

LIFE of RAYMOND C. YOUNG

In 1903 a young father & mother moved with their baby to Bluewater from Fruitland. The mother's father lived there & became bishop there the next year. They soon were able to put up a log cabin about 20 feet square. Water was brought from a dam by horse & cart. Then in 1907, they had the money to dig a well. That was a convenience. Soon a windmill-pump was added, & they added a spigot on the water tank by the well. That was more convenient.

Life depended on neighbors. The ward was able to build a log meetinghouse, with the help of all the members. Also in 1908, a guest staying at the house had a sick horse, & stayed away from meetings Sunday to doctor it. He used hot coals to make sulphur smell & help his horse breathe better. But the coals caught the hay on fire, & Raymond tells what happened (This was three years before he was born, but he heard plenty about it): "A little girl, Josephine Tietjen, burst into the chapel through the front door & frantically called, "Uncle Sam, your barn is on fire!" Uncle Sam, who was counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency, quickly dismissed [the meeting] & the neighbors in attendance rushed out to help Uncle Sam try to save his barn. Wilford remembers he & Clara standing at the door of the chapel crying & watching the beloved barn go up in flames. The neighbors did everything they could -- like throwing buckets of water (from a nearby well) on it, & by hooking chains to the protruding ends of the logs & with a team of horses, pull them one at a time from the burning mass. But in spite of heroic efforts, the barn was totaled out. Fire can be exciting, but in our little town, with no fire department, fear overcame the excitement. Father loved animals, especially his horses & cows. He had added a barn to his property, made of logs hauled down from the nearby Zuni Mountains west of town. It was a heaven for his animals. Neighbors had told Mother, "Why don't you move out of your small house into your nice barn?" That barn was replaced, but it was of lumber, & not as good as the original, by any means. A fire I personally remember [It was later, when I was a teenager.] was this: One afternoon while we students were riding home from the Grant's Union High School, we saw smoke from what we thought was the Welcome Chapman home. The school bus carrying us home ignored its usual stops, & sped at top speed, careening around turns & [going] on toward the fire. On arrival at the Chapman home, we were partly relieved to find it was not the home, but the utility shed near it. The neighbors threw water on the home & kept it from catching fire, but the utility shed with its tools & food storage was a loss."

At the end of 1911, father left on a mission to Illinois, returning

by late 1913.

In the summer of 1915, Wilford made a pipe from the well to the house. Now you didn't have to go outside for water! What a convenience! That November, on a Saturday, the sixth, a third boy was born into the family -- Raymond. They gave him the middle name of Claridge due to an old agreement his father's father had made. He was blessed in meeting a month later. (His father was around, but another man did the blessing.) While Raymond was still a baby, his (maternal) grandfather had a fainting spell & was sick for a while after.

Wilford was in his late teens, & was a very useful worker, & did jobs for friends & relatives. At age 17 in the autumn of 1919, he went to Salt Lake City, stayed with a relative, & attended L.D.S. University. He was handsome, large, & tall, & had many girl friends. He eventually married one, Ada Asper, in 1928.

Meanwhile, Raymond was a normal two-year old. He loved the family dog. Really, it was a neighbor's mountain-lion-hunting type dog and that dog loved this baby boy. One day he let the dog guide him to the store, which was a long block away and around a corner. The main highway was at the same place, too. Raymond tells: "It was a rather dangerous thing to start out to do, but being a baby, I didn't know it was wrong. I just remember saying to the dog, "Let's go get some candy at the store!" And that's the last I remember, going down Nielsen's Lane, holding the dog's collar, thinking that I was going down to the store to get some candy. Oh well, my folks & my sister tell me that they soon missed me. They soon found the dog was gone, too. And so they got excited & they looked all over for me, & could not find me, & so they got the town aroused, & pretty soon the whole town was out, & everyone was looking all over the valley for me, little old Raymond, the baby. And they looked, & they looked all day long, & there was no sign of me anywhere; & the men on horseback were going up & down the valley & through the sagebrush -- excuse me, not sagebrush. We didn't have sagebrush in those New Mexico areas; we had rabbit brush, & it grew taller than sagebrush, & it could very easily hid a little boy & a dog. And there was an arroyo that went through the middle of the valley, & at times of storm, that arroyo was full of water. But this particular time, it was dry. Thank goodness for that, because late in the evening, a Mr. Brown, on a horse, came down the arroyo & there he found me, & the dog, in the sand in the arroyo, hidden by the arroyo, & above [us all], the tall rabbit brush. And somehow, he coaxed me to get on the horse with him. He took me back to my folks at the farmhouse, & the folks saw him coming with a baby, so they all gathered around, & there was rejoicing -- & not only because of the baby [coming] back home, & [that] he had been found & was safe, but because of a storm that was coming. Late in the afternoon the clouds had begun to roll in, & a

storm was approaching, & they could tell that rain was almost sure. And my mother was very, very worried because she feared that it would start running down the arroyo & possibly, if I were in it, I would be drowned. And so, that tragedy was averted, & I guess the storm did come, & I guess there was water in the arroyo, but I was safe at home, thanks to that Mr. Brown, & all that I said to my mother when she put out her arms to receive me down from the horse was, "Momma, I didn't want Mr. Brown to find me!" What a silly thing for me to say. We should be thankful to Mr. Brown for having rescued me from that narrow escape.

One Sunday when he was about five, Raymond returned from church & remarked that the ward members were thankful for him, by name! His folks knew nothing of this, & so he related the words he had heard: "Lord, we thank Thee for our food & raiment (Raymond)."

His mother raised the best garden in Bluewater. It provided a good portion of the family's food. Raymond spent many long hours working with his mother in the garden. He enjoyed every moment of it, for she made it fun. She shared with him the planning of the garden each year; that included ideas of whether they could sell some produce. His father taught him how to keep it clean from weeds. Their garden was so successful that folks came from Grants and Gallup, fifty miles northwest of us. They would take a "Sunday drive" out to Bluewater and buy vegetables from Mother. The little cash thus obtained was quite an important part of the family income.

They had chickens and pigs, which mainly Mother cared for. The chickens were a family industry. They sold the eggs, and many times supplied a fryer to the local market.

He was baptized at age eight & a half by a ward leader. He became a deacon on time; was a bit late becoming a teacher & a priest. He played clarinet in the high school band, & there were road trips & competitions. Raymond had opportunities to help with the city fireworks a time or two. He told his children later that the fireworks were fired from a mortar-like device. He knew about timing the fuses to make a good show.

While his big-big brother, Wilford, was large & tall, Raymond was lighter in weight, & short -- & being short bothered him. Also, at about age twelve, he fell from a tree & hurt his back.

At age 16, he ventured to Salt Lake City, as Wilford had. Since by then Wilford was settled there, & had married, Wilford's was where he stayed. He liked elevator rides. He says: "I grew up in that little country town of Bluewater (New Mexico) where we had very few modern conveniences. There was no electricity around when I was growing up, & the only electricity we had was lights that I arranged with a

battery -- at first with dry cell batteries, & later on with a storage battery. And the only electricity we had besides that, was radio, which was [also] operated by [its own] batteries, & I built radios & saved my money & bought batteries to operate the radios, & those were great days, & we had a lot of fun. Then I went to high school there, & at high school we had some conveniences with electricity -- electric stoves, electric heaters, & lights, & so forth, & all those things -- & a public address system on our stage. And so that brought me a little up-to-date in those times in 1932 & 1933. And in 1932 I came up to Salt Lake City to go to school, & I stayed with [your] (Uncle) Wilford & his wife, (Aunt) Ada. I say 'Uncle Wilford' -- he was my oldest brother. Well, in Bluewater & in Grants, where I went to school, even though electricity was beginning to be installed in those areas, we had no elevators, & no buildings higher than two stories. And so I came to Salt Lake City, & with great admiration I looked at the buildings, which were skyscrapers to me, but they weren't over 12 or 13 or 14 stories high; but every chance I got, I would ride the elevator. It was a thrill to be whisked upstairs & let down again so fast, without having to go up & down all those long flights of stairs of 12 or 13 stories. And I thought that was just great.

"One day, desiring an elevator ride, I went on a Saturday to (I think it was what we called the Walker Bank Building, on Second South & Main St.) [the building] & stepped into the elevator. By the way, I forgot to tell you that in those days they didn't have automatic elevators the way we do now. And you had no button that you pushed. There was a girl or a boy or a man operating the elevator, & he had a lever that he moved backwards & forward that took us up & took us down & stopped us at the right floor. Well, I said to the operator, which was a young man in his twenties -- I said, "Thirteenth floor, please!" And he said, "Huh? There's nobody up there." And he said, "All the offices are closed. Who did you want to see?" And I was embarrassed. I didn't want to tell him that I just came there to ride the elevator, because that cost electricity to take it up & bring it down again. I began to realize that [those facts], at that moment. I was about to pull my head down between my shoulders & into my shirt collar & sneak out of there, when I finally blurted out to him (& I was about to tell him a fib about somebody I wanted to see up there). And then I thought, "No, I'd better tell him the truth." So I said, "Well, I was raised in a little country town & I've just come to Salt Lake City, & we don't have elevators out there, & I wanted to ride the elevator." Well, it's a good thing I came clean with that man & told him what I wanted to do, because he then softened up & (his heart was softened, I should say) & he felt towards me with his heart, & he said, "On, all right, I'll take you up." And so he took me to the 13th floor, which was my lucky number now. And that was, I think, the top floor of the building. And he stopped the elevator there & got out with me & took me down the

corridor & around the left turn to the east. And there he said, "There is Second South which (The bank stood on the corner of Second South & Main St.) leads directly up to the U-shaped campus of the University of Utah. You can see that through this window at the end of this corridor." And I stood admiring at the scene & looking at the city between the university & the building where I was standing. Then he said, "I'll leave you here for a few minutes. You can look at that as long as you want to, & then you can go to the other windows of the corridor ([which] was long & turning) & look out those windows at the city all you want. And then when you are ready to come down, you ring the bell & I'll come up & get you." And so I did. I had a good sight-seeing trip, going up & down the corridor, peeking out whatever windows were available to look out over the city, & seeing all the mountains & the city & the valley & the university again. And then, when I'd had enough of that sight-seeing, I rang the bell, & up came the elevator, & the young man opened the door & let me in & took me down to the main floor, & I thanked him, & we shook hands, & we parted good friends. I think that the lesson that I learned there was to always tell the truth, & don't tell little white lies, because they don't pay off as well as the truth pays off -- & sometimes, they can even get you in trouble."

The purpose of coming to Salt Lake City was to go to a good high school. The Grants High School -- the closest to Bluewater, yet 40 miles away -- was OK, but a big-city school would offer more opportunities. However, only residents could attend city schools; so Wilford legally adopted his little brother. The loving care that mature girls exhibit made an impression on him, & that includes the instance when the youngest girl, Dorothy, helped him bandage his cut finger. He was helping Wilford chop firewood (They lived next door to the Aspers.) & he nicked his finger. He went inside to wash it. Dorothy was on the porch & she gave him some sympathy & some help. He fell for her, even though he wasn't as tall as she was.

He graduated from East High School in June of 1933, & returned home to Bluewater. The Asper women took their vacation the next summer (1934) in Bluewater. (Only the women went; Father Asper always had to be at work; the brother, Will, was married.) They supposed the warm springs in south-east New Mexico would help Mother Asper's health. In their visit at Bluewater, Raymond was pleased to find that Dorothy was still available; he thought they had forgotten all about him. That autumn they began a correspondence. He soon had a desire to go to Salt Lake. Mother Asper felt sorry for him & sent him the \$13.00 for a ticket to Salt Lake. Raymond had an idea about then. He rode south with his brother, Clifford, & a cousin, to New Mexico State University, & worked a short time at the dairy where Clifford worked. He joined the school band (with his clarinet), & went with them to the Sun Bowl Parade in El Paso, where the school team played on January 1st, 1936. In February, Clifford got Raymond

a half-price ticket to Los Angeles (That's \$6.00). There, he visited a famous radio school. He got a \$7.00 ticket on a small bus-car & went to Salt Lake. Dorothy was pleasantly surprised at his appearance -- he had grown to 6 ft. 2 inches. The Aspers invited him to stay with them. He did -- for two years. But a rumor started since he was there for so long, & not attached, so he boarded at a place a mile away from that time on. It had bedbugs; it had to be a cheap place. His job didn't pay much. It was a job at a body shop.

The dates they went on were mostly movie shows, which cost 10 cents each, & also pleasure rides in Raymond's car, Hepzibah, the Dodge Coupe he'd bought used for \$50.00. One time they got 15 cent malts at a Royal Dairy Ice Cream Parlor, & were served by Wilhelmina Chapman, one of Raymond's cousins from Bluewater. Some Sundays, they ate at the Grabeteria, where 50 cents would get you in, & you could eat as food came by on a belt. They once thought of eating at the Hotel Utah, but found out it was much too expensive for their budget. They attended only a few dances. One was a Gold & Green Ball, held at the Ambassador Hotel. Dorothy & a girl-friend went out to an M.I.A.-sponsored dinner early that evening, & then they met their dates at the Ball.

In 1936, the Asper women planned a summer vacation by bus to Chicago. Raymond did not want to let her go without knowing his intentions. They talked a while, sitting together on a wicker bench. Then he knelt in front of her, & the proposal was readily accepted. As he arose, his knee touched the light bench, & it tipped over backwards, with Dorothy in it. But money was the leading concern, or obstacle. Father Asper forbade the marriage until Raymond could earn enough for two to live on. He would need a job paying \$3.00 a day! He got a job shoveling coal, but his back would not allow that. Fixing washing machines at an appliance store didn't pay well. So he tried making & selling rubber door mats door-to-door, but demand was low, even though he also sold in the winter.

By now 1939 had come, &, as Raymond tells it, "My fiance' Dorothy Asper tearfully informed me, "I can't wait forever! We've known each other five years [& have been engaged for over two years]; maybe we had better call it off." I objected, No; never! Give me more time." She rightfully explained, "But that's the way it has been for years & years!" Those were the Depression years & jobs were hard to find. I had been looking for a job with enough pay so we could get married & have enough to live on. I had tried repairing & reconditioning washing machines for a little company, Bower's Home Appliances, but that only paid \$12.00 a week. Then I tried making rubber door mats out of old automobile tires & then selling them from door to door. That went well for a while, but there were many others selling rubber mats. Also, there was no wear-out to them & so there was no repeat business & soon we salesmen had the market filled up & every house

had a doormat or two, & the market for them disappeared. I tried selling magazines door-to-door, but with no success. I went to night school & learned to pound dents out of automobile fenders. But the number of unemployed body & fender men outnumbered the job opportunities by far, & the only job I could find was a small body & fender shop where several of us sat around hoping for a customer to come in & want his auto fenders or body straightened. There were so many of us waiting, that we only got to work once in a while, & we spent most of the time waiting, talking, & hoping. I could hardly get enough work to pay my room rent & buy a little bit of food. It was about this time that Dorothy & I had this very disturbing talk. She wasn't about to marry a man who could hardly provide for himself, let alone provide for a wife & the family that was sure to follow. I had to agree with her. She was being practical.

"After that date that evening & late at night, I drove in my old 1926 Dodge Coupe that I procured about the time I went into the rubber doormat business; I had to have it to transport my raw good (old tires) home & transport the finished goods (the rubber doormats) to the market to sell them door to door. I drove to the top of the avenues, which then was 11th Avenue. In the dark, I hiked & climbed to a nearby peak on the mountain north of the city. There was snow on the ground & it was cold. Because of the slipping & sliding on the snow it was a hard climb.

"When I reached the top I knelt down in the snow & poured out my heart to the Lord. I told Him I had climbed to this peak to show how much I needed His help & to show how much I was willing to sacrifice for His help & blessing. I told Him about my precious love affair that was about to collapse, & that all I needed was a good job, & that I knew that nothing was too hard for the Lord. I had been in the habit of paying tithing, but perhaps I was negligent about paying it sometimes because, like some others, I listened to, I had a greater need for other things at times & so justified myself saying I couldn't afford to pay tithing "right then". So while on my knees, reasoning with the Lord very humbly, I promised the Lord that if He would help me, I would pay a full tithing -- [of] every cent that was due the Lord I would pay it. I promised the Lord that I would keep track on paper of every cent I earned or received from anywhere; I would pay Him His share, one tenth. Even if I earned only a dime, I was determined to put aside the Lord's penny & save it & pay it with other money that might be due to the Lord.

"I was filled with assurance then, that everything would turn out all right, & I became so hopeful & confident that I asked the Lord to help me find a job the next day! That was impossible; really [impossible] in those depression years. But I had faith that the Lord could do anything.

"The next day I borrowed the want-ad section of the paper the Asper family subscribed to. I went first to a cheap barber shop & got my hair cut. It only cost me a quarter. I dressed my best & started calling on the businesses that advertised in the help-wanted ads. I walked the streets of the city answering the help-wanted ads without success. There was too much competition; too many of us unemployed asking for the same job. It seemed like the jobs always went to someone else. At the end of the day, I was tired & discouraged because I didn't find a job like I had hoped. But then, I was inspired that I should not be discouraged, not give up hope, because true faith never gives up. I was also impressed that it was right that I expected to find a job now -- the first try & the first day. It would be wrong to expect results some time, some day in the future. That would be a kind of procrastination & a procrastinator never tries hard, nor has determination, which is an important part of faith.

"So the next day I started job seeking in earnest again, expecting to find a job on the very call I was making right then [at the moment] & not being disappointed when I was not chosen & given the job. So it went on day after day. When I had answered all the ads in the paper that day, & had run down all the leads friends & relatives had given me, I would go back to the little body & fender shop & sit around waiting for a small fender repair job that might come in, & for the chance the boss might let me work on it. So it went, day after day, & I earned a little money -- just enough to supply my barest necessities. I believed that it was because I kept my promise to the Lord & paid my tithing on every dime I received; the Lord didn't make me rich, but He didn't let me go in want for the necessities of life. As I look back I can see that the Lord did, indeed, provide for me, but He let me want & need things just enough to make me try hard -- really try hard.

"A month went by, & still no job. On our next date together, I confessed to Dorothy that although I had tried hard, I was still unsuccessful. I asked her if she was ready to give me up now. You see, I had asked her to give me another month before she canceled our engagement, & now that month had gone by with no success. I was so relieved when she said she believed I was really doing my best now, & that if I kept it up, she had faith I would succeed. So I went back to job hunting & pounding fenders part-time as the opportunity came to me at the body shop.

"Now it is time to tell you about how my big brother, Wilford, figured in this story, & how the Lord inspired him in his efforts to help me. Every time he heard of a job opening, high or low, he would send me to that job. He would give me helpful instructions & usually give me a letter of recommendation. He worked on the Salt Lake City Police Force, & had worked up to be the Radio Dispatcher. Police

radio [in] those days was new, & to be put in charge of the Police Radio Two-way Communication was a great responsibility. One night while he was on duty at the Police Radio Station, a man came to the police station for help. He was the owner of a dry cleaning business, & one of his drivers had disappeared with his delivery truck, & the day's receipts he had collected on the route he was assigned to, & [also] with the clothes he had picked up during the day. Wilford helped the owner, Mr. Bird, by putting out a call on the air for all policemen to be on the lookout for a New Method Cleaners white panel truck with the firm's name painted on the sides of the truck. He probably gave assignments to certain officers patrolling the streets in their squad cars to look in certain places where they might possibly find such a vehicle. After a long time, & late at night, they found the truck in a parking lot in back of a gambling house. They found the driver inside the gambling den with alcohol on his breath. He had no money (the day's receipts) on him. He had gambled it all away. He explained how he took a social drink with some old friends. He felt happy; he felt high & confident. He went with them to the gambling place, & there he saw people winning money. It sure looked good to him. He thought to himself, "If I used a little of the company's money for a starter, I could pay back what I borrowed & take home my winnings to my little family, & they would be so happy with money to buy groceries & things. But on the first try, he didn't win; instead he lost the money he borrowed from the company's receipts. "Better luck next time," his friends encouraged him, so he borrowed some more of the company's money, so he could win the next game & pay back what he had borrowed. This went on all evening until the money was all gone. Now he was too ashamed to face his boss & tell him where he had been & what he did with the money. Also, if he went home, what could he tell his young, worried wife? She would be heartbroken. So there the police found him sweating it out, & very worried. He was really relieved that they had found him. The waiting was over, & he was glad to have someone to tell it all to, which he did. He told them about the wrong company he happened to socialize with, the drink he took just to be sociable & friendly, the temptation to get rich quick by gambling. He intended to win for his family's sake, but his good intentions didn't work out, & now he was in deep trouble.

"Meanwhile, back at the radio station, his employer, Mr. Bird, didn't press any charges against him, for mercy's sake, but vowed to get a dry cleaning salesman & driver he could depend on. "By the way," he asked Wilford, "do you know of anyone [I] could hire to replace that driver & take over that particular route?" Wilford jumped at the opportunity. "I sure do." he replied. "I have a young man in mind that would fit into that kind of job just right. He is a good worker, & you can depend on him." And so Wilford bragged me up & said he would have the young man there at 7:30 AM that morning, which was only a few hours away.

"I forgot how Wilford got word to me at my small, humble apartment I shared with a friend. We had no phone, but he got the word to me, & that morning I was at the New Method Cleaners at 7:30 AM. Mr. Bird looked at me & said, "You look very familiar; & then, after a moment of reflection, asked me, "Are you, by any chance, related to Wilford Young, the Police Radio Dispatcher?" I informed him that he was by brother. "Well, no wonder he bragged you up so much," he replied. "Perhaps he built me up too much," I apologized. "Maybe I will have a hard time living up to the high recommend[ation] that he gave you about me," I said modestly. "Oh, not necessarily," Mr. Bird replied. "I will give you a chance."

"So he took me into the dry cleaning plant area of the building & introduced me to the employees, & sent me out with a trusted, long-time employee, Jim Williams, who taught me on his route how to be a dry-cleaning salesman, soliciting & picking [up] clothes to be dry cleaned, & delivering them when finished. In just a day or two, I had my own truck & my own route (or area) & was hard at work. The pay was \$12.00 a week plus commissions on my dollar volume of business. I made \$18.00 the first week, & at depression prices, that was enough to get married. I hurried to tell my sweetheart, Dorothy, & together, we rejoiced, & then remembered to thank the Lord for His providential help, & for a big brother who helped me along the right way.

"That was April, & by September 2nd, 1939, Dorothy & I were married, & enjoyed a two-day honeymoon to Bear Lake on a Labor Day's weekend, Sunday & Monday, September 3rd & 4th. [The date was influenced by the limited time-off Raymond could get at his cleaning delivery job. Memorial Day was too soon; July 4th came on a Tuesday; they needed a Monday holiday to have a honeymoon.] Dorothy arranged with a past bishop (of one of the wards her family had lived in) to marry them in the temple. This bishop radiated love. Raymond & Dorothy sent out 100 invitations. They cost \$10.00 per hundred. Dorothy bought a new wedding dress for \$10.00. (She wore that dress again 39 years later for a fashion show in the ward where her daughter, Carol, lived.) They bought a large sheet cake for \$5.00 that would serve 90 people. And the reception was held in the Asper home. For the honeymoon, Dorothy knew that I would prefer not to take meat in the picnic lunch, so she made a potato salad.] We had a new (new to us) second-hand black [later it was robin-egg blue] 1936 Chevrolet two-door sedan [from Brother Brimhall, for \$395.00, which required some help from the Aspers] that we [were] able to buy on the installment plan, which we were able to pay out of our combined incomes. [The cabin at Bear Lake was at the resort-city of Lakota, on the northern tip of Bear Lake. It cost 50 cents a night. Raymond listened to the news on the car radio Monday (Labor Day) morning; this was the time when Germany used its 'Blitzkrieg', & invaded Poland, starting World War

II for Europe.] Dorothy was working at the Beehive Clothing Factory run by the Z.C.M.I. store. She made only \$10.00 or \$12.00 a week, but in those days, it was good pay. Thus, with the Lord's help, we started out on what has been a wonderful, happy, married life, filled with work & trials, but that developed our strength & the family we were blessed with has been the greatest happy experience that we could have enjoyed. [So] I learned now to have faith in & trust in the Lord. How to be diligent & industrious; i.e., how to sincerely try hard. I learned how to sacrifice. Paying an honest tithing was part of that. It is an investment (in the Lord) that pays dividends. ... I also learned how wonderful it was to belong to a good, supportive family, shown by Wilford's example of help."

And Raymond was indeed industrious, or, he didn't waste time. Beginning in November, 1938, things came fast: He went through the temple, started a stake mission, & got his Patriarchal Blessing, all in two months, & all that with Christmas festivities, too. Then came the ultimatum, the prayer, & in April, the job.

They had rented a house at 279 I St., on the west side of the street. (That's where they retired to after the wedding reception; the honeymoon at Bear Lake didn't begin until the next morning, Sunday.) The house had a garden space. But life's bumps didn't stop. Raymond got phlebitis -- blood clots in his legs. Dorothy nursed him well; it took weeks to get better. She borrowed a hotplate from her folks to make hot packs for his legs.

from a note of what Momma told me in the 1980's:

May 1940:

One morning Daddy (Raymond C. Young) got up to go to work, and he couldn't stand or put weight on his legs as he got up out of bed. His left leg was red and swollen. He stayed in bed all day. He worked at New Method Cleaners. Momma worked at the Z.C.M.I. clothing factory, making overalls. She stayed home and put hot packs on Daddy. This continued through the next night, and went on and on, both of them losing their jobs. After one month, the pain shifted to the other leg during one 24-hour period. The pain in the abdomen just then was greater than it had been in the leg. The next day it settled in his right leg. The hot pack treatment continued for another month on that leg, and the pain finally left. Then Daddy was able to go on crutches for a month.

But, there was no sick leave in jobs those days. They both lost their jobs. The bishop knows his ward members, & about the time Raymond was able to get around some, he came & offered Raymond the job of custodian at the meetinghouse. That was a blessing. However, they would have to move, to be near the meetinghouse, at 1st Ave. and "K" Street. They arranged to rent a back room from a Mrs. Baker, who

lived just north of the meetinghouse, at 77 "K" Street. The very front hallway of her house was a small store, which had mostly old candy to sell [as I remember it]. Mrs. Baker lived there & ran the store.

Raymond had a whole bunch of electrical equipment, & they together took some of it out through the door, & some out through the window. The equipment included a machine to wind coils. He had become good & patient & exact in that art. They got moved, and the custodial job worked out fine.

Yet, in his effort to improve his lot in life, Raymond found a company offering jobs in the radio tube field -- Eitel-McCullough. He was accepted in the spring of 1942, but there was a training session he would have to attend, & it was at their main plant, in San Bruno, California. [The Eitel-McCollough address near there in 1955 was 789 San Mateo Ave, San Mateo, CA.] Life was complicated in that they were expecting a baby in late June. He could take the May session, or an August session, they said. Dorothy understood that it would last only two weeks, so she advised Raymond to take the May session. In reality, though, it was an eight-week training, so he missed the birth, but sent a telegram of congratulations. The baby was blessed on the August Fast Sunday; by then Raymond had returned.

The rented rooms at 77 K St. were cool -- cold in the winter -- & Raymond was no longer custodian - getting on at Eimac - so he & Dorothy looked for a new place to live. Having a job enabled him to qualify to buy a house. There were a few possibilities, but Dorothy's mother spotted one on the corner of 1st Ave. & J St. This, they were able to buy. The price (1943) was \$4,250.00, & it was a corner lot. It was "kiddie-corner" from the school, & one block from the meetinghouse.

Another baby boy (Bob) joined the family at the end of 1945; a baby girl (Carol) came in May of 1949; A second girl (Sheri) came in early 1952. Raymond took a correspondence course in television repair in 1946. The climax of the course was to construct your own television set using parts & instructions the school sent. He was a Seventy, & they had ward movie nights, & missionary help, so he had little spare time; it took eighteen months to build the television set. It worked (likewise) for eighteen months, but he was able to see his brother, Wilford, on a fishing show, & it gave the boys a way to keep up on the adventures of "The Lone Ranger". He also took time to wrestle with the boys, &, later, to help them in exercises, ranging over the years from running around the block & other front-yard contests, to buying them (& himself) lifetime memberships in a weight-lifting club. Raymond took the time to take his sons on camping trips & hikes, showing them much of the lore necessary to survive. He also knew a good many wild-flowers by name. He showed the family that if

you grabbed a stinging nettle from under, near the stalk, you could handle it & not have your skin itch afterwards. Since his baby brother & his family lived in Provo, 50 miles away, there were regular get-togethers & joint trips.

The job at Eitel-McCollough (Eimac) was good. Raymond made friends easily, & gave some of them regular rides to work & back. Some paid a small sum for it; others were his good deed. In certain periods, Raymond chose to ride his bicycle to work; it was eight miles away. However, radio tube demand went down once the war was over, & in 1947, he was laid-off. He was able to get a job with Firestone at 3rd South & 2nd East. He worked in the parts department, & in the time he was not occupied with specific duties, he re-wound motor coils for Firestone appliances. Then, in January, 1949, Eimac re-opened its Salt Lake branch, & he went back there. The Firestone management were reluctant to lose him, & had him see the boss along with his boss. There they reminded Ray that Firestone was a large company, & would endure forever, while Eimac was small, & could easily be overcome by R.C.A., or Westinghouse. Besides, they said, "Here you work with the public, & that gives personal development; at Eimac it's all machines. But Daddy liked Eimac's five-day work week; Firestone had him working six, & bringing book-work home, too. He had a marvelous career at Eimac. But in 1957, his position was eliminated, & he then got a job with Sears, driving a washing-machine repair truck. About this time, Dorothy had a desire to help with the family income, too, & she got a job at the Bryant Jr. High School Cafeteria, & then in the bakery department at Farr Ice Cream, on South Temple, where she worked evenings -- after Raymond got home from his job, so the children were not neglected. Then, after six (?) years, Eimac hired Raymond back, & he resumed the former routine.

Daddy (Ray) had a broad knowledge of mechanisms and electricity. When the "vibrators" were popular for rubbing backs, instead of buying one, he got an old 1/8 horsepower induction motor, mounted offset weights on its shaft at each end, and mounted that on a wood board, and put a foam rubber padding on it, so it would feel good on your back. Daddy had figured the correct weight so that the motor didn't run at 1800 rpm, but at about 150 rpm, which was about what the vibrators did. The poor motor's bearings really suffered, and the little motor got hot after a while; you sometimes had to put a towel between it and your hand as you rubbed someone's back.

Ray also used an old tank-type vacuum cleaner and its old hose with a special (flat) nose for it. The nose slipped between the toilet seat and the toilet face. Another hose ran to the outside. This way, you could exhaust all the smell from a bowel movement.

He sometimes brought home equipment he could borrow overnight from Eimac. On time he wanted to calibrate our oven, so he brought home a

thermo-meter, a meter with a needle operated from a thermocouple junction. It was then that I (Ron) learned (for we investigated together) that a match burns at 550 to 600 degF, and a temperature of 450-500 turns wood black.

The 463rd Quorum of Seventies sent aid (food) packages to Germany & Japan after the war. Ray's of 1946 got to the family of Paul & Berta (& son, Dieter) Reimer. The Pioneer Centennial Celebration of 1947 had a pageant, "The Message of the Ages," set for May & June of 1947 had a chorus, which Ray sang in. The First Presidency had sent him a personal letter inviting him to participate in the pageant cast. (Letter & signatures preserved.) There were free days, & tickets given out so cast members' families could attend. At the end of May, they had two tickets for the coming week. They wanted the tickets to be well used, so they prayed about the matter. Then, Sunday afternoon, Emma Armstrong, who had fallen inactive, & hadn't been to see us for eighteen months, called at the door. Dorothy knew then who she should take to see the pageant. Ray readily volunteered to tend the boys.

He felt a strong responsibility to nurture his family. When he felt that work or church had taken excess time, he made an effort to spend time with his family the next day. One good way was to take a ride in the car, maybe stopping at Liberty Park, or a similar place. Sunday was a favorite day for these; however, some effort was made to shift them to Saturday, to better allow for Sabbath duties.

The little family all got the flu in the spring of '47. Dorothy was the last to feel sick & the first to feel better. She made a birthday dinner for her Mother for Sunday, May 5th. She cooked it Friday & Saturday. Eighteen family members attended; a nice way to keep the family in contact, Ray said.

Ray joined with Glen Watson & Ed Frost from work, & made "Inventors' Research Association of Utah" in 1947. They had an attorney help draft the rules of incorporation. In the same vein of inquiry, Ray liked new developments in religion, such as the discovery of "The Archo Volume", & Brother Stanley Bird's story, "The Regeneration of Man." Besides this, he assembled a washing machine for the family in the fall of 1948. This was along with taking a correspondence course of study on the new appliance called "Television". The course climax was to build your own TV from parts sent in the mail. The construction went slowly, due to other demands on his time, but he finished it in 1948, in time to see Wilford's appearance on a fishing show. Later, after we had a regular TV, he would observe, "the TV keeps the kids indoors."

In the early '50's, Raymond searched for ways to better his health. It was already acceptable, but he could feel an inward need for

improvement. His patriarchal blessing told him he should "study his health". It was easy for him to get constipated, & so he also liked to avoid overeating. He adopted the school of thought that the body feels tired -- not optimum -- because it accumulates poisons, & that fasting, or juice-fasting, was the way the body could eliminate the poisons. This was a worry to Dorothy; it later became a worry to Eimac, since he sometimes lacked energy on the job. In July 1951, he took Bobby, as a companion, & visited Hot Springs, New Mexico, for its healthful qualities. His father, Samuel, also liked the place, and went along. But Raymond's weight went low. He felt it was the loss of the poisons. Eimac had a medical doctor monitor his progress, & keep his weight from falling further (by not fasting so much). This was sufficient to keep things stable until retirement in 1980. His eating habits changed through the years; after the intense fasts at the first, such as at Hot Springs, his stomach gradually became averse to everyday food, & much of what he ate, from 1980 on, was of his own preparation, & in small quantities.

But in the 40s and 50s, some Sunday afternoons he took the family on Sunday drives, either in the canyons or to some interesting, or relaxing, place in town. This meant we occasionally skipped sacrament meeting. In 1958, he was chosen to be the Second Counselor to Bishop H. Lynn Vowles. This gave him responsibility for the 12 & 13-year-old boys in the ward. He knew how to befriend them; he organized them into gangs so that groups would include each other, & make even the left-out boys find it easy to come to meetings. The title of one of the gangs was "The 3rd Ave. Gang". This calling lasted about two years, ending with the call of a new bishop. Note: At his call, we, the children were a bit anxious about losing time with him. For his birthday later that year, we bought him a small book with the title, "Millions of Meetings."

In 1961, his first son left on a mission; the second son left on his early in 1965. The Woodbury Company (Real Estate) had been, for years, buying the properties on the block, & for a couple of years, 640 1st Ave. & one other, were hold-outs. In 1965, the company approached the family with renewed offers, & help in finding a new place to live. In good-faith, the family participated in this. In May, a house was found that seemed to be appropriate, or pleasing, to the family. Its price was about \$15,000; & although 640 1st Ave. was marketable at \$14,500, the company arranged an even trade of houses. The new address was 227 J St., where the old fire chief had once lived. Moving everything to the new place took a while; & Raymond even modified some of the kitchen plumbing in the move. The 1936 Chevrolet had been replaced in 1950 by a 1949 Ford, & that, by a 1956 Pontiac Station Wagon (in 1958), &, in 1961, the family car had become a 1956 Nash Rambler. Raymond had bought a second Rambler while at 640 1st Ave., & had stored it in the garage, for spare

parts. He decided to tow it to the junk yard during the move in 1965. The original Rambler survived until 1966, when it seemed appropriate to own a VW bus. (The boys worked at the VW parts department.) It was a sort of yellow & green, & had a powerful heater, which Raymond liked. That bus met its end when someone ran a stop sign at I St. as Raymond, Dorothy, & Kris (a third daughter) were turning from 2nd Ave onto I St. The next VW bus had many windows, but lacked the good heater. In his later years, Raymond chose to drive the small Toyota pick-up trucks.

Early in 1967, his first son married; in 1968 his first daughter followed suit. In 1970, the second son married, followed soon by the second daughter. The second daughter's marriages were not stable, & the upstairs apartment at 227 J St. housed her, or her & a husband, for years.

Raymond enjoyed retirement; he helped widows, did name extraction, & traveled by car to family members & relatives.

On Christmas Day of 1961, a third daughter had joined the family (Kris -- so named because of her birth date). She led a normal early life, but as the teen years approached, she became rebellious, & Raymond & Dorothy spent many nights staying up late, & even had court help in disciplining her. About 1987, she turned around & married in the temple, as most of the older children had done. But it did not last. She ended up living with, & then marrying, a man she liked.

Not long after, Raymond, who had been regular in exercise (graded to his age & his lack of weight), felt ill one evening. He took two aspirin (unlike his preference to avoid medication) & went to bed. That evening his spirit left his body. That morning it was March 14, 1992.

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July 2001

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING Raymond C. Young 6 January 1939 James H. Wallis

Brother Raymond C. Young:

In all humility before the Lord I place my hands upon thy head & in the authority I hold, I give unto thee thy Patriarchal blessing, & seal it upon thee, that it might be a joy unto thee, & a comfort & an encouragement to do the will of the Father. This blessing will be a tower of strength unto [you] as thou shall go through this life, meeting its varied experiences, its sorrows, trials, & afflictions, enabling thee to pass through every providence of the Lord without murmuring that thou might be more fully prepared to enter upon thy next estate. The Lord will bless thee, dear brother, abundantly, so

long as thou will continue thy faithfulness unto Him & serve Him in all humility. This blessing will always inspire thee with renewed diligence if thou shalt read it & study it with a prayerful heart, in the spirit in which it is given at this time. When thou art tempted by the adversary, as thou will be, to do things that are displeasing before our Heavenly Father, if thou will remember this blessing & its promises, thou will not forfeit them for the pleasures of this world.

Thou art choice before the Lord, for He knows thee & loves thee. He has protected thee from sin throughout thy life. He has given thy guardian angel a charge to go before thee, & to help thee to resist evil, that thou might again live with Him. Through obeying the promptings of the Holy Spirit, thy strength in the Gospel shall increase, & thy love for the truth shall enlarge thy soul.

Thou art worthy of this blessing, dear brother, not only because of thy faithfulness, but because of thy lineage, for thou art of Ephraim, the blessed son of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, & the blood of Israel flows through thy veins. Therefore thou art heir to the blessings & promises made to the Patriarchs of old. Live worthy of them, dear brother, that thou might enjoy them in their fullness.

Thou shall live an abundant life, because of thy uprightness & example, & thy righteous desires. Thou shalt be blessed & prospered in all the labors of thy hands. Thou shall be blessed with means sufficient to help establish the work of the Lord & to enjoy the necessities of life, & its comforts, & in feeding the poor & administering to the needy. Thou shalt enjoy visiting the homes of the sick, to encourage them & to help them & to administer to them in the power of the Priesthood, for thy faith shall be strong, & thou shall feel its effects when thou shall be called to lay thy hands upon those who are afflicted with sickness & disease. Through thy faith & thy prayers & thy perfect trust in the Lord, our Father will not withhold any needful blessing thou shall promise unto them.

The day will come, dear brother, when the Lord shall expect thee to select a companion as thy wife, that thou might fulfill the great commandment given our first parents, even to multiply & replenish the earth, that thou might have joy & rejoicing in thy posterity, which shall be numerous. Thou shalt enjoy thy associations with thy children, in teaching them the Gospel of Jesus Christ while in their younger years. As they grow into years they shall remember thy teachings with gladness & with rejoicing, because of the strength & protection it will give them against the powers of darkness. Thou shall have a choice companion given thee, dear brother, through the mercies of our Heavenly Father, whom thou shall take into the house of the Lord & be sealed to her there across the altar for time & for all eternity. Every blessing that thou shall desire in righteousness thou shalt receive, dear brother, for thy faithfulness.

The Lord has called thee into the missionary field at home, among His own people, among the friends of the Church. But the day is coming when thou shall be called into the nations of the earth to raise thy warning voice unto them, calling upon them to repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand. Many shall hear thy voice & thy testimony with gladness, & shall believe in the message thou shall declare unto them. Thou shall be one among the hunters & fishers whom the prophet of the Lord has declared shall gather Israel in these last days. Thou shall be blessed with means for this purpose, for thou shall receive sufficient help to answer this call when it comes. The missionary labors thou hast been called to do at home, & which thou art doing, is a preparatory work for greater service in the world. Be faithful, therefore, dear brother, to every responsibility; be humble & be sincere; ask the Lord for help in meeting every obligation placed upon thee by the Priesthood. Be faithful to the duties of every calling, for the day is coming when thou shall be called to fill great responsibilities connected with the work of the Lord. Remember this is the day of the redemption of Zion & the gathering of Israel from the four corners of the earth. Through thy experiences & wisdom & knowledge & understanding thou shalt be called to take an active part in the great movements that are taking place in the earth to bring about the righteous purposes of our Heavenly Father. These blessings are thine & shall be given unto thee, unless through thy unfaithfulness thou shalt forfeit them.

I seal every blessing upon thee, dear brother, that is for thy good, & for thy comfort & thy encouragement. I seal the blessings of life, health, & strength upon thee, that thou might run & not be faint, & be free of every physical impediment or condition that would destroy the usefulness in this life. Therefore, dear brother, study thy health, & keep those laws which have been revealed by our Heavenly Father for the care & protection of thy body.

I seal thee up against the temptations & vices of the world, & seal thee up unto eternal life, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, with thy wife & thy posterity, clothed with glory, immortality & eternal lives, to dwell in the Celestial kingdom of our Father forever. All of which I do for thy faithfulness in the authority I hold in the Holy Priesthood & in the name of Jesus Christ,

Amen