

CHAPTER 11

MARY JANE TERRY FARLEY

My father, Elias Adolphus (Dolf) Terry, was born on the 2nd of March, 1856, at Ogden, Utah; My mother, Mary Johannah Rasmussen, was born on the 26th of December, 1863, at South Jordan, Utah. They were married on the 17th of May, 1883, in the Salt Lake Endowment House, and were living in Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah, when I was born.



Mary Johanna is seated 3rd from left on front row. Dolf is seated above her right shoulder in this photo of Fairview's M.I.A. leaders taken before their daughter Mary Jane (Jennie) was born.

It was in October, 1885, that I came to share their home. There was some debate whether I arrived after twelve, so mother thought it best to say October 1. Well, I really had a good start because I weighed 10 lbs., and Grandpa Terry said my hands were big enough to wash dishes. Everyone who came in had to hold the new baby, as was the custom in those days. So when I was five days old, I was very sick, and they were afraid I was going to die. Grandpa Terry blessed me and gave me the name of Mary Jane, Mary after my mother, and Jane, for my Grandmother. But I fooled them and got well and just kept growing.

Grandpa Terry always called me "Janie" as long as he lived, and he treated me like I was special. He was a grand man; most of his grandchildren have said the same thing, we were all extra special to Grandpa Terry.

Uncle Ed and Aunt Becky Terry lived on the west corner of the block from us. They had quite a lot of children. Their Jessie was just two weeks older than I, and had a crippled foot. We

loved each other dearly and were always very close friends as well as cousins. I was big and strong, she was small; I always sort of took care of her. "Jennie and Jessie". Our mothers made dresses alike for us and when Jessie's sister, Trissa, got diphtheria and our mothers came to the dividing fence to talk, we sneaked over and were playing together when they noticed us. We started school together and went to Sunday School together. I remember my Grandpa Rasmussen, just inside the door, passing out merits to all us kids as we came to Sunday school. We would keep these merits (which were a little larger than a postage stamp) until we got 10, then we'd exchange them for a larger one, and keep saving until Christmas Eve. There would be a large Christmas tree at the Church and someone would read off the names and the number of merits for each child. Then Teacher would pass out presents, the more merits, the better the present. So, we'd try not to miss any Sunday school and get as many as we could.

When we were eight years old our folks took us down to the Manti Temple to be baptized. Jessie was timid, so I was baptized first. Afterward they took us through the Temple, and we climbed the winding stairs clear to the top, where we could see all over the Valley. We were always proud to say we were baptized in the Manti Temple by John L. Bench, the father of one of our teachers.

Of course, we started school together when we were six. We had just one book each, the first reader, second reader, etc. I think the fifth reader was the highest. Of course we would have a speller, writing book, history and geography books, and we had one about crabs and things too. The teacher taught us nice songs. I remember on special occasions two rooms would meet together and have a program. One teacher would lead one side and the other, the other side, and we'd sing rounds like "Little Tom Tinker," "Three Blind Mice" and "Row, Row, Row Your Boat". We surely enjoyed that.

At recess we'd have a wonderful time. Sometimes we'd play house which was built with a row of rocks for its walls, and we'd use rabbit brush for brooms. Our dishes were pieces of broken plates, etc. Other times we'd play ball, mostly Danish ball, or One Old Cat. I really liked that more than playing house. Then there was the game of hop scotch, and Jacks. Jessie and I would play jacks by the hour. Mother had a nice gray wool shawl we'd fold and lay on the floor. Our jacks were marbles, and if we could have a "glassie" for a taw, that was really something.

There were a lot of cousins in our neighborhood, and at night sometimes we would play games; run sheep run, hide and seek, touch me last, stink base, "Here we come gathering nutsy-May", and others. One time when running real hard I fell down and put my right elbow out of place. My cousin, Hyrum, took hold of it and pushed in such a way that the bones went back in place, but it swelled up terribly. Pa went out and got sage brush, cooked it and bathed my arm in sagebrush tea. I remember I cried and said, "It's my right arm, too."

Hyrum was named after his mother's Uncle, Dr. Hyrum Winters, of Mt. Pleasant, and he thought he would be a doctor too. We all thought he would make a good one after he fixed my arm. But he didn't; money was too scarce by the time he should have gone to medical school.

February 23, 1889, my father left his home in Fairview and went on a mission to Virginia, where he labored two years, then returned home on March, 1891. Two families of converts came with him, the Lawhorns and the Hamiltons. I remember we went up to the station to meet him, but the train was several hours late. They let me go to sleep on the station bench. When they saw the train coming, Mother woke me up and I could see the light of the train as it came and finally stopped at the station. The folks took all those people into their home and cared for them until they got places to live in of their own. It seemed like mother always had someone extra in her home, first her brothers, Andrew and Amasa, then these people, and several homeless orphan girls were taken in and given a home. I remember Addie DeWitt, Louise Peterson, and others.



Jenny with parents, Mary Johanna and Elias Adolphus Terry

I was an only child until my brother, Elias Milton, was born on the 23 of July, 1894. And were we happy to have him! He had the most beautiful clear blue eyes. As he grew older mother would let me take him for a ride in the baby carriage. One day in going through a ditch of water I tipped him out, into the water. I remember running home with him in my arms, both of us very much frightened, but he wasn't hurt. Another time, before he could walk alone, he was on the porch standing behind a stool used as a wash bench, when he started pushing it toward the edge of the porch. Ma saw him, but couldn't get there in time, so it went over the edge; he hit the gravel on his face, his body flipped over, and Ma thought his neck was broken. I ran as fast as I could for Grandma. He had an awful bump on his head and his face was scratched up by the gravel, but he soon recovered.

My father and his brothers owned a saw mill up on the mountain east of Fairview where they would saw lumber and mother would go up and cook for the men. I remember one time they had a cook who was not a very good housekeeper. When mother got there she cleaned the place up, scrubbing the floor with a broom, then soaking it in warm suds and going over it again until it was clean. She even used a hoe to scrape the dirt off. When the men came in, one said, "We used to have to clean our feet when we went out, but now we have to clean them when we come in."

It was sure fun to play in the big sawdust pile. We would dig holes, and tunnels, and roll down. One day one of the little girls buried her rag doll in the sawdust and we never did find it.

Father had a dog named "Kiser". After he went on his mission, Kiser surely missed him. He finally followed some of the men up to the saw mill. One day a log fell on him and broke his back.

In the summer of 1891 father returned from his mission. Grandpa Terry and his sons moved a log house from Fairview to Manti and put it right next to the east side of Temple Hill in Manti so that they would have a place to stay when working in the Temple. It had a big fireplace in one end, two tiers of bunk beds along the wall, a cupboard, table and a few chairs. The lower bunks were used to sit on. Every winter several of the Terry families would spend a month or two at Manti. In 1892 Grandpa and six of his sons and their wives did a lot of work in the Temple. It was this year that Grandpa and six of his sons had their picture taken together.

I remember one time when I was there in Manti with Mother, several people were snoring. I woke up suddenly, very frightened, and said, "Ma, Ma! There's pigs in the house."

Sometimes two or three of us older kids were brought along to tend the babies while the mothers were in the Temple. They could only do work for one person each day, beginning about eight or nine o'clock in the morning and getting home around 5:00 pm. The evenings would be spent visiting, singing songs, etc.

Late in October, 1895, father and Uncle Will Terry went over the mountain to get wood. They got their wagons loaded and started home. Uncle Will was ahead and never dreamed of Pa not getting along all right. But when Pa began to get cold and tried to get his bedding to wrap up in, it had gotten lodged in the logs and he couldn't get it loose. He couldn't get Uncle Will's attention for help, so he just had to let the horses go home. He got there about ten o'clock that night; I'll never forget how sick he was when he came to the door. Mother immediately sent for Grandma Levee, while she tried to get him warmed up. I remember they wrapped him up in quilts and set some alcohol on fire under the chair. They called it an "alcohol bath". He contracted a very bad case of pneumonia, and ten days later on the 9th of November, 1895, he died.

Father was a member of the Fairview Brass Band. He played the Bass drum. One night

they were having a rather difficult time with one of their tunes, and father said jokingly, "You can play this at my funeral", which they did. I remember the band marching in the funeral procession. They carried the drum, all decorated with black ribbon, at the head of the band, the wagons following along behind. I'll never forget the details of the burial at the Cemetery. In the grave was a box made of two inch planks, just large enough to hold the coffin. A man got down in the grave with a foot on either side of the box and laid the boards crosswise over the coffin. Then came the terrible hollow sound as they began filling the grave with dirt and clods of soil. We all stayed until it was all covered over and the head board placed to mark in the new grave. I don't remember any flowers.

Milton was about one and a half years old. Sometimes he would stand in the doorway at home and call, "Oh, Pa".

Mother had always had a great interest in the Brigham Young Academy, so the year after father died, in the late summer of 1896 we moved to Provo. Milton was two and I was eleven years old at that time. Mother rented a house in the northeast part of town and took in boarders.

There was a flowing well that served several families. The water tasted awful. (It was artesian water.) Mother wondered if it was fit to wash clothes in, but Mrs. Newell assured her that it was all right. We finally got used to it. I can't say I liked to drink it, but got so I could, not minding it too much.

Professor Ed Hinckley lived in the house in front of ours, and Myron Newell just north of us. They had several children. Flora and Emma were about my age, so we became friends. Across the street west Professor E. H. Holt lived, and a niece, Goldie Gillespie, lived with him. A block west lived Brother Joseph B. Keeler; his daughter, Beulah, was just my age, and we became very good friends. Beulah and Goldie both attended the B. Y. training school, so of course, that was where I wanted to go. I went to the Public school just one day and didn't like it, so mother saw Bishop J. B. Keeler and he arranged for me to go to the B.Y.A. Training school. Miss Alexander was my first teacher.

We all liked her, and when she finished her training and was sent somewhere else, we kids decided to send a petition to the faculty to let us have her back in place of Miss Higgs, the regular teacher. But nothing came of it, so we just had to make the best of having Miss Higgs. School was held in the building where the First Security Bank is now situated in Provo. Among my teachers at school there were Jennie Brimhall, President George H. Brimhall's daughter, Mary Woodruff, daughter of President Wilford Woodruff, Earnest Partridge, Ella Larsen, and others.

Of course, any special programs or lectures at the B.Y.A. were especially enjoyed by mother. The second year we moved half a block west into Mrs. Dusenberry's house, then a year or two later into one room of Gee's home. Mother went to the Brigham Young Academy that winter while Sister Gee took care of Milton.



B. Y. Academy M.I.A. photo. Mary Johanna is sitting on the lawn, second from the left.

I remember how badly I wanted a bicycle, but that was out of the question. We just couldn't afford it. Every chance I had, I would ride on my friends' bikes.

The next year Mother sold the home in Fairview to her brother-in-law, Ole Lassen, and bought a brick home two blocks north of the B.Y.A., and took boarders again. Grandma Severine came to live with us then. She had her loom and wove carpets and rugs, as well as helping mother by washing dishes, ironing, etc. There was a nice large room over the cellar in the back of our house that mother fixed up for Grandma and that's where she had her loom and where she lived.

There were quite a number of young people from Fairview going to school in Provo and Mother would have a big Thanksgiving dinner and invite them all to our house, and very often on Sundays they would come there. In addition to our regular boarders, some of these young people lived with us; Irene Cox, Sylvia Anderson, Owen Sanderson, and others.

During the summers, Mother and I would go to the farms and pick berries, and Milton was always with us. We worked for George Ekins in Pleasant View. The old Grandmother didn't think I was old enough to pick clean. One day she came along behind me and said, "Here's a big bunch of berries, right in plain sight." I sure felt bad, until mother found a big bunch left on the Grandmother's row. One time we went out on Provo Bench to the Partridge farm to pick

strawberries. They had a row of sour cherry trees that grew alongside of the patch. Milton said, "I sure like these strawberries that grow on trees."

I guess it was in the summer of 1899 Mother hitched Old Doll to the buggy and took us out on the Bench to Dennis Davis' farm and got watermelons and other fruit. We paid five or ten cents each for the melons. After we got back Mother was tired, so she lay down to rest a while. Milton went to the neighbors next door to play with Verl Haws. He had a sand pile. Soon after, Milton came home crying, holding his hand over his right eye, the blood running down his cheek. Verl had thrown a broken beer bottle. Milton had raised up just in time to be hit right in his eye. We called Dr. Allen. He came, and with Dr. Robinson's help, took four stitches right in the eyeball to close the three-cornered cut. Later he came to remove the stitches. It was on a Sunday and Milton had just eaten a good dinner. They gave him chloroform, and Milton was so sick. He vomited terribly. Of course, he lost the sight of that right eye and it hurt and bothered him all the rest of his life.

I remember we had a pretty hard time. I had holes in my shoes and no money to buy more. But I did have a good pair of rubbers. So I wore the rubbers to cover up the holes in my shoes.



In January, 1900, Mother married my father's brother, Otis L. Terry, whose wife had died 20 October, 1898, leaving a family of eight children. So, with Milton and me and our parents, we made an even dozen, quite difference from the small family we had been before. Uncle Nephi came and moved Grandma Severine back to Lyman, Wyoming. Her son, my Uncle Jacob,

lived there with his family. They got her a little house and she set up her loom, renewed old acquaintances and made many friends. We moved back to Fairview.

The next summer Mother and I and several of my cousins came to Provo and picked raspberries on Provo Bench for David Stratton and Newell Knight. Phyllinda and Martha took care of the family while we were gone. Later we went up in the mountains east of Fairview and picked wild raspberries for bottling.

On 28 November, 1900, Phyllinda was married to Peter Nielson in the Manti Temple. They had a wedding reception in our home, and served a full course dinner to everyone.

A little new brother, Amasa Vivian, was born 21 February, 1901. In the spring we moved back to Provo Bench. We sold the home in Provo, as well as the property in Fairview, and bought the Richard Carter home on Church street on Provo Bench. All the moving was done by wagon and horses. On the last trip from Fairview most of the family came in the white top, not a buggy, but lighter than a wagon. Peter came with a load in his wagon; Charley, Martha and I came in our wagon, and it was our job to bring the cows. I was supposed to know the way and tell Charley which way to drive, but I missed the Springville cut-off and we found ourselves and the cows in Spanish Fork. By the time we got back to Springville, the cows were give out and we had to leave them at a farmer's corral about one-half the way between Springville and Provo. The folks came back for them the next day.



Mary Johanna Rasmussen and Otis Terry with children in front of their home on Provo Bench

The baby and Milton were both sick. Milton had an abscess just under his ear. It looked almost like mumps, only it was real red and inflamed, and finally had to be lanced. He soon got well, and everyone worked with a will, getting the farm work done. We planted fruit trees, strawberry and raspberry plants and a garden, not forgetting Mother's flowers. She always had lovely flowers. She loved this valley, called it the "Garden spot of Utah", even remarking that the meadowlarks sang, "Provo's a pretty little place". We laughed at Milton when he called to the one on the other end of his strawberry row, "Better hurry up, I'm beatin' you."



Mary Johanna Rasmussen and Otis L. Terry with their combined family. Jenny is standing behind her stepfather who was also her uncle.

In the summers we picked strawberries and raspberries until our own berry patches began to bear fruit. We picked cherries, and we worked in the cannery which was run by Newell Knight. In that way we earned money for our own clothes and even helped buy a sack of flour when needed.

There were now four girls in our family, and we had the responsibility of planning the meals and doing all the work. We took turns doing the different chores. Martha and Fanny

would plan the meals, do the cooking, make bread, churn, wash dishes and take care of the kitchen, while Roselee and I did the bed making, cleaning and the front rooms. Each week, we'd exchange jobs. And Mother was not by any means idle while we learned from experience how to manage a home.

After we had been on Provo Bench a year or so, Fanny went to Taylorsville to live with her father's sister, Emma Jane Bennion.

Nearly every summer, some of our Fairview cousins would come and pick berries for us. I remember one Fourth of July we made a freezer of ice cream and a nice lunch, and all piled in the wagon and went to the lake. We always had such fun, swimming, etc., but this time it was cold and stormy, it even snowed a little. So we came back home and made a fire in the kitchen stove to get warm by and ate our picnic lunch. After the berry season was over, the whole family and all the pickers would go to the canyon for a picnic, sometimes staying overnight.

The first automobile I remember seeing was when Roselee and Vera Sallsbury graduated from the 8th grade. They had their graduation exercises over at Pleasant Grove. Martha and I went with them in our one-horse buggy. There was no top on it, and the seat was just wide enough for two, so we had to sit on each other's laps. I was driving; old Maud was the horse. We were coming home just about to the Lindon Hill when this auto came by. Old Maud was frightened and whirled around, dumping the three girls onto the ground, right between the two wheels. I was pulling full strength upon the lines and stopped her long enough for the girls to crawl from between the wheels before she started to run. I soon got her stopped and went back to pick up the girls. They weren't hurt, only a bad bruise on Vera's hip. After that when we saw a car coming, we would pull over to the side of the road, get out and hold the horse's bit. A bit – fits in a horse's mouth.

After mother's marriage to Uncle Otis, my schooling was interrupted until the fall after we moved to Provo Bench. I went back to the B. Y. A. and finished 7th grade. On the last day of school the Principal, Brother Woodward, told me because of my good marks they were going to graduate me with the 8th grade students, by conditioning me in one or two classes. I was glad, of course, to graduate, but was always sorry for the conditions that were written on the back of my certificate.

The next year the folks rented a room from Mrs. Stark, where Martha, Charley and I lived and went to B. Y. Academy. We would go home for the weekends and stay there during week. I also took music lessons from Mrs. Stark.

I remember I was going to one of the grades at the time they changed the Brigham Young Academy to the Brigham Young University. Also, I was at the assembly honoring Carl G. Maeser on his last birthday. Annie Pike had given an original tribute in verse. He was an old man, his hair was white as snow; he rose to thank her, put his arms around her, and kissed her. It was very touching. It was about this time when Annie Pike wrote the song of the "B. Y. A.", which was later changed to "Then Cheer Anew for the B. Y. U." and became the official school

song. We really sang it with spirit.

In the spring of 1903 an epidemic of scarlet fever hit the Bench. We got it in our family, thinking it was just bad colds, until Milton and Amasa were so sick, they called Dr. Westwood. He said it was scarlet fever. They kept getting worse, until on April 20th Milton died, and Amasa passed away four days later. Because of it being such a contagious disease, no funerals were held. Mother and I made the clothes, and they were buried in the simplest of caskets, which were carried to the Provo Cemetery in our white top, the family following in another wagon.

It had been a real struggle, trying to go to school. Our family was large, and there was not much money, and this was the terrible finish to my education.

It was during this sad time that Uncle Otis was asked to be bishop of the Timpanogos Ward. He accepted, of course, and served for a good many years in this capacity.

Martha and I went out and did housework for different people. Our pay was the staggering sum of \$1.25 per week. It might be interesting to note that the pay for picking strawberries was 10 cents per case, and they weren't twelve cup cases, either; it was more like twelve quarts. If we worked real hard we could make 60 cents per day.

I can't remember when I learned to sew on a sewing machine. I was never too enthused over hand sewing, but loved to sew on the machine, making quilt blocks, doll clothes, and then my own clothes. Mother was good at dress-making; she also did fancy work, and I always watched her and wanted to learn. She made hair flowers from locks of hair from friends. While I never made one, I did learn how it was done. She also made flowers of wool yarn, and this too, I learned. I learned to knit and crochet (I knit my doll a pair of striped stockings), and Grandma Severine taught me to make buttonholes. Before I was married I sent to Sears, Roebuck and Company for a sewing machine. It cost less than \$20 for the machine and freight. Martha got hers about the same time I sent for mine, only she got hers from Montgomery Ward. I learned to clean and oil my machine and it served me well for many, many, years. I made my own wedding dress and helped Vilate and Adleen make theirs.

While living in Salt Lake after I was married, I did some sewing for others. All of the clothing had to be made in those days; I made the most beautiful long dresses and petticoats for my babies, with lace, embroidery and fine tucks. Mine always wore long clothes until they were "shortened" when about four months old. I sewed for my family of seven children; dresses, petticoats, aprons, etc., for the girls, and shirts and trousers for the boys. Our first garments were made of bleach and canton flannel. Later I made mine of vole. Dad was proud of the blue chambray shirt I made for him, although we did buy his shirts, always blue for every day. We bought them for years at Penney's for 49 cents each. And he wore blue denim bib overalls.

I made Stan's first suit out of a sport coat that had belonged to Grandpa Farley. It had to be pieced, but I did it in such a way that the piecing didn't show. It was real cute, and my family

was proud of my workmanship.



Jennie at age 14

My very first quilt was a nine-patch that I started to piece when a little girl and finished for my trousseau. I had a crazy patch quilt made of wool pieces and embroidered with different bright colored yarn, and a log cabin quilt.

We had a shoe last, and we always half-soled the children's shoes, also our own. I loved to do carpenter work. In fact, I was a "Jack of all trades and master of none", but it was fun. (A shoe last is a metal form used by a shoemaker to make or repair shoes.)

Going back to the days before my marriage, the young people entertained themselves by going to dances, home dramatics, playing games at home, buggy riding and choir practice, etc. I was tall, compared to my smaller step-sisters, and was quite choosy about my dates. I had a number of boyfriends, but none had particular appeal, until I started going out with Carl Farley, the "tall, dark and handsome" of my dreams. In his history I tell of how we first started going together. Much of our dating was done in the company with brothers and sisters, both his and mine. There were Dick and Vilate, Pearl and Frank, Ivern and Martha, and we had a jolly time. We danced at the Utahna and went to plays at the Provo Opera House. In cold weather Ivern would say, "The way to get warm is to sing". And sing we did, with gusto and pleasure, and with harmony, for we all had good voices.

Mary Jane "Jennie" Terry Farley, 86, 193 West 4th South, Orem, Utah, died Thursday afternoon, March 30, 1972, at her home, of complications of a leg which she had broken in January. She caught her heel on a mat on the doorstep and fell. Until that time she was in good health, active, and still driving her own car. For more information see Otis Lysander Terry and His Family, written by Mary Jane (Jennie) Terry Farley and published in November, 1992.