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Samuel C. Young came into this world on Tuesday, the 24th of April, 1877, in Orderville. His middle name, Claridge, was the surname of his father's good friend, Samuel Claridge. The friend had asked that, in return for a favor (filling a mission in his stead?), that he name a child after him. His father, John R. Young, liked the community spirit of Orderville. But in March, he had been notified that he was called to go to England on a mission. Two weeks after his boy, Sammie, was born, John left on that mission. So, when the time came, his mother, Tamar, took Sammie to testimony meeting, and he was blessed June 3rd by Howard O. Spencer.

Sammie enjoyed the closeness of the ward in Orderville. When he was two, a lot of relatives came by, although he was too young to remember.

The Orderville community dissipated as the 1880 decade rolled along. Sammie's father bought into the Wild Cat Ranch in the mountains, a long way from Orderville. The nearest village was Lyman; they had a cabin to stay in there. [Says he was baptized 1885 May in the Fremont River. But the Freemont River is miles and miles NE of Boulder Mtn & East of Lyman, which is near Loa. Could have been in the Muddy River, which flows into the Freemont at Hanksville & becomes Dirty Devil.] About 1888, Sammie's mother and her children lived in Huntington, where there were relatives. His mother had a baby boy on Christmas Day of 1889; they named his Daniel. He died before a month had passed.

The pressure from the U.S. marshals increased every year. By 1889 it was unbearable for John. So he moved Tamar's family to Mancos, in Colorado. That was in March. Sammie's older sister, Hattie, went with them. She had married Eugene Buchanan. There Hattie had her baby, a boy, at the end of March. But she got an infection and died two weeks later. Neither Eugene nor Sammie were there. John R. had them tend the family's sheep back at Boulder Mountain, the summer range, and it wasn't until June when he returned.

Hearing the news of his wife's death, Eugene high-tailed it for Mancos, to see about his baby. Sammie had turned 13, and he welcomed his father's help. The tent had beds for two. They were only a foot or so off the ground, and were made of wooden sticks, with just spruce boughs for a mattress. Such beds were standard, and they felt good and comfortable.

But in a week, a Mr. Snow came by wanting directions to another summer pasture where people from Ephraim were. Father John went with the man to show him the way. "It shouldn't take more than three days." But he didn't come back then. Dutiful Sammie took good care

of the sheep. His father had also told him to read the Book of Mormon. One afternoon he read from his pocket-sized copy of the Book of Mormon. The flock moved on; Sammie followed, finishing the lines at a chapter's end as he walked. His foot caught in some underbrush, and he fell in a patch of prickly pear cactus. He got a number of cactus needles in his left knee. He was able to remove some of them, but others were too deeply embedded in his knee. He made a poultice from pine sap, and used his dish rag for a bandage, and tied it on with his fishing line. Then he fashioned a cane from a quaking aspen stick. With the help of his dogs, the sheep were manageable. But, oh!, his knee hurt.

Two more days passed; no sign of Father. The knee swelled more, until the whole left leg was like a fat stump. One day, Sammie just could not stand the pain; the cane was no longer useful. So Sammie found other sticks like the first and made crutches. That was okay for a day. But then blood poisoning set in. The swollen knee turned black. A fever came on. Sammie could not get up.

For three days Sammie was bed-ridden. Only his dogs herded the sheep. He wondered how they were. He couldn't get up at all, not for food, nor for water. Three days he lay there. He was about dead. On the third night, he wondered: "Mother loves me; she will be heart-broken hearing of my death! She had lost her two latest little boys as babies, and now, with me dead! How could she take it -- Father would come back and find me dead, and ... " He felt his feet go cold. After that, he had no feeling from his waist down. No leg pain, ready to die.

Just then there was a light. Sammie saw the sheep and the dogs; they were bedded down. He saw the rings in the trees -- he could see through them! He could even see horses and cows miles away. Didn't the sheep and the dogs see the bright light? Sammie assumed then that he was in Paradise; he was dead.

But then fingers pulled the tent door flap back. Hattie, his sister came in, followed by a small boy, and a third person of full stature, who stood by the tent door. Sammie greeted his sister. She simply recited the words: "Now, Sammie, don't worry, but go to sleep and rest. You are all right, and nothing is going to happen to you. We are taking care of you. The sheep are all right, and will be all right. In the morning all will be well with you. You know me, and you know who this is, your baby brother. And this tall one is always with you -- you are never out of his sight. Now, go to sleep, and don't worry anymore." After a smile, she stepped out of the tent, and was gone.

All was dark again. Sammie pondered on what had happened. He began to worry anew, about his mother, whether he had died, and the sheep.

Was this all real?

Then the light came back; the three persons came in. Hattie chided him for worrying, and they left; the night returned. This time Sammie felt assured. He went right to sleep. In the morning, he arose and dressed, went out and checked on the sheep. His dogs greeted him with enthusiasm. Sammie cooked himself a big breakfast. He never felt better in his life!

After summer was over, the sheep were returned to their winter harbor. Sammie rejoined his mother and family at Mancos. But the family was still nervous about the marshals. Mother's parents had taken their family to Mexico, where it was safe -- the marshals had no power to come there. So Father John contemplated going there, too. Besides, he had heard that there was paying work there, building a railroad line. They loaded their two wagons and were off by December. They settled in Colonia Dublan, one of the towns refugee polygamists had set up.

The year 1891 was a good year. The railroad work was augmented by the colonists' wanting a better wagon road north. John R. and his boys took their assigned turn there. The people were nice, almost like in Orderville. Sammie got ordained a deacon at the end of April.

The railroad work lasted into 1892. The men stayed on the jobsite during the week, and some weekends, also. One Sunday in February, Sammie's father told him, "We don't work on Sundays, but we do need a little more food. Go with your gun and see if you can shoot us a deer. That will be good with our corn bread and gravy. Sammie liked that. He went up the mountain just north of the camp. It was high, and had a ridge on top leading west. Sammie thought as he hiked: "Mother told me the Book of Mormon is true; Father has also told me. If they know, why don't I?" Following the ridge, he sat on a log and faced south, watching for a deer. The same thoughts came back through his mind: If they know it, why don't I? How can I know? The next thought was: They have taught me to pray. I'll do that. Sammie got off the log, knelt down and offered a little prayer. He returned to his seat and his thoughts.

Just then a penetrating, bright light came. To his left he saw a man approaching. He walked about a foot above the ground. The grass swayed under his feet. Sammie felt nervous; he started to arise and leave. But the man spoke. His voice was calming to Sammie, and he sat down. The man had no beard. His hair had a glistening, yellow tint to it. It left his whole face open to view, and hung in ringlets to his shoulders. He had a nice robe on, and the sleeves came within three inches of his wrists. The robe extended to five inches above his ankles. He had no shoes. He stood and faced

Sammie, saying: "You have heard your mother and father say that the Book of Mormon is true. Do you believe them?" Upon Sammie's affirmative answer, the man added, "Do you believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord?" Sammie answered, "Yes, surely." Next: "Do you believe the Book of Mormon to be true?" Sammie replied, "Yes, you know it; I believe the Book of Mormon is true." At this, the man said, "Blessed art thou for believing these things in thy youth. I am the same that delivered the plates of the Nephite records to Joseph Smith, and he translated them by the gift and power of God, and the translation thereof is true and correct." He walked on to Sammie's right, and disappeared.

In a few weeks more, the job ended. So in March of 1892, the family took a vacation back to the States. Howard, May, and their baby, Mamie, came along. They crossed the border and went through the little village of Columbus, New Mexico. As they continued on, a rifle the family had loaded to hunt rabbits was hanging in a scabbard on the swaying bows of the wagon. It swung hard with the bumps. One swing brought its end hard against a board, and the gun fired. The ball passed through the big book John R. was reading, then shattered his left arm, passed through the fleshy part of seven-year-old Ray's upper leg, and passed through little 7-month-old Mamie's head. The ball lodged in mother May's breast. The rest of the trip to Deming was heart-breaking. It was the only place to get a doctor. Mamie, the baby, died within the hour. It was way past dark when they got to Deming. John R.'s arm had got infected, and he had to have his arm taken off in Deming. [opinion: the bleeding from a shattered arm could only be stopped by use of a tourniquet; it was left in place too long.]

Things looked bad for Father John. He was a cripple. He had two families to support. That August, he directed, or helped, Tamar and her children to settle in Fruitland, New Mexico. [Relatives ?]

These were years of drought. You were lucky to find any water in a journey from St. Johns (Arizona) to Fruitland. But John and Tamar knew how to converse with the Indians, and a boy Indian invited the family to use a small spring of water that only Indians knew of. That was great; you could get water and rest and have lunch. But other Indians were not so friendly. Sammie had just let each mule have a bucket of water, when one Indian swooped down on his pony and lashed a whip at Sammie. Sammie stood back, escaping the sting. The little Indian boy got hurt by the whip. Meanwhile, back at the wagon, three other Indians had taken advantage of John and Tamar. John was a cripple, Tamar was small and weak. Tommie was twelve and sick; Ray was seven. The three Indians ransacked the wagon. One Indian pushed Father over; another shoved Mother back against a wagon wheel. Another climbed into the wagon and went for the food. Tamar followed him up, and tried to pull him away. The Indian slapped her

hard in the face. That distraction put his gaze on a bottle with something red in it. (It was a quart of hard acid vinegar, concentrated.) He picked up the bottle, yelling "Whisky!" He pulled the cork out, raised it to his lips. Tamar knew the Indian would be dead in five minutes , which seemed morally wrong. To pull at his arm would be useless. She spied a board nearby, small enough to grasp, but stout. She swung at the Indian's nose. The bottle fell away in a flush of blood. The Indian lept down. His comrades made great fun of him; he had been bested by a little lady in a fair fight! That was that, but the Indians kept watching them as the traveled; they had to break camp one morning before sunrise to escape their watch. They finally got to Fruitland.

They got a farm there, but that was not enough to support the large family. The boys, Sammie included, took to odd jobs such as digging ditches, and freighting when they could. Sammie was made a teacher just before he turned 16.

By 1896, Sammie was well used to farm work. But a farm took a large amount of work. You worked all day long. Sammie, being the oldest, was best suited for the farm work. His two younger brothers were still too young to do much; and Father, with only one arm, could do little except give advice. But when Sammie put himself into it, did it extra well, no one noticed. He felt he was being used. Besides, whenever something went awry, everyone turned on him -- as if it were his fault! He felt like everyone was against him. He wasn't appriciated. Only his mother cared about him. No one else.

Now, he had read in the papers that there were mines in Colorado. You could actually dig up money. You could have a reward for your work. Real money, that you could spend -- buy things! If no one cared about him on the farm, well, he would go to Colorado. He was 19; he could do as he wanted. He carefully made a plan, one where the farm work would be caught up and he could leave unnoticed one day.

Before light one morning in early October, Sammie put his plan into action. He began cutting the hay, the last job before winter. Then he would be gone. But the mower, pulled by two horses, balked. He had to get a new knife bar guard-piece. He went to the house to get one. He went in the kitchen door; Mother had made the fire in the stove, but she was not there. He stepped to the storeroom door. He heard a small voice. Mother was talking to someone, softly, kneeling behind the counter in the store she ran. Sammie stopped to listen. He heard the words: "May Sammie disregard the unpleasant things which others may say to him. May I have influence with him to keep him with me that he may avoid the pits of sin that he otherwise may fall into." Sammie was astonished! How did his mother know of his plan? He surely had not told her.

Sammie went back to the mower. It could do without the guard-piece. He cried as he started the horses up again. The scene that morning was more than he could stand. Any thought of leaving home left him, for good.

Sammie had a good social life. In January of 1897, he was a Sunday dinner guest at a neighbor's, went to school during the week, and on Friday evening, he was the caller at a dance until 11. Then he ate some refreshments, and went home before midnight; the dance continued. (He also went to the next week's dance, and one time, he stayed past midnight.) His left leg acted up at times. Sammie attended school, even at his age. But there was a problem getting money to pay the teacher, so school soon stopped. In early February, his mother ("Ma") got sick, so Sammie helped run the house. He usually helped her in the mornings, anyway, especially on wash day. Then little brother, Tommy, got sick, but was better in a week. He did odd jobs in the neighborhood. One was digging out two cottonwood trees eighteen inches in diameter. The family farm had to be plowed before spring, and one week he plowed even though the snow was six inches deep. Howard Roberts, May's husband, got sick, and Sammie slept with him to help May care for him.

One place he liked for solitude and prayer was his family's stack yard. With wood and things stacked high, you couldn't easily be seen.

With the arrival of March, Sammie was a full-time farmer. He also planted 60 fruit trees for a neighbor, at four cents a tree. He also used his team to help build a levy. There were ditches to dig, too. One time he got to help stretch a cable across the nearby San Juan River; then it was used to "cross over" a few things.

In early May of 1897 Sammie freighted from Fruitland to Gallup. He took on a heavy load of boxed things in Gallup, and started back. The grass along the road had not begun to grow, as the winter had been a hard one. That meant the horses went a bit hungry, and could not travel as fast. Some miles before Uncle Tom's Wash, Sammie spied a thunderstorm in the distance. He knew that the "Wash" would be in flood. It was some time before Sammie got to the "Wash", so the ground was drying. He got down from the wagon and tested the ground. He found a path that seemed firm to cross the wash area. He got up on the wagon and drove along that path. Just as the team got to firm ground, the wagon sank. Up to the axles. What to do? Well, Sammie unhitched the horses and let them graze. Then he carried all the boxes to high ground. Next he took apart the wagon until just the wheels were left, there in the mud. Wheel by wheel, he got those out and onto high ground, where he put the wagon back together. Night fell before he could put the boxes back. But another wagon came

along the road in the dusk. It was a neighbor family. They camped together that night. In the morning, the neighbors had Sammie point out a way to cross the wash without getting into the muddy areas. They had some discussion about that, because the neighbor had dreamed that Sammie knew the right path. The neighbors followed Sammie's directions, but made a mistake, and one set of wheels had to be dug out. That done, the neighbors went on their way south. Sammie's way home was to the north. But there was his load of boxes on the ground. The neighbors had not even offered to help. Noon had passed before Sammie was loaded and on his way again. He had 55 miles yet to go. Before he had gone five miles, one of his horses got sick and died.

About that time, his mother had a feeling about him. She told his older brother, William, to get a rig and go find Sammie, because he was several days late from his trip. William did just that; after 45 miles in two days, he camped. The next morning he met Sammie; the two had camped within five miles of each other. William took part of the boxes, and the two got home happy.

That summer, it was all work -- farming, hauling lumber for the coal mine, then hauling coal. Stake conference meetings were held in Mancos, Colorado. If it rained, you just turned and went back home, and missed a day of conference. William went with Sammie to conference. There were plenty of good friends to stay with for a couple of days. On the return trip, they hauled a load of lumber. In June, he found time for recreation one Sunday afternoon. He and a friend found dates and took them riding. Sammie took Tena Tietjen. There was also a bit of time to play ball. In a game against the boys from Aztec, Sammie played first base. June 16th, a cry was raised -- Howard Roberts had been swept away in the river. They searched for days before finding his body. Four days later, Sammie and his father went for the body, brought it back, and dressed it for burial. Two weeks afterward, May had a visit from Howard, from the spirit world. He told May that he was called to do a specific job there. His sickness was supposed to have taken his life, but the folks had prayed hard for him to live. So, he was taken while he was in the river, instead. After telling her that, he hurried off, having to preside at a meeting in the spirit world.

Late June was full of hay harvesting. July 4th there was a celebration in Farmington, and a ball game -- again with the Aztecs. July 24th he and a friend took the Lamb sisters riding; no one had a saddle. The young ladies rode side-saddle -- for 25 miles!

All this time, for a year, Sammie had been corresponding with Clara Johnstun, of Ramah. He found opportunity to pay her a visit August 25th. He returned home, but arranged things so he could be in Ramah two weeks later. Sunday, September 12th, he went to Sunday School in

Ramah, and gave a short talk in sacrament meeting. The next day, the Fruitland boys played the Ramah boys a game of ball. Fruitland won, 29 to 2. Then, at 6:30 that evening, the bishop performed the marriage ceremony; Sam and Clara became husband and wife. At the reception, they were warned of mischief intended for the newly married couple, and Clara's sister showed them an unoccupied house to hide in. Sam and Clara then took their time getting to Fruitland. As was the custom, theh couple gave a dance; they received wedding presents. The next week, it rained hard when Sam was haying; he caught a cold. He still freighted, and worked -- too hard. He needed money for a trip to the temple. Sammie freighted to earn a little cash; then he was able to buy a wagon cover and some extra clothes. But on another freighting trip, his wagon caught fire (while he was watering the horses), and the tent cover was no more. So, finally, the couple just said, "Let's go, anyway!" It was 450 miles to Manti. Neighbors said they wouldn't make it in time -- winter was already on. By mid-November they had enough supplies to make a trip to the Manti Temple and be sealed. (They planned to go by wagon; a railroad ticket would have cost nearly $100 each, which no one had.)

After days on the road, the couple and their escort, Clara's father, reached Moab, and overnighted at the bishop's there. The traveled on the next day. It was Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. Sammie noted to himself that it was a terrible way to spend a Thanksgiving. The road was bad, with many unseen bumps because the snow was six inches deep. There were no trees, which meant no way to have a fire. And no fire meant no lunch or supper. And the next town was still days away.

But a mile east of the "road" Sammie spied a place where there was a kind of a cave, where there was no snow. What's more, by the cave was a cedar tree whose top was dead. Firewood! Sammie turned off, toward the place. Clara asked, "What are you doing, Sammie? The road is back there!" But Sammie knew what he was doing. Soon they had a merry fire going, the horses got to eat part of the hay that was stored in the wagon, Soon, Sammie had bread frying, and in another pan, bacon. They had a good supper, and a good night's rest, sheltered in the cave. In the morning they were again on their way.

When they got to the Grand River, there was a ferry to cross with. The usual charge for a wagon was 75 cents; the keeper, seeing it was a wedding party, let them on for 25 cents. Three days later they came to the Green River, which they crossed in the usual way, fording. Shortly they came to a farm. They stopped there, or camped, for it was Sunday, and a day of rest. (They also used the last of their cash to buy more hay for the team.) The next day, a snowstorm enveloped them. They had to stop; you couldn't see to travel. After three more days, they ran out of horse feed, and had to let their team find grass under the snow at night, in order to

survive. But then a wagon came from Orangeville. They had spare oats. Sammie promised to send them the money later on. Word got to Huntington that we were near. Sammie had many relatives there. They banded together and came on the road to welcome the group. It was only two days travel from there to Manti. They got there December 13th, and took two days' rest; Clara's father had relatives that they stayed with there. So Clara and Sammie were sealed on December 15th. Then Sammie did odd jobs for a neighbor's relative there, to earn money. His mother also sent $25 by mail. Christmas Eve the couple did one session in the temple, and started for home after lunch.

Brother Johnstun had a relative in the second town they went through; he stayed there. Sammie did some wagon repairs there, too. Then Sammie and Clara went on alone. At the next town, a kind man let them have some extra hay. They were on a different road home, so at the first river, they had to cross on the ice. You never know if the ice will hold. Sammie had the horses go over first. They just made it. Then he used a long rope to have the horses pull the wagon over separately. In three more days they were back at Huntington. Sammie's mother and father had arranged with the people there to supply them well. So the rest of their trip was apt to go well. Cousin Dow Young even came with them, on his own riding horse. The Green River had ice in it, and was too deep to ford. A man told them of a place that fording was still possible, bu it was 12 miles up the river. But that was their only choice. So they did that. But the river was iced over there. They crossed it as they had the other river. But the 12-mile jaunt up and down the Green River had taken two whole days. When they rejoined the road, they had spent two days' travel, and gained only one mile on their way home. But Moab was just 65 miles away, they would be there in maybe four days. Yet another snowstorm came upon them on the third day. Clara told Sammie she didn't feel well. She bedded down in ithe wagon and tried to get some sleep. They camped after dark. They were still 7 miles from Moab. Sammie and Dow went and gathered wood. They started a nice fire. Clara called from the wagon: "You've been gone an awful long time! Didn't you freeze to death? Sammie told her it had only been 15 minutes, and all was okay. Then Clara asked, "Where are the three men?" She said three men had come by two times while we were away. They had told her that her husband and cousin were lost and frozen, and she was alone. When she had doubted their word, they had laughed at her.

The night passed well. In the morning, there was more snow on the ground. The group went into Moab, got some more supplies, and started out for Monticello. Clara was still sick. Their intended road skirted Monticello by six miles. Clara thought of a couple of things she would like from there, so Dow went on his horse to get them and meet us down the road somewhere. But a little later, Clara said she wanted to go into Monticello herself; maybe resting there

would help her feel better. So Sammie directed the team that way. They stayed at the bishop's. Dow found them there. The good bishop gave the couple a nice bedroom, across from the bishop's master bedroom. Sammie had just got to sleep when Clara began jumping and raging. He got the bishop up, right away. The bishop came in, got hold of her, and rebuked the evil spirit. No effect. Clara still acted crazy. Then Sammie got hold of her, and the bishop put his hands on her head and repeated the command for the evil spirit to leave. Clara was then quiet. But she was exhausted.

Clara got a fever. The bishop had a goodly number of men with the priesthood come and bless her. But she stayed sick. The bishop then told Sammie, "You must prepare yourself; she is bound to die." The ward fasted that Sunday (it was January 16th), but to no avail. The good bishop sensed that Sammie was exercising faith to hold onto Clara's life. He told Sammie that he should relent, and allow Clara to die if it came to that. In sorrow, Sammie agreed. He went and held Clara's hand. In an hour, she was dead.

Sammie and Dow went on to Fruitland with Clara's remains in the wagon. Her funeral was held there on January 23rd. It was a cold day, so the services were brief.

In June, one day while Sammie was mowing the hay, one of the little Evans' girls ran to him in the field and asked him to go get two elders and come bless her mother. Sammie knew the lady. She had serious lung trouble; now she was dying. Sammie directed his team to the shed, put them on a wagon, and started off. He overtook Ira Hatch, now about 70 years old. He climbed in when the wagon paused. Soon two more elders were in the wagon. In no time at all they were at Sister Evans' house. Her men folk were all away working; a lady cousin of Sammie's was caring for her. That lady reported: "You are too late. She died five minutes ago." Ira Hatch came in the room and said, "Let us all kneel and pray." Brother Hatch then prayed in broken English; he knew the Indian language very well, and was still rusty in English. His prayer was quite short. Sammie then gave him the vail of oil he had, and Sister Evans was anointed. Brother Hatch then said, "Sammie, you seal the anointing." So he did. Sammie had just begun when he heard a voice above and behind him. Sammie simply repeated the words he heard the voice say. "... we command death to depart, and your health and strength to return, and you shall live to see your son return after having fulfilled a good mission." In a very short time, Sister Evans was breathing normally, and said, "I am so tired; but I do feel better. I will sleep some now." She was happy and healthy from then on. Her son came home from his mission in eight months, and she died two months after that.

But Sammie was still single, a widower. And that summer, he started courting all over again. Folks came to Fruitland each year for

fruit. One family from Bluewater attracted his attention. He noticed a lovely girl, Laura. They got acquainted. Lucky -- she had decided to stay a month with her married older sister, Annie, who lived in Fruitland. He found her family interesting; her father had preached to the Indians. Through the autumn and winter, they wrote letters, Sam stopped in Bluewater when his freighting allowed. One thing came to another, and when the next annual trip to Fruitland came, the courting had progressed enough that Sam and Laura made plans to marry. After the harvest was in, they traveled by team from Fruitland up to Santaquin (Utah). From there they rode a train to Salt Lake City. They were married in the temple there by John R. Winder, of the First Presidency, on October 10th (1899).

The couple lived with Laura's folks in Bluewater until the middle of Febrary (1900). Then they settled in Fruitland, where Sam could help with his family's farm, and have a piece for his own. But Fruitland is down on the banks of the [San Juan] River, which keeps the air moist and cool. Sam's health was poor due to that. On the evening of Independence Day of 1901 they were at home waiting for a baby boy to come, rather than go to fast meeting. As the people thronged the streets in the twilight after meeting, Laura gave birth to a nice, bouncing baby boy. They chose the name, Wilford, and added Thomas, for Sam's little brother.

After another year, Sam decided to try his luck in Bluewater. The air was dry there; that would help his health. Laura thought that was great; she would be near her family. It was a windy day in March when a little girl was born there. They chose to name her, Clara, after Samuel's wife that had died. Spring was in full swing three years later when another boy came their way -- Hubert. His other name was Samuel, after his father.

Farming brings in little money; Sam needed to work when the farm was slack. During the winter of 1907-1908, he logged for McDaniel Taylor's saw mill. That February, in dragging one felled tree to where it could be loaded, the two horses pulled in a spurt of energy. The logging chain broke. He fixed it with baling wire. That was good. He readied the logs he had cut and trimmed, and went back the 13 miles to the mill. He helped with the sawing for a day, and then returned to his logs the next day. The road down to the mill was on the side of a small canyon. The sun shone on it, so it was mostly free of ice and snow. But there was one spot of ice. As his rig passed it, the wheels slid a bit. Sam thought, Oh, they will stop when they hit the dirt. But Sam was soon flying. Something passed him in the air. It hit his hip, and oh! how it hurt! But the strike pushed his flight further away from the road. He landed on his hands and knees in the snow in the canyon bottom. He stood up, turned his head right and looked back to see where the wagon had landed. But then, Whack! Something hit the left of his head from behind; it

knocked him down in the snow. Sam crawled in the snow to the other side of the canyon. He was sure the wagon wouldn't get him there.

He looked back. His wagon and team were all in the proper order, except they were all upside-down. Sam went to the horses; their feet were in the air. He undid all the harness, and helped the first horse to its feet. (You hold the hind feet and twist, to get the upside-down horse on its side; then it can get up on its own.) There was his hat, under the horse. He then realized that the hard knock on his hip had propelled him out of the way of the wagon. It had been the horse that hit a glancing blow to the back of his head. That was what had moved him away from where the horse had fallen. The load of logs was still tightly in place, nicely. But it all needed to be right-side up. How could Sam do that? He was only one person. The big hook that secured the load was under everything, and the chain was too tight to move the hook, anyway. Well, he found the spot where he had repaired the chain two days before. The baling wire was easy to take apart. Then he took the whole wagon apart, set it up again, and used the horses to get the load of logs on it, one by one. After some time, he had the wagon and load and horses in order, and went on down to the mill. Sam mused: "Wasn't that a Godsend, that the chain broke and got that repair? It sure had saved the day!"

That was one adventure Sam had. Such was life. Wilford turned eight in July of 1909, but it was October before he was baptized. It was a bit chilly so Sam built a fire beside the stream in Bluewater Canyon, and then baptized his son. He confirmed him in meeting the next day, Sunday, October 10th.

Farming means livestock -- cows, sheep, etc. The cows had to be branded before they could graze with others in community herds. A month after Wilford's baptism, was branding time. There's a fire, branding irons, and excitement. Toddler Hubert joined the excitement. He wanted to help, but Father made sure he stayed clear of the fire. About 5 o'clock, Sam went in the house for a rag. Visitors were there. He took time to greet them. But soon there was a scream. Mother Laura ran out. Hubert's clothes were aflame! She burned her hands badly trying to put out the fire. But Hubert was burned awfully. He screamed and cried; he died in a few hours. Thereafter, Sam always lamented that he had left Hubert alone too long.

Before winter set in in 1910, Laura had another baby boy. He was named, Clifford. His other name was Ernest, in honor of Laura's father. Then, in the summer of 1912, Clara was baptized.

The week of Clifford's second birthday, the mail brought a surprise. A letter from "Box B" called Sam on a mission to the Northern States.

Laura would have to look after the farm. Wilford could do some chores -- he was almost twelve. But Laura had to use every spare minute to get things done, and take in extra work -- she had to support her husband financially. Those years were hard. Laura took in washing, and ironed clothes, and made and sold ice cream at church dances.

Sam dutifully started off by train in December, stopping in Salt Lake City to be set apart; J. Golden Kimball did that. The next day he did a temple session, and on the evening of Thursday, December 14th, he and a group of missionaries were on a train headed east. Sam was elected president of the missionary group. They got to Chicago Saturday. Sunday the 17th, there were church meetings. With some others, he toured Chicago; Thursday he was assigned to Galesburg (Illinois), with Elder J. W. Brasher as his companion. The main activity was tracting. The weather was very cold, 23 below one morning. He had tracted about a month before being invited in. At the end of January (1912) there was a district conference, a happy time for missionaries. It was in Peoria. Elder Young got assigned to Peoria with Elder Higbee as his companion. A friend invited the two to see a movie about the Mormons. Its title was, "Marriage or Death". When March came, Elder Young got a new companion, Elder Cochran. Elder Young happened to meet a lady who wanted to argue polygamy with him. Also, the elders sometimes toured factories, as a way to find people to teach. By May, Elder Young's companion was Elder Roundy.

Elder Young made ready friends. One man who ran a hat shop -- and those were important shops in those days -- told him that Brigham Young's prophecy about Governor Ford was fulfilled to the letter. Memorial Day was picnic day with a nearby branch. The end of June was mission conference with the mission president, German E. Ellsworth, in Bloomington. After conference, the elders did "country work". Elder Young went with Elder Carver. They walked out of town, tracted farmhouses, and toward evening, began to ask for a place to spend the night. And that was repeated each day, for a week, or maybe two. That meant walking 15 or 20 miles a day, with little food. On their second day out, the conductor on a stopped freight train invited the elders to ride with him on the top of a boxcar, to Peoria. From Peoria, the two started out again for the country. The second night, not having been invited into any farmhouse, they kept walking, in the dark. But it began to rain -- in quarter-size drops. The two knelt in prayer, and Elder Young explained to the Lord their predicament, and pleaded for mercy. And the rain stopped. Walking into a small town the next morning, Elder Young went to its post office to buy a stamp. The postal officer just didn't sell him a stamp. He said, "I have your mail right here." It consisted of letters from friends, a letter from Laura with $5 in it, and a newspaper. Elder Young never could fathom how his mail got to that

small town the very same day he did, for he had not planned on being there. And how could that clerk know who he was, anyway?

In the small town of Farmington, the two held a street meeting, and, since the sun had set, asked the manager of the City Hotel for a room for the night. The manager saw that they had no money, and he let them have a room for free. That means no profit, so the manager was a bit gruff about it. But the elders had a good night's sleep. The next morning before they started on their way, Elder Young wanted to thank that manager. Elder Carver said, why? Well, Elder Young just felt like it. As he thanked him, Elder Young handed him his card, noting that it had his name, the mission address, his home address, and the Articles of Faith. The manager looked it over, and asked, "Are you related to the old man?" The reply was: "Yes, he is my great uncle." The manager then heartily shook Elder Young's hand, saying, "If I had known that last night, you would have been treated much better! You see, my father helped drive your father out of Illinois, and I was brought up to hate any and all Mormons. When I let you have a room last night, my heart swelled up inside me, considering myself so generous! This is quite a coincidence!" Elder Young offered him a copy of the Book of Mormon. The man said, "Only if you autograph it." So it was done. In parting, the manager said, "If you ever come back this way, the hotel is open to you, and you'll get free meals, too!"

As summer ended, the elders gravitated to the cities. Elder Young tracted into a man in priestly robes -- but he sported a beard. Question: "If you are a priest, how can you have a beard?" The robed gentleman replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I am not a priest of the Catholic church; I am a cardinal." And they had a pleasant talk. The end of September brought another conference time. At the end of this one, Elder Young baptized a nice lady: Malinda Eveline Russell Kimler, who had been looking into the church for some time.

Elder Young liked trivia. On December 12th he noted: This is the last day for a hundred years that I can write the date as 12/12/12. Christmas Eve that year, 1912, was spent at a member's home, Sister Hastings. Elder McCune dressed up as Santa, and there were small gifts. A typical present was a piece of candy and a "Plan of Salvation" tract; that was the favorite tract then. Laura sent a money order -- but it was in the president's name, so Elder Young had to wait a week to get the cash. The lady missionaries, Sisters Osman and Anderson, saved Elder Young a dish of oysters; they had heard he liked oysters. Staying in the same room with three other elders has its perks. Some nights an elder talked in his sleep -- he was tracting. In his turn, another elder preached as if he were running a street meeting. After he was done, Elder Young could sleep.

Winter brings a chance of fires. There were two large factories that

burned down in January (1913). The elders gathered to watch. In mid-January, Elder Young sent his set of measurements to a place in Chicago, and in two weeks, he had a new suit. In February, he carried a five-year-old girl back to her home, and slipped and fell on the ice. The mission conference at the end of February got him a transfer to the South Illinois District. He went to Pinckneyville and worked with Elder Brasher again. He saw the "National Bridge" across the Mississippi River, and was amazed at its height, length and size. Large ships could go under it! In a cottage meeting, Elder Brasher announced the opening hymn, number 108, "High on the Mountain Top". Elder Young led the singing. His book flipped open, the last digit was "8", so he began singing and leading. But he had number 118, "Do What is Right". That was soon resolved. Such meetings were at the home of Frank Holtry, a friend of the church.

Near the end of April letters from home mentioned Elder Young's interest in a water project at Bluewater, and his relatiives helping on that project suggested that they ought to get his share, since he wasn't there to help. But his father, John R., 70 years old and only one arm, had run a scraper and had done his share for him. And Laura, herself, had plowed the field at their home farm for planting. Elder Young was free to stay on his mission. In June, Elder Young began working with Elder Asay. There were times when Elder Young's prayers and blessings brought healing. The Fourth of July celebration in those parts not only included skyrockets, but races. Elder Young watched one race where a motorcycle was clocked at 95 mph.

In August, the two elders were targets of the ire of three men and a lady. It happened near the edge of town. To escape, Elder Young ran on the dirt road leading away from town. The four soon hopped in their Ford and gave chase. Elder Young came to a fork in the road. He figured that they would think he went one way, so he took the other way, and hid off the road a piece. That worked. Near the end of August, Elder Young baptized a young brother and his sister. He felt to prophesy their futures. He said that the girl would grow up and be a beauty; a man would court her, promising many things, but with evil intentions; but she would be saved. This was fulfilled: She did have a serious romance, and at the critical time, her family (and she) moved across the state, ending the danger. As for the boy, he had a speech defect. Elder Young prophesied that he would grow up and lose the defect, and become a very able missionary. That was so. Among the friends that Elder Young acquired was the Whitlatch couple. The atagonists were real, also. A nice lady who liked the church had a husband who was adamant against it. He was very antagonistic. The elders disliked his outbursts; the lady was often embarrassed. It was a definite problem. So the lady prayed that he might stop his railing. Within a month, the man was hit with a sort of stroke, so that he could not speak, and had difficulty moving around. Also,

Elder Young (and his companion) preached at a German home where German people liked to gather on Sunday and have religion taught. Those people knew English, so it went well. But one week a man fresh from Germany came to the meeting. He knew no English at all. He liked being able to converse with those folks in German. When Elder Young began the meeting, the man sat back and enjoyed the speech. After meeting, he congratulated Elder Young on his excellent German. Elder Young countered that he had spoken in English. But the man insisted that he had understood every word -- in German.

Much of Elder Young's time was spent looking up "lost" members. Due to odd circumstances, he did this many times alone. One time a man strode over to Elder Young on the street, and said, "I need to tell you how to get to Joe Hubbs' house." And he gave directions. Elder Young looked over his list, and yes, Joe Hubbs was on the list. It was an adventure getting there, but it was done. Although contacting less-active members was a successful effort, this activity gradually tired Elder Young, so that by November he was weak all the time, and felt sickly. Other elders told him to write the mission president, and get released. Elder Young didn't do that. The Tabernacle Choir had toured the East Coast in 1911, and referrals were still coming from that. Elder Young kept up the work. His prayer healed a young boy; the mother was very thankful. The elders toured another factory in an effort to get more people to teach. Mid-November was a district conference. The mission president took note of Elder Young's condition. He was sick and weak partly because he was out of money, and failed to get sufficient food. The week after conference, he got a letter of release. His ticket home was waiting for him in St. Louis. He started home December 16th, passing through Kansas City, then through Texas into New Mexico. He arrived in Bluewater at 1:30 in the morning of Christmas day, 1913.

Elder Young had worked hard. He sold two copies of the Book of Mormon each month, and held more than one street meeting a month, too. He had baptized seven people.

At home, he had to adjust to the work needed there. Laura helped him get well. She fed him well and he gained strength. Before his mission, he had surveyed for the American Lumber Company. That work had kept him on the road. He gave that up after the mission, so he could be with his family.

Little Clifford was almost three when Laura welcomed another baby -- a boy! He was named Raymond. His middle name was the same as his father's middle name. Clifford turned eight the November when Raymond turned three; but Clifford's baptism was put off until the next spring, when the water was warmer.

The family worked hard. Wilford did many chores. Clara had helped

her mother while her father was away, and was bigger now. About this time, the paper said there was war. Sam had to register for the draft, but nothing came of it. They were farmers, and that was important for the war effort. After the war, the prices for farm products went up. Sam got a bit of money. Sam's father, John R., wanted money from his sons to help publish a book of memories he had written. But Sam had other plans. He bought some land in 1921, and bought another piece in 1924. But in 1921 another family expansion came. He and Laura welcomed another baby, a boy, in late July. They called him, Golden.

Education for the children had been a worry to Sam and Larua. They traveled to St. Johns, Arizona, in 1918 to put the older children in school there, for Bluewater lacked schools. But 1918 was the year of the flu epidemic; schools were closed. Clara got a serious pain in her stomach in 1919. Maybe it was appendicitis, but there was no doctor to operate, so the family did what it could, and nursed her back to health.

In the autumn of 1919, Wilford was sent to Salt Lake City so he could get a high school education. He stayed with Sam's half-brother, Newell, and Aunt Tena. Uncle Newell's school job didn't pay much, so Sam and Laura had to scrape money together to help Uncle Newell with expenses for Wilford. Clifford became the main helper on the farm, but Wilford came home each summer. He got his diploma in 1923.

In 1924, the Bluewater Ward got a call for a missionary. Bishop Nielson thought about who to call, and asked Wilford if he could serve. Willford was willing, but there was only a month to get ready, and there was no ready cash for him to start with. So the ward held a dance. But that netted only $13, about a fourth of the railroad fare to Salt Lake City. Besides that, Wilford had no clothes to take for a mission. On the evening of Sam's 37th birthday -- the night before the train to Salt Lake was to come through -- Sam led family prayer, explaining to the Lord what they needed. Even though there was no hope, he felt an assurance. Everyone went to bed. In the middle of the night, the McNeils knocked on the door. They offered their son, Elmer's old mission clothes, and the train fare, too. So Wilford left. He was assigned to the Central States Mission. That was another financial burden for the family. Laura's garden became the best in the county, and people came from far and near for her produce. She even took a contract to carry mail over the top of the Zuni Mountains, between Bluewater and Deiner. Their only horse was tempermental, but never acted up with her. Things worked out. After Wilford returned, he went to Salt Lake City and married, and stayed there to live.

Clara also filled a mission as soon as Wilford was home. Hers was the Western States Mission. She served from mid-February 1926 to

Christmas of 1927.

Clifford took over the mail route on the Zuni Mountains. It was good income for the family, but he missed out on school. In 1930 (April) Clifford served in the Mexican Mission, which put him in Los Angeles, and Mesa. He became ill from helping construct a chapel in Mesa, and was released after a year.

The farm income was supplemented by Sam's service through the years as a civil U.S. deputy marshall, deputy sheriff, constable, forest ranger and game warden. In Bluewater, he served in a bishopric, the Sunday School superintendency, and in the Mutual presidency. He also taught the deacons one year. He was generous. He often went into the woods and got firewood for neighbors who had no way of getting it themselves.

Wilford got married in Salt Lake City in 1928; Clara got married in Bluewater in 1929. Her husband, Glen Roberts, did sheep herding. They went to Colorado.

In the mid-1930s, Raymond needed high school. He was able to stay with Wilford in Salt Lake City. A year after getting his diploma (1939), he married and stayed in Salt Lake City. Clifford had beat him by three years; he had married in Mesa in 1936.

In 1942, Sam turned 65. He had enrolled in FDR's new program called, Social Security. Now that he was 65, he could claim benefits. In addition, their children were of a mind that their parents needed a time to serve in the temple. Their youngest, Golden, was in the Army. That being so, Sam and Laura decided to "retire" from farming, come to Salt Lake City, rent a small apartment, and work in the temple there. Sam did the usual round of temple worker assignments; Laura gravitated to caring for the young children that came with their families to be sealed. She had a knack for knowing what size clothes each child needed. Her personality endeared her to each child. People could meet her on the street and remember her care from years before. For his part, one time Sam was also able to see a spirit come and thank a patron for having done his work. Sam tried to help as a care-taker of the temple, also. One time he used an old uneven ladder to close a high window. He fell. When he returned downstairs, his friends saw his injuries and called for an ambulance.

After more than ten years of temple service, Sam began to feel ill. Was it his digestion? Was it gas? The doctors examined him. It was liver cancer. During the last few months of his battle with cancer, the doctor gave Laura a supply of morphine, and some needles to inject it with. Sam died in the apartment a few weeks before his 77th birthday.