

## CHAPTER 10

### CARL FARLEY



Carl and Jenny with daughters Jessie F. Johnson, Lucille F. Collis and Melda F. Hacking. Sons are Weston, Merrill, Stanley and Carrol – about 1942

Carroll Farley, born 28 April 1884 in Snowflake, Arizona, was the third son of Theodore and Matilda Mann Farley. Theodore Jr., was the oldest, and Lydia Pearl next. Winthrop, who was named after his Grandfather, wasn't very old when he died of whooping cough, leaving Carl the baby of the family again. Pearl, not being able to say "Brother" called him "Buzzy", so he was called "Buzz" until he was grown up. His sister, Adleen, was born in 1888 and his brother, Lesley, in 1890.

His father clerked in the store. Carl remembered of going to the store and eating the

apple peelings that the Drummer threw away; apples were too scarce for the children to have any. He told how the wind would blow the sand, piling it up against the fence, then change and blow it the other way. Sometimes it was so hot they could hardly stand to walk on their bare feet (they always went bare footed) so he would run as fast as he could, then throw his cap on the ground and stand on it until his feet cooled, then pick it up and run again.

They always raised a garden and when the peas were about ready, his mother had a hard time keeping the children out of the patch so she could get enough for dinner. One day, finding Carl in the pea patch, she said, "Carl, I told you to keep out of the peas!" He said, "Well, Ma, I was just getting a few to settle my stomach." Another time, giving him a quarter, she sent him to the store and on the way, boy like, he threw it in the air, then tried to catch it in his mouth, which he finally did, but it kept on going; he swallowed it. He ran back home nearly frightened to death.

When they had Stake Conference, the town people would serve dinner to the out-of-town folks, serving the grownups first, then letting their children eat off the same plates; they were amused when Carl went to the hostess and said, "Sister Rogers, can I have a clean plate?" The record of his baptism was lost when the Ward Chapel was burned, but he had personal remembrance of being baptized when he was eight years old in the Creek just outside town.

When his father was serving as a missionary in England and Scotland, his mother would have the children take turns saying family prayer. One time when it was his turn, after asking the customary blessings, he said, "and bless all the cows and bulls", which almost convulsed the rest of the family. Carl's father went on his mission in the spring of 1891 and returned in 1893. His sister Louie was born in 1894. They planned on naming her Mariam after her Grandmother Mann, but when her father blessed her, he named her Louie.

On June 13, 1897, Carl's baby brother, Earl Pembroke, was born, but died in infancy. Three more children, Miriam Adell (Min) born April 19, 1899, Milton, born August 2, 1901, and Eva, born October 6, 1903, were added to the Farley family while they were living on Provo Bench.

Carl attended school in the first log school house on the bench (now Orem.) Their first year in Utah, he, with his father and brother Dick, worked on the Carrey Farm near the mouth of Provo Canyon. Besides the fruit trees they received for pay they also took part pay in carrots, which provided the main part of their living that first year. He always said that was the reason he didn't like carrots.

The Farley family had the first successful well dug on Provo Bench. The spot was located by a man called "Frenchy", with his water witch. This was a forked peach tree limb. The two ends were held in the hands and the loose end went down, pointing out where the underground stream was. It really worked. Samuel Skinner and his sons, Sam and Alfred, dug most of the wells on Provo Bench. The ground was gravel, and when digging the hole for the well, it would keep caving in, so they had to curb it with lumber and build the curb as they dug

the gravel and hauled it up in buckets. The lumber was later replaced with sections of cement pipe approximately 3 feet in diameter and two feet deep. All the water used for drinking, cooking, bathing, washing, etc., was drawn up out of the well by buckets and carried to the house. Water for the cows, horses, etc., was drawn up in the same manner and put in a trough. When the irrigation water was down, the cattle drank from the ditch.

Carl's first teacher was Nora Young, a granddaughter of President Brigham Young, then N. K. Nielson and Ray V. Wentz. I've heard him say that he and each of his seven children had Ray Wentz for a teacher during the grade school years. Carl was large for his age and his help was needed to help make a living for the family, so he quit school early, just finishing the third or fourth grade.



Carl with friend Hatch

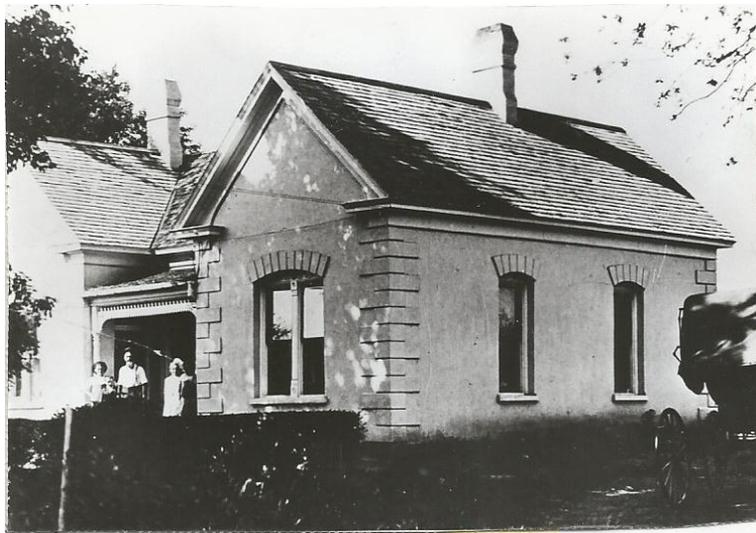
One day Carl and Dick, who was four years older, got into a fight (as brothers sometimes do) down by the well. It was a real battle, for Carl got his nose broken and Dick learned that he could no longer lick him. They were good "Buddies" and friends forever after.

Carl's father had a ranch up in the South Fork of Provo Canyon, with a cabin in which the boys could stay when they went up to take care of the crops, mostly potatoes. The Mechams also had a ranch farther up the Canyon, so at night they would visit back and forth. One night when coming back, the boys became aware that something was following them; if they went fast, it went fast, or if they slowed down, it slowed accordingly. As bears had been seen around, they were sure a bear was after them so they lost no time in getting to the cabin, with the animal in fast pursuit. They rushed into the cabin and slammed the door, and then daring to look out the window, found it was a calf that had followed and frightened them so.

Reports of bear in the area persisted, and one morning when Carl went out to hoe the potatoes Brother Mecham found him sitting astride his horse, chopping vigorously, first on one side and then the other. He said in case the bear came, he wanted to be prepared!

Carl's father went back to Holbrook, Arizona, around 1905, to work in the store to help their finances, and Dick was away working with Frank Wentz on a surveyor's gang. Carl then had the responsibility of taking care of the farm, irrigating, hoeing weeds, marketing fruit, etc. They had several cows and his mother made butter which had to be delivered to customers in Provo. All the butter was put up in pounds and wrapped in butter paper. If they were fortunate, a part of a pound might be left over and the family could have it; otherwise they went without.

Carl also helped build the new home, using the many rocks or cobble stones that they had gathered from the land. The farm was in a hollow which was very rocky, and each time it was plowed more rocks had to be picked up and hauled from the field. "Frenchy", who was a rock mason, did the mason work while Carl mixed the mortar and carried it and the rocks to him as needed.



The new home was a big improvement over the original log house; it had a living room, kitchen, four bedrooms and a pantry. They dug another well near the house and built a wash house. The original Farley home is still standing and is in use and in good repair. As of 1988 It is still located on State Street in Orem, South of the Scera Theater and adjacent on the East to Scera Park; Scera Park is a part of the old Farley farm.

Carl was "tall, dark and handsome" and full of fun. He always had a lot of girlfriends, and there were many more who would have liked to have gone out with him. One of his friends was Martha Smith, who lived over the river on the East Bench. He and Don Clayton would ride their fathers' work horses to see the girls. At that time there was no bridge, so they rode their horses through the stream. Carl, having the responsibility of milking the cows would often, it

was told, do the chores at three or four o'clock Sunday afternoon so he could be free to go see his girl. Later on he got a one-horse buggy with a top which could be folded back when the weather was fine.



Carl with his sister Adleen

Carl must have been about twenty or twenty-one years old when blue-eyed Jennie Terry came unobtrusively into his life. They had known each other as young people in the ward ever since she moved to Provo Bench in 1901, but he wasn't particularly interested. Every summer the young folks would, in a group, take a trip up the Canyon, sometimes staying overnight, and sometimes just for the day. When Carl had a misunderstanding with his current girlfriend, May Baum, to whom he was practically engaged, Dick and his girl, Vilate Loveless, who was Jennie's best friend, endeavored to fix up a canyon date for him with Jennie. She knew that he had a steady girl, and when he invited her to go she thought it was just to go along with the crowd, so she turned him down. When it finally got through to her that Carl wanted her to go with him, she decided that she really wanted to go, so she and Vilate went over to Farley's to let him know that she had reconsidered. In the meantime, he had become less eager, but they finally got it fixed up and they went to the Canyon party together. They had a real good time and Carl told Jennie she had treated him nicer than any girl he'd ever been out with, and from that day on, they "went steady." May tried hard to get him back, but was totally unsuccessful. From this point on the life histories of Carl and Jennie merged as one. She remembers one time he got word to her (there were no telephones) to be sure and eat onions for supper, as that was what he was having, and he was coming up to see her that night . . . Carl married Jenny on June 20, 1906, right in the middle of the strawberry season. His brother Lesley, took them down to the Lakeview crossing in a one-horse buggy, where they boarded the train for Salt Lake City. Dick and Late went with them to the Temple gates, then left, and Carl and Jennie went in to get married by themselves. John R. Winder performed the ceremony that made them man and wife for time and eternity.



Jenny Terry Farley

Carl was working in Salt Lake for a coal and lumber company at the time and had rented an apartment there for their first home. For some reason unexplainable to this day, they did not stay at the apartment that first wedding night, but returned home and rented a room in the Royden Hotel in Provo. Jennie had heard Carl say that he didn't like to sleep between sheets because they were too cold, that he had to "balance on his heels and his head" until the sheets got warmed up enough to lower his body, and being eager to please in every respect, she had purchased some warm fluffy sheet blankets and took them with her to the hotel, where she remade the bed for her new husband, notwithstanding it was almost the middle of summer and no cold spell in sight. Carl had a new double-breasted navy blue wool suit, and in it he looked most handsome. When he put the suit on in the morning it was covered with lint and fuzz from the blankets, and Jennie had to go out and buy a clothes brush before he would come out of the hotel. That evening the Terry's gave a fine wedding reception at their home, serving a complete meal to the guests. Jennie remembers that her mother bought a bundle of fresh new shingles, picked out the big ones and covered them with crepe paper to use as trays for all. The young couple received many beautiful wedding gifts.

After returning to Salt Lake they lived only a short time in the rented apartment; there was a double apartment nearby and the newlyweds moved into one part, Ebe and Dorothy Mann occupying the other. That fall Carl's brother-in-law, Frank Wentz, who was County Surveyor, got him a job on the surveying gang, and he and his bride moved back to Provo Bench. Her folks gave them \$200 to make the down payment on a two room brick house situated between Bunnell's and Davis' on what is known now as Orem's Main Street. It was in this house that their first child, Melda, was born, October 14, 1907. Her dad had said it would probably be a "black head", but instead she was very fair, in fact, she was not even red at birth like most babies, nor at any time after.

Carl bought ten acres from Andrew Nielson and on this piece of land they decided to build their home. They sold the house by Bunnell's, and for a short time lived in a room at Grandpa Farley's place. Jessie, their second child, was born November 10, 1909, in the new two-room brick home, an original part of the one which became their life-time residence. Mary Lucille, a third daughter, was born July 4, 1912, and Carroll Milton, the first son, was born December 1, 1914, right after the beginning of World War I. To meet the needs of a growing family, two rooms and a pantry were added to the house in the summer of 1918. Stanley T. was born January 19, 1919; Merrill A. August 31, 1922, and Weston LeGrande January 27, 1928.

After acquiring the ten acre farm, Carl went into the fruit business, planted orchards; apples, peaches and cherries, rows of strawberries and raspberries. To help on the side, he would work with his team; he hauled gravel for the roads, he worked in Provo Canyon building the flume for the power plant, and he would work for fruit marketing companies until his own fruit was ready to harvest. Then he and Jennie, and the children as they grew old enough to help, would pick whatever fruit was in season, and he'd haul it to the Salt Lake market by wagon and team. They'd begin at daybreak, picking and preparing the fruit so he could leave by three o'clock in the afternoon, traveling all night in order to be on the market by daylight the next morning. One time when he took a load of raspberries in with high confidence that he would make at least \$75, he returned in deep disappointment. The fruit growers had been arrested for setting their cases of fruit on the ground, and he came home with very little money.

The Saturday before the Sunday that Lucille was to be blessed, her dad took a load of fruit in to Salt Lake and he didn't get back in time for Church, so Lucille was blessed and given a name by her Grandpa Farley.

Years later the team and wagon were replaced by a Chevrolet truck and the trips to the market went on in a somewhat different and easier way. One time Carl returned from the market and gleefully announced to the family that he'd "gotten a woman's goat", and he literally had. He had traded fruit for the goat, and that animal was a delight and a devilment all the days of its Nanny-goat life.

Carl worked hard, and Jennie did too. It was her sorrow at first that she had given him only daughters, and when their friends, Frank and Edith Healy, were blessed with twin boys Jennie wished aloud that she might have done the same. Carl replied shortly, "If you had twins, they'd be girls." She later, of course, made up for this shortcoming by having four boys in a row, and when the boys got big enough to start going with their Dad they were a real help. All of them well remember the peddling trips to Sanpete county and up to Soldier Summit, and the many, many trips to the Salt Lake market.

In early spring Carol would prune the fruit trees, and year after year, Little Carroll would get out a pair of pruners and go trim his mother's snowball bush almost level with the ground. When Stanley was born Carroll took one look at the new baby and cried, "But I wanted a pony."

Jennie had been carrying Stanley during the bad influenza epidemic of 1918 when so

many of the pregnant women died, and she, along with other members of the family, caught the flu. The fact that this baby arrived safely was almost a miracle, and to add to their joy, he looked like a true Farley. After having four light complexioned children they finally got one with brown eyes and dark hair. Stanley was sickly and a constant worry to his parents. Carroll had always been so robust, healthy and fine. It was no wonder they felt extra concern for the scrawny new baby. His dad would call him "poor little Billie-Buck", and the name "Bill" stuck and stayed for a good many years. He couldn't have been more than five years old when operated upon for appendicitis. When the doctor told Carl and Jennie the little fellow had tuberculosis cysts all along his intestines, they immediately added a sleeping porch to the southwest corner of the house, and it became the fresh air bedroom for them and little "Bill". It wasn't until years later that Stan and the other children knew of the added burden of worry their parents had borne. Dr. Aird said at the time of the operation that frequently in such cases, exposure of the cysts to air cleared up the tuberculin condition, and apparently it did.

It was when Stan at the age of two fell into the ditch out front, and Jessie, who was herding cows fortunately nearby, swooped him out, that his Dad went right down and got a combination wire fence to put across the front of the farm.

Carl finally decided to get a pony for Carrol, and at Christmas time one year he went over to Payson and bought Teddy, a little dark-brown Shetland pony. He brought her home in the back seat of the touring car, and early Christmas morning before Santa had come, he got out the canvas wagon cover, spread it on the front room floor, and when the kids got up, there was the Shetland pony tied to the door knob, the coal bucket stationed conveniently near. That morning Carroll rode his pony straight into Aunt Pearl Wentz's bedroom and circled the bed to show what Santa had brought. Teddy was a well-trained pony, and the children loved her. Carl even rode her down the street to the "other place" for irrigation turns and was quite a sight with his shovel in one hand and his feet held high to keep from dragging. Teddy had two colts, Twinkle, a little black and white Shetland even smaller than his mother, and Toots, a taller horse with blue "glass" eyes. Carl was always proud of her high-spirited beauty and of the offer made by the circus to buy her.

When the circus came to town it was an event the Farley children will always remember. Their Dad would get them out of bed early in the morning of its arrival and at the break of day take them down to the railroad tracks to watch the circus unload. Watching the roustabouts do their work and seeing the huge elephants pushing and hauling circus wagons and equipment from the railroad cars to the circus site down on the old Fair grounds was even more exciting than the performance under the big top which their Dad would take them to later on in the day.

Carl purchased another twelve acres of farm land down the road across the street from John Christensen, and it became known as "the other place". On it he raised one crop of sugar beets, but this was the first and only time. It was a miserable experience. He said if the Lord would forgive him for planting them that year, he'd never do it again. He planted potatoes and alfalfa and strawberries, and tomatoes. Eventually the entire acreage was put into fruit trees.

From the beginning all of the farm land was irrigated from the Big Bench Canal, and Dad had his own system of water measurement, so that he knew when it had to be used sparingly. It was often a problem to keep the crops growing as the water dwindled towards the end of the season, and he could pretty well tell when it was going to run short. Not until the Deer Creek reclamation project was completed could the farmers have any assurance of a constant and adequate water supply. Although Dad's brother and many of the early farmers on Provo Bench strongly opposed the project, he was far sighted enough to recognize its value and gave it his full support.

Irrigation was an important part of farming, and it took precedence over anything, even going to Church, should a watering turn fall on Sunday. He knew how to get the most good out of a water turn, and even when the boys were big enough to help, he was reluctant to turn this responsibility over to them.

One morning, the first summer after Dad died, when Wes was supposed to take an early morning watering turn, he overslept and was awakened when he thought Dad called from the stairway, "Wes, you should have taken the water an hour ago". He jumped up, and sure enough, it was just about an hour late. It would really have been serious had he missed that water turn.

Carl and Jennie provided many comforts for their family, although money always seemed scarce and hard to come by. On different years when crops and prices had been good, the pantry was transformed into a bathroom, the living room was remodeled, and two bedrooms with clothes closets were finished in the upstairs attic. They were among the first to have a radio, and next to the Jensen's, first to own a television set. He took pride in his farm equipment and in his automobiles. There was the Allen that he traded to the building contractor when the house was remodeled and added to, the new Ford which he kept for only a short time because Jennie remarked that it felt like they were getting into a baby buggy, the old Dodge, and the new Dodge, which was converted into a pick-up, the new Chevrolet truck, the Buick, the Pontiac and the Oldsmobiles.

The first trip he and Jennie made back to Detroit to get a car was when he went for the GMC truck, and Merrill drove one home for the company. Another time they went and Carl drove home with the new Oldsmobile, Jennie drove one for the Company, and Merrill another. They figured that they got the trip East for driving the cars back to Utah.

And there was the Jeep. Carl sold the blue Oldsmobile, getting an extra good price for it, he thought. But because of the War (World War II) he was unable to get delivery on a new touring car, and the first automobile available was a Jeep. Designed for Army use and being the first in the Orem area, this Jeep was a source of interest and curiosity when he drove it about. His sons and sons-in-law were delighted to have a jeep in the family, particularly during the deer season when they put it and the horse trailer to good use in the mountains. It became Weston's courting vehicle and he drove it to California a couple of times to see his girlfriend, LaVon Isacson. It was a good-time car as well as serviceable, and even old Buzz, the dog,

enjoyed riding in and upon it. Carl and Jennie could be seen driving down the street to the "other place" with Buzz sitting proudly between them, or out front on the engine hood.

Buzz was Carl's big red-brown pure-bred hunting dog given to him one Christmas time by Fram and Lucille, after the trip to Snowflake, Arizona, when an old friend had walked up and wrung Carl's hand in friendship and said, "Good old Buzz". Buzz was the name given to Carl by his sister Pearl when she was too little to say "brother". He enjoyed old Buzz's company, particularly when he went down to the "other place" for watering turns at night.

Dad was always concerned when one of the children became ill, constantly expecting that it might be appendicitis. When Carroll got a pain in his stomach and the appropriate symptoms, the doctor was called and it was decided that he should have an operation. Soon after the operation Carroll came down with the mumps, and whether the appendix needed removal or not, he never had to worry about it again.

So great was Carl's concern for his children, when Melda became old enough to go to the Girls M. I. A. Home in Provo Canyon, Mom had to rent a cabin nearby where she and the rest of the children stayed until the group was ready to go home. And when the boys got big enough to go fishing and on overnight camping trips he insisted that she go too; and they didn't object, for she was good at cleaning the fish they caught.

When World War II broke out all of the boys, except Weston, went into the service. Carroll and Stanley were already married, and Merrill came home on furlough to claim Sylpha Johnson as his bride. Carroll signed up with the Navy and saw duty in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Merrill and Stan enlisted in the Army Airforce and were fortunate to be together as Medical Technicians throughout the war. As a rule they did not fly together in the same plane, but were based together and at times did fly together on the same mission. It was their duty to assist in caring for wounded soldiers as they were transported by air from the front lines to Army hospitals, and later on from European hospitals to the States. These were anxious times for those who waited at home. They knew that the boys were flying behind the lines with supplies of gasoline and fuel and bringing out the wounded, and the trips across the Atlantic then were not the routine flights of today. At one time the three brothers were able to rendezvous in New York City and it was a thrill for their family to know that they were together. After the war was over they were released from service and came safely home in the fall of 1945.

In the meantime, the folks had a difficult time with the farm. Prices were good, but getting help was almost impossible. The weeds grew with little opposition and harvesting of the fruit could never have been accomplished without the help of Japanese workers who lived at different times in the garage. Carl and Jennie worked hard and were often discouraged, but all of their trials and tribulations were forgotten in the safe return of their boys. It was then that the "other place" was divided and Stan and Merrill built homes there and began farming for themselves.

Weston married right after he was out of high school. The upstairs which had been used for sleeping quarters was remodeled into an apartment for him and LaVon. A part of the roof was raised and a kitchenette and bathroom added. They lived in this apartment until they built the new brick house next door.

After the war ended, Carl, Dick and Ivern decided that the first one to get delivery on a new car would take the other two couples with them and go on a long anticipated trip to Old Mexico. Carl got his first, and on the day that he and Jennie were in Provo picking up the new car they saw the ambulance drive out from the hospital. Carl wondered aloud if it might be Ivern, who had had a hernia operation, or Reginald Johnson, Carl's brother-in-law, who had also had surgery. After arriving home he found that Ivern had died, quite suddenly. Of course that put an end to the Mexico trip for then. However, at Christmas time, Dean and Jessie decided they'd like to make the trip with her folks, so New Year's Day 1946, found them in El Paso, Texas, on their way to the Border. They toured Mexico, saw the pyramids, and the bull fights, and all in all had a wonderful time. On the return trip they visited the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico.

Carl had a good bass voice, and he sang in quartettes even before he was married, but the quartette his family and a great many other people loved to listen to and will long remember was the one made up of Carl, his brother Dick, Ivern Pyne and John Shepherd. For years, up until John's death, they sang all over the state for programs, rallies, roadshows, funerals and parties. Their practices were especially enjoyable as they had so much fun in addition to learning the songs. Ivern was an amusing story teller and was always so funny. He could stand up to talk at ward parties, etc., and before he even said a word people would begin to chuckle. "By The Old Mill Stream", "Oh Home Beloved", "Blue Galilee" and "The Old Rugged Cross" are songs that invoke fond memories of that quartette.

Carl and Jennie started out living in the Timpanogos Ward of Utah Stake, and although they never moved they eventually, by division, became members of three different wards and four different stakes. That part of the original Utah Stake became Sharon Stake, to be divided later into Orem Stake, and then Orem West, then Orem South. Their part of Timpanogos Ward became Geneva, then Orem Fourth. Carl worked in nearly all of the ward organizations at one time or another; the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, the Sunday School, and in the Bishopric, but he said the job he enjoyed the most and the one that gave him the most satisfaction was being Sunday School Superintendent. And he was a good one.

He was always on time for meeting, and around home about the time to leave he would say, "You've known for a week what time it starts, and I'm not going in late. That is one good habit I have and you are not going to take it away from me."

He had a good sense of humor and an original way of thinking and of expressing himself. When he spoke, or prayed, or took charge of a program or meeting he didn't do it in an ordinary or stereotyped way, but had something interesting or different to say. He even coined a few words and phrases of his own which his children remember, like "witched", and "Looks like a broom in a fit". He could be the life of a party. He often kidded his wife about her Danish

ancestry. One time when he made some remark about her being a Dane, she set him back a bit in her reply, "Well, I'd just as soon be Danish as Dago". The Farleys were proud of their French ancestry, but it was a fact that his grandmother, Lydia Pons, had been born in Piedmont, Italy, her parents having moved to France because of religious persecution.

Carl always liked nice things. Russell Homer, one of his special friends, once told him that he "had a millionaire's taste on a ten cent pocketbook". He always kept his farm equipment and machinery in good repair. He was a good farmer and liked to keep ahead of the work instead of letting it crowd him. He would say, "The time to hoe is before you can see any weeds."

He liked things neat and clean, uncluttered and well organized. At the same time, he didn't like to be obvious. When he got a new shirt, instead of wearing it in its newness, he'd have Jennie wash it first. But he wouldn't wear overalls after they'd been laundered. When they bought the new Buick, instead of driving it to Church the first Sunday after returning from a trip to the Mesa Temple dedication, he went in the old car, and when asked about his new automobile he said, "Oh, I had to turn it in, we couldn't afford to keep it."

For years, his Christmas gift to Jennie was a new dress, selected by her daughters, and year after year, she happily wore the dresses not of her own choosing. Once, however, the dress was completely unsuitable and she had to take it back. After that, she and Carl did their Christmas shopping for each other together. Particularly clear is the memory of the Christmas before his death. They went to town together and he bought a complete new outfit at Levens; hat, shoes, new suit, shirt, and all, and for her, they bought a new black dress. That Christmas they went to Sunday School together and sat side by side in their finery. Two weeks later he went into the hospital.

Carl was always a worrier. He worried about his family, about the fruit being frozen, and he worried about his health. When the doctor told him in December of 1950, that he would have to have a prostate operation he very quietly arranged to go into the St. Marks hospital in Salt Lake. On January 9, 1951, he underwent surgery there. Jennie went with him, staying in a motel near the hospital in order to be with him as much as possible. The doctor kept telling her that Carl was getting along all right, but it was never so. Around eleven o'clock on January 20, 1951, he died. All of his children were there.

(This history was dictated, or talked, to Lucille F. Collins by her mother Jennie T. Farley in 1988)