

CHAPTER 12

I REMEMBER DAD Carroll (Carl) Farley

By Lucille Farley Collins - For my own pleasure - Written at random times the year after he left.

The earliest incident I can actually remember...Dad was in it. I was the baby when Carroll was born, and I remember of Dad lifting me into the highchair and letting me write with ink, with one of those scratch point pens that you had to dip.

I remember the year of the bad flu when we all were sick. My bed was with Dad in the new part of our house by the big front window. There was a quilt hung up to that window to keep out the light, and I remember the first day, the first time the curtain was pulled back so we could see out after having been ill for so long; the first thing we saw was the hearse go by...and Dad had us close the window for another day.

As far back as I can remember, if I had a bad dream, I'd call out, and Dad would say, "Come and climb in bed with me for a little while." I use the word "climb" probably because it began when I was so small. I literally had to climb up to get in bed.

I remember the day I walked over to home and Dad was alone out in the barn cutting potatoes, and I stayed and helped...and the next day when I couldn't go over because I was looking after Sylpha's children, Dad brought a sack of potatoes over in the jeep to cut out under the willow tree, and the kids all climbed in to ride with him. They loved Grandad and the Jeep. I'm glad we have that picture.

And I can see Dad and Mom in their work clothes and straw hats riding down to the other place in the old cut-down tractor (before the Jeep), with Buzz sitting proudly between them on the one and only front seat.

I remember the time when we visited Snow Flake with Dad, and when going through Holbrook, Arizona, Dad saw this fellow that he had known, who grabbed him by the hand and said, "Good old Buzz!" That's how we named his dog, "Buzz." It was only then we found out that his sister, Aldeen, had called him "Buzzie" because she could not yet say "Brother".

On the way from Salt Lake that night Wes said, with tears in his voice, "I don't know what the set-up for dogs is Over There, but I'll bet tonight old Buzz is wagging his tail."

I remember when we went to dances before Fram and I were married, before Dad's legs got so bad, we always traded the second dance with him and Mom. As far back as I can remember, it always made me feel proud to dance with Dad, and it was really fun.

I remember how good it seemed that time when our dads took a group of us girls up to

Lemons Grove and left us there to camp for a week, and after Dad had finished putting up the tent and we were located for the night, he put his arm around me and kissed me goodbye. Dad was never one for a great show of affection, and those rare times when he kissed us were treasured.

And that same year, that same trip, the mud slide came down Provo Canyon and blocked off the road. We were camped then at Hoover's Flat, and knew nothing of it, until bright and early the next morning Dad, Uncle Dick, Uncle Ivern, Mr. Salisbury and Uncle Floyd were in camp to see that we were all right. They had hiked over the slide and then come up the canyon in Uncle Frank's car (which he had left in the canyon above the slide. He'd been caught on the upper side of the slide.) I was glad to see him...in fact, I can't remember when Dad didn't look good to me.

I remember the first time I ever went up Wolf Creek, it was with Dad in the truck to get a load of slabs at the mill up there. I remember going through Heber, the Hailstone, and Kamas. Dad knew of so many things to tell of the places we went through, on all of our trips, he did, and we stopped and climbed up to the top of Wolf Creek where the marker is. And on farther up towards the mill there were great piles of sawdust that looked like they would be such fun to climb and dig about in. Wes was along, and Dad stopped and let us play. And where we stopped for lunch Dad left his ax, and the next time Fram and I were up riding that way we found the spot and brought Dad's ax back home to him.

And I remember going with Dad all day in the truck up to the mines above Helper. The pleasure of those days, of being with him. That was the only time I ever saw Dad smoke, and he let me try it with him. I remember the pack of cigarettes on the jog in the garage that he kept there but never touched.



Carl with his sons

I remember how I envied Jess in hay hauling time, because she would go out and tromp hay while Dad and Uncle Dick pitched it on. But when the hay was loaded Dad practically

always would let the rest of us kids ride the load up to the barn. I remember the thrill of riding high, Dad would lift us up to where we could reach the ladder at the front of the rack, and he'd step with one foot on the horse's rump to help us to the top, and he'd see to it that we got clear over to the middle where there was no danger of slipping off. And then at the barn we'd slide off into his arms, and then stand back to watch the hay being lifted, almost half a load at a time, into the barn. I can see Uncle Dick pushing the great fork into the hay, and we'd watch it raise to the top of the barn. I can hear the sound of the pulley as it skimmed through the top over to where the hay was to be dumped, and I can hear Dad shout "Dump", and see the huge fork-full drop down in a burst of dust and hay leaves.

I remember the thrill of riding on the empty hay-rack, holding tight to one of Dad's legs, as it bumped along. And my memory goes back to riding the same way on the leveler, holding tight to Dad's leg, as it went back and forth across the plowed ground. The wagon, the hay rack, the leveler, or whatever it was, might plunge and jerk out. If I had 'hold' of Dad's leg, I was safe.

Another thing I liked to watch was Dad bunching the hay, sitting on the high-wheeled rack, and reaching out to release the lever just right to make the hay stand in great, rolling piles. I loved the sound of the mower, and it was always a thrill to watch the green lucern fall as Dad rode round and round in a circle, cutting the size of the field down, until there was nothing standing in the center.

And I loved to watch him sharpen the hay knives, especially before the days of the power motor, when we had that bicycle like affair that Dad would sit on, and by working his knees, would turn the stone and a shower of sparks would fly out as he pedaled, sparks that you could reach out and touch with your hands and they wouldn't burn.

I even enjoyed digging potatoes when it was for Dad. I remember way back when I was a child, just big enough to hold the sacks (if I braced myself) for Dad and old Alma Wilkinson to pitch the potatoes into, listening to the tales they told.

And I remember the hurt of that first summer after Dad died. Every year when Dad and Mom needed help with the berries, the prunes, cherries, peaches, apples, pears, or were fixing to take off a load of tomatoes, if it were more than Mom could handle, they'd call for me. A lot of times I'll admit there were other things I needed to be doing, but deep down, this was a part of me and I enjoyed it. You can't live on a farm, harvest fruit all your life, without a sort of feeling for it, like when the Japanese woman came to our place during strawberry season and Mom said she could see her hands fairly itch to get down into the picking of them. This was the first year that Sylpha and LaVon weren't too tied down with children to do the work, and since the boys were taking over the farm, so did they. It wasn't anyone's fault, but they just plain didn't need me. It was sad to see the jeep going by without dad in it, the truck going to market without him, and the farm work going on without him... and without me.

I remember the first time I drove the truck into the barn. I got in fine with the cab, but I'd forgotten how much farther the sides of the truck stuck out, and...crash! I took a pretty good sized piece of board off the side of the barn. Dad was there and saw it happen, but he didn't say one word to scold. He just made me back out again and do it over the right way. I never scraped the sides of anything after that.

When we were married in the Temple, I remember how beautiful Mom and Dad looked in their Temple clothes. All my life I had seen her washing and pressing and getting them ready to wear, but I'd never before seen them in the clothes, and I remember how they looked to me that night. I remember how handsome and how nice Dad looked in his Temple clothes that last time I ever saw him...

And I remember that night at the hospital when I stood at the side of Dad's bed, somewhere in the hospital a radio sang, "My heart cries for you, dies for you; my arms yearn for you, please come back to me".

I remember how Dad enjoyed going to the fights with Fram. I even arranged to have MaryLu born in the morning so they could make it to the fights that Thursday night.

And I remember how Dad and Larry Salisbury enjoyed their Sunday afternoon baseball games, how they'd take off together, each with a cushion under his arm.

And I remember the look of Dad as he walked across the fields back of our house to go over and see Larry Salisbury, or to confer with him out by the grapes.

Dad had such a good sense of humor, and he was always a good sport at a party. I remember the night of Aunt Adleen's costume party not so awfully long ago when Dad went in feminine attire, with a couple of tennis balls in the pockets of the bra on his chest.

And it always tickled me so to hear of the time when they were up to the canyon on a camping trip. Dad and Mr. Salisbury went to bed early, they changed places with each other, and then waited for Mom and Mrs. Salisbury to come to bed. Mrs. Salisbury said, "Jenny, I believe I've got the wrong man!", and Mom said she knew the minute Mr. Salisbury held the covers up so carefully for her to get in that it must not be dad.

And I remember the time Dad and Aunt Pearl got the poetry writing bug, and he'd sit and write, and then take it up for Aunt Pearl to read, and they'd exchange verses.

When I was little Dad used to "take my nose" and throw it into the coal bucket, or

sometimes he'd throw it in the stove. I always got it back, though, if I cried hard enough, even if he had to lift the lid and snatch it from the flames. I think one time he must have given it back to me when I wasn't looking and I cried and cried until he got me another. That's why I have the equivalent of two noses instead of one.

I remember going with Dad to Mitchell's Jewelry Store to pick out my watch. It was when I was in high school. We stood together at the counter. I had gotten a watch for Christmas, but there was something wrong with it, so Dad took me down to choose my own. We didn't have a lot of money, but Dad didn't put any price ceiling on my desires, and I was the happiest girl in the land with that new Elgin with the blue on the ends...And I remember when I lost that watch, old and out-dated as it was, I thought the world had come to an end.

I remember the pleasure of having a fire in the "front room" on cold winter nights, long before the day of the furnace. On special occasions, or when we'd coaxed hard enough, Dad would scoop hot coals from the old kitchen stove into the fire shovel and hurry with them through the hall into the other room, streaming smoke and kids behind him, to start the fire in the front room stove...And I can't remember anything more pleasant when I was in grade school, than to come home in the afternoon after school and find the living room warm and Mom at the sewing machine, and Dad reading, because it was too cold to go out and work.

I remember riding in the buggy, or was it surrey, to town when we were children, kneeling down in front, right behind the horses, and holding onto that front piece. And when we got to the foot of the dug-way on the way home, Dad would drive off into the shallow part of the stream where it made a pond by the road, and stop there for the horses to drink. He would stand way out on the tongue between the horses and unhook the harness so the horses could put down their heads.

I remember all the times much later when Mom would take us shopping to town, and when we returned Dad would have the dishes all done and the kitchen clean. And, I think of all the dishes he washed that last year while Mom was working on the boys' houses and Dad wasn't feeling good enough to get out and work, so he did things for Mom so she would be free.

I remember the way Dad used to shake hands with someone he liked, someone he was glad to see, that twist of the wrist and side swinging motion, and the smile on his face...

I remember once when we went up to Mirror Lake, we stopped on the way and there were some young quaking asp trees and Dad bent one way down for me to ride, and when I sat in its top branches and sprang up the way he showed me it went almost to the sky.

I remember when Dad, Uncle Dick, Uncle Ivers and John Shepherd would get together at our place sometimes to practice their quartet, and those little dark red books they sang from, and I liked to hear "Oh, Galilee, Blue Galilee", and "The Old Rugged Cross".

I remember the miles of corn, tomatoes, strawberries, potatoes, and even one year

sugar beets, I hoed alongside of dad. I remember how he showed me to chop in close to the plant, curve the hoe around its edge, to get the little weeds out without taking out the plant. I can hear the sound of the hoe, chopping arithmetically through the dry earth. And I remember the story Dad used to like to tell of Uncle Ivern walking up to the house carrying his hoe with one finger crooked through the opening in the front of his pants.

Even picking tomatoes wasn't so bad if I could do it alongside of Dad.

I wish I could hear again the ring of Dad's ax against the iron crow bar he used for stacking the cow. So often it was the first sound I ever heard in the morning, and no matter how early, or how reluctant I was to waken, it always sounded good because Dad was near. Wes still pounds the iron post to stake the same cow, but it doesn't have the ring to it that it had when Dad was on the other end of the ax.

I remember when we were sick, about the first thing that ever happened was for Dad to take our wrist in one hand, his watch in the other, and count our pulse. I don't know how much the pulse counting meant medically, but I do know it meant a lot to have Dad hold my wrist and feel that he cared what happened to me. Even after I was married, Dad would come over to count pulse if I didn't feel good...Or, he'd count Larry's if he was sick.

And I remember in the same way how Mom always held our heads when we had to vomit. Even after I married and expecting Larry, it didn't seem right for me to be heaving into the toilet without Mom there to hold my head.

I remember the time we nearly lost Neil when he was a baby with sinus infection. It was Dad who came over and made me realize how really ill he was, and it was Dad who took us to town to Dr. Ostler, in the old G.M.C. Truck, because no other car was around, to get started the treatments that saved Neil's life.

I remember how good Dad looked to me the day he came to the hospital to see me after Larry was born. And I remember that day Dad and Mom came to the hospital after Kendall was buried, I had been there waiting through the funeral alone.

And I remember when Thumper died, Dad said, "You couldn't have sent Fram's Mother a nicer Christmas present."

I remember how pleased Dad was when Larry started to play the accordion...I wish he could hear him now.

I remember those two or three trees of Mount Rose peaches and how Dad took such pride in the way they looked when packed in the cases, with the rosy side turned up and often a sprig of green leaf tucked in the top layer, and with his feather duster he'd whisk over them to dust off the fuzz. And I remember the careful way he picked the peaches so as not to bruise them, put them so carefully in the bucket, and before it was too full bring them to Mom and me

to pack.

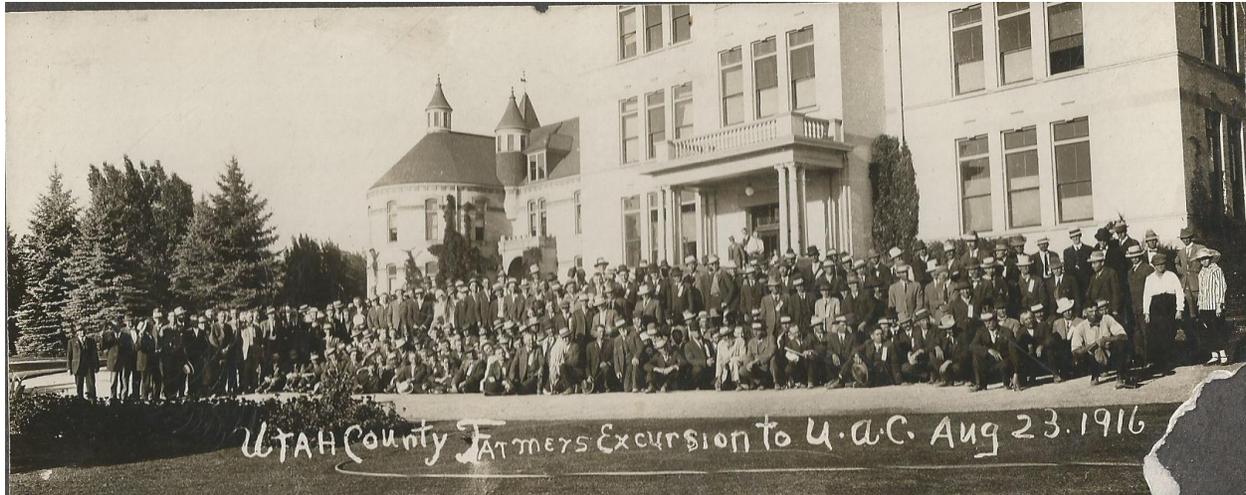
I remember the miles and miles I must have walked beside Dad handing strawberry plants, or tomato plants, how I tried to have the plant ready, the right and toward him with the roots hanging smoothly down, when his hand reached for it, how he'd flip the root into the slit in the dirt his shovel made, and I can see his foot in the heavy work shoe as it stepped firmly but gently to tighten the dirt over the plant as he pulled out the shovel. I'd rather hand plants to Dad than anyone, maybe it was because he always took care of turning the water so it got down the rows just right, and gave me time to put the plants in the buckets with the ends turned right, or maybe it was just that I liked working beside him...

When we picked strawberries, the first early ones to come on, that Dad helped in the picking of the first time or two over the patch...I always traveled down my row about the same speed as Dad. I can see him now, holding the cups in one hand and bending down to pick with the other. He never stooped because his knees wouldn't give, even as far back as I can remember. And then later on when the berries got thicker when we had to have the pickers come, Dad wouldn't pick, but he'd always come and gather up the cups for me and Mom.

And in the raspberry patch Dad did the gathering for us. And I remember how when it would be so hot and we were so tired, here would come Dad with the cold, cold water, and the day when he brought cola beer and soda crackers with cheese...And the morning when it was so cold, he brought hot cocoa. I remember even the sound of the old Dodge pick-up truck they cut down from the car, as it sounded coming down the road from the corner after Dad had been on a trip to the Market in Salt Lake. I think we'd listen unconsciously for the sound of it as we picked berries, and after hearing it turn in the drive-way, soon we'd see Dad coming over the bridge back of the barn and down to the berry patch to us. He'd tell how things went on the Market, etc., and I remember well the morning when he came down to the patch and said, "Well, today I got a lady's goat". And he had.

And in connection with that old berry patch way down in the field, I remember too the sound of the old plow share hanging in the tree back of the chicken coop as Mom beat upon it with a hammer to call us up to breakfast.

I remember the old well, and how good the water tasted from the wooden bucket after Dad had drawn it dripping from the well. I can still feel the taste of the damp wood as I drank, with water overflowing the corners of my mouth, while Dad held the bucket. There was probably a cup there to dip and drink with, but I can't remember it. I only remember the bucket and the taste of it as Dad tipped it for us to drink.



CHURCH SERVICE

I was born at Snowflake, Arizona, April 28, 1884, the third child of Theodore Farley Sr. and Matilda Mann. I was baptized and confirmed when eight years old. At the age of ten years I moved with my parents from Snowflake to Provo Bench. When twelve years old I was ordained a Deacon in the Priesthood, and on August 3, 1903. I was ordained to the office of Teacher by A.N. Anderson. December 26, 1904 I was ordained a Priest by O.L. Terry. At the age of twenty-two on June 11, 1906 I was ordained by Earnest Hamer to the office of Elder.

On June 20 of the same year I was married to Mary Jane Terry, also of Provo. The ceremony took place in the Salt Lake Temple and was performed by John R. Winder. We are the parents of seven children. I purchased a home of my own here in Timpanogos Ward and took up the occupation of farmer and fruit grower.

On July 4, 1912 I was called into the Presidency of the Elders' Quorum and worked continuously in that position for sixteen years. In 1918 I was set apart as President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and held that position for two years. I was chosen an assistant to the Superintendent of the Sunday School on October 31, 1926 and two years later was made Superintendent of that organization in which capacity I worked for five years. I was ordained a seventy by J. Golden Kimball on January 19, 1930, and was set apart as one of the seven presidents in the One Hundred and Twenty-third Quorum.

In January 1932 I was ordained a High Priest and set apart by President A.V. Watkins under the direction of Apostle Steven L. Richards to be first councilor to Julian Hansen in the Bishopric of the Timpanogos Ward, and at the present time am still serving in that capacity. I have had the privilege of being personally acquainted with, and have labored under, every Bishop and Councilor that have been in the Timpanogos Ward, up to date. In church duties I have, you might say, followed in the footsteps of my father, for throughout my life all the Church positions I have held have been held by him in previous years, with the exception that he was never president of the Y.M.M.I.A

I was a member of the Timpanogos Quartette for twenty-six years and have sung in practically every Church house in Utah, Sharon, and Timpanogos Stakes, and some in Salt Lake County. Out of seven temples of the Church I have visited five—Mesa, St. George, Manti, Salt Lake and Logan—and I attended the dedication of the Mesa Temple in 1927.



Fishing



Carl Farley Family on the Timpanogos Hike

Timpanogos Ward - January 1, 1933

. . . Frank Carter was the presiding Elder and Elliot Newell and Joseph Evans were his councilors. There was no bishop until 1888, when Peter M. Wentz, a shoemaker of Provo, was called to take charge of the whole district. James Loveless, Sr., and Amasa Mechem were his councilors.

Dancing was the chief form of amusement those days. Dances were held either in the school building or in some private home. The accordion music was furnished by Frankie Brane. Major Berry furnished a hall (a large adobe barn built as a storehouse for crops) for dancing. Tithing was faithfully paid, although much of it was given in the form of produce. The people commenced growing different kinds of fruit instead of depending upon grapes as a whole. Up to 1900, molasses was the chief sweet and delicacy. It was made from their own canes.

In the beginning, a share of water cost \$1.50. Now one must pay over \$300.00 for it. With the growth, necessarily came a division of the wards. Timpanogos Ward was divided into two wards, and Sharon was born. Then came Windsor Ward. In 1929, a new Stake was made that took in all of the Bench and the surrounding rural ward. Today it's inhabitants number around 3500. Most of them are farmers engaged in fruit growing. The farms are getting smaller and smaller, and the cultivation is becoming more and more concentrated. Small fruit, especially strawberries and raspberries, are its most noted crop, although apples bring in a good part of the income. Other fruits are grown but in smaller amounts.

The county has been a prosperous one. It is dotted with good homes, some of them beautiful homes. It is a home owning district, and no more beautiful nor pleasant place could be chosen for them. An excellent high school has been built.

Timpanogos Ward embraces a large scope of country on the so-called Provo Bench between Provo and Pleasant Grove in Utah County. The ward extends east to Provo River, west to the Lake View and Vineyard ward and north to the Pleasant Grove Second Ward of Lindon. The ward boundaries are co-extensive with the Provo Bench precinct and school district boundaries . . . The Timpanogos Ward meeting house is about four miles from the Provo Tabernacle and about 8 miles from the center of Pleasant Grove. Nearly all the people within the limits are Latter Day Saints and farmers and good crops are usually raised. The lands are irrigated from the Provo River from which a large canal tapping said river near the mouth of Provo Canyon conveys water up onto the Bench.

Sources: Timpanogos Ward records, Utah Stake on file in the historical records library of the LDS Church Office Building in Salt Lake City, – Research by Lucille F. Collins -- April 16, 1979.