



Chapter 7

"Wes"

Weston Legrand Farley

ESSAY WRITTEN FOR ENGLISH ONE - Mr. Britsch - Submitted October 11, 1946.

"It was a sharp, clear day, January 27, 1928, to be exact. There was an unusual air of excitement at the Carl Farley residence in the little town of Orem, Utah. Doors slammed and a car zoomed out the driveway heading for Pleasant Grove at a terrific rate of speed. Would father return in time with the doctor?"

In our family I have always been considered "extra special", probably due to the extra special manner in which I made my entry into the world. Limitation of words and a sense of delicacy prevent a detailed description of that event, but I have mother's word for it that the stork skidded to a three point landing, a full twenty minutes before Dad and the doctor arrived.

Like the other six Farley children who came before me, I grew up amid love, affection and constant heckling. Without conscious effort my voice grew deeper and it wasn't long until I was enjoying my adolescent youth at Lincoln High School.

Slightly more studious than most of my associates there, I still found time for hunting, skiing, tennis and football. All of this, farm work permitting of course. Then there were the girls! I loved them all--that is until I met a certain cute brunette at the Orem Drug, local gathering place for the "desert wolves." She served me the best chocolate marshmallow malt and that did it! From then on it was a struggle between Weston Farley and the local competition. I managed to win out and in our senior year she became my "steady".

Then came great frustration. She moved to California and once more I was a wolf on the loose. But even a wolf must heed his horoscope. Born under the sign of Aquarius I realized the significance of True Love. Several trips to California ensued and just before registration at the Brigham young University I "shot" my summer's earnings on some jewelry store merchandise and surprised her with a formal declaration!

The wedding date has been set. We have our goal to work for, and come spring and an improved financial status, I'll have a wife to help me write my college themes!"

My father was instrumental in my decision to marry though still in my teens. He became upset with the numerous trips to California and finally said "Either marry the girl or forget her." What can I say? I have never been sorry that I went for the first choice.



We are the third couple from the left in this photo of dance directors of the Gold and Green Ball

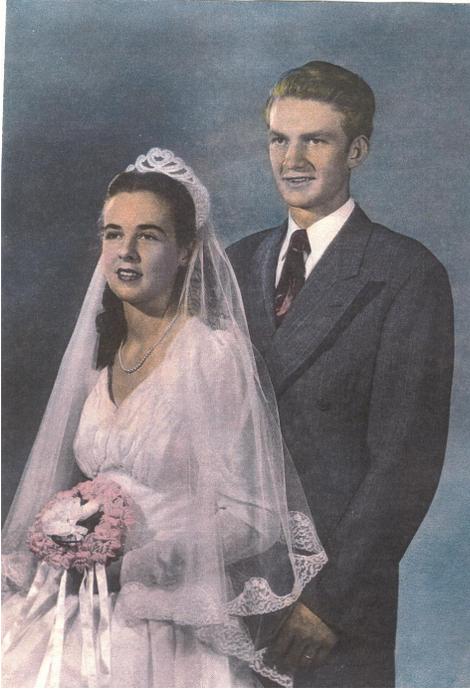
Perhaps a few more memories of my early years should be recounted here. In spite of the fact that I was spoiled rotten by my three sisters who were old enough to be mothers themselves when I came along---mother was 45 years old---my parents believed in the old adage, "spare the coal shovel and spoil the child." Once at about the age of four I transgressed and mother said "come here" instead I ran and she grabbed the coal shovel and ran after me. She caught me heading into the orchard and administered some good whacks to my bottom. I cried "I won't do it again, I won't do it again," and I guess I didn't because I don't remember receiving another such reprimand.

When I was five Lucille was working and there was a dance studio in the building where she worked. She thought I should take lessons and she paid for them. Dad liked to take me to the lessons. I think it was because my dance teacher was pretty. I danced in some reviews on the stage at the Paramount theater. I did solos but the teacher could never get me to do the same steps the rest of the line was doing!

My big brother Carroll got a pony named "Toots" for Christmas one year when I was too little to ride it but I remember he wanted to show it to Aunt Pearl who lived up the street. She was an invalid and confined to bed so he rode Toots right into the house and around her bed. It was hard to know who was the most excited and for what reason! Toots wouldn't let the other kids ride him. He would run down the road and stop fast sending them flying over his head. **Larry Collins**, nephew, neighbor, sums up life on the Farley family farm:

Dear Wes,

Recent events have prompted a rush of memories and have reminded me of my rich Farley Heritage. Each thought and memory



has brought back warmth and gratitude for the past we were part of. It is rather amazing that a very small geographic area can have such a positive impact on one's life. Not only from a stand point of rich, warm memories, but as an anchor of reference in our present life. This is how I look on the Farley farm. To me it is sacred ground.

Here we found the exquisite joys of childhood. The old wood stove adding to the warmth of Grandma's kitchen. The ever full cookie jar and popcorn bowls. The moist dampness of a somewhat ominous root cellar. The hiding place of spiders and other undescribed creatures. Long before Disneyland, we had Grandpa's barn. That magical world of secret hiding places and mystical powers. A place where hard work was done, stacking hay from the harvest, packing peaches, apples, prunes and pears. A mansion for the animals of necessity that provided milk and cream, eggs, ham and bacon, and the trusted horse who knew cultivating all too well. There are acres of ground that nourish the need produce. But also provides a play-ground of unlimited possibilities. A place of peace and serenity wherein we could find our own "sacred groves."

There are memories of Thanksgiving feasts and Christmas' that surpass all other traditions. Sleigh rides, horse rides, jeep rides, tractor rides, mowing machine rides, hay rack rides, hay hauling rides, harvest rides, sled rides, big truck rides, plane

rides, train rides, ferry rides, you name it, we've ridden it.

There are memories of hard work. The learning of "By the sweat of your brow" and the importance of the word responsibility. We learned of the word care. "Care seem to define "stewardship" and the definitions we learned well through practice and exercise. The memories are warm, filling and sweet to the taste.

These memories also have a common thread. I cannot look back and enjoy these special times without looking back and seeing you in all the pictures. You are always there no matter the picture in my memory. A big brother trying to teach me the important lessons of life. By the power of example showing the importance of honesty, responsibility, stewardship, charity, thoughtfulness, caring, industry and a wealth of other cherished character traits.

I had many great examples in my life of "How life should be lived." My "Hall of Fame" has many portraits hanging that are important to me. Next to dad and mom, yours hangs in an honored and respected place. Wes, that's for being in all my memory pictures, With you there they are complete and satisfying to look at. They also provide comfort and determination as I face the challenges of each new day. Thanks and Love, Larry.

Wes writes: There were many years when the crops failed and money was scarce. Dad raised strawberries along with the apples, cherries and peaches so that there would be income earlier in the summer, but even at that they had to borrow in the fall most years to get through the winter. One year when things were really bad we were told that there would be no presents from Santa. What a surprise when the kids found envelopes hanging from the tree with a \$1.00 bill inside. Boy did we think we were rich! Back to the wedding. LaVon and decided to move the date up to December 20, 1946. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

My folks created a tiny apartment for us in the upstairs of their home and we lived there for six years. Then we then moved in to our new home next door which had been under construction for a couple of years. I built it myself with lots of help from my mother, my wife and her father who was an electrician.

During this time two children were born to us. The first, a beautiful little girl, went back to Heavenly Father when she was five days old. Needless to say this was a very sad time for us. A year and a half later on the very last day of December 1949 we were blessed with a "bouncing baby boy!" Kenyon brought joy back into our lives.

We had to wait five long years for our next child. Marcia arrived August 17, 1954. We couldn't have been happier! I guess we finally figured things out because on November 2 1956 John blessed our lives, followed by Eric on October 15, 1960 and then our little "caboose" Sharol on November 1964. Each of these wonderful children have brought great blessings into my life and I thank the Lord for them every day.

After attending BYU for one year the opportunity to work at Geneva arose and after serving a "residency" of a year on the labor gang I gained employment in the Chemical lab where I worked for thirty-seven years.

During that time I farmed the ground which I purchased from my father. Many long days---eight hours at Geneva, alternating swing shift and graveyard---made it possible to work all day and all night, which I did a lot of time, much to the dismay of my family. With twenty-four acres of mainly apples, sweet cherries and sour cherries to care for I managed to keep out of mischief pretty well



Working in the Chem Lab at Geneva Steel

INVENTING A FRUIT PICKER

The year I learned that prunes would bring only three cents a pound picked, was the year I began trying to invent a machine that would harvest fruit. It was becoming more and more difficult to find reliable pickers at a reasonable wage so I purchased a nylon parachute and stretched it out under a tree. Then I attached a motor to the hay knife. The motor shook the tree and the Prunes fell on the parachute where they could be collected and poured into packing crates.

I soon discovered that the machine worked equally well on over-ripe cherries. However the cannery complained when they received cherries that were not properly sorted. A horse shoe and a bird nest were found among our cherries. Much of the fruit was bruised. It was not until years later that we learned that cherries placed in water after being shaken off a tree would remain firm and not bruise. After working for some time trying to perfect the fruit picking machine, I finally gave up and John, purchased a commercial tree shaker. Our home was located at 173 West 400 South in Orem.



Clockwise from Wes: Eric, John, Marcia, Kenyon, LaVon and Sharol

FAMILY TREE PAINTING

LaVon is an artist and enjoys working in oils. She has a sweet nature and is always serving others. For Mom's seventieth birthday she and Lucille decided to create a family tree which could reflect her interest in family history and genealogy. LaVon painted the tree on canvas and Lucille obtained pictures from each of the families and little gold frames. There were seven branches on the tree--one for each of the seven children in our family.

LaVon decided the tree should have roots so pictures of the grandparents could also be included. She had a terrible time finding glue that would secure the pictures to the oil surface. Finally Lucille and LaVon were able to get every picture to stay on the tree in time to hang the painting in Grandma's living room for her birthday. Mom was thrilled with the painting and treasured it all of her life. She kept adding pictures as new members joined the family. The tree was up-to-date when she died at the age of eighty-six. The painting was finally "retired" to our basement where the painting of Grandma Severine is also stored. The Family Tree may have influenced her grandchildren as many love family history and genealogy.

Mom died seven years later. I still remember the day of her accident. It was a rather mild day for January in 1972. Our family had just returned from the open house held before the dedication of the Provo Temple. It was about 4:00 p.m. We came in and closed the door and a few minutes later we realized we could hear someone calling for help. I went out into our back yard and looked in the direction of Grandma's house. She was lying by the back step calling for help. We ran over to see what had happened and were devastated to discover she had caught her heel on the edge of one step and had fallen. Her leg was broken near the hip. She had been lying there unable to get up for several hours.

We called an ambulance and she was taken to Utah Valley Hospital where surgery was performed and a steel plate inserted into her leg. Although her leg appeared to be on the mend, she was never able to walk. It seemed as if her spirit was broken. She had always been so strong and healthy and she loved being active. It seemed as if she simply decided that if she could not do all the things she had done in the past, she did not want to be here at all. Mom refused to eat or do anything that would aid her rehabilitation. Mom left the hospital and stayed with Merrill and Sylpha for a short time and finally went back to her home. In spite of all the efforts to help, comfort and encourage her, Mom passed away on March 30, 1972 with her family around her.



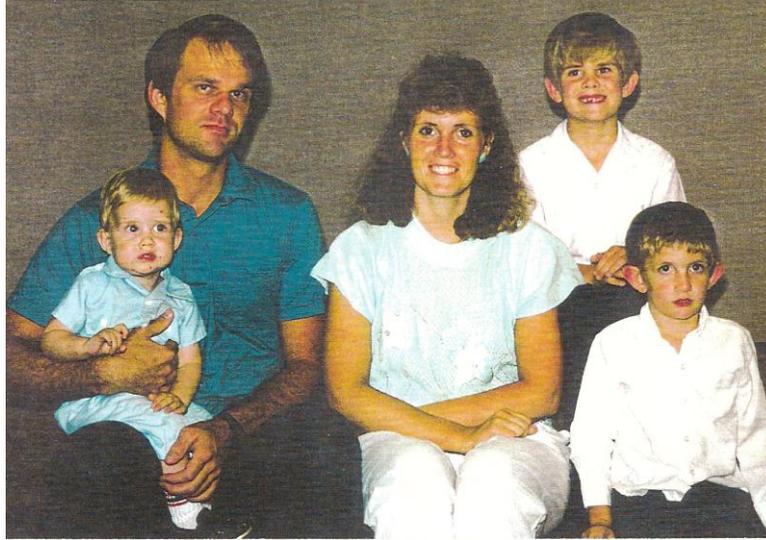
Jennie Farley was so vigorous that we were all convinced that had it not been for her accident, she would still be with us making beautiful quilts and Afghans, planting and tending her garden and repairing everything from the shoes on our feet to the roof over our heads. Losing Mom as a result of that stupid accident was hard on us. Another great loss came to our family two decades later.

ERICK ENJOYED FLYING

Each of our sons fulfilled missions and all have been worthy to be married for time and eternity in the temple. Twenty-four grandchildren are now ours to love and spoil. Truly my cup runneth over!

I have always loved airplanes and flying. I wanted to learn to fly but the cost for a poor young farm boy was prohibitive. When my son, Eric exhibited the same desire, he was able to take flying lessons in high school and received his pilots license before he graduated. I loved to go flying with him at every opportunity and was able to realize my dream vicariously.

However, all has not been a bed of roses for me. In 1991 Eric lost his life in an accident while flying his ultralight. Many anguished hours were spent hunting for his body around Utah Lake where it was determined he had gone down. He was not found for nearly four months. He died doing what he loved to do and we know he has gone to a much better place but we miss him terribly. I will never outlive the pain of his having to leave us. Comfort for our family finally came as a result of an unusual visitation on January 5, 1992. Marcie, our oldest daughter, described her experience in the following letter:



1991 - Eric and Renae with baby Kent, Chad and Greg

Dear Family,

Early this morning, around 4:30 or so, after feeding Heather and putting her back to bed, I had a visitation I would like to share with you. I saw Eric and felt a thrill more intense than I can describe. Immediately I began to express gratitude for this vision. Eric stood there looking so handsome and perfect. He had a smile on his face and I could sense that he was very happy. There was that twinkle in his eyes that I always noticed after one of his flying trips and I sensed great joy.

I asked if he was going to see everyone but he said that he could not. He asked if I would let everyone know that he was fine, happy and well. I noted he was wearing street clothes and he explained that “a little more time was needed before his body would be recovered from the lake.” This exchange between us was without words. The visit was extremely brief but left me with my heart racing. I knew positively I had received a message from Eric that I was to share and I promised him that I would. . .

When Eric did not return last November 26th, I felt that I would be speaking at his funeral and began to recall our childhood together. I remember wonderful times and I felt so close to him. I know Mother was worried about his decision not to go to church but his inactivity never worried me very much. I respected his feeling. . . The beauty of his visit this morning is that there was no gulf or uneasiness. I felt only pure love.

Eric's body was found by a duck hunter in the spring after the ice on Utah Lake had melted. He was buried in April, 1992.

TRAVELING FOR WORK AND PLAY

As the years passed it became more and more of a challenge to market the apples and so I began to haul them to Phoenix. I could haul about 250 boxes in my one ton truck—I usually tried to get 300 in, thereby causing myself grief with breakdowns—both nervous and truck variety! So I got a bigger truck and then a BIGGER truck so I could haul more than a 1000 boxes. Many times I hauled a load to Phoenix and drove directly home in order to be to work at Geneva. It was pretty rough but since I have always loved to travel, by any mode known to man I have enjoyed trucking greatly. I always say my pay is the beautiful sunset that I can see on the horizon as I'm rolling down the road on my eighteen wheels.

Speaking of traveling, I have taken my family on numerous trips. Trips to the southern canyons, to Yellowstone, to the Seattle World's Fair, to Canada, to Disneyland and the ocean to name just a few. And now in the autumn of our lives Lavon and I enjoy cruising about the world on the Love Boat! We have twelve cruises under our belts and have seen about half of the world. We hope to see the other half before our time runs out!

The best part of our travels has been sharing them with family and friends. We have gone on only two cruises as a couple. Those were a trans Atlantic trip that took us to the Azores, Ireland--to kiss the Blarney stone, to Amsterdam--to see miles of tulips in bloom, Belgium to have dinner and shop in Brussels; to France to see Paris and the Eiffel Tower and to England for an extended stay in London. We took another cruise from Tokyo to the Hawaiian Islands.

We became "hooked" on cruising when we signed up for a Panama Canal trip and arrived in Acapulco to find our ship partially incapacitated. We were given a choice of returning home or cruising at half speed to Los Angeles free, which we did. We were treated like royalty and to top it off, were given another cruise free! That did it, the rest is history.



Wes and LaVon - Family Cruise Directors

On a cruise to Alaska we were accompanied by Stan & Ora, John & Nancy, Eric & Renee and Lucille & Marilu. We have cruised the Caribbean several times enjoying the tropical beauty of the area with Merrill & Sylpha and their family, Melda & Lucille, Carroll and Betty and LaVon's brother Bill.

Every trip has been fantastic, with the last one in April of 1998 being one of the highlights. We flew to Spain with friends Shirl and Myrleen Loveless, rented a car and toured the country for ten days. We then joined a cruise ship in Barcelona for a wonderful cruise of the Mediterranean Sea--a fabulous month long trip. We are not through yet! In December, 1998 we are looking forward to cruising with all our adult kids and their spouses as well as with Larry and Karma, Mike and Tammy, Merrill and Arlen and part of his family.

LaVon and I have become the official Farley Family cruise directors. We plan at least one, often two, cruises a year and invite all the members of the family to join us. We feel that cruising is a good way to share our love for one another as get to know the members of our extended family. Cruising the world has become a great new form of family adventure.



2007 - Farley cousins cruise to the Western Caribbean with Ora, Wes and LaVon, Feb. 17- 24th.
Back row, Penny Siemer, Brent Farley, Marcie Schramm, Sharol Harris, Roger Farley, Dennis Farley,
Seated: Eileen Knuteson, Diane Stokoe, Carla Cuthbert, Corinne Young, Terry Brasel, and Tammy Ford.