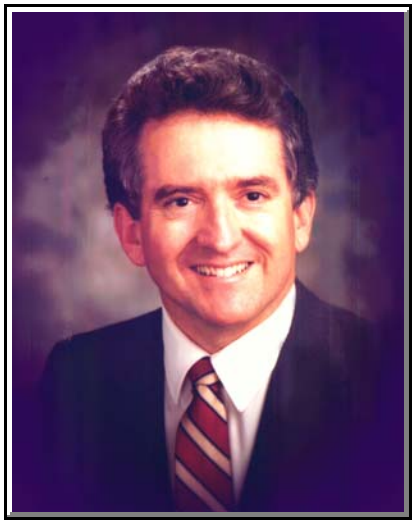
DAVID J. FARR



I was born February 28, 1938 in Los Angeles during the latter part of the Great Depression. I was the firstborn in a family struggling to start a new business and not knowing where their next meal was coming from. Although I don't have any early memories of going hungry, I know from my parents' history that things were lean. Poverty necessitated us living with relatives, mainly Erma Treu, my mother's older sister. We started a tradition of relatives and friends living with Aunt Erma which continues even today in her 95th year as Aunt Erma still has the missionaries living with her, which for her is now a 15-year tradition.

Fortunately, Dad was a picture taker and a detail man who recorded our lives in photographs, complete with dates and names of those who were so lucky as to be in the lens of his camera. We had an ongoing succession of family visitors from Salt Lake City - my great-grandfather, Daniel Spencer and his wife, Clarissa, along with others of more recent vintages whom you may read about in the ancestral part of this family history. And no, Brigham Young did not visit us! How old do you think I am?



I don't really remember much from those early years. I do remember at age eight going with dad to Holiday Park and sleeping with him in the bedroom that faced toward the Weber River. I awoke early the next morning, but he made me go back to bed, as we had arrived late the night before. I don't remember why the rest of the family wasn't there. My later recollections of Holiday Park include riding with the charming and attractive David and Blanche Freed daughters on the horses that they maintained up the Weber. I was age 13 and I had a crush on Jasmine, but alas, as with first loves, they soon move onto brighter prospects. We had a long and enduring friendship with the Freed's and it continues to this day. We count it fortunate that our family was able to grow up with the Freed's over the summer's of our lives and that we are able to visit with them yet today. One of my favorite things to do is go fishing with 90-year-old Dave Freed on his private fishing reservoir near Coalville, Utah.

I remember living on 84th Place in Westchester, where my folks purchased their first home from among some tracts built by my mother's brothers, Bill and Harold Jackson. It was a small home which held many happy memories. We got to know some good neighbors, especially Bill and Gay Yess and their children, Karen and Michael. Gay has kept in touch with us all these many years. Mom and Dad developed a close relationship by visiting with her and going to dinner. I remember attending the grammar school just half a block away, which was a great convenience to my parents. My clearer memories are of our home on Arizona Avenue. This home was on a large lot that we eventually divided into three sections - a swimming pool, a basketball/badminton court and a lawn area for baseball and basketball games.



Dave at 6 months



David and Alan

Oh, what fun summers we had as we played there with the kids in the neighborhood. My earliest duties on this vast estate were mowing lawns and painting the long, wooden fence every summer - whether it needed it or not. Fortunately, my career as the estate gardener didn't last long, as I developed hay fever. Could that be brought on by an aversion to work? I never did get out of painting the fence, in spite of the fact that too much sun would often bring on a serious eye ailment. No matter how hard you try, you can't get exempted from all work! The fence required two coats of varnish every summer, which was a six week, four hour a day job. I remember painting in the relentless sun while listening to day games of the New York Yankees or the Brooklyn Dodgers. My father awarded me a wage of $100 for doing my annual duty. I remember playing sports with Dino Grossi and the Lawrence boys, Stevie and Johnny who lived in the nearby apartments. I also remember doing some work for Keith Kenworthy, a fireman who was building a house across the street from ours. Some of my most fond memories are of the parties my parents had for our Ward and for relatives.



Dave at 13

I enjoyed being a member of the Westchester Second Ward with Bishop Don Barraclough as our leader. We had many wonderful youth activities and a close-knit ward of fine families. It was there that I gained a testimony of our church and its wonderful doctrine. I seem to have always had the feeling with me of the reality of God and His concern for us here on earth. Long before my parents started attending church on a regular basis,

my grandmother, Jean Spencer Farr (BaBa), took her grandchildren to church in the Arlington Ward. She was a wonderful influence and a joy to be around. I enjoyed sports and I had fun participating in church basketball and softball. While in high school, I played on the school's basketball and baseball teams and made many friends. I contemplated going out for the football team, but reconsidered when I discovered how much physical contact there was. Not my thing! I met a young man by the name of Jim Patterson who tried out for the basketball team. He lived with his father who was an alcoholic. When his father kicked him out of the house, I persuaded my parents to take him in. He lived with us for a while and then with some of the other Church members. He eventually joined the Church and was always grateful for the influence that our family had in his life. He still keeps in touch.



I attended Santa Monica City College for a year. I took some engineering courses, mostly because my dad was an engineer and I didn't know what else to do. I soon found that engineering wasn't my 'cup of tea'. When I later attended Brigham Young University, I took more business-oriented courses.

I was happy to be called to serve a mission for the Church in the Northwestern States. I had always wanted to serve a mission and I was glad for the opportunity. Many of my Jackson cousins attended my farewell. When I approached the pulpit to speak, they stood up in unison and sang the song, 'God Be With You Til We Meet Again.' It was very heartwarming. My great-aunt, Helen Williams, arranged for Hugh B. Brown, a general authority to set me apart before I left for the mission field. I learned some great lessons while serving a mission - the greatest of which were patience and endurance, as knocking on doors and talking to strangers about the Church was very hard to do. I loved my mission experience and appreciated meeting many fine people. I hope I touched their lives for the better. I became acquainted with many fine young men serving in my same mission. It was a spiritually rewarding and growing two years.



David and Pat Farr
Jacksonville, Florida

When I returned, I enjoyed spending the summer at Holiday Park as the caretaker. My duty was to patrol the area and keep trespassers away. I carried a gun (not necessary but good for the ego), rode a horse and had a

deputy sheriff's badge (which gave me absolutely no right to arrest anyone). The biggest adventure of the summer was looking for some boy scouts in the middle of the night who became lost while returning from Fish Lake. They were found, sleeping at the bottom of the trail.

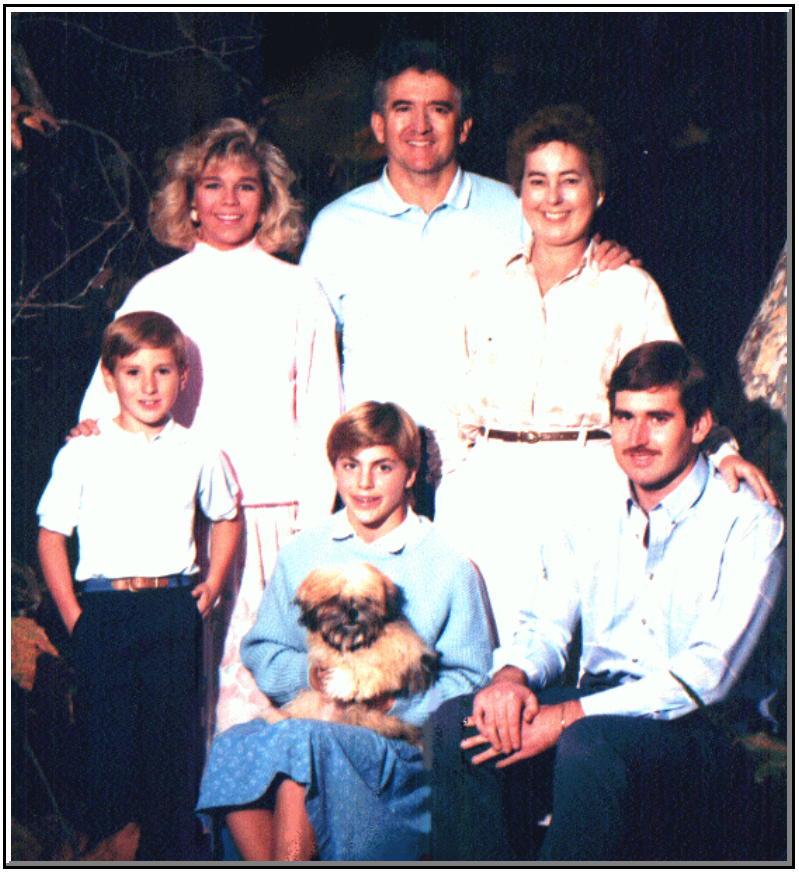
I spent a couple of years at Brigham Young University and then completed my education at U.S.C., obtaining a degree in Business Education. After student teaching at two very rough schools, I decided I didn't really want to teach. I took an aptitude test that my Dad's company routinely gave executives. It showed my highest aptitude and interest to be with one who sold life insurance. In fact I correlated with them at the 95% level and with engineers only at the 10% level. With successful teachers, I tested at around 70%. It was helpful, for after the initial shock I did have an enjoyable career as a life insurance agent, spanning 31 years as a full time profession. I continue in a semi-retired capacity today.

I met my wife of 37 years, Patricia LeSueur, at the 'dance of last resort' for bachelors - the Wilshire Ward Dance. We immediately took to each other, dancing the night away while the girls she came to the dance with waited impatiently for their ride. The next day we attended a fireside together in her Stake. From that date in November 1961, we remained together until our marriage on July 12, 1962, except for a brief interlude when my feet turned cold. I decided to date a girl from Provo, who wore bobby sox, just to make sure I was doing the right thing by marrying Pat. The bobby soxer was pretty, but dull, so I returned to my first and only real love and proposed. We spent our honeymoon, where else, but Holiday Park. I had always enjoyed fly fishing, but Pat's interest in the sport ended when she caught a trout and brought him within ten feet from shore. She turned the rod back to me and said "I can't stand to see that fish die". An outdoors woman she was not, but she has been an excellent and supportive wife and mother these many, many years.

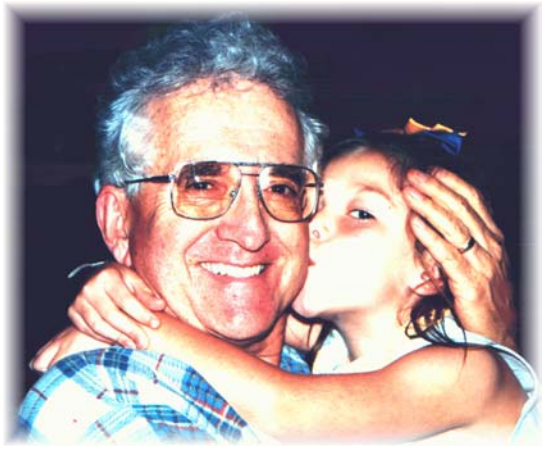


We have been blessed with four children. Michael, our firstborn, enjoyed studies and playing the piano. He is also an excellent writer. Stephanie came second by way of adoption. She was a delightful bundle of joy, enjoying many activities and many friends. Stephanie has a natural ear for music, for art and creating photo albums. Alisa also came by the adoption route. We knew she had athletic talent when she walked at eight months and was swinging on the dining room chandelier at one year. She enjoyed sports and other daredevil activities. She just earned her EMT (Emergency Medical Technician) certificate and hopes to go on to become a paramedic or work in an ER. Jason, whom I knew was to arrive before we were actually expecting, played a good companion to Alisa with his love of sports. Jason was also an

excellent student. He enjoys socializing with others and speaking Spanish, which he learned on his mission. We have been greatly blessed with two, wonderful sons-in-law, Jamey Boyd and Stuart Harper, and, so far, three grandchildren. We expect more, as we do have a quota to meet (so get hustling children!) Our greatest blessings have been our children and our common belief in a kind and gracious Heavenly Father, who has looked after us through many difficult trials. I so much appreciate the excellent example my parents set in showing us a strong, long-lasting marriage and caring concern for their children, by establishing the many traditions we enjoyed in our family. It has helped me continue these same traditions in my family.



David Farr Family - 1984



David with granddaughter, Brianna Boyd - 1999

October 1999

PATRICIA J. LE SUEUR FARR

When Thalis and Spencer lived on Arizona Avenue, we enjoyed a lot of Bar-B-Q's and swimming parties with the family. Thalis always had great food. I loved copying her recipes for Brisket Dip Sandwiches, Lasagne, BaBa's Stew and Chicken with Rice. Thalis always made everyone feel at home.

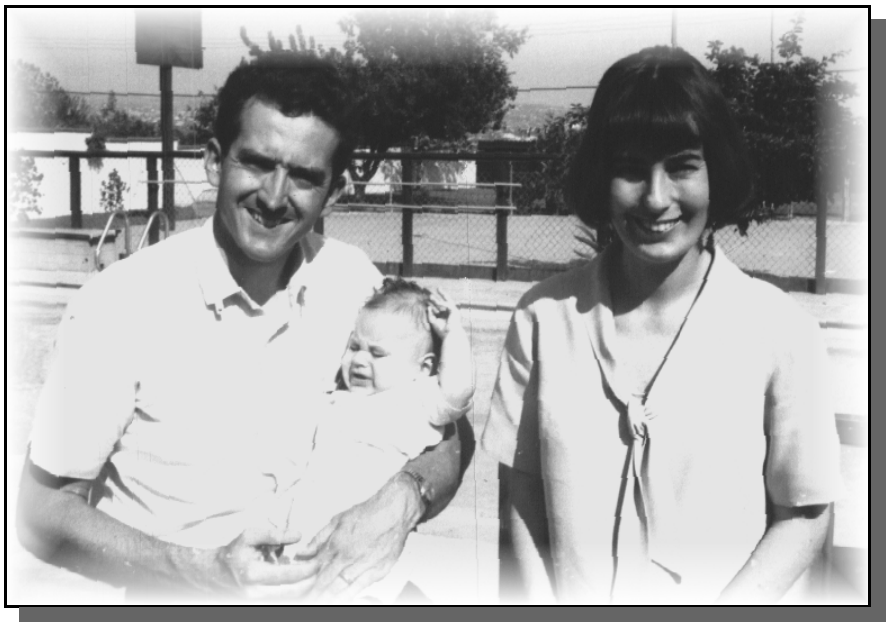


Pat at 21

We had a lot of fun together when we celebrated our birthdays. Thalis would make us a money cake. The kids would see who could gather the most money by eating the most cake.

I can still hear Spencer yell at their hunting dog, Flash, to shut-up. Flash only had a squeak for a bark, after his vocal chords were removed.

Once Thalis made me a tan sheath dress, fully lined. I loved wearing it at Christmas time.



David, Pat and Michael at Arizona Ave. Home - 1965

Thalis and Spencer watched Michael when he was a toddler. David and I went to an insurance convention in Florida one year and they took care of Michael for us. When we returned, Michael was so mad, he wouldn't look at me.

When Michael took swimming lessons at the YMCA, along with his cousins Jimmy and Dee Dee (Alison), we would all go to Thalis's afterward to practice what they learned.

They would often come to watch their grandchildren play in their various sports. One thing I

remember is that Spence always rooted for the underdog. We'd be ahead, and he'd be cheering for the other team.



Another thing I remember about Spence was that he always helped in the kitchen . . something I wish someone else I know would do more of. After a big dinner he'd go in and do the dishes or whatever needed to be done. He was always willing to help.

Thalis recently joined us on a trip to Texas to see our daughter Stephanie and her family. She wanted to go down to the original Neiman Marcus and we had a wonderful time. We took Jenna, my granddaughter along. Jenna busied herself buttering all her popovers. Afterwards, we went and looked for some clothes for Jenna and she found a doll and a doll buggy that she loved. She strolled around the store saying "My baby, my baby". Thalis ended up buying her the doll and some clothes to wear. On the way home, the car broke down. It was very hot, and Thalis didn't want to wait for Jamey who was working on the other side of town. So, we hailed a taxi-cab -it cost us around $30-40 to go home, but it was a fun remembrance.

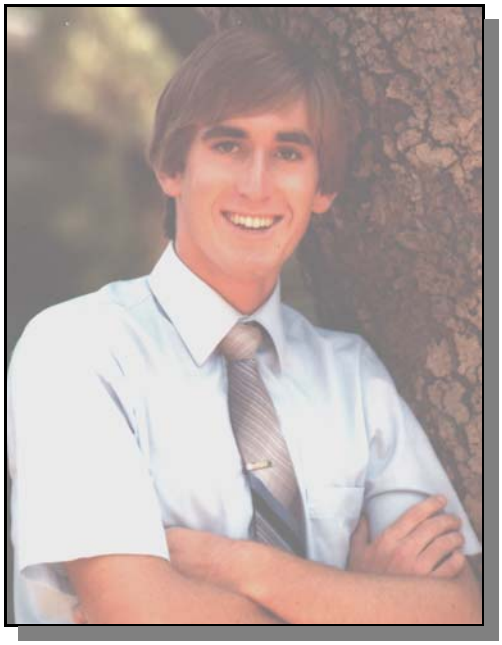


MICHAEL DAVID FARR
Memories of Grandpa & Grandma Farr



I remember birthday parties at Arizona Avenue. Brisket was served. I remember the Arizona house and backyard, and swimming in the pool. I would go to church with Grandma.

When I was about 8 years old, Grandma and Grandpa would fly me up to Holiday Park to stay with them. I remember the smell of coffee and bacon in the mornings. I so appreciate being able to go to Holiday Park. That tradition is thanks to Grandma and Grandpa.



Grandpa would take me on a walking tour of Holiday Park and the vicinity. Grandma would press flowers into a book.

Grandpa was always a good example of how to be with people. He was always friendly to who ever he talked to. He had a friendly manner and put people at ease.

I remember Grandpa taking us (me and my immediate family) to Sizzler.



When Grandma comes over, I enjoy talking with her about many different subjects. She is so interesting.

THOUGHTS ON GRANDMA & GRANDPA FROM THE BOYD FAMILY

STEPHANIE FARR BOYD



The first memories of my Grandma that come to mind are the Thanksgivings and Christmases spent at her house. I remember getting all dressed up for the occasion and singing while my brother Michael played the piano. I remember lining up, youngest to oldest, for Christmas photos. I remember eating great food and thinking to myself that Grandma was the best cook.

Another memory is of my grandparents taking me to Holiday Park with them in 1976 and in 1978. They brought some of their friends along - Marni & Nonny Allen and Gay Yess. Once I got homesick and Grandma gave me warm prune juice with honey. She said it would make me feel better. That was funny... I loved listening to their record player at the cabin. I remember listening to The Sound of Music, Hello Dolly, My Fair Lady and a few other favorites. That was where my love for musicals began.





Grandma used to take me shopping for my birthday when I was younger and somewhat easier to shop with. My mother would let her know what I needed - such as a short Easter dress. Inevitably I would want a long one, so Grandma would buy me both. I always enjoyed that time alone with Grandma. She made me feel special and important.

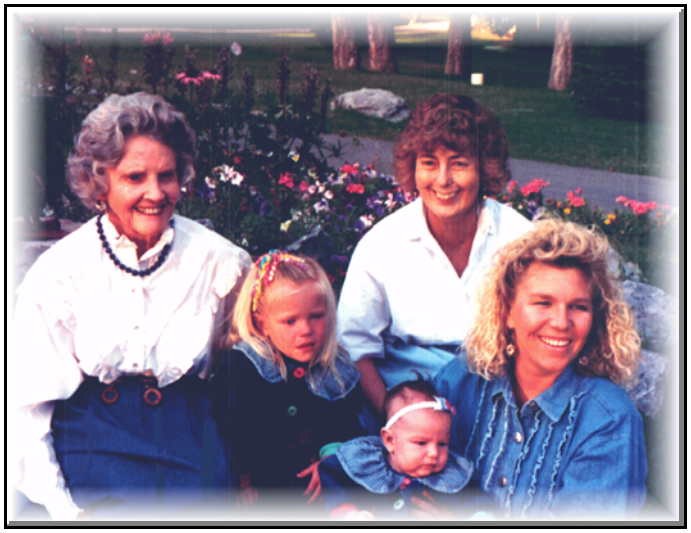
I remember that Grandma and Grandpa were there for my High School Graduation. Afterwards they took all of us out to dinner. That was fun!

When Jamey and I were married on July 30th, 1988, they held a beautiful luncheon for us at the Los Angeles Country Club.

In March of 1997, Grandma flew me out from Texas. My two girls went to my parents house to visit and I spent the week with Grandma. I was seven months pregnant with Jenna at the time. Grandma made my visit, relaxing and spending time with her, wonderful for me. I worked on her photo albums and we framed a lot of special photos and set them in various places around the house. I enjoyed my stay so much because it was just Grandma and me with no interruptions. I will cherish that time we spent together.



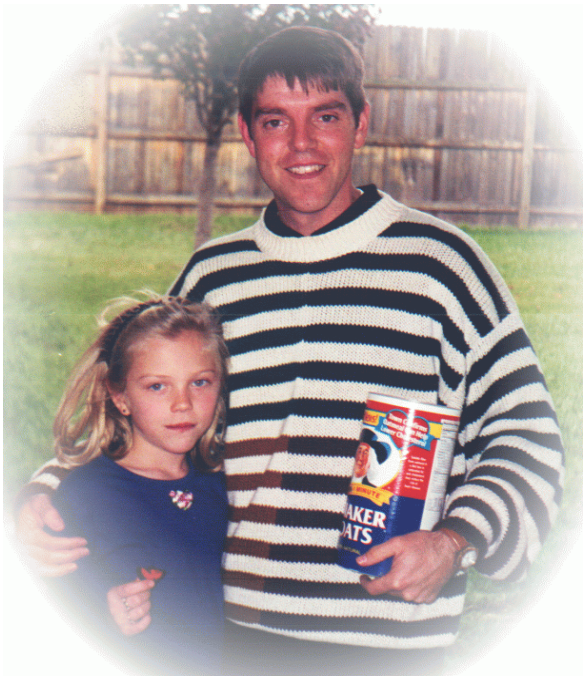
Stephanie & Michael Farr
at her High School Graduation



Flathead Lake 1992
Thalis Farr, Ciera Boyd, Pat Farr, Stephanie & Brianna Boyd

I love Grandma. I am so grateful to have such cherished memories of her and I look forward to making many more with her. She is a very strong and compassionate woman and has been a great role model for me as a mother and wife.

JAMEY BOYD


Ciera & Jamey Boyd

"I'm grateful and honored to share my thoughts on Spencer & Thalis Farr. Within the hour of Stephanie's acceptance to marry me, I was on the phone with Spencer & Thalis, not knowing what to expect. Stephanie insisted we call. They were genuinely happy at our announcement. A series of questions followed. The one I remember most was.... "are you a returned missionary?" I was pleased to answer "yes", but what I remember more than that was the feeling of love and concern for one of his beloved granddaughters. He knew very little of me and wanted to make sure Stephanie was marrying a decent young man. I knew at that moment these were good people and looked forward to our meeting in person.

The occasion came during an April '88 visit when I arrived in California for the first time, to see Stephanie. Dave and Pat planned one of their famous family gatherings at their home in Mission Viejo. It was in the kitchen I met Spencer. He gave me a kiss. I recall he had a scruffy face. It was hard not to love him from then on. Spencer and Thalis so warmly and genuinely accepted me into their family.



Thanksgiving Day, 1988 found Stephanie and I at Spencer & Thalis' home. Having run Farr Company for 50 years, Spencer knew how to be direct and get to the bottom of things. Which I will illustrate with the following story:

As the turkey was being passed at least 16 family members listened as Stephanie complained that she was not finding a job, after 3 months, even though she had looked everywhere. Stephanie was almost in tears as she recounted the number of rejections. One could hear smatterings of 'poor girl', 'I wish someone would hire her', or 'don't worry, it won't be long'. Then Spencer in his loud voice, cut through all the whimpering and asked,

"have you tried McDonalds?!" Stephanie replied, "no, I haven't tried McDonalds" and Spencer said, "Then you haven't tried everyplace".


Stephanie & Jamey Boyd

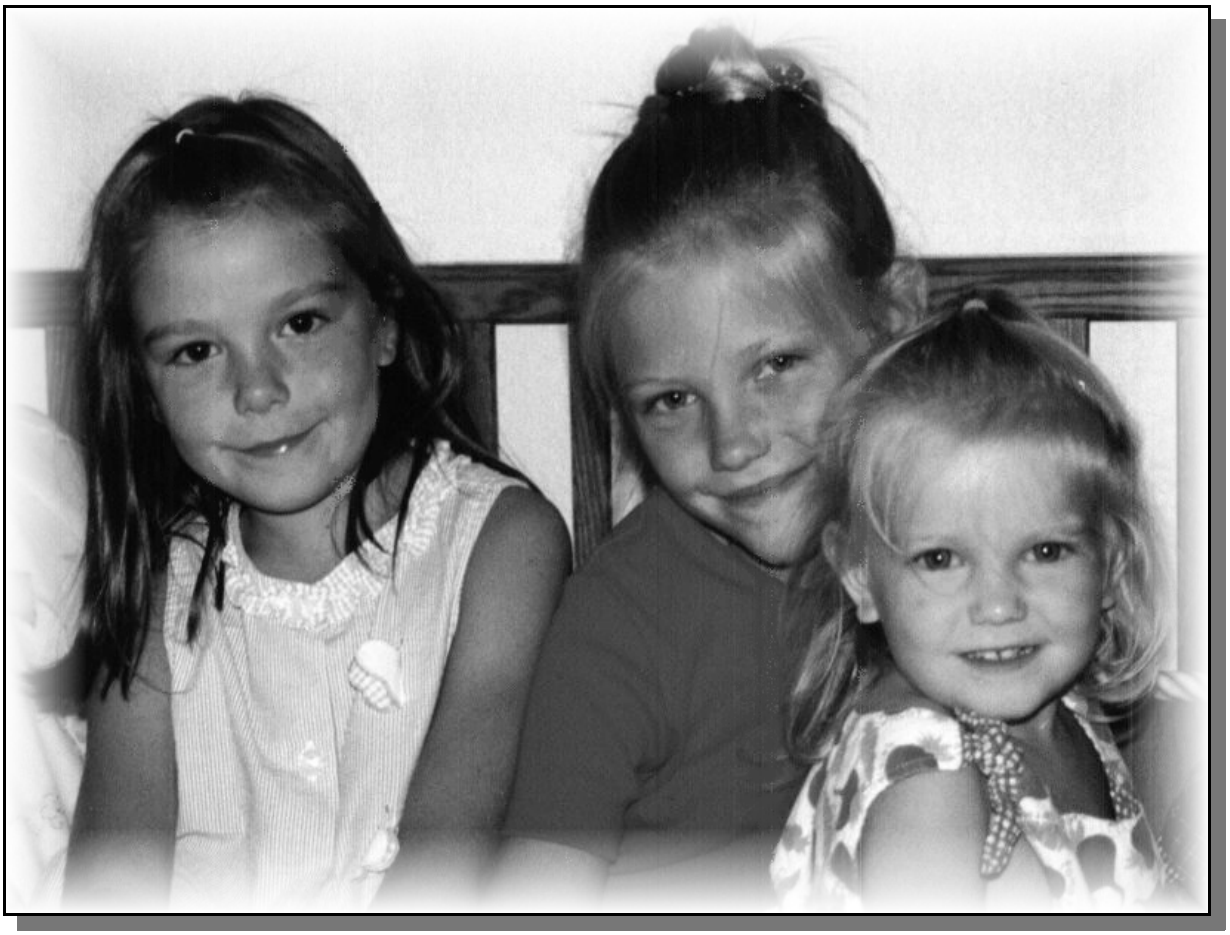
The summer after we were married, the first time I went up to Holiday Park - there had been a fire in Dick Farr's cabin and there was some damage done to Grandma and Grandpa's cabin. There was a bunch of stuff that needed to be moved out that was either destroyed or damaged. I remember distinctly that Grandpa wanted me to do this work, to do this physical labor. I got the impression that Grandpa really wanted to see if I could work. He appreciated me helping him move that stuff around. You could tell he was in charge and knew exactly how far and where things needed to be moved.

Grandpa really did enjoy having the whole family together and bringing them to Montana. He loved being able to do it. He was always so accepting of me into the family. I really appreciated it.

You couldn't get away from him kissing you with his scruffy face. When you'd come to see him at Thanksgiving or Christmas, I could just go for a handshake and a hug, maybe, but he'd want to plant a scruffy kiss on your face, he was so affectionate.

I remember when we met Stuart's family for the first time, how gracious and kind he was. He was very accepting and loving. It was a good example to me, down the road, when these little ones bring guys home and fall in love and want us to meet their families. I guess a lot of families, the first contact they have may not always be that pleasant, but grandpa was very gracious.

Grandma was always quiet, but has been more expressive since Grandpa passed away.



Brianna, Ciera and Jenna Boyd - 1998

BRIANNA BOYD

"I remember:

"Grandma coming to Texas for her first visit. She bought me a Barbie jeep. I loved spending time with her in Montana. "Grandpa Spencer hugged me a lot. He always squeezed me tight and smiled at me." (Brianna likes to go to Grandma Teddy's because she loves her, because she is her great grandma. Brianna likes Grandma's house with her jacuzzi and back yard with the little white house.)

CIERA BOYD

"I remember him (Spencer) giving me a hug in Montana the morning we left. He loves us a lot because he took us all there to be together. I think of Grandpa when I am at Holiday Park." Her favorite memory of Thalis is going to the L.A. Country Club for brunch in 1997 and taking pictures in front of the candy village and eating all the yummy food. She enjoyed listening to stories of Spencer during early years of marriage. This was during Thalis's Texas visit in April '99.

ALISA FARR HARPER



I have a lot of memories of Grandma and Grandpa. I remember how supportive they always were of me. They'd always come to my games, whether it be soccer, softball, or basketball. They cheered for me and the team I was on; but sometimes Grandpa would cheer for the underdog — cheer for the other team — if my team was winning by too much. He liked to see the other team do well. It was kind of funny.

I remember all of our trips to Holiday Park, Wickenburg, Arizona, Ojai and Montana. What a wonderful thing it is that Grandpa started this tradition of a family reunion once a year, so we can all be together - cousins and aunts and uncles. Hopefully, I can carry it through with my family as well when Stuart and I have kids, so they can be with their cousins, aunts and uncles.



The first time that I ever flew on a plane by myself I was coming from Grandma and Grandpa's. I was about eight years old, I think, and they took me to the airport. Grandpa gave me a little talk. He said not to be scared or anything like that. But it was fun. I thought it was an adventure. Grandpa knew that I wouldn't be scared.



I remember all the great times spent at Holiday Park. I remember walking on Grandpa's fence posts outside of his cabin ... and him telling us not to do it. What a workhorse Grandpa was! Even into his later years he was still a spry, young guy, you know — riding horses in Montana and fishing, hiking and hunting. He was a very positive influence. A positive man. Very happy all the time.

I remember his happy face whenever we'd see him. He was always calling us his sons or daughters. He was very personal, very loving. When Stuart and I were first married, we were up at the cabin



and Stuart just kind of hugged Grandpa and said that he was so thankful for being accepted into the family. He expressed how much love he felt from Grandma and Grandpa. Stuart asked if he could call him Grandpa, or something … and Grandpa called him "Son." Stuart was very touched by that and felt very accepted and loved in this family. Grandma and Grandpa have always been very loving of "outside" family members like Stuart and Jamey. They've been very accepting and loving of them, and taken them under their wing.

Growing up, I remember being at Grandma and Grandpa's house one time and Grandpa made me eat asparagus. I didn't want to eat it, but he told me I had to eat it and he put a little bit of salt on it and said, "Taste it, it's very good." I said, "No, I don't want to eat it!." But I ate it and I really liked it! He told me, "See, I told you you'd like it. It's really good. It's good for you. It'll make you grow big and strong." I thought that was kind of funny. I never wanted to eat asparagus (or any vegetables for that matter) when I was a little kid. But Grandpa made me. So it was all good!

Thanksgiving Dinners at Grandpa and Grandma's we'd line up to walk in to eat. My dad carried on the tradition, when we were little, of lining up for Christmas, as he had done.

I'm very thankful that I was able to be a part of this family and know Grandpa and Grandma, and what wonderful people they are. They've given me so much support and love throughout my life. They have always been interested in the things that I've done, and always wanted to hear my stories. I'm grateful that I knew Grandpa for the wonderful man he was. I'm thankful to be able to spend time with Grandma.



STUART HARPER



There are few things I remember about Grandpa. I was only in the Farr family about 18 months before he passed away and I wish I could have known him better.

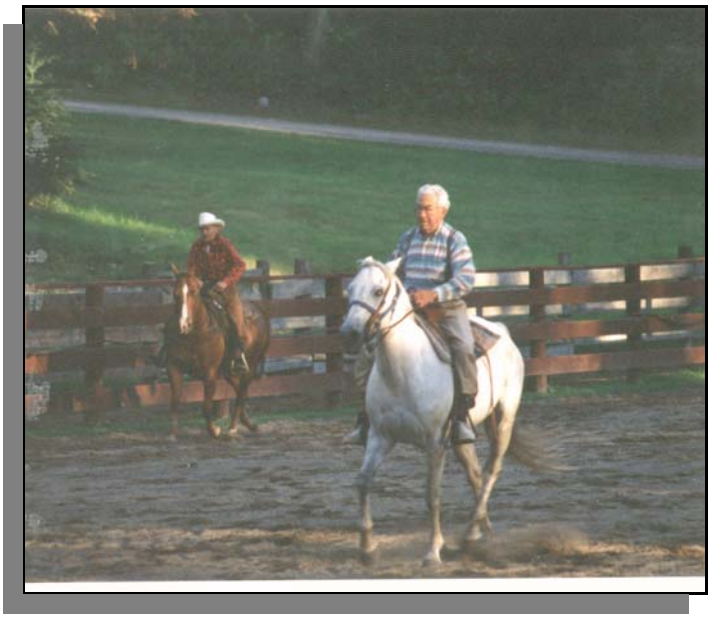
He had a very warming smile. I remember Grandpa's smile, it was so warm and friendly. It made you feel welcome and he had ways of making you feel special, like you were really important to him.

When Alisa and I were married, Grandma provided a wonderful luncheon for us at John and Teresa's home, which was very generous of them. One of my favorite pictures from our wedding is a picture that the photographer took of Alisa and me with Grandma and Grandpa, one of them on each side of us. It's a beautiful picture.

At Holiday Park, the summer of 1995, I remember Grandpa out working harder than I probably had worked in several years. He was digging some fence posts, replacing a couple of fence posts and rewiring them. He was 85 then and put in a good few hours of work. I know I wouldn't have liked to do what he was doing.

There were a couple of times that he would say 'son' - "hey, son" or "how are you doing, son"... I know that it's a colloquialism, but that was just another way that he had of making other people feel that they were very special and close to him.

Another one of the nicest memories I have is from Montana, that summer of 1995 also, when he rode the horses in the rodeo at the team penning. That is just a nice memory - a picture to hold in mind of grandpa riding.



In 1997, Alisa and I were in California during a school break. We went up one day to go visit Grandma to say hi and see how she was doing. She said she wanted to take us to lunch. Alisa and I were both wearing shorts. I remember she was a little disturbed because she couldn't think of any nice restaurants where she could take us to eat where they would let us in wearing shorts. All the restaurants that offered valet parking were the ones that wouldn't let us in with shorts. So we ended up going to a nice Italian place. She pulled up and there was a parking place right outside and I thought she was going to have someone park her car. She pulled ahead of the parking place in the big Park Avenue. Alisa and I looked at each other, because she was going to parallel park this huge car, but she whipped it in there perfectly, she didn't even have to straighten it out. She didn't take her time doing it, either - she just zipped right in there.

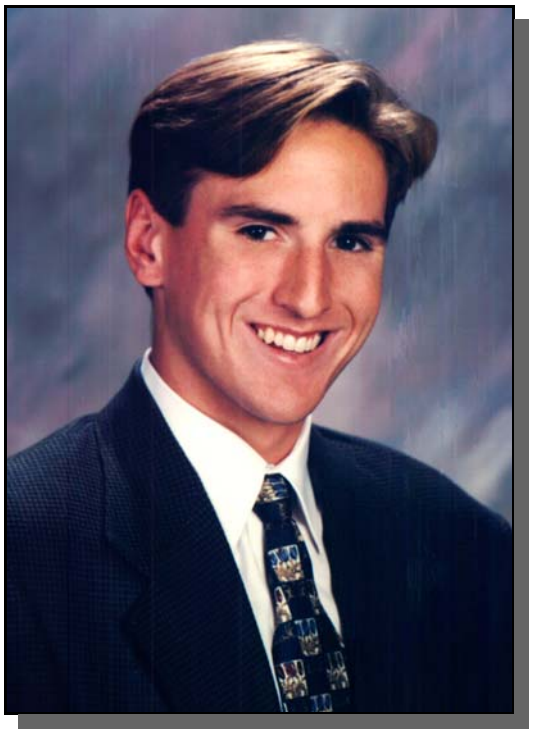


Something Grandma did that has meant the most to me is come to my graduation. In April of 96, after Grandpa passed away, I graduated with my bachelors degree. Grandma made the trip up to Utah to come to my graduation. That was very meaningful to me, that she cared enough to do that. I remember that her health wasn't that good, but she sat through the commencement ceremonies and joined us for dinner afterward. It meant a lot for me to have a member of the family in the capacity of grandparent at my graduation. A couple of times I have had the opportunity to sit down with Grandma and just talk with her one on one. Once we talked for about an hour, just she and I. She has always expressed interest in my doings, my work, my interests, - and inquires about them - not just for the sake of making conversation. I can tell that she is sincere and that she cares that her family members are happy in what they do and that they find meaning in their occupations and in their work. It was just nice to spend that one on one time with her. I love hearing what it was like growing up as a kid for her and seeing so much change in the world - automobiles, flight, space travel and computers and just the whole technological era that she has seen come to pass in her life.



While we were Montana, she came with us to Eagle Bend to place golf. She is never shy to offer advice on your golf swing or stance, or how to play the best shot. It was fun to have her along.

JASON FARR



Grandson - Jason Farr

It is not necessary that a person be outspoken to be heard by others. One's actions are more often remembered than their words. To me, Grandma exemplifies this truth. She might not be the most vocal person, but her actions have always spoken volumes. She has a strong desire to have her loved ones improve themselves and she always shows a great deal of interest in others. To me, these are some of Grandma's strongest characteristics.

I'll never forget the last summer that Grandpa was in Montana with us. We were walking to dinner and he turned and he looked at me and smiled and said "I sure do love you Jay". That is one of those moments that I will never forget, just looking into his eyes and seeing how much love he felt for me and for the rest of his family. He was a great family man, a great example.



Grandma is just a very patient person. When Grandpa died, she blossomed. She obviously was sad, but she didn't let it get her down to the point that she didn't want to live her life. She's done so many things - room additions and buying a condo in Park City, cool things like that.



Right before my mission, I kind of felt that once I went on my mission, I wouldn't see her again. She'd had some illness and I just felt her health wouldn't hold up for those two years. Before I left I went up to Los Angeles and I stayed the night at her house. John, Teresa, Grandma and I went to this really fancy Italian restaurant. I had never eaten in a place like that - so

fancy. I felt kind of out of place, but Grandma was in her world and she loved it. She enjoyed teaching me some table manners. We talked and just spent time together. It was fun.

