THE BEST YEARSTO BE ALIVE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Russell Rulon Bateman History

**Chapter 1 EARLY CHILDHOOD 1930 to 1938**

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 word. 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 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.

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 theses as he would have had to gone back east and he had no finances that would have been required. 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 in the area Money was still tight.

On the 11th of̓ 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 father who died during child hood. 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 to 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.

The farm was eighty acres with a farm house, barn, grainery, 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 was the watch of the milking of the cows, cranking of the separator and playing in the Grainery, covering up with grain as some would do with sand at the beach.

The only neighbors can be remembered 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 potty paper was a Montgomery catalog that you tear a page out as needed. Not having the opportunity not going to stores, now newspaper of course, no TV, The catalog had pictures of things that had never seen or even hear 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 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. 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 get 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, and then we would get dressed.

My best friend was the family dog “Snowball”. I don’t remember the bread, 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 belong 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 slottered. It was very hard on me but she said, it was the depression and we needed the meat. We had way to take of it during the winter. Mother didn’t force me to eat the meat.

A horse given us by Grandpa Bateman named, Hal Direct”. This hoarse was a retired Trotter, a winner of many races in Northern Utah. The horse was given to us to finish out it live and it seem to be only a short time until it died. The only time that I could ride the horse was when my brother and sister was 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 and Dad was 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.

We had a Sheep Herder who had no employment or income during the winter. My parents let them park their Sheep Herder’s wagon on our farm. I remember going out to visit several times. Mother was concern that they were freezing, but they had stored up wood to burn in their Stove that they used cook with and keep warm in the Idaho cold winter. I remember Mother and I visiting several times. There was hardly room for one person to stand, but the three of them lived there morning and night during the winter.

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 ox comes 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

The children in our rural area went to small country schools, one and two room schools. My father was a school teacher in Idaho Falls and as kid’s 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 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 can be remembered 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. (About 1935) Another experience was when Father Alfred 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 think that not having 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.

My Teacher in both the first Grade and 2nd grade was Miss Boyce, and I can remember her very well as she didn’t seem to like Farm boy me, very well. I spent hours sitting on the floor as punishment and one time my father had to wait an hour for me to serve my time sitting on the floor.

After the second-grade we sold our Farm and move 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 self 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 use to the noise of the Steam engine trains running 24 hours a day. There is nothing comparable to the Steam Whistle that we would hear all night.

My parents purchased a family seasonal pass 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 the 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 little 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 conditions and Dad keep trying to find a permeant position in the Federal Government. Dad founded 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 results, we moved to St. George and rented the upper floor of the Jed Faucet home. This home was located just south of Dr. Gates’s dental office. It was previously, Brigham Young Winter home and Dr. Gates had his dental office in that 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 barn yard where we kept some chickens. The St. George City Building is now located where our chickens were. I like 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 arrive 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 were no way to get news. There was a weekly county newspaper. No radio ( TV?- You have to be kidding) In the evening, you could get radio from California. It took a while to receive much news 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;..