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We have become a scattered family. We no longer live in the close society the pioneers established. But we need to remember their pattern for family organizations, their ambitions, their common bonds and obligations, the experiences that made them the people they were and makes us the people they envisioned. Thelma Bateman Leatham, daughter of Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman

Introduction

On several occasions, Uncle Harold C. Bateman verbally requested that the family history be carried forward from where he had so ably compiled it. I, for one felt that his tremendous effort was more than sufficient. Added to his compilation was Uncle George M. Bateman's personal history which gave extensive additional information on the family's early life. However, with the advent of computer technology including scanners, it became easier to combine their writings with the wealth of photo collections family members possessed. That is the focus of the present chapters. The following chapters are the result of combining the narrative with the photos and of editing out repetitious information. Thanks is given to Kathy Morris, Phyllis Bateman, Diane Barker, Russell Bateman, Russel Johnson, Kristy Bateman and George Bateman & many others for generously sharing their photos which come from Othel B. Jones', Phyllis Bateman's, Lucile B. Johnson's, Alfred H. Bateman's, Clara Bateman's, and Dr. Harold C. Bateman's collections. The compilation was put in PDF format to preserve the layout and to make it readily available for perusing on computers or for printing. Russel Bateman Jr. maintains the Alfred John Bateman family web site with John and Clara's biographies, Uncle George's, Alfred Hess Bateman's autobiographies, etc. Hopefully, this history will be added to the web site.

The question has been bluntly asked, more than once "Why do we want to learn about dead people?" The answer is simple: "Perhaps there has never been a time when a sense of family, of identity and self-worth has been more important in our world. Seeking to understand our family history can change our lives. There is something about understanding the past that helps give our young people something to live up to, a legacy to respect." Gordon B. Hinckley, 1999

Out of respect and reverence, we compile their life stories, though meager and incomplete in our written memory. What a sweet, gentle loving family! Author Elaine Cannon wrote "With a life recorded, the future is wrapped in hope. None ever really dies this way. A life is never finished when it can be picked up and lived again in the written word."

Our ancestors were living, breathing people with hopes and fears; who laughed and cried; worked hard and played; had regrets and triumphs, worried and rejoiced. We are everlastingly linked to them in ways we do not fully understand. They had high hopes for the future. We, in our lives, extend lasting meaning to their past existence. Because of them, we have a better world. May we do the same for our posterity.

Our ancestors were no different than we are. They had the same aspirations and worries. They were real people with seemingly insurmountable problems they faced each day. May these pages help us remember them and honor them for setting the example and paving the way for the bounteous life we enjoy. The stories of their lives will hopefully assist in creating a common thread, linking the generations of the past with the generations of the future. We know a picture is worth a thousand words. Now we all have a copy of Clara Bateman's, Lucile Johnson's, and Phyllis Bateman's photo albums and more.

Many family members supplied remembrances, photos and stories. A grateful thank you to all of you. Professional editing has purposely been by-passed to eliminate additional cost and time, as well as to preserve individuality of writing style. The information was written by many persons collectively. Each person's uniqueness shines through. Therefore, the writing is not uniform in style. In some cases, original grammar and certain colloquialisms have been deliberately overlooked in the editing process in order to maintain some of the personality of individuals. The book is not perfect. It is raw data from which much can be added. Some discrepancies are to be found with dates, names, spellings, recollections of events, etc. These differences have not always been reconciled. It is not all inclusive, but none-the-less valuable. Family group sheets are included on our ancestors, and the eight children who lived to adulthood. Besides the John & Clara chapter, there are chapters on John's ancestors, Clara's ancestors, and chapters on their offspring.

The hope is this compilation will be a treasure of information and photos for generations to come.

Ron Bateman, General Editor, 2006

“The Last Touch”

Their first touch at seventeen was in the park,
And the moon was full.
She was beautiful to him.
And her hair was long and her eyes were blue
And her skin was warm and she turned to him.
And he thought he knew what love was.

Another touch was at twenty-two,
On their wedding night.
And the stars were bright.
She was beautiful to him.

And her hair smelled sweet and her lips were full
And her skin was warm and she turned to him,
And he thought that he knew what love was.

And then again at twenty-five, when the baby came
And the sun was high,
She was beautiful to him.
And her hair was damp and her fingers shook
And her skin was warm and she turned to him,
And he thought that he knew what love was.

Later on at fifty-four, setting on the porch,
All the children gone.
She was beautiful to him.
And her hair was grey and her forehead lined
And her skin was warm and she turned to him.
And he thought that he knew what love was.

Their last touch at eighty-five was by her bed
And the moon was full.
She was beautiful to him.
And her hair was thin, and her eyes were closed
And her skin was cold and she turned to him.
And he knew that he knew what love was.

After sixty-five years of laughter and tears
He knew that he knew what love was.

“The Last Touch”

Written by Carol Lynn Pearson

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