



CHAPTER 5

“STAN”

Stanley T. Farley

Stan wrote the following few paragraphs years ago: “I first saw the light of day on Jan. 19, 1919 - an easy date to remember. I was born in Provo Bench to Carl and Jennie Farley. The terrible flu epidemic was on during my mother’s pregnancy. We apparently had a rough time. I was later told that I was a very special baby because all of the previous children were born with almost white hair, and I was the first dark-haired baby that resembled my father because he had coal black hair all his life.



Stan, Merrill, Carroll with their Dad.

My early life must have been filled with much concern for my parents because I was later told that I was sick a lot and at times they thought they would lose me. I remember my father well because anytime I didn’t feel just right he would pull out his pocket watch and count my pulse rate. He became very expert at this and he knew how good or bad I felt even quicker than the doctor did that would be called. I had my tonsils removed at an early date at the Aird Hospital by Dr. Aird. I recovered very quickly because my dad used to tell

how I had my tonsils removed one morning and I was standing on my head in the corner of the room that night.

My early life was filled with many troubles. I remember a trip out to Roosevelt Utah by wagon and they thought I would die before they got back. Dad used to call me his poor little Billy black sheep and that's where I got the nickname "Bill." That stuck with me for a long time. They tell me I rode my tricycle through a basement window and landed on my head. Another time I fell into the irrigation ditch in front of our house and would have drowned had not my sister Jessie pulled me out and revived me. I remember early in life they told me I had a hernia. I had to wear a truss until I was in High School. One day I was picking cherries and fell from the top of the tree to the ground. I landed on my arm and thought it was broken. My mother wrapped it up with splints and in a few days I was as well as ever.

STAN AND ORA

I have asked Stan for years to write his life history, but he has said "time and time again" that he didn't have one - and, that he didn't have the time anyway. He had a massive stroke March 2nd, 1996 that has left him unable to assist much in this project. So, with his memory not up to par, I'll tackle the assignment for him as best I can.

I remember Stan telling me that when he was very young his dad was driving in their driveway in their truck and somehow Stan got too close and fell, and his dad ran over his leg. When his dad heard him yell he thought he was on top of Stan so he backed up and ran over his leg again. It didn't break it. Stan went on a lot of fun vacations and camping trips with his family.

He was born and raised on a farm. When he became a teenager he helped harvest fruit and went with his dad in the truck to peddle it on the Salt Lake Market, or through Southern Utah and other towns. He has always been a hard worker.

He attended Spencer School and Lincoln High School in Orem. He was on the Lincoln High School tennis team in 1933 and 1934 and was Senior Class president. He was a popular young man and well liked. He was also President of boy's organization and participated in operas, plays, chorus, and basketball.

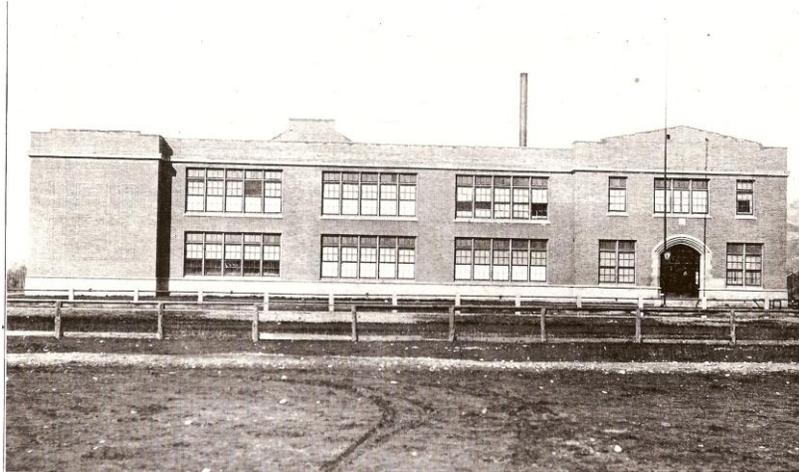


All Jennie's children and some grandchildren including Corrine, Diane & Larry, attended Spencer Junior High.

He loved to hunt and fish. One time while hunting pheasants as a teenager he ended up with a few beebees in his head and shoulder from another hunter's shot gun shell. The doctor said to leave them there because it wouldn't hurt him.

He and his sister Lucille and three other couples performed waltzes, fox trots, etc. as a group in the church dance festivals when he was 18 and 19 years old.

He had three brothers: Carroll, Merrill and Weston. He also had three sisters: Melda, Jesse, and Lucille. Stan was the fifth child. They all attended Lincoln High School.



Lincoln Senior High School

When he was a Senior and class president his friend Venna Watkins told him she had a girlfriend she would like to introduce him to because she liked to dance and so did he. Of course that girl was me (Ora). I was told to save him a seat in the school assembly on a Friday morning in December. She also told him that I would save his seat. He came in and sat by me and was introduced as Stanley Farley. He was a tall dark handsome young man. He asked me for a date for New Year's Eve. I quickly accepted.



High School Sweet Hearts

He and I along with four other couples went to the Utahna dance hall that night and then we went to the Farley residence afterwards and had a party. We had cake, homemade ice cream, and other treats. His folks had gone on vacation so we had the house to ourselves. The New Year's Eve music was playing on the radio so we danced around in the house. We knew right then that we liked each other because we both danced together beautifully. Anyone who was a gentleman (and handsome!) and a good ballroom dancer just had to be number one on my list! Besides, he didn't drink nor smoke at the ripe old age of 18.

He took me to the dance at the Utahna and Rainbow Gardens once or twice a week. We had a wonderful time together. We also participated in the Gold and Green Ball dances held in the wards and stakes. We participated in the floor show numbers. Stan and I had the privilege of being ward and stake dance directors before and after we were married. We participated in dance festivals held at the Saltaire Ballroom in Salt Lake. We also participated in special dance demonstrations of waltzes and fox trots before we were married.

He graduated from the LDS Seminaries on the 16th day of May, 1937. His certificate was signed by A. V. Watkins who later became a Senator in Washington, D.C. He graduated from Lincoln High School May 21st, 1937. His certificate was signed by principal Karl Banks.

Stan and all of his brothers and sisters attended Lincoln High School (see a photograph on previous page.) They all participated in sports, drama, and other activities there.

MARRIAGE

After having a beautiful courtship for two and a half years we decided to settle down and make plans for marriage. Stan stopped college after two years and went to work for Sears Roebuck Co. for \$13.97 for a 6 day week (when we got married they raised his wages to \$16.00 a week). Money went much farther then and we had the necessities of life. We didn't have a car to start out with, so Stan's dad loaned us an old truck so Stan could get to work and back. My mother had a car, but couldn't drive, so between the truck and her car we managed to get around. Later we were able to buy a used 1937 Chevrolet coupe.



We were married on Thursday Aug. 15, 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple with family members present. President Stephen L. Chipman performed the ceremony.

Our wedding reception was held on Saturday Aug. 17th. Three hundred people attended. We had a dance in the recreation hall for everyone. A good program was given and it was enjoyed by all in attendance. We couldn't afford a honeymoon, but we have been on several honeymoons since.

Our first living quarters was an apartment joined onto my mother's home. Stan was able to buy a new bedroom set from Sears and his folks gave us a Kitchen set. We also had a new white coal stove. We had a small couch and chair so we were very comfortable, but indoor plumbing didn't arrive until later. Stan also had to make a fire in the stove to warm up our living quarters each morning. I guess those conditions are referred to as "the good old days."

In 1941 Stan quit Sears and went to Santa Monica California to look for work. He obtained work as a clerk in a grocery store and came back to get me. We went back and lived in a small house that he had rented. He soon got employment at Douglas Aircraft Factory. While living in California the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. This was the beginning of World War II. Everyone was very uneasy and afraid that enemy submarines would come near the ocean shoreline and shell the people and factories. At night "blackouts" were ordered by the officials in charge, and everyone had to cover their windows with black material so that no lights would shine through. Due to war conditions in 1942 we thought it best to return to Utah and live in my mother's apartment again.

Stan went back to BYU and enlisted in the army reserves with the promise that he could graduate before being called into the service of his country. The unit Stan belonged to was called into active duty in the Spring of 1943 and he lacked one quarter of finishing his Senior year. He was allowed to graduate anyway due to army training he was taking which applied toward graduation. He had the Bachelor of Science degree conferred on him the 9th of June 1943. He graduated with a major in Agronomy and Agriculture.

I was four months pregnant when Stan was inducted into the army along with his brother Merrill. They were sent to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City and then to Kearns Utah for training. He was fortunate to still be stationed there when our son, Brent, was born on August 12th, 1943. Stan got to come to the hospital to be with me and see our son after he was born. He was then sent to Louisville, Kentucky.

It was a heart-breaking experience for me to see him get on a train down at the Provo Depot and then wave goodbye to him, not knowing when or if we would be together again.

On his "separation qualification record" it stated that "this man enlisted in the Enlisted Reserve Corps on the 27th of October, 1942." He did this in order to complete the college semester that he was attending, and on the 12th of April, 1943 he was called to active duty. He obtained his Basic training at Kearns, Utah. After completing his training, and before he was assigned to another field, he was assigned as supply clerk. His work consisted of issuing and receiving Air Corps supplies.

MEDICAL TECHNITIONS

He attended school for ten weeks in order to learn this trade. In this capacity he performed various duties and learned to assist medical officers in the care and treatment of the sick, injured, and wounded. He applied arm and leg splints, administered hypodermic injections, and sterilized instruments and equipment. He assisted medical officers by performing such duties as keeping patient records, administering medicines, taking temperatures, respiration rate, etc., and making blood counts and type." **On leave in New York City.**



He and his brother Merrill left together to serve in the same Squadron in an Air Force Medical Unit. They spent eleven days crossing the ocean in the lower deck of the ship. It was muggy and there was not much circulation of air. Stan spent the whole time in bed because he was so seasick. He couldn't get up to go to meals and couldn't hold them down anyway. When Merrill would go to eat he would bring a piece of chicken, bread, etc. back to Stan so that he could survive. He said that if he had to come home by ship he would stay over there.

In searching for information for material to put with his life's history I found some articles that I cut out and saved that appeared in the Orem Geneva Times and in the Provo Daily Herald. I don't know the order in which they were written, but they describe his duties and experiences. From the Salt Lake Tribune "Planes Carry Sick With Care, Dispatch Provo Sergeant Aids In Treating Air-Borne Patients." By John Thompson, From Chicago Tribune Press Service)



***AN AMERICAN INVASION BASE,** March 3— We were waiting this morning for flight hospital planes to arrive at this northern Ireland airdrome to evacuate sick patients to mainland hospitals, but it was obvious they would not be taking off on schedule.*

The medical liaison officer here had been informed by the hospital how many cases there were and of what types and this information had been radioed to England so that the hospital at the other end could be set up to care for them.

As the plane touched down, a fleet of ambulances which had arrived at the field five minutes before rolled out onto the runway while the planes lined up in single file. Each ambulance driver knew which plane was to take his cargo.

Inside the planes nurses and technicians had knocked down the bucket seats and flicked little racks into place and were ready to take aboard 18 patients. The maneuver went off with the precision that was the result of long practice.

Know Their Parts

The ambulances backed up to the open doors. The litters were lifted gently and slid onto the planes, where two other bearers carried the patients to the racks, bolting their litters solidly to avoid shifting. Sandwiches were placed aboard. In 20 minutes each plane had its quota, the ambulances left, the pilots started their engines and we took off.

Each week a similar scene has been enacted to move nearly 300 patients weekly to hospitals in the interior of Britain. Some are mental cases, but approximately the same percentage that prevails through the total list of sick. Mental cases have a priority now. Most of the others were those with normal civilian diseases.

These patients will be treated until cured or pronounced unfit for further duty. Soldiers with severe wounds requiring long treatment will, after preliminary treatment, be held in Britain during the invasion and then probably shipped home across the Atlantic in four-engine transport planes.

Meets Provo Man



On the return trip our crews included the nurse, Lillian Mary Kinkela of San Francisco, Cal., and her technician, Sergeant S. T. Farley of Provo, Utah, a graduate of Brigham Young University.

Among their patients were private Robert Templeton of Marion, Ind., and air-borne truck driver who had aggravated an old injury by carrying a wounded soldier.

The plane took us off the ground smoothly, joining the rest of the flight over the airport. Like the journey over, this trip was definitely on the rough side. Some of the patients expressed fear of becoming air sick. Nurse Kinkela and Farley were ready with the usual buckets. Although the boys on the top bunks were too warm, being near the heating system, everyone came through intact.

Actually there was little for the attendants to do except to see that each patient was warmly wrapped in blankets; all had been dressed before in full uniforms.

On an actual flight from the front the nursing team is prepared to administer blood plasma or to perform any of the other functions of a normal hospital during war. In an emergency the doctor who rides on the plane with the most serious cases could even perform an operation, but this is unlikely.

Enjoy Home Comfort

We droned along over the sea, chatting. The crew chief produced hot coffee from a small primus stove. K-ration boxes were broken open. Despite the heating system it soon became bitter cold, but Nurse Kinkela seemed little bothered. Inquiry revealed that she was wearing bright scarlet long underwear, standard for flight nurses, under her trim blue flight suit modeled after the British battle dress, on which she proudly wore the tiny gold wings of an air evacuation nurse.

Was Miss Kinkela interested in going home?

"I came over here to do a job," answered the young woman, pretty enough to earn a Hollywood contract. "When the war is over then I'll think about returning home."

She had high praise for her assistant, Farley, who, in turn, remarked that he certainly enjoyed his work.

We were lost nearly an hour, not an uncommon occurrence, while the pilots circled about seeking a tiny airport. Then down we came. Ambulances rolled out, directed by the premedical liaison officer, and in 20 minutes the planes were empty and ready to return to their home field.

"With Our Service Boys & Girls" from the Orem Geneva Times

Excerpts taken from interesting letters received from Sergeant Stanley T. Farley, surgical technician, in the air evacuation unit of the 9th air force somewhere in England. He speaks of his brother, Merrill, who is also in the same work over there. They are sons of Mr. And Mrs. Carl Farley and Stanley is the husband of Ora Baum Farley of Edgemont. The young couple have one son.

At Christmas, both men were moved to France, and Stanley says they were the best two months spent in the army. They were stationed behind General Patton's and General Hodge's Third army, bringing the wounded from receiving stations behind the front lines to the evacuation hospitals. They liked France and the people there very well, but some time ago were sent back to Scotland to assume their duties transporting the wounded back to the mainland. It was one of these trips that resulted in their being granted their fourteen day furlough.

T. Sgt. Farley said what a rare treat it was to be able to attend L.D.S. service during their sojourn overseas, once at Birmingham, England and once at Paris, France. He stated that at the Paris meeting Neff Smart of BYU and Nile Washburn, Red Cross field director from Provo, were present and a testimony meeting was held, the most wonderful testimony meeting he ever attended. He said there was a spirit there that could not be found anyplace else, as the men related their experiences, the value of prayer and their faith.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND

July 30

A lot has happened since the last time we wrote you. I made a trip to New Foundland and back. I was supposed to have gone clear across the States, but the orders were changed the last minute. I had a very good trip, but it was a tiresome one and I had plenty of work. We had casualties from France—all litter patients, and some of them were in pretty bad shape.

That makes 5 times that I have practically crossed that ocean. I think one more crossing will be enough for me and then I'll be satisfied.

Since I returned, we moved to a new site. It is much prettier here and I like it a lot better. We have a lot of trees and grass, etc. and you should see the ferns at the back of the barracks. They reach clear to my shoulders. They seem to grow wild here. The area around the barracks was left in pretty poor condition by the last ones that lived here, so we pitched right in to get it cleaned up. We hauled gravel in trailers, pulled by jeeps, and spread it around the yard and graveled the roads. We got cycles and cut the grass and raked it up, and now the place looks very nice. Some of the other outfits around here saw us working.

So I guess they got a little ashamed and they started cutting their grass and hauling gravel.

We have a nice Red Cross Areo club here on the field where we can spend our leisure time and also a nice library. So far we

haven't had much leisure time to spend there. There is also a Cinema here and they have free shows-a different one every other night.

I finally had my chance to go to France. I have been threatening to get a row boat and go over. Merrill has been a number of times. The countryside is very pretty from the air and is a good deal like England. I saw some evidence of bombing and destruction, etc., but not nearly as much as I expected. I had a chance to talk with some of the fellows who had been in the thick of the fighting and they had some interesting experiences to tell.

We brought back casualties that had been at the front lines the day before....I sent Ora a German invasion coin I got hold of. Merrill brought back some samples of flak he picked up.....

We are getting along fine here. The days are getting shorter, but it still doesn't get dark until about ten thirty. I think daylight is about five-thirty.

Cheerio for now, STAN

Aug. 5, England

Dear Family,

Merrill is away today, so I'll try to get a letter off to you. We've both been pretty busy lately but that's the way we like to have it. At least it makes us feel that our time spent here is worthwhile and that perhaps in a small way we're helping to bring the war to an end. We've both had several trips to France now, and I like that run better than any of the others I've been on. My last trip was the best one yet. Due to weather conditions we stayed in France all night and returned late the next night. I really enjoyed it, because it gave me a chance to see a great many sights that were very interesting. The Major in charge of us asked if we wanted to go for a ride with him, as he had a little business trip to make. We said, "Sure", so we climbed in the truck and started out. Before we got back we had practically toured the whole American sector. The M. P.'s stopped us or we would have probably toured part of the British sector. Of course, we didn't get anywhere near the front lines, at least with in....(censored) miles of them but we surely covered a lot of country.

We passed through quite a few of the cities that you have probably read about in the papers, including.... (censored) We stopped there for a while and went into a little post-card shop, but I couldn't buy anything as all I had with me was English money and I couldn't find anyone that would exchange it for French money.

I saw plenty of destruction, and you just can't imagine how terrific it is until you actually see it. One or two towns were practically leveled to the ground. There wasn't a building left with the roof on, that I saw. Other places seemed to escape damage almost entirely.

The country itself is very pretty. I can understand now why they have so much trouble with the hedge-rows, as they are thick and tall. The French people seem to enjoy flowers, as many homes had flower gardens next to them and flowers even growing from the window sills. The farmers were out in their fields taking care of their crops as if nothing had happened. The people we saw along the streets and in the towns seemed to appear pretty ragged and "beat-up". Many of them just gathered in doorways, talking and watching the traffic go by. If you waved to them some would wave back and smile, while others just gave you a blank, indifferent look of stare. A few seemed to be quite friendly. Others were busy salvaging what they could and repairing their houses and clearing things up. Many of the little kids would wave as we went by and make the V-sign with their fingers. I surely wish I knew French, for I would like to have talked to some of the people. I saw a lot more I would like to tell you about, but the rest will have to wait.

Coming back we had two wounded Germans to take care of, along with the rest of our patients. I didn't know it at first, and I kept

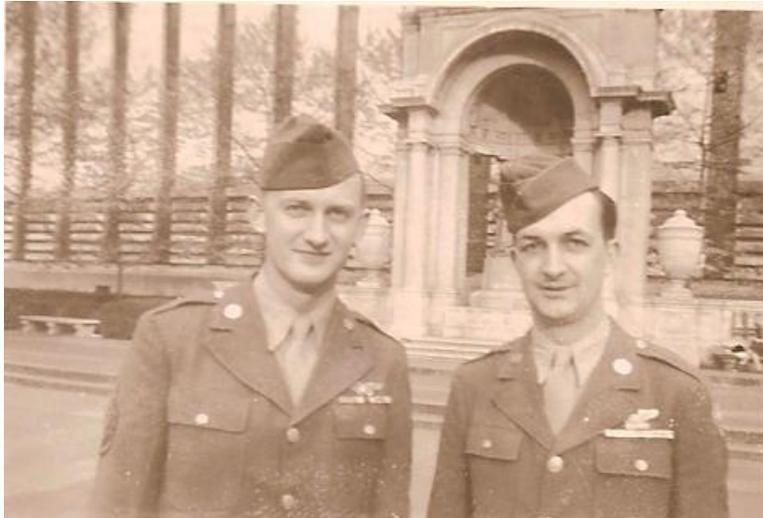
trying to talk to them, but I couldn't get any answer. Finally when they did talk, I couldn't understand them.

The following is part of a letter written to Melda and Reed Hacking.

November 15, 1944

Dear Melda and Reed,

Nous sommes tris bien. Comment alley-vous? Thanks for the nice letter. I'm afraid you know a great deal more French than we do even with the help of our little grammar book. I can distinguish a word every now and then when listening to a Frenchman, but my speaking ability doesn't go very far. I'm about like a pilot I saw the other day. A mademoiselle was speaking to him in French and he answered "Besame mucho." I can say good day, ask the price, count up to 10, etc. but half the time when I say "bonjour" they answer either "hello" or "goodbye." It's surprising how many of the French can speak English- at least enough to get by with. I manage to get by OK although I resort to sign language quite often. A fellow told me to say, "Vous etes tres belle" when speaking to a young lady. I tried it out the other day and it must have went over alright cause she smiled and acted very friendly after that. In fact she almost wouldn't let me go.



We've been quite busy lately and yet we're not accomplishing too much in the line of evacuation. Last Sunday we made a flight to France. We unloaded our supplies and then started off for another field to pick up patients. We ran into bad weather and had to land at a field near Paris. Two other fellows from our sq. were there with me so we went into Paris and got us a hotel room for the night. Being Sunday night there wasn't much doing but we went out to see what we could. About all there was to do was visit night clubs. We asked a Frenchman where to go and he suggested a place and then offered to take us to it. That's one big difference I notice between the French and the English- the English will give you a long list of directions and then say, "you can't miss it."

The French take you there. They are very polite and courteous in doing so too. When we went in this club- lo and behold, there was Merrill and two other fellows from our sq. sitting at a table. They had landed at another field on the other side of Paris. It's a good thing we ran into each other cause he didn't have any place to stay that night so we invited him to sleep with us as we each had a room. They had a pretty fair floor show although it would probably shock some of you back there. After looking in three or four more places we went back to the hotel. I only had a single bed in my room to share with Merrill but we made out OK. We called signals every time we turned over. The next morning we got up quite early and caught the bus back to our fields. When I got there I found out we couldn't take off before noon so I went back into town. I enjoyed that bus ride cause it took me right through some of the famous gardens and beauty spots of Paris.

We passed in front of the Notre Dame Cathedral and a number of other large buildings but I didn't know what most of them were. We went along by the river too and passed the statue of Joan of Arc. I only had an hour to spend around town and then I had to meet the pilot and my nurse at a hotel. We ate dinner there together and then returned to the field. The field we were supposed to pick up patients at was still closed in so we flew back to England. The next day we went over again but still couldn't get up there to pick up patients so we had another "dry run." Merrill just got back that night so he spent two nights in Paris. Today we were scheduled to go out again but the weather prevented us from taking off. It has surely been cold here lately. I'll bet it's tough on those fellows out on the front lines.

I surely hope you are feeling better by now. Ora's sister has been in bed with some ailments for about 2 months. Seems like most of you are laid-up back there. We are well and fine here and hoping we'll be seeing you before long. Bonne chance and bonsoir.
Love, Stan.

While in Botesford, England Stan and Merrill had tickets to see and hear the Glen Miller orchestra. Before show time they heard that he disappeared while being flown across the English Channel to perform. He was never located. They attended the performance anyway. He and his orchestra were very popular performing for the Service men and women.

Another time they were on leave for a day and they were walking into town when an officer and nurse in a jeep asked them if they wanted a ride. They accepted, but after they had gone a ways with them Stan had an uneasy feeling and premonition that they should get off at the nearest stop available, because the officer and nurse had been drinking. The officer let them get out and Merrill told Stan that he had the same feeling. That night or the next day they heard that the couple in the jeep had a terrible accident: the nurse had been killed, and the officer was seriously injured.

Stan went on jeep tours near the front lines. Once, a plane he was in had to land due to fog over Ireland. Another time his plane was hit with lightning which knocked two motors out and it had to return to France.

CIVILIAN LIFE



1962 — Family Photo included children clockwise from son Brent: Penny, Terri, Tammy and Eileen.

Stan and I are the proud parents of four beautiful daughters and a wonderful, precious son. Brent was born on Aug. 12th, 1943. Six years later, on January 27, 1949 we had a daughter. We named her Penny Lynn. Five years later on July 10, 1954 Terri Lee was born. Two years later on October 7th, 1956, Eileen arrived. Four years later, June 11, 1960, Tammy Dawn joined our family.

Of course they have been married for some time and they and their companions have presented us with twenty-one grandchildren and three great grandchildren as of 1998. We are proud of each of them and love them very much. Stan saw that each of our children was presented with a new car as a wedding gift.

It was wonderful to have Stan home again in good health and no injuries. He served his country honorably. When Stan arrived home we soon moved out of my mother's apartment and into a home at Christeel Acres in Orem. Stan went to work for Bradshaw Auto Parts for a while. His manager was Wayne Hacking, a brother of his sister Melda's husband.

We decided we wanted to build and pay on a home of our own, so we had a three bedroom home built on 1 1/2 acres of ground that we purchased from Stan's father, located on 400 South and 400 West in Orem. We later sold our home and built a better one next to it.

Stan became the manager of Timp Marketing Association and Utah Berry Grower's Association. He had his picture in the paper along with several cases of strawberries and raspberries and an article written about it as follows:

"Raspberries picked in early morning in the Provo and Orem area are being eaten as an evening meal delicacy in Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, and other states all because of shipment by air being popularized here this summer.

Utah Berry Growers Association, which has member growers from Pleasant Grove to Santaquin, has shipped more than five tons of raspberries since July 3rd by plane according to manager Stanley Farley.

The berries are shipped from the Provo Airport in large DC-3 planes of the Monarch Air Lines. Most popular destinations are Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Albuquerque, Gallup, N.M., and Price. This year the association has shipped, by air, more than a ton of strawberries and some dewberries as well as the raspberries.

'Air shipment is the answer to the berry problem as I see it' says manager Farley. 'Berries are highly perishable and for that reason they must be hurried from farm to market.'

Of course, the association is not using air transportation exclusively. Mr. Farley estimates the cooperative will ship about 12,000 cases of raspberries this year. Of these, about 8,000 cases will go by air.

According to Allen J. Chapin, Provo manager for Monarch Air Lines, one of the big DC-3 planes can carry about one ton of berries per flight. Planes need no refrigerator facilities because of the low temperature of flying altitudes."

This business of taking berries by air didn't last long because farmers plowed their patches up and sold their property for building lots, etc. The shipping of large fruit continued by rail.

Stan went to work at Geneva Steel as a laborer, but took classes and became an Electrician Helper in 1950. He worked three different shifts: day, swing, and graveyard. We sold our second home and 1 1/2 acres of cherry trees located on 4th West and purchased a 10 acre farm on 6th West. We planted peaches, apples, cherries, and pears. Stan treated his trees like people in that he cared for their every need and made them beautiful to look at.

We built our 3rd home and are still living in it. We have just a couple of building lots left. We sold some of it to the LDS

church to build a chapel, just a block from us.



While we still had some of this farm left Stan purchased a 12 acre farm on Center Street that was planted in sweet cherries and pie cherries. He worked 3 shifts at the plant and farmed. He had a Ferguson tractor, orchard marker, disc trailers, brush pusher, packing equipment, mechanical cherry picker, and sprayer. For a couple of years he drove a school bus, too. He farmed that ground for several years, then sold all but 1 acre. We still own it. After we sold it the price of ground doubled and then tripled. Our hind sight was better than our foresight on several adventures. We also invested in ground out at Roosevelt and Duchesne.

Stan had a lot of Marketing experience at Grand Central, Associated Food, Sanpete, and local Co-Ops. He and our son Brent were instrumental in locating apple sales out of state in Phoenix, Arizona at Food City Fed Mart. It also provided an extra place for his brothers to sell their apples.



He didn't enjoy his shift work at the plant, but it was good pay at the time. It was a lot of work harvesting fruit during the

summer, too. He was a very hard worker. When he sold fruit by the bushel, box, crate or pound he always added extra pounds because he said it left the customer and himself with a good feeling. The fruit was as good on the bottom as it was on top; no bad ones were thrown in.

While at Geneva Steel, Stan submitted a slogan in Geneva's first "Errors Zero" slogan contest and took second place. He was presented a \$25.00 saving bond for his entry by George Jedenoff, General Superintendent. The contest was held every month. The slogans were featured on large E-Z billboards located throughout Geneva Works.

While working at the Geneva Steel plant just before he retired he was in an accident that almost cost him his life. He was called out to repair an electric failure. He was supposed to go with an electrician because he was required to go with a companion. The other man didn't come soon enough, so Stan went on his own. While he was repairing the break down, there was a huge crane in the area and the operator was moving huge, red-hot slabs of steel that weighed several tons each and stacking them on top of each other. One of the slabs slipped off the pile and the edge of it hit Stan across the back and left arm, breaking his arm in 2 places above the elbow. The operator didn't even realize the slab had hit him. It burnt the back of his shirt off and burnt his back in several places. He said he had to get farther away from the hot slab so he grabbed hold of his dangling, broken arm and staggered away until he fell in the middle of a railroad track. He looked up just in time to see one of those little railroad cars occupied by one man coming toward him. He figured he would be crushed but the saw him just in time to stop.

He was taken to Utah Valley Hospital by ambulance and given emergency treatment. The doctor set the two broken bones in his arm and put it in a cast for about 10 days to see if it would heal properly, but it didn't so the doctor had to cut into his arm and put a steel plate fastened with screws up the side of the bones in order to hold it in place so it would heal properly. He had to stay in the hospital for a month because he developed blood clots in his lungs as well as pneumonia.

He retired early from the steel plant in 1977. When he felt better he would go outside, climb a ladder and pick cherries with his left arm in a cast. He also drove the tractor. In fact, he took on a lot of jobs with one arm. He took care of the farm work, too.



Reception of Doug and Eileen Knuteson. Stan and Ora, Chuck and Terri Brassel, Penny and Bill Sierner, Janene & Brent.

Stan and I are the proud parents of four beautiful daughters and a wonderful, precious son. Brent was born on Aug. 12th, 1943. Six years later, on January 27, 1949 we had a daughter. We named her Penny Lynn. Five years later on July 10, 1954 Terri Lee was born. Two years later on October 7th, 1956, Eileen arrived. Four years later, June 11, 1960, Tammy Dawn joined our family.

Of course they have been married for some time and they and their companions have presented us with twenty-one grandchildren and three great grandchildren as of 1998. We are proud of each of them and love them very much. Stan saw that each of our children was presented with a new car as a wedding gift. Photo of Doug and Eileen Knuteson's wedding reception.: Stan and Ora, Chuck and Terri Brasel, Tammy Farley, Doug and Eileen Knuteson, Penny and Bill Sierner with Janene and Brent Farley.

SURGERIES

I suppose I should mention something about Stan's other surgeries. Stan had his tonsils out, a hernia repaired, hiatal hernia work, gall bladder removed, and his appendix taken out.

His gall bladder trouble began with an occasional pain in his stomach or chest. He went to his family physician, Dr. Doyle Cranney who gave him a physical and happened to x-ray his gall bladder. He found that it was completely filled with stones. He figured he had the trouble solved. The gall bladder was removed and Dr. Cranney brought it to me to look at. We were shocked to see it bulging with the stones. I ask him if I could have it to take home and show the children. He said that wasn't customary but I could have them. When my daughter Terrie saw them she wanted to frame them. She is very creative. She took a 5" x 7" picture frame and made a hill out of the 153 gall stones. It had a real velvet background. She drew a big baboon standing on the top of them with a flower in his mouth and to the side of him was written "Let he who is without stones cast the first sin." I took the picture to the hospital the next day and showed Dr. Cranney. He thought it was so funny and clever he took it around to show all the doctors and nurses. They had a good laugh and had never seen 153 stones in one gall bladder.

Dr. Cranney figured he had Stan's trouble solved. A few weeks later Stan met him on the street and the Dr. said, "Well Stan, do you feel a lot better now?" Stan replied, "No, I still have the same problem I came in to see you about." His gall bladder never did bother him in the first place. He lived with the original problem, but it kind of deflated his doctor.

Stan's church positions included President of the Deacon's Quorum and Elder's Quorum, Ward Clerk for two terms, and a counselor in the mutual board. He was a Stake Missionary for two years, Sunday School Secretary, High Priest Assistant, Group Leader, Home Teacher (Stan was a very faithful and well-loved Home Teacher), and on the building fund and finance committees. As mentioned before, we became ward and stake dance directors and participated in demonstrations in the Ward and Stake Regional Church Finals in Salt Lake at the Saltaire Resort. The experience was fun and rewarding because we loved to dance.

We also served as Church Magazines Representatives through the terms of eight Bishoprics. The magazines included The Ensign, New Era, and The Children's Friend. We were divided into different Wards while living in the same house.

We enjoyed taking the children on trips during the summer while school was out. Their favorite trip was Disneyland.

This is supposed to be Stanley Farley's history, but I have been half of him for so long that I can't seem to be able to separate us.

Stan has traveled a lot in the states and overseas while in the army. He loved to see the beautiful scenery while driving by car, but flying by plane was much faster going to see our daughter Penny and family in Everett Washington.

Over the years Stan and I have gone by plane to Hawaii twice. We enjoyed the company of Stan's family on both trips. Our daughter Tammy went once. We rented a private home by the LDS Temple and church college. Four Islands were visited. The trees,

shrubs, hills, and beaches were beautiful. We attended the Johnny Cash Show and other events. The people who live there were so friendly.

We went on three Caribbean cruises: East, West, and South. Stan wasn't affected with sea or air sickness like he was in the army. Of course the conditions were much different. The Princes line of ships were beautiful and sailed smoothly (unless rough waters were met). We stopped at four or five different ports on each trip and toured the different towns, scenery, and shopping centers. The souvenir shops were a large attraction. On the ship, the floor shows and comedies were very entertaining. The food on the tours was fabulous.

In 1990 we went on a cruise to Alaska to celebrate our Golden Wedding Anniversary. It rained nearly every day, so we didn't get to stop at two of the ports and see the scenery. The huge ice bergs were a sight to see. The ice bergs were as high as big hills. They were visible as far back as we could see. We could see over them in the distance and it looked like they went on and on. Large pieces would break off and make a big noise as they fell into the ocean. As the large pieces fell, little pieces would break off and seals would get on them for a free ride. We could see whales jump out of the water at a distance. While on the ship the captain presented us with a 50th Wedding Anniversary cake and a congratulations card. Half the cake was given to Stan and half to me.

Our children helped celebrate our 50th anniversary with an open house held in our back yard after our cruise. It was on August 15th, 1990. The next day our children took us to Chuckarama for an enjoyable family dinner.

During the years before Stan retired from Geneva Steel we took a lot of trips to Las Vegas, not because of the gambling, but we enjoyed the food, accommodations, and the relaxation. We have seen many famous actors and actresses perform in person while there, such as Liberace, Jimmy Dean, Wayne Newton, John Davidson, Glen Campbell, The Osmonds, Olivia Newton John, Jim Nabors, Red Skelton, The Lennon Sisters, Andy Williams, Ed McMahon, Connie Frances, Merv Griffin, Debbie Reynolds, Mell Tellez, the Mills Brothers and the Harry James orchestra. We've seen a lot of fabulous musical and floor shows.

A lot of time and experiences have passed. It is now 1998. We have been sweethearts for 60 years, including our dating years. These so-called "Golden Years" are very *brassy*.

Two years ago on March 2, 1996 tragedy struck. Stan had a massive stroke that left him paralyzed on the left side and also damaged his brain. His personality completely changed. He has been in four different rest homes. When it was possible to get live in help I brought him home. He has had pneumonia 6 times so far and bounced back each time. He was dropped by a nurse's aid and ended up in surgery for a cracked hip. He has been in and out of the hospital. He choked on a bite of pizza a year ago and I called the paramedics. He chokes easily because half of his throat is paralyzed and his food and water get in the wrong places. He is very miserable and it's understandable.

He spent his time in his hospital bed or in a recliner in our family room for two years. We have no idea how much he is suffering unless we go through the same situation ourselves. Our daughters who live close to us have been life savers. Terri lives next door and it's a comfortable feeling knowing that we're not alone. Brent visits when he can. Stan enjoys seeing Tammy's dog "Chelsy." Stan needs a hobby, but doesn't seem to be interested in anything for long. We have some good live-in help. Ronald and Patty Gerber, who have worked in rest homes, have been taking care of him for five months. Stan is a total lift. It breaks my heart to see him have to go through this ordeal.

We are taught that none of our trials will be wasted, and that all things shall work together for our good if we seek to be true to the Lord. We can only hope that our endurance will be a positive example to others, and that someday we can look back on all of this and say that we were treated fairly and that the end rewards more than compensated for our trials.

Stan passed away at home on April 3, 1998 at the age of seventy-nine. Funeral services were held on Tuesday, April 7, 1998 at the Sunset Heights 8th ward. Interment was in the Orem Cemetery.

Ora and children on a Caribbean Cruise.



Eileen Knuteson, Terri Brasel, Penny Siemer, Tammy Ford with Ora and Brent Farley