

Ronny keeps asking me to tell some stories about myself when I was young.

A story that keeps coming to mind is one that I barely can remember now. When I was just a young lad -- I don't know whether I was two years old, or three -- but all I remember was just taking hold of our family dog. I took hold of his collar. It wasn't our family dog. It ~~was~~ belonged to a neighbor Mr. Greer. Mr. Greer was a lion hunter and he kept a pack of dogs to hunt lions with. And this one dog used to come over to our place and visit with us, and he liked the baby, which was me. And I took hold of his collar once, and started following the dog. The dog led me down a long lane -- down toward a store, which we called Nielsen's lane. And the store was down at the end of the lane and a left turn to the north for about a mile (the cross-country highway went past there) and 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 and my sister tell me that they soon missed me. They soon found the dog was gone, too. And so they got excited and they looked all over for me, and could not find me, and so they got the town aroused, and pretty soon the whole town was out, and everyone was looking all over the valley for me, little old Raymond, the baby. And they looked, and they looked all day long, and there was no sign of me anywhere; and the men on horseback were going up and down the valley, and through sagebrush -- excuse me, not sagebrush. We didn't have sagebrush in those New Mexico areas; we had rabbit brush, and it grew taller than sagebrush, and it could very easily hide a little boy and a dog. And there was an arroya that went through the middle of the valley and at times of storm, that arroya 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 arroya and there he found me, and the dog, in the sand in the arroya, hidden by the arroya, and above that, 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, and the folks saw him coming with a baby, so they all gathered around, and there was rejoicing -- and not only because of the baby had come back home and had been found and was safe, but because of a storm that was coming. Late in the afternoon the clouds had begun to roll in, and a storm was approaching, and 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 arroya and possibly, if I were in it, I would be drowned.

And so, that tragedy was averted, and I guess the storm did come, and I guess there was water in the arroya, but I was safe at home, thanks to that Mr. Brown, and all that I said to ~~my~~ 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.

And I don't know what lesson we have to learn from this, except that perhaps we should be careful from the time we are young children: (Of course, I'm excused, because I was so small that I didn't know -- but a little later on I learned) that when you leave home, and go do anything different, you're supposed to tell your Momma. And so, that's my message to you: Whenever you leave the house, or if you leave the yard, be sure to tell your mommy, or your daddy, if he's the one in charge there, where you're going, and what you're going to do, and when you're going to be back. And then you'll never have a narrow escape like I did. And that doesn't end when you grow up. Even today, Grandpa Young, which I am, and Grandma Young, which Grandma Dorothy Young is, we tell each other where we're going if we leave the house. And if Grandma isn't here for me to tell her, I leave her a note letting her know where I'm going to be and if Aunt Kristine is expected home from her work, and I know she'll wonder where I am, if I'm not here when she gets home, so I leave a note telling Kristine. And sometimes I'm off jogging, and sometimes I'm off



riding my motorcycle, and sometimes I'm running an errand, and I'm probably taking the car, and I leave Kristine and Grandma a note, telling them where I am, and I'm sure that they appreciate it. I'm sure your momma and daddy leave notes telling each other where they are. That responsibility never ends as long as you're alive. It's a courtesy and it shows respect for each other, if we tell each other where we are and where we're going, and when we'll be back, and what we're going to do while we're gone.

## STORY 2

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Another story comes to my mind. K 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, and the only electricity we had was lights that I arranged with a battery -- at first with dry cell batteries, and later on with a storage battery. And the only electricity we had besides that was radio, which was operated by batteries, and I built radios and saved my money and bought batteries to operate the radios, and those were great days, and we had a lot of fun. Then I went to high school there, and at high school we had some conveniences with electricity -- electric stoves, electric heaters, and lights, and so forth, and all those things -- and a public address system on our stage. And so that brought me a little up to date in those times in 1932 and 1933. And in 1932 I came up to Salt Lake City to go to school, and I stayed with Uncle Wilford and his wife, Aunt Ada. I say 'Uncle Wilford' -- he was my oldest brother. Well, in Bluewater and in Grants, where I went to school, even though electricity was beginning to be installed in those areas, we had no elevators, and no buildings higher than two stories. And so I came to Salt Lake City, and 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 and let down again so fast, without having to go up and down all those long flights of stairs of 12 or 13 stories. And I thought that was just great. ~~Anyway,~~

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 and Main St. -- and 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, and he had a lever that he moved backwards and forward that took us up and took us down and 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 and bring it down again. I began to realize that, at that moment. I was about to pull my head down between my shoulders and into my shirt collar and sneak out of there, when I finally blurted out to him, (and 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 said, "I was raised in a little country town and I've just come to Salt Lake City, and we don't have elevators out there, and I wanted to ride the elevator." Well, it's a good thing I came clean with that man and told him what I wanted to do, because he then softened up and (his heart was softened, I should say) and he felt towards me with his heart, and he said, "Oh 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 and got out with me and took me down the corridor and 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 and 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 and looking at the city between the university and 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, and then you can go to the other windows of the corridor (that was long and turning) and look out those windows at the city all you want, and then when you are ready to come down, you ring the bell and I'll come up and get you." And so I did. I had a good sight-seeing trip, going up and down the corridor, peeking out whatever windows were available to look out over the city, and seeing all the mountains and the city and the valley and the university again. And then, when I'd had enough of that sight-seeing, I rang the bell, and up came the elevator, and the young man opened the door and let me in and took me down to the main floor, and I thanked him, and we shook hands, and we parted good friends.

And I think that the lesson that I learned there was to always tell the truth, and don't tell little white lies, because they don't pay off as well as the truth pays off -- and sometimes, they can even get you in trouble.