

Byron Jackman

Byron Jackman was born May 22, 1901, in Salem Utah, the son of Sylvester Martin and Mary Ann Hiatt Jackman. He passed away Wed. July 5, 1972, at 10:15 P.M. at a Blackfoot Hospital following an illness of five years.

He is survived by his wife, Mildred, four sons and four daughters, Donald B. Jackman, Lydia Perkes, Geraldine Morgan, Deawn Herbst, Kenneth Jackman, Ordis Herbst and Richard S. Jackman, all of Blackfoot; and Victor M. Jackman, Burley; 25 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren; three brothers Ellis Jackman, Dale Jackman, Blackfoot; and Clifford Jackman, Bountiful, Utah.

He was preceded in death by his father, mother, and only sister, Martha Elisabeth Zeigler.

The Jackman and Hiatt families were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They moved about the same time from South Carolina, moving to settle in Utah. As the children were married and starting families of their own, many began the move up into Idaho and settled in the Rose area. This was what the Ves Jackman family did. When By was 11 years old the mother, father, one sister and 2 brothers packed up their belongings and went by train to Blackfoot. An Uncle Walter Jackman met them at the train and took them to their new home in Rose.

By attended 7 years of schooling, first in Salem then at Rose. Part of his 17 and 18 years were spent with his now married sister, Lydia and husband on the Zeigler Ranch in Pipersimeri. In April of 1922, the sister contracted pneumonia, leaving a three year old daughter.

About this time a cute neighbor girl by the name of Mildred Samuelson caught his eye. Mildred said after she had met By it seemed like she lost interest in anyone else. The feeling must have been mutual because it seemed every time By got on his horse, the darn thing would run away down to Samuelsons. He would come and pick her up and go to dances and sometimes treat her to a movie in town. On June 7, 1922 they were married in the S.L. Temple. Last month they marked their 50 years of married life, all spent in the Rose area.

They loved to farm and this was where their children were born and raised.

By supplemented the family income by;

Working at the Eastern Idaho State Fair about 40 years.

He also owned a truck, with this he served as a schoolbus driver and used the truck to double as a milk truck for a large number of years. He had the two beds to fit the truck, one to haul milk the other to haul school children. In the winter months which were many in those days, this was converted into a sleigh for the same purpose. His two brothers and neighbors would help him gather up the back roads and then he would deliver to the schoolhouse or the cheese factory. He hauled milk for 11 years and he said in all these years he only remembered of missing one day of work. He also served on the Rose School Board for 12 years.

After being married about 4 years, his father was killed by a horse, so now he had a widowed mother and three younger brothers to assist. In the early 1940s, his mother Mary Ann was stricken with cancer, after an operation and many treatments she still remained in failing health, so By and Mildred bought the Family farm, moved onto it, and bought his mother a small home in Blackfoot. In March, 1944, Mother Jackman passed away. By and family remained on the farm, building up a choice dairy herd, until By's illness made it feasible for them to sell the farm in Rose. They then moved to their son Donald's farm in Groveland.

By had several great interest and abilities in life. He enjoyed his grandchildren, the family gatherings at birthdays and Christmas. He loved family Reunions. From his mothers ancestry he was involved with the Hiatt Family Organization. They have a big Reunion each year. Wether it was Payson, Bear Lake, Island Park or Palisade, you could count on By to be there. If he missed, it had to be a ball tournament or a major calamity.

One time in the early 30s, the milk truck-school bus was turned into a modern camper. Complete with beds, table, even a rocking chair. Mother, family, brothers, aht, uncle and cousins piled in for a trip to Yellowstone and Jackson Hole.

He enjoyed animals, and always had some around, maybe it was a pulling team or it might be 75 to 80 milk cows, or a cutter team. Many years he was involved with Alma Chaffin with the show draft hitchers, the pulling horses at the fair. One of the last activities he was able to take part in was the cutter races in which he entered a team.

Possibly the great love of his life was ball. He played baseball for many years, when he began to feel his age he started coaching. Ball took top priority in his life. It meant the family started earlier, stayed longer and worked harder so Sat. afternoon could be taken off to go play ball. He managed Mikes Paint and Glass softball team for 15 years, took them to State tournament 14 yrs. Managed the Rose Ward team in City League for many years. Managed the Rose Ward Junior Team and took them to All Church Playoff in S.I.

In a way By was a perfectionest. He demanded top performance from everyone or thing he worked with. Whether it was a family work day in the best field, a cutter team or a ball game. He loved to win and hated to loose, to him there wasnt such a word as cant in the English language. He was quick to give encouragement or a reprimand, which ever he thought was deserved.

While gathering these facts, it suddnely made me aware how closely related this mortal life is to playing a ball game:

We hear the call batter up.

We have coaches and umpires.

We have rules and decisions.

We have a score keeper, keeping count of the runs, hits and errors.

Some of us are on the bench, watching others play.

Some make third base, others are good for a home run.

Some of us fly out to center field or are tagged out on second.

Some slide in and wind up with bruises and scars.

We cant all be catchers or pitchers, some have to learn to be feilders.

Some days we foul out and some days we bat 500.

And some day there is--3 strikes your out.

But as we learn and understand the Eternal plan for this life, we see hope and the promise of a new inning, a better game or another season.

*Doris Jackson*