



William (Bill) Brown

1924-1998

William John Brown was born on 18 September 1924 the second of eight children born to William & Elsie Brown of Bay Roberts, Newfoundland. Called "Billy John" by his mother as a boy, the name stuck and he was called that by most everyone except mom who always called him Bill.

Dad was raised in the Coish area of Bay Roberts, more specifically the drung. The drung was a small lane that ran between Water Street and the railway track. Several houses once graced the small lane and this is where dad spent his childhood.

On 9 September 1942 dad enlisted with the Newfoundland regiment. Following basic training and medicals, he was cleared to be shipped overseas. Before that could happen, he came down with rheumatic fever which placed him in the Merchant Navy Hospital in St. John's. Once recovered, he thought he would be going overseas but fate once again interrupted the plan when he was turned down because he had now developed a heart

condition. This condition would follow him his entire life and would eventually cause his death in 1998 at age 74.

Resigned to his lot, he was trained and assigned as gunner on Bell Island. He didn't speak much of his three years of service other than on two separate occasions when he casually mentioned that he was there when the German U-boat was fired upon in the Tickle in November of 1942 and was also witness to the Knights of Columbus hostel fire that claimed lives in December of 1942 in St. Johns. He served a total of almost three years (2 years & 358 days to be exact), being discharged in 1 September 1945.

Upon return to civilian life, he went back to work that he knew how to do, being a carpenter. He met Mary (Mamie) Osbourne of Upper Island Cove and in 1950, they were married. They raised two children, both boys. William (Billy) born in 1951 and Harold born in '53.

Although he did not have much in the way of formal education, having left school at grade four, he was a self-taught man who valued education probably because he had very little. His mantra to his boys was "I don't care if you are nineteen or ninety, you are finishing school." That was all he'd say on the subject and we knew that left no room for discussion.

A quiet man of little means, he was a true friend to those who valued his friendship. A friendship that was not easily earned but always constant.

by: Son Harold Brown



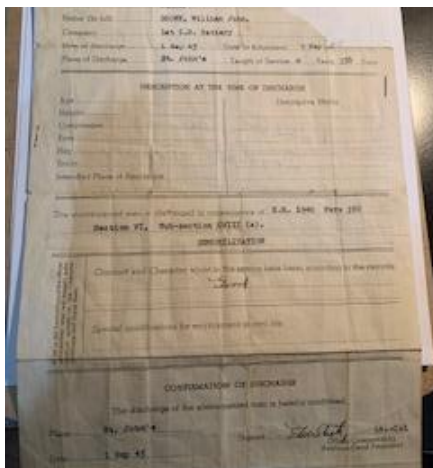
Dad's ID



Certificate of Service



His Royal Artillery Arm Band



Discharge Papers