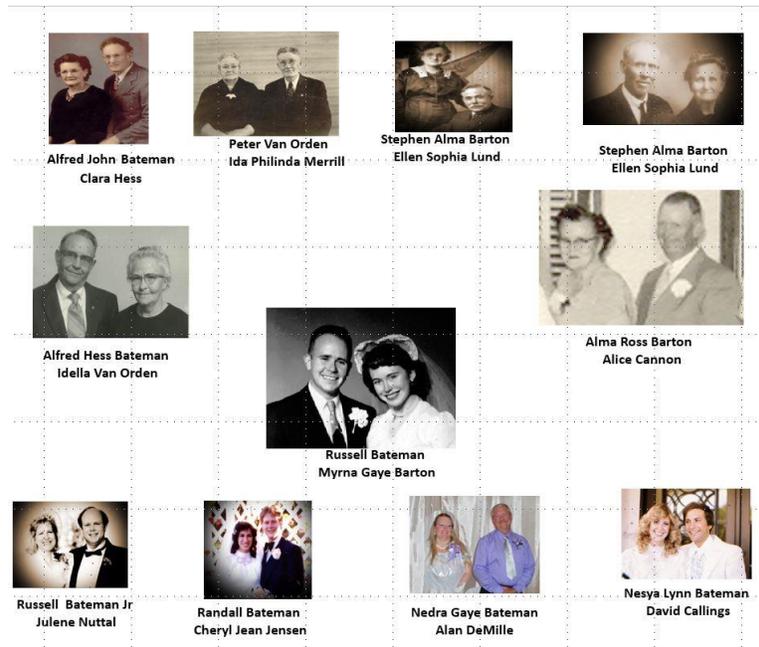


Russell Rulon Bateman History

Chapter 01 Russell Bateman – My Family



Ancestry

Thomas Hazen Merrill (My Great Great Great Grandfather)

At the end of the American War of Independence in 1775, Thomas Hazed Merrill and his wife Sara Ward Merrill lived in Ipswich in the state of Mass. where he and his brother emigrated about 1633. In the year of 1788 they relocated at Fort Lawrence, NB, Canada. They were Loyalist and wanted to live under the British rule. Fort Lawrence was the center of the “14th colony. In the United States, we learn about the 13 colonies that won War. But you have to go to Canada to learn about in the American War of Independence, the British won the war in the 14th Colony. In Canada, you also learn about the Americans viciously “Sacked” Sackville”. Thomas and Sara moved to Sackville and remain there the rest of his life.

Nathan Merrill (My Great Great Grandfather)

We would guess that Thomas Merrill chose the New Brunswick area as there was family living there.



Nathan Merrill was born 25 September 1794. He married Sarah Ann Reynolds in 1814. We were unable to locate Pictures of them but did find their graves when we were in Sackville July 2001, and found them buried in the Westcock Cemetery, Sackville, NB, Canada.



Marriner Wood Merrill (My Great Grandfather)

My Great Grand Father Marriner Wood Merrill was Born 25 September 1832 in Sackville, Westmorland, New Brunswick, Canada.

Elder Merrill, a native of Canada, came to Utah in 1853. He served as a bishop for 17 years, then as the first president of the Logan Temple from 1884 until his death in 1906. He was called to the Council of the Twelve in 1889. In 1899, he was asked to also serve as the president of the Cache Stake – he was serving concurrently as an apostle, a temple president, and a stake president!

Ida Philinda Merrill and PETER EDMOND VAN ORDEN (My Grandparents)

Peter Edmond Van Orden was the 7th. Child and 5th. Son of Everett Clark Van Orden and Elisabeth Harris Van Orden.

Pete, as everyone called him, was born the 23rd. of January, 1868, at Kaysville, Davis County, Utah



On the 1 of Feb. 1888, he married Ida Philinda Merrill (daughter of Marriner Wood Merrill and Cyrene Standley Merrill), in the Logan Temple with her father performing the ceremony. To them were born 13 children Edmond Merrill — Elbert Clark — Peter Bertrand – Harris Olonso — Merlin Thatcher — Cethel Jay — **Idella** (My Mother) — Mazel Wood — Evelyn— Mabel — Velferd Merrill — Alta — Don Merrill. These children all grew to adulthood, got married, and had children.



Ida Philinda Merrill Van Orden who was ever at Peter's side at home and carrying on in his absence, also followed him in death, 9 days later 18, Feb. 1957.

They were survived by 12 of their 13 children, 43 grandchildren, and 53 great grandchildren.

John Wells Hess (My Great Great Grandfather)

John Wells Hess and Emeline Elzada Bigler Hess,. Emeline Bigler Hess Emeline's story, we begin in the picturesque land of tulips and windmills. Her great-grandfather, Mark Bigler, came to America from the River Rhine, Holland. He was born about 1705 and died in Pipe Creek, Frederick, Maryland, when about 82 years of age. He had married a girl we know only as Catherine. She had been born about 1712 and lived in Frederick County, Maryland.



About 1752, Jacob was born to Mark and Catherine. Jacob became a farmer in Summerset County, Pennsylvania. He married Hannah Booker and they had ten children. Jacob died in September 1829, at the age of 76. Hanna lived until July 18, 1853. She was 93 at the time of death.

*The sixth child of Jacob and Hannah was named for his father. Jacob Jr., was born June 9, 1793 at Harrison County, Virginia, where his family had lived most of their years. When Jacob grew to manhood, he married Elizabeth Harvey on May 24, 1814. Elisabeth had been born January 10, 1795 at Montgomery County, Maryland, to Basil Harvey and Polly Hall Harvey. Jacob and Elizabeth had five children: Henry William, Polly Hannah, **Emeline**, and Bathsheba. Little Bathsheba was buried when she was but 14 months old.*

Jacob and his family moved to Bier Creek, 16 miles from Nauvoo. Once again dark clouds threatened Jacob's world – persecution forced him to move into Nauvoo for the safety of his loved ones.

Emeline Hess (My Great Great Grandmother)

Emeline loved the City of Nauvoo, especially after she met a tall, dark and handsome Dutchman, named John Wells Hess. Emeline had a genial disposition and a gentleness which attracted people to her. And perhaps there was a sense of fellowship because long ago, Emeline's great-grandfather, Mark Bigler, had called Holland his native land. This lovely, sweet girl was 24 when she married 24-year-old John. On a cool, crisp day, November 2, 1845, they exchanged vows. They were endowed on January 29, 1846.



Emeline and John made their way west to Council Bluffs, Iowa. They stayed a short while, building shelters, securing food and planting crops to be harvested by those who would follow. Another decision faced John and Emeline at Council Bluffs, because on July 1 word came that 500 men were to be enlisted into the United States Army and sent to fight Mexico. John loved his country, even though he and his people had been cruelly treated. He enlisted in the Mormon Battalion. But what of Emeline, who loved

her husband devotedly? She learned that with every company, a woman was hired to go as a laundress. Emeline was quick to volunteer so that she and John might stay together. Emeline was strong and courageous - as well she needed to be. The journey of the Mormon Battalion was long and full of many hardships. She was a great source of joy and strength to her husband. History tells us that the women endured the trek better than did some of the men.

John Wells Hess-Mormon-Battalion (My Great Great Grandfather)

So the Battalion marched out from Council Bluffs to Fort Leavenworth, a distance of 200 miles. This was



accomplished in ten days. On August 13 they started for Santa Fe, Mexico, 720 miles away. The heat, dust and sunbaked stretches took their toll. Many soldiers became ill and disabled. The Battalion was slowing

down. When it finally reached Santa Fe, Colonel Phillip St. George Cook, the Commanding Officer, ordered the sick to return to Pueblo, Colorado. All women and children were to return also.

John Hess was very upset. He didn't want to go without Emeline. How could he bear to see his beautiful, young sweetheart march away with a company of sick, heat-deranged men, with none but woman and children to help protect her?

Even though the trek back was severe, John and Emeline were still together, for which they were happy and grateful. But the way was hard and long. Here was a company of women and children, tired and discouraged, traveling those many, many miles, saddled with the care of the sick and disabled men. Food was scarce, so half rations were doled out the first part of the journey, and John made Emeline a home in Salt Lake, but after a short while they moved out to Mill Creek, where John cut timber to earn money. But John still had a pledge to fulfill and on September 9, 1847, he left Emeline with friends and family and returned to Mount Pisgah. He was saddened by the news of his father but brought his mother and his brothers and sisters back to Salt Lake Valley, arriving on July 27, 1848. His joy at seeing his beloved Emeline again was multiplied when he beheld his beautiful son, born on January 6, 1848. Little Jacob was named in honor of Emeline's father.

It's moving time again. Once more John gathered their possessions and with his wife and baby, his mother and her family, journeyed to Farmington. A home was established there. John performed a mission to the Indians and was a Bishop and Patriarch in that area.

Jacob and Elizabeth Hess (Great Grand Parents)

Jacob and Elizabeth Hess were poor, humble, hard-working, honest and religious. They arose by candlelight and worked until late at night. They loomed the flax of their fields, made their own clothing, including shoes. The simple log home was furnished with plain furniture, fashioned by Jacob. Education

was important to these parents, for the children went to school and were tutored by David Masters, a Methodist minister. The curriculum consisted of the usual three "R's" with a spelling bee "thrown in for fun." Whenever the weather would permit, it was barefoot time. On Sundays the girls would carry their hose and homemade shoes until they almost reached the little church.

Grand Mother Clara May Hess (and Alfred John Bateman (My Grand Parents)

My father Jacob Hess was born of goodly pioneer parents, John W. Hess and Emeline Bigler on 6 Jan 1849 in Farmington, Davis, Utah. He was the first child of the great Mormon leader and pioneer who served in the Mormon Battalion, colonizer, and statesman serving 3 terms in the legislature of Utah and was a Colonel in charge of defense, as well as serving as Bishop, Councilor to Stake President, and Stake President, and Patriarch until his death.

My father Jacob was a person of honest convictions and personal integrity and goodness of character and very independent, he spent his early years in Farmington keeping busy with gainful occupations. For a while he herded flocks at Promontory, he returned to Farmington and his home. He met Hannah Thornock, a lovely girl who won his heart. He took her away from his brother Jed, who was also in love with her. They were married Feb 1869 in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. They lived in Farmington where their first child, Elzada Emeline was born 17 June 1869.

My grandparents, parents of mother, the John Thornocks, were pioneers in a handcart company coming across the plains. They buried 2 little children who were taken ill from the hardships.

Father accompanied a group of pioneers who were called to settle Georgetown among them were the Thornock family, who later settled in Bloomington, ID. He came back to get his young wife and baby where they made a home in Georgetown. When Elzada was 3 years old and mother was expecting her second child, Mary Ann, father pulled mother and Elzada, a babe in her arms on a hand sleigh a distance of 22 miles on hard-crusted snow from Georgetown to Bloomington so she could be in the home of her parents for her baby's birth because the roads were snow-blocked and could not be traveled by horse and bob sleigh.

Father and mother later moved to Bloomington, a thriving town at that time where father bought a 3-acre plot of ground and built a little home.

Perry and I were born in my dear grandmother Anne Bott Thornock's home. I was born 26 Feb 1876 being the 4th child of Jacob and Hannah Hess Thornock. As a child I lived in a dear little frame home father built. It faced the East and had 2 large rooms, one across the front which was the large one and one across the back. How I loved that home, I'll never forget it. There was a little hill at the back to the West that we girls loved to climb. It was covered with beautiful flowers, buttercups, daisies and cowslips; we loved to pick them in bouquets and bring them home to mother. My sisters were Elzada, Mary Ann, Dora, Lizzie, and Addie and my brothers were Perry, Arthur, Delbert, Acquilla, and Milford.

We were poor and life was a struggle. I would tie my feet up in burlap when I went in the hills to get the cows in the evening. One old bossy wore a cowbell which helped me find her.

Father took pride in having a good garden, he also had a large strawberry bed and raised lots of peas and potatoes. Mother would cream and make such a good supper, but she was always pleasant and sweet; how I loved her.

We lived one block from grandmother Thornock and I would sit on the steps and watch her as mother told me. She was widowed and often did not have a bite to eat.

When we went to the store, there were so many routes to go and I would enjoy deciding which way to go. I liked to do this and also going to Church and school.

My parents were very neat; there was never a straw in our door yard. Mother was immaculate and kept everything scrubbed white.

Father traded our dear little home for a 4-room log house and 16 acres of farming ground between Paris and Bloomington about 1½ miles from either. We went to school at Bloomington. It was terrible going in the winters. Often, we were caught in the blinding Bear Lake Blizzards. I would be able to keep my way holding on to the fence and following it when my vision was cut off. The snow would drift at times over the fence posts and many times we children would walk to school over the hard-crusting snow piled many feet high. I needed to stop at times to rest.

We always went to Sunday School, afternoon and night meetings. It was a long walk, especially in a blinding storm at night, but I would be determined to go. I would sometimes stay with grandmother Thornock when it got too bad. Poor grandmother could not afford lights and I would study from the light reflected from the crude little stove which opened up in the front. I remember dear grandmother's knitting needles clicking while she knit in the dark. I remember also how we children would crowd around the round pot-bellied stove to keep warm when we got to school. It stood in the center of the hall and burned big blocks of dogwood. Sometimes my fingers would be so frozen, I could hardly move them as we didn't have many clothes to wear. Grandmother Thornock knit my black wool hose as I never had overshoes.

We had our good times, though. In those early days, we loved to go to the dances in bob sleighs with the bells a jingling as merrily we went. We enjoyed parties, etc. also.

I met John Bateman when he was a shy gangling youth with curly hair. He took me home when he was 12 and managed to be around most of the time to single me out. I would get so mad because he wouldn't learn to dance good as I liked dancing very much. I thought a lot of his sister Marjorie. He wasn't a very studious scholar. I would catch him drawing horse's heads when he should have been doing arithmetic, he was a good athlete and played on the Bloomington Baseball Team and he played the cornet in Bloomington Band for 5 years.



I went to work when I was 12 years old and milked 18 cows twice a day. I later did housework and had many interesting experiences working with people in Montpelier, Idaho and for polygamists. I loved pretty clothes and was able to buy me some nice dresses and a trousseau of nice things.

I finally decided to marry John Bateman 14 Feb 1894. The snow was very deep, but we had a lovely wedding. Many relatives and friends came to help us celebrate the event at Johns' parents' home, the George Batemans. I was very tired as I helped Marjorie and mother Bateman cook the big dinner. I was very hurt at Johns' mother for telling me not to buy a new wedding dress, (which I obeyed) and put the money into a mattress and bedding, but I guess it was for the best in the long run. We went to the Logan Temple in the Fall, 10 Oct 1894 and were sealed. It was a wonderful sacred day in my life. I will always remember it. We settled in a little frame home in Bloomington, where 2 darling babies, Alfred and George were born. How I loved all my babies; they were the joy of my life. Alfred (my father) was a tiny 2½ lb. baby with long golden hair and his head was small enough for a tea cup to go over. His grandmother Bateman loved him so.

Alfred John Bateman (My Grandfather)

Story of his life told to Lucille B. Johnson, his daughter.

I was born 11 July 1874 to George Bateman and Anna Wilks Bateman in Almy, Uinta, Wyoming, being the second son in the family. I was the first son born in the U.S. My Brother Fred was born in Octendon, Essex, England 13 Aug. 1871, he came with my Parents when they immigrated to this country in 1873.



They came from Liverpool on a large ship called the Minnesota with many other emigrants leaving their homes to come to Zion where they could be close to the body of the Church of Jesus Christ and worship as they wished. They encountered a rough voyage and were late in their schedule in arriving here 14 of the 16 life boats were washed away.

They rode the steam line from New York to Ogden, Weber, Utah. A cousin of my father, Joshua Jarvis, met my parents at Ogden and hauled them up to Bear Lake at Bloomington, Idaho. My mother said there weren't any floors in the houses or brick Chimneys only pipes through the roofs were used.

After they had lived at Bloomington, Bear Lake, Idaho for a short time--because living and money were so scarce they decided to move to Almy, Wyoming to seek employment in the coal mines where my grandfather Wilks (Mother's father) and grandfather Alfred Bateman both worked in the stables where mules and horses were kept and worked in the coal shafts of the mine. One day the mine exploded and killed 30 men but luckily my relatives escaped injury. Uncle Alfred Bateman hooked 2-4 horse teams on cold mornings at 6 o'clock to bring out big loads of stove coal in two wagons each hooked up with trailer wagons.

My father worked in the mines for a short time to help pay for a farm in Bloomington. My parents, my brother Fred and I moved back to the place they liked so well and my father ran a small farm and freighted 30 to 40 years farm produce to Randolph Rich County, Wyoming and back a distance of 75 miles each way. They brought back coal oil, dried fruit, sugar, etc.

My two granddads, John Wilkes and George Bateman used to freight also and I used to go with them and Fred also. We had lots of fun going with them. One day Fred was batting me around and I knocked the wind out of him after that he left me alone. My mother sometimes used to go to Evanston, Wyoming for the trip to visit the uncles Alfred, James, and Herbert Bateman and their families who were brothers of my father.

I liked school fairly well, mostly the school of mathematics, until I passed the 6th grade. I also went to Fielding Academy for a little while riding a horse to Paris about 2½ miles North of Bloomington. I went to church in a meeting house of cheap frame construction. Dad was councilor to Bishop William Hulme for 25 years and they were in charge of building a new meeting house.

Father and granddad, Alfred Bateman and families were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Apostle James Penrose in England. My grandfather was told by a voice to go prepare to meet the servants of the only true church which he did and he was converted as it was the church he had been waiting to join all those years. The message of the young Mormon missionaries touched his heart for he knew it was from the power of God.

Father was a great scriptorium, and about knew the Bible by heart. Mother was a great cook, her favorite dishes were beef steak, roast goose and potatoes cooked all different ways. All kinds of cakes and pies. She could surely get up a good meal for thanksgiving.

She always kept her home beautiful and in order. Most of her floors were carpeted in rich colors and she loved to collect little Knick knacks of beauty such as figurines for the home. Thelma resembled her in looks. She had a family of 7: girls, Marjery, Lizzie (Elizabeth) and Lucy, and Fred, I (John), William and Steve.

Dad's farm was about 30-40 acres of hay land. My parents bought a nice home next to the church and planted many shrubs and flowers. My father was a trained gardener as he was head of a large vegetable and grain farm in

England. He hooked 3 horses in tandem when they took produce to market and would walk with the lead horse. The former owner wouldn't let a hired man ride.

Autobiography of Alfred Hess Bateman April, 1965 (My Father)

I was born December 2, 1895 in Bloomington, Idaho in a framed four roomed house located near the northeast corner of the Public Square. I was told that I was a very tiny baby when I was born. I weighed less than three pounds and could be put under a bowl. As a baby, I had a sad face and was not too strong physically. It seemed that I was born with a fear of the future and that stayed with me through life.



I remember that during the early period of Father's and Mother's married life they were very poor. It seemed that it was hard for them to get enough food for their family. We as children went bare-footed. Dad was an easygoing and happy-go-lucky fellow during the early days of marriage. Dad used to visit over the fence with Alfred A. Hart.¹ This perennial visiting caused mother to become emotionally upset, as she was of the opinion that Dad should not be wasting his time and should be working to furnish his family with the physical necessities of life.² Mother was an excellent house keeper who kept her house clean as a pin and she also kept her children clean.

I remember Dad as a handsome young man six feet tall, dark curly hair and dressed in fine clothes. I recall that Dad's brothers Uncle Fred, William and Steve were handsome proud English-men who dressed well on Sundays or when they went courting. Their sisters, Aunt Margery, Lizzie and Lucy also were people of fine appearance who groomed and dressed themselves well. My mother and her sisters, Aunt Mary, Zada, Lizzie and Addie were fine girls. They were all deeply religious and their greatest desire was that their children would grow up to be good citizens. Our dear mother lived for her children and her greatest reward was to know that each one lived up to the standards of our Church, even before professional success. The first thing she taught us was to kneel down and pray each night before we went to sleep. We were encouraged to attend Primary, Sunday School and other Church services. Mother also taught us thrift and how to save while we lived in Bloomington.

I remember as a tot that my favorite activity was picking up stray cats on the Public Square and bringing them home only to be told that I could not keep them. I remember going to school In Bloomington during the first and second grades. While going to school I went with a group of young children on an apple stealing expedition. We were caught, given a good scolding, but we were allowed to keep the apples. This was my first lesson in honesty. While in Bloomington, I remember my Grandmother Bateman (Anna Wilks) who made me welcome. After dinner she taught me how to wipe the dishes while she washed them. I recall her neat little home, which at a later date was destroyed by fire.

My Grandfather Bateman (George) was a fine English Gentleman who along with his wife and my Great-Grand Father Alfred³ were converts to the church and emigrated first to Evanston, Wyoming and later moved to Bloomington. My Grandfather was a blacksmith and also freighted between

1 Alfred A. Hart later occupied the responsible positions of Bishop of the Bloomington Ward, President of the Bear Lake Stake and the County Superintendent of Schools.

2 Mother's ancestors were of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry--a hardworking people.

3 (From Dr. Harold C. Bateman:) According to my records, the grandparents first arrived at Ogden, Utah where they were met by relatives (Jarvises) and then were taken to Bloomington, Idaho. Finding no work there, they were compelled to move to Almy, Uinta County, Wyoming just a mile north of Evanston where they found work in the Union Pacific coal mines. Father was born in Almy.

Bear Lake County and Ogden.⁴ On one occasion he was held up by bandits who relieved him of his entire load which consisted of dressed beef. While we lived in Bloomington, George M. (Monnie) was also born in the little frame house. It was the custom those days to let the children grow long braids. It was during this time that George had long brown braids in his hair that I cut them all off and put them in the trash can. My mother was very upset and I received a good switching. On one occasion we went to Sacrament Meeting in Bloomington, Dad was asked to open the meeting with prayer. I recall that poor Dad went upon the stand, his face turned white and he could not say a word so he sat down.⁵ I realize now that I inherited some of his fear.

While we lived in Bloomington father bought about a hundred acres of wild hay land East of Paris, Idaho in the low lands. During the year 1905 father purchased 16 acres of alfalfa land which was located about one mile south of Paris. We lived here for several years. We had fine facilities for ice skating. We would skate for miles and ride a sleigh down the mountain sides. I recall that the three of us, George M., LeRoy and myself, rode a white horse daily to the public schools in Paris. Our Mother's parents, Jacob and Hannah (Thornock) Hess lived a short distance North on the Highway. My Grandfather Hess was a hard working farmer. He maintained an excellent dairy herd efficiently operated a medium sized farm. Grandfather Hess was the oldest of 64 children. He was the son of John W. Hess, a member of the original Mormon Battalion, and a Prominent Utah Pioneer who, with his seven wives, was prosperous and helped build the thriving community of Farmington, Utah. John W. held church offices of Bishop and Stake President for many years.

While we lived on the farm, Milfoand and Acquilla Hess were our playmates. They were our uncles but were about the same age as George M. and myself. Our yellow dog, Toby, died on the farm when he was 12 years old. He was a faithful companion. I also remember that I had some beautiful white rabbits and raised ducks. My riding horse was named Kit. I also owned a mare by the name of Nell.

Being country boys, the city boys had a dislike for us and would run us out of town right after school was dismissed. We would run from them like deer.

One boy, a tall Dutchman by the name of Earnest Jausu, was the leader of this mob. I later had the satisfaction in giving him a good whipping before a large crowd. I later defeated the town bully, Cyiel Sutton, in a bloody fight. After these fights I was able to pursue a more happy and peaceful life without being constantly attacked by town hoodlums. This did not occur until after we had lived in Paris for several years. Dad had made me a present of a pair of boxing gloves. I secretly trained for a couple of years which finally paid off.

4 (Note from Dr. Harold C. Bateman:) Also Grandfather freighted between Evanston, Wyoming and Bear Lake rather than Ogden.

5 My Grandfather Bateman was Counselor to Bishop Findley.

After we moved into Paris, Dad purchased a home east of the highway across the street from Bishop Edwa Sutton. The W. W. Richards family lived immediately to the North. Mr. Richards was first Counselor to Joseph R. Shepherd, President of the Bear Lake Stake. Russ Richards, son of W. W. Richards, became a close and almost constant companion during the time I lived in Paris. O'Neal Rich became a close companion to George M., Spencer Rich a companion to Roy and Reed Rich was Harold's companion. George M. and Harold became Doctors of Philosophy and the three Rich brothers became medical doctors. Roy chose Railroading as his vocation.⁶



Uncle Russell Bateman
who I was named after,

After a year or two, Dads purchased a home with acreage up on Canyon Road. The Paris Creek meandered through a luxuriant meadow grass pasture. Another branch of the stream also flowed through the corral to supply the livestock with all the water they could drink. There was a large barn on the place. By this time Father had acuminated several fine draft and buggy horses. He would stay out in the barn for hours caring for those horses, feeding them hay and grain and grooming and currying them. He also kept his harnesses oiled and cleaned up. Tassels and rosettes were part of the harnesses. He loved to drive fractions teams in a white topped buggy or a black topped surrey. Many a time we went in this fashion to the Bear Lake to have a picnic and to spend the day swimming and boating.

On canyon road we lived in the old house for a while but Dad built a new house. The big front window and the door to the Parlor were made of plate glass. Mother was very proud of the house. We lived in the kitchen and on Sundays a fire was made in the Parlor. Mother had the Idea that she wanted me to be a pianist, so they bought a nice piano. I drove Tillie Price to St. Charles in our little surrey which was pulled by a white horse. This was the way that I paid for my lessons. I never did develop into a finished pianist.

Harold was born into the family at the O'Neil home. He was a distinguished looking young man. He was more like a prince, so I called him Prince Austie Bamclaim of the Austrian Throne. My favorite little baby brother was Russell. He always sat near the front window and came running and put his arms around my neck. His sudden death brought deep sorrow to us all. Our own son Russell was like my little brother Russell in being affectionate.

Dad had become a successful horseman. He sold a number of stallions in Bear Lake County and in Star Valley. He was in partnership with Gideon Alvoof Logan, Utah. The offspring of these fine horses were sold by Dad and H.P. Zlmmerrmann in Riverside, California for work in the orange groves. He also bought horses for the United States Cavalry. He was making a better living than the average. After gasoline automobiles became available he was one of the first to purchase a Ford car.

6 I remember the affection Dad had for his sons. After he began to make money in the fall of the year, he would buy all of us a fine suit. I remember his desire to wear fine Stetson hats.

While going to elementary and high school at Fielding Academy. I milked ten cows' night and morning. George M. fed and cared for about as many horses. We hauled Yellow pine wood from the mountains and sawed and split it up for fire wood during the winter. During the summer we worked on our farm. We had Saturday afternoon off so we would go to the old swimming hole for a plunge. After the swim we would fish for trout and fresh water chubs. I spent one summer working for Sim Rich. I also spent a summer working for Uncle Joseph Lindford in Afton, Wyoming. The schedule for the day was to start milking, by hand, thirty cows at 4:30 AM. By 6:30 or 7 AM, we began to work in the field for the hay harvest and the field work was completed by sundown and the evenings milking was usually completed by 11 P.M. I offered my services for \$1.00 a day and board and room. When I left, Uncle Joe gave me \$1.25 and board. A dollar was worth a lot in those days.

Lucille and Thelma, two pretty sisters, came along. I used to tease Lucille. I posed as Uncle Alexander. We had fun. Our youthful days were the best. Othel and Rayo came after I left home.

In High School I took part in the Operetta and Oratorical contests. During two summers, immediately preceding World War I, I worked on the Hydraulic Dredge on the North end of Bear Lake. My title was "flunky" assisting the cook. I also worked as a rigger to move heavy pieces of machinery. George M. was working as an assistant electrician. It was during this period that I accompanied Lyman Rich to Salt Lake City and joined the 145th FA Utah National Guard on August 2, 1917. We camped for a month on the same ground where the National Guard armory now is located. Here we received preliminary training. We were transported by train to Camp Kerney near San Diego, California, for basic training. In Camp Kerney we usually had the week ends off. I would usually go into San Diego and attend a dance on Saturday night and attend Sunday Service. Abraham Tueller who was stationed with the 21st Infantry was the Branch chorister. I enjoyed my trips to LaJolla, California where I was adopted into the Seymour family as "almost a son." The family consisted of Grayce Seymore, her Mother and her brother and a sister. I was invited to stay at the house. They arranged picnics to Torrey Pines and on the beach at the cove where we also went swimming. I was a member for the 145th Field Artillery Band. We gave concerts in San Diego and on the base. The 145th was part of the 65th Brigade, 40th Sunshine Division. Brigadier General Richard R. Young was commanding General of the 65th Field Artillery and Colonel William C. Webb was our Regimental commander. Lieutenant Clarence J. Hawkins was our Band Director. One of the most memorable occasions was an invitation to the home of Madame Schuman Heink which was located at Coronado. Mrs Schuman Heink, who was a world-renowned singer, was a friend of Clarence Hawkins. He had taken music lessons from her at the Boston Conservatory School of Music. She had four sons in the German Army and four sons in the U.S. Army.

During August of 1918 we left Camp Kearney for New York by train. On our way we stopped in Tucson, Arizona and took a swim. I remember the shacks that the Negroes lived in on our way East. We were first stationed at Camp Upton, New York on Long Island. After staying at Camp Upton for about two weeks we embarked on a War ship sailing out of Hoboken, New York bound for England. On the voyage

overseas, we sang many songs such as “Good Bye Broadway Hello France”, “Pretty Katie”, “Keep Your Shades Down Mary Ann”! We finally arrived at Liverpool, England. After descending on land, the 145th



Field Artillery Band played the Stars and Stripes Forever. This gave us a thrill. After staying at Knotty Ash Barracks in Liverpool we crossed the Channel to La Harve, France. From there we traveled south and were quartered in a little town near Bordeaux, France.

Women washed their clothes in the streams. They pressed grapes with their feet to make wine. Later we were assigned to Camp De Sue, a flu infected camp, located 20 miles from Bordeaux. This was a training camp for regiments who used the French 75 artillery piece. Due to infestation of flees we lived out in pup tents. During the winter many soldiers died from the flu. After the Armistice was signed we sailed for New York City arriving in January. On January 28, 1919 we were mustered out of the Army.



I went home for a short time and then went to Salt Lake City and got a job cleaning coaches for the Union Pacific Railroad. My brother LeRoy joined me and we rented a room together and worked together. We had a room just North of the Temple. In the fall I quit and attended Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah. During the summer time I inspected fields of sugar beets for nematodes. After graduating with a Bachelor Degree in Agriculture I continued my employment with the Amalgamated Sugar Company and finished a Master's Degree with a theses entitled “Field Studies of the sugar beet Nematode”.

It was while I was in a field looking for Sugar Beet Nematodes that I met my future wife, Idella Van Orden. On March 14, 1923 I was married to Idella in the Logan Temple. I purchased a home in Logan near the Fair Grounds on 3rd West. My wife was a great help with the calculations for my research for my Master's Degree. She also was an excellent housekeeper and cook. She was thrifty and did a fine job of canning meat, fruit and vegetables. I had worked for the Sugar Beet Company for two summers and two full years. I graduated from Utah State College with a Master of Arts degree. During May of 1924 I was offered the position of Vocational Agriculture Instructor at Midway High School, Lewisville, Idaho. I purchased a new Model T Ford car for \$645.00 and drove the car to my new job during the last part of June. Idella remained in Logan for a while until our first child; Alfred Van Orden Bateman was born on August 11, 1924 in the Cache Valley Hospital. After Idella and my son, whom we called Orden, joined me we lived in the L. A. Thomas home and later in the William Walker home. While in the Lewisville Ward I taught

PFC Alfred Hess Bateman

in the Sunday School and Mutual. Our next child who was Helen Grayce⁷ who was born in the Cache Valley Hospital, Logan, Utah April 3, 1926. H. K. Merrill was the Doctor in charge.

We moved to Ashton, Idaho where I taught school from July 1, 1926 to July 1, 1929. While in Ashton I was ordained a Seventy on September 2, 1927 and also set apart as one of the Seven Presidents. I was also the Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes of the Yellowstone Stake, with Idella as secretary, and I was also the Second Councilor in the Ashton Ward Bishopric. I was ordained a High Priest January 13, 1929. Believe it or not I was also a Scoutmaster.

While in Ashton, many exhibits of Ashton produce such as potatoes, grains etc. were prepared, under my direction, for competition. Ashton was awarded 1st place and many ribbons for four years at the Idaho Spud Show held annually at Shelly Idaho. One year the high school was awarded 15 cups in competition. Much credit was due to my wife Idella who helped me and backed me 100 percent in these activities. I also conducted evening classes in Seed Potato production. During Christmas of 1927 the Ashton Seed Growers presented me with a 21 jeweled Hamilton gold watch. The Agriculture students also presented me with a nice desk set.

From July 1, 1929 to July 1, 1938 we lived in Idaho Falls where I taught as Instructor of Vocational Agriculture. Our final child, Russell Rulon Bateman, was born on February 11, 1930 in the Idaho Falls Hospital.⁸ Our three children, while they were growing up, never gave us any worry. They were a pride and joy. They attended Primary, Mutual, Sunday school, etc. Perhaps we did not give them the full attention that they deserved. It seemed that I was under much stress and pressure on my job. A teacher was not sure that he would have A job the next year as they were hired from year to year.

While there I served as Superintendent of the 3rd Ward Sunday School of the Idaho Falls Stake of Zion. I was also First Counselor in the Lincoln Ward Bishopric. There were a number of highlights while we were in Idaho Falls. We won first place and second place at the Eastern Idaho Fair for school and community exhibits. One boy, Clude Johnson, was elected to the American Farmer Degree. Our Livestock Fair held in Idaho Falls annually brought favorable attention. I taught a number of successful classes for adults and out of school future farmers.

From July 24 to November 30, 1938, I worked as assistant Supervisor to the Farm Home Administration In Logan and Garland, Utah. On December 1, 1938 I accepted a position as Assistant Agronomist at Morgan, Utah with the Soil Conservation Service. In the Fall of 1939 we moved to St. George. While in St. George and in Cedar City I worked as an Assistant District Conservationist, District Conservationist, Soil Conservationist and Area Agronomist. My job was mainly farm and ranch Planning.

7 The spelling of Grayce was after Grayce Seymore of LaJolla, Ca.

8 H. Ray Hatch M.D. was the doctor in charge.

While in St. George I was a member of the Rotary Club serving as Secretary for a short time. I served as Instructor and Group Leader in the High Priests Group. I served as instructor in Cedar City Third Ward High Priest Group. I served the SCS headquarters in Cedar City for about three years from the spring of 1942 to the summer of 1945. I Worked out of Cedar City in 13 Soil Conservation Districts.

Orden joined the Army after graduating from Cedar City High School during World War II. He went through a number of battles but returned safe.

It was in 1949 That we purchased the Liberty Drug Store⁹ in St. George. This venture was due to my wife's ambitious desire to go into business. In the management of the store she has applied herself wholeheartedly which has resulted in the building up a prosperous business. It is now located in a new building south of Dick's Cafe and is considered one of the most up to date drug stores for its size in Utah or in the U.S.A. for that matter. Due to allergies and other things that cause sickness she has not been able to take an active roll in the business that she previously took. So she is now living in Henderson, Nevada where she purchased our home for retirement and old age. Orden is taking the responsibility for most of the active management while Idella is handling the bookkeeping.

While we lived in St. George our three children got married. Orden married Afton Jones of Cedar City and later completed his studies at the U of U School of Pharmacy in the first graduating class. They have two girls and a boy.

Helen Grayce married Glen Kenworthy of St. George. They live in Henderson, Nevada and have four girls and two boys.

Russell served several years in the Navy and after discharge married Myrna Gaye Barton of St. George. He works as a Design Engineer in San Diego, California for Convair Astronautics. He is working hard for a degree at San Diego State College. They have two girls and two boys.

I now work at Fillmore, Utah since 1952 as a Soil Conservationist; my main duties are ranch and farm planning. I have enjoyed this work and association with farmers and the staff that I work with in the Soil Conservation Service. All these people have been very friendly which in itself is compensation for the efforts applied.

I am now in the dusk of life as far as my work is concerned. In a year or two I expect to accept a new way of life in retirement. I will catch up on my reading of history. I expect to do some swimming. Most of all I would like to visit my own Children, my Grandchildren and become better acquainted with my wife.

9 We renamed the drug store the Bateman Pharmacy.

ADDENDUM

The years of 1967 and 1968 were years of trial. During 1967 Idella lost her Mother and Father. We loved to take our children and visit with them often. They loved to have us come. Her bother Harris and Sister Evelyn also passed away in 1967. These were the brother and sister that we most enjoyed visiting. The passing of my mother was also a great shock to add to our sadness. Mother passed away March 1, 1958. In 1938 I had the privilege of living with the folks. This experience I treasure as I had the opportunity to relive my boyhood again. After Mother's death Dad had a major operation which left him helpless and frustrated. His daughters at this date are caring for him even though it is a trial to try to please him.

Idella Van Orden, (My Mother)

My Mother has many great stories about things that happened in her life. However, she refused to document in writing. Any type of Audio recording device was large and bulky and she would watch when we would try to record her History, she would get upset.



In those days, it was customary that the oldest daughter was sometimes called the “throw a way child.” My mother was told from birth of her roll and she was taken out of school in the eighth grade and assigned to help raise the family. It was hard for her to see her 9 brothers and 3 sisters permitted to complete school and have a lot of privileges while she was restricted.

She was not able to do much dating, but one special boy in her teen life was Reginald Beales. Reginald was a talented artist and painted Mother several nice pictures which we presented in our homes when I was growing up. Reginald's parents were upset and concerned with the relationship between Reginald and Idella. A lot of it was the “Oldest daughter syndrome.” And didn't feel they wanted their son marrying an uneducated girl in this category. They broke up the relationship my moving to the Salt Lake City area.

(I met Reginald's son, National Guard Captain Landon Beales by accident. While working for the State of Utah, my office was in the basement for the Utah National Guard headquarters, Landon Beales came down to see the Communications Center. He was active in Amateur Radio (K7OIO). And we became good friends. Dr. Landon Beales became our family doctor.)

Although, my Mother's family responsibilities did not permit her to continue going to school, she continued to seek learning and became an excellent seamstress and other homemaking skills.



Peter and Ida Van Orden Family. My Mother was the second woman from the left

Mother's Father Peter, was a hard task master and a little fanatic in his church beliefs. He served two missions, leaving the farm work to his teen age children and to support him while on his missions.

Mother's oldest brother Edmond, had the responsibility of the family support became a little bitter about the church and left the

church, marrying a non-member and raising

his son not to have anything to do with the church. I spent a couple of months with Uncle Ed and Aunt Ada Marie one summer when my parents went back East. Uncle Ed completed his College Degree and taught in the local High School. We became good friends, but there were no discussions about the Church. (After Uncle Ed died, his son and his wife had moved back East. They were converted and become members of the LDS Church. Aunt Ada Marie went to live with them and was also converted and became a member.)

The other brothers except for her youngest Brother Don remained active in the Church and held leadership positions. Uncle Don was a Marine and had some pretty heavy language. For years I felt that he and his family would not be the best to associate with and I didn't feel that I wanted to contact them. After we returned from our five-month trip back East, we posted our experience on one of my web sites. One of Uncle Don's sons, Cleave Merrill Van Orden, contacted me from a search on the web. He was a sealer in the Chicago temple. He noted that his father Don and his family were all very active in the church. That really taught me a lesson of assuming things.



I don't know much about Mother's three sisters, but Mother was the only daughter that didn't have a divorce or two in their marriage.

Mother and I were very close. She was a disciplinarian and I learned from my Brothers experience with the leather paddle, I didn't question a directive. Mother had a difficult time with my sister when she was a teenager and always regretted it and felt guilty and tried to make up for it.

Mother was always active in various activities. Mother got a chance to purchase the “Run Down” Liberty Drug Store. There were several members of her family that were involved with Drug Store activity. Mother changed the Name to “Bateman Pharmacy” and immediately promoted a better image in St. George. She served as the “druggist” until the new laws and restrictions were enacted and she hired a Pharmacist. After my brother returned from WWII, he entered the first Pharmacist Class at the University of Utah and after graduating with his degree, became the Pharmacist for Mother's Store. Bateman Pharmacy was noted as one of the outstanding Drug Stores in the State winning a number of awards.

Mother proved to her family that she wasn't just a dumpy throw a way girl. My Brother gradually took over the management of the Bateman Pharmacy and continued with the Standards that Mother Set.

My Mother felt that she also had to prove herself to my Father's Parents. My Grandmother Bateman felt the need of her children's Education. The Granddaughter of John W. Hess Married Alfred John Bateman. They were “dirt Poor” and she set her goal for the Education of her children to become PHD's or Doctors, important people in Society. That goal was impressed daily on her children.

My Father worked hard for that goal, working jobs wherever he could find them. Dad served in France during WWI and returned to continue with his education. My Father was highly intelligent but lacked people skills and didn't date. At the age of 27, he met my mother while she was out in her parent's field working. As they started dating, Grandmother Bateman was furious. As in her teen age boyfriend, Reginald Beals, Grandmother took a strong opposition to Mother as she was the un-educated “through-a way child “and not what she wanted dad to marry. Grandmother Bateman blamed Mother for preventing Dad from obtaining his PHD. This created strong life time resentment between Mother and Dad's mother and we were never close to Grand Dad and Grandmother Bateman. My Cousins have a complete different view of Grand Mother and Dad Bateman and all the fun times they had.

Dad's next two brothers did get their PHD and married highly educated women, but the family PHD education goals faded away with the younger children.

When Dad was an Agriculture Teacher, he had problems with relating to his students. Looking back, I feel that Dad really wanted to better relate with his children, but with many highly intelligent people, couldn't get it to work. He was one of the head administrators of the American Legion “Boys State program “held each summer at the Utah State University. Dad held many leadership positions in the American Legion and LDS Church Wards.

ALFRED VAN ORDEN BATEMAN (My Brother)

I was born to Alfred Hess and Idella Van Orden Bateman on Monday, August 11, 1924 at Logan, Cache County, Utah. My Parents Named me Alfred Van Orden Bateman. My mother called me "Orden" because she did not want a "Big Alfred" and a "Little Alfred." Her brothers were all called "Van" so this name was not an option. Thus this is the name I have answered to when used by my parents and friends. When someone asked for "Alfred" or calls for "Al," I then knew that they did not know me very well.



We moved from Logan to Idaho where my father had accepted a job teaching Vocational Agriculture at the Midway High School. He taught here for one school year. We then moved to Ashton, ID where he taught the same subject at this high school. Any recollections of the time spent at Ashton are not clear. We moved to Idaho Falls when I was about five years old. Dad accepted a teaching post at the Idaho Falls High School. Here he taught for the next ten years.

We lived in three different houses in Idaho Falls, before moving five miles north on old highway 91 at Beeches' Corner. The first house in Idaho Falls was located on Fifteenth Street. Here I began the first grade in the fall of 1930 at the Central Elementary School. We moved to a house on H Street and I then went to the Westside Elementary School for the second grade and third grade. We moved back to the East side of town, on sixteenth Street, and then attended the Eastside Elementary, where I had to take the third grade over. From there we moved to the farm. I remember the walk between high drifts of snow on either side when I followed our cows all the way from town to the farm. While living on the farm, I attended the Emerson Elementary School and the Idaho Falls Junior High School. The farm was five miles from town and Helen and I rode to school each day with Father. I remember listening to Dad sing, many old WWI songs, on the way to school in town.

Heating was accomplished by coal and wood burning stoves. I don't remember any outdoor plumbing. I do remember that when we were bathed that Mother heated water on the stove. The hot water was poured into a large laundry tub in the middle of the kitchen. At the farm we had indoor plumbing with hot water running from the taps, a toilet and all of the thing that we have come to expect. Childhood at Beeches Corner brings memories of making the fire in the kitchen (my job each morning) on cold winter mornings, weeding the garden, milking the cows at night (Dad milked them in the Morning). We had all of the farms out buildings to play in, the potato cellar to ski down in the winter. In summer I helped with the haying by riding the derrick horse. This horse went back and forth all day long pulling up a loaded fork which lifted the hay from the wagon. The hay had to be placed high on the hay stack, then back up to repeat the process again. I thinned sugar beets, hoed weeds and other chores needed on the farm.

Dad taught Vocational Agriculture for fourteen years before deciding to go to work for the Soil

Conservation Department of the U S Department of Agriculture. He took an interim job (three months) with the Farm Security Administration at Tremonton, UT. Here we lived in the back of a hotel for the three months. We had several rooms to live in. We moved to Morgan Utah and lived in a house with central heating (a furnace in the basement.) I had to clean out the ashes and clinkers from the furnace. Morgan was our home for about nine months.

Dad was transferred to St. George, Utah in the Fall of 1939. Mother left Morgan before the transfer date so that she could register "all of us kids" in school. We stayed a short period of time in some small apartments that were about the size of a large motel room for the first few days. We then move to the house that is just south of the Brigham Young Home. This house was owned by Jed Fawcett. We had the upstairs and the Fawcett's lived in the basement. The Mitchells lived in the Brigham Young home and I did go into the kitchen with Jed Mitchell who lived there at that time. It was much later that this house became part of the Utah State Park System and then later became part of the LDS Temple Visitors Center

When we moved to St. George there were only three wards. We met in the then new elementary school on Tabernacle and 1st West. Entertainment consisted of having wiener roasts on the red hill behind the sugar loaf (the big red rock to the north that has "Dixie" painted on the side, school dances and after MIA all three wards would meet and dance in the "Rec Hall - Now gone". We lived in St. George for three years, attended the Woodward school and Dixie High before moving to Cedar City where dad had been transferred. I stayed in St. George to finished the rest of the school year (1941-1942) before going on to Cedar City. My folks were living on the top floor of the Eden Apartments when I arrived in Cedar. That summer I worked at the North Rim of Grand Canyon. Here I lived in a four-bed dorm room behind the cafeteria. I returned to Cedar City after this employment to graduate from Cedar City High School.

Schools (Elementary-High School College)

I began grade school (1930) in Idaho where Dad taught Vocational Agriculture at the Idaho Falls High School. Here Helen and I began to play band instruments. Helen the flute and I took up the clarinet. I can remember walking from the Emerson Elementary and the Junior High School where we played in the band. I have vague recollection of how tall the Jr and Sr Hi kids were and all I could see was their legs. I completed one year in the Idaho Falls Jr. High School before we moved to Tremonton. I began the eighth grade there. By the end of October or the first of November we moved to Morgan where I finished the eighth grade.

Dad was transferred to St. George Utah in the fall of 1939. Mother loaded up the three of us and headed for St. George. I remember that there were lots of miles of the road were still gravel. Mother attempted to let me drive on some lonely stretches of highway South of Nephi, my sister and brother, Helen and Russell raised a big howl each time that she let me drive the car. I had been playing the clarinet in the band in Idaho and continued in the band wherever we were living. Everyone at the Morgan School played in the band. Morgan high school had a large band. All grade levels above the sixth were members of the band. The band traveled quite a lot to band contests and to the Utah State Fair. All summer the band gave a concert at Como Springs. Here was a park to relax, have a picnic, swim, or

whatever. The high school band members could swim free for playing at Como. I took full advantage of this and was in the pool every week day all summer long

I had one severe bacterial infection (Staph) at Morgan. After an evening of sleigh riding down the snowy road from the highway down to the rail road under pass., I crashed the sled. I had a scrap on the side of my leg. The sulfa drugs were new and the doctor gave me a new treatment for the infection, that helped a lot.

I began the ninth grade at the Woodward School. In N R Frei's class, I watched the Germans and the British move back and forth in North Africa. I played in the Woodward Band and in the Dixie Jr. College band. The college band was made up of students from the Jr. High, High School and the Jr. College. I went to school at Woodward for two years (9th & 10th grades.) I completed one year (1941-1942) at the Dixie High School. Dad was transferred to Cedar City and I attended Cedar City High School my senior year where I graduated in 1943.

Military Service

Upon graduation from Cedar City High School I entered the US Army on June 20, 1943, at Fort Douglas, Utah, on the bench above Salt Lake City. I had taken an examination while still in high school. I was instructed to present the results of the examination to the inducting officer upon entering the service. In high school I had spent each afternoon in studying radio and code. I could understand Morse code at about eight words a minute when I left school that spring. I thought that I would go to the signal corp. with that much radio training. When I presented the results upon joining the Army all, other options closed as I was to be sent to Camp Roberts CA. For infantry basic training before entering the Army Specialized Training Program. The training battalion was to be filled with ASTP candidates. This took all summer and we did not finish the required training until November.



PFC Alfred Van Orden Bateman

After Basic training the members of the battalion were sent to Syracuse University at Syracuse, NY. Syracuse University was full. We marched all the way back to the train Station. Here we were placed on a train heading to we knew not where. About three hours later an officer came into the railway car and informed us that we were to go to Alfred University at Alfred, NY. Imagine my address (Alfred V. Bateman, Alfred University, Alfred, NY). We studied hard and on weekends I went into Hornell, NY to roller skate on Saturday nights. Alfred, NY was a Seventh day Adventist town. Everything was closed on Saturday and one Sunday everything, banks, store and the Post Office were open.

Midway through the elementary portion of the schooling I was transferred to City College of New York (CCNY). While in New York I rode the subway, tried ice skating at Rockefeller Center, roller skated at Columbus Circle.

Near the end of the elementary portion of the schooling the program was discontinued and at Easter time in 1944 those of us who attended CCNY were sent to Camp Polk, La. We had been assigned to the 75th Infantry Division which was on maneuvers in the swamps around Camp Polk, LA. We moved out of the dormitory at the college and into pup tents in the field. I was assigned to company H, 290th infantry, 75th Infantry Division, as a machine gunner. This was because I had qualified an expert on the machine gun at basic training back at Camp Roberts, CA. After three weeks of maneuvers in the Louisiana swamps the Division was sent to Fort Breckinridge, Ky.

When we arrived at Breckinridge the military determined that those of us who had been transferred in have not had a furlough in the past year. We were all sent home for two weeks. We were greeted on our return by empty barracks. All of the privates had been shipped out as replacements. The division began training all of the newer arrivals for all of the empty slots made available with the transfer of the "old" privates. I became the first gunner in a machine gun squad. All the new privates were sent to driver's school in addition of the normal assignments that they had. At the end of driver's school, I was invited to stay in the motor pool as Jeep driver. I elected to stay with the vehicles as there should be less walking. I felt that drivers would be required to do less walking than the other squad members. We all knew that we were to go overseas. I hoped that we would go to Europe and that our division would be shipped intact. After a summer of training we were shipped to the European for Operations.

We left from New York harbor on the S. S. Brazil in November of 1944. We arrived via a sea convoy at the Welch port of Swansea after eleven stormy days. The battalion was sent to an old castle near Port Talbot. All but the Headquarters and the Cooks were billeted in a large building called the Orangeries.

The Division Headquarters and the Artillery came on a later ship. I was sent on detached service to division headquarters at Tenby, Wales, a pretty little vacation village on the Southwest Welch Coast. I remained there for a couple of weeks when I was again sent with the advance party of the Artillery to barracks near Cardiff to await the arrival of the Division Artillery. When the Artillery arrived, I was sent back to the company at Port Talbot.

Several days after I arrived back at my duty station the Division was sent to France. I did not have a jeep issued to me in Wales and had to wait until we arrived in France. The motor pool left Southampton on LST's and the rest of the division was transferred via freighters. The crossing of the English Channel was really rough, with the flat-bottomed LST pitching all the way. The next morning, we entered the Seine River and most of the day was spent on deck looking at the burned-out vehicles along the river bank. We disembarked at Rouen, France. We then were transferred a short distance to bivouac in a muddy field in our pup tents. Straw, belonging to a Frenchman, was taken from a nearby stack and placed on top of the mud where we had to place our sleeping bags. Here, I was issued a Jeep with a good motor and chassis and a body that was full of bullet holes.

Our stay in the field near Rouen was short and we were to go north into Belgium to join the Ninth Army. On the third morning, (we were now in Belgium) after leaving the muddy field we were told that our orders had been changed and that we would now join the first Army. The battalion had been assigned

a bivouac area. That area could be in German hands and we would “have to fight” for our assigned area that night.

I should say something about the trip North from Rouen. I mentioned the muddy field and the time of year was mid-December. As the convoy proceeded north, it was so foggy that we were allowed to use our blackout lights on the jeep during the day. We needed the blackout lights for markers during the day. The roads that we traveled on were lined with trees and even at high noon only the trees on the right-hand side of the road were visible as just shadows in the mist. To the left you could see nothing but mist, no trees. I was about fifteen feet behind the Jeep in front of me. About all that I could see were the four small slits of light before me, no Jeep was visible.

On the third day the fog lifted and it was a bright sunny day. Mid-morning, we stopped and put into place, a text book road block. I stopped the jeep and parked under a tree. From this vantage point I could see that there were waves of B-17s in the sky. You could see the attack in the sky, most was below the aircraft, but once in a while you could see a burst in the formation. Several planes would fall from the sky. Sometimes there were parachutes and sometimes there was nothing other than the falling airplane.

After several hours we left this location and moved to a wooded area about one mile from Soy, Belgium. We spent about one week in these woods. The snow was deep. We could hear small arms and artillery fire. The rounds from the artillery landed in the open field between our woods and the village of Soy. Before New Year’s Day we were moved into Soy and a house with a hay loft. We enjoyed sleeping in the hay because it was soft and warm and out of the weather. I stood guard from 10:00 P.M. to midnight (for the Jeeps and the troops) on New Year’s Eve. As I returned to the sleeping area, our artillery fired three rounds in the direction of the Germans. Nothing happened for three or four minutes then the Germans returned our New Year’s greetings. I dove into the stable where we were sleeping. The soldiers who were sleeping in the loft all came down the Ladder and one GI Climbed down, sleeping bag and all.

After the New Year began we began to move forward pushing the Germans back. The Bulge was shrinking. My division ended at Veshlam, Belgium. The major recollections of the Belgium Bulge were the depth of the snow and the number of GI who were killed. I remember driving along roads in that area and seeing the bodies piled like cord wood along the road waiting to be sent somewhere else.

With the Germans retreating back to the line where they had begun the offensive in December we were transferred to the French First Army in the Alsace Area near Colmar, France. Here the 75th with two other American divisions pushed the Germans back beyond the Rhine River. Not much has been said in the U.S. History, but when we were riding along though the same area on a Cosmos tour in 1986 the guide commented about how the Americans were instrumental in taking the area from the Germans. This offensive lasted about three weeks. The 75th Division earned another battle star for this action. The City of Colmar, France awarded the Americans a citation, but the army did not authorize our wearing of the award.

We were then sent to the Ninth Army in Holland. This was where we were to be sent when we first arrived on the continent. The division replaced a British Unit in a small town in the Netherlands on the

Maas River. The British had been driving at night with one headlight. We could not use blackout lights on any vehicle and made our way in total darkness. I probably drove 20,000 miles in the dark with only the light from the sky to see my way. The Canadians were across the Maas coming south between the Maas and the Rheine and the Americans coming north when we relieved the British. We had only been there a few days when the western side of the Rheine was captured and we moved to a position on the Rheine. It was through our Regimental area that the 9th Army crossed the river. I still remember the Aircraft overhead the day before the crossing was made. These airplanes sounded like a bunch of bumble bees all day long. The Artillery began firing about midnight.

In Holland and Germany, I had a job at regimental headquarters (in addition to the regular message center that had been setup by the Army) The regimental Commander took one officer and one Jeep and driver to be his personal liaison between his HQ and that of the battalion Commander. I was assigned to that duty and I had to make three or more trips from regimental HQ to the battalion HQ each day. At this time, I stayed at the regimental HQ. I was driving someone somewhere most of the time. Once in a while I would drive the Regimental Commander on these trips. This assignment lasted until we were placed on occupation duty near Hagan, Germany. The 75th Infantry received three battle stars, one for the bulge, one for the Kolmar pocket and one for the battle of the Ruhr Valley.

Just a note about the places that I lived during my time in the Army. In the US we lived in barracks where the beds were arraigned with the head and foot alternating down each side of the room. There was a communal bathroom at the end of the building. In the Field we slept in pup tents where one soldier carried one-half and another the other half. GI sleeping bags consisted of a woolen bag in a canvas cover. Usually you could get extra woolen blankets if they were needed. The time in NYC was spent in an orphanage where we slept in bunks as in the barracks but the other thing like wash basins and drinking fountains were only tall enough for the small children we have displaced.

.Wedding and Married Live

I returned to St. George after discharge from the Army in February of 1949. I worked in a drug store all summers until college began in the fall. I married Afton Jones of Cedar City, Utah on May 21, 1946 in the St. George Temple. We lived in an apartment in a large house where the county and state have offices now. Upon completion of one year at Dixie Junior college I attend the new College of Pharmacy at the University of Utah. I graduated with a BS in 1950. Afton and I then returned to St. George and a new career in Pharmacy.

Nearing my retirement, Orden and Aton became very close to Gaye and I. We did a lot of RV Traveling together and activities in the Sons of the Utah Pioneers activities. We experience a lot of great memories.

Helen Grayce Bateman, Kenworthy, Glines (My Sister)

Helen Grace was a very Beautiful Girl, very talented and popular. She liked to use the name Grace. She was also being head strong, she inherited Dad's high level of intelligence but very little of Mother's "Horse sense."



She had a boyfriend in her last couple of years in High school that was killed in an Airplane crash. It was very hard on her and she seemed to change and didn't seem to care about anything after that.

We were excited when she married Glen Kenworthy and had started her family. Glen was a super nice guy and we really liked him. After a Devorice and remarrage, Helel insisted that they move to Hawaii. Glen was unable to find good work in Hawaii and they ended up with another Devorice.



Later she married Herb Glines who was in the military and several more children arrived. Herb was 14 years younger than Helen, a member of the Church and had gone through the temple for his own endowments, but this was his only marriage. Then had moved to Washington after hearb's retirement from the military. They became active in the church, but we had little contract with her. We had only met Herb a couple of times, so didn't really get to know him.

I was surprised when we lived in Bountiful to receive a call from my sister, asking me to go with her to the Salt Lake Temple for her own endlowments. I questioned why Herb was not with her. She told me that sometime she wanted to be sealed to her High School Sweethart and not to Herb. We lost contact with her for a number of years when I finially was abler to make a telephone contact with her. Orden, Afton, Gaye and I were able to visit her on our trip to the Van Cover Worlds Fair.



Mo & Erik Rowland. One of Helen's beautiful Grand Daughters

When Dad died, Helen came back to St. George, but she wasn't very friendly. Things changed by the time that Mother passed away and it seemed that we had good relations. With the lower cost of long Distance telephone calls. Helen and I had a good chat about once a month. Helen felt that her health was failing and she wanted me to organize her history and pictures, noting that she would organize them and send



everything to me. However, she passed away before that happened. I was able to contact some of her family and ask for her information, noting that I would copy the material and return it to them. I was never able to get any of her history/pictures and I lost all contact with any of her kids. We did maintain contact with several of her grandkids and helped support one of her Grandsons on a Mission. He inheirated Dad's intellegence and Mothers Horse sense and after his mission he married and went on to become a Militry Doctor and later his own practace. We stayed in contact with him for a while but with their moving around and our moving, we lost contact with them. We were able to attend two of his sisters Temple Weddings.



Helen Grayce

Alfred Van Orden

Alfred Hess

Russell R Idella



50th Wedding Anniversary