

# Rodney Warren Tew



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## My Story

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Dictated by  
Rodney to  
Noma

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### **Children:**

Jeanette  
Warren  
Sonja  
Kent  
Bruce  
Craig  
Tamara  
Rebecca  
Kurtis  
Marlene

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A "Rodney Warren Tew" Family History dedicated to his children.

# RODNEY WARREN TEW

Dictated by:

Rodney Warren Tew to Noma Lorentzen Christensen Tew

Typed by Muriel Brittain Tew

September 20<sup>th</sup> 1993

It was a bitter cold *February 19, 1917* when I made my advent into this life as the 1st son of *Warren Snow Tew* and *Vera Elva Hill*. I had a sister, Klea, 16 months old to love and enjoy me too. My parents lived in Arco behind the stores next to the belfry where my father rang the curfew each night. He was the town marshal.

I got sick and the Doctor came and gave Mother a prescription for me. Father got it filled and gave me some. Here came the druggist telling my parents he had made a mistake and it was poison. So he got a stomach pump and pumped my stomach. They administered to me and quickly gave me the name of **Rodney Warren Tew**. My life was spared.

That spring my folks moved to Leslie with a wagon and team and all of their possessions. They had to ford one of the large streams (which used to be full) and had their cow tied on behind. The water swept away their lantern, pans and other possessions so badly needed.

I lived my 1st seven years here. Father built us a new 2 room house which was a palace to us. Here I spent a lot of time with my father. I was told one time to stay home but when Dad pulled out of the yard with the load of hay I watched and then started following. I stayed just a ways behind and walked the 3 miles. Then when Dad pulled the load on the scales to have it weighed I climbed up behind him and hollered, "Boo." I was about 5 years old.

I started school at Leslie. I found me boy friends and girl friends. So I got Mother's chalk box of savings and used my friends, the Acey boys, with the horse and buggy and collected girls and gave them candy and treats. Every thing was OK with my money and the Acey boys buggy and fun until Klea tattled on me because I didn't give her any. I just went a short time in Leslie because I was just 5 and they thought I wasn't mature enough.

We then moved to Mackay and farmed. I started the 1st grade again in Mackay and that winter we moved to Blackfoot and then back to Mackay when I finished the first grade. While in Blackfoot I had my tonsils out.

Things were real hard and I now had a sister Elaine, a brother Earl, a sister Reba and Floyd a baby brother who was crippled. His one hand was handicapped and his one leg was crooked and would not grow. So that fall, after checking with specialists for him, we moved to Lehi, Utah so that Floyd could have the proper care and treatments needed. Here I started the 2nd grade.

Father was the 1st Bishop of the Ballard Ward named after Apostle Ballard. Apostle Ballard was

in our home many times. He ate bread and milk and whatever we had with us and rode in the sleigh to meetings with us marveling at the many stars in the heavens.

I got a job that fall for Mr. Allred to load beets after school. I was so happy to think I was helping my family that I'd run home to change clothes and go to work. But when the job was all done the man forgot to pay me and I was a discouraged boy. Dad stayed in Lost River and finished the crop. He drove a wagon with hay derrick to Shelley, walking all the way leading a sick mare. Then arrived in Lehi Christmas Eve. The Relief Society came with toys for the children and we were given skim milk that winter. Dad got a job lambing sheep for Uncle Buhl Allred for \$1.00 a day. The rest of the winter he left before we got up and got home after we were in bed. We lived in an Adobe house free.

The next spring we moved to a run down farm, 160 acres northeast of Shelley. Here I finished the 2nd grade and that summer I was baptized by Brother Beckstrand.

I finished my grade school years at Stanton walking the 1/2 mile night and morning with my brothers and sisters. Our many Christmas, spring and graduation programs were choice experiences. I was salutatorian from the 8th grade.

It was during this time that Lyle Hillman came up from Utah to live with his grandparents. We just lived 1/2 mile apart and we became very close friends and spent time together either morning, noon or night until Lyle left for his mission. This friendship has lasted ever since.

In the meantime Dad got the farm built up, improved, and built him a big new barn with hay loft and a chicken coop. The day we finished painting them red, Dad and Mother went to town. I conceived the idea of speckling our new flock of white leghorn hens with the red paint. So Earl helped me do this. Then the hens started pecking at the red paint on one another so we painted them all red and that made it worse. So to save them we caught them and ran them through an old stove pipe. They came out grizzly.

The next morning Dad went out to feed the chickens. I watched from the upstairs window. He opened the door, stopped, dropped the bucket of feed and headed for the house. I climbed back in bed and pretended to be asleep as father took the steps 3 at a time. He turned the covers back and I got the licking because I was the oldest. Another lesson learned but we were normal boys and kept getting new ideas.

Dad was an exceptionally good farmer and he taught us all how to work. He made the run down farm a good producer and also a pretty sight to look at. At the same time he was made Bishop of the Shelley 1st Ward and was busy night and day keeping up with a family of 9 children. For Orson, Vivian and Inez had been added to our family. The night Orson was born I had to ride the horse pulling the car through the snowdrifts for 1 1/2 miles. After getting them, to the highway I had to ride back through the blizzard alone to home. If Mother had been any longer they couldn't have saved her or the baby.

I attended High School in Shelley. Those were 4 happy years where I made more lifetime friendships. I graduated from Seminary also. During high school days I got a job at the sugar factory and after working on the farm and dates I'd go on shift work at midnight. I'm sure this

was bad on my health. But I saved some money for college. The 1st year I went to winter quarter at the Ag College in Logan and the 2nd year I attended winter and spring quarters.

That spring my father, as my Bishop, interviewed me for a mission. I received my call April 23, 1937 for the British Mission. My farewell was June 17th and a dance was held at the tabernacle. I was set apart by Anton R. Ivins at the mission home and went to England, July 14, 1937, by boat and landed July 20th at Plymouth and took the train to London. President Hugh B. Brown had just assumed the duties of President of the British Mission. We went 1st to the town of Preston for the celebration of 100 years of Mormonism in Britain.

At this conference I was assigned my 1st assignment to the Birmingham conference. Our meeting place was the "Handsworth Chapel" which was constructed when my father was there and served as conference President about 1912. Here I met many of the Saints who knew Dad and Mother when they were there. One sister felt real bad because the week before she had burned the hat Dad had been tarred and feathered in.

I helped clean and paint the mission home Mother and Dad had lived in 25 years before. It was here that Elder Skousen and I found some old pictures and there were 2 group pictures with my father on them. After laboring 2 months in this district. I was transferred to Hull country and tracted for 3 months with Elder Heaton. I hitchhiked with Elder Howard D. Anderson of Ogden, Utah.

While in Hull I saw the Immigration Docks where the Pilgrims left from for Holland, Tennyson's Home, Shakespeare's Home, Stratford on Avon, and 1 week with Boy Scouts (1st troop in the world formed by Lord Baden Powell on the Isle of Wight. Also saw the home of Charles Dickens.

On the way we saw a "Fox Hunt", horses, riders, dogs and all. Upon arrival we went to the lodge of David Garn Heaton. He later became one of my closest and dearest companions.

A few months later Elder Lee Fradsham, from Brigham City, Utah came into the district. After 9 enjoyable months here in the district I was transferred to London and assigned to the West London district with Elder Grant Hawkes of Ogden. I spent the summer of 1938 laboring in and around London. During the war scare we were transferred to Luton in Bedfordshire. Later transferred to St. Albans where I finished my mission.

I was released June, 1939. I hitchhiked with Charles Hales and stayed with his grandparents overnight. We went to Lake District of England where the Lake Poets, Wordsworth's home was. I traveled home in the company of Elder Heaton. We left London and went to Birmingham, Wales

across the North Sea to Dublin, Ireland. Hitch hiked from Dublin to Belfast in the north, to Glasgow, Scotland on to Loch Lomond, Scottish Highlands, north to Aberdeen, beautiful city of white buildings of granite and back to Edinburgh.

Then we sailed for Norway. The North Sea was rough and we got a taste of sea sickness. We landed at Kristiansand and went to Oslo by train. In Oslo we took a nap on the lawn at the palace and awoke to the heel clicking of the King's Guards. This was against their dignity.

From here we went to Stockholm, Sweden by train. Elder Walden Johnson showed us around and we went to Malmo and sailed from there to Copenhagen. Here we went to "Tivoli", the great recreation center. Then boarded a train which was ferried across the "Pond" and arrived in Germany. Went to "Spring Festival" in the Olympic Stadium and sat within 100 feet of Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Hess and all German leaders but Hitler and heard them boast for 2 hours what they were going to do to the United States and England. In Berlin we attended the "Grand Opera." On to Munich, Vienna, Austria, Budapest, Hungary and had a swim in the Blue Danube.

On to Venice, Italy and rode in gondolas, then to Rome to see all the sights and went out "Appian Way", Caesar's road, by horse and buggy and went down in the catacombs where the Christians held their secret meetings at the time they were being persecuted.

Then to Naples and boated out to the "Isle of Capri" and stayed over night. We climbed Mount Vesuvius as near as we could get to the crater, walking on hot lavas. We went down the other side through fine ashes so deep it was like swimming in them. We walked several miles to where the city of Pompeii has been uncovered and saw the ruins and some of the wickedness depicted on walls of buildings of the people before the city was destroyed. Back to Rome and on to Milan. Then to Geneva, Switzerland.

Boated for a day on a tour on the lake and saw where "William Tell" was from. At Basil I went on my own up the Rhine to Belgium and

Holland. Met Heaton in Paris 2 days later. We saw Paris in the Spring and saw Versailles and a day in Verdun and the battlefields and cemeteries of the 1st world war.

We sailed for home from Le Havre, 6 beautiful days on the ocean. We danced and swam. Elder Heaton's father and sister met us at the boat and we attended the New York World's Fair, Palmyra to the pageant, picked up 3 new Studebakers at South Bend, Indiana and drove to Salt Lake City. The family met me at Klea and Ferron's on Redwood Road.

Visited all my Utah relatives and got home in Shelley just in time to shalk the grain. Helped with the harvest and fed cattle that winter. In the spring Dad helped me buy a farm and I was on my own. I started out with a team and an old iron tire wagon to move hog troughs to Blackfoot. Worked for my board and room and ran a neighbors farm, too. I didn't even own a pitchfork. I fed my horses & cows their hay with bare hands.

## The End...

as of January 1993