

Chapter 4

“They Twain Shall be One”

Starry eyed and full of dreams;
Young man and maid sail down life’s stream
They knowing nothing of the coming years
Of the joys, or sorrows, or of the tears;
They just sail along through all kinds of weather
Facing the good, the bad; always together.



The morning broke with the temperature at 20o below zero. It was December 16, 1931, our wedding day. Chores were done and my parents and I left the house at 6:00 A.M. I collected Uncle August and Aunt Ruth. We were a few minutes late arriving at the Farleys. Jess’s dad was nervous and and excited and wondering what happened to his future son-in-law.

Finally we were on our way. Besides our car, the farley car was loaded with Dad and Mom Farley, Uncle Dick and Aunt Late and Melda and Reed. The trip to Manti was somewhat hazzardous because of road conditions and the extreme cold and snow. However we arrived a few minuets before 8:00 A.m. and in time to go through the first session. We went through the various rooms of the Temple and into the sealing room. There we knelt with clasped hands over the

alter of our God, surrounded by our loved ones. Our marriage and sealing was performed by President Anderson of the Manti Temple.

At the close of the ceremony amidst joy and tears we first kissed as husband and wife. Jess’s dad was crying and our tears were falling too. The entire room of relatives had tears of joy in their eyes. My dad was kissing Jessie’s mother. As there was no provision in the ceremony for an exchange of rings, we sought seclusion behind the door of the sealing room and I placed the ring on the finger of my new bride.

We bid farewell to the Farley family and went to the home of Franci’s mother where a wedding dinner was served. All the Madsen relatives were present to honor us on this day. After a sumptuous meal and an afternoon of visiting, we returned to our newly furnished home in Lake

View. Aunt Nora Taylor had kept the home fires burning in the old coal heater and a pitcher of hot cocoa and fruit cake awaited our return.

The Farley family had arranged a wedding reception for us in the old Timpanogos Amusement Hall. It was decided to move the reception to the Lincoln High Gym because of the many friends and relatives that were expected. It seemed that one happy event after another was crowding into our young lives. An article in the Daily Harold described our reception. It read in part: "The bride was lovely in an exquisite gown of white silk chiffon and lace, which touched the floor. Her filmy white tulle veil was held in place at the back of the head by a narrow wreath of orange blossoms, which fitted closely to the ruffled veiling. A dainty band of rhinestones was worn across the top of the head. White silk moire slippers with rhinestone buckles completed the pretty costume. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of pale pink roses and sweet peas, tied with a large maline bow.

It was the Christmas Holidays. Jessie had been given a two week vacation from her work and we had a wonderful time visiting relatives and friends being entertained at parties, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with each other. We even held an open house at our new home. More than 200 relatives and friends called during the afternoon and evening to view our numerous and handsome wedding gifts which we had on display.

It was a bitter cold winter that year. The house was drafty and cold. The north bedroom was so cold the quilts would freeze to the bottom of the bed and by morning the hot water bottle was frozen to ice. I rigged up a string affair where we could lay in bed and turn the radio on and off at will. After Jess's vacation ended, I drove her to work each day, ran the household, did the cooking and even learned to bake "good pies." Our social life included going to picture shows, visiting with our families, attending a few parties, going to church and taking care of our church responsibilities.

Money was scarce so our food supplies were rather meager. Jess was making about \$50.00 a month working at Provo Reservoir Company as a stenographer. Of this we paid \$40.00 on bills and tried to get along on the remaining \$10.00. Usually we were a little behind and had to borrow from Lucille at the end of each month. We always paid her back on the first of the month and then again borrowed at the end of the month. If it had not been for the two meals a week we had 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 for us, and she put up most of our fruit each summer.

I did not get any employment until along in the spring which I was operating our few acres and working some for our neighbors. I was glad to work for \$2.00 a day and did most any kind of work. It was a happy time in our life despite the financial difficulties.

Often we invited our families and friends over to eat with us. One night we had a dinner party for about twelve of our friends and cousins from Lake View. I cooked the entire meal

myself. Jess was late getting home from work and when she arrived the house was in readiness, the meal cooked and it was not long before our guests arrived. We remember a time when we were able to purchase hamburger for 8 cents a pound. We served a delicious meat loaf for 32 cents. Milk was selling for 14 quarts for one dollar. We had our own cow that Dad had given us as a wedding present and so had plenty of milk and cream. We also churned our own butter.

One afternoon our little home nearly went up in flames. I was hurrying to get cleaned up to meet Jess after she got through work. I came in from the fields and as it was summer and there was no hot water (all our water had to be heated on the old coal stove.) I hurriedly lit the gas stove that we used on trips to the canyon. I had not taken time to take the necessary precautions and the next thing I knew the whole thing was in flames. I grabbed the throw run off the kitchen floor, threw it over the stove and heaved the whole thing out of the door just as it exploded.

Two of the windows on the south side of the house were blown out in the explosion. A hole was burned in the front of my underwear about the size of a dinner plate and the curly black hair singed off my chest. George Scott, our neighbor to the south came running through the fields followed by his two grandsons. He yelled out loudly: "My God Dean what are you trying to do, blow up the place?" Once more someone up there must have been looking out for me as I was not injured.

One weekend we went to Beaver Dan to visit with Joe Durfey in our little old Whippet and burned out a conrod. We could get 30 miles to the gallon on gas but only about 100 miles to the conrod. So the spring of 1932 we traded our Whippet in for a 1930 Model A Ford coupe with a rumble seat in the trunk. We were really proud of our new car.

On January 29, 1933 I was called to be first counselor in the Lake View Ward Bishopric. Ernil Williamson was Bishop and Thomas Reece was called to serve as second counselor. About this time I went to work at the Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Company. Jess continued to work for R.J. Murdock at the Provo Reservoir Company. Between the two wages were a little more prosperous.

Everyone was having difficulties making ends meet. It was impossible to collect any ward maintenance so the bishopric took turns month by month cleaning the church. All money received for the PBO was used to pay for coal, lights, etc and the very necessities of the ward.

In August 1934 I was laid off from the pipe plant and worked for a couple of months on the threshing machine. Jess kept working and we began planning a trip to the World's Fair in Chicago. We had the old Ford overhauled and in September of 1934, Lucille Jess and I took off for the World's Fair and points East. We never would have been able to make this trip if it had not been for Lucille who was then working for A.V. Watkins, now senator from Utah. Lucille was glad to go along and pay her share of the expenses. . .

The Fair was held on land reclaimed from the shores of Lake Michigan just off Michigan boulevard. We entered Chicago in our little old Ford along with all the modern new cars. We found a hotel and registered. The Clerk was astounded when we paid for our rooms with silver dollars and said: "You must be from out West."

Our next adventure was to ride the loop—the elevated railway. We could hardly wait to get our clothes changed and be on our way. We rode and fode from one end of the city to the other viewing the wonders of Chicago and all the glittering lights. We spent a week taking in the fair, the exhibits and the programs of this grand display. It was here that we first saw television.

We met Clyde Sumsion and Vernon Wentz who were going to the University of Chicago. Clyde, Lucille, Jess and I went to the Trianon Ball Room, advertised as the most beautiful ball room in the world. Jan Garber and his orchestra was the attraction that night. They claimed to play "The most beautiful music this side of heaven." Jess and I had to spend the evening just watching for we had done so much galivanting during the day that Jess developed chill blains.. Her feet were so swollen she could hardly get her shoes on. So Lucille and Clyde danced while Jess and I had fun holding hands. It was a glorious holiday.

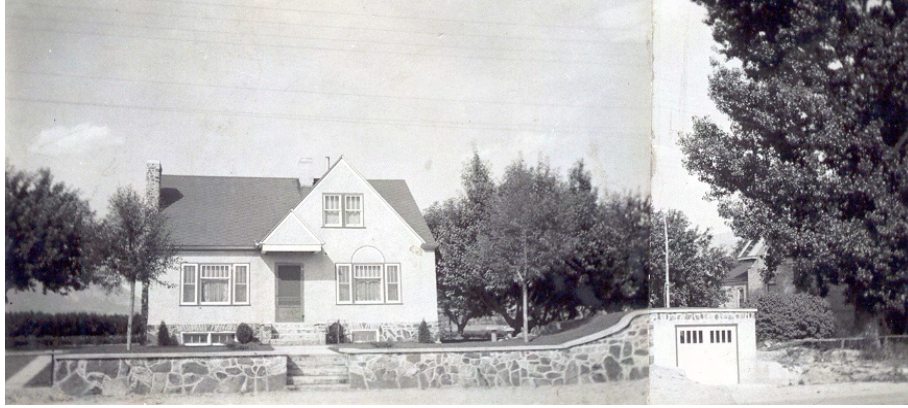
Ted's Information on Kay

Kays Birthday is April 23, 1934 and he was born at 5:00 a.m. at the Crane Maternity Home in Provo. Mother wanted a baby girl but was pleased with Kay. He attended Vineyard schools, Lincoln High and he went to BYU and studied drafting and architecture. He further studied Interior Decorating and worked doing this at Dixon Taylor Russell in Provo.

He moved to Calif and went to school there and was hired doing drafting for a firm there, working many years and will retire next year. He was one of the people who drew the plans for Reams store in Provo. They called it the turtle. He was in the service a year at Fort Collins, Colorado.

In the summer of 1936 we were informed by the doctor that there was very little likelihood of our having children. To overcome our disappointment we took nevarly every cent we had and with Father and Mother Johnson took a trip to California and the Woird's Fair at San Diego. Upon our return we decided to build a home in Lake View, having purchased a building site from Dad just north of his home. Previous to this a down payment had been made on the old Parley Clinger farm but the proper releases coould not be obtained so we had to give up on this.

One day while Jess was working a man by the name of Hyrum Heiselt asked her if we wanted to borrow some money from him. We decided this might be the right time to start our home for I could do a great deal of the work myself when I was not working a shift at the pipe plant. Our basement was dug with dad's team and scraper and with plenty of shoveling. Even Jess got a shovel and helped as much as she could. Our two dads had co-signed on the note with



us. They were anxious to see us get into a home of our own. Jess's dad kept insisting that the house was too big. He was afraid we would never be able to pay for it.

Building the house was our main interest for the next year.

I hauled gravel from the gravel pit for the foundation. This was thrown into a truck by hand and shoveled off by hand at the home site. We had secured the help of George Ellis who had agreed to build our home for \$600. Rock was hauled from Rock Canyon and Thistle to be used in the rock foundation and the wall in front of the house. We had a 1934 Chev truck which I bought to haul sugar beet pulp from the factory in Spanish Fork to the farmers in Lake View. Lynn Goodridge and I worked all our spare time in this work to earn a little extra money. During the winter we were able to haul over 800 ton of beet pulp. This was not an easy task for we had to shovel it on and off the truck by hand but anything was worth while if we could make a little extra money to go one with the building project.

Our home was complete enough to move into on November 1, 1936. Mom Farley and I began to paint and paper while Jess worked on at the Provo Reservoir Company. There was a new interest in life now as we were expecting our first child. We were able to make our final payment on our house with Jessie's last pay check.

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

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

work.

On May 3, 1937 little Carl Dean was born at the Crane Maternity home in Provo. He was the first grandchild in the Farley family and no baby ever received a warmer welcome. He was a strong baby weighing about seven pounds and we were indeed happy. I spent the night planning and dreaming about the life of my first born. I thought of his high school days, his mission and even thought of him graduation from college. All these dreams were shattered as he died on May 7th, four days after his birth, of a cerebral hemorrhage due to a birth injury. Funeral services were held in our new home. Many tears were shed over this loss. Thus we experienced the first real tragedy in our married life.

A few weeks later we decided we would be much happier if we both went about the usual activities. So Jess went back to work at the Provo Reservoir Company and I continued my work at the Pipe Plant. By the spring of 1938 our financial affairs had improved so we traded our 1934 Chev off on a 1937 Oldsmobile demonstrator and began contemplating a trip to the Northwest. July 8th we began a wonderful vacation trip to the Northwest in company with Jess's brother Carrol and her sister Lucille. We were a lighthearted foursome. Our only intent was to see the beautiful scenery and have a delightful time.

About this time we became closely associated with Frampton Collins who was not going about his courtship of Lucille in earnest. During pheasant season in the fall all the Farley sons along with Fram and Dad Farley would be on hand at the Johnsons at the break of day to pursue the pheasants in the marshlands of Utah Lake. Fram usually had a couple of good hunting dogs and he had given a pup to Dad Farley. Someone christened the dog Buss, after Dad's childhood nickname. Buss became an expert hunting dog.

We would leave home to hunts directly across the road from our home. Within an hours time we would return to the house with our limit of births. These were usually hidden in the garage and we would then return to the marshes. Generally we would be back at noon with our second limit. Jess would have refreshments ready when we returned the first time and lunch on the table when we came home with our second limit. These were happy days. My friendship with the Farleys became even stronger. Our shooting eye had to improve as well, because we were all becoming better marksmen. Sometimes we had to shoot birds at very close range in order to get a shot off before the bird was brought down by another member of the party. These pheasant hunts have continued to the present (1958) and I hope they will continue for many more years to come.

From the time I was released as first counselor in the bishopric until now I have served as superintendent of the Lake View Ward Sunday School. Rudolph Reese and Robert Madsen have been my counselors. I was asked to serve as first counselor to Bishop Weldon Taylor but had to decline that calling because of my shift work at the Pipe Plant. I did not think I could do it justice Jess and I have served as Sunday School teachers since the early days of our marriage.

In the spring of 1939 I began building a chicken coop with the anticipation of going into the chicken business. I constructed coops just north of the house. I would work on them during the daylight hours when working the grave yard shift at the plant. We were also looking forward with happy anticipation to the birth of another child. This event occurred on November 15, 1939. All our relatives rejoiced in the birth of a strong, beautiful baby daughter whom we named Corinne. This name was chosen just after we were married while on trip to visit Joe Durfey. Corinne, is a rail road city in norther Utah located just west of Brigham City. Mom and Dad Farley were indeed happy as she was their only surviving grandchild. Dad Farley used to say, "If I can just live until she is old enough to take hold of my hand and walk through the fields with me, my life will be complete."

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

During January of 1940 I entered Utah Valley Hospital where I was operated on for a hernia by Dr. Fred R. Taylor. I enjoyed this period of rest because of my strenuous work at the pipe plant. I like reading good books. I got a lot of reading done and looked forward to visiting hour when Jess would come by and bring our new baby daughter.

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

Life went on as usual and I worked as hard as ever, but now we were made happy with the knowledge that another baby would soon bless our home. Our second daughter, was born during the deer hunt on October 21, 1941. Her arrival occurred during the night after I had returned to work following the deer hunt. I was working the midnight shift. The next morning I was returning from work when I met Nathan at the Overpass Café. He asked if I had been to the hospital. I said: "No--what for?" and was informed I had a new baby daughter. This was unexpected as we did not look for her to arrive for another month. We were in the process of painting and decorating our home and everything was in a mess and all torn up. Mom Farley had had come during the night and taken Jess to the hospital and assumed the responsibilities of both grand mother and father while the ordeal was going on.

This new baby was called Diane, a name we chose immediately after Corinne's birth. She was small and appeared to be somewhat delicate, but later proved to be exceedingly healthy. She developed into a beautiful blond curly haired girl. During her babyhood and early childhood I called her "my little blondy."

In the spring of 1942 there was a great demand for labor on government projects due to World War II. I had an opportunity to obtain employment at the army base in Kearns, Utah, as a carpenter. I thought seriously of quitting the pipe plant but was undecided about what to do. I had never been fully satisfied with my work at Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Company. After some meditation I decided to terminate my employment there after ten years of service. At Kearns Army Camp I operated a power saw at the mill. I worked there through the summer and fall. When winter came I decided to seek employment as a carpenter building the new Geneva Steel Plant. I worked there until construction was completed in March of 1943.

In May of 1943 my older brother Harold died after having been confined in the Sanitarium in Ogden with tuberculosis for the previous two years. During this time his five children were sent to live with relatives as Lola, his wife, was also confined to the hospital with TB. We had taken his daughter Marlene into our home to raise with our children. Arland, his only son, lived with Nathan and helped with the farm work. Francis took Carol; Liela took Barbara and Yvone went to live with her Winterton grandmother. Lola finally recovered, collected the children and later remarried.

About this time I had an opportunity to buy the old Henry Williamson farm from Jens Horn. We felt this would be a good change and so purchased the farm for \$8,000. I terminated my work at the steel plant and began my career as a dairy farmer. We worked hard on the farm that year milking cows, hauling hay and harvesting our tomato crop which yielded 28 ton per acre. I borrowed Uncle August's tractor and equipment when father was using his but I always worked two hours for every hour I used borrowed equipment. During 1944 I leased additional farm ground from James T. Blake and have continued leasing and operating it to the present time.

Nineteen hundred forty three, forty four and forty five were extremely busy years for us. We had never worked harder but we were compensated with good health and much joy during this time. We had two lovely daughters and knew that we soon would be blessed with the birth of another child.

Our fourth child and third daughter was born on January 10, 1945 at the Utah Valley Hospital during the wee hours of the morning. I met Dr. Fred Taylor in the hall. He said: "You have another daughter Dean. I did all I could for you but you did not get your boy. You must take the run of the mill." I must confess to being a little disappointed as I very much wanted this baby to be a boy. When the nurse showed me our darling baby and I looked at her sweet innocent and perfectly formed face and body, I had to admit she was the most beautiful baby I had ever seen. As for being disappointed, all that left me as soon as I saw her. I was grateful for the blessing of another wonderful daughter. As I had done with the other children I blessed and named her on Fast Sunday. The girls liked the name "Dorothy," but when Melda suggested "Laraine," we knew that was the name for her.

She was an ideal baby and child. She seemed to grow in mind and body very fast and

was not an infant very long. In her earlier years she seemed to possess the mind and intellect of a child that was much older. Her playmates and the children of the neighborhood seemed to be attracted to her loving disposition.

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

During the summer of 1947 we took a trip through Yellow Stone Park and went on over to the Northwest and down the coast through the Red Wood Forest. This was our first vacation with the children. We decided to make it a camping trip and nearly every night I put up our tent and helped make up beds for our family. We always cooked one meal each day on our camp stove. A few nights were spent out in the open with the sky for our roof. . . When we reached the Salt Flats the girls could hardly believe their eyes as they scurried around tasting the salt.

The war years from nineteen forty two till nineteen forty eight affected all our lives. Merchandise was not available. Shoes were bought with shoe stamps as was sugar and many other food items. Farm machinery and automobiles were not available even though you might have money to buy them. Prices for farm produce was high and our net income from milk and eggs was very good. So with the money coming in and few articles to spend it on we were able to pay off the farm in 1948. We could do very little traveling during those years because gasoline was rationed. We either stayed at home or walked. But by the winter of 1949, gas was no longer rationed and the war in Europe had ended. As things returned to normal, we began thinking of taking another vacation.

It had long been a dream of mine that we would visit Mexico, the land that played such a dramatic role in the history of the "Book of Mormon." Dad and Mom Farley had planned a trip to Mexico the previous year. When Dad Farley mentioned that he would like to go this year and take me along to chauffeur, we decided to join them.

I hired a man by the name of Alvin Rhore to do the milking and look after our place while we were away. Corinne and Diane stayed with my cousin, Lynne Goodridge. Lucille took over the care of Laraine who was hardly three years old at the time. We left for Mexico on December 20th, 1948 in the wee hours of the morning.

Mom and Dad Farley had just purchased a 1948 Oldsmobile and it was a thrill to drive off in their new car. I did ninety percent of the driving and enjoyed every minute of it. I have always been glad that we joined them for this vacation for Dad Farley die before we could arrange to go again. . .

We reached home near the end of January after traveling about 6,000 miles. We found everything at home in good shape and the children well. I should not however, that Jess was so

concerned about the girls that as soon as we reached Laredo, she called Lucille to make sure everything was okay.

During the winter of 1948 and 1949 I felt impressed to try and acquire a larger farm. I began looking around the Lake Shore district. After some weeks of careful thought and consideration we found the Old Huff farm which included one hundred acres of farm land. After arriving at a fair price and agreeing on a time to close I went home to talk the whole thing over with my dad. Jess and I thought he would like to buy our farm as this would make a larger and better dairy farm for he and my brother, Ted, to operate. However during the discussion Dad agreed to sell some of his land to me if I would sell him a building lot. He wished to build a new home. This would allow Ted and Wanda to move into his old home. This arrangement was agreeable with me. I have always loved my home ward and the all the friends and relatives with whom I have associated throughout my life. I always feel bad whenever I have seriously considered moving elsewhere.