

## CHAPTER 9

### VILATE LOVELESS & DICK FARLEY



**Sisters Hazel, Annie and Vilate Loveless**

Matilda E. Loveless, the grandmother of Hazel, Annie and Vilate writes: "I am the daughter of James and Cynthia McClellan. I was born in Nashville Tennessee, December 15, 1829. The year I was eleven my parents moved to Nauvoo. It was in 1840 the year we lost eight cows and other valuable property. The first winter there we suffered very much from want and from sickness but we did not murmur. We were thankful we had gathered with the Saints in the beautiful city of Nauvoo. My parents were very industrious and through the blessings of God we were soon in comfortable circumstances again. I can remember very distinctly the appearance of both Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Joseph always rode a black horse and Hyrum rode a white one whenever they went out riding on horseback.

I often saw Joseph and his wife Emma at meetings and out walking or riding in their carriage with Porter Rockwell as coachman. They always passed our house on their way to Joseph's farm. His farm was superintended by a man by the name of Lott. I always attended Sunday School in the morning and another meeting in the afternoon in a grove near the Nauvoo Temple. Joseph was usually present. My happiest childhood remembrances are of days spent in Sunday School where I learned many scriptural passages. I remember often seeing Emma Smith singing with the choir.

At one time while attending a meeting it rained very hard. I was holding an umbrella. It seemed that Joseph had been absent for a few meetings. This time he was speaking very powerfully and everybody was so interested in what he was saying that they did not notice the storm. At one time Joseph was taken to Carthage for treason and upon his release, Emma and many of the brethren and sisters left Nauvoo on horseback and went to meet him. Joseph arrived in a carriage. I and many of the other children were very much interested in seeing him. There was great rejoicing among the people. I cannot describe the depth of feelings among the people at seeing him come home safely after an arrest. It was heavenly. I often saw the brethren engage in military drills down on the flat place South of the City of Nauvoo. Joseph always took the lead in those exercises. I can also remember that Emma was present at many of the military drills.

How well I remember being very pleased when my mother let me take father's dinner to him while he worked on the Nauvoo Temple. I seemed to realize, although still a child, the importance and the Holiness of that building. Father was pleased to have his children arrive with his dinner. He would tell us about the temple of God that he was helping to build. Being a blacksmith, my father had a shop nearby and worked at all kinds of labor. I remember my father coming home in the night, after having been on guard, and making bullets in our fireplace. In those days we were always in fear of the Mob. Father occasionally wore a red coat and we children spoke of him as belonging to the "red coat company." I was present when the capstone was placed on the Nauvoo Temple. I remember the rejoicing of our people and the song that was composed for that occasion. In those days we children would work and do anything in order to have the privilege of attending a gathering with the Saints. Our very soul was enthused with the Gospel. We delighted in understanding all that was said and done in the Church.

I was present at the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple and on the day my brother William and my parents received their endowments. They were filled with happiness and rejoiced when they came home. They urged me to receive my endowment as well but I said "No!" I will wait until I am married and I did. I was present and heard Joseph speaking to the Indians on the lawn by the old white house across the street from the Mansion house. Many

Indians were seated around, others were standing. Many others were present. I often drank water from the well at Carthage Jail, the place where Joseph lay when a man wanted to strike his head off but was prevented from doing so by a light from heaven. My father owned a farm just beyond Carthage so we would often stop there to get a drink from this well when going out to our farm. The water was very cool and fresh, but we never drank there after the prophet's death.

The last time I saw Joseph Smith, was the day he delivered his last public address. He said, "I call upon God and Angels to witness that I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination and that these people shall have their legal rights protected from mobs and violence, or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water, and my body consigned to the silent tomb." I can still remember that day so well. It looked cloudy as though it was about to storm. My mother sent me to father with his coat. I remember well that scene and how attentive my father was to the remarks made by Joseph, so I listened too.

I shall never forget the day word came that Joseph and Hyrum had been killed. There was such confusion among our people. A number of we children ran to the cornfield to pray for the safety of our parents. I saw the murdered bodies of Joseph and Hyrum laying in state in the Mansion House. I saw the coat and the other clothing that Joseph and Hyrum had been wearing when killed. I also saw the pillow that Hyrum's head rested upon and the stains from the wound on his face. Even now I cannot think of that sight but with the most terrible feelings. I was present at the meeting held in the grove when Brigham Young stood up and spoke with the voice of Joseph. His very appearance was like Joseph's and with one voice the people sustained Brigham as their new leader. These feelings thrilled my soul and gave me a testimony of the truthfulness of this Gospel. This has never left me. It has sustained me through many trials. I learned then, and I know now that God is leading this Church. This is the testimony I can bear to the whole world if ever needs be.

My family moved with the Saints to Council Bluffs where I was married to James W. Loveless in 1847. I later attended the party that was given for the Mormon Battalion and danced there for the first time. I had two children before crossing the plains. We came to Utah in 1851.

Matilda Loveless passed through all the hardships of Pioneer life and died firm in the faith. Matilda's son James Anderson Loveless was born on July 19, 1853 on Provo Bench where Matilda's family had settled after crossing the planes. It was treeless sage brush country then. No homes dotted this arid wasteland, no streams of water flowed over the land. Only a pioneer trail ran across it. There was a type of life there—the type that comes with sagebrush, jack rabbits, coyotes, and snakes.

In that day land could be bought for a dollar and twenty-five cents an acre under the government preemption right and a few log cabins began to dot this sagebrush waste land. Water could only be secured by going to Utah Lake, Provo River, or to the spring at the foot of the second dugway going into Provo. Homesteaders worked with other interested people from surrounding district to make the first canal. It being but two feet deep and six feet wide back then.

Logs were cut in Provo Canyon and sledged down to become a part of the rough cabins of hopeful homesteaders. Frequent dugouts offered home for some settlers who had neither horses nor oxen to use in obtaining logs. Everything was very simple and crude back then. People got by with only the bare necessities of life. Little by little the sagebrush was cleared from the land and some hardy farm crops began to take its place. Alfalfa was one of the first crops the pioneers raised. The problem of food was a difficult one, more than once during these early years the settlers grew to be thankful for the plentiful jack rabbits and the carp in Utah Lake.

James A. Loveless' daughter Vilate was born on March 12, 1883. She was the third child of James and Julia Elkins and had 4 brothers and 3 sisters. They were industrious homesteaders who owned 160 acres of sage brush on what is now Lincoln Street. A part of their property comprised the old Sharon Stake Church Farm. All the members of the family were taught when they were young to work hard—picking berries, hoeing corn and milking cows.

It was while working on the farm that Vilate met her future husband, Dick Farley. He had been hired by her father to help with the wheat harvest—she was also helping. This meeting led to their courtship and eventual marriage.

Dick was born on February 2, 1880 at Cedar Ridge (near Beaver) Utah while her parents were on their way to Ogden. He was baptized into the LDS Church by John Henry Willis in Snowflake, Arizona in a small stream which came down through a large canyon called "Silver Creek." The stream in which he was baptized ran about one half mile through the fields from his home. When Dick was 11 years of age his father was called on a mission. During the time his father was away he helped support the family by laying abode bricks and doing daily the work of a man.

In 1894 the Theodore Farley family arrived on Provo Bench and bought 25 acres of rocky sage brush land. Dick and his younger brothers cut logs in North Provo Canyon, dragged them two miles to Thad William's sawmill to be sawed in halves and then hauled them through the canyon and over the waste sage brush bench to build a log cabin. Their first winter in Utah was a very hard one. Snow lay about the ground for months and sometimes came to the top of the cabin's window sills. It was collected and melted to supply the drinking and the culinary water

the family needed. Sage brush, oak and aspen wood was dragged from the canyons to use as fuel. It usually had to be baked in the oven to dry out before it would burn.

Dick's help was needed on his father's farm so he only completed seven years of formal schooling. One winter he took a missionary course at the BYU. After completing it he received a call to go on a mission. However, the family was very poor at the time and did not have the money to send him. So the General Authorities advised that he wait until they were in better circumstances but never received another call.



Vilate and Dick married on November 29, 1905

When Dick and Vilate decided to get married they wanted Carl and Jennie to have their wedding with them, but Jennie's mother said it was bad luck for two in the family to get married at the same time. So Dick and Vilate were married in November and Carl and Jenny were wed on June 20, 1906, the following year.

Dick and Vilate were hard workers and by the time their first child was born two years later, they owned a piece of property and had built a two-room brick home. During the next ten years they bought more land and built a larger home to better house the family.



Dick (center) enjoyed singing in trios and quartettes. He and Vilate often acted in M.I.A. plays. Vilate served as a counselor and secretary in the Timpanogos Relief Society and was a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. She was ambitious and a hard worker while she remained a calm, cheerful woman. Through the years Dick and Vilate had their hardships—but they faced them together and through their faith, love and prayer, things always worked out.



Theodore (Bish) with Mildred (Mink).



Theodore (Bish), Lamar and Mink.

Though raising a large family Vilate was always ready and willing to help those with health problems. She took a nursing course through the Red Cross and acted as a midwife for friends, neighbors and relatives. She helped to deliver three of her grandchildren in her own home. Vilate was an excellent seamstress and made most of the clothes her family. Often she sat up late at night sewing while the rest of the family went to bed. Her biggest interest in life was her home and family. Her house was always attractive and the children were well cared for. She was an excellent cook. Her children and grandchildren remember the many delicious holiday meals she prepared and her wonderful Sunday dinners. For many years she and Dick were chairmen of the Old Folks Committee.

Dick served as a High Councilman in both the Provo and Sharon Stakes. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School for ten years. He was ordained one of the seven presidents of the Seventies and later became Senior President. He and Vilate served as stake missionaries and sent their youngest daughter on a mission to Texas-Louisiana.

They supported Phyllis' missionary efforts by sending fruit from their orchard to the mission office:

July 22, 1948

Dear Brother and Sister Farley,

I am ashamed of myself for not having written to you before this and thanked you for that wonderful crate of cherries you sent to us. They arrived in almost perfect condition. I believe Sister Smith said she threw away only two or three that were over-ripe.

Did we enjoy them? Well, do children enjoy Christmas? I'll say they do. Of course, they didn't last long here. You wouldn't expect them to. I think I ate more than all the rest, but everyone in the mission home was happy to have them and we do want you to know that they were greatly appreciated. Sister Smith and all the missionaries laboring in the office extend to youth their thanks and gratitude for your generous gift to us.

Sister Phyllis, as you know, is laboring in the North Louisiana District and is located at Shreveport. She is laboring with Sister La Vieve Monson from Pleasant Grove. Last Sunday I met them at Winnfield, Louisiana, where we held a district Union Meeting. She was well and happy and enjoying her work a lot. She is a lovely lady and is so modest and conscientious. We love her and miss her in the office. . . We trust you will be patient if we hold Phyllis a few weeks longer than expected. We know that the Lord is well pleased with you and your missionary daughter, thanking you again for your generous gift to us. Signed Glenn G. Smith,



Standing: Mildred (Mink) Rohbock, LaMar Farley, Hazel Peterson, Fenton Farley and Phyllis.  
Seated: Theodore (Bish) with parents Vilate and Theodore Jr. or Dick Farley.

Upon returning from her 27 month mission Phyllis lived with and cared for her aging parents. She served in the Presidency of Timpanogos Ward's Young Women's Organization. She worked for Provo River Water users Association for thirty years. After her cousin Jessie died of stomach cancer on March 6, 1966 Dean A. Johnson began to date her. He received confirmation that he should marry her in a dream. Jessie came to him and said: "Dean if I have





to share you with someone I prefer it be Phyllis.” Dean proposed and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 30, 1967.



Standing: Mildred (Mink) Rohboch holding Linda, Theodore (Bish) Farley, Hazel Peterson, Douglas Lamar, Louis (wife of Bish), Leonard (Pete) Peterson; Floyd (son of Lamar between Vilate and Dick), Phyllis Farley, Erma (Fenton’s wife), Charles Roboch and Eva (Lamar’s wife.) First row: Jan Peterson (wearing crossing guard uniform), Fenton Farley, Greg Farley (son of Fenton & Erma), Vilate with Karen Peterson, Dick, Teddy Rohboch, and Lamar with daughter Jokna. Vilate passed away on July 18, 1951 of a heart attack at the age of 68. Theodore Jr. (Dick Farley) died on June 16, 1958 at the age of 78.

Interesting that Phyllis and Jessie shared the same middle name. Both were named after their Aunt Eva Clayton. Phyllis was a wonderful step mother to Dean’s three grown daughters—Corinne, Diane and Laraine. Dean built a new home for her but died of a brain tumor on January 12, 1971 at age 62, a little less than four years after their marriage. Sixteen years later on August 10, 1988, Phyllis died at the age of 69.