

Chapter 6 - Children

In the summer of 1936 Jess and I were informed by the doctor that there was very little likelihood of our having children. To overcome our disappointment, we took nearly every cent we had and with Father and Mother Johnson took a trip to California and the World's Fair at San Diego.

Upon our return we decided to build a home in Lake View, having purchased a building site from Dad just north of his home. Previous to this, a down payment had been made on the old Parley Clinger farm but the proper releases could not be obtained so we had to give up on this.

One day while Jess was working a man by the name of Hyrum Heiselt asked her if we wanted to borrow some money from him. We decided this might be the right time to start our home for I could do a great deal of the work myself when I was not working a shift at the pipe plant.

Our basement was dug with dad's team and scraper and with plenty of shoveling. Even Jess got a shovel and helped as much as she could. Our two dads had co-signed on the note with us. They were anxious to see us get into a home of our own. Jess's dad kept insisting that the house was too big. He was afraid we would never be able to pay for it.

This was about our only interest for the following year, at least the main one. I hauled gravel from the gravel pit for the foundation. This was thrown into a truck by hand and shoveled off by hand at the home site. We had secured the help of George Ellis who had agreed to build our home for \$600. Rock was hauled from Rock Canyon and Thistle to be used in the rock foundation and the wall in front of the house. We had a 1934 Chev truck which I bought to haul sugar beet pulp from the factory in Spanish Fork to the farmers in Lake View. I and Lynn Goodridge worked all our spare time in making a little extra money this year. During the winter we were able to haul over 800 ton of beet pulp. This was not an easy task for we had to shovel it on and off by hand, anything was worthwhile if we could make a little extra money to go on building our home. There was a large apple tree in the back yard and I built a fish pond in the front of the house, just below the hill over the garage.



On November 1, 1936, our home was complete enough so that we moved into it, and Mom Farley and I began to paint and paper while Jess worked on at the Provo Reservoir Company.

There was a new interest in life now as we were expecting our first child. We were able to make our final payment on our house with Jessie's last paycheck.

About the middle of April 1937, as I was leaving dad's corral, I was attacked by his big Jersey bull. I was thrown through the air for about 25 feet. As I attempted to get on my hands and knees, the bull was on top of me again and rooted me through eight to ten inches of manure for another 75 feet, finally coming to a stop at the drain hole of the gutter which empties from the barn. There the bull had me pinned up until I could not move. Each time I would struggle, he would lunge a little harder. After several attempts I gave up and played dead. After lying motionless for several minutes during which time I was praying very earnestly for some method of escape, all the scenes of my life passed before my eyes. I feared this was the end of my life and it was time for me to go. The bull slowly backed away thinking he had accomplished his task. I felt maybe I could make it to the fence and out of the corral. I crawled approximately 6 feet and as I was lifting myself up from the ground with my hands placed on the board fence, the bull boosted me again, and knocked me over the fence out of the corral. I managed to get to the house on my own power. I had continually called for help from the time the bull hit me but to no avail, there being a north wind blowing and no one was near enough to hear.

I feel very fortunate even to this day that I was spared from death. Other than a badly sprained knee and a few broken ribs, I escaped from other injuries and was soon able to return to work.

On May 3, 1937 little Carl Dean was born at the Crane Maternity home in Provo. He was the first grandchild in the Farley family and no baby ever received a warmer welcome. He was a strong baby weighing about 7 pounds and we were indeed happy. I spent the night planning and dreaming about the life of my first born, his high school days, his missionary experiences and even to finishing college.

All these dreams were shattered as he died on May 7th, four days after his birth, of a cerebral hemorrhage due to a birth injury. Funeral services were held in our new home and thus, the first real tears and sorrow of our married life came to us.

A few weeks later in order to help alleviate the sorrow and disappointment, we felt that we would be happier in going about the regular events of our life, so Jess went back to work at the Provo Reservoir Company and I continued my work at the Pipe Plant.

By the spring of 1938 our financial affairs had improved so we traded our 1934 Chev off on a demonstrator 1937 Oldsmobile and began contemplating a trip to the Northwest. July 8th, we began a wonderful vacation trip to the Northwest in company with Jess's brother Carrol and her sister Lucille. We were a lighthearted foursome, only intent was to see the beautiful scenery and have a delightful time on our holiday. A theme song was developed for Carroll's benefit, to the tune of Carolina Rose, with the following variation:

There's a girl in the heart of Mt. Pleasant, Pretty girl I long to see.
She's the fairest girl in Sanpete, And she's all of the world to me.
She has those great big hazel eyes, A smile beyond compare,
Two rosy lips to tease you, and a wealth of dark brown hair,

The dearest girl in all the world, the fairest flower that grows,
She's my sunny Sanpete sweetheart, my dear Louisa Fowles.

The beautiful scenery arrived as we reached Hood River while journeying up the Columbia River, and from there on it was really breathtaking. From Portland we journeyed northward to Seattle, where we were shown the sights by Olive and Lloyd Mohlman, cousins of the Farley's.

One of the most memorable events while at Seattle, was taking the boat trip up to the beautiful Victoria Island. We sailed out into the ocean about 8:00 A.M., and about 12:00 o'clock we arrived at the pier at Victoria. There were about 200 men marching down the street toward the boat singing. We thought we were really being royally welcomed, but later on we found out that our marching men were merely the unemployed who had been staging a sit down strike, so even they have their labor troubles in Canada.

Victoria is one of the greenest places we have ever visited. The first thing that meets your eye is a large hotel all covered with green ivy, with beautiful wee-kept ground. Beautiful old buildings are to be seen on every hand, the Parliament building, an old castle, which is now a school, lovely homes. The shrubbery is thick and well kept, and many of them have been trimmed to look like different animals.

One of the spots of interest to tourists is beautiful Bucharth Gardens. There lies 14 acres of flower gardens, lily ponds, and public grounds free to everyone. We spent several hours just looking. One part of the garden is an old rock quarry, which has been turned into a beautiful sunken garden.

We returned to Seattle about 9:00 P.M. that night and continued on our way down the sea coast, stopping at point of interest such as Sea Lion Caves, all kinds of tourists attractions, and finally to the mighty Red Wood Forest in northern California. One can hardly imagine the size of the trees, and the beauty of the ferns and flowers that nestle among the tress. Now we had time to really drink in the beauties of nature, so we spent the day wandering down every little pathway, and taking turns being at home down in the heart of a giant redwood, where some forest fire had tried to burn down those majestic giants, but had only succeeded in burning itself out without destroying the life of the tree. We just couldn't see enough by gazing upward, and I laid on my back in order to get a better picture of their great height. We felt like ants crawling along, so small and insignificant, besides the wonders of God.

The next morning we arrived in San Francisco, and spent the next few days in company with Mink and Chick Rohbok, and their new baby daughter, Teddy, viewing the sights of the city, the Golden Gate Bridge, market Street, China Town, and on to the Leland Stanford university.

Our vacation was nearing an end, so we bid adieu to San Francisco, and journeyed eastward to Sacramento, beautiful lake Tahoe, and Emerald Bay, and on home over the Salt Flats of Utah from one of the most wonderful and happiest experiences of our life.

At this time, we became closely associated with Frampton Collins, who now went about his courtship of Lucille in earnest. As my association became more intimate with the Farley family I continued to gain a greater appreciation for their love and friendship, and feel that my having become acquainted with them was one of the best things that had ever happened to me.

Dad and Mom Farley have been the same to me as a mother and father, rather than in-laws, and I am ever grateful to be considered their son. I have really appreciated the love and friendship of the Farley

boys and girls, for they are indeed my brothers and sisters. I have never known a family to be more devoted to each other and concerned with each other's welfare to the extent that they are. Some of the happiest and most enjoyable times of my life have been spent in their company, especially this past trip just related. At this time Frampton became closer to the family as his love for Lucille developed and their courtship progressed.

During pheasant season in the fall of this year, 1938, all the Farley sons along with Fram and Dad Farley, would be at the Johnsons at the break of day, to pursue the pheasants in the marshlands of Utah Lake. Fram usually had a couple of good hunting dogs, and I believe it was about this time that he gave a pup to Dad Farley. Someone christened the dog Buss, after Dad's childhood nickname and he soon became an expert hunting dog.

We would leave home to hunt directly across the road from our home and within an hour's time, we would return to the house with our limit of birds. These were usually hidden in the garage and we would then return to the lakeside, and generally would be back by noon with a second limit. Jess would have refreshments ready on the first return and often would be ready with a meal the second time. Those were happy days, and our friendship and love became stronger. Our shooting eye improved as the years progressed because of the fact that each was becoming a better marksman. Sometimes we had to shoot birds at very close range in order to get a shot off before it was brought down by one of the group. These pheasant hunts have continued to the present (1958) and I hope they will continue for many more years to come.

From the time I was released as first counselor in the bishopric until this time I have served as superintendent of the Lake View Ward Sunday School with Rudolph Reese and Robert Madsen as counselors. I had been asked to serve as first counselor to Bishop Weldon Taylor who was now bishop, but due to my shift work at the Pipe Plant, I felt unable to do justice to the work and did not accept the call. Jess and I both continued to work as teachers in the Sunday School.

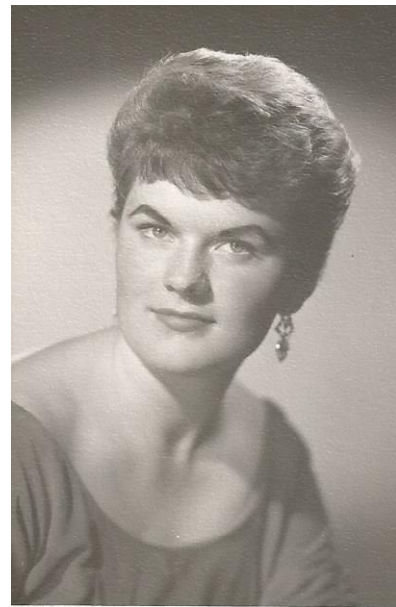
Baby Corinne



5th Grade at Union Elementary



Orem High Graduation - 1958



In the spring of 1939, I began building a chicken coop with the anticipation of going into the chicken business and constructed the coops just north of the house. I would work on them during the daylight hours when working the graveyard shift at the plant. At this time, we looked forward with happy anticipation to the birth of another child.

This event occurred on November 15, 1939 and all the relatives rejoiced with us in the birth of a strong, beautiful baby daughter whom we named **Corinne**. This name was chosen just after we were married and were on trip to visit Joe Durfeys and was taken from the name of a town called **Corinne** just west of Brigham City. This is the place where the two railroads joined at the time of building the first continental railroad from the east to the west coast.

The Farley family were indeed happy over this event, as she was the only living Farley grandchild. Dad Farley used to say, "If I can just live until she is old enough to take hold of my hand and walk through the fields with me, my life will be complete."

No father was ever happier than I for she was healthy and strong and to my feeling, a perfect baby. I could hardly wait until I could take her to church and give her a name and a father's blessing. She was a beautiful baby and everyone at the hospital commented about her well-shaped head. This was a source of happiness to us because Carl Dean had died of a head injury at birth.

During January of 1940, I entered Utah Valley Hospital where I was operated on for a hernia by Dr. Fred R. Taylor. I enjoyed this period of rest because of my strenuous work at the plant and at home. I enjoyed reading good books and I looked forward to visiting hour when Jess always came and sometimes brought our new baby daughter. I returned home and while recuperating from the operation, I continued working on the coops.

The first fast Sunday in February, we took Corinne to church where I gave her a name and a blessing, assisted by the two grandfathers and the bishopric. We then returned to our home where a family dinner was enjoyed with the Farley's and a day of rejoicing.

That spring we placed our first order for 500 baby chicks. We figured this would become a source of extra income to help provide for our increasing family. Jess was now becoming employed at home rather than at an office. She was very busy taking care of the chickens and our new baby. In the fall we sold our first case of eggs for \$3.40. So, we didn't get rich fast.

On April 16, 1940, Grandma Johnson took over the responsibility of our baby, and we accompanied the Farley's to the Salt Lake Temple to witness the marriage of Lucille and Fram. This was another important day for at this time we were privileged to kneel at the altar in the temple ceremonies, and take the part of the couple representing Adam and Eve. Then too, we were truly made happy with the association of a new brother-in-law. A wedding reception was held for them in the new Vineyard Recreation hall where I was Master of Ceremonies.

Life went on as usual and I worked as hard as ever, but now we were made happy with the knowledge that another baby would soon bless our home.

In July 1941, we traded in our 1936 Oldsmobile on a brand new 1941 Club Coop Oldsmobile. Shortly thereafter we went with the Farley family on a trip to Grand Junction to visit with Melda and Reed. The entire family went which necessitated dad Farley driving his new Oldsmobile and our driving our new Oldsmobile. We spent a few days there visiting the Grand Mesa National Park.

Diane – 4th Grade



Diane 15 – Girls Mutual Canyon home Orem High Graduation - 1959



Our second daughter, was born during the deer hunt on October 21, 1941. Her arrival occurred during the night after I had returned to work following the deer hunt. I was working the midnight shift. The next morning, I was returning from work I was met Nathan at the Overpass Café who asked me if I had been to the hospital. I said, “No, what for?” and was informed I had a new baby daughter. This was unexpected as we did not look for her to arrive for another month. We were in the process of painting and decorating our home, and everything was in a mess. Mom Farley had come during the night and taken Jess to the hospital where she assumed the responsibilities of a grandmother as well as the father while the ordeal was going on.

This new baby was called Diane, a name we chose immediately after Corinne’s birth. She was small and appeared to be somewhat delicate, but later proved to be exceedingly healthy and developed into a beautiful blond curly haired girl. During her babyhood and early childhood, I called her “my little blonde.” Within a couple of months we took her to church and I blessed her and gave her the name Diane. This was another day of family rejoicing and celebrating.

In the spring of 1942, there was a great demand for labor on government projects due to World War 11. I had an opportunity to obtain employment at the army base in Kearns, Utah, as a carpenter. I thought seriously of quitting the pipe plant but was undecided about what to do. I had never been fully satisfied with my work at Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Company. After some meditation I decided to terminate my employment there after ten years of service.

At Kearns Army Camp I operated a power saw at the mill. I worked there through the summer and fall. When winter came, I decided to seek employment as a carpenter building the new Geneva Steel Plant. I worked there until construction was completed in March of 1943.

At this time, we had the opportunity of buying the old Henry Williamson farm from Jens Horn. We felt this to be a good change to make, so we purchased the farm for \$8,000, and I terminated my work at the steel plant, and thus began my career as a dairy farmer.

Our fourth child, and third daughter, was born on January 10, 1945 at the Utah Valley Hospital during the wee hours of the morning. I met Dr. Fred Taylor in the hall. He said: "You have another daughter Dean. I did all I could for you, but you did not get your boy. You must take the run of the mill."



1948 – 3 year old Laraine



8 year old on a tractor



Laraine at 14 years

I must confess to being a little disappointed as I very much wanted this baby to be a boy. When the nurse showed me our darling baby and I looked at her sweet innocent and perfectly formed face and body, I must confess she was the most beautiful baby I had ever seen. As for being disappointed that she wasn't a boy, all that left me as soon as I saw her, and I was grateful for the blessing of another wonderful daughter.

As I had done with the other children I blessed and named her on Fast Sunday a few short weeks later, I gave her a name and a blessing. The girls liked the name "Dorothy," but when Melda suggested "**Laraine,**" we knew that was the name for her. She was an ideal baby and child. She seemed to grow in mind and intellect of a child of older years. All her playmates and the children in the neighborhood seemed to be attracted to her loving disposition.

On Valentine's Day in 1945 I purchased my first tractor. From this day forward farming became a much more pleasant occupation due to mechanized machinery. Jess was very busy taking care of our three daughters, cleaning 1200 eggs a day, cooking meals and keeping up the household. How we enjoyed dressing our girls in their best, curling their hair, and taking them to church.

During the summer of 1947 we took a trip through Yellow Stone Park and went on over to the Northwest and down the coast through the Red Wood Forest. This was our first vacation with the children, and we enjoyed it very much.

We decided to make this a camping trip and nearly every night I put up our tent and helped make up beds for our family. We always cooked one meal each day on our camp stove. A few nights were spent out in the open with the sky for our roof. This was the first camping trip our children had been on, and they seemed to get a great kick out of it. They were interested in the many sights along the way. When

we reached the Salt Flats the girls could hardly believe their eyes as they scurried around tasting the salt.



Diane, Laraine and Corinne

The war years from 1942 till 1948 and our lives were affected to a certain extent. Merchandise was not available. Shoes were bought with shoe stamps as was sugar and many other food items. Farm machinery and automobiles were not available even though you might have money to buy them. Prices for farm produce was high and our net income from milk and eggs was very good. So, with the money coming in and few articles to spend it on we were able to pay off the farm in 1948. We could do very little traveling during those years because gasoline was rationed. We either stayed at home or walked.

But by the winter of 1949, gas was no longer rationed and the war in Europe had ended. As things returned to normal, we began thinking of taking another vacation. It had long been a dream of mine that we would visit Mexico, the land that played such a dramatic role in the history of the "Book of Mormon." Dad and Mom Farley had planned a trip to Mexico the year before and so when Dad mentioned that he'd like to go this year and take me for the chauffeur, we decided that we'd get ready and make the trip.

Ariel view of Alfred's barn on left, my house at 376, Rout 1, Provo. I built the house on the lot I bought from dad. Alfred's home is on the far right. A photo was taken by someone from the Orem Chamber of Commerce who was filming farms in the area. Evidently the photographer did not realize he was taking a picture of dad's house and barn. However, I owned the field left of the road below the railroad tracks.

We had to walk behind dad's house and across his hay field to reach our barn and do the milking. When Ted married Wanda Manwell, my dad built a home down the street and across from Nathan and Mary's house. Uncle August had no sons, so Nathan bought his farm when it became available.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH—
Courtesy of Orem Chamber of Comm

