Charles Sidney Brown was born in Hyde Park, Utah 5 March 1874. His father was Homer Brown and his mother was Sarah Ann Woolf. His early years were spent in the Salt Lake Valley. On 9 Oct. 1895, he married Mary Halls of Huntsville, Utah. They had 11 children: Harold Cyril, Eva, Lucille, Elna, David Owen, Charles William, Ben Lincoln, Mollie, Hannah, Homer Frank, and George Halls Brown. All were born in Mancos, Colorado, except Homer Frank, who was born in Farmington, New Mexico, and George Halls born in Tucson, Arizona.

From his early upbringing in Utah, Farmer moved with his family to Colorado, where he was engaged in ranching and farming until about 1914, when he moved to Tucson, Arizona. This was followed by a move to Mesa 10 years later.

Before moving to Arizona, he ran an Indian Trading Post on the San Juan River in the 4 Corners area. He liked the Indians and they liked him. He learned their ways and tried to understand them, rather than trying to change their long-standing customs to the white man’s ways. When Farmer first came to Arizona, he settled in Tucson. About 1924 he came to Mesa where he brought his family, bought a farm, and lived until his death.

Charles S. “Farmer” Brown was connected with the County, State and Federal Farm Bureau most of the time he resided in Arizona. He was the first Pres. Of the Arizona Farm Bureau and a member of the American Farm Bureau Federation’s Board of Directors. He was connected with the Federal Farm Bureau under Pres. Hoover’s administration & engaged in speaking tours throughout the United States, gaining considerable prominence as a speaker.

In the early part of his Farm Bureau work and while he was Pres. Of the Arizona Farm Bureau, there was another Brown who was connected with the County Bureau. Since their initials were similar and their names alike it was easy to mis them up, so Charles Sidney began designating himself as C. S. “Farmer” Brown, which name stuck with him through the years. He always signed his legal papers C. S. Or Charles S. Farmer Brown (without the quotations).

Farmer was a self-made man. He did not have a formal education, but was a well-educated, scholarly man. He was a profound reader. He retained what he read and could always leave a quotation with his friends & family for them to remember. He never ceased to study & improve himself: he kept up on current events & availed himself of classes & lectures of various kinds. Only a year or so before his death, he was taking a Dale Carnegie class where he was learning to meet people & improve his speaking.

The author, Wilferd A. Peterson, tells in his book, The Art of Living, that we give of ourselves when we give gifts of the heart: love, kindness, joy, understanding, tolerance, forgiveness. We give of ourselves when we give gifts of the mind: ideas, purposes, ideals, principles, poetry. We give of ourselves when we give the gift of inspiration and guidance. These were the gifts that Farmer Brown gave to his friends and family.

Farmer Brown (he always preferred being called Farmer to Grandpa) believed as Emerson: “We do not count a man’s years until he has nothing else to count.” He stayed young by keeping his mind alive and alert and continuing to grow. As has been said, “You do not GROW old, you become old by NOT growing.”

Farmer was not always getting ready to live and never living; neither was he always packing his bags with things he valued most in life, but never leaving on the trip. He did pack his bags, but stored the contents in his mind. He did leave on his trips, and opened those bags.
full of accumulated wisdom, knowledge, inspiration, and love for all those with whom he came in contact.

Farmer was always willing to lend a helping hand, but never interfered or imposed himself or his ideas upon friends or family.

He loved the wide-open spaces and enjoyed his farm, but he had an especially keen love of horses. In his younger days he was a bronco buster. He knew the ways of horses and how to handle them. For many years he rode his horse to Church meetings. He enjoyed it and the doctor had told him it would be good for his health. On the morning of the day his heart failed, he was feeding the horses on his daughter’s ranch in Ely, Nevada. Farmer died at age 88 on 13 Oct. 1962. Funeral services were held in Mesa, Arizona, 18 October, with burial in Mountain View Memorial Park in Mesa. His wife Mary preceded him in death in 1958 in Mesa.

Fern Kimball Brown, Daughter-in-law

Typed into the computer by Kathleen Jardine Woolf 23 Oct. 2002 Idaho Falls, Idaho
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