

FAMILY HISTORY

LIFE HISTORY OF DONALD BYRON JACKMAN

On June 7, 1922, Byron Jackman and Mildred Matilda Samuelson were united in holy matrimony in the Salt Lake Temple. The first two years of marriage they moved several times but finally settled in a small house in the Rose Ward near my Grandpa and Grandma Jackman's home. The Rose Ward is North of Blackfoot, Idaho, about five miles. It was a small place, but they loved it very much. It was in this house that their first child was born on June 14, 1924. This child was a boy and they named him Donald Byron Jackman after his father.

In those days there was not very much money and the hospitals were small, so I was born in our home with our family doctor attending. His name was Doctor Beck. I shall never forget him because he played a big part in my later life. According to my Mother, the first six weeks of my life were kind of miserable. I had colic all of the time and spent most of the time crying. It was a trying time for me and my parents, so my Mother said. The medication they gave me was catnip tea. It was the only thing that would help. My Uncle Dale, who was four at the time, told his Sunday School teacher that I would never go to heaven because of the tea I was drinking. I was blessed on July 6, 1924, by my Grandfather John Victor Samuelson. My mother tells me that my five aunts and five uncles gave me a lot of attention. They were Ellis Jackman, Clifford Jackman, Dale Jackman, Aunt Lydia Jackman, Mary Samuelson, Thora Samuelson, Carrie Samuelson, Emma Samuelson, John A. Samuelson and Almon Samuelson. I grew and developed as any normal boy does. Mother tells me that Dad taught me to throw a ball long before he taught me to walk. I can understand this because of his love for playing ball. When I was fifteen months old, my sister, Lydia, was born. The next summer my Grandpa Jackman built a path through his beet field so I could go to their house without going out on the road. I don't remember this, nor do I remember my Grandpa Jackman because that summer he was kicked in the stomach by a horse and died. He must have been a great man and I'm looking forward to seeing him some time in the future. That fall, another sister came to live with us; her name was Geraldine. It was my job when I was young to watch after my sisters. Mother tells me that because I grew up with older boys around so much I learned some good and some bad things a little earlier in life than usual. Because Dad was gone so much making a living for the family it left us with quite a few chores to do. This made it possible for me to learn to work early in life. I can remember milking cows and feeding pigs. I enjoyed this. This was my activities until I started school except mother taught Sunday School and Primary and I went with her all the time. I got along good with my friends and school mates.

At the age of six, I started school in a little four-room school house in the community of Rose, about 5 miles North of Blackfoot, Idaho. It wasn't a big school but we sure enjoyed it. I don't recall my first two or three years of school too well, so I won't try to write too much about them. I do remember we only lived one-half mile from school, so when the weather was good we walked or rode horses on those days. Other days we rode the bus. The church house was right by the school and made it very convenient to go to Primary. I remember we always put on a Christmas program, and in one of these, I was a clown and had to stand on my head for a long time which caused me to have a very sore head. We did all of the things that all young school kids do. I don't remember my teacher very well. When I was in the 4th, 5th and 6th grades, my teacher was Mis Ida Johnson and later became Mrs. James Burningham. During those years it was about the same except we started playing different games because we were getting older. I will never forget the barn that used to be by the school where we tied our horses. We used to get up

FAMILY HISTORY

in the rafters and play tag. Some of the boys could really go fast. Also we played marbles a lot. We always played keeps. I'll explain -- Each one would put so many marbles in the ring, then we would lag to a line to see who got to shoot first, second, third, etc. Then we would shoot until we missed, and the marbles you knocked out of the ring you got to keep. I was good at this, so I always had a big bag of marbles. We also had other things we did such as play ball and participate in track. I liked both of those sports and did well in them. I had a great teacher when I was in the 7th and 8th grades. His name was Mr. Harding Gibbs. He was a great man; everyone liked him. He went on to have a school named after him in Firth, Idaho. During all this time that I went to school and played, I did learn a little. I wasn't a real brilliant student, but I did pass each grade except one year, I had pneumonia quite bad and was out of school a long time, so they let me take that grade over. During these first eight years of school Dad bought another farm and we moved. It was located in the same Ward, but about two miles from where I was born. As I grew older, I had more responsibilities. Dad always had a few cows and I had to help milk. In those days it was done by hand, but I enjoyed that very much. I also had to help in the field, such as thin beets (which I did not enjoy), put up hay, help with the irrigating, etc. I learned to drive horses at an early age so that was my job to drive 4 head of horses on a harrow in the spring to prepare the seed bed. I also drove horses on a hay wagon. When we started harvesting beets, I was so proud when Dad had me haul the beets to the beet dump with a team of horses. We always had good horses and equipment because Dad loved horses and was proud to own a good horse. I will never forget the first horse Dad bought for me. It was a beautiful brown mare. I could do almost anything on her. I didn't need a bridle to ride her and could catch her any place. Dad also bought me a team of work horses when I was young. I used them to help a neighbor did a basement for a house. They didn't pull very good, so Dad traded them off. In those days, every so often a man would come by with a string of horses. He was what we called a horse trader. That was what happened to my team of horses, they were traded off.

Just prior to this time, we lived through a depression. We didn't have very much, but we lived on a farm so we raised most of our food. We worked hard on the farm but it was a good life.

Before we moved, Dad bought a milk route and hauled milk to the Co-op, a creamery in Idaho Falls, Idaho. It was a seven-day a week job, so we got out of the habit of going to church. I did go enough to advance in the priesthood. For one reason or another, the gospel didn't mean as much to me then as it does now. We spent most of our free time just playing around the neighborhood. We lived close to Will Gardner. He had a son named Ivan who was my age, and we ran together quite a bit. Also, Platt Stringham, who had a son named Ray, and Lawrence Lambert with sons named James and Richard. We did all sorts of things, but mostly played ball and went swimming in the canal when we didn't have to work. In those days, during the summer, the farmers would trade work at harvest time in the hay, grain, beets and potatoes, so we worked at someone else's place a lot. I enjoyed this work because the women would always prepare a delicious meal, and when we were done in the evening we would go swimming in the canal, and also I enjoyed working with other people. As I said before, Dad always had a few cows around that was part of our living. Dad and our neighbor, Bishop Harper, went back to Wisconsin and bought some Dutch Belt heifers and a bull. If you don't know what a Dutch Belt is, they were black with a white ring around their stomach (or white with a black front and rear end). Anyway, they were

FAMILY HISTORY

good looking animals but didn't turn out to be very good milk stock. Talking about the cows reminds me of a dog that Dad got for me (or the family). If you are wondering what a dog has to do with cows, I will explain a little later. Anyway, this dog's name was Silver. She was a beautiful yellow and white dog. It was almost like talking to a human to talk to her. She was very protective of the family, especially me. I suppose one of the reasons I thought so much of her was because she wouldn't let Dad discipline me very harshly. We used to raise a lot of chickens and of course when we would open the door to go in the chicken coop they would try to get out. Silver would get them and keep them in as long as you wanted her to. Also, all we had to do was open the gate and tell her to bring the cows in and she would go get them. It was at one of these times that she saved Dad's life. She was bringing the cows in and when she got to the corral gate one of the calves cut back and she went after it. Naturally, in the chase, the calf started to bawling and the Dutch Belt bull we had came right through the fence of the bull pen. Dad was in the corral and the bull got him cornered. The bull was standing there pawing and bellowing, and I suppose about ready to charge Dad. Silver saw this and charged the bull. She came between Dad and the bull and grabbed the bull by the nose. Needless to say, we thought a lot of her. I remember the folks gave me a birthday party one time and as usual, the boys were going to give me a spanking. I had just jumped a fence and they jumped over after me. Well, we had to send one of them home with the seat ripped out of his pants. We never had to worry about prowlers at night. More than once we had to go out and get her away while a halloween prankster came down out of a tree.

During these years, Dad bought a tractor, a Farmall F-12. That was one of the first tractors around that area. I learned to drive it and did some custom work with it.

FAMILY HISTORY

Being used to a small country school made it difficult for me when I started High School in Blackfoot, Idaho. I had a hard time adjusting to so many more people. My first year was not very eventful except I did enjoy my FFA class and participated in all of the projects. As a freshman in FFA, I had a sow as a project. During this school year, she gave birth to 18 young piglets. I thought this was so great I even spent my nights with her and saved sixteen of the 18 piglets. The next fall, I entered her in the fair and won a prize for the largest litter.

I also enjoyed all the sporting activities as a freshman. I participated in boxing, softball and track my first year. I didn't compete in football and basketball because practice was after school and we lived five miles from town, meaning I would have to walk home after practice because Dad and Mother did not have the time or money to make a special trip to town after me.

The following year, the Rose School Board had a disagreement with the Blackfoot School District, so they sent us to Moreland High School. I enjoyed it much more because it was a smaller country school and we were able to have much more personal attention. It was a great High School and I developed many lasting friendships. As a sophomore, I started playing football, basketball, boxing and softball. We had many enjoyable activities such as dances, parties, etc. As a junior and senior, I drove the school bus. It worked out very well to be able to go to High School and make some money too. As a matter of fact, I made too much money and didn't use it wisely at times.

Scholastically, I was just average in High School, but I thought I was better than average in sports. Things were different when I was in High School. Our football field was in a pasture. Our gymnasiums were smaller. Those who I played with that I remember were Marvin Wray, Park Christensen, Don Monson, Reed Monson, Tony Benson, Burke Poole, Sandy Williams, Dean Williams. These are just a few of the fellows that I remember so well. Maybe their names will bring back memories to some of you who may read this. I had many enjoyable times in my High School years.

After graduating from High School, I tried farming for a year with Dad. For one reason or another, I only stayed for one year. I was young and wanted to get out in the world and do something exciting, so I went to work for National Laundry as a truck driver. During this time, I lived in Blackfoot with my Grandmother Jackman for a while. Then I moved to the Cottage Hotel with a friend, Darrell Adams. I was employed there for just a few months, then I went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad as a switchman in the Pocatello yard. I enjoyed this work, but it didn't last too long because I was drafted into the Army to serve during the second world war.

I was inducted at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City, Utah. Being inducted into the service was exciting, frightening and humorous at times. The first night I was in the service they had a dance for us at Fort Douglas. I knew a girl that lived South of Salt Lake, and I got permission from the Captain to go get her. Of course, we had to stay until the dance was over and by the time I took her home and returned to base, I was late, so my first day in the service I was in trouble and learned a lesson. From there I was sent to Camp Maxey, Texas. When I arrived there I thought it was the worst place on earth. But they didn't give you time to feel bad about where you were. We started right off with the work and learning to fight a war, and it was hard and serious business. We had so many there that they didn't have enough people to take

FAMILY HISTORY

care of us, so I was made a temporary Sergeant while I was there. This meant I was in charge of a platoon of men. It wasn't long before we were into the swing of things and even though it was long hard hours, I kind of enjoyed it. Except I didn't enjoy the times I had to pull K.P. or guard duty. During the time I was in the service in Texas, a young lady who I went with steady in High School came to Texas to see me. While she was there, we were married. Her name was Geniel Stolworthy. She stayed with me for a few days and then returned home to Blackfoot, Idaho. Most of the people I took my basic training with were from Idaho and Utah. Just before we were to leave Texas, I had the privilege of playing a softball game with the non-commissioned officers. I pitched for them and pitched a shut-out. They were so excited they tried to get me held over there to help train men for the duration of the war, but it was too late to get orders changed, so I boarded a troop train and headed for home on furlough. After spending a couple of enjoyable weeks at home, I went to Camp Adair, Oregon, to wait shipment overseas. We were at Camp Adair for about a month with nothing to do, so they started having boxing matches between all the outfits at that Camp. Each Friday afternoon we would box. If you won, you got a three-day pass; if you lost, you only got two days. I was fortunate and won all of my matches and went on to be the champion in the light heavy weight division. About that time, we received orders to ship overseas. We boarded a converted hospital ship and headed for Okinawa. We didn't know where we were going before we sailed because during the war, that was a military secret. I will never forget the terrible feeling I had as the shores of the United States went out of sight. On this ship we were in compartments, 21 men to a room. It was a good clean ship and I thought I had it made until the third or fourth day out and when I got up in the morning was I ever sea sick! It took us fourteen days to reach Okinawa and just before we landed we hit the worst storm I have ever seen. The waves were coming over the top of the ship. If you have ever been on a ship that size, you know that is a pretty big wave. During our trip over, the war ended. That didn't mean that they turned us around and sent us home, no sir. We went ahead and unloaded at Okinawa. We started unloading one morning and by the time they got us to the placement depot, it was dark, so 4000 of us bedded down in a large open area. The next mornign when I woke up, I was the only one left out in this area. Out of 4000 men, I was the only one that was sent to the Air Force Engineers there in Okinawa. Most of the fellows were put in different outfits and went to Japan. In the Air Force Engineers we started building roads and asphaltting them. Okinawa was 12 miles wide and 50 miles long and I don't believe there was a thing standing except a smoke stack at Naha, the capital of Okinawa. I've never seen a place so blown up. Being a construction company, we got a lot of building material so we built ourselves tennis courts and baseball fields. I was then sent to the Philippine Islands to go to school. I went to school for six months to learn to be a heavy equipment operator, but when I got back to Okinawa, I was put in supply.

About this time, we started playing baseball. Our outfit didn't have a baseball team, but a Signal Corp battalion next to us did have and a couple of us played with them. Baseball got to be a big thing on Okinawa. We had three leagues on the Island. You started out in the Pacific League. If you did well in that, you went to the Minor League. If you did well there, you went to the Major League. That's where we played and did very well. I really enjoyed this and got to play with some professional ball players. The climate was so good on Okinawa

FAMILY HISTORY

that we could play almost year round. There were a couple of us on our team picked to play on an All Star Team that was going to compete in what they called the Air Force World Series in Tokyo, Japan. Just before we were to go, my orders came through to come home, so I did exactly that. One of the professional players that I played with encouraged me to come home and try out for a professional team, which I did. I was told that I did everything well enough to play professional ball except throw. The manager told me to go home and learn to throw, then come back and he would have a spot for me, but I never went back. I was just home out of the service, and needed money bad, so I went to work for Rulon Petersen driving truck. I worked for him for quite a few years. During this time, our family grew. We had a daughter, Janie, and a boy, Bill. We lived in a little two-room house that we had set up behind Dad and Mother's place in Rose. At this time in my life, I was doing a lot of things wrong and it wasn't making a very good home life, so Geniel and I were separated. It was hard to be separated especially because of the kids. They moved to Salt Lake City, and I stayed here. I went down to see them a couple of times and then Geniel remarried. I didn't think it would be good for the kids if I continued to go see them, so I didn't see them again for 18 years.

During this period of time, as I said, I was doing a lot of things wrong. I discontinued working for Rulon Petersen and started tending bar for Thayne McAllister in Snowballs in Blackfoot. While I was driving truck for Rulon Petersen, he had another fellow that started to work for him named Glenn Hone. Glenn and I enjoyed rodeoing and started going and competing in rodeos together. We got to be good friends. We both went to work tending bar at the same time. After we had worked for Snowballs for about a year, we decided to buy our own business which was a night club. We bought what was then the Chuck Wagon Lounge. It was a beautiful place all made out of knotty pine with large lighted pictures on all the walls. It was during this time in my life when I met and married my wife, Merle East. Merle was not a member of the L.D.S. Church at that time. She was then living in Compton, California, with her parents. Our courtship was short. I met her in July while she was visiting here. She was then working for a large clothing manufacturer in Los Angeles, California, as a fashion coordinator. She traveled around the Western United States putting on fashion shows for different department stores. In September of that same year, she told me she was going to be in Salt Lake City, so I flew down and picked her up. While she was here, we decided to be married. She left and went back home and a few days later, I went down to meet her parents and give her a ring. They were wonderful people. They took me right into their home and treated me as one of their own. I came back home, but knew I had to go back soon, so I did, and on October 28, 1951, we were married in the Baptist Church in Compton, California. I have never been so frightened in my life as I was the day we were married. As I stood there in that Church amongst strangers and marrying a girl I really didn't know, I was really scared. I had a real urge to run, but how grateful I am that I didn't. Merle has been, and is, the most beautiful and precious person I know. We took two days to come home and that was our honeymoon. When we got back to Blackfoot, we moved into an upstairs apartment on South Shilling in Blackfoot. I was still in the bar business but it wasn't long until I could see that it was a terrible way of life, so I sold my interest in the business to my partner, Glenn Hone. I then went to work for the Lost River Bus Company out of Idaho Falls, Idaho. We hauled people to work and back at the Atomic Energy Site on the desert about 50 miles West of Blackfoot. During this time, we moved to a house on Luella Street in Blackfoot. I don't

FAMILY HISTORY

remember how long I worked for the Bus Company, but I do remember at that time it was not a very good paying job because I was on the Extra-Board and didn't get many hours. I had some extra time so I rented a small farm from Ellis Rider out in Rose that summer. I planted potatoes and things were going five with the farm, but not too good with my job because it wasn't bringing in enough money, so along in the summer I quit to try to find different employment. A few days later, a man named Ralph Cushman stopped me on the street and wanted to know if I would go to Chinook, Montana, and help them move an oil well drilling rig from there down to the Red Desert out from Wamsutter, Wyoming. So I left Merle here to look after the farm and I went thinking it would only be for a couple of weeks. After we moved the rig down, they wanted to know if I would stay and work for them. They offered me such good money I couldn't turn it down, so I stayed until September. Af that time, I came back to Blackfoot, got the potatoes out, bought a trailer house, picked up our things, and moved to Wyoming. Drilling for oil was exciting, but we were out in the desert 80 miles from town, so we didn't have much social life. The whole crew stayed out there. Those who had their wives stayed in trailer houses, and those who didn't stayed in a large quonset hut. We had a kitchen and cook and everyone ate there. We drilled 24 hours a day with three shifts. My job was a derrick man. That was to work up in the derrick about 90 feet above the ground unlatching and latching the bales from the pipe and to the pipe as we pulled it out of the hole to put on a new bit and then put it back in the hole. We drilled until December of that year. Then we stopped drilling because of the cold weather. But I stayed out there to watch the equipment and to do some repairs. That was a terrible winter because we didn't have enough to do. We couldn't go to town very much because we were so far out and we also didn't have much money because we hadn't been paid for so long. We did scrape up enough to go to town to a movie once in awhile. Boy, how we enjoyed doing that and having a bag of popcorn to eat. Parts of it were interesting. We had a herd of about 300 antelope bed down all winter by us. The next spring, we moved the rig from there to an exciting oil field North of Rawlins, Wyoming, called Bair Oil. We set up and started to drill. I took on another job with the same company. I became the mechanic also. Along in the summer, I got lonesome for home, so we took a few days off and came back over to Blackfoot. We had a funny feeling about the company, so we decided to quit. It wasn't long after that that they went broke. I will never forget, nor will Merle let me forget, our trip back over to get our trailer house. I took my two small brothers, Marty and Rick, with me, and we went to a rodeo at Preston. I was competing in the bulldogging that night. After the rodeo was over, we started back for Wyoming. I was tired and asked Merle if she would drive, and I got in the back of the pickup with my brother, Marty, in sleeping bags with a canvas over us. Merle drove all the way back, 400 miles, in a rain storm. By the time she got to Little America, she was give out, but I couldn't wake up enough to drive, so she drove the rest of the way. She was so disgusted with me that she stopped at Little America to have something to eat and just left us in the back of the pickup in the rain storm. I don't blame her a bit. Anyway, we hooked on to our trailer house and moved back to Blackfoot. I started driving bus again for the same company and also we farmed a small farm in Groveland owned by Mrs. Burton for one year. Now remember, I married a lady from the big city, so country life was new to her. She knew nothing about farming and one day, I was unable to get home from work and I had water running on some grain, so I called and asked her if

FAMILY HISTORY

she could get someone to change the water. She couldn't find anyone, so she went out to change it herself. First she walked out into the field to see if the water was done and all she had to wear were my boots which were too big for her. The ground was sandy and when she found the water, she was going to walk across the field to see if it was done all the way. Well, needless to say, she sunk in the mud. She went in so far that she couldn't pull the boots out of the mud. The more she worked the farther apart her feet got, and the deeper they went. I'm sure happy I wasn't there to hear what she said about me. Finally, she just stepped out of the boots and walked out barefooted. She is a good irrigator though. She is the only person I know that can close the caps up on one set before opening the ones on the other set. Needless to say, she shoveled almost the whole bank away, but it was quite an accomplishment.

Soon after we came back from Wyoming, we added a baby girl to our family. We named her Donna Lyn. She was a cute and very active little girl. We enjoyed her so much. When we came back from Wyoming and because our family was starting to grow, we traded our trailer and bought a new house in a new addition to Blackfoot. It was located on Curtis Street. At that time, it was almost the first home in that area. Now the whole area is filled with houses. At this time in our lives, we started thinking more about going to church. There is enough information about Merle being converted and myself becoming active to write a book about. I won't try to write it all, but will hit on some of it. This all started while we were living by Dad and Mother. We had the missionaries give us the lessons, and we enjoyed them, but when Merle started asking questions, they couldn't answer them. With my experience in the Church, I couldn't answer them either, so they said they would bring the answers the next week, which they did. But Merle couldn't accept their answers as the truth, so nothing happened as far as her conversion. We went on for quite a few years and went through a few more sets of missionaries. It wasn't until we had gone to Wyoming and back to Blackfoot and traded our trailer off for a home on Curtis Street that we had some missionaries that presented the gospel in such a way as to catch our interest. When they were done giving the lessons, one of the missionaries bore his testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel to Merle and at this time the Holy Ghost touched her and she has said she could no longer deny the truthfulness of it. However, she didn't join the Church at this time because I guess she just wasn't ready and as inactive as I was, I didn't help much. It wasn't until we sold our home in Blackfoot and bought a farm out in Groveland and had one more set of missionaries that she decided she had better be baptized. I will never forget the feeling that was there when she consented to this. We were invited into Carl Miner's home to hear the lessons one more time. After they were done on a Tuesday or Wednesday evening, we went home. On Friday morning, we had a call from Carl Miner asking if he could come out and see us. Naturally, we said yes. When he arrived he had our Stake Mission President with him, President Parley Arave. When they came in, we said our hellos, then President Arave walked over to Merle, put his arm around her and said "Sister Jackman, we are going to baptize you Saturday night." This was such a shock, she just sat down in a chair with her head in her hand. She sat like that for a few minutes, then she raised her head and said "I am ready.:" This was a very spiritual event in our lives, and changed us completely. She had said all along that when she got ready to be baptized, she wanted me to do it. Well, I had to work hard to get myself ready. It was a great blessing in my life to be able to baptize her. She is a strong person and has influenced many people since her baptism. She is very

FAMILY HISTORY

knowledgeable in the gospel and lives the gospel. She is understanding, patient, sympathetic and a loving person. Before this happened, we added another child to our family. We had another beautiful baby girl. There is quite a story about her birth. About a month before she was to be born, Merle had to go in the hospital for major surgery. A couple of days after her surgery, she started to have labor pains. Because all of our children had to be born by Ceasarian Section, they couldn't allow this to happen, so they had to take her back for another operation. Needless to say, this was very hard on her and for awhile we didn't know whether she was going to live or not. This was the first time I had prayed in many years, but I prayed hard. I know my prayers were answered because she recovered. The baby was so small she had to stay in the hospital for about a month before we could take her home. She was such a beautiful baby. We named her Teri Lee. While she was in the hospital, the nurses spoiled her by carrying her all the time. It didn't affect her too bad, because she has been a wonderful child.

As I have been writing this history, I keep remembering things in my life that I have left out. After I got out of the service, I started playing softball for a team in Blackfoot called Mikes Paint & Glass, or "Mikes" for short. This was a very enjoyable time in my life. I loved to play ball and got very serious while playing a game. I pitched and played first base. We had a good team, and as a matter of fact, during the time I was playing with "Mikes" we went to the State Tournament 12 times. We never did win the State Championship, but did win second place one year. When I first started playing for Mikes, the team was managed by Frank Fullmer, but later was taken over by my father, Byron Jackman. One of the reasons I enjoyed it so much was the great guys that were on the team. The last year that I played, Dad got to where he couldn't manage anymore, so I was the player-manager. We had a good team and went to the State Tournament. During this tournament, I had a sad experience and decided to quit playing. I never played again until we bought our house in Blackfoot on Curtis Street. Then I started going to Church and managed a team for our Ward. That year we went to the All Church Tournament in Salt Lake City and had a great time. I believe that was the best managed tournament I have ever played in. We had a fellow who was a non-member play with us as a pitcher. He also pitched on the Mikes team I played on. He later became a member of the Church and is now serving as a counselor in a Bishopric. Dr. Charles Morris is his name. A very fine man and a good friend.

It was about this time in our lives that we decided we would like to live in the country and do some farming. I continued to drive bus, but I had a night run and this gave me enough time during the day to operate a small farm. We found an 80 acre farm in the Groveland area about 4 miles North of Blackfoot. So we traded our home in town for the farm. My intentions were to raise cattle. To make enough to buy cattle, I raised potatoes the first year and we didn't do very good. We bought a few milk cows and about 10 head of purebred polled Herefords. I remodeled a shed we had and put in a milking machine so we could milk a few cows and add to our income. We also bought a machine that you could raise baby calves on. We had about 25 head of baby calves. Things were going along fine, but I wasn't doing as well financially as I wanted, but we were happy. We had as neighbors a good family that thought I should live my life different, and so they started to work on my family. Before they were done they had me living the Word of Wisdom and active in the Church. This was the Claude Lilya family. We have had some wonderful times with them. Also after I got active in Church, I met another fine man who was the Elders

FAMILY HISTORY

Quorum President. His name is Edward C. Cook (Ted). We have had some wonderful times together. As a matter of fact, the Elders Quorum had a garbage haul as a project to make money. I went on this quite often with Ted and really enjoyed it. Two or three years after this, he was called to be the Bishop and asked for me to be his second counselor. I served in this capacity for about three years with Bishop Cook and Rulon Hillam, who was the first counselor. Then Rulon Hillam was released to become the Stake Executive Secretary, and I was released and called to be first counselor. I spent six very enjoyable years in the Bishopric and made some very close friendships. It was very difficult to be released from this position. It was during my service in the Bishopric that a new family moved into our ward, the Ralph Harding family. We became very good friends and a couple of years later, we went into business together. We constructed a 20,000head capacity feedlot and started to custom feed cattle. It was very exciting and the business was good until the bottom fell out of the cattle market. It was during these years that I quit my bus driving job and sold my farm. The cattle feeding was so big that I couldn't take care of all of it. I made a mistake in doing this because when the cattle market went bad, we had to sell the feedlot and I had nothing to do. I did stay with the people who bought the feedlot as an assistant manager. After we had sold the feedlot, there was not much interest left, so after a year and a half I quit the feedlot and started building houses and selling them. That is what I am doing now and so far I enjoy it very much.

FAMILY HISTORY

THE LIFE HISTORY OF DONALD BYRON JACKMAN

On June 7 1922 Byron Jackman and Mildred Samuelson were united in holy matrimony in the Salt Lake Temple. The first two years of marriage they moved several times but finally settled in a small house in the Rose Ward near my Grandpa and Grandma Jackman's home. The Rose Ward is north of Blackfoot, Idaho about five miles. It was a small place but they loved it very much. It was in this house that their first child was born on June 14, 1924. This child was a boy and they named him Donald Byron Jackman after my dad. In those days there was not very much money and the hospitals were small so I was born in our home with our family doctor attending. His name was Doctor Beck. I shall never forget him because he played a big part in my later life. According to my Mother the first six weeks of my life were kind of miserable. I had colic all of the time and spent most of the time crying. It was a trying time for me and my parents so my mother said. The medication they gave me was catnip tea. It was the only thing that would help. My Uncle Dale who was four at the time told his Sunday School teacher that I would never go to heaven because ^{of the} tea I was drinking. I was blessed on July 6, 1924 by my Grandfather ^{John} Victor Samuelson. My mother tells me that my five aunts and five uncles ~~and~~ gave me a lot of attention. They were Ellis Jackman, Clifford Jackman, Dale Jackman, and aunt Lydia Jackman, Mary Samuelson, Thora Samuelson, Carrie Samuelson, Emma Samuelson, John A. Samuelson and Almen Samuelson. I grew and developed as any normal boy does. Mother tells me that Dad taught me to throw a ball long before he taught me to walk. I can understand this because of his love for playing ball. When I was fifteen months old my sister Lydia was born. The next summer my Grandpa Jackman built a path through his beet field so I could go to their house without going out on the road. I don't remember this nor do I remember my Grandpa Jackman because that summer he was kicked in the stomach by a horse and died. He must have been a great man and I'm looking forward to seeing him some time in the future. That fall another sister came to live with us her name was Geraldine. It was my job when I was young to watch after my sisters. Mother tells me that because I grew up with older boys around so much I learned some good and some bad things a little earlier in life than usual. Because Dad was gone so much ~~so much~~ making a living for the family it left us with quite a few chores to do. This made it possible for me to learn to work early in life. I can remember milking cows and feeding pigs. I enjoyed this. This was my activities until I started school except Mother taught Sunday School and primary and I went with her all the time. I got along good with my friends and school mates.

At the age of six, I started school in a little 4-room school house in the community of Rose, about 5 miles north of Blackfoot, Idaho. It wasn't a big school but we sure enjoyed it. I don't recall my first two or three years of school too well, so I won't try to write too much about them. I do remember we only lived $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from school, so when the weather was good we walked or rode horses on those days. Other days we rode the bus. The church house was right by the school and made it very convenient to go to primary. I remember we always put on a Christmas program, and in one of these, I was a clown and had to stand on my head for a long time which caused me to have a very sore head. We did all of the things that all young school kids do. I don't remember my teacher very well. When I was in the 4th, 5th and 6th grades, my teacher was Miss Ida Johnson and later became Mrs. James Burningham. During those years it was about the same except we started playing different games because we were getting older. I will never forget the barn that used to be by the school

FAMILY HISTORY

where we tied our horses. We used to get up in the rafters and play tag. Some of the boys could really go fast. Also we played marbles a lot. We always played keeps. I'll explain: Each one would put so many marbles in the ring, then we would lag to a line to see who got to shoot first, second, third, etc. Then we would shoot until we missed, and the marbles you knocked out of the ring you got to keep. I was good at this, so I always had a big bag of marbles. We also had other things we did such as play ball and participate in track. I liked both of those sports and did well in them. I had a great teacher when I was in the 7th and 8th grade. His name was Mr. Harding Gibbs. He was a great man; everyone liked him. He went on to have a school named after him in Firth, Idaho. During all this time that I went to school and played, I did learn a little. I wasn't a real brilliant student, but I did pass each grade except one year, I had pneumonia quite bad and was out of school a long time, so they let me take that grade over. During these first eight years of school Dad bought another farm and we moved. It was located in the same Ward, but about two miles from where I was born. As I grew older I had more responsibilities. Dad always had a few cows and I had to help milk. In those days it was done by hand, but I enjoyed that very much. I also had to help in the field, such as thin beets (which I did not enjoy) put up hay, help with the irrigating, etc. I learned to drive horses at an early age so that was my job to drive 4 head of horses on a harrow in the spring to prepare the seed bed. I also drove horses on a hay wagon. When we started harvesting beets, I was so proud when Dad had me haul the beets to the beet dump with a team of horses. We always had good horses and equipment because Dad loved horses and was proud to own a good horse. I will never forget the first horse Dad bought for me. It was a beautiful brown mare. I could do almost anything on her. I didn't need a bridle to ride her and could catch her any place. Dad also bought me a team of work horses when I was young. I used them to help a neighbor dig a basement for a house. They didn't pull very good, so Dad traded them off. In those days, every so often a man would come by with a string of horses. He was what we called a horse trader. That was what happened to my team of horses, they were traded off.

Just prior to this time, we lived through a depression. We didn't have very much, but we lived on a farm so we raised most of our food. We worked hard on the farm but it was a good life.

Before we moved, Dad bought a milk route and hauled milk to the Co-op, a creamery in Idaho Falls, Idaho. It was a seven-day a week job, so we got out of the habit of going to church. I did go enough to advance in the priesthood. For one reason or another, the gospel didn't mean as much to me then as it does now. We spent most of our free time just playing around the neighborhood. We lived close to Will Gardner. He had a son named Ivan who was my age, and we ran together quite a bit. Also, Platt Stringham, who had a son named Ray, and Lawrence Lambert with sons named James and Richard. We did all sorts of things, but mostly played ball and went swimming in the canal when we didn't have to work. In those days, during the summer, the farmers would trade work at harvest time in the hay, grain, beets and potatoes, so we worked at someone else's place a lot. I enjoyed this work because when we were done in the evening we would go swimming in the canal, and also I enjoyed working with other people. As I said before, Dad always had a few cows around that was part of our living. Dad and our neighbor, Bishop Harper, went back to Wisconsin and bought some Dutch Belt heifers and a bull. If you don't know what a Dutch Belt is, they were black with a white ring around their stomach (or white with a black front and rear end). Anyway, they were

FAMILY HISTORY

good looking animals but didn't turn out to be very good milk stock. Talking about the cows reminds me of a dog that Dad got for me (or the family). If you are wondering what a dog has to do with cows, I will explain a little later. Anyway this dog's name was Silver. She was a beautiful yellow and white dog. It was almost like talking to a human to talk to her. She was very protective of the family especially me. I suppose one of the reasons I thought so much of her was because she wouldn't let Dad discipline me very harshly. We used to raise a lot of chickens and of course when we would open the door to go in the chicken coop they would try to get out. Silver would get them and keep them in as long as you wanted her to. Also, all we had to do was open the gate and tell her to bring the cows in and she would go get them. It was at one of these times that she saved Dad's life. She was bringing the cows in and when she got to the corral gate one of the calves cut back and she went after it. Naturally, in the chase, the calf started to bawling and the Dutch Belt bull we had came right through the fence of the bull pen. Dad was in the corral and the bull got him cornered. The bull was standing there pawing and bellowing, and I suppose about ready to charge Dad. Silver saw this and charged the bull. She came between Dad and the bull and grabbed the bull by the nose. Needless to say, we thought a lot of her. I remember the folks gave me a birthday party one time and as usual, the boys were going to give me a spanking. I had just jumped a fence and they jumped over after me. Well, we had to send one of them home with the seat ripped out of his pants. We never had to worry about prowlers at night. More than once we had to go out and get her away while a halloween prankster came down out a tree.

During these years, Dad bought a tractor, a Farmall F-12. That was one of the first tractors around that area. I learned to drive it and did some custom work with it.

In writing my personal history I have tried to think of everything but, even know so soon after bringing it up to date I am remembering events that should be in my history. So from time to time I will put items in that may not be in the order in which they happened. One of the most important events in our married lives was an addition to our family shortly after moving to Groveland. We were blessed with a boy that we love very much. ^{He} ~~He~~ ^{is named with David Michael Jackson} has so much ability in so many things. He is a normal Teen age boy and the last year has grown so tall we can hardly keep up with him. He has lived a good life so far and we are so proud of him. He is a Deacon now and soon will be old enough to be ordained to the office of a teacher.

FAMILY HISTORY

FAMILY HISTORY

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