



CHAPTER 2

“JESSIE”

Jessie Eva Farley Johnson

Jessie was born November 10, 1909. “She was the sweetest natured little girl,” her mother remembered, she smiled that very first day while Dad was talking to her.” She was named after her mother’s cousin, Aunt Jessie Terry, who was born with a club foot. She was also named for Eva Farley Clayton, Carl’s little sister.

When Jennie was pregnant with Lucille, Carl took Melda, then 4 1/2 and Jessie, 2 1/2, to Sunday School. Jessie wore a new red hood which she dearly loved. Her dad took the hood off and laid it on the window sill. After the meeting concluded Carl ushered his small daughters down the aisle forgetting the hood. “Want my hood! Want my hood!” Jessie yelled! The hood was hastily retrieved.

Jessie was a very kind child with a pleasant disposition. Jennie often called her “My Little Sunshine.” Jessie always put others first. One day her mother talked to her about being assertive. But Jessie would hear none of it. She liked seeing others happy, even if it meant she did not get exactly what she wanted.



Jessie and Melda - 1913



Cousin Jessie Terry and Jennie — 1887

Jessie began to help on the farm while still very young. She was six when she had an accident while riding the leveler. She fell off, catching her foot and dragging her head in the dirt. She plowed a furrow with her head before her father got the team of horses stopped. Jess picked strawberries, raspberries and cherries of the family fruit farm. She also learned to weed the garden and dig potatoes.

She attended Spencer School through eighth grade. Her very best friend was cousin Mildred Farley (in photo below) whom everyone called "Mink." Often Jessie had a hard time seeing what was written on the blackboard as she was very near sighted. Mink would explain the assignment to her. It was not until she passed her young husband on the street and did not recognize him that she finally got glasses. But despite suffering from poor eye sight, Jessie was always fun loving, vivacious and friendly.



Jessie's Aunt Louie Farley was days of 47 queen.. Jessie (left) holding hands with cousin Mildred attended her.

She wrote, Christmas--what a flood of memories this word brings. It carries me back to a land of happiness where every dream came true. I remember the year our Christmas tree caught fire. I was in the fourth grade. The teacher was lighting the candles when all at once the whole thing was in flames. The fire gong sounded and children hurriedly made their way outside. My cousin Mink and I stood and cried, because in the excitement, we had left our new overshoes behind, while her little brother chuckled with glee because now he would not have to go to school. But the fire was put out and the school was saved and I can still show you the spot in the old Spencer School where the Christmas tree burned.

Getting our tree was an important part of the holidays. A few days before Christmas Dad donned his warmest clothing, put on his high hip boots, and started off to the mountains. It was a long hike from where the horse and wagon would take him to where people were allowed to cut trees. A full day was required for the job. The snow was deep and as this was a man-sized job, we children waited patiently at home. Every year our tree seemed more beautiful than the year before. One year Dad went after a load of cedar posts and brought back a lovely little cedar Christmas tree. I can still remember the fragrance of it.

How joyfully we spent the days before Christmas stringing popcorn to add to our decorations. The glittering ornaments were

saved from year to year and carefully put away to be used over and over again. They were so precious that none were allowed to touch them, only Mom, and how carefully she hung them as we gazed in delight.

The night before Christmas was the most important night of the year. Everyone who lived in Timpanogas Ward met at the church early in the evening to enjoy a Christmas program. St. Nick always stopped to leave candy and nuts before he went to visit all the boys and girls. I remember the night that my three little girl friends and I stood in our long flannel night gowns, cradling our dolls and sang:

“Oh hush thee my baby, a story I’ll tell,
How the little Lord Jesus on earth came to dwell.”



The Farley kids – Melda, Jessie, Lucille with brother Carroll in 1917

Then we hurried home, so we could get to bed before Santa came along and discovered us missing. We were always afraid that unless we were in our beds he would not leave any gifts. How long the night seemed. Would it ever be morning? We took turns shouting: “Dad! Isn’t it time to get up yet?” And finally he answered, “Just a few more minutes. I’ll stir up the fire, and as soon as it’s warm, we’ll see what Santa left!” Of course the fire was carefully banked the night before, so the room soon filled with the warmth from that old potbellied stove.

We weren’t blessed with all the necessities of life, for there were seven children in our family, but it seemed Santa emptied his bag at our place. What a time we had opening our presents and looking at the gifts that were placed in seven separate piles. Then we’d urge Mom and Dad to hurry and open their gifts, so we could see what Santa had left for them. How the house rang with laughter, and what memories Christmas brings back to me. Even after two or three of us were married, we brought our husbands home to spend Christmas Eve, and all night someone would shout “Dad, isn’t it time to get up--has Santa been here yet?” Even today we all still go home on Christmas Eve, taking all the children and grandchildren, to spend a little time.

Time has a habit of repeating itself. To this day I still lay in bed wishing morning would hurry and come, shivering not from cold, but from excitement. Then at 3:00 a.m. when Dean and the girls hurry away to milk the cows, there is just no more sleep for me. Finally I hear their shouts of joy, as they race into the house, and we all line up, from Rainy to Dean, and rush happily in to see what Santa has

left around the tree.”

Her Aunt Eva Farley Clayton once remarked in a scandalous voice, “Why Carl’s children were grown and married and still coming home to stay over Christmas.” Eva admitted that Christmas was a favorite holiday in Grandpa Theodore’s home as well. Still Eva recalled with fondness the Christmas morning she found little dolls scattered down the front steps and down the walk to the road. “Santa must have had a hole in his sack,” her father chuckled, “to drop all those little dolls.”

Dean wrote: “From the time we were married up until the time our first child was a year old, we spent Christmas Eve and the day following at the Farley home. For weeks before he had been preparing for Christmas, obtaining gifts for all members of the family, and looking forward to the event. Melda and Reed Hacking, who lived in Nevada, always came home a few days before Christmas and the entire family were present for the occasion. The night was all too long, and we could hardly wait for morning to come. Impatiently we waited for Dad’s “Come on, it’s Christmas morning” and we would all run for the living room to view our many gifts. Mom would have a bushel of popcorn, pies, cakes, and everything good to eat, and we spent the days feasting and visiting.”

GROWING UP

Jessie learned to cook while she was still quite young. With nine in the family, she had ample opportunity. She learned to make excellent bread but macaroni was her speciality. When Jennie was recuperating from the birth of Weston, Jessie did all the cooking and house work. Melda was serving her mission at the time. Lucille was working and attending school.

Jessie was always willing to help her younger brothers and always watch out for them. She was sweeping the front porch and got so excited when she saw Stan fall into the swift irrigation ditch that ran in front of the house that she threw the broom and broke the front window as she ran to pull him out. Merrill needed a poem for an English assignment so Jess wrote it for him. Merrill got an “A” and a lot of praise. He was very uncomfortable when the poem was recited and Jessie was not credited as the author.



Thanksgiving is over, the food was fine,
Never again will I want to dine.
I’ve had my fill of pumpkin pie,
I ate turkey gobbler till I thought I’d die.

All the kin-folks great and small,
every single one came to call.
After dinner was over and the dishes done.
Everyone was merry and we were having fun.

I heard a shriek and here came a cake,
dishing right at me, waving a rake.
Alone came the turkey, chicken and pies,
flipping corn and potatoes and making
strange cries.

I was being bombarded by the whole pack
a potato struck me in the eye with a whack
I was hit on the ear and began to weep
I woke with a start and found I'd been fast asleep.

Carl Farley had a great capacity for love and an even greater capacity for worry. Jessie inherited both traits. Most often Carl worried about the health of his children. On canyon outings with Uncle Dick's family, he checked the pulse of each child every morning for signs of illness or fever.

Once when Jessie was not really sick but seemed overly tired, the doctor was called and liver problem was the diagnosis. Calomel was prescribed and she began to feel better but Carl continued to fret about her.

One day Jessie was out playing when Carl noticed she seemed flushed. He was sure she had a fever so he took her temperature and when it registered a little above normal, he insisted she go to bed. Jessie cried saying she wasn't sick but had to stay in bed for the rest of the day.

When Jessie was eleven she became ill at school. The teacher excused her and cousin Mink who she asked to walk Jessie home. While walking north on State Street Jessie was hit by a car driven by Warren Lunceford. He lifted Jess into his car, stopped at the school to pick up Melda, and then drove the girls to the hospital in Provo. Mink ran all the way home to tell Jennie what happened. As Carl was away, Jennie and Mink drove to the hospital in the family Dodge.

Upon arrival, they found Jessie unconscious. The doctor assured Jennie that her daughter had no broken bones and was not badly injured. In a few days Jennie took Jessie home. Days passed and she seemed unable to remember things. Jennie became worried and called Dr. Aird. He made a house call to examine Jessie and discovered that she suffered from a bad case of influenza and that, along with the car accident, was causing a mild case of amnesia. Jessie recovered but could never recall the accident.

Jess had considerable dramatic ability and though not a leading lady, she was great in character parts. Her shrieking portrayal of Pansy Hopskotch trying to get on stage through a too tight window was a performance not to be outdone nor soon forgotten and she stole the show in many ward and stake productions.

During her high school years Jess had a crush on Dean Johnson who was pursuing her friend Velma Nelson. Still, Dean was not unaware of Jessie. They dated during their freshman year and two years later, on Senior Sluff Day at Saratoga, Dean maneuvered an underwater encounter at the deep end of the swimming pool and kissed Jess firmly on the lips. Melda was in the mission field at the time Jessie kept her updated with letters:

July, 1927

Dear Melda,

We had quite an exciting time on July 4th. The gang had decided to do things but the night before our plans were shattered. The girls were going to have a sleeping party but when we got assembled down at Mink's there was only Peg and I. We decided just because the other kids were such rotten sports we weren't going to sleep inside, so we made beds on the lawn. We got to bed about 11:00 p.m. and laid and conversed and here came Uncle George Loveless so of course, we had a grand time.

We fooled around and couldn't get to sleep as usual. We just barely dozed off when here came two cars dashing by and we didn't have time to move, for they came right on the lawn and began popping fire crackers, etc. We finally prevailed on these guys to turn their backs so we could dress. Oh, I forgot to mention, it was Al and Joe and Waldo. They said they would go away for a while and then come back. We got up and climbed into our clothes and it was only about 3:00 a.m. Pretty soon the kids got back and then we began doing things.

We got distributed in the cars and went around waking the rest of the gang. We went dashing right into the kids' bedroom and finally, after about an hour later and much fun, we were all assembled. There were three cars of us and we headed for town blowing horns, pounding on cars and shouting and singing. We got so we could do the siren to perfection.

We went dashing down center street about 55 miles an hour, when out dashed a cop. We finally lost him but Phil didn't come. We got quite worried for fear the cops had got him so we went back at about 15 miles an hour. We met him coming after us. He had seen the cop and detoured. Just then we looked up and there on the sidewalk stood the cop. We all shouted "hello" and waved and he spoke to us so we were forgiven for our little burst of enthusiasm. We tore all around until about 6:00 a.m. and then went up to Sharon School grounds and went on the giant stride and swings.

**Jessie's gang including cousin Mink Farly, second from left standing and Melda, 4th from left.
Jessie is seated third from right front row.**



Dean (Terry) brought some dynamite down from Park City and while the fellows set that off the girls went wading. Oh it was cool and refreshing. We got home about 7:00 a.m. and got ready and went down to the parade. It was pretty good. Mink and I were going "airplane-ing" so after the parade we walked clear down to the pasture and woe is me, there wasn't even a plane in sight. I could have wept. We felt quite hurt so we went back down town and had dinner and went to the Strand.

It was their opening day with the vidaphone. It was pretty good although I don't like it as well as the Paramount. The Paramount is marvelous. I like it just as well as the Victory in Salt Lake and it is also supposed to be very good. The show was the "Follies of 1929." It was pretty good although some of the singing wasn't up to much. After that we went to the "Rainbow Man.."



Melda and Jessie with girlfriends.



Lucille & Melda stand above Jessie in photo .

Didn't you just love "Sleepy Valley" and "Old Pal?" Boy I surely did. It made me feel kind of all choked up. They certainly are having some marvelous shows lately. I saw the "Pagan" last Saturday. Ramon surely has a marvelous voice. If someone cared for me the quickest way to make me fall is to have a marvelous voice and sing to me. I'd just wilt. When they sang the "Pagan Love Song" I was thrilled to death. The next time Peg and I go swimming she is going to get in one end of the pool and me in the other and we are going to lay out on the water and try singing the "Pagan Love Song" to each other. Don't you think it will be beautiful?..."

One entry in the Vertiya Club History reads: One of the unique parties that gang members recalled with fondness was the 'Jail Party' held at the home of Virginia Booth. It was planned and hosted by Virginia, Zenda, Mildred, Jessie and Edith. The invitations were sent out as subpoenas summoning participants to court. The Booth home was decorated with black bars at the windows. The guests were finger printed and given a prison number as they arrived. Later they were tried and sentenced. A variety of prison and detective games were played. Prison rations were served from tin cups and plates. Pennies were given as favors at the end of the party which the prisoners could use to make a clean start in life.

Other gang activities included dances at the old Timpanogas Ward Amusement Hall, Lincoln High School, Vivian Park, Geneva Resort, the Mill Club and at the Coconut Grove. The gang had sleigh rides with Booth's old gray mare pulling hand sleighs. They had candy pulls and marched in the parade on the 4th of July.

Several new comers moved to Orem including Howard Farnsworth, and the Rohbock brothers, Chick and Tony. When hearing of the 'Gang' they wondered if "the gang" was a bunch of juvenile delinquents. They were hesitant to accept invitations to parties until they learned that "the gang" was a wholesome group of L.D.S. youngsters who like to eat, talk and have clean inexpensive fun. Members also

included boyfriends in club activities. Many couples eventually married and continued to attend “club” for the next half century.

Jessie kept Melda updated on club activities and other events in letters written between 1927 to 1929:

September, 1927

Dear Melda,

I'm going to the Y! I'm going to the Y! I'm going to the Y! I'm thrilled! Gee--I'm thrilled! And guess what--I'm going to take piano lessons and Spanish so you won't be the only Mexican in our family after all.

It was surely funny. The last week I've been getting house dresses and getting ready to go to Salt Lake. I had even bid my Sunday School Class a fond farewell and handed in my resignation. Late Monday night mom said dad said I could go to town and take music lessons. The next morning, Tuesday, I said, “Can I still go to the Y?” Dad said I could if we could get back our \$40 we had paid Henager's.

We called up the guy we paid. He had told us that if I decided to go to the “Y” I could get my money back. When I called he said he absolutely did not say that and they never refunded tuition money. My hopes dropped but I went in and prayed and after that I had a feeling we'd get it back. We went to Salt Lake and saw Mr. Henager and he was very nice and said we could get it. Dad had called the bank and told them to cancel the check so Mr. Henager said to let the check come back and not pay it. He was surely nice. He took us through the college and explained all about it. I'm going to go on with my business at the “Y” and then I believe I can get a job next spring...

... Well on with the dance. Nearly all the graduates were there and four or five kids from the “Y.” I didn't dance the first dance but I had all the rest up to 22. They just played 18 dances. I got so mixed up on my dances I couldn't remember a thing. I gave the same dance to 2 or 3 kids. If I can remember, I'll tell you who I did dance with: LaMar Farley, the honorable (?) Afton Payne, George Symes, Clyde Sumsion, Ed Payne, (I was really surprised, it was the first time in my life); another fellow from B.Y.U., I can't remember his name; Horace Crandal, Harold Calvin, Bertell Bunker, Oliver Betteridge's cousin, a Hunter from Idaho, Weldon Taylor, John Tanner, Tough Shaw and the most wonderful dance with Dean Johnson.

We just went leaping around. He said to tell you he was terribly sorry that you weren't there to dance with him. He said he was glad “Little Sister” was there anyway. Thrilling, isn't it?” Oh yes--Olive and Nola left early so I was just going to leave and here came Harold Holdaway and asked to escort me home. I was surely glad as I was about to pass out; my feet hurt so bad...”

Fall, 1927

Dear Melda,

Last week was the most fun. A week ago Mrs. Christensen called me and asked if I would help them out with their Relief Society Program. I said surely and she said they wanted Hale Christensen and me to sing a song. I went down and practiced but Hale was n't there so I didn't see him till Sunday School the next day. He was a real cute fellow. A couple of inches taller than me and he has laughing eyes. I about fell for him. We sang a cute little Italian song and dressed in Italian costumes.

We were to sing Monday night so after I got off the car to go over to Christensens' that night, there was Hale to meet me. We went over and learned a little dance to do with it. He was quite bashful then. When I went over the next night he came dashing up and spoke to me and we ran around together until (the program) started then we went down in the audience and watched it. It was in the form of a little play.

They went into a machine and it ground them out as regular beauties. Hale and I were the result of Mr. and Mrs. Rasumssen. When he left after it was over he said: "Well, Good bye Marie!" So I said, "Good Bye Tony!" Those were our names. He surely looked cute and he has the most marvelous voice.

Mrs. Loveless wanted to know if he was a paid actor. Everyone said our song sounded real good and the kids said we made an adorable pair. By the time it was over I was so smitten I could hardly wiggle and I thought possibly he did like me a little but I was afraid I would never see him again as he didn't even come out to church or any of the ward affairs.

Tuesday night when we went out to the station to get on the street car there he was. He beamed out at me and then when we got on the street car he passed and spoke. I was quite thrilled because the more I thought of him the more smitten I became. Olive said he always went to the matinee dance at the B.Y. They didn't have one until Thursdays, but weep, weep, he wasn't there. The next morning Mama handed me some cards I had got the day before and I looked at one and "glory be, I about fainted." On the bottom it said, "Tony." Thrills and more thrills. I was about overcome. I had the acute beams all day.

At night when we went down to the station the kids said they saw Hale but I didn't. The first street car came and left and then the next came and we went out and horrors, it was going south and our car had come first and was gone. We didn't know what to do. I called Dad but he was mad and said we would have to wait until the eight o'clock car. Zelda called her dad and he came after us. I went home and got ready and went to the dance.

When we first got there, there wasn't hardly a soul there. Albert Nelson came and danced with me first and pretty soon the crowd began to arrive. I danced with Herb and Roy Anderson. I'm still smitten on him too and then I was just going to go dance again and I looked up there was Hale looking at me, about two feet away. He asked me for a dance but I couldn't give him one before the thirteenth. He acted like he was sorry and said that was a long way away. Anyway he said, "Give me the thirteenth and the seventeenth." I readily agreed and was so thrilled I just about ascended.

We had the most wonderful time last night. I just got home from school and I called Olive to see if she was going to the dance with Hale's cousin because he came down town and took her home so I knew he was in town. She was going and she said the cousin said Hale was going to call me. I was quite thrilled but as I hadn't seen him for over two weeks I was afraid he had a fresh smit. About ten minutes later the phone rang and it was dear Hale. I was awfully glad because oh, I do like him a lot.

We went to the game first and Lincoln won by a long way. The score at the half was 6 to 18 in favor of Lincoln but I don't know what it was at the end. We had a lot of fun at the dance. I had the best dances with Hale and Oh Weldon treated me so nice too. When we finished dancing he looked at me and said, "Gee, that's a pretty dress, it's the prettiest one you've got!" I had on your graduation dress and oh it made me feel good. When Hale left he asked me for a date for the Gold and Green Ball we are to have next Tuesday. So I guess he still likes me a lot. Anyway I hope so. I was never so smit in my life. Well, it's time for the mail and I've got to finish cleaning the house but I did think it was my duty to tell you.

Spring, 1929

Dear Melda,

Well, the new quarter started today. I don't know whether I'll go to school all quarter or not. I guess I'm getting kind of tired of school or else bored with so much winter or something. It has been kind of springy the last few days. I've never put in such a terrific week in my life as I did last week. Imagine trying to study for exams.

I felt so bad last Monday for the funeral. It was snowing. Oh it was bitter cold, I caught the most terrific cold. It affected my voice and I could hardly speak. I've never attended a funeral service in my life that was as impressive as Hale's. Oh, he was a wonderful fellow and everyone that knew him must have loved him. He was always so cheerful. Even when he was suffering so, no matter who went

to see him they always got a welcoming smile and he was always “better” and never down hearted. He is the only fellow I’ve ever known that hasn’t bored me. The longer I knew him the better I liked him. I can’t realize it yet. The body didn’t look anything like him and it seems to me that it was someone else that died. Hale will be home after a while.

Mr. Christensen told me he went to Salt Lake last week end and it seemed like if he went up to the L.D.S. hospital Hale would be there. Just think he was there five months. It was so terribly cold going down to Manti and the flowers all froze before they got there. It was a great relief to the family but oh, they do miss him so much..

Well, I’m still taking Spanish. I was just about to stop but decided not to and when I went to class there were only five there. There were about sixty that started out with the class the first quarter. The second quarter there were about thirty and now this, I suppose there will be about ten. It surely is hard for me though. I just simply can’t remember the vocabulary. The next class is shorthand. Then after that is secretarial training. I’m going on with my music lessons even though I won’t be able to pay for them until later. Then I’m taking field botany, a study of birds, and theology. I guess I’ll go down today and put my application in at DTR’s, Utah Power and Light Co. and a few more places. I don’t know whether I’ve got a chance at the doctor’s office. I don’t want it very much. I’d have to work too long and I don’t want to stay in Provo all my life. . .

Jessie was hired by the Dixon, Taylor and Russell Co. She used her first few pay checks to buy a living room set for the family--a mohair divan with two matching chairs. She also bought a very fashionable “sea weed” and starfish lamp for the piano top. Her Christmas gift for the family that year was a floor lamp which she stashed away at Uncle Frank Wentz’s house until Christmas Eve. Lucille and Jess walked up to pick it up after the others had gone to sleep. Jessie was so excited she danced down the snow covered street, holding the lamp over head like an umbrella. “I’m singing in the rain. Just singing in the rain. . .” she sang.

Lucille had graduated from high school and was attending BYU. Jessie bought a new green coat with a fur collar which Lucille admired. It was decided that Jess would wear the coat to work. They would exchange coats and Lucille would wear the coat on campus throughout the day. Then Lucille would return the coat to Jessie’s office so she could wear it home that evening.

The girls slept together in the north bedroom while Melda was on her mission. There was no heat out there and it was very cold in the winter, so when Jessie was out late, Lucille would take a hot water bottle to bed. One night Jennie was awakened by what she thought was the girls crying. When she went to their room she found them laughing. Jessie had hugged up to Lucille to get warm and the hot water bottle had burst between them.

During the depression money was scarce and Carroll was a teenager needing cash. Jessie told him she would give him a quarter if he would carry her to her bedroom. Jessie never was slim like Lucille and Carroll was not exceptionally strong, but rose to the occasion. The entire family enjoyed watching him carry Jess up to her bedroom.



Dean Johnson returned from his mission in Australia early in 1931. The ship stopped over in Honolulu on the way to San Diego and Dean purchased a Salt Lake newspaper. As he read through the society page he discovered Velma Sumsion, his fiancée, had married.



She had written him a few weeks earlier to break off their engagement explaining she did not know where she would be when he returned home. He was disappointed to discover she had married but he felt he would soon find someone else to share his life.

“I arrived home on January 30, 1931. The next day I had a telephone conversation with Jessie Farley. She was about the first girl I spoke to following my return. I met her in Provo at the old Orem Station the next day. I felt a great desire to continue in her company, so I asked her to accompany me home, and I showed her my souvenirs. Afterward we went to her home and I met her family and later in the evening, we attended the movie “Gun Smoke.” It was a poor show so we left early and met Uncle August and Aunt Ruth in the lobby on the way out. Soon it became public knowledge that Dean had acquired a new girlfriend.

I returned to farm work, milking cows, hauling manure, etc. This was a vast change from missionary work and quite an adjustment for me. There was a large welcome home party given in my honor the week after I returned. . .

A few days later I had another date with Jessie and it seemed from that time on our minds were made up. In fact, we decided that unless we had marriage in mind, we would not continue to date.

Our courtship progressed. On July 25th we drove up into the canyon above Bridal Vail Falls and there in a secluded spot at 8:00 p.m. I gave Jessie a diamond ring and we became officially engaged. . .” I rented the Frank Taylor farm with the plan to fix up the house a little. Jessie’s mother and I worked for several days to repair, paint, and re-paper the house. We were married in the Manti Temple on December 16, 1931. The morning broke icy cold, the thermometer read twenty degrees below zero and the snow was as high to a tall Indian.

The house we rented was drafty and cold all winter. The north bedroom was so cold the quilts froze to the bottom of the bed. By morning the hot water bottle was frozen to ice. . .

Jessie used her employee discount and the money she got when she cashed in her Dixon Taylor Russell stock to furnish the house with a living room set, a dining room, a bedroom set, a grandfather clock, china and silverware; all from DTRs. In the early 1930’s the country was deep into The Great Depression and money was normally hard to come by.

Dean continues, Later Jess made about \$50.00 a month working at the Provo Reservoir Company as a stenographer. Of this \$40.00 was paid on bills and we tried to get along on \$10 a month. Usually we got behind and so borrowed money from Lucille, which we always paid back on the first of the month and again borrowed toward the end. If it had not been for the two meals a week at the Farley home, I think we might have starved. We always went up home on Thursday and Sundays. How good that food tasted. Mom always did our washing and put up most of our fruit . . .

I was in the bishopric. . . Everyone was having difficulty making ends meet. It was impossible to collect any Ward maintenance so the bishopric took turns month by month cleaning the church. All the money we received from PBO was used to pay for coal, lights and

the very necessities of the ward.”

I worked at the pipe plant and did some farm work for Dad and Uncle August as well as other odd jobs around the community. In the summer of 1936, we were informed by the doctor that it was very unlikely that we would have children. . . To cover our disappointment, we took nearly every cent we had and with Father and Mother Johnson, took a trip to the San Diego World’s Fair.

One day while Jess was working, a man by the name of Hyrum Heiselt asked if we wanted to borrow some money from him. We had purchased a building site from Dad, just north of his home and so decided we would begin building a house.



Jessie and Dean, Melda and Reed, with Jennie and Carl Farley in 1932

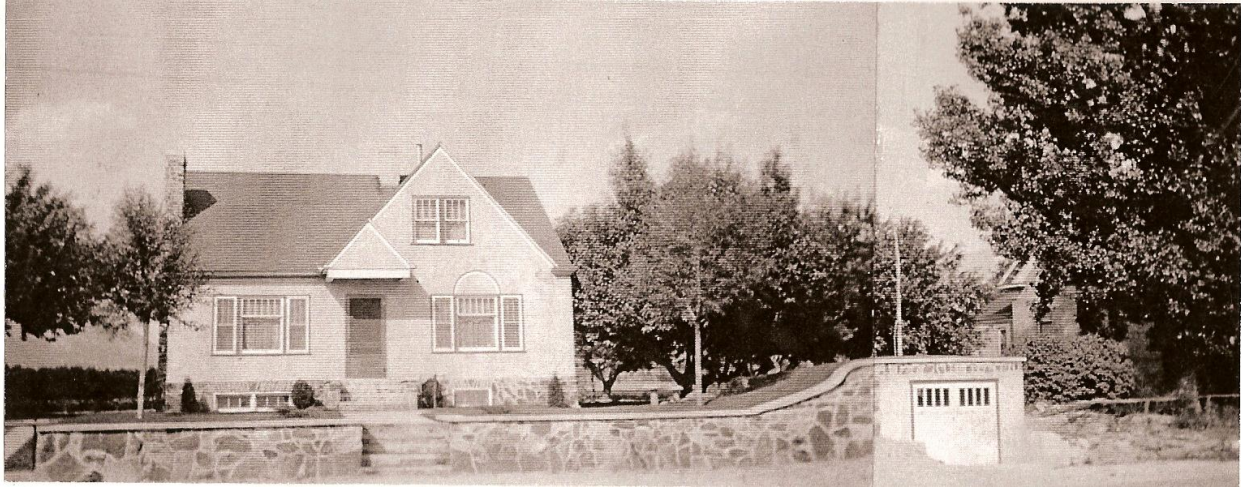
The basement was dug with Dad’s team and scraper, and plenty of shoveling. Even Jess helped shovel. The two dads signed the note with us as they were anxious to see us get into a home of our own. Jess’s dad kept insisting that the house was too big. He was afraid we would never be able to pay for it.

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 site. We secured the help of George Ellis who had agreed to build the house for \$600. Rock was hauled from Rock Canyon and Thistle to be used in the foundation and in the wall in front of the house. . . During the winter Lynn Goodridge and I worked all my spare time to make a little extra money. We hauled over 800 ton of beet pulp--shoveling it on and off our little truck by hand. We moved into our home on November 1, 1936.

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 seven pounds and we were very happy. I spent the night planning his life. I thought about his high school days, his mission and even envisioned him graduating from college. All these dreams vanished as my son died on May 7th, four days after his birth. He died from a cerebral hemorrhage due to an injury at birth.

Funeral services were held in our new home. . .”

The entire community was devastated by the loss. Both the Johnson and the Farley family were deeply saddened. Jessie's father talked to Merrill while milking one night. Merrill said his Dad leaned against the cow and “just sobbed.” It was the only time Merrill ever saw his father cry.



**Johnson home — Rt. 1, Box 376, Provo — Geneva Road next door to Dean's father's home
Three miles south of Geneva Steel Mill.**

A few weeks later Jessie returned to work at the Provo Reservoir Company. Dean continued to work at the Pipe Plant. Lucille was secretary for the law firm of Watkins & Holbrook. Her office was on the second floor of the Roundy Building across the roof-top from Center Street and University Avenue. At noon, rather than climb two sets of stairs, Jessie would open her window, cross the roof and enter the hall-way window of Lucille's building, or Lucille would cross over to Jessie's and the two would spend their lunch hour together. They seldom ate, usually spending the time walking from one end of town to the other visiting and shopping.

Eventually Provo Reservoir Company moved into new offices in the Roundy Building and then Jess and Lucille worked across the hall from one another. Frequently during their lunch-time meanderings, they encountered Fram Collins, who worked for the Daily Herald. It was Jessie who encouraged Lucille's first date with Fram. Jessie liked him and through her eyes, Fram began to look better and better to sister Lucille.

Dean writes: At this time we became close to Frampton Collins, who was going about his courtship of Lucille in earnest. As my association with the Farley family increased my appreciation for all of them continued to grow. Becoming a member of the Farley family was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Dad and Mom Farley have been like a mother and father, rather than just in-laws. I am grateful to be treated like one of their sons. I have really appreciated the love and friendship of all the Farley boys and girls. I have never known a family to be more devoted to one another nor so concerned with each other's welfare. Some of the happiest and most enjoyable times of my life have been spent in their company. We all came to know Fram as his love for Lucille increased and their courtship progressed.

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

We usually hunted directly across the road and within an hour's time, would return to the house with our limit of birds. These were usually hidden in our garage and we would then return to the lakeside. Generally we were back by noon with our second limit of pheasants. Those were happy days and our friendship grew even stronger. Our shooting eyes improved as we all became better marksmen. Sometimes we had to shoot the birds at a very close range in order to get off a shot before the pheasant was brought down by another member of our party. These pheasant hunts have continued from 1932 until the present year (1958) and I hope this tradition will continue for many years to come.

In the spring of 1939, I began to build a chicken coop with the expectation of going into the chicken business. I constructed the coops just north of the house. We were also looking forward to the birth of another child. Our daughter Corinne was born November 15, 1939 and all of us rejoiced in the birth of this strong, beautiful baby daughter.

The Farley family were also very happy as she was the only Farley grandchild. Granddad 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." The following spring we placed our first order for 500 baby chicks. We figured that this endeavor would become a source of extra income as Jessie was home rather than working at an office job. She took care of our new baby as well as these baby chicks. In the fall we sold our first case of eggs for \$3.40 so we were not getting rich.

Diane and Corinne -1943



Our second daughter, Diane, was born during deer hunting season on October 21, 1941. Her arrival happened during the night after I had returned to work following the deer hunt. I was working the midnight shift. The next morning I was on my way home and met my brother Nathan at the Overpass Cafe. He asked if I had been to the hospital. I said, "No--what for?" He told me I had a new baby daughter. This was unexpected as we did not look for her arrival for another month.

In March of 1943 I had an opportunity to buy the old Henry Williamson farm located next to Dad's place. We felt this was a wise move as I was never fully satisfied with my work at Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Co. Nor did I enjoy working as a carpenter at

Kearns Army Camp. I worked for a few months on the new Geneva Steel plant but did not expect to make that my career. I felt good about being a dairy farmer.

Between the years of 1943 and 1945 we worked hard milking cows, hauling hay and harvesting our tomato crop which yielded 28 ton from one acre. I borrowed Uncle August's tractor and equipment at different times when father was not using his, but I always worked two hours to pay him back for every hour I used borrowed equipment. During the year of 1944, I leased farm ground from James T. Blake and have continued leasing and operating this land. We were compensated for our industry with good health and joy in the knowledge that another child was on the way.



Diane, Laraine and Corinne - 1947

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

I confess I was a little disappointed as I very much wanted her to be a son. But when the nurse showed me our darling baby I looked into her sweet innocent and perfectly formed face and saw her body I had to confess she was a beautiful child. As for being disappointed, that left as soon as I saw her. Diane and Corinne liked the name "Dorothy" but Melda suggested "Laraine" and we knew that was the name for her.

Jessie had given up her office job when Corinne was born. Her cousin, Phyllis Farley, was hired to replace her. There were other applicants, but Mr. Murdock said: "Anybody with the Farley name is good enough for me." Jessie returned to work for a short period each year to help Phyllis get water assessment notices out.

Jessie suffered several miscarriages in the years following Laraine's birth. This was sad indeed as we hoped for a son. Still no couple could be prouder of their three daughters.

HOLIDAYS

Celebrating holidays were important in the Johnson home. Dean provided the financial means while Jessie did the shopping, planning, and cooking. She shopped for Christmas all year round. When Diane's favorite doll disappeared in November, Jessie explained a Christmas elf had whisked her away to be fitted for a new wardrobe. "Can't you see him Diane? He is right over there in the top branches of that tree in Grandpa Johnson's yard. He has the doll in his arms." Diane never did see the elf but her doll was returned Christmas morning that year with a new wig and wardrobe. Grandma and Grandpa Farley always hosted the Farley Family Christmas Eve Party. Jenny reminisced about this tradition in an entry in her journal dated December 26, 1966:



Grandma's parents Mary J. Rasmussen (seated third from left) and Elias Adolphus Terry (3rd from left in second row)

At a gathering of Mutual leaders.

Just one hundred and three years ago, my mother, Mary J. Rasmussen was born in a dugout at West Jordan, Salt Lake Co., Utah December 26, 1863. Each year I think of her birthday and remember her saying she came one day too late for Christmas. It is nice to have her birthday come so near Christmas, it is easy to remember. She was only 62 years when she died of cancer on September 21, 1925 in Provo. Now I am nearly 20 years older than she was when she left this life." (Jessie died in March of 1966, just ten months earlier.)

For years, every Christmas Eve our family has gathered here for a Christmas Party. I have always had lots of buttered popcorn and pink candy popcorn and cookies. One time we had meat pies, another time a turkey supper served cafeteria style with an orange and pineapple drink. As each family's children grew old enough they would take part on the program. We always sang Christmas Carols. Then I would open my presents, everyone was anxious to see what I got.

Before dad died, we would get up early Christmas morning and head for Jessie's place to see them open their gifts, we had to go early because they would milk real early and still be about the first ones to open their gifts. Then we would make the rounds to each of our children's homes. After dad left I would make the rounds alone."

Christmas morning at the Johnson house began at 3:00 a.m. when the alarm clock sounded. Dean woke the girls, they all dressed in warm clothes and started for the barn. Diane still remembers the beautiful melodic Christmas carols that drifted down over the community one frosty Christmas morning as she tramped over the frozen hay field to the barn. The only explanation she could think for the heavenly music was that an Orem radio station must be broadcasting Christmas carols. When she reached the barn, her father asked if she had heard the angel choir.

By 5:00 a.m. cows were milked, fed and bedded down and the girls were racing home to open their gifts. Grandpa Johnson always stopped by on his way home from milking. He shouted out as he came through the back door, "Christmas Gift, Christmas Gift," an old Norwegian greeting. After opening their presents they all would go next door to watch Grandma and Grandpa Johnson open their gifts. Then up and down the old Geneva road they all went, stopping at the homes of aunts and uncles and neighbors to see what Santa had left.

The high point of the Lake View Christmas Day activities always came at Uncle August's house where a lavish brunch was served by Aunt Bea, renowned for her Southern cooking. The white billowing egg nog was a delight to see. The only year it wasn't spiked was

the year Dean was about to be called as bishop. Grandpa Johnson would insist that Uncle August, a member of the Mendelson Choir, sing "Little Bird." Then Alfred would laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks. Finally, back down Geneva Road everyone trudged, to conclude neighborhood festivities at the Dean Johnson home. There Grandpa Johnson would end the yearly celebration: "May we all be here together again next year!"

Corinne, Diane and Laraine each received a doll for Christmas every year. Often they noticed that their dolls were exactly like those Santa brought to their cousins Christine, Marilu and Carla. Evidently Santa's elves all shopped at the same stores.

On Valentine's Day the Johnson sisters eagerly awaited a visit from the "Man in the Moon." Throughout the evening knocks of various intensity announced the arrival of lacy Valentines from neighbors and friends. But the loudest BANG BANG BANG came in early the evening as the moon rose above the Wasatch Mountains. "That," Jessie explained, "is the Man in the Moon." The girls eagerly ran to the front door where they discovered three large Valentines, three boxes of chocolate or another magnificent treat arrived from their nocturnal friend in the heavens.

Years later, Diane tried to introduce the custom into her three sons. "Come off it Mom," Brian, Dean and Matt scoffed. "Everyone knows there is no such a thing as the Man in the Moon." It was the space age, NASA, and man's first steps on the lunar surface. All of which killed the "Man in the Moon." But in the forties and fifties things were different. Jessie and others of her generation, wove magic for their children with "Man in the Moon" Valentines.

Birthdays were usually celebrated with the Collins cousins. The year Laraine turned six she received a dollhouse with papered walls and tiny furniture, upholstered couches and chairs, all made by Grandma Farley. Lucille always decorated the birthday cakes. Once she fashioned a doll in the center of a cake with icing decorating her billowing cake-skirt. Even after Jessie died when Corinne, Diane and Laraine had families of their own, small gifts and/or cards came from Aunt Lucille for fifty years, until Lucille died in the summer of 1995.

Dean writes, All our lives were affected by World War II. In the years between 1942 and 1948 merchandise was not available. Shoes were bought with shoe stamps as was sugar and many other items. Farm machinery and automobiles were not available even if you had money to buy them. Prices for farm produce was high and our net income from milk and eggs was very good. So with money coming in and very few articles available to buy, we paid the farm off by 1948. We could do little traveling during those years because gasoline was rationed. It was either stay at home or walk. But by the winter of 1948 the war in Europe was over and things began to settle down.

Dean's older brother Harold died in May, 1943 of tuberculosis. As his wife Lola also had TB, their daughter Marlene came to live with the Dean Johnson family for several years. Death visited Dean and Jessie again in 1951 when Jessie's father died. Dean wrote:

On January 10th, 1951, I chauffeured Dad Farley for the last time when he entered St. Mark's Hospital for a prostate operation. On January 20th we were called to Salt Lake and in spite of all that could be done, he passed away. This was a great sorrow to me for we had been very close and he had always treated me like a son. We were a lot alike in our dispositions and always enjoyed one another's company. His funeral was held in the old Timpanogas church house on January 23. I was one of the speakers. We all miss him very much. . .

My family helped me a great deal during these times. Jess would work all day in the fields, many times during haying time she also helped with the spring work on the land along with taking care of the house and children. The girls helped as well with hoeing, hay hauling, gathering rocks off the fields and whatever I asked them to do. They always helped with the milking and feeding, sometimes doing the chores alone while I took care of irrigating, haying etc. Because of their hard work I did not have to hire much outside help.

On one occasion Dean had filled the silo and constructed a snow fence around the top so he could store even more corn silage. Jessie stood on the mound above the snow fence guiding the pipe which blew the chopped silage to the top of the silo making sure the silage spread evenly and the blower did not clog.

When the silo was topped, Jessie signaled Dean who turned off the blower. She was climbing down over the fence when she caught her pants on a nail and got hung up there, more than 100 feet above the ground. She must have been terrified. In her struggle to get loose, she ripped her pants from crotch to ankle. Finally Dean climbed up to rescue her. Jessie was upset of course, but was a good sport about it and had a great time embellishing the story as she told Gordon about the experience. He wrote it up for the entertainment of the ward in the next issue of the Lake View News.

Helping in the hay and putting up silage was very dirty work and the Johnson's were always anxious to get out of their stinky dirty clothes when the job was done. When Jessie helped with the farm work she would start taking off her clothes as soon as she left the barn. She walked through the field, across Alfred's back yard and the lane that divided the properties and finally arrived on the back porch. She finished undressing in the mud room. Dean used to tease Jessie about being undressed before she got through the back door. Once she reached the porch half-dressed and had just kicked off her levis when the service man from Pages came around the corner of the house looking for Dean. Jessie, standing in nothing but her under ware, calmly told him where to find him.

The Dean Johnsons' never kept dogs but they always had cats to keep the mice down. One cat got hit while crossing Geneva Road. The poor thing lay in the road half dead making mournful cries. Jessie felt sorry for the beast and decided to put it out of its misery. So she picked it up by the tail and swung it against a telephone pole. Then she dropped its lifeless body into the ditch. That evening she told the family about her mercy killing. But was surprised the next day when the cat was seen strolling through a nearby field.

Jessie worked just as hard in the house as she did in the fields. Dean's mother, Murl, had died when he was just twelve so Dean cooked for the family until his father remarried. Jessie too was an excellent cook. She made wonderful mouth-watering cherry, boysenberry, raisin-apple and coconut cream pies. She made all her own bread and rolls. She bottled fruit and vegetables. The shelves of her fruit room were arranged three deep with bottles of pears, peaches, cherries, fruit cocktail, pickles, jam and applesauce. The room was a delight to see--with row upon row of colorful freshly filled jars. Vegetables were grown on the farm. Fruit was provided by one of her brothers and an argument always ensued when Jessie tried to pay for them what they insisted on giving her.

Jessie was an excellent hostess and often entertained ten or twelve couples several times a year. The Lake View group included Nathan and Mary, and several of Dean's cousins and wives who lived in Lake View. These couples held a monthly party where they alternated among their houses. They played "Rook" a popular card game of the day, after dinner.

VERTIYA CLUB

In 1940 members of Jessie's gang had met at Zenda's to draw up a constitution. The name was taken from the word 'Variety' transposed. The second Friday of each month was reserved for club. Each member took their turn as hostess. Officers included president, vice president, reporter, and secretary-treasurer. Each officer served a four year term beginning as reporter and moving up until they became president. Twice yearly, husbands were invited to club meetings at Christmas and for a mid-summer party. In May, their mothers were entertained and each received a small gift. Melda, Jessie and Lucille were life-long members of the Vertiya Club. Melda was an officer and active until a few months before she died. Vertiya Leah P. Rowley Meldrum, wrote this poem in honor of Jess. She was the first club member to pass on.

Jessie was always Jessie,
No sham or pretense did she show
She was the kind of a friend you could count on,
A real delight to know.

She was always the life of the party,
With a wit both natural and rare.

We could always count on lots of fun,
Whenever Jessie was there.

Her self-coined witty expressions
Were such a delight to hear.
We suspect this was one of her charms,
One that made her so dear.

She was friendly, generous and kind;
She was always loyal and true,
And she served her Heavenly Father
In all she was asked to do...

Standing, Jean Jensen, Edith Poulson, Lucille Farnsworth, Melda Hacking, Catherine Meldrum, Mary Rowley, Minnie Palmer, Reva Rohbock and Lucille Collins. Left to right seated, June Jenson, Alice Jenson, Jessie Johnson, Velma Maag, Myrtle Rowley, and Zenda Rowley.



One gift Jessie had related to prophetic dreams. On several occasions she dreamed things that actually came to pass. Once Diane lost her watch crystal. Jessie dreamed it was on the floor of the wash room in the basement. The next morning Jessie discovered that the crystal exactly where she dreamed she would find it. Once Diane asked her mother to drive her to a dance on a snowy night. Jessie explained that she could not. Her father had appeared to her in a dream and warned her to stay

off the roads that evening.

While working on the ward history with Christian Jeppeson, an elderly man, Jessie dreamed that he would die on a particular date. She worked quickly on the history of Lake View so it would be finished then. Christian Jeppeson died on May 12, 1955 – the exact date Jessie had dreamed he would pass on. Her grandfather, Theodore Farley, also had prophetic dreams as did several of his mother, Lydia Pons Farley and many of her Waldensians ancestors.

In addition to her work on the Lake View News, Jessie served in the mutual presidency and later, on the stake board of the Relief Society. She was Junior Sunday School Coordinator when the church first introduced that program. Her friend, Gordon Zobell, wrote: “Jessie is one of the most cooperative persons I have ever worked with. If you ever have any excuse and you can’t be to Sunday School, she is always willing to take over... She has many good qualities but her sincere friendly smile which makes you feel warmth and love is certainly her best. You can feel the warmth of her soul.”

Jessie was a good writer. Often when she or one of her daughters gave a talk, it usually ended with one of Jessie’s original poems. When they were young she coached them and helped them memorize their talks. Corinne won an MIA speech contest with a talk on “Faith” which told the story of Grandpa Theodore Farley’s family return to Utah. This family ran out of water in August while crossing the Arizona desert. A sudden rain storm after their prayer saved them from certain death.

Jessie also helped her daughters with school work. She often wrote their book reports. When Laraine was taking 8th grade English from L.L. Terry one student fainted from fright in the middle of a presentation because of fear. Book reports were given under hot lights on a small stage at the end of the classroom. If the student made a grammatical error, Mr. Terry would blurt out the correction. Since Laraine was terrified by him doing this, Jessie helped by reading the book and writing the report. Laraine memorized and successfully presented it and received an “A” on her report.

Once Diane’s husband Tom, asked her what her mother was like. Diane recalled a letter she had saved and tried to locate it. She could not find it. She prayed about the matter and shortly thereafter felt impressed to reach up behind the top shelf in the bedroom closet. She had searched there several times before. But this time discovered the letter wedged tightly between the wall and back shelf.

Provo, Utah
Dec. 5, 1959

Dear Mom:

I hope the rest of your kids are not so neglectful as we are or you would not know anything that is taking place up here. I’ve been trying to write all week, but this is sure a busy life.

We had a real nice time on Thanksgiving. We had 23 Johnsons’ to dinner, and all the food turned out real good. The turkey tasted just as good as if Mary had cooked it, and we had pudding and pumpkin pie for dinner. By the time the day was done, nearly everything was gone. I left things sitting out, and every time anyone went by they would take tastes. The girls were all here, and they really got in and helped me, even helped with the dishes afterwards.

Friday I went back to work, and then Saturday night I had a party for my Lake View crowd. Corinne had to start working Saturday so she wasn’t here to help, and then Dean took the rest of us up to his new farm. We picked up five loads of

big boulders after he had leveled the ground and it was 2:00 p.m. before we even got home for dinner. I really had to get moving to get the party ready and then in the midst of the afternoon, Mr. Jewkes called and I had to go to the office and write his check. I reminded him Friday three times to get his time in and he didn't do it. Saturday he just had to have his check.

The party turned out real good and I got everything done but mopping the kitchen floor, but it wasn't too bad. We had steak, potatoes and gravy, fruit salad, hot rolls, corn, orange cake and ice cream, so it was a full meal.

We invited Mink and Chick as one of the couples couldn't come, and they brought a beautiful flower arrangement for the table. I've enjoyed the flowers all week. They still look nice. We took them to church on Sunday and they sure added to the day.

It looks like we will leave for Chicago next Saturday at 8:00 a.m. from Salt Lake. Diane has to have her first competition on Sunday night at 7:30 where she will compete in Farm Bureau regional speech contest. The United States will be divided into three regions. If she wins there then she will compete on Monday for national honors. We all have our fingers crossed.

I guess someone told you that she and Sharon Jacklin tied for first place at the "Y" speech contest a couple of weeks ago. The talk was on the honor system and they chose five, then the five talked again and she and Sharon Jacklin were presented \$8.00 each. They tied for first place. It really tickled me because they have been such good friends and helped each other when preparing their talks. We were more pleased than if Diane had been the winner.

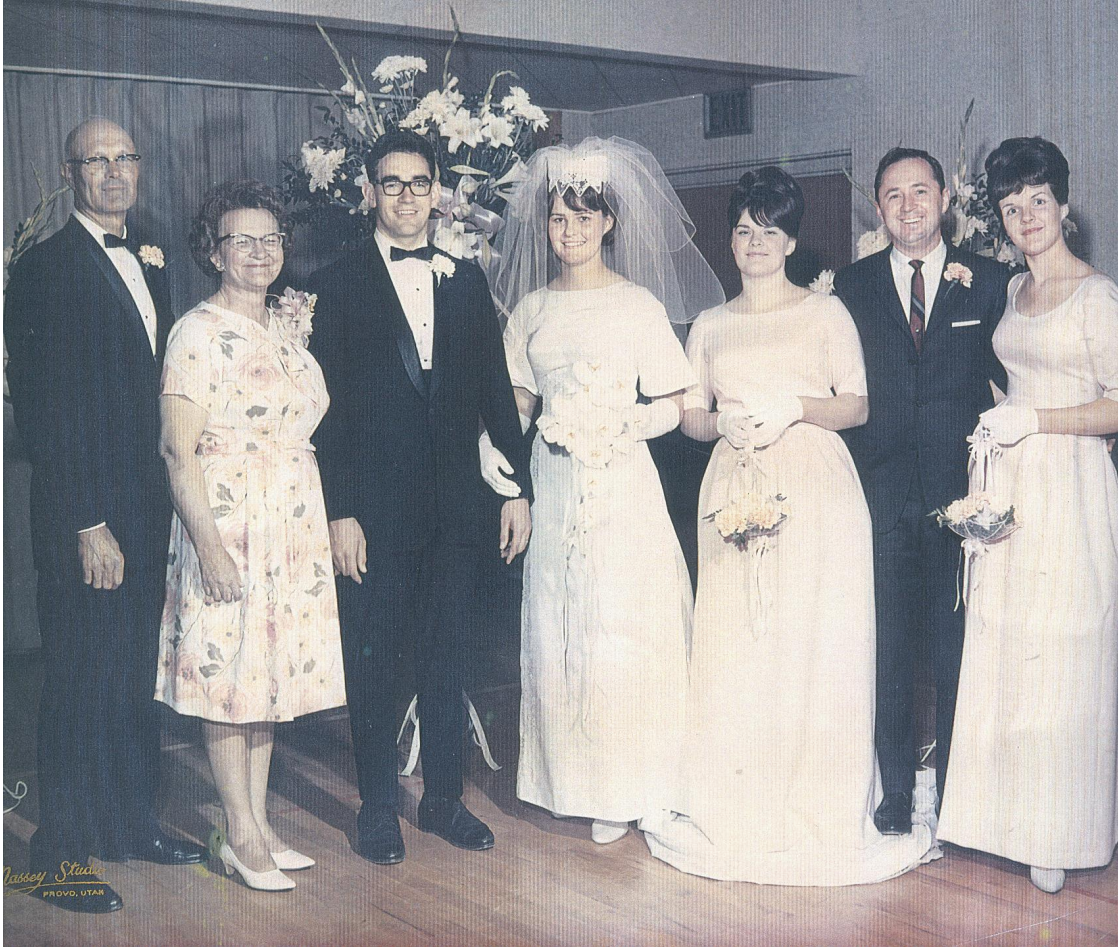
Tuesday night I had to cook a Turkey for the MIA Divisional Banquet, rather it was Wednesday. I got up early and cooked the turkey some the night before. Then when it was stuffed, Mary finished cooking it for me as I had to work.

I rushed home at 5:00 and went over and helped set tables and we served the food about 8:00 to over a hundred people. Then by the time we finished the dishes it was 12:00 midnight before I got home. We had a real nice time. Dean wouldn't go as he was too tired; he had been clipping the cows. They have to have the hair all trimmed off around their hind quarters for winter so we won't get dirt in the milk.

Thursday I worked again and then stayed in town to help Gordon Zobell get the Lake View News printed and delivered to about half of the ward on the way home from work. By the time I got there the family had about given me up as a delinquent. They were still waiting to eat. I didn't realize I was so tired until I got the dishes done.

But it's a wonderful thing what sleep will do so I got my work finished at the office yesterday and we went to the Basketball Game last night. I guess you heard that the "Y" won, 54 to 52, over Washington State. Dean, Nathan and some of the men from the ward had tickets to the Gene Fulmer fight at Logan so they were up there. They had a real nice day and got home about 2:00 a.m. this morning. They were delighted that Gene won the decision in the full 15 rounds.

We slept in a little this morning so I'm dashing this off before I start my house cleaning. I have to talk in church tomorrow night for fifteen minutes on the life of Richard Balantyne. It's good I've been saying my talk over before I drop off to sleep at night so I haven't had to worry about preparing that today. Some nights I haven't got through the first paragraph, and



Dean and Jessie, Ronald and Laraine Kent, Corinne, Pete and Diane Below

somehow or other I just can't wake up at 4:00 a.m. to go over my lines. I believe I know it pretty good anyway. By the time that's over with I'll have all my jobs caught up so I can relax and enjoy my trip to Chicago. So you see I've really been pretty busy this week...

Hope you are having fun and enjoying your trip to St. George. I'm really enjoying all this activity so don't think I am overdoing. We want to do a little Christmas shopping in Chicago with the girls so I'm not fretting too much about that, but I do have my packages all wrapped that I have bought so far.

I haven't had a chance to see any of the family much but talked to them on the phone and they seem to be O.K. I talked to LaVon this morning to see if she had any news about your return but she said she was sure you were staying for a while. I saw Ora and Stan the other day and they informed me they have ordered their boy. Ora had just been to the doctor for a shot as she had been feeling quite sick to her stomach. I guess you knew about it but I was surprised. Have fun — and we will send you a card from Chicago.

Love, Jess

Corinne writes, Mom loved her children and their welfare was the most important thing in her life. My car accident near Kingman, Arizona on Thanksgiving Day, 1962, marked a turning point in my life and in the life of the other members of our family.

I had just purchased a new Corvair and was living in Phoenix where I worked as a secretary. Mom and Dad invited Mary and Nathan to drive to Las Vegas where they planned to meet us at the Stardust Hotel for Thanksgiving. My roommate, Rose Mary, had just gotten her driver's license. The road from Kingman Arizona to Las Vegas Nevada was an easy drive straight through the Desert. We stopped for gas and I asked Rose Mary if she wanted to drive.

We were making good time and I was enjoying looking at the scenery. Rosemary was adjusting the air vent. I do not know what happened. . . I remember looking up and seeing the car veer off to the left over the highway. I reached over Rose Mary, grabbed the steering wheel and pulled to the right hard! I over corrected and the Corvair rolled.

Rose Mary was thrown clear of the wreck after the car rolled once. Evidently I was thrown out after it rolled the second time. The roof was smashed into the seats on the third roll--if we had been wearing seat belts and not been thrown free we would have been crushed. As it was, my back was broken and my spine crushed. When I came to, the pain in my back was excruciating and I could not feel my legs. I had just turned twenty-three.

Laraine writes, At the time of the accident, I flew to Phoenix with Grandma Farley. It was determined that Grandma would stay with Mom until Corinne could be brought back home and I would return with Dad to keep him company.

I remember the day we all went to the hospital to say "Good-Bye." After leaving Corinne's room, Dad and I walked down the hall away from her door. Then Dad just broke down and cried. A nurse came to see if she could be of help, but of course, his grief was too much for anyone.

A few weeks later, when Corinne was well enough to fly to Salt Lake, Dad and I drove up for a visit. As I entered the hospital hall I could see someone at the other end walking toward us. I asked Dad who it was and he said, "It is your mother!" She had lost so much weight during those few weeks in Phoenix that I did not recognize her at that distance.

Nineteen-sixty-two was the only year the Johnsons did not have a Christmas tree. Mom just was not up to celebrating. At night, after everyone had gone to bed, Mom's sobs echoed through the house. On Christmas morning the family took presents down to the hospital in Provo for Corinne to open. She was given several night gowns.

"Why do they all have slits up the back," Corinne asked?

It was then she realized she would never walk again, she would be paralyzed for the rest of her life. That night Corinne cried her eyes out. Dad sat at her side and held her hand, "Corinne, do you know how to pray?" he asked and they prayed together for the strength to go on. It was a hard time, a time of adjustment but it brought our family closer.

Corinne continues, I know Mom really worried about me a lot after I graduated from high school and got a job in Provo. It was a hard time for her and we girls didn't cooperate with her very well. She was so concerned about us and wanted to know everything we were doing. She questioned us so much we often refused to tell her anything.

When I went to work in Phoenix, I knew she worried even more. She wrote every week telling me all the news. She and Dad came down on several occasions to make sure I was okay.

Sometimes I feel that the aftermath of the accident caused her illness a few years later. She worried about me so much. She would come to the hospital every day about 6:00 a.m. and wouldn't go home until 11:00 p.m. She hardly ate anything the whole time I was in the hospital in Phoenix--almost a month. She would sit by my bed all day trying to do what she could to make me happy. I guess this was one of the most terrible times of her life.

I know how hard she tried to please me after I came home. One day, as she was lifting me off the toilet she said if only it had happened to her instead of me. She said she had lived her life and that if she could give me her legs she would. I wasn't very nice to her. I told her I didn't want her legs. I told her I would rather be dead than have to live this way. Diane later told me that Mom would come home at night after visiting me at Utah Valley Hospital and cry but I never heard her--not once.

Dad was against our having a dog from the beginning but Mom said if that was what it would take to make me happy then she wanted me to have one. We finally found a little black poodle in North Salt Lake and brought him home about the time Brian was born. Dad said Peppi watered every flower in the carpet before Mom finally got him trained.

Eventually Mom went back to work. I think it was good for her as it helped keep her mind off things at home. Later I got a job in special collections department at the BYU library. The spring of 1963 did bring some joy into our lives as that was when Diane's son Brian was born.

Laraine writes: He was Mom's first grandchild and being a boy, he was special. How proud Mom and Dad were of him. In 1965, Diane and Pete were living in California and I was planning to marry so when Mom and Dad visited Diane they decided to bring Brian back with them until Diane came home a month later for the wedding. Mom just radiated when she had little Brian around. I was working at General American at that time and she would drive over to pick me up for lunch each day. Peppi and Brian sat beside her in the car and Mom arrived grinning from ear to ear. Ron and I were married on April 16, 1965.

The only piece of advice Dad gave me was: "When Ron wants to take you places, go with him. Just leave whatever you are doing and go." This was how Mom treated Dad and I am sure it meant a lot to him.

About a month and a half after my marriage Mom wasn't feeling well so she was admitted to the hospital for tests. Thinking it was ulcers she was operated on June 1, 1965. I came home from work about 5:00 p.m. We were living in Grandma Farley's attic apartment. Grandma came out to the car and said that they had not heard anything from Dad and she was concerned about Mom. She thought I ought to go down to the hospital and see if I could find him. I did and as I was walking up to the entrance Dad came out. He put his arms around me and walked with me to the car. "Your Mom has cancer and is not expected to live very long," he said.

CORINNE RECALLS JESSIE'S LAST ILLNESS

I got home from work that day about 5:30. I think Dad called a little after that and told me everything. It was such a shock. I could hardly believe it. Dad came home and called all his brothers and Mom's family to a meeting at our house. He told them everything. It was decided that Mom would not be told she would die soon as she was a great worrier and always feared she would die of cancer.

Dad simply told Mom her stomach had been removed and the doctors thought they had gotten it all. The truth was that they had taken out as much as they could and she had less than a year.

I am sure Mom suspected the truth but she never said anything to us. The doctors told us how weak she would be and that she would not be able to do anything when she got home but they did not know her. She was up almost immediately doing all the things she had always done.

We cherished the next nine months. That summer Mom and Dad, along with Mary and Nathan drove the new Lincoln to the East Coast. This was the highlight of our summer. When they reached New York City I flew out to meet them.



Nathan and d Mary flew back home while we went to the World's Fair, saw "What's New Pussy Cat" on Broadway and went up state to the Hill Cummorah Pageant. We returned thorough Logan so we could visit Fram and Lucille.

That Thanksgiving (1965) Mom had all the Johnson family over for dinner. She cooked the entire meal herself. I think she wanted to prove that she was well and that nothing could stop her.

Mom went Christmas shopping in Salt Lake that year and stopped to visit Diane. She said she was tired but we encouraged her to keep going. "But I'm dying," she said with a half-smile.

There were many wonderful presents that year. Laraine got a baby crib for her first child who was due about the first of January. Mom was so thrilled for Ron and Laraine. She told me how Ron came down to their room the night Jeff was born just "giggling." After decades without any boys in the family Mom and Dad now had three grandsons--baby Jeff, and their two Belov grandsons, Brian who was two and Dean, six months old.

In late February, Mom and Dad left for their dream vacation to Hawaii. We all went to the airport to see them off. Little Brian, kept asking to go with them. "I didn't go did I?" he remarked as the plane flew off. Mom probably would have taken him if she could. She had spent a lot of time with Brian and really loved him

We all remember how wonderful she looked the day they returned. The plane arrived early so she met us at the mosaic map in middle of the main terminal. Her hair was beautifully done and she was wearing a blue knit suit. She had a hibiscus lei around her neck but looked tired.

The only indication that she was ill came two nights later. Mom, Dad and I were going to a basketball game at the "Y" and Mom asked Dad to drive her to the entrance of the Smith Field House because she was too tired to walk from the parking lot. Little did we know how soon she would be gone.

She died ten days after returning from Hawaii. She was really sick only about two or three days. Dad knew she was dying and took her to Logan for one last visit with Fram and Lucille. Carla came home from school to find her mother and Mom in the back bedroom talking. Lucille was promising to take care of us. It was a promise she kept for over half a century.

Dean had planned to stay in Logan for several days but they only stayed overnight and then drove to Salt Lake for a visit with Diane. Mom was so weak she could not get out of the car.

Finally Dad drove her to Dr. Mineer's office in Provo and asked if there was anything he could do for her.

"Dean we can put Jessie in the hospital and she will probably live for a couple of weeks. It is your decision. We will do whatever you want."

Dad brought her home. Dr. Mineer had given him instructions on how to inject morphine for pain relief. I remember coming home from work that night. I guess Mom had been lying in bed all day. Dad had told her that the doctors did not expect her to recover. He asked me to stay with her until he could get a prescription filled. I sat by her side and tried to think of something to say. I felt completely helpless. I wanted to tell her I loved her but just could not say the words.

"I don't want to die," she said.

I assured her that everything would be all right. Dad finally returned and gave her a shot. She was in my bedroom upstairs because it was too hard for her to go down to her bedroom in the basement. I spent the night on the couch so Dad could be with her.

The next morning about 5:00 a.m. Dad came to me in tears. He told me to hurry, "Your mother is going," he said. By the time I got to the bedroom she was gone. I took her hand. It was already beginning to feel cold. Dad was kneeling by her with his arms around her just sobbing.

Dad told me about the long talk he had with her the day before. She had wondered about her condition but no one had confirmed her worst fears. Her main concern was for us, "How could you carry this burden alone?" she asked.

Mom wondered if she would recognize little Carl Dean. She worried because she did not know the scriptures like she felt she should. "Everything will work out." Dad answered, "You will recognize Carl Dean and you don't need to know the scriptures, you lived them."

Before Mom's viewing Dad called us together and reminded us to wear beautiful clothing and to smile. "This is not a sad occasion," he explained, "it is a happy one because Mom is happy and no longer has to suffer."

We did our best but when Grandma Farley stood at the casket and said, "I would give anything in this world to change places with her." It was more than any of us could bear. Tears flowed. It was March, 1966 and Jessie was only fifty-six years old. She was six years younger than her grandmother Mary Johnanna Rasmussen, who had died of cancer at the young age of sixty-two.

Mom was a loving, giving, selfless person. Her one fault was that she was too good to us. We wished she had lived long enough for us to become friends rather than the young, self-centered women we were then. We have been promised in scriptures we will not be given a burden too heavy to bear. Perhaps Mom died young because it would have been hard for her to go through Dad's illness.

DEAN WEDS PHYLLIS FARLEY



By January 1967 Dean was dating. Corinne complained that living with him was like having a younger brother whom you ought to be monitoring. Dean was in demand. Of his many women friends, Phyllis Farley seemed to be the only one who did not pursue him. Others called inviting him to movies, firesides or singles dances. Sometimes he came home in the wee hours of the morning. Dean got so run down with all this social activity that he contracted a bad case of the flu which settled in the area of his sinuses. As he recovered, he noticed that he could not raise his left eye brow and the left side of his face felt numb. Gradually, it became paralyzed. Dean went to a doctor in Provo who diagnosed bell palsy, explaining that there was no remedy and the paralysis would eventually go away. The doctor could not explain why Dean was experiencing so much pain.

He suggested an operation to sever a nerve behind his ear. The surgery was performed but was unsuccessful.

Dean complained. The doctor asked what type of business he was in. "I am a dairy farmer," he replied.

“Mr. Johnson, do you ever make mistakes in your work?” He asked.

“Yes, of course” he replied.

“Sometimes we doctors do too.”



Phyllis was the daughter of Vilate Loveless and Theodore Farley, Carl Farley's brother. The family included standing from left, Mildred or Mink Rohbock, (Jessie's best friend), LaMar Farley, Hazel Peterson, Fenton Farley and Phyllis. Seated: Theodore, named after both his both his father and grandfather, and Phyllis' mother, Vilate Loveless.

Dean liked Phyllis, and began to lose interest in other girlfriends. He was thinking about remarriage when he had a dream. Mother came to him and told him that if she had to share him with someone she preferred it be her first cousin Phyllis..

Jenny wrote in her journal: “June 31, 1967 - Dean and Phyllis were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They did not want any publicity. Phyllis' sister, Mildred and Hazle and husband and Dean daughter's Diane, Laraine and husbands and Corinne attended the ceremony.. Fram and Lucille also came down from Logan. After the ceremony we all enjoyed a dinner at a Chinese restaurant. They will honeymoon in the Southern Canyons where they took a boat trip down the Colorado River.”

Dean's condition grew worse. His head felt like a nail was being pounded into his brain and he wondered if he had a brain tumor. Often at night, he and Phyllis walked up and down the oiled road behind their house because it was impossible for him to sleep. Finally the pain became so severe he called a niece in California to asked if she could schedule an appointment at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center. After making inquiries, Connie Cameron called to report that the University of Utah was one of

the best diagnostic hospitals west of the Mississippi. California doctors suggested Dean make an appointment there. Tests revealed Dean suffered from a brain tumor.

He had surgery in the fall of 1969. Three malignant tumors were removed--two the size of dimes, and a third about the size of a nickel. All had connecting tissue. The surgeon took out everything he could. He told relatives gathered at the hospital that it was a matter of time--one year, perhaps two. Dean felt bad that he did not go to the University of Utah hospital when he first became ill. Three years later he died at home. It was January 12, 1971, less than five years after Jessie died.

Corrine and Everett Young Family — 2013



Michael & Rachel with Kaijah, below & Aria (held by Corinne); Nicole & Jared Conley with Indi (held by Everett)
David and Nalani with Kawika, Emma and Ammon. Aron (held by his mother.)

Diane and Tom Stokoe Family - 2011



Brian and Dayna Belov family on left with Megan above and Mckinna on the grass. Grandchildren Chelsey & Andrew Belov with Schroeder (held by Diane). Dean Belov and Matt Belov flank Chelsey & Andrew. Newlyweds Neil and Corinne Stokoe. David and Nikki Stokoe family on right . Nikki holding Lola next to son Cole. Sophie seated in the white chair.

Laraine & Ron Kent Family



Standing Seth Kent, Jeff Kent and Shelley with daughters Jady and Jenna,. Jeff's sons Tyson and Steffen flank their uncle Todd. Laraine's daughters Erika and Eryn stand below them. Michael and Ashley Kent family on right with children clockwise from Scarlett (on Michael's lap) Drake, Lilly and Olivia. Mark and Cortnie Kent family at left with Gage and Daily (on Mraks lap.)