

Jennie and Carl's Daughters & Sons

by Diane Johnson Stokoe

Revised - 2014

1943 - Carl and Jennie Farley Family



1st Row, Grand children Diane Johnson (Stokoe,) Larry Collins, and Corinne Johnson (Young)

2nd Row, Carroll with Mother Jennie and Father Carroll and Melda Farley Hacking.

3rd Row Betty (Carroll), Jessie Farley Johnson, Lucille Farley Collins, Ora (Stan), Weston and Reed Hacking (Melda)

4th Row Merrill, Dean Johnson, (Jessie), Fram Collins (Lucille) and Stanley Farley.



CHAPTER 1

"MELDA"

Melda Severina Farley Hacking

At 11:30 a.m. on October 14, 1907, the stillness was shattered by my cry, as Dr. J.W. Aird delivered Mary Jane “Jennie” Terry Farley of her first child. She had just turned 22, two weeks earlier on October 1st. Her husband, my father, Carroll “Carl” Farley, was 23, and had been since the 28th of April.

I know was born of goodly parents—I can remember them over so many years—their industry, honesty, integrity; the opportunities they afforded me; the love and family closeness that still exists between me and my four brothers and two sisters. I was also born of goodly grandparents, and I can personally remember associating with these noble ancestors: Grandpa and Grandma Farley (Theodore and Matilda Mann Farley); Great-Grandma Lydia Pons Farley; Great Grandpa and Grandma Oscar and Martha Mann; Grandpa and Grandma Otis Lysander and Mary Johanna Rasmussen Terry. My mother told me that when they were trying to decide what my name should be, they were considering Mary Matilda, after both grandmother. My Mary Grandmother said, “Oh, don't burden her with that name -- just call her Melda” So I was blessed and named Melda Severine after my little Great Grandmother Severine. I have been so thankful over the years for my name, even though people don't know how to spell it. I'm often called “Melba!”

Clockwise from Melda, great grandmother Severine; grandmother Mary Johanna Rasmussen Terry and mother, Jennie Terry Farley.



My looks must have been a bit of a trial to my handsome Papa with his black hair and brown eyes and my Mama who had soft brown hair. I had Mama's blue eyes and fair skin but my hair was white white. One day I was playing outside in my little white furry hood which I wore in the cold. Papa yelled to Mama from the barn: "Get that kid's hood on." It was on, I was wearing it! As time passed, my hair changed to "honey" blonde. Mom said it looked almost like honey candy after being pulled.

I must have been a trial to my mother as well because from the time I was a small baby whenever I heard music, I would sob and cry. Grandma Terry said, "Mark my word, when she grows up she will like music." Truer words were never spoken. I do love music and the beautiful melodic strains, vocal or instrumental, still touch me deeply and bring tears to my eyes. Conversely, loud discordant, rock 'n roll and the modern stuff they call music today is just noise. It gives me indigestion and makes me a nervous wreck!

I was two when my sister Jessie Eva arrived on November 10, 1909. She was dimpled and smiling and Mama called Jessie "her little Sunshine." Her hair had some blond coloring. By that time mine had lost its whiteness and was also blond. Our mother used to do our hair up in newspapers, cut into squares and folded over and over into a long flat "curler" and then sewed where the ends were folded down. After getting the ends of the hair tucked into a fold, she rolled them up for an all-night drying.



The next morning, the "curlers" were pulled out and Mama's two little girls were in beautiful long ringlets for special occasions. At other times we wore braids. I was always dressed in blue, or at least in dresses trimmed in blue with a matching hair ribbon. Jessie wore pink. I always had first choice and I did not know Jessie would have preferred blue until we were grown and married. When our sister Mary Lucille arrived on July 4, 1912, I was going on five and Jessie was three. Lucille wore white until she was old enough to have a preference and then she claimed red as her favorite color.

Lucille was called "Mamie," until somewhere along the line she became Lucille, spelled with two I's. Lucille was special because she had dark hair and hazel eyes with dark brows and lashes.

Papa would have liked a son to help with the farm work. He made the remark to Mama that if they had any more children they'd likely be girls! I remember his high-toned, aristocratic childless Aunt Olive Eugenia Rhine, from Ogden once say, "Well, Carl, are you going to fill your house with girls trying to get a boy?"

Farley girls: Jessie, Melda & Lucille But he did get his wish, and the next four were boys — wonderful brothers: Carroll Milton, Stanley T., Merrill A. and Weston LeGrande. Stan was the only dark-haired one with brown eyes but when he and Merrill were in the service together and had their pictures taken in black and white, they looked so much alike it was hard to tell which was which.

Our childhood was happy, safe and secure. We lived in a nice two-room white brick house. We had a kitchen with a big black cook stove and a reservoir at the right side and a round black chimney that went up through the ceiling.

In spite of a somewhat delicate childhood, I came through it with the best set of teeth in the family. I did not go to a dentist until I was in my teens; and I still have my original teeth except for four wisdom teeth—two had to be literally dug out with a hammer and chisel, bit by bit.

When I was about two or three, I fell against our pot-bellied front room heating stove and burned the inside of my hand badly.

Luckily the hand healed and the accident did not interfere with my ability to play the organ. We had a little pump organ and I learned to play at an early age. I loved to sing and one day asked Mama for a book to sing out of. She handed me a magazine, probably a Children's Friend. I looked through it and said: "I can't use this, it hasn't any singers in it!"

I was not always a good child. On one occasion my Papa was so disgusted with me at the supper table that he put me outside on the back step, where I screamed bloody murder because I fancied I could see coyotes all around with their glaring eyes in the gathering darkness. We had several different patterns of spoons, and I was determined to have one of each kind around my plate!

One of my earliest childhood memories was a trip to Salt Lake, probably by train, just Mama and Papa and Jessie and me. I remember we saw some monkeys dressed in little red coats. We used to love to ride the Merry-go-Round. Papa would not let his little girls go alone and he said it made him dizzy, so Mama would ride with us. Most of the time she stood between the horses holding on to each of us.



1915 - Carl's sister Louie Farley was queen of the parade. Jessie and cousin Mildred Farley were part of her royal court.

School days began at Spencer School when I was five, turning six in October, 1913. There was no kindergarten then. My first grade teacher was Miss Halliday, and Ora Cunningham was our Principal. Mrs. Cunningham had one foot that was crippled, and she walked with a crutch. She was dearly loved and very special to me. I really can't remember when I learned to read. But I do remember reading Greek Myths and stories about Thor and the other gods.

My cousin, Theodore Farley, and I used to go through the school singing "Old Black Joe," -- "I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low; I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe." Theodore was six weeks older than me. He looked like a Farley with his black hair and big dark brown eyes. We cousins made quite a striking pair--me so light and Theodore so dark. We used to walk home from school together and I would have to dig the snow out of his ears from the snowballs thrown at him by that big bully, Owen Nielson. We

lived about a mile from school and usually walked, except when it stormed or was very cold and then Papa would hitch up one of the work horses and take us in a little one-seated black buggy.

We lived out in the country, on Provo Bench. The city of Provo was about five miles to the South. When we traveled to Provo we went along the ditch which wound along the old Dug-way. The ditch water was cold and clear and there was water cress growing along the bank. Sometimes Papa would lean out over the horse and unhook his bridle so he could get a nice cold drink. Jessie and I would kneel on the buggy floor in front of the one seat which held our parents and baby Lucille. It was always a little scary to watch Papa unhook the bridle for we feared Papa would fall into the water as he unfastened the strap.

I remember the time Mama went somewhere in the buggy and when she came home, the horse began to run away. She tried to stop it but as the horse turned and missed the bridge. The buggy went off into the ditch. I can still see Papa now, running from the barn, yelling "Whoa" to stop the horse. Luckily no one was hurt.

My second grade teacher was Miss Lille Went. She was "Aunt Lille" to us cousins, Myrl and Grant and Zenda Wentz, who lived up the street from our house. Miss Wentz read to us every day. I remember Nellie's Silver Mine, a book about a family who came from the East to live in Colorado. It was an exciting story and sometimes she let me read to the class. This must have been in fourth grade when she taught us again.

My third grade teacher was Mrs. Aird, a small thin lady. One day after school we went to a party at her house. Three of us girls walked over with three boys. I walked with Lloyd Anderberg, my first beau. He lived with his Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jergan Hansen. His grandpa was called "Tuff Hansen" by the kids who knew him. The boys bought us some candy when we went past the store. Martha Loveless was with her Beau, Theodore Farley, who was also her cousin. We all called him "Bish." Lulu Adams was with Steven Cordner. He brought black licorice sticks for her.

When I was eight I took my first piano lesson on our little pump organ. One of our friends, Jim Cordner, had a piano. John Bown came out from Provo to teach piano in our neighborhood. I remember his nasal counting 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4. I had only enough lessons to learn "The Sack Waltz," but this early training enabled me to go with my music by myself. I soon learned to play many hymns on our little pump organ.

In 1918, when I was eleven, our Timpanogos Ward Sunday School organist, Rhoda Poulson, went on a mission and I was asked to take her place as the Sunday School organist. I loved that assignment, especially playing the "Practice Hymns" and the devotional music during the passing of the Sacrament. It was a sad day for me when word came from Salt Lake that the playing of music during the Sacrament was to be discontinued. I suppose it was because many of the organists were playing inappropriate music. I always tried to be very selective and to use quiet melodic music conducive to worship.

I was also asked to be a Sunday School teacher at an early age. The members of the class were about my own age. I remember sharing a class with C. Wilford Larsen, a fine teacher some years older than I. Once I taught with Dr. Doyle W. Cranney, our neighbor and family physician. I also served as chorister for the Sunday School and in other ward organizations. Music has always been a very important part of my life.

I reached my full height when I was in the fifth grade. I stood head and shoulders above my girlfriends and most of the boys. I was always conscious of my big feet and hands. But I could reach an octave and an additional three keys, which was a great help in playing the piano and organ. My fifth grade teacher was Letha Smith.

Sylvia Draper taught us in sixth grade. Ray V. Wentz, Aunt Lillie's brother, taught seventh grade and B.M. Jolley was my teacher in eighth grade.

I do not remember our Papa ever scolding or whipping us. Mama used to scold us and give us a spanking when we needed it. But we were never slapped in the face or hit around the head. I do remember Papa cursing the animals but he always spoke kindly to his children. When we were older however, he would get after us for laughing as we picked raspberries and strawberries. He did not think we were working if we were having any fun.

At the first sign of sickness, Papa would take out his watch and count our pulses. He administered so much "sweet oil," or Olive Oil that I can't stand the taste of it to this day. I had to take "iron and wine" for anemia -- the iron was in little golden flakes that looked like bits of dried glue from book spines where the pages had come out. I contacted all the childhood diseases -- chicken pox, measles, whooping cough (without a whoop!), even mumps and influenza; but these cases were all light. I had about three small pox, and was not nearly as miserable as those who developed light cases after being inoculated! Having these diseases must have strengthened my immune system, I never suffered any after effects except for chicken pox which later caused recurring "Shingles," a very, very painful condition which still gives me discomfort around my waist to this day. It's a burning and prickling sensation.

The new Lincoln High School was ready for occupancy in the fall of my freshman year. Our student body included sophomores, juniors and seniors who had previously attended Pleasant Grove and other area high schools. I was really bashful and shy around boys but I could "shine" in a chorus and in small musical groups. I usually sang alto or second soprano, but I had a good range and could sing soprano when necessary. There were always more sopranos than other voices, so I learned to read and sing the other parts for harmony.

I was chosen to play the lead in the school play during my Sophomore year. I played Honor in "Honor Bright." I was tall and slender and it was exciting to play opposite Alton Kartchner who was a full-grown, well developed athlete. He had dark hair and brown eyes. There was one balcony scene like the one in Romeo and Juliet where I wore beautiful clothes. One elegant gown belonged to my drama teacher. The love scenes were a bit of a problem for me. I remember one where Dick Carrington (Alton) was to put his arms around me and kiss me. I backed into the piano! But after that experience he was my "Beau," and we called each other "Dick" and "Honor."



I served as Student Body Vice-President during my junior year in 1924-25. I won a medal for my Lincoln Essay. That was before scholarships were awarded. I also received a special pin. My health was fragile. I had a lot of stomach aches and after many doses of "sweet oil" administered carefully by Papa, I finally had my appendix out when I was seventeen.

Papa was interested in his daughters and careful about who they were with and what time they came home. I remember Papa meeting me at the gate once when I came home from a dance with Don Clayton. We did not arrive until very late--maybe even 1:00 o'clock. I don't remember, for sure. But I didn't much care for Don Clayton anyway. He was short and I wanted someone tall, dark and handsome!

After graduating from Lincoln High School, I attended Brigham Young University for two years, where I was active in music. I returned to Lincoln High to play the lead in the school operetta "Pickles." I referred to myself as MFH in letters, notes, etc. This was the only nickname I ever had, acquired it when one of my BYU friends christened me "MFH," pronounced "muff." I attended classes with Ezra Taft Benson who later became president of the Church. He was student body president and signed my yearbook.



I was honored to be named one of the ten most beautiful coeds at BYU in 1927 along with (left to right,) Kathleen Bench, Maurine Fillmore, Edith Christensen (seated.) Standing: Naomi Seawort, Jennie Holbrook, Eleanore Beau, Jenta Prince, Melda, Florence Tuttle and Ruth Buccanan. I resembled my mother pictured here at the age of fourteen.

Gerritt de Jong was Dean of the College of Fine Arts. I was his office girl from 1925 through 1927 while attending the "Y." I don't know how it happened but when staff members from his department failed to show up for a meeting he had called, it dawned on me with horror that I had forgotten to notify them. They were scattered all over campus in different places, some were even engaged in activities in the gym. That wonderful man, Dean de Jong, just said to me with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh well, if business interferes with pleasure, cut out the business!"



I had my patriarchal blessing on February 10th, 1923 when I was fourteen. One passage seemed to indicate I would serve a



mission: "Your steps shall keep pace with the advance of God's work in the Earth. Nothing shall darken your mind in regard to the worth of the Gospel, and you shall readily understand every move in the advancement of our Father's work. . ." So I decided to leave BYU and go on a mission.

I spent twenty-seven months in the Mexican Mission in El Paso, Texas; Albuquerque, New Mexico and Los Angeles, California. I was Senior Companion to Melita Van Orden for

one period but spent most of my time working at mission headquarters in El Paso and Los Angeles. President Pratt asked me to extend in order to continue as mission stenographer.

October 22, 1927

Dearest Family,

Oh, I don't think there was ever a happier girl in the world than this one! My heart is fairly singing for joy and why? We have just had the most inspiring conference with Apostle Ballard in attendance. I'm a missionary among the Lamanite people, Priesthood meeting was wonderful and we have our assignments. I'm to be in the office again! Are you surprised? I confess I was -- but not disappointed.

I really feel in my heart that this is where I should be--where I can do the most good. And Brother Pratt said I was needed here--that there's a great lot of work to do. He asked if my muscles were good and strong. I don't need more assurance, do I? Oh yes, and during Priesthood meeting Sister Mc had to leave so she handed me the minute book to take the minutes while she was out--and the shorthand, that I haven't used for four months, just came so easily to my fingers and head that to me, was and is, a testimony that my work is here. I'm contented and so happy--even thrilled.

My four months of work in the field has been a valuable means of gaining more experience. Now just pray for me, all of you, that I may be a good missionary and a good stenographer as well. I feel Brother and Sister Pratt have faith in me and the kids there like me too. This is the work of the Lord and we are promised that the Lord never calls us to do anything that he doesn't prepare a way so I have no doubts. I am determined to keep up my end of the bargain. . .

Elder George Reed Hacking, from Magrath, Alberta, Canada met his future wife in the mission field. Reed recalled that as stenographer to President Ray L. Pratt Melda's ability to take dictation in Spanish helped the President considerably as he was working on the revised edition of the Book of Mormon in Spanish.

Melda was a good missionary and a good student of Spanish. The President felt impressed to bring her into the office as his stenographer after she had been in the field about three months. Of course that drew us together quite a bit, Reed writes. She would help me with my books quite often and the two of us had work to do together. I admired her for her neatness and efficiency in the office.

President Pratt kept in contact with the branches in Mexico by correspondence and Melda was able to take dictation in Spanish and write his Spanish letters for him. He had only one other stenographer who could do that.

Music did not come natural to me. I had to study hard. It was just part of Melda's nature. You could whistle a tune to her and she could play it on the piano. That ability entranced me. Her voice was very beautiful and if I got an opportunity to sing in a quartet with her I was very pleased.

She usually had a lady companion but sometimes she was at the mercy of the elders. As mission secretary, I thought that I should take care of her--help her on the street car, etc., but there was too much competition from the other male missionaries, particularly Elders Memmott, Ash and for a while the ex-missionary secretary--Elder Williams.

I gave her a ring, don't get me wrong, it was an opal ring which I thought was very pretty. She wore it for a number of years. I enjoyed buying things for girls I liked. I sent a couple of Spanish shawls home to other girls--Dote Ostler and Velma Ririe. Perhaps I shouldn't have spent the money but it gave me a good feeling which always seems to come when you give to others.

President Pratt was asked to revise the Spanish Book of Mormon so it would compare favorably with the English version. He asked me to study grammar and be responsible for that. He would be responsible for the meaning. I bought a Spanish Grammar published by the University of Madrid--the foremost authoritative source on Spanish usage. I studied it very thoroughly. When I suggested that a change be made in the construction of a sentence, Brother Pratt would ask to see the rule. Then I would have to find the place where I had read it.

The hardest part of using rules is that there are always exceptions. I did all of the proof reading. One day I spent eighteen hours proof reading. It was just too much at one time. I skipped over some mistakes for which I am sorry. Brother Pratt told me to mark any mistakes I found and they would be corrected in the next issue.

We were proud of our book though. We had it printed with double columns on each page. We added the index, summary of chapters and the pronouncing section so the meaning was clearer than in the English version. Brother Bennion thought I should have my name in the front along with President Pratt's but I told him that I did not want my name included.

Melda and I were released about the same time but I had no plans of courting her. It was fall and I wanted to get my university credits from Canada and go to the "Y." I went to BYU to see about them and who should I see in the hall but Melda Farley and her cousin Myrl. My heart skipped a beat and I knew that I must like her quite a lot. I did not try to make a date but told her where I lived. . . She was having a party at her place and invited me. I was able to meet her folks and her skinny sister--Lucille.

I was out in Nevada and California selling woolen goods for the Utah Woolen Mills with my brother-in-law, Vaughn Sheffield, and Don Nielsen. Don said if something was of value that I should go after it. If I liked that girl in Utah, then I should go and get her. So when I returned to Utah, that thought was uppermost in my mind.

It must have been Christmas time, 1929. I was not a very forceful salesman but I was persistent. Melda's family seemed to like me more than she did. I remember taking Jess to a show once when Melda was out on a date. I took Melda up to visit my sister in Kaysville. I believe we sang a Spanish duet at Vaughn's grandfather's place. Coming home I broached the subject of marriage. Melda tried to put me off but when we got in the house I blurted it out. I was all for getting married right away but she wanted a long engagement- in order to meet my parents etc. . .

We made plans to go to Canada in the summer to see my parents and take a wedding trip to Hawaii if I made enough money during the year. . .

She was working for Superintendent Moffit who was with the Provo School District. Her friend Olive became engaged so we planned to be married at the same time. I knew Melda was going out with other fellows while I was away but I cured myself of jealousy.



This article on her family appeared in the Provo Herald in the summer of 1930:

NATURE LOVERS TURN THOUGHTS TO TIMPANOGOS HIKE

It's cool up on the Timpanogos glacier and a lot of folks plan to go up there on July 18. Below Mr. and Mrs. Carl Farley and children all of whom made the annual trek last year and will go again. They are Carroll, 16; Mrs. Farley, 44, with Merrill, 7; Jessie, 20; (with Wes) Lucille, 18; Mr. Carl Farley, 46, with Stanley, 9; and Melda, 22.

Reed continues, "One of the scariest climbs I ever made was with Melda up Bridal Vail Falls while we were living in Provo. We thought we would climb up until we saw where the water came from. We took our lunch and started up the trail. We went as far as the trail went then started climbing up the cliff. I would climb a little way, then help Melda. We did not realize how steep it was till a bottle of ketchup came out of my back pocket and fell hundreds of feet below. It seemed too steep to climb down so we kept going up and finally reached the top. The water came from a large hole in the ground. Instead of coming back the way we went up we came down over brush and small trees and vines. They were hard to push through but there was no danger of falling. I am frightened every time I think of that climb. Just last year a BYU student fell to his death there."

We made the trip to Canada that same summer and taking her sister Jessie along. The girls liked my folks and of course they liked the girls. I think Melda made up her mind to marry me while we were going through the Cardston Temple. She told the family at her eighty-fifth birthday party, that it was in the Cardston Temple that Melda saw in her mind's eye four children—one blond, another with red hair, the third a brunette and the fourth had brown hair.

I arrived in Utah a week before we were to get married. My temple recommend had not yet arrived from Canada. I wrote requesting that it be sent directly to the temple. At last the fateful day arrived. We started for Salt Lake about 6 o'clock on that cold wintery day. There was no recommend for me at the desk. It looked like fate was against us. Melda was wondering if perhaps we weren't supposed to get married after all. We phoned Canada and got a wire from the bishop and returned to the temple. At the entrance I remembered I did not have the wedding ring. I made a hasty trip to Dayne's and came back puffing and out of breath to my bewildered fiancée.

We went to a show that night in Salt Lake showing what life would be like in fifty years. It pictured a baby being ordered and then just coming down an escalator and that was that! Perhaps we were married fifty years too soon. We stayed at Temple Square Hotel. Our wedding reception was two days later. Melda's father offered us \$100 or a reception. We took the reception which I suppose, cost more than that. The party was held in the Lincoln High School gym. We had presents galore which we stored in boxes and barrels till we needed them.

After the reception they kidnaped Melda and took her to Marion Clark's. I wasn't much worried and went home and went to bed. Being I wasn't worried, they brought her back...



I may be biased when I talk about my wife, but I should be as I know her better than anyone else. Everyone who knows her seems to like her. In the mission field she was called, "Solana," which means, "Sunshine." She is naturally good natured and friendly with everyone. She is neat, immaculate, and careful with her personal things. I couldn't have ordered a better wife if I had a chance.

We lived in Los Angeles for a time, then moved to Reno, Nevada, where I continued to sell woolen goods. Melda demonstrated and sold Charm cosmetics. Then we moved to San Diego and opened a cosmetic business. These were depression years and people were hard pressed to put food on the table and pay their bills. There was little money in this enterprise so we returned to Provo.

In 1933 I was working at Bradshaw Auto Parts from 4 till 12 midnight when I enrolled at BYU as a Spanish major. I was given 24 hours of credit for passing a written test in Spanish and with my Canadian credits, I was able to finish my undergraduate work in two years.

After graduation, Professor Cummings caught me working under my car one day and asked if I would like to teach a Spanish class. He said I wouldn't be paid much but that I and my wife would get free tuition. So I took him up on his offer and

taught advanced Spanish grammar for two years. I was paid \$20.00 a month the first year and \$25.00 the second.

I took 46 hours of schooling and Melda took quite a few classes but she wasn't interested in matriculating. Melda took theory of music, phonetics, French and Spanish. She also took organ lessons from Professor de Jong. I took more French, office practice and accounting. I thought it would be nice to get a master's degree in accounting since they were not offering a masters in Spanish at the time. . I played the violin in the orchestra one summer and the melopohone in the band. It was quite fun marching in the band and playing for games.

Melda was the best student in my Spanish class. She was named president of the Spanish club. Our entry in the BYU homecoming parade received 2nd prize that year. Professor Cummings suggested that Reed go to the University of Mexico and get a master's degree in Spanish and return and teach at BYU. But I wasn't interested as the pay there was rather low there back in those days. Melda recalled that in one of his French classes, Professor B.F. Cummings confessed his suppressed desire was to walk bare-foot through Milt Marshall's hair! (Professor Marshall wore his thick dark hair in a stand-up crew-cut, popular in those days.)

The photo below was taken in the women's gym on El Circo de Mayo Day, May 4, 1934. Front row: Roy Hatch, Carlos Taylor, Billy Hinkey, Florence Todd, S.D. Lang and Melda. Back row: Emilio Calderone Pig, Mexican Consul SLC, Antone R. Ivins, SLC, Franklin S. Harris, Pres. BYU, B.F. Cummings, head of the Spanish Dept, Gerrit de Jong Jr., Dean, College of Fine Arts, and Joseph Moffett.



I sat for the civil service exam and scored very high. This put me in a position for a good government job. In 1935 I began working for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service so we moved to Gallup, New Mexico. In 1937 Melda also got a job with the S.C.S.”

Melda always had a deep love for music. Her father sang in a quartet. Her mother, who had descended from two prominent choristers also sang, played the piano and conducted music. In 1938 we received this letter from her mother:

Provo, March 27, 1938

Dear Melda & Reed,

Well Conference is over and I feel well pleased with our singing. We got through Holy Redeemer very well. . . We didn't do so well on the 23rd Psalm, but Inflammatus was swell. . . I was so enthused about the singing I almost forgot to tell you they voted me in as the Stake Chorister. . . I felt like there are lots of others who know more about music, but since they asked me, I'll do the best I can. I've had so much extra work with all this practicing that I told Uncle Dick to get another Sunday School teacher as I just couldn't do both.

After the Conference I would have given up the idea of going to Salt Lake but Sister Gillespie coaxed us to go on so we did and we are glad we did. It was simply wonderful. There were twenty of us who went. The Stake Officers got the Stake bus to haul us back and forth. We practiced all day on Thursday and Friday. The general Board furnished box lunches for all the Singing Mothers, about 900.



Melda's grandmother Mary Johanna Terry is pictured with her MIA Contest winners. Back row: LaPriel Gappmayer, Lorna Booth, Emma Bown Peck and Tempie Evans Gardner. Front row: Sylvia Draper, Diantha Pattern, Bessie Cook, Minne Farley and Ethal Hills. Under her direction these girls won the MIA All church contest with "Distant Bells."

I was so worried because we didn't know the songs as well as I thought we should know them but by the end of the first day nobody used any copies.

Mrs. Sackett is certainly a wonderful conductor. During the rehearsal she would say such funny things to put over the way she wanted it done. She said keep your wishbone up and your stomach will fall in. She says if those with a Humpty Dumpty waistline want people to notice it just fold your arms across it and everyone will notice it. She spent a lot of time on tone quality--tremble (I guess you know what I mean) if she heard a single voice doing that, she would stop and tell them she didn't want anyone to sing that way. We sang all eight of the songs at the R.S. Conference on Saturday. Also several hymns. I believe that was the most thrilling experience I or any of the other Sharon ladies ever had. Some of the time it was hard to keep the tears back. I couldn't help but think how thrilled Grandma Terry (pictured above) would have been could she have been there with us. Also wishing you had been with us too. Alice and Sister Latta, I believe were the most thrilled, if possible. Well it's a spot in our lives we'll never forget.

Sunday night she told us to be there at 10:00 p.m. to tune up for the broadcast at 10:45. By any chance did you hear it? If I had known in time, I would have dropped you a card. I didn't go to Salt Lake Sunday morning but Carroll, Merrill and Weston took me up. We left about 5 o'clock P.M. I got Melba to go up for that, she couldn't leave her baby for the rest. Lucille, Reva and Marie went up in the morning and stayed for it. I stayed at George Terrys', that night his wife sang with us. Of course you know we sang in the General Conference on Monday. Brother Grant seemed very disappointed because we were not going to be there for the rest of the sessions.

After the meeting was over I was rushing over to the assembly Hall to change my blouse, when I met Stanley. I was surely surprised when he said dad was there. We tried to get him to come Sunday night be he wouldn't so I was glad he decided to come up to see and hear the chorus. He thought it was sure a wonderful sight. So that was a happy climax for me. Have you seen any pictures?

If you haven't, I'll try and send you the one in the news. Of course you can't tell who is who, but you can see how it looked. Everyone bunched up in the choir seats on the rostrum for the picture. During the performance the sopranos were in the south gallery and the low altos were in the north gallery.

Have you ever seen Mrs. Sackett? They say she is sixty-one years old. She is surely young looking, straight and vigorous and such a wonderful leader. About ten days before we went up we heard that she wouldn't have anyone in the soprano (section) over forty years old. That when they got that old they should sing 2nd soprano or alto. Poor Sister Latta wanted to go so bad that she began learning 2nd. I don't know how many hours Sister Shepherd and I spent with her, she got so she could get it pretty good. But when we got up there were quite a

few older ladies in the sopranos so I told her to go along with them. She said, "Do you think it would be all right? I would rather sing first." I told her sure it will be all right when you come to those high notes, just don't try to reach them, so she did and said she got along well. . .



Jennie is seated in the front row, left of lady in black. She led the Sharon Stake Singing Mothers for several years.

The general Board gave the singing mothers a reception at the Newhouse Hotel Thursday night. It was surely nice. All the General Board members were in line and shook hands with everyone and then a nice lunch was served in the dining room.

I was supposed to go to another reception Friday night for the Stake Officers but I was so tired I came home. That was the night of the Stake Gold and Green Ball but I was so near all in I didn't go. I told dad if he wanted to go I'd make the effort but he said he didn't mind so we went to bed. Carroll and Louise came up to the dance. He came home just a minute then went back to Mt Pleasant. But came home again Saturday night and then went up to Salt Lake with us Sunday night. I don't know how his love affairs are doing but he seems OK so I guess it will end all right.

February 16, 1940, the Deseret News announced the "transfer of activity of the "Singing Mothers" (which had been organized by Mrs. Sackett as a Mothers' Chorus in 1931,) from a central group to their respective stake groups with a view of strengthening and featuring similar choruses in stakes where they now exist or may be organized." The action was taken by the newly appointed Relief Society Board after several weeks of consideration of the function and scope of the "Singing Mothers." Melda is standing behind Violet Cross, the pianist.



The General Board feels that as glorious as the past has been, still greater opportunity for musical expression will be given to even more Relief Society women with the announcement that the stake and ward choruses will, in the future, be featured at the general conferences. The Singing Mothers of the Utah, Provo, Kolob and Sharon Stakes will furnish the music as a combined chorus at the coming April Conference. . . Undoubtedly the choruses will be featured extensively in the centennial celebration. . . in their own localities ”

Father supported Jennie and the family in developing their musical talent. He sang in a quartet with included his brother Dick, John Shepherd and Ivern Pyne. Their sons Merrill and Stan also sang in various quartets when they were growing up. Wes took piano lessons and can still play many of the pieces he learned as a boy. He also took some tap dancing class at the Scera Theater . Melda and Jessie were active in the Singing Mother 's Choirs in their wards and participated in the Stake Singing Mother's Choir. Melda followed her mother as director of Sharon Stake's Choir.



We continued to work in various government jobs throughout most of the 1930's as New Deal legislation attempted to rebuild the economic foundation of the country and put people to work. Many new agencies came into being during the 1930's so there was much to do.

The federal government sent us to Farmington, New Mexico and to Grand Junction, Colorado. However, as numerous as they were New Deal programs did not resolve the deepening economic plight of the country. It was Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 that brought the U.S. into World War II and ended the Great World Wide Depression. I served in the military along with Melda's three brothers. Lucille's husband Fram Collins was drafted but the war ended before he was called up. Jessie Husband, Dean Johnson, was a dairy farmer and exempt from the service.

Melda's oldest brother Carroll served on a destroyer escort in the U.S. Navy. Merrill and Stanley served together as medics in the Army Air Forces evacuating the wounded from France and flying them across the English Channel to various hospitals in Great Britain. Both received medals for completing fifty flights. There was no word from Stanley for over a month and as one flight carrying the wounded had gone down over Scotland, the family feared that Stan had died in a plane crash. They were very relieved when Stan called to report he had not been on the flight that went down.

MILITARY SERVICE

As I scored 135 on an I.Q. test I was told I could go into almost any branch of the service I desired. I settled for Cryptography which is very essential in war time. I spent most of World War II in training in the United States. I expected to be sent to a country where I could use my knowledge of Spanish but the war ended before a transfer came through.

When I returned I discovered that I could go into any educational program I wanted at the governments expense. I thought seriously of becoming a doctor. Perhaps I should have pursued that career as Uncle Sam would have paid for everything. But when the war ended I had a good government job and a wife waiting for me in back in Utah. I tossed a coin in order to decide what to do. Heads came up so I went home to Utah.

We bought a house in Christeel Acres in 1944 and were very happy to be back living on Provo Bench near my wife's family. By then, her three older brothers and both sisters were married. All had children which was difficult for us as we had none.

ADOPTING CHRISTINE

Melda had undergone surgery for a tubal pregnancy in Reno and subsequently was unable to bear children. We got our baby daughter through the Relief Society Agency in Salt Lake City. Christine was born on March 16, 1945. She was older than most babies when

we adopted her--almost nine months. We were able to bring her home on December 6th. She'd had a partial hernia which the agency insisted on watching. This prevented her from being adopted when she was a new born. It was difficult to choose a name for our baby. "We thought about Crystal since we lived in Christeel Acres. Finally we settled on Christine meaning "Christ like."

Christine did not come to us sight unseen. We saw her in Salt Lake before she reached for us. She wasn't much to look at -- colorless cheeks and scarcely any hair. The hair looked like it might be red when it grew out. Melda always wanted a red-haired daughter so that was a deciding factor as well as her winning smile. When she first smiled her broad smile at us, we knew that this was the baby for us.

Since she was over nine months old she trained easily. I guess she still remembers how I helped her "grunt." A dog "Mimi" was purchased to keep her company. They were boon companions until the dog died in 1960.

Christine was very fidgety and could not sit still very long. She was never very affectionate but she did like me to take her by one leg and one arm when I came home from work and swing her around.

We started taking her to Sunday School and church so she has had lots of religious training. At last she was exposed to it. Christine liked the nursery classes while I was with her but if I started to leave without her she would cry. Finally I was able to get away without her seeing me and she adjusted and was all right.

We never had a crib for her but used a single bed which she slept in until she was fifteen, then it broke down under her weight. Once we heard a bump in her room and she had fallen to the floor. Christine was a good baby and did not cause us any worry. We gave her vitamins and the best food, as we wanted her to be healthy. She did not have sugar on her cereal and never tasted candy until she was quite old and went to the store with the neighbors. They bought her an all-day sucker. Christine drank her milk well and liked almost everything except peas. She still doesn't like them. We tried to give her a few and thought she would grow to like them. She would gulp them down with milk so she would not have to taste them.



Melda gave up her job with the Government to take care of her. She was easy to take care of so after a while her mother went back to work for the bank and let various others tend her. Usually her sister, Lucille, or the Watts family were so honored.

We moved into the basement of our new house at 836 South 750 East for a few months until it was finally finished. We bought it at cost plus 10% in 1950. The total cost was \$21,000. I wondered at the time if I would live long enough to pay it off.

We were able to get a GI loan at 4% interest. Melda was working at the bank and it was the first one that they issued. I paid off the bank mortgage on August 1, 1957, but still owe my mother-in-law \$3,400. The lot is 142' by 86.73'. The house and garage have about 65 feet frontage. The taxes run about \$200 a year which is more than the rent we used to pay when we lived in Provo. Our home was located at 836 South 750 East in Orem.

Christine went to kindergarten in 1951-52 at Spencer School and then attended first grade. Her teacher was La Dean Janson. In second grade she was taught by Shirley Mabey. Christine went to Westmore when she was in the third grade and Mrs. Mecham was her teacher. Mrs. Mecham gave her a cat that year which we became very attached to. It captured the dogs affection as well until it was run over and killed by a car.

Christine's school years between 1954 and 1957 were spent at Hillcrest School with teachers Wilcox, Sommers, and Harmon. I visited the school once or twice but could not tell if Christine was in the class that I was visiting. She did not care much for the square

dancing but she did take dancing lessons--a little tap and some ballet classes.

She attended Lincoln Junior High from 1957 till 1960. She played the drums in the school band. This gave her a wrist action she needed when she played the marimba later. She played the marimba at least twice in assemblies and once when she was in high school. She took lessons from Janell Brimhall and the two of them played a duet, "The Lord's Prayer," in church one evening. I was prouder of her than I have been at any other time since. She sang in girl's glee club one year and participated in a play at mutual.

Just before graduating from junior high, Christine came down with diabetes. She went to the hospital for about fifteen or twenty days. She wasn't ill after the first few days of treatment so they let her go to school to participated in graduation. Christine learned to give herself shots and has always taken care of herself since leaving the hospital. She is very independent. She said that if she let someone else do it for her she would always be dependent upon them.

She has taken her studies quite serious since beginning high school. Her marks are about half "A's" and half "B's." We are disappointed that she does not spend more time with her music. She practiced up and played a piece for Lucille at Grandma's last Christmas.

Her crowning glory is her red hair. She spends a lot of time with it and always does it herself. I used to like the way her mother made ringlets for her—it is naturally curly. It would be nice if she would take care of her room and other things like her hair. She took a driver's education class last summer at the vocational school. Since then she has driven the car quite a bit. She liked the Chevy with the power glide. However she and Melda talked me into buying a little Fiat.



We bought it on her sixteenth birthday. I don't want her to think it is hers as students with cars of their own often get low marks in school. I think she is a good driver and hasn't had any accidents so far. She seems to be getting quite mature. Perhaps taking debate has helped. She and her cousin Laraine Johnson are debate partners. I haven't heard them but I believed they have won over half their debates this year. They have traveled as far as Logan for debate competition.

Christine can be irritated very easily, like they say of all red heads. She had good common sense though and usually does what she is told although at times, she says she won't. She seems to be mechanically inclined. If she were a boy I believe she would be a good mechanic. She can see easily what is wrong with something. Christine likes to swim but doesn't take much interest in sports. She has played a little tennis but no baseball to speak of. Her bicycle stays in the garage for months at a time. The hardest part of her diabetic treatment is getting the necessary exercise. She has started to bowl a little. She said recently she would like to start skiing. I think it is just a whim and don't think she would do much with it if she started.

Her features are good but she doesn't like her freckles. Someone told her if she drank carrot juice her freckles would disappear. She started the treatment but it looks like I will have to finish the carrot juice.

She is taking two gym classes now which will help her get the required exercise she needs to control the diabetes. Because of her height she seems to do very well in basketball and volley ball. She wants to help with the summer programs at the Scera next summer. If she would do things by herself she could do more but she always wants her friends to be along. Christine is a great friend of animals and seems to think more of them than people.

She would like a horse of her own. I told her I would get her one if she got all "A's" in school for a couple of years. She could do it but she has never set her mind to it. We have dogs and one cat for pets. When Mimi died it was just like a funeral around here. We could not have felt much worse if a member of the family had died. Mimi's daughter Freckles is now the cock of the roost. She is only about half as large as Mimi was but has taken her place in our home.



Beyond my interest in music and our family I like politics. As a Canadian, I favor the Conservative Party. I feel it protects the rights of the individual. I had some definite ideas about presidents and politics in the U.S.

I thought Hoover was a good man but I did not like his idea of RFC as he expected money to trickle down to the needy when poured into programs administered by people at the top of human strata. Roosevelt was a dynamic president and influenced everyone with his friendly fireside chats. Melba believed that Roosevelt had a calming effect on the nation during the depression and the early years of World War II when there was so much fear and concern about the welfare of the nation.

Truman seemed like he was too small to fill a president's shoes. He was always shooting off his mouth and saying foolish things. Sometimes I don't think he believed them himself. Truman's greatest mistake was not letting McArthur defeat the Chinese or rather the North Koreans before the Chinese came into the war.

Eisenhower was well liked. He knew the importance of power. Some of his policies seemed wishy-washy but he had a difficult adversary--the Russians. He was a little too conservative. I did not like it when he vetoed the salary bills for postal employees. He vetoed the bills in spite of the fact that we were making less than the average American worker. I feel that it was his veto that put Kennedy in power. There are over a million postal employees. These, with their families, might number four million. There were enough disgruntled people with connections to the postal department to have had a great influence in the Presidential Election of 1960. That race between Kennedy and Nixon was so close that the postal workers votes probably made a huge difference and gave Kennedy the presidency.

Mrs. Edna Durham, the precinct chairman, labeled me "a Republican" and said I would never be postmaster. I thought she was bluffing, especially when I was the only candidate who had passed the Civil Service Examination. She wasn't fooling though. She and Margie Mott put Clyde Weeks in as Orem postmaster. They asked Stanley Farley and I to withdraw our names on the ballot so that their favorite, Leo Broadhead, could be put in. We did not think that was right so we kept our names on the register—but for what?"

I was a Certified Public Accountant. I had passed all the exams at BYU for certification during the thirties. I figured Income Taxes for family members and regular clients. I loved to read and spent my life trying to learn new things. Each year Melba and I attended Education Week at BYU taking classes on many different subjects.

Of course my big hope was for Christine's future. If she were happily married with a family of her own we would feel we had accomplished something. I have taken out a life insurance policy which will mature about the time she goes to college so that she will have money if she decides to go to college. I don't think it is good to make your children go if they don't want to. It is better for them to want to go. There is nothing we wouldn't do for Christine if she will put forth the effort on her own.



Sorting Christmas packages at the Orem Post Office.

After getting Christine settled with sitters Melda had resumed her career in the late 1940's. Her first job was serving as a cashier at First Security Bank in Orem. There she and Bank Manager, Joseph T. Smith, experienced a hold-up.

"I was working as a Teller in the Orem Branch of First Security Bank, Melda recalled, when Principal Fenton J. Prince asked me if I would consider leaving the bank and coming to the new Westmore Elementary School to be his secretary. That was a good change from year around employment at the bank. Christine was eight years old then. Nedra Watkins Reese had been his secretary during the first year of operation but she left when she got her teaching certificate. I inherited her office along with a jeweled letter opener.

I found the work pleasant and challenging but voluminous. Westmore was the largest elementary school in the District and had only one secretary--me. The faculty treated me as one of the staff. Mr. Prince exhibited great confidence in my abilities and the kids started to call me "Mrs. Principal!"

I served as secretary at Westmore from September, 1953 until Cherry Hill School was ready for occupancy in the fall of 1965. When Mr. Prince became Principal there he ask that I go with him as his secretary. I have fond memories of my years at Westmore. I treasure the association with the wonderful teachers as they came and went. I particularly enjoyed the year that my sister's husband, J. Frampton Collins,

served as PTA president. He was greatly respected and loved for his dedication and strong leadership.

I worked as a cashier for the Scera for many years under the management of Victor C. Anderson. I enjoyed selling tickets to the movies while maintaining my interest in music, theater and drama. I participated in Utah Valley Opera productions as a chorus member. Reed and I took up square dancing. We danced weekly and attended several square dancing conventions.



Christine attended Utah State University where she met William Steven Hayes from Pine Mountain, Kentucky. They were married on February 13, 1965. They are flanked by Grandma Jennie Farley and Steve's sister.

I retired from Alpine School District in May, 1971 at the age of sixty-four. I admitted I had been a poor housekeeper for forty years but planned to get organized and straighten up my half century of accumulations. It didn't happen. Reed's comment, "She may find fault with me and tell me about them. But I need someone to prod me in many things. Melda is intrinsically honest. She always wants to pay her fair share of any and all expense. She is more religious than I am and likes activity in the Church. Sometimes she neglects the house a little in order to do Church work. Still she is a wonderful wife and mother to Christine. I hope she publishes the song she wrote for our daughter.

A SENIOR MISSION

From the time we were first asked if we would consider going on another mission, Reed and I prayed that we would be sent where we could do the most good within our capabilities. We were a little surprised when we received a call to the Florida Ft. Lauderdale Mission but it stipulated Spanish speakers.

We were set apart by President Dunn on July 23, 1973, then entered the language Training Mission at BYU along with hundreds of fine young men and women. Some muttered and complained but we thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it, although we did find it difficult to memorize all the scriptures that were assigned.

We drove our little blue Opel to about the most southerly tip of Florida where we could still be on land. It chugged along averaging 33 miles per gallon. We had expected to be sent to Puerto Rico, but the mission president had left and President Von R. Nielsen, said he didn't want to lose his only Spanish speaking couple to the hazards of native traffic in Puerto Rico. We were assigned to Homestead, Florida, which was to Miami like Orem is to Provo. It was a very pleasant place to live and we found many Spanish speaking people there-- Puerto Ricans, Cubans and Mexicans. The Mexicans spoke the type of Spanish we were used to and we began tracking and teaching families in the South Dade Labor Camp. They were very friendly and receptive.

We found a family of members that had come from Matamoras, Mexico in 1973 and had never been placed on the membership list of their Homestead Ward. So we sent for their records and began working to activate them. There was a father and mother, four married children with their families and six small children living at home. One Fast day they blessed five of their six little children ranging in age from two years to one month. After teaching the lessons we baptized the young wife of a member husband and his nine-year-old sister.



Elder and Sister Hacking with another missionary couple.

We were in a car accident two months after we arrived in Homestead. My clavicle was broken and it was quite discouraging. But we were able to get over that setback. Then Reed began having health problems. He lost his appetite--very unusual for him--and nothing tasted right. He lost about thirty pounds in two or three months and had a large growth in his stomach and bad swelling in his feet and ankles. The President advised him to see a doctor and after extensive tests and X-rays, it was determined that he had chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia. The word Leukemia struck terror to our souls, but the doctor said others had lived ten to fifteen years with it; it would mean close supervision and blood tests

Reed gave me orders not to tell anyone what he had. He did not want our relatives or friends to know or worry about him. Th us began a series of periodic blood tests and examinations and pills of all kinds. This was a trial for Reed because he hated pills. We were able to continue with our missionary work, although the doctor warned us that he would have to exercise caution against infection. When the insect season came we would wage war against mosquitoes and sand fleas, etc. Every bite would swell up in a welt and many would develop into huge blisters. He was a mess! We were glad when the cool weather came on, bringing a drier season and fewer mosquitoes.

Somewhere along the way, Reed developed a cough that he could not get rid of. Finally, on November 30th the doctor said he knew we would not be happy with his decision but he advised hospitalization. He thought Reed might have pneumonia. They could not isolate the microbe that was causing the trouble. I continued with my missionary work.

Even while hospitalized Reed studied and memorized scriptures. Our release was dated January 10, 1977. Reed died on January 8th at 6:25 a.m.. He was transferred to heaven. I am sure he is well qualified to continue missionary work in his new home. He did not want to come home before our mission was completed.”

MELDA— A GRANDMOTHER

After Reed’s death I began to spend a lot of time with Christine’s family. She and Steve had adopted a second son, Adam George Hayes, in 1976, while they lived in the Philippines. I wrote this poem to Daren when he was seven years old:



Dear little boy with eyes so bright,
Shining with God’s Heavenly light --
Your baby days have passed and gone,
Sweet baby ways just don’t last long.

He’s his Dad and Mommy’s pride and joy.
The apple of his Grand dad’s eye.
The actual center of Grandma’s world
How she loves that little boy!

He can hike a mountain and climb a tall tree,
He can ‘pop a wheelie’ and swim in the sea.
He’s very brave about thunder and such
But for sleeping alone, he doesn’t care much!

At home it’s Wolf on the foot of his bed.
At Grandpa’s it’s Grandma he sleep with instead.
They talk about such interesting things
And listen to night sounds and birds that sing.

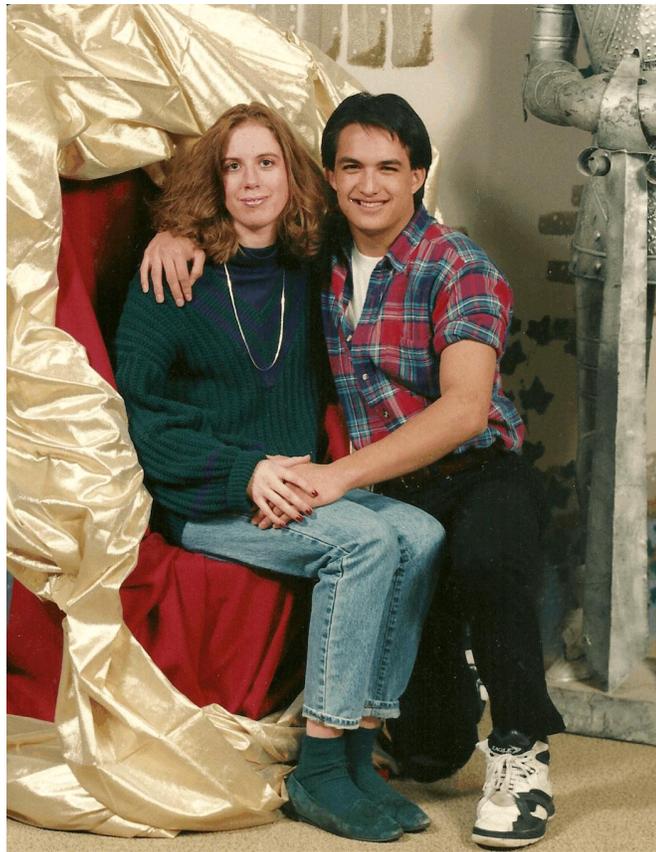
At home it’s Wolf at the foot of his bed
But at Grandpa’s it’s Grandma he sleep with instead.

They talk about such interesting things
And listen to night sounds and birds that sing. . .

I've attended church in the old Timpanogos Ward building most of my life. Adam described his family in this talk given when he received his Eagle Scout Award in the Hill Crest Fifth Ward. Their ward met in the old Timpanogos Ward Building which had been remodeled several times since I was a child.

Adam's Story

I was born January 26, 1977, in the little town of Olongapo in the Philippines. My father was a pilot in the Navy Air Force, stationed in the Subic Bay area north of Manila. I had a big brother Daren, and we were a happy family. But one day we were in our car and had to stop suddenly to keep from hitting another car. It threw me in my baby seat against the back of the front seat and I fell to the floor. I was only three months old. My Mom said I cried a little but did not seem to be hurt very badly. Then a few days later I began having convulsions and had to be flown to the military hospital at Clark Air Field. This was a critical time in my early life. I had to have tubes put into each side of my head to drain off the fluid to keep from having the "big head!" The bump on my head caused a sub-dural hematoma, which is like having a big "goose egg" in my brain.



I was in the hospital for a long time, and my Mom stayed with me. My father was transferred and we moved to San Diego, California. I was under the care of doctors, and my Mom would have to measure my head with a tape measure to be sure there was no more swelling.



Hayes family shortly before Adam was adopted

I didn't learn to talk like other children, so from the time I was three years old I went to speech classes. We moved to Salt Lake, and my father had a job out by the airport, flying supply planes. I had classes at the University of Utah--so I started college at a very early age!

We moved to American Fork, and my father went back into the Navy Air Corp. All through my elementary school grades I had speech therapy classes. My father was killed when his plane crashed into snowy Mt. Rainier in Washington in 1983. My Mom died in the hospital in Provo on October 5th 1988. I live with my Grandma, and we are a family. My brother Daren lives in Everett, Washington and works at Boeing Aircraft. I have continued with speech therapy at BYU. And it is not quite so hard now for me to express myself and be understood.

I have some goals that I want to reach, and I want to enjoy myself as I work on them. I can do a lot of things in school, scouting, baseball, the Church and Priesthood activities. I know I will be able to obtain my Eagle Scout Rank; but in order for me to communicate with my friends and everyone it will take lots of hard work.

I want to get through High School, and continue with the scouting program and be on the baseball team. I want to go to College, maybe B.Y.U. or a vocational college. I hope to be a missionary--but in some place where there is not so much danger from fighting or from diseases. I want to help other people and to serve in the Church and in the community. I would like to go to California soon and visit my friend. I want to be happy!

There are so many people who have helped me; my teachers in school and my baseball coaches; my class leaders in Church, my home-teaching companion, Brother Jeppson; my scout master and wonderful home teacher, Brother Hartley, and his whole family. I thank all of you who have helped me!

I don't have to quit, because I can reach my goals. I can win my own personal race, but I don't have to do it alone. If I try to do all I can, I can pray and have help along the way. One of our Prophets, President David O. McKay said we don't fail unless, or until, we quit trying.

CHRISTINE'S ILLNESS

Daren recalls that Melda kept the family together during the dark days following his dad's death. "I just do not know how mom and Adam would have made it without Grandma, particularly when mom's health got so bad. Grandma's selfless love and continuing sacrifice kept everyone going--she took care of all of us and still managed to remain cheerful and happy."

Steve died when his plane crashed into Mt. Rainier and Christine's diabetes got worse. Her kidneys were failing and she underwent two kidney transplants. Both failed and she was placed on dialysis. One leg was amputated. Melda and Adam stayed at her side during many months of hospitalization and continuous therapy. She died on October 5, 1988. This left her mother at eighty-one raising her grandson Adam, who was then eleven years old.



In 1992, we honored her at an eighty-fifth birthday celebration with a fashion show featuring the clothes Melda had worn during her long life. The show became the foundation for another one entitled "A Century of Fashion," for the Lake View Ward Relief Society in Provo and later in Union 19th Ward's Relief Society. Erika Kent modeled her gym suit. Jenny Buck donned her graduation dress which her mother had made for her. Niece, Marilou Peterson, wore the gypsy costume Melda had worn in a school play.

At eighty-five she was active and serving as a visiting teacher and special visiting teacher to sisters in a nearby rest home playing the piano and singing. Melda also sang in the ward choir and regularly attended her meetings. After Reed's death she was an ordinance worker in the Provo Temple and worked three days a week until Christine's poor health required her to move to American Fork to live and care for her and Adam.



Many of her assignments have related to music. She also served as a Relief Society Cultural Refinement teacher. Melda composed a number of songs for both choruses and small groups. She set the 13 Articles of Faith to music and her composition was chosen for song practice in the Junior Sunday School. This helped the children memorize their Articles of Faith.

As Diane, Corinne and Laraine's children were Adam's age the two attended activities with the Johnson sisters including the annual Christmas Eve get-together, Labor Day hikes, Thanksgiving dinners, and gatherings at Easter and on general conference Sunday.

Melda enjoyed telling Adam and her grand-nephews about her ancestors. She showed them the old two-story house on the north east corner of 800 South 800 East in Orem where her grandmother Severine had lived and had her loom.

Melda showed them an old photograph from which C.E. Watson had painted Severine at her Loom; part of project for vocational training. The picture had hung in a Provo school for years until it was finally taken and given to the family. Severine lived near Melda's house before she moved to Wyoming. This prize winning poem was written by Grace Carter who was one of her pupils:



The Weaving Queen

There is many an artist, whose skillful hand,
 Could paint bright scenes of our glorious land,
But keener is he whose eye has seen
 And whose art has revealed, such a weaving queen.

She has fought and toiled on the wild stage of life.
 But her tender and earnest smiles shows not the strife;
The same sun that shone on her hair, now white.
 Still shines on her, making her task seem light.

Each rag is a symbol of one glad year,
 Woven with joy to give comfort and cheer,
Selected each color with glowing pride.
 That her rug takes from depicting life's tide.

So, may we weave, throughout little day.
 On the loom of time while life drifts away.
Till at last when we hear the great Amen
 May our weaving shed joy on the heart of man.

At one time the Timpanogos Church was being cleaned. The old "states" carpet on the stand was so badly worn that Severine took it home, cut it into strips and wove it into rugs which were used in the church for many years. They were beautifully woven—so tight and good that the warp did not even show. Those who had one of Severine's beautiful rugs were indeed fortunate for they were good and firm and lasted for many years.

Michael Kent, Laraine's son, asked Melda how her grandmother had died. "She was living in a little house next to her son Nephi in Lyman, Wyoming, Melda explained. "They visited together one night. Grandma was sitting in a chair by a table repairing a home-knit glove. Finally they said, "Good Night," and Nephi went home.

The next day he stopped in again and discovered her lifeless body still seated at the table with the glove on one hand and a thimble in the other. She died at her work at the age of eighty-four.

During the nineties time seemed to catch up with her great granddaughter and namesake. Melda, though much thinner than Severine, developed the same posture in her declining years. She became too old to host the annual Farley Family Christmas party. But took

care for Adam until her death at the age of eighty-seven. *Melda had named Everett Young as Adam's guardian and the executor of her estate since Adam and Nicole Young were baptized together in February, 1984. David Dean Young and Adam Hayes became Eagle Scouts at the same time..*

FARLEY FAMILY SCROLL

Melda came up with the idea of a Family Scroll in December, 1971. She used family statistical information that her mother had collected and recorded in a black notebook. She continually updated the scrolls with the names and birth dates of family members for the next quarter century color coding the various generations. "I've really enjoyed doing this," she wrote. "With some sorrow too as I typed the names of those little wee members of the family that spent such a brief time with us. I have recalled precious poignant memories as I have worked on the scrolls such as the sad loss of Jessie and Dean's infant son, and the loss of "Granddad," as my father liked to be called."

Twenty four years later Melda wrote: "It now seems to me to be a good idea to have the families in groups so it will not be necessary to go through the "scroll" and dig out all the names. It is a lot of work."

Melda finished reorganizing her genealogical material on December 18th, 1993, her sixty-third wedding anniversary and Adam's "Eagle Project" became Melda's Christmas gift to the family that year. This history is an attempt to bring Grandma and Melda's photos and records to a conclusion. Much of this material came from files taken from Melda's home when it was sold in October, 1997.

Change is a theme in history. Indeed, everything human changes. Adam grew up. Daren married Denise Michelle Ashcraft and moved to Washington where they live with Denise's two children, Amy and Jimmy, and their son, William Matthew Hayes. This photo of Daren, Denise and William was taken in 1998.



"Daren seems very proud of his new son," Melda wrote. "Wish we could see this baby again. I note that they call him "Billy." He is the 5th William Hayes we know about. Billy's grandfather was William, there is also an uncle called "Uncle Will," then William Steven Hayes, Daren's dad William the 4th) and now William the fifth! I call him "Billy Matt." He is a darling little boy, as we discovered when they came for Christmas."

“Now for a bit of news about Adam and I,” she continued.. “Adam achieved his Eagle Scout ranking before he was eighteen, but we haven’t been able to hold the Court of Honor yet; still haven’t completed the big chart with all the pictures.

His high school graduation will be on May 26th. There have been so many activities during his Senior year; besides his church duties. As a Priest, Adam shares in the preparation of the Sacrament. This makes me happy.

My Dad had brown eyes and almost black hair and a skin coloring like Adam’s--dark from the sun. Adam received an award in wrestling; he is graduating from Seminary and what with the Senior Prom, Sadie Hawkins dance and other activities, I have discovered that it takes lots of time, energy and money to raise a grandson. . . ”Sometimes when I see him walking along passing the Sacrament or such, he looks enough like my own father to be a blood member of our family.”

Melda had made up her mind to marry Reed in the Cardston Temple in 1930. It was there that she had visions of four children with different hair colors--a redhead, a blond, a brunette and one with brown hair. Sixty-seven years later Melda came to realize that there had been four children in her life -- Christine, her red haired daughter, Christine’s son Daren, with his brown curly hair, Daren’s three-year old, Billy, a blond and lastly Adam, with the jet-black hair and dark good looks.

During the 1990’s telephone marketing scams bilked elderly Americans out of billions of dollars. Many seniors fell victim to telephone fraud. Melda made unwise investments. Her savings dwindled. She incurred credit card debt and took out a mortgage on her house. Growing concern over this and renewed efforts to recoup losses with more bad investments depleted her capital and caused stress and worry impairing her mental capacity. She may have had a series of strokes. She became confused and unable to manage her financial affairs. She could not take care of her home. Adam moved out. Family members cleared out her house and it was sold. She celebrated her ninetieth birthday in a managed care facility near the home where she was born.

Although frail and disoriented, Melda told everyone at her ninetieth birthday party held on October 19, 1997: “I have had a long, full, rich life.” She lived at Stonewood Manor until she died on December 9th 1997. The funeral was held in the same church where Melda had served as organist at eleven years of age. It was the church that she attended throughout her long life. Melda was buried in the Orem Cemetery next to Reed and Christine and her beloved parents.

JENNIE AND CARL FARLEY FAMILY

Carroll “Carl” Farley - Born 28 April 1884, Snowflake, Arizona.

Died 20 January 1951, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sp. Mary Jane “Jennie” Terry - Born 1 October 1885, Fairview, Utah. Died 30 March 1972, Orem, Utah.

Melda Severina Farley - Born 14 October 1907, Provo Bench.

Died 9 December, 1997, Provo, Utah.

Sp. George Reed Hacking - Born 9 November 1903 Magrath, Canada. Died 8 January 1977, Florida.

Christine Hacking - Born 16 March 1945, Salt Lake City, Utah. Died 5 October 1988, Provo.

Sp. Wm Steven Hayes - Born 2 June 1941 Pine Mountain, Kentucky. Died 21 March 1983, Mt. Rainier, Washington.

Daren Sterling Hayes — Born 13 July 1965, Logan, Utah.

Adam George Hayes — Born 26 January 1977, Olangapo, Zambales, Philippines.

Jessie Eva Farley - Born 10 November 1909, Provo Bench.

Died 12 March 1966, Lake View, near Provo, Utah.

Sp. Dean Alfred Johnson - Born 24 May 1909, Lake View,.

Died 12 January 1971, Lake View, Utah.

Mary Lucille Farley - Born 4 July 1912, Provo Bench, Utah. Died 15 June 1996, Logan, Utah.

Sp. June Frampton Collins - Born 6 October 1910, Provo, Utah. Died 25 August 1987, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Carroll Milton Farley - Born 1 December 1914, Provo Bench, Ut. Died 3 December 2005, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Sp. Betty Kathleen Jensen - Born 5 March 1922, Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Died 3 May 1998, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Stanley T. Farley - Born 19 January 1919, Provo Bench, Utah. Died 3 April 1998, Orem, Utah.

Sp. Ora Baum - Born 15 March 1921, Provo, Utah. Died Orem, Utah

Merrill A. Farley - Born 31 August 1922, Provo Bench, Utah. Died 26 July, 2007, Provo, Utah.

Sp. Sylpha Maria Johnson - 12 February 1924. Died 6 July, 2002, Orem, Utah.

Weston LeGrande Farley - Born 27 January 1928 Provo Bench. Died 5 June, 2013.

Sp. La Von Ann Isakson - Born 26 January 1929.

I created this wedding picture of Jennie and Carl Farley by scanning their faces over those of my Johnson grandparents – Alfred and Murl Holdaway -- who married in Provo the same year. Grandma Farley always felt bad that she did not have a wedding photo taken so I developed this composite for her. Melda was bothered by the fact that her mother was not wearing the dress she remembered with the pleated bodice. But this dress was of a similar design. Carl wore a double-breasted black wool suit like the one in the picture.

