

Offspring of Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman

Introduction to the childhood of John and Clara Bateman's family.

Excerpts about the John and Clara Hess Bateman family early experiences are quoted from the autobiography: *From Horse and Buggy Days To The Atomic Age-1897-1971, Memoirs* by George Monroe Bateman, second son of John and Clara; the biographies were written by Dr. Harold C. Bateman in 1979 unless identified as autobiographies or recent updates. All have been edited and photos added by Ronald R. Bateman, son of Rao, grandson of A. J. & Clara Bateman.



John & Clara Bateman family at a Bear Lake Bateman Reunion. Lucile Johnson, LeRoy, Clara, John, Alfred H., Rao H., Othel Jones. Front: Harold C., Thelma Leatham, George M. Bateman.

Across Three Centuries Alfred John Bateman & Clara May Hess Family

My ancestors were of English and German extraction. Three of my grandparents immigrated from England as converts of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My Father's family lived near the Thames River in Essex, England. Grandfather used to freight vegetables into London, and he always prided himself on having one of the finest teams of horses in Essex. In the early 1870's, Grandfather Bateman immigrated to America, his party including his wife, son, father and mother and most of his brothers and sisters. His father-in-law, John Wilks and family, also came to this country at the same time. As members of the Latter Day Saints Church they were in search of a better life. Grandfather first settled in Almy, Wyoming, near Evanston, which at that time, was an important coal mining town and the western terminal of the Union Pacific Railroad as far as Idaho and the great Northwest was concerned. After the coal mines caught on fire and closed down, grandfather used to freight sugar into Idaho and bring back fresh eggs and produce.

Grandfather fell in love with Bear Lake because its beautiful lake and green valley reminded him of his beloved England. He moved his family to Bloomington, Idaho, which remained his home until his death in 1936. Grandfather was a profound student of the scriptures and an excellent speaker. He was a member of the Bloomington Ward bishopric for many years and was respected and beloved by all of those who knew him. It has always been a source of great pride for me to carry his name in my generation.

Mother's paternal ancestors came to America before the Revolutionary War and settled in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Mother's grandfather, John W. Hess, his father and mother, joined the Mormon Church in 1834, and this started a long westward trek that was full of sorrow, hardship and heartbreaking experiences. Along with numerous other Mormon pioneers, they left a trail of blood and tears as they were in turn driven from Ohio to Missouri to Illinois and finally, into the wilds of Iowa. While in Illinois, John W. Hess married Emeline Bigler and both of them answered the call of the United States Government and enlisted in the Army. At that time our country was at war with Mexico. This detachment was largely made up of Latter Day Saints and, therefore, was known as the "Mormon Battalion" Great grandmother Hess went along with her husband as a laundress. Her brother, Henry Bigler, also was a member of the battalion. He was one of those who discovered gold at Sutter's Fort in California. The march of the battalion through deserts, mountains and wild country

was one of the greatest epochs of endurance in our national history. Upon arrival at Santa Fe, New Mexico, the commander of the Mormon Battalion decided to leave all of the women and the sick behind because the march across the hot deserts of Arizona and California to San Diego would be very strenuous. Great grandfather Hess objected to leaving his wife in such an isolated land without friends. As a result, he and a number of others were released from the Army. The Hess family spent the winter of 1846-47 in a camp at a place which is now known as Pueblo, Colorado. They finally arrived in Salt Lake valley on July 28, 1847, and spent the first winter in Salt Lake City. It was during the summer of 1848 that the sea gulls saved the crops of the Utah pioneers. In 1848, John Hess went back to Iowa to bring his mother and her family. He was gone all winter, and in his absence, his first son, Jacob Hess, who was named for both of his grandfathers, was born on January 6, 1849. The Hess family moved north of Salt Lake City and helped to found the city of Farmington, Utah. John W. Hess resided there until his death in 1933. He lived a long life of service, successively being Bishop and then Stake President for more than thirty years, and was the father of 63 children.

Jacob Hess, our grandfather, grew up in Farmington and did much to help his mother in the support of her large family. He married a young girl who had emigrated from England. In the late 1860's, the young family migrated to Georgetown, Idaho which was an unsettled region at that time. Grandmother Hess's maiden name was Hannah Thornock, and her folks moved to Bloomington which is about twenty miles from Georgetown. Grandfather Hess told me how he once bundled up his wife and placed her on a small sled with hot rocks around her and pulled her over the crusted snow and frozen wastes to Bloomington so that she could be with her mother on the birth of her second child. The snow was too deep for horses, and wolves followed him part of the way.

Grandfather Hess moved to Bloomington and lived there until about 1914. During this period, his family increased to ten children, six girls and four boys.

It has been a pleasant experience to summarize the story of how the Bateman and Hess families came to the same small pioneer town, a town whose population was made up of Native Americans, English, Danish and Swiss. All of these people had one thing in common - to seek a better life through their religion - Mormonism. The Bateman and Hess families were worlds apart as far as background and interests were concerned. Grandfather Hess was a pioneer from the time of his birth and had been subjected to

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Clara and John Bateman at a Bateman reunion picnic.

many hardships. He always worked hard, started his day before sunrise and retired early. He was serious and had very little sympathy for the idlers, but he could enjoy a good joke and laugh as heartily as anyone. The Hess home was a model of cleanliness and the family room served as kitchen, living room and bathroom. They also had a parlor with a big red sofa which was reserved for very special occasions such as Christmas.

My father's family was reared in the suburbs of London, England. My father, Alfred John Bateman, who was named after his two grandfathers, was born in Almy, Wyoming, on July 11, 1874, shortly after their arrival in this country. Grandfather Bateman was very deliberate in all that he did. He used to freight eggs from Bloomington to Evanston, Wyoming. He kept the eggs in a cellar while collecting them. As a boy, I watched him carefully turn every egg over in order to insure their quality.

Grandmother Bateman had a living room in which she had a bay window full of flowers. During the cold winters the fire was never allowed to go out. On the coldest nights she carefully moved the flowers near the stove and put a tub of water next to them to prevent freezing. She also had one of the most beautiful gardens in Bloomington during the summer seasons. The church on Sunday was often made more beautiful because of her flowers. This type of hobby was rather unusual in this pioneer town where most of the people spent the greater part of their time winning the bare necessities of life. The Bateman family was some-

what easy going and loved horse racing, celebrations, and sports.

It is a sad commentary that the town of Bloomington, once so full of life and hope is gradually dying because of the automobile and mechanical agriculture.

Clara Hess, my mother, was born in Bloomington on the 26th of February, 1875. She grew up to be a rather bashful, plump, but attractive girl. She attended public school and church, and liked to play with the other boys and girls. She was a serious hard-working student and was not interested in romances. It was necessary for her to discontinue school to help support her father's growing family. During her lifetime she never forgot this and it was always her constant effort to let nothing stand in the way of her children's education.

While she was at school, she met a tall, well built, curly haired boy who began to show more than usual interest in her. He succeeded in gaining Clara's approval to accompany her home, but he received a very cold reception from Grandfather Hess. John was very persistent because he was sure that he had found the "only girl."

John apparently did not possess any great degree of interest in his school work. Grandmother Bateman said that he never displayed much interest in reading, but preferred to be out in the open with horses. He made many freighting trips with his father and became an expert horseman. If father had received advice and guidance in his youth, he could have been very successful in animal husbandry or as



John Bateman's trotting horses. Small boy is likely Alfred.

a veterinarian.

During their teenage years, Clara and John worked at odd jobs and each one was able to save up a little money. The puppy love romance between them grew as the years passed, and finally blossomed into a happy marriage. This occurred on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1895. Mother said that it was a cold and snowy day. The young couple was poor in worldly goods, but they possessed a deep love for each other and hopes for a happy future.

They moved into a one-room apartment and felt wealthy because they owned a new wagon, a team of fine horses, a cow, a flock of chickens, and had many friends. John worked and hauled out logs which he sold to the saw mill. The young family had very few material needs. The cow furnished milk and butter and the chickens laid eggs. Working in the fields on shares produced wheat, potatoes, and pork and beef were plentiful.

A most exciting event took place on December 6, 1895, when the first child was born. He was a very small but beautiful baby with golden hair and blue eyes. He was named for his father and great grandfather and for his middle name he received his mother's family name, Alfred Hess Bateman. The newborn baby was the first grandchild of George and Anna Bateman. Grandmother adopted him as her very own because he resembled her own babies. Alfred was a small but healthy baby, and probably no youngster in Bloomington received better care or more attention than he. He was precocious and walked before the normal time.

John continued to work wherever he could, but because of lack of opportunity he accumulated very little wealth. In 1884 Great-grandfather Wilks willed a choice corner lot in Bloomington to his favorite grandson. During the winter of 1896-97, John worked in the canyon and was able to accumulate logs and lumber to construct a home on the corner lot. With the help of relatives and neighbors, the two room log house was finally finished and the happy family moved into their first home. It would be very difficult to describe the joy and pride that Clara experienced in living in the first home that she could call her own.

About this time John was a pitcher for the Bloomington baseball team which held the Bear Lake Valley championship. He also returned to school for a short time. These activities took up much of his time and as a result, the family resources reached a very low point. Clara was pregnant and, felt neglected because she found it necessary quite often to do the chores. The beautiful summer of 1897 faded when the cold frosts came in early September.

September 12, 1897 was Sunday and the hands of the clock stood at about 9:45 A. M. Many of the people were passing the new two room log house on their way to Sunday School. A midwife was in the bedroom with Clara and an anxious father was tending a young son, and keeping the fire in the stove burning. Finally, when the hands of the clock stood at about 10:00 A.M., son number two announced his entrance into the world with a loud wail. Clara said that I was born with plenty of dark hair and brown eyes and that I was one of her largest babies.

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During weeks after my birth, friends and relatives called to inspect mother's newest creation. Grandmother Bateman was probably the least enthusiastic of all of the visitors and explained, "You can certainly tell that he is Jacob Hess's grandson."

Quite a commotion ensued over naming the second son. It looked for a time as though I would have to get along without a name. At that time I was not in the least concerned about this problem. Grandmother Bateman wanted to name me after a friend in England and mother held out for another name. Father had recently studied American History so he suggested that I be named for one of his favorite historical characters, James Monroe, and his father, George Bateman. A few months later I attended church for the first time and was christened, Monroe George Bateman by grandfather Bateman. In my early youth I was known as Monroe or by nicknames derived from my first name. Clara said that I was a good natured baby and was seldom ill. I developed quite normally in spite of the efforts and curiosity of my elder brother. It was necessary for the young mother to be continuously on guard.

Hardship and near tragedy are often experienced in our lives when we least expect them. These experiences tend to strengthen and develop the best that is in us. When I was about seven months old a terrible epidemic came to town. Many of the children were stricken and died. The two young sons came down with Scarlet Fever and became very ill. I feel certain that our lives would have ended at this time, but for great love, faith and tender care of our parents. A doctor was called in and he carefully examined the sick babies. He indicated that Alfred had passed the crisis and would soon recover, but when he came to me he looked very grave. My temperature remained high and I showed signs that were considered as terminal in the medical profession. He called my father in the kitchen and told him that my death was a matter of a few hours and suggested that he inform Mother so that it would not be too great a shock. Mother overheard the conversation and fell on her knees. She cried out in great agony and, prayed that her little son be spared.

An answer soon came to the young mother's prayers for a neighbor woman dropped in and suggested that I be placed in a boiler of warm water, slightly above body temperature for about fifteen minutes. In desperation, Father carried out her instructions. Father has told me how he held me in the warm water and, how he and mother prayed silently in their hearts for my recovery. At first I seemed to weaken and to be in the early stages of death. After about ten minutes I began to break out with a red

rash over my entire body. Clara then took me out of the warm water bath and wrapped me in warm blankets. My temperature soon dropped to normal. Under the tender care of my parents I was shortly on the road to recovery.

. . . The months passed and, on March 22, 1900, a third son was born and received the name of LeRoy. He was a good natured, healthy, blue eyed baby with beautiful blonde hair. It is my opinion that he was mother's favorite baby along with little Russell. They were very much alike. LeRoy was a very good baby with an even disposition.

Bloomington offered very few opportunities for an expanding family, so the young parents decided to leave their old home town. This was one of the most fortunate decisions that they ever made, because from that time on, the children of John and Clara would be subjected to changing environments which would give them increasing opportunities for growth and development.

Father had developed into a very good "horse trader." He swapped the Bloomington home, a team of horses, some cows and pigs for a country place which consisted of fifteen acres of irrigated land and a three room house. It was located about half way between Bloomington and Paris. Mother told me that it was a happy day when they piled their furniture and belongings into the wagon and left for the new home. On this momentous trip, Alfred and I had the privilege of sitting on the red sofa while the horses jogged along the dusty road.

In the new home the combined living room and kitchen were located on the east side, while the parlor and bedroom were on the west. The place also had a garden with an apple tree and two rows of English currants. Grandfather Hess lived about one block north of us across the road. He had two young sons; Milford who was about the same age as Alfred, and Quill, who was a month younger than I. A close comradeship grew between the young boys.

It was an ideal place for boys to grow. As far as one could look were lakes, sloughs, farmland, streams and mountains. Our parents must have grown despondent when they tried to keep track of us for we roamed the area like real explorers.

On the 13th of March, 1902, a fourth son was born and he was given the name of Claude. He was the most active of mother's babies with dark hair and brown eyes. Alfred and I were designated as baby sitters and quite often young Claude acted like he did not appreciate our assignment. One of father's cousins also had a son named Claude, who was a few months older than our younger brother. Our parents, after being bitterly accused of stealing a name, re-named their son, Harold.

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When Harold was about two years old, mother became very ill with diphtheria. The medical doctor came and gave each of us a shot of diphtheria antitoxin. Harold crawled under the bed and it was my job to drag him out in the open. It was like tackling a young wildcat and we both ended up with scratches. Alfred and I had already had the dread disease. Fortunately, the remainder of the family did not become ill. Mother had a difficult time, but finally got well.

Each fall the carpets in the parlor and bedroom were taken up and cleaned. A fresh layer of straw was spread over the floors and the carpets were again stretched and tacked down. It was fun to run over the bulging carpet and hear the crunching of the straw. We also looked forward to emptying our bed ticks and filling them with fresh straw until they looked like big balloons. These ticks were replaced on our beds. After sleeping on our ticks for a few weeks, Alfred and I soon found grooves which would serve us well during the long, cold winter. By March our beds had so many layers of blankets that we could have made good use of a book marker to indicate which layer to crawl into.

Each spring, Grandmother Hess brewed up a very strong tea from herbs and bark. Each of the boys was forced to swallow a cupful of this bitter brew. I can remember, in the process of swallowing it, cold chills and quivers ran up and down my spine, and most of my digestive processes were set in reverse. After this ordeal, we were certain that our blood had been purified and we were good for another year.

One day when I was wandering over to Grandfather's house, I noted that there was considerable commotion in the back yard. It seems that a skunk had gone into the chicken coop. These animals are very destructive as far as chickens are concerned. Grandfather had gone into the coop and was quietly encouraging the skunk to leave, but Grandmother slammed the coop door shut and excited the skunk. Grandfather called for someone to open the door so he could, escape, but no one moved. This left him only one choice and that was to kill the skunk with a club. In doing this he was amply sprayed. In spite of the fact that he buried his clothing and soaked himself in a tub, it was necessary for him to sleep in the barn for more than a week.

The drinking water for the family and the animals was furnished by an open well located on the north side of the house. By means of a squeaky pulley and rope, the water was brought to the surface in a wooden bucket. Water for the animals was poured into a long wooden trough. In the winter snow and ice used to gradually accumulate until the

cows and horses found it necessary to kneel down on the slippery surface in precarious positions in order to drink. In the spring the mixture of ice and manure melted, and some of it drained into the well. In the latter part of May it was fashionable to have "summer complaint," which was probably caused by the organisms which drained into the well and multiplied.

My childhood days (from about three to nine years of age), were spent at the country home. When I look back these seem to be the longest years in my life. The brothers and uncles were constantly together. We had many unforgettable experiences. In the winter we enjoyed skating and coasting down the snow-clad hills. One time when we were skating I hit a thin ice layer which was probably over a warm winter spring. I nearly drowned before Alfred and the uncles could get me to safety. It was necessary to walk about a mile in the sub-freezing weather. When we arrived home my clothing was frozen as stiff as a board and Mother had considerable difficulty removing it from me.

One of the favorite sports was wheel rolling. We used an old buggy wheel which we rolled up to the top of a gently sloping hill. While the other boys held the wheel, one of us would stand spider-like in the wheel with our feet spread apart at the bottom and we held on to the spoke with our hands. The wheel was then given an initial shove and it accelerated down the hill with the rotating occupant. This was rather dangerous as a sport. The after-effects were rather unpleasant. With the resultant bumping, jarring, and whirling, one was unable to walk normally for some time. One time when I was riding, the wheel ran into a slough and I was doused in cold water. The parents finally confiscated all of the spare wheels and put an end to this sport.

We enjoyed swimming very much and used to sneak off to the Paris Creek which was about two miles away. This was a frigid stream with a few deep holes. Mother was fearful of drowning and forbade us to go. On several occasions we were punished, but we kept going and finally became fairly good swimmers. In the summer time we always looked forward to several trips to Fish Haven on Bear Lake where we could swim and boat to our hearts desire. I treasured these trips very much as they furnished an escape from the daily work that must be done on a small farm.

One time we learned of the great achievements of the Wright Brothers in aeronautics and decided to try some experiments on flying. Alfred volunteered to be our first bird man. We cut up old gunny sacks and fitted him with wings and tail. Grandfather Hess had a barn with a hay loft on the second story and an open end through which the hay was placed in the loft by means of a fork, rope, track, etc.

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Alfred, LeRoy, George M. Bateman

We suspended Alfred about two stories above the ground on the track by means of a rope. I can still remember how he flapped his wings. We shoved him out on the track and cut him loose. He plummeted to the ground like a piece of lead. We rushed down to where Alfred had landed and he showed no signs of life. We turned him over and he was still breathing. Fortunately, he had fallen on a manure pile which had a lot of straw in it and he suffered no injuries. This ended our experiments on aeronautics.

John gave us a pony that we called, "Kit." She was our constant means of transportation and we used to ride her bare back as fast as she could run. I believe that old Kit enjoyed these wild rides as much as we did. She seemed to take pleasure in dumping us on the ground and waiting for us to climb back on again. Old Kit was our companion for nearly ten years.

John spent the late summers putting up hay. He had a derrick with a long pole which was used to lift the hay on the stack. Alfred drove the team while Dad both operated the hay fork and stacked the hay. When I was about six years old it was my misfortune to get my ankle caught in the swing rope and be flung up in the air. I can remember that father gently picked me up and took me to the house on horseback. He hooked up the white top buggy and rushed me to the doctor's office in Paris. Doctor West

diagnosed my injury as a badly crushed right ankle with a partial severance of the Achilles tendon. He recommended amputation, but father strongly opposed this and stated that he did not want a one-legged son, so the foot was not severed. My leg was placed in a plaster cast enclosed inside of a wooden box. Mother said that I dragged this around for more than six weeks. In time my right leg healed completely. As I look back I always remember that the love and faith of my good parents saved my foot on one occasion and my life on another.

Each year the farm produced a small stack of wheat and one of oats. It was a big day when our turn came for the threshing machine. Mother cooked up large batches of food, and the hungry men consumed more than she could put before them. The horse-drawn threshing machine was a mechanical marvel to me, and I dreamed of the day when I could be head man on one of these.

The wheat was taken to the grist mill where it was ground "on shares" into flour and bran. The flour was placed in storage for the long winter, while the oats were stored in the granary for the horses.

Bear Lake was formerly a choice hunting ground for the Blackfoot Indians and they used to wander back once in awhile in the early days. I can remember that one night I pressed my face against the cold window pane to look out

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George M. Bateman, Scoutmaster of Paris 1st Ward 1916.

and I was so scared that I lost my voice. On the outside of the window was the face of an Indian peering into our living room. Mother was alone, but she grabbed a nice large loaf of bread and handed it to the Indian and he went away peacefully. We were always taught to feed the Indians and not to fight them.

John's fame as a horseman began to spread. By 1904, he was shipping draft horses to Colorado and California. At that time hay burners were the main source of power on the farm. A Mr. Zimmerman from Riverside had stayed at our home and brought us a trunk load of oranges. During the next ten years, John purchased many carloads of draft horses and shipped them to him. Probably no other man became a closer friend than Mr. Zimmerman and he had a profound effect on father throughout the remainder of his life. He also recommended that father purchase some land in Riverside, California and move his family there. But mother would never permit it because she felt that such a move would be detrimental to the growing family. For many years father advocated this move and it became a very touchy subject in our family discussions.

Just at the turn of the 19th century a new world was beginning to come into being which was to profoundly influence our mode of living. In those early days we had very few conveniences, our home had no modern sanitary features and bathing was strictly a Saturday night ritual performed beside a hot cook stove in the kitchen. Each home possessed a necessary structure located at a convenient distance which has been immortalized by Chick Sale. In mid-winter it required a hardy pioneer to dash out in the frigid weather to this little house and be further ex-

posed to the raging elements, but I am sure that many will remember the liberal education that they gained by studying Sears & Roebuck catalogs under these conditions. Our rugs were made of rags and our houses were lighted dimly by coal oil lights. Most of us kept busy and enjoyed a happiness and security of our own making. We had very little use for money. When roads were to be built or repaired, or irrigation ditches to be cleaned, or school houses to be constructed, these jobs were accomplished by each family doing its share.

Mechanical monsters began to appear on the roads, throwing thick clouds of dust and scaring the horses. Father came home one day and told us about a new method of lighting homes by electricity. A few months after this the electrical age hit Bear Lake Valley. An electrical power line was being constructed between Paris and Bloomington. Alfred, the two Hess boys and I took a contract to skin all of the poles between the two towns. In this manner we earned our first cash.

During my early years I was rather shy, slow and deliberate, while Alfred was quite the opposite. Mother must have despaired of me ever living a normal life. As I look back it seems that she failed to realize that I had an analytical mind which reflected on every step that I took. I became interested in subjects which were not related to the one at hand, namely getting dressed in a hurry so I could do the chores and get to school on time. Because winters in Bear Lake were very severe and we lived about two miles from the school, Mother kept us home and taught us the alphabet and numbers. We started school relatively late in life.

John and Clara finally decided to send Alfred to school in Bloomington. He was dressed in his best clothes and

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rode old Kit on his first educational adventure. The folks must have glowed with pride for he was a very handsome, brilliant boy, with blond hair and blue eyes. At about noon he came home with a bloody nose, a black eye and torn clothing. A gang of boys had given him a severe beating. This experience made the parents very unhappy and they decided to turn their backs on the town that had so rudely treated their son, and send him to Paris. This was a very important decision because Paris was a county seat, educational and religious center for a large area in those days.

In the fall of 1906 the four boys went to Paris to begin their education. As newcomers to Paris it was necessary to fight almost every boy in our age group to establish a place in the youthful social order. The Bateman and Hess boys worked as a unit so that in a relatively short time we were well-established. Our first teacher, Miss H. Hart was a fine woman and we all enjoyed a satisfactory year. The winter was severe and cold. Part of the time we walked and most of the time we rode old Kit whom we turned loose when we arrived at school. In the winter we found it necessary to start for school while it was still quite dark and often, the ground and trees were covered with a fresh layer of snow. Under these conditions, packs of hungry coyotes would occasionally follow us at a discreet distance.

Alfred and I either walked or caught rides on the way home. There were no speed limits in those days, but occasionally, some of the gay young adults on their way home would drink too much and they would race their horses down the roads.

One time father's two youngest brothers, in a jovial mood, picked up Alfred and I and poured whiskey and beer into us until we became completely intoxicated. They let us off near home and we staggered to Mother with considerable difficulty. Of course, Father and Mother were very much upset because they feared and guarded against alcoholism. Father got on his saddle horse with a buggy whip and went to Bloomington. I never knew what happened but after that, the "gay travelers" steered clear of us? It is my opinion that this experience was beneficial because it was the first and the last time that either one of us became intoxicated. The memory concerning the intoxication was so unpleasant that I have never had a desire to personally repeat the experience.

As brothers, we tended to pair up. Just as Alfred and I had become close pals, Roy and Harold were also inseparable. This close relationship continued until we later left the family hearth.

In the spring of 1906 one of Father's uncles influenced him to sell out and move to the upper Snake River Val-

ley near Idaho Falls where good land was readily available almost for the asking. John and Clara with four healthy sons seemed to be an ideal family for a pioneer effort such as developing a new farm from virgin land. This very desirable move was not the way the family went because John had never been interested in farming. His heart was with horses and he could never be happy or successful on a large farm. A decision was made at that time to buy a house in Paris. We would soon leave the place that had meant so much, but living in town would make it possible for us to attend school. The education of her children was mother's deepest desire and she was willing to sacrifice everything to gain this objective . . .

John purchased a place in town which was located on Canyon Street, south of Main Street, in the spring of 1907. It had a good barn for horses, a relatively large lot and excellent neighbors. I shall leave much unsaid about the house, because even at this early age, my opinion of my future home could only be expressed in language that should not appear in print. By this time all of John's sons were seasoned experts in cleaning horse stables and hauling manure, but the job of cleaning this house stopped us cold. Most animals are unclean only when they are penned up. In this instance we learned that certain humans can be the most filthy of all living creatures.

We scraped the floors and walls many times and a new front was added to the house. We finally moved in and under our mother's capable supervision, it soon began to feel like home. We found many playmates all around us. Alfred became a star actor, orator and singer. One time the Primary organization of the Church put on the play, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." I took the part of Grumpy and Alfred played one of the lead parts and sang a solo. The parents were very proud of him. In the process of keeping busy, I can remember that I supplied copious quantities of pigweed, which grew in profusion in our neighborhood, to our pigs until they bulged with vitamins.

John was gone a lot since he was engaged in shipping horses to California and selling stallions to farmers. Clara had her hands full with four boys in town. A fifth son was born October 14, 1907 and he received the name of Russell. He was Mother's most beautiful baby with blue eyes and curly golden hair. I sometimes felt that mother loved him too much. It fell my lot to help Mother and tend Russell.

During this period, I can remember one date very well because I had the privilege of talking on the telephone for the first time. On May 25, 1908, Mrs. Laker who lived across the street told Mother that there was a long distance

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call for her from Afton, Wyoming. Fearing bad news from either of her two sisters who lived there, Clara sent me over to receive the call. It was a very difficult task for me to tell mother that Aunt Lizzy Linford, one of her beloved sisters, had passed away.

Father was in urgent need for more ample quarters for his horse business, so he sold the little home and purchased another about a block west on Canyon Street. The new home was rather desirable from many standpoints. Some of the best people in Paris were our neighbors. The place possessed the finest horse barn in Paris, two branches of the creek flowed through it and it had a pasture of several acres. The house was large, windy and in a bad state of repair. We spent considerable time during the summer of 1909 in converting the house so that it would be suitable to live in.

Winter seemed to come too early that year and Mother's health was not very good. She was again pregnant and had to carry the burden of taking care of four husky, hungry boys and their little brother. Little Russell seemed to have delicate health and in December, both he and mother were ill in bed. I shall never forget the night of December 14, 1909. As usual, the boys went up to their room after an evening of chores and were soon sound asleep. At about midnight Father wearily came into our room and turned on the lights. He stood by our bed and sobbed. Alfred and I awoke and climbed out of bed and John drew us into his arms. He then told us in broken tones that we had just gained a little sister, but our beloved baby brother had passed away.

His funeral was held and I can remember the long cold ride from Paris to the Bloomington cemetery. As I watched the casket lowered into the frozen earth, I felt cold both in body and spirit, for this was my first encounter with death. It was very difficult to mix emotions of two types; those of sorrow as an after effect of the loss of a baby brother, and those of joy as a result of the birth of a baby sister. I was also greatly concerned for the welfare of Mother, who was still suffering from the shock. Mother's great and enduring love for little Russell has always been an inspiration to me. Our new sister was named Lucille, and through the years she was a source of pride and comfort for Mother.

On about 1910, John decided to build a new house for the family just west of the old one. Our spare time during the winter was spent logging in the forest. The logs were taken to the saw mill and sawed into lumber. The new home was finally completed in 1911 and it was a pride to all of us, since it was one of the nicest in town. It was still necessary to carry all of our water from a neighborhood

well. A few years later a waterworks system was installed in town and Father had a cold water tap and drain constructed in the house.

We now owned about a hundred acres of meadow land and the fifteen acres at the field. In the winter we kept busy hauling hay from both places and manure back to the field. The brothers became rather specialized in respect to the chores that must be done each day. Alfred was the dairyman and milked the cows. Roy and Harold were experts in reducing large yellow pine logs into pieces to be fed into our kitchen stove, which seemed to have an insatiable hunger for wood. It was my assignment to take care of the nutrition of the horses, cows, pigs and chickens and clean out the stable. The parents managed to keep us busy most of the time and this was important because we had very little opportunity to get into mischief.

. . . On January 29, 1912, our second sister was born and the parents named her Thelma. She was a very good baby and it was a pleasure to baby sit with her.

John found it difficult to provide full time work for his four growing boys, so Alfred and I left home during the summer months to find employment. In this way we earned sufficient money to buy our winter clothing and books.

. . . The coming of the automobile and the tractor ruined Father's draft horse business, so he turned to race (harness) horses. Several of his horses held the best records in their class. Training of race horses is a skill that requires patience, horse sense and time, and probably few men were equal to John as a horseman. His great regret was that none of his five sons followed his favorite sport. Personally, my love for horse racing ended when I found it necessary to walk the horses for long periods of time in order to cool them after racing. For quite a period of time John was bitterly opposed to automobiles. Finally in 1916, he purchased a new black Model T Ford and proudly drove it home, but he almost knocked down the buggy shed. I was considered to be the most mechanical member of the family so Father asked me to drive the car. I carefully read and memorized all of the instructions for the operation of the vehicle. The car was started with me behind the wheel and it seemed that everything I did made the Model T move faster. After jumping an irrigation ditch, missing two trees and running through a narrow opening in the fence, I was finally able to get the car stopped without a scratch. Probably no other episode in our family history has contributed so much conviviality as this wild ride.

During my high school years, my home life was full of

Childhood of John and Clara Bateman's Offspring

worthwhile experiences. Mother was strict and was dedicated to the ideal that hard work was the basis of success. We had very few idle moments, for the chores had to be done, hay had to be hauled, and wood chopped. One way to get out of this hard work was to study, and as a result, I spent plenty of time in the preparation of my school work.

The brothers were doing very well in school and the baby sisters were developing into pretty young girls. One year Lucille won the first place in a beauty contest. John was elected a member of the Paris City Council and later ran for Sheriff of Bear Lake County. This was my first experience with politics, and my youthful observations of the campaign made me happy when he was defeated.

The attempts of John and Clara to enforce a curfew resulted in a number of amusing events. On quite a number of occasions I found it impossible to beat the deadline of 10:30 P.M., so I became very skillful in crawling into the bedroom through the window. I can remember the last time I attempted this maneuver; Mother stood inside in the dark watching me, and very gently said, "George, the door is unlocked." After this I used the door and noiselessly crept to my room. One night my younger brothers, Roy and Harold, piled all of the milk pans that they could find behind a door through which I must pass. The falling pans caused such a commotion that almost all of our neighbors knew when I retired that night.

. . . After my happy days at Fielding, it seemed that life was just beginning for me. I wanted to go to college, but I realized John and Clara would be unable to give me any financial help because of their large family. In addition, Clara was again pregnant.

During the summer of 1917 a wave of patriotic frenzy



Lava Hot Springs Bateman Reunion. 1971. The last time all eight brothers & sisters came.



By 1980 six siblings gather to attend the Willow Park reunion in Logan. Dr. Harold C. Bateman, Thelma Leatham, Rao Bateman, Lucile Roundy, Othel Jones, and LeRoy Bateman.

swept the nation because we were at war with Germany. The idealistic message of President Wilson rang throughout the land. We must make the world safe for democracy! Many of my friend's and associates were joining the army or navy. Mother was having many anxious moments since she had two sons who were eligible for service, and another one coming up. Alfred was working near Salt Lake City and joined the 145th Field Artillery in August, 1917 and a short time later left for training in California. I was subjected to considerable emotional pressure to enlist, but decided to defer any action until Uncle Sam indicated that he had immediate need for my services.

. . . In this period of great anxiety and stress, Mother gave birth to a third daughter on August 24, 1917. She was a beautiful baby with blue eyes and blonde hair and was named Othel. Through the years she was closer to Mother and more considerate of her than almost anyone else.

. . . Rao was born on April 18, 1919. John and Clara were very happy to have another son. In a tribute George M. gave in 1955 he said: "Dad still longed for another boy to complete the family. Mother obligingly presented him with a fine son, and because he was destined to shed many rays of happiness on their latter days, he was named Rao."

. . . John and Clara had purchased a home on First South near the old Brigham Young College (now Logan High School) and had even moved several of the family cows and the furniture from Paris, Idaho. . . . It was a hard and expensive winter for the family.

Across Three Centuries Alfred John Bateman & Clara May Hess Family

Alfred paid us a visit during Christmas [1919], and after many hours of persuasion, I [George M.] convinced him that he should start college the next quarter. For the first and only time the entire family was living together under one roof. John and Clara now boasted of five husky sons and three pretty daughters.

Late in July [1920], John sold the Logan property and moved back to Paris . . .

I remained home for two weeks [September 1921] and helped John with the fall crops. This short visit afforded me an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with Mother, Father, brothers, sisters, and old friends. I went to a number of parties and dances, and enjoyed them so much that I was reluctant to leave. Father's oldest brother, Fred, who was formerly an elementary teacher, warned me against going into teaching and said that it was a nerve-wracking experience . . .



Thelma, Clara holding Rao, Othel in front. About 1920.

that one should never take himself too seriously, and that humor in life was like springs on a wagon traveling over a rough road taking the bumps out of life. We learned that there was a sunny side to every event in life, no matter how tragic it may seem. A lesson that I will never forget was when Father and his youthful sons were walking along a street in a wild, open town in Wyoming, where the cowboys and sheepherders used to visit for entertainment. We passed a saloon where men were fondling lewd women and drinking liquor, accompanied by a medley of noises from drunken humans and a loud calliope.

When I stopped at the entrance to look inside Father said, "If any of my sons enter this kind of place, I want to be with him, for we must always stand together." Father was never an extremist in his living or his ideals, and always stressed the need of moderation in all things. I learned early that there was a "gray zone" between the extremes of "black and white." This concept has helped me to appreciate and get along with all types of people and to adjust more readily to a rapidly

changing society.

After the funeral we traveled over snowy roads to the Wellsville Cemetery and, upon arrival, I dedicated the grave site. As they lowered his remains into the ground at this beautiful spot near Mother, I felt a deep emotion arising within me and I was thankful that we had such dedicated parents. (Excerpted from pages 1-85 of George M. Bateman's autobiography entitled *"From Horse and Buggy Days to the Atomic Age 1897 - 1971"*)

In a tribute George M. gave in 1955 at a family reunion, he made these comments: "Mother was always a great stimulus to me. Her persistent and enduring desire was that all of her children develop into well-educated citizens with good characters. Father always cooperated in the accomplishment of these ideals. Father and Mother have always made a good team. Mother with her serious, persistent, and stubborn devotion to duty, and Father with his flare for humor and his vista of dreams, provided the complimentary qualities, which have in good measure been inherited by all of us.

"Grandmother Bateman once told me that the two most important things that happened to her son, John were 1. His marriage to Clara Hess; 2. His removal of his family from Bloomington to Paris.

* * *

Many years later, George M. in memory turned again to the years of his youth at the time of his father's passing. He reminisced: On the morning of March 8, [1961] I was awakened from my sleep by the persistent ringing of the phone. My sister, Thelma, on the other end of the line at Wellsville, Utah, brought me the sad news that Father had died on March 7, 1961, and that the funeral would be held on Saturday of the same week . . . The funeral was held Saturday afternoon and the church was crowded. One of the most touching parts of the services was the reading of a paper by Lyman Rich, an old family friend who was unable to be present. This took us back to the time when the family was young and father was at his best. I, George M., felt a deep nostalgia because these were days when boys, dogs, and horses worked and lived together as inseparable companions and represented a kind of life that was gone forever - a life in the great outdoors.

. . . Yes, it was a good life. John and Clara raised a healthy and successful family of eight children - five boys and three girls. To the end of their lives, this achievement contributed to their happiness and satisfaction. Father was a large and healthy man who loved horses and had a sense of humor. With a grin on his face, he used to tell his boys

Childhood of John and Clara Bateman's Offspring



Clara with Aileen Swift (friend), Othel, Thelma, and Lucile.



Back: Clara holding Rao with Lucile on right, Thelma on left, friends in front.

“I am inclined to agree, because in Mother, Father found his success as a father and as a citizen. In Paris, the family found the type of environment and training that was so essential in the laying the foundations for character development.

“I would like also to pay tribute to the fine men and women who have married into the family, for they have played a major part in our history. And lastly, we can never repay the Church, which brought two very different families from distant lands and fused them into one with common ideals.”

“Mother was always a great stimulus to me. Her persistent and enduring desire was that all of her children develop into well-educated citizens with good characters. Father always cooperated in the accomplishment of these ideals. Father and Mother have always made a good team. Mother with her serious, persistent, and stubborn devotion to duty, and Father with his flare for humor and his vista of dreams, provided the complimentary qualities, which have in good measure been inherited by all of us.” Dr. George M. Bateman

Across Three Centuries Alfred John Bateman & Clara May Hess Family



Six surviving siblings in 1982 at Willow Park in Logan. Left: LeRoy Bateman, Lucile Bateman Johnson, Rao H. Bateman, Othel Bateman Jones, Dr. Harold C. Bateman, Thelma Bateman Leatham.



John & Clara Hess Bateman.



Lava Hot Springs, Idaho 1971 Bateman Reunion.