

THE BEST YEARS TO BE ALIVE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Russell Rulon Bateman History

Chapter 4 EARLY CHILDHOOD 1930 to High School graduation 1948

I don't think that is much of a question that I lived in the best years to be alive in the history of the world. The major inventions and Discovery happened during my life time.



I was born February 11, 1930 was born in the Idaho Falls hospital. Idaho Falls Idaho, Bonneville County, Idaho Our family is living on a farm about 5 miles north area called beeches corner. My father was Alfred Hess Bateman and my mother was Idella Van Orden,

What was it like in 1930? Conditions were tough. We were in a major recession. My Father was a school teacher and we lived on a farm and were better off than many people.

1930 was the first year of the great depression, Radio was starting to gain momentum but the high unemployment of 8.9% caused problems in every area of life. This was felt worldwide and many countries could see political change starting for example Germany where Adolf Hitler's National Socialists become the second largest party.

Following the Wall Street Crash, 1350 banks in the US fail. My parents had their saving on one of those Banks. The year that I was born, my parents lost all their money that they had in the bank. Fortunately, they had their 80 Acre farm which was paid for.

Conditions in 1929 were very difficult for my parents. The recession was in deep depression and my parents had lost money in the banks and they were struggling. They were surprised and concerned when mother found that she was pregnant with me. But the money they had left was very limited. My Father had a Master's degree and was close to getting his Doctorate but couldn't complete his thesis as he would have had to go back East and he didn't have the finances that would have been required. It was the depression and times were hard.

A salary of \$12.00/week was considered a good salary, if you were lucky to enough to have a job.

In the 1930's more than half of American families earned between \$500 and \$1,500 per year. In 1935-1936 the median family income was \$1,160. An income of \$2,000 per year guaranteed a comfortable life-style and put a household at the top 10 percent of incomes. On an average annual income of roughly \$1,000, most families had between \$20 and \$25 per

week for food, clothing, and shelter. Budgeting and stretching scarce resources was essential. In adapting to economic deprivation families used two strategies: they curtailed expenses and found alternative sources of income. Expenses were curtailed by using family labor to produce goods that used to be store bought, such as food, clothing, and home repairs. This responsibility typically fell on women, who did most of the household spending. The government gave guidelines for a family budget, recommending setting aside 35 percent of the family income for food, 33 percent.

There were no credit cards, laser beams or ball-point pens. Every family had a father and a mother. We were before gay-rights, computer- dating, dual careers, daycare centers, and group therapy. Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions.

Serving your country was a privilege; living in this country was a bigger privilege.
Man had not invented:

Pantyhose

Air conditioners

Dishwashers

Clothes dryers

And the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air.

Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends-not purchasing condominiums. We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CDs, electric typewriters, yogurt, or guys wearing earrings. If you saw anything with 'Made in Japan ' on it, it was junk.

Ice-cream cones, phone calls, rides on a streetcar, and a Pepsi were all a nickel.

And if you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickel on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 postcards.

You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600, . . . but who could afford one?

Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon.

Nikola Tesla was born in 1856 and died in 1943. He was the inventor of Alternating Current and laying the ground work for much of the electronic technology of today. Thomas Edison, born in 1847 and died in 1931, is given credit for his development of Direct Current. Charles



Duel United States Commissioner of Patents is famous for purportedly saying "*Everything that can be invented has been invented.*" He died before I was born.

On the Farm, in the winter there was no heat for the upstairs bed rooms or in the front room except on Sunday. We would take a Hot Water bottle or brick to bed to help get the bed warm enough to get to sleep. We sleep under many blanks which would finally warm us, but it was sure hard to get out from

under them in the morning. My Brother Orden had to get up and go down and make a fire in the kitchen stove. When it got a little warn. We would grab our cloths and run for the kitchen. Our clothes would be warmed from of the large oven in the old wood/coal stove, then we would get dressed.

I can remember taking baths in a portable long tub that would be placed in the kitchen and the water heated on the stove.

I can never remember only having an outhouse. I remember that there an outhouse, but I don't remember that was used. However in our farm house only had a bathroom. I remember that it was in the back of the house off what was once my parents' bedroom and was later the Separator room.

The Separator room was where we would bring the milk in and put it through the separator to get the cream so that it could be sold. My brother, Orden and dad would get up way before daylight and milk the six cows. This had to be done early enough so that breakfast of hot cereal could be had and dad as a teacher could get to school on time. I can remember cranking the Separator, which was a hard task for me at my age.

I am told that I use to sit for hours on my little red chair on a kitchen cabinet looking for Dad and Orden and Helen to come home from town.



From when I was born until going to first grade, I had no one of my age to play with or associate with. Our dog, Snowball was my best friend. We had large sheep herds going up highway 91 past our Farm. I found a baby Lamb that got into our Farm fence from one of the herds going north. I fed it milk from a bottle and raised it to be a full-grown sheep and we spent a lot of time playing

together. It liked to run up from behind through my legs and I would end up on it back. It did that one time when we just were getting home from church and we both went in to an irrigation ditch. I had my only good cloths on. It upset my mother and she said that it was time that we need to get it in cans for the coming winter. She tried to explain that due to the depression, that we needed it for food. That was really hard on me, but she didn't force me to eat the meat. It took me a long time to get over the loss of my friend.

Later my Grandfather, Bateman brought his famous trotter race horse as it was now too old to do any more racing and it was time to retire the famous horse named "Hal Direct". The horse was a new friend, but it wasn't mine and didn't play with me and it seemed that I only got to ride Hal Direct when no one else wanted to ride. It wasn't long until Hal Direct had a heart attack and fell in to a ditch and died. I had lost my other friend



My Brother and Sister had neighbor kids their age and were over to play. But no one my age and was left out of things most of the time.

The children in our rural area went to small country schools, one and two room schools. In that dad was a school teacher in town, We went to schools in Idaho Falls, a drive of about five miles. The snow was higher than the top of the car so we didn't see much. Dad would have to dig in to the snowbank to make a place to leave the car. The now level was much higher than the fences

The City kids treated us farm boys like we were the scum of the earth. They harassed us and did their best to let us know that we were not wanted with the City Kids. Part of it was that I was a farm boy and had not experience companionship being alone on the Farm.

I had a one friend and he was able to come up to stay overnight several times.

I remember being at the Jensen's just North of us. They only had an Outhouse which was located behind their house. The only thing that they had for toilet paper was that you tore paper was an Montgomery Ward Catalog. The paper was softer however in those days. I can remember looking through what was left of the catalog at the pictures of all the neat things that they had for sale. It was called a wish book. I remember spending time in their outhouse, 'not needing to go to the bathroom', it was my first view of the outside world. We had no television, no news paper no magazine. I had never been in a store. Things on the pages were things I never new about.

There weren't very many "toys" in those days. I had several toy farm equipment that my father had from displays. As he was an Agriculture Teacher and involved in setting up displays and would access to the toys when they were no longer needed. The only time that we received a toy was at Christmas and you only received one toy if you were lucky to get that. Most gifts were clothes include a new pair of shoes The new pair of shoes that you got for Christmas was for best mainly for wearing to church. The old "best" were for school and then the old were for regular wear. They usually had holes in the soles and you would put cardboard inside to keep the rocks from hurting your feet.

I always looked forward to the visit with the Grand Parents at their Farm North of Lewiston, Utah. There were cousins my age and when we did get together with cousins and other kids, we did play games. One of our favorite games was "Kick the can" where one person would be "it", and the others would go out and hide and the "it" would try to find them. When you see a person, you would race them to the can and jump over it and say "Over the can for whoever-giving their name".

However if the found person got to the can first, they would kick it and any one that had been caught could then run and hide again.

"Oily Oily ox come in free. If you do not come now, you will be" I" "T". This meant that you would have to be the person trying to find those hiding and all the players would come in.

My first and second grade teacher was "miss Boyce" As country boy, we didn't get along very well. Especially when I would tip back on my chair. I remember when dad would have wait for me for an hour when I would have to stay after school, sitting on the floor .



My favorite person was Tom Mix. He was called “The king of Cowboys” He was a movie star and radio personality. Thomas Edwin "Tom" Mix (born Thomas Hezekiah Mix; January 6, 1880 – October 12, 1940) was an American film actor and the star of many early Western movies. Between 1909 and 1935, Mix appeared in 291 films, all but nine of which were silent movies. He was Hollywood's first Western megastar and is noted as having helped define the genre for all cowboy actors who followed. When an injury caused football player John Wayne to drop out of USC, Mix helped him get a job moving props in the back lot of Fox Studios. (Years later I was able to have a short conversation with John Wayne in St. George.)

He was on the radio at the “K I D”, a Radio Station in Idaho Falls. My mother took me to the studio so that I could possibly see him. I remember going up the stairs as he and some others were coming down. He stopped and talked to me for several minutes.

I remember seeing airplanes flying in the air over the farm, but didn't know what they were. In 1935, Ford Tri-motor air plane landed at the Idaho Falls Air Port. This was the first real air



plane that I saw in my life when my Mother took me to the airport to see it. It was so large that a car could drive under its wing. This experience created a great interest in Flying.

I don't remember much about the car or cars that my parents owned, but I do remember that it was only one car. I remember that one time when Helen fell out of a tree in our orchard, a neighbor took her to the Doctor in a Model T Ford. Dad purchased a new 1936 Buick after he sold the Farm. And that was something really special.

My father was offered a job in Garland Utah working for the Farm security in June 1938. Beginning of the third grade we moved to Garland Utah and lived in a small apartment. The main thing I can remember about this apartment is that the Lions Club met in her room down the wall and during their meetings you could hear them roar like a Lion.

I attended third-grade at the Garland elementary school which was about three blocks away from where we lived. The main thing I remember about going to school at the Garland Elementary was the school lunches. It was different than the Peanut butter/honey

sandwiches that we had in the first and second grades. It was the first time I'd seen school lunches. One of the main events that I remember was that when they were putting pepper in the soup that top came off and the pepper was very heavy in the soup, but were required to eat it anyway.

My parents had some very good friends living in Garland his name was Charley Last. Across the street from where they lived, was a family by the name of Northman. I got acquainted with their daughter her name is Judy Northman very beautiful young girl with ringlets. I guess that was my first girlfriend

In the later part of 1938, my father changes jobs again and was employed at a temporary Federal Job requirement to move Morgan Utah. We rented a home on the main road into Morgan is located just across the street from the main railroad line. All trains at that time were pulled by a steam locomotive which created a lot of noise with steam operation including the steam whistle. It took weeks to be able to learn to sleep with all the noise and trains created.

Across the street was an underpass that the main road came under the railroad tracks. It was quite steep going under and coming out on the other side. This created quite a noise for trucks and other vehicles as exhilarated to get up the steep incline.

The elementary school was some distance from where I lived I have my first experience of riding the school bus to school. This was about the first time that I had friends my age.

The family lived next door to us by the name of Clark. I remembered that they had a water line mounted high in the air running all winter which made a large pile up ice at two in the winter time.

Come the warmer weather they would pile straw on top of the ice, which they would cut and sell the ice the following summer.

They had a son that was my age, which I don't remember much about him other than he was able to get me to take a draw on a cigarette which was my only try. Several years later as I was driving through Morgan I stopped at the Clark's to see what was happening with the Clark Family. The son that I was looking for just returned home from a mission and he had been driving a new car back from Detroit for local dealer. He got into a bad accident and really banged up the new car. This had caused a lot of stress so I didn't stay long.

One of the main points about living in Morgan was the Commo Springs resort. My parents got me a season pass and during the summer I went swimming their everyday.

I also have about experience when I was returning home from Commo Springs swimming

Pool. There was an old-fashioned gas station which comprised of the two of the old-fashioned gas pumps that's the clear glass with the numbers inside of the glass to tell you how many gallons that you took they were filling the gas tank in a car and I like the smell of gas so I went over and took a great big intake of gas fumes which really left me dizzy and sick to my stomach which lasted a couple days.

Another thing I remembered about living in Morgan was that my brother got up Sunday mornings and made waffles for breakfast. Most of times a pretty good pretty good. But one of he made peppermint waffles that I will never forget.

The street we lived on was like an old western town.

In the summer of 1939 Dad was able to get a permanent position with the Soil Conservation Division of the US Agricultural Department. They told him that they had an opening for a position that they hadn't been able to fill as it was in a terrible location. Dad was told that if he would accept the position, he would be hired in to the permanent position.

The terrible location was St. George, Utah where no one wanted to live due to the extreme heat condition of the area. At that time, there was no air Condition in the Small population area of 2400 residence. Dad had a master's degree and was close to a PHD and met the educational requirements.

My parents wanted to get the family moved and settled before time for school to start. Mother, Orden, Helen and I packed what we could in the Buick and headed South on the old Highway 19. You could see a cloud of dust down the road and it was moving toward you and you knew that it was another car. Once the car and cloud of dust got even with our car, both cars would pause next to each other to let the dust settle so that you could see the road and then you could drive on. This was the condition of the dirt-graveled road from Provo south to St. George. As we passed through the St. George Entry Tunnel, we could see the small town of St. George.

I remember Mother having problems with me as she was tired and was letting Orden drive the car. I think that Orden was only 15 and didn't have a license. As a nine-year-old, I didn't like my brother driving and made a big fuss so Mother had Orden stop the car and I jumped out and ran up in the hills. After being threatened to be left out in the hills, I repented and showed better behavior on the rest of the way to St. George.

We rented the main level of the Jed Fawcett home, just south of the Brigham Young Winter Home. Doctor Gates, a Dentist had his office in what was Brigham Young's bedroom. I visited the Gate's home several times with my Mother visiting Mrs. Gates, in the home, but don't remember Dr. Gates. I did try to look in the back window of the little building just east

of the Gates Home and found it was piled full of storage. There was not south door to the building at that time. Little did I realize that the Gates Home was formally Brigham Young's winter home and the little building was Brigham's Office? This was the Official headquarters for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when Brigham was living there he moved to St. George in the winters due to his health.

I remember asking why did the Fawcett's rented the main part of their home to us and live in the basement. Come the following summer, I found out. It was terribly on the main floor and much cooler in the basement. We really suffered from the heat. I remember sweating so hard that the sheets were wet the next morning and would stick to you and you would have to peel them off from you.

There were some homes in St. George that had fans and some homes shortly thereafter had one of those new things called evaporated Coolers. It wasn't long before my parents purchased an Evaporative Cooler and put it in their bedroom. We kids had to put up with the heat and after a while got use to it.

The St. George Elementary School was in a newer building just a few short blocks and I started the 5th grade with Ferrand Stucki as my teacher. It was a good year and I didn't feel any of the outsider feelings that I had experience previous. I had lots of friends and activities. Mr. Stucki was a very likeable person and school was a lot of fun. I remember riding on the outside of his Model A Ford with other students piled all over the car. It was a good year.

The only negative thing that I remember was that a girl sitting behind me in class took the cork off her ink bottle and dabbed it on my shirt, just for meanness. Each desk had a small bottle of ink that we would use to write with (pen & Ink). I only had two shirts to wear to school and I was so upset that I cried. Mother did buy me another shirt and the marked-up shirt was used when I wasn't at school. We had very few cloths to wear and our older shoes required card board to cover the holes in the bottoms. Cardboard to cover the holes in your shoes were common in those days and I think at times, the shoes that I wore to school were that way.

The next year with Mr. Neilson as teacher for the sixth grade was another good year.

I was in the school setting in the same desk six days a week. The sixth day was church. Our Ward met in the Elementary School where we held primary also and a church class used the same room as I did the other five days.

There were three wards in St. George at that time. The North Ward met in the elementary school, the South Ward met in the only chapel in town and the St. George Center Ward met in the Tabernacle.

We moved into another home near where the St. George City buildings are now located. This was near the St. George Dixie Sugar Loaf hills. We did have a small barn yard where we had chicken. This was a big plus for me as mother would let me take eggs to the local bakery and trade them for penny candy Called "Guess what" This was a small container that had two chewable wrapped pieces of candy and a timey toy. We had very little access to candy and only at Christmas or when we went to visit relatives.

Snowball and I spent many hours hiking around in the hills behind our house. Even though Snowball was the "family Dog", she was my very special friend starting back on the Farm, when she was my only friend.

I played a drum in the Drum and Bugle Corp and threaded the Maple tree. It was a sad day and it took me a little time to understand what the attack on Perl Harbor December 7th 1941 really meant.

Dad was transferred to Cedar City and I attended the seventh and eighth grades in Cedar City.

Moving to Cedar City, it was difficult to find a place to live. We moved in to an apartment on the third floor of Eden Apartments. It was a one bed room apartment with a murphy bed (folded out of the wall) in the front room where Orden and I sleep and we had a roll-a-way bed where my sister Helen slept. There was no place to keep our cloths, but we had very few cloths anyway. We did have a small one car garage where we kept the Buick, but no place for the Model A Ford car that Dad had purchased and it was sold. I don't remember in ever riding in the Model A Ford and remember very little about it.

Moving into the apartment, we were not permitted to keep our Dog Snowball and it had to be kept somewhere else, I don't remember where. Another tragedy came into my life when Dad told me that Snowball was hit with a car and killed. I really knew that Snowball had to be got rid of as we had no place that we could keep her. It was very hard to accept, but I did have neighbor's friends' by then.

would then make up a sign and sell them for 10 cents a dozen to people going fishing. And I could set in the shade to sell them and not have to work in the Sun all day as was the case working on the Farm. My first day at selling night crawlers I made over one dollar.

Living in a small apartment, I had no place to keep things. The apartments had small garages for rent for \$2.50 a month. That was a lot of money, but I wanted a place to spend time and keep my stuff.

1948-01-13

County News

Left to right: Orin Evelyn Lee, Miss Erma Mrs. Ann Peterson,

Under the direction of Larry Leonard, city sound system common Ramon Bentley, March of Dimes race over \$70 for the polio fund.

Everybody was hailed if he appeared on the streets and reminded those young ladies to play the game – and made a real game of it too.

The BPW members donated their services, also, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings at the theaters with their” polio cups.”



March of Dimes Washington
(Volunteer assignment)

(Zug) Bennett, Larry Leonardi, Mrs. Bentley, Mrs., Maxine Spencer, and with Russell Bateman in the foreground

*Frank Holland, County chairman; chairman, **Russell Bateman** with his and the entire and efforts of Evelyn Lee, Maxine Spencer, and Peterson, the developed as a unique stunt and cleared*



My Father was a schoolteacher in Idaho Falls teaching agriculture at the Idaho Falls High school, so they were a little better off than most people at that time but in that area, Money was still tight.



On the 11th of February 1930, a baby boy was born to Idella Van Orden Bateman and Alfred Hess Bateman in Idaho Falls, Idaho. The name given to me was Russell Rulon Bateman. The name Russell was after a younger brother of my fathers who died during childhood. The name Rulon was after a friend of my mother's. This birth took place in a small Hospital in Idaho Falls.

This is the personal History of Russell R. Bateman. After being born, and spending a few days in the hospital, the family was united on the Farm, then located about five miles North of Idaho Falls near “Beaches Corner”. There was one brother Alfred Van Orden Bateman and one sister, Helen Grace Bateman.

My mother, Idella was the oldest girl in a family of 13. Thus, she was only permitted to attend school through the eighth grade and after that was required to stay home and help with the family, this was an early custom. It was hard on my mother to see her sisters and brothers able to go through high school and many of them receiving advanced degrees.

The oldest girl in those days was kind of a throwaway type assignment. However, in later years my parents purchased Liberty Pharmacy and mother developed it into the nicest pharmacy (Bateman Pharmacy) in the State of Utah. She did this to prove to her family that she did have intelligence and abilities.



The Bateman Farm as it Looks today

My sister Helen inherited my father's intelligence. My brother Orden seems to have a combination between my mother and my father. I inherited the talents of my mother. My IQ was never high and any education has been very difficult for me. I was never able to get high grades in any of the classes that I took. I never took exams and came out very well. However, I learned to put forth the effort to compete for the goals of my lifetime.

The family farm was eighty acres with a farm house, barn, grainary, pump house, garage, an outhouse and the old machine shop which was used for tools, etc. The image of the Farm is as it looks today, not when we lived there. Early memories of the Farm were the watch of the milking of the cows, cranking of the separator and playing in the Grainary, covering up with grain as some would do with sand at the beach.

The only neighbors I can remember was the Jensen's that lived just to the north. The kids were older, the age of my Brother and Sister, so I always felt out of place. However, I remember how I loved to go up to the Jensen's and sit in the outhouse. Not to go to the bathroom, but the potti paper was a Montgomery catalog that you tear a page out as needed. Not having the opportunity of going to stores, no newspaper of course, no TV, the catalog had pictures of things that I had never seen or even herd about. The Montgomery catalog was about 3" thick and would provide months of service before the pages were gone. The paper was softer in those days. It was called "the wish book" as no one had any money to purchase anything.

I can remember taking baths in a portable long copper tub that would be placed in the kitchen and the water heated on the stove. I cannot remember only having an outhouse. However, in our farm house we had one bathroom. I remember that it was in the back of the house off what was once my parent's bedroom and was later the Separator room. The Separator room was where we would bring the milk in and put it through the separator to get the cream so that it could be sold. It was my assignment to crank the Separator. My brother, Orden and dad would get up way before daylight and milk the six cows. This had to be done early enough so that breakfast of hot cereal could be had and dad as a teacher could get to school on time.

On the Farm, in the winter there was no heat for the upstairs bed rooms, we would take a hot water bottle or brick to bed to help get the bed warm enough to get to sleep. We slept under many blanks which would finally warm us, but it was sure hard to get out from under them in the morning. My Brother Orden had to get up and go down and make a fire in the kitchen stove. When it got a little warm, we would grab our cloths and run for the kitchen. Our

clothes would be warmed from the large oven in the old wood/coal stove, and then we would get dressed.

My best friend was the family dog “Snowball”. I don’t remember the breed, but it was probably a white kids my age to first grade, Snowball friend.



mongrel dog. There were no other associate with. So prior to starting the was with me continually and my only

I did have one other as “Lamb”. In the sheep passing our farm on the highway. One time in the spring sometime after the sheep herds had past, I heard a baby lamb and found it inside our fence. We had no way of knowing who it belonged to. Mother let me feed it or it would die. We had a lot of fun that summer but in the Fall, Mother said that it had to had to be slaughtered. It was very hard on me but she said, it was the depression and we needed the meat. We had eaten it through the winter. Mother didn’t force me to eat the meat.

friend, but I only remember calling it spring and fall, we had large herds of

A horse given us by Grandpa Bateman was a retired Trotter, a winner of The horse was given to us to finish out a short time until it died. The only was when my brother or sister were



named, Hal Direct”. This horse many races in Northern Utah. it's live and it seemed to be only time that I could ride the horse there to help me get on.

There weren't very many “toys” in those days. I had several toy farm implements that my father had from school displays. As the Agriculture Teacher, Dad was involved in setting up displays and had access to the needed. The only time that we and you only received one toy Most gifts were clothes The new pair of shoes that you mainly for wearing to church. and then the old were for holes in the soles and you would put cardboard inside to keep the rocks from hurting your feet.



toys when they were no longer received a toy was at Christmas if you were lucky to get that. including a new pair of shoes. got for Christmas was for best The old “best” were for school regular wear. They usually had

We had a Sheep Herder who had no the winter. My parents let them park our farm. I remember going out to concern that they were freezing, but in their stove that they used to cook cold winter. I remember Mother and was hardly room for one person to there morning and night during the winter.



employment or income during their Sheep Herder's wagon on visit several times. Mother was they had stored up wood to burn with and keep warm in the Idaho I visiting several times. There stand, but the three of them lived

I looked forward to the few times that we drive to Grandmas Farm in Lewiston, Utah. When we did get together with cousins and other kids, we did play games. One of our favorite games was "Kick the can" where one person would be "it", and the others would go out and hide and the "it" would try to find them. When you see a person, you would race them to the can and jump over it and say "Over the can for whomever-giving their name...

However if the person was found got to the can first, they would kick it and any one that had been caught could then run and hide again. Oily, Oily, oxen all in free, if you do not come now, you will be "IT". This meant that you would have to be the person trying to find those hiding and all the players.

The children in our rural area went to small country school, one and two room schools. My father was a school teacher in Idaho Falls and as his kid's, we road into town to school each day. At times the snow was very deep and many times nothing could be seen during the trip in due to the high snow banks. My first and second grade teacher was "Miss Boyce" As country boy, we didn't get along very well. Her name could be remembered in that she was so mean, especially when I would tip back on my chair. I remember when dad would have to wait for me for an hour when I would have to stay after school, sitting on the floor.

Also, I was a "farm boy" and the city kids really picked on those of us from another life style.

Some experiences that I can remember is once going to the Air Port to see this large Ford airplane that was so large that a car could drive under the wing. I was excited that they had an Airplane that large. I think that got me interested in Flying. I remember when my parents purchase the Atwater Kent Radio (this radio is still working and belongs to our daughter Nesya) and we could listen to the “KID”, the local radio station. I would listen to “Jack Armstrong, the all-American boy.”



remember is once going to large Ford airplane that could drive under the wing. I was excited that they had an Airplane that interested in Flying. I purchase the Atwater Kent working and belongs to our could listen to the “KID”, would listen to “Jack boy.

(About 1935) Another experience was when Father may father purchased a new 1936 Buick which was really some car in those days.

The Farm house only had two stoves. The main stove was the kitchen stove which heated the water, cooked all the meals and heated the kitchen. The other stove was in the Front Room and used oil. This stove was only occasionally fired up on Sundays or some other special occasion.

I remember being baptized at the Idaho Falls Tabernacle.

I didn't have the association with kids until the third grade set my personality of hanging back and feeling unconformable with new groups. This set up my life as a doer but not as popular group conversations. I began to notice that I had to work a lot harder than the school mates. I seem to take after my mother who was very good doing things, where my Father was very good with school work.

After the second-grade we sold our Farm and moved to a little town called Garland, Utah as Dad started to work for the Farm Security, a Federal Temporary job. I attended the third-grade in Garland and I remember that we lived in an apartment over where the Lions club



met and remember them roaring like lions when they had their meetings.

I had a hard time adjusting, trying to not to be a “farm boy”. I tried to hide that I had just come off a farm. We were living in the center of town, with stores all around us. Everything that we ate was bought from a store. I could go into stores for the first time, but still didn't have any money to spend. I could look and walk from school

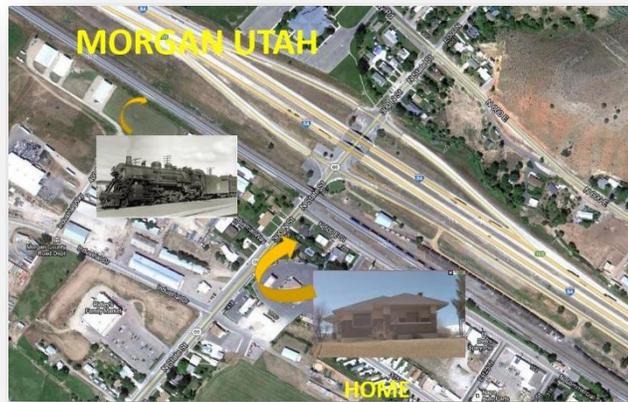
by myself as dad didn't have to drive us back to the Farm.

I didn't seem to make friends and again isolated myself from groups. I had my first Girl Friend. Her name was Judy Northman. She lived accost the Street from a friend of my parents by the Name of Charlie Last. I should say she was a friend that tried to be a friend. However, she was a friend to everyone.

This was the first time I ate "school lunch." School Lunch was usually bowls of soup and some type of bread or more vegetables. I remember the time that the top came off the pepper jar and we were forced to eat the soup even though loaded with pepper.

For the first time, I was able to go to a Picture Show and even went to a stage show at a school that was located about half way between Garland and Tremonton. We lived in Garland for a short time before moving to Morgan, Utah where dad was transferred, but it still was a temporary position. We rented a home just across the street from the main train railroad. It took weeks before we could get used to the noise of the steam engine trains running 24 hours a day. There is nothing comparable to the "Steam Whistle" that we heard all night.

My parents purchased a family seasonal pass for me to Como Springs which included a large swimming pool. Our move coincided with the last part of the summer season and I took advantage of it by spending most of my time at the swimming pool. I remember that our pet dog, Snowball, went with me.



I attended the last part of the 4th grade in Morgan, riding bus to school. I don't remember very much about the School at Morgan.

My father was a socialist Demarcate, as were his next two brothers. They felt that everyone should work for the Government. The Depression was getting better, and Dad kept trying to find a permanent position in the Federal Government. Dad found an opening that they said they couldn't find anyone to except in that it was a terrible place to live. Dad said that he would take it.

As a result, we moved to St. George and rented the upper floor of the Jed Faucet home. This home was located just south of Dr. Gates' dental office. It was a Young Winter



was previously, Brigham Young's home and Dr. Gates had his dental office in what was once, Brigham Young's Bedroom. I don't remember Dr. Gates, but I do remember Mrs. Gates and being in their kitchen several times. I can remember looking in the back window of the Storage Building (Brigham Young's Office) and seeing it filled with furniture. The back door was not there at that time.

A short time later, we moved into a Spanish type home on the red hill. We had a barnyard where we kept some chickens. The St. George City Building is now located where our chickens were. I liked this place as Mother let me take an egg to the Bakery and trade for a 1 cent "Guesswhats". The Guesswhats had two chewy candies and a tiny toy. This was the first Store Candy that I remember having.

We lived not far from the St. George Sugar Loaf, St. George's historic land mark. My dog Snowball and I spend many hours hiking on the red hill. And it was disappointing when we moved to the home on 100 North.



I remember the Sunday, 11 December 1941. We were attending church in the St. George Elementary School building, which was where the West Ward met. We had primary in the same building. There were three wards in St. George at that time. The West Ward met in the St. George Elementary School, The East Ward met in the St. George Tabernacle and the South

Ward met in the only chapel in St. George.

I didn't understand what it meant when it was said that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. As far as I can remember, church started at 10 am for Priesthood and Sunday school. Sacrament meeting was in the late afternoon. As we arrived for Sunday school, there was a buzz about Pearl Harbor and members were really upset. I think that they dismissed the meeting for the day and the members went home. That was not good as there was no way to get news. There was a weekly county newspaper. Some times in the evening, you could get radio from California. It took a while to receive much news. The main source was the "news real" at the theatres. and for the Newsreels to reach the theatres. It took me a long time to realize just what had happened.

Shortly after this, Dad was transferred to Cedar City;

With my Brother Orden being drafted and left for basic training, I inherited his bicycle.



We moved from the Eden apartments to an apartment above the mullet jewelry store. For the first time I had my own bedroom but I sure missed the garage where it could store all my stuff, so had looked for jobs I didn't have to have tools. My brother went into the military at this time and now I had access to use his bicycle. I was able to keep the bicycle just inside the door as shown in the picture to the far left which was a stairway going up to our apartment. This gave me a lot of mobility to be able to move around instead of having to walk everywhere I went.

I also hung around radio station KSUB and became a good friend of Herschel Urie who was the chief engineer

I remember that we tried to do some drama radio programs that involved Herschel, Woody and a couple of others including me. Herschel came up with some script for the radio program and we would act out our parts. I remember that there wasn't enough in number to take all the parts, so Herschel would put marbles in his mouth so that he would sound like a different person. These programs would originate in Woody's store and feed the KSUB Station via telephone lines.

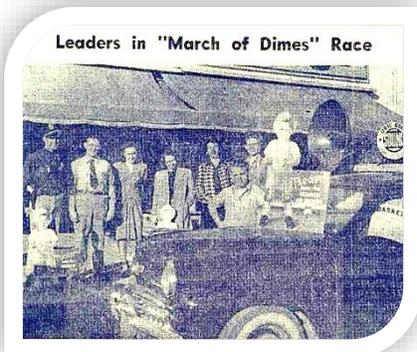
After I moved back to St. George I still had ties with KSUB. KSUB had increased power and could be heard in St. George in the day time. I ran the first radio broadcast out of St. George. Herschel shipped a Remote-Control Box to me on the bus and I connected it to long distance telephone lines back to Cedar City. It was the big revival Football Game between BAC (Cedar City) and Dixie (St. George). It worked out so well that Dick Hammer, owner of the famous “Dick’s Café” with the sponsors of Shell Gas, did a week broadcast out of St. George’s Dick’s Café. I can remember the opening theme song “Stop at Shell and get some Gas. Then all your worries then shall pass” This was a live Country Western Band. I was the Engineer for the weekly program for over a year. I didn’t receive any pay, but got a lot of experience.



I volunteered for and didn’t charge for things like school games and church activities. When I wasn’t working, I was supporting various School, church or public service programs. An example, I volunteered my time, car and equipment in support of the 1948 March of Dimes program.

1948-01-13 March of Dimes

Washington County News (Volunteer assignment)



Left to right: Orin (Zug) Bennett, Larry Leonardi, Mrs. Evelyn Lee, Miss Erma Bentley, Mrs., Maxine Spencer, and Mrs. Ann Peterson, with Russell Bateman in the foreground

*Under the direction of Frank Holland, County chairman; Larry Leonard, city chairman, **Russell Bateman** with his sound system common and the entire and efforts of Evelyn Lee, Ramon Bentley, Maxine Spencer, and Peterson, the March of Dimes race developed as a unique stunt and cleared over \$70 for the polio fund.*

Everybody was hailed if he appeared on the streets and reminded those young ladies to play the game – and made a real game of it too.

The BPW members donated their services, also, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings at the theaters with their” polio cups.”