

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

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.

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.

of Idaho Falls near "Beaches
There was one brother Alfred
Bateman and one sister, Helen Grace Bateman.

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, [The Bateman Farm as it Looks today](#) then located about five miles North Corner".
Van Orden

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.

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 petti 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 mongrel dog. There were no other kids my age to associate with. So prior

to starting the first grade, Snowball was with me continually and my only friend.

I did have one other friend, but I only remember calling it as “Lamb”. In the spring and fall, we had large herds of 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 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.



A horse given us by Grandpa Bateman named, Hal Direct”. This horse was a retired Trotter, a winner of many races in Northern Utah. The horse was given to us to finish out it's live and it seemed to be only a short time until it died. The only time that I could ride the horse was when my brother or sister were there to help me get on.



Hal Direct

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 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 including 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.

We had a Sheep Herder who had no the winter. Sheep remember Mother was but they had stove that warm in the Mother and I hardly room for one person to stand, but the three of them lived there morning and night during the winter.



employment or income during My parents let them park their Herder’s wagon on our farm. I going out to visit several times. concern that they were freezing, stored up wood to burn in their they used to cook with and keep Idaho cold winter. I remember visiting several times. There was

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.



(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 made an effort 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 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 previously, Brigham Young Winter 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;

When I was 10 years old, my Father told me that I was old enough to work and earn my own way through life as his Father taught him. He would provide me with a nice place to live and food, but I needed to learn how to work and manage my money as he had to do.

He said that he had arranged a job for me to work on a farm in Enterprise. He was working in the Enterprise area, so he could take me to the farm where I would be working. My job was thinning Sugar Beets. The row of Sugar Beets was so long that I could hardly see the other end. By the end of the hot day, I finally got to the end of that row about the time that my father came to pick me up. I received my days' pay of 35 Cents. Yes, I was proud that I had worked and earned my first pay.

I didn't go back to the farm in enterprise again for two reasons, one is that Dad didn't have work in the Enterprise area and so I had no way to get to the farm, and I told my Dad that I felt that I could find better work. I know that my dad was disappointed in me, and told me that it would be up to me to find my employment.

We were living in the Eden Apartments at that time and I found plenty of jobs around the neighborhood doing yard



work. At 10 cents an hour, I was very busy. I needed a place to keep my tools and stuff and I rented one of the vacant apartment garages. I don't remember how much rent I paid, but it was something like \$2.50/month. Now I had a place for my stuff, I added another business to my schedule where I would go down to the city park and collect night crawlers (worms) for fishing and I would sell them at \$.10 a dozen. I received more of an income from this business than the yard work.



We moved from the Eden apartments over to the 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.

An example of that was the summer that I was able ride the bike to work at the Cedar city Turkey picking plant. I don't remember whether I was 13 or 14 years old, I was hired for the summer picking turkeys. The turkeys would be hung from the ceiling and you could adjust to the height that was convenient for you to pick the feathers off the turkey. It was a terrible job and I really hated it but some days I could earn as much as three dollars a day which was very good wages for a kid my age.

I was able to get a job working at the theater as a custodian to relieve the regular custodian a day off. My pay for that was free passes to the shows at either of the theaters in Cedar city.

After getting bored watching the shows, I spent all my time in the projection booth learning to operate the projection equipment. One night I was in the booth by myself running the equipment when John Rowberry the manager came to the booth and found me all along. He was very upset because films in those days were very Flammable. He asked where Henry Grimshaw was and I told him I think he went next door to the confectionary store. He went next door and asked Henry about leaving this young kid up in the projection booth running the machines. Henry told him no problem as I had been running machines for weeks. John Rowberry came back up the projection booth and watched me the rest of the evening.



After the show and I was closing down the machines he asked me to drop by the next day in his office at the other theater the next evening. I was excited that I was going to be able to get a job as a projectionist, I talked to him and he told me at the age of 13, I was really too young to be an usher but if I would be an usher for 2 or 3 years then he would hire me as a projectionist.



Within three months I was hired as a projectionist five night a week, this opportunity came to me as in many other fields that there is a major shortage of people in the technical field due to the demands of the military and the war effort.



“To Whom It May Concern; 29 Dec 1947

The bearer of this letter, Mr. Russell Bateman, was employed by us in the capacity of a projectionist and a soundman for over a period of three years. During the time he was employed it was necessary for him to maintain and service our sound system. He did an excellent job and we did not experience a single sound failure during the time he was employed with BIOS we found Mr. Bateman to be excellent character and efficient in every respect any favors you may be able to extend to Mr. Bateman will be greatly appreciated by the writer's. Yours truly, John Rowberry”.

I also hung around radio station KSUB and became a good friend of Herschel Urie who was the chief engineer *and* manager of the station. I think part of the interest in Main was that I had a beautiful sister that he was interested in. Many times, I had wished she had been interested in him because he became a college professor at Weber State College and very successful.

I first went on the radio at the age of 14 when Herschel let me do some announcing and play the 16” 33 1/3 record programs. These were programs like “Hymns of all Churches and Jack Armstrong.



Radio KSUB was running only about 80 Watts back then and the transmitter and studio was located on the corner of the BAC (Branch Agriculture College – now called SUU). Our on-air monitor was an old AM table top radio that you had to turn down the volume before going on the air with the microphone. Several times I didn't turn the volume down and it created a squeal over the air.

One time we had a part in the transmitter failed and we couldn't purchase a new part due to war shortages. We drove to St. George and barrowed one out of an Amateur Radio Operators transmitter. (See my chapter 14),

A man by the name of “Woody” opened up a Radio store called “Paramount Radio”. I don’t remember much about his background other than he was severely injured in the great earth Quake in the San Francisco. He had his chest crushed so had to large indent area in his chest. We got to be great friends and he let me hang around his radio shop.

KSUB Southern Utah Broadcasting Co

December 31, 1947

To Whom It May Concern:

Gentlemen,

During the past two years, Mr. Russell Bateman has worked for KSUB from time to time, assisting in control room operation and remote broadcasts. His work with us has been very satisfactory.

Very truly yours, Hurschell G. Urie, Chief Engineer



Over the next couple of years, we did a lot of fun things together. I was permitted to put the large (about 16”) records on the player and play them over the air. These records were like “Hymns of all churches” and “the lone ranger”. I would even go on the air noting the next program that was to be played. There was a regular radio in the studio that you would have to turn down the volume so that you wouldn’t get the squealing – feedback when you went on the air. After having that experience a few times, I did better.

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.

At the Paramount Radio Store, I tore radios apart for the parts to be used for repairing radios in that new radio tubes and parts were not available. I Tested radio tubes from the old radios etc and did some repair on radios. I was never paid for my participation of activities at KSUB or Paramount Radio but was rewarded with experience and a lot of good fellowshiping.

I was working five nights a week as a projectionist at the two theatres and making good money for a kid 13 to 15 year of age.

When was 15, I was working repairing Bikes at the H M Ensley Bike shop in Cedar City when they announced the first Atom Bomb was dropped on August 6, 1945 Shortly after that, the War ended and Dad was transferred back to St. George.



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 and equipment operator for the weekly program for over a year.

I also operated the first and only sound system South of Cedar City. Sponsored by Urie Brothers Sound, I mounted one of their systems in my old 1939 Desoto and then my new 1948 red Studebaker car. St. George only had a weekly newspaper then. I advertised important events by driving up and down the streets of St. George announcing the special event. I was invited to all football games and other events.



Some things I charged for and some I donated my time.

Urie Brother Sound company 389 N. third West Cedar city Utah December 31, 1947

to whom it may concern:

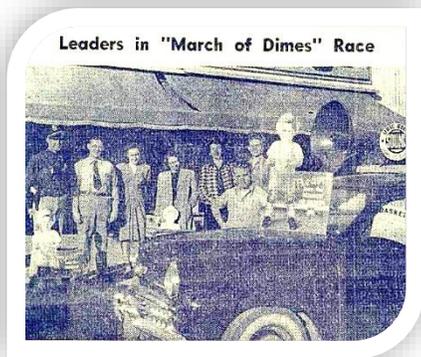
Mr. Russell Bateman has operated one of our sets of sound equipment for the past year and will continue to operate this equipment indefinitely. This has meant that Mr. Bateman has been responsible for the proper operation of all the equipment in his charge. This he has accomplished in a very completely satisfactory manner.

Very truly yours

1948-01-13

County News

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



Herschel Urie.

March of Dimes Washington

(Volunteer assignment)

(Zug) Bennett, Larry Leonardi, Mrs. Bentley, Mrs., Maxine Spencer, and 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.”

I picked up jobs wherever I could find them. For several dishes at the St. George Big Bus Stop and a very busy

weeks, I washed Hand Café. It was a restaurant. There was no automatic dish washer, all by hand. It was not a fun job.

One summer, I worked at Service Stations. For several months, I worked at the Cox Texaco Service Station on Bluff Street. At that time, it was the first Service Station after leaving Los Vegas. I worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week for \$100/month. I later changed to work at Pioneer Service Station which was in the middle of town. The pay was better where I earned \$90/month for five 8 hour shifts.

Pioneer service St. George Utah May 13, 1948 to whom it may concern:

Russell Bateman worked for me in the service station business for a year I am intimately acquainted with this young man and after observing him in his business and others in which he has been engaged I can recommend him for energy honesty and initiative in any job he makes strife to do signed Ralph J. Lauper manager



1946 Gas cost 21 cents a gallon and was measured by reading the marks inside the Glass holding containers located on top of the gas pump. After dispensing the gas, you would refill the glass holding container by pumped the gas using a hand pump. The wind shields were always washed, and oil levels were checked on every car. The air pressure in the tires was check when the customer requested.

I was hired as a Janitor at the St. George Telephone Office on 1 April 1946. My beginning pay was \$22 week and on March 2 I received a rise to #32.50/week. I usually went in, in the early morning before going to school and again right after school. Part of my assignment was cleaning pay telephone and telephone booths around St. George and keeping the sock room organized. The manager of the St. George Office (plant 7310) was Tom Jones. Alvy



Record of Russell R. Bateman, St. George, Utah (M S F 27)

class of emp	Nature of change	title	Location	Dept	Code	Rate	Date
TP	Rehanged addition	Janitor	St. George	Plant 7310	4-1-46	\$22.00	WK
IS	Increase	Janitor	St. George	Plant 7310	5-3-47	\$32.50	WK
RP	chg in Classific	Janitor	St. George	Plant 7310	5-1-47	\$33.00	WK
Gen. emp.						5-15-47	\$36.00
	Resigned					5-22-48	



Mulstine was the combination man. Alvy installed all the telephones in the St. George and Hurricane area and the “Magneto” lines running up to Pine Valley. We had a manual four position switch board that was normally manned with three telephone operators. I was not part of the Union and took a shift in manning the Switch Board answering emergency calls during the telephone operators strike. If I was in the office at noon time, they would let me turned the switch that operated the daily test of the voluntary Fire Department Siren. A number of times, I turn the red light on that was located in the middle of the intersection of main and Tabernacle for signaling the duty policeman to call the switchboard. I resigned on 22 May 1948 when I moved to Salt Lake.



In those days, Jut boxes were very popular in areas like restraints and some stores. The music was played from 78 RPM or 45 RPM records that were contained in side of the main unit. Some locations had remote control boxes. A nickel deposited would play your selected song. This was largely the only place you could hear this music.



I was the on-call Jute box repair person in the St. George area.

KNUDSEN MUSIC COMPANY – COIN OPERATED MACHINES 287 North Third East, Provo, Utah.

To Whom It May Concern:

Russell Bateman has successfully answered service

calls on our coin operated phonographs for more than a year in Washington County.

He is adapt for installation work and has always been dependable.

George A. Burch Route Manger.



I was also scheduled to attend an Organ installation school, San Francisco for the St. George McAllister Music Store, but I was canceled as I was leaving town. I think that the school found out that I was just a High School Kid and the School was for only Organ Service Professionals. Mr. McAllister had to go back hiring Organ Installers from Provo and Las Vegas.

When I moved back from Cedar City at the end of 1945, McKay Larson hired me as a projectionist at the Gaiety and Dixie Theatres, working five nights a week.



After a few weeks, McKay left for the service or defense job. The owner Merv Reber offered me McKay's position of managing the projection booths at both of his Theatres. I would work five nights a week at the theatres and train and hire other to work the nights. It was then, my responsibility to ensure that there were trained projectionists in each theatre each night. It was also my obligation to provide all the maintenance and repair of the projection and sound equipment.

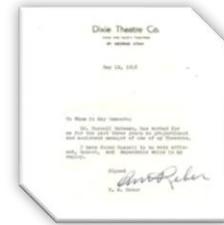
McKay Larson returned back to St. George in February 1948 and wanted his job back of the theaters. Merv Reber promoted me to manage the Gaiety Theatre. This theatre is now called the St. George Electric Theatre, This assignment included opening and closing the theatre's and working with the cashier and ushers. I did go back and do some projection work due to sickness and other emergencies.

Dixie Theatre Co. Dixie and Gaiety Theatres, St. George, Utah
12 May 1848

To Whom It May Concern:

Mr. Russell Bateman has worked for me for the past three years as projectionist and assistant manager of one of my theatres.

*I have Russell to be very efficient, honest and dependable while in my employment.
Signed, RM Reber.*



I was doing quite well as a High School kid. I had a checking and savings account and the only kid in my High School that owned a new Car. (See Chapter 14) It really irritated me when people, including the Dixie College President Art Brun making statements of "how nice it was that for my father to buy me a new car. They wouldn't believe me that I was paying for the car own. My parents provided me with a loving home and food to eat but felt that was good training for me to provide my own money for everything else.

After I graduated from High School and had the resume letters in hand, I headed for Salt Lake to find bigger and better things. I applied for a number of different jobs. Sears & Roebuck offered me a job working in their tire shop in Salt Lake City. I also worked part time for Poll and Austin Sound and doing things like the 1948 Democratic Convention at the Salt Lake Fair Grounds.



The next few weeks changing tires, installing Seat Covers, I finally advanced to be in charge of the battery Shop.



After working for Sears, a couple of months, I knew that mounting tires and seat covers, was not the occupation that I wanted. I didn't have money to go to school. I talked with the Navy recruiter and was enlisted to go to Radio Material School.

See my chapter 07-Navy