

Chapter 7 – Trip to Mexico and Dairy Farming

When Dad Farley mentioned that he would like to go this year and take me along to chauffeur, we decided to join them. I hired a man by the name of Alvin Rhore to do the milking and look after our place while we were away. Corinne and Diane stayed with my cousin, Lynne Goodridge. Lucille took over the care of Laraine who was hardly three years old at the time.

We left for Mexico on December 20th, 1948 in the wee hours of the morning. Mom and Dad Farley had just purchased a 1948 Oldsmobile and it was a thrill to drive off in their new car. I did ninety percent of the driving and enjoyed every minute of it. I have always been glad that we joined them for this vacation for Dad Farley died before we could arrange to go again.

The weather was cold and it was snowing heavily the morning we left. At Beaver we could barely see the road ahead, and Dad was so nervous and excited I thought he would lose his mind before we got off the slick roads and out of the storm. Things went well, however, and we were in Las Vegas by noon. We stopped and played the slot machines and I won enough money to pay for our first nights lodging at Kingman, Arizona.

The Next day we reached Mesa, Arizona, where we took a quick trip around the Temple. Dad Farley expressed his thanks that we had made it “so far so good, without accident.”

New year’s Eve was spent in the little town of Lordsburg, new Mexico, just a little one horse town. We were excited about getting into old Mexico on the following morning. At El Paso we stopped to view their New years Day “Sun Parade,” and found to our disappointment that we would have to go clear to Laredo, Texas, which is in the pan-handle of Texas before we could go into Mexico. With fast driving it took us till noon of the next day to reach the Mexican border.

Crossing over the Rio Grand River, going through the Mexican customs, and putting up with the “Little Mexican Shoe-Shine Boys and Flower Girls” proved to be quite a problem. However, after several hours delay we were really on our way.

We spent the first night at Monterrey, and after some difficulty with the language as well as a different kind of money, we secured lodging at a nice hotel. Our meals were usually had at cafes along the pan American Highway, but most of the proprietors as well as the waitresses spoke some English, and we were able to make them understand what we wanted.

The first 400 or 500 miles over the border into Mexico were mostly desert country, but about three hours out of Monterey, we began getting into the Tropics of Cancer Zone, and found the country most beautiful. Due to late rainfall and climbing higher into the mountains, the whole country was green with grass, trees, shrubs, etc. here we saw bananas growing, and we loaded our car with delicious tangerines, which we feasted on during our trip through Mexico.

The forenoon of the 2nd day in Mexico we came to some signs which advertised a side trip to some scenic sight called “The Horse Tail Falls. We decided we’d better see as much of the country as possible, so we left the main highway, wended our way through a real old Mexican village and up a little canyon, where the road ended. There was a sign telling us we would have to secure donkey’s to continue to the falls. This lookind interesting so we secured our donkey’s who answered to the names of “Hilter, Napoleon, and Satan.” The donkeys without the service of their owners were worthless, as they

wouldn't take a step without the order of their master, so the four Mexican boys were added to our procession.



At Horse Tail Falls

These donkeys were a small animal only weighing about 300 lbs. and being about 4 ft. tall. I had to sit easy and hold up my legs to keep my feet from dragging on the ground. We sure made a unique picture, the four of us traveling along on our donkeys, each being led by a small Mexican boy, going single file up the narrow trail to the "Horse Tail Falls." In one or two places they had to wad the creek in about a foot of water and we all had to hold our feet up to nearly the elevation of the donkeys stomach, to keep them from getting wet.

I think we got more fun of the of Donkey Ride than any one thing on the trip. The water falls were beautiful, as they came out over a high cliff about 200 feet high and as they fell they resembled the shape of a horses tail.

As we were returning to the highway, we came to a Mexican Village where an old Mexican was grinding out sugar cane, one stick at a time, with a long pole drawn in a circle by a horse. At another place a farmer was doing his plowing with a team of oxen. He used no lines to drive his team, making them turn right or left by calling "Gee or Ha" much like my Grandfather used to

do when he first settled here in Lake View. Much of the work that is being done in Mexico now is about 75 years behind our times as far as machinery and modern methods are concerned.

The trip from Monterrey to Mexico City for about 400 miles is nearly all over high mountains ranges with steep roads and sharp curves, but is very beautiful. The entire countryside is dotted with picturesque churches, many of them having been built back to the time of Cortez.

We arrived in Mexico City after about six days travel from the time we left home, a distance of over 2,000 miles. We were lucky to find a private home in Mexico City to stay in. In a conversation with a young Mexican in Monterrey, Mom Farley had been directed to the home of Senora Louisa Baachmiester. She lived in a beautiful Spanish home and took in boarders who were students attending colleges in Mexico City.

The lady had two or three maids who didn't understand a word of English, but they did all her cleaning, cooking meals, etc. so all we had to do was take in the sights. One day however we were a little tired of our morning cereal, and Jess with her limited Spanish decided to tell the maids to bright us "hot cakes." All we succeeded in getting was hot mush instead of prepared cereal.

The Senora was of German descent as well as Spanish and she spoke perfect English as well as German and Spanish. When she was present we had no trouble with getting what we wanted. The other people of the household were very courteous explaining the customs of the country, and telling us what sights we should see while we were there.

On our first Sunday in Mexico we attended the Mormon church and it being fast Sunday we had the opportunity of bearing our testimony. I took up about five minutes. There was a young Mexican student who spoke beautiful English, who acted as our interpreter.

We were lucky on our first sight seeing tour to secure the services of a young guide who I called "Senor Bill" as he always called me "Minster Bean," and he went with us on all our guided trips and arranged for tickets for us to the bull fights, etc. One day he took us to Lake Xochimilco (Floating Gardens) not far from Mexico City. This is a little more than a criss-cross of canals. Here barefoot men pole their flower-decked boats laden with pleasure seekers; and black-eyes Indians gurls cook tortillas in their canoes and sell them to the visitors. Beautiful native flowers are sold in hand woven baskets to the many tourists.

One day we went over to Tectihuacan, an old village ruin of about 500 A.D. Here is found the pyramid of the Sun and the Pyramid of the Moon, along with many other old ruins. These were believed to have been built by the Toltek Indians who were no doubt descendents of the Lamonite people of Book of Mormon times. The Pyramid of the Sun has a larger base than the Great Pyramid of Khufa, the largest Egyptian Pyramid. Here also on these sacred alters to their Sun and Moon Gods there people offered up human sacrifices, Indian maidens from different Indian tribes.

Our visit in Mexico City was made most interesting under the guidance of Senor Bill to the Government buildings, Palaces of former rulers, many of the old churches and places of historical interest.

Our final day was the climax of our trip. On Sunday afternoon we went to see the Bull Fights. Sunday is the only day that Bull Fights are held. No trip to Mexico is complete without at least one experience at the Bull Ring. The one we attended was largest in Mexico and seated around 50,000 people. There were six bulls killed that day during the space of about 2 1/2 hours. This is one of the most exciting events I have ever witnessed. One has to attend a good Bull Fight to really know what tension is.

Monday morning we left Mexico City after eight thrilling days, and began our homeward journey. We returned over the same route as far as Laredo, Texas, and went Eastward to Houston, Texas, where we visited with Phyllis Farley, who was a cousin of the Farleys, and was on a mission there. We continued our journey eastward to the Gulf of Mexico, to St. Charles Louisiana, and then back toward home through Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas.

At the insistence of mom Farley we went off our regular route to see Carlsbad Caverns. I am sure grateful to her however, for her determination that we should go that extra 300 miles out of our way, because it proved to be one of the seven wonders of the world. We reached home near the end of January after traveling about 6,000 miles, and found everything at home in good shape and the children well. I should note however, that Jess was so concerned about the girls that as soon as we reached Laredo, she called Lucille on the phone to make sure everything was O.K.



Diane, Baby Laraine and Corinne with Jessie

During the winter of 1948 and 1949 I felt impressed to try and acquire a larger farm. I began looking around the Lake Shore district. After some weeks of careful thought and consideration we found the Old

Huff farm which included one hundred acres of farm-land. After arriving at a fair price and agreeing on a time to close I went home to talk the whole thing over with my dad. Jess and I thought he would like to buy our farm as this would make a larger and better dairy farm, for he and my brother Ted to operate. However, during the discussion, Dad agreed to sell some of his land to me if I would sell him a building lot. He wished to build a new home. This would allow Ted and Wanda to move into his old home. This arrangement was agreeable with me. I have always loved my home ward and all the friends and relatives with whom I have associated throughout my life. I always feel sorry everytime I have ever thought of moving away.

In the spring of 1949 I bought the four acres of land above Dad's house for \$600.00 an acre, and the ten acres of land down by the Little Lake for \$3,200; also I let him have ½ acre for his building lot. The total price for this transaction was \$6,000. I was also to received a one-half interest in Dad's accreation or pasture land down by the lake. We continued to have good times and prosperous once, so with what little savings we had and by making what payments we could during the next two years, we were out of debt by 1951. **Alfred and Francis Johnson stand next to Dean in the 1950 Johnson Reunion photo.**



Third row, Jessie, Wanda, Ted and Diane standing behind baby Dale. Kay and Arlen, at upper right.

I must mention that along with acquiring more land, I had slowly been building up a larger cow herd, so we were now milking about 25 cows. Corrine had been helping with the chores since she was six years

old, and by the time she was eight in 1947, she was milking six or eight cows night and morning. This was being done by hand until about 1947.

My family helped me a great deal during these times. Jess would work all day in the fields, many times during haying time and also helped with the spring work on the land as well as taking care of the household and children. The girls helped too with hoeing, hay hauling, gathering rocks off the fields, and anything I asked them to do. They always helped with the milking and feeding, sometimes doing the chores all alone while I took care of the irrigating, haying ect. By their cooperation and hard work I didn't have to hire much outside help.



Ted and Nathan left, Dean climbing on the hay wagon, with Corinne driving the tractor.

On the 3rd of July, I had a line on a new 1950 Oldsmobile 98, which could be bought from a Mr. Call, a car dealer in Bancroft, Idaho. Jess and I made the little trip to Idaho and brought back our new two tone gray Oldsmobile. Lucille and Fram bought our old 41 Oldsmobile, so we were able to get the new one on a cash deal.

In the early 1950's the Korean War broke out and this gave us a few more years of good times, with high prices for milk and meat products, so our earnings were good. During the summer we took our children on a trip through Yellowstone Park and on up to Canada. We visited the Temple lot at Cardston, the hackings and then to Raymond, Alberta Canada, where we visited with Frank and Zarella Taylor, my cousins. On our return trip we traveled through Glacier Park and went westward over to Oregon, where we viewed Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River. We came home by way of Lewiston, Idaho, and the Salmon River. In Boise we stopped to visit with the Milo Madsens. This was another wonderful trip where all our family was together.

On January 10, 1951 I chauffeured Dad Farley for the last time, when he entered the St. mark's Hospital for a prostrate gland operation. On January 20th we were called to Salt Lake and in spite of anything that could be done, he passed away. This was a great sorrow to me for he had been very close to us, and had always treated me as his own son. We were a lot alike in our dispositions, and we enjoyed each others company. The funeral was held on January 23rd and I was one of the speakers. Now there was a change in the Farley home for we all missed Dad.

In 1952 we began a remodeling job on our home. It turned out to be much more than we anticipated, for when it was completed it cost us around \$8,000, while the original job was only 3,600. The remodeling was done by Theodore Ellis, the son of George Ellis, who first built our home. We were very happy with our new home. I was especially thrilled with my Den, for a great deal of forethought and work had gone into it, and it was my very own. Here was one room that wouldn't be cluttered with paper dolls. I am sure that Jess was just as thrilled with her new kitchen and automatic dish washer. The girls were glad to watch the disease being washing instead of having to perform this tedious task.

Now we had two more prosperous years. We also received a cash settlement from Geneva Steel for about \$6,500. This money was paid for damages done by florine poison given off from the open-hearth furnaces and in turn, settling on our crops. This is turn caused quite a bit of damage to our dairy cattle and milk production. This was the first money and also the only money I have ever received that I haven't worked hard to acquire. Since this settlement, Geneva Steel Company has spent over a million dollars installing machinery and filters to eliminate florine poisoning, and the clearing the air above the plant.



Carl and Jenny's family with daughters Jessie, Lucille and Melda. Seated are sons, Weston, Merrill, Stanley and Carol Farley.