AUNT TEDDY
BY JANE JACKSON



The Jane Jackson Family - 2000

When I was asked to write a few words about Aunt Teddy I thought, "Oh my, how do I put all my feelings on paper?" This is a small woman who is really a powerful wonder woman. She came into our lives about ten to twelve years ago and has shown us love and given us faith, hope, and has presented to us a future when we did not quite know if we had one. She has taken the time to lend a listening ear and at certain times, when I felt rather anxious, she exuded a peace of mind that made me feel everything was OK. Whether we talk about growing up, her family, my family, how to cut flowers, life with her children and grandchildren at Holiday Park, or politics - whether we laugh or sometimes not - I have always felt rewarded by having that great time with her.

Aunt Teddy enjoys people around her and wants to hear what they have to say. At times she will stop whatever she is doing and listen. She may not speak but you can see her mind working.

As I know her now, elderly, small and having an amazing sense of humor - I watch her do her nails and see her den full of books on just about everything - she has a sharp mind and as I continue to watch her, I think she has a quiet countenance about her, a rather silent strength. She may move slowly with a cane, but *charges* ahead with whatever she decides to do.

She has engulfed us and swept us off our feet, unselfishly, with willingness and persistence.

I have often thought about our friendship, and if this was supposed to happen - getting to know each other now at this time in our lives. I am truly blessed. I love her, I love her knowing me and my children. I love calling her with the successes we have. I want everything to be alright for her, having what she wants, doing the things she likes, having all kinds of people in her life - talking about the memories. This is what her life is about - family and friends. She continues to have the wonderful parties she enjoys - birthday parties for whoever is having a birthday - 'come on, we'll celebrate'. I love it when she says, "Hi, is this Jane?" when you call her on the phone, and I love it when she asks about my kids. She is an inspiration and a wonderful "aunt" that my children and I are fortunate to have and to have known and will always remember. I have a fond memory of taking her and Aunt Erma to church. We are lucky she is my dad's sister. I miss my dad and mom - they did not know me and my children as a family on the earth. I miss that, but the prize is that Aunt Teddy does. She is taking their place, and they're jumping up and down with joy.



Jane Jackson Family 1997
Top Row: Glenn, Beth & Gary Cecil
Bottom Row: Ruth Cecil, Jane Jackson, Ashlee & Jordan Cecil



Jane with daughter Beth Cecil

Perhaps this was all meant to be. I think Aunt Teddy has always been there, but I simply did not notice her light shining. "Let the light so shine", and her light filled the universe.

Written with much love, Jane Jackson 7/22/99

ARLENE ALDER

Thalis and I worked together in the Primary organization of the Westchester Ward. She was in charge of records, minutes and finances. I remember the analyses and suggestions she made which were far and above taking notes. It occurred to me that she was enormously overqualified for her job. She should have been secretary-treasurer of Savon Drugs. She had very strong opinions and a very practical mind. She would have run a business like she ran her home. Everyone knew that all her closets and drawers were carefully organized and categorized: "All like things must be together in one place". I remember opening a closet door in a back hall in that big lovely home on Arizona and being amazed that it was totally empty. I commented that I wanted one like that and she said that she was in no hurry to fill it up. See what I mean? She could control inventory. How valuable a trait! She also knew how to delegate responsibility. She worked hard herself, but as she said, "I don't want to be the only one working". I wrote those words down in my lines to live by book.



Spence and Thalis - 1963

Thalis always looked great. She had naturally wavy hair and a lovely figure which she kept, unlike most of us. She always photographed so well. She was very disciplined, which was probably her secret for looking so great all her life.



Ward Party at the Farrs
Thalis with members of Westchester Ward

She and Spence were a very popular, fun, couple. We belonged to a "couple group" and many parties were held at their home. They were not only great hosts, but were very generous in allowing many affairs and events to be held at their house. I think the Farr residence was considered an extension of the Westchester Ward chapel.

Thalis was never the kind of Mormon that dotted all her I's and crossed all the T's, but she and Spence were loved by all. Besides, she is the only person who invited us over for "duck" and made us happy about it.



Arlene and Don Alder and Family 1999

Another thing I think is very admirable about Thalis: She could really have pouted or gotten angry when women lined up to be kissed by her handsome husband. Men liked Spence and women were nuts about him. But Thalis won him. She knew she deserved him, she knew he chose the best - and he did. She was a great catch herself.

December 22, 1999.

DAVE FREED



Alisa Farr and Dave Freed
Fly Fishing

I first met Spence when he came up to Weber. They rented a house in 1919, as I remember, and that's when I first met him.

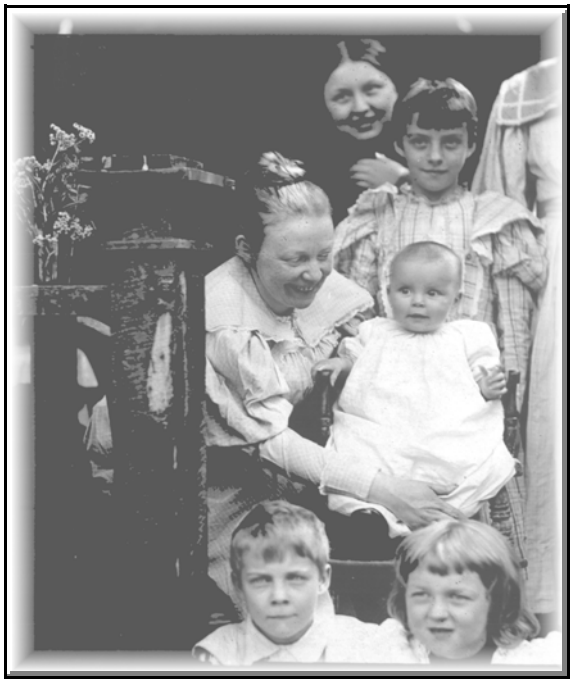
My relatives would often go up to Weber. We had a common dining room/cook house and we'd always get together for our meals. In the evening we'd gather at the campfire and tell stories, sing songs and have a real good time. Spence came down to our campfire and sang this song about the Navajo. Folks came down quite often to our campfires, because we had one every night, and they would always ask him to sing that song. I always wondered why they laughed so.

We had some benches made and my grandfather had two buffalo robes. We'd put the buffalo robes over the bench because that would keep the breeze from coming in and keep us warm and we had fans we held in front of our face to keep the campfire from burning our faces. The campfire was always getting hot or cold ... hot or cold ... but it was a lot of fun. We sure loved it.

I met him in 1919, and of course he died in 1996. That means that I knew him for about 77 years. How often do you have a friend for 77 years?

We were sort of distant cousins. His mother was such a good friend of ours and his grandmother was a very close friend. He used to call her Clicky. She was a daughter of Brigham Young, one of his youngest children. My grandfather was the son of Joseph Young. His wife was a Scottish emigrant. When she was 13 years old she came to the United States and she was part of the second group of handcart pioneers that walked to Salt Lake.

Spence's father was a great fisherman. He had a basket that he always wore [creel] and he filled that basket full of fish - then he'd take them out and fill it again. Oh!



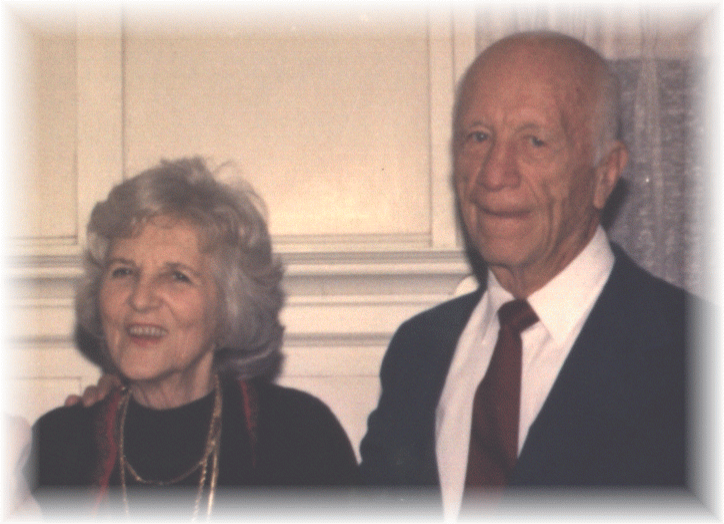
Clarissa (Clicky) Spencer and children

He was so good. I remember fishing with him and Spence one time, down around Three-Mile. He was catching fish right and left. I wasn't catching any. Spence was catching a few. Somehow my boots leaked and I got wet and cold and I wanted to go home. I was afraid to say anything because they were having so much fun fishing. How well I remember that day. He was a darn good fisherman and he taught Spence a lot. As far as I know, he was a good guy - but I didn't know him well. He always packed a gun.

Once, Spence and I went on a fishing trip together, and we each had our own horse and a pack horse for water and riding. We went through Moffat Creek and kept going east because there was a very long series of canyons there, all part of the Uintah mountains. We rode for, oh, three or four hours — a long time. We kept going over these series of canyons. We'd go down then climb up and go over the next one. We came to one called the Stillwater, and boy, it was rough.... and we thought, gee, this is great! We're getting somewhere really unusual. So we went down to the Stillwater, and the first thing we saw was an automobile. Oh boy, did that crush us!

In spite of that, we had a good time. We went up the Stillwater to the headwaters and lakes up there. We fished and had some fun and then we went back home. We slept out for a couple of nights, but, I don't know, we never got very enthusiastic about sleeping on the ground. We didn't do enough of it to get used to it.

At Weber, about the time Spence was 15 or 16 years old, he fell head over heels in love with the Pratt's daughter, Helen. He had to see her almost every minute of the day. She sort of liked him, but she was a couple of years older. They went to Dry Canyon and put their initials on a cliff there, with a hammer and chisel, so they'd be there for all time. A tree would never last. It says SF + HP 1925 and it's right off of the road on the way to where they scattered his ashes, about a third of the way there. That's the only other girl I knew him to go with.



Blanche and David Freed - 1986

It wasn't too long after that he moved away and it was a 10 year period, or something, that I didn't see much of him. For a number of years I wasn't close to Spence and Dick. I didn't ever see them. For quite a few years they didn't have any money to travel while building up their business. And you know the old story - 'they started on air and $100' - and they had very good success. When they got further along, they started coming up to Weber again, and right away, why, we got together and we saw each other every summer from then on.

The most fun we had was fishing and hunting sage hens, ducks and geese up at our ranch at the

Old Deseret Livestock. They had nice living quarters in the ranch house and we had a good cook. Spence and Dick would come and bring a number of friends, like Otis Chandler - head of the Los Angeles Times and General Doolittle, who bombed Tokyo the first time. General Doolittle was the nicest guy and a heck of a good talker and he told us all about it. He'd answer any question. He was very interesting.

They brought other friends, too. There was a guy named Mackie that worked for the railroad that Dick brought up a couple of times. They didn't bring Roy Rogers, but I met him once when Spence and Dick were having a guest duck shoot where they'd release the ducks and shoot them as they went by. I liked him, he was a nice guy.

Spence in some ways was a very serious guy. In other ways he liked jokes and would laugh a lot, but he would lay himself wide open so that you could really tease the heck out of him. One time I said, "Well you know, Spence, I get around here and a lot of people don't like you. So, I've formed a club for you. It's called the 'Hate Spencer Farr Club'. I'm going to be the president and I've got all kinds of people that want to be officers. In fact, Jerry wants to be vice-president." He got a big kick out of it. You know, you'd tease him that way and all he'd do was laugh. And he'd keep agitating ... like he was always agitating for David to marry one of my daughters, or something. I said to him, "No, they don't want to ... I've heard them talk. They don't want you for a father-in-law." And he'd just laugh and laugh. Oh gee, we used to have a lot of fun that way. I kind of think he liked the attention, too.

But just imagine having a friend for 77 years! We got pretty close and could talk to each other candidly. He was the kind of guy that always helped you. When I went into the salt business and couldn't get any accounts, he said, "Well I'll get you some business." He did business with the Colorado Iron Company over in Pueblo and he got them to buy a whole carload of salt from us. That was a big favor when we were scratching so hard for business, you know. We later sold the business and we came out alright. We didn't keep it very long. He was a great friend - always inviting you down there, wanting to do this or that for you. He'd break his neck to help you.

Spence was a lot of fun. He'd be serious as the devil one minute and then he'd laugh hard. I remember one time we were out hunting and it got dark. I didn't know quite where he was. Finally, he shot his gun and we rode over and picked him up. He always teased me about that, claiming that I deliberately lost him. The next day we went to the lake to hunt. On the lake was a little island. We had a rickety rubber boat that you had to take over to the island. Well, he got in this boat and the wind came up. It was really kind of dangerous, but we didn't know it at the time. He made it alright and was fine. Later on, I was down in California and they invited me to a party. Frances, his sister, came to the party and Spence, being very serious, told about the hunting trip and how I had tried to drown him. Frances got mad as the devil and just gave me hell! She'd had a few drinks and she gave me the dickens. Spence and I used to laugh about that later on. He'd say, "You'd better do the right thing or I'll get Frances after you!"

Another thing Spence did that was so nice ... I was trying to raise money for the University of

Utah, to build some indoor tennis courts. He just came right in and gave them $50,000. Dick gave them $25,000 as well, and so there are indoor tennis courts with their names on them at the University of Utah. Spence attended there temporarily. I don't think Dick ever went there, though.

That Spence, sometimes he'd do the darndest things. We were going to Lagoon and Spence had guests with him, so we had to take two cars. I said, well Spence, you follow me. So I drive along and I turn into Lagoon. There's no Spence. We wait, and we wait, and we wait. Still no Spence. He'd gone clear to the next town, called Layton, had to turn around, come back. He'd completely missed the whole resort! How you can miss a great big thing like Lagoon! But he did. Oh boy, did we tease him about that!



Blanche Freed and Spencer Farr

Oh, but he was such a swell guy. I really miss him, I'm telling you! He'd usually call me in the spring of each year, but towards the end of his life, he called me about once a month, you know, just to talk. I'll never forget the time he called me and said, "Well, you know my knees are so bad, I'm not going to go hunting anymore. I just can't walk good enough to do it." Two days later he had his heart attack. That was the beginning of the end. He must have been about 86, then.

Well, he had a good life. I've told you a few stories, I'll say.

Spence and Thalis are wonderful friends. They always did loving things for us and others. They brought peace and kindness into our lives. Once, my husband Dave wanted to put up at a far less than luxurious hotel - more like a YMCA Center for the homeless in Sun Valley, Idaho. Thalis wouldn't hear of it and insisted on a nicer hotel with a swimming pool. We had such a great time there. We used to so enjoy ourselves at Holiday Park, going on long walks together. I loved her and all the things she did for me.

Blanche Freed

PEGGY BUTLER

Thalis is a whirlwind!! Remodeling of her home seems to be an ongoing thing. Just being in the midst of all of the noise, dust and upset is more than most can take, but she seems to thrive on it! If this was not enough, she bought a condo in Utah and then proceeded to remodel it!



Peggy Butler - 1999

She is always traveling or having company. It tires me just to think of the schedule she keeps! We met when I was married to Walter Meigs. The marriage didn't last but, thankfully, the friendship did! Thalis not only proposed me for membership in her charitable organization, she also introduced me to her family and has included me in travel, card games, movies, dinners, dances and parties. Thanks to her, I have had many wonderful experiences and some very different ones - such as an interesting drive on an unpaved road across a mountain.

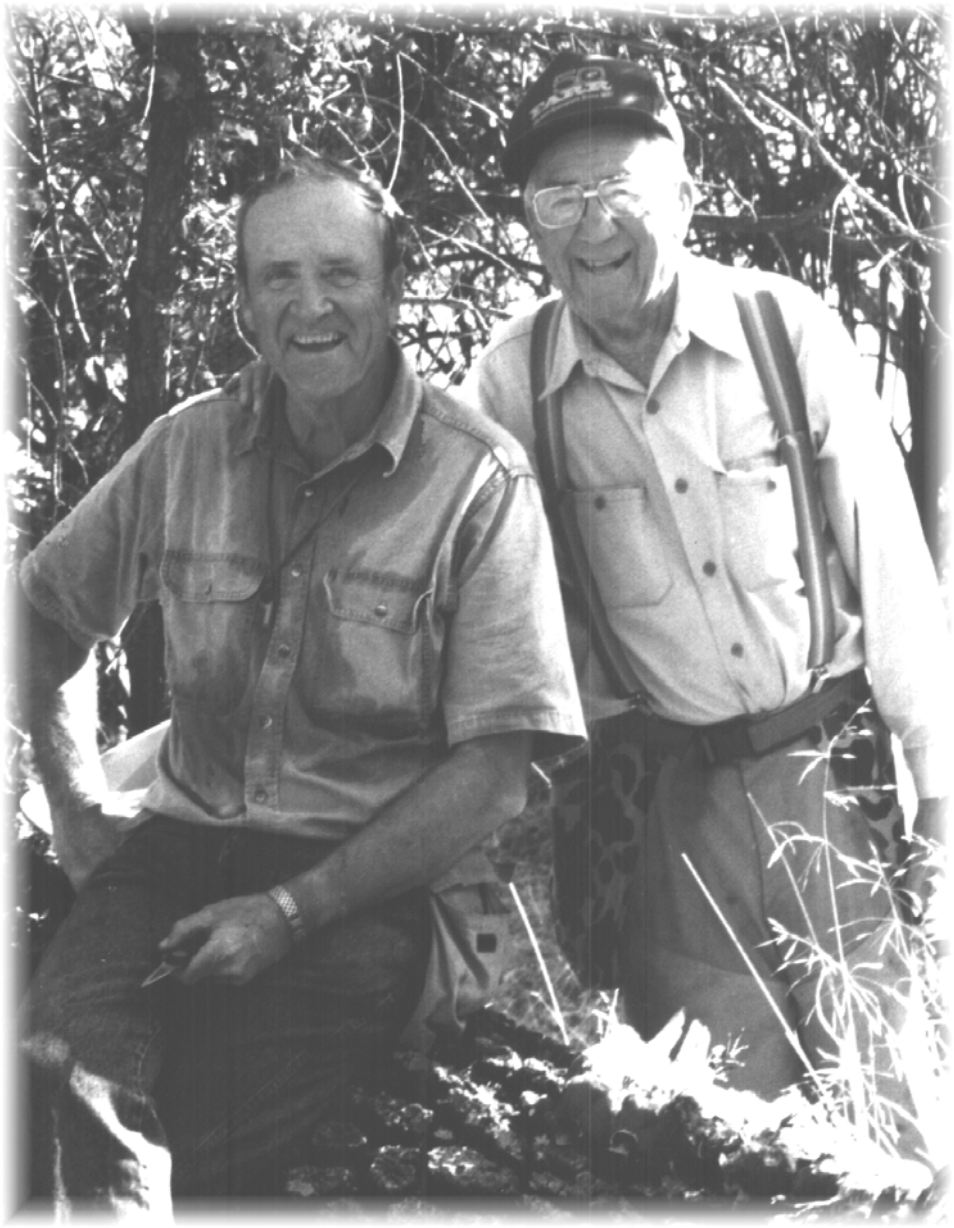
Despite some very unfortunate health problems, Thalis manages to keep her spirits up and keeps moving forward. I'm glad she came into my life.

September 6, 1999

MY FRIEND AND HUNTING PARTNER FOR 35 YEARS BY BRUCE STRATHERN

It is interesting to me to try to analyze what personality traits draw people to each other. Until I lost a very dear friend just recently, I had not put a lot of thought into the matter. But, now, it is increasingly important to me to do so. So, here goes as best I can recall after so many years and fun times together.

I was 25 years old in 1960. I like the outdoors and had worked on the family ranches both in Simi Valley, California and Elko, Nevada. I had decided the life of a cowboy wasn't going to cut it. However, I still wanted to be involved with the land, so a Hunting Club just seemed natural. This is how I came to know Spencer Farr, Thalis, his beautiful and lovely wife, Dick Farr and some of the younger Farr clan. I perhaps remember Alan the best from those earlier days. Spencer was different than my other members in that he much preferred the wild birds the club had to offer. He seemed to have a heightened respect



I am not sure what Spence saw in me, but I sought his company as a man I truly admired and looked up to as a man. I have never known a more thoughtful, considerate gentleman. Though I never could emulate his ways, I could admire and look up to them as the best goals for what a man should be all about. I think how fortunate you must feel to have had such a man in your life. That is the way I feel about him also. Bruce Strathern 1996

for dove, but most certainly our California Valley quail, which in some years we had in abundance. The joy of the quest for pursuing them seemed best when I was guiding him. He was an extremely careful hunter and I felt secure with him as he did with me. After all, quail do fly at head level.

We had a special area on our ranch called Happy Camp Canyon that I had made a promise to my family I would not take my hunters into. For some reason, I did make Spencer and one other family an exception to that rule. In those days we had an abundance of not only quail but deer also, and one day we made a count of 129 deer and 26 of them were legal bucks. We had quite a rodeo that day to be sure. Especially when I dropped the right front tire of the pick-up in a 3 foot deep washout. Well, as usual, Spencer never said a critical word, but I know I got his attention with the sudden stop. I was just paying him back for having to pull his car out of a mud hole only the second time I met him. I never thought about it, but maybe that is why he joined my club. Could he have felt beholden? Naw, we just seemed to get along.

The Farr Company used to have one or two parties a year at the club. Mostly they would shoot Tom Williams' flighted Mallards, but some would hunt our released pheasants and chukkars. During some of these parties a group would come down from Bakersfield to join in. My other dear hunting friends, Joe Covello, met Spencer and Dick Farr at this time, around the year 1964. Also, one Gerald Lucas who Spencer had enjoyed at the Duck Club for several years. Dolittle, Roy Rogers, Mackey from Santa Fe Railroad, Wayne Ewing and the list goes on. Dick Farr was the story teller par excellent and introduced me to everyone as the Marlboro man. Well, I did wear a stetson hat a lot of the time. Great parties, great stories, great comradery, and wonderful times.

Our ranch sold in December 1964 and my Hunting Club lease was not renewed in 1966, so that was the end of my Hunting Club days. However, Spencer joined Tom Williams' Green Head Club on my mothers family ranch across the valley and the annual parties did continue. I was honored to be continued on the invited list.

Even though our ranch sold, we took it back, it sold again and so on. Spencer and I continued to hunt together. At least one or two dove hunts and 6 to 8 quail hunts every year. Spencer in return would take me to his Duck Club to reciprocate until I eventually joined there myself and thats the way it was. We sought each others company by preference. We were comfortable together doing something we both felt the same way about.

As the years began to tell on us both, Spencer's physical abilities each year diminished somewhat. As he got into his eighties it was no longer important that we got a "mess of birds", he was thankful for whatever he got. As I became more aware of this these last 5 years I tried to do special things to set him up whenever I could. It became an obsession with me to make sure that Spencer was the first to hunt with me upon ceratin coveys every year. If we could not get together for awhile, I would just wait until we could. I just wouldn't make those coveys wild until we did it together. Again, that's the way it was and no explanations necessary!

In the duck blind it was a different story. Here Spencer could hold his own. He liked decoying ducks and so did I. He didn't like long shots and neither did I. Why cripple birds? Spencer had the habit of only shooting one shell at a flock or a single bird. Now that is one place we differed, I could get a lot of lead (now steel) into the air in short order. I remember one time (I saw him do it twice) he shot a scotch double on Bull Sprig (2 birds - 1 shot). You should have seen the look on his face. He wanted to be happy but couldn't because there was a 1 Sprig limit. Spencer wouldn't break the law if you held a gun on him. Boy, did I have fun teasing him. He couldn't even tell the other club members about his wonderful shot.

Spencer was very concerned about my wife, Zona, when she became quite ill with Lupus and ITP, a blood disease. His concern was for me also. If he was in the L.A. area he would call once every couple of weeks just to check. After Zona went into remission and became well again, he would call just to check things out.

The things that stand out to me regarding the kind of person Spencer was are many. He would always, without fail, call Mrs. Farr to let her know that he was on his way home. Never did I not see him do this. I never knew a person, man or woman, that did not take an instant liking to this gracious, kind, and gentle man. His example to his family shows. They are the kind, considerate, gentle persons as was he. Thalis must be so proud of them all.

What more can I say about a man that I have admired and loved for nearly 36 years? His greatest concern when I drove him to the hospital was the burden he might be placing on Thalis going into the Holidays, etc. He was upset about that and not his own eminent danger. Isn't that just like him!

To the Farr Family, a grand thank you for sharing him with me. I am selfishly saddened by my personal loss in his passing. I rejoice about the memories and those wonderful times we had together.

His Hunting Companion

Bruce M. Strathern