

LIFE HISTORY OF SARAH EDITH LEE BATES

by Sarah Edith Lee Bates

Alfred Orme Lee with two or three friends homesteaded a cattle ranch on Raft river at the foot of some mountains. This little place was called Stanrod. Soon after this he married Sarah Elizabeth Corbett from Salt Lake City, Utah and they made their home on this ranch which was a four roomed log house with a dirt roof. To this union was born three sons and two daughters. I being the second daughter and fourth child born 12 November 1891 in Bountiful, Utah where my Mother went for the birth of each of her children.

For some time now my children have been urging me to write the story of my life although it seems my life has been rather a dull and uneventful yet a good life in many ways. The first part of my life was not so happy, then a part very happy and then a part not so happy. But always a great many things to be thankful for. But even if my life has been just an ordinary life I feel sure my sons and daughters and grand children will appreciate knowing a little about it. Just as I would appreciate knowing a little about my mother and that she would have left something about her life, as I know so very little about her. My first recollection of my childhood was the day she passed away, I was then five. When her sixth child was to be born she stayed on the ranch with a midwife as they were called in those days and two of the neighbor ladies. I can remember my Mother in the bedroom supposedly resting and the ladies in the kitchen sewing with me helping them by threading the machine with my hands and one of the women saying, "my lizzie is certainly having a nice long sleep, I believe I'll go see how she is." But mother was not sleeping she was in convulsions. It was 80 miles to a doctor and back with horses and buggy and there were no telephones. Of course, before the doctor got there, mother and the baby had passed away. I can just see my father now, walking the floor back and forth ringing his hands and moaning. The funeral was held in the front room of our log house. I remember a fellow by the name of Jack Barnes holding me in his arms all during the services and on the way to the cemetery.

Soon after mother died father nursed us all through a siege of measles and then my Aunt Jane, my mother's sister and her husband came to stay with us. But the work was too much for my aunt so they hired a girl by the name of Margaret Montgomery from George Creek, just over the mountain. We all called her Maggie. She was a girl about twenty years old and very ambitious, a good cook and could do most anything. Although my father was twenty years older than he was still a very attractive man. About a year after my mother's death they were married. My Aunt Jane and Uncle Ted for some reason were very very much opposed to the marriage and from then on there was terrible feuding and fussing as the song goes. Not only between the relatives but in the home. It seems to me it was almost a continual complaining and tears on my stepmother's part and cursing and angry words on my father's. She never was very strong and the babies came one right after the other, four boys and one girl. With five of us it was too much, there were 10 children altogether. She was so particular and very sure, also very easily hurt. Everything had to be just so, which annoyed my father. So many things she would do that my father would think unnecessary. It seemed everything we children would do was not done right and would have to be done over. Although we were well fed (my the good things we had to eat in those days), clothed and

taught to do the right thing for which I am thankful still, our home was not a happy one. My sister Ida left home and went to live my Uncle Will in Utah. Later they moved to Canada and it was 21 years before I saw her again.

We lived on this ranch until I was fifteen years old. My schooling through the eight grade was here in a one room school house with one teacher for all eight grades. I don't remember just how many acres of land my father had on this cattle ranch but I can remember how they cut their grain with a scythe and the thrasher was operated with several teams of horses going around and around in a circle. My how things have changed.

When I was almost 16 in 1907 my father sold his ranch and moved to Murtaugh, Idaho. Here he took up a homestead under the big Twin Falls canal. Nearly all that land was under sage brush at that time. We lived in a dug out for the first year or so, which many people were doing at that time, until my father could build us a home which was quite a large home, 4 rooms upstairs and 4 downstairs. It was considered at that time one of the finest homes on the whole Twin Falls track and here I lived until I was married to Lyman Lester Bates 3 October 1913.

I had no more schooling except part of a year of high school in Logan, Utah. I did housework for a neighbor for over a year, saved my money and went to Logan. there was no High School near at that time.

My stepmother was very religious and we always went to Sunday School and night meeting. Our Sunday School was held in the brick schoolhouse and our night meeting in one of the homes. I was secretary in the Sunday School when I was 16 and until just before my first baby was born. I have been working in the church every since. I am now 64 years old and very busy in church work and enjoy it very much.

My stepmother kept all us children in good clothes as she was a very good seamstress. She kept our hair done up and did lots of cooking for the family.

I guess I should say a few lines about my love affairs as that it is what most young people are interested in. I was not the most popular girl in our town and neither was I called, by any means, what is called a wall flower. I think I had my share of boy friends even though I was very bashful and didn't take much to make me blush, which now-a-days I believe has gone entirely out of date.

One of my first boy friends was a fellow who wasn't a member of the church but belonged to the Methodist church. His name was Elmer Chance. I used to go to church with him one Sunday evening and he would go with me the next Sunday evening. He had a one horse buggy that we always used in those days and we went to dances up at Artesia once a week. He seemed to love me and he asked to kiss me one night in the buggy. I gave him a kiss and as soon as I got out of the buggy he started to follow me and wanted another kiss and I wouldn't give him one. He was mad and wouldn't come and see me anymore, which didn't bother me any.

We had our night church meeting in the homes each Sunday and one night it was held in J. I. Tolman and Emmerett's home. I went with "Dock" Doris - my brother and Dock introduced me to Lyman Bates. Lyman was called on a mission to the East Central States soon afterwards and he wrote me a note and asked me to come to his farewell but not knowing him very well I didn't even think about going. Lyman wrote me a letter while on his mission and I wrote back because we were asked to write to the missionaries. We did all our courting by mail. He was gone two years and came home 21 June 1913. He came straight to Murtaugh on the train. My Dad had a buggy and two pretty bay horses that were

real "steppers" and they pranced and tossed their heads and I drove them to the station to meet Lyman. I tied the horses up and met Lyman at the train. When he stepped off the train we had our first kiss. Elmer Chance ran the lumber yard nearby and I heard that he asked who the good looking fellow was that Edith was with.

At the time Lyman was on his mission there was a young fellow that was very popular and we were in a play together that Mother Lee directed. The fellows name was Len Bailey and I was undecided what to do. I asked my Dad what I should do and he very definitely said not to marry Bailey or I wouldn't have a thing. Although he was a member of the church he probably smoked some. I prayed about it and with Dad's advice I have always been thankful I married Lyman.

Lyman and I were married 3 October 1913 at Salt Lake City in the Salt Lake Temple. Lyman had bought me an engagement ring but we had to borrow a wedding ring for the wedding ceremony. He had \$5.00 and wanted to buy me a ring but I wouldn't let him and we went back on the train to Murtaugh and then to Oakley and stayed in his folks home through the winter.

Lyman tried to get work all winter without any success. He worked some for the telephone company. He always said he wouldn't go back to herding sheep as he had done before going on his mission. He had worked for his brother-in-law Judson Tolman then. His brother-in-law owned a lot of sheep. He finally did go with the sheep and i stayed with my folks until after our first son, Grant, was born. My folks still lived in the big white house east of dry creek on the main road to Burley.

When they brought the sheep into the sheds to lamb I took our son and stayed with Lyman in a sheep camp all that winter. The baby cried so much that I took him to a doctor and the doctor said he didn't get enough to eat, so I gave him a bottle and he was real contented then.

Lyman had a rock house left to him on dry creek, just a short ways down dry creek from the main road to Burley. He traded that as part payment on the Boley house about one half mile south of Murtaugh, Idaho. It was one of the nicest homes in Murtaugh. Lyman was not with me much of the time and I used to get almost frightened to death if a little sound or noise was made every night. I finally fixed up the downstairs and lived there and rented out the upstairs.

Our second child, Thora, was born in the downstairs apartment 9 December 1916 and weighted 6½ pounds. We rented the upstairs to the Doxy family. Grant used to play with the little girl who was his age and would bite and pinch her.

In Church I was secretary of the Sunday School just before Grant was born and after that I was counselor in the primary with Sister Laura Peck for several years, then counselor in the Mutual for three years and then counselor in the Relief Society. I have been in the Relief Society off and on most of the rest of the time, up and including now, 1957.

Judson Tolman sold the sheep to the Lincoln Brothers of Twin Falls and Filer. They wanted Lyman to stay on as a herder but he wouldn't so they offered him part interest in the sheep company and to be camp tender. Lyman was certainly happy about this new job.

I had a one horse buggy that I would hitch up and drive the children to church. Wherever we wanted to go we always had the horse and buggy. Lyman would go to the hills either on horseback or in a team and wagon. The foothills started about five miles from Murtaugh were Artesia was. The sheep were in the Minidoka National Forest south of Murtaugh and south of Hansen. These hills were also called the South Hills and later, in

1957, known as or part of the Sawtooth National Forest. This was on both sides of Rock Creek. The family and I went up to the hills a few summers in the wagon and it would take two days to get there. We had some wonderful times on these trips. We stayed just west of Rock Creek up on the rim. There was a nice spring there. We named it Buick Springs later on. Lyman used to cut bark off a tree and make a half funnel out of it so the water would run out where it was easy to stick a bucket under it to get water.

Our third son, Roland, was born 15 August 1918 upstairs in our home at Murtaugh and weighted about 8½ pounds. We bought our first car, a Buick touring car, that year and Lyman and I went to town, Twin Falls, in it with the salesman. We took turns learning to drive on the way and drove it home on our own. It was a very short drivers lesson. We took the car up to our camp in the summer by way of Rogerson. We couldn't drive down into camp but would park a mile away and pack the equipment and children into the wagon and drive down. There was a very steep hill that the car couldn't go down and the wagon with brakes locked on would really travel fast.

Our next son, Mark, was born 10 February 1920 and was called Mark Lee. Most of our children from then on were born quite soon and did not give me much time to do anything besides church, work and family.

Arlin Henry Bates was born 25 May 1921. He was beautiful baby with lots of black hair, all of our other babies were born without hair except our only daughter, Thora. They were really boys through and through. We had quite a time raising Arlin. We couldn't seem to find anything that agreed with him. Finally we gave him eagle brand milk and he seemed to thrive on that. All the other children were strong and healthy.

Our 5th child D. Forest was born 7 April 1924 and our twins La Varr and La Vell were born the 24 December 1925, which made us a family of 8. We were very thankful for every one of them.

Lyman was not home very much as he had full responsibility of the sheep. he would be gone 1 or 2 weeks at a time then home for a few days and how happy I and the children would be when he came home. We still spent our summers in the mountains when the sheep went on the reserve which we all looked forward to. Sometimes the babies would only be a few weeks old but they thrived on it.

Lyman being gone so much of the time was not very active in church but did find time to sing when they asked him and always took part in the plays given both in the church and in the community. He was very good both in singing and acting. he could make an audience laugh or cry. He was also on the school board for several years. he took a big interest in school, especially athletics, and was very proud of his boys and his daughter who were very popular in school although they were not A students.

After Lyman went in with the Lincoln Brothers in the sheep business we got along very well financially. In the farming community where we lived for several years they had no electricity but we had a delco plant that made electricity so we had lights, a washer and an iron. And what a washer we had compared to now-a-days, it was a big barrel of wooden slates that went round and round in a tin tub affair. We were really the envy of the town. We also had a telephone that too many people did not have as they were something new in the community. Also, during this time we bough a 40 acre farm across dry creek, Lyman called it Johnnys farm. That's what he always called our oldest son, Grant. It was his plan to buy a small farm for each of the children but it didn't turn out that way.

About 1927 Lyman and the Lincoln Brothers bought Critchfields sheep and reserve

and paid a big price for them and then in 1930 and 1931 the big depression hit and sheep went to rock bottom which left us pretty badly off financially. They were in debt much more than the sheep were worth.

Then on 13 May 1931 Lyman suddenly passed away. He seemed to be in good health except at times he complained of dizzy spells and ringing in his ears. If he was driving the car and had a spell he would have to stop and get out and lie down. Lyman and the Lincoln brothers had their shearing plant in the foothills above Artesia and sheared the sheep in May. He would come home at night and go back to the shearing corrals early in the morning before breakfast. He was feeling fine when he left but as he and another fellow were driving in a small bunch to shear, he suddenly fell on his face and died. That day I had taken the twins in to Twin Falls to the dentist and our daughter, Thora, to get her a graduation dress as she and our son, Roland, were graduating from the eighth grade that week. Also, our oldest son, Grant, was graduating from High School. Lyman and I had been to the High School play the night before in which Grant had one leading part. I can remember when we got home, his father giving him a few pointers on acting although he was very proud of him and thought he did fine. That year we had 8 children in school.

As I was walking down the street in Twin Falls I met Lyman's brother, Arlin, and the stake president, they told me Lyman had passed away. I didn't faint away but my whole body just collapsed and it was hours before it seemed I had any legs at all. They took me home and by that time they had his body at the house. At the time it seemed more than I could bear but with the responsibility of the children, so many dear friends and relatives, a testimony of the Gospel and knowing that we were married in the temple and sealed for time and eternity it was a great comfort. Although it was during the depression and we had a mortgage on both our home and the farm Lyman left enough life insurance to pay them off and then some. The Lincoln brothers took over the sheep and all the indebtedness which was much more than the sheep were worth at that time. My sons weren't old enough to take over so I thought it best to let the sheep go as we stood a chance to lose our home and farm along with the sheep. We managed to get along with what insurance that was left and what little we took off the farm and what we got from selling a few lots near our home now and then. I was able to stay home and take care of my family for which I was very thankful for but it wasn't all smooth sailing. The following November, after Lyman passed away, we had a siege of measles in the school and La Varr, one of the twins, had them and it left his heart in a very bad condition. The doctor said there wasn't a thing he could do for him. He might live a good many years or go anytime. He lived until the next October but was almost an invalid all that time. He was such a sweet little fellow and we missed him terribly. Again I was thankful I had so many responsibilities to keep me real busy. So many people felt sorry for me being left with so many children but to me, then and even to this day, it is one of the greatest blessings God ever gave me.

All the children finished High School in Murtaugh. Some of them had a few years of college. Now, at the time I am writing this, they are all married with families and are doing very well with the exception of Arlin who hasn't married as yet and is 36 but I still have hopes, he is a swell fellow and does so much for me.

I sold my home in Murtaugh and moved to Salt Lake intending to buy one of the old homes and take care of elderly people. About that time my father died and my mother wanted to move to Salt Lake, so we bought a new duplex. My part wasn't large enough to take in more than 3 ladies which wasn't enough to make a living and keep up the payment.

So we sold it and went back to Murtaugh and lived on the farm which pleased the boys very much as they were very homesick and didn't care for Salt Lake.

Soon after we went back, Doris Clawson, who was manager of the telephone office in Murtaugh, asked me to work for her as an operator which I did for about a year. When she got married, I was made manager. Then, when the boys, Forest and La Vell, were through high school they went into the service. Mark and Arlin were already in and a little later Roland was drafted so I had five boys in the Service from 1942 through 1946, two of them overseas but they all came back safe and sound.

It was during this time I met Nathan Tenney from California who as the father of Pearl Tenney who worked for me at the telephone office. He wanted to go on a mission and wanted me to go with him, so we were married and went to the Western States Mission for 2 years. Then I sold my farm in Murtaugh and we bought a large farm near Carlsbad, New Mexico near Roswell. We had been in Carlsbad during our mission for over a year. Selling my farm in Idaho and putting money into a farm in new Mexico wasn't the right thing to do. It just didn't work out, so we got a divorce and I sold my share to Nathan Tenney and came back to Idaho.

By this time the war was over and 4 of my boys were in California going to school training for A & E Mechanics. Three of the boys married and settled there. My boy, Arlin, who hasn't married, bought a home and settled there so I moved to California to keep house for him. I have been there about 7½ years. My daughter, Thora, and her 3 girls have been living with us. Our home is in Norwalk, California, 30 miles east of Los Angeles. We are in the East Long Beach Stake. I was secretary of the Relief Society when it was first organized in Norwalk for about 4 years then a stake missionary one year. Then the ward was divided and I was put in as counselor in the Relief Society. The wards have both been divided again and I am still counselor or was when I left about a month ago for our family reunion which we had in Yosemite Park, California 22 Jun 1957. All my children and grandchildren were there except one grandson. It really was wonderful to all be together. I am so proud of them. I came on to Idaho to say a few weeks. Right now I am at Payette Lakes, Idaho with my son, Roland, his wife Maida and family. It's surely beautiful up here. I am sitting on the porch of their big log cabin overlooking the lake and surrounded by huge pines. I can see several motorboats with water skiers behind them.

Last night my son and I, Roland, and 2 grandsons, Randy and Gregory, crossed the lake in the motorboat and picked huckleberries. It was fun and I am thoroughly enjoying myself. I hate to see it end but it must. While I have been here, Roland and Maida have encouraged me to finish this history otherwise I don't suppose it would have ever been finished up to this date.

Oh, yes! I forgot to mention that I have been doing some temple work in the Los Angeles Temple. I have been working on the Corbett line which is my mother's line. I expect to do a lot more when I get home which will be the middle of September as I am going there to Oakland. My son, Forest, and his wife Donna are expecting a new baby. I guess this will be all for now - July 19, 1957.

*The following was written by Grant Lyman Bates,
first son of Sarah Edith Lee Bates.*

As Thora and I write the finishing history of Mother's life here upon this earth, I shall first tell of our first family reunion. It was held 5 July 1952 in the hills just above Buick Springs, the spot we all loved so very much. We had a great time together and some of the wives of the boys had never roughed it much and they had little ones to care for. We presented Mother with a watch; engraved on the back "To Mother, 7-5-52". Many memories were brought back and enjoyed by everyone. Songs and readings that we all learned, that is the older ones learned along with Dad or from phonograph records the he liked. We also recited around the campfire. We heard from the grandchildren. We hunted a snow bank and made home-made ice cream. We had fun playing in the snow bank in July.

Now to take up where Mother left off in '57. She visited her brother Vern Lee in Twin Falls and some friends after leaving Roland's. They went to Murtaugh where she learned that Thora and Glenn were getting married the 2nd of September instead of waiting till the next year. She came home to Norwalk with Glenn to get Thora and her girls, went back to Murtaugh for the wedding then went on to Oakland to be with Donna and Forest and help their family when Lynn was born. She then went back home to Arlin and Thora's oldest girl, Dee, who stayed on to finish her senior year of High School. The spring of '58 was busy; Dee graduated and was married in the temple; Forest, Donna, Mark and Francis came down from Oakland; Thora, Glenn, pat and Vickie came from Idaho; and with La Vell and Alrin there was a great time had. We missed Grant, Ruby and Roland and Maida. I believe Mother was able to stay home then for a while, enjoying her flowers, yard, her home and Arlin. It was quite a change after five years of having Thora and the girls living there with them.

Early in the year of 1959 when she came to Murtaugh, she was having terrific headaches and nausea and the shakiness in her hands and chin were getting worse. I took her to her old family doctor and on a thorough examination found she had growths on her kidneys. There wasn't much that could be done for her parkinsons disease that was causing her shakiness. They did operate, however, and removed the growths and they were nonmalignant. This made us all very happy. Roland gave her a beautiful blessing prior to her operation. She gained back her strength and the next year she was back visiting her children again and giving a helping hand wherever she was needed.

In the spring of '61 she visited us in Green River, Wyoming and was having a great deal of trouble with her bowels and had been to her doctor in California several times about it. He said she had diverticulum of bowel and nothing seemed to give her much relief.

We had our third family reunion and it was held back in the same hills up Rock Creek, but at Uncle Roe's cabin, Mother's brother. I think it could be termed a huge success. This year we all met at the cemetery and had a headstone place don LaVarr's grave, something Mother had been wanting done for years. Then up to Bates Gulch where pictures were taken. There the forest service had replaced, at our request, the sign Bates Gulch named for Dad. We had a planned program, treasure hunts, square dancing and programs around the campfire. We were all so happy we were ready to have them every year. Grant wrote a beautiful poem that I think should be included in this history.

Back home Mother wasn't well; finally in October 1961 she was operated on and this time Dr. Edmunds removed her gall bladder and appendix. They found her stomach lining was all inflamed, but the tests cam back negative as to cancer. I was with her as she was convalescing and she still complained of the same trouble with her bowels. At Christmas time she was really miserable, the boys in California doing what they could. She

spent a week or so in the Bellflower hospital taking tests and nothing was found. LaVell took her to his chiropractor and he said she needed a physician and hurry. LaVell called Dr. Edmunds and told him something needed to be done. He sent her to Dr. Lowell, a specialist, and he put her right in the hospital and when they operated found that cancer was so extensive that nothing could be done. Her lower bowel was solid as a rock so they gave her a colostomy and told her family that she may not come out of the anesthesia and she may live two weeks, six months, a year or more.

That was January 29, 1962 and we had her with us until September 23, 1962, nearly eight months. We hated the thought of losing her. She was so wonderful through it all, but then we all knew she would be. Even when we told her, her first remark was, "Well, I don't know why I should be one to escape it." "How long do I have?" This no one could answer. She never complained though at times we knew she was miserable. Her last day out of bed to walk around her yard and visit with the family that could be with her was Mother's Day. During that summer all her family visited her and spent as much time as they could with her, trying to bring as much joy to her last days as she had to each of our lives through the years.

August 22nd she came with me to Rock Springs so I could continue to be with her and care for her, and I could get my daughter to school. We came by train in a bedroom. We arrived in Green River where she was put in an ambulance belonging to Dick Francom and who took care of her at her passing. It was the 23rd of August when she was placed in her bed and she spent a fair week, then got bad. On the 23rd of September she had a vomiting spell and it was too much for her heart. It gave out and she went to join Daddy after 30 years.