GERALD ANTHONY FARR

Son of Spencer and Thalis Farr



Thalis and baby Jerry - 1947

My generation came along when the country was rounding into nice financial shape after the war, during a time of extended peace, when our neighborhoods have probably never been safer. Our timing could not have been better and mine was better than most.

My father was successful. He possessed strong character, was honest, and there for me when I needed him to be. My mother is lovely, intelligent, and has that elusive quality called class. Donna Reed plays her in the movie version of my life. I consider myself smart for having picked them as parents. Mine was the cool and calm 50's, sunny California, and the living was easy. Except for a few troublesome moments, I hold a very bright view of my growing up years.

I even dropped into the family rotation at a good time, dead last, after my siblings had ironed out the parenting wrinkles, or maybe they had simply exhausted mother and dad by the time it was my turn. Either way I never got the extra dose of scrutiny first kids attract. Although I had a well-defined structure, there was plenty of free reign within it, and I didn't abuse it for the most part. Unlike the way my parents grew up, I never went without and always knew it. But neither did they indulge me, and like my brothers before me, I learned the work ethic early on.

My favorite authors growing up were John Steinbeck and Harper Lee. My favorite movies were anything starring Natalie Wood. I was easy-going but there were some things I was averse to. I didn't like church, dressing up, and aunts who leaned down to pinch my cheeks before I was big enough to defend myself. I also never liked school and never did well there. I would stick my finger down my throat and attempt to fool the thermometer. I discovered a pen stroke turns "F's" into "A's" and that beat cracking a book, particularly those books. Because of it, I was tuned into tricks kids play about school and never let mine fall into similar traps. But to this day I prefer sunny vacations because they mean summertime and that spells: n-o- s-c-h-o-o-l.

My father called me his "Caboose" because I was the last one to come down the track. He often introduced me that way right up until the time he passed away. I was born just before the family moved into the Arizona Avenue house. Ours was the second home on a new street in a developing neighborhood. New homes were popping up everywhere. New homes meant new families with young children. We also had relatives with large families living nearby. My earliest memories are of many children; siblings, cousins, neighbors, loads of children all of the time. I would play the whole day outside and only come home when I was hungry, or so it seems in retrospect.

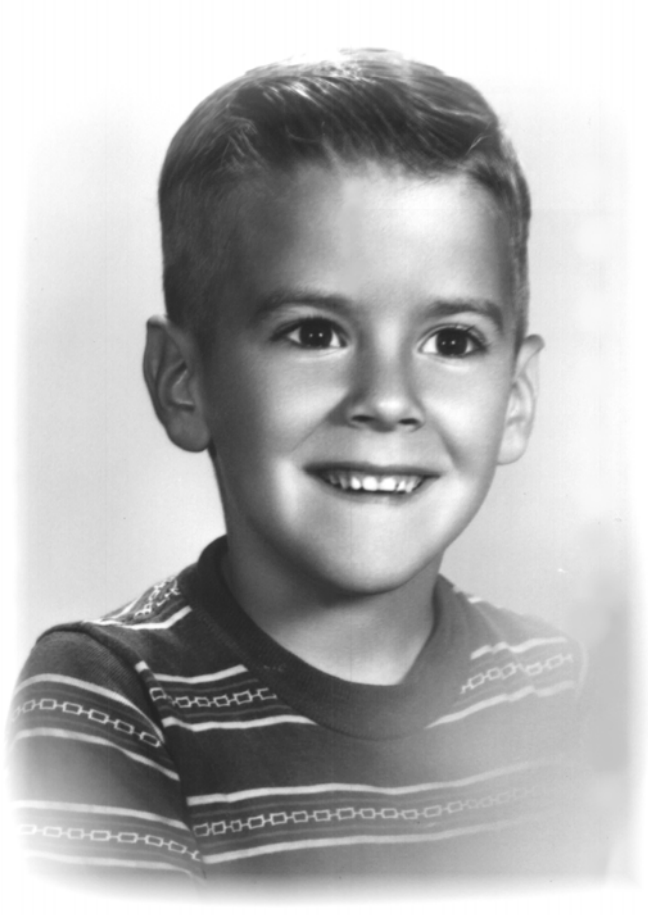


Jerry at age 4 with Spence

When our family was all together it usually was around the dinner table. Our kitchen was separated from the eating area by a wall with a large opening through which food could be passed. The floor was real linoleum, thick and green with flecks of white. We sat around a steel table with a yellow Formica top. Every night around six mother would pass the dinner she had prepared for us through the opening. The four food groups were well represented. Ice cream was for dessert. Each night dad picked one of us to bless the food. We traded turns doing the dishes afterward.

Within the family, my next closest in age and the one I played with most was Teresa. She and I were constantly together. Because of it, she knows me in a way no one else does. The reverse is probably also true. Early on I wouldn't visit the neighbors unless she was there beside me. She coined "Panky" for me even before I was old enough to protest and it stuck until I started junior high. My cousin Judy Matsen extended it to "Panky Lee Push Button Alias Dope" thereby forming the longest nickname in recorded history.

On Arizona the neighbors with kids our age included the Bailey's, Pape's, Jasper's, Harris' and Hart's. There was always a gang of us and I was one of the youngest. My closest in age was Bobby Bailey. He was six, just six months older than me. Running and catching butterflies was the rage around the neighborhood then. One day Bobby devised a plan. He told me it would be a good idea to run into the street without ever looking. I can still picture him telling me all about it as we stood together on the



Jerry Farr - Age 5

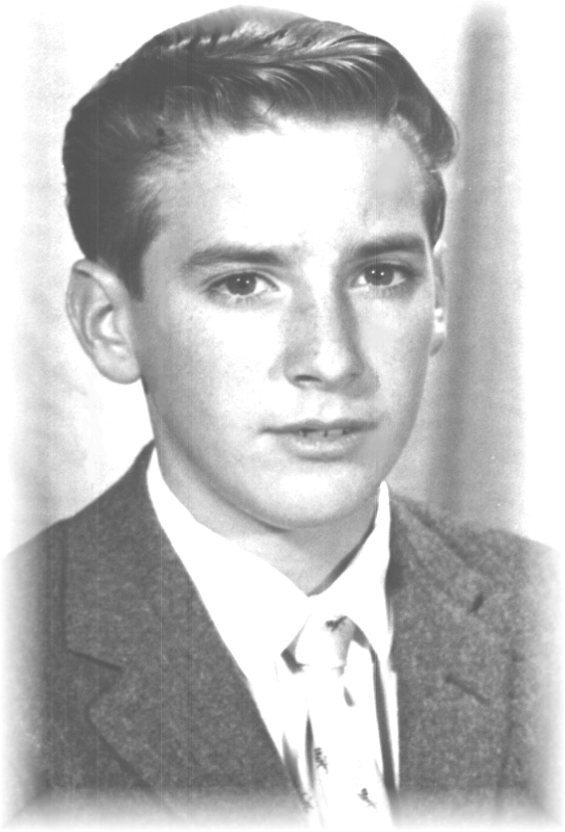
flagstone path that joined our two yards. Sweat beaded on his plentifully freckled face. It would be our secret, he said. It didn't make sense but I said okay anyway even though I never intended to do such a crazy thing.

Sitting at Jack Pape's kitchen table after school one day, we heard a terrible screech of brakes from out in the street. Jack and I tore out his back door to see what it was about, his mom was at our heels. There was a little body lying out in the middle of the road. We ran up to him and saw that it was Bobby. We would come to learn later the man who had hit him worked down the street at an auto shop and had been road testing a car. He wasn't speeding, but the impact had killed Bobby anyway.

Mrs. Pape corralled us kids up on the concrete apron of our driveway, which also adjoined the Bailey's, but not before I had looked down into Bobby's open eyes. Everyone was emerging from their houses to see what had happened. Bobby's mother's painful screaming could be heard all over the neighborhood as someone ushered her away. Mrs. Harris came running with a blanket. Soon Mr. Bailey's car gunned down Arizona. We moved aside as he swung it into their driveway. He jumped out and ran toward the circle of adults gathered around his boy, his car door jerking back and forth on its hinges. An ambulance came and took their child. I tried hard to wish it all away and couldn't. I felt a stab as the magnitude of that terrible secret washed over me. Too afraid to tell my parents, it would be a long time before I ever told anyone at all. About ten years later when JFK would be assassinated the impact hit me in a similar way. That was another black moment that was so utterly shocking and unbelievable.

There was an apartment house at the end of our street. We never played with the kids who lived there. They were their own group and so were we. We called them the Apartment House Gang. I don't know what they called us, but we taunted each other. Class warfare. Sometimes we had rock fights in the vacant field next to our house which later would become the Loupesko home. Being one of the youngest I mostly watched from a distance, but one time when I was about seven, I worked myself into one of them. I threw a few rocks that hit nothing and then watched one of mine sail in and strike a kid right above his eye. At the instant my rock struck pay dirt, I felt my whole body jerked out from underneath me by a forceful swat to my back side. I looked up into my father's contorted, red face and cursed the bad timing.

I had my first brush with the law on Arizona Avenue. I was maybe seven and Teresa and I were piling rocks from the field out in the middle of the street when a Sheriff's car pulled to the curb. He escorted us to our mother. I also threw rocks at passing cars and one time hit a pick-up. I ran when the driver stopped and jumped out to chase me down. After he caught me he too escorted me home to my mother. My rock throwing days would soon be over.



Jerry at 14

The Dodgers moved to Los Angeles in 1957. We played baseball in the empty field. There were lots of kids with more than enough to make up two teams. When I wasn't playing baseball, I was throwing a ball into a chalked square against the wall in our back yard, listening to Vin Scully call Dodger games from a transistor radio over KFI. I was ten. He is still at it to this day. This year Vin Scully was voted the No. 1 sportscaster of the 20th century by members of the American Sportswriters Assn. His words painted a beautiful picture of a game I grew infatuated with then and still love just as much today. There are many just like me.

Mother blessed the Dodger move because it resulted in my finally learning how to read. I had been "slow" with the Dick and Jane series presented in school. After the Dodgers came, I would be first up to get the Times off the driveway every morning, turning to the sports section to read it in its entirety. Nothing else came first. Reading the sports section is still my number one morning activity. I went to the 1959 All-Star game in the L.A. Coliseum and saw Ted Williams play. I went to my first World Series game the same year. I attended the game when Sandy Koufax beat Whitey Ford and the N.Y. Yankees in the '63 Series. I witnessed bullet Bob Welch strike out Yankee Reggie Jackson to seal game two of the '78 Series. There were many exciting times.

On weekdays dad would come to the breakfast table in a starched white shirt and tie. He'd eat the breakfast mother had made for him while reading the morning paper. He had two hats, one navy and one grey, and he'd put the one on that matched the suit he was wearing as he kissed her and walked out the door for work. In the evenings when he was at home he would be in his office, either attending to his impressive family photo albums or the family budget. He never watched television. He was also not the kind to kick off his shoes and get down on the floor with us kids. We never threw the ball in the back yard. But on weekends he would be in his khakis working in the yard all day long.

Dad couldn't sit still. The problem was he couldn't stand it if we were sitting still either. Any one who wasn't doing something "constructive" was a likely choice for the next assignment. Looking busy paid off if you didn't want that assignment, a technique that didn't work on Saturday.



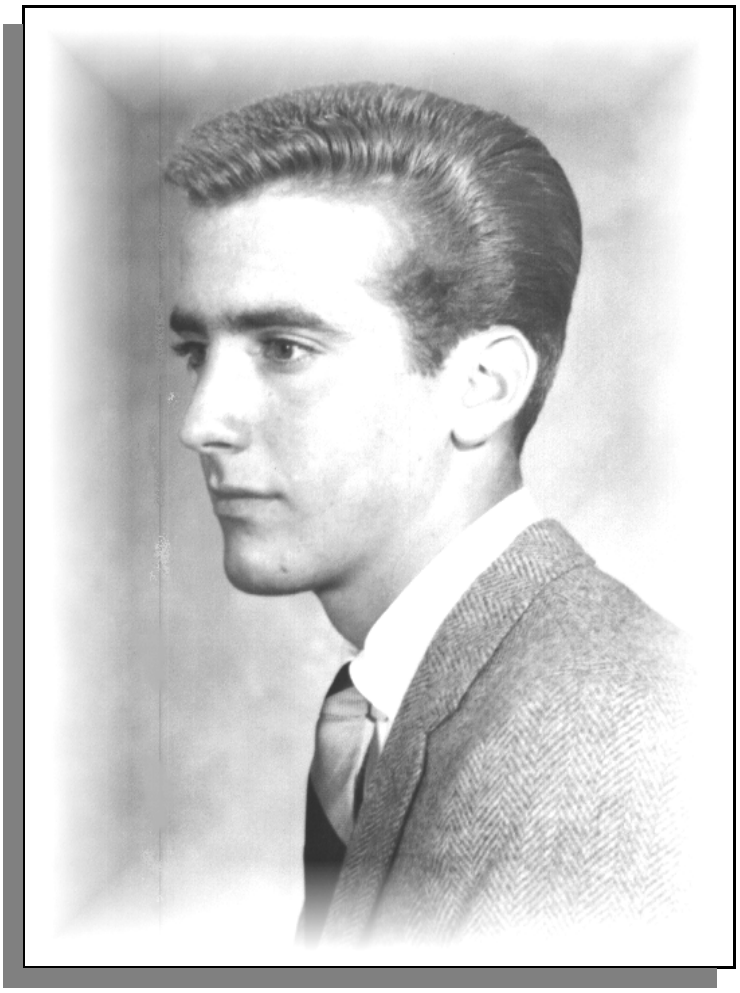
Jerry - 1961

While Sundays were for church, we boys were expected to work in the yard starting right after breakfast on Saturday. I would get up on those mornings to a list of chores, stuck up on the refrigerator door with my name written across the top. I couldn't play with my friends until my list was completed, and I could make my small patch of grass last all day long. Sometimes my friends would get exasperated with me and pitch in to help me finish my list. During the summertime I might be assigned major projects, such as painting the six-foot board fence which ran around the perimeter of our half-acre lot. I did both sides. My friends stayed away.

Like almost everyone else, our parents had grown up poor during the depression, and considered it a character-building experience. Dad spoke about it in that way. After the depression, dad went on to achieve great success in business, forming a successful partnership with his father and brother. What he brought to that partnership was a strict adherence to certain financial principles because he was a perfectionist about things like that. He pulled the right levers when it came to keeping the money they made. Even though his father and brother were the product innovators, Farr Company never would have achieved the success it did without my father's contribution on the financial side. This was his view. His hard-earned success in business earned him a mantle of calm affluence which he wore comfortably for the second half of his life.

He was the same way at home. If I was asked to walk to the corner grocery store for milk and bread, I had to produce the receipt and exact change when I returned. It wasn't about honesty, it was about the fact he recorded every single transaction in a monthly budget book. He would often speak to me on the importance of managing money. When I was older he once reached into a stack of ledger books on the shelf in his home office to illustrate the point of keeping good records and always knowing where your money goes. He drew a yellowed one out from around the middle. It was entitled "1948

Budget." He opened it to August of that year to show me what our family had spent on groceries during that very month.



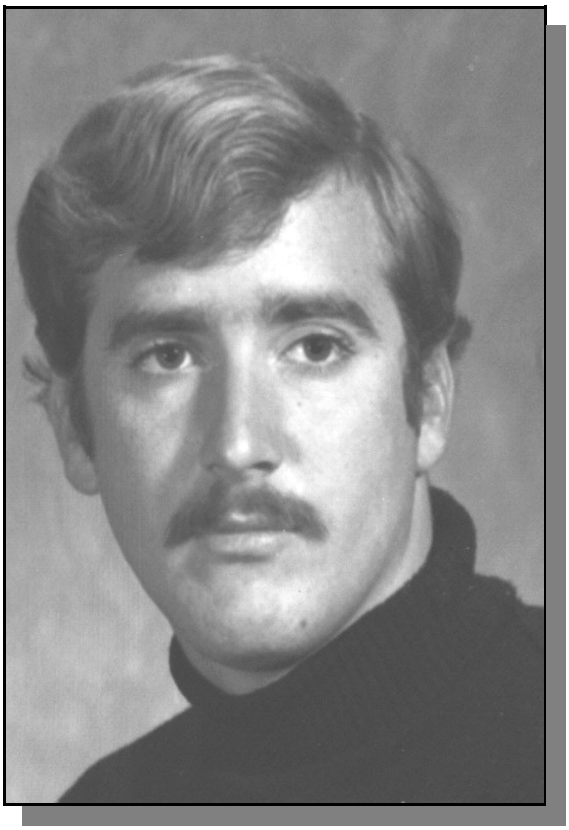
Jerry at 19

When I was nine my allowance was a 50-cent piece once a week. One Saturday I told my dad I would handle all of my personal expenses if he would raise it to ten bucks. He agreed and gave me a ten dollar bill on the spot. By that night I had exactly 50 cents left in my pocket. I had bought myself a new pair of tennis shoes for $9.50 that very same day. He said he hoped the experience had taught me a valuable lesson about money, easy come easy go. It had, too. If I could negotiate a 20-fold increase from someone like my father then maybe I had a bright future after all.

During the summer of 1962 I had a thing for a Natalie Wood look-a-like named Lana Larsen. She lived in Washington State and came to Westchester to visit her father in the summers. We began exchanging letters after she went home in the fall, at the very same time the Dodgers were taking a commanding four-game lead over the second-place Giants into the final week of the season. Life was good. It wouldn't last.

The Dodgers lost every single game that final week to finish in a dead heat with the dreaded Giants. A couple of weeks later the world would move to the brink of nuclear war with Russia in what is called The Cuban Missile Crisis. These three events are forever linked in my mind, the Dodgers fumbling away their winning season, the world almost blowing itself to pieces, and me losing my grip on Lana Larson.

Each day the papers would go on and on about how dangerous the situation was. The specter of war had everyone focused on just one thing. It was immense. I had grown up within ear shot of Hughes Air Craft testing machine gun fire, regular air raid tests in school, and the growth of the home bomb shelter industry. What had been tested and prepared for was suddenly upon us. I would come home from school hoping to find another letter from Lana, wondering if we would all be blown up before I would ever see her again. The Dodgers and Giants began a three-game playoff to see who would get the pennant.



Jerry - 1968

The teams split the first two games which set up the deciding one. In that one the Dodgers took a 4-2 lead into the ninth, and then lost the game on a booted grounder by a Dodger second baseman nicknamed "Possum." San Francisco won 5 to 4. Possums play dead, I remember thinking at the time, and this guy had lived up to his billing. I kicked one of Teresa's shoes clear across the living room floor with the final out. It made a black smudge on the opposite wall. She called me a poor loser and stormed out of the room. Up until the moment she said that, it had never occurred to me that everyone didn't feel the same way about losing. The Cuban Missile Crisis fizzled out within days of that. Later that fall, the letters from Lana trickled to a few and then none at all.

My most enjoyable moments with my father were bird hunting. We would go after duck, geese, mountain quail, chukkar, dove, pheasant, and other assorted fowl. My brothers were usually there, too. These were the text-book character-building and bonding experiences you read about. Dad was a very accomplished outdoors man. He loved hunting and fishing and excelled at both. We would go out a few times each year. He always had a well-trained dog, always a black lab. Being with someone who you care about while doing something they truly love is infectious. Hunting with him was like that for me. I learned the rules of the sport and enjoyed those times with him. My hunting trips began before I was old enough to carry a gun.



When I was twelve I joined the NRA, learned gun safety, and obtained my first hunting license. My dad borrowed a 4:10 -- the smallest gauge shotgun -- from a friend and let me use it during my first armed hunting trips. That first trip he and I separated from the men he usually hunted with so that he and I could be alone. He probably wanted to make sure I was really safe. We were hunting quail, which is done with a dog because quail like heavy brush, tend to stay on the ground when spooked, and will run instead of fly unless a dog is there to flush them out. When the dog does get on them they'll suddenly rise in a flurry of feathers and

flapping wings, usually right at your feet, and then fly every which way at once. It is very exciting and the hunter must be ready. Dad had taught me how to have my finger at the safety.

Quail are relatively small and a wounded one will dart into the brush and can be hard to find even with a dog. No serious quail hunter hunts without one. Dad would get more than irritated with hunters who went after quail without a dog because he knew it meant wounded and lost birds, a cardinal sin in any self-respecting hunter's book. If you shoot a bird, you find it and kill it if it isn't already dead. Then you take it home and eat it. Hunting is for food and those who shoot and leave their kill are the worst kind of people. Dad would spend just short of forever searching the waist-high brush for any of our downed and missing birds while pleading with his lab, "find the bird, find the bird."

That day the lab flushed a small covey out in some foothills we had been walking through. I had witnessed similar scenes on other trips and was ready. The birds rose in a plume of instant confusion and I sighted one in as it headed up a draw and fired. My spray of gunshot reached the bird just as it converged with two others out of the same covey and all three dropped in unison. I had killed three quail with a single shot. My father was more thrilled than I was. Afterwards, I glowed in his excited telling of the story to the others after we had met back up with them.



The Siblings 1997
Alan, Jerry, Teresa and Dave

From then on I loved quail hunting the most. Upland game like quail, pheasant, and chukkar are birds which require some walking and all the effort contains occasional shooting. The season takes place in the fall when the weather is mild and the colors are changing. When the birds do fly it is always sudden and unexpected and because of it all that walking is done with much anticipation. The shooting skill is straight on jump style which I was decent at.

With duck and dove, the birds are hunted as they come in for water, either early in the morning or late in the day, and there's too much waiting around then lots of shooting. Skillful hunters shoot down

birds coming right at them or as the birds fly by and the quickly moving targets are much harder to hit. I was never good at that. Dove season begins the first of September when it is still too hot, while duck season takes place in the freezing winter. I never found any fun in any of that. But there is nothing better than a well-cooked duck and no one cooks them any better than mother. If I'm ever asked to order my last meal it will be one of her duck dinners.



Spence and Jerry at Flathead Lake Lodge, Montana

Dad and I were sitting in a duck blind at 6:00 one morning waiting for the birds to come in when he asked if my safety was on. I said yes but he kept repeating the question. After one too many askings I pulled the trigger to demonstrate the safety was on, only it wasn't. The discharge from the 4:10 blew out the left side of the blind. Dad was sitting on my right in our two-man blind. I was shaken after that, and he kept telling me it was all right, but I knew it wasn't.

One of the last times we hunted together was ten years ago in Eastern Montana. It was October and dad had invited me there on a trip arranged by his hunting buddy Webster Adams. We had also taken along a business friend of his from Chicago. We'd had a fairly poor hunt for the first two days but then on the third day we found the birds. That last day Web had gotten us onto a huge Montana ranch called The Big Sag.



Jerry and children, Tim and Melissa

All of the rolling land for as far as we could see was planted in wheat. It was late in the day and the sun was low, sort of backlighting the fields, making for a golden florescence. We had walked and walked with our party and two or three men from the ranch plus their dogs when we had come to a creek which ran through the property. We began to head down along the creek.

The fifteen or twenty feet on either side had been left natural and were thickly wooded and heavy in brush. It was perfect pheasant cover. The trees were in full autumn orange and yellow and the big Montana sky was a deep October blue. The air was brisk and white strands crested the distant mountains from an early snow. There are perfect moments in life and this was one of them.

The dogs were scaring up deer which would bound out of the trees and into the wheat and finally they were scaring up birds, too. At first just one or two and then the air was filled with the sounds of cackling ringneck pheasant. Everyone was shooting. It couldn't have lasted 30 minutes but it was the best hunting I ever remember. Each man got his limit. We planned and went back several consecutive years afterwards but the hunting was never the same.

JANA FARR

(Wife Of Youngest Son, Gerald Anthony Farr)



Jana and Jerry - 1996 in Maui

When I think of The Farr Family, I think of family reunions. Spencer and Thalis have always had a close family, and bringing everyone together was very important to them. I came into the family in 1977 and had my first Christmas with the Farr Family that year at the home of the oldest son, David, and his family. That was my introduction into the first Farr tradition; lining up according to age, and taking a photograph, before marching into the living room. All the Farr children and their families were there. The photo albums that Spencer kept up so perfectly, are filled with the Christmas lineups.

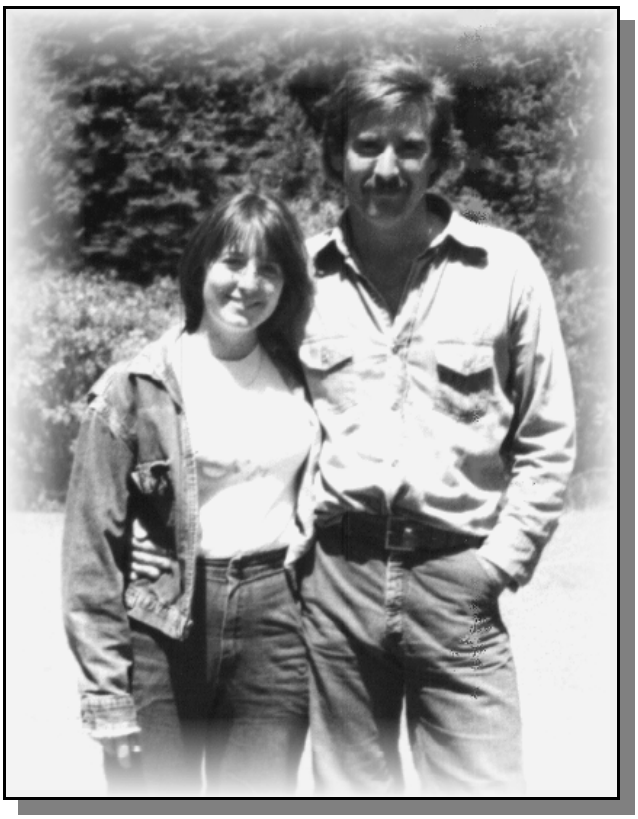
As time went on, it was very difficult for Spencer and Thalis to bring the entire family together at Christmas time. Their sons were married with families of their own and some of the family lived out of state. That did not seem to phase them. Spencer and Thalis decided to introduce a new tradition, a four day family reunion over Thanksgiving.

We all met in Ojai, California for a couple of years, and then Wickenburg, Arizona for a couple of years. The Christmas lineup was replaced with the introductions of new babies (Jason, Missy and Tim) and soon to be new spouses (Carol). It was still hard to get together because of the holiday and conflicts with dividing family time as well as travel.

Well, Spencer and Thalis felt that an annual family reunion was so important that they found a Lodge, at Flathead Lake in Montana, and arranged for everyone to go in the summer for a week long reunion. There were activities for everyone of every age. Little did any of us know, that this reunion in Montana each year would become a tradition that would stand the test of time.

The first year there were 16 of us with the kids: Jim, a young man chasing (and catching) all the girls at the lodge; Alison, Michael and Stephanie, teenagers with the usual teen ups and downs; Alisa and

her shadow, Jason, riding horses and generally missing at all times; and Missy and Timmy, the babies. We returned each year and the family expanded year after year.



Jana and Jerry - 1977

The Montana Family Reunion has become a marker for the entire family. The original 16 have turned into 30. It is a week filled with everyone spending time together, getting reacquainted, meeting and greeting new spouses and babies. I have watched all of the cousins grow so close - the second cousins as well.

Jim married Mary Ann and they now have 2 children, Katie and Jack. Jim and his family live in Washington, so this time in Montana is special to my family because it is the only time we get to see them each year. When my son, Tim, was 10 years old, Jerry and I asked him what special thing he would like to do that Summer. We thought he would choose a trip to Disneyland, or camping with his dad and Uncle Alan. He surprised us when he said that he wanted to visit his cousin Jim in Iowa. The closeness Tim feels for his cousin, who is 21 years older than him, came from the time spent with him in Montana. It was hard for us to send him alone to Iowa, but we did and Jim and Mary Ann were wonderful with him.

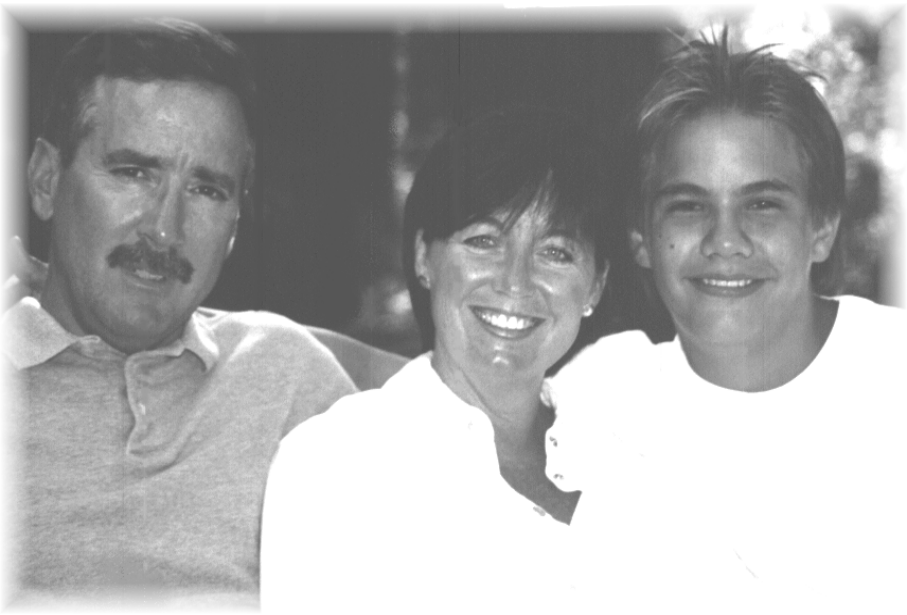
Stephanie married Jamey and they have 3 girls; Ciera, Brianna and Jenna. They live in Texas now, so Montana is our time to catch up. I remember the summer when my daughter Missy was 16 - a difficult year for her - and she went to Stephanie for help and advice. They had formed such a close bond over the years that Missy felt she could talk to her older cousin about anything. Stephanie was a great role model and friend to her that summer.

Michael, David's eldest son, is such a kind and gentle young man. I was the only one with a baby and toddler in those early Montana years and everyone in the family was busy doing all the fun active things there were to do. Michael used to come to visit and play with his young cousins, giving me a much needed break.

There have been so many changes over the years! Alison married Mitch and has two sons, Evan and Alex. They live in California. Alisa married Stuart and they live in Utah. Jason is now in college in Utah. Missy is in college in Northern California. Teresa married John and lives in San Diego. Jerry and I moved our family back to California a couple of years ago. Alan and Carol still live in Utah.

The family is spread out all over the west now, but once a year, for one week, we all meet in Montana.

Spencer and Thalis have helped teach us all the family values they hold so dear. Generosity, forgiveness, patience, kindness, compromise, honesty and love. They have held us all together, through thick and thin, highs and lows, good and bad, with the annual Farr Family Reunion. They have maintained a close-knit family in a time when intact families are rare. Thank you. You are two of the most special people I have ever known.



Jerry , Jana and Tim

I love you.

Jana

MELISSA FARR



When I think of my grandparents, the first thing that comes to my mind isn't a memory, but a feeling. It is a feeling of luck, privilege and pride to be a Farr. I have always felt so fortunate to have such a loving family, that was started by my grandparents. There isn't anyone that I know today that has such a close family as I do. We have grandma and grandpa to thank for that. They always put such effort into getting the family together, whether it was up in Holiday Park or in Montana. I also must add that no family is as excited about a reunion as ours.

My memories of my grandparents are vast, however certain things always come to mind first. When I think of grandpa, I remember his voice saying "Hello, sweetheart." He always greeted me that way, and my mind re-creates it exactly when I think of him. I also remember my grandma coming to see me show my horse, Lare, in what would end up being the biggest show of my life. Her support meant a lot to me, not just in that particular example, but through my whole life. I always knew that she was proud of me and my accomplishments and goals.

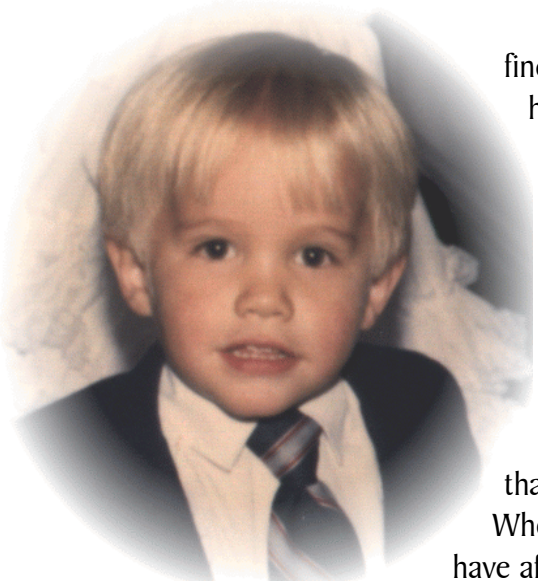


Missy and Lare

I am so thankful for my family and I hold a very special place in my heart for my grandparents. I can only hope that my grandchildren will have the same wonderful experiences as I have had.

TIMOTHY ALAN FARR

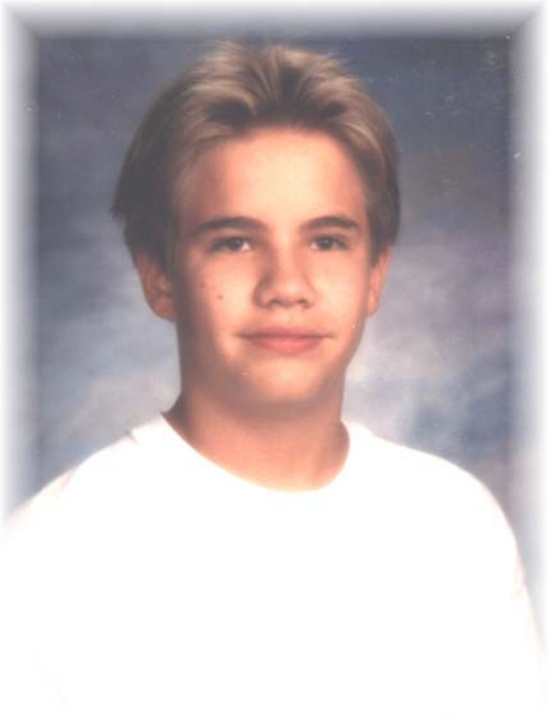
Son of Gerald and Jana Farr



It seems odd to me that at such an early time in my life I would find opportunity or necessity to reminisce about life and that which had affected mine. I would have thought that life is something to be thought of when it is over, or in some cases, nearly so. However, I suppose that the existence of this opportunity is reflective of the type of life that I have led.

Life is brought about because of man, and man is greatly affected by his environment. A person's environment consists of the people that are around him. My family, immediate and extended, has always had great influence on my life. For the time that I can recall, and the time that I can't, my family has affected me. When members of my family were with me, and no longer so, they have affected me. My immediate family connects me to my extended, but there are people that have held my family together, as a whole.

My grandfather, when he was still alive, as well as now, held our family in a state of togetherness and unity. I see in my own father traits from his, such as the necessity and essence of the family unit, that were instilled in him throughout his life. I recall my father's abhorrence of the state of American families, in that there was none. My own father's expression of his father's guiding truths have shown that the world will still be affected by my grandfather. His influence on the world lives on through his progeny. It is as though my grandfather taught me in life and I learn from him in death. A treatise on life had been bestowed upon me, in a sort of posthumous, serialized fashion, by my family, namely, by my grandfather, my grandmother and her four children.



Though possibly a difficult task at times, my grandmother has held the Farr family together over the years. I was not long in life before I knew of the greatness possessed by my family. We were held together by a bond greater than love, and because of the essence at work in the family, it soon seemed a duty to be as one.

I feel that we are all guided by my grandmother, and will always be so. Her understanding of people and her life experience have been a force for most in the family at some time or another. Some people have seen very little of life, but understand all of it, and some have seen a great deal, but understand very little. However, my grandmother has seen much, and understands what is underlying in life. In this, she can show experience, determination, and understanding, in the situations which we must confront in life.

Some individual members of the family may be less affected because of distance, emotionally or physically, but we are all affected as a family and a group.

When I think of my grandmother and my grandfather, I do not see a specific time or place. I see more of a driving force, but there is a scene in my recollection that does seem to encompass all that I feel. I can see my grandparents on a bench, above the swimming pool at Flathead Lake Lodge, observing the family, as one observes what they have created. They have created and given what we all now possess as a group. We can all see it when we look at our elders, children, and even our friends.

I hope that my life will be a time of growth outward. In this outward growth, I hope to be able to affect others and to help them in their growth. After a time, family must cease to only consist of the people one is related to, and must begin to hold those that one loves in life as well.

My drive to bring others into well-being has been strengthened by that scene in my mind of a husband and wife, watching, and seeing what they were able to bring into being.