

## **Johanna Goranson nee Langhout**

Submitted by Don and Ollie Goranson

Johanna was a baby when the family moved from Hazerswoude, Holland, around 1898. They came to Wisconsin, U.S.A., and soon to Saskatchewan. Charlie Goranson, around 1890, came from Sweden with his father and some of the family. They arrived at White Rock, South Dakota, U.S.A., where they were joined by mother and the rest of the family.

They farmed in South Dakota until 1903. When dad was 18, he and father and some brothers came to Weyburn and took up homesteads. The next year dad's father and two boys moved to Halbrite and settled there, leaving their homesteads for father Charlie Goranson.

That left dad with three stony quarters to farm. Mother Johanna, as a young girl, worked around Weyburn for Armits, Robins, Clelland's, and finally for the Powers family who lived close to our dad's farm. Johanna soon met Charlie and they were married in 1918. That was the end of the War and the flu epidemic, so they had a quiet marriage.

When they were first married, mother helped dad in the field. She was driving an outfit in the field when the horses took a notion to bolt! They got away from the driver and ended up in a hole full of water. One horse got his head under water and dad, who was nearby, cut the lines; but the horse was drowned.

During the thirties, the Howell family had a house fire, and the house burned down. Dad was there to help, so he brought the Grand Bend teacher home to live with us for awhile. So mother had one more to feed. That was Edna Gawley, my first teacher. She shared a room with my sister and me.

Dad usually had a couple men all summer, so mother had about eight to cook for. Sometimes during harvest, there would be an extra ten men for awhile. What a relief when the threshing crew moved on to the next farm. Imagine baking bread for a family and a gang of men like that. Usually it lasted a week or so unless there was a rainy spell, but the men had to be fed. Water had to be hauled from the dugout or snow carried in to melt on the wood-fired cook stove.

Six of our family were born at home. Nurse Royce delivered most of us and Doc Eaglesham did the follow up. I think Doug was born in town at Royce's house.

Ollie and I were first married, we moved to the Dalgliesh farm. This was in the spring of 1947, after one of the worst winters for a long time. The old house had been empty for a few years, and there was a lot of snow and evidence of a horse taking shelter in the kitchen. That was Ollie's introduction to her farm home. The same start as our mother—carry water, melt snow on the cook stove.

We were only a mile from 39 Highway, but the mile farm road was a low grade, only good in the summer, so it was bundle up the kids and go to Ray Cugnet's where we

left the car.

Ollie always kept a big garden and did the grain hauling from the combine, until she found out it was a lot easier to sit in the combine cab!

Many of the farm women found work off the farm to help get farm improvements sooner. Any recognition given to these women is well deserved.