

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Family Trips:

Goblin Valley

&

Nauvoo

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THE TITLES AND ORGANIZATION OF THESE FILES ARE PRESERVED IN THE
ORDER THEY WERE FOUND

Journal

Trip to Goblin Valley

end in Spanish
by Shaun

Dear Joseph,

April, 25, '94

Well, Howdy! Your dad finally went south. Over the spring break we caravanned behind Willis south into the Utah desert. We took our tent. He took his tent. Jay A. came down from Ben's in Montana and rode with Willis, Jen, and their little family, 2 black pooches. Justin couldn't get away. I don't know just what kind of a camper, Megan is? She might be the kind that needs to have the summer home. I am sure it is more pleasant that way.

We drove about 3-4 hrs on Thursday. We left Provo around 9:30. We got to a junction to Green River then turned off and ended up at Goblin Valley. We put up our tents. Doug and his family went also taking a tent. Some slept in the back of his wagon. Guy started out with his sleeping bag on top of the wagon but the wind and rain in the middle of the night got him down and into the front seat of one of the cars. It was real windy, it shook the tent and kept some of us awake more than others.

After going on a long hike some of the kids, Tim, Kathy could about sleep thru anything. We took a portable table. We ate lots of snack foods. We had coolers so we had ice and kept milk for cereal in the morning. Your mom, I and Doug stayed behind on the first big hike. WE started out into the canyon but didn't make the climb thru the narrows. We waited while Willis and Jen took the rest around a loop route, up one canyon and back thru another. They didn't get back out until way after dark. They came the last ways, even a stretch with shallow water after dark. It was probably the hardest on Audrey. We kept the little black puppies on a leashes with us.

That night the wind blew a lot. The next day we went back and hiked up to where the water was so that some of them could see what it looked like in the daylight. I went along this time with Mom and Doug. Then we went over to the Goblin Valley state park. We had to pay for a permit to go in there. We got water and filled out water containers. They had restrooms, also. Then we went back after dark. It was moonlight and the kids played hide and seek among the Goblin rocks until nearly midnight. Jen was tired and couldn't run, so she stayed at the car. I did also and from the parking lot we could look out over the valley and hear the kids and see flashlights all over the place. There were several families down there with their kids. Also a van load of teen-age boys that were obnoxious with their loud yelling, and foul language which could be heard all over the valley. We even heard a father of one family finally call to some of them and tell them to shut up. After that they weren't so audible.

Our kids loved it. I'm sure you know that Shaun kept all of us entertained. He put on a mask that he brought from Spain and kept Doug in stitches every time he wore it. The puppies were awake early each morning and had the run of the camp, jumping on the sides of Willis's tent and bugging Jen inside. Also going from sleeping bag to sleeping bag. Jess jumped every time a nose touched the back of his neck. There had been cattle there earlier and there were plenty of buffalo chips laying around. Shaun put them on the fire since wood was scarce. The puppies loved chewing on them to Jen's dismay. Tim came up with a name for them, Dung

Tongue. We left that campsite early on Sat. a.m. and drove down to Hanksville and across the Capitol Reef monument. There we separated. I came home with Doug and Audrey. We stopped at Sterling and Louise stayed at Erma's. I came on home with Doug, Audrey, and Dawn. Jess had left his Toyota at Doug's. I drove home in it. It was so good to get a shower after all that wind and sand. We left three cars there. Willis and Jen's. They stayed in a campground. The Honda, and Prism.

When we got gas at Hanksville, the Prism took 5.6 gals and the Honda 6.7. The trip odometer was 250 miles. So that was good and now all we have to do is get all the sand out. They are filthy! I think we should take the Prism in and have it detailed it doesn't have a 1000 miles on it yet. Shaun said last night he would vacuum it out. It will need something under the hood also I think. Well the rest of them came home later. Guy and Jess drove on to Sterling on Sat. night so they could get a bath. The weather turned cool and windy. It never rained, although we saw lightning some times and it was partly cloudy. I can see why you don't want to be in a rock canyon when it rains. Well I told mom if you've seen one of these southern Utah canyons you've seen them all. I feel that way. It isn't too good on my sinuses to have the wind whipping dust all night long while you're trying to sleep in a tent, and fill your eyes during the day. I was a little uneasy while they were out hiking. And this after dark stuff, well one could easily stumble on a rock or slip climbing. That to me was a worry when they were out. What a maze of canyons! It would be so easy to get off in a box canyon and get lost. I said a box canyon, I guess I don't really mean a box since you should be able to turn around and go back out the way you came in. It's a canyon that goes off into a maze somewhere that you would want to worry about, I guess. Well I am a worrier, I guess. Mom is much more calm. She always thinks, Oh! it will be alright. They will be alright. That's a lot more relaxed.

A ranger talked to us while we were waiting at the Goblin Valley overlook. He told of a guy that camped in a draw in his Volvo and a thunder shower hit. A 4 foot wall of water came down and there was water up on the side of his car nearly to the middle of the hub caps. Someone offered to hook onto him with a winch. Oh, I think he tried to turn his car around and got stuck in the sand; then he said, No I'll dig it out. But another wall of water came along before he could get it dug out. He still refused help. The rangers got there. He still didn't want them to pull him out. He was there several days. He refused any food or help from other campers or them. The ranger said, I'll never forget the guy. He said, I have plenty of water and the ranger said his only food was bird seed and he refused any other. He referred to him as the weirdo in a Volvo with birdseed. It turned out that they had to have a wrecker finally come pull him. So on Sunday, Willis came on home. Shaun came in the Prism and Ruth and the girls came with him. Mom and Jess arrived in the Honda after dropping Guy off. They were home Sunday afternoon before dark. Justin came over for a while in the evening and we read your letter to them. We loved it, your flexing!

Joseph, thanks for the nice letter and the encouragement to

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the family members, especially. This Monday morning, the kids are still out of school on spring break. So some are not up yet. Ruth is up since she had softball practice. And Jess will have soccer practice too. In the late afternoon, Tim will have a soccer game. I'm going to get the cars cleaned and see if I can't get Jess to the scout office with his application for his eagle project. And Tim and I should be able to visit our home teaching families this afternoon, before his game. It's official now, he's my comp. and Willis and Jess are together as comps.

Grandma was fine. She goes with Erma to the shop and sits and reads. She seems to enjoy seeing people that come into the shop. I'm sure it is less boring than sitting home. We stopped there to see her. Mom stayed overnight. I got home before dark on Sat. Yesterday afternoon I turned the furnace on. It has been warm until the spring break.

I enjoyed reading Pres. Roundy's, Joseph & Moroni. I got up Sunday morning and didn't put it down until I was finished. It really has a lot of insight to the prophet Joseph's life. He has done a lot of research to put it together.

I have some questions about it. Do you know if he plans to publish it? I wondered if he started it before he got this mission call? And maybe he didn't get it finished, that is, proof read, copyrighted, etc. As I read thru it I observed quite a few grammatical, (I should say typographical) errors. I would want to be careful and not seem offensive to an author, but I would gladly circle any places that I find and return a copy to him to look over it that would be alright with him. BUT, I do not want to meddle in his affairs. I would only do so if he wanted my input on this. The copy you sent we love reading. I suppose it is not a finished copy and he probably intends to have it proof read. So I would be glad to do that and send a copy with notations to him if he felt alright about it.

Now, could you find out about it for me? Or would you prefer I write him a letter? Do all of the missionaries have access to this paper on Joseph Smith / Moroni? Can you get another copy? Would it be alright if I copied the one we have and make the notations of typing errors and send to Pres. Roundy? Let me know what the president thinks and if it would be okay with him that I do that. Tell him we enjoyed reading it. I know several people that would love to read it. Can I make a copy for some of our friends or family? Such as Grandma? If he does plan to publish it, I do not want to infringe on his rights as author and publisher by making up free copies. I have wondered if he planned to publish it and didn't get the time before he left on his mission. So he will probably publish it eventually, don't you think? Maybe you know. Let me know if you would prefer I write him and ask him directly or if I should just wait for your answers to these questions and then I'll do whatever you think I should about making a notation of the errors. Mom says most authors appreciate any proof reading people will do for them.

Well the family is up. Willis came and borrowed the lawn mower. The rest of us are up and have eaten breakfast. Justin is liking his job pretty good. He isn't converted to wearing gloves and so he's experiencing getting blisters. We had a couple of

wedding announcements in the mail. One was John Young's wife's daughter, Sarah. The other was Rachael South. On May 6th. I would have expected it to be Danny South before his sister, Rachael.

I'll send you a few clippings that might be of interest. The Crandall's left yesterday with a tour group thru Holland to Greece. Bp. Zirbes and his wife left just before the meeting ended since their plane left SLC at 4:00.

I know that having baptisms serves as a sort of payment for all the time you put in. It is the crowning reward for the work. Just keep working and doing your best, that's all the Lord expects. And you'll reap the blessings. Willis was sustained in our meeting yesterday as the scout committee chairman. He knew he was going to be on the committed but I'm sure he didn't know he would be the chairman. He wasn't present at the meeting. When I told him last night he was sort of surprised. I'll just pass along all my books, notes, etc. to him.

Joseph I love you. I will be looking forward to taking a little trip sometime in a couple of years from now to the north where there are more trees in the landscape. I'm proud of you and support you. I am praying your ability to express your testimony and feelings will come soon in Spanish. You do have the privilege of working among people that carry the blood of Israel. That is a blessing. You will no doubt meet some very humble people. And probably in more humble circumstances than many of the other people of Sacramento. Bye for now...Dad

I'm back. Mom drove the Prism. I drove the Honda. We went to a car wash in Orem. They washed and cleaned the inside. I had to have the guy get a rag and wipe the dust off the arm rests on the passenger side. He skipped them when he wiped. But I realize the cars were dirtier from all the sand and wind and dust than cars usually are. After it was over it sprinkled a bit on the way home. I had both gas tanks filled today. The Prism got about 45 mpg. the Honda about 31 mpg. Not bad. Hal Polson told mom to wash under the hood with a hose. She started to do this with the Honda and then I stopped her. Ruth had just driven in and the engine was hot. So she stopped. She said, she thought he had said to do it when it was cold. The first ways I drove it after that it seemed to miss a little occasionally.

It really does look like rain out there. Tim has a soccer game tonight. So I'll go. We were going to visit our widows tonight, but two of the cars are gone, so I guess we'll have to pick another evening this week. That shouldn't be too hard. Tim is out of school in time we could go in the afternoon perhaps. Bro. Nelson said Sunday at church that his legs hurt or ached. So we could visit him most any evening after his wife gets home.

Have you had time to read the paper on Joseph and Moroni by Pres. Roundy? It is really good. It has a lot of great things in it. Things that should make a person think seriously about their life and how they are living it. Shaun is gone with Scott Walters to Salem. I guess his family is moving back there from Orem and he is helping them move their things. Bro. Crandall brought the Sunday Herald to me and thought I might like to read an article about how the world looks at the Mormon's genealogy. So I'll send it on to you. Also there is a Church News article about the

temples of Utah, present and future. I'll send it along too.

Shaun is the assistant Blazer B teacher in primary. I think that means he teaches the classes on Sundays and the other leader may teach them during the week if they have some activities.

I don't know of anything to add right now. Willis will graduate on Friday at UVSC. Mom and I will go. Ruth and Shaun have their acceptance to fall to begin school. She was recommended and invited to be on the institute council there. I don't think she had contacted them yet. They had their initial meeting during spring break so she missed their social (dinner and meeting the other members). She can't believe girls like Sarah and Rachael are getting married all ready. I can't imagine Ruth jumping out of the nest for a few more years. I hope not.

Next month on Saturdays, Jess will be taking the driver improvement school from Phil Kresge. I may have Ruth take it and get the 5% discount on insurance. She seems to have stayed a careful driver. It might help her to be even more alert though and if so it would be worth the time. Well I am glad to hear you like the epistles. Remember, I do have a pair of new shoes for you. I think they will fit. They are triple E width. If I had thought in time I should have sent them with the girl that came to conference and brought your letter.

We are not going to Hawaii. That thing turned out to be a lot more expensive than it was advertised to be at first. So I think, Good, we can save our money and for that much, \$1000. we can buy a lot of gas and drive quite a ways at 40 + mpg. WE could see a lot of country. Sister Parcell asked me to give her a little write-up on you and your missionary work. So from your last letter I'll pass it along that you are baptizing in SAC. Love Dad
Dear Joseph,

We sure did enjoy your letter. We laughed and laughed about the spirit prompting you to flex. I am sure glad that you are in tune enough to be aware of prompting. We sure do enjoy your letters. You are a good letter writer. We had a lovely trip and we thought of you and realized that you would have enjoyed it too. Of course you would have like Idaho better but you would have liked it.

I got a lovely letter from Shirley. She say she has give her life to Jesus and she has so much more peace. Her letter really was nice. I am thankful for the good way you treated her. You are a Christian. I'm thankful to be your mother. I am going to sign off and go to be so I can go to work early in the morning. I know that Dad has told you all of the news. I sure love you. Love Mom

Joe Auto,

Is that yours? Que pares de fumar un momento. Tu hermana me esta contando experiencias de uno de tus antipasados, Milo Andrus. Vienes de gente de una gran fe. Me encanta aprender de los lideres de la iglesia, de los que han fallacido, y de los vivientes. Tenemos una gran bendicion al tener el Presidente Benson en la tierra todavia. Cuando estuve en el MTC, El Presidente Cline dio discursos que fueron poderosos. El decia que el poder que tenemos solo por el hecho de tener la presencia del profeta Benson en la

tierra todavia, es inapreciable.

Estoy perdido. No tengo ni idea de lo que quiero hacer con mi vida. Se que quiero vivir en abundancia, pero no se que tengo que hacer para empezar mi vida. Todo va flojo. No tengo muchas ganas para levantarme por la manana. Tengo que tener celo por la vida, pero es dificil de encontrar. Me siento que estoy perdiendo mucho del idioma que aprendi durante la mision. No quiero coregir los errores que sucedan, entonces, tienes que perdonarme por escribir mal, si sucede. No tengo mucha confianza en escribir ya. Me parece dificil y no pienso en espanol como antes. Gracias por la oportunidad de practicar el idioma. Entiendo que no me vas a poder entender ahora, aunque estas progresando. No tengas ilusion, El Senor quiere enseñarte algunas cosas durante tu tiempo en Su servicio. El te va a enseñar paciencia, paciencia con tu mismo en el aprendizaje del idioma. Tu tendras ganas de hablar perfectamente, y es posible que seras uno de los pocos misioneros que reciben tal don. Creo que todos participen en el don de lenguas. El don de lenguas te permite aprender un idioma, y de vez en cuando, hay manifestaciones del espiritu cuando gente que ni saben una lengua, son instrumentos para decir o hablar algo que no es conocido a la persona. Eso puede pasar a el que tiene fe y cuando hay una situacion que requiere tal experiencia, todo segun la voluntad y sabiduria del Senor. Para ti, sera dificil no poder hablar como quieres, y todo el dia, todos los dias y en todas las horas cuando estas despierto, la debilidad de no saber el idioma es constantemente ante ti como una gran piedra de tropiezo. Lo malo es que todos esperan mucho de ti, y te hacen creer que es normal hablar y entender despues de algunas semanas. Hogwash! No dudo que El Senor puede ayudarnos, y de hecho, nos esta ayudando siempre cuando le pedimos. El nos ayuda y nos escucha, y despues, tenemos que obrar y tener paciencia. La mente de los humanos es poderoso y no dudo tampoco en la habilidad que Dios nos dio para poder aprender, pero hay que entender que los frutos no vienen del arbol la misma semana de la cual el arbol fue plantado. Paciencia. El peso es grande, ves tu debilidad y te duele, esto es normal. Que no te desanimes. Que entiendas que la mision es grande y que hay un tiempo de preparacion. Haces una obra aunque no puedes hablar como un latino. Te das cuenta que cuando hablas (quizas lo poco que es) que todos te escuchan. Muchas de mis amistades son de mi primer area de la mision. No podia expresarme para nada, pero intente, y me amaron a me apreciaron.

Esta carta es una tonteria. Espero que no hayas dedecado mucho tiempo para leerla, pero es una ayuda. Te amamos. Tu padre tiene mucho amor para ti y dedica mucho tiempo para escribirte. Es increible la dedicacion que tiene. Y tu madre tambien te ama muchisimo.

Que te vayas bien hermano. Que tengas el espiritu siempre con un sentimiento de amor entre ti, y tus companeros

Nauvoo Family Trip

July 1994 Provo plans for Nauvoo trip

- preparations
- departures
- groups
- travel there
- arrival...getting together
- Adam-on-diahmon
- camp site
- Nauvoo
- visitor's center
- Nauvoo house
- touring
- people we met--knew- Merlin Jones fam. Jack Gordon, Wrights
- trip to Carthage
- Amish
- Mo.
- Liberty
- Independence
- vis. center
- #3.00 bill (Bill)
- visit RLDS
- leave...groups
- trip home...Kansas ..Denver..mts. clear streams, nice homes
- subdivisions in hills, develop. ski runs, mt. sheep, hot weather
- arrival..return.. things at home.. others return other

Nauvoo Trip

Written Aug./Sept 1994 Trip taken July 25-30 1994

Louise planned far in advance that we should visit Nauvoo this summer. She had talked with Ken and Colleen about it many times and Doug. At first it was determined that Ken could take his trailer and we could all ride in it. Doug and Audrey preferred to drive in their wagon. I, Bernie also agreed with them. I was skeptical about the legality of hauling people in a towed vehicle in some of the states through which we would be traveling.

Reservations were made at a campground just outside Nauvoo for 2 nights. The Nauvoo House was not available. However, after Louise had left for Idaho and from there to Nauvoo with Ken a phone call came. Jess took the call at home. The call from the RLDS visitor's center was: a cancellation had occurred and it was available for one night, two nights following our arrival in Jameson, Mo. next to Adam-ondi-Ahman. The next morning she was able to call and get that reservation. We cancelled the one at the campground for the second of two nights there.

Louise left in the Prism on Sunday, July 24th for Lava. Ruth Kathy, and Tim went with her, also Amber. Jess did not go. He was to start a job that week. He also preferred to remain here for activities with his friends. Dawn Andrus also remained at home and was working each day at a job...maybe two jobs, actually.

On Monday everyone was to leave. Shaun and I left with Doug and Audrey in their wagon a little after 8:30. We drove to Ogden and met Guy at Weber State U. football stadium where he was watching a competition of marching bands. None of the participants were over 17 years of age. There were several from Calif, Wash, Ore., Ariz. A Cal. band won it. It was near midnight when we left, up Weber Canyon and through Evanston, Wyo. We drove all night. Shaun changed over to drive around 1:30 am. He stayed with it until around 7:00 a.m. As Doug predicted, crossing Neb. is about the longest state in the U.S. We gassed up at Laramie. We followed directions written down from Louise taken from a phone call from her friend, Jean in Jameson, Mo. on how to get there. It was our first stop.

Louise left Lava early Monday morning. She traveled in caravan with Ken and his trailer through Wyo. & most of Neb. She was in Kim's van with Amber, Nicole, Jay

In his trailer Ken had one horse in the rear partitioned off from the front. He hauled it to northwestern Neb. where he had arranged to deliver it for sale. He did sell it as planned. After Ericson, NEB. Louise, Nicole, Amber, Kathy, Guy, Tim, and Brandon left for Jameson. Ken and family stayed there where they sold the horse for a few hours. All three vehicles arrived in Jameson that night.

As we drove through Wyo. I saw a couple of whitetail deer. also I saw one in Neb. We passed a place along the freeway on the opposite side from us with a large bronze statue of two large bull elk sparring. Just beyond it, Doug commented: I wonder where all this water came from. There was water standing in low spots in fields. Some had freshly cut gullies down the slopes thru the tilled soil. We also saw corn and I saw for the first time

Sorgums. Doug told me what it was. I thought it was maybe a second planting of corn because of an early failure due to weather. Some fields were soybeans. And I saw some potatoes.

(This is an insert into Bernie's account by Louise)

Ken's trailer and occupants plus Kim's Van and occupants stopped at Cabela's. It is an outfitters store at Sidney, Neb. It is where Bernie saw the large bronze statue of two bull elk fighting when they passed on the freeway. After looking around in the store some of us went back to the vehicles to get a sandwich. Before every one got finished eating, the wind blew the peanut butter jar lid and a package of bread off of the trailer wheel fender. Tonia ran after them. Then it started to rain and blow very hard. Ken and was still in the store. Colleen and most of the kids were in the trailer. A horse was tied in the back but there was bedding, food, and suit cases on the floor. There was a loft and people and bedding were on that second level. Jay and I and some of the kids were in the Van. The back of the vehicles were to the wind. We could see the rain pouring in torrents and sheets in front of us. I thought that we were parked in a good place. I was mistaken. The rain poured into the back of Ken's trailer. Colleen had gotten a tarp put up to protect the people and some of the bedding but the rain whipped in and filled the bottom of the trailer full of about 2-4 inches of manure water. Also a lot of the bedding got wet. The storm lasted for about 20-30 min. It cleared up and we went on along the trip. Later we stopped at a rest stop where Ken backed the trailer down an incline and let the gallons of water drain from the trailer. The weather was a little rainey after that. The kids talked to a trucker on our CB who said that a tornado had touched down at Kimble, Neb. which was not far from where we got in our big storm.

While Ken looked at horses at Erickson, Neb. the bedding was spread out to dry on the truck and trailer and it all got dry. (End of insert by Louise)

We arrived in Jameson after following maps and written instructions. Once in the town it wasn't too hard to locate the post office. It was an hour or so before dark. From there we found the street we were looking for and then the house with black shutters stood out fairly well among the others along the block of the little town. Then we saw the Idaho license plates on a van. It was Kim's van. It was the first time any of us had seen his van since he had recently traded his other van for this one. Jean was there with her friend, Hilda. They live together. A sign above their door reads: Adam-ondi-Ahman Crafts. Before his death a few months ago they both lived with her husband. Jean had gotten them into plural marriage several years ago and they had lived in Nevada, Montana, Arizona, and ended up in Jameson. He died of a heart attack.

Hilda inherited some money from her brother. With if she had bought another home a couple of blocks away. They took us there and dropped Guy off where some of the kids were staying. It was a nice three bedroom house. New carpet throughout, new roof, new plumbing, recently rewired to bring it up to code. It had a small basement where a single man lived and acted as a caretaker, rent free she emphasized. It sat on a little more than an acre lot.

Across the street which was the last street on that edge of town (running east and west) was a ten acre piece that went with it. Each had an old handpump well. There was a trailer house on the east end and adjoining it about 60 feet away a rather new looking colored metal farm building. It had been built for a shop. But they had it sectioned off so the east end was storage for a riding lawn mower and misc. junk. They had carpeted the rest and put up a podium and had folding chairs and used it for an assembly hall for meetings. The boys slept on the carpet in their sleeping bags. The rest was a nice pasture completely fenced with 5 wire barbed on mostly new posts. Behind the trailer there were remains of what had once been a house foundation of rock and the hand pump. It was grown up in trees. Lawn surrounded the buildings and came out to the edge of the gravel shoulder of the paved street. She rented the trailer to a bachelor for \$25.00 a month. The house we stayed in was used by them as a guest house. It was completely furnished. The city did not have a sewer system in place. Hilda is on the city council and told us that this improvement was now in the planning stages for the immediate future.

Meantime the old system is pretty poor. The septic system there has a drain into a holding slurry pond for the liquid once it separates from the solid. In the back yard in a small 10X10 inclosure fenced in and surrounded by tall weeds with diked sides was the pond. Well, all this she had purchased with \$35,000 of her inheritance from her brother. She had a large framed picture of him above the mantel in the front room.

After dropping Guy off with the other young people we were driven to Adam-on-di-Ahman. It was a short distance from the town. Along the way the farmland had front fences with posts painted white. There were two overlooks where one could walk along a path for a short distance and plaques were set up with historical information concerning the place. The valley below as bordered on the far side by the Grand River. It was a nice view even in the dark. We returned to the townsite by another road. We went back to Jean's and waited for Ken to arrive.

Finally, as Doug, Louise, and I sat in their front room we heard the diesel engine, looked out and saw the trailer with its lights. They had driven past the wrong direction from the main road. I went out but Ken had already turned around at the next corner after seeing the familiar license plates on Kim's van. Audrey had been tired and stayed at the guest house where she took a shower. She was the first one to hit the sack.

Ken and Colleen slept in the trailer with Kevin and some of the kids. We did eat well. A meal had already been prepared by Jean and Hilda and a table set in the guest house. We arrived a couple of hours later than they had expected. Louise had only arrived a short time before we arrived in the stationwagen.

Next morning we took a tour of Adam-on-di-Ahman. We learned that the church had bought up the surrounding farms. Over 3,500 acres. 11 missionary couples lived there. One house had apartments built in it. 3 couples were there. Also there were shops where they did mechanical work. Each house looked well painted and cared for. We passed 2 cars and four older ladies painting the white fence posts along the country road early in the

morning as we drove past. At one of the lookouts I ran back up the trail to catch a man on a tractor. He had been cutting the weeds along the roadside with a rotary mower behind a large tractor as we drove a mile or so back. When I heard the tractor come into the parking area and ran up maybe 150 yards to see him. Then Ken came up and we visited with him. He was the youngest of all assigned there. He had a young family and was there on a 2 yr. stint. His children attended the local school. It was all the grades in two buildings on the same premises on the edge of the little town. He said their children got along well in the school. The missionaries there do not proselyte, they just are caretakers over the land. The land down in the bottom is farmed on a lease by one farmer in the area. He manages all the crops and runs his cattle on the pastures as well. They just keep up the fences and other holdings.

It was interesting to listen to him. He was from Georgia. He had been laid off from a company that was downscaling their force. He left on an early retirement buy-out. His oldest son would be old enough in one more year to go on a mission. He had about another year left there. There are information plaques at various historical sites. These are all maintained by the work missionaries. At the sites there are trails and benches for tourists. The plantings there are devoted to wild flowers. They have been planted purposely with plants mostly indigenous to that area. There are whitetail deer, lots of birds, and we saw quite a few cottontail rabbits everywhere back there.

We spent some time reading the plaques as a group. It told of Joseph Smith being there. He had told the significance of various places. Adam had met there with his children. He had built an altar of course at one place. It was peaceful. The little town seemed peaceful. Just a quiet little hamlet. It had a couple of churches with steeples. We toured one. Hilda had a key and plays the organ for them. It had a kitchen in the rear. It had a belfry. When it rang, usually it meant a funeral.

They took us on a tour of places for sale. One old home had a new roof and some new wiring. Mom had in mind buying it. She had been told it was a good deal by Jean. But when we went into the basement sections of the foundation basement walls had actually collapsed. One was laying on the dirt floor. Not far away a new electric water heater sat also on the dirt floor. I really felt it would be a major job to replace the basement walls and some were shored up with wooden posts which seemed a little insecure. I really discouraged Louise from investing in it. The owner, an elderly gentleman came with a key and let us in.

We looked at other places and we were told of still others that would likely be coming up for sale in the near future by the simple reason that their occupants were quite elderly. One of the really nice homes in town was that of the pastor who had recently died. I said, you better buy the church. His widow has indicated she might sell. And really with the prices of real estate there being so depressed at this time, it would be a good buy at the average appraised price in that community.

Many of the farmers that sold to the church moved into town and most residents are elderly. Younger people leave such rural

communities and go to the cities for jobs and social life. Then we went on a tour of another house. It was on a corner lot just a block east of the guest house. It was a large lot with mature trees, many of them evergreens. It was two-story. It had had a balcony over the front door with a walkout from double doors on the upper level. It had a lovely old bannister going up stairs from just inside the front door. It needed a roof and some other fixing up. The lady that bought it had just purchased it a few days before. She bought it with a check she wrote out for \$5,000. after the elderly lady told her she needed about \$4,500 out of it. I really felt greedy! I would probably have told Louise to go ahead and buy it, had it not yet been sold. But for sure it is a good thing it was already taken. (for me)

Well, Jean figured it would cost a great deal to have a new roof and other work done it needed. The lady, a single lady who had a lot of money from insurance following the death of her husband, maybe a test pilot, had been in Peking, China studying some ancient medical healing thing that supposedly was prior to even acupuncture. She lives in Florida and happened to stumble onto this little town, came here, didn't really know why. Saw the sign on the front porch of Jean's house, Adam-on-di-Ahman Gift Shop; met Jean and Hilda, rides on her bike to Adam-on-di-Ahman where she sits and meditates, and feels an unusual uplift or spirit there. She feels she gets guidance from many things, even a rainbow led her to meet an Amish man. There are Amish a few miles away in another little community. He agreed to re-roof and repair the place for \$7,000 and Jean had supposed it would have cost \$30-35,000 to have it done. She had already removed a great deal of the furniture left by the old lady that had lived there for so many years. She had been to a local auction and bought some older period furniture and had them in the house. She was in the process of arranging some of these things when she took us on a tour of it.

Louise and I got up early one morning and rode around the area. We went north of the town and saw what appeared a vacant old house and run-down barn on a piece of farmland. It was within a mile of this lady's house on the road leading past her house out of town. There was a rise of ground here and one could see quite far in a panoramic view. All the countryside is green and lots of trees and foliage. One comment made by Shaun, was that you couldn't see out. Mostly there are rolling hills and so often you can't see out to view the horizon, thus limiting your view to the hillcrests next to you. I wondered all along the trip that farmsteads across the states we traveled had windbreaks of trees. So maybe if one did build on a hill with unobstructed vision they would want a windbreak. That may be an option there, I really don't know. But like Shaun I enjoy the wide open vistas.

Jean took Louise and me to see a couple of places that were for sale. We also toured the church where Hilda plays the organ. We drove out of town to the southwest also and saw an old abandoned house on a farm. No trees, no neighbors, just open farm land for several miles and maybe less than a mile from the church property and not over two miles to Adam-on-di-Ahman.

Next day following breakfast we all went out to see the historical sites. We walked down the trails to the overlooks and

read the bronze memorials. I mentioned earlier talking with a missionary that was driving a tractor and mowing the weeds and grass from the roadways to the monuments.

Amber decided she wanted to ride in her folks stationwagen so she took Kathy and Melanie with her. I rode in the trailer. Ken and Colleen drove. Louise rode in the trailer as did Shaun. It rattled a lot, on the gravel roads it was dusty. Guy rode in the van. He drove some, as did Nicole, Jay, and Shaun drove it some. They always followed the truck or the wagon. We drove across quite a few streams with wide bridges. The stream were always flowing slow brown water. Some rather large stream beds were dry. There was some water in the Grand River, it too was brown and only a small channel of water in a large streambed. We were told that the year before when there was so much flooding it had overflowed and covered the bottom land or valley at Adam-on-di-Ahman and right up near the trails at the look-out points. The irrigation pump houses in the fields had been inundated by the flooding.

We crossed the Missouri River. It was big. There was road construction. Actually a new bridge was being built and we had to detour over an old bridge. Then we came to the Mississippi River. Driving down along it toward Nauvoo, Ill there were such hordes of Mayflies that we had to roll the windows up. They were so thick that the roadside signs were obliterated. You couldn't read them. Even trees along side the highway were covered by layers of these flies, on one side. They were like a blizzard. White buildings along the way were covered on the upstream side. We came to the Breezwood campground just 5 miles outside of Nauvoo and pulled in. We had reservations there for the night. It was maybe 60 feet above the highway below and seemed to be out of the way of the Mayflies. That was fortunate for us. We ate here and bedded down. The boys slept in a small tent and the girls had a tent. Some like Jay slept in the open. We slept in the toe of the trailer on the upper deck. I didn't sleep much. I laid awake and listened to the snoring. After a long time the smaller boys, Drew and maybe Kevin joined into the rhythm of it. It seemed like a long night. After Ken unhooked from his trailer, I rode with him and Colleen to a nearby sign, Fresh Corn for sale. The fellow that ran the campground had some corn. He said be sure you ask for Illini Super Sweet. Don't let them sell you anything else. It is the best. However, the fellow selling the corn said he didn't have any of it. So we got what he had and he said he was picking off a field just past the fire station in Nauvoo if we wanted any more we could drive there and get it. The campground wasn't full so we were able to change to another spot which made it easier for Ken to back the trailer in and also we could get the other two vehicles past the trailer and able to be enclosed by trees into a more private enclosed area. After a quick breakfast the next morning we were on our way. Nauvoo was not far along the wide river bank. We saw tugs pulling or pushing barges. At the rivers bend there suddenly was Nauvoo. We went first to the Reorganized visitor's center, got our reservations and drove around just a little, then dropped the trailer off in the parking lot next to the Nauvoo House. It was occupied by a group of boy scouts, not very many in number. But a few were there to see all the girls in our group. We then went to

where rides were being given on small wagons with seats in rows so that about 20-25 people could ride. It had a canopy for shade; sides open. One wagon had a flat tire and someone had gone off to have it fixed at a service station. So the driver was there waiting and we saw the horses in the stable where he was harnessing them.

So we had to wait in line until another wagon with a group came back from their tour. Then we all got on. The driver, introduced himself, from Blackfoot, Idaho. He of course knew some of Colleen's family. Later after returning home I learned during a phone conversation with my brother, Al that he had known him at the I.F. Temple where they had worked together. Al knew he was driving teams there and asked immediately about him when I mentioned touring Nauvoo in a wagon.

We were told that they had previously used large draft horses. But they were so tall and big that kids especially could not reach to pet them and felt intimidated by their size. Also they take more feed and they aren't after all road horses. Someone had brought in some Haflingers. They are small draft horses from Germany. Some were blonde and some bays and duns. They seemed very gentle. I thought it was interesting that the driver using a buggy whip told a child that was particularly concerned that he would be mean if he used it on the team that he had it there to keep the flies off. And he offered it to the child to scare off a fly. It gives these drivers a chance to spin some good yarns as they drive along. They go along the streets past the old stores and historic homes. This area of Nauvoo is very open. The teams graze in adjoining pastures to the stable. There are fields of corn with circular irrigation wheels going. They said normally they don't irrigate much there. But it was a bit dry this year and since the wheels are in place they use them. The additional water of course is a benefit to the crops. The tour lasted 20-30 minutes. He took a little more time since Colleen was there I'm sure.

On the wagon ahead of us was Merlin Jones and his family. He was on a BYU tour that was returning from the pageant in Palmyra. We saw him at several places as we traveled. At the blacksmith shop we were too many for the seats available. I stood at the open doorway. Those on benches were watching a man who was going to proceed with a lecture. He started out by saying something to this effect. Is there anyone from Utah in the group. Well back in Utah you have to be careful where you sing. Don't sing on the john. They shoot John Singers in Utah.

Doug spoke up and said, I used to be his neighbor. Then the fellow looked at Doug sitting on the 2nd row. Are you an Andrus? Then he looked around and said his name. Ken was sitting on the back row. What did you say your name was? Gordon,? not Jack Gordon? Oh My word! The fellow took a closer look and said, Your Ken? You lost a lot of weight. That's why I didn't recognize you. Then Louise on the front row, said, Jack Gordon? And who are you? I'm Louise. Oh my goodness he exclaimed. Well he started to talk and he visited a little, then he called one of the missionaries over and said. You will have to take this. I can't do it. He pulled a handkerchief out and wiped his eyes. I was in the

doorway and as he stood outside during the lecture, I was able to talk with him. I learned he was from Provo. He had gone to Marion to spend a summer with Ivan Andrus, having been referred there by someone. He was a teenager with little to do and his family or bishop or someone wanted to get him away from town and his friends hoping that working on a farm would be good for him. He couldn't say enough good about how Ivan had taken him aside and told him he needed some good friends. He also gave him plenty to do. Long hours maybe helping with pea vines and hauling rocks. He said he never got to do any of the glamorous things like riding the range. But he felt that his life had turned around following that summer and he was very sentimental about it. He is now retired. He has a motor home. He said he probably will never live in another house. He and his wife have decided to just live in it. When they leave there they will just travel. Just go wherever it takes them.

After the lecture the family visited with him. He said to Tonia, "I held you the first day you came home from the hospital and your folks lived in a little green house out on the BYU farm and I don't know if I've seen your folks since, Have I Ken?"

Some of the kids got a small horse shoe that was fashioned out of some soft iron on the forge in the other half of the shop while they watched. The elder asked who had a birthday in Aug or July. and the one with the birthday closest to the day we were there got the shoe. It was Amber's birthday the next day so she got it. Milo went back again a couple of times until the horseshoe fell to him. His birthday was in just a few days.

Brandon drove the van around in Nauvoo quite a bit the first day. This sort of irritated Milo. He mentioned he shouldn't be driving. True. He had a license from Idaho for under 16 and daytime only. But Illinois would require a minimum age of 16. So Jay sort of took over after that. Some of the girls for some reason kept returning to the Nauvoo House. Check out time was at noon, so they just seemed to keep an almost constant check on the place. Once we took possession and put our things inside, ate a lunch and took the place over it was good-bye scouts. They must have left town.

Some of the blocks only have a few houses or buildings standing. Some are private residences and display signs to avoid tourists dropping in. The streets are laid out in squares and rectangles. It is very inviting. None of the everyday city traffic seems to come into this area. The present city itself is above on a hill. It had many old buildings dating back a long time. Some building stones have been used in other structures that remained from the quarry and the tumbled down temple.

The modern visitor's center is very inviting. I saw Mary Brown Firmage. She has another name now. She remarried after Ed Firmage died and with her present husband (Ralph Woodward) is serving there at an information desk. Her father was the late, Hugh B. Brown, a member of the Quorum of Twelve and of the first presidency. The tour of the temple grounds was interesting. The church has one of the Sunstones encased in a glass enclosure with climate control. It belongs to the state of Illinois and is on loan at the site. Another is in the Smithsonian Institute in Wash. D.C.

When Ruth was in Nauvoo two summers before they were in a restaurant in the old city above the temple site and a man told

them there was a man from Calif. just bought another one that had been privately owned. He paid over \$100,000 for it. This story has not been verified apparently since the information at the center indicates there are only the two known to be existence.

At the visitors center one can take an elevator and on the second floor there is one room with record books of the former inhabitants of Nauvoo. After looking up their names and giving a code number to one of the couple missionaries there they put it in the computer and receive information as to where they lived. In the case of some of the Knapps, Silas rented, rather than owned a home. I found where Bishop Jonathan H. Hale lived near the prophet and his mother near the Nauvoo House. I was surprised at how many Knapps were listed as residents. Some were children however and the records don't always differentiate them as children when just their names come up on the computer. There was one only that was in the Mormon Battalion, however, Albert.

We made it a point to find Bro. Earl Wright and his wife. They are assigned to one home which they take tours thru. He gave us the extra special tour when we came along. It was one of the most preserved of all the homes. There was a promise made in the early days that it would be protected and watched over. It belonged to Wilford Woodruff. It had especially thick walls.

In a house that Brigham Young lived in much of the woodwork looked like oak with beautiful wood grain showing. It was really pine and had been hand-painted to resemble oak. He was a specialist at this we were told. Yet there were oak posts and oak log homes with crude carved notches. There were stands of oak in the area apparently. But much of the wood used came down the river from camps in Wisconsin where members of the church had been sent to cut it. Some came as lumber on barges after being sawn there in mills. Many logs were rafted down the river. There were some mills in the Nauvoo area but none may have been well enough equipped at that time to turn the native rough oak into finished lumber. Bro. Wright agreed to this theory with me. But it did seem tedious to paint wood grain on all that furniture and door panels, and door jams. Some of the old buildings like the printing shop and some homes still have the original lumber on the upstairs floors. Many buildings that today stand on historical sites are replicas of the originals as much as possible. An interesting one is the brick foundry with its kilns where they make miniature bricks as souvenirs for today's tourists. They give one out per family.

I rode with Audrey one morning to the outskirts of town above the city to where there were two cemeteries. She looked thru many of the headstones hoping to find some familiar names to match some of her recent genealogy research. We found none. Many of the old ones have eroded away to where you couldn't read them.

Each year in SLC there is an audition held. Those picked for their singing voices spend several months in Nauvoo with a choir and this summer put on a presentation while we were there. One young man from Idaho was there. Since their presentations are held in the evenings day they are assigned to help the couple missionaries during the day. He had been taught to shape a miniature horseshoe from a piece of soft iron with the forge and a hammer and a few other simple tools. He was at the blacksmith shop

the day we were there. He was a returned missionary and was spending his summer there as one of many young members.

A pageant was presented this year also. It was nice. We went to see the first dress rehearsal. The next day they began putting it on for about a week, I believe. We hadn't planned to be there and so we saw the dress rehearsal which may have been about as good as the real thing. The fireworks were spectacular. The cast was made up of young people from throughout the midwest. They were housed there for the weeks required at a reasonable cost and some of their lodging was in dorms of a college and facilities of churches. They came among the audience before and after the presentation. We met a couple of them. One nice looking girl was starting college this fall. She was very friendly and enthused with what they were doing.

Nauvoo was very peaceful. One time while we were there I saw some teenage boys in a car careen up the street, passing all the other traffic but they disappeared into the business district. It was peaceful and quiet. We left our things laying out in the Nauvoo House as we were in and out site-seeing. Out of our group someone was always coming and going it seemed. There were three floors. The upper two had many bunkbeds about like a barracks. Each had a shower. The girls used one of these and the boys and couples used a section of it. A fully equipped kitchen on the ground floor made eating on the road a pleasure compared to the usual when you're camping out or touring.

The windows were mostly screened and many screens were filled with dead Mayflies. We didn't sit on the grass much. We were told the chiggers are awful in the midwest. No one enjoys just being out on the lawns there. Some people watching the out door show had plastic bags over their shoes and ankles. We didn't notice a problem. A few spread a blanket and sat on it. I kept my feet on the front rung on the folding chair. We watched from a slope of lawn above the set. I had a good sleep that night. We didn't see a lot of barges. I thought there would be many. From the Nauvoo House there is a nice view of the river from all the levels and outside as well. The prophet's home across the street is also prominent above the bend in the river. The Smith cemetery is in the yard surrounded by a wrought iron fence. There were a lot of long-legged water birds near the shore and some aquatic plants such as grow in shallow water. There was a small island out a ways and upstream. Also a lodged tree with roots sticking above the water quite a ways out into the river.

The temple is above the old city or the historic part where the buildings were that we toured. But the present city is above that. It has many old buildings. We looked thru one antique shop. It had many old toys and artifacts. I saw several kaleidoscopes, ones with two windows and double photos that make the image appear in three-D when viewed thru these windows as you hold it up to your face by a round handle on the bottom. They were less than \$50. I was surprised. But the photo cards were about \$4-5.00 each. They seemed expensive.

We had to check out of the Nauvoo House by noon. We ate first and then started out for Carthage. By the way, the corn wasn't all that good. I had one ear that was even bitter. It wasn't all bad,

however and most of the others seemed to really enjoy it. After we came home I bought some early corn in Springville, grown in Benjamin that was the GREATEST.

At Carthage we ran into Merlin Jones again. His tour guide told us they had unexpectedly arrived from N.Y. and it fell his lot to conduct it. Jones have a son a year younger than Tim that plays b.ball against Tim in most tourney's in Provo. It was an interesting tour. If there was blood stained on the floor it is gone now. But they point to a place where they said it used to be. The man taking our tour put down as a myth the idea that anything unordinary happened after the prophet fell to the ground after being shot. My mother had told me that a mobster attempted to mutilate the body and a heavenly intervention occurred against a man with a knife that foiled this attempt.

We traveled to Jameson again from there. We returned a different way in order to go thru some Amish country. We did not see much. We saw some buggies with slow moving vehicle signs on the back. A little town nearby had lots of shops with old items galore displayed along the sidewalks and store fronts. The big sidewalk sales were closed down by the time we got there which was nearly dark. The venders with trucks, trailers, whatever had covered their wares with canvas and closed for the day. It was nearly dark. The buggies we saw still had horses hitched to them but most all were pulled up into yards and off the streets or highway. It is an area of rolling hills and narrow winding highways. The next morning we should have gotten up early and driven back to that area to see them. This is one regret I have that being that close to them, we didn't see them.

At Hilda's guest house, she and Jean had Jello dishes and soda pop provided for our use. We again had a very good nights rest. The weather had been cool. Everywhere we went, people told us it was unseasonably cool. We appreciated that. I guess I couldn't really appreciate it as much as those that had been there two years earlier when it was muggy, hot and humid. Doug said it had been too bad to sleep at night.

The next morning I laid in bed awake for a while, then got up and with Louise drove out around a bit and looked over Hilda's 10 acres. At Nauvoo we had met Ken Foster and his wife. She was from Park City and had know Ken. She had been in Hong Kong on a mission when Louise was in Taiwan also. He told us he was from near Jameson. He was raised there. The big deal there to him and his family was that one of the largest corp. in the U.S. was sponsoring a high-tech hog raising project which would greatly help out the economy of that part of the state. Jean mentioned she was skeptical of it since she felt the big company would end up with all the profits and the small farmer would be taken advantage of. It will have the largest feed mixing plant in the U.S. when it is completed. It is presently giving work to a lot of people during the construction stage. We did see hogs on many of the farms that we passed along the highways. People there have the old problem of rural America where the younger generation migrates to the city and leaves the old folks on the farm, often to sell out as a last resort since none of the younger family members want to take over the struggle of eeking out a living in modern rural America on

a small farm.

We separated from Ken at Nauvoo. He went to see where Mark Twain grew up and also to St. Louie to see the arch. Some of our kids went with him.

We went to Liberty after spending the night back at Jameson at Hilda's guest house. We left and headed to Liberty.

We had a little hard time finding Liberty Jail. We drove thru an interesting old part of town on our way there. Some houses were very interesting...unusual architecture.

One in particular had a round turret style front of rock, and it had an outside deck running completely around the turret and along both sides of the house.

We drove on to Independence, Mo. We arrived just a while before Pres. Clinton was to speak at the Truman Library which we drove past, on our route. Soon we noticed police at every corner. They were cordoning off streets, preparing for the president's motorcade. Later at the visitors center we met a couple in a motorhome that got caught in the traffic tie-up and were delayed about 3 hours.

We first went to the LDS visitor's center. It was very nice and we saw a nice film. In the narration one of the stories inserted from various diaries was from an Elizabeth Hendricks that came there from Miss. and after having been driven out earlier from Ohio had had three years of the best life she could have imagined. Then the mobs again began to hassle the Mormons and her years of peacefulness vanished. She would be a direct descendant of my mother's mother, who was a Hendricks. As a small boy Joseph Smith Hendricks lived in Nauvoo. This may have been his mother. In another film we watched, a Stevenson was mentioned, he was an ancestor of Ivan Andrus' first wife, Stella.

We went to the Re-Organized visitor's center. Another large church there is on property that once belonged to the church. Now it is held by what formerly were Campbellites, but now using a common protestant name and the church bearing a cross on its steeple. Then we went to see the Re-organized Latter-day Saints temple. It was not completed when they visited here two years ago. The Reorganized church has its temple completed now. It has a spiral pointing heavenward. Inside it is like a tower. Some refer to it as a tower. It is not a temple. They go there to meditate. It has no font. They do not perform marriages in it. They use it for civic groups, concerts, etc. They have another building nearby where they hold their church meetings. They have an interesting visitor center. They have a copy on display of one of the early (first) editions of the B of M. but the copies currently sold in their bookstore are lacking many many verses and even chapters are missing, according to Tim.

Some of the questions the kids asked, Nicole, Ruth and others at the information desk were referred to an older man that appeared to be one you would expect to have some answers. He had little to offer. Concerning the women in their church now having the priesthood he said, Well, it's like women's suffrage. Women used to not be able to vote; now they can. A lady at the information desk said she was going to receive it the next day. She had been interviewed by her pastor and someone higher (like a stake officer

and passed on by a committee to be worthy. Later I thought we should have told her to have the person that did it give her his line of authority.

The girls asked if a woman could become the president of their church. Now that the present president has no sons, therefore by the line of direct descent thru lineage they would be at a dead-end. But they will get out of it by this popular ploy; they will decide and call it revelation. His answer was yes. They hardly mention the B of M. They mostly quote from the Bible.

It was mentioned to us that in their temple dedication the name of Joseph Smith was mentioned but once. Maybe it is just as well. Their D & C on sale was very small. Ken had hoped to see the death masks of Joseph and Hyrum. But we were told since it was Saturday, no one was there that would know or have access to their archives where they possibly could be stored.

The LDS visitors center there was very nice and we saw filmed presentations that were nice. We saw lady missionaries taking guided tours and conducting filmed presentations. On one of the lower levels couple missionaries were making handcrafted items, quilts, woven chair seats and backs. () There were pictures and artifacts on the walls. They had encased displays of books, photos, time period clothing, etc. Some old tools were on the walls. One pitchfork with 3 tines had arrow tips. It reminded me of the fork seen in pictures of the Devil and his fork. One fork was entirely of wood. The tines having been bent into shape as was done on chair back canes, etc. of that period.

We left there a little while before dark and made our way to the freeway. The van went with Ken and they were going to travel north and cross Nebraska. Ken thought it was closer and faster that way. Doug preferred to go via Denver. So Louise and I came with Doug and Audrey. The van went on to Lava following Ken.

We hit the freeway. It was the first time I had ever been on a toll-road. It was toll part way, near to Topeka from Kansas City. I thought a lot (as we drove along) of how my father had spent his mission in eastern Kansas. He used to comment that he knew Kansas better than his native state of Idaho. Having walked across parts of it many times. He used to tell us Kansas City, Mo. was bigger than Kansas City, Kansas. He served his mission at a time when elders traveled throughout the state relying on people taking them in, feeding them and giving them a bed. They slept in barns and other shelters given them. They would arrange ahead of time to meet at certain locations and cities. Then all the elders would come together there. Areas were referred to as conferences and the mission president, Samuel O. Bennion would often meet with them and give instructions, make transfers, etc. I can remember dad talking about being in Jay, Ks. I couldn't find it on our map. (Atlas) As it became dark the rolling hill country became less steep and there were lots of cattle grazing. There were lots of old windmills throughout the trip. Lots of trees dotted the landscape and when we passed some clusters or when there was a small hill along side the freeway making it darker than the horizon, I noticed the fireflies were quite numerous. I hadn't seen fireflies before. Finally everyone was tired and we pulled off for a few hours sleep; then headed on, arriving in Denver early on Sunday. We saw some

interesting things there. Just outside the city on a rocky hillside I saw at least a dozen small bighorn sheep grazing peacefully with no concern for the freeway traffic.

There were lots of new homes being built on the hillsides around Denver and as we traveled on past areas of ski resorts we saw homes going up on steep hills and hillsides high above the highway and valleys. One unusual designed home made us wonder if it belonged to a celebrity. Someone said they had heard that the singer, John Denver had a spectacular home somewhere in the area.

To me it was nice to see mountains again and clear running streams. That was very noticeable after having seen all the brown water in the streams in the east. There were remnants of old mines, lots of mines. Hillsides had been cleared of trees for the many ski runs. The evidence of resort style dwellings were everywhere. We stopped at a roadside place against a barren hillside backdrop and ate a little lunch. The storage tanks there for gasoline and other petroleum products had been painted to be cowboy scenes of wild horses running across the prairie.

Finally we could see on the map where we were coming to a junction. A freeway to Green River and on to Price, Utah. It seemed good to be getting closer to home and to me it was a great feeling. Doug drove this last part of the trip. The temp. light came on red. When he turned on the air conditioning it began to blow hot air. It never again worked right. Hot air only, maybe this was good in a way as it carried heat out of the engine and may have kept it from seriously overheating. But we were glad to get to his place without a more serious problem developing. We just rode with all the windows rolled down.

Upon our arrival, Heather and her boy friend came out to meet us. I had met him briefly at Grant Village in Yellowstone last year when I was there visiting Joseph. He had his hair cut now and looked real handsome. He was friendly and cordial as well and that's a different impression than I had the year before when he wore his hair long and may have been partly unshaven. I'm talking of unshaven; I didn't take a razor on this trip so I have a week's growth of scroungy looking scruff.

Doug let us drive to Provo in a little Pontiac that he had recently picked up so Guy could drive to work. It too heated up, but on the highway to our place it didn't have time to heat up that much. He had a switch installed under the dash to manually turn on a fan for the radiator. This type of fan became part of new engines when front wheel drive cars caused the engines to be placed sideways in the engine compartment. Since the crankshaft no longer faces the radiator an electric fan was added. We arrived home around 4:30 p.m. It was good to be home. The other family members came the next day. With Guy and Amber going to Idaho our Prism wouldn't hold everyone coming to Provo so Jay drove down in his car and brought a couple of the kids. Shaun, Ruth, Kathy, & Tim came in the Prism the next afternoon.

Jess had kept the yard watered. It was so hot here. This year in Utah a record has been set for the most days of 100 degree or more temperatures. Again, we were glad we'd had cool weather on most of our trip.