THE BEST YEARSTO BE ALIVE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Russell Rulon Bateman History

**Chapter 13** Friends – Russ Bateman

Living on a farm in my early life with no neighbors kid my age, my early friends were my Dog, “Snowball,” My Horse “Hal Direct” and a Lamb that I don’t remember the name that I gave to it.

My Horse or our horse (I guess that it belonged to my Brother and Sister also) was given to us by Grandfather Bateman. It was a Retired “Trotter Race Horse” and held a lot of records with it activity in Cache Valley, Utah. Hal Direct died of a heart attack and my pet Lamb grew up to be “sheep” and had to be slaughtered for the meat, as it was during the depression and my parents said that we couldn’t keep it for a pet. Losing these two friends was very hard me and made me reluctant to having animals as friends.

Hall Direct

My father was a school teacher in Idaho Falls so we went to school in town. The town Kids at School looked down us low life farm kids. They would see us at school, but we returned to the Farm when we weren’t in school and so had no opportunity to have other activities with them. Kids from our farm area where we lived went to a rural school, one of two room school house.

We left the farm and Moved to Garland, Utah, where we lived in an apartment in the middle of town. Even though Garland was a small town, it was different than the farm life that we had left. I remember a friend who was a girl by the name of Judy Northman. She was a nice looking girl “and her hair hung down in ringlets” I don’t think that she was LDS, and I didn’t like some of the things she did. It was nice to be treated different as I was no longer a Farm boy.

We only lived in in Garland a short time before moving to Morgan Utah. In Morgan, I remember having a lot of friends, but only remember my neighbor was a Clark.

In 1939 we moved to St. George where I had many friends. One was a Robert Gardner, but I don’t remember which Robert Gardner he was but he lived accost the street from me. I remember having several friends’ that were Hafens and we rode horses out in the Ivan area.

Billie Benward

Billy Benward



We moved to Cedar City in 1940 and I developed friends with Duray Dally and Demar (Bud) Bowman. They were both two years older than me and lived in my neighborhood. With their influence, we joined the Utah State Guard together. (The story is in another chapter of this history)(Duray Dally graduated from University of Utah and worked for the U. S. Forest Service. Duray was from a very poor, single Mother family. )

Bud and Duray

(Demar Bowman retired from the Highway patrol and was elected Republican District 72 in the Utah State Government and was assigned Vice chairman of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice Committee. Bud was from a very well to do family whose father owed the Conoco Gas distribution in Cedar City. Bud worked for his dad and started driving at the age of 12 years old, delivering gas. Bud started drinking before I moved back to St. George. In 1946, Bud's father purchased him a new 1946 Studebaker Landcruser, which was the most powerful of the new cars. We were chased by the Utah Highway Patrol a number of times, but the patrol cars were 1946 Fords and had very low power and slow. They had no radios at that time.

After I moved, bud would come down to see me in St. George. We did get stopped when I was with him and ticked for running a stop sign. Due to Bud’s Drinking, I started avoiding him. One night when I can home from working at the Theatres, I could see his car parked in front of my home. I parked my car around the corner and slipped home without him seeing me. He had others in the car and they were drinking. They got in to some kind of a consultation with another car and got into a big fight, ending up in Jail. I stayed away from Bud, and lost track of him when I went into the military. One time when I was on Navy leave going through Cedar City, I was wondering what happed to Bud and ask someone about him. I was directed to an office in the Northern part of Cedar City and when I got there, it was the Highway Patrol where he was working as a UHP Radio dispatcher. After retirement from the Highway patrol, Bud went on to be a Community Leader and served in the State legislator until his death.

Bud Bowman

I started working in the Theatres as a projectionist at age 13 and that limited other activity.)Moving back to St. George, my best friend was Carl Barton. We went hunting, and did a lot of various things together. He and I were awarded the best performance in our High School assembly contest with me simulating singing and him playing the piano. We also preformed in Hurricane.

Later, in our last year of High school, DuWaye Eyer, Maxine Leany, Ora Larson and I, became very close. DuWayne and Maxine were married in the St. George Temple and I became engaged to Ora.

In my last year of high school, it was very difficult to come up with the money to purchase and engagement ring. It was heartbreaking to sell my 22 Rifle and some other things, but at the time, I felt it was worth it.

Ora's aunt came to me, suggesting that when we get married, that we should live somewhere else to avoid having problems with her controlling Sister (Ora's Mother). We had not planned to get married in the Temple, even though the only thing that would restrict us was I hadn't been converted to the law of Tithing and was not very active, using Sundays for Cleaning and maintaining the projection equipment at the two theatres. We had no moral problems and would have got sealed in the Temple later.

Ora Larson

I moved to Salt Lake and started working for Sear & Roebucks' in the tire shop. Ora's mother convinced Ore that she shouldn't marry me and so broke our engagement and it was very hard on me. I considered suicide, but then I did decide to do worse than that. I joined the Navy. That will really show her. I am told by friends that at Ora's wedding her Mother told them that she was sure glad that she had broken up her engagement with Russell Bateman and she sure didn't want her to marry him. Two years later, my Mother told me that Ora's Mother apologies to her that she was sorry that she had broke us up.

Not being engaged any longer, a fellow working with me at Sears lined us with dates with some very good look girls that we took to Salt Air swimming and other places. I remember that they had Band Dancing at Salt Air and at Lagoon. Carl Barton came up to visit me in Salt Lake and he had some contacts and we double dated several times. I don't remember names very well, but one cute little gal was Named Grace Jonjaic, or some similar spelling. Either she or it was her father was born in France. I met another girl at a dance that was LDS and we corresponded for a year or so. I was sent to San Diego for my basic training and schooling which took about six months. I had now been "converted" (more about my conversion in another chapter) In Church Activities at that time, there were about eleven male members to every, one girl. I did date a few girls that I met in church. I met Virginia Hedlund, a beautiful Blonde. We went steady for three months, until I was transferred to Alaska, where there was a girl behind every tree. Okay, so there were not any trees.

After being in Alaska and exchanging letters for several months, I received a "Dear Russ" letter from Virginia's Mother, Bernice. She told me that Virginia had met and was engaged to boy, by the Name of David Martin. All though we had gone "steady" for several weeks before I was sent to Alaska, we have never talk about anything in the future. Bernice told me that she really liked me and had hoped that something would develop between Virginia and me. But that David Martin was a very nice boy from Salt Lake City.

I felt no remorse and was happy for Virginia as she was a great girl. I later found that David Martin was already a millionaire heir of the Martin door company, but Virginia did know it until after they were married. David had joined the Navy to evade the Korean War Draft. Not long after David served his time and was released from the Navy, he became the CEO of Martin Overhead Door company. He served in many callings including Stake President and National President of the "Sons of the Utah Pioneers," Gaye and I have met them a couple of times at SUP activities.

I stopped at Kodiak Alaska for several days and had the opportunity of attending a dance at Kodiak Village. Most of girls there were native (Eskimo) and certainly not very attractive.

Now I was on the Island of Adak, in the middle of the Aleutian Islands, There was a "girl behind every tree." For two years, I looked for the tree that had a girl behind, but there no trees - no girls. For the following two years, I was never face to face with any girl or female.

We did, however, talk to girls over the amateur radio. We would make contact with stations in the "lower 50" and if they didn't know any girls, we would talk with the telephone Operators.

The girls that I corresponded with in writing, gradually thinned out as they were getting married or lost interest in writing. For two years, Stationed overseas at Adak, Alaska- which was considered in the Korean War Zone, I never saw or personally talked with a girl,

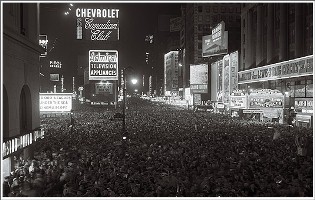
On my way back to the lower 50 states, I stopped again at Kodiak Village. After two years, the native girls sure got a lot better looking.

We spent several days in Seattle Washington and we attended a dance. A girl came up to be nice and talk to me, and I was speechless and couldn’t talk. I am sure that she thought that I was some kind of character.

I returned to St. George for my 30 day leave. I dated Mar Jean McMullan, the girl accost the street who said that I was the first boy to kiss her (years previous when I dated her). I think that my Mother and Mar Jean's mother were trying to get a match. Mother took Mar Jean and I north to visit family. Mar Jean was a very nice girl, but we didn't click. An example, she told her Uncle that we were engaged to be married. He being in upper society in the Salt Lake Area wrote a story announcing our engagement, sending it to the news papers. When she finally admitted that it wasn't true, her uncle had a lot of stress cancelling the news paper article. Mar Jean thought that is was funny, but I knew better. There were not more comments about it during the remaining time of my leave, and Mother and Mar Jean took me to the Salt Lake Air Port as I left for Washington D. C. I never wrote to Mar Jean and I understand she went on and had a successful marriage and family.

I did take out my endowments before leaving St. George. My mother had great concerns in that I was still in the Military.

Washington D. C. a fun City. I was in training out at Cheltenham Maryland, but spent my weekends in Washington D. C. I had my Civilian Cloths and spent weekends at the "Sheridan Embassy." Sounds political. It was a large three story apartment on Sheridan Street that about 16 priesthood holders called home, at least on weekends. There was only a couple of us that were military, the rest were CIA, FBI, etc. The "House Mother” (the one in charge and made dish duty assignments, etc) was J. Moyle Anderson. He was unmarried, in his 30's and worked for the Department of Agriculture.

The LDS youth group that I joined was mostly in their latter 20 or early 30 ths, all non-married. There wasn't a couple’s type relationship, but a group of around thirty members that wanted to have fun. We visited the historic sites around Washington D. C., Climbed the Washington Monument (took hours), Sang Christmas carols at different locations.

I had the opportunity of making the annual New Year’s trip to New York. A group of LDS girls had two large apartments near down town New York City. Each year when the men from Washington D. C. came up, the girls would vacate one apartment and move in with the other girls in their apartment. Then the group (Girls and Boys) would go down to Time Square for the big midnight celebration. I was in uniform and their assignment for me was to act like a drunken sailor and through $20 bills out. Of course the bills were fake, but they very realistic looking. As the group watched, it was fun to see a person step on the bill and when they though no one was watching, they would scoop it and walk away.

We spent most of the night at time square and then headed back to Washington D. C. There was no place near the down town apartment’s, so we would have to park on the out area and take the Train in to the City.

It was very hard to get a date without a car in Washington D. C.. The 16th Ward chapel was very popular and had weekly dances. I was considered a good dancer and had no problem getting girls to dance with me. There was a formal dance scheduled that was for couples. I had a friend at the Navy school offer to let me take his car. So I got date with one the girls that regularly attended the Saturday night dances.

I thought that we had a good time and I was taking her home. Then she shocked me by saying, "I want you to make love to me before you take me home." I didn't think that I understood her and ask her to repeat what she said. I told her that it wasn't accepted by church standards, even more; I had been though the temple and received my endowments. She said it was different because I was in the Navy and therefore I didn't have to obey those standards. I told her that that was not correct and there was not any more conversation and I drove up in front of her home. She got out of the car and slammed the door and I never seen her again.

It was very foggy driving back to the school in Cheltenham. In fact, I had to just creep a long slowly. I looked out in the fog next to me and saw moving, flashing sign that said "Stop". It finally becomes apparent that it was a police car and I pulled over. The officer came up and told me that the Florida license plate was not currant. He ask for the registration papers, couldn't find them in the glove compartment. I told the officer that I had just borrowed the car for the evening. I only remembered the first name of the one that loaned me the car and I didn't have an address of where the owner lived. I did have a currant Utah Drivers license. He had me follow him to the police station where I spent the rest of the night in Jail.

The next morning, they let me go after paying $10 fine. They told me that the only thing that made them believe my story that the expired license plates was Amateur Radio Plates and that I had an Amateur Radio License in my wallet. Amateur radio licenses Plates were very rare at that time. The owner told me that he had sent for the Florida renewal plates, but they hadn't came back.

I found that getting around Washington D. C. was difficult and in that I had another four months of School, I purchased a motor scooter. I road it up to the Sheridan Embassy (apartment house) and got permission to park it in their garage.

The following week at school, one of the instructors came to me talking of what I was to do the next day in London. I told him that he had me mixed up with someone as I had another four months of school. He said, didn't someone talk to me about my assignment? I was told that they need someone to take the place of a man was being reassigned on a classified mission (There is more information in another part of this history about the Man that I replaced was killed when the Submarine was sunk in an Russian Harbor – See Chapter 7) and I was the only one far enough in training to take the assignment. Next day, I was in London.

I had just purchased the Motor scooter and didn’t get a chance to use it. I had no telephone number, address or way to look up names at the apartment. About a year later, I went to the apartment to check on the Motor scooter. They said that I had just disappeared. They had moved the motor scooter to one of the members sheds.

London England, where there were a high percentage of young girls in the church and about no young men. I was told that young girls were attracted to the missionaries and were converted to the church by time they found that the missionaries were restricted in dating. So there were many young ladies that were members of the church.

I lucked out and was able to attend the London Gold and Green Ball where I never had to ask for a dance. The more forward girls ask for a dance and were patient to wait for their turn. This was a different experience for me.

In London, I dated Margret Singer, member of the church. I met her Mother who had been waiting months for her turn for some kind of special type of surgery. After Church activities, I offered to take her home (public transportation) and she refused. One time she relented and agreed.  
We got to where she lived about 9:30 pm and she immediately started pressuring that I should leave. I felt that she just wanted to get rid of me. Returning to the "Park House" (near Marble Arch) I boarded the underground rail way to me next station. As I stepped off the train and headed for my next leg, a uniformed man was waving for me to hurry to get on the next leg of my underground rail road trip. When I got off at a next transfer station and looked for next train for the finial trip, the uniformed man said, "not more trains to night, laddy" and locked up the gates as I climbed the steps to the Street. So Margret was concerning my means of transportation to get back to the Park House (U. S. Air Force Hotel). I had a map and ended up with a long, long walk on dimly lighted streets to get there, starting before 11 pm and it took me around two to three hours to walk the distance.

London, England. Margret, her mother and Brother (LDS)

A few days later the ship was in Glasgow Scotland where I attend another Gold and Green Ball and area Conference. This is where I met Eleanor Helen Junor. In the meetings, she could listen to different people or groups talk and could identify where they were from. We hit it off quite well. She was very active in the church. I took leave for a few days and came back for a visit in Glasgow and was invited to stay at her family flat. I slept in the same bed where President McKay had slept just a few weeks before when he visited Glasgow area. Helen and I started writing and I was able to visit her couple of other times when I was in a port somewhere in the British Islands. She was planning to immigrate to Salt Lake and put her papers in a long time before I met here. Our relationship got serious with discussions of future plans, for back in the United States. I only had the opportunity of visiting her once in Salt Lake after she arrived. When the topic of marriage came up, I was reluctant in that I felt that marriage and Navy life didn't work. Another major deterrent was my being in the Navy Security Group, I would have to leave the Security Group and it was not permissible to a member of the group to marry a non-citizen. Even marring a Citizen, they would have to do a security check. We were never in the going steady category.

(Helen went on to merry a Salt Lake boy and she became a very successful executive Secretary to several key State of Utah Government officials. Gaye and I ran on to her in Salt Lake a couple of times.)

The ship was docked at Hull England where I was able to attend a third Golden Green Ball.

I met and dated a number of other girls mostly English. You know the tradition was for a Sailor, "A girl in every port". I did date a few non-member girls; it was nothing more that I really enjoyed dancing. My Patricidal Blessing warned me about dating non-member girls. This time period was just after the big War, and thousands of young men were killed and there was a major shortage of men throughout Europe. An American boy was in high demand.

I ask for a date with a beautiful little German girl in Germany, but she said no, not even Nein. Dating in foreign countries (other than the British Islands) were difficult for me as it seems that the available dance halls were not kind of places that I wanted to be at. We spent the day together on a tour of the City of Hamburg. She did speak broken English

I had an interesting experience in Salonika Greece. This was the old biblical City of Thessalonica. There were no piers to dock next to and so we dropped anchor out in the bay. I loved the experience of walking the streets and thinking of what it was like back in the days that the Bible wrote about. At the time I was there, the signs of WWII were everywhere. The people were very poor and had very few possessions. There was only electrical power in the downtown area. This power came from a Beached U S Landing craft that was only used for the generators. The back streets were narrow, made out of pebbles stones and most of the dwellings' had no windows. They had no "Kitchens", running water or power. Bathrooms were a neighborhood wall or trench and smelled terrible. I am impressed when I see on the internet, what the city looks like today.

While I was seeing as much of Solonica (called Thessalonica in the Bible) as I could, I got into a conversation with a Greek who spoke very English. He invited me to his home for visits which I appreciated the opportunity of see the inside of a typical home. At the entry to his home, there was a little open area that contains a fire pit to cook something and was open so that the smoke would escape. I only saw two rooms, one was a bed room and the other was a living or sitting room. There was at least one other room. It was dark and the sitting room was lighted with a coal oil lamp on the table in the middle of the room. The only difference to this home from the others I could see into, there was some nicer furniture. The homes didn’t have anything covering the windows and Glass windows were unusual. I don't know if he had a wife or was married. He introduced to me his adopted beautiful daughter and said that he also had an adopted son. Both about my age. He said that their parents were killed in the war. He asks his daughter to speak to me in English. Her question was "it is true that there is a kitchen in every American home. I answered in the affirmative and she looked astonished as very few homes in Greece had kitchens in them. The father told me that he had kept this girl away from any man and educated her to speak English and to read, write etc. He then made me an offer. He would give her to me if I would take her to America and she would serve me the rest of my life. It was interesting to have someone want to “give” me a girl”. But arranged marriages or whatever they called it, was common at that time in Greece. I thanked him for his generous offer, but told him that it was not the way we do things in America.

Betty Ogg  
Dundee Scotland

I loved to dance and developed many friendships, mostly in England. In addition to dancing, I loved to see the area and in many cases, my friend would offer to show me around. An example, Betty Ogg, in Dundee Scotland.

June lived on a Farm near Weymouth England. She milked 17 cows (no machines) morning and night. I visited her very nice modern home, but seemed to a bad odder. I found out what the smell was when one of her family opened the kitchen door looking directly into their barn and there were the cows.

Our Ship was assigned to represent The United States at the British Classic Yacht Regatta centered at the Isle of Wight. The ship (called a Destroyer or in sometimes, a “Tin Can) I was on at the time was the USS Henlay, DD762. It was dressed by using the Signal Flags and looked very nice. The British Also had one of their Destroyer dressed up and anchored near us. It was a big week long celebrations with all kinds of activities including Boat Races. The part that I liked was the Big Dances every night.

The first night at the dance, I saw this very nice beautiful, refined girl and at that time, very few girls refused an American Sailor when ask to dance. So I boldly ask her for a dance and she accepted. Things went well, so we danced together that evening. I thought that things were going very well and ask her if we could dance together the next evening. She looked at me and didn’t say anything. Then I notices that she was wearing an engagement ring and I apologized. She didn’t say anything and we continued dancing. At the end of the last dance, she said that she was part of a British Royal Family and her marriage was an arranged marriage. The man that she was assigned to marry, was working as a Bus conductor in London. He would never go to a dance and that they had very few things in common, and though that he was “rather Dull”. So with that understand, she agreed to meet me the next night at the dance.

We attended the dances every night and spent time during the day visiting with her family. They fixed me the best meal that they could. Two EGGS! I was very reluctant as I knew that they were rationed to one egg per person per week, at that time. Her father said, no problem, we buy them on the Black market and have plenty. They were extremely nice, but her Aunt who was in some high level position in the Royal Family, really made an objection. He parents were also Royalty, but were very nice and seemed to be under control of her fathers Sister, The Aunt had a high level position and something to do with the marriage arrangement.

She had a very different name that I can’t remember. The last evening, with tears and lightly crying, she told me how much she appreciated that I didn’t make any sexual advances ( like the reputation of sailors). That it was like a story book. I was the man she always dreamed of and the next day I would sail off over the sea, and would never to see me again and that she would have to go up to London and marry this Bus Conductor.

My relief came aboard; it was the third ship that I was serving on at the time. I returned to my Office in London and shortly after that returned to the Naval Security Station in San Diego.

I flew up to Detroit to pick up my care that I had pre-ordered. Now I had a car for my following assignment while in Washington D. C.

I drove up to the Sheridan Embassy (Apartment) to Visit my friends and check on my motor scooter. They had moved it over to a members place and I had no problem in selling it. I had only road it from where I purchased it to the apartment house, where it sat about a year, not being used.

I was just getting back into circulation when I was transferred to Imperial Beach Naval Radio Station, South of San Diego. It didn’t take time to get back in circulation again and in a short time I was elected as the San Diego Area M-men – Golden Gleaner President. Being I was President, I had no problem getting date, even Nancy Knudson the “sot after daughter” of one of the Stake Presidents. She was a Great Gal.

I did some dating a girl who was at school at the base. She was taking some interest in the church and I took her to a number of meetings. She finished her school and was shipped overseas and I heard that she had married.

My Bishop asked me to visiting him in his office. He noted that I should be considering marriage. I told him that I was having a great time not interested in getting married. Being San Diego Area M-men-Gleaner President, I was having lot of fun.. I told my Bishop, that I wouldn’t get married unless I could find a beautiful, small town girl with lots of pioneering heritage. She had to be very intelligent, talented and very dedicated member of the church. Yeh, what would be the chances of finding all those things in one girl. Nothing was said about that she had to be a Redhead, but that turned out to be a bonus in the package.

So I took it to my Father in heaven and explained what my Bishop has said and ask for his help in finding the girl that I was looking for. When I drove up to St. George from San Diego to Visit my Mother and Father as I had done before number of time and dated St. George Girls. But on my next trip to St. George, there she was, working for my mother. She had all those things that I ask for, and on that visit, she was in a talent program and told me to sit where she could see me and she would sing to me during the talent show. The lord has answered my prayer, telling me that she was the right one for me and in a few months we were married in the St. George Temple.

We have been active in many organizations and found many special friends. We have RV travelled over the past 30 year, making special friends. We have travelled for three months in Alaska and several trips back East, one trip lasting for 5 months, been in every state but Minnesota More information in other chapters.