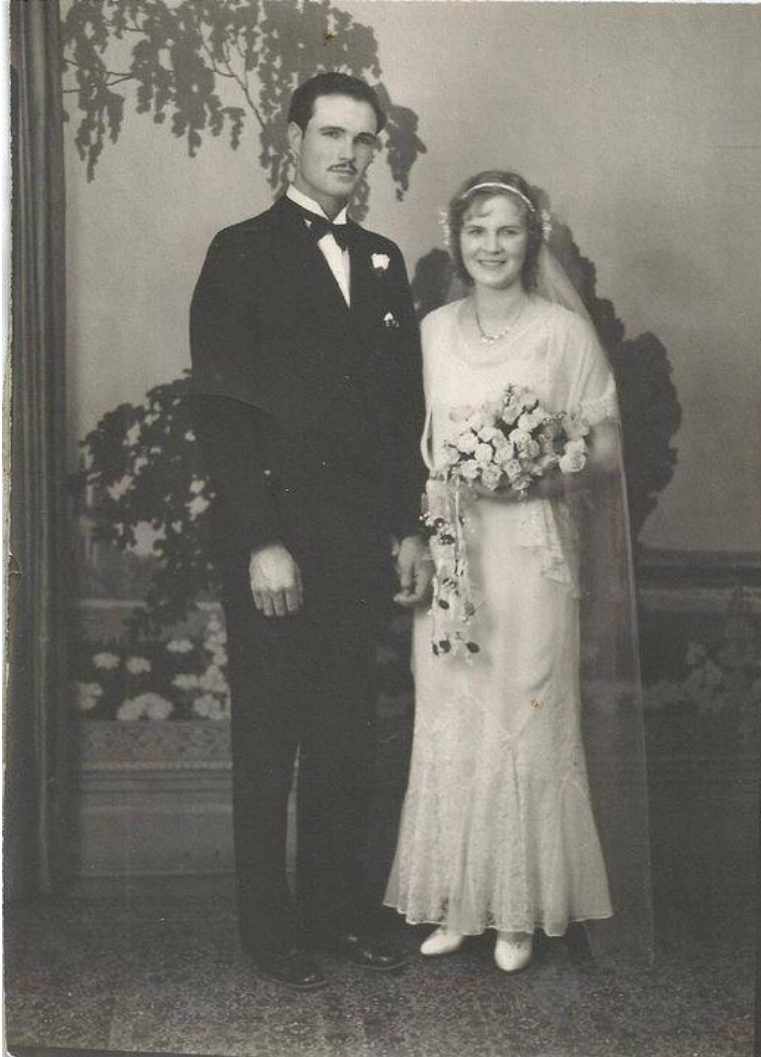


Chapter 5 - "They Twain Shall be One"



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 day after I returned home from my mission, I had a telephone conversation with Jessie Farley. She was about the first girl I spoke to following my return. On Saturday, January 31, 1931 I met her in Provo at the old Orem Station. I felt a great desire to continue in her company so asked her to return home with me so I could show her my souvenirs. Afterwards we went up to her home and I met her family. Later that evening we attended a movie "Gun Smoke." It was a poor show, so we left early. I met Uncle August and Aunt Ruth in the lobby, so it quickly was noised about that I already had found another girl.

To farm work, milking cows, hauling manure, etc. was a vast change from missionary work and quite a difficult adjustment. There was a large welcome home party given in my honor the following week. It seemed hundreds were there to welcome me home.

A few days later I had another date with Jessie. It seemed from that time on our minds were made up. In fact, we went so far as to decide that unless we had marriage in mind, we would not continue to date.

Our courtship continued and on July 25th we drove up City Creek Canyon and there in a secluded spot at 8:00 p.m. I gave her a diamond ring and we became engaged. We planned to be married in the late fall.

During the summer I was able to get employment along with Cleon Boulton working on U.S. Highway 91 through Midvale and Lehi. While working at Midvale I purchased a motorcycle that I used to drive to and from work. In September I traded it for a 1928 Overland-whippet. This was my first automobile.

During the fall I rented the Frank Taylor farm, which dad had been operating for some years previous with the plan of fixing up the house a little and getting married around Christmas time. Our plans finally materialized, and our wedding date was set for December 16th. Jessie's mother and I worked for several days in painting, repairing, and decorating the house, and Jessie cashed in her stock at D.T.R.'s and we were able to furnish four rooms with modern furniture. The stock was acquired as a Christmas bonus while she had been working at D.T.R.'s doing secretarial work. Our home was ready, the day arrived and now we were to be married for time and all eternity.

The morning broke with the temperature at 20 degrees below zero. It was December 16, 1931, our wedding day. Chores were done, there was hurrying on every hand, and we were ready to leave by 6:00 a.m. I was to pick Jessie up and we were to be on our way to the Manti Temple. Uncle August and Aunt Ruth were going with us in our car along with Dad and Francis. We were a few minutes late in getting to the Farley's and Jess's dad was nervous and excited and wondered 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 hazardous because of road conditions and the extreme cold and snow. However, we arrived a few minutes 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 with the beautiful ceremony of the temple unfolding as we progressed from room to room. There we knelt with clasped hands over the altar of our God, surrounded by our loved ones, while the marriage and sealing were 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.

After controlling our emotions and collecting our thoughts, we were shown through the entire temple by one of the workers and completed our tour with a visit to the tower of the Temple. Also present through the ceremony was Sister Euphrasia Miner, a close friend of the Farley family, who had been present and assisted with the birth of practically all of the Farley children.

From here we bid farewell to the Farley family and then went to the home of Frances's mother where a wedding dinner was served, and 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. Invitations had been issued to 700 guests, and a wedding reception had been arranged to be held in the old Timpanogos Amusement hall. It was decided to change the place to the Lincoln High School Gym, because of the many friends and relatives we anticipated would be present. It seemed one happy event after another was crowding our life. An article in the Daily Harold describing our reception reads:

Reception for Young Couple

An attractive social function of Saturday evening December 19th, was the wedding reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Farley of Orem in the Lincoln High School gymnasium, in compliment to their daughter, Jessie, and Dean A. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Johnson of Lake View, who were married in the Manti Temple on Wednesday.

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 more 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.

She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Reed Hacking of Reno, Nevada, as matron of honor; her sister, Miss Lucille Farley, as maid of honor; her cousin, Miss Mildred Farley and Miss Leila Johnson, bridesmaids. Weldon Taylor, cousin of the groom, was the best man, and Clyde Sumsin, an intimate friend, was the groomsman.

Mrs. Hacking wore a charming white taffeta frock, and her bouquet was of pink roses. Lucille appeared in green taffeta with rhinestone trimmings; Mildred's dress was of yellow flowered chiffon and Leila wore orange taffeta. They wore corsages which corresponded with the shades of their dresses.

A.F. Davis was the master of ceremonies, and during the evening of dancing, a short program was furnished. The American Fork orchestra played for the dancing. (Uncle August sang an original song entitled "When the Works all Done this Fall.")

Tasty refreshments were served to 500 guests by Stanley Farley, a brother, Lowell Bigelow, Phyllis Farley, a cousin, and Grace Johnson. Numerous handsome and useful gifts were presented to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will make their home in Lake View.

Newly-Weds Hold Open House

Mr. and Mrs. Dean A. Johnson (Jessie Farley) who were recently married, held open house Sunday, at their home in Lake View. More than 200 relatives and friends called during the afternoon and evening and viewed the numerous handsome wedding gifts displayed.

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.

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. 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 the spring while 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.

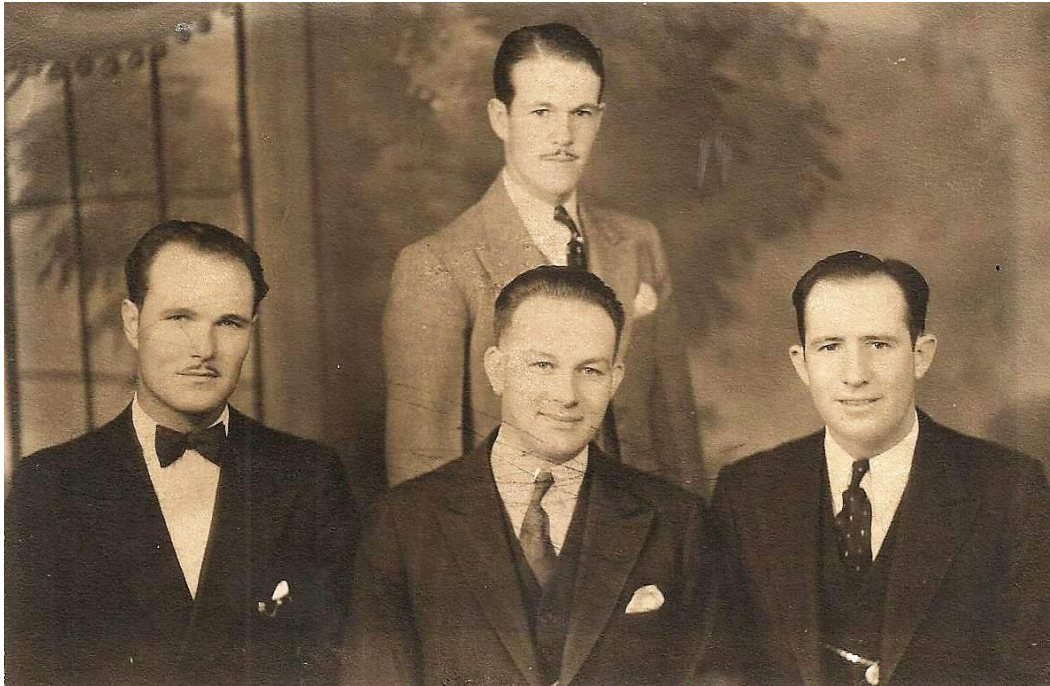
One night we had a dinner party for about twelve of our friends and cousins from Lake View. I cooked the entire meal myself. Jess was late getting home from work and when she arrived the house was in readiness, the meal cooked, and it was not long before our guests arrived. We remember a time when we 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 rug 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.

One weekend we went to Beaver Dam 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.

My youngest brother Kay Francis Johnson was born at 5:00 a.m. on April 23, 1934 at the Crane Maternity Home in Provo. Francis 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. Kay moved to California and went to school there and was hired doing drafting for a firm there, working many years. He was one of the people who drew the plans for Reams store in Provo. They called it the turtle. Kay was in the service a year at Fort Collins, Colorado.

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.

We went over the Rabbit Ears Pass into Denver and on East to Jackson County, Missouri, where we visited at Independence. He visited the huge Auditorium of the Reorganized Church and listened to the music of the Tabernacle Choir in concert in this building. They were just returning from singing in Chicago at the world's fair. It was here also that President Heber J. Grant of the Utah Mormons, and Frederick M. Smith of the Reorganized Church spoke from the same pulpit. This was the first and only time such an event has ever taken place.

From here we went to Nauvoo, Illinois, for the next stop. I was anxious to cross the Mississippi River at the same place the saints had crossed on the ice when they started West. We took a ferry at Montrose and ferried over to Nauvoo, just as the sun was setting. We were able to secure lodging in the mansion House of Joseph Smith, and Lucille slept in the bedroom of the Prophet Joseph and Emma Smith.

The next day we continued visiting through Nauvoo. It was a thrill to visit the Temple site and the homes formerly occupied by Heber C. Kimball, Brigham Young, the Pratts, and the homes of Joseph Smith, as well as the graves of Hyrum, Joseph, and Emma.

In the afternoon, we went over to Carthage. We were so anxious to get there that we took a short cut. The roads were so bad that it loosened our steering rods. This made the car start to shimmy, and it never did steer right after that. I would pull the wheel to one side with a jerk, and that would straighten it out for a time. At Carthage we visited the jail where the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum were killed. We saw the bullet holes in the door and the blood stains on the floor.

From here we went on to the Chicago World's Fair. 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 ones. But we didn't care; we were just as good as they were, and I'll bet a lot more excited. 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."

The 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 rode from one end of the city to the other viewing the wonders of Chicago and all the glittering lights. Here we spent a week taking in the fair, exhibits, and programs of this grand show. It was here that we first saw television. We saw sound and heard light.

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." When we arrived, we had to spend the evening watching for we had done so much galivanting during the day that Jess developed chill blains, and her feet were so swollen she could hardly get her shoes on. Lucille and Clyde danced, and Jess and I had fun "holding hands." It was a glorious holiday. On our return home, we traded off the old Ford for a 1934 maroon colored Chevrolet, with black wire wheels—our first new car.

From the time we were married up until the time our first children were a year or so old, we spent Christmas Eve and the day following at the Farley home. For weeks before we had been preparing for Christmas, obtaining gifts for all members of the family, and looking forward to its actually coming. 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 the

morning to come. Impatiently we waited for Dad's "Come on; it's Christmas morning. 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 our time feasting and visiting for the entire holiday.



Timp Hike 1930 - Carroll, 16, Jessie 20, Jenny, 44, Merrill, 7, Melda 22, Mr. Carl Farley, 46, Lucille, 18.

February 1935, we had a few days off from our jobs, around Washington's birthday, so we invited mom and Dad Farley, Lucille and Weston to go with us on a little trip to Boulder Dam. After we viewed this great dam, we decided to spend a few days visiting in Arizona, the birthplace of Dad Farley.

At this time there was no water stored back of Boulder Dam. The river was diverted through the mountain around the dam, so that footings and foundations could be placed. We walked along the bank of the river on the east side of the dam, where today lake Meade's vast miles are spread.

From here we went to Kingman, Arizona. We journeyed southward to Prescott, then on to Phoenix, and Mesa. Here we visited the temple and were shown through the rooms by Charlie Watson an old friend of the Farley family.

From here we went to Globe, an old mining town, Miami and on to Showlow, Snowflake and Holbrook. At Snowflake, where Dad Farley was born, we enjoyed listening to his childhood experiences, and heard the history of the settling of this territory. Grandpa Farley was one of the first settlers of the towns we were now visiting.

When we reached Kiabab Forest, winter had descended in earnest, and Dad Farley was really worried for fear we would never get home. At one time he left the car, running along in front to show us the way. But snow, sleet, or dark of night didn't scare me, and I brought us safely through.