1659. In the Elizabethan Plants the name appears in n.w. Ulster as O'Feye. Their descendants are now usually called Foy and sometimes Fee.

* * * * * * * *

Hi - Found this interesting and think you will also. What in the world is an "erenagh"? Love, and Merry Christmas.
(Note from M.E. McC.)

Fees - County Cavan

The Fees, according to all we could learn, were always army people. James, the beginning of our certain knowledge, was one of eight brothers, all Irish Fusiliers. Some served
with the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, - some were in the Crimean Wars, - and one at least was with Havelock in India, in 1857. Some of them came to Canada as soldiers and at least four of them were given land grants near where the City of Quebec stands.

The Fees owned a Public House in Cavan. This (in those times) was a highly respected profession, an inn providing food, drink, and horses, for the travellers of the day, - and required a steady income to sustain. They were Protestants, and remained so in Canada. John Sr. and his family were all Anglicans, and not Orangemen. (Later in Canada, one branch of the family - cousin Will Fee, son of Thomas of Toronto, was head of the Orange Lodge (an Orange stronghold in those times.) Our branch, for some reason, resented this. Bye the way, Cousin Will Fee was a son of Thomas Fee - a brother of John Sr. a soldier who served in India. Will was a great friend of my father's, and they corresponded for many years.

None of the land grants were ever used by the Fees - they went instead to Ontario farms, where many ex-army men settled.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Death</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>James</td>
<td></td>
<td>m</td>
<td>m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>m</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>m</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellen</td>
<td>f</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>f</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phoebe</td>
<td>f</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(John, our Grandfather, was a member later of the Canadian Militia. I have a button from his Canadian uniform, which Rob Fee gave me.)
John Fee -------------- Arabella Johnson  
m. Nov. 22, 1836  
born 1815  
died Feb. 18, 1890  
born 1814  
died May 22, 1859  

John Fee - Stewarttown

A handsome young soldier. Out of the army, he took  
to cabinet making, and was very good at it. Nevertheless,  
army life had little prepared him for the more personal claims  
of family life. Many of his later years were spent in a gloomy  
introspection and regrets that he could not have done more to  
help his wife, to whom he was always devoted, and his young  
family who gradually drifted away from him. The sons in  
particular, became almost strangers to him.

He was, nevertheless, a well-read, well-spoken man -  
honest, and admirable in many ways. George, during the early  
days of his ministry, was very good to him, and through his  
loyalty and steadfast care of his old father, brought him  
peace of mind, and as much happiness as an introspective  
Irishman could attain. His daughters, Nellie, May and Phoebe,  
lived near him in his later years, and James and George. John  
Fee, our father, was the only one at any distance when he died.

The Fee men and women were all men of soldierly bearing.  
Aunt Nellie once said to me, "Stand up, and put your shoulders  
back! That's better! No one in the Fee family ever slumps.  
We were brought up by a soldier!"
Grandfather Fee had three sisters, Ellen, Margaret, and Phoebe, all of whom came to Canada. Ellen Fee married a Taggart, and lived in "Yorke State". After Grandmother's death (Arabella) Grandfather and Uncle George, then a ten-month old baby, lived for a while with Aunt Ellen, then they moved to Michigan. (No further record of Aunt Phoebe).

Uncle Jim told me that he was called for our Great Grandfather Fee (James). He also said that the Stulls of Georgetown district were related to the Fees, how he did not know, but said that they were cousins.

Fee
John Fee - Arabella Johnson
m. Nov. 22, 1836
Alexander - Dec. 15, 1837
Annie - Dec. 26, 1839
Elinor - June 23, 1846
Phoebe - Sept. 18, 1847
Mary Jan - Apr. 16, 1849
James - May 30, 1851
John - Feb 18, 1854
George - July 1, 1858

Alexander died in 1842. After the Mother's death, in 1859, the family was broken up, going to various relatives. Eventually all of them, except John, went to Michigan, where they married and brought up their families. Grandfather died in 1890, the last years of his life being spent with George, his youngest son.

Arabella and John produced six very good-looking and well-set-up, tall and straight, sons and daughters, - a good
lot, who married good people (except Annie, who married a ne'er-do-well). Strange, that of Grandfather's family, - only John, our Father, remained Canadian. The reason, I think, was that Elinor, who married John Bailey, went to live in Michigan. She, being the older sister, - in a motherly way, found places for her sisters and brothers, all of whom, except Annie, eventually married and settled in Michigan. Melvin Shawley, aunt Phoebe's man, was a Canadian, born in Queensbush, Ont. He surprised me once by saying how proud he was of his Canadian heritage.

Strange, too, how families migrate. All but one of Uncle Jim's family live in California, and their descendants are many. (Notice, also, that all of John Messmore Fee's sons and daughters came out to the West Coast, although the Bissetts did eventually return to Saskatchewan and Alberta. B.K.)

(The next fifteen pages of Aunt Mary's journal consist of a detailed account of the other sons and daughters of John and Arabella, and their descendents. Although I found this most interesting, I realize that it is probably a bit too much for people who are not quite as avid ancestor searchers as I. So I am putting in only the parts which I think might be of interest.)

Annie - m - Richard Tatham  
Son - Richard (whereabouts unknown).

Elinor - m - John Bailey  
Arthur (b. 1870) - m - Lulu Speers  
Wealthy - m - ? Kribs  
Beulah (Billie) - m - ? Stinson
Marion
Frank (Twins
Roger)

Herma (b. 1874) - m - Grace Penny
Arthur
Vincent
Elinor

Phoebe - m - Melvin Hawley (1867)
Edna (1869 - 1892)
Claire - m - Forrest Davey
5 step children
Dorothy - m - McCallum
Meredith
Lloyd F.G. - m - Celia Sweers
Bert

Mary Jane (May) - m - Joel Goss (circuit riding Minister)
Wesley - m - Rose ?
Rosa May
Arnold - m - Gertie Mercer
Donald
Dorothy
Warren
Amy - m - Will Sperl
Arnold
- m - Eric Tiplady
Stella - m - Bert Foster
Paul
Bernice
May - m - Henry Thomas
Rosa
Harold
Hazel
Ivan
Evelyn
J.B.

J.B. - m - Hazel Reid
John Reid
Mary
Catherine

James - m - Martha Roden
Edward
Harry
Nina
Harley (lived with John M. Fee's family for 1 year)
Winnie
Mary
Grace
(Uncle Jim worked as captain of a lake boat as a young
man on the Great Lakes).
Rob Fee lived with us in Manitoba a good many years and we all regarded him as more or less a brother to us. Rob is a farmer, and Jessie an English girl, very nice, both of them. (What Auntie Mary failed to add is that she regarded Rob as much more than a brother. She was in love with him - so much so, in fact, that she refused to speak to her Mother for a year after Janette Fee withheld her consent to the marriage of the first cousins. Mary had another unhappy love affair before she finally settled down to marriage - a young man in Banff, whom she loved, returned with an English war bride. I think, though, that she lived to be very glad that she ended up with old faithful, Dan McGowan. He gave her a very good life. B.K.)

(The following few paragraphs were apparently an effort by M.E. McC. to tabulate the combined war efforts of the Fee clan. I must say she makes a few things that were very prosaic sound very romantic, but she lived, remember, in an era that looked at things very differently from the way we look at them now. B.K.)
My Father's Grandfather, James, was one of eight brothers, all of them soldiers (Irish Fusiliers). Some of them served with Wellington at Waterloo. Some of them (4) came to America as soldiers, and at least three of them were, for their services, given grants of land near the City of Quebec.

Our Grandfather, John Fee, was a soldier in the Canadian militia for many years.

My Father, John M. Fee, at the time of the Riel Rebellion enlisted with the Queen's Own Rifles, and just missed the second Riel Rebellion - the affair being over more quickly than had been thought possible.

And John Frederic Fee served in the Canadian Navy from 1939 to 1946.

(So much for the Johns)

Charles H. Fee served in the Canadian Army from 1914 - 1919, enlisting with First Machine Gun Brigade - from Winnipeg. Also in 1946 as guard at R.C.A.F. Airport at Ladner.

Dawson Moodie's war service consisted of work as a chemist in a munitions plant in Valleyfield, Quebec.

Helen Moodie worked as an assistant mechanic in Boeing's Aircraft, Vancouver, and as mechanic in a plant connected with and run by the Royal Navy in Vancouver.
Agnes Bissett enlisted in the Women's Services with the Canadian Navy, serving in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland.

Wilfred John Fee - although he offered his services, was held as a teacher in Vancouver. He was able, on several occasions, to do interpreting and translations, that were valuable to the S.S. (She must mean Secret Service!) during World War I.

Dan McCowan was attached to the Black Watch Regiment in Perthshire. He served two years with YMCA in field of entertainment to Army, Navy and Airforce camps across Canada, in Newfoundland, and Labrador in the Second World War.

John Messmore Fee - m - Janette Brown Cook
December 11, 1878

Mar. 16, 1881  1. Wilfred John - m - Helen Elizabeth McLennan
   b. Glenwilliams m. Apr. 3, 1915 B. Ontario
d. Vancouver 1933 no issue. D. Vancouver, 193-

Dec. 12, 1885  2. Wilfred John - m - Helen Elizabeth McLennan
   b. Glenwilliams m. Apr. 3, 1915 B. Ontario
d. Vancouver 1933 no issue. D. Vancouver, 193-

Dec. 12, 1885  3. Charles Herbert - m - Dorothy Evelyn Brownridge
   b. Melgund Man. m. 1918 b. Leeds, England 189
   d. Vancouver 1962
   Barbara Mary Brownridge b. Jan. 17, 1920
   John Frederic b. July 26, 1921
   Dorothy Elizabeth b. July 26, 1921

July 18, 1887  4. Mabel Agnes - m - Charles H. Moodie
   Charles Dawson
   Mary Helen

Sept. 1, 1888  5. Mary Ethel - m - Dan McCowan
   b. Melgund m. Dec. 29, 1921 b. Scotland (Creif
d. Surrey, B.C. No issue d. Surrey, B.C.

Aug. 18, 1894  6. Elinor Janette - m - Chester Rob't Gordon Bissett
   b. Manitoba m. May 29, 1922 b. Dakota, U.S.A.
d. Dec. 16, 1968
   Agnes May
   Margaret Janette
   Elinor Merle
   Peter Wilfred
(This is the end of Aunt Mary's Journal. The reader may be wondering at this point, "Were the Fees, Cooks, Bedfords, Leeches, Johnsons etc. really so good, handsome, fine and up-standing as they are portrayed here?". The answer is that obviously they were not all perfect, but I think I know why she wrote about them as she did.

First, they probably were, in the main, decent people. Second, in those days, parents and grandparents were treated with a great deal of respect. Third, there is a natural tendency, on the part of the Fees, to refrain from discussing unpleasant matters. And fourth, who wants to dwell on the faults and failings of people whom we love? I shall probably write in the same way myself. I know that the Fees have their normal quota of dishonesty, laziness, bullying husbands, slatternly wives, ne'er-do-well sons and daughters, and pregnant brides, but I do not intend to belabour the point.

B.K.)
CHAPTER V

The Fees of Hartney

When John Messmore Fee and Janette Brown Cook married, he was 24 and she was 26. He was working as a miller in the town of Glenwilliams, where Jennie was living with her widowed mother.

Three years after their marriage, their first son, Wilfred John, was born. This was 1881, the year that the CPR was started. Young men by the thousands were moving west and homesteading, as the prairies were being opened up. Three months after the birth of his son, John and a close friend, Sam Long, left Glenwilliams to find land in Manitoba. John found that milling was not good for his health, and no doubt the lure of pioneering in the great Northwest appealed.

John intended to send for Jennie within the next year. However, it was three years before she went west to join him. During this time he wrote to her every week, so we have a complete record of the years between 1881 and 1884.

John and Sam arrived in Winnipeg June, 1881, via Georgetown, Sarnia, Detroit and Chicago. The trip took eighty hours. They hired a team in Portage La Prairie, and travelled 120 miles to the Souris Valley, where they found the property they wanted. It was one mile south of the Souris River, 30 miles from the Turtle Mountains, and 30 miles north of the U.S. border. The legal description was Range 23, Township 5, Section 32. Their nearest neighbour was 25 miles away, and
about 30 miles away was the booming town of Brandon. A couple of months before, Brandon had been no more than a spot on the River, now it had several thousand residents, living in tents. Excitement was high, and speculation was everywhere. The government, to encourage settlers along the route of the railway, was offering 160 acres of homestead for $10.00. Prospective landowners could also get additional 160 acres on preemption, if they agreed to pay $2.50 per acre. They had to put down $10.00 and were given 10 years to pay the balance. John and Sam took a section (320 acres) between them. They lived in a tent, bought a wagon and a team of oxen, and proceeded to break land.

During the first winter, they went to Brandon, where John worked as a carpenter for $2.50 to $3.00 per day in order to make money to buy seed and equipment for the farm. Sam went to Winnipeg to work.

In February John heard that the land, where they had been the only settlers the previous summer, was completely taken up by prospective farmers. John and Sam had been unable to register their claim, because there was no land office in the District; they had just squatted on their section. So John decided to go quickly to the Turtle Mountains, where a land office had just opened, in order to register before someone jumped his claim. When Sam returned from Winnipeg, he hurried to do the same thing, but he was caught in a blizzard and froze his foot. This incapacitated him for months and actually troubled him to some degree all his life.
While they were away, their shanty was used by other settlers needing shelter, and at times there were as many as seventeen living in the 12 by 16 shack. At that time, John referred to it in his letters as "The Orphan's Home". At other times, according to his mood, he called it "The Prairie Hill Farm", "Poverty Hill", and "Prairie Rose Farm".

1882 and 1883 were years of desperate struggle and loneliness for John and Jennie. She was back in Glenwilliams taking care of her old mother and her little son, yearning to be in Manitoba, with John. He was determined to get a house built for her before she came out, but by the end of 1883 he explained to her that his debts (for seed, tools, etc.) totalled $400.00, while his hoped-for receipts were only $254.00.

In the spring of 1883, he took a trip home to see her, and came back with one of her relations, her half-nephew, Willie Cook. (After this his letters contained a considerable number of acid comments, concerning the Cooks).

Crops in 1883 were not as good as usual, work was not available, and the great boom in the country had suddenly deflated. John's spirits, too, were low, and he missed his "little Jennie" more and more. Finally, in June of 1884, she packed up her Mother, her three year old son and most of her household belongings, and went out to join him anyway. Their house was not built yet, but they were together, and ready to live their life in Hartney.
These letters, backed up by information in Hazel Parkinson's book, "The Mere Living", give us a very fine picture of John Fee, in his younger years, and to a lesser extent, of Jennie.

He was a tall, handsome, young man, with light hair, steady blue eyes, and a large drooping moustache. He was completely honest, sincere, and conscientious. His likes were constant, and his dislikes inflexible. He was deeply religious, a Methodist, who did not smoke, drink, play cards, nor dance. Nor did he approve of working or even visiting friends on the Sabbath (although this last may have been partly because he was, in his own words, "... a homebody, who prefers to be with his own family"). He was not demonstrative, nor sentimental, but was deeply in love with his wife, and the tenderness and loneliness in his letters is very touching. He despised Tories, any churches other than Methodist, and anyone whom he considered lazy, stupid, or pretentious. I think that he mellowed considerably as he got older. Certainly his children had a very deep love and admiration for him, and he was highly respected in the community. Although he had a rather sly sense of humour, I don't think that he had much sense of fun. That was Jennie's area.

She was small and neat, with a firm round little body. Her face had a pointed chin, wide cheekbones, and a very slight oriental tilt to the eyes. Although the letters do not reveal so much of Jennie, one gets the picture of a steadfast, warm woman. (Certainly her letters did a great deal to bolster his
spirits during those three lonely years). I think she was more volatile than he, probably more emotional, quicker to laugh and to cry. She was very Irish, able to make a good story better, believing in "the little people" and second sight.

John Fee never had any use for the Cooks, and did not hesitate to say so. In one of his letters he says, "The Cook Family is a strange mixture. A creation out of nothing, and consequently nothing is expected of them". He then appears to realize that perhaps he is being somewhat tactless, and adds, "Nothing personal, little woman, your name is Fee". (I can just visualize poor Jennie, steaming!) In another letter he says, "Take the family all through, and they have been badly brought up. They have temper, but no spirit.", and again, "In fact, to sum the family up, they know nothing, the whole family combined". Whether he had just cause for his dislike I cannot tell. Certainly his opinion is not backed up by Robert Duff, in his letter to Jennie, concerning her father, John Cook. (See Chapter 2, on the Cooks). Possibly John Fee just felt that the Fees were superior to the Cooks. All of us Fees have a tendency to think very highly of our own family, a fact which, understandably, does not always sit too well with those we marry.
CHAPTER VI
The Hartney Years

After Jennie arrived in Manitoba, life settled down to normal domesticity for the Fees. By this time there were many settlers in the area, with their wives and families. Before long a house was built on the half section, and within a year their second son was born. This was our father, Charles Herbert Fee, who was born December 12th, 1885. Strangely enough, when Dad was seventy years old, he wrote to Brandon for his birth certificate, and found to his amazement, that he had been registered as Nathan Herbert Fee and that his birth date was listed as December 11th, 1885. Dad said that he was sure that his Mother and Father were unaware of this. He theorized that since he was born in the middle of winter, no-one was able to register his birth at the time, and the first person who went to town was given the task. Dad thought that this happened to be an uncle who enjoyed a drink (Willie Cook?), which caused the designated name of Charles Herbert to be forgotten, and Nathan Herbert to be substituted. Anyway Dad was always known as Charles, and it was quite a shock to all of us to find that Mother was married to someone who did not exist. This raised the question of whether that made us all bastards.

The third child to be born was a daughter who was called Mabel Agnes. She was born in 1887, and a year later was followed by her sister, Mary Ethel. It was not until six years later that the last child was born. In 1894, a little daughter, Elinor Janette appeared upon the scene and the family was complete.
In the late 1880s, the district had acquired a name. It was called Hartney, after a well-off farmer in the area. A school was opened, and named Melgund School. The children all attended this little one-room school. The Fees had a high respect for education, and the children were encouraged to make the most of their school days. Fred, especially, turned out to be an eager scholar, for which he earned the respect of all his family. He became a teacher, and was vice-principal of Britannia High School in Vancouver for many years. All three of the girls were teachers, before their marriages, and I think that Mary especially, was an excellent one. They all attended Wesley College in Winnipeg. Ted (or Fred - he was called by both names) spent six years in Europe and took post graduate studies in Germany where he got his M.A. He was an excellent linguist, and specialized in languages and English.

As a family, they were very much like many respectable and responsible people of those days. They were faithful church-goers, and their religion played a great part in their life. John was a deacon and a lay preacher. The girls learned to be excellent housewives and cooks like their Mother. They entertained beautifully, but rarely. It was a very reserved and closely knit family and because of their infrequent contact with others, Ted, Mamie (Mabel) and Elinor were very shy. Though they saw little of other people, outside of a few families whom their Mother and Father approved of, they were most self-sufficient, and with their well-educated minds, and quick wit, found each other's company stimulating and entertaining. This
insularity also encouraged their strong sense of family pride which at times made things far from easy for people whom they married. Wives and husbands have found that although they are treated with absolute courtesy, beyond a certain point they meet an impenetrable wall, where anyone who is not a natural born Fee does not enter. Truly, it takes much patience and understanding to be married to a Fee.

The only one of the Fee children who did not follow this pattern was my Dad. He had many of the qualities that the others had, but I think that he rebelled somewhat against the strict, inflexible, Methodist discipline. Perhaps he also felt that he was unable to live up to the example set by his older brother. Whatever the reason, he grew up to be the black sheep of the family. (Though not much of a black sheep by today's standards). His Father had decided that Charlie was to be a farmer which did not suit Dad too well. Half way through agricultural college, he dropped out, and went to his relations in Flint, Michigan, where he worked as a mechanic in the Buick factory. To make matters worse he raced cars, had a well-earned reputation as a "lady-killer", and occasionally took a drink. This last was the most distressing thing of all, so far as his teetotal family were concerned. Manitoba was a "dry" province, and John Fee in his capacity of magistrate had campaigned vigorously against drinking in any shape or form. Charlie's family loved, supported and stood behind him, but treated him always as a loveable and irresponsible child.

As the family grew, and went away to college, John and Jennie moved from the farm and lived in the town of Hartney,
where John was the Postmaster. Charlie was left with a hired man and woman, to work the farm. One night the house caught fire (the hired woman had dumped some hot ashes too close to the house) and they were lucky to escape with their lives.

At the outbreak of World War I, Charlie enlisted immediately and was very soon sent overseas. He, who had been an unwilling farmer, and an indifferent scholar, turned out to be an excellent soldier. He had a charismatic personality and great authority (which must have been part of his great acting ability). He made a fine leader. He loved Europe, loved the Army, and for the first time in his life had responsibility as well as respect from his peers. The pictures taken at that time show a fine, proud, handsome man. I think those were the happiest years of his life.

In the next few years the life at Hartney gradually broke up. Fred, who was teaching at Treherne, met Helen MacLennan. They were married in 1915 and moved to Vancouver. Mamie, in 1912, had married Charlie Moodie, who had worked at one time as hired man on the Fee farm. They also moved to Vancouver. Mary, after her unhappy love affair with Rob Fee, was teaching in Banff, Alberta. Charlie was a Company Sergeant-Major overseas. I think Elinor was probably at home, or possibly she was attending College, but within a few years she would marry Chester Bissett and live in Regina, and Mary would marry Dan McCowan of Banff. Around 1920 the older Fees moved to Vancouver, where they lived with Mamie and Charlie Moodie.
In 1921, John Fee died. Jennie continued to live with her daughters. I have one faint memory of her, which I seem to have confused with the painting of Whistler's Mother. (Since I could not have been more than three years old at the time, it is not surprising that my memory is vague.) She died in 1923, in Regina, where she had gone to be with Elinor at the birth of Elinor’s first daughter, Agnes Bissett.

The Hartney years were over.
CHAPTER VII

A Prairie Family

This seems to be a good spot to pause and review what sort of people the Young Fees had become.

Fred was the scholar of the family. He was studious, gentle, and quiet. Like so many men of that type, he had married a woman who was his total opposite. She made it her business to see that no-one took advantage of his kind and gentle nature, and jealously kept others from imposing on his time and talents. He loved music and played the piano and sang well. When Mother came from England, he enjoyed singing with her until Aunt Helen put a no-nonsense stop to that. They lived in Kerrisdale district, in a comfortable home which was surrounded by a charming garden. The garden was Aunt Helen's field of activity, and she coped with it most efficiently. I remember being completely horrified when I saw her nip flies between her fingers, and dispatch slugs with equal dispassion. Fred taught for many years and loved his chosen profession. He was tall, sandy haired, pleasant looking, but not handsome. In his tweed suits and puffing his pipe he looked exactly what he was - a thoughtful, intelligent, teacher. In 1933 he died suddenly of a heart attack. Aunt Helen lived on in Vancouver for a time, and then returned east where she died some years later.

Kamie, to me, is the enigma of the family. She always
reminded me of a neat little bird in appearance: small, plump and compact, with neat brown hair, rosy cheeks, a bright pleasant manner, and a constant nervous laugh. She was always a perfect housekeeper and cook - the type of person who gets everything done though nobody ever sees her doing it. She did not appear to have any interests other than her home and family. She read a lot but had no other hobbies. She was very kind to me, as was Uncle Charlie, on the many occasions that I stayed with them. (Their daughter, Helen, was close to my age.) Uncle Charlie was the unquestioned head of the household. I never heard her disagree with him, and I believe that she never did so, even when they were alone. Their son, Dawson, was very like his father, and used his ambition to carry him on to a good position as Professor of Agriculture at Pullman University in the U.S.A. They were very proud of Dawson, but poor Helen did not find it so easy to achieve high marks. She was also considerably overweight, which caused problems. When Helen became an adult, during the war years, she got work in war-plants, lost weight and suddenly began to enjoy life. The Moodies had a very quiet social life. Church, lawn bowling and the occasional visit from old Hartney friends or relatives seemed to be the extent of it. They had one other form of recreation - something which we all found to be a perfectly dreadful ordeal. They would take a Sunday drive to Richmond, park the car so that they were facing directly into a huge dyke, and there eat a picnic lunch, still sitting in the car. Dawson always seemed to have something else to do on those occasions, but Helen had to go, protesting bitterly the whole time.
I realize that what I have written tells absolutely nothing about Mamie's true character, but this is all I know. She was unbelievably reserved and introspective, and I feel sure that the only person who knew Mamie was her sister, Mary. They lived together when they became old, and were almost like sides of the same coin.

At the time I am writing this, she is 92 years old, living in an extended care home. She looks the same as ever, but her memory has gone. Uncle Charlie died in 1971, and a few months after that, Dawson was killed in an auto accident. Helen lives, with her husband, in Toronto. Mamie does not recognize any of us whom she sees. With Mary's death, her last touch with reality was gone.

Mary was an exceptional woman, who married an exceptional man, and lived an exceptional life. In appearance she resembled the other Fee women, though she was taller and more impressive. She was inclined to stoutness, but with her erect carriage, always looked well. Her face was round, with large, expressive, intelligent eyes, and a sweet mouth. She was clever, talented, and charming. She was also determined, hot tempered, highly sensitive, and emotional, though she had enough self control to keep these last qualities hidden most of the time. When she married Dan McCowan, people must have thought that they were a very mis-mated couple, as he was a dour, silent, little Scot, not at all handsome or impressive. But there was much more to Dan than showed on the surface. He was a naturalist, who trained himself in photography, and in the perfect setting of Banff, learned his crafts so well that he became known
throughout Canada and the U.S. The Public Relations department of the C.P.R. hired him as their official photographer and lecturer. They lived in Banff, and spent their summers in the mountains, on the trail rides and in the forests of the Rockies. Their winters were spent in the big cities of Eastern Canada and the U.S., showing his pictures, and lecturing. In later years, he had a once-weekly radio program on C.B.C. After retirement, Dan wrote five books on the animals and natural growth of the Canadian Rockies. Mary worked with him always, travelled with him whenever it was possible, and always treated his career with the enthusiasm that it deserved. In his turn he encouraged her to weave, paint and write. She was an intelligent woman, and he recognized this, and treated her with great respect. Theirs was a good marriage, and both of their characters developed correspondingly. In the course of his work they came in contact with many interesting people - artists, writers, musicians, cowboys, guides, politicians and businessmen. To give an example of the variety of their friends and acquaintances - Wilf Carter, the singing cowboy, W.H. Phillips and Frank Varley, artists, were their friends, and Dan accompanied King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on their royal tour of Canada in 1939. Their walls were covered with paintings given to them by top Canadian artists. They were truly cosmopolitan people, but very simple in their life style. They had no family, which seemed a shame, as Mary loved children, and understood them very well. Her pupils benefited from her
strong maternal instinct, as did her nieces and nephews. She was extremely good to all of us, and to her brothers and sisters as well. Bette described her perfectly when she said, "At Christmas time, Auntie Helen used to give us long wool stockings, but Auntie Mary gave us crepe-de-chine underwear." She knew how little girls felt. One quality that Mary had more than any of the other Fees, was the tendency to fantasize. As she and Mamie grew older, after Uncle Dan and Uncle Charlie had died, they lived together in Surrey. They both became very "fey" and, like the true Irishwomen they were, would tell us about the "little people" who lived in the trees near their house. They completely believed in these "little people" and would tell us about them so calmly and reasonably, that we would leave wondering if we were going blind. Mary, though, did have some periods of her life when she suffered real mental upheavals. In 1938, (I think during menopause), when they were in Philadelphia, she had a mental breakdown. As always with the close-mouthed Fees, no-one heard much about it, and when we saw her a few months later, she was herself again. In the last few years of her life, she became quite erratic and confused at times. This resulted in a most unfortunate mix-up in her Will which had to be straightened out in the Courts. This was something that she would have done anything to prevent, had she been her normal self. She passed away in 1973. Though she is gone, I know we will all remember her with love.

Elinor, the youngest of the three girls, was a very sweet, dear, little woman. I don't know if she really was delicate, or whether her sisters thought she was because she
was the youngest, but she was always treated by her sisters with great love and concern. In appearance, she was very like her mother. She was small, and as she got older, plump, like the others. Hers was the "little cat" face of the Cook women, and her nature was shy, demure, and gentle. She had a subtle sense of humour, and, like Mary, a good sense of fun. Had her life been easier, I think she could have been a very gay and happy person. Though she taught home economics before she married, she never had much opportunity to use her knowledge. Chester Bissett was a prairie farmer, at a time when no farmer was making a living (the depression years). With four small children (Agnes, Janette, Merle and Peter) to care for, and no money to do it with, they had some difficult years. Elinor, too, was not in good health, though she was very long suffering, and did not complain. They moved in the 1930s to B.C. and lived in Ladner for a while, and then went to Chilliwack, where they stayed until the war years. During these years we saw them very often, and the children lived with us for the summer of 1933 when Aunt Elinor was in the hospital and Uncle Ches working up north. Hobbies and outside interests were not on the books for her. Lack of money, too much work, and a not very understanding husband were probably the reason, because she was, by nature, bright and quick. They returned to Regina in 1939 so we saw them rarely after that. In 1958 she died of cancer, as quietly as she had lived.

As I have been writing about the sisters an uneasy thought has flicked from time to time across my subconscious mind. There is a distinct parallel between the Fee girls in their early years, and the Bronte sisters, in their home in Haworth Parson
age. I do not mean by this to suggest that the Fees were equal in talent to the Brontes, nor that their life was as unnaturally isolated. But I see Elinor's resemblance to the gentle, youngest sister, Anne; and Mamie's deep reserve finds it's echo in Emily's nature. Mary seems to me to be a mixture of Charlotte and Emily. She had Charlotte's maternal protectiveness of her sisters, and she, like Charlotte, was the only one who could face the outside world with a degree of equanimity. But she was the one who had Emily's fire and passion. She, too, was the most talented of the three. They even had their Bramwell in the person of Charlie, whom they loved, cared for and disapproved of. Perhaps, if one but knew it, there were many families of that era, whose lives followed parallel paths. The tight social restrictions and moral codes of those days were, in their case, intensified by physical and geographic isolation.
CHAPTER VIII

The Brownridges

While all this activity was going on in Canada, Europe continued to produce families whose offspring would eventually wind up on the West Coast of the upstart new continent of North America. About the same time as John Cook was born, and a few years before John Fee Sr. appeared on the scene, a young boy was born in Leeds, Yorkshire. His parents were a family called Brownridge, and they named their little son William. We have no information concerning the boy until he reached adulthood. At that time he owned a horse supply store in Leeds. He was married, and had three children whom we know of. One son, Will, when he grew up, lived in Bridlington, Yorkshire, where his wife, Annie, ran a boarding house. Will had a son, Frank, who went to Canada but there appears to be no further record of him. William Sr.'s daughter, Mary, married a man called Park, lived in Harrowgate, and had eight children. A few tales of Mary persist. Mr. Park died leaving Mary a wealthy widow. She was very fat, and a hypochondriac. She took to her bed, where she was waited on hand and foot by her family. They were all extremely handsome according to legend. Two of her sons were sent to Canada and Australia as remittance men. Mother heard news of one of them (Charlie) in the 1920s. He lived in Medicine Hat, and had married a widow with a large family. He had retained his good looks and charm, but was a complete ne'er-do-well.

Parks

(Mother began reminiscing one day about her Aunt Mary and
her family. I found it amusing, and worth repeating.

Apparently Aunt Mary, who was very attractive, married a rich man, Will Park. They lived in Harrowgate, which, being a spa town, was very gay, with a busy social life. In Mother's words, "It was almost like Vienna". Mother and Cicely loved to visit the Harrowgate relations, and live for a while in the lap of luxury, dining on gourmet foods, and watching their beautiful cousins dressing for balls and soirees. The two little girls were treated very kindly, if condescendingly. Walter Brownridge had very little use for the Parks - he felt that they were useless snobs - and he was probably right.

Aunt Mary had eight children. There were Charlie, Neville, Elsie, Mary, Poppy, Kathleen, and two more. They were brought up very strictly as children, but upon reaching adulthood, they appeared to be determined to make up for lost time. Charlie's story has been told. Neville, too, was a ne'er-do-well. He went to Australia, and was drowned on the voyage home. The girls, who were all most lovely, led an extremely active life. Elsie and Mary, who were very chic, went to London, and opened a fashionable dress shop. Poppy, who seemed to be forever ill, or else was a spoiled hypochondriac like her Mother, finally married a man called Mr. Mumford, and proceeded to raise dogs. Kathleen, who had been touted in the fashionable papers as "...the most beautiful girl in Yorkshire", managed to bring notoriety upon herself. She married, but soon found that she enjoyed a bit of variety. Her suspicious husband followed her one night, and found her in the arms of an army captain. After a loud fight in the halls of the
hotel, Kathleen left forever with her lover. The whole story reached the pages of the "News of the World", a newspaper which was not allowed in the Brownridge's home. But the enterprising Cicely bought a copy for Dorothy and her to read. So as one can see, the Brownridges had their share of spice in the pure milk pudding of their natures.)

The third child of William was called Walter. He was born on July 3, 1855 (?). As a young man he became a printer and lithographer, worked at this trade all his life. In the 1880s he went to London where he met a young man named Box. Mr. Box introduced him to his sister Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Anne Box was born March 23, 1860 and was one of eight children born to an importer, John Box, and his wife, Annie. John Box imported art from the Orient - china, carvings, and perfumes. They lived in South Hackney, London, where their next door neighbour was William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. When Elizabeth was twelve years old, and her sister Clara was ten, their mother died. John Box married for a second time. The second wife was unkind to the little girls and their childhood was lonely and unhappy. She made a point of keeping the little girls away from their father as much as possible and made certain that they received none of their late mother's possessions. The other children were grown and away from home, so did not suffer from their step-mother's treatment. Elizabeth had four brothers. One, Alfred, worked on the building of the Suez Canal. Another, John, was secretary to the Duke of Sutherland, and Mother remembers visiting his house, known as the
House of Tongue, in the far north of Scotland. His daughter, Millie, married a son of the Duke of Sutherland. Another brother was Edmund. His son, Bert, lived for a good many years with the Walter Brownridge family, and apparently was in love with Dorothy and wanted to marry her. She, though she was fond of him, did not return his love, and Bert went to West Africa. When he contacted malaria he returned to England and in 1912, he died of that disease.

When Elizabeth became old enough to work, she became a teacher, and was doing this when she met Walter Brownridge. She was a lovely looking young woman, small and petite, with delicate features framed by curly dark hair. Her large, dark-blue eyes held a soft expression and, even in her later years, her gentle charming nature shows clearly in her photographs.

I imagine that it did not take long for Walter to fall completely under the spell of the beautiful Elizabeth, and for her to recognize his kindness and honest, down-to-earth qualities. They were married in 1885 and settled down in Leeds, where they lived at 5 Broomfield Place, Haddingly.

A daughter, Cicely May, was born to this marriage in 1889. On October 18, 1891, our mother, Dorothy Evelyn Brownridge, was born and a couple of years later, their only son, Frederic Walter arrived. All three children inherited some of their Mother's looks. Though Fred and Dorothy were most like her in colouring, Cicely resembled her Father. She had curly blonde hair, and big,
lively, dark-brown eyes. Dorothy's hair and eyes were the same as her mother's and Fred had her gentle expression. All the children were tall and slender with the typically English long facial features.

Early in 1890, William Brownridge died, so Mother has no memories of this Grandfather. Grandfather Box lived with the Brownridges for some time when the children were small, and Mother remembers him taking them for walks.

Walter and Elizabeth lived with their children in Leeds, until 1893, then moved to Apley Bridge for three years, and then back again to Leeds where they lived at 35 Chestnut Avenue, Heddingly. There, at the early age of five, Dorothy entered Queens Rd. School. She remembers having her arm slapped for being unable to spell "butter". All three children were good students. Dorothy, in her teens, attended Woodhouse Hall School, which was a private day school for girls. When the children reached their teens the family moved to Manchester where Fred was offered a scholarship to Eton. His father, who was a socialist, and a very down-to-earth North-country man, did not want his son to go to a school for rich men, so Fred was enrolled at Manchester Grammar School, where he did very well.

Their life was typically middle-class English - quiet and routine. Music was encouraged by Elizabeth, who was very musical herself. She used to compose, though none of her work remains. Dorothy and Cicely had piano and singing lessons, Dorothy doing particularly well at them. Painting and sewing
were skills which they soon learned. In 1910, when Dorothy was 19, she enrolled in Manchester Training College to become a teacher. She graduated in 1912 and obtained a job teaching a primary class of little boys. She taught there until her marriage in 1918.

In 1913 she and Cicely went to Belgium for a holiday and stayed in Bruges and Brussels. This was one of the high points of her early life, and she still remembers it with pleasure.

In 1914, World War I started and everyone's life was changed. Fred joined the army. Dorothy, who had developed a beautiful singing voice, did a great deal of entertaining at concert parties for the troops. In August, 1915, Elizabeth Sox died of Bright's Disease. The following year, the family received word that Fred had been killed at the Battle of the Somme.

About this time, a friend of Dorothy's introduced her to a Canadian soldier, who was in England on leave. This was Sergeant-Major Charles Fee. Dorothy, who was one hundred percent English, thought he was a bit crude, and could not understand a word he said, but found him handsome and dashing, and also completely charming. They started to correspond when he went back to France, and before long were engaged. On June 22, 1918, they had a small wartime wedding, with Walter Brownridge, Cicely and her husband, Cyril Bland, in attendance. After a honeymoon, spent in a tiny cottage in Bardsea, Charlie went back to France, and Dorothy to her class of little boys. Fortunately, the war was over in a few months. In 1919 they sailed for Canada and a new life together. Dorothy said goodbye to Cicely and her father and
headed off to a country which was totally different from her dear England.

The vivacious and dynamic Cicely had married a man who was her complete opposite. Cyril Bland was a quiet, gentle young man. He suffered from a serious heart condition, and was a delicate semi-invalid. Opposites or not, they were deeply devoted, and had a good life together, until Cyril's death in 1929. A childless widow, Cicely went back to teaching. She had many friends, and was still young and pretty - her life far from over. After a while she met Harry Lightfoot, an army major, who had an invalid wife. Over a period of years Cicely carried on an affair with him. When his wife died, Cicely expected that he would marry her. Instead, he took unto himself a new young wife, a fact which Cicely bitterly resented. After that she became a bit eccentric, but she continued teaching until retirement age. In 1970, she died of cancer, her friends all gone, the victim of a rapacious nursing home. Dorothy came from Canada to be with her in the last few months.

Walter Brownridge lived with Cicely for a while after Dorothy had left England. He had one leg amputated below the knee, (the result of an ulcerated leg) and was retired by then. He and Cicely did not get on too well together and he finally moved back to Leeds, where he lived until his death in 1930. He is buried, with Elizabeth and Fred and their cousin, Bert Box, in Lawnwood Cemetery in Manchester.
CHAPTER IX

The Depression Years

When Charlie and Dorothy sailed for Canada, there were no very clear cut plans. They were expecting their first child, and had arranged to stay with Ted and Helen in Vancouver, until after the baby was born. On their way across Canada they stopped at Hartney, and Dorothy met her in-laws for the first time. In Vancouver, they stayed in Ted and Helen’s basement suite, until I was born, on January 17th, 1920. They named me Barbara Mary Brownridge.

The men had originally planned that the two families would live together indefinitely, but it did not take Mother long to realize that no home was big enough for both them and Aunt Helen. Dad happened to hear that the position of caretaker of the Banff Zoo was open. He applied and got the position, and they moved to the beautiful, little mountain town where they lived until 1925. On July 26, 1921, twins were born to them, whom they named John Frederic and Dorothy Elizabeth. Mother, who was very run down, and had no faith in the Banff doctors, had gone to Vancouver to have the babies, so we are all three members of that rare species — native-born, web-footed Vancouverites.

My first memories, which are very pleasant ones, are of the little bungalow on Otter Street, at the foot of Tunnel Mountain; of watching the big children build an ice house in the winter; of picking wild crocuses on the slopes of the mountain; of being tucked onto a toboggan, between two teenagers, for a wild ride down Tunnel Mountain onto the main street of Banff.
(A regular toboggan run had been made, and one end of Banff Avenue was blocked off.) I also remember an Ice Palace in the middle of Banff Avenue; skating on bob-skates on the frozen Bow River; swimming at the Cave and Basin; watching dog-sled races. The zoo, of course, was one of the places which we visited often. Dad worked there contentedly (he always liked to work with animals, and was very good with them - slow-moving and gentle).

I don't think Mother was very happy in Banff. She was run-down after having her three babies, and being a perfectionist about our care, was very hard on herself. Dad was not very understanding, and she was left to cope with her problems alone while he was out, being the swinging man-about-town. She was also desperately homesick for England. On top of all this, Bette was a delicate baby, who needed much extra care.

In 1924, just a few weeks after her third birthday, Bette contracted polio. Hers was the only known case in Banff, although there were several cases in Calgary that summer. She was extremely ill, and for many weeks hovered between life and death. Both Mother and Dad worked unceasingly to help her, but at that time, practically nothing was known about the disease.

After three months in Calgary hospital, Bette came home, a fragile, highly nervous wee thing, who had to learn to walk again, with the help of a leg cast or crutches, as her right leg was paralysed. Fortunately, the one thing that the disease had not touched was her indomitable fighting spirit. Fortunate
also, was the fact that Mother and Dad had the good sense to underplay their pity, and to raise Bette as near to normally as possible. Bette is still the fighter of the family, who has accomplished far more than either John or I.

In 1925, Mother took us children, and left Banff for Vancouver. Dad stayed to clear up tag ends - a job which must have taken some time, because we lived in a series of rented houses and apartments before he came to the coast to stay, although I do remember him coming for short visits.

We went first to a house in Kerrisdale district, which was known as Casement's Cottage, and was supposed to belong to some member of the family of Roger Casement (who was hung during the Irish Rebellion). It was there that Bette and John ran in terror from what they thought was a bear in an old shed. Upon investigation, they discovered their "bear" was only a thought-ful cow.

Our next move was to the main floor of an old house, on 12th Avenue. It was there that I enrolled in my first school - this was Fairview School. It is now torn down, and the present School Board buildings stand on the site. I attended Fairview for about three months, before I got measles.

By the time I was ready to return to school, it was end of term, and we had moved once more - to an apartment in an old house on Comox Street, just a block or two from English Bay. I remember we spent most of our time at the beach, as it was
summer while we were there. During our stay, the house changed hands. It was bought by two sisters. We children thought they were most glamorous, and admired their bleached blonde hair. I remember them teaching me the Charleston. Mother thought they were rather common, and deplored the constant stream of gentlemen visitors, who headed up the stairs every evening. But they were kind and friendly, and in her innocence Mother had no idea what was going on. It was not until Dad came to visit, and saw the red lamp glowing in the hall window, that it was decided that it was time for us to move again.

Our next home was Owen-Jones' cottage - again in Kerrisdale. It was a tiny cottage, in the middle of a huge field. I remember many happy hours spent damming the creek which flowed in front of the house, and playing with Bunny Owen-Jones, who lived in the big house next door. Bunny had a dog, which got rabies. After we had told our parents that the dog had been foaming at the mouth, he was locked in the basement, and I can still remember the dreadful howls which emanated from there in the night, before the poor animal was put out of his misery. While I was at Owen-Jones' I finally managed to complete Grade I, at Kerrisdale School.

That fall, Dad finally arrived with the news that he had a job in Lytton - running a silver fox ranch. The thrilling prospect of a seven room ranch house, with fireplace, bathroom, greenhouse, horses, and barns, moved all of us to eager anticipation. When we arrived in Lytton, we were faced with severe disillusionment. The ranch was there, perched on the mountainside, above the jade-green Thompson River - but it could only be reached
by hiking along the railroad track for three miles, and then
climbing up the mountainside. The stables were there - in a
state of complete disrepair. The house was there - but it had
been abandoned before it was completely built, and only two
rooms were liveable. The bathroom was a few boards and studding.
The beautiful stone fireplace stood resplendent in a completely
unfinished room. The greenhouse had not one whole pane of glass
in the entire construction. The foxes, though, were there, in
their new cages, so there was nothing to do but to carry on. We
lived in Lytton for a year, before Dad had to abandon the project.
The depression had started and no-one could afford to wear silver
fox furs any more.

To Dad, the Lytton year was the beginning of a long period
of frustration and discouragement. To Mother, Lytton was the
bottom of the barrel. She was completely isolated, and could not
even get out to town, as Dad did once a week. Her only company
was the occasional wandering Indian, who rarely spoke English,
and of whom she was afraid. Her home was hopeless, and she had
never learned to cope with that kind of life, as had so many
Canadian girls. To us children, Lytton was pure heaven - at least
it was to me. Though we had no-one to play with, besides each
other, we ran free, bathed naked in the icy creek, rode our old
pack pony, Billy, and enjoyed the long summer days. We had two
horses, a big white English Bulldog, called Chummy, and two goats,
named Nanny and Fanny, who supplied us with milk, until they ate
Paris Green and died. The only thing we needed to fear were
rattlesnakes, which abounded in the area. John, who was five
at the time, was dumped off the pony's back, when it reared in fear at a sound which it thought was a snake's rattle. A favorite family story was, "When Mother Killed the Rattlesnake" — and it was a true story. She beat it to death, when she found it emerging from our bedroom. As a matter of fact, Mother developed into quite an intrepid heroine at that time. She also caught a silver fox in her apron, when it had escaped from it's cage.

My days in Lytton were spent out of doors, and I was at an age when I was becoming very aware of the world around me. To me, everything was magic — I still cannot hear the wind sighing through the pines, nor smell the hot, crisp scent of sage without being carried back to that sun-drenched plateau on the mountainside.

Too soon, it came to an end, and we were on the move once more. In December, 1927, we moved to the Fraser Valley, where we settled in Langley Municipality. Ted and Helen Fee had bought a twenty acre farm, in Harmsworth. Dad, when he returned from overseas, had turned his Army Gratuiities over to Ted, in order that Ted could build a basement suite. Consequently, there was some sort of agreement between the two brothers that Dad and his family should live on the farm (which was in Ted and Helen's name), and a very small amount of cash should be paid monthly to Dad. This money turned out later to be part of Dad's share from the sale of the Hartney Farm. A chicken house was built on the Harmsworth farm, and six hundred white leghorn chicks were installed
Early 1928 was the worst possible time for anyone to start chicken farming, as the Fraser Valley was swept with an epidemic, which killed chickens by the thousands. I can remember passing neighbour's farms and seeing great heaps of dead hens, waiting to be burned. Within six months, our chickens were all dead, there was no money to restock, and everyone faced a decade of deep financial depression. Somehow, our family managed. We were luckier than many people living in cities. At least we had milk and vegetables, our own fuel, and shelter.

In 1933, Uncle Tad died, and within a short time, Aunt Helen informed us that she was selling the farm. Since the property was registered in her name, there was nothing that Dad could do but look for another place to live. We moved to a little yellow house, about half a mile down the road, and Dad had to search for odd jobs to feed his family. In 1940, when I was working at the telephone office, and could pay some board money, we moved to a larger house next door. This was the first home, since the early Vancouver days, which had a bathroom — no hot water, only cold, but what joy it was to flush a toilet!

When I write about the depression days, it sounds very discouraging and gloomy. It was not all this way, but for many people, it spelled utter failure. I think that the one who suffered most in our family was Dad. Gradually, as all his self-confidence was sapped, he changed from a happy-go-lucky, cocky, young man to a silent, introspective one, without prospect or hopes. There were flashes, at times, of the old Charlie — until he died, he could be charming, dashing, and witty when he chose,
but beneath it all, there was a broken man. More and more, he retreated into fantasy. He would tell swashbuckling tales of his army days, and study his horoscope for hours. For a short while, he joined an Amateur Theatre Group, and was astonishingly good. He had always been able to recite poetry with fire and passion. I think he would have made an excellent actor, but being forced into working a failing farm was more than he could cope with.

The depression years changed Mother too, but in her case, adversity hardened the steel. She had arrived in Canada, totally unprepared for the life which faced her - innocent and dreamy-eyed, with romantic and unrealistic ideas about life, and love. Till then, other than the death of her Mother and Fred, she had faced nothing more serious than the question of which dress to put on in the morning. She had learned little or nothing about caring for a home, and her ideas of caring for a husband came from the romantic fiction of the day. One can imagine the shock she felt on coming up against life's hard realities. I think she would probably have given anything to return to England, but to her credit, she set her chin, and coped as well as she could. And she did a very good job of it. Things were not perfect, but she muddled through, without sacrificing too many of the standards which meant so much to the Fees and the Brownridges. At a time when many children were being taken out of school as soon as they reached the age of fifteen, Mother fought grimly for our education. Manners, too, meant a lot to her; and she, who always loved clothes, saw to it that we were dressed neatly and well, even if it was in made-over hand-me-downs.
What can I say about us children? We were completely happy. We were dimly aware that money was always a problem, but that seemed very remote from us. We had enough to eat, clothes on our back, and none of our friends were any better off than we.
CHAPTER X

The Langley Years

Two years ago, Bette and I visited our old swimming hole, in Harmsworth. As we walked through the woods, we found a great patch of yellow violets (which we used to call Johnnie-Jump-Ups). Everything was so unchanged, that for a short while we were children again.

I cannot think of any life more idyllic for children than our long days in the country. Summer and winter alike, we moved through the woods and fields, swam in the river, climbed the trees in our old orchard, and explored new trails. We knew just where to look for trilliums, dog-tooth violets, huge, delicious mushrooms, and strange, exotic fungi.

The pleasures that children know today were not available to us, so we relied strongly upon our imaginations for amusement. We made up dramatic games, which ran (like soap operas) for weeks. We all gave ourselves romantic names (Delores and Maxine were great favorites). The game, itself, was named (such as "The V Cut") — and it rivalled any Pearl White serial for excitement and suspense. "'Twas you, Charlotte Melbourne, and a V Cut shall prove it!"' was the rallying cry throughout one game, I remember. In another, Bette spent days, stretched out on a neighbour's milk-stand, supposedly in the throes of cholera.

Our teenage years were equally simple, the main form of entertainment for young people in the country, was attending dances. They were held in small community halls, and as every-
one knew everyone else, they were like big house parties. Girls
did not feel that they had to have dates to attend, so everyone
got there was sometimes a problem, but if we didn't
have a car, someone had a horse and buggy, or failing that,
a bike. I've gone to many a dance packed four deep in John's
old Model A, on the bar of a bike, or walking, with my long
skirts tucked up, and my high heeled shoes carried in a bag.
They were happy days, and innocent days. It was the era of the
Big Bands, the Lambeth Walk, the Big Apple, and Trucking. We
danced unceasingly, necked in the back seats of cars, puffed the
odd cigarette (we hadn't even heard of marijuana), drank the
occasional beer (only the boys, the girls didn't drink at all),
and had no social consciousness. Compared to the young people
of today, we were complete babies.

Our first school was in Harmsworth. It had one room,
one teacher, seven grades, and seventeen pupils. We were like
a big family, and were very happy there, until the schoolboard
decided that there were not enough pupils to justify keeping
the school open, so we were shipped by bus to Fort Langley,
which had a three room school. I completed Grade VIII at Fort
Langley, and it was there that I made several life-long friend-
ships. Bette and John, who were a couple of grades behind me,
were transferred once more to Milner School, to finish their
elementary grades, while I went on to Langley High School. We
all completed Grade XII there. We liked school, and all three
of us were fairly good scholars, and reasonably diligent. Bette
had to miss quite a bit of school, because of two operations on
her leg, which kept her in hospital or at home for months at a time. She immediately made up for this by studying much harder than either John or I. When I reached Grade X, I suddenly became very much engrossed in the opposite sex. (I won't say I suddenly became aware of them, because as long as I can remember, I knew they were there, and thought they were pretty fascinating). Anyway, for the first time in my life, my grades dropped, but I wasn't concerned. I guess I thought, "First things first. School will still be here when I've coped with my social life".

After graduating from Langley High, Bette went to King Edward High School, in Vancouver, for her Grade XIII (staying at Moodies), and then took a year of Normal School, before becoming an elementary teacher, where she specialized in art. Years later, (in the 1970s) she decided to get her B.A., and went to Simon Fraser University, where she graduated in 1977. She now teaches a special course, which she herself devised, on racial relations within our country, and particularly within our schools.

John, after being discharged from the Navy in 1946, attended U.B.C., where he studied architecture. He left before graduation, but has always worked in jobs pertaining to architecture and construction.

In 1937, I met Norm Knapp, and though it may not have been love at first sight, there certainly was instant attraction
between us. Both of us were dating several other people, but before long, Norm and I were "going steady". He was working at Horne's Shingle Mill in North Vancouver, most of the time that we went together, so our dates were confined mostly to weekends. I, when I had graduated from High School, worked for a short time in Vancouver, doing housework (for an ex-Hartney couple), and also in a delicatessen, on 12th and Main Street. In the fall of 1939, I got a job at the Langley Telephone Office, and worked there, as the night switchboard operator, until our marriage, in 1941.

In 1941, things started to change very quickly for our family. Within a few months, Bette moved to Vancouver to attend Normal School, John joined the Navy and left home, Dad got a position as guard at the R.C.A.F. Airport in Ladner, and he and Mother moved there, and I, on March 20th, 1941, married Norman Chester Knapp, and we moved to North Vancouver. Before we realized what had happened, our years in Langley were over, and our lives all took separate, but converging and criss-crossing paths.
CHAPTER XI

The Fees Today

All this was yesterday. Today the different branches of the Fee family thrive and grow. Our knowledge is of only a tiny section of the clan. We are not in contact with the American branches, nor do we know of any other Canadian families who are directly connected to ours. I have spoken to and heard of many Fees who come from Peterborough, Quebec, Northern Manitoba, and even one in Hawaii, but no-one so far has traced his ancestry back to one of the eight Fee brothers from County Cavan in Ireland.

From John and Jennie Fee have sprung, beside their five sons and daughters, nine grandchildren, thirty-one greatgrandchildren, and ten great-great-grandchildren. Perhaps we can take a last look at them all.

| I       | Wilfred Fee |   |   |
|         | 1881 - 1933 |   |   |
|         | No issue    |   |   |
|         | 1915        |   |   |
|         | Helen McLennan |   |   |

| II      | Charles Fee |   |   |
|         | 1885 - 1962 |   |   |
|         | A Barbara Fee |   |   |
|         | 1920 -       |   |   |
|         | i John Knapp |   |   |
|         | 1941 -       |   |   |
|         | Donna Frame  |   |   |
|         | 1966         |   |   |
|         | 1944         |   |   |
|         | Norman Knapp |   |   |
|         | 1917         |   |   |
|         | Dorothy Brownridge |   |   |
|         | 1891 -       |   |   |

| twins   | ( ii Barrie Knapp- (died in infancy) |
|         | 1942 - 1942 |
|         | ( iii Sandra Knapp- m James Alexander (divorced) |
|         | 1942 - 1960 |
|         | 1939 -      |
|         | (a) Leslie Alexander |
|         | 1962 -      |
|         | - m - Jeffrey Pinner |
|         | 1968 1941   |
|         | (b) Catherine Pinner |
|         | 1976 -      |
iv Linda Knapp — m — William (Bill) Miller 
1943— 1964 
(a) Robert Miller 
1967—
(b) David Miller 
1970—
(c) Lisa Miller 
1974—

v David Knapp — m — Barbara Enoch 
1944— 1969 1949—
(a) Leigh Knapp 
1975—
(b) Peter Knapp 
1978—

vi Stephen Knapp 
1951—

B John Fee — m — Guida Hill 
1921 — 1951 1928 —

i Patricia Fee — m — Raymond Owen (divorced) 
1952— 1970
(a) David Owen 
1971
(b) Jennifer Owen 
1973
— m — William (Bill) Picket 
1978

ii Jane Fee — m — Thomas Lougheed 
1954— 1978

iii Jeffrey Fee 
1955—

iv Thomas Fee — m — Holly Williams 
1958— 1979
(a) Sarah Fee 
1980

v James Fee 
1960—

vi Andrea Fee 
1963—

C Elizabeth Fee (Bette) — m — Patrick Hood 
1921 — 1952 1923 —
i Paul Hood 
1956—

ii Michael Hood 
1958—1978

iii Alan Hood 
1959—

iv Barbara Hood 
1960—

v Laurie Hood 
1963—
III  Mabel Fee (Mamie)  - m - 1887 - 1912  
A  Dawson Moodie  - m - 1917 - 1972  
  i  James Moodie  195 -  
  ii  Neil Moodie  195 -  
B  Helen Moodie  - m - 1919 - 1945  
  i  Jean Boyer  19  

Frances Smith  
Stanley Royer  

IV  Mary Ethel Fee  - m - 1888 - 1973  
1921 - No issue  

Daniel McCowan  

18 - 196  

V  Elinor Fee  - m - 1894 - 1968  
1922 - No issue  
A  Agnes Bissett  - m - 192 - 194  
  No issue  
B  Janette Bissett  - m - 192 - 19  
  i  
  ii  
  iii  
iv  
v  
vi  
C  Merle Bissett  - m - 192 - 19  
  i  
  ii  
  iii  
  iv  
D  Peter Bissett  - m - 192  
  i  Brian Bissett  19  
  ii  Martin Bissett  
  iii  Charlene Bissett  

Chester Bissett  
Maurice (Bill) Taylor  
Ralph Blatta  

George Theil  

Anni
Of the oldest generation, the only ones now left are Auntie Mamie, who is in an extended care home in Surrey, and our Mother, who is in a retirement home in Burnaby. Mother, at eighty-seven, is still as mentally alert as she was in younger years.

The Moodie family is spread far apart. Dawson, who was a clever and ambitious young man, became a University professor, and taught for many years at Pullman University, where he was highly regarded. In 1972 he was killed in a tragic car accident leaving his wife, Frances, and two young sons. They still live in Pullman, Washington.

Helen, who met Stan Boyer when she was working for Boeing Corporation, during the war years, left Vancouver when they married. They moved to Toronto, where they have lived ever since. Stan was a widower with a daughter, but the little girl lived with her paternal grandparents after the marriage. They later had a daughter of their own - Jeannie.

Agnes Bissett, after working for a short while as a telephone operator, in Chilliwack, joined the Wrens. It was there that she met her future husband, Maurice. He was an English officer, attached to the Canadian Navy. After the war they married and went to England to live, but soon returned to Canada. They were both very interested in horses, so they obtained work caring for and training them. They have worked and lived many places in Canada and the U.S., and are now in Camden, Indiana.
Janette trained as a nurse, and was working in this capacity when she met and married Ralph, who was a member of the R.C.M.P. They live now in Edmonton. Like most mothers of big families, Janette's time is completely taken up by the details of everyday living.

Merle and her family also live in Edmonton. Before her marriage Merle worked as a stenographer, and George is a salesman.

Peter is the only Bissett who is still living in B.C. He works as a groundcrewman for the airlines. He married a sweet and practical Finnish girl, Anni, and they have two nearly grown sons and a daughter.

John Pee, after a long session in the navy through the war years, during which he rose to the rank of Chief Petty Officer, returned to civilian life, and enrolled in U.B.C., where he studied architecture. Around 1950, he went one summer to work at a resort, situated up the B.C. coast. There he met Guida Hill, who was also earning a few dollars in the summer holidays. Guida was a beautiful and clever girl, and John knew a good thing when he saw it. In 1951 they were married. John left University, and has worked ever since for various construction firms. Guida, who is a lab technician, worked first at Vancouver General Hospital, and now, after raising her family, is working at Royal Columbian Hospital, in New Westminster. During the course of their married life they have lived in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Toronto, Kelowna, and now, finally, in Surrey. Their home is White Rock. They have six sons and daughters, who all come up to Auntie Mary's
criteria for Fee men and women - "very good-looking and
well-set-up, tall and straight, sons and daughters - a good
lot, who married good people". Trish, the eldest, married
young, had a boy and a girl, and after the marriage split up,
was remarried to Bill Picket, who is a teacher. Trish works
for Shaughnessy Hospital. Jane, after a trip to Europe working
as a guide at the 1976 Olympiad, and a year in Nova Scotia
attending University on a French Scholarship, came back to
Vancouver, and is now at U.B.C. Her husband, Tom Lougheed,
is a scholar also, and went to Nova Scotia and U.B.C. as well.
Jeff, who has worked for some time on construction jobs up north,
is now attending University in Nova Scotia. Tom and Jim are
both out of school, and are working in Surrey. Andrea, who
is the only one at home, is still in High School.

Bette, who had a more difficult start in life than
the rest of us, made up for it by her extra energy and determination. After graduating from Normal School, she taught at various
schools in B.C. and went for a year to England as an exchange
teacher. When she returned to Vancouver she met Pat Hood. Pat
was English, and had come to Fairbridge Farms with his brother
and sisters when he was small. Fairbridge was a project which took
underprivileged English children and placed them on Fairbridge Farm
on Vancouver Island, and eventually put them out to foster homes.
Pat was clever and ambitious, and when Bette met him he was
studying law. In 1952 they married. When Pat graduated, he
and a close friend set up a law practice, which soon became
successful. Eventually, they built a home in Dollarton, which
was large enough for their rapidly growing family. Bette still
lives there, although she and Pat are separated. Paul, their oldest son, is in Alberta at present. Their next son, Michael, who was adopted as an infant, was killed in a car accident in February, 1978. Alan, who spent several months working in Guatemala after his graduation from High School, now is planning to go to University. Barbara, who has just graduated, works part time as a waitress, and part time as a ski-instructor. Laurie, who is the only one still at home, is in High School. Bette went to Simon Fraser University about five years ago, and after a few difficult years of being a student as well as a housewife and mother, she managed to get her B.A. Since then she has worked in the North Vancouver Elementary Schools. She has always been politically active, and deeply interested in all forms of education. Their children are all athletic, musical, and reflect their parents interest in education and politics.

As for me, and my family, I will write of us in the following chapters which deal with the Knapp family.

In putting together the story of the Fees, I find myself wanting to know more about certain events and people. For instance, throughout the letters of John Fee to his Jennie one finds references to "Tish and Jake". From the all too small comments one gathers that they were a very eccentric pair, to say the least. But who they were, relatives, friends, neighbours, or hired hands - I do not know. How interesting, too, it would be to know what the Battle of Lundy's Lane looked
like through the eleven year old eyes of John Cook. In the personal possessions of Mary McCowan was found, after her death, a beautiful, hand-sewn, white silk dress, covered with delicate beading, lovingly and minutely stitched — but it was only half made. Was it laid aside when Bain Upton returned to Banff with a young English bride? Certainly everyone in the family expected that he and Mary would be married, and it is reasonable to think that she, too, expected it. Her story, alone, would make a fascinating novel, if it were put into the right hands. And what a dramatic story we find in the tale of Agnes Cook's life. Though John Fee's letters tell a great deal about the early pioneering days in Manitoba, how much better if we had Jennie's letters, written in answer. I could go on and on.

This finishes the story of the Fees, the Cooks, the Brownridges, the Boxes, and those who went before. From here we move on to the other side of the family, in hopes that I can leave for future generations a balanced record of their roots.
CHAPTER XII
The Bucknells

I have very little factual history concerning the Bucknells, other than small scraps of information, dropped by Nellie in the course of conversation.

Joshua Bucknell was reputedly French and Irish by ancestry - a truly volatile combination, which hopefully was kept under control by the more practical nature of his Scottish wife, Elizabeth Phillips. They lived in Little Current, Ontario, which is on Manitoula Island. I think they were probably married some time in the 1880s.

During the course of their married life they had five sons and one daughter. The boys were Thomas, William, Robert, Henry and Frank. Frank, so Nellie told me, suffered a fall as a child, and sustained some sort of brain injury. He died fairly young, and nothing more is known of him. Nellie was the only girl and the youngest child.

Some time before 1910, the family moved to Sheho, Saskatchewan. There they farmed, and the boys got to know Charles Knapp, from nearby Foam Lake. Through them, Nellie met him and they were married in 1911.

Joshua is remembered by his grandsons as a tough, high-strung, old man, of whom they were afraid. But all the Bucknells were great teasers, and were full of mischief, and I gathered from the odd remark that Nellie passed, that her father was very much that way so perhaps the boys just did not recognize teasing from
their grandfather. His wife, Elizabeth, was dour, sharp-tongued, and exacting. Nellie said that she never remembered her Mother ever saying that she had done anything right. Elizabeth probably did not have an easy row to hoe. She was a very hard worker, and likely the greatest burden of raising the family fell on her shoulders. She suffered badly from arthritis, and used to do her housework by pushing a chair ahead of her. Possibly, since Nellie was the only girl, her Mother felt that her daughter should learn early in life that her path was not to be strewn with roses. The fact remains that there was no great warmth or communication between Mother and Daughter. Nell told me that when she started to menstruate, she was terrified at the sight of blood, connecting it with childbirth, and she thought she was going to have a baby. She knew this was "bad", since she wasn't married. She hid in the barn not knowing what to do, afraid that her Mother would find out. Her older brother, Henry, found her there, and it was he who explained what was happening to her, and what she was to do.

There was a warm and likeable quality in all the Bucknells, which was evident in all the brothers as well as Nellie. With the exception of Nell and Bob, none were too ambitious where work was concerned. Nellie was exceedingly well-trained in work habits - one good thing which her Mother had done for her.

They were a very prolific family. All the sons married and had many children, which they raised with a happy-go-lucky abandon.
Physically, they were pleasant looking, though not particularly handsome. None were very tall (Nell was only five feet). They had large heads with thick, strong, vigorous hair (in the case of the men, curly), large features, and bright intelligent eyes. They all seemed to inherit their Mother's arthritic problems, to some degree or another.

After Nellie married, the bond between her and her brothers was not broken in any way. Bob had married at about the same time, and Nellie and his wife, Evelyne, were close friends. When Charlie and Nell moved to the West Coast, they were accompanied by Bob and Evelyne, and also by Joshua and Elizabeth. Before long, Bill, and his wife, Sadie, and their family were out at the coast, and Tom and his wife, and later Henry, Mary, and their children arrived in B. C. The parents lived with Nell and Charlie until their deaths, in the 1920s. Nell continued to keep in close contact with her brothers and their families. She used to become quite annoyed with them at times, but the tie was still strong.

At present writing, Nell's brothers are all dead. Bob's sons and daughters are mostly in Vancouver and the Fraser Valley, Lloyd and Ken in Langley, Morley, Ross, Stella (who was a beautiful girl), are in North Vancouver, Melvyn is in Alaska, and Dorothy is in Seattle. I believe that most of Henry's family are in the Okanagan. Bill's family has lost touch, and Tom's children, whom I never knew, are, I believe, in North Vancouver.
CHAPTER XII

The Knapps

The obituary of Valentine Knapp states baldly that he was born June 17, 1842, in Hessen, Darmstadt, Germany, and that he was baptised and confirmed in the land of his birth. Who his parents were, or if he had any brothers and sisters, I cannot say. Nor do I know in which church he was baptised. His son, Charles, was listed on his marriage certificate as a Methodist, so perhaps that was Valentine's church also.

In 1867, at the age of twenty-five, he came to America, and settled in Aurora, Illinois. The story we always heard from his son, Charles, was that Valentine had stowed away on a ship sailing to America in order to evade army service in Germany. As this was at the time of the Franco-Prussian Wars, the story is quite possibly true, making old Valentine our first draft dodger on record.

Valentine appeared to be a departure from the stereotyped idea of the typical German. Certainly his romantic, non-Germanic name is not what one would expect. He was a small-boned, dark-complexioned, sharp featured man. (These physical characteristics have cropped up in every generation of Knapps since him). At twenty-five years of age, he was probably a very good-looking young man. He appears to have been a farmer by profession - at any rate he settled into farming immediately upon arrival in America. His nature - who knows? But we can make a few conjectures, based upon stories told by his son. In his later years, he was a hard-working, tight-fisted, dour, stubborn old man. He probably had
little education, but I think he had a great deal of natural sharpness and tenacity.

In 1868, the year after he arrived in Aurora, he married Katherine (Catherine) Adrian. (Two separate spellings of her name appear in family records). Nothing is known about her, except that she bore him fifteen children, five of whom died before their father. The name Adrian appears in Dutch and German names frequently, so I think it is quite possible that she, too, was of German racial origin.

Life in a farming community in the 1860s and 1870s must have been a struggle. For fourteen years, Valentine and Katherine lived in Aurora, and then, in 1882, moved to Sheffield, Iowa, where they farmed seven miles west of town. In 1895 they moved into the town of Sheffield. One wonders if this move was prompted by Katherine's failing health. After twenty-seven years of childbearing, and working as a farmer's wife, she was probably exhausted. The following year, she died.

Valentine, who was left with small children to raise, wasted no time in finding another wife. In 1897, he married a widow, Mrs. E. Raatz, who brought several children of her own to the marriage. According to stories, the small children of Katherine suffered at the hands of their step-mother. Mrs. Raatz died a few years later.

In 1911, when Valentine was sixty-nine years old he married for the third time - to a Mrs. C. Heilman, and she too, died within a few years.
Valentine had moved to a farm three miles east of Sheffield, when he married Mrs. Raatz, but when he became older, he moved once more to the town of Sheffield.

On January 3rd, 1933, he died, at the age of ninety years, six months and fourteen days. He was Sheffield's oldest citizen at the time of his death, and had apparently been in the best of health right until the end. A picture taken six months before his death, shows an erect, active-looking man, with white hair and a white spade beard.

This tough old man, who had outlived three wives and five children, left behind him, six sons and four daughters. They were:

William (of Foam Lake, Saskatchewan)
George (of Long Furrow, Minnesota)
Henry (of Foam Lake)
John (of Sheffield, Iowa)
Charles (of Aldergrove, B. C.)
Albert (of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota)
Ann Hart (of Sheffield)
Nannie Cleaver (of Albert Lea, Minnesota)
Mrs. Art Culver (of Sheffield)
Nellie Stayner (of Sargent, Minnesota)

These were all Katherine's children. To the best of my knowledge, there were no children of Valentine's through his other wives. He was also survived by fifty-seven grandchildren, and twenty-eight great-grandchildren.
CHAPTER XIV
Prairie Settlers

Charles Knapp, like his brothers, resembled his father very much in appearance, and probably in temperament too. Being one of the youngest children of Katherine, he had an unhappy time as a child. He was born in 1888. When he was eight years old, his mother died, and a year later he was given over to the tender mercies of a step-mother who had children of her own, beside many step-children, to care for. Small wonder that some suffered in the shuffle.

Charles left home at the age of thirteen, and went to North Dakota, where he probably worked as a farm hand. In 1909 he went to Canada, where he settled in Foam Lake (which is a small farming community in southern Saskatchewan). I think it quite likely that he had older brothers there, and Charlie decided to try his fortune in Canada.

About fifteen miles from Foam Lake is the town of Sheho where the Bucknells lived. Charlie soon got to know the brothers—likely during harvest time, or perhaps at one of the baseball games, which was one of the few forms of recreation enjoyed by the young people at that time. The Bucknells took their young sister to the games, and perhaps it was there that the fourteen year old Nellie first met Charlie Knapp. Who knows? Perhaps it was love at first sight. He was seven years older than she, and very good-looking (to judge by a picture taken around that time), and was, no doubt, considered to be "the fascinating stranger from the States". She was tiny, brown-haired, lively, and full of fun. No doubt her
obvious crush on him would make him very much aware of her.

On June 12, 1911, Charles Knapp, twenty-three, farmer, of Foam Lake, married Nellie Ellen Bucknell, sixteen, spinster, of Sheho. They homesteaded in Malby, and somehow managed to scratch a living for themselves from the dry prairie soil.

Shortly after their marriage, Charlie was bitten by a horse. Apparently they had to go to Chicago in order that he get rabies shots. I do not know if they took advantage of this trip to visit his relatives across the line, but if they did it was only a short visit, as they soon returned to Canada.

On January 9th, 1912, Charlie became a naturalized Canadian citizen.

On August 21st of that year, little Nellie, who herself was a child in many ways, bore a fourteen pound daughter, whom they named Ella May. On December 3, 1914, their first son, Mervyn Charles, was born. Norman Chester arrived on February 11th, 1917, and Marjory Evelyn Loreen was born March 31, 1919. They were all big babies, and like most farm women of that time, Nellie had them at home, with only the assistance of the local mid-wife. Nellie, who always liked to make a good story better, swore that the snow drifted in on her pillow as she lay in labour for Norm's birth. The fact remains that it could not have been an easy thing to have a family under those circumstances.

Many things were not easy for the young family in those early years, but Nellie and Charlie were eager and healthy,
and they were used to hard work, and above all, they had Nell's sense of fun to lighten their days. Nell used to tell that at that time, the prairies were alive with partridges which "Chuck" (as she called him) used to shoot. She would can them, to keep the family in meat for the winter.

Norm and Merv remember their Mother, who was still very young at the time, climbing into a washtub, and going for a sail on the slough. It must have been a very secure tub, as Nell always swore that she was physically incapable of learning to swim.

The boys, in particular, must have been little fiends at times, and have memories of many escapades. They were well spanked for oiling the threshing machine in all the wrong places. Norm also was punished for playing "cow" too realistically. He always threw himself wholeheartedly into what he was doing. This time he tore a hole in his pants so that he could walk on all fours and leave "cow plops".

Upstairs in their home was a still, which they called "The Rooster". (No-one seems to have an explanation for that odd name). A very potent brand of moonshine was made, which Charlie and his brother-in-law enjoyed from time to time. He was not a heavy drinker but did enjoy a little tipple occasionally. When he drank, the immediate effect was to loosen his tongue, and he would broadcast all his private affairs to the whole world. This used to distress Nell, particularly in their later years, when they kept their small hoard of money buried in a hole in the ground. She was sure that thieves were waiting to hear where the "swag"
was hidden. Nellie did not drink at all, though she was very tolerant of those who did.

Ella attended school at Foam Lake, but the others were not old enough. The school was right behind their house, on a corner of their property. Norm and Merv remember sliding down the hill from the school to their house.

In 1921, they decided to try their fortune on the west coast. Perhaps they were left some money, because they went to Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, and bought a fish and chip shop. Bob and Evelyne Bucknell, and their family went with them, and they lived together on the Millstream Road. The boys remember that the house was right behind the Whistle Factory (for my young readers I must explain that Whistle was an orange soda drink, the 1920 equivalent of Coca Cola or 7Up. The billboards stating "THIRSTY? drink WHISTLE" were familiar to all the children of that era). The shop was called "Olde English Fish and Chip Shoppe," but it's owners could not have been less English. (They all shared an instinctive dislike of anything English, and carried this prejudice all their lives. I think they felt it was a bit of a disgrace when Norm married me, who had English blood in my veins, though they tried to be kind about it).

The fish and chip shop proved to be an unsuccessful venture, and in 1923 they moved to 604 Keith Road, North Vancouver. They shared a big old house with Bob and Bill Bucknell, and their families.

Charlie went to work for the City of North Vancouver. He
worked for the sewer department, which does not sound like a very appealing job, but it paid enough to keep them off relief (the name, then, for Social Assistance), and with a family to feed, Charlie was not proud.

To help them struggle through the depression years, Nell, as soon as the children were old enough, went out to do housework. Ella was left in charge of the younger ones, and proved to be a very capable baby-sitter, in spite of her smallness. Armed with a stick, she ruled her rambunctious brothers with a rod of iron, though they stood a head taller than she. It was not until Norm, in a hot rage, discovered that he could wrest the stick away from her, and give her a few whacks in return, that discipline became any sort of problem.

In the early 1930s they heard stories of the Peace River District. In the early depression years almost everyone was looking for something to improve their lot in life, and to prairie people like the Knapps, the promise of good land available was an appealing prospect. The thought of homesteading and hard work held no terrors for them, they had already experienced that in Saskatchewan. So with some friends of theirs, called McKeish, they piled themselves and their belongings into an old touring car, and set off to tackle the great North-west. Norm remembers vividly the trip on the twisting, narrow, rocky roads, camping out at night in the wilderness, where bears came to investigate after dark, and experiencing for the first time the feeling of being surrounded by Northern B.C.'s towering peaks, and limitless dense forests. For the children, it was a marvellous, never-to-be
forgotten experience, and to this day Norm loves that sort of country above all others. But for their parents, the trip did not hold so much promise. Perhaps they found the country strange and unfamiliar, far from the rolling prairie land that they knew so well. Whatever their reason, they returned to North Vancouver, and the Peace River project was forgotten.

In 1933, Charlie was left some money from the estate of his father, who had died that January. So they bought twenty acres in Aldergrove, and built a house there, just off the Jackman Road. In effect, this was Charlie's retirement, as he did no ambitious farming, but just grew enough produce and raised enough stock to feed themselves. Nell took in boarders, and the boys, who were by then in their teens, operated a small mill on the property and cut shingles.

Very soon the boys discovered that business for themselves was not too profitable, so they returned to North Vancouver, where they worked at Horne's Shingle Mill, Merv on the cut-off saw, and Norm as a packer at first, then as a shingle Sawyer. They boarded, during the week, with Bob Bucknell and his second wife, Edna (Evelyne had died in childbirth, shortly before), and returned to the farm at the weekends.

Before long, Nellie and Charlie found that their birds were ready to fly the nest. In 1935, Ella married Lyle Marriott, who managed the Overwaitea store in Langley, and in 1936 Evelyn, married Willard Olsen, a neighbour of theirs, who had worked for a while as a hired man for Charlie. In a short while, Charles and
Nell were grandparents, as Ella had a son, Donald, and Evelyn a daughter, Shirley — both born in 1936.

In 1939, Merv married Rose Carlson, and in 1941, Norm married me, Barbara Fee. Merv and Rose had a daughter, Sharon, born in 1940. She died the following year of leukemia. Then Wayne was born in 1943, and Garry, in 1945. Norm and I had four children, born in quick succession, between 1941 and 1945, (more of them later). In 1945 Evelyn and Willard's second daughter, Marlene (commonly known as Cookie), was born, and in 1951 our youngest son, Stephen, arrived to complete the collection of grandchildren.

Though Nellie and Charles had definitely earned a rest from children, they took me and our four children, Johnnie, Sandy, Linda and David, all in when Norm went into the army.

In these years, Nellie, who was only in her forties, loved to play cards (at which she happily cheated), visit with her many friends, shop at auction sales and second hand shops (she could out-dicker the sharpest dealer), and, in spite of the arthritis from which she suffered, dance occasionally. Charlie, who took after his Father in many ways, was much less gregarious. He did not want to leave the farm at any time, and presented a grumpy image to the casual onlooker, which did not fool those of us who really knew him. I remember him, one day, saying to Nellie, (after she had teasingly called him "Sweetheart"), "There you go, trying to start a fight again. Don't call me 'Sweetheart', call me 'Bitch'." Then he was
most indignant, when we all laughed. But he shared her love for their home and garden, and, like her, enjoyed having the house full of their friends and relatives, although he would have died rather than admit that he liked it.

In 1944, they sold the farm and bought a four acre place, on Scott Road, in Surrey. They lived there for two years, where Nell took in boarders. It was a comfortable home, but they never really settled there. They missed their Aldergrove friends and connections. In 1946, they moved back to Aldergrove, and lived on the Roberts Road, until the B. C. Government decided to build their Freeway across their land. So they had to sell, and bought a new home, right in the town of Aldergrove, where they lived until their deaths in 1968.

During those Aldergrove years, they raised six children from the Children's Aid Society - Chris and Hilda Smith, Mary and Bonnie Spill, and Steve and Ann Gabor. Nell, with her sense of fun and domestic skill, made a good mother, and Charlie was a steady anchor for the children. They were particularly good with the small children - but found it rather hard to understand the changing ways of teenagers.

Nell had become involved with Jehovah's Witnesses early in her married life, and this was a very important part of life to her. She never went door-to-door as most Witnesses do. Her excuse was her arthritis, but even without that, it was a part of their religion that was very alien to her nature. She never pushed her beliefs on anyone. Charlie did not actively participate with the group, but did not deny any of her faith.
In their later years, they lived a comfortable and pleasant life. Their health was poor. Nell suffered from arthritis, diabetes, and heart disease, and Charlie had gall bladder problems, colitis, and was nearly blind from cataracts. He also had heart disease. In spite of this, they were both happy to be in familiar surroundings, amid friends and relations. They loved their home, and were eager gardeners. They were helped around the home by their adoptive children, so things were not too difficult for them.

Education was never a very important part of their lives. Both had been given a minimum education, but neither one appeared to regret the lack of it. They had natural intelligence and a good deal of native shrewdness. The only books I ever saw in their home were "Watchtower" and similar Jehovah's Witness literature. Neither appeared to be specially musical, though some of their children were (specifically Evelyn and Norm). I think Charlie was athletic in his younger days, but he did not carry it on after his marriage.

Their characters were very different. Charlie, like his Father, was inclined to be dour, tight-fisted, super-cautious, and suspicious of everyone. (And under it all, pure marshmallow). He was a fatalist, a pessimist, and a worrier; completely tactless, but also completely honest. Under his thorny exterior was a sweet and childlike man. I find Nellie very hard to describe - she was a very complex person. On the surface one saw the super-optimist, friendly, fun-loving, very shrewd, a great tease, and given to great exaggeration. Beneath was a
very different person - highly emotional, loving but fearful (the hardest things she had to bear in life was her fear; she was terrified of hospitals, pain, death, illness, and anything unfamiliar. Her life could have been much broader had she dared to open out to the things she feared). And through it all, ran a ribbon of pure steel. With her great weaknesses, was an incredible strength.

They had their faults - narrow minded, fond of gossip, lacking in understanding of anything outside their immediate circle - but basically they were simple, country people, good and kind-hearted, honest and hardworking. They were good to me and I loved them.

On March 1968, Nellie, dropped dead of a heart attack. Death, mercifully, came quickly and without warning, as she was saying goodbye to her dearly loved grandson, John, before he and his wife, Donna, left for England. Charlie was desolated by her death. Theirs had been a good and close marriage. He stayed for a while with Merv and Rose, and then came to live with Norm and me. On July 1, 1968, at the age of 80, he too died suddenly of a heart attack. I think he was happy to join her. They are buried together in Langley Cemetery.
No two people could be more diametrically opposite than Norm and I. And yet, as soon as we met, we zeroed in on each other like two homing pigeons. We're the classic example of the attraction of opposites. Perhaps we recognized in each other qualities which we knew were missing in ourselves. Norm is active, aggressive, impulsive, literal, and a complete extrovert. I am slow, passive, thoughtful, imaginative, and an incurable introvert. I have often thought that if I had not married him I would never have done anything for the rest of my life. He stirs me up, and in turn, I prevent him from flying off in every direction at once. We drive each other crazy at times, but we are good for each other. Fortunately for us and our marriage, we are in complete agreement on some very important and basic principals of life, and this is our anchor. We have been lucky to have fine children and grandchildren, who are close to us, and we can still laugh at ourselves.

Norm and I started married life with $13.00 in our pockets. I had left my job at the telephone office (in those days they did not employ girls after marriage), and Norm was off work, because he had cut his hand on the shingle saw several months previously. Though he luckily did not lose his fingers, the injury was serious enough to keep him off work for several months. We took a tiny furnished apartment, on 1st Street in North Vancouver, where we lived for some months, until we found a little house at 1675 West 21st Avenue, just off Capilano Road. By this time, Norm was working again, so we dashed out and bought a houseful
of furniture, for the remarkable sum of $365.00 and moved into our honeymoon cottage. How we loved it! It was jerry-built, and cold and damp (clothes became moldy and mildewed in the closets), but it was cute, and brand new, and it had a bathroom (with hot water), and a fireplace (which smoked badly), and above all - it was ours!

On June 16th, 1941, we had something else that was all ours. That was our first son, John Lyle Knapp. He was a good-natured baby, the image of Winston Churchill. He endured our amateur attempts at being parents with patience and forbearance.

I had hardly become acquainted with our son, before I discovered that I was pregnant once more. At the same time, Norm received his call-up for the army. On June 23, 1942, just one month after Norm had left to do his bit for King and Country, Barbara Sandra, and her twin brother, Norman Barrie, made their debut. Barrie was a tiny and delicate baby, and two months after he was born, he died of pneumo-coccal meningitis. Sandy, though she was tiny, remained healthy, and continued to thrive.

By this time, I was no longer living in North Vancouver. Norm and Mother and Dad had all insisted that I couldn't possibly live alone with Norm away, so I had weekly packed up and gone to live with my parents. We shared an old house at 2751 East Pender Street, near Hastings Park. Dad had a job at that time with the American Can Co., where he worked until his retirement.

Norm was still in Canada. He spent a short while in Debert, Quebec, and was then moved to Hastings Park, which, at
this time, was an army camp. (It had been used previously as an internment camp, for the unhappy and mistreated Japanese-Canadians, who were the victims of our country's hysteria over Pearl Harbour). Norm and I were so enchanted that he was stationed so close to home, that I immediately became pregnant again.

Linda Katherine was born August 21, 1943. Norm was transferred to Prince George, where he champed at the bit - he wanted to be anywhere but there - preferably at home, but failing that, overseas. So they gave him leave again, and once again, I was pregnant.

On November 22, 1944, David Michael arrived, and the following day, Norm, in Halifax, embarked for overseas. I think that all our friends and relatives heaved a sigh of relief. Obviously, they reasoned, I lacked the common sense to refrain from having babies as long as Norm and I were in the same country.

A few months before David was born, the Pender Street house was sold. I went, with my brood, to live with Norm's parents, in Aldergrove, and Mother and Dad bought a little house on 37th Street and Inverness. John was on the East coast and the Atlantic, serving on destroyers; and Botte, though she came home occasionally for visits, was teaching, at different times, in Mount Lehman, Princeton, Duncan, and Sechelt. She later went to England for a year as an exchange teacher.

At the Knapp's home I saw more of my sisters- and brothers-in-law. Merv and Willard both worked through the war years in the ship yards at North Vancouver. Lyle was managing an Overwaitea store in Mission, where Ella helped him. Merv and Rose
were living in North Vancouver, but they later moved to Rose's Mother's farm in Aldergrove.

In the spring of 1945, Charles and Nellie Knapp sold their farm and bought a house on Scott Road, in Surrey. When they were settled, I went to live with them, and stayed there until the war was over, and Norm returned home in January 1946. They were very good and kind to me and to the children. It could not have been easy to take in four babies, all under the age of four, but they never complained, and more than that, they made us feel welcome.

What a happy day it was, when Norm returned from overseas! There was a complete mix-up with the wires telling us when he was arriving, and no-one was at the station to meet him. To this day, he has not forgiven me for that, and no amount of explaining will convince him that I was not to blame.

Norm found that there was no job open for him right then at Horne's Mill, so he got a job driving truck for Terminal Cartage. (Willard Olsen was already working there by then). Norm has been a truck driver ever since.

Houses were almost impossible to rent at that time, but by dint of constant hounding of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, Norm managed to get us a house, at 907 West 16th Street (just off Marine Drive), in North Vancouver.

The next year was a difficult one for all of us. Norm had left home, the father of one baby, with a wife who had lots of time for him. He came back to four tiny children, and a harassed
wife who was too tired to notice him if she did have the time. His experiences in the war had changed him more than he realized, and the sunny-natured, easy-going boy was gone. In his place was a worried, tense young man who could not understand why home was not all the things that he had dreamed of during those long months of Hell. Even the children, who had been used to my discipline only, and all my attention, could not understand the changes. Gradually we worked it through, but it was our first experience of the unpalatable fact that no-one can return to things exactly as they were before.

We were eager to own our home, so started looking for a place to buy. We finally found an old house, on a double lot, at 5773 Inverness Street, in Vancouver. With our four children and our cat, Chewing Gum I (named by David; we liked the name so well that we later had a Chewing Gum II), we moved into our new home. This was in June 1947, and we lived there for six years. The children all enrolled in MacKenzie School, and all their early memories were of the old house and their friends on Inverness Street.

In 1949, Norm, and a friend of his, Russell Labelle, decided to go into business for themselves. So, by borrowing money, scratching a bit here, and scraping a bit there, they managed to buy two trucks, and started Knapp and Labelle Trucking Company. When we look back on it now, we wonder how we ever had the nerve to tackle it - be we were full of self-confidence - also, we had absolutely nothing to lose. Norm and Russ worked like fiends, and Vera (Russ' wife) and I cheerfully (and sometimes uncheerfully) coped with the children, irregular dinner hours, and any emergency that arose.
We were all very close friends and got along extremely well together. None of us could afford expensive vacations, so any spare time that we had we would fling mattresses, bedding, boxes of food, clothing, and the six children (Russell and Vera had twins, a boy and a girl) into the back of the trucks, and head off to some deserted bit of country, where we camped for the weekend. Norm and Russ also acquired a battered old boat, which they remodelled, and used for fishing. Our family has an inexhaustible supply of blood-curdling tales, arising from our fishing and camping weekends. I remember how happy I was to get home from them - I was always completely exhausted and limp with relief that we still had all the children with us, safe and sound.

On August 22nd, 1951, our fifth and last child, Stephen Charles, was born. Because he was much younger than the others, he was brought up more like an only child, although he did have to endure considerable bossing and teasing from his older brothers and sisters.

In 1952 we took into our home a teenage foster daughter, Hilda Smith. Hilda had been one of Grandma Knapp's foster children, but there was some tension between them, so her social worker was looking for a new home for Hilda. We felt that we could manage her quite well, but found that we, too, were unable to cope - so Hilda stayed with us for only eight months. We kept in touch with her for many years, but have not heard from her in the past few years.

In the summer of 1951, John Fee married Guida Hill, whom he had met the previous summer, when they were both working at a summer resort. In 1952 Bette married Patrick Hood, a young law student.
In the spring of 1953 Dad suffered a stroke, and although he recovered fairly well, his memory and vocal co-ordination continued to be affected, and at the age of 68, there was no way that he could return to work. He and Mother were living in a large old house on 43rd, just off Main Street, and Mother felt that she could not handle it alone. So Norm and I, who had been thinking of buying another house, started looking for one which would accommodate my parents, as well as all of us. We found the perfect home, with a basement suite on the corner of 41st Avenue and Commercial Drive, where we lived for the next nine years. The children (except for Johnnie) all attended Tecumseh School (where Bette was teaching), and then later, went to John Oliver High School.

Though we always had enough money for the necessities of life, there was never much left over for extras. We did not believe in showering our children with material things, but I did try to give them lessons in anything in which they showed continued interest. They all had piano lessons, though only John kept up with them. Linda took elocution and singing lessons, and Sandy studied ballet. They are all somewhat musical, which is greatly encouraged by my Mother. Sandy, Linda, David and Steve have all taught themselves to play the guitar, with varying degrees of success. Norm was always musically inclined, and though he had no formal training, can play the guitar, piano, accordion, and almost any other percussion or string instrument, by ear. John became good enough at the piano to play in a small band, and Sandy, who had earned a scholarship from the National Ballet Company, would probably have gone on to dance professionally, had it not been for a disastrous marriage. Though Linda did not continue her singing lessons for long, she
still sings Country and Western music, accompanying herself on the guitar.

Mother and Dad stayed in our house for three years, and then moved out. They lived in several different places for a while, until Dad went to Shaughnessy Hospital, and Mother, who seemed rather restless, moved from one apartment to another. We decided to rent our basement suite, and Vic Dyck, his wife, Iris, and wee daughter Karen, moved in. I cared for Karen while Iris was working, and she became almost like another daughter to us. By this time, Norm and Russell had dissolved their partnership, so Norm and Vic formed V and N Trucking, with operated for several years before they both decided to continue on their own. During that period, Norm and Vic also ran a Shell Service Station at 12th and Kingsway.

In those years our main form of recreation continued to be our camping trips to the B. C. Interior. Norm's ideal holiday always involved taking as many of his friends and relations as he could talk into going, so we usually wound up with two or three families going together, all eating together and having our fun together. We used to call our campsites Tobacco Road, and anyone who saw the welter of tents, sleeping bags, fishing equipment, washing hung to dry, and empty beer cartons would well understand why. At a time long before communal living was popular, we were practising it. The children loved these holidays, and have many happy memories of them. I enjoyed them too, but always returned home twice as tired as when I left.

In March 1960 Sandy married James Alexander, whom she had met at her dancing classes. They went to Toronto to live, as
Sandy had just received her scholarship to the National Ballet, and Jim, who was a dancer too, had a contract to dance with the Canadian National Exhibition show.

At this time, Wayne Knapp, Merv and Rose's elder son, came to live with us, while he was attending school with David. They were both going to Vancouver Vocational School, where they were studying radio and electronics.

In April, 1962, Dad died. He had been in Shaughnessy Hospital for the last three years, and had been gradually going downhill. Sometimes he did not know exactly who we were, but he knew we were familiar, and he was always happy to see us. His memory for the immediate past was very poor, but the early days in Hartney were sharp and clear to him.

In September, 1962, we moved from Commercial Drive to 6370 Buchanan Street, in North Burnaby. As well as our own family, we took Wayne with us. Sandy and Jim, (who had returned from Toronto in July) on September 28, 1962, had a little daughter, whom they named Leslie Karen. On December of that year, their marriage, which had been in trouble for some time, split up and Sandy and Leslie came to live with us. I cared for Leslie while Sandy went back to work. When Leslie was three, they moved out, and lived in South Vancouver. Sandy obtained a divorce around that time. On April 13, 1968 she married Jeffrey Pinner, who was a salesman and they moved to an apartment in Marpole. Later, they bought a house on Fremlin Street, but this was not until 1973. Leslie went to live with her father, who had remarried, about the time that Sandy and Jeff were married. On March 17th,
1976, Catherine Jennifer Pinner was born. Sandy has worked for many years as a legal secretary.

John, when he graduated from High School, went to work for Remington Rand. He was very interested in computers, and when his company started making them, Johnnie was trained by them as a programmer. On July 12, 1966, he married Donna Frame, who lived across the street from us. For a while, they lived in Vancouver, where John worked at his programming, and Donna taught dancing (mainly tap and musical comedy). In 1968, they took a year's leave of absence from their work to visit and travel around Europe. They found Europe to be all that they expected and more. When they ran short of money, in London, they both obtained jobs, and enjoyed the country and their work so much that eleven years later, they are still in England. Two years ago they bought a thatched roof cottage, which dates back to the 16th century. It is in Grendon Underwood, in Buckinghamshire. John is in business management, and Donna works for Ovaltine, as an office supervisor.

Linda, when she left school, started to work for the Vancouver Stock Exchange, as a keypunch operator. She has continued in this line of work and now works for the Internal Revenue Department, as a keypunch supervisor. On August 1st, 1964, she married Bill Miller, her high school boy-friend. Bill works for C.N.R. After living in several homes in Burnaby and Richmond, they bought a home in North Delta, and have been there for about ten years. They have three children, Robert Norman, born September 30th, 1967, David Alan, born June 10th, 1970, and Lisa Dawn, born February 10th, 1974.

David, as soon as he had completed school in 1964, got
a job working as a radio operator for a shipping company in New Zealand. He was followed, six months later, by his cousin Wayne. Though the boys didn't see much of each other, both being on different ships, they managed to meet occasionally. They found it an interesting experience, but neither of them wanted to stay indefinitely, so in June, 1966, they both arrived home, to be greeted by hysterically happy families. After working for a short while for B. C. Hydro, and for several years for Dictaphone Company, David got a job with Canada Telephone, and has been there ever since. On November 12, 1969, he married Barbara Enoch, whom he had met a couple of years previously, while she was still at school. They live now in Coquitlam. Barbara, who worked for a while as a bank teller, and as a stenographer, now works in a law firm as a bookkeeper. They have two children; Leigh Margaret, born November 5th, 1975 and Peter Andrew, born May 26th, 1978.

Stephen is the only one of our children who did not attend John Oliver High School. He went to Tecumseh School as the others did (except John), but when he was in Grade VI, we moved to Burnaby, so he enrolled in Sperling Elementary. From there he went to Kensington Junior High, North Burnaby Secondary, and finally to Burnaby Vocational School, where he took radio and electronics. After graduation, he worked for several electronic companies, but finally settled with a company which kept him travelling a lot. He has not married, but lived for a year with Jaki Whyte, and her son, Geoffrey. At present he lives on Capitol Hill in Burnaby.
Today, the Knapp name may be found in just about every country of the world. Certainly Germany and Central Europe must be full of them, and I hear that there are many Knapps in Northern England and Scotland. In the 16th century Church at Grendon Underwood, Buckinghamshire, there is a plaque which mentions a Lady Caroline who married John Knapp.

Our particular branch of the family - the progeny of Valentine Knapp - are scattered throughout the United States and Canada. Most of Valentine's sons and daughters settled in Iowa and Minnesota. Those who came to Canada were a good, vigorous strain, who have followed the biblical admonition to "go forth and multiply" - and the ones who are our special concern - the children and grandchildren of Charles and Nellie Knapp - have done the same.

Ella grew up to be just as capable as she was in the days when she bossed her brothers around. She is tiny, neat, and very much like her father in appearance, and personality. She married Lyle Marriott and helped him in the grocery store for many years. Her only living child was Don, though she lost a little girl at birth. After about twenty-five years of marriage, she and Lyle were divorced. For some years after that she lived in Richmond, and worked in New Westminster as a waitress. She now lives in Aldergrove among her childhood friends. Don, who married Joyce in the early 1950s, went to Williams Lake, where
he works as a barber. Joyce works in a real estate office. They have two sons - Brady and Colin.

Mervyn is another who resembles his father in many ways. In his teens, he started to work in a shingle mill. He has been there all his working life, except for the few war years in the shipyards, where he was a welder. He and Rose have lived practically all their married life on the farm in Aldergrove, which belonged to Rose's father. For many years Rose's mother lived with them. Merv and Norm have always been very close, and through the years Merv's family and ours have enjoyed many holidays together. Their boys have grown up almost like brothers to ours. Wayne studied electronics, and when he was about twenty, he went to New Zealand to work as a radio operator. When he returned to Canada, he got a job with Dictaphone Company, and married Pat Weber. They lived for a while in Edmonton and then returned to Aldergrove, where he now works for Canada Telephone Company. He and Pat now live in a mobile home next door to Merv and Rose. They have three children - Kelly, Michael and Kimberly. Gary and his wife, Karen, live in Aldergrove too, where Gary is a meat cutter. Karen works for the post office. They have two sons - Craig and Toren.

Evelyn is like her mother in appearance and in many other ways. She is also musical and has a good singing voice. She and Willard lived most of their married life in North Vancouver, where Willard worked as a truck driver. Their two daughters, Marlene and Shirley, are still in North Vancouver with their families, though Willard and Evelyn have moved to Hope, B.C., where they live in a mobile home. Shirley had three sons, Alan, Kenneth, and Stephen,
from her first marriage to Alan Edgar. After marrying Ralph Lopez, she had a fourth son, Ralph Jr. Shirley works as a telephone operator for the Avalon Hotel, and Ralph works for the B.C. Railway, as does Marlene's husband, Dave Smith. Marlene and Dave have two sons - Danny and Michael, and a daughter - Tammy. Marlene shows exceptional ambition, and after just a high school education, is struggling to train as a doctor. Shirley, in her early forties, is a very young grandmother, as her oldest son, Alan, had a daughter, Alana, in 1975. This makes little Alana the first member of yet another generation of the Knapp clan.
CONCLUSION

This brings us up to the present on the history of the Fees, the Brownridges, the Bucknells and the Knapps. Writing it has caused mixed emotions. Some parts have flowed easily and freely - other sections seemed to resist my strongest efforts. I found this particularly true when writing of the present generation. It is much easier to view the past in proper perspective - writing about living people hampers one's objectivity. Perhaps some future grandchild will write with ease and fluency about those of us who are alive now.

I know that there are many interesting facts which have been omitted - some because of problems in obtaining the information, and others purely for lack of space.

One fact which has become increasingly evident to me as I have studied the available records and photographs, is that certain characteristics (physical, mental and emotional) crop up in each generation. Dad, for instance, had a hooked Roman nose which he always said was the result of being kicked by a horse when he was a boy. But suddenly I realize that Bette has a slight hump on her nose. Jane Fee and Aunt Mary both had the same, and looking at old photographs we see the same nose on the first John Fee - it makes one wonder if perhaps James Fee married an Indian woman as so many settlers did in the early days. It is only a speculation but many similar ones present themselves. I am stunned sometimes at how much like his grandfather, Charlie Fee, my son David sounds - just the turn of phrase and the inflection. I wish that I knew
more of the Knapps and Bucknells - the few who live nearby are so alike that I feel sure there must be many striking similarities and parallels among them.

One thing that surprises me is that, with one exception, there is no sign of anyone who was dishonest, nor of any crimes of violence connected to any of our ancestors. The one case which I heard of was of a girl called Christine Fee who was murdered in Peterborough, Ontario. (I was unable to get any further details, but as far as I know, she was not connected to our branch of the family). Perhaps I should not be too surprised at the lack of dishonesty and violence, as the present generation appears to be very law abiding.

Nor are there any great achievers recorded in our family history. For generations our family has been the same - a solid, dependable, ordinary Canadian family - reasonably intelligent, reasonably hard working, reasonably healthy and good natured, and, above all, held together firmly with solid family ties.