



Chapter – 8

Trip to the East Coast and early Church History sites

After receiving the settlement from Geneva Steel, we naturally began thinking of the best way to spend it. We concluded that another family trip together would be a good investment. I had always had a great desire to visit the East Coast and especially, to visit all the important places of early church history.

On a rainy day we signed a contract with George W. Tribe Co. to buy a new Oldsmobile with delivery at the factory in Lansing, Michigan. Now our plans were hurriedly made, and again we sold the old car to Fram and Lucille. We couldn't get delivery until about the middle of May so we decided to take off on our trip in our present car. Weston who always likes to take a trip and as he is my wife's brother, agreed to meet us in Lansing, and drive the old car home. We invited Mom Farley to go along with us.

Jessie wrote this poem, entitled "Trip to the East Coast" for the Lake View News upon our departure:

Goodbye you wonderful people, the Johnsons are off on a little tour. We're taking a wonderful vacation for a couple of weeks or more. The house is slicked, the crops are in, and we're leaving our cares behind. The cows will be milked without the girls, and almost as well, we hope to find. We want to see the cities of early Church history days. We know it will be quite different, from those early Mormon days. And while we're that far East, at Great Niagara, we'll look too, then on to New York and Washington, D.C. There's so much we want to view. About then, I know we'll be a little weary, and maybe a little homesick feel; our money too will be quite spent, so we'll hi home in our brand, new Oldsmobile.

After arranging for someone to do the milking and care for the stock, I hurriedly got my spring planting done, and we left May 3rd, at 4:00 A.M. for the most wonderful vacation we as a family group have ever taken. To me it was the best experience I have ever had. We traveled eastward over the Wasatch Mountains and arrived in Denver at 1:00 p.m. At the end of the day we had traveled about 800 miles and our first night was spent at Osborne, Kansas.

Our first place of interest was **Independence, Jackson County, Missouri**. We arrived at the Chapel about 11:30 A.M. There they were holding their Mother's Day Program in this little Mormon church, which had been built on part of the original temple lot. The Prophet Joseph Smith had dedicated it for the building of the Temple during the last days. We waited until the service was over and then visited with some of the members.

I asked if there was someone who could act as a guide and show us the important places of early Church history. We were introduced to a man by the name of Mr. Pope. He kindly gave us his time and showed us the places that were significant to Mormons. Brother Pope had at one time been a prominent Baptist Minister, but had joined the Mormon church in 1934, and is now one of the bulwarks of the Church in Independence. He had a family of six sons, all of whom are prominent and important people filling positions of responsibility. Five of his sons are members of our church; one of them was married before Brother Pope's conversion and is not yet affiliated with us.

A few years ago, Brother Pope was approached by the mayor of Independence regarding buying a building lot for a new high school. It was their desire to buy a part of the Temple lot, which was almost the only available spot of land in the city. Brother Pope knew it would not be sold to him, but he urged them to go to Salt Lake City to see the President, who was at that time George Albert Smith. For three days they were royally entertained by the Church, everything was free. They offered \$60,000 for the high school site. President Smith said, "No, we are going to build a temple there, but we will give you the amount that three men will appraise the site for. After the man returned home the mayor received a check for \$60,000 with the explanation, "So you will be able to buy a high school site, because we believe in education."

We also saw the Court House where the Prophet Joseph was tried. It was made of logs which looked about the size of rail-road ties, all hewn by hand. These were then mortared together. The logs were cut out of walnut trees, and the entire building was erected in 1827 by a negro for the sum of \$150.

We saw the site of the old jail in Independence where Porter Rockwell was held for the shooting Governor Boggs, of which he was innocent. Rockwell was jailed from September to February with his hands chained to his feet. His hair grew long, and he had to be fed. After all these months he was released. Porter Rockwell served as bodyguard for Joseph Smith, and later for Brigham Young.

The Temple Grounds were originally for some 63 acres. The Church now owns around 20 acres. A church house and mission home stands on one corner, and there are plans to add a recreation hall to the church. A good portion of the property is pasture now, with nothing on it. The Hedreckites have built a church in front of this lot. When we visited twenty years ago the foundation for the Temple was dug out. The city bulldozed and filled in the hole when Mr. Truman was serving as president. In one corner, where some scaffolding, they had poured load after load of cement, but it just disappeared out of sight. Finally, they discovered that an old riverbed runs under the city. When they found it couldn't be filled in with concrete, they just bulldozed it over and planted lawn.

The Reorganized Church is still building on their auditorium there and it certainly has turned out to be a great monstrosity. Mr. Pope said, "The Mormons will finish their temple first, because it's going to be built before long. The Reorganized people believe that when their church is finished the Lord will appear there, so that is why they just keep building on to it.

Liberty Jail - From here we went to Liberty where we were shown through the jail where the prophet was kept for six months. This site is owned by the church, and a man living nearby, took us through the jail. The basement is all that remains of the original building. This is where the prisoners were kept. The floor is made from huge flat stones about 2 feet square. Here they were served food which was so bad that they would go for as long as possible without eating. They were even served human flesh, which they refused to eat.

No beds were provided, except for a little straw and a few blankets. Two small windows about 10 inches by 16 inches were the only openings. At the time it was known as the dungeon, and it truly must have been. There was a small stove in one corner, but whenever a fire was built, the room filled with smoke, so they suffered from the cold, rather than build a fire. On two or three different occasions they were poisoned and became dreadfully ill. But the Lord did not forsake them. Here Joseph Smith was given Section 121-122 and 123 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Though their suffering was terrible, this must have given them courage.

Their guards were noisy, foul mouthed and vulgar. One night they had listened until it was impossible to stand it any longer. Joseph rose to his feet and in a voice of thunder said: "Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ, I rebuke you, and command you to be still. I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk or you or I die this instant!!!"

After six long months of this kind of treatment they were transferred to Boone County. Just before they got there, the guard told them to go free. Visiting these places of early church history made these experiences very real to us.

Adam-Ondi-Ahman – After leaving Liberty we traveled 60 miles to a place the early settlers called "Spring Hill." the Lord called it Adam-Ondi-Ahman – *"The place where Adam shall come to visit his people, or the ancient of days shall set, as spoken by Daniel the Prophet."* It's near the location of the Garden of Eden, and according to our Mormon beliefs, this is where Adam will call his righteous sons and daughters and give them a blessing before presenting the work and kingdom to Jesus Christ.

This valley is surrounded by low rolling hills covered with thick trees, shrubs and vegetation. The bottom land seems to be very rich black loam soil much like the mountain soil here. At one place a bluff extends out into the valley and at a point about 100 feet over the river bottoms. A ridge runs out from the bluff over the river bottom, some two or three hundred yards.

The bluff terminates abruptly as it overlooks a considerable portion of the river bottom. On the brow of the hill we found the remains of an old stone altar. When first discovered by Joseph Smith, it measured about 16 feet long and 9 to 10 feet wide, its greatest extent running north and south. The height of the altar was 2 ½ feet; gradually rising higher at the center to between 4 and 5 feet high. But when we visited, all that remained was a mound of crumbling stones, mixed with soil and some reddish boulders.

It was at this altar, according to Joseph Smith's testimony, that the patriarchs associating with Adam, assembled to worship God. Here they had evening and morning prayers, the smoke of the burning sacrifices, ascending toward heaven—which symbolized the greater sacrifice to come. Here angels instructed them in heavenly truths.

The visit to this spot made a deep spiritual impression on me. I felt as if we were walking on sacred ground and couldn't help but offer up a silent prayer of gratitude to my God that I walked where He had once walked. I became so excited and eager to take pictures of this place that in changing the movie film in my camera, I replaced it upside down running it through backwards, thereby spoiling the pictures I had taken of Independence.

Nauvoo, the beautiful! How true these are words. If I closed my eyes, I could see again how that city must have looked when it was the largest city in Illinois. Each block had a home on every corner, squarely set off. It had beautiful wide streets.

Nauvoo slopes gently towards the Mississippi River which looks almost like a lake; it is so wide at this point. The homes are mostly of brick, constructed to stand permanently. Many are deserted but remain standing as monuments to those who founded our church. Rising above these houses stood the beautiful Nauvoo temple. However, it was not the will of God to leave it to be desecrated by mobs. Shortly after the Saints left Nauvoo, the temple was destroyed by fire. Today, not one stone stands upon another. We found a few steps -- the only part of the temple that remains today as many stones have been carried off to be used in other buildings. I picked one stone up to take home as a souvenir. We saw the old pump which had been used to pump water into the baptismal font.

Joseph Smith's home -- the Mansion House -- is owned by the Reorganized Church. Some of the lovely old houses are being acquired by the church and some by church members. The family of Parley P. Pratt recently purchased his house and no doubt it will soon be restored. The John Taylor home is owned by the church and is currently open for public inspection. The property on which the temple once stood was purchased by the church and missionaries live in the house adjoining it.

At the present time there are only a few hundred people living in Nauvoo. Some brought the blue cheese industry to the city finding that the cold, damp cellars constructed by the early settlers, are ideally suited for that industry.

Ripley in his "Believe it or Not" refers to Nauvoo as "the only city in the world surrounded by a river on three sides." Here we visited the graves of Joseph, Hyrum, and Emma, all interred in cement, free from the ravages of those who might seek to destroy or desecrate these graves. Here also we saw the foundation of the old store, where the first temple ordinances were performed before the temple was finished.

Carthage – Our next stop was at Carthage where we visited the Carthage jail. Missionaries were on hand to show us the building and explain the historic events. It was built in 1834 and the main floor was living quarters for the jailer. There was a small room at the back called a debtor's room. Upstairs we saw the jailer's bedroom with a cell room located in the rear.

The jail was built of lumber, hardwood—oak and butternut. This building served as a jail for over 25 years before Briant Peterson purchased it for \$1100. In 1866 he sold it to a Mr. Browning for \$1,500. In 1903 Mr. Browning sold it to Joseph F. Smith for \$4,000. It was here that the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum gave their lives and sealed their testimonies in blood.

On the 24th of June, the Prophet with the other men were coming to Carthage to give themselves up for trial. As Joseph passed the temple square in Nauvoo, he said, "This is the most beautiful place in the world, and the best people." Little did they know of the trials that awaited them. If you were looking at your home for the last time, I am sure you would have wanted to take a good look at it.

On the 26th these men were put in the upstairs bedroom. About midnight they heard a shot and Joseph said, "I'd love to see my family once more. Would to God I could see them once more." Then he turned to the brethren and asked, "Are you afraid to die?"



We saw the door where the bullet hole was. Seventy-five years ago, the block which contained the bullet hole was cut from the door. It was kept as a souvenir and just a few years ago was given back to the church. This piece of wood has been glued back in its proper place. We saw the blood stains on the floor. It is now encased in glass.

Kirtland, Ohio – We arrived at Kirtland about 11:00 A.M. on a dull rainy day. We had much difficulty during the morning of travel and had become lost in the middle of Cleveland. We planned to avoid the main part of the city, but someone had not followed our road map right. I was somewhat angry, and so were the rest of us until Mom Farley said, “We had better forget our ill feeling toward each other. We are in poor condition to visit the temple.”

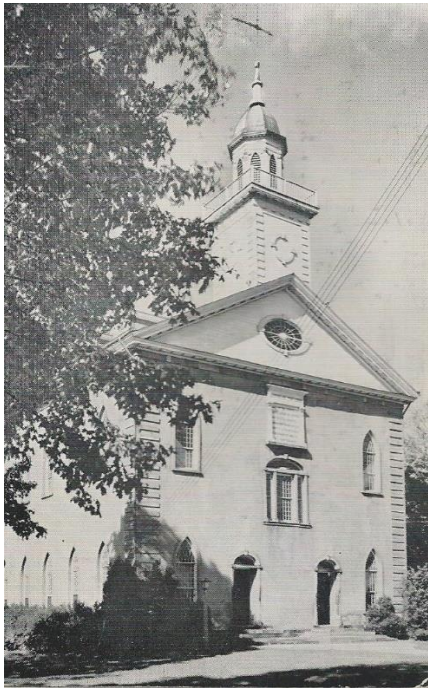
I had greatly anticipated this day. All of my life, even from the time I was a small child in Primary and through Sunday School and Seminary, I had heard of the Kirtland Temple and of the wonderful manifestations that had occurred there: of the visit of Christ, Moses, Elias and Elijah, and the many revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith; also, the first washings and anointings of the faithful Elders of the Church, and the great hardships and sacrifices the saints had to endure in order to build the House of the Lord. During more study while in the mission field, I vowed that “Someday, I shall visit the Kirtland Temple.” Now the day was here, and we had finally arrived.

Mom went over to a house nearby to inquire for a guide. I got out of the car with my camera in hopes of being able to take some pictures. It was raining hard. Oh, how disappointed I was, after waiting all these years, and now on the very day I was here it had to be raining, and I wouldn't be able to get any pictures.

I felt I must do something. I found a secluded spot down an embankment some 150 to 250 yards from the temple. This place was covered with trees and shrubs, and here I prayed: “Thanks, Father in Heaven, for allowing me this opportunity of being here, and for all my blessings; for your protection and care of my family, and all the things Thou has blessed me with. Please forgive me for being angry with my family and help me to free myself from this bad influence, so that I can enjoy the Spirit this day. I have so much wanted to visit Thy house here, and be able to feel just a small portion of Thy Spirit, which was at one time so manifest, and so greatly enjoyed by so many here at Thy Holy House.”

I prayed for what seemed to be a long time, and afterwards I felt much better. Now I felt humbled, and in a condition where I could enjoy visiting the temple. As I was returning toward the temple, the rains seemed to stop some, and I was able to take some pictures.

Mom had returned to the car and said, "The man will be over soon to show us through," the rest of the family got out of the car and went to the front of the Temple. The guide met us there and introduced himself as the custodian of the building, but as always, I immediately forgot his name.



He unlocked the door and led the way to the basement of the building. After seeing this and explaining some of the construction, we were taken to the main floor of the building. Many pew-like seats, the elevated altars or pulpits, and all the many interesting features were shown to us. We saw where the Priesthood had been seated, and where the choir had blended their beautiful voices.

The Melchizedek Priesthood had officiated at one end and the Aaronic at the other. Here they had been arranged according to the office they held. It was wonderful, and I was deeply touched. At the end where the Melchizedek Priesthood met were three elevated pulpits, and in front of them was a small white rope that forbade visitors entering.

I asked the man if I might enter there, as it has been my great desire to just place my hands on the pulpit, or just lean on the place where Christ had once stood. The man answered, "No, we don't allow visitors beyond the rope; that part of the temple is very sacred to us."

We were then taken to the second floor of the Temple, which is an exact duplicate of the main or ground floor. After viewing this for some time, he led us up the stairs to the 3rd floor, and showed us where they had held "the School of the Prophets," Joseph Smith's study, where he had received many of the important revelations of the Doctrine and Covenants, and also the room where the Seventies and Elders met. There they were doing some renovations and he gave me a few nails that were used in the original construction. In fact, I don't believe there was a place he didn't show us.

As we were coming down the stairs, I asked the man again about being admitted to the pulpits of the Melchizedek Priesthood on the main floor. He answered, "I am sorry, I cannot let you in there. I would like to, but I cannot."

We continued on down the stairway to the main floor. We again walked around through the main room, through the pews and between the seats. He showed us how they were constructed so you could shift them to be able to face either end of the room. The seats were in small box like pews about 3 ½ feet wide and 8 to 10 feet long, and the sides around them were about 3 feet high. Entrance was obtained through a little gate which opened into the aisle. Each pew would accommodate about six people.

After being shown everything and being taken everywhere in the Temple but the one place I most desired, I asked a third time if he couldn't please let me pass in beyond the rope to the pulpits. Again, he answered, "It is impossible for me to let you in there; that is reserved for the Presidency of our Church, and they are the only ones who are permitted there. Even they only go there on very special occasions."

Very reluctantly we left the main room and passed out to the foyer and the main entrance. Here we took some pictures and literature. I thanked the man for his time and his kindness for showing us the building.

I then went to the car which was parked some 25 yards from the building. Mom, Jess, and the children were leisurely talking and thanking the guide as I had done. They were leaving and he was locking the door of the temple. I was becoming impatient because of their slowness.

The Spirit Speaks - "Ask the man again!" came the whispering voice to my ears, "Ask the man again!" Why ask him, I silently answered to myself. I have already asked him three times. "Ask the man again," came the voice the third time, only this time it seemed to almost take control of my whole being, and almost against my will I found myself getting out of the car and retracing my steps back toward the temple. I passed the rest of the family as they were returning to the car and met the man on the steps near the entrance of the Temple.

"Sir, I am a High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood of the Mormon Church from Utah. It has been a burning desire of my heart to someday be permitted to place my hands and bow my head over the pulpit where Christ appeared in this holy temple. Will you not please grant me that privilege?"

He answered, "I recognize the authority of the priesthood which you hold. Come with me."

Unlocking the door, we proceeded quickly and silently back into the large and spacious room of the temple. At the far end, and near the approach to the elevated pulpits of the Melchizedek Priesthood, he let down the rope and opened the little swinging gate for my entrance into the passage between the pulpits. I placed my right hand on the pulpit, my left elbow also, and with my head bowed into my cup shaped left hand I offered up a very reverent prayer of thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven.

Never at any time in my life have I experienced the Spirit of the Lord to the extent that I did at this time. I was so overcome and overpowered that it seemed I was almost beyond all things of an earthly nature. I think I know somewhat of what the prophet experienced when he would write, or say, "being in the spirit."

I prayed for I know not how long, but when I obtained my natural self, I found that there were tears streaming from my eyes and dropping to the pulpit. They had run down my left arm, my left hand, and my entire face was wet with tears.

As I looked into the face of my dear Brother, I found that he too was experiencing the same kind of heavenly Spirit that I had enjoyed. His head was bowed, and the tears were falling from his eyes and dropping from his face in much the same way as they were from mine. We were indeed shedding tears of joy.

I slowly and very reverently descended the steps from the pulpits to the floor of the large room. I thanked my Brother again for his kindness and for his giving me the opportunity of enjoying the Spirit of our Lord to the greatest extent that I have ever done.

He answered, "Don't thank me; I had nothing to do with it. I was being led by a power I could not resist, nor did I want to resist. This experience means as much to me as it did to you." I placed my arms around my brother, and he did me, as we bade goodbye to each other. I silently passed out of the Holy Temple and to the car where the rest of my family were anxiously waiting.

Washington, D.C. – Our next point of interest was our nation's capital. After leaving Kirtland, Ohio, we entered Pennsylvania on the turnpike. This was our first experience on a toll road, one cent per mile. By using the turn pike whenever possible, we saved many miles and made better time.

We arrived at the capital city about 10:00 a.m. and obtained the service of a guide who immediately located us a place for us to stay. Later we found that we were again fortunate, for our guide turned out to be President Franklin D. Roosevelt's chauffeur. He was kind and courteous, and surely knew his way around the area. Our lodging was located about two blocks from the capitol building.

We visited all the important Federal buildings, saw the capitol, and attended the Senate chambers while they were in session. We saw our beloved Senator A.V. Watkins from Utah and our hometown speaking on the Senate floor.

We visited the large building where all the paper money is printed and watched them bailing it up like hay. All government bonds are printed there as well. A large fire kept burning where the old and damaged paper money is burned before it is replaced by the new currency.

We took an auto tour down to Arlington Cemetery, to Mt. Vernon, the home of President George Washington, and several other places of interest. While at the Cemetery we witnessed the Changing of the Guard at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. This guard has been kept up constantly since shortly after World War 1. From Mt. Vernon we returned to Washington D.C. by boat up the Potomac River. This was a very beautiful 90 minutes ride on a river boat.

New York City - We drove from Washington via the New Jersey Turnpike. When we came to within ten miles from the city, we could see tall skyscrapers, and began to wonder how we would ever be able to find our way around? We obtained lodging in Yonkers, at the end of the New York subway. This was our headquarters. We commuted into the city and visited places of interest via the subway. We took trips to visit the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, R.K.O. and to Coney Island. We enjoyed a boat trip out to Bedlow Island, where the Statue of Liberty stands. An inscription on the pedestal at the base of the statue reads: *"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breath free,*

the wretched refuse of your teeming shore, Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



Best of all as far as Corinne, Diane and Laraine were concerned, was the shopping in those huge stores. Grandma Farley bought each of the girls a new dress in one of the shops in the Empire State Building. It was fun just to walk up and down the streets of New York at night and to see the huge neon signs. What a place to live! it's fine for a visit, but I would rather have good old Lake View than the whole city of New York to live in.

The Sacred Grove – After several days in the big city we headed westward and north toward Palmyra. Nearly all the land around that area has been cleared except for trees in the Sacred Gove. Birds were singing, a woodpecker drummed in the tree tops, and a rabbit ran down the path ahead of us. The trees there grow upwards for over 100 feet straight into the sky. Between the taller trees there were little new ones just starting out.

In the center of the grove, we found a circle of very tall trees. We felt that this was the spot where Joseph fell to his knees to pray and had a remarkable vision. Early the next day, we returned to the Sacred Grove again. Birds were singing to welcome us and once again, we felt the a spirit of reverence that we had felt the previous day.

After leaving the Grove we went back to the Smith home. Missionaries living there took us through the house. Finally we stood in the bedroom where Joseph Smith had his vision, where the angel appeared to him three times in one night. Some of the furniture is the same that had been in the room when Joseph was a boy of fourteen.

It made us all so happy to be able to visit these places. Now these stories seem much more real to us for we have been there, and walked over the same ground that Joseph did when he was a boy.



The Hill Cumorah – As we neared Palmyra, there before our eyes, the statue of the angel Moroni rose on the hill, and along the side in beautiful schrubbery, the letters “Cumorah” was spelled out. The Bureau of information was located at the bottom and was patterned like the Nephite buildings. There were missionaries on hand to tell the story of Joseph Smith and this sacred location. A small replica of the Salt lake Temple which was made for the World’s Fair, was exhibited there.

Pictures hung all around the walls with the most prominent being one of David O. McKay and his counselors. We were told that a few weeks before we arrived, the Presiding Elder of the Reorganized Church from Australia had visited. The first thing that attracted his attention was the picture of David O. McKay. He said: “Tell me, who is that distinguished looking man? He looks like someone of great importance.” How proud they were to respond, “He is the President of the Mormon Church.”

We climbed the hill to the statues of angel Moroni following along the path through beautiful trees and schrubbery. Cumorah is not a high hill -- from north to south it extends quite a distance and then from east to west there is a gentle decline. The Angel Moroni is represented as a younger man than he appears in other pictures, with his right hand pointing toward heaven and his left hand holding the golden plates.

On the base of the statue there are four panels. On the west in base relief, Moroni is shown delivering the plates to Joseph. On the south panel, Joseph Smith is showing the plates to three witnesses. He shows the plates to the eight witnesses on the east side. These words are inscribed on the north panel: *“And when ye shall received these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, He will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the Power of the Holy Ghost.”*

We came back after dark to see the statue as it appears with the beautiful colored lighting. It can be seen for quite a distance and as you get closer the figure of Moroni looks as if he is standing in the air with light around it. They say that during the winter when the snow is falling, the heat from the light melts and snow immediately around the figure is left clear, and the snow has the appearance of falling upward.



The Hill Cumorah Pageant is held each year on the side of the hill. The Church owns the hill and land around it covering about 400 acres. We visited the Martin Harris farm which is about four miles out of town. We were able to secure our night's lodging there at his old homestead. A young married couple were living there at this time. They made our stay very enjoyable.

We visited the town of Palmyra the next day and saw the famous "four corner" where there is a different Christian Church on each corner. We also saw the building where the Book of Mormon was first published. In the cemetery we saw the grave of Alvin Smith, older brother of the Prophet Joseph.

Niagara Falls – After some shopping and a hearty meal in the city of Buffalo, we could hardly wait to see the Falls. They were majestic indeed. One cannot find words to express their magnitude. If we had all the water here in the West that tumbles over the falls, we could irrigate all the western states.

We viewed the falls from the U.S. side and took a footpath down at the bottom of the falls. After descending in an elevator down underneath, we made a visit to the Cave of the Winds. Before going down we were issued a complete change of clothing over which we put a big yellow rain coat and hat. After coming out of the Cave at the bottom of the falls we felt as though we were in a violent rain storm. A person can hardly see for the density of the water, fog and vapor.

We left the American side and passed over to the Canadian side of the falls. We stopped to take pictures and were soon on our way. Remaining on the Canadian side of the river and lakes, we made our way to Detroit, Michigan. We crossed under the Detroit River in a huge tube that accommodated four lanes of traffic, from Windsor on the Canadian side to Detroit, back in the U.S. We visited Greenfield Village at Detroit, and then journeyed on to Lansing, Michigan, where we were to pick up our new car.

The next morning we met Wes, Lavon, Kenny and Larry Collins in time to take a trip through the Oldsmobile plant before accepting delivery of the car. After the tour and checking all necessary paper work, we finally left Lansing about 4 p.m. I thought that we would never get through with all the red tape but we finally got the car released.

Our next excitement was crossing Lake Michigan from Muskegon to Sheboygan on the Wisconsin side of the lake. This boat had about 60 loaded railroad cars and around 15 automobiles. There was a full deck of passengers and resembled a trip on the ocean.

We crossed through Wisconsin and Minnesota into South Dakota. Here we enjoyed seeing the Black Hills. At Mt. Rushmore National Memorial we saw "the Shrine of Democracy." Faces of Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt, and Lincoln in stone. We arrived home on May 24th, 1954 - my 44th birthday.



Dean, Jess, LaVon with Mom Farley at the Black Hills of South Dakota

The trip for the entire family cost about \$1,000. The new car was \$3,200 which totaled nearly \$4,200. If there was a way of placing a value on this experience it would be far beyond this figure. That one experience in the Kirtland Temple was well worth more to me than the \$4,000. The Sunday after our return my family gave a program in sacrament meeting where we described our experiences. We received many wonderful comments. Alf Madsen said, "It was the best meeting in years." We were invited to speak to a ward in Springville, where we gave the same program.

During the early spring of 1955, I bought the land on the Sandhill from Sam Blake, 15 acres for \$7,000. This year and the following two years were spent in draining, leveling, and hauling off the rocks. The entire family spent many days in picking up rocks and loading them into the bed of a pickup truck. I think we must have harvested about 15 crops. Each time I went on the land with any kind of implement, up would come a new crop of rocks.

After spending 4 years and another \$3,000 for the drains, leveling and cement ditches, we now have a very productive piece of land. Last year we harvested about 3,000 bales of hay from the thirteen and one-half acres.