ALAN SPENCER FARR

I was born in Los Angeles two months before Pearl Harbor, and was named after BaBa's oldest brother, Alan Spencer.



Mom and Alan 1942

I was a pretty aggressive and obnoxious child. (I'm doing much better now.) Having a disciplinary father and a sympathetic mother probably had a lot to do with my surviving childhood.

My earliest childhood memories were of living with Aunt Erma, and of playing with my cousins over there who were much closer to my age, like Peggy and Jane.

In 1945, we moved into our own house in Westchester. There are a lot of memories from that time; scared of my first day at kindergarten, coming home to find a sign on our house that read "Quarantined" (dad had contracted a mild case of polio), walking to the next block to visit Maxine Williams, playing with the neighborhood kids, listening to the jet engines being tested at Hughes Aircraft, swallowing a marble my mother told me to take out of my mouth (she slapped me on the back and I coughed it up), my Raggedy Andy Halloween costume one year.



Alan, Age 6

In 1947 we moved to the house on Arizona Avenue. I was seven and remember thinking how huge it was; I was really excited about moving because we had so much more space.

In the spring of 1950 I started my fort building career. Dad helped me with the first one, which I named "The Palm Tree Fort". It was pretty lame, so I fired dad and struck out on my own. The remainder of my forts were out of wood. After they were completed, I would play in them for a while, rip them down and build a new one. This went on for several years until ... I discovered girls. I was about 14.

During this time, I was involved with Cub Scouts and then Boy Scouts. They were great activities.

I particularly remember the camping trips we went on in the boy Scouts and I had great experiences on them.

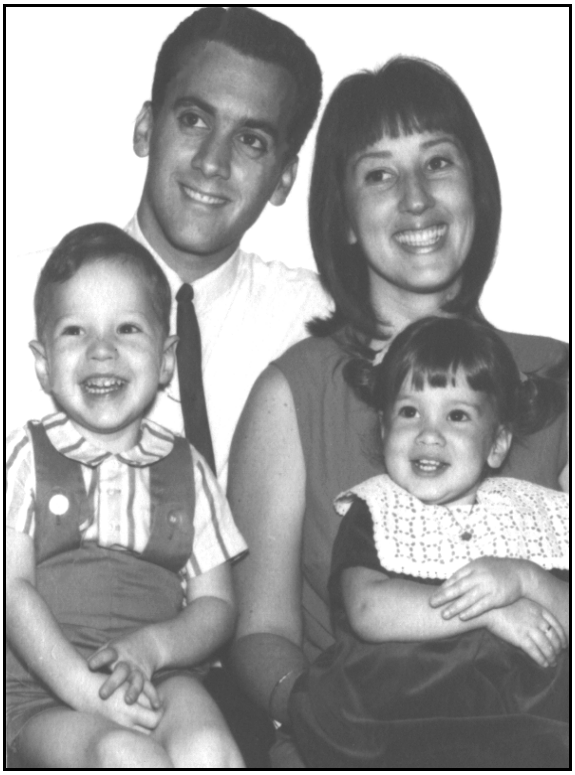
I didn't really excel in junior high or high school scholastically or socially. My most memorable activity was going out for track. I ran the high hurdles and was on the relay team. One year our team ran in the Coliseum Relays.

After high school, I went into the Army Reserve for six months. That was an interesting experience and I was glad it was only for half a year. My college career included BYU, Santa Monica City College and UCLA. During that time, I met Jeanette Cooper and we got married in 1961. I finished college while working part time at Farr Company.

My twenty year working career in California included National Cash Register, Baker Oil Tools and ended with ten years at Farr Company. I was quite involved with a non-profit professional society during the last five years in California, and taught extension courses for most of those years.



Alan at Age 19 - Army Reserves



Alan with Jeanette and children, Jim and Alison

I was married to Jeanette for almost twenty one years and had two great children and a lot of good memories, but the marriage wasn't working for me, particularly in the latter years. It's tough marrying young and not having experienced life enough to know what you want in a relationship.

In 1984, after finalizing the divorce, I moved to Salt Lake City to start a new life. I figured if I was going to change my marital status, I might just as well change careers and move out of California. In retrospect, it was a good decision.

I met Carol and we married in 1986. I've

never been happier. Being with the right person makes a lot of difference in a relationship. I am also happiest when I am building things. I should have gone into construction just out of college.

Oh well, such is life.
Alan Spencer Farr - August 1999



Alan Farr and family 1996 - Flathead Lake Lodge, Montana
Back Row L to R: Sasha - Carol's granddaughter, Alan, Carol
Front Row L to R: Kaitlyn Farr, Jack Farr, Alex Brisker and Evan Brisker - Alan's grandchildren

THE DAY I SHOT MY DAD!

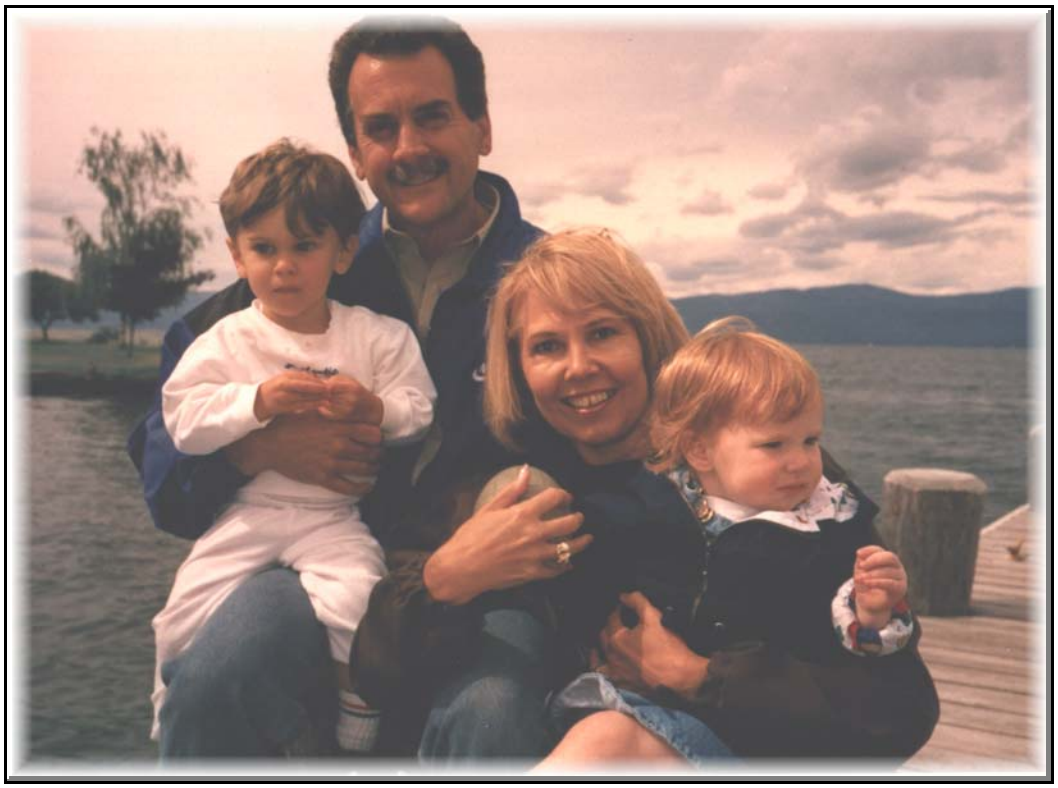
Alan tells the following story of the day he shot Spencer.

In 1973 Dad and I were cutting oak logs on Bruce Strathern's ranch in Simi Valley. During our lunch break we were doing some target practice with my Colt 45 pistol. There was an oak tree about 30 feet away with a large flat knot in it. Dad asked me if I thought I could hit that knot. I aimed and pulled the trigger and hit the knot. A second later Dad felt a thump in his chest. He bent down and picked up the spent plug from the Colt 45. He had a slight red mark on is chest.

MEMORIES OF SPENCE AND THALIS

CAROL KANDT FARR

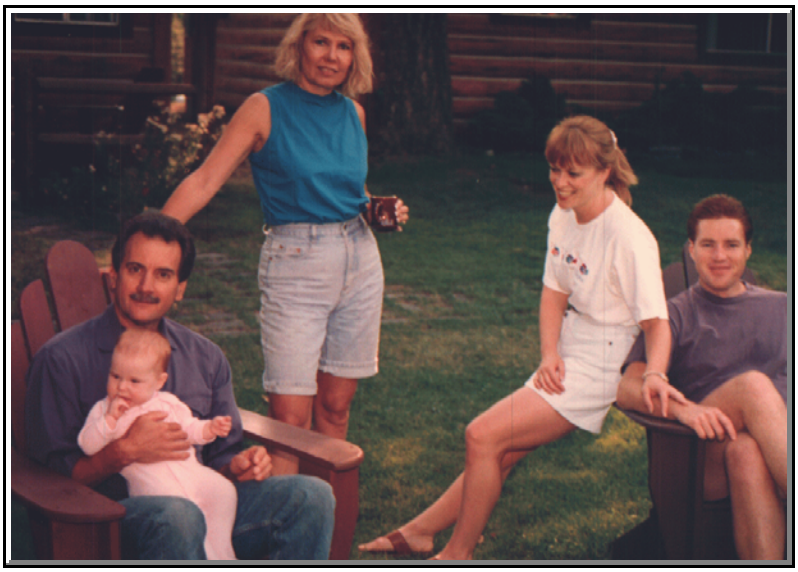
Alan and I met in the fall of 1983 and I met a few of the Farr family throughout that first year. However, my first contact with all the Farrs came at Wickenburg, Arizona in 1984. At first I was overwhelmed by so much togetherness, but I quickly recognized the love and camaraderie that was and still is, such a major part of the family. I roomed with Peggy Wayne and Alan was with Anthony Wayne, which was always the rule for unmarried members of the group, but I respected the standards that Spence and Thalis upheld and the example they were setting for all.



Carol with Alan and grandchildren Evan Brisker and Kaitlyn Farr
at Flathead Lake in Montana

That trip came to be the first of many since Alan and I married in September of 1986. We have shared time at Holiday Park, Flathead Lake Lodge in Montana and Hawaii, among others, each of them having so many memories.

I remember how impressed Spence said he was when he found out I gave Alan all his haircuts, and



Alan and Carol at Flathead with Alan's son Jim and his wife, Maryann and their daughter Kaitlyn

then asked me to cut his hair. I know my hands were shaking. Here was this man who could afford the best barbers that Los Angeles had to offer, and he wants me to cut his hair! If I recall, it turned out okay, although I often wondered. He never asked me to cut his hair again.

We tease a lot of Spence always "weeding the forest" when he was at Holiday Park and I'm sure his spirit still resides there, because I never feel complete unless I have pulled a few weeds while there. I always say it's Spence's spirit working through me.

Thalis is, to me, the ultimate charming lady - the kind read about in books; strong, quiet and gentle women standing behind and supporting their men - yet still having time to be wonderful and loving mothers. Thalis loves to entertain and spend time with her family. Whether we're traveling, dining, sight-seeing or just sitting with her at home, she is always fun and interesting to be around.

Alan and I spent several days with Thalis in Sedona, Arizona. It was so fun seeing the Grand Canyon with her, taking the train ride through the canyon and having wonderful dinners in our charming hotel. She loves to see new things and to revisit places and loves to share her experiences. She is living proof that getting older means getting better.



Once Alan and I went on a cruise and I was agonizing over what to wear for the Captain's Ball, which is always formal. Thalis happened to call one day and we were talking about it. She totally stunned me when she offered to loan me two of her beautiful formal dresses; one of which she had never even worn before. I received compliments from so many people and they couldn't believe they belonged to my 83 year old mother-in-law. What a fashion plate Thalis is.

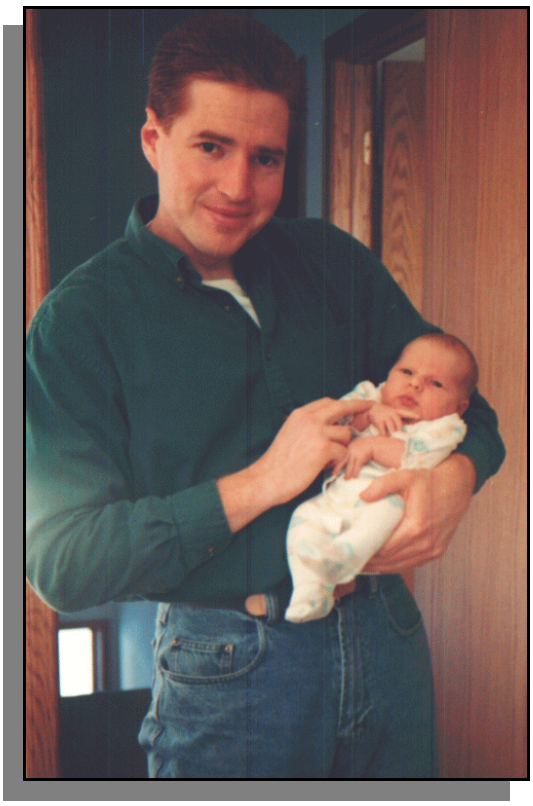
I will never forget the summer of 1998 when Ciera Boyd wanted to be baptized in the Weber River. Everyone had to climb a hill to get to the place where it would take place. Thalis couldn't make the hill climb, but she was not to be left out. Four strong, young men carried her across the river in their arms and she sat on a chair on a small island in

the middle of the river, presiding over the event. It was a lovely moment for everyone there, and one that will remain in my heart and memory forever.

My thanks go to these two wonderful people for their generosity and the wonderful examples they have always set.

November 1999

LETTER FROM JIM FARR, GRANDSON AUGUST 14, 1999



Jim with newborn daughter, Kaitlyn

Dear Grandma,

It is with great fondness that I compile my thoughts on the interactions that I have enjoyed with you during my thirty seven years. Initially, I have a difficulty distinguishing between the contributions to my life that you have made with those that I associate with both you and Grandpa. But as I think more about them, the role that you played in the brightest parts of my life becomes clear.

Some of the first things I think of are, in fact, traditions that Mary Ann and I have already enjoyed passing on to our children. We have passed on such freedoms as allowing them to build forts out of the furniture cushions, money cakes and allowing them to pick their favorite meal on their birthdays. Mary Ann loves embarrassing me with the story of how I chose peanut butter and bacon sandwiches for one of my early birthday meals. I do remember having that sandwich on that day. I am old enough now to handle the truth. Did the rest of you eat peanut butter and bacon sandwiches that day? Did Baba? As I apply sunscreen to my daughter's face, I often recall you applying make-up to mine as it contained sunscreen. It's good I didn't embarrass easily at that age.



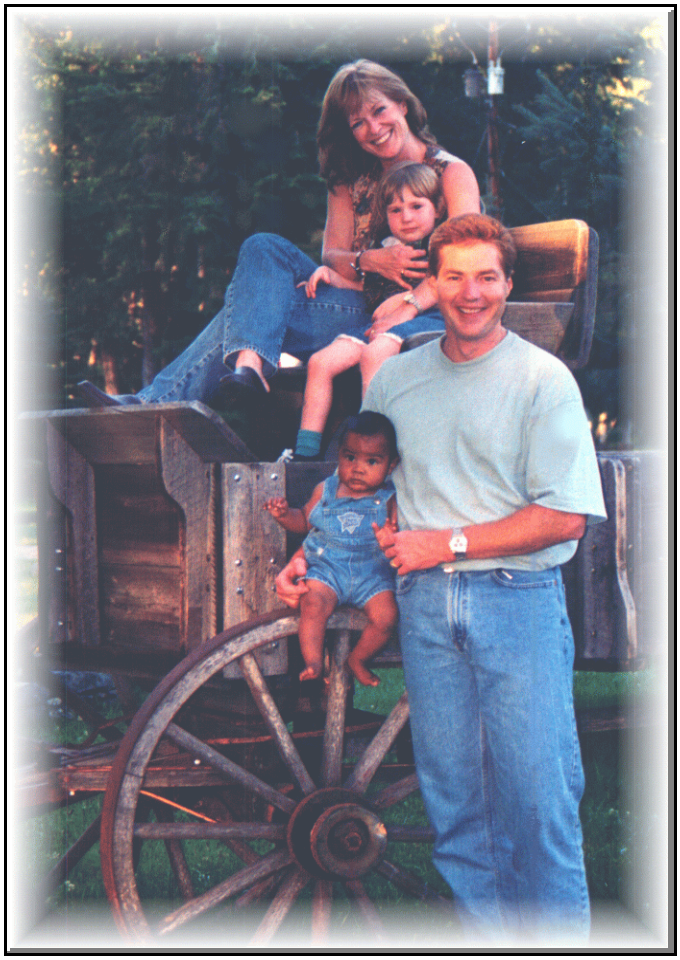
Jim and Alison Farr

Thank you so very much for the family values that you and Grandpa demonstrated to us. I can visualize the two of you present at all of the significant milestones of my life; all of my graduations, my Eagle Scout award ceremony, and our wedding. It meant a great deal to Mary Ann and I when the two of you came to visit us in Iowa. We had few visitors during those four years. That weekend is one we will always remember.



Spence, Jim and Thalis at Eagle Scout Ceremony

It is staggering to count the years that you and Grandpa have maintained the tradition of getting the family together. I can recall several parties at the house on Arizona Avenue. For that tradition to be continued, as it has at the Flathead Lake Lodge, is an accomplishment that I'm sure you are quite proud of. My family is still sad about having missed this year. We are excited that it will only be this once. I have many fond memories from the Lodge. But of course, the most remarkable is the example of tolerance that both you and Grandpa were able to put forth on a certain afternoon. As I recall, I was out water-skiing…do I need to continue? Oh, but I must…you and Grandpa had wandered on to the dock as I was skiing in. I sprayed the entire dock with a wall of water where you and Grandpa stood exposed. The deed seemed only slightly mischievous at first. Even I was surprised by the tremendous volume of water that came up from the lake. When the ski had stopped and I floated under the dock afraid that my little stunt was not so little, I truly hoped that you and Grandpa could find the humor. It was with great relief, that you good-naturedly shouted "I just washed my hair, I ought to bean you with my cane". I hope that you are smiling right now. I am.



The Jim Farr Family
Mary Ann, Kaitlyn, Jack and Jim

I am very grateful for all of the generosity that you have expressed over my years. Today, as I write this note, I am at my mountain cabin that I was

able to afford with a Farr Company stock gift I received from you nineteen years ago. Mary Ann and I hope to create the kind of memories for our children that you and Grandpa provided for all of your children and grandchildren at Holiday Park. All of the trips have been wonderful. I am grateful for the times that you and Grandpa took Michael and I with you to Holiday Park without our sisters. That was important to us both. I appreciate that you remember my birthday each year and the birthdays of Mary Ann, Katie and Jack. On that special day, once a year, that card means so much to us.

Holiday Park has a very special meaning to all of us. We are currently very excited to return in the next month. Katie has vague memories which will be strengthened. Jack has not yet been. He will have a wonderful time as I know you have witnessed with each of your children, grand-children and great grandchildren.

You have been a source of strength in my life. I've always felt that your support is only a phone call away. I know that you have lived a life of extremes: poverty and wealth, hard work and leisure, personal loss and reward. It is because of the perspective that you have earned over the years, that I have the greatest respect for you. I am so very proud to be your grandson.



Thalis with great granddaughter Kaitlyn

I love you, Grandma.

Jim

ALISON FARR BRISKER



Alison and her mother, Jeannette

We truly do create our own families. As a very young child, I was aware that my parents would eventually divorce. So my time spent with the Farr side of my family, with my grandparent's strength, consistency, and sense of family values and togetherness was a very stabilizing source in my life. When I was at their house or on trips with them at Holiday Park, I felt quite secure. I always knew where I stood, and knew there would be no great change or upheaval with them. This was my family. If felt so at home and at ease, that I often wished I could spend all my times with them.

I so appreciated and looked forward to the family parties at Arizona Avenue. I was very proud that I had such a large family, and that I knew so many of my cousins. Once again it gave me a sense of security and belonging. My aunts, uncles, 1st, 2nd and 3rd cousins, I came to know and love through these parties and holiday gatherings. The very thought of Grandpa barbecuing brisket in his old ceramic barbecue conjures that wonderful mouth watering aroma. I remember swimming until my skin was wrinkled and my eyes were red from chlorine, while playing "sharks and minnows" with my various cousins. And then finally surfacing to the smell of brisket sandwiches. Once I remember swimming all day, and coming into the house so my Great-Aunt Jerri could put my hair into ringlets. I had been in the sun so long, that as I stood there trying to be still for Aunt Jerri, I fainted from sunstroke.

I remember being at Holiday Park, (as I got older Stephanie was with me a couple times), and I would come into the cabin, sometimes with a friend, and Grandpa would grab my face and kiss me on the forehead, and then do the same to my friend, saying, "What are you birds up to?" I never new why he called me that. So, I recently looked it up and discovered that a slang definition of 'bird' is 'young woman'. I don't know if that's what he meant, or if it was just that he liked birds so much. Either way, it as an endearing term that stuck with me.



Alison and Great-Aunt Jerri Hunt

Some of my fondest memories of my grandparents are up at the cabin. (This one isn't very fond, but it's funny). I remember when I was about 4 years old and I had gotten my first pair of jeans. Of course it was the sixties so they had pink and orange flowers on them. BUT they had pockets! My mom gave them to me at Holiday Park, and I put them on and never took my hands out of my pockets. One day I was running up the road (with my hands in my pink and orange flowered pockets) to catch up with Grandpa. I think we were coming back from fishing. Grandpa told me not to run with my hands in my pockets because I wouldn't be able to keep my balance. So instead of taking my hands out, I simply stopped running. Well we got to the steps of the cabin (which were rather high for a 4-year-old) and I fell going up the stairs, and or course since my hands were in my pockets I couldn't stop my fall, and I split my lip open. Grandpa walked up the stairs behind me as Grandma came out with an aspirin buried in a spoonful of jelly. Grandpa was shaking his head saying, "I told her to take her hands out of her pockets". Sometimes you just have to learn things the hard way.



Alison and Teresa with monkey at the Pumpkin Patch



Alison and Stephanie playing cards at Holiday Park

Perhaps it was the times and Stephanie and I were invited to the cabin together to spend a week with our grandparents, which created such a strong bond. I cherish those memories and the feeling that Steph was like a little sister to take under my wing and teach card games to and take horseback riding. We had such a great time then, that now we've continued that tradition, planning our weeks at Holiday Park together each summer so our kids can come to know each other as we did.



Alison and Alisa at Dave Farr home in Mission Viejo, California

There were also a couple of times when Alisa came to stay with my family. I got such a kick taking Alisa places with me, and being able to pretend like she was my little sister.

Then as I got older, I would babysit Jason when my mom and aunt Pat would go shopping. And later, when I moved to Utah, I babysat Tim and Missy. In fact my first few years of college I spent moving ain and out of Jerry and Jana's house. I would move in for the summer and then when school stared, I would live in the dorms or get an apartment near campus. But I always ended up back at their house for a few months while I would decide where my next move was going to be. I became quite close to their family during that time, and Missy and Tim (or Timmy as he was then known) became a very important part of my life. And of course as life will have it, a few years ago, Missy and Tim lived with me one summer while their parents were relocating to California. And Tim was my kids favorite babysitter (until he got his car and became too busy and too old to babysit). To really bring this baby sitting story full circle, I should mention that Jerry used to babysit my brother and me when we still lived in Westchester. So I guess that means my children will have to babysit Missy and Tim's children (when they have some) just to keep things going.

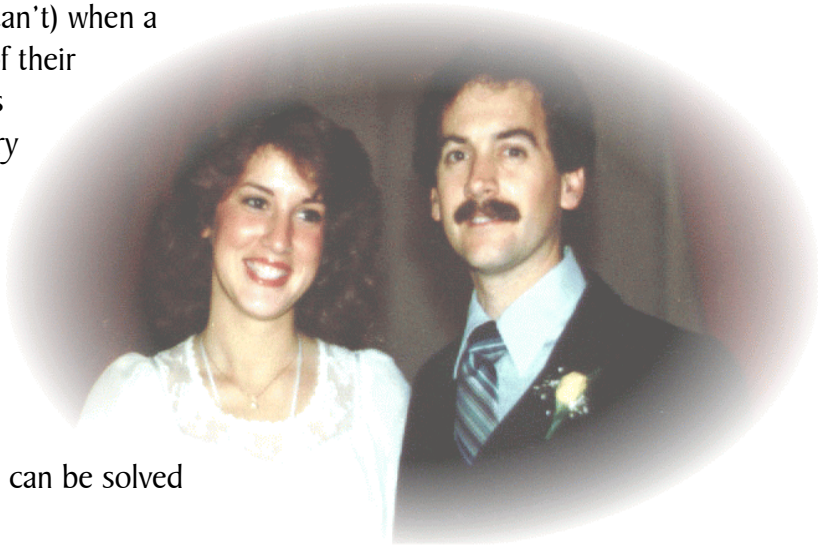


Alison with cousins Melissa and Tim Farr - 1988

I so enjoyed my cousins, and was thrilled when Julie Farr brought BaBa's birthday celebration back to life a few years ago. Now we once again have a chance to see second cousins, and my children are getting to know some of their 3rd cousins, just as I did when I was a child.

My son Evan is very much like I was as a child, in that he knows all of his relatives names and how they are related to him. He is quite proud when he can introduce someone as his "cousin". We have been able to spend some time up at Holiday Park and he has met Cindy Bylund, Steve Neymeyer and Becky Farr's kids, all distant cousins. Both of my kids just love it. They love the freedom they can have there, going from one cabin to the next visiting with friends or relatives. Just like I loved that freedom when I was a child. And I love it now, knowing there really isn't anywhere they can go to get into too much trouble.

I never could understand (and still can't) when a friend would tell me they didn't know any of their cousins, or had only met their grandparents once, or some such thing. I always felt sorry for them, feeling that they were missing out.



Alison as Debutante with dad, Alan

When times were rough for me, like during my parents divorce, I always had my grandparents or aunts or uncles to turn to. Today society has been indoctrinated to believe that their problems can be solved pharmaceutically, whether by illegal drugs or prescribed. Maybe it's not always easy to talk to ones own parents, but an uncle or cousin or grandparent is often times a great substitute, and for me, talking to them was enough to help me work through those tougher times. Although I have learned that one must ultimately keep his own council and make his own decisions, it often helps just to have someone to talk to so you <u>can</u> work thinks out for yourself. To this day, I call my dad or Stephanie or Grandma to talk about things. And even if I've already decided about something, it's nice to hear their viewpoint, or just have someone to talk to that I know I can trust with my most personal thoughts or decisions.

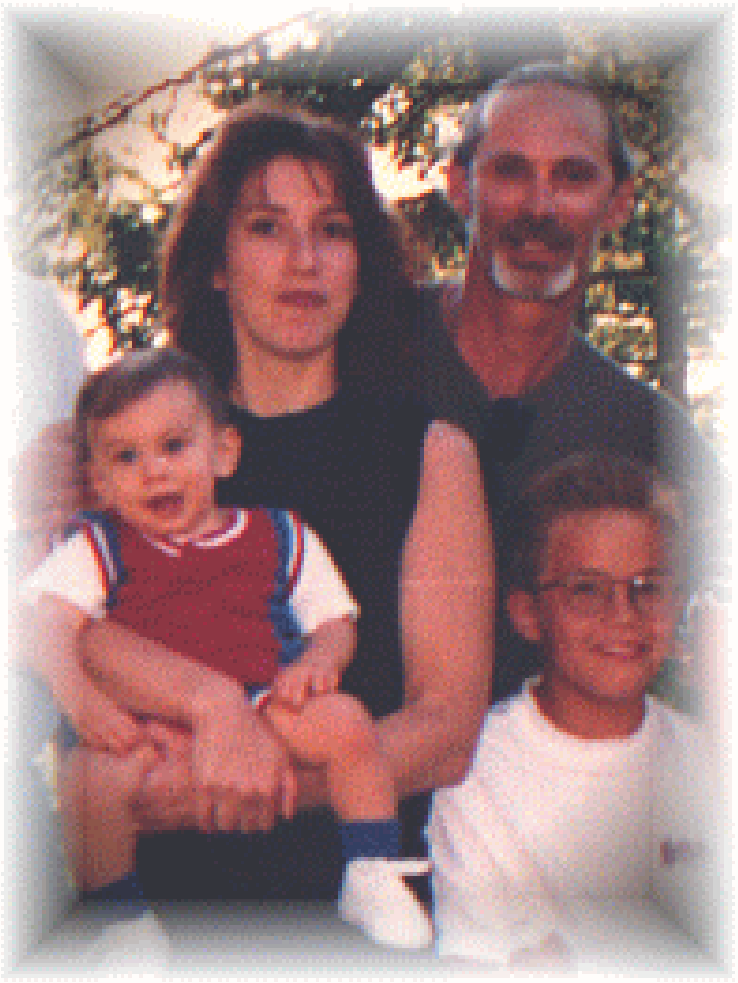


Jim, Thalis, Alison and Spencer - 1983

When I went away to college at the U of U, Grandpa and Grandma picked me up from the airport and took me to the dorms to drop off my things. When we got there I realized I was supposed to have brought my own bedding, which I hadn't. I went to the cabin with them that weekend before school started and Grandma loaned me bedding from the cabin for me to use in the dorm. That weekend Grandpa presented me (and I do mean presented) with a ledger, and taught me how to keep track of my expenditures, and develop a budget for myself. My first year in college I tracked all of my expenses and would freak out if I couldn't account for a dollar. Grandpa's training coupled with my previous years' experience as a bank teller, gave me a nifty little money making venture in the dorms. It seemed that most of the girls had never had their own checking account, and consequently no one knew how to balance one. So with checks bouncing willy-nilly, I began offering to balance bank statements - for a small price. I was balancing most of my hall's statements by the end of the year, and making some nice pocket change as well as other perks. For the next couple of years, Grandpa would give me a new ledger at the beginning of the year, and I would religiously and dutifully keep track of my expenses. Nonetheless, I never could stick to the budgets that he and I would set up. I knew how much I had to

make, and how much I should have been spending, but I always seemed to need more clothes that had been budgeted for. As a matter of fact, I still do!

I must say that I credit my Grandfather for my sense with money. I've never had a huge anxiety about it, and always have known that I could make ends meet. I have also helped many friends to set up budgets, always adding that crucial factor that I learned from Grandpa. After figuring out your monthly necessities and expenditures, you always add 10% for miscellaneous: those unforeseeable incidentals or emergencies that weren't in your budget. They didn't teach that in any accounting or economics classes that I took.



The Briskers
Alison, Mitch and Evan, with Tim Farr.

I thank my grandparents for setting a great example for me, and making the importance of family second nature to me, and for giving me opportunities and venues such as Holiday Park, family parties and our Montana reunions to enhance and strengthen those relationships that are so important in my life. I love my grandmother very much and think often of my grandfather and what a great life he led and what an outstanding example he was to us all. I hope that where ever he is now, he is happy. And I hope that I can do as good a job raising my family as my grandparents did with theirs.

Love, Alison.