

## "PRAIRIE'S EDGE"

Powdery dust lifts to the sky, blown by winds that will not die;  
Golden wheatfields meet the sun where endless, timeless prairies run;  
And shadowed wings of hawks above circle slow - they stare, for fields  
Below have promised them the mice who scurry there.

Days of summer disappear with smells of home-baked pies; Screen doors  
Play Russian Roulette with never-ending flies, as children dare to run  
Barefoot through thorny thistle patch, chasing a hundred butterflies  
Hoping for one to catch; For the days have grown shorter - harvest almost  
Done, and sounds of silver geese so high give thought of the cold to come.

They drop down to the fields below, falling leaves before the snow - and a  
Rushing roar of a thousand wings cover the sun and no bird sings; a gentle  
Memory lingers there as woodsmoke drifts in autumn air, we stand on prairie  
With roots running deep, for winds blow strong against our feet.

Now forms of frost shaped by winds on a window of winter where a child's  
Small fingers touch within - frozen feathered leaves that once were  
Green, gracing the tree of his summer's dream as he draws his fingers to  
A small warm hand and looks in wonder at the cold white land; He sees not  
A movement past a frigid sun and reaches out again as we all have done.

Soon winter wakes from barren ground, and rivers run with shattered sound  
Of ice that breaks from frozen shore, its waters rushing in a mighty  
Roar; While pristine springs reach out to weep down valley walls from winter's  
Sleep - And all that was will be again, when crocus blooms on sandy plain -  
The lowly crow will reign as King; A chorus of frogs still welcome spring.

And under wet patches of melting snow, are glimpses of times so long ago; As  
The cutter and buggy, a plow and old rake - the old wood stove where Mom  
Used to bake, now stand forlorn in rusty demise, prairie bush hiding them  
From curious eyes; A binder and thresher, and old wagon-box, the harness Dad  
Kept so neat, are scattered, forgotten - lost in the winds of a prairie  
That will not sleep.

Thérèse Dauncey

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## MUSEUM NEWS

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The Museum, at Qu'Appelle Ave. and St. Albert St.

is open afternoons from May 1st to Oct. 1st

At other times it may be opened by appointment

Admission - Over 12 years, \$2.00

Seniors, \$1.00

steel right out," the Doctor stated.  
And he did. He put my eye back in  
its place and bandaged it. "Leave  
that on for a week and you'll be all  
right," he instructed. He told me  
that I'd never have good vision  
again, only about half vision in that  
eye.

"Well, Doctor," I asked,  
"what do I owe you?"

"Well," he said  
thoughtfully, "A job like that, for  
the Shaw, I'd have charged him  
forty thousand, the King of England  
at least a hundred thousand."

"Well", I said anxiously,  
"I've got six dollars in my pocket."

The Doctor then said with  
a grin, "That isn't even enough to  
get back to camp. Here's a ten spot.  
And give my regards to my  
brother!"

Jack was discharged early,  
because of his eye injury, but not  
before he'd signed a paper absolving  
the Army from any liability resulting  
from loss of sight. He returned to  
Rocanville and the garage he had  
started. "Kellys Garage!" We sold  
new Willis Jeeps, about 30 of them  
for \$1650. Then in the fifties, we  
took on Oliver.

In 1944, Rocanville had a  
newspaper, "The Rocanville Record",  
a lawyer, a doctor, and a dentist, a  
good school that went all the way to  
grade twelve and a population of  
about 490.

Jack first saw Edith Selby  
in the only cafe in Rocanville, "The  
White Lunch Cafe". "I met her in  
August 1944, and married her in  
December of that same year. How's  
that for a quick romance! And we  
have gotten along just splendidly."

Jack and Edith's two  
children, and their families all live in  
this area. Eileen Kaplun farms with  
her husband and Jack Kelly Junior,  
operates the business his Father  
began in the forties.

Jack finally met his three  
sisters 10 years ago. He had a very  
difficult time finding them, as they  
had all married and changed their  
last names. It took him two years to  
find them. Jack went back to  
Shamrock to ask the townspeople if  
they remembered the Kellys. He  
was told that they had moved from  
there thirty years ago.

Jack finally learned of his  
sisters from a woman with the  
maiden name of Tilsenberg, working  
for D.A. McKenzie's law office in  
Esterhazy. This woman asked Jack  
if he was related to the Kellys in  
the valley. He said no. She then  
replied that the only other Kellys  
she had known lived in a place  
called Shamrock where she had  
gone to school.

Jack said the Kelly girls are  
my sisters. She replied that was  
impossible, as there were no boys in  
the family and Mrs. Kelly was her  
teacher. He then told her of his  
sisters and how he had been  
searching for them. She said there  
had been a school reunion in  
Shamrock three years ago and the  
three women were all there,

She didn't know where  
they were at present but she would  
try to locate them and let Jack  
know as soon as she found out any  
information about Davene, Alice,  
and Nona.

Jack did find that Davene's  
married name was Browne, and her  
address. He promptly wrote to her,  
telling Davene that she had a  
brother and all the details. Jack  
soon heard from all three sisters.  
"The phone never quit ringing."

Davene is a professional  
musician. His other two sisters are,  
Alice Lazecki, a stenographer, and  
Nona Harris, a curler of some  
renown, and a teacher. Nona  
actually spent a year in Ireland,  
teaching on an exchange program.

While there, she  
collected all the Kelly family history

and not once did Jack or his  
mother's name come forward, or  
did she gain any knowledge that her  
father had married previously. Jack's  
sisters are all living in Canada,  
mostly in the West, all retired, and  
love to travel. The women and Jack  
have visited numerous times since  
they've discovered each other.

I asked Mr. Kelly if  
Rocanville was going to make it  
through the times of centralization.

"Oh sure," he replied,  
"They've had harder times. We  
have a lot of people that are  
dissatisfied, but the human race is  
known for that. People at the Mine  
that are facing layoff, they still don't  
know what hard times are all about.  
Years ago, if you were laid off, that  
was it, until you got another job. No  
insurance to see you through it, no  
social aid. No nothing."

When I asked for some  
advice to the younger generation, he  
replied, "I would tell them not to  
get carried away with bars and such.  
The bar is a curse. It was before  
and it still is today. Its alright to  
drink some, but for heavens sake,  
don't spend all your free time in the  
bar, there is nothing to be gained by  
that. Secondly, be honest, be  
honorable, watch your money, enjoy  
your life, your family, and your  
hobbies."

When I visited the Kellys,  
at their home, I felt the devotion  
that Edith and Jack have for each  
other. Jack Kelly has many hobbies,  
ham radio, local history, and others.

A most interesting person  
to talk with and learn from. Why?  
Because, he will never stop learning.  
When asked if he had anything to  
do over again, what would it be?  
"I wouldn't change a single thing."

He smiled, "I'm quite  
satisfied with my station in life. One  
of the highlights in my life was  
meeting my sisters, and knowing  
them, and the greatest highlight of  
all is Edith."