

Alfred John Bateman

Clara May Hess Bateman

Autobiographical story of their lives as they told them to Lucile B. Johnson and Thelma Leatham, two of their daughters (The bracketed sections are quoted from Thelma's version which added further information to the version written by Lucile. Otherwise the two histories are very similar, almost word for word, leading to the conclusion that both daughters were present on the same occasion and wrote what their father John related.)

ALFRED JOHN BATEMAN,

Son of George and Anna Wilks Bateman

Born: July 11, 1874, Almy, Wyoming

Died: March 7, 1961, Provo, Utah at age 87

Married: Clara May Hess, February 14, 1895, Bloomington, Idaho. She was age 19 and he was 22 years of age.

CLARA MAY HESS

Daughter of Jacob and Hannah Thornock Hess

Born: February 26, 1876, Bloomington, Idaho

Died: March 11, 1958, Logan, Utah at age 82

Children: Alfred Hess, George Monroe, LeRoy, Harold Claude, Russell Arthur, Lucile Clara, Thelma Lareta, Othel, Rao Henry

I was born July 1874 to George Bateman and Anna Wilks Bateman in Almy [two miles north of Evanston], Uinta, Wyoming being the second son in the family. [My mother and father were born in Essex, England. My father was a farmer by trade, working for a rich land owner by the name of Wagstaff.] I was the first son born in the U.S. My brother Fred was born in Octendon, Essex, England August 13, 1871. He came with my parents when they immigrated to this country in 1873. Others who came were Grandfather Alfred Bateman and grandmother Ester Wiffin and their sons George, Herbert, James & Alfred and grandfather Wilks.

[My parents, George and Anna Bateman were converted to the L.D.S. Church by missionaries. . .]. They came from Liverpool on a large ship called the *Minnesota* with many other emigrants leaving their homes to come to Zion where they could be close to the body of the Church of Jesus Christ and worship as they wished. They encountered a rough voyage and were late in their schedule in arriving here. Fourteen of the sixteen life boats were washed away.

They rode the steam line from New York to Ogden, Weber, Utah. A cousin of my father Joshua Jarvis met my parents at Ogden and hauled them up to Bear Lake at Bloomington, Idaho [in an old wagon. A farm was purchased in Bloomington, Bear Lake, Idaho. He raised stock, grain, and potatoes.] My mother said there weren't any floors in the houses nor brick chimneys, only pipes through the roofs were used.

After they had lived at Bloomington, Bear Lake, Idaho for a short time- because living and money were so scarce they decided to move to Almy, Wyoming to seek employment in the coal mines where my grandfather Wilks (Mother's father) and grandfather Alfred Bateman both worked in the stables where mules and horses were kept and worked in the coal shafts of the mine. [I was born here.] One day the mine exploded and killed thirty men but luckily my relatives escaped injury. Uncle Alfred Bateman hooked two

4-horse teams on cold mornings at 6 o'clock to bring out big loads of stove coal in two wagons each hooked up with trailer wagons.

My father worked in the mines for a short time to help pay for a farm in Bloomington. My parents, my brother Fred and I moved back to the place they liked so well, [We lived in a log cabin with dirt floors.] and my father ran a small farm and freighted for thirty to forty years farm produce to Randolph, Rich County, Wyoming and back a distance of seventy-five miles each way. They brought back coal oil, dried fruit, sugar, etc.

My two granddads, John Wilks and George Bateman used to freight also, and I used to go with them and Fred also. We had lots of fun going with them. One day Fred was batting me around and I knocked the wind out of him. After that he left me alone. My mother sometimes used to go to Evanston, Wyoming for the trip to visit the uncles: Alfred Bateman, James and Herbert Bateman and their families who were brothers of my father.

I like school fairly well, mostly the school of mathematics. I went until I passed the sixth grade. I also went to Fielding Academy for a little while riding a horse to Paris, about two miles north of Bloomington. [I started school at the age of six. I liked school, especially mathematics. I studied out of one book, which was the blue black speller – used slates for black boards. There was no paper. The school house had a dirt roof. A pot belly stove which stood in the room to keep us warm. We sat on home made benches. There were four windows to let the light in. Mr. Stricklin was the teacher. This was a community school. The people paid the teacher with wheat or what ever they had.]

I went to church in a meeting house of cheap frame construction. Dad was a councilor to Bishop William Hume for twenty-five years and they were charge of building a new meeting house.

Father George and Granddad Alfred were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Apostle James Penrose in England. My grandfather was told by a voice to go meet the servants of the only true church, which he did. He was converted as it was the church he had been waiting to join all those years. The message of the young Mormon missionaries touched his heart for he knew it was from the power of God.

Father was a great scriptorian and about knew the Bible by heart. Mother was a great cook. Her favorite dishes were beef steak, roost goose and potatoes cooked all different ways. All kinds of cakes and pies. She could surely get up a good meal for Thanksgiving. She always kept her home beautiful and in order. Most of her floors were carpeted in rich colors and she loved to collect little knick knacks of beauty such as figurines for the home. Thelma resembled her in looks. She had a family of seven: the girls were Marjorie, Lizzie (Elizabeth) and Lucy; and the boys were Fred, I (John), William, and Steve.

Dad's farm was about 30- 40 acres of [farm land, a lot of this in hay meadow]. My parents bought a nice home next to the church and planted many shrubs and flowers. My father was a trained gardener as he was head of a large vegetable and grain farm in England. He hooked three horses in tandem when they took produce to market and would walk with the lead horse. The farm owner wouldn't let a hired man ride.

I had no favorite brothers or sisters. They were all the same. I thought a lot of them all. Fred went on a mission to England, the land of his birth, and married an English girl. Her name was Maggie Hargreaves. He was a fine school teacher. He studied at the B.Y.C. and the Utah State Agricultural College. Will was a successful farmer, and Steve was a very good lumberman [in timber most of his life] and horse buyer.

Both Mother and Father were influences of good in my life. Father was a good student and [a] humble, quiet, peaceful man. Mother was spiritual minded and energetic in church affairs. She was always one of the first to console at a house of sorrow and she always hung the big black crepe bow on the door at the time of death and arranged for funerals. She was a familiar figure seen in her black taffeta dress and hat riding in her little spring buggy and driving her horse about town.

My best friends were Alfred Hart of Bloomington, Will Forgy of Denver, and H.P Zimmerman of Riverside, California. I played a cornet in the Bloomington band for five or six years and I played baseball as a youth for the town team, [challenging the whole valley].

“Alfred John grew into a timid, sandy-haired boy, who was stronger and taller than most of the boys in his age group. He preferred horses, sports, and the great outdoors to school. Early in his life, he began to admire the attractive daughter of Jacob Hess. A romance developed between John and Clara Hess, which blossomed with the passing years. Father once told me that Clara was the only woman that he ever loved. They were married in the Logan Temple on Valentine’s Day in 1895”. – George M. Bateman, 1955

I met Clara Hess when she was in [the community] school. I took her home when she was thirteen. She was the cutest girl around and I had quite a time keeping her for my girl. She was very popular. She was the champion [speller] and reader of the school. I took her to dances but could only get in one dance with her. [I wouldn’t dance with any one but her.]

[Clara worked in Montpelier and I drove a cart and horse over to see her. I asked if she’d accept a ring, which she did! I asked if she’d accept a ring which she did. February 14, 1895 we were married.] I was twenty-one and she was nineteen when we were married at my parent’s home. James H. Hart [a counselor] of the Bear Lake Stake Presidency performed the ceremony. We were sealed in the Logan Temple the next fall. [We rode in a buggy pulled by two horses to Logan Temple in November and was sealed. Purchases a load of fruit from River Heights, apples and prunes and took back to Bloomington.]

We had big wedding party. Lizzie Hart made two beautiful wedding cakes and decorated them with figurines. Our lovely supper was roast chicken, boiled ham, salad, pies, cookies, [all] cooked by Mother, Clara and Marjorie.

[We first lived in Bloomington. I went to the canyon and got logs out and had them sawed and built a two room house, later adding three rooms. It was here Alfred, George, and Leroy were born. We later moved to a fifteen acre farm with a nice home between Bloomington and Paris. Here Harold was born. We lived there six years. There we purchased a new wagon and a pair of black horses and a pretty dog which was admired by many.

Then we moved to Paris, buying a house for \$300 which I modernized. Russell was born here. Times were more prosperous and I served on the town council and was the county fair director. I served as chairman of the old folks committee and a deputy for several years. I started to buy and sell horses and shipped them the California.

I sold the present home for \$600 to Collings and bought a big house for \$900 and remodeled it. Here Lucile was born and Russell died. We wanted a better home and I got a permit to get lumber out of Lanark Canyon and it was sold to Mill Butter’s mill. A three acre piece of land was purchased. Thelma, Othel and Rao were born here. I wasn’t home much of the time due to my work of buying and selling horses.]

A Tribute to Alfred John Bateman

By Lyman H. Rich

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

And so it was, not only in the village of Thomas Grey in old England, but it was so in the little town of Paris, Idaho where the Batemans, the Riches, the Cooks, the Suttons, the Haywards, and others lived on Canyon Road. The milk cows were turned on their way in early morn to the pasture, bands of horses made their way down the long lanes, and the neighbors found friendliness over the backyard fences.

The William L. Rich family lived next door to the Batemans. In those days from 1910 into the Twenties, the Bateman family was largely a family of boys. The girls were very small, but Alfred, George, Roy and Harold were part of the neighborhood groups according to age. These were fine boys; well-behaved, brilliant in school, and the pride of their father and mother.

It is difficult for people in this age of cars and modern living to know how very much the livestock became a part of the family. The horse was really the "friend of man", and has been through the ages. The horse was man's power and, in large measure, his pleasure. Our horses at home were a part of our live with real personal attachment. And so it was with Alfred John Bateman. He loved horses as no other man I've ever known. The large company men from the East sought out Brother Bateman's services when they had horses in numbers to buy, or stallions to sell; as was the case many times in our town. It may be a \$3,000 Percheron stallion; it may be a carload of draft horses for sale to the East; or it may be a government purchase. It was always the same. John Bateman was the man who made the personal contacts. It was not only that he knew horses in every detail, but he was friendly. He called everyone by their first name. A boy or a man was always at home in his company. He purchased horses from us many times and, in fact, from me as a young man on one occasion. He was fair and honest in all his dealings. People liked to deal with him because when his business was finished he always left friends. Brother Bateman loved race horses, particularly in the harness. He could train them and do it well. I can see him now driving his Bay pacer or his trotting horse, sitting in his cart with his beg frame and steady hand driving in the July celebrations, in the County Fair and you folks, her in Logan, have seen him year after year at our own fair ground.

It is a wholesome life to raise a family of boys around livestock. There is nothing mean or ugly about this life where his friend is a horse. Brother Bateman made friends not only at home with folks he met, but all over the West where he traveled his circuits, representing others and usually taking his own horse with him. It was a life of enjoyment to him. He would talk by the hour, for he knew his pedigrees and his blood-lines well. My father, William L. Rich, who was a leader in church and civic affairs, always spoke highly of the John Bateman family and he had considerable business with them.

This family has been an outstanding one to me. I was slightly older than Alfred, my wife slightly younger, and about the same age as George. All of the boys were good students in the grades and in high school. They also always attended to their church duties.

Alfred and I were in the same company in World War I. We went to France together and President B.H. Roberts was our chaplain. Many of the boys took the wayward step in the army, but not Alfred. He was always steady and sought out good company. He was an excellent student at Utah State University, majoring in Agronomy and has been a specialist in the government Soil Conservation Service with headquarters at Fillmore for many years. We have had many good times together and I always tried to look for him and his family on my visits to Southern Utah.

George excelled in high school and after graduation from Utah State, obtained his Doctor's degree in chemistry and has been one of the leading scientists of the West and so recognized in his field. A few years ago I visited George at Tempe, Arizona. He led me into a magnificent building where a plaque at the entrance shows to his honor, his leadership in obtaining and planning this great building. I looked in amazement at the names: Newton, Galileo, Faraday, and a dozen more which he had selected as the stalwarts in science showing up, high upon the walls, of this university building.

Roy moved to Pocatello as a young man and I believe he has been with the railroad. He has raised a large family, I understand. Roy was very likeable as a boy and we hear of his success as the head of a fine family, and what is more important in life?

Harold, after graduating from Utah State with honors, was a leading instructor at Logan High School and was a civic-minded leader here in Logan. Later, he was recognized for his military leadership in the nation and is now a professor at Weber College. He received his Doctor's Degree from Utah State.

The girls were small when I knew them, but in the yard in Paris were their swings, their sand pile, a little house, and the small irrigation ditch lined with trees where they played, well-guarded by a wonderful mother. Now Lucille, Thelma and Othel married into good families and are rearing their children uprightly which has made their parents proud of them. They are all leaders in the church organizations of their various wards. They have been good to their father and mother in their declining years, doing everything possible for them. I have called at the home and visited with Brother and Sister Bateman several times in rather recent years.

Rao, the youngest, I met but once just following the death of Sister Bateman some three years ago. This young man impresses me. I could see he loved the out-of-doors like his father. He loved livestock and now is manager of a large livestock operation in Nevada [in Utah near the Nevada border].

Without boasting, Brother and Sister John Bateman had a wonderful family and it is a great credit to them. Inheritance counts big in the life of man. The second generation will carry on the leadership, and sound principles of their parents, and grandparents. These grandchildren can bring honor to the family. "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother," said the Lord through his servant Moses. So far, this family has lived up to this commandment. I have faith they will continue to do so.

John Bateman and his good wife lived and loved the gospel. They were friendly, honest, God-fearing in their dealings to their fellow men. They leave the responsibility now to their children to do like Paul of old, to "fight a good fight, to follow the course and to keep the faith."

To the life of this good neighbor and friend, the William L. Rich family pays their profound respect. In the words of the poet:

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begin
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

Brother Bateman has earned his rest. Peace and God's blessing to those who are left. My deep regrets for not being able to be here in person today. In the Name of Jesus, our Master, Amen.

**Memory of Othel Bateman Jones of Her Father Alfred John Bateman
As reported to Kathy Jones Morris**

Grandpa John Bateman was a wonderful horseman, as we all know. He was famous for his ability to pick out a good horse, and he was also famous for winning many harness races at county fairs, not only in Logan but all around the West. Sometimes he took his horses and carts on the train and sometimes he pulled them in a trailer behind his car. As children, we loved to pull each other around on his horse carts. Grandpa John was wonderful with horses. He loved them and they loved him, and he passed this love on to his children.

One of Mom's favorite memories is helping Grandpa with the horses in the summer. As soon as it became warm enough, she would spend hours each day with him at the fairgrounds near their home. I especially remember three horses: Hal Direct, Silver Slivers and Silver Worthy. While Grandpa exercised the horses, ran them around the track – and he did this every day – she would build a fire and heat some water. Then Grandpa would wash the horses with the warm water and put a blanket on them. Then it was Mom's job to walk the horses, leading them by the bridle, until they were dry. Mom had long, very blond hair, and one day when she was walking Silver Slivers, suddenly there was a CRUNCH!!! I guess he got hungry, and thought her hair was some hay, and took a big chomp. I asked her if it hurt, and she said, "You bet!" I then asked her if Silver Slivers pulled out any of her hair. She said, "No. I guess he could tell right away it wasn't food." Mom loved going to the fairgrounds and working with her dad and the horses. She was allowed to do this from the time she was eight years old until she was about twelve. Then Grandma Clara

decided she was too old to be over there around “all those men,” and made her stay home and help her with the housework, which she hated – compared to working with the horses.

There was always a lot of excitement in the Bateman house when the fair was in town. Grandpa dressed up in his beautiful deep bronze satin jacket with hat to match, and everyone went to watch him race. He won quite a bit of money doing this. One year there was enough in his winnings check to buy the leather living room set we all remember so well. I remember Grandpa pushing the two armchairs together to make me a cozy bed by the fire!

Memory About A.J. Bateman and Rao
By Tom Bateman, son of Leroy, July 23, 1999

This incident happened in the mid-1930's. My family, LeRoy and Alice Hall Bateman, were living in Millville, Utah on Alfred John's farm. I had an exciting time there and was lucky to survive since my older brother Glendon, probably ten years old or so, accidentally discharge the .22 rifle, narrowly missing me and shooting out a glass window. But the challenges presented to me by Grandpa Bateman and Uncle Rao were of a gastronomical nature.

Grandpa and Rao used to come out to the farm to do the hay and other farm chores. They always had a bit of food for a hungry little kid. Their usual offering was hard-boiled eggs, which I really like. They got me hooked on the eggs. Then, once in a while, they would slip in a peeled doctored egg that had a yolk full of black pepper or crushed egg shell. So, I would chomp down on the egg and start to enjoy it. When the pepper got too hot or the shells too gritty, I would make a big face and spit the stuff out. Then Grandpa and Rao would guffaw, slap their legs in laughter while I sputtered and complained. Then they would wipe their eyes because they had laughed so hard. But, the good eggs outnumbered the bad eggs.

Reminiscences of Clara Hess Bateman

My father Jacob Hess was born of goodly pioneer parent, John W. Hess and Emeline Bigler on January 6, 1849 in Farmington, Davis, Utah. He was the first child of the great Mormon leader and pioneer who served in the Mormon Battalion, colonizer, and statesman serving three terms in the legislature of Utah and was a colonel in charge of defense, as well as serving as bishop, counselor to the stake president, and stake president and patriarch until his death.

My father Jacob was a person of honest convictions and personal integrity and goodness of character and very independent. He spent his early years in Farmington keeping busy with gainful occupations. For awhile, he herded flocks at Promontory, He returned to Farmington and his home. He met Hannah Thornock, a lovely girl who won his heart. He took her away from his brother Jed, who was also in love with her. They were married February 1868 in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. They lived in Farmington where their first child Elzada Emeline was born June 17, 1869.

My grandparents, parents of mother, the John Thornocks, were pioneers in a handcart company coming across the plains. They buried two little children who were taken ill from the hardships.

Father accompanied a group of pioneers who were called to settle Georgetown, among them the Thornock family, who later settled in Bloomington. He came back to get his wife and baby where they made a home in Georgetown. When Elzada was three years old and mother was expecting her second child, Mary Ann, father pulled mother and Elzada, a babe in her arms on a hand sleigh a distance of 22 miles on hard-crusted snow from Georgetown to Bloomington so she could be in the home of her parents for her baby's birth because the roads were snow-blocked to travel by horse and bob sleigh.

Father and Mother later moved to Bloomington, a thriving town at that time where Father bought a three-acre plot of ground and built a little home.

Perry and I were born in my dear grandmother Anne Bott Thornock's home. I was born February 26, 1876, being the 4th child of Jacob and Hannah Hess Thornock. As a child I lived in a dear little frame home

Father built. It faced the east and had two large rooms, one across the front which was the large one and one across the back. How I loved that home! I'll never forget it! There was a little hill at the back to the west that we girls loved to climb. It was covered with beautiful flowers, buttercups, daisies and cowslips. We loved to pick them in bouquets and bring them home to mother.

My sisters were Elzada, Mary Ann, Dora, Lizzie, and Addie; and my brothers were Perry, Arthur, Delbert, Acquilla, and Milford. We were poor and life was a struggle. I would tie my feet up; in burlap when I went in the hills to get the cows in the evening. One day, Bossie wore a cow bell which helped me find her.

Father took pride in having a good garden. He also had a large strawberry bed and raised lots of peas and potatoes. Mother would cream and make such a good supper, but she was always pleasant and sweet. How I loved her!

We lived one block from Grandmother Thornock and I would sit on the steps and watch her, as mother told me. She was widowed and often did not have a bite to eat.

When we went to the store, there were so many routes to go and I would enjoy deciding which way to go. I liked to do this, and also [when] going to church and school.

My parents were very neat. There was never a straw in our door yard. Mother was immaculate and kept everything scrubbed white.

Father traded our dear little home for a four-room log house and sixteen acres of farming ground between Paris and Bloomington, about 1 ½ miles from either. We went to school at Bloomington. It was terrible going in the winters. Often, we were caught in the blinding Bear Lake blizzards. I would be able to keep my way holding on to the fence and following it when my vision was cut off. The snow would drift at times over the fence posts and many times we children would walk to school over the hard-crusting snow piled many feet high. I needed to stop at times to rest.

We always went to Sunday school, afternoon and night meetings. It was a long walk, especially in a blinding storm at night, but I would be determined to go. I would sometimes stay with Grandmother Thornock when it got too bad. Poor Grandmother could not afford lights and I would study from the light reflected from the crude little stove which opened up in the front. I remember dear Grandmother's knitting needles clicking while she knit in the dark.

I remember also how we children would crowd around the round pot-bellied stove to keep warm when we got to school. It stood in the center of the hall and burned big blocks of dogwood. Sometimes my fingers would be so frozen; I could hardly move them as we didn't have many clothes to wear. Grandmother Thornock knit my black wool hose as I never had overshoes.

We had our good times, though in those early days. We loved to go to the dances in bob sleighs with the bells a jingling as merrily we went. We enjoyed parties, etc also.

I met John Bateman when he was a shy gangling youth with curly hair. He took me home when he was twelve and managed to be around most of the time to single me out. I would get so mad because he wouldn't learn to dance good as I liked dancing very much. I thought a lot of his sister Marjorie. He wasn't a very studious scholar. I would catch him drawing horse's heads when he should have been doing arithmetic. He was a good athlete and played on the Bloomington baseball team, and he played the cornet in Bloomington band for five years.

I went to work when I was twelve years old and milked eighteen cows twice a day. I later did housework and had many interesting experiences working for Jewish people in Montpelier, Idaho and polygamists. I loved pretty clothes and was able to buy me some nice dresses and a trousseau of nice things.

I finally decided to marry John Bateman [on] February 14, 1894. The snow was very deep, but we had a lovely wedding. Many relatives and friends came to help us celebrate the event at John's parent's home, the

George Bateman's. I was very tired as I helped Marjorie and Mother Bateman cook the big dinner. I was very hurt at John's mother for telling me not to buy a new wedding dress, (which I obeyed) and put the money into a mattress and bedding, but I guess it was for the best in the long run. We went to the Logan Temple in the fall October 10, 1894 and were sealed. It was a wonderful sacred day in my life. I will always remember it. We settled in a little frame home in Bloomington, where two darling babies, Alfred and George were born. How I loved all my babies; they were the joy of my life. Alfred was a tiny 2 ½ lb. baby with long golden hair and his head which was small enough for a tea cup to go over. His Grandmother Bateman loved him so. (Mother was tired so we stopped, never to begin again.)

Clara's will: "I'm writing to list the articles that was given to us so that everything that's left. So they can be handed back when we are gone. Would like Alfred and Idella to have the red Bed spread 2 pairs of towels 1 pair red one Green one set of imbroded dish towels of 7. one spool holder a toy horse and cart.

To Geo.and Florence. 1 Green Bed Spread

To Harold & Charlott. Set of Potery 1 coper bottomed stainless steal cooking pot 1 stainless steal skillet. With lid 1 alumin double boiler 6 silver sponns 1 silver Flair dish 1 mix can Blanket 1 pink and white blanket. His and Dr. Johns framed pictures

Lucile 1 large mirrer large picture Bible and book of mormon kichen curtins, ect

Charles and Thelma Green potery dish with Deer 2 belu Birds and large picture

Othel and Morice a set of Glass dishes 1 Grill green tea kettle Othel and Rao 1 Presher cooker and Gold horse and dads finger rings

Rao and Phyllis 1 set stainless steal knives and forks 1 clock and GE flat iron"

Reminiscences of John and Clara Bateman by their Children and Grandchildren

AUTOBIOGRAPHY PREPARED IN APRIL 1996 By **ALFRED HESS BATEMAN**

I was born December 2, 1895 in Bloomington, Idaho in a frame four roomed house located near the northeast corner of the Public Square. I was told that I was a very tiny baby when I was born. I weighed less than three pounds and could be put under a bowl. As a baby, I had a sad face and was not too strong physically. I seemed that I was born with a fear of the future and that stayed with me through life.

I remember that during the early period of Father's and Mother's married life they were very poor. It seemed that it was hard for them to get enough food for their family. We as children went bare-footed. Dad was an easygoing and happy-go-lucky fellow during the early days of marriage. Dad used to visit over the fence with Alfred A. Hart. This perennial visiting caused mother to become emotionally upset, as she was of the opinion that Dad should not be wasting his time and should be working to furnish his family with the physical necessities of life.² Mother was an excellent house keeper who kept her house clean as a pin and she also kept her children clean.

I remember Dad as a handsome young man six feet tall, dark curly hair and dressed in fine clothes. I recall that Dad's brothers Uncle Fred, William and Steve were handsome proud English-men who dressed well on Sundays or when they went courting. Their sisters, Aunt Margery, Lizzie and Lucy also were people of fine appearance who groomed and dressed themselves well. My mother and her sisters, Aunt Mary, Zada, Lizzie and Addie were fine girls. They were all deeply religious and their greatest desire was that their children would grow up to be good citizens. Our dear mother lived for her children and her greatest reward was to know that each one lived up to the standards of our Church, even before professional success. The first thing she taught us was to kneel down and pray each night before we went to sleep. We were encouraged to attend Primary, Sunday School and other Church services. Mother also taught us thrift and how to save while we lived in Bloomington.

I remember as a tot that my favorite activity was picking up stray cats on the Public Square and bringing them home only to be told that I could not keep them. I remember going to school in Bloomington during the first and second grades. While going to school I went with a group of young children on an apple stealing expedition. We were caught, given a good scolding, but we were allowed to keep the apples. This was my first lesson in honesty. While in Bloomington, I remember my Grandmother Bateman (Anna Wilks) who made me welcome. After dinner she taught me how to wipe the dishes while she washed them. I recall her neat little home, which at a later date was destroyed by fire.

My Grandfather Bateman (George) was a fine English Gentleman who along with Alfred A. Hart later occupied the responsible positions of Bishop of the Bloomington Ward, President of the Bear Lake Stake and the County Superintendent of Schools.

Mother's ancestors were of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry - a hard working people. His wife and my Great-Grand Father Alfred were converts to the church and emigrated first to Evanston, Wyoming and later moved to Bloomington. My Grandfather was a blacksmith and also freighted between Bear Lake County and Ogden. *(From Dr. Harold C. Bateman- According to my records, the grandparents first arrived at Ogden, Utah where they were, met by relatives (Jarvises) and then were taken to Bloomington, Idaho. Finding no work there, they were compelled to move to Almy, Uinta County Wyoming just a mile north of Evanston where they found work in the Union Pacific coal mines. Father was born in Almy. Also, Grandfather freighted between Evanston, Wyoming and Bear Lake rather than Ogden. My Grandfather Bateman was Counselor to Bishop Findley.*

On one occasion he was held up by bandits who relieved him of his entire load which consisted of dressed beef. While we lived in Bloomington, George M. (Monnie) was also born in the little frame house. It was the custom those days to let the children grow long braids. It was during this time that George had long brown braids in his hair that I cut them all off and put them in the trash can. My mother was very upset and I received a good switching. On one occasion we went to Sacrament Meeting in Bloomington, Dad was asked to open the meeting with prayer. I recall that poor Dad went upon the stand, his face turned white and he could not say a word so he sat down.³ I realize now that I inherited some of his fear.

While we lived in Bloomington father bought about a hundred acres of wild hay land East of Paris, Idaho in the low lands. During the year 1905 father purchased 16 acres of alfalfa land which was located about one mile south of Paris. We lived here for several years. We had fine facilities for ice skating. We would skate for miles and ride a sleigh down the mountain sides. I recall that the three of us, George M., LeRoy and myself, rode a white horse daily to the public schools in Paris. Our Mother's parents Jacob and Hannah (Thornock) Hess live a short distance North on the Highway. My Grandfather Hess was a hard working farmer. He maintained an excellent dairy herd and efficiently operated a medium sized farm. Grandfather Hess was the oldest of 64 children. He was the son of John W. Hess, a member of the original Mormon Battalion, and a Prominent Utah Pioneer who, with his seven wives, was prosperous and helped build the thriving community of Farmington, Utah. John W. held church offices of Bishop and Stake President for many years.

While we lived on the farm, Milford and Acquilla Hess were our playmates. They were our uncles but were about the same age as George M. and myself. Our yellow dog, Toby, died on the farm when he was 12 years old. He was a faithful companion. I also remember that I had some beautiful white rabbits and raised ducks. My riding horse was named Kit. I also owned a mare by the name of Nell.

Being country boys, the city boys had a dislike for us and would run us out of town right after school was dismissed. We would run from them like deer. One boy, a tall Dutchman by the name of Earnest Jausu, was the leader of this mob. I later had the satisfaction in giving him a good whipping before a large crowd. I later defeated the town bully, Cyiel Sutton, in a bloody fight. After these fights I was able to pursue a more happy and peaceful life without being constantly attacked by town hoodlums. This did not occur until after we had lived in Paris for several years. Dad had made me a present of a pair of boxing gloves. I secretly trained for a couple of years which finally paid off.

After we moved into Paris, Dad purchased a home east of the highway across the street from Bishop Edward Sutton. The W. W. Richards family lived immediately to the North. Mr. Richards was first Counselor to Joseph R. Shepherd, President of the Bear Lake Stake. Russ Richards, son of W. W. Richards, became a close and almost constant companion during the time I lived in Paris. O'Neal Rich became a close companion to George M., Spencer Rich a companion to Roy and Reed Rich was Harold's companion. George M and Harold became Doctors of Philosophy and the three Rich brothers became M.D.'s. Roy chose railroading as his vocation.

After a year or two Dad purchased a home with acreage up on Canyon Road. The Paris Creek meandered through a luxuriant meadow grass pasture. Another branch of the stream also flowed through the corral to supply the livestock with all the water they could drink. There was a large barn on the place. By this time Father had accumulated several fine draft and buggy horses. He would stay out in the barn for hours caring for those horses, feeding them hay and grain and grooming and currying them. He also kept his harnesses oiled and cleaned up. Tassels and rosettes were part of the harnesses. He loved to drive fractions teams in a white topped buggy or a black topped surrey. Many a time we went in this fashion to the Bear Lake to have a picnic and to spend the day swimming and boating.

On canyon road we lived in the old house for a while but Dad built a new house. The big front window and the door to the Parlor were made of plate glass. Mother was very proud of the house. We lived in the kitchen and on Sundays a fire was made in the Parlor. Mother had the Idea that she wanted me to be a pianist, so they bought a nice piano. I drove Tillie Price to St. Charles in our little surrey which was pulled by a white horse. This was the way that I paid for my lessons. I never did develop into a finished pianist.

Harold was born into the family at the O'Neil home. He was a distinguished looking young man. He was more like a prince, so I called him Prince Austie Bamclaim of the Austrian Throne. My favorite little baby brother was Russell. He always sat near the front window and came running and put his arms around my neck. His sudden death brought deep sorrow to us all. Our own son Russell was like my little bother Russell in being affectionate.

Dad had become a successful horseman. He sold a number of stallions in Bear Lake County and In Star Valley. He was in partnership with Gideon Alvord of Logan, Utah. The offspring of these fine horses were sold by Dad and H.P.Zimmermann in Riverside, California for work in the orange groves. He also bought horses for the United States Cavalry. He was making a better living than the average. After gasoline automobiles became available he was one of the first to purchase a Ford car.

While going to elementary and high school at Fielding Academy, I milked ten cows night and morning. George M. fed and cared for about as many horses. We hauled Yellow pine wood from the mountains and sawed and split it up for fire wood during the winter. During the summer we worked on our farm. We had Saturday afternoon off so we would go to the old swimming hole for a plunge. After the swim we would fish for trout and fresh water chubs. I remember the affection Dad had for his sons. After he began to make money in the fall of the year, he would buy all of us a fine suit. I remember his desire to wear fine Stetson hats.

I spent one summer working for Sim Rich. I also spent a summer working for Uncle Joseph Lindford in Afton, Wyoming. The schedule for the day was to start milking, by hand, thirty cows at 4:30 AM. By 6:30 or 7 AM. we began to work in the field for the hay harvest and the field work was completed by sundown and the evenings milking was usually completed by 11 P.M. I offered my services for \$1.00 a day and board and room. When I left, Uncle Joe, gave me \$1.25 and board. A dollar was worth a lot in those days.

Lucille and Thelma, two pretty sisters, came along. I used to tease Lucille. I posed as Uncle Alexander. We had fun. Our youthful days were the best. Othel and Rayo came after I left home. . .

Excerpts about the John and Clara Hess Bateman family taken out of *From Horse and Buggy Days To The Atomic Age-1897-1971, Memoirs*

by George Monroe Bateman, son of John and Clara

My ancestors were of English and German extraction. Three of my grandparents immigrated from England as converts of the Latter Day Saint Church. 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 Bess, 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 immigrated 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 1814. 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 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 somewhat 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 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. 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, renamed their son, Harold.

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 Rerbe and Dark. 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 3 to 9 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 2 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 treasure 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. 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 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 exposed 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 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 Valley 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 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

niciest 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 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 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.

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. . . .

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, for 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 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 shepherders 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.

"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."

"Dad loved to hook his fine horses to the shining white-top buggy and go places. In those days, the big excitement was a trip to Star Valley, a distance of sixty miles. It required almost two days to make the trip and we used to camp out at the old half-way house." -George M. Bateman, 1955

"Father began buying draft horses and shipping them to California. He also sold stallions. Our family finances began to improve, but a cloud began to appear in our horizon. Mechanical monsters started to appear on the roads in increasing numbers, throwing up dense clouds of dust and causing many fine teams of horses to run away. At first Father ignored the automobiles with disgust, but in the end, he purchased a shiny new Model T Ford, which I almost wrecked when I was attempting to teach the family to drive it." - George M. Bateman, 1955

"Throughout his life, Dad dreamed about going to California to live, but Mother would hear nothing of it." -George M. Bateman, 1955

A tribute to My Father, Alfred John Bateman by his son, Dr. Harold Claude Bateman

My father, Alfred John Bateman was born in the small dirty mining town of Almy, Uintah County, Wyoming, July 11, 1874. Several years ago, Charlotte, I and the Byron Smiths visited the place and were amazed to find it a ghost town with no building standing. The coal mines caught fire several years after Grandfather George, his father, Alfred and brother Alfred James had worked there so the Batemans moved to Bloomington, Bear Lake County, Idaho to make their homes. It is my understanding that at this time August 1979, they are still burning. Some small openings were found on the East hills which had been the entrances into the mines. At the time of our visit, we failed to recognize the danger of walking around the area which could have caved in because of burned out sections of the underground. In what seemed to have been the center of the mining town of Almy was a cemetery containing several hundred graves. On the headstones were stated a description of tragic mine disasters caused by terrible explosions with dates which snuffed out the lives of many miners. From this, we can deduce that my grandparents worked there in a very dangerous situation. We are happy that they survived.

Mother, Clara May Hess was born in Bloomington, Bear Lake County, Idaho February 26, 1876, a small LDS farming and livestock community. Father and Mother attended the local school and the local LDS ward where they met, courted, fell in love and were married there in a civil ceremony on St. Valentine Day, February 1895. Knowing Mother, one could be certain that she would insist on a Celestial marriage for all time and eternity at the earliest possible opportunity so they went to the Logan LDS Temple and received their endowments and Mother was sealed to Father October 10, 1895.

Father was an ideal husband for Clara, my mother in one of the most complex institutions of God – marriage. I have felt for a very long time here man and woman possess love, wisdom, harmony of spirit and stability in maintaining a harmonious relationship that they have earned an entitlement to the Celestial Kingdom and live in exaltation – the life God lives. Where Mother was rigid and uncompromising about problems which arose, Father sought equally sound ends but used more positive means in order to achieve the desired ends. This is not to criticize Mother since probably her stance can be explained by the fact she as usually overworked in the drudgery of performing the numerous tasks of keeping the domestic ship afloat and she usually had a baby in her arms. They both sought the high road in molding and teaching their children the facets of the Gospel and in trying to get them to live the commandments. They both sought similar objectives but Father was a master of usually securing the desires of his heart by relaxing tensions and in achieving his goals with a minimum of friction by employing his limitless fund of humor in times of verbal crises.

Father had his assignment cut out for him in being the breadwinner in providing the raw materials for Mother who was the chief architect of household management. I sometimes believe that I worked with Father with a greater multiplicity of tasks over a longer period of time than any of the other siblings so my descriptions of him should enjoy some validity and credence. Father had an added responsibility shared by Mother to make sure that his active sons were kept productively employed to insure their growing in a pattern of citizenship from which they would not depart during their lives.

In this tribute to my beloved father, it is apropos that I describe him while he was in his prime. He was a large man who found it easy to smile and in fact, his habitual smiles etched deep lines on both sides of his handsome countenance. He weighed about two hundred twenty pounds with nary an ounce of fat on his huge frame. His shoulders were broad and his large sinewy arms were anchored to two large shapely hands. He must have worn a shoe sized twelve or larger on his large feet. His face was usually wreathed in smiles and I thought handsome housing a pair of brown twinkling eyes. His head was long with well set ears decorating each side of his head and his head was covered with black curly hair. On one side of his cheek were some scars where some skin spots were removed by a doctor using acid. Father always looked handsome to me, either in his work clothes or his best. When he wore his best, he looked super. He was always immaculate, neat, tidy and very careful of his personal appearance. He was fond of classy quality apparel. His shoes were kept carefully polished and received excellent care especially his best shoes. According to my intelligence reports, Father did not apply himself when a youth too efficiently to his scholastic efforts. Much of his time was spent drawing pictures of horses for he was primarily an out of door's man.

It could be that I have too much affection for my beloved father to objectively evaluate him. While I concede that he had imperfections, to me, he was a great and noble man who loved Mother and his children. He was humble, humane, stable, faithful, affectionate, generous and unselfish, spiritual, honest, kind and charitable. He was broadminded, wise, sane, tranquil, friendly, moderate, considerate and well qualified to be a parent. Yes, he had a temper which could sizzle at times when provoked but it was usually under good control. There were many times he whipped us with the faithful old razor strap or the buggy whip but never too severely. We were reminded regularly our responsibility to adhere to the high standards of the family but through it all, I think that we received fair treatment and justice at their hands. Father's razor strap was always visibly in evidence to remind us of our obligations to the family, society and church. We were expected to do our chores about the place on time without fail. Also we were expected to study and be on our best behavior at school with no nonsense in treating the teachers with courtesy. In his personal living and business dealing, I found him to live the high and lofty principles taught him by his parents about the Gospel. He was consistently supported by Mother who had a bit of a sample of John Calvin in her in desiring that all of us follow the straight and narrow pathway. They complemented and reinforced each other in their relationship and dedicated aim to give their children every opportunity to learn the principles of the church and to gain a good education.

I have had the opportunity to observe my father at a close range in varying situations, some of crisis proportions. I understand, of course that my narration is written from memory of what transpired many years ago. I observed him carefully in the home, caring for ill members of the family, haying, threshing, irrigating, buying horses, conditioning his race horses, cleaning out ditches, racing, logging in the canyon, plowing, cutting and raking hay, moving, repairing equipment around the vineyard, milking cows, hauling fertilizer, doctoring sick livestock, shoeing horses, doing other tasks around the place and in the home and I have concluded that he was a man of honor, affection and a very decent man. In his living, he was moderate and in all of his living, he was a firm adherent of the Word of Wisdom. One could be assured of his friendship when earned and his cooperation when based on high and lofty principles. In his behavior, he was not impulsive but deliberate and understanding.

I usually found him pleasant to labor with since he was quite patient, courteous and gracious. He could not tolerate a free loader or a stuffed shirt. Disobedience of his children and talking back angered and upset him. He expected everyone to carry their share of the load. For any of the family to be vitriolically [sharply and bitterly] critical of our parents at any time would be compounding injustice to the extreme. Granted, they made errors of judgment in our upbringing but none in the ends they sought for each one of us. When they erred, they were errors of the head and judgment but never of their hearts or ends sought. Their intentions were solid gold.

Some incidents which I remember about Father's past performances should shed some light about his devotion and love for his family. I recall acting as the handler of the derrick or hay stacker horse. The animal was hitched to a single-tree [a wooden bar swung at the center from a hitch on a plow, wagon, etc. and hooked at either end to the traces of a horse's harness] and the hay stacker rope was attached to it which pulled the stacker fork which operated on a track. The bottom pulley became clogged with hay which did not allow the large rope to move freely through it. I tried to remove the hay from it and as I did this, my balance was maintained by holding onto the large rope with my left hand. When some hay was finally removed, the rope loosened causing the loaded fork to move geotropically [against the force of gravity] pulling my right hand into the pulley. Father, on hearing my cry of fright and pain, raced with lightning speed to where I stood. Quickly sizing up my dilemma, he grasped the large rope with his mighty hands and pulled with what seemed like superhuman strength at an angle which prevented the crushing of my hand, releasing it with but little damage to it. Had the horse been used to pull the rope, this procedure would have probably crushed my hand. His great exhibition of strength at this time was due to his deep love and concern. This event has had its impact on me through the years.

I was amazed when but a youth to see Father take one end of the hayrack and lift off the wagon bolster and place it on the ground. Then he would lift the other end off. Whenever he borrowed a neighbor's hayrack, which he seldom did, he would spend considerable time repairing it before returning it.

There were many times that I traveled with father through neighboring fields adjacent to ours where log chains, shovels, pitchforks and other farm tools were left laying around. Never did I see him take anything which did not belong to him.

At race meets, I never saw him cheat or show poor sportsmanship or take advantage of a fellow competitor. His deeply ingrained sense of humor smoothed many a difficult problem of living.

During the last race meet which he ever attended, I at his request drove his passenger car with Father sitting at my side, hitched to a trailer carrying his horse, racing sulky, harness and other equipment to the race meet in Payson, Utah. I left Ogden where I lived to assist with this assignment. When the harness race was about ready to commence, an accident occurred which hurled Father from his sulky under his horse. The fine animal could have crushed Father's head but stopped short to allow Father to extricate himself and return to his sulky seat. He went on to win the races that day amidst the thunderous cheers of the large crowd to my Father's extraordinary courage. They were amazed and impressed with Father's conduct and were with him all the way. He certainly won the hearts of the people of that area that day which gave Father a great psychological lift.

Father was shy and humble before audiences which required him to speak. He failed to take advantage of his opportunities earlier in life. The potential was there but had not been developed since he possessed a good mind. Many people were impressed with his great knowledge of horses and he could cite pedigrees with the finesse of William Shakespeare. They pointed out had he studied Veterinary Science that he would have become one of the finest veterinarians anywhere with his aptitude and interest. He was an expert judge of horses. He had to be since he bought horses for the California, Colorado and the national markets that is, draft horses. He assisted in selling draft stallions, Standard-bred stallions and other harness race horses in Idaho and Wyoming. He was an authority on training and conditioning of harness pacers and trotters. His fine horses included Prince Wilkes, Axtell Wilkes, Hal Direct, Rowana Direct and Silverworthy, which established new track records in Utah, Idaho and Washington for the mile.

Father was an able carpenter who remodeled many houses which the family lived in and actively assisted in the construction of three new ones. He was an expert horse shoer and was an all around handy man.

His ability as a garden raiser was attested to by the fact that his plantings produced bumper crops of excellent produce and he learned his skill from the tutoring of his father and grandfather who brought their know-how from Old England. Our lot in Paris had a sizeable parcel of land set aside for an irrigated garden plot. Each fall before the onset of winter, father personally saw to it that the entire garden area was liberally fertilized with rich nutrients filled with substances of the barnyard or corral. Each fall it was carefully worked into the context of the soil. When spring came and when the weather permitted, he planted such crops as peas, beans, beets, lettuce, carrots, radishes, cabbages, cauliflower, turnips, rutabagas, onions, corn, and a large potato patch was planted. After each irrigation of the garden, the weeds arrived by the ton which the boys harvested and daily fed to the hogs which populated the large pen which was located just south of the woodshed and extended to the running creek. The pigs were maintained as a source of meat and a source of cash. They were amply supplied with a variety of succulent weeds until they "literally bulged with vitamins."

I shall never forget the tragic occasion when the hay fork came down and stuck Father in the back.

Father was an expert chef in preparing steaks in the great expanse of nature. Usually prior to departing to labor at the wild hay meadow, he handed me twenty five cents and instructed me to go to the Sutton Butcher Shop for some cuts of round steak. We then went to the meadow three or four miles east of our home. We worked until noon when we stopped to gather sage brush and greasewood to fuel a fire. When the fire was ready, Father tenderly placed the steaks into a battle-scarred fry pan which was blackened from such outside use on fires. I can still hear the delicious sizzling sound with its mouth watering aroma wafting its way to my nostrils and taste buds under the beneficial influence of the fire and the artistry of the professional chef. The flavor and the taste of the steaks were such as to provoke the carnivores consuming

it to groan with gourmet's contentment. Each bite was an exquisite experience in the cuisine art and I continue to suffer pangs of nostalgia for these repasts again with Father. Father's talents as a chef rested primarily with steaks over an open camp fire and since Mother, too was gifted in this activity, she jealously allowed but few intrusions in her domain of the kitchen and this included Father.

I shall never live long enough to ever forget Father's love and tender sympathies when depressing sicknesses struck our home. He often entered the sick room and when I was ill and saw him coming, it seemed like a ray of heaven or an administering angel was coming. To me, he brought sweetness, joy, a happy psychological uplift and a renewed sense of security which were all badly needed. His very presence gave me courage and gave my spirits a boost. He gently patted me under the chin and stroked my face with a tenderness seldom equaled. He certainly gave great strength and the desire to live to lonely little children and assisted them to again pull their worlds together again. I eagerly looked forward to his visits and loved them since his genuine loving and tender words were a great source of joy and comfort at such trying times. I believe that all of the siblings can relate similar experiences about our beloved father.

In conclusion, I do hope that all of us who knew my beloved father and mother will enjoy a reunion in our thoughts about them. During some of our trying times, not all which we can recall can be said to have been milk and honey, but in my twilight years of life with my added perspective gained, I have been able to interpret abrasive experiences with insight which has indeed softened criticisms previously harbored. Father and Mother, I now strongly feel without being hyperbolic possessed many attributes of God and were his servants. It would be a glorious experience to have them here again with us in body and spirit. We all should want to live worthily in order to live the life God Almighty lives in the Celestial Kingdom, a life eternally in exaltation with the Eternal Heavenly Father, our father, mother and departed loved ones as a united family again. We as a family should fully appreciate our heritage and live up to it. This is the least we can do as a family. . . . (Dr. Harold C. Bateman, "A Brief History of the Alfred John – Clara May Hess Bateman Family", 1979, pp. 140-145)

A Tribute to Mother, Clara May Hess Bateman by her son, Dr. Harold Claude Bateman, given at the Bateman Family Reunion held at Crystal Springs, Box Elder County, Utah, August 1958

To quote father, "Mother was more than a woman, she was an institution." She with Father's assistance and support fashioned our family into the fabric of stability, respectability, honesty, chastity, and a strait jacket of character. She was devoted to the Church Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, her family and her friends almost to a fault. Her life was dedicated and primarily spent in fashioning us into being good Christians. Cleanliness and neatness in her personal thoughts and within her housework partook of the nature of a cult. She deeply accepted the divinity and validity of the Church. Little tolerance was shown the critics of the Church or its leaders. She simply couldn't tolerate either. Worries were entertained about her children following the straight and narrow pathway at times. Emotional and spiritual pride surged through her on learning that one of her children had [been] called as bishop, high councilor, or was honored by being called to ward or stake positions of leadership.

Her powers of discernation [discernment] were uncanny in visiting with loved one or a friend. At a mere penetrating glance with seeming powers of mental telepathy, she could tell how one was feeling and sensed the mood. Her sympathy and love for those who were kind and considerate of her knew no bounds. She possessed a soul of great depth and a sweet spirit. She did not have a hypocritical fiber in her body since she was genuine.

Superficiality was thoroughly detested for veneers or cover up found no support with her and as we noted, hypocrisy was not a part of her raiment. You come to know her for what she was – what she stood for in life. Sham, opportunism and falseness were abhorred. She lived and breathed chastity. Sex looseness or permissiveness or permissiveness left her frozen. The great universal verities were her hallowed golden treasures to be lived. Promises were made to be kept – not broken. Stealing was tabooed. Her children's

place on Sunday was in church worshipping for they would not find wrong doing there. She believed in moderation in all things.

A refined sensitiveness was one of her chief characteristics. She could be easily hurt but during her twilight years they were borne in wounded silence. Many hours were spent in isolation of her small family home brooding and wondering about a careless word from someone – about its intent – my advice and solace were sought and given throughout the years. At family gatherings, she seemed starved for attention on a personal basis and loving recognition by her loved ones. Chatty face-to-face visits nurtured her soul.

Life to her was a gift from God – not a precious moment was to be wasted on senseless hedonism. Good health was its priceless concomitant. One's energies were to be used to achieve positive values and to go good for others, in soul searching to move ever closer to God. She was not a devotee of ecclesiastical convention. Several times daily found her on her bended knees seeking counsel from her Heavenly Father. Her faith and belief in Almighty God – and in the next life never wavered. She came from some of the most chosen associates and [who were] with the prophets, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. She possessed a strong desire to see little Russell Arthur and other loved ones who had passed on from this life. All of her children were counseled to seek after the ways of the Lord God and to participate in the spiritual activities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. To do so would develop the participant and everyone would benefit from the growth afforded. We were strongly admonished to avoid the use of alcohol, tobacco and all bad habits.

When letters failed to arrive punctually from family members, she fretted and worried. At the last reunion, I suggested that Alfred write more often when she corrected me to say that Alfred has always been one of the best to write regularly.

At the time of George M.'s major surgery, she worried herself sick about him until advice was received that he had no malignancy. LeRoy's serious cold infections and major operations gave her some anxious moments of concern. She incessantly worried about Lucile and George working too hard. When Thelma, after having been inoculated against a serious disease contracted it, mother rushed to her bedside never thinking about herself, also caught it and had to be hospitalized through a critical period. Othel, Maurice, Rao, Phyllis and all were deeply loved by her. Charlotte [Harold's wife] enjoyed many blissful visits with her and they loved each other deeply. Tender affection and concern was extended to all of her children and grandchildren. She was thrilled and proud when George Gordon, Norman, Richard and others went on LDS missions. Many a dollar was set aside to assist a loved one in need. In all of her good works, she received the full support of father.

Mother never seemed to begrudge the material goods she did not possess. Her investments were made in the spiritual realm. Keeping up with the Joneses did not appeal to her. She used to remark that "Much want more" and never tired of sadly repeating it when she saw her loved ones overextending themselves.

In my reminiscing eyes, I can see Mother everywhere – in the old white topped buggy going to Montpelier to outfit her family; in church, in her kitchen making "Mormon gravy", making and baking the staff of life, churning butter, milking the cows, canning fruit and vegetables, making pickles, feeding the chickens, and pigs, cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing floors, tending the babies, refereeing the bouts of her active family, picking berries, sewing, making laundry soap, carrying water, running the separator, making fires in the old Malleable Stewart stove and feeding it wood fuel, making headcheese, gathering chips and firewood, gathering eggs and performing the myriad of tasks facing her of the early years. I can still see her anxiously looking for letters from Alfred who was in the Army either in the United States or France during World War One. When a letter was received, she was tense and shook with fear praying for his safety. She was a worker who never shirked her responsibilities keeping the house clean and tidy. The clothing was kept clean and the family members well-groomed. The beds were immaculate and we were not allowed to lounge on them. She never ceased to make the world a better place than she found it. She was generous with what she had and reluctantly accepted gifts. One could write on endlessly about her many virtues since she had many.

I herewith quote from my penciled notes of March 12, 1958, the day following her passing: "Charlotte and I went to Beaver Dam one week ago to see how Al and Lavona were getting along. On our return trip, we decided to visit the folks in Logan. We went to their home to invite them to ride uptown to the Bon Marche. We had already given her a nice birthday gift prior to February; we decided to give her a Janssen sweater of her choice. She was 82 years of age last February 26. We also purchased a fine Manhattan shirt for Father to boost his spirits. Then we sat down to the fountain to enjoy some refreshments when in walked George and Lucile. Mother was grateful and so happy that her soul vibrated. Father watched her with his effervescent pride and affection. Later we took them home where we enjoyed a lengthy period of visiting. On our departure, they stood tearfully in their usual places in the doorway to wave good bye to us.

"The following Thursday, Charlotte and I attended Joseph Alma Ericksen's final services and following the ceremony at the Beaver Dam Cemetery, we decided to visit again with my parents. Mother cried over his passing for during her later years of life, she took on a cloak of utter sweetness. She gave me my birthday present five days in advance, a tender peck on my cheek and her blessings. Something was said ere long, we could go over to Willow Park for some picnics again. These were the last words she ever uttered to me or Charlotte with the usual tears in her eyes, good bye and a wave of her arm, we departed. I suppose it is presumptive to think that our beloved parents could last forever in the body as they will in the spirit. Now as Dr. George M. so lucidly remarked, 'She is now but a memory,' as we all will eventually be. Poor old Pap, I wonder how well he will adjust to his new challenges.

The following Sunday, she suffered a massive stroke. I learned of it Monday, and Tuesday after we left her sick bed, I suffered violent stomach pains and was very ill. After prayer and an hour of agony, it left me weak and spent. At home, we fervently prayed, 'Thy will be done.' Mother passed away at about the same moment that I prayed. She passed away with 'her boots on' as she wished to the land of God. May almighty God bless her and may He bless us all."

Short Sketch on Clara May Hess Bateman, My Darling Mother By Lucile B. Johnson

Clara May Hess was born February 26, 1876 in Bloomington, Bear Lake, Utah. She was the 3rd daughter and 4th child of Jacob and Hannah Thornock Hess. She was blessed May 8, 1876 by John Ward, Sr. in Bloomington. She was baptized and confirmed June 5, 1884. She married Alfred John Bateman February 14, 1895 in Bloomington and was endowed and sealed at the Logan Temple October 1895. She was the mother of nine children, six boys and three girls, with one boy, Russell dying at the age of two years and two months. She passed away March 11, 1958, and was buried in the Wellsville Cemetery, March 15, 1958.

I, Lucile Clara Bateman Johnson, her oldest daughter and sixth child, cannot begin to enumerate the many sterling qualities of my darling mother's character. She was one of the cleanest and purest of anyone I have yet seen in life, in her body as well as her soul. She was the very embodiment of integrity, and whenever she gave her word to anything, I always knew she would carry it out to her fullest obligation. She could not abide laxness in her children in keeping their word or performing their duties, and she would chastise them in no uncertain manner if they were guilty of this offense.

Although she would at times, be quick with her anger at any wrong-doing of her family or friends, she would also be forgiving and tender at any manifestation of repentance. She loved with a zeal, I have yet to see her equal, and she gave service to her loved ones when she was very ill or too worn out to be working. She delighted in the visits of her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, and her home was a haven where they all loved to come and partake of her hospitality and her sweet smile. Her dainty little lunches, served on spotless lunch cloths and gleaming silver and dishes, were enjoyed by all who came in her home. She was wonderful at cooking, and always kept a store of pies or cake or cookies to treat us. She won prizes at numerous fairs for her fine nut brown bread.

She was every enterprising and was always alert to adopt new, efficient methods in an ever changing world, her home was one of order. She always kept her bed so fluffy and clean, and as a child, I felt like I was on a

cloud bound for dreamland, and would sink in the oblivion of trouble free sleep in her lovely, soft, feather ticks and quilts.

I loved her delightful stories of the past, and her faith in the gospel and all things good. I loved her sweet songs and the entertainment she gave to my young life. I loved being rocked to sleep in her arms and the feel of her dear, warm body was like a bulwark of security and love. She taught me the power of proper prayer and faith.

I regretted the grief she went through after the death of a little brother, Russell, who died the night I was born. She could not seem to be comforted by the passing of years to take the sharp edge from her sorrow. Sometimes I felt she resented that, because I lived, and her beautiful golden-haired baby boy was taken. One of my earliest memories were her tears falling like rains across my face, crying in despair for her departed loved one. My birthday was not an occasion of happiness, rather the opposite. I never understood until you were called home, my precious mother, the last year since you left has been the saddest I've ever known, and my soul goes searching, searching in vain for the comfort only you can give. Maybe time will heal some of the void of life without you, mother. I am sure you are happy with your dear Russell and others you loved who departed before you, beyond the veil which separates us. I am sure our blessed Savior will be mindful of you, and we will meet again in such a wondrous, joyful reunion as I cannot even imagine. I will try to live the way you taught me and prepare myself for that happy time, not too far distant in the ends of time.

Mother encouraged us in whatever we were called to do and not to be tempted by the wrong. She taught us to be prompt and always be on time to our meetings and school, and she rejoiced in our accomplishments and encouraged us to make use of our talents. She was ever proud of all her family and my brothers and sisters' determination and perseverance in building honorable successful lives. She loved her children by marriage and their building homes of high ideals and raising fine families to bring honor to their parents and grandparents.

She rejoiced in their success and happiness and sorrowed in their worries and set backs. She loved each one of her great family of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren with every beat of her wonderful heart up to the day she collapsed into a deep coma from a cerebral brain hemorrhage on March 9, 1958 at 11:45, Tuesday evening. I was alone with her at the time, and her face was beautiful with such a heavenly smile, and she seemed relaxed from all pain. Othel came shortly after and was comforted by her transfigured appearance.

Mother was beautiful in her 80's, her hair was barely gray, her skin was smooth with few wrinkles, and her eyes were gray and very expressive, according to her moods. She was very neat in her person. Life was a never-ending challenge and each day had a purpose for her. She was never bored or idle. She was a matriarch and counselor to me and my family. We all treasured her opinions and advice. I loved her immeasurably. I delighted in holding her in my arms and calling her, "my darling little mommy." May our Heavenly Father bless her and may she rest in peace in His kingdom. (Dr. Harold C. Bateman, "A Brief History of the Alfred John – Clara May Hess Bateman Family", 1979, pp. 137-140)

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A TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAR MOTHER

by Othel Bateman Jones, Her Daughter

When our wonderful brother, Harold asked me on June 26th of the current year in a letter if I would prepare a tribute to Mother and in these words, he said: "Othel, I have been thinking about some of our past conversations and decided you should if you will, prepare a tribute to Mother since you were so close to her, so loving and loyal in her regard."

I feel this is a great tribute in itself for our dear Mother not only because I feel this way but also her influence has molded the lives of all of you my beloved sisters and brothers and your fine families. I don't think that she is very far away because we believe the Spirit World is in the earth with only a veil between us. How proud she must feel of you all.

Now, Mother has been gone for some 21 years in March but her influence remains with us. Our mother was a gardener - she planted the seeds of love, faith, and truth that developed into the fairest flowers of character, virtue and happiness in the lives of her children.

Now, I have a word to say to you younger ones here who still have your dear mothers and have the privilege of putting your arms around her and tell her that “you love her” because some day, you too will have to say “goodbye” to your mother and then all you will have left is but a memory -memory of the kindness you have shown her or memory of neglect you might have unintentionally in a moment of thoughtlessness given. The fewer of these memories of forgetfulness or neglect you have — the happier you will be. Remember a mother’s love is always with her children. It grows by not giving material things but her thoughts, concern, time and energy. Her love is the shining robe that clings and shelters us against a thousand things.

My mother could utter a word of compassion and make all of my cares to fall away. She could brighten our home with the sound of her laughter and make life delightful and gay. She passed incredible wisdom, wonderful insights and skills to us. In each human heart there is a special concern or corner which only a mother can fill. (Othel presented this tribute at Bateman Reunion July 29, 1979 held at Willow Park, Logan Cache, Utah, Dr. Harold C. Bateman, “A Brief History of the Alfred John – Clara May Hess Bateman Family”, 1979, p. 276)

Rao said: “Mother and Dad raised their family with Love. This was the key. Also, as good parents they worked hard to feed their children, raised a good garden, canned for a cold winter ahead. I remember as a boy, Mother would dry corn. I would help her pick beans. Dad would kill a hog and pickle part of it, [and] put away potatoes. This happened during the Depression. It was a tough go but we got through okay. They taught us to work; and the worth of money, which was scarce in those days.

They wanted this family to have an education; which did pay later on [for] all members of the family that really partook of it.

Mother always said remember your church and be honest. All this has cropped out in their children and also grand children and so-on through generations to come. Dad taught honesty also. They taught the Ten Commandments. Help mate: Find a good wife. This is very important. Her quote was: ‘You have to look across the dinner table at each other the rest of your lives.’

* * *

Rao Henry Bateman was Mr. and Mrs. Bateman’s \$1,000,000 baby boy and he was treated as such as they loved him so much all through his life.

Whenever we visited them at their Logan home they excitedly caught him up on all the news of the family and his friends. They had dinners at Lucile’s and Thelma’s and Othel’s for the family. They picked the best fresh corn and new, big red potatoes for us, took us riding in their Ford car, had the beds all freshly cleaned and made with the white border all sewn on the top of the quilts, fried us bacon they had kept special in their hall cupboard just having it special because were there, and best of all, Mrs. Bateman made fresh whole-wheat bread and cereal and toast from the wheat they had just bought at the nearby mill. When we visited, Mr. Bateman would get in his Ford very proudly and go uptown in Logan and buy us a treat. When he returned, he had bought a Babe Ruth candy bar and would cut it in small sections seemingly as chocolates and [would] pass the candy around.

I would see Mrs. Bateman down on her hands and knees scrubbing her kitchen floor. Each day that Mr. Bateman came home from work or from being out working with his horse, he came in the back door and changed his clothes before he ever came into the kitchen entrance. He loved his race horses and could recite the pedigree of every horse he ever owned, with Mrs. Bateman finally telling him, “She doesn’t want to

hear all of that.” Mrs. Bateman fixed worn shirts by replacing the worn out sleeves with newer ones from dress shirts that were no longer used.

They had a cute little pantry off the kitchen they made good use of. Rao said he would quietly skim the cream off the pans of milk sitting in there and enjoy eating the fresh cream on pieces of bread unbeknown to his mother. Rao said that he slept in the little basement beneath dozens of quilts his mother had made as it was a cold bedroom.

Besides making quilts, she enjoyed making braided rugs out of old suits and clothes and was proud to show me them. She didn’t have to buy the expensive cleaners as she cleaned her sink by using a kerosene cloth. I stayed with them while Rao was called down to Salt Lake to Fort Douglas and to keep me occupied, Mrs. Bateman collected their socks with worn places and had me darn them on her sewing machine.

During the cold winter months, Mr. Bateman would go out in their garage beside their house and warm up the Ford car by racing the motor for quite a long while. He had his horse “Hal Direct”, I believe it was, that he could go out in the corral and pop a long whip and the horse would run right up to him. He enjoyed racing harness horses and won many blue ribbons racing them. He was a big man and possibly inherited his height from early relatives as he said that his relative in England who marched in the “Changing of the Guard” was over seven feet tall.

John and Clara, as Rao lovingly called them, were a proud couple. They were all smiles when we came visiting and cried each time we left. This day and age, we could all learn from them to know how to economize and still be happy. By daughter-law Phyllis Bateman, August 12, 1999

At another Bateman family reunion Phyllis, said “When I went to meet Rao’s folks, we arrived in the middle of the night after riding the bus to Logan. We didn’t have a car until we saved enough money to buy one later on. Mrs. Bateman came out from her bed all decked out with rags tied to make curls in her hair. The next day Mr. Bateman was proud of all his boots and shirts and pants and brought them out for me to see. He then read me the pedigree of all his horses from way back. What a cute couple they were. Then the rest of the family came to see us and as I met each one I sat on their laps and gave them a big kiss. I passed inspection.

“One time Rao and I drove to Logan to visit the Batemans. We went uptown in Logan to do some shopping and left Ronnie and Kyle at their house. When we got back they were all seated at the table. Ronnie and Kyle had white towels around for bibs with half eaten corn cobs in their hands. Being a young mother, I had a fit as I could see my kids having convulsions and sickness from the corn which I had been told could happen. What seemed to be an ungrateful action on my part dampened dear Mrs. Bateman’s spirits. I overlooked she had raised eight fine kids.

The Batemans raised the most beautiful garden each year and would have best corn on the cob and big red potatoes which they had grown and dug out of the garden the same day they were cooked.. Also they had fresh bread or delicious whole wheat toast after getting some freshly ground wheat from the nearby mill. Rao would gather us some apples from their big orchard each year.

One reunion we met at Bear Lake, Idaho. We took Mr. & Mrs. Bateman with us. Mrs. Bateman took some beautiful rolls all powdered and they looked like they were from a bakery. I’ve always disliked winding roads. They are scary to me so it made us a little late driving from Logan to Bear Lake. Mrs. Bateman told Othel I wouldn’t let Rao go fast and made us late. Othel and Morris’ trailer wheel rolled off their trailer that day also as they pulled into the park.

Mrs. Bateman was so dear and let me fix her hair and thought I could do most anything. I didn’t have a driver’s license and Mrs. Bateman and Othel wanted me to drive them uptown and believed I could do it. I did drive up and back without any problem. Rao and I neither one had a driver’s license and applied in Logan. We had no manuals to study and both failed the test, yet we had a car. They gave Rao a license so someone could drive the car. (Phyllis Bateman “Incidents to Know Your Family Better.” July 27, 2002)

Alfred Hess Bateman, son of John and Clara Hess Bateman 2 December 1895 - 27 November 1977
Autobiography with updated material by Dr. Harold C. Bateman

I was born December 2, 1895 in Bloomington, Idaho in a frame four roomed house located near the northeast corner of the Public Square. I was told that I was a very tiny baby when I was born. I weighed less than three pounds and could be put under a bowl. As a baby, I had a sad face and was not too strong physically. I seemed that I was born with a fear of the future and that stayed with me through life.

I remember that during the early period of Father's and Mother's married life they were very poor. It seemed that it was hard for them to get enough food for their family. We as children went bare-footed. Dad was an easygoing and happy-go-lucky fellow during the early days of marriage. Dad used to visit over the fence with Alfred A. Hart. This perennial visiting caused mother to become emotionally upset, as she was of the opinion that Dad should not be wasting his time and should be working to furnish his family with the physical necessities of life. Mother was an excellent house keeper who kept her house clean as a pin and she also kept her children clean.

I remember Dad as a handsome young man six feet tall, dark curly hair and dressed in fine clothes. I recall that Dad's brothers Uncle Fred, William and Steve were handsome proud English-men who dressed well on Sundays or when they went courting. Their sisters, Aunt Margery, Lizzie and Lucy also were people of fine appearance who groomed and dressed themselves well. My mother and her sisters, Aunt Mary, Zada, Lizzie and Addie were fine girls. They were all deeply religious and their greatest desire was that their children would grow up to be good citizens. Our dear mother lived for her children and her greatest reward was to know that each one lived up to the standards of our Church, even before professional success. The first thing she taught us was to kneel down and pray each night before we went to sleep. We were encouraged to attend Primary, Sunday school and other Church services. Mother also taught us thrift and how to save while we lived in Bloomington.

I remember as a tot that my favorite activity was picking up stray cats on the Public Square and bringing them home only to be told that I could not keep them. I remember going to school in Bloomington during the first and second grades. While going to school I went with a group of young children on an apple stealing expedition. We were caught, given a good scolding, but we were allowed to keep the apples. This was my first lesson in honesty. While in Bloomington, I remember my Grandmother Bateman (Anna Wilks) who made me welcome. After dinner she taught me how to wipe the dishes while she washed them. I recall her neat little home, which at a later date was destroyed by fire.

My Grandfather Bateman (George) was a fine English Gentleman who along with Alfred A. Hart later occupied the responsible positions of Bishop of the Bloomington Ward, President of the Bear Lake Stake and the County Superintendent of Schools.

Mother's ancestors were of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry - a hard working people. His wife and my Great-Grand Father Alfred were converts to the church and emigrated first to Evanston, Wyoming and later moved to Bloomington. My Grandfather was a blacksmith and also freighted between Bear Lake County and Ogden. On one occasion he was held up by bandits who relieved him of his entire load which consisted of dressed beef. While we lived in Bloomington, George M. (Monnie) was also born in the little frame house. It was the custom those days to let the children grow long braids. It was during this time that George had long brown braids in his hair that I cut them all off and put them in the trash can. My mother was very upset and I received a good switching. On one occasion we went to Sacrament Meeting in Bloomington, Dad was asked to open the meeting with prayer. I recall that poor Dad went upon the stand, his face turned white and he could not say a word so he sat down. I realize now that I inherited some of his fear.

While we lived in Bloomington father bought about a hundred acres of wild hay land East of Paris, Idaho in the low lands. During the year 1905 father purchased 16 acres of alfalfa land which was located about one mile south of Paris. We lived here for several years. We had fine facilities for ice skating. We would skate for miles and ride a sleigh down the mountain sides. I recall that the three of us, George M., LeRoy and myself, rode a white horse daily to the public schools in Paris. Our Mother's parents Jacob and Hannah (Thornock) Hess live a short distance North on the Highway. My Grandfather Hess was a hard working farmer. He maintained an excellent dairy herd and efficiently operated a medium sized farm. Grandfather Hess was the oldest of 64 children. He was the son of John W. Hess, a member of the original Mormon Battalion, and a Prominent Utah Pioneer who, with his seven wives, was prosperous and helped build the thriving community of Farmington, Utah. John W. held church offices of Bishop and Stake President for many years.

While we lived on the farm, Milford and Acquilla Hess were our playmates. They were our uncles but were about the same age as George M. and myself. Our yellow dog, Toby, died on the farm when he was 12 years old. He was a faithful companion. I also remember that I had some beautiful white rabbits and raised ducks. My riding horse was named Kit. I also owned a mare by the name of Nell.

Being country boys, the city boys had a dislike for us and would run us out of town right after school was dismissed. We would run from them like deer. One boy, a tall Dutchman by the name of Earnest Jaussi, was the leader of this mob. I later had the satisfaction in giving him a good whipping before a large crowd. I later defeated the town bully, Cyril Sutton, in a bloody fight. After these fights I was able to pursue a more happy and peaceful life without being constantly attacked by town hoodlums. This did not occur until after we had lived in Paris for several years. Dad had made me a present of a pair of boxing gloves. I secretly trained for a couple of years which finally paid off. (From Dr. Harold C. Bateman- According to my records, the grandparents first arrived at Ogden, Utah where they were met by relatives (Jarvises) and then were taken to Bloomington, Idaho. Finding no work there, they were compelled to move to Almy, Uinta County Wyoming just a mile north of Evanston where they found work in the Union Pacific coal mines. Father was born in Almy.(Note from Dr. Harold C. Bateman) Also Grandfather freighted between Evanston, Wyoming and Bear Lake, rather than Ogden. My Grandfather Bateman was counselor to Bishop Findley)

After we moved to Paris, Dad purchased a home east of the highway across the street from Bishop Edward Sutton. The W. W. Richards family lived immediately to the North. Mr. Richards was first Councilor to Joseph R. Shepherd, President of the Bear Lake Stake. Russ Richards, son of W. W. Richards, became a close and almost constant companion during the time I lived in Paris. O'Neal Rich became a close companion to George M., Spencer Rich a companion to Roy and Reed Rich was Harold's companion. George M and Harold became Doctors of Philosophy and the three Rich brothers became M.D.'s. Roy chose railroading as his vocation.⁶

I remember the affection Dad had for his sons. After he began to make money in the fall of the year, he would buy all of us a fine suit. I remember his desire to wear fine Stetson hats.

After a year or two, Dad purchased a home with acreage up on Canyon Road. The Paris Creek meandered through a luxuriant meadow grass pasture. Another branch of the stream also flowed through the corral to supply the livestock with all the water they could drink. There was a large barn on the place. By this time Father had accumulated several fine draft and buggy horses. He would stay out in the barn for hours caring for those horses, feeding them hay and grain and grooming and currying them. He also kept his harnesses oiled and cleaned up. Tassels and rosettes were part of the harnesses. He loved to drive fractions teams in a white topped buggy or a black topped surrey. Many a time we went in this fashion to the Bear Lake to have a picnic and to spend the day swimming and boating.

On canyon road we lived in the old house for a while but Dad built a new house. The big front window and the door to the Parlor were made of plate glass. Mother was very proud of the house. We lived in the kitchen and on Sundays a fire was made in the Parlor. Mother had the Idea that she wanted me to be a

pianist, so they bought a nice piano. I drove Tillie Price to St. Charles in our little surrey which was pulled by a white horse. This was the way that I paid for my lessons. I never did develop into a finished pianist.

Harold was born into the family at the O'Neil [Harold said Field] home. He was a distinguished looking young man. He was more like a prince, so I called him "Prince Austie Bamclaim of the Austrian Throne." My favorite little baby brother was Russell. He always sat near the front window and came running and put his arms around my neck. His sudden death brought deep sorrow to us all. Our own son Russell was like my little bother Russell in being affectionate.

Dad had become a successful horseman. He sold a number of stallions in Bear Lake County and In Star Valley. He was in partnership with Gideon Alvord of Logan, Utah. The offspring of these fine horses were sold by Dad and Henry P. Zimmerman in Riverside, California for work in the orange groves. He also bought horses for the United States Cavalry. He was making a better living than the average. After gasoline automobiles became available he was one of the first to purchase a Ford car.

While going to elementary and high school at Fielding Academy, I milked ten cows night and morning. George M. fed and cared for about as many horses. We hauled Yellow pine wood from the mountains and sawed and split it up for fire wood during the winter. During the summer we worked on our farm. We had Saturday afternoon off so we would go to the old swimming hole for a plunge. After the swim we would fish for trout and fresh water chubs. I spent one summer working for Sim Rich. I also spent one summer working for Uncle Joseph Lindford in Afton, Wyoming. The schedule for the day was to start milking, by hand, thirty cows at 4:30 AM. By 6:30 or 7 A. M. we began to work in the field for the hay harvest and the field work was completed by sundown and the evenings milking was usually completed by 11 P.M. I offered my services for \$1.00 a day and board and room. When I left, Uncle Joe gave me \$1.25 and board. A dollar was worth a lot in those days.

Lucille and Thelma, two pretty sisters, came along. I used to tease Lucille. I posed as Uncle Alexander. We had fun. Our youthful days were the best. Othel and Rao came after I left home. In high school I took part in the operetta and oratorical contests. During two summers immediately preceding World War I worked on the hydraulic dredge one the north end of Bear Lake. My title was "flunky" assisting the cook. I also worked as a rigger to move heavy pieces of machinery. George M. was working as an assistant electrician. It was during this period that I accompanied Lyman Rich to Salt Lake City and joined the 145th FA Utah National Guard on August 2, 1917. We camped for a month on the same ground where the National Guard armory now is located. Here we received preliminary training. We were transported by train to Camp Kearney near San Diego, California, for basic training. In Camp Kearney we usually had the week ends off. I would usually go into San Diego and attended a dance on Saturday night and attend Sunday Service. Abraham Tueller who was stationed with the 21st Infantry was the Branch chorister. I enjoyed my trips to LaJolla, California where I was adopted into the Seymour family as "almost a son". The family consisted of Grayce Seymour, her Mother and her brother and a sister. I was invited to stay at the house. They arranged picnics to Torrey Pines and on the beach at the cove where we also went swimming. I was a member for the 145th Field Artillery Band. We gave concerts in San Diego and on the base. The 145th was part of the 65th Brigade, 40th Sunshine Division. Brigadier General Richard R. Young was commanding General of the 65th Field Artillery and Colonel William C. Webb was our Regimental commander. Lieutenant Clarence J. Hawkins was our Band Director. One of the most memorable occasions was an invitation to the home of Madame Schuman Heink which was located at Coronado. Mrs Schuman Heink, who was a world renowned singer, was a friend of Clarence Hawkins. He had taken music lessons from her at the Boston Conservatory School of Music. She had four sons in the German Army and four sons in the U.S. Army.

During August of 1918 we left Camp Kearney for New York by train. On our way we stopped in Tucson, Arizona and took a swim. I remember the shacks that the Negroes lived in on our way east. We were first stationed at Camp Upton, New York on Long Island. After staying at Camp Upton for about two weeks we embarked on a War ship sailing out of Hoboken, New York bound for England. On the voyage overseas we sang many songs such as "Good Bye Broadway Hello France", "Pretty Katie", "Keep Your Shades down Mary Ann". We finally arrived at Liverpool, England. After descending on land, the 145th Field Artillery

Band played the Stars and Strips Forever. This gave us a thrill. After staying at Knotty Ash Barracks in Liverpool we crossed the Channel to LaHarve, France. From there we traveled south and were quartered in a little town near Bordeaux, France.

Women washed their clothes in the streams. They pressed grapes with their feet to make wine. Later we were assigned to Camp De Sue, a flu-infected camp, located 20 miles from Bordeaux. This was a training camp for regiments who used the French 75 artillery piece. Due to an infestation of fleas we lived in pup tents. During the winter many soldiers died from the flu. After the Armistice was signed we sailed for New York City arriving in January. On January 28, 1919 we were mustered out of the Army.

I went home for a short time and then went to Salt Lake City and got a job cleaning coaches for the Union Pacific Railroad. My brother LeRoy joined me and we rented a room together and worked together. We had a room just north of the Temple. In the fall I quit and attended Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah. During the summer time I inspected fields of sugar beets for nematode. After graduating with a Bachelor Degree in Agriculture I continued my employment with the Amalgamated Sugar Company and finished a Masters of Arts Degree. My thesis was entitled "Field Studies of the Sugar Beet Nematode".

It was while I was in a field looking for Sugar Beet Nematodes that I met my future wife, Idella Van Orden. On March 14, 1923 I was married to Idella in the Logan Temple. I purchased a home in Logan near the Cache County Fair Grounds on 3rd West. My wife was a great help with the calculations for my research for my Masters Degree. She also was an excellent housekeeper and cook. She was thrifty and did a fine job of canning meat, fruit and vegetables. I had worked for the Sugar Beet Company for two summers and two full years . . . During May of 1924 I was offered the position of vocational agriculture instructor at Midway High School, Lewisville, Idaho.

I purchased a new Model T Ford car for \$645.00 and drove the car to my new job during the last part of June. Idella remained in Logan for a while until our first child, Alfred Van Orden Bateman was born on August 11, 1924 in the Cache Valley Hospital. After Idella and my son, whom we called Orden, joined me we lived in the L. A. Thomas home and later in the William Walker home. While in the Lewisville Ward I taught in the Sunday School and Mutual. Our next child who was Helen Grayce was born in the Cache Valley Hospital, Logan, Utah April 3, 1926. H. K. Merrill was the doctor in charge.

We moved to Ashton, Idaho where I taught school from July 1, 1926 to July 1, 1929. While in Ashton I was ordained a Seventy on September 2, 1927 and also set apart as one of the seven presidents. I was also the Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes of the Yellowstone Stake, with Idella as secretary, and I was also the Second Councilor in the Ashton Ward Bishopric. I was ordained a High Priest January 13, 1929. Believe it or not. I was also a Scoutmaster.

While in Ashton, many exhibits of Ashton produce such as potatoes, grains etc. were prepared, under my direction, for competition. Ashton was awarded 1st place and many ribbons for four years at the Idaho Spud Show held annual at Shelly, Idaho. One year the high school was awarded 15 cups in competition. Much credit was due to my wife Idella who helped me and backed me 100 percent in these activities. I also conducted evening classes in seed potato production. During Christmas of 1927 the Ashton Seed Growers presented me with a 21 jeweled Hamilton Gold Watch. The Agriculture students also presented me with a nice desk set.

I was ordained a High Priest, January 13, at St. Anthony Idaho. Our final child Russell Rulon Bateman was born Feb. 11, 1930 in the Idaho Falls Hospital with H. Ray Hatch, February 11, the doctor in charge. Our three children while growing up never gave us any worry. They were a pride and joy. They attended Primary, Mutual Sunday School etc. Perhaps we did not give them the full attention that they deserved. It seemed that I was under much stress and pressure of my job. A teacher was never sure that he would have a job for the next year as they hire from year to year.

From July 1, 1929 to July 1, 1938 we lived in Idaho Falls where I taught as Instructor of vocational

Agriculture. While there I served as Supt. of the 3rd Ward Sunday School and Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools of the Idaho Falls Stake of Zion. I was also First Councilor of the Lincoln Ward bishopric. We won first and second places at the Eastern Idaho Fair for school and community exhibits and this with other high lights won while we were in Idaho Falls. Claude Johnson was elected to the American Degree. Our livestock fair held in Idaho Falls annually brought favorable attention. I conducted a number of successful classes for adults and out of school farmers.

From July 24 to November 30, 1938, I worked as Assistant Supervisor for the Farm Home Administration in Logan and Garland, Utah. On December 1, I accepted a position as Assistant Agronomist at Morgan, Utah Soil Conservation Service. In the fall of 1939 we moved to St. George. While in St. George and Cedar City, I served as Assistant District Conservationist, District Conservationist and area Agronomist. Job consisted mainly of farm and ranch planning. I was a member of the Rotary club in St. George serving as the Secretary for a short time. I served as a Group Leader and as Instructor of the High Priests. I served as instructor in the Cedar City Second Ward High Priest Group. I served in the Soil Conservation Service with headquarters in Cedar City for about three years during the spring of 1942 to the summer of 1945 Worked out of Cedar City in 12 Soil Conservation Districts. While in Cedar City, Orden joined the Army in World War II. He went through a number of battles but returned safely. It was in 1941 that we purchased the Liberty Drug Store which we renamed the Bateman Pharmacy. This venture was due to my wife's ambition and desire to go into business. In the management of this store she applied herself whole heartedly which has resulted in building up a prosperous business. It is now located in a new building south of Dick's Cafe and is considered one of the most up-to-date drug stores for its size in Utah or in the USA for that matter. Due to allergies and other things which cause sickness she has not been able to take an active role in the business that she previously took so she is living in Henderson, Nevada where we purchased our home for retirement and old age. Orden is taking the responsibility for most of the active management while Idella is handling the bookkeeping. While we lived in St. George, our three children got married. Orden married Afton Jones of Cedar City and later completed his studies at the University Of Utah School Of Pharmacy in the first graduating class. They have a boy and a girl. Helen Grayce married Glen Kenworthy of St. George They lived in Henderson and had one boy and two girls. Russell after several years in the Navy married Myrna Gaye Barton. He worked as a designing Engineer for Convair in San Diego, California. He is working hard for a degree at San Diego State College. They have one girl and two boys.

I have now worked at Fillmore, Utah since 1952 as a Soil Conservationist — main duties consist of ranch and Farm planning. I have enjoyed this work and the association with farmers, and the staff I work with in the Soil Conservation Service. All of these people have been friendly which in itself is compensation for efforts applied.

I am now in the dawn [twilight] as far as my work is concerned. In a year or two I expect to accept a new way of life in retirement. I will catch up on my reading of history. I expect to do some swimming. Most of all I would like to visit my own children, my grandchildren and become better acquainted with them. Finally, I would like to become a little better acquainted with my wife.

The years of 1957 and 1958 were years of trial. During 1957 Idella lost her mother and father. We loved to take our children and visit with them often. They loved to have us come. Her brother, Harris Van Orden and sister Evelyn passed away also in 1957. These two, brother and sister were the ones we most enjoyed visiting. [Idella's death date was 30 July 1985.]

The passing of my mother was a great shock to add to our sadness. Mother passed on 11 March, 1958. I had the privilege of living with the folks. This experience I treasure as I had an opportunity to relive my boyhood again.

After mother's death, Dad had a major operation which left him helpless and frustrated. His daughters at this date are caring for him even though it is a trial to please him.

Dr. Harold C. Bateman wrote: This concludes my brother, Alfred Hess Bateman's autobiography and I

typed it from his handwritten notes which were sent to his eldest son, Alfred Van Orden Bateman at St. George, Utah. The updating of his record was prepared by me and herewith is presented

Updating Alfred Hess Bateman's History

Alfred Hess Bateman's history is herewith updated from approximately, April 1960 with data which I have assembled through the years. A letter requesting additional material was not answered so all of the sources are my own. It attempts to narrate some of his significant history from the above date until and including his funeral services held in St. George, Utah, 30 November 1977 which were his twilight years. His retirement was officially celebrated with appropriate recognition of his dedicated service in Fillmore, Utah where he worked during the last days of his active life with the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. After his retirement in Fillmore, he went to live in Henderson, Nevada where he and Idella had bought a home and where their daughter, Helen Grayce lived with her husband and family.

Herewith is a highly pertinent news story about his retirement extracted from a Henderson, Nevada newspaper, dated 1 September 1965 as follows:

'Alfred H. Bateman, Soil Conservationist with the Soil Conservation Service at Fillmore, Utah recently retired after more than 28 years of government service. Bateman also worked with the Soil Conservation Service at St. George, Cedar City and Morgan. Utah. He and his wife, Idella are living at 436 Burton Street.

Alfred who made many friends during his years of faithful service while working in the several Soil Conservation Districts was honored at a dinner party at Fillmore given by the Soil Conservation personnel, supervisors, and their wives. Members of the Bateman family who attended were his wife from Henderson, sons Alfred V. Bateman and wife, from St. George, Utah and Russell and wife from Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bateman received an engraved plaque in appreciation for his service. Besides the local Soil Conservation personnel was J. A. Libby, state conservationist, John Metcalf, state soil conservationist, both from Salt Lake City, and Clyde Larson, area conservationist from Richfield, Utah. Each paid tribute to Bateman by their attendance and comments.

While living in St. George, Bateman was a member of the Rotary Club and served as Secretary.

During World War I he was a member of the famous 145th Field Artillery which was known as "Utah's own." He is past president of the 145th Field Artillery Association.

Active in the American Legion he served as department vice commander which was significant and was on the executive committee of the department of Utah, for five years. He served as commander of District No. 7 commander of Post No. 90 in St. George and was a councilor of Utah Boy's State, sponsored by the Department of Utah American Legion for 12 years at the Utah State University at Logan, Utah.

Bateman is a graduate of the Utah State University with a Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts degrees. He was also an instructor in Idaho Falls, Ashton, and Midway High Schools in Idaho for 14 years as a vocational instructor. He also served as a field man for the Amalgamated Sugar Company and for the Farm Security Administration.' This concludes the quotation from the newspaper.

From the contents of the above quoted news item, we learn that Alfred retired the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture during the summer of 1965.

After his retirement, he and Idella enjoyed a most wonderful trip to the Hawaiian Islands to see Helen Grayce and her family who lived there. Their vacation there was beautiful and they loved every minute of it.

Alfred suffered some serious physical ailments which required some major surgery performed by several Las Vegas surgeons which almost cost him his life. Letters from Idella graphically described how critically ill he was and at times he held onto a slender thread of life. He finally got out of the woods with his illness and convalesced but failed to gain his strength back. He had to be careful and never often ventured far from his home. He had to take medication for the remainder of his life and was under the surveillance of medics at all times. Without medication, I believe he was constantly in pain. Idella, too was not well.

Alfred was again saddened when father passed away, 7 March 1961 with pneumonia in the hospital and his Funeral Services were held 11 March Alfred, Idella and all of the brothers and sisters were in attendance. They went with the cortege to the Wellsville Cemetery, Utah where father was placed into the earth close to mother's final resting place. Dr. George Monroe Bateman dedicated the plot. Father's death seriously shook Alfred up.

Alfred and Idella purchased a home when they initially went to St. George when he was transferred there from Northern Utah by the Soil Conservation Service. Prior to her marriage, Idella as a young girl worked in the Lewiston, Utah Drug Store which was operated by her folks. Several of her brothers were licensed pharmacists and one owned a drug store in Smithfield. Idella probably inherited some of her nervous ambition from the famous Merrill family on her mother's side. Two of her close relatives were or had been members of the Council of Twelve of the LDS Church. She persuaded Alfred to sell their home and buy the Liberty Drug Store which was renamed the Bateman Pharmacy. This seemed the logical thing to do since their eldest son, Orden was a recent graduate of the College of Pharmacy of the University of Utah, and was licensed.

It is my understanding after the sale of their home; they lived in the cramped quarters of some rooms at the back of the pharmacy. Soon after the establishment of this new business, Alfred was transferred to Cedar City leaving Idella to run the establishment. Some rumor was current that the Soil Conservation Service officials were not pleased with their purchase of the business so he was moved to Cedar City.

The news item just quoted indicated his community work and his association with the American Legion within the State of Utah. Alfred reported that he lived in Logan 14 years, St. George 17 years, Cedar City 3 years, Fillmore 10 years and Henderson for 5 years. After his major surgery and convalescence, he and Idella decided to move back to St. George. Then too, her daughter and family had moved to the Hawaiian Islands. They purchased a fine home there and its high cost worried Alfred for a time but he got adjusted to it and I believe inflation assisted to placate him. They were confined to their home going to Church and possibly shopping for years but seldom leaving the city limits of St. George, because of fragile health.

The Bateman Family Reunion held at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho on 23 August 1971 was a most glorious one since for the last time on this earth; all of the brothers and sisters were there including Alfred and Idella. Dr. George M. Bateman was the president and had every detail of the celebration well organized. Their daughter, Georgia and her husband, Lehi T. Smith, Ed.D. were present. This was the last time I ever saw Dr. George M. Bateman in this life. Fortunately, I took an entire roll of movies of this affair and in my speech warned of the impending attrition which would soon be experienced from age since all of John's and Clara's "first" family would be soon over 70 years of age.

On January 28, 1972 Dr. George Monroe Bateman who had been laboring around his lot and garage suffered with a heart seizure and was rushed to the Mesa Hospital but soon passed away. This happened so suddenly and was so unexpected by the family that we all suffered great shock. This event was especially hard for Alfred to bear since he had been so close to George throughout his life. His funeral was scheduled for 1 February 1972 in the Tempe, Arizona LDS Stake Center. Nearly all of the brothers and sisters were present at the services at 2:00 p.m. He was interred in the Double Butte Cemetery at Tempe, Arizona. Alfred was exceedingly sad about his passing and attended the services of his beloved brother even though indisposed himself.

The Bateman Family reunions were held during the succeeding two years at Lava Hot Springs and then

moved to Crystal Springs, Box Elder County, Utah or to Willow Park in Logan, Utah. . . .

Charlotte and I [Harold C. Bateman] left for St. George on 9 March 1973 to honor Alfred and Idella on 10 March on their Golden Wedding Day. We stayed at a motel the first night and the next day; we took an excellent tie to Alfred and a bottle of exquisite perfume to Idella. Alfred was elated with the gift and insisted that I tie it on him for their great celebration this day. All of the living brothers and sisters were present. A buffet luncheon was served and the reception was held in Orden's and Afton's pretentious home. Many friends and relatives came to visit Alfred and Idella. I took movies and slides of the excellent affair and later gave them many copies of the pictures taken which were very good. . . .

I corresponded with Alfred over the years and we enjoyed these contacts. His letters have been saved and are in my file. He seemed pleased when I expressed affection and appreciation for his thoughtful and helpful efforts in my behalf when it was greatly needed when I was making my debut in college. My remembrances of his treatment of me through the years are the kindest and affectionate for he always treated me as if I was a very special person. I reciprocate this feeling for I think that he was an exceptional brother and it was difficult to lose this fine brother and do feel that he was a very choice person in the sight of God. Father, mother and all of his brothers and sisters loved and respected him greatly.

Charlotte and I were saddened when Alfred Van Orden Bateman called to advise that his father, Alfred Hess Bateman and my beloved brother had passed away, on 27 November 1977. He reported that his father left home early as was his way on Sundays to go to the East St. George Stake Center for the General Priesthood and the High Priest Group meeting that day. When he failed to return home at the expected hour, Idella called Orden to investigate his absence and whereabouts. He did so and found Alfred still in the car parked in the Church area, lifeless, having evidently passed away suddenly. People who heard of the incident remarked that this was an ideal way to go with his "boots on." . . .

Dr. George Monroe Bateman, second son of Alfred John and Clara B Bateman (12 September 1897-28 January 1972), by Dr. Harold C. Bateman

Dr. George Monroe Bateman carved out a distinguished career and the family is very proud of his record. Briefly discussing his earlier history [editor's note: much of George M.'s early history is quoted from his personal history in the early part of this chapter under the heading 'Excerpts about the John and Clara Hess Bateman family taken out of *From Horse and Buggy Days To The Atomic Age-1897-1971, Memoirs* by George M. Bateman'], it is worth observing that he was the valedictorian of his class while completing a four year course of study in three. He was a high school and college debater and the debate manager at the Utah State University. He had to pay his way through the university since Father and Mother had their hands full with a large family which entailed much expense. Their modest income was derived from their milk cows, occasional sale of livestock and a few laying hens. In spite of severe economic pressures, George M. maintained a straight A average in his grades.

He first entered the Logan College during September 1917. During his university career, he had the necessary aptitude to secure high grades in all disciplines studied. His major areas of specializations at the Utah State University included chemistry with physics and mathematics as strong minors. His outstanding scholarship early attracted the attention of the Department of Chemistry chairman and professor, Dr. Reuben L. Hill who appointed him an instructor in this area. This is a signal honor and attested to his intellectual capacity.

He related the following life-changing experience which occurred during his freshman year at Utah State Agricultural College: "In February 1 accepted a position as a part time assistant in the Utah Experiment Station with Professor Greaves who, at that time, was one of the top men at Utah State in both teaching and research. This position was what I wanted because it gave me an opportunity to work under a capable man, and also solved my financial problems for the remainder of the year.

“A few weeks after accepting this position, Dr. Greaves called me into his office. He was looking at my record book and was very angry. I explained that I had made a mistake in recording data, had torn out the page and thrown it in the waste basket. He stated that it was a very grave offense to tear a page out of a record book and that all of the results in the book would be subject to question because of the missing page. He pointed out that the regular procedure was to draw a line through the errors and move to the next page with the new observations. He further stated that I would be under probation until the missing page was replaced. I felt that it would require the patience and sagacity of Sherlock Holmes to track down the missing page. After a number of inquiries I learned that all of the waste paper from the college was dumped in an empty coal chute near the heating plant. On inspection I found the chute was an underground cavern about two thirds full of waste paper. I almost lost my courage and came very near withdrawing from the college. Finally, I decided to examine every scrap of paper by individually transferring it to the empty end of the chute. I can remember that I started at about 8 P.M., and worked until about 5 AM. with no sign of the missing page. My patience had almost run out and I devoutly called for Divine assistance in my search. Finally, after moving almost every scrap of paper I found the missing page which I carefully ironed out and restored to the record book. A few days later I met Dr. Greaves and he was showing one of his rare smiles. He had the record book in his hand. I told him of my successful search for the missing page and he placed his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Use your errors to improve your weaknesses. Do not try to ignore them by tearing pages out of your book of life." As I look back I am certain that this trying experience had a profound influence on my life.”

On 30 May 1921, George Monroe Bateman graduated in the Commencement Exercises with a Bachelor of Science degree with the highest honors. He had won numerous scholarship A pins during his four years at the college, also the Thomas Medal. His high grades won membership in the prestigious scholastic honor society, Phi Kappa Phi. He later was initiated into the Sigma Xi Scientific Honor Society at Cornell University when he completed his Master of Science Degree in 1926.

During several summers, George M. worked for the International Harvester Company and assisted the farmers in repairing their harvesters. His versatile service to the farmers and to the company makes good reading. During August 1920, he was went to Grace, Idaho to repair some combines, when on Sunday, he was persuaded by some friends to visit the Harris home. On this foray, he met Florence Harris and her parents. He was quite impressed with her since had had noticed her earlier at church with some interest. George was also impressed by her fine parents and always spoke of them with the deepest respect. He left Grace but did not see Florence again for another year since he returned to Utah State University to complete his final year.

After receiving his coveted “sheepskin,” George M. accepted a teaching position at the Grace High School for the year of 1921-22. He was assigned to teach the courses of science. In order to meet the certification for the state of Idaho, he spent the summer studying at the Utah state University summer school taking prescribed courses needed. At the conclusion of two terms of intensive study, he managed to satisfy the professional requirements of certification but found it necessary to go to Paris, Idaho, the county seat of Bear Lake County to take state examinations on Idaho high school methods, and on Idaho State and United States Constitution. He passed the examinations with high grades. During his stay in Paris, he lived with his parents and furnished some needed labor to Father in harvesting the crops.

George M. had such a good time in Paris that he said that he was reluctant to leave for Grace but leave he did. When he arrived there, no brass bands appeared to greet him. He was not thrilled with the community after looking it over but as soon as he got better acquainted with the people, the complexion of things changed when he lucidly commented: “As time went on, I became acquainted with many fine people in Grace and I began to think in terms of personalities, rather than in the physical ugliness of the town.”

During the Christmas holidays, George M.’s room mate got married so he found it necessary to find a new boarding place, which housed undisciplined children so he found it a pleasure to escape to the McGee & Harriet Harris home which was a model of serenity. These excellent people were some of the most highly respected people in the area. During these visits George took an increasingly greater interest in the most

attractive and eligible debutante in the area. In November, George invested some of his hard-earned wealth in a fine stone and presented the ring to Florence.

In the spring, George M. took Florence to meet the parents in Paris during the latter part of May and George happily noted that “the folks fell in love with her as a daughter. On May 23, we left for Salt Lake City where visited with Florence’s sister Viola and her husband, George Matthews. On the next day, 24 May 1922, we were married in the salt Lake Temple.”

He worked that summer for the International Harvester Company and heard of an opening for a principal of the Arimo, Idaho schools. He was offered the position and accepted after securing a release from the Grace High School. During his two years at Arimo, he applied for graduate assistantships at several universities but when one came from Cornell University, after conferring with Florence and after many hours of great deliberation, he decided it was now or never for a better education. Living frugally, they were able to save \$4,000 “Coolidge” dollars. He had an opportunity to purchase a fine farm but wisely decided to go to Cornell University for advanced study. He accepted work during that summer at the Utah Power and Light plant at Grace and while they were there, their first child named Cornella [was born] on 20 July 1924.

In his splendid autobiography *From Horse and Buggy Days to the Atomic Age, (1897-1971)*, he very vividly describes their severe challenges faced during their three years stay in Ithaca, New York where George M. pursued his advanced study for the two higher degrees. While at Cornell University, he won the respect of his peers and the world renowned scientists at this prestigious school. He excelled in all course work taken and in his scientific research. Required coursework and examinations were satisfactorily completed to satisfy the requirements for the Master of Science degree which was received in 1926 commencement exercises. The following year was truly significant one in his life since he wrote a superior doctoral dissertation and passed all written and oral examinations with flying colors and was awarded the coveted degree, the Doctor of Philosophy with a major of chemistry and minors of physics and mathematics in the commencement exercises of Cornell University in May 1927. After receiving this great honor, he would be known henceforth as Dr. George Monroe Bateman which marked an extraordinary achievement. The receipt of this credential proved to be a great source of pride to the entire Bateman family and gave their morale a substantial uplift which was needed. George received some vital information which caused them to accept the offer from Dr. Arthur J. Matthews, President of Temple Teacher’s College, Tempe, Arizona. They received many courtesies from the eminent professors of Cornell and Dr. George M. highly eulogized them for their generosity and humanity.

Dr. George M. vividly describes their boat trip from New York to New Orleans and by rail from there to Arizona. His fine autobiography graphically narrates their hard labors expended to make their new rented home suitable in that tropical climate which boasted of Hell’s Furnaces. His story of their experiences makes absorbing reading. Little time was needed to convince themselves that their first priority was to build a new home. A well-located lot was secured on which was built an attractive home. It was later razed to make room for a rapidly expanding campus. Another new home was built at 515 Broadmor Drive in Tempe where they lived the rest of their lives. They were made happy when another beautiful little daughter, Flora Mae was born on 8 May 1929.

When Dr. George Monroe Bateman arrived at the teacher’s college, it was a small provincial institution without one earned doctor of philosophy on the faculty. The teaching force was seriously in need of professional upgrading and the greater the degree of mediocrity, the greater was the resistance to improvement and change. Dr. George M. sensed the strong undercurrents and jealousies he faced in the faculty. The struggles and resistance encountered faced by the administration of the small college were many as it slowly but surely moved toward a fully accredited advanced degree granting institution. George M. felt the impact of the wrath and bitterness of the struggle and the resentment of the faculty members who were unhappy to have an earned Doctor of Philosophy on the faculty who was agitating for advanced programs which offered the Master’s degree and the Doctoral degree as could be provided by law and by having adequate scholarship on the faculty.

Dr. George M. Bateman was one of the chief pioneer architects in successfully transforming this modest college into one of national and international renown noted for scholarship and quality of faculty. Some of the old mossback faculty members must have either gone to their graves or turned over in them when it was literally saturated with doctorates representing all disciplines epitomized within the context of universal knowledge of a great university. Dr. George initially provided leadership in restructuring the departments as per accreditation requirements characteristic of a university. Colleges were established; highly qualified deans and departments within the colleges were set up. Thus an advanced program or programs were established which offered advanced study leading to master's degrees and doctorate degrees. He lived through a very challenging and hectic period of growth when the school became Arizona State College and finally, Arizona State University.

George M. was promoted to full professor in 1930 which is the highest professional ranking attainable on the campus of a university or college of higher education. George and Florence were blessed with a petite and sweet baby girl 15 October 1934 [Georgia Rose]. . . George M. and Florence were looking forward to the birth of their fourth child the latter part of July 1937. On 30 July 1937, while eating a light lunch after teaching a class, when Florence called him and said that she was in labor. George M. lost his keys temporarily but found them in time to get her to the hospital on time. When his doctor congratulated him to say a baby boy had been born, this on 30 July 1937, George said: "We named the baby Harold Harris, the first name was for my brother and the second was Florence's family name."

George M. served his country again during World War II [reporting for duty 5 October 1941] for two years in the Chief of Chemical Warfare offices in Washington, D.C. Because of bad health in his family, he was released to do work for his country at Arizona State University. He was reverted to an inactive status.

[Editor's note: Some of his experiences in Washington, D.C are worthy of mention. He related: "On Sunday morning, December 7th, the family attended church at Arlington. Since the sun was shining and it was warm, we decided to spend the afternoon at Mt. Vernon which is located about seven miles south of the city of Alexandria. The home of George Washington stands on a beautiful, rolling lawn overlooking the Potomac River as it flows towards the Bay. We were inspired by the beautiful home and its surroundings, and they helped us to better realize the greatness and vision of the "father of our country." Later in the afternoon we returned to Washington and allowed the children to enjoy the many Christmas decorations and displays in the business district. They especially enjoyed "Mother Santa Claus" who was life-like, jolly, rocked back and forth in her chair, and gave a message of Christmas cheer. It was beginning to get dark so we started our return home by Pennsylvania Avenue. When we almost reached the Treasury Building, bells began to ring, sirens to blow, and the newsboys started yelling, "Pearl Harbor Bombed." I was both puzzled and shocked. Daily warnings indicating the danger of surprise attack had been sent to all of the defense establishments in the Pacific area, and yet the Japanese were successful in crippling our Pacific Fleet. The whole event was so upsetting that I failed to concentrate on my driving and, as a result, committed a serious traffic violation by stopping in a safety zone, of all places, on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House. Several policemen were blowing their whistles and all traffic was stopped, while a policeman roughly directed me to move my car to a relatively quiet street near Lafayette Square. He exhausted his swearing vocabulary and then began to give me the "works" as far as violations were concerned. He requested my driver's license, and I also handed him my Army Identification Card. I told him that the bad news had affected my driving. After briefly noting my credentials, he tore up the citation slip and asked me to please drive safely. After this experience we drove leisurely past the German Embassy and noted that it was surrounded by a cordon of policemen. Bonfires at the rear of the Embassy compound indicated that the personnel were destroying their official papers.

"The next Monday morning I was back in the office in full uniform for the first time, and the phone rang. It was a pleasure to hear the voice of my old next-door neighbor and former colleague on the Arizona State faculty, the Honorable John R. Murdock, Representative from Arizona. I accepted his invitation to attend one of the most historic meetings in the history of our country, a joint Congress meeting, where President Roosevelt in an eloquent and stirring speech declared war on Germany and Japan.

“About this time representatives from the various Services were requested to attend a meeting in a small room in the Commerce Building. We were told that the United States and some of its allies were working on a project to utilize nuclear energy for the manufacture of atomic bombs which would be many times more destructive than the TNT bombs. Information was available that the Germans were working on a similar project. Of course, this information was given the highest classification of secrecy. The next day we were called back and told that a mistake had been made in giving us this information, and that death could be the penalty for disclosing it.

“After the Pearl Harbor episode it was necessary to spend long hours at the Office (a temporary building), which was located on the land now occupied by the State Department. Signs were posted everywhere in the building with this warning, "Hitler has big ears." The Defense Department was on a 24-hour basis, and it was necessary to be away from home an average of one 24-hour shift per week. No street or home lights showed during the night in the Washington area, and frequently practice air raid warnings were sounded day and night. In the office we were required to dive under a desk or a table for safety. One of the air raid warnings caught me in the basement, so in accordance with regulations I dived under the nearest table and found that the space was already occupied by a Brigadier General, a beautiful secretary, and a colored janitor. This was a good example of desegregation. The janitor said, "This am de first time I's been under a table with a General, a Captain, and a beautiful secretary." This incident amused the personnel at the Office for quite a while. . . (Bateman, George M. "From Horse and Buggy Days . . ." p. 57

“One day while going through some Plant Inspection Reports, I noted that over ½ million tons of virgin rubber were stored in one ancient wooden building, and this constituted almost the total reserve in the United States. The Office sent a letter to the Rubber Company, which recommended that the stock be stored in several smaller fireproof warehouses, to insure the safety of our reserve rubber in wartime. We received a discourteous reply telling us in effect to keep the "government nose" out of private business. About a week later, the morning newspapers had the following headline, "More than ½ million tons of rubber destroyed by a fire of unknown origin." In my opinion this loss was almost as serious as the Pearl Harbor episode because our Army and Air Forces moved on rubber.

“Our reserve rubber stocks were reduced to a few thousand pounds, and the Japanese occupied all of the major producing areas. It was necessary for our country to turn its attention to the possibility of the development of synthetic rubber. At that time we made a study of the situation for the General Staff and found that a number of American oil companies had formed a cartel with some German chemical firms, providing that research on synthetic rubber be developed in 2 phases: first, that the methods for the manufacture of the monomers (basic or beginning materials) be carried out in the United States; and second, that the process for the polymerization of these monomers into synthetic rubber would be developed in Germany. The American companies kept Germany in touch with all our new discoveries in this area, while the Germans gave us no information concerning their phase of the research. It was, therefore, necessary for our scientists to completely develop this second phase of the synthesis of rubber, and this required time. It was hard for me to understand how our business men could have been so naive on such a strategic problem. . . (Bateman, George M. "From Horse and Buggy Days . . ." p. 59)”

In the spring of 1944, a half a year after returning to Tempe, Arizona George M. was called to the Maricopa Stake High Council by Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve. He related: “In October 1944 President Lorenzo Wright of the Maricopa Stake, LDS held a conference with me. At that time I was a member of Maricopa Stake High Council. He indicated that Bishop R. L. McCook, Sr. of the Tempe Ward had asked to be released because of the illness of his wife. I received this news with sorrow, for I had been closely associated with the good bishop and his family for more than 16 years and had the greatest love and respect for them. I was shocked and almost speechless when President Wright said, "You have been chosen as the next bishop of Tempe Ward.." I had never aspired to this high position, for I had always gained the deepest satisfaction as a teacher; for only at this level can one give service which definitely shapes the character and the advancement of the individual. The assumption of this position would require me to take over the temporal and spiritual leadership of over 400 people in addition to the requirements of my profession. I felt very humble and pointed out that there were several other ward members who were more qualified from every standpoint. In addition to my heavy teaching schedule and position as Head of

the Science Department, I was engaged in several other activities such as Commander of the Tempe American Legion Post, Chairman of the Medical Technology and Nursing programs, Member of the Graduate Council, and Chairman of the Planning Committee for a new science building on the campus. In view of all of these activities, I begged President Wright to "let the cup pass by me."

About five months passed with no further mention of this matter, so I began to feel secure in the thought that the assignment had gone to another. One morning in March 1945, I had just begun my lecture on general chemistry when my secretary signaled that I had a very important telephone call. I requested the party to call me later since I had a class in session. To my surprise I heard President Wright on the other end of the line say, "Ok Brother Bateman, go back to your class but be sure and read the Arizona Republic in the morning. We will see you before the end of the week." The next morning the Republic had a big headline which stated that President Truman had given away several additional billion dollars to needy foreign nations. After some searching, I found another news item which stated that Dr. Bateman, Head of the Science Department of the college at Tempe, had been appointed as the new bishop of the Tempe Ward. I was very much disturbed, but I knew that there was no turning back. Early that morning, congratulations began to pour in by telephone. Many of the non-Mormons expressed their regret that I was leaving the teaching profession to enter the ministry. It required considerable effort on my part to make them understand that my position as bishop was a labor of love and that instead of receiving a salary from the church, it was necessary to contribute both time and money as a lay leader. It should be noted that the LDS church operates almost entirely with lay priesthood and that every youthful member has the opportunity to receive experience and training, which will qualify him for both leadership and teaching positions.

Later in the week, President Wright and his councilors paid a visit to our home and had a meeting with my wife and me. They pointed out that my special mission would be the financing and the construction of classrooms and chapel for the growing ward. They stated that I had a reputation for getting things done. I felt very humble in assuming this position, but my wife gave me her full support and assured me that I would be a good bishop. I selected Grant Layton and C. Ferrel Dana as my councilors. Later Grant Layton was replaced by Theo LeBaron. In a few weeks we completed the Ward organization so that it functioned smoothly. On October 1, 1945 at the quarterly conference of the Maricopa Stake, I was ordained a bishop by Elder Thomas E. McKay, Assistant to the Twelve (Bateman, George M. "From Horse and Buggy Days . . ." p. 69).]

Dr. Harold Bateman's commentary continues: During 1957, the committee on professional training of the American Chemical Society placed Arizona State University on the approved list of colleges and universities and honored him in these words: "Doctor Bateman is to be commended for the contribution he has made in the development of the chemistry program and the selection of the staff."

As Chairman of the Division of Sciences and later of the physical sciences and mathematics, he was active in spearheading the designing and construction of two campus buildings: the agricultural building and the physical science center. It was the huge 256,000 square foot science center which the board of regents name after Dr. George Monroe Bateman. He was an active member of many faculty committees. The noted educator was a member of the Graduate Council for twenty years and of the Administrative Council for fifteen years and was named chairman of the Athletic Board and served as chairman of the faculty.

In 1962, Doctor Bateman was released from his original assignment after thirty-five years of continuous service to the university. The departments of botany, chemistry, physics and zoology began under his direction, and mathematics was included in his division, were university disciplines offering the highest academic degree, the Doctor of Philosophy. President G. Homer Durham in a letter made the following strong statement: "I wish to acknowledge my sincere appreciation for your recent distinguished service as head of the Division of the Physical Sciences. Under your direction the departments of that area have acquired admirable physical quarters and assumed the dimensions of true university disciplines."

With all of his work in the development of the science program at the Arizona State University, Dr. George Monroe Bateman found time for service in the community and in his Church. He was a member of the first

bishopric of the Tempe Ward and later bishop from 1945 to 1949. During this time the ward membership grew from fifty to nearly four hundred. As bishop he was instrumental in planning and building a new Tempe LDS ward chapel. He was also a member of both the Phoenix and Maricopa Stake high councils.

In addition to his experience as an educator, he served in the United State Army during World War I during 1918-1919 and again as an officer in the Chemical Warfare Service during World War II. In 1944, he was commander of the Tempe Post of the American Legion. He is a veteran scouter and was awarded the Silver Beaver for distinguished service to boyhood. He served for many years as a scoutmaster and chairman of the BSA district.

The distinguished Arizona university professor is a member of the American Chemical Society, Arizona Academy of Science and a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In recognition of his outstanding contributions to science and community he is listed in Who' Who in America and American Men of Science.

George M. was very devoted to his family, and he and Florence usually made a trek to Utah and Idaho once a year to attend the Bateman family reunions and to visit. They certainly were loyal and the family appreciated their devotion since their presence was always enjoyed and so the years passed. Their first child [Cornella or Connie] never grew very tall and passed away in Tempe, Arizona 5 February 1950 and is buried in Tempe Cemetery.

On 12 March 1958, George M. was awakened from a deep sleep by a telephone call which advised that Mother had passed away with a massive stroke. They attended her services in the Logan Second Ward chapel. When he looked down at Mother with me at his side while she was resting peacefully in her casket, remarked to me sadly: "Now she is but a memory. I am not going to worry about it." He quietly expressed his great love and appreciation for her many sacrifices made for him and the family.

He was again awakened from a sleep once more 8 March 1961 by a long distance telephone call that Father had passed away from pneumonia. He made another trip with Florence to attend Father's services, 11 March 1961. After the services, the cortege moved from the Hall Mortuary to the Wellsville Cemetery where three years previously Mother was laid to rest. George M. dedicated the grave with a beautiful prayer.

During 1969, a large retirement party was held during the spring for Dr. George Monroe in Tempe, Arizona, which was attended by Alfred, Idella, LeRoy, since I was teaching at Weber State College, did not make the trip. He was greatly honored but he continued to do some teaching and conducted seminars at the university.

All the honors showered on my brother, Dr. George M. Bateman have not been included in this brief sketch. For further details, see his ninety-two page autobiography which he kindly furnished all of his brothers and sisters.

Briefly, a portrait painting of him was commissioned by the Arizona Board of Regents done by Professor Gittens of the University of Utah and it now hangs in the Arizona State University Library. He was honored by being named "The Father of Science at the Arizona State University" by the institutional officials. Another signal honor was showered upon him when the Board of Regents and university officials name the mammoth 220,000 square foot science buildings: "The Dr. George M. Bateman Science Center" which was a very great honor for his services to this great university.

George M. and Florence attended their last Bateman family reunion during August 1971 when he was president of the family organization and he arranged an excellent program. This meeting was held at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho in the good state which saw the siring of all of the members of the family. This was the last reunion that all the family attended for even Alfred and Idella were there. When I shook hands with him in Lava that day, little did I realize this would be the last time that I would see him in this life.

On 28 January 1972, found our brother, Dr. George M. Bateman being rushed to the Mesa hospital in an ambulance where he passed away of a heart seizure. He had been working around his lot and in his garage when he suffered from severe pains in his chest and was at once rushed to the Mesa hospital where he passed away. Most of the family attended his services . . . George M. closed his autobiography with the apropos poem: "I know the night is near at hand, The mists lie low on hill and bay, The autumn sheaves are dewless dry; But I have had my day."

And now just a brief word about his family. Florence passed away ? Flora Mae had several children from her first husband, Robert Preston Curry. Two of the Curry boys, Preston Robert and Jeffrey Stanton have completed mission for the LDS Church and attended Brigham Young University. Her divorce was caused over religious differences, I believe. When they were married, he joined the Church but later went back to the Catholic Church which caused the break up. Flora Mae married Wayne Black and has offspring from him. She earned a Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Arizona State and taught high school.

Georgia Rose Bateman Smith has her college diploma from Arizona State and has taught school. She is married to Dr. Lehi L. Smith, who was a member of the Arizona State University faculty and has his doctorate from Stanford University. Their sons are Lehi Davis and Mark Bateman. They are very active in the LDS Church. He is a stake patriarch.

Harold Harris Bateman has his Bachelors and Doctorate from the Arizona State University. He received his Master of Business Administration from Brigham Young University. He completed his doctorate from Arizona State after his father passed away. He was working in the Dean of Admissions Office at Arizona State University but resigned to accept the Dean of Admissions position at the Santa Ann State College in California. He is married and has a nice family. One son is named Harold.

While he was living, Dr. George M. Bateman was very proud of his fine family and loved them dearly. Cornella and Florence rest near him in the Double butte Cemetery. All of us who loved him find ourselves reminiscing about our numerous contacts with him but all of us will soon join him. (Dr. Harold C. Bateman, "A Brief History of the Alfred John – Clara May Hess Bateman Family", 1979, pp.103-108; see also 161-172; also several excerpts are taken directly out of *From Horse and Buggy Days To The Atomic Age-1897-1971, Memoirs* by George M. Bateman')

Autobiography of LeRoy Bateman (21 March 1900- 6 April 1985) with excerpts from two biographical sketches furnished by Dr. Harold C. Bateman, omitted is repetitious information about LeRoy's ancestry and brothers and sisters.

Note by Dr. Harold C. Bateman- LeRoy was good enough to furnish an excellent short autobiography but omitted some significant history of his earlier life. The author decided it best to supplement his account by filling this gap.

LeRoy Bateman was born to Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman at the new two roomed log cabin home in Bloomington, Bear Lake County, Idaho on 21 March 1900, their third son. He joined his brother Alfred who was born in a one roomed apartment 2 December 1895 and another brother, George M. who was the first to be born in the log cottage 12 Sept. 1897. Alfred was nearly five and George M. about three. His parents were married in Bloomington, Idaho on Valentine Day, 14 Feb. 1895 and they were endowed in the Logan LDS Temple and Mother was sealed to Father for all time and eternity on 10 Oct 1895.

His brother Dr. George M stated 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."

Dr. Harold's narrative continues . . . The two-roomed log house where LeRoy was born was built by Father with the assistance of relatives and neighbors. With LeRoy's coming, Father and Mother saw the handwriting on the wall. The family now totaled five in a small two-roomed log house. It was time to find a

new habitat which would comfortably house a growing family and a farm where they could work and learn the habits of stability since idleness is the Devil's workshop.

George M. tells us that Father developed into an expert horse trader and soon found the Field Home with fifteen acres of irrigated land. He traded the little cottage in Bloomington, some horses, cows and hogs for it. The move was made in 1901 when LeRoy was about a year old which was about one mile to the county seat, Paris and about two miles to Bloomington and was situated on the east side of the main highway.

The new home had two rooms on the west and was of frame construction while the large lean-to on the east was of log construction. This spacious area was used as the large family living room. The two rooms on the west were used for a parlor and a bedroom. Outside of the house to the south was the garden spot with an apple tree and two rows of English currants.

George M. noted that "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."

George M. further advises that "On the 13th of March 1902 a fourth son was born who 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 assignments. . . ."

Mother made straw ticks which were periodically filled with straw and sank geotropically with the passing of time and use. All quilts were also made by mother. She kept the old foot-operated Singer sewing machine busy sewing and mending. The clothing the older members wore and grew out of them was handed down to where they did fit. This meant that I (Harold) usually inherited LeRoy's clothes which were too small for him. Mother made her own laundry soap, did the washing, made butter, made and baked mountains of bread for the hungry appetites of the brood. Very little shopping for groceries was done at the stores as practically all food was raised on the farm or home lot. The folks usually had cows to produce butter, buttermilk, milk and cream and sometimes beef products. In those days, cream separators were scarce and we did not have one until the family moved to the Canyon Road home. More of the details of Father, Mother and the family are included in another section of this study.

Most of the irrigated land parcel of fifteen acres produced alfalfa hay. Father had acreage across a small stream located on the southeast portion of the property where he raised barley, oats and wheat. The wheat was taken to the Bear Lake Milling Company as a grist which was exchanged for flour, whole wheat flour and Germade. The oats were used to feed the horses and I believe he raised the barley for the hogs and cattle.

We noted that LeRoy was a mere baby of about one year old when the move was made to the Field Home. Alfred was almost five and George M. was about three so this was a young family indeed. It would be several years before much heavy labor could be expected from this young crew.

LeRoy attended the Emerson Elementary school and even though we had moved into Paris, and our home was about three blocks from the school, it was quite a challenge to get through the wintry blizzards. All four of the older brothers attended the school when it was held in the old three story rock building which was located several hundred feet west of the newer red brick structure. The two oldest brothers and LeRoy graduated from the Emerson when school was conducted in the old building while I graduated with the first graduating class in the new red brick building. The Paris home into which the family moved was the shabby frame located one house east of the Charles Innes home on Canyon Road just east of the main highway on the north side of the street, directly north of the H. Edward Sutton home. The folks had to labor many days to make the "new" home suitable for living for it was very filthy. The folks did a very thorough job of renovating the place. The house was located on a very large lot but the sheds and small barn were inadequate for father's purposes. We had horses, cows, pigs and chickens there. LeRoy and the other boys

became proficient weed pullers in providing vitamins for the hog chorus.

Our neighbors through the block to the North was the Wilford W. Richards family. On the West which was a corner lot lived the Charles Innes family. To the East were the Wooleys and just east of this family was the Wash Nebecker family which consisted of Jesse, David, Irene, Johnny and Asa. As George M. pointed out in his autobiography, LeRoy and all of us had to fight about every boy in our age group in order to gain status in the Parisian jungle. LeRoy took the measure of Asa Nebecker, Rex Sutton and the other youthful pugilists of the town. Alfred and George M. vividly described their bouts in their autobiographies.

LeRoy and I with the rest of the family belonged to the First Ward of the Bear Lake LDS Stake. Our bishops were Thomas Humpherys, H. Edward Sutton and Daniel C. Rich. The Stake Presidents included: William Budge, Joseph R. Shepherd, William L. Rich and Roy A. Welker who were all very good men. I seem to recall that Ola Transtrum also was a Stake President.

LeRoy and I belonged to the Brave Eight Boy Scout Patrol when George Monroe Bateman, our brother was the Scoutmaster and his assistant was Oneal Rich. LeRoy's close friends consisted of Spencer H. Rich who was his best bosom buddy which lasted throughout life, Rex Sutton, Roscoe Price and others. I suppose the evil genius; Asa Nebecker could be called a friend. Dr. Spencer H. Rich passed away 1 Dec. 1977 which gave LeRoy a severe shock and set back. Then it happened the Rich family tried to locate LeRoy but were not successful so he missed the final services of his good friend.

I gave Asa the title of evil genius and by that was meant that he insatiably worked on the Paris youth to introduce them to Bull Durham, Horseshoe, Prince Albert, Velvet, Granger Twist, Snuff, and in the beverage field, Old Crow, Sunny Brook, Old Taylor and other fancy brews.

In my autobiography, I wrote: "LeRoy and I found many bellicose young hellions in Paris. Under the careful tutelage of Charley Crawford, town kid fight promoter, we bloodied noses, beat up young ruffians, bestowed black eyes liberally and gradually balanced the power strata. We did not prefer this way of life but this was necessary for survival. We found it satisfying to find positions of status and acceptance even by the mobs of Paris. The lack of it promoted fears and strong feelings of insecurity. We experienced a feeling of satisfaction to know that at long last that we belonged and were accepted as equals by the young hoodlums of the Paris village.~

LeRoy had numerous fights on the streets of Paris and on the Emerson Elementary School Grounds and the one I best remember was his great bout with the famous, Asa Nebecker already alluded to in this chapter. He took full advantage of LeRoy's good sportsmanship during a neutral rest period by striking him with his hardest punch in the eye. This impaired his eyesight in that the harm will last a lifetime. In all of his fights, he usually emerged the victor. LeRoy was a pleasant person and was usually not hard to get along with and never sought trouble but he could never be pushed around by anyone. He had courage and was never a coward. If pushed too far, he could give a good account of himself. No one ever did the thinking for this young man. Whenever I had any controversies with him, I am quite sure that I was responsible for my share of the tiff. At this late date in 1979 I am happy to say that my feelings are warm and kindly towards my brother for he was always interested in my welfare and befriended me when certain gangs unfairly attacked me. The instructors of Emerson were kept busy stopping the student fighting.

LeRoy was a fine baseball pitcher for the Paris First Ward team with me as the catcher. Even at school, the town was divided between the First and the Second Wards. Our ward usually won their games from the Second Ward which did not please them. Their best pitcher, Henry Ashcroft left their team to join with ours which proved a bone of contention.

LeRoy and his friend, Spencer Rich had some problems with Spencer's brother, Dan C. Rich who was the principal of the Emerson Elementary school. Dan had a surly temper and was later bishop of the Paris First Ward. He held regular conferences with father, fearful that LeRoy would join Spencer in ganging up on him. From where I stood, I decided that Dan was too rigid and suspicious. He did not seem to understand to youth and lacked a sense of humor needed to cope with superficial problems. A little understanding of the

youngsters and humor would have solved most of his problems.

LeRoy labored with the Deacon's quorum, sawing wood for widows and for heating the wooden frame chapel of the First Ward. The building was heated by large pot bellied stoves which had enormous appetites and the principle fuel used was wood. Ulrich Stocker was an elderly Swiss convert to the LDS Church was the janitor and he did not appreciate the mischievous exploits of the young sons of Zion and had his share of trouble with them. He had a bad temper and a lack of humor which encouraged the youth to tease him. On one occasion according to George M., he chased three future LDS Bishops through the chapel with an axe at the speed of light and George M. was one of them.

The old swimming hole known as Sandy Point was used by the youth of Paris First Ward and if it could talk, it could tell many a story about the boys who swam there. It was a chilly swimming hole for the water flowed from the stream from the fountain head spring in the Paris Canyon. The settlements of Bear Lake were usually built adjacent to the fine running streams of fresh water which came from the springs in the canyons. LeRoy was an excellent swimmer.

During LeRoy's tender youth, he assisted father harvest his crops such as alfalfa, timothy and grain at the Field Home farm and wild hay Bottom's ranch. One summer some eleven stacks were harvested at father's two farms and at Uncle Fred's wild hay ranch. Haystack fences and field fences were repaired and erected to keep pastured animals out of the haystacks and to keep them in our pastured areas also to keep strays out of our ranches. Hands of the barbed wire crews sustained many a tear so the iodine bottle and the repair kit were kept handy. LeRoy mowed hay and raked it. He operated the bull rake when father secured a Dam hay stacker. Father preferred to work on the stacks since he desired to reduce the spoilage to a minimum. Some trouble was experienced with the bull rake teeth penetrating soft spots at the wild hay meadows. Any twisting of the rake would break the teeth and incinerate father's temper. Where care was exercised this did not happen. If broken,, they had to be replaced which was not only an expensive matter but was also time consuming. LeRoy will testify that there were very few idle and calm moments on the farm with runaways and accidents. Even in the milk shed were kicky milk cows. He and others of the family survived numerous accidents without too serious consequences.

LeRoy worked for Amasa Rich, Spencer's father several summers during the haying seasons. His friend later secured his MD and practiced medicine in Bear Lake Valley until he passed away in 1977. The people loved this man for he was very human and humane. His personal concern for people and his patients was genuine. LeRoy loved this fine man very much.

LeRoy described his going back to Paris to graduate from the Fielding High School and his school at Brigham Young College in Logan and his teaching at Menan 6th grade. He gave a brief account of his encampment with the Utah National Guard at Fort Lewis, Washington. He went into railroading and had some economic ups and downs and moved to Millville where the family lived four years and Joyce and Richard were born in the Logan Hospital but moved back to Idaho where they lived in various Places and finally bought a twenty acre farm at Blackfoot where he traveled home on weekends and worked at the UP Railroad shops in Pocatello.

Alice, his wife gained too much weight and suffered a massive stroke and passed away 23 May 1972 several months after Dr. George M., a brother died. The following obituary appeared in the Blackfoot newspaper on 24 May 1972:

ALICE Mary HALL Bateman DIES

Mary Alice Hall Bateman, 65, a long time resident of Groveland area died Tuesday, May 23 at 11:30 a.m. at the Bingham Memorial Hospital, following a stroke. Mrs. Bateman was born Dec. 1, 1906 in Annis, Idaho, the daughter of Herbert F. and Margaret Clark Hall. She received her education at Annis and Menan. She married LeRoy Bateman, May 24, 1925 in Rigby. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. They lived in Pocatello, Millville, Utah and Twin Falls before coming to Blackfoot, 31 years ago. Mrs. Bateman was a member of the LDS Church and had served as a member of the Primary teaching staff, Sunday school teacher

and Relief Society teacher. She was a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and was a correspondent for the Blackfoot News for many years. She enjoyed handwork and sewing. Survivors include her husband, LeRoy; three sons and two daughters: Glendon H. Bateman, Provo; Thomas H. Bateman, Santa Barbara, California; Richard Charles Bateman, Castro Valley, California; and Mrs. Lon Que Adams, Orem, Utah; and Mrs. Arvid Samuelson, Blackfoot; 18 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren; two brothers and one sister; Earl Hall, Frank Hall and Mrs. Artemissia Anderson, all of Annis.

Funeral Services are tentatively planned for 2 p.m. Friday, May 26 at Groveland LDS Ward Church with Bishop Orson Cox conducting. Interment will be in the Cedar Butte Cemetery, Menan. The family will receive friends Thursday from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Sundberg-Hill Funeral Home.

The family members attending the fine services included; Dr. Harold C. & Charlotte Bateman; Lucile and Miles, Thelma and Charles; Rao Henry and Phyllis; and Othel. Maurice attended the viewing. Bishop Rao Henry gave the family prayer and I noticed LeRoy seemed crushed by it all and so ended the day.

LeRoy sustained a serious accident in January 1979 which almost cost him his life but I was pleased to meet him at the family reunion, 29 July at Willow Park, Logan with the largest contingent of Batemans to attend and he seemed to be doing nicely. Rao seems to have fully recuperated from his broken kneecap. Roy was carrying a cane and looked quite distinguished with it. He was in good spirits and if anything was sharper mentally than he was last year. Currently, LeRoy is caring for himself at his home outside of Blackfoot under the watchful eyes of his lovely daughter, Margaret Samuelson.

Autobiography of LeRoy Bateman 21 March 1900 - 6 April 1985

I was born on March 21, 1900 at Bloomington Bear Lake County, Idaho, the third child of Alfred John Bateman and Clara lay Hess. The family consisted of 6 boys and 3 girls. My father farmed about 140 acres of land with some stock and also raised and raced harness horses as a side line.

We the family moved from the home in Bloomington to the Field Home, about a mile south of Paris, the County Seat where we lived until 1907 when we moved into Paris when I was about seven years old. I attended school at Paris at the old Emerson School and later Fielding Academy. The last two years of high school, the name was changed to Fielding High School. I worked at railroad and construction work in Salt Lake and Ogden areas. After two more years of school, I graduated from Fielding High; I graduated in the spring of 1923

During the summer of 1922 I with Russell Clayton and Don Dennio worked at Fall River, California on a power house and darn.

The summer of 1923 was spent working at Laramie, Denver, Park City and Teton Basin.

After school started in the fall of 1923 I enrolled at Brigham Young College in Logan Utah. After a year of school work, I graduated with a Normal Teaching Certificate to teach elementary education.

Parts of the next summer were spent at Fort Lewis, Washington with Battery F, 145th Field Artillery, Utah National Guard Unit at Logan, Utah. The rest of the summer, I worked at Arthur Copper Mill at Magna for Utah Copper Company. When school started I found a job at Menan, Idaho public school, teaching the 6th grade. I was also coach and took the kids around to different schools for games. I was lucky in winning most of them.

At one of the games, I met my future wife, Mary Alice Hall, daughter of Hubert and Margaret Hall. Mr. Hall farmed several hundred acres of land. Alice and I started going steady and decided to marry when school ended which we did at Rigby, Idaho May 4, 1925. During the time I was teaching I received \$100 a month in the form of school warrants which had to be cashed at the bank at 5 per cent discount hence the salary was actually \$95 a month. After school ended I went to Pocatello and enrolled at the Idaho Technical Institute. By the time school was out I found we were broke as far as money was concerned. I went over to the U.P. Railroad and applied for a job. I was hired at 39 cents per hour and promised a better job later. I proved out which resulted in a better job and more money later.

Our first child was born in December on 3, 1925 and he was a healthy boy. We named him Glendon Hall Bateman. A lay off at that time resulted and a large number of men lost their jobs so I went job hunting. I located a job at Conda near Soda Springs. I worked all summer and the family liked it there. We got water from the Hooper Spring of Oregon Trail days. It was a very pleasant summer.

That fall, Uncle Pete of the Union Pacific called me back to work so we moved to Pocatello. The job held steady for a few years. Alice taught in the Primary and I recall that she enjoyed her Church work at this time. Glendon wandered away from home a couple of times and we had the police cars locate him in Pocatello.

During the summer of 1932, I was laid off work and lived at Annis. Tom was born on August 2, 1932 and was given the full name of Thomas Hess Bateman. He was lively and fascinated with the deep and swift flowing stream of water that flowed by the house and it was a constant worry to us. I was called back to work late fall in 1932 and was laid off again in early spring when we moved to Millville, Utah a small town south of Logan. The depression was on and work was scarce and irregular. We lived here about four years and Joyce was born here, Dec. 31, 1934 and a boy, Richard Charles, May 4, 1936. The days at Millville were tranquil. Two cows were bought and a garden was grown. Grandpa Bateman or Dad kept some of his horses on the place including Hal Direct.

There were lots of trees around and also bushes. Glen and Tom spent much time watching and studying birds. It was an interesting place for boys. I bought a 22 rifle for the family when I wasn't home and Glendon accidentally shot out a window before he learned to use it.

Harold and Charlotte and their boys, Jack and Alphy used to come to the farm occasionally for picnics and squirrel shoots.

On one visit to Grandma's place in Logan, next door to Harold, I had in my pocket a stick of S & W unsweetened licorice. Grandpa was at work and after petting Hal Direct (the trotting horse) on the nose and talking to him I wandered to the front lawn and sidewalk. The sidewalk had been freshly swept by Grandma and was very clean. I was sucking on the candy which turned my tongue black. Then I imagined that I was chewing on tobacco and decided to see how far I could spit. Well this was really fun so I just kept on spitting because the black juice showed up so well on the sidewalk. I filled my mouth with more licorice and kept on spitting. In about fifteen minutes I had the entire sidewalk pretty well covered with black spots. Surveying my work, I was very pleased. And then Grandma came out the front door, surveyed the scene and let out a shriek of displeasure. "Oh, my lovely sidewalk. It will never be clean again!" she wailed. She grabbed me by the ear and led me to the brooms and water hose and I had to help her scrub the sidewalk until it was clean again which took a long time from a child's viewpoint. I never spit any more licorice on Grandma's sidewalk! My age? I really don't know except I was maybe ten or eleven, I guess. (Tom Bateman. "Memories about Clara Hess Bateman", 23 July 1999)

When work picked up again at Pocatello, we decided to move back to buy a new home on a half acre of land. It had a nice raspberry patch and we had a cow and some chickens.

I was laid off work Christmas season of 1936 and we were unable to make payments on our home so in March 1937 we moved to a little farm at Twin Falls where we could make a living until I could work again. We ran a 20 acre place, raised hay and grain for our cows which numbered 7 and sold milk in Twin Falls to a creamery called Jerome Coop.

I was called back to Pocatello and the family took care of the stock. • I came home Saturdays and Sundays and went back Mondays. Adjoining the farm was a golf course so the kids acquired a lot of golf balls. There was also a river canyon and a stream called Rock Creek. It was a good place for fishing with lots of pools and fast moving water. It was here that Tom caught his first fish. He got his limit on the opening day but his luck has seldom been that good since. Tom and Glendon went to school in Twin Falls, Glendon in high school, Joyce and Tom in the grade school. We had natural springs in the bottom of the pasture and gathered excellent water cress from these pools. Pearl Harbor was bombed while we were on the farm with Tom and Glendon becoming very patriotic.

At this time we decided to buy a farm instead of renting. We looked at land in Jerome, Burley and Blackfoot. We found one at Blackfoot that looked good so began to make plans to move in the spring. About this time, our last child, Margaret was born. She was a lively healthy baby and a great comfort to us all. She was a very beautiful child. We had some fine neighbors in Twin Falls, the Perrys, Thamerts, Boones and others and I really disliked leaving Twin Falls as it is a nice place to live. It is a progressive city and a rich farming community, one of the best in the world. Our closest neighbor, C.L. Lewis was a fine man, also Art Boone. Tom and Joyce had a good friend Pauline Lewis who was about Tom's age, a blond girl and they had lots of fun together.

The move to Blackfoot was a good one for the family. I was closer to work and the community was friendly so the kids developed a lot of lasting friendships. Our memberships were transferred to Groveland Ward and the family became very active in the ward and enjoyed their Church work. The old school house was burned down just before we moved so the kids had a new school. Glendon was in Blackfoot High and graduated in 1943. About this time I was transferred to Blackfoot from Pocatello as a car inspector and took care of cars on the [lackey and Aberdeen branches and also car service at the Blackfoot sugar factory.

Glendon joined the Air force in July 1945 and spent over two years in the Service. One year was sent in Germany where it was his privilege to attend War Criminal trials at Nuremberg. He also went on a tour of Europe and on his way home visited Rome, Paris and Milan. About this time we finished paying for our place and it made us happy to know it was our own. Life settled down to a peaceful pace and the family especially the children became very active in the ward. It was a period of growth and development worth much to the family because they became a definite part of the community and you might say sank their roots. Blackfoot and Groveland became their home. A person usually has only one place he can fondly call home and that is what happened in their feelings concerning Groveland and Blackfoot.

On November 17, 1945, Glendon married a Pocatello girl, Donna Lee McKinley in the LDS Temple in Logan, Utah.

The school years went by fast and the kids had fun as most do in school. Tom graduated from high school in 1950, Joyce in 1952, Richard in 1954 and Margaret was a freshman in high school. The children seemed to be rapid learners and all did well in school.

Alice was busy at this time with Relief Society and Primary work. Joyce and Margaret were active in MIA work. Joyce was awarded the Silver Gleaner Award and taught a junior Gleaner class. Tom and Richard were both active in Scout work both holding the Eagle rank and other awards. Tom also served as Scoutmaster for a period of time.

Glendon served an apprenticeship for the Union Pacific as an electrician and served some years at Pocatello and Idaho Falls in that trade and also Pasco, Washington and is now on the staff of the Brigham Young

University in Provo, Utah. He and Donna have 2 boys and 3 girls, all married except the youngest boy named Scott.

Tom decided to attend college. He went to Ricks for two years. He lost his left leg in an unfortunate accident while home. His leg was injured in the power take off and it was necessary to amputate it. He went to school at Idaho State University and also at University of California at Santa Barbara. He has a Bachelor of Science degree and has taught the last few years at Pocatello High, Highland High and at Santa Barbara and Ventura, California. His most recent teaching assignment has been at Purdy, Missouri. He has 120 acres of land at Purdy which he and his family operate. He married Sonia Johansen and they have 4 husky and healthy sons. She graduated from Richfield, Utah High School.

The years of 1954 and 1956 were bad ones for the family. Tom lost his left leg in the power take off accident but has done well with an artificial limb. I had a trip to the hospital because of prostate trouble and after an operation returned to work. Then later, I had two hernia operations but recovered.

On 18, 1953 Joyce and Lon Que Adams married in the Idaho Falls Temple. He is from Orem, Utah and had just returned from a tour of duty in the Service stationed in Japan. They lived in Pomona and Montclair for awhile but are now living in Orem, Utah where he is on the staff at Brigham Young University [since retired]. They have 4 children, 2 girls and 2 boys. Three are married and 1 boy is home in school.

Richard served a mission in the Southern States. He became engaged to Barbara Blachand from Chester, Idaho and after serving his mission, they were married. They went to California to live and he became an insurance executive. He has his own business and lives in Castro Valley just south of Oakland. He and Barbara have three children, 2 girls and 1 boy. They were married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.

Margaret was in high school and going with a boy from Blackfoot area. His name is Arvid Samuelson and they were married shortly before Richard and Barbara. They were also married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple and they have three children, 2 girls and 1 boy. The oldest girl Shirley is married and they have twins, a boy and a girl and they live at Layton, Utah. Arvid is an automobile mechanic and is employed by the city of Blackfoot.

On May 2, 1972, Alice, my wife had a stroke and after 21 days passed away. It was a great blow to me and also to the family as she was a very devoted mother to her children and also a faithful wife. It was indeed a blow to us all. She was buried at Annis, Idaho Cedar Butte Cemetery close to where she was born. Her father and mother are also buried close to her.

Last winter, January 3, 1979, I slipped on ice and broke my left leg and hip. After a spell in the Bannock Memorial Hospital at Pocatello, I had surgery and am now recuperating very slowly it seems but Dr. Richard Gresham who performed the surgery says I am doing OK but it seems like a long time getting back to where I was before the accident. I have to use a cane to walk but have hopes that I may be able to walk with it discarded some time in the future but the doctor says I may always need it.

LeRoy Bateman passed away 6 April 1985 and was buried at Annis, Idaho Cedar Butte Cemetery.

Autobiography of Dr. Harold Claude Bateman 13 March 1902 – 14 March 1992

This is an edited version taken from two autobiographies contained in Dr. Harold C. Bateman's history of the A.J. Bateman family. He stated at the beginning of his second autobiography: "This is an abridged autobiography taken from my more comprehensive one. I felt that my brothers and sisters would be somewhat less interested in my story containing so much highly personal data and would prefer instead more of a quick survey. Included in both are significant information concerning my beloved wife, Charlotte, my three outstanding sons, their wives and their families since they have all played such an important part in my life. I have attempted to include some of the salient facts of my life in this brief

report.“

I, Dr. Harold Claude Bateman was the fourth child and the fourth son of Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman and the only child to have been born at the Field Home which was located one mile south of Paris, Bear Lake County, Idaho. The significant event occurred on 13 of March 1902 . . .

. . . the stork brought the fourth son to further complicate their living . . . and initially they named him Claude but [when]the Wilk's relatives bitterly accused them of stealing the name, the folks quickly changed the name to Harold. Later I decided to keep both names Harold Claude Bateman.

The two older boys attended school during the years they lived at the Field Home in Paris. All of the youngsters found the youth at the Emerson School to be pugnacious and very bellicose and all of us had to fight to gain status with the Paris savages. The winters were so severe that father and mother in order to protect their children from the vicious wintry blizzards decided to move into town in order to be nearer the schools and the Church so they purchased a small frame home located on East Canyon Road next to Charles Innes's home on the North side of the street. The house was too small for the family and its other facets were hardly suitable for father's horses and livestock so they decided to find something more suitable. Father was pleased to learn that Marvin Allred had a place about one block west of the main highway up Canyon Street. The three acre land parcel had a large barn- like house, sheds, chicken coop a large corral and the property had two excellent streams of fresh water criss-crossing at convenient locations which made the area more valuable. This was an ideal place to be for our new home and father quickly closed the deal. Much remodeling was done in order to make the house livable during the bone chilling Bear Lake winters.

Little Russell Arthur was born in the small frame house on 14 October 1907 located on East Canyon Street and he was a lovely beautiful baby much loved by members of the family. After about a year after his birth, the contingent moved into the large Allred house. About one year after the move was made, this choice little spirit passed away with what Dr. Ashley diagnosed as inflammation of the bowels which I have later decided was a broken appendix. The silver lining of this tragedy provided solace in the birth near the time of his passing in the arrival of their first baby daughter from heaven to be born into the family and our first very pretty little sister who was given the name of Lucile Clara Bateman. Mother was not able to attend the funeral which was a sad one and little Russell was buried in the Bloomington Cemetery since father said the ground was drier. The birth and the death occurred on Dec. 14, 1909.

My educational career commenced in earnest when I fearfully trudged to the old rock Emerson School on 7 September 1910. My years there were quite fruitful time where I engaged in playing baseball, basketball other sports. At mother's urging I participated in a school wide spelling contest and won it with a 105 per cent performance which surprised me very much. I next went on to win the District Contest and went on to win the Bear Lake County Spelling Championship with all contest being won with a 100 per cent performance. Some excellent books were won for myself and some for the Emerson School Library. This experience did much to build my morale and self confidence which have lasted throughout my life. Principal W. W. Richards was a very happy man that evening and I was treated like a real celebrity. I was among the first class of graduates from the new red brick building on 1 June 1918.

On 4 June 1910, Brother Adolph Hunzaker took me down into the waters of baptism into the icy creek of Grandfather's pasture across the road from the old creamery. The following day, Brother Christian Tueller confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

A second lovely little daughter blessed the home when Thelma Larita came on 29 January 1912. She was a very lovely little baby and she and Lucile made the family very proud. Thelma was the first child to be born in the new home recently built. Lucile was the only family member to have been born in the old Allred castle.

About five years later, another lovely little heaven sent girl arrived in the new home on 24 August 1917 and

she was given the name of Othel. She too was royally welcomed by the family and took some of the attention away from Lucile and her little sister, Thelma. A little less than two years later, the stork got caught in our chimney and delivered another fine looking son who was given the name of Rao Henry Bateman which answered the prayers of the parents in being blessed with a future cattle king who arrived 18 April 1919 whom they named after father's good friend, Henry Zimmerman and a celebrity living in Bloomington. This completed the family for he was the last one.

After Alfred, George M. LeRoy and I finished the elementary grade courses of study; all of us entered and completed our secondary school studies at Fielding Academy which is a magical name to me at this stage of life. I spent my Sophomore year at Logan High School when the folks moved to Logan, Utah during the school year of 1919—1920 where I received essentially a straight A average in scholarship. The two older brothers and I completed high school in three years with George M. emerging as valedictorian of his graduating class. LeRoy drooped out of school for a time to work but returned home to graduate. Lucile and Thelma entered the Emerson School in Paris but completed their studies in the grades and high school in Logan, Utah. Othel and Rao received all of their elementary schooling and secondary education in the Logan City Schools.

Alfred was a veteran in World War 1 who went to France as a member of the 145th Field Artillery Band but when the Armistice was signed in 1918, he returned to civilian life and home to nurse the family back to health from the ravages of the terrible influenza. His cooking was not appreciated by his loved ones while the family was seriously ill with it. Alfred had the flu while stationed at Camp Kearny, California. George M. also had it while serving in the SATC at the Utah State University during the war.

George M. Bateman entered higher education at the Utah State University, then called the Utah Agricultural College in Sept. 1917. After the war ended, happily he persuaded Alfred to also pursue further education at the Logan college. George graduated in 1921 after being honored in many ways for his superior scholarship and in other ways in winning his Bachelor of Science degree with majors in Chemistry, physics, and mathematic in which he excelled. Alfred well in his studies and graduated with a B.S. in 1922 with a major in Agronomy and Smith—Hughes Agriculture. He found employment with the Amalgamated Sugar Company as a Nematode field man. He continued his studies for the Master of Arts degree which he received in the 1924 Commencement Exercises of the Utah State University. He wrote an outstanding dissertation concerning the sugar been Nematode which was later published as an official bulletin released to the farmers by the Utah Experiment Station. Alfred later taught Smith-Hughes agriculture at a number of large Idaho high schools before accepting employment with the soil Conservation Service with the United States Department of Agriculture where he served until his retirement in 1965

George Monroe Bateman was initially employed at the Grace High School Idaho and spent two years as principal of the Arimo, Idaho schools. After teaching at Grace for one year, he married Florence Harris in the Salt Lake LDS Temple 24 May 1922. Alfred married Idella Van Orden in the Logan LDS Temple 14 March 1923. After LeRoy taught for one year in Idaho, he married Alice Mary Hall 4 May 1925 but later were endowed 18 Nov. 1953 in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple

Alfred was always very considerate of my welfare and assisted me to find work during the summer of 1921 which enabled me to Enter Utah State University in the fall of that year. During my four years there, I took Advanced ROTC, joined the Phi Beta Rho fraternity, belonged to several clubs, was a ca[taom in the ROTC and President granted me scholarships for two years. Dr. M. H. Harris appointed me as his assistant to grade papers and to conduct classes in his absence during my Senior year. My B. S. degree in Commerce and Business Administration and a commission in the United State Army Reserve were awarded in the 1925 Commencement Exercises which were attended by my lovely Charlotte, her sister and my good father, Alfred John Bateman.

I met this lovely lady at the Phi Beta Rho fraternity party at the Cherry Blossom in Logan during 1923 when she bowled me over as no one else ever did and intuitively, I knew that she was the one and only. She

became my steady date and was an unusual person who possessed quality.

Charlotte accepted the principal ship of the Kelton, Utah school and her hand was sought by some eligibles out there but I had her pretty well in my camp at this time.

In 1923, LeRoy and I joined the newly activated Battery F, Utah National Guard in Logan during 1923 in order to replenish our finances which were strained and we both attended the training period at Fort Lewis, Washington. After my college graduation, I worked for the Engineering Department of Logan City during the summer months. Kathryn Yergensen secured a position for me at the Escalante High school, Utah. During the Christmas holidays in 1924, I gave Charlotte an engagement ring. I went to Escalante about the middle of September 1925 to teach but returned in October to marry her in the Logan LDS Temple with President Joseph Shepherd performing a beautiful ceremony with Florence, her sister attending. I returned to Escalante alone when Charlotte had a tonsillectomy by Dr. Paulsen which was a very traumatic affair. I wondered if she would get through the surgery alive — a wonderful way to begin a honeymoon. When she had recuperated sufficiently, she came to Escalante by train and stage. We lived at the George's home which was a bad mistake.

After the year was over, we returned in the old Model T to Beaver Dam where worked on the Wheelon Dam during the summer. Later that summer, I accepted a position to instruct and coach at the Edgar, Montana High School. While there I had two tonsillectomies by an old University of Minnesota doctor graduate which were not enjoyed because of hemorrhaging but I survived.

Charlotte became pregnant in Montana and suffered a bad case of albumin with John J. On her arrival in Logan, she contacted Dr. H. K. Merrill rather late in her pregnancy, in fact too late. He prescribed medicine to correct the situation which did some good but he was quite concerned about her condition. I took advanced work at summer school that summer and was very pleased to receive straight A grades. At the end of the first session, father suggested we move into the home and assist him condition his race horses for the fall meets which we did and this was a serious mistake for Charlotte. The big event happened in the northeast bedroom that our beautiful first son was born on 27 July 1927 who was later blessed and given the name of John Johnson Bateman. Dr. Merrill was there with Lizzie Loveland, the nurse. He had a huge head covered with dark hair and when he arrived, Charlotte had suffered some badly damaged tissues but I laughed hysterically with joy in the knowledge that we were joined together spiritually and in the flesh in the body of that magnificent baby. Charlotte was very weak for a long time and this serious condition was said to usually either take the life of the mother or the child.

I was offered a principal ship of the Bedford Grade and Jr. High School for the school year 1927-1928 I went to Star Valley and attended the education convention in Evanston, Wyoming. On going to Bedford to teach, I boarded with the Prestons until Charlotte was able to regain her strength and was staying with her folks. Later, we were able to rent the old Bleazzards home which we moved into when Charlotte and John J. arrived later.

At the close of the school year, I attended the Brigham Young University where advanced class work was taken under Professor John C. Swenson and Dr. William U. Snow during the first term. In the fall, we returned to Bedford for another school year. Charlotte became pregnant with Alphas Harold and since there were no reputable doctors in Afton, Wyoming, she was invited home to have her confinement. I took her to Beaver Dam at Christmas time and returned to Bedford alone. It was a very stormy day on 26 Feb. 1929 when Charlotte began to have labor pains. George E. Johnson and Joseph A. Ericksen and others got out to work hard in clearing the roads to enable Dr. H. White to get to her bedside in order to deliver a ten pound giant. Following his birth found Bishop R. A. Johnson stricken with pneumonia who was nursed back to health by LaVona and the assistance of the Lord. Little Jack and Alph also caught it and they were saved by the nursing of Charlotte and Sister Johnson and the intervention of the Lord. Charlotte saved Jack's life and Sister Johnson was the guardian angel who saved Alph's since both children recovered. The following late day found me coming to Logan to pick up a new Model A Ford car which I drove to Beaver Dam to see my sweet wife and two little baby boys. This was my most thrilling reunion enjoyed in this life.

The summer of 1929, I was called to two active duty camps at the Presidio of San Francisco and Fort Winfield Scott, California. I was offered the principal ship of the Clifton High School, Idaho and stayed there for three years at a considerable stipend.

I completed all of the requirements of the Master of Science under the able scholar, Dr. Lowry Nelson. I wrote my dissertation on: "The Standard of Living of the Families of Clifton, Idaho as Measured by the Cost of Living." My Master of Science diploma was signed by LDS Church President, Heber J. Grant and it was he who handed it to me in the Brigham Young University Commencement Exercises in 1932, June.

I accepted a teaching position at the Logan Jr. High School for the school year of 1932-33 with my good friend and relative, Principal Alvin White Hess. We moved into Alfred's home at 385 South Third West Street, Logan, Utah and taught in this school until 1936 when Superintendent E. Allen Bateman called me into his office to inquire if I desired to go to the Logan High School since Principal George S. Bates had approved me. He said I would teach four sections of United States History and a debate class in American Civilization. I accepted the offer and began my teaching there in the fall of 1936. My professional and social relations with Principal Bates were always cordial and correct and I highly respected this fine man who was not a politician.

We were members of the Logan Second Ward where I served as Scoutmaster, Troop Committee, Councilor in the MIA and others. Charlotte was active in the Relief Society and was in the presidency of the Primary association.

Through the years I attended numerous active duty camps which will not be recapitulated here and received promotions in rank to First Lieutenant and then to Captain. The income from this activity was a boon to the family. . .

Alfred traded the home and lot which we were renting to a Mr. Wold on a farm in Idaho. We offered the new owner a price for the place which he accepted and this took us by surprise, and thus we secured our first home which was very pleasing to us. . .

Charlotte suffered a serious illness during 1935 induced by the albumin condition when John J. was born but recovered satisfactorily. We were greatly blessed when we followed the counsel of George E. Johnson that our third fine son was born in the Logan Hospital, 27 August 1936. He was a healthy baby boy who was blessed with an even disposition and has always been a joy to have around. At the request of my brother, Dr. George Monroe Bateman, he was named after him so he was given the full name of George Gordon Bateman. A short time after this development, he and Florence were happily surprised when a son was born to bless their home and George M. reciprocated by naming him Harold after me. I understand that Harold now has a son who was also given the name of Harold.

On various dates, I was inducted into Pi Gamma Mu. Social Science Honor Society, Phi Delta Kappa International Service Fraternity of Education, Scabbard & Blade National Military Honor society, Phi Pi Gamma Alpha National Political Science Society, Phi Kappa Phi National Scholastic Honor Society and the National Forensic League Society. I was also a member of the Lion's Club and other civic organizations.

I taught at Logan High School until World War Two came along and when the United States was nearing involvement, I was ordered to Extended Active Duty, 1 of January 1941, initially to the duty station at Fort Monroe, Virginia for a refresher course work. When this was completed, I was ordered to the Coast Artillery Replacement Training Center at Torrey Pines, later known as Camp Callan, California. While I was at Logan High School, Charlotte was elected President of the Faculty Women.

After reporting to Camp Callan, California in 1941 for duty with the US Army, I served as Battalion Adjutant, Plans Training Officer, Executive Officer and Battalion Commanding Officer of four Army

Antiaircraft and Seacoast Artillery Battalions. After duty work, I spent many hours house hunting in La Jolla for the family and finally found one when a ticket agent asked me what he could do for me. I was weary and frustrated and answered: "Plenty, I want to rent a house." Believe it or not, he answered: "I believe I can assist you" and went to a telephone and called a number. After he hung up, he gave me a number to call to firm up the renting of a house. The house we rented was located at 7405 Monte Vista in La Jolla, Ca.

After my hemorrhoidectomy surgery in 1943, I was ordered to report to Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. The Army shipped our goods to our home in Logan, Utah. We traveled there in our Mercury car. After my leave of absence was up, I left Logan for Fort Bliss, Texas and stopped enroute to visit with George and Florence briefly at Tempe and then continued to Fort Bliss. Fortunately, I was able to find a house for rent located at 4424 Bliss Street, El Paso, Texas. When Charlotte heard the news, she literally flew down to El Paso in the Mercury with three very active sons with her. In both La Jolla and El Paso, both John and Alph had good paying jobs . . .

My service at Fort Bliss included being in the Officer's Pool, Camp Orogrande Assistant Safety Officer at the 90 mm Firing Range and finally the Commanding Officer of the 131 Antiaircraft Gun 95 mm Battalion (Mobile) (Separate Bn.) which was quite a responsibility which caused some growing pains.

In El Paso, John J. and Alph H. attended the Austin High School while George went to the Colwell Elementary School. John worked at the local theater and Alphalus delivered the daily newspaper. They both kept busy.

My 90 mm Gun Battalion went through the final training test with a passing score prior to being shipped out to another training area to engage in training maneuvers with larger units preparatory to being ordered to the battle theater in Europe. The war seemed to be in its final stages in the European theater and the War Department in sensing this felt the time had arrived to revert over 50,000 officers back to a civilian status shortly and in order to implement this order, all officers on duty were ordered to take final overseas physical examinations. Any one failing it would be sent to a civilian status. I took mine at the Station hospital and passed it but higher boards in surveying my papers called me back for further examinations concerning my uncorrected vision and determined that I did not qualify. I was then ordered to the William Beaumont General Hospital for further tests and action by the higher medical board of officers. Colonel Watkins of Fort Bliss was kind enough to hold my battalion for me pending a final verdict in my case, which action I considered very kind of this fine gentleman.

While we lived in El Paso, Texas, we used to cross the bridge into Juarez, Mexico and shop for goods from around the world. These trips were enjoyed and a shop owner named Rodriguez accepted my personal checks on par for merchandise purchased from him. We attended the LDS Ward Church on Douglas Street, in El Paso, Texas. The Superintendents of San Diego and El Paso, both offered me teaching positions in their systems (school) if and when I could be released from the United States Army. The findings of the medical board found me unfit for any type of duty in the service whatsoever so I was commended for my devotion to duty in requesting in the Army to serve my country. I was given permanent Limited Service and ordered back to Camp Callan, California for disposition and duty. This meant that I must be separated again from my family once more so I departed at Christmas time for my new duty station with little or no appreciable morale. On my arrival at Camp Callan, I was given the 55th AA Training replacement Battalion to command by General Stuart. A short time later while walking through the War Department Theater Area at night, I severely sprained my ankle when I tripped over a concrete wall. I hobbled to the men's room and immediately began to soak my ankle in water when one of the Post's medics came into the room. He took one look and immediately ordered me to the Camp Gallan Station Hospital, at once. There they treated me for over a month and then ordered me to report for treatment at the Torney General hospital Palm Springs, California. I spent several months there while Charlotte had her hands full in wrestling with Jack and Alph. She kept the hot line going with her problems with the two boys. They were a trial. After weeks of treatment, they pronounced me fully recuperated and ordered me to report to the Officer's Pool at Fort Bliss, Texas. On my return home, I found George, our youngest son with a serious ear infection. I took

him to the specialist, I met during my stay at William Beaumont General Hospital. His prescriptions soon had George moving back to health so I have concluded that my bout with the medics wherein they gave me Limited Service was a Godsend since locating this great specialist in all probability was an answer to our prayers in saving the life of this little beloved son of ours.

Ere long, orders were received from Headquarters at Fort Douglas, Utah placing me on an inactive status on the last day of July 1944 which included my accrued leave pay. We prayerfully conferred and decided that we should allow more time for a better convalescence for George and remain, too to permit John J. to graduate as number 4 in his large class from Austin High School.

Soon after his graduation, we loaded our goods into the Mercury and drove through New Mexico, stopping for the night at Gallup. We stopped at Ship Rock to secure some good pictures. The next day found us in Brigham City where we stayed for the night and the next day, early we leisurely drove to our home in Logan, Utah. Mother was overjoyed to see us and rushed down for a tearful and emotional visit. Father, too was happy to see us. . .

The summer was spent in getting the yard back into shape and in repairing the sidewalks. Alph was a Senior at Logan High School and John J. entered the Utah State University where he was selected President of the Freshman Class and was runner up for the most Preferred man on the campus but neglected his studies. George Gordon Bateman entered the Woodruff Elementary School. I renewed my teaching and debate coaching at the Logan High School and picked up my work where I had left off to go into the Army in 1941 . . .

John J. Bateman failed to apply himself to his studies and his head seemed to have been turned by his popularity at Utah State University. Then too, he had joined the national social fraternity, Sigma Chi. He joined the Army with my concurrence and traveled rather widely through the country by being transferred to various active duty stations. He seemed to tire of Army duty and wrote to request me to secure a principal ship for him at the West Point Military Academy. Letters were dispatched to Congressman Walter K. Granger and to Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Mr. Granger offered him a principal ship to the United States Naval Academy but this he turned down. Soon a principal ship to West Point Military Academy was offered. He seemed interested and the United States Point Military Academy was offered. He seemed interested and the United States Army released him from duty to enter West Point. He came home and spent considerable time consulting with Joan traveling back and forth between Nephi and Logan. After about a week or more consulting, he turned down the West Point principal ship which caused me to have a red face since had worked so diligently with Mr. Granger and Dr. Thomas. Evidently they had other plans. They were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple 13 Sept. 1948 and he enrolled in pre-medicine at the Utah State University under the guidance of Dr. Datus Hammond who was very helpful and considerate of his students.

The expected call from President Henry Aldous Dixon came through by telephone which requested me to report for duty at Weber College on 21 of Oct. 1946 which was our anniversary date of my marriage to Charlotte in the Logan LDS Temple. I felt paralyzed to have to make a new life once more and make the transition in a new world. In any event, I went through the motions and reported for my new assignment at Weber College. President Dixon assigned me the responsibility of counseling veterans and to teach a large class in Sociology, initially taught by Walter C. Neville.

My resignation was unanimously accepted by the Logan Board of Education and they commended me for being promoted to college teaching. I stayed at the men's Dormitory of the college with Dayton where we batched it except for the noonday meal which we ate at the college cafeteria. President made chairman of the General Education Committee for developing two courses in the social sciences and added Dayton and Stratford as committee members.

Charlotte called me to advise that the War Department had promoted me to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Reserve which was a morale booster. I hardly expected this promotion but my record

had been consistently good.

John J. did well in his ROTC activities and was given the highest rank of Colonel and he was the drill master of the Sponsor's Corps. He was invited to membership in the Scabbard and Blade National Military Honor Society. He and Alph joined the Sigma Chi social fraternity. Alph was a member of the Pershing rifles Drill Team and succeeded John J. as the drill master of the Sponsor's. They both received trophies for their work with the Sponsors and letters of Commendation from Colonel Timberlake.

. . . John J. received his B.S. degree from Utah State University on 1 June 1950 with a major in arts and science. He passed all required tests and was admitted to the College of Medicine, University of Utah. He was elected to membership in the Beta Phi Medical Honor society.

John J. was awarded his Doctor of Medicine degree at the University of Utah's College of Medicine on 20 December 1952. . . . He returned to the University to complete his specialization in the Department of Psychiatry. After about two years of it, he was ordered into the United States Army to serve at the United States Army Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Alph H. and Elizabeth were married in the Logan LDS Temple, 25 June 1949. Charlotte and I went through with them. Our second doctor emerged when Alphalus Harold received his Doctor of Dental Surgery from Western Reserve University on 16 June 1955. He received a First Lieutenant Commission in the United States Air Force and was ordered on active duty in Japan for three years. He left for his new station with Elizabeth to come by transport later when housing was firmed up by Alph. When word was received, Elizabeth left for San Francisco and proceeded to Japan by ship. They were met in Japan and taken to their new quarters. . . .

September 1, 1950 was a big day when Charlotte, George and the family furniture was moved to Ogden to the new home at 1510 36th St.

I was elected Vice President of the Faculty Association for school year of 1949-50 and received the top position for the school year of 1952-53. I was the Chairman of the Commencement Exercises Revision Committee for the change over from the junior college to the Baccalaureate degree granting exercise. For the first time in the institution's history, the faculty was honored in being placed in a conspicuous place for the ceremonies. I also served as chairman of many of the College and education association committees.

Since leaving the Army, I had taken advanced courses during the summers at the Utah State University leading to a doctorate degree. I found the road leading to this degree rather thorny and difficult but finally got my final oral examination pinned down 14 December 1955 and passed it after a quizzing session which lasted over two hours. On 1 June 1956, George Gordon was awarded his Associate of Science degree from Weber College. On 2 June 1956 Charlotte received her Ph. T. from the Utah State University and I was awarded the Doctorate at the Commencement Exercises. After the exercises, Charlotte and I were invited to enjoy an excellent banquet prepared by Othel at mother's home. It was a grand feast.

George Gordon Bateman was called on an LDS mission after a wonderful testimonial. He attended the mission school and Charlotte, Karen and I went to Salt Lake City to attend the farewell given the departing missionaries at the General Church Offices. George was set apart by Apostle Adam S. Bennion with me standing with my hands on his head. He departed from the railroad station in Salt Lake on 31 of October 1956. . . . On 9 Nov 1958, George arrived home from a very successful two year mission in Kentucky and four other neighboring states. He was 20 pounds underweight. He continued his studies with the Utah State University. . . .

George Gordon Bateman married Karen Melba Treseder in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on 19 March 1959 which was followed with a very excellent wedding breakfast. Charlotte and I attended her graduation from the Utah State University with her Bachelor of Science degree in Elementary Education. . . .

In Sept. 1960, I was promoted to Associate professor of History and Political science at Weber State College. . . . During March 1962, I was selected Chairman of the college wide ranking committee which consisted of the president Vice-President, school heads and department chairmen numbering 15 members. I was promoted to full professor 30 March 1962. April 1, 1962 the War Department retired me as a Lieutenant Colonel, granting me a pension and Charlotte one for the duration of our lives. I was given full tenure by the Weber State College Board of Trustees on May 1962 and was appointed Chairman of the Professional Standards Committee.

My retirement from Weber State College was effective on 30 June 1970 when I was given the rank of Professor Emeritus of History. My retirement banquet was held on 16 May 1970 in the Weber State College Ballroom and it attracted several hundred people. . . . It was a grand affair.

In January 1972 we received the title to the Emerald Hills apartment. An event which shook us up badly was when Alph and Elizabeth seemed to have some serious marital problems and Elizabeth pushed a divorce through the courts in 1966. Alphas married Marilyn Brockband Tate (who divorced her husband for cause) at Jackson, Wyoming on 22 July 1967 and they have had, we think a good marriage. We have tried to be judicious and restrained in our discussions during this trying period so as not to incinerate a complex situation. On 30 June 1972 Dr. Alphas Bateman was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Air force and on 14 December 1975 he was promoted to full Colonel.

20 October 1975 was a special celebration when Charlotte and I entertained all members of the family except the two active missionaries at a Golden Wedding Banquet at the Hill Field Air force base officer's club through the courtesy of Colonel Alphas Harold Bateman who made all of the arrangements for it to be held out there with us picking up the bill. The family seemed to enjoy it very much and departed at an early hour.

18 November 1975 was one of the most shocking and depressing days of my life when Charlotte came in and said for me to brace myself twice that she had some shocking news. I anxiously inquired: "Could it be that my brother, Alfred has passed away?" She sadly answered, "No, it is Jack." We went to Salt Lake City to Joan's home to find the family in deep shock and after being there for some time [I] agreed to write the obituary for him and left for Ogden. It was written the next days and copies were typed. . . . The viewing was held 21 Nov. 1975 at the Holbrook Mortuary and when we observed our beloved son, Dr. John Johnson Bateman in his temple robes, he seemed to have a look of peace on his countenance and a small smile. He looked handsome and possessed the serenity of an angel

During the past several years, I have busied myself with reading some good books which have included many Church books given us by George and family. They have been found to be useful in helping me to continue to live. . . .

And now, I put my pen down in wonderment what the future has in store for all of us, including Charlotte and I.

Dr. Harold Claude Bateman passed away 14 March 1992, in Ogden, Utah on his 90th birthday. He had prostate cancer and had suffered with heart problems. On 2 December 1995 Charlotte Johnson Bateman, wife of Harold C. Bateman died.

Russell Arthur Bateman — The Fifth Member of The Family 14 October 1907 -14 December 1909 by Dr. Harold C. Bateman

Russell Arthur was the fifth child to be born to the marriage of Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman. He was the only child to have been born in the small frame home on East Canyon Road, Paris, Bear Lake County, Idaho and this noteworthy event occurred on 14 October 1907. He was a beautiful child and a family member seemed to feel that mother loved this lovely child too much. I was about five years of age when he arrived and while he is remembered, I do not remember specifics too clearly. He had curly golden

hair which had grown quite long at the time of his death. Some members of our family have long felt that he was a special favorite of father and mother. I think it is quite natural for this feeling to develop because he contracted his terminal illness so young about twenty six months old which focused their grieving attention on his memory. The demonstrative suffering of them created this impression. Personally, I have strongly felt that each and every child in our family occupied a very special place in the affection of father and Mother. It was to be expected that they would sustain strong feelings of nostalgia and reminiscence. What I am basically saying is that according to my considered opinion, father and Mother loved all of their children about the same but due to the premature passing of this precious child, he received emphatic treatment.

I remember somewhat vaguely my little brother's illness during his final days here in the earth. I recall him quietly lying listlessly in his sick bed for hours, neither alert nor responsive to those around him. I in trying to attract and to communicate with him, spoke sharply to him but in return for my efforts only received a blank stare. After this incident, even as young as I was I seemed to realize that he was just too ill to respond. The attempt to communicate was not repeated and I was quite upset and discouraged about his condition. I got a strong impression that mother and father did not feel that Dr. Ashley had diagnosed his sickness accurately and thus had not prescribed the proper medication. Ashley said he suffered from inflammation of the bowels. Could he have suffered from a ruptured appendix? We will never know the answer in this life but God must have it. It does not seem just and fair to blame a doctor for not having the understanding wisdom and insight of but must conclude that the poor doctor did his level best to save little Russell's life. It could be that God wanted him home and that the parents be taught a lesson.

Russell's passing and Lucile's birth, both of which took place in the old large Marvin Allred house located on W. Canyon Road, Paris, Bear Lake County, Idaho & both events happened close together. Dr. George Monroe Bateman in his autobiography describes what happened in his statement: "John was gone a lot since he was shipping horses to California and selling stallions to farmers. 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."

Farther on in George M.'s narration we read: "Winter seemed to come too early that year and mother's health was not very good. She was pregnant again 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. As usual, the boys went up to their beds after the evening chores and were soon fast 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 in 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 ride from Paris to the Bloomington Cemetery. As I watched the casket lowered into the frozen earth, I felt cold in both 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 great enduring love for little Russell has shock. Mother's always been an inspiration to me. Our new sister was named Lucile, and through the years she was a source of pride and comfort for mother."

Lucile pungently describes impressions gained from these events at a very tender age in her autobiography as follows: "I was the first girl born to my parents, Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman after five boys, Alfred H., George M., Leroy, Harold C., and Russell Arthur. Dad and mother had almost despaired of having a daughter, even so — great was their sorrow at the passing of their beautiful golden haired baby boy. My mother never got over his death and each birthday I had at home, I remember her grief through the years and I hated my birthday to come. One of my first memories was being rocked in her arms as a very young child and her tears falling like rain into my face mourning the loss of this precious child saying, "When you came, they took my darling baby." It hurt me to the core of my being, a hurt that never entirely healed even though she took good care of me." In this quotation is noted that years after Russell's demise, mother continued to mourn this tragic loss of her baby son.

Alfred H. in his autobiography has this to say about little Russell's passing: "My favorite little baby brother was Russell. He always sat near the front window and came running and put his arms around my neck. His sudden death brought great sorrow to us all. Our own son Russell was like my little brother Russell in being affectionate."

While I do not clearly remember the funeral services of little Russell Arthur, but as a small boy of seven, I do quite clearly recall the long cold ride with father to the Bloomington Cemetery in December. It seemed almost more than we could bear to see that brilliant white little casket containing the precious little body of baby brother being lowered into that ugly excavation in the cold frozen earth. It seemed cruel to think that such a thing could happen to this innocent lovely child sired by God Almighty. Death was and is a very difficult subject for an adult to understand much less a small boy. I have lived over and over my recollections of this event and I have concluded this was a brutally hard way for a youngster to learn about the mysteries of this event and death. After the heavenly casket had been lowered into the black hole, someone next carefully covered the white fur covered casket with boards to protect it somewhat from the elements and dirt to be returned. When this work was completed, someone began to shovel the gravel and dirt back into the hole. In my memory, I can still hear the horrible sound of pebbles bouncing loudly on the boards and their sounds chilled my soul and left me almost an emotional wreck with grief and depression saturating my soul. I wanted to scream on hearing the sounds and this description is not hyperbolic. Why didn't they wait until the loved ones departed? The subzero weather did little to uplift our' spirits. In this baptism of fire, we were rudely introduced to the subject of death. No wonder the subject since that time has been approached with fear and trepidation. The long cold ride back to Paris left us cold, spent and deeply depressed. To compound an already sad situation, mother was unable to attend the services nor to go to the Bloomington Cemetery to witness the burial of her beloved baby boy.

Soon after burial as soon as weather conditions permitted, the folks had an attractive headstone placed on his grave decorated by the similitude of a little lamb with his name and pertinent data inscribed on it. On the top was the inscription: "Born in Heaven but budded on earth."

As the cold weather passed with the passing of time, Mother was very vocal with her grief and anguish. I all too vividly recall her on many an occasion fall to her knees by her bedside and literally scream in her prayer to Almighty God in inquiry about the passing of her baby boy and these sessions were lengthy. It could be that these cathartic experiences saved her sanity and if a valuable lesson can be gained from it, I would conclude that it is never wise or proper for mankind to ever get too possessive about anything in this transitory life here in the earth except our love of God and his commandments. I believe that in the subject of death, God plays no favoritism and everyone has his turn at it. Here no one can shift his weight around for advantage except in the holy cause of righteousness. These incidents left their scar tissue in the lives of the witnesses and you can well believe they were traumatic experiences for the children. No wonder, we have the subject of psychiatry and I do believe that the Heavenly Father is the one and only great psychiatrist living.

Again in conclusion, I candidly think that this remarkable woman would have reacted in essentially the same way had any of her loved ones passed away. She was not perfect but she did not have a false fiber in her being for certainly she was genuinely honest. She erred on matters of judgment but her objectives or goals could never be questioned. Both father and mother loved all of their children with equal ferocious intensity and depth. The fact that she got by without a psychosis is explained by her great belief in God and the Church. I never saw her faith ever waver or ever heard a word of criticism of either, in fact she would never tolerate such criticism. Father's love and support buoyed her up and her love of her family intensified her strength and gave her spiritual sustenance. She finally became reconciled that little Russell as summoned back to God to live eternally with Him and this nurtured her and gave her additional strength to continue her sojourn in the earth with a more useful philosophical and spiritual outlook.

**Autobiography of Lucile Clara Bateman Johnson Maughan Roundy
14 December 1909 – 5 December 1996**

I was born Dec. 14, 1909 in Paris, Bear Lake County, Idaho on a cold snowy night near midnight, of winter. My birth was the source of great joy and sorrow to my dear parents and brothers. About the time my spirit was winging towards earth to find a body, that my darling little brother Russell Arthur Bateman, age 26 months was leaving to go back to his heavenly home to be one of its richest and brightest Angels.

I was the first girl born to my parents Alfred John and Clara flay Hess Bateman after five boys, Alfred Hess, George Monroe, LeRoy, Harold Claude and Russell Arthur. Dad and Mother had almost despaired of ever having a daughter, even so —great was their sorrow at the passing of their beautiful golden haired baby boy. fly mother never got over his death and each birthday I had at home, I remember her grief through the years and I hated my birthday to come.

One of my first memories was being rocked in her arms as a very young child and her tears falling like rain into my face mourning the loss of this precious child crying: “When you came, they took my darling baby.” It hurt to the core of my being, a hurt that never entirely healed even though she took the best care of me. In her last years she told me that I was one of her dearest of her family that she could always rely on me to help her when her health was failing when she desperately needed help whether it was sewing, housecleaning or painting. She expressed the same thing to her niece, La Retta Jacobson and it was a great comfort to me since her death.

I was so loved by my wonderful father who always made me feel happy and praised me which gave me faith and security in myself. He took me riding in his prize cutter drawn by his prized race horse to Montpelier, Idaho on wintry days with a grey velvet robe tucked around me.

I thought he was the handsomest and the best father of all, most often making a joke when things got tense in a big family he was a tease at times but never too much with me.

Father was a bulwark of strength in our home keeping a firm control of her family while father was on his buying trips of draft horses for work and also for World War I, shipping them to California where his friend, Henry P. Zimmerman took care of their destinations. Horses were used for farming in those days as tractors were unheard of. A percheron stallion was imported from Holland to improve the breed of horses used for farm work by a group of men headed by father. His race horses won prizes and were the best in the Northwest Circuit where he traveled to the races; Prince Wilkes being the best and then Axtell Wilkes and Hal Direct, all pedigreed. Father served on the Town Council of Paris for a number of years. He was a good carpenter— building or remodeling homes we lived in during the years.

When he returned from his trips to California, he brought beautiful gifts to Mother, myself and sisters Thelma LaRetta born two years and six weeks after me, Jan. 29, 1912 in a new house he built in Paris. One time he brought us a beautiful big beaver hat and fur scarves and mother a piece of teal blue worm silk with hand made lace from Mexico. Also a pale pink accordion pleated slip with black velvet straps. Mother scoffed at this slip and it was made into a junior high graduation dress for me by Rose Patterson of Bloomington who also made us taffeta coats with fine lace collars and cuffs and beautiful red dresses with satin over blouses and red crepe de chine pleated skirts. I won a beauty contest at five years but never realized the honor until later of this prize.

I was a happy energetic child who had lots of friends in those carefree days. I fear that I was trying at times as I always remember having a temper when crossed and was sassy to my mother. Dad used to hold me and whisper to me to make me understand when mother got irritated and gave me a bad time I did not think I sometimes deserved. I look back now and marvel at how she did so well with all of the work she had to do without having adequate recreation with so much responsibility in caring for her family and home which were her life’s treasures.

I was given the best of care and never felt neglected or hungry or cold during those cold blustery Bear Lake winters. The wind driven snow piled up to the roof of the buggy shed which I used to coast down on my sled for a fast ride on the crusty snow which glittered like myriads of tiny diamonds.

I well remember our large kitchen with its black and chrome kitchen stove polished like patent leather shoes with a warm and cozy fire accompanied with the smell of good cooking. Mother kept her hungry brood well fed. Her wonderful bread won prizes at the County and State Fairs. We ate at a large round table on which mother provided bounteous food. I shall remember her breakfasts with big platters of bacon, eggs and steaming cereal. Dad placed me on a high chair and I would eat eggs from a special dish.

I happily recall my brothers giving me so much attention so life was never dull. I loved to walk up their bodies in order to stand on their shoulders at which point they would set me on the glass transoms which were built above the doors in those days.

I loved to make miniature doll houses out of boxes, with Thelma helping. I copied our front room furniture, carpet and painted them in the same color, to make doll furniture. I loved the red velvet couch we had in our parlor. I bought one in recent years which resembled the one of my childhood years.

All of my life I loved the color of red and fancy clothes, furniture, knickknacks and beauty in the home. I was told by my cousin, Ruby Bateman Horspool that I resembled my Grandmother Bateman in my choices and way of living. Mother preferred plain things, never caring to dust fancy ornaments or many things around the house which cluttered it. She was very immaculate and kept her home hospital clean.

I was baptized in Paris, Idaho, Bear Lake County on January 6, 1918 by Jacob Tueller and was confirmed the same day by William G. Hayward.

I was a proficient roller skater. I could skate as fast as my brother, Harold could ride his bicycle on those rough concrete sidewalks but skinned my knees many times learning. Thelma and I walked on the three board sidewalk to have an occasional visit with my Grandparent Hesses and our cousin, La Priel Hess. We liked the cheese curd which was given us for the asking at the old Paris creamery which is now used for a cow barn.

Dad raised a beautiful garden and I have never tasted green peas and potatoes to match those we grew in Paris. I went to school at the Emerson Grade School and we belonged to the Paris First Ward of the Bear Lake Stake of Zion.

Christmas was a time of great expectation. We always had a pine tree which we children delighted to help decorate with threaded popcorn and chains of colored paper loops plus hand drawn Santa Claus and Holly figures. We did not use many balls of shining glass nor tinsel. Thelma and I teased for candle tapes to light but the folks thought they were too great a fire hazard. Dad filled the bare spots with bright neckties to be given to my brothers.

One of our happiest Christmas Holiday periods was when Thelma and I received a little cupboard with glass doors and drawers for doll dishes which included a set of two chairs with a table. If I recall correctly, the furniture was made by my brother, George M. Our dolls had painted faces with China heads with the hair also painted on with soft horsehair bodies. Replicas are now being made this year, 1978 in remembrance of those dear bygone happy days. I enjoyed using up all of mother's silk scraps and lace for fancy wardrobes for those dolls in which most of the sewing was done by hand. One day, mother was washing and left her sewing machine for use and stepped outside to bid goodbye to a neighbor. I took advantage of this opportunity to use the sewing machine with one eye on the sewing machine and one watching the kitchen door hurrying to get some stitching done when Wham! The machine needle went right through my finger, nail and bone. I cried out causing mother and her friend to come running. They experienced some difficulty getting the needle out. I spent hours soaking my hand in a disinfectant and learned a lesson.

Thelma was the world's best detective, hunting for Christmas presents. She would put Sherlock Holmes to shame and hardly an inch was left where she did not look. Its a miracle that she never failed in falling

through the ceiling walking on the beams of the unfinished attic. I wonder if even she was surprised.

Mother prepared pies and fruit cakes for the weeks ahead for the holidays cooking home made mince meat, squash pies and steamed puddings. Her tarts were a divine delicacy with sparkling jelly with whipped cream topping.

In the summer our place was a child's paradise. I would climb on the ledge of the buggy shed to hold baby kittens, sometimes hiding in an old chest when I did not to do an wanted task. fly friend and I would swing from the rafters of the old barn into the sweet smelling hay. We had a large green pasture in the back dotted with bushes with lazy streams of water running through it. At the edge of one was a fancy pig pen with a small roofed shelter and a wood run which we scrubbed out and decorated with old drapes which we used for a resort when we went bathing in the streams. We played "Run Sheep Run" nights before the curfew. fly friends were Janie Rich, Pearl Tueller, Helen Cook, Pearl Spencer, Vilate Spencer and June Rich.

I loved to visit a dear old man, Brother Christian Anderson or was it Christopher. And his son, Jim lived in a tumble down house just west of our lane by our home. Thelma and I would spend hours in his knee deep high grass meadows, making dandelion wreaths and garlands — those dandelions had foot long stems. Dad built us a small playhouse for which we ransacked the house for pretty curtains and for anything even jewelry to pretty up the place. I got caught and the jewelry confiscated with a spat. We had a swing which hung from the highest branches of the tall tree. In the swing we were pushed to the sky. We had a sand pile where we made mud pies with eggs, sugar and cream. They were left in the sun to dry. Virgil Rich, a fine looking boy liked me but I did not appreciate his attention by throwing sand into his face. In the house, I hung to the leg of the old round oak table when he wanted me to go to Hymas' Confectionery for candy. Mother pulled me out saying, "Go with Virgil and have a treat." I still have a beautiful small mirror which was baked in his birthday cake at a party his mother gave him.

The First World War was a time of great distress to my dear parents and although I never quite realized the condition of the world, I felt upset also especially when I could hear them pacing the floor most of the night frantic with worry as my eldest brother, Alfred was serving in the Army in France and had been sent near the front lines. He went with the famed Mormon Regiment, the 145th Field Artillery. B. H. Roberts, the great Mormon Leader and author accompanied them as their Chaplain. I still have letters and cards Alfred wrote while in the Army which I treasure greatly.

George M. Bateman also served in the Army during the First World War, training in the United States. I remember well the day the Armistice was signed which was one of the most exciting days of my life. Our world went mad with joy. Dad was dressed up as Uncle Sam riding in the lead car of many wheeled chariots which roared at top speed to Laketown, twenty miles southeast of Paris with the vehicular occupants screaming with joy. That night, a big barbecue was held where beef was cooked over hot coals. A cabin was burned down on the town square to celebrate the momentous event. Joseph Dennio, one of the town's leading citizens gave a Victory speech an oration I've never heard equaled and in the process caught cold and died of pneumonia a few days later — a tragic thing to happen at this time.

We were happy to welcome our dear brother, George M. and especially Alfred home from France. I don't think any of the boys in the 145th Artillery were injured in the war. Peace came again for a few short years, namely twenty years. They said there would never be another war in the civilized world with the creation of the League of Nations in which President Woodrow Wilson took a leading part in establishing but in the attempt to get the citizens of this nation to join it without reservations, he overtaxed his strength and suffered a massive stroke in Colorado which prevented the United States from joining and supporting it.

Alfred was a great favorite of the family, who was kind to me and he did not tattle on us. His antics as Uncle Alexander sent us girls into hysterics of laughter. Also he portrayed Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde very well in a costume consisting of a black cape, hat and demonstrated with funny acts. He was a tease to some of my brothers though he was not large in build but hard to take in fisticuffs by my brother, George M. He named Harold₁ a Grand Duke Baron Von Austy Bamclaim, a crown prince to the Austrian throne of the

Hapsburgs and we all thought he was a child of royalty who through international conspiracies was lost in Bear Lake County. Harold and I have a very close affinity for he is very special.

Many were the pranks my brothers played on each other. In those days, there were no radios, TV or daily papers available to absorb their mischievous behavior or natures and some of these pranks were not funny to some of my brothers they were played on at the time but a source of fun to tell in later life. Father worked some of their exuberance off in the old wood shed where large logs were sawed in two by a large saw with a handle on each end which the two brothers took turns sawing back and forth. A large wedge was driven into the cut to break them into two pieces. The next step was to take the axe and complete the sizing the sticks of wood to fit the fire boxes of the stoves of the kitchen and potbellied stoves of the front room. My job was to pick up chips necessary to start fires in the mornings. I often forgot and had to creep out at night to gather some. Mother caught me saying some words of slang and she washed out my mouth with soap.

Our home had a large bedroom just west of the kitchen which held two full sized beds, my parents slept in one and in the other Thelma and I slept. The bedroom door had to be left open a crack for us to see the light or we would yell like Banshee Indians.

I grew to be quite a spinner of tales for my little sister as she begged for stories each night before she dropped off to sleep and I would continue the story each night. On August 24, 1917 our home was blessed with a beautiful blonde baby girl who received the name of Othel. I was her second mother for I loved her. She was very bright and spunky; she learned to walk and talk at an early age. Nineteen months later, 18 April 1919 a baby boy was born which was named Rao Henry. Dad promised mother a million dollars for this boy which was paid by the joy he brought into our lives. I was the first to hold him after the nurse had dressed him and at my mother's request I put him into her arms after I told her he felt cold to my touch. It was a terrible time of the horrible flu epidemic which hit Bear Lake. Our dear mother weakened by it was lucky to live through the confinement as so many died under similar circumstances. Prior to Rao's birth, I remember her calling to her bedside to tell me I would soon have a little brother or sister and that she despaired of getting through the ordeal a live.

My father had been on a buying draft horse trip and when he returned, we dared not let him come into the house. He brought supplies to the door since all of the family was ill in bed with the exception of Alfred and I. My dear brother Harold was most critically sick bleeding black blood from the nose and mouth. My childhood prayers were constantly said in his behalf. He was destined to live because Alfred's cooking could have killed him if the flu didn't. His rice pudding had hulls as hard as rocks and he was cross at me for not eating his cooking. I washed diapers for two babies and one day used a bar of Bon Ami. To this day, Rao still tells me about having a sore bottom from this but I washed lines of diapers for those babies standing beside the back door platform. We moved to Logan the second time in the fall of 1923 to a lovely little bungalow dad assisted by a carpenter built at 347 South Third West Street. Our previous move was to an older home just west of the Logan First Ward Chapel for educational advantages of my brothers. We had to move back to Paris to sell our home there as the renters were ruining it. I gained in school by these moves and had two specials or skipped grades for excellence in Utah as Idaho schools were harder. I was the school artist and Santa Clauses decorated the large blackboards. I wrote and produced plays on the foundation of the First Ward Amusement Hall.

My brothers Alfred and George M, attended the Utah Agricultural College and Harold enrolled at Logan High School during our first stay in Logan during 1919-1920 . . .

I enjoyed living in Logan with the many advantages of life in a college town. I had many choice friends and was on the school council. My student activities found me writing and directing plays in my junior year. I was efficient in sewing and modeled my creations in the fashion shows. I liked homemaking and cooking. Priscilla Rowland was my sewing teacher. World history was fascinating to me as was Chemistry. I generally made the honor roll. I especially enjoyed Seminary . . . I graduated from Logan High and the Logan LDS Seminary in May 1928.

. . . I was never lacking for dates and had a good time at school functions and dancing at the Dansante where my partner, Joe Welch and I won the prize for the best Charleston dancers which were attended by approximately two hundred couples but about fifty couples competed. Margaret Smart and I were named the prettiest girls in the school. I loved wearing cerise colored velvet stenciled with gold roses on my shoulder and skirt, both bodice and skirt hems were scalloped . . .

When my brother, Harold C. introduced me to George E. Johnson, his brother—in—law, a recently returned missionary from Australia, I fell head over heels in love with this tow headed scripture quoting dedicated and determined young man who was nearly eight years older than me. He also had a golden singing voice winning talent contests. He courted me royally in his father's soft top Buick and later in a turquoise blue two door Buick of 1927. He practically bought out the Bluebird chocolates every time he came to see me. Harold questioned his judgment in choosing me when so many other girls were charmed by his personality. Editor's note "This is Lucile's feeling, certainly not mine." He was very much in demand to give talks to Wards of the valley and at Fire— sides. He brought back from his mission numerous souvenirs and I especially liked the Hula skirts.

We went together a few years before I graduated from Logan High School and LDS Seminary. He won the hearts of my family especially dad and mother. On Feb. 14, 1928, he presented me with a beautiful white engagement ring with a one-half carat diamond he purchased at an Australian mine which he visited while on his mission. I was so excited that night over it I hardly slept a wink. I kept turning on the light to look at it. I spent the summer of 1928 working constantly on my trousseau which was a must in those days. When George brought five bushels of peaches for me to can, I nearly broke off our engagement. After scalding my fingers, this was my first experience and the task of screwing the zinc lids on the fruit bottles air tight was a problem. We had peach brandy which my brother, Harold enjoyed teasing us about when a lid came loose and we heard a loud explosion coming from the fruit cellar.

It was a hard thing to leave the home I had lived in so many years and my parents to make a new life. When George and I left to get married in the Salt Lake Temple, father, mother, Othel my sister, Rao, my brother, Thelma, my sister and her fiancée, Charles B. Leatham followed us out to the car for their last goodbye on that cold dreary day. Dad came over for his last kiss, handing me a ten dollar bill said: "Who will cook my steaks the way I want them? When George and I left for our new life together, we had tears in our eyes. I regretted not having our loved ones at the temple that day but we thought it best thing to do at the time, showing real independence but we both felt the absence of our loved ones to share this important day. We were married Nov. 22, 1928 by Apostle James E. Talmage where we knelt on the blue velvet altar in the octagon room which had plate glass mirrors on all sides or walls. It was an inspiring day to treasure in my memory. This had been a long day, beginning at 7:00 a rn.; lasting until 4 p.m. when we left the temple on that raw day. My new husband had reserved the Bridal Suite at Hotel Utah and from our window; we could see the Statue of Angel Moroni.

We weren't very good at budgeting money that at least my husband wasn't and he spent most of his allowance for our honeymoon on hotel bills and I was shocked when he told me the cost of those three days and nights in Salt Lake City even though we had a very enjoyable time. We went to Heber City and stayed with George's sister, Rena Kuhni and her family. On our return to Logan, we found Alfred's wife, Idella was visiting our folks in Logan and hers in Lewiston. She wanted us to go to St. Anthony for several days to visit them and also this provided a way for her to get home. After a short time a heavy snow storm moved in and we had a long cold trip back to Beaver Dam to my future where George had purchased the Susan Elmer house located on seventeen acres of land. Every thing was run down as Sister Elmer struggled alone for so many years. It was a real challenge to fix the old house. Our funds were so limited it was mostly hard work we put in which made it livable. We plugged the warped windows with old newspapers to shut out the frigid weather. We borrowed four hundred dollars to buy a dinette, dining and bedroom sets and a Monarch cook stove. The combination living room and bedroom was heated by a small heater with the pipe going through the ceiling which stood in the middle of the archway which divided the two rooms. We lived most of the time in the kitchen to cut the cost of fuel.

In our new home in Beaver Dam, we had to walk a long distance to the closet type building which had two holes which we called Sister Jones or a privy. A “thunder jug” was used when the weather got too cold and it was quite a job to keep it emptied having to wade out into the deep snow to the closest ditch. There were three homes in Beaver Dam at that time which had bathrooms including George’s folks . . .

Life was quite lonely after living in Logan as I read all of the old Church magazines back to 1890 and I did a lot of sewing while George cut pine tree posts which required a lot of wading in the snow to get them. He served in the Sunday School Superintendency, Mutual Improvement Association Presidency and was a member of the Genealogy Committee which necessitated my sitting in the audiences alone. Coyotes would often come to our door and I would tremble with fright on those cold nights. He also held Stake Priesthood positions and I traveled with him on speaking assignments to the eleven wards of the Bear River Stake of Zion.

. . . In the spring of 1929, George was able to find work cleaning the canals for the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. With the first money earned, he bought me a tan spring coat and material suitable for maternity clothes. We wore the “Hoover wrap” around in those days. I made a beautiful layette for the first baby. I worked hard gardening and putting up fruit. Many cases of raspberries were picked from our large patch and were sold. George worked the farm and combined grain. Most of this work was done in Mendon, Utah.

Although we were poor in those days, we were happy and loved each other in working together to pay our debts. Many times I wondered what to cook for the next meal as supplies were short and money scarce but managed to get by somehow.

We enjoyed the visits of my folks and sisters, Thelma and Othel visited us for considerable periods while I sewed for them. Our married brothers and sisters on both sides of the family came to visit with us. We were especially close to Harold and Charlotte and boys. We hardly missed a Sunday with Charles and Thelma Leatham . . .

On Sept. 29, 1929 after a night of extreme agony, George and I were the parents of a five pound baby boy in the Logan Hospital. The doctor said I was lucky to have had proper medical care as this was a hard birth. Harold said that Russell George was such a beautiful baby; he could have been born to royalty. He grew up to be a lively little boy and I was lucky to get him through safely a severe case of whooping cough and rescue him from many hazardous situations he got into.

The doctor warned George about having another baby very soon with the delicate state of my health. He was very concerned when I insisted on another baby which was born on Oct. 3, 1933, a baby weighing a little over six pounds, my largest and most delicate baby whom we named Ellsworth Bateman after a missionary companion of George’s and my maiden name. My life hung in balance for three days when I was living in a glorious light and peace, closer to heaven than earth. I heard Dr. McGee tell the nurse to not let me out of her sight for a moment and I wondered why as I had never felt so good — my life hung in limbo for I was in the hands of my heavenly father with earthly beings seeming as spirits. Under the Priesthood administration and good care at the hospital I was soon in the land of the living and trying to raise my boys. Mother was an Angel of Mercy, always taking me to her home for days and nursing me through until I could help myself.

George bought a plot of sage brush land near Wheelon by the railroad tracks and broke up the land which consisted of seventy- three acres. The ground cover was heavy which was set on fire by the sparks from the onrushing locomotives which passed nearby. He experienced much difficulty in breaking up the ground since the sage brush roots were deep and he only had a 2-A plow with a single team of horses which he pastured on the farm. He had to catch them daily since he could not afford to buy hay. Sometimes his dear old father went with me at 10:30 p.m. on a moonlit night to get him to quit work. It was things like this and he would not drink water or eat his lunch saying his hands were dirty, that weakened his health. He would not allot his time on any time schedule. The land produced fair crops of wheat and helped us out in our

income. Except for Church activities we hardly ever had any social life although I did join a club with other young mothers against his wishes. We enjoyed weekly trips to Logan, a real treat to visit my parents and see other family members who were always visiting at home. We went to all of the Bing Crosby and Bob Hope shows, enjoying hamburgers and root beer afterwards. We enjoyed fishing trips also as a family cooked fish over a campfire. George as has already been noted served his Church well on many assignments on the ward and stake levels and was Ward Clerk for seven years. On Sept. 6, 1936, we welcomed a darling little baby girl, we named Diane, at 9:45 A.M., Sunday morning. She came a month early. I had pains all night at close intervals and during the morning they stopped. George who had been with me turned ill with fatigue and worry so I sent him down to mother who gave him his breakfast and put him to bed. The poor nurse frantically tried to get the doctor by phone, he finally arrived shortly after the birth. She was a very tiny baby weighing a little over four pounds. Diane has always been special and one of my life's greatest joys for we share a cherished relationship.

During Nov., Russell and Ellsworth were very ill with the flu and lung congestion plus a high fever. We were fearful for the baby who only weighed seven pounds at the time so we tried to keep her away from the sick ones but in spite of our efforts, she contracted pneumonia. She remained in an oxygen tent for three days in the Tremonton Hospital. The doctor thought she was better so allowed her to come home when she took worse. Only the faith of her dear father and the power of the Priest hood whereby she was administered to saved her life and she passed the crisis. She was choked up and ill until spring. We used a vapor tent and with careful nursing relieved her but I was house bound but she was worth it. Harold and Charlotte welcomed their third son just a month before Diane's birth whom they named George Gordon.

Years went by as usual found me busy caring for three lively children and their daddy. They were the days of the Great Depression and due to a shortage of money found me sewing all of the clothes for the family and I was quite proud of the boy's overalls. Some days found me canning one hundred sixty— five quarts of fruit. Bread was mixed every other day and baked since the family was growing.

Towards the end of 1930's, there were rumors in Europe of war and in 1941, U.S. became involved in the Second World War. Due to construction made necessary by this crisis, George was able to find work as a carpenter where he worked with his brother Alphalus A. Johnson. This changed our life style for the first time in our lives we had a steady paycheck. In 1939 we kissed the old Buick goodbye and bought a silver blue Lincoln Zephyr car. The acquisition of this fine automobile marked one of the happiest times in our married life. George loved beautiful things and this was the ultimate in cars in 1940. Many were the joyous occasions we spent going on our trips in this car as a family when he came home on week ends.

George gained valuable experience as working carpenter so he was prepared to build our lovely home. Experiences gained also aided him to pass the Journeyman test in the Carpenter's Union. He also worked at Sunset Second Street Depot in Ogden and finally in the Army Veteran's Hospital in Brigham and extensive work on the Ward Chapel. I was left with the responsibility of caring for the family. Russell and I did the chores. George purchased some third crop hay which had been touched by the frost causing our live stock to become bloated which killed three fine calves. Russell was only eleven years old and he would come screaming in the early morning about the situation but it wasn't his fault. A solution to the situation was found when we used straw with the Lucerne or Alfalfa hay which worked out satisfactorily.

. . . Dad in his seventies traveled to Ogden from Logan each day except Sunday where he served at the Second Street Army Depot as a member of the Mounted Police since the prisoners of war were incarcerated there. This work qualified him for social security payments when they retired him. Thelma and alternated days caring for mother who was very ill in bed with high blood pressure during the last three months he worked at the Depot. We started our new home on the east side of the old one on the hill. I drew up the plans with George adding ten feet to the length. He also insisted on large windows against the advice of Wesley Schaub, a Logan architect. They are beautiful to see and to furnish head in the front part of the house on sunny days but proved to be bitter cold during the long winter nights and dreary days. George cleared the dirt out of the hill with a hand scraper pulled by a horse and dumped the excess dirt in a small gully west of the house which was hard and tedious work for him but he was a champion of perseverance.

He made the forms for the basement walls in record time and later used the lumber for forms as a sub floor. Granite rock was hauled from the mountain east of Kaysville to face the front and west side of the walk out basement. The concrete was made with a cement mixer from which was poured into a wheelbarrow. It was then hauled and poured into forms. The cement was mixed liberally with rocks hauled from the farm land. The labor force consisted of a crew of eight to ten boys which involved some substantial cooking on my part. I also assisted with adding the rocks into the cement. I wonder now how I was able to do so much but the thought of a new home acted as a spur. George bought native lumber from his uncle Alonzo Burrell who operated a saw mill in Paradise. The walls were also laid by George of hard baked tile blocks which were one foot thick. He felt that a double wall would be good insulation, never dreaming the cold and heat would creep through the plaster joints. He did a good job laying the tile alternating it for strength with each layer and we were happy to see it laid on the square. He roofed it with hard baked tile he bought from Ketchums, Salt Lake City, Utah over two layers of tar paper.

We were parents again of a tiny baby boy seven weeks early on January 11, 1941. He weighed four pounds three ounces at birth and was kept in an incubator during my ten day stay at the hospital and required hot bottles to be placed around him to retain his body heat. He was a beautiful baby and very good since he seldom cried. His food agreed with him so he thrived and soon gained weight over the normal sized babies born at approximately the same time. enjoyed him so much I hardly wanted anyone else to hold him. We named him Rulon Alfred, his initials of his Grandfather Johnson and Alfred for his Grandfather Bateman. So enamored was his grandfather over this little bundle of sweetness that he hardly ever missed a day coming over to hold him. He said that he had never seen his equal for being beautiful and as a bright baby. He learned to sit early but never wanted to stand or crawl. When he was a year old he stood up by a chair and started to run but never fell — he has kept up the pace of running most of his life since he is a very active child.

On Dec. 7th, we had a terrible shock hearing the Japanese planes had bombed Pearl Harbor which was indeed a “day of infamy” as the Japanese had barely left President Roosevelt and Secretary of State, Cordell Hull when he had presented prospective peace plans. A neighbor, William Henderson died of a heart attack on hearing the dreadful news as he had two sons serving in Hawaii in the Navy. . .

Men were needed at the Lucin Cut-Off at Promontory Point to replace the piling driven into the Great Salt Lake for the railroad and needing some extra money, George left the building of the new home for a few months and stayed for two and one— half years. He enjoyed his work there and made many friends, many missionary meetings were held and he gave away copies of the Book of Mormon. This was his way of spending long winter evenings in the railroad cars they lived in. He gained twenty pounds since the men had excellent cooks and abundant meals. He worked for Morrison—Knudson who offered him a job to supervise construction in Japan but he preferred to come home which he did one snowy November night surprising and scaring me by tapping one of the front windows to be let in.

He overworked the next year in trying to crowd in for lost time at home while working away. He finished the floor with a gutter~ drain and installed drinking cups for several cows we had in the new barn which he completed with Russell and Ellsworth’s assistance. He finished the inside of the new home with the exception of the kitchen cupboards upstairs. I did the painting of the walls and the ceilings. We had it completed and in order for the 100th Centennial commemorating the arrival of the first Mormon Pioneers who came to Utah to till the soil and to make new homes free from persecution to worship as they chose and make glorious a place to live in peace.

I made a Centennial quilt drawing all of the pioneer blocks telling the story of the Prophet Joseph smith and the history of the Mormon Church to the present time. The quilt had been put away for twenty—five years or more when I made it for display during the United States Bi—Centennial during the year of 1976 and it was showing in Kaysville where pictures of it were taken with Governor Rampton’s wife, Lucy Beth and another lady dressed in pioneer dresses holding it which was accompanied with a news story which was run in the newspapers. It was in demand for the Centennial Celebrations in the Garland Stake and a call came, requesting the Stake Relief Society President to bring it to the General Relief Society Room in the Relief

Society Room in the Relief Society Building of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter—day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah for a few months. I received congratulations and appreciation from President Spencer W. Kimball and his wife who both liked it very much.

I served many Church and civic jobs during the years of my marriage. I was President of the Young Women's Ass'n for 5 years and as class leader of the Relief Society for 1&~ Sunday School Teacher for 12~ Relief Society Visiting Teacher for 20~ Councilor in the MIA for 7, Drama and Speech Director for 19, won first place with Road Shows in Box Elder and Bear River MIA Stakes for 2 years. Recently I was Ward Librarian and still am for 10 years, coding and setting hundreds of material source references according to Church specifications. I was Chairman of the March of Dimes for 10 years. I was correspondent for the Logan Herald—Journal and Tremonton Leader and Garland Times for twenty—five years. I served as a Rural Route Mail Carrier for over 25 years during all kinds of weather on treacherous icy roads in winter. I really got ahead of myself so will go back to times I dread to write about.

During the summer of 1947, after George finished our home, he and his two boys combined wheat on the hill farms which we had bought and planted spring wheat. It was a bounteous crop and we were thankful. They also combined grain in Wellsville and Mendon earning nearly enough to pay our outstanding bills. He then hauled sugar beets contracting the work which turned into a nightmare trying to haul and load beets which had frozen together. His partner left the job because of this so he had to finish alone causing him to be in a state of exhaustion and extreme irritability.

We had a fairly good Christmas in our new home. I was trying to keep up while I was sick with the flu accompanied with terrific headaches so I could hardly bear hearing the sounds made by the family mainly George and the boys pitching indoor horseshoes. I pleaded with them to stop but to no avail.

On Jan. 6, 1948 George and I went to Tremonton to attend the John Deere Day where Russell joined us. While there we were told there was a feud going on between the lawyer and his Japanese renters that we had better promptly go there to get our checks owed George for beet hauling if he expected to collect it. We made a quick trip to Brigham to see the attorney who in turn sent George to see the Japanese renters. Russell and I sat in the car where we heard a terrible argument. Russell commented that he wished his father would come out and not insist on payment as we were very worried about his safety. He finally came out with his mission accomplished. When we got home to find Rulon and his friend had ridden the trikes from the mud and used our family room as a race track. George swept up about a quart of dirt, needless to say we were disturbed and Rulon got sent to bed.

George started to hold his head as a spasm of pain hit him. I promptly looked for the aspirin but found the bottle empty. I had used them all during my bout with the flu. I hurried up to Ruby Bowens to borrow some and she came back with me and we found him in intense pain which could not be relieved. They advised hot and cold packs all to no avail. I called Al Ericksen, LaVona, B. F., and Alph to administer to him but the pain prevailed. I took him to the Tremonton Hospital at 4:00 A.M. By this time, the pain had contorted his face and aged him until he was almost unrecognizable. Suspecting Encephalitis of which there had been several cases in the valley, he was isolated on the top floor. Dr. White called in a specialist and an Army doctor from Salt Lake City for consultation. His spinal fluid was drawn and after other painful tests, his case was diagnosed as brain fever in the acute stage which meant that he had a slim chance of three out of a hundred to recover and if he survived, he might be a vegetable. I was ill with shock and felt my world was practically over but I had to keep going for my family. I stayed at the hospital day and night by his side for days. He was lucid at times but he would go into semi-comas. Russell would don a uniform and stay with him for a few hours so I could go home to wash, scrape up the place. Finally after ten days, I dashed over to Logan and brought mother back with me to help. Then I felt better about the family under her care. George continued with high fevers when one day I found his temperature to register 106 degrees. He suffered a slight stroke from which he quickly recovered as to paralysis. After three weeks, the doctor advised that he be taken home as they had done all they could for him nor would they make house calls for the same reason.

On Feb. 9, he broke out in cold sweat and turned stiff as a board. On doctor's orders, an ambulance took him to the big hospital south of Salt Lake City where he was critically ill for a month receiving numerous transfusions. He started to improve but the illness had taken its toll killing brain cells so he had to learn most things over again like driving his tractor, car, loved ones names, his reactions and judgment were affected but it was beautiful to see him recover even if slowly but he never forgot me. He came home after two and one half months in the hospital. I am especially grateful to Maurice and Othel, Al and LaVona Ericksen and Thelma and Charles for taking me down to see him and to a dear who wrote often about his condition and to Dr. Heninger who hardly left his side during his critical condition. I told him how much I loved him and that our dear family prayed often for his recovery and many nights I prayed until morning. Great was the joy of the family when he did come home, finally on 19 April even though they hardly recognized him for he looked so pale and weak. He never fully regained his health but he got so he could do light tasks. The boys in doing the work remembered how their father liked things done before his illness. Ellsworth combined and plowed while Russell assisted and operated the truck in hauling the grain. Rulon was a good lawn mower and Diane helped around the house.

Russell graduated from Bear River High School and the LDS Seminary and attended the Utah State University, receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in 1953. While attending there, he was President of the Engineer's Club. He received good grades in engineering and educational subjects preparatory to teaching. Some months later, he received his Master of Science degree. Ellsworth graduated from the Bear River High School and LDS Seminary. He did well in mechanics and construction work. Both he and Russell worked at Hotel Eccles with Ellsworth operating the elevator and Russell at the desk.

We tried every means to improve George's health condition by going to different doctors specialized in their lines. He gradually learned new things so he could live a more normal life but brain fever weakened his health. He improved so he could drive a car and operate farm machinery, etc.

Diane was a beautiful popular girl and was picked by the school photographer as the ideal teen age girl and he used her for a model, doing sixteen pictures for display. She was the School Vice President and Cheer Leader. She went to the Junior Proms at the four high schools and it was fun to sew for her many dates. She went with very fine boy friends from good families. We kept her home too short a time as she married Bill R. Barker on June 19, 1953 in the Logan LDS Temple. The wedding reception was a beautiful occasion and we were happy with the temple marriage and that she married one of the best young men and son-in-laws in the world. He teaches Auto Mechanics at the Clearfield High School and has his Bachelor of Science at Utah State University.

In the space of two months after she was married, her two brothers went into the Service since the Korean War was still going on. Russell went as a 2nd Lieutenant to Germany and Ellsworth enlisted in the Tank Division stationed in Korea. Our boys were 12,000 miles apart and both won medals for excellence for marksmanship. Russell came home on leave before being sent to Germany and fell in love with Marilyn Clark, a talented musician and dancer. They gave us mothers ten days to get a reception ready which turned out to be a lovely affair, December 23, 1953 after their marriage in the Logan LDS Temple. Ellsworth was in Korea at the time and was promoted to take care of the motor pool since he was an expert mechanic. We lived to receive their letters. Russell left for Germany after their marriage and Marilyn joined him a few months later when papers could be cleared for her. I felt better about him and his accommodations than I did about Ellsworth who had a rugged time in the hills of Korea where the temperature was cold enough to freeze water in barrels. He used newspapers which he wrapped around him to keep from freezing. The guerilla bands in that country kept them constantly on the alert.

Our home was like a mausoleum so lonely with only George, Rulon and I. Rulon was one of the school's best basketball players but a heart condition developed where he had to stop playing. This left him unhappy, dissatisfied and his school marks suffered. He finally outgrew his health problem but was never as strong as his brothers. He went to work during his spare time for Bill and his brother's service station. He, too graduated from the Bear River High School. He won a scholarship at a Salt Lake City Beauty School but did not want to go there so I borrowed \$250.00 for the tuition at the Logan Hollywood Beauty

School. There he did exceptionally well and was much in demand for appointments. While in Logan, he met and married a darling dark eyed girl by the name of Margaret Hansen~ Sept. 30, 1960. I made her a beautiful wedding gown of lace and ruffles over a net skirt set on a taffeta skirt lined with net ruffles underneath.

Their reception was held in the Logan 6th LDS Ward, Sept. 30, 1960 and was a lovely affair. I made a dress for Margaret's mother and for some of the bridesmaids using the color scheme of pink and white. Later they were married in the Logan Temple.

Ellsworth married a talented girl, Lynn Saunders from Roy who won the Betty Crocker Scholarship of Utah. After his return from Korea, he did motor tune up work in a Logan Garage and finally landed a job for which he was well qualified for the Holly Ready Mix Cement Company in Ogden. He was head over many men who worked there and hr. Holly said: "Ellsworth made more money for him as the Shop Supply manager than any other employee." It was a relief to see the family married and all doing well before George was crippled with painful arthritis in 1957 before his death. He had been improving in other ways and this new ailment was a shock. The marriage of Ellsworth to Lynn which seemed so happy broke up after six years. It was especially sad to me and the family as they were married in the Salt Lake Temple and two lovely children were involved Colleen and Bruce with whom I have tried to contact during the years. Lynn was always good to me and was an expert sewer. She was good to her grandparents always and especially to me after George's death.

Also our dear mother died of a massive stroke, March 11, 1958 which left my world never the same. I was by her bedside at the Logan Hospital when she breathed her last. Dr. Daines came to comfort me but I turned numb, she is ever in my memory. Our wonderful capable dad changed over night into senility and tried to live alone with our help but it was necessary for him to have a hernia operation and the shock of this made his condition worse. We tried as well as we could to help him -that is the family tried but the last three years were hard for us all. I had him most of the time with me the last year but he was so mixed up and could not control his body functions or sleep. George also was going through a painful time and was failing so I had two to care for, two special loved ones.

Dad contracted pneumonia and died March 7, 1961 in a Provo Hospital. I almost had a complete breakdown afterwards but with so much to do and with George screaming with pain most of the time especially after a small Ford tractor passed over his body as he tried to climb on it. He rode the tractor to save walking with a cane. After the accident, we had him x- rayed from head to foot, to find two broken ribs but the shock left him helpless. He never knew his best friends for days at a time. I tried to keep busy and think tomorrow will be better and nurse him as much as I could and not bother the family although it was necessary to have Russell come down to help me when he tried to leave the house during the night thinking he was going to General Conference with his father as he did as a boy. Friends and relatives were especially kind and supportive. Harold was his special buddy and Charlotte cheered him with me at the time before his passing at 12:30 a.m. on January 6, 1963. Diane and Bishop Bowen were with me at the time and he held me in his arms at the last.

The last words he said was: "Thank you Mummy darling." When I tried to feed him that last afternoon, I knew that he cherished Diane and Julie. The only real visit I had with him after the effects of his tractor accident since he was weak and unable to talk was when Blanche was going to stay with him awhile so I could go and buy Christmas presents. He called to me as I was going down the steps and he stood at the top of the stairway explaining no man ever loved a woman like he had me and the appreciation he felt for me caring for him through his long illness. He told me his days were numbered and doubted he would ever see another Christmas. He told me that I was young and to try to build my life again and get married so I felt no guilt in doing this and this has been a sadness to live with. I followed his advice even though I hurt my loved ones by doing so. I like to remember him in his prime and the life we shared together, the pane we lived and the way we worked together to accomplish our heart's desire. A nephew, I loved dearly, Dr. Don A. Johnson told me that it was a marriage made in heaven. I answered that we always had harmony together but he remarked that on all of Uncle George's accomplishments, he had my help. He died true to

the faith, staunch in his beliefs, a loving husband, father and beloved of all who knew him. His memory is close to my heart and his knowledge of the Scriptures, he could quote by the hour was the greatest of anyone I knew. He was a gifted speaker but did not care to write his thoughts on paper. He was a skilled mechanic; carpenter and he could repair anything around the place before the illness hit him. He passed these skills onto his three sons. Russell designed his own shop at the Bear River High School and taught industrial arts for twenty— years there and built houses to rent. Ellsworth is now a Master Mechanic with the Kennecott Copper Company repairing mammoth equipment and also painting, repairing and tuning cars in his own shop. Rulon is the Logan City Building Inspector at the age of 36 with three people in his department.

I am thankful to live to see the accomplishments of my family. George and I have 22 grandchildren, 5 of whom have served on LDS missions.

Diane is an ideal mother and keeps her beautiful home in order which reminds me of mother in regard to cleanliness. She has served the Church in the Stake as President of the Primary and President of the Kaysville Ward Primary; Stake Secretary of Sunday School and at present is a young woman's teacher. She is the mother of five — three fine sons: Gary, Steve and Brian and two lovely daughters: Julie and Jana. Two of her sons are returned missionaries and Gary is on the Stake High Council. She and her fine husband, Bill recently celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary. They have been wonderful parents who have set ideal examples for their family. Bill is the Executive Secretary to the Bishop of the Kaysville Ward and has served in the Young Men's and in the Sunday School Presidency. He is a member of the Lion's Club. Other details about him have already been noted.

George Russell is married to the former Marilyn Clark₁ a very talented person. She has served as President of the Beaver Ward Relief Society and as President of the Relief Society in Karlsruhe, Germany. She also served twice as Primary President in in Beaver Dam. She taught the Basic Course for teachers under two different bishoprics and has taught in all the auxiliaries. She was secretary for President Emeritus Dr. Daryl Chase. At present she is Senior Secretary of the Music Dept. at USU. She has given many hours service playing the piano for meetings, funerals, weddings, etc. George Russell is our eldest child. He and Marilyn are the parents of six — four sons: Gregory Russell, Michael George, Larry Edward and Russell Clark and two daughters: Penny Sue and Lindy Lue. They have sent three sons on missions. The first two have completed missions and Larry Edward was sent to the Wisconsin mission. Editor's note — Larry Edward was struck by a recreational vehicle which broke his leg severely — he made a quick recovery and is now serving in the Arizona, Tempe mission. Russell and Marilyn celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary, 23 Dec. 1978. Russell has served as Ward Clerk under two Bishoprics in the Beaver Ward and has been President of the Young Men. He served as a Counselor to Bishop James Parkinson. While he served as Scout Master four boys achieved their Eagle Scout award.

Ellsworth Bateman Johnson is married to a fine girl, Etta Mae Jones, which took place 12 years ago. They were endowed and she was sealed to Ellsworth in the Salt Lake LDS Temple and they have a lovely family of 5 children and the family lives in Bluffdale, Utah. Earlier we noted that he has two fine children from his first wife named Bruce and Colleen. He served as a Dance Director of the Young Men of the Stake and is the Priesthood Secretary of the Elders. His wife, Etta has served in the Relief Society Presidency twice and is also a class leader and V—teacher in the MIA. She also served with Ells— worth as a Stake Dance Director. Etta was President of the PTA and a commissioner.

Rulon married the former Margaret Hansen and she has served as Ward Organist, Young Women's Teacher and as Relief Society Director. They are parents of three lovely children, named Tony, Marc and Joan. Rulon was the President of the Cache County Posse, President of the Arabian Horse Club, Charter member and active in civic work. Rulon was President of the Elders Priesthood Quorum. Sunday School Councillor and was President of the Seventies. His position with Logan City has already been mentioned.

I was fortunate enough to have a fine man, Norman Maughan care for me since his wife passed away after a long illness. He was Vice—President of the Gephart Stores and the manager of all of their stores. He was

formerly manager of the Woolworth Stores in Salt Lake City and Coffeerville, Kansas. We were married Oct. 6, 1963 and enjoyed many trips together. Among them was an ocean voyage on the Princess Margaret to Vancouver and Victoria after visiting his only child, a daughter who married Elder Richard L. Evan's nephew, Dr. Tom Soderberg who was working in a hospital in Seattle. They have four sons. We especially enjoyed eating on Seattle's Space Needle, a remnant of the World's Fair. Norman gave me beautiful gifts and treated me with loving protection. He was one of Tremonton's most respected citizens and loved business men. He introduced me to a way of life I never knew before in going to catered parties and being a part of society's upper crust which really accepted me. It was a hard thing to bear when he was taken suddenly after only three years of marriage. He had been a good Church member and had served in the Superintendency of the MIA and had been a Home Teacher. I was privileged to meet many General Authorities at Norm's daughter's house including President and Mrs. Spencer W. Kimball Norm's forbearers were religious leaders of Wellsville and he had a wonderful heritage.

President Darley of the Logan LDS Temple was his uncle and we spent evenings at his home and he approved Norm's marriage to me. President George Raymond's wife told me that I was lucky to have married into three of the finest families of the Church after my marriage to Miles D. Roundy, Nov. 2, 1966. Thelma and Charles told him about me and he came calling. His zest for life, and his positions in the Church which included, High Priest Group Secretary, Councilor and superintendency of the Sunday school were factors which made me consider spending the rest of my life with him. He had a lovely new electric heated home on the west side of Wellsville in which we lived a part of the time, migrating back and forth to keep up the yards. He sold his home to Dr. John Owens of the Utah State Board of Education and his farm to Lou Callister who is a millionaire lawyer. Both paid him in cash. His family is really OK, all with beautiful homes, live LDS standards and are leaders. His son, Paul is in the Stake Presidency. The Roundy family has a genealogical book and history dating back to the early 1500. Mile's father has done over 3000 names in the temple and was a wealthy rancher and is 97 years of age. Miles laid a part of the brick for the Utah State University Fine Arts Building and the David O. McKay student rental apartments. He was formerly Superintendent of the Utah Concrete Pipe Company at Provo for 17 years and later a contractor. He made lots of money when trips were made with his former wife but they spent it. He generously bought big cars for his sons and gave cash presents to his daughter. Now in his retirement years which he never prepared for, things have been hard on him and me because of a spoiled family still expecting big gifts and censuring him for selling his home and farm making him feel frustrated at me. He tried to sell his property one year before I met him. When he sold his farm and home he also invested and lost a great amount on a mining deal in Sun Valley which he thought was a sure source of wealth as also did many other business men, including the Rasmussens and his brother, Brooks Roundy, President of the N.F.O. who were investors. They could better afford to lose than Miles but presently, he owns a valuable piece of land with two trailers which he rents to supplement his Social Security checks. He has done a super job running my farms, using weed control and fertilizers. The past year we have had to rent out the Hill Farm to Brooks Roundy as Mile's equipment and health are not in the best state of repair so he assists me with the mail job during bad weather. [Miles passed away 3 December 2000 at age 90 years and was buried in the Smithfield City Cemetery.]

The love and comfort of the beloved Dr. John Johnson Bateman, son of Harold and Charlotte gave me at times when I felt I could not go on was appreciated. I loved him dearly, very dearly since he was the choicest of all young men I ever knew. I congratulate Harold and Charlotte on all of their fine sons. They are far above average. I give them both credit.

My gratitude goes also to my two dear sisters, Thelma and Othel and their husbands who stood by me in times of stress and rejoiced with me when times were good . . .

My sisters and their families and ours have enjoyed each others company for many years. We took turns in preparing and serving holiday dinners using our best china, linen, and crystal with fabulous good food for our family gatherings always with our parents present. Harold, Charlotte and boys joined us when they could and entertained us royally on several occasions.

The state of my health has been discouraging but I am trying to do all I can and with the help of my Heavenly Father, I hope to endure to the end in not becoming a problem to my family and loved ones. Each day I give thanks to God for past blessings and for a chance to live it better and more fully for my precious children, for the love I have received from my loved ones and many friends and for my wonderful heritage. I do hope when my time comes that I will have paid a little of my indebtedness for all of these blessings. Lucile Clara Bateman Johnson Maughan Roundy passed away 5 December 1996 at age 86.

Lucile wrote a letter to me [Dr. Harold C. Bateman] dated 11 June 1979 and suggested that the two poems which she composed be included in her autobiography which are herewith presented:

Reminiscences

It was only a few short days ago
I was just a mere child,
Who walked in the sunshine,
And tried my path to define,
In this journey of life,
I marveled at all of the beautiful things
I could choose,
Or shabby things discard,
And if my way I did not lose
And fall downward
I could even hold a star
Or maybe something more.

By Lucile when she was but 19 years old.

TO MY HUSBAND

Yesterday when the sun shone
I never realized
That in all of the world
When I met and chose you
That today, living at your side
Could hold such dark hours
And such happiness, too. By Lucile Clara Bateman

Autobiography of Thelma La Rita Bateman Leatham Borg 29 January 1912 – 29 June 2003

It is only through the encouragement of my dear brother, Dr. Harold C. Bateman that I rewrite the story of my life. I have a hard time settling down to write a letter let alone a history.

I have belonged to The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, the Daniel Wells Camp for many years. Through this organization, I have learned there is rich history of hospitality hard work, sacrifice, and violent opposition which lies behind the stalwart pioneers who crossed the plains in search of a life of freedom and free worship. My grandparents were among those dear Utah Pioneers who crossed the plains. I shall always be indebted to them for their sacrifice; they suffered to pass on their wonderful heritage they left me and my families to enjoy. . .

I, Thelma La Rita Bateman Leatham was a daughter of John and Clara Hess Bateman. I was born 29 January 1912 in Paris, Idaho with Dr. William Hayward, the attending physician. I am the seventh child born into this family. I have five living brothers and little brother Russell who died at the age of two. I have two sisters and myself making nine in the family. My brothers names are: Alfred born Dec. 2, 1895; Dr. George M. born Sept. 12, 1897; Dr. Harold C. born March 13, 1902; Russell (deceased), October 14, 1907; Rao H. April 18, 1919, and LeRoy 21 March 1900.

Lucile was born Dec. 14, 1909; Thelma Jan. 29, 1912; and Othel was born Aug. 24, 1917.

In 1910, my father decided to build a new home, east of our house that we were living in. The logs were hauled from a nearby canyon then taken to the saw mill and sawed into lumber. The house was completed in 1911. It was one of the nicest homes in town. The family was very proud of this beautiful new home. I had the honor to be born in this new home. Mother said that I must have loved my new home because I was such a happy and contented baby.

My childhood activities consisted of going to Primary, Sunday School, playing eating, and helping my mother. I had a happy childhood with loving parents and big brothers who held me on their knees and sang songs to me and always making a fuss over me. Lucile was two years older — we were close sisters and did many things together all through the years.

We had a big kitchen that was kept shiny and clean. The floors and corners were cleaned every day then waxed with skim milk. I remember this well because this was my job in helping with the house work. I helped to turn the separator which separated the cream from the milk. The cream was churned into butter. I liked to watch mother take the butter from the butter mold which is called 1 lb. of butter. This butter would taste so good on our mother's home made bread. Mother had to make bread every day for her large family. She always had live yeast in a two quart bottle and would add to it a little potato water and a little sugar to keep it alive.

On wash day the big boiler was put on the coal and wood range and filled with water to heat, then the water was poured into the washer to hand turn the clothes until they were sparkling clean. The clothes were run through a hand wringer and then hung outside to dry. In the winter time the clothes were taken off the line so stiff that they were difficult to handle. They were taken into the house to finish drying. The water was heated on the stove for bathing then poured into a tin tub which was placed in front of the kitchen stove to keep us warm in the winter time. Chairs with towels draped on them were for privacy. We were thankful we had a cold water tap in our new home. Many families still had to go outside to their hydrants for water. We had a bathroom but no bathroom fixtures yet. The room was used to keep the washer in and to hang the clothes.

I believe in the Bear Lake winters, I would have frozen to death with out my bed partner, my sister Lucile. She was also a good story teller. There wasn't central heat in the homes. Our bedroom wasn't close to the kitchen range. The bedrooms got real cold in the winter time. We stacked blankets high on our bed, then with a heated flat iron we didn't hesitate to move fast into bed. We slept close to our bed partners to keep warm. Jack Frost painted beautiful designs on the windows. My good father would make several trips to our bed to see that we were tucked in the bed under the quilts.

Every winter there was preparation made to kill a pig for fresh pork meat for the table. The slabs of bacon were cured and hung on the shady side of the house. This was our refrigerator. Mother would use about every Dart of the pig. Very little was wasted or thrown away. She made good head cheese, and made everything taste so good.

Many hours were enjoyed in the big barn that was always filled with fresh hay, cattle and Dad's prize winning horses. The buggy shed was attached to the barn with a slanting roof. In the Bear Lake winters, the snow drifted to the eaves of the buggy shed. With the neighborhood kids, we'd sleigh ride from the top of the buggy shed down the drifts to the pastures below. The snow was higher than the fences and become crusted so that we were able to walk on top of the snow.

The snow rides in a bob sleighs wrapped in warm blankets and pulled by Dad's frisky horses with the merry sound of sleigh bells will always be remembered. I will never forget the Bear Lake winters.

There was always plenty of work to be done. Each member of the family was responsible for a job well done. My brothers were responsible for the out door chores. The wood had to be cut, cows milked and fed.

Chickens and pigs to be fed, barn to be cleaned and many other jobs.

Lucile and I had jobs a plenty in the house. When we got the kitchen shiny and clean, we could play in the winter time afternoons until supper time. We liked to make paper dolls on the big round wooden kitchen table. We liked to play with them and make doll houses and furniture out of the card board boxes. Along with our paper dolls, we'd cut up the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue for more paper dolls. It was cozy in the kitchen with a big fire in the range. Mother sewed a lot on the old treadle Singer sewing machine making quilt blocks out of old pants and coats or mending. When mother made bread she entertained Lucile and I with songs, such as "Two Little Girls in Blue", "Three O'clock in the Morning" and "Over These Prison Walls I Would Climb", were some of the songs I memorized and loved. She always had plenty of stories to tell us. Oh! How we enjoyed them and her. Othel and Rao were cute babies and had to be tended and played with when I was still rather young.

At meal time it was my job to set the big round wooden table. It was always set with a big tablecloth, knives, fork, spoon and a plate for each of us. This done the family would sit down to a delicious meal together where one of the family was requested to bless the food. The meal would usually consist of potatoes, Mormon gravy, meat and good home made bread and butter. Sometimes raisin or oatmeal cookies or cake were served with bottled fruit.

My mother made the best of what she had and she was a very clean and wonderful cook. She won many prizes at the Bear Lake and Cache County Fairs with her bread. She was an ardent reader. Lucile and I were named after books she had read. Mother was strict and always maintained work was the way to success and idleness was boredom and failure. To set goals work and then attain the goal were emphasized. When any of us did wrongs it wasn't that we did not know better. Mother and Dad worked in disciplining us when we did something wrong. I learned the lesson whenever I was tempted to do wrong.

I loved both of my parents and know that they did not have an easy life which existed during their younger years of pioneering. They worked hard and sacrificed much for their family and tried to give their children every opportunity and advantage they could to prepare for a better life.

In the summer time we played in the pastures which were located south of the house. In them were brush, willow trees and wild flowers growing thick. Two large streams of water crossed our corral and pasture. All of the neighborhood kids liked to play in this area. We would pick flowers and play run sheep run, hide and seek. Much of the time especially if it was dark, we would let our imaginations run rampant and scared ourselves and ran swiftly home.

I loved the water ditch which was located in front of our home, just north of the side walk. Just south of the water ditch was a row of beautiful poplar trees which made it shady and cool. A long swing was hung from a tree which was located on our lawn. Othel, Rao, Lucile and I would swing for hours. Dad built a play house for us in the back yard. Many hours were spent there making mud pies and play dinners.

When I turned six, I had a rude awakening for I found out that there were other things I had to do besides play. I started to attend school in fall of 1918 at the Emerson Elementary School in Paris, Idaho. I had many friends. A candy store was located across the street from the school and was a good place to spend our pennies for licorice. These were happy and carefree days until World War I broke out. The United States joined the Allied Powers in 1917 against Germany and the Central Powers. This was of great concern to my parents as they had two sons eligible for service. As young as I was I remember the sadness and tears that were shed when Alfred went to France as a soldier. He was a member of the 145th Field Artillery. When mother and Dad read the papers to see how the war was progressing with tears running down their faces, I knew something was wrong.

Othel was born Aug. 24, 1917 and her arrival brought much sunshine to the family during this time of distress. The nationwide flu epidemic broke out. The schools, Churches and movie houses were closed. Our family caught the serious malady and were bed fast. This of course was in 1918 and the Armistice had been

signed which meant that Alfred was mustered out and came home and was the only well person in the family. It fell his lot to be the cook. I know he became an expert in cooking rice because it was on the menu three times daily. Mother managed to arise from a sick bed to mix bread and Alfred supervised the' baking of it before it was permitted to rise properly. It proved a happy day when everyone was well again, especially was it a pleasant one for Alfred when mother took over the cooking once more.

Father was away from home most of the time buying and shipping horses to Denver, Colorado and to Riverside, California. We looked forward to his coming home. He usually brought suitcases of oranges from California, bracelets, rings and real silk to make dresses from Denver. He brought Lucile and I beaver hats. Mine was brown and Lucile's hat was black. Dad said that he carried them in his hands all of the way from California so the rims wouldn't get bent. The hats had a wide brim and a long wide ribbon streamers which hung from a bow in the back.

Mother had a beautiful dress made out of blue silk. The dress was trimmed with lace bodice. Mother wore this dress when the family group picture was taken. Mrs. Wilcox was our dress maker. I never liked to take the time to go and get fitted. But I was always happy when the dress was made and ready for wear to Sunday School.

Mother used to send me to town with a dozen eggs to exchange for a beef steak. The eggs bought enough beef steak for the whole family for a delicious dinner. The store clerk's name was Arthur Pendry. He was very friendly to me and gave me a piece of candy. He is still alive in 1977 and is living in Logan, Utah. I occasionally see him walking around Logan on his cane and it brings back memories of my childhood days in Paris, Idaho.

Our good neighbor's names were Riches, Cooks, Haywards, Shepherds, Sleight, Dennios, Dunns, Swifts, and Budge. The Budges and Haywards are good doctors in the Logan Hospital at present.

I always looked forward to the Old Folks Party which was held in the wintertime. Dad was the chairman. The day after the party all of the children were invited to eat the leftovers. There was always plenty for the children to eat their fill.

Christmas was always a joyous occasion to look forward to. There was usually plenty of snow and it was cold. The parlor was opened up and a fire was lit in the stove. The red stove was inviting with everything so clean and fresh. A large Christmas tree stood in the corner all decorated. Dad would hang a long ribbon on the trees in fact two ribbons; a red one for Lucile and a blue one for me. Ribbons were very popular in those days.

Mother spent days cooking for Christmas dinners, with her small daughters helping and getting in her way. The menus usually consisted of chicken, dressing, cakes, pies and plum pudding. The return of our brothers at Christmas time and for the holidays made it a happier occasion. The ward observed a community Christmas celebration which was exciting and fun. A huge decorated tree was placed in the chapel on the center of the stage. The presents were placed under the tree and were beautiful. After the program: singing and refreshments, Santa arrived to give everyone a gift.

Father served on the town council and as a deputy and was away from home nights. He came home after work with candy which he often placed in our mouths while still asleep.

Harold Swift rented our house which was located east of our new house. They had a daughter my age named Aileen. We were very good friends and enjoyed wading in the ditch together.

In the interest of my brothers who had graduated from Fielding Academy at Paris and were ready to enter college, Dad purchased a home in First South in Logan, Utah across the street from the Brigham Young College to enable them to attend the Utah State Agricultural College now the Utah State University. The house was just west of the Logan First Ward Chapel. The family was moved to Logan and all were together

again except LeRoy who was working in Pocatello, Idaho. I attended the Woodruff School as a second grader . . . Othel suffered a bad case of pneumonia but recovered soon under Mother's good care and nursing.

In May of 1920, Dad moved the family back to Paris. He thought the race track in Logan was the finest and the best. It was his desire to move back to Logan as soon as he could find a home located near the fair grounds. He owned a prize horse named Prince Wilkes and another one called Silverworthy and secured a third fine race horse from Milando Rich which he called Hal Direct. Dad trained these horses for the annual race meets which often richly supplemented his modest income from farming.

Dad found the home he wanted near the Cache County Fairgrounds in 1923 and moved back when I was 11 years of age. The Paris home and farms were sold which was really hard for the family to say good bye to the relatives and good neighbors. We traveled to Logan in the Model T Ford on the narrow and rough roads through Logan Canyon. It seemed like it took forever to travel 70 miles through it. When it grew dark, the car lights were so dim that we had to depend on the moon to give us light. Looking down the dug way, we could see the reflections of the moon shining in the waters far below the road. This trip made a lasting impression on my mind since I still remember this trip every time I travel this road.

We were happy to see the lights shining in Logan as we drove out of the canyon. Dad drove the car to our new home situated on 347 South Third West Street. He turned the lights on the new home and this was the first time we had ever seen the new love nest. It was a nice bungalow type home. Dad had secured the assistance of an expert carpenter to help construct it and George M. had performed some tasks in it. When completed, they were very proud of the workmanship which went into it. My brother, Alfred and his wife, Idella lived in the older home located down the lot at the corner south. We stayed the first night at their home.

After we moved into the new home, it did not take long to get adjusted to the new surroundings and learn to like it. We enjoyed the apple orchard and the big stream of water that ran through west of the house, I think made mother homesick. Once again I attended the old Woodruff School. After completing my elementary education, I started my Jr. High School days. The old Jr. High School was located between first and second North on First East. I loved my high school days. Mr. C. P. McBride and Mr. Welch were good teachers and made school interesting. I also took seminary.

I was proud of my brothers and my school teachers all knew them. Mr. Peck would sit with me, he was my science teacher and we would discuss what my brothers were doing. I felt like I was favored from the brilliant reputations of my brothers, especially Harold. Spelling was easy for me. I participated in many spelling contests. I also enjoyed sewing and history.

I attended the Logan Senior High School and graduated in flay 1931. I enjoyed school and participated in school plays. I never missed a ball game or a school dance. I graduated from the LDS Seminary, May 30, 1931 . . . Graduation time was sad and it was hard to sing the school song with class mates for the last time. My graduation dress was peach chiffon . . .

In 1926, I took piano lessons from Mrs. Steiner. Money was scarce and I did housework for Mrs. Steiner to pay for them. There still wasn't central heat making it pretty cold to work in a room that didn't have central heat without even a stove. The housework plus a dozen eggs paid for my lessons. The front room where I took the piano lessons was so cold in winter that Mrs. Steiner laid a heated towel on the piano key board. I wasn't sure this helped much . . . I didn't become a concert pianist but I had a lot of fun and it has helped me to appreciate good music. Piano and saxophone music are my favorite instruments. I always wanted an organist in my family and later on in life I got my organist daughter, Clara Rae. I felt confident that the knowledge I had gained in music helped both of my daughters who currently are good pianists, while they were taking lessons.

. . . While I was still in Logan Jr. High School, I met a handsome fellow by the name of Charles

(Chuck) Bailey Leatham who lived in Wellsville, Utah. It was my job to pick up a can of skim milk everyday at Borden's Milk Factory which was located two blocks away from our home. The skim milk was fed to the animals. Charles hauled a load of milk daily from Wellsville. We got acquainted. He helped me by lifting the can of skim milk on my little red wagon which I pulled. Often he helped me by lifting the can of skim milk and the red wagon onto his milk truck and took me the long way home. We went to dances at the Paladoir which was located in the building occupied by Sears, Roebuck & Company in Logan. The Bluebird Orchestra furnished the music which was beautiful and easy to dance to. Some of my favorite songs or tunes to which we danced to included: *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *Ain't She Sweet*, *Beer Barrel Polka*, *Baby Face* and *Cruising Down the River*.

Hamburger stands were just becoming popular. Pepsi-Cola had just come onto the scene. It was fun to stop at the hamburger stands and have a snack. We went to the Capitol and saw many good shows. There were only three show houses in Logan, the one mentioned, the Lyric and Billy Kearn's in 1st North.

I went with Chuck off and on for three years, until I graduated. By now I knew he was the only one so I said "Yes." Mother and Father liked him as did the whole family and I knew this for sure because I would be in deep trouble when I dated another boy. The big problem or question was asked in front of the whole family. Dad told him that he could have me in exchange for a pair of mules and to this day he is indebted to Father for two mules. Othel and Rao were still at home.

On one hot summer day, July 15, 1931, Chuck and I left for Salt Lake City to be married in the LDS Temple. When we arrived there, we were told it had been closed for repair and cleaning. We were disappointed. This trip to Salt Lake was the third time I had been to the big city. We found our way down town and did some shopping. We purchased a frying pan and a pretty wedding ring with five small diamonds which looked pretty with my engagement ring. Chuck had on a new white tweed suit and I wore my green silk wedding dress. We attended a show and we had a nice ride home in our black convertible coupe with a rumble seat. We traveled back to Logan and stayed at our parent's home. The next morning we got up bright and early and were on our way to the Logan LDS Temple alone. We were married July 16, 1931 by President Joseph R. Shepherd in a beautiful ceremony. He was formerly our stake president in Paris and we were treated in a special manner. We spent a short honeymoon at Fish Haven resort at beautiful Bear Lake.

We made our first home in Uncle Howard Leatham's home which is now owned by Basil Eliason. Chuck took over Uncle Howard's cows for \$15.00 a month. In 1931, a serious depression raged in the nation. The years were lean ones but we learned to operate on a pay as we lived basis.

Our' first baby was born Nov. 5, 1932 in the Logan Budge Hospital which is the LDS Logan Hospital now. We named him LaThair and he was a beautiful healthy baby with big brown eyes and long eye lashes. Dr. McGee said he was the most perfect baby he'd *delivered* in a long time. After a 10 day stay in the hospital, we checked out. The total bill including the doctor bill and the 10 day stay was \$55.00 so you see how scarce money was then.

We stayed at my parent's home in Logan for a week and then came home. LaThair was a good baby and we loved him very much. One night we were awakened with the baby coughing with croup. We called Dr. Christiansen and everything was done that we knew of and penicillin was unheard of at the time. The day after Christmas, he went into a coma and he died about 9:30 a.m. It was a sad holiday for our family. . .

We were sad the following spring when we had to trade in our Model Sports Ford coupe with a rumble seat

on a 1932 Chevrolet truck. Chuck hauled hay for John Leatham, an uncle that summer. In the fall, he hauled wheat for Thomas Bradshaw. Later on in the fall, we went to Preston, Idaho to haul beets. We lived in a motel for six weeks. After our expenses were paid, we had enough money to make a payment on the truck. We liked Preston and made many friends there.

We moved back to Wellsville and rented the back part of the old rock house from Mary Woodward. We were fixed cozy there where I painted the cupboard and the woodwork apple green to match the new apple green Charter Oak kitchen range. We had a maple bed room set and a nice mohair sofa and chair. There was no money and no work during the severe depression which was still raging so Chuck built a cattle rack on his truck to haul cattle for Kenneth Murray and Heber Murray who were cattle buyers. The winter was cold and the snow was deep. The snow equipment didn't keep the roads open like they do today. Chuck trucked into Idaho and would be gone several days at a time. At first I was nervous being alone and wondering if he might of had an accident on some lonesome road during a blizzard.

We decided after losing La Thair we did not want any more winter babies. So July 17, 1934 we had a beautiful baby girl and named her Clara Rae after her grandmother Bateman She was born at the Budge Memorial Hospital. She was so welcome and loved, after the tragedy of losing La Thair. Again Dr. McGee did the honors as attending physician.

In 1936, we purchased the lot south of the rock house which 4 rods wide and 12 rods deep. There we built a basement house. I thought we had the nicest home in town and it was all paid for. There were five basement homes in town. We placed a gable roof on our home and had less trouble with water than with the flat top roof. Clara Rae was two years old when we moved in and wasn't very happy with her new home at first. But later as we got the dirt smoothed around the foundation with trees, shrubs and lawn planted she loved it. Clara Rae went everywhere her dad went. She was the first grandchild in the Leatham family and all of the uncles and aunts were at home at that time and made a big fuss over her and she loved it.

Although I had been inoculated for Typhoid Fever about this time in 1936, I contracted it. I was very sick for six weeks running a high fever. Dr. Christiansen was my doctor. Grandmother Leatham came down every morning to rub me down with alcohol and bathe me. Mother came over and helped me until she contracted this terrible disease and had to be placed in the hospital. I did not know this until I got well enough to ask for her. It broke my heart when I found out that she was so sick.

Clara Rae had been so sick previously to my illness, I know that I contracted it from her. While I was still sick, Clara Rae was about two years old and so small running around. I suppose she wondered why her mother did not get out of bed. Her Dad loved her and was good to her and saw to her needs. I know it was the faith, prayers and the administration by the Elders that I recovered.

Chuck was real thoughtful and good while I was ill. He brought home expensive trout and tomatoes for me from Logan. They really tasted good and helped me to gain my strength. It took almost all summer to gain my strength. The illness took something out of me because I have never felt the same. There were three cases of typhoid in town and two of them died.

In 1937, Norman was born at the Logan Memorial Hospital. We appreciated getting another son. He resembled LaThair with his beautiful brown eyes and heavy eye lashes and curly blonde hair. He was so beautiful and was a good happy baby and could always entertain himself. We brought Norman home to the basement house and mother was there as usual to assist. We were a cozy little family with two darling babies who brought love and made it a lively happy home.

We had many parties in our basement house with good friends. For years we never missed a month without having a party. Not much money but we managed and had a good time. One night when our friends were in the basement house, it rained so hard that water started running through the windows. We had to stop playing canasta long enough to drain the windows from the outside and mop the floor. We had a good laugh over this for many years. I won the first prize at canasta that night.

In 1939 we saved a little money and decided to build onto our basement home. We worked on some plans we liked and then put them up for bids. Trick Rash from Smithfield got the contract and we had a nice modern home that year. How happy we were. Our folks worried about how we would pay it off. We also had our doubts. We heated our home with a cook stove and fire place one year. The second year, we bought a furnace; the third year a stoker. We always paid for each item before purchasing the next. It was at this time we purchased a Sears refrigerator and it was one of the first ones in town. We paid \$10.00 down and \$15.00 a month for a few months, then we were able to pay it off.

We were always afraid of debts and believed in paying as we went. We have always believed in paying an honest titling to the Church and we have always been blessed for this. We always felt this was the least we could do for the Lord for his goodness to us. We have not wanted for anything in return during hard times and good ones. We have been truly blessed and are so thankful for our blessings.

Chuck borrowed money to finish paying for our home and we repaid it at the rate of \$15.00 a month and sacrificed in other things to pay a little more on our debt.

In 1937, the ICC denied our permit to haul canned milk which caused us to have to stop work which caused us to get behind on our International truck payments. Bill Baugh sent a man over and repossessed the truck. In 1938, one year after our downfall out of the clear blue sky, we received our ICC permits after a big fight to get them. Chuck borrowed money on his life insurance and bought a second hand trucks two ton GMC. We had to start all over again in getting back into the trucking business. The truck was placed once more on the road hauling loads to Grand Junction, Colorado; Idaho and Montana. Chuck was away from home most of the time which was to be expected in the trucking business. We had Clara Rae, Norman and were very happy once again after our triumph over adversity.

In the summer of 1940, Chuck went to work at Second Street Depot driving a truck in Ogden, Utah. Later in 1942, during the Second World War, he leased his truck to Intermountain Contractor which was building the Navy Depot at Clearfield, Utah. In the fall, he was transferred to Tooele, Utah to build igloos. He purchased another truck and leased one from LeGrande Miller of Hyrum.

Times began to look up and money started coming in for the first time and we were able to finish paying off the debt on our home. We purchased a Pontiac Coupe which made us very happy and now we could travel through Sardine Canyon without our car boiling.

I enjoyed my baby brother Rao's visits when he played ball in the Wellsville ball park under the lights which was just across the street about one block east. He would cut through the fence with his big league baseball shoes. Rao was always happy and had a big smile. He was a good athlete.

In 1942, we saved up \$2,000.00 and we offered John Perkins this sum for his farm as a down payment and he accepted the proposition. The farm had been sold once before and John had repossessed it. Maybe he had an idea the same thing would happen again for he said: "Charlie, if you don't make the payments as they come due, I will take the farm back." Later on before the payment came due, Chuck had the money and went to John to pay him off. John was unhappy and did not want to take the money and made Chuck pay the full interest on the debt.

The war with Japan was of great concern to us because we both had brothers involved. Rao served in the South Pacific and helped to load the atomic bomb on the Enola Gay. Harold was a colonel in the US Army until he was retired. Chuck's brother, Jack served in the Philippines and Japan. Dale, another brother was in the Air force in Truex, Wisconsin in 1942.

Clara Rae was eight years of age in 1942 when she started taking piano lessons. . . She studied and practiced diligently with a little help in her practicing from me and she became a pianist and I got my organist daughter.

After the Tooele Igloos were built, Chuck came home and went into the grain business. He bought grain from the farmers and trucked it to Salt Lake, Ogden and Draper. He sold it to M.G. Pence Company and I accompanied him on many of his trips. The next year, he purchased the old Honig House and installed a feed mill, roller and a grinder. He served the farmers with feed and seeds. Chuck built a wooden elevator in 1948. La Von Williams contracted this building which holds 12,000 bushels of grain and this really helped our' grain business.

It fell my lot to sort and count gunny sacks for the farmers. I enjoyed getting acquainted with all of the farmers in and around Wellsville. Many became close friends and took us out to the Bluebird for dinner. I was always happy when the wheat season was over. . .

All through the years and because we live close to Lucile and her family, we have been close. We have helped each other in times of trouble. It was a sad experience when George died whom I loved dearly and respected. He had suffered from ill health for years still continued to meet in Logan for visits while we had lunch and we had many good visits over the telephone.

We were lucky to be living near our dear parents. We enjoyed their love, help, kindness and guidance through the years. My parents at this writing are still living in Logan and once each year we pick them up and take them for a drive through the old home towns in Bear Lake which they enjoyed very much. We took them to the family reunions which were held in Paris, Bear Lake, Lava Hot Springs and Willow Park in Logan. I managed to visit with them at least once a week and sometimes every day. They enjoyed the holidays with us. They and Chuck's parents were never left alone on holidays. For this I am thankful. Mother passed away March 11, 1958, at the age of just past 82. Norman was the apple of her eye. When it happened, he was still in the mission field. Mother was buried on our plot of ground in the Wellsville Cemetery. I loved her dearly and life hasn't been the same after her death. My good father took her death hard for he wanted to live in his home. He was able to do this for five months under Lucile's and my watchful care then we brought him to our homes. We did all we could to make him happy. Three years later he passed away March 7, 1961. It was his wish to be buried in the Wellsville Cemetery beside Mother's grave.

I neglected earlier to mention in my story my Grandparents Hess and Grandparents Bateman. I often visited with my Grandparents, the Hesses who live about two blocks from our house. I walked one block east on a cement sidewalk then turned south and went one block on a plank board walk. We, that is —Lucile and I would skip and run on the plank sidewalk because it would sway gently up and down with a noise. My Grandmother Hess was a sweet lady. She was willowy. Every straw and leaf were removed from her door yard. Her floors were always shining. Grandpa was a kind, quiet, reserved man and during their later years lived in Paris.

I liked to visit my other grandparents, Batemans who lived in Bloomington, Idaho about four miles south of Paris, Idaho. Grandmother loved flowers and shrubs. I liked to look at her fancy little dishes. When ever there was trouble, sickness or death, she'd be there to help. I can remember her in a black dress. Grandfather Bateman was in the bishopric of the Bloomington Ward for many years. They owned a black buggy that was pulled by a beautiful horse . . .

Chuck was a public servant for over thirty years. I shared this great experience with him. Through these years we have met many fine people and have made many trips together to conventions. Chuck's first experience in politics was when he was elected to the City Council of Wellsville in 1943 while he was a member of the Cache County School Board in said year. In 1953 we enjoyed school conventions at Las Vegas, Nevada; Los Angeles, Ca; New York and New Jersey. . . .

While serving on the school board, Chuck had the privilege of graduating his daughter, Clara Rae from High School in 1952 and his son, Norman in 1955. All of my life, I have enjoyed working in the Church. At the age of fourteen, I was a member of the Logan Second Ward with Frank Baugh as the leader. When I moved to Wellsville in 1931, I was sustained a member of the Wellsville 1st Ward Choir and worked here

for thirty nine years. . .

I worked in the Mutual Improvement Association for ten years; four years as a Bee Hive teacher and six years in the presidency . . . Since Clara Rae and Norman were very young and Chuck was on the road most of the time, it was difficult to serve at this time but I was blessed and managed without too much difficulty.

I worked with Chuck on the Old Folks Committee. He served as Chairman for ten years. Many people were entertained and served good food in that length of time. . .

Charlene was born Jan. 21, 1948, in the general hospital in Logan. She was a beautiful tiny doll with a lot of blonde hair and she weighed 5 lbs. Our good friend Dr. Francis was our doctor and he wanted to keep her. Clara Rae and Norman were happy over their new sister.

In 1959, I worked in the Primary organization. I had worked in the Primary when I first moved to Wellsville. I taught the Sunbeams. . . I enjoyed being a 4-H Club leader many years.

I loved working with little children again. My testimony is strong that the Primary was divinely inspired for the little children of the church to learn about our Heavenly Father. I know my Great Grandfather Hess was inspired and had a great part in organizing the Primary. This has always been a favorite organization of mine.

Charlene was a baby in 1948 when I started working in the Primary. I held her on my knee when I gave my lesson. She was so good, I believe she understood and listened to my lesson. Later on she joined her little class without any trouble. She never wanted to go unless I went too. Clara Rae and Norman had graduated from the Primary.

Although there wasn't much money, we always had a good time through the years. We ran around with a nice crowd who were in the same boat. Easter was celebrated together; picnics and breakfast in the canyons. Baseball was played in the pastures. Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve were celebrated into the wee hours of the morning — dancing, caroling and eating. All the birthdays were celebrated and we were known as our "Gang." Many summers, we met in Yellowstone Park and enjoyed each others company for two weeks in the little wooden cabins at Fishing Bridge. Fishing, boat rides, Picnics, candy makings, sewing bees and visiting will all be remembered with fond memories. As the children came along, we took them along. . .

Norman was busy working on his merit Badges and has always been an ambitious boy. He made a little money mowing lawns. One summer he made a car from an old lawn mower and had a lot of fun driving it with his dog running behind him. He had a motor scooter he liked which he took good care of. He was handy with his hands and could fix his friend's scooters. There were always plenty in the drive way.

He was President of the Deacon's Quorum during 1949-1952 and received the Aaronic Priesthood Award in 1955. He received a special award in track. He enjoyed 4-H Club and was the secretary and graduated from the South Cache High School in 1955 and was on the honor roll. He graduated from the LDS Seminary where he was President of the Y.M.M.I.A. We were proud when he received All State Farmer's Degree at the State Convention. He went back to Kansas and received many honors.

Mr. LeRoy Jorgenson, one of Norman's LDS Seminary teachers told me that he was a well mannered and polite student. That was why he was chosen President of the YMMIA Seminary. Norman was Chairman of the Safety Committee at the High School. In the fall of 1955, he entered the Utah State University where he became a member of the SAE fraternity. In 1957, he received his call to go on an LDS Mission.

I was happy when Norman accepted his call. At that time, he had many things going for him and many plans. We enjoyed a beautiful spirit in our home and many blessings while Norman served on his mission. When he had served an honorable mission and it was time to come home, we decided to meet him in Grand

Junction, Colorado.

This was the children's first train ride which they enjoyed on the Zephyr. When we arrived in Grand Junction, there stood our handsome missionary son and there was a happy reunion. Norman loved his mission and I don't think that he wanted to come home. We all had the happy experience of visiting a few places he had served. When we attended Church in Cheyenne, Wyoming and met some of Norman's converts, they were happy to see Norman. It had been over a year since Norman worked there and he was happy to see his converts strong and working in the Church and holding responsible positions. We met many people who respected Norman and loved him. This proved to his dad and I that he had done the job he came to do in the Western States Mission.

He met his wife, Jean Robbins while serving in Meeker, Colorado. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple; Sept. 4, 1959 . . . They have two beautiful daughters and one handsome son. After returning home, he entered the Utah State University and graduated from the Institute of Religion in 1961. In 1975, he was a stake worker on the alcoholic program and during 1971—1976, he was a Sunday school teacher. From 1976—1978, he was 1st Councilor in the Sunday school and in 1978, he was sustained as 1st Councilor in the bishopric. . . Norman is a wonderful son; most honorable man we know of and is without faults or guile. He doesn't know how to tell a lie. We are proud of him; I love and respect him very much. We look forward to his visits even though he lives next door.

Jean Robbins Leatham, Norman's wife graduated from Central Business College in Denver. She serves faithfully in her Church positions. Jean has been a nice daughter to me. I have depended on her for many things. She has never refused me anything I have asked her to do for me. Norman and Jean were later divorced.

In 1953, our family got smaller for Clara Rae met Clark LeRoy Puffer. After a happy courtship, they were married in the Logan LDS Temple. They were both enrolled at the Utah State University. Along with going to school, Clara Rae worked as a Secretary for the Pack Motor Company. After Clark finished school, they moved to Ogden, Utah where Clark accepted a teaching position at Riverside, later on was coach at Roy High. He was elected Jaycee State President. He was appointed Executive Director, Ogden & Weber Education Association UNISERV and in 1978, he received his Doctor of Education degree from the BYU. He has had many other honors and positions and was a Stake High Councilor. Clark and Clara Rae were later divorced.

Clara Rae was Ward Organist and Work Director in the Relief Society. She did student teaching, a teacher of piano and is a good mother. While going to school, she was active in music and played on many occasions in Jr. High and Sr. High School. She was the French Horn Soloist for the high school band. She has fun Participating in the Cache Valley parades. She sang in the exclusive Commotto Chorus which sang all over the valley. A daughter Cristie is married and teaches school. Clara Rae and Clark have two missionary sons. Clara has always been the apple of our eye. She is a very congenial person and honest. We keep close contact with each other. They built a beautiful home in Roy.

In 1965, Charlene graduated from LDS Seminary and her beloved Skyview High School where she was on the A honor roll. She served on the school senate all three years. She was honored by her fellow students who selected her to be on the Home Coming Royalty, Junior Prom Royalty and Cheer Leader. She was elected Best Looking Girl at Sky View. Charlene was on the Vist. Marching Group. While at Utah State University, she was elected First Attendant to the Sigma Chi fraternity. This is where she met her husband, John Lemperle who was its president. In 1969, Charlene was chosen to run for Miss Utah State University and won and was also selected the University's Miss Congeniality. She held the title of Miss Paper Doll, the best dressed coed on the campus. She was a member of the Utah State Aggiette marching Group. This organization performed at the USU ball games. They performed all over the West winning recognition while entertaining at championship basketball games in California. Cecil B. Demille and Sid Warner from Hollywood Productions saw her perform and offered her an interview for pictures.

After her graduation from Utah State University in 1969, Charlene married John who had graduated six months earlier, on Feb. 27, 1970. They moved to Phoenix where John accepted a job a manufacturing engineering with General Electric Company. Charlene accepted her first school teaching job at the Tiser School for children. They moved to Whitesboro, New York where John furthered his education. Charlene signed a contract to teach. A year later, they moved to Roselle Park, New Jersey where Charlene worked as a secretary when John finished his schooling and they moved back to Phoenix, Arizona. He is a manufacturing Engineer for Honeywell. They purchased a home in Phoenix. Charlene taught school until Trent was born in 1974. Charlene keeps busy in the Church and works in the Relief Society as a Mini-class leader, Visiting Teacher and was a Primary in-service teacher in 1967; was a Councilor in the Primary in 1978. She plays tennis and teaches piano students. I believe Charlene loves Arizona and it maybe that she misses the snow because she did a lot of skiing in Utah. She was a fun daughter to have in our home. We were always busy going to activities that she participated in. We had close communication even when she lived on the campus at the Alpha Chi Sorority house of which she was a member. She was obedient to the rules of the house and has always shown real love and concern for us and still does. We love her and her and her family.

She grew up with Pamela, Shana and Mike. They have always been close. She always liked to be with her niece and nephews. I hope my three children and families will always remain close and in touch.

In 1965, we built a beautiful new home north of our other home which is now Norman's home. We moved on Halloween night which proved to be a busy time, trying to entertain the trick or treat children, who were out celebrating Halloween and getting moved in but somehow we managed it.

At this time Chuck purchased the Dell Haslam farm and this gave us a 300 acre farm. Chuck was busy each fall buying and selling wheat. In the winter months he traveled to Salt Lake City to work at the Leatham Bros. Truck line, of which Chuck is the president and owns 46 per cent of the business.

I was a member of the Jr. Literary Club for several years of 1952 to 1960. I joined the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in 1967. I have served as its Captain for many years and I enjoy this organization. It is a national one and accomplishes worthwhile goals. The Daughters in our camp are very special and good company. We have our county meetings held in Logan in the Relic Hall and they are educational and interesting making the time spent worth while. DUP camps furnish programs for the senior citizens in the Sunshine Terrace in Logan. It's satisfying to know when you make people happy.

In 1970-1973, I was elected the Ladies Farm Bureau President. Ruth Hall was the Vice President. This job gave us many interesting things to do, like, during the Cache County Fair at Logan, we were responsible to see that the booths for our city were set up. We had charge of the clothes in the Exhibit Hall and awarding of the prize ribbons. Also we were invited to be a judge at other county fairs. A Christmas display booth was set up at the Jr. Chamber of Commerce Office displaying Christmas decorations each Christmas time. We were responsible for the town Farm Bureau meetings and a delicious buffet luncheon was served. Of course we had to have help to do this. . .

During 1968-1972, I was a member of the Republican Women's Organization both in the county and in the state. Chuck was elected to the Utah State Legislature in 1967-1973. I really enjoyed this experience. I met so many wonderful people all over the great state of Utah. We stayed most of the years at the Temple Square Hotel with the Salt Lake Temple located just across the street. I was privileged to do temple work but I spent a lot of time on Capitol Hill watching the Utah's laws being made. I was proud that I could watch my husband help make some of these laws. I also enjoyed shopping in Salt Lake City. I took advantage of this time to buy birthday gifts for all of my grandchildren. Charlene was still enrolled at the Utah State University at this time and doing her student teaching. . .

Charlene went with John off and on for two years. She accepted a diamond ring from him and we busily prepared for a wedding. It was a beautiful wedding and we had a large reception. The happy couple moved to Phoenix. It left a feeling of emptiness and loneliness to have our last child leave home. A home that was

once so happy and full of excitement. It was hard to adjust to the quietness and loneliness of being alone. . .

In 1974, I was a member of the State Resolution Committee. In 1975, I was the Chairman of it for the Municipal League. During 1974—1978, I was a member of the Cache County Mayor's Ladies Auxiliary. Chuck was elected Mayor of Wellsville, Utah and served in this capacity during 1974—1978. The mayor's wives met at the Bluebird once a month for lunch. The mayor's convention was held in Salt Lake City every fall after Founder's Day Celebration and what pleasant experiences.

Founder's Day was a great event for our town. There was much work put forth to make this day a success and entertaining to draw crowds each year that is large crowds from the valley. The floats of Wellsville City were the prettiest in the parade. I was busy working on many county projects and assisted the Daughters of Utah Pioneers get their Queens ready and preparing their floats. The Relic Hall had to be cleaned and made ready for visitors. It seemed that everyone had a job to do to make this day a success.

The town of Wellsville really grew and in 1970, the wards were divided. We went to the Second Ward in the purple brick chapel south of the Tabernacle. In the new ward, I was sustained a Jr. Sunday School Coordinator. I have always worked with little children so I enjoyed this job. . .

In 1976, Chuck was still the mayor and I kept busy answering the phone and taking down messages. Chuck and the City Council had many problems with a severe drought year. The city was growing fast required new sewers be built and settling ponds. The water system was updated both in the canyon and in the city with a 600,000 gallon reservoir. Money was borrowed for a new well that was drilled in town located by the ball park. These projects cost approximately one million and a half dollars. . .

The Logan Temple closed down in the fall of 1976 for remodeling purposes which made it necessary to travel to Ogden to do temple work. Clara Rae occasionally met us and we did temple work together. . .

It seems like a magnet draws us to Arizona every winter and I believe the biggest source of the attraction rests with little Trent, our youngest grandchild who has just turned five years of age. . . Charlene and John make us feel welcome in their lovely home. It is a great pleasure to go to Arizona and enjoy sunny Phoenix and our lovely family.

Charlene and John have remembered our birthdays with delicious four course dinners. We enjoy the boat rides, picnics and tours. We especially enjoyed the dinner show in Scottsdale. . .

The year of 1979 finds Chuck and I in pretty good health. We enjoy life — we feel we've had a good life and look forward to the visits from our children and grandchildren. I have hope that this good life will continue and it will as long as we have each other, our children and grandchildren, friends, and our brothers and sisters whom we have enjoyed through the years. They have been a great source of happiness and assistance in times of need.

We are so grateful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ which is a great part of our lives and we could not live without it. Life has many problems and I have suffered many sorrows. When all seems black, it is comforting to know I have a Heavenly Father to help me if I go to him in prayer. I have tried hard to control my emotions and try not to be provoked by daily aggravations. I try to accept things I cannot change and be happy. Sorrows just as cloudy skies cannot last indefinitely and when the sky is blue again, all sorrows pass away.[Charles passed away 30 May 1984 and Thelma died 29 June 2003 at age 91.]

Autobiography of OTHEL BATEMAN JONES 24 August 1917 - 19 November 2001

On a hot August day the 24th in the year of 1917, I appeared as quite a surprise to my sisters and four brothers in the small town of Paris, Bear Lake County. Since a family group picture was taken a short time previous to my birth, a new corner was not expected. I was quite a restless baby and I was the cause of many sleepless nights to my mother and father. My mother felt the reason for this was while she was

carrying me, she lay awake nights worrying about my oldest brother, Alfred who was in France at the time of World War I was raging. I was given a name and a blessing by my Grandfather, George Bateman, Oct. 14, 1917. My name to be known by was Othel Bateman.

In just a year and a half, our home was blessed with a sweet baby boy. I suppose I was happy to have some one to play with in as much as my sister next to me was 5 1/2 years old whose name was Thelma. The coming of Rao placed a lot of responsibility on my sister Lucile who was just 8 1/2. She had a big job as I understand that I walked and talked at a very early age. I guess there was never a dull moment. She has been like a second mother to me as she had sewed & sewed and did many, many lovely things for all of my life, I feel like I can never repay her for doing. I love both her and Thelma very dearly.

In looking back over my childhood, some of my fondest memories and precious memories were about my very wonderful father and mother. They were always a source of comfort and security to me. They were very industrious and made sure their large family was happy and taken good care of. My mother's name was Clara May Hess Bateman and my father's name was Alfred John Bateman.

I remember my little play house Dad built next to the home, I spent many hours enjoying this and my swing in the corner of the yard. I remember standing on the oven door washing dishes when we let the fire die down, for the stove kept the dishwasher and the rinse water warm.

I was always excited when my big brothers, Alfred, George, Roy and Harold came home from College. I remember Harold gave me a beautiful handkerchief once when he was unpacking his suit case. I had lots of playmates and when we went to Sunday school, I always protected my little brother Rao when anyone tried to pick on him. One time I even picked up a board and hit one of them for hurting him. I can also remember the fun picnics we had at beautiful Bear Lake.

In the spring of 1923, we moved to our new home in Logan, Cache County, Utah. The lights went out or dimmed on our car when we were in Logan Canyon but with faith and prayers; our father was able to guide us to safety to where we could see the bright lights of Logan City. I thought the bank was a lovely sight to see; the marble walls shining under the lights. When we drove into our oldest brother, Alfred's yard, I'll never forget the sight of the lovely snowball tree and the fragrance of the flowers in the air. Alfred was well-educated and had his degree in agriculture. After he moved from Logan he taught school in Smith-Hughes Agriculture in Idaho. In Utah, he was a field man for the Amalgamated Sugar Company. In Idaho he owned a large farm.

This was the first time I'd met my new sister-in-law, Idella. I've always loved and respected them and their good family: Orden, Helen and Russell through the years. Lie stayed with them that night and moved to our new home just 1/2 block north of them. I was just about 6 years old and will always remember the tall orchard grass in the orchard. I was frightened when I walked through it as it was taller than I.

Father always planted a large garden of wonderful vegetables and we had lots of fruit trees. We had currants and sometimes raspberries. We picked currents and sometimes sold them. Mother sometimes allowed me to keep the money to encourage us as she would often say. Mother canned lots of fruit and we would help to peel it. We pulled weeds and carried them to the pigs. We had chickens, cows and horses, too. My brother, Rao and I had to herd the cows while they grazed at the side of the road. We always had a dog and several cats. I loved to lead my favorite horses Hal Direct when dad worked him out. He was a pacer and held the track record for 2 1/2 years as being the fastest in Utah and we were very proud of this fact. When ever I felt depressed or blue, I went to his stall to sit in his manger. He came over to me and put his soft velvety nose on me like he understood. He always followed me around without his bridle. He was wonderful to ride too so smooth and gentle.

I remember when I was walking Silver worthy a high quality strong horse and very smart, too. He wanted to go out into the street and eat where the other horses were so he pushed me down in a mud puddle with his nose and I saw his hoof right over my face. If I hadn't moved he would have crushed my face. Another

experience that frightened me was when another horse called Silver Slivers bit the top of my head. I guess he thought my blond hair was hay. I really kept my sun hat on after that because I had a sore head for awhile. Another frightening experience was when I was riding a horse named Pearl. I was talking to some friends while she was eating grass when she decided she wanted to run away. There she was running as fast as she could and I couldn't get a hold of the reins but I clung onto her neck. She ran toward the corral and pushed the closed narrow single gate open and if I hadn't lifted up my legs they both would have been broken. I loved to ride horses and was quite a Tomboy as I could run faster than any boy in the neighborhood.

We always looked forward to the Cache County Fairs. We were very proud of dad in his bronze satin jacket and hat. He was a real showman with his beautiful horses in the races and with prizes won in the horse shows. . .

I started going to the Woodruff School in 1923 and about the first day, I met Vonzza Bingham who is one of my very dearest friends. She has been a great source of comfort to me especially these last few years. She lives in Sandy and we talk nearly every day on the telephone.

I have always attended Sunday school and Primary. I remember when I was chosen to be the queen's attendant in the Primary. It seemed that I could never comb the tinsel out of my hair after these events. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Jan. 26, 1926.

When my brother Alfred and family moved to Idaho to teach, his home was rented to William Phillips, a race horse man and later rented to my brother, Harold and family. He traded it to R. C. Wold on a farm in Idaho who in turn sold it to Harold and Charlotte in 1933. Through the years, he and lovely Charlotte were sources of comfort to the folks. We enjoyed them and their dear family very much. They took time to visit the folks and took many lovely pictures of them and all of the family through the years. I'll never forget the friendly relaxing car rides when I went with them in their car many times and surely enjoyed being with them. I used to go down to their home and visit with Charlotte a lot and we had some good talks heart to heart. Charlotte was so sweet then and still is. She is very attractive now even though she is in her seventies. I love them and their fine family dearly. We were very proud of his Jack, Alph and George and their fine families. Also of his being a professor and a doctor at Weber State College and his accomplishments.

Some of my more precious memories were times when I visited and was visited by my lovely sisters after they were married. Thelma married a fine man, Charles Leatham. I remember when the three of us slept in the same bed together because it was the only one they had then. Charles was always full of fun and generous, too. I remember when I used to stay with his sister, Grace. I'll never forget Grandpa Leatham when he called his boys to do their milking. He was the most patient man I ever saw. Grandma Leatham was a fine cook. I will never forget these fun days in Wellsville. I love Thelma, Charles and their lovely family very much, including Clara Rae, Norman and Charlene and their fine families.

My oldest sister, Lucile married one of the sweetest spirited men I know. His name was George E. Johnson who was Charlotte's brother. I looked forward to going to Beaver Dam where they lived because Lucile was usually making something new. I loved the little spring a short distance from that cozy old home where they lived. It was fixed up like a doll house.

I'll never forget the happy memories when George and I took off in the Overland car. He bought vegetables and fruit from the Japanese farmers and we went through the valley peddling it. He had a wonderful voice and we sang songs. When we drove by their house, George honked the horn so Lucile could hear it. I liked to go to Grandfather and Grandmother Johnson's, George and Charlotte's folks. I'll never forget Sister Johnson cleaning eggs all day long and putting them in crates to sell and the smell of bread baking. It seemed the food always tasted so good in Beaver Dam. . . I'm thankful Lucile found two good men for companionship, however, I remember a man by the name of Mose who idolized Lucile and wanted to marry her. He on each of his dates took her a gift when he took her out. Once he gave her a teddy bear and

other items such as chocolates, flowers, etc. I don't know the main reason, she would not consider marriage. It seemed imperative that she find someone for companionship after the passing of George. [Her second husband was]Norman Maughan who passed away. Her present companion, Miles Roundy for I admire the way he helps her and keeps the yard so lovely.

I always loved Roy and Alice. They lived in Pocatello, Idaho. I never had a chance to visit them. I looked forward to LeRoy's visits as he came occasionally. I liked to hear him talk, walk around the kitchen, take the lid off the mulligan stew, smell and keep talking. I used to laugh until my stomach hurt. When he was laid off, Alice and his family were moved to the farm in Millville owned by father. When I visited them there for a few days, I had lots of fun especially down by the old mill as I had a gentleman friend who used to play the piano and sing, "Down By the Old Mill Stream" to me. I loved their family dearly: Glendon, Thomas Hess, Richard Charles, Joyce and Margaret and their families. Alice was a fine mother and wife.

I had one brother I never saw because he died before I was born and his name was Russell Arthur. They say he was a beautiful blue eyed blonde. He died 1/2 hour after my sister, Lucile was born. Mother never spoke of him without tears in her eyes.

My youngest brother, Rao Henry who is just 1 1/2 years younger than I; was a real friend and companion. We were really close and I loved and appreciated him all through the years. I have more about him in my history.

I started Logan Jr. High School in 1929. I had also graduated from the Primary and entered MIA and I'll never forget my wonderful leaders. When the Stake Road Show was held, Joyce Allred and I were asked to tap dance while a trio of my friends sang, "When It's Roundup Time in Texas", our western song. We were pleased to win first place in the stake. We dressed in western clothing with a cowboy hat, boots and all. We had cap guns and shot them out at the audience and they really liked our act. I completed and graduated from my Bee Hive work. I'll never forget the fun, parties, dances and activities as I feel they helped to build my testimony along with the wonderful lessons.

I had to walk about 1 1/2 miles to school then and the winters were very severe and many times I arrived at school with frost bitten hands and feet which gave me chill blains.

My mother's relative named, Alvin White Hess was the principal. My father's relative, Dr. E. Allen Bateman was the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Utah. I liked but missed in high school as much as two weeks at a time or more due to high fevers, Streptococcus throat infection and bronchitis all through Jr. and Sr. High School which left me with heart murmurs. The doctor said that I must have had rheumatic fever, after he listened to my heart beat and other conditions to the present time. I suppose I owe my life and health as good as it is to my wonderful mother who watched over me with the help of my dear father with faith, nursing and prayers until I was well again.

My favorite subjects were: English, home making, Seminary and biology. I never missed the school games and dances. My teachers seemed to enjoy dancing with me and I felt that this was quite an honor. I graduated from Logan Jr. High School in the spring of 1932 and of course, entered the Logan Senior High School in September 1932. I only had two blocks to go when I cut through the Logan High School Campus. My brother, Harold, started teaching at the Logan Jr. High School at this time. I understand that he was a very fine teacher and I was very proud of him.

School became very exciting now and I wasn't quite as studious as before as I was dating more going to college dances, games, etc. as well as to our own school functions. Whenever I was out late on a Saturday night, my mother would come in and play "Sleepy Time Girl" Sunday morning on the old phonograph. When I awakened she would laugh and say, "Its time for Sunday School" and this is a choice memory. I never believed in going steady as it was more fun to have a variety of friends of both sexes.

I graduated from the seminary on May 24, 1934. I had a strong testimony that the Gospel is true and Joseph

Smith was the true Prophet of God and also God answers prayers. I have always been humble to the extent that I could not do anything on my own. I have needed the strength and help from God. I am thankful for all of my blessings in life.

While in high school, I was a member of the Glee Club, Home Economics Club and Pep Club. There were many activities I liked and had a chance to participate but I did not have the money or time. During my senior year, I had a part in the Senior Hits. My costume was made of gunny sack material, my long hair was braided straight up with a bone in it and I was bare footed. The name of the act was "Alley OOP". We won first place and it was fun.

I graduated from Logan High School in 1935, had almost reached the age of 18 and had high hopes of going to college as I had completed a college preparatory course when a sad accident happened to my brother, Rao. He was riding his horse, Pearl when she ran away with him and Dennis Willmore along an asphalt covered street and in trying to make a turn skidded and fell, pinning Rao's leg under her and breaking it badly in several places. I'll never forget the big cast on him all summer covered with all of his friend's autographs. This saddened our hearts, especially mother and I as we were the only ones home when it happened, however it could have been worse.

I knew there was no money or jobs available and scarce at that. I tended children but I needed something steady. I was fortunate enough to find a job for \$3.00 per week doing housework which provided room and board. I only stayed there one night and found myself going home nights about 5 blocks away. I did all of the housework, meals, washing, ironing, baking. When I did up 12 to 15 white celluloid starched colored shirts, I decided I was doing part of their laundry as they owned a laundry and a day cleaning business. I felt like this wasn't fair and they weren't paying me enough. I had my application at the telephone company so I asked about it one day when mother and I went in to pay the bill. Mr. Frank Sawyer, the boss heard me and came over to talk to us. He said I'd be a very lucky girl if I got the job and I would be the next one he would hire. He showed me the pile of applications they had - piled to the ceiling in a closet. Before a week was up, I was notified by him personally as he came right to the house. This was in the fall of 1935. I was happy and felt like I was rich to be getting \$10.00 per week to start with. I was able to buy a few groceries for the folks and help Rao out a little with a few clothes and spending money.

I attended Mutual and Church as often as I could when I didn't have to work. I had many wonderful times and feel that I was lucky to be raised in Logan as I met and went with many fine young men. I loved dances and I liked to go with Marie and Vonza occasionally because we could dance with as many different ones as we wanted to and it was fun to run to Vonza's home just next door to the Dansante dance hall and powder our noses between dances.

I enjoyed the many lovely college dances and activities. The fall of 1935, the Barb dance was held when no dates were allowed a get acquainted dance. I was tagged by Maurice (Morris). From this time forth, we dated once in a while until Jan. 1938 when he asked me to go steady. I decided to go to Tempe, Arizona in April for my vacation to see my second brother who was a Doctor of Philosophy with majors in Physical Science at the Arizona State Teachers College and he also was an LDS Bishop. I told Maurice I wasn't going steady while I was there. George and Florence had 4 lovely children and they showed me a very lovely time at their fine home. It was a vacation I'll never forget in enchanting Arizona and I was very proud of my fine brother and the wonderful job he was doing. I loved them very much, Flora, Georgia Rose, Connie, and Harold.

I received a diamond ring for my 21st birthday, August 24, 1938. I wanted to wait until spring to get married but he insisted we get married in November because he had graduated from college and had a good job in Malad. I had a cedar chest full of lovely things, china and silverware. My friends gave me a lovely shower held at Vonza's mother's place. The telephone co. gave me a lovely dinner and gifts. My friends and relatives also helped me with my Trousseau Tea and it was well attended. I had my Patriarchal Blessing on October 31, 1938 by Samuel S. Mitton. We were married November 3, 1938, in the Logan Temple LDS by President George Quinney with George E. Johnson and Cole Sweeton as the witnesses.

My mother, Lucile, George, Thelma and many friends went with us. After a short Honeymoon in Salt Lake City where we had fun shopping and stayed at Hotel Temple Square, we moved to Malad to a two roomed apartment. We were called to be Stake Dance Directors.

I often wondered if I did the right thing when Maurice came home one day about May 1939 very depressed because his coworker had a job offer from KSL Radio Station and didn't want it. I encouraged him to come to SLC to see about it. I remember mother was visiting with us and we had only been moved about a month into another apartment that was nice and mother really enjoyed it. We did go to see about the job and of course he got it after the letters of recommendations were received. We moved to 146 1/2 1st Avenue, SLC, Utah in June 1939. This was a very happy time in my life as Maurice had time to do a lot of things together because he wasn't gone so much. I attended the 18th Ward alone as he had to work on Sundays. I did a lot of temple work at this time . . .

It was during this time I met Phyllis. She, her friend Mildred and sister Blanche lived in the next duplex. We had many good heart to heart talks. I told her a lot about the Gospel and she seemed interested. I also told her I had a nice and handsome brother I wanted her to meet. She was afraid he wouldn't like her but they really fell for each other. I was happy for them and glad Phyllis joined the Church and became my sister in-law. I love them and their lovely family very much and proud of Ronald Rao, Kyle Wade and Randy and the fine job Rao and his fine boys for the great job they have done running the ranch in Ibapah, Utah. Our family shall always cherish the precious memories of the good times we enjoyed out at Ibapah with them.

I was very proud of Maurice and his new job. I had many fun times during the first year at the Avenue.

In the spring of 1940, we moved to our first new home as it wasn't yet finished. The address was 2273 Preston Street, SLC, Salt Lake County, Utah. I attended Church again alone because of Sunday work. I attended Parley's Ward. The bishop was Bishop Kjar, Joseph Kjar's father who was Maurice's last boss. At the time, Joe was just a teenager. I again did a lot of temple . . .

We hadn't been here long when Maurice wanted to find a lot in Bountiful and build a home. I wouldn't consent as I liked it here. I was pregnant and I remember our main recreation was driving to Bountiful looking at lots and old rock houses. At this time Maurice was going to Civil Air Patrol School and taking flying lessons. On April 1, 1941, the following spring, a wonderful baby boy was born in the LDS Hospital. We named him Maurice John Jones, Jr. The attending doctor was John Z. Brown. I was very thankful for this beautiful baby who was so perfect in every way, however he was allergic to milk and about everything else. It was extremely difficult but I loved him so and I decided I couldn't do much of anything else but make him as comfortable as possible and take good care of him. Maurice [was] busier than ever so I finally gave into him to buy the lot. He went to Bountiful to work on the house then worked at KSL until midnight. . .

By May 1942, Junior which we called our baby boy was not affected the allergic condition when he over two years old, was eating well and enjoyed good health. We camped or moved into the home in Bountiful when there were three rooms plastered at 285 West 500 South with nothing installed and I think that I was the only one in Bountiful with an outside outhouse. It was in the corner of the garage. After three years of struggle and hard work, we finally got the house looking pretty nice. Maurice was flying a courier service to Hill Field and Wendover as World War Two was raging. We were attending Bountiful Second and I was called to be the Jr. Sunday School Coordinator and I also sang in the choir. During the war period, [my brothers] Harold, George M. and Rao were in the service of their country.

On flay 10, 1945, our lovely daughter was born with Dr. George Duirninte the attending doctor at the St. Marks Hospital in SLC. She was blessed and given the name of Kathleen May Jones, after my mother that is the second name, and the month of May. She was a beautiful and healthy baby, however one foot was half as thick as the other and it seemed she had no arch. We took her to the best bone specialist in Utah. He showed me how to massage it in order to permit it to develop. I had some consecrated oil, used it and

worked with her each day. With faith and prayers her foot developed as good as the other one. We were very thankful and this strengthened my testimony through the power of prayer. She wore corrective shoes until she was 14 and she never had any trouble with it. At this time, I was doing a lot of temple work with my neighbor who had an inactive husband. Maurice tended the children most of the time while I attended. We went on many temple excursions.

We got our home paid for and once again, Maurice wanted to move me into an old farm house and remodel it. I refused. Then he wanted me to move in an old duplex while he remodeled the other side. I refused again because I was worn out and then he brought me and the children upon this hill. The view was beautiful and hardly any traffic. I consented to let him build another dream house so once more, again the children and I were home night and day while he worked on the house doing construction work which he couldn't contract, KSL and hobbies. I had enjoyed entertaining in my beautiful home. I belonged to a club of my very choice friends. I also enjoyed preparing Thanksgiving Dinners for our loved ones. I remember the last big dinner was just before Charlene was born in the wintertime and Gene the following August. Harold took some nice pictures of everyone.

On August 5, 1948, we were blessed again with a very precious son. He was born two weeks early in the SLC LDS Hospital. Dr. John Z. Brown was his doctor but he was delivered by the resident MD and was a nice easy delivery. He was given a blessing and given the name of Eugene Bateman Jones. Like the others, he was a beautiful baby; however, he picked up infections easy. He had pneumonia when he was just six weeks old which he picked up from Jay. Jay had just started school and seemed to pick up everything. Eugene suffered from some choking in his throat from phlegm in his throat and lungs which rattled with it. I called the doctor to come to the house and I said a prayer for him while he lay on the bath mat table. I shall never forget how dear he was — as he looked up at me and smiled like he understood and when the doctor came there was no sign of phlegm. I fought for his life that first year we had him. I guess we have to fight and work hard for the most precious blessings in life and I firmly believe this to be a fact. My testimony really grew stronger because of this, too. I'll never forget the hard winter that year. When Gene was nine months old, we moved to 187 West 3100 South into our unfinished home. At least I had my cupboards done, but I had to wash in the garage and carry the hot water from the kitchen and use the conventional washer I'd had since I was married, a \$35.00 machine. When winter came, we installed the automatic Blackstone washer and dryer. I felt like a lady of leisure even though just half of the house was livable. At this time, Maurice Jr. was attending Adelaide Elementary School in the 2nd grade. We got to see Maurice a little more often now. At this time, I was in the Primary presidency and visiting teacher in the Relief Society.

I'll never forget when I had all of the family for Thanksgiving dinner in the unfinished living room. I told everyone we could eat the turkey and throw the bones over our shoulders because we had a concrete floor. We danced and had so much fun. I especially remember Lucile and Rao doing the Charleston.

At this particular time with only part of our house done and working hard at the time, I felt like my life, time and energy speeding by all too soon. We needed to associate and balance our lives. We had a chance to join a precision dance group consisting of twelve couples. All of the women made pretty white dresses with really full skirts. We did exhibition dances all over and it was fun.

During this time, we went on many trips in our trailer house. We went to Yellowstone every July 24th for years and fished in a rubber boat. We just lived on fish and bathed in the lake and sun bathed on the beach. We usually went with a group. One time, we had a whole neighborhood camped there. We also toured the canyons and went to California.

When I became pregnant with Greg, I was very ill and down for the first five months and I insisted my living room be completed. We had completed our living room in good shape. We had completed our bedroom and bathroom and by the time our darling beautiful Gregory Rao Jones two weeks late was born, August 17, 1954 in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. The delivery was really a serious and rough one and there was a question that one of us would live through it. Both Greg and I feel lucky and blessed.

We had a lovely new baby and living room all at once. Gregory was more allergic than Maurice Jr. I tried many formulas and Nutramigan, a non milk predigested formula was the only one that would agree with him. When I tasted it I cried. Of course, I took him and the other children to the best pediatricians for their shots, examinations, etc. Greg couldn't have any solids until he was nine months old. I fed him every two or three hours night and day until he was about ten months old. By this time I was selected to be the Seagull Leader in Primary. I accepted and enjoyed twelve lovely girls. I could have some of the lessons in the home on home making. This was great because I could be home with Greg as by this time, Kathy was ten, Jay fourteen and Gene seven. The next calling was secretary and treasurer of the South Stake MIA Mutual. It was like a part time job as I set off an office in my bedroom. I handled all of the money for all of the activities besides the minutes of the executive meeting with eleven wards to visit and file a report and handle my leadership class each month. I really had a lot of support from the family and Maurice in this job. I worked with Maurice and I can't explain how her testimony grew. We had some wonderful experiences. Then in November 1957, I had a presentiment that one of our parents wouldn't be with us another year. I asked if I could be excused from all of my meetings for two weeks so I could get the house gone through and do some cooking for Thanksgiving. All of the family living close were invited. We enjoyed the day very much. Rao and Phyllis had a new born baby Randy and Phyllis was fearful to take him out among so many. I told her to take the chance so mother and Dad could see him. I wanted Phyllis's mother to come, too. I have always been thankful because the next March 1958, our wonderful mother passed away and this was the last time we were all together. I am thankful and believe we get these presentiments from God. Then when the Presidency was released in May; I also was released because I knew I would be taking my turn taking care of Dad.

It seems that I did not have much of a breather when I was called to work in the Ward MIA Presidency as a manual councilor. I used to take Dad to the activities and dances. He'd get a big kick out of sitting on the side lines and watching. It was fun to work in this organization with Jay and Kathy attending regularly. I was released in about a year and a half because the young Ladies Presidency weren't following the manual and were too hard to work with and failed to follow through with anything which created confusion for everyone.

Then we took a course in Genealogy and graduated in November 1960.

It was during this time we let a developer go ahead to build homes on our property and the money went on a farm in Samaria, Idaho which Maurice wanted. His dad left him \$7000.00 he applied on this also. He tried to work at KSL transmitter from Sunday until Wednesday and then run the farm from Wednesday to Saturday, however, he found out he couldn't keep that pace up after that summer and hired his uncle to run it.

I was next called to be the secretary and treasurer of the Ward Sunday school with a membership of 1300 people, I enjoyed this very much. Dad went to Sacrament meeting with us. Sometimes I look back and wonder how I ever was able to accomplish so much but when one is younger, it makes a difference. Greg was only three and a half and it was quite a job because Greg was so active and Dad didn't move that fast. I stood in the middle and suggested: "Wait Greg and hurry Dad."

On that Dec. 1961, Jay received a call to go on a mission to the Central States Mission which made us very proud and thankful. His farewell was in Feb. 1961. I've always been grateful for the wonderful talks my intelligent and dear brother, Harold gave. He really does everything with perfection. At this time Dad was staying with Lucile. I'm grateful he could attend and sat on the stand because when Jay had been in the mission field just six weeks, he passed. He was really shook up because he said he was the only grandfather left.

Yes, it seems that life was never the same after our dear mother passed because she was a real strength, but it was her time to go as it was Dad's. We miss them but this is all in God's plan to call us home when our work is finished. I have a tribute for mother at the end of this history.

In July 1962, while Jay was still in the mission field, Maurice was working on the KSL transmitter with another engineer; he took the full power of the transmitter through his body and lived through it. We feel his garments protected him along with having a missionary out in the field. This event or miracle made his and our testimonies stronger. At this time I was working in the Primary with a large group of Co-Pilots and Cub Scouts as a Den mother.

During the years, our wonderful children all excelled in all of their callings. Jay, Kathy, Gene and Greg brought their love and sweet spirits into our home. They are a great source of pride with each one in his or her own way reaching their potentials. As they were growing, they brought me great joy and happiness. I love them with all of my heart. I'm thankful for my lovely daughter, Kathy for the way she helped me in the house and her achievements and this goes for Jay, Gene and Greg, each with their own individuality, strength and they are continuing to reach their potentials. I call them my jewels. There is a record of each one of them at the end of this history and I appreciate Harold's help in compiling them for me.

Maurice has been active and served in many positions. He taught Sunday school worked in Scouting, stake dance director with me, ward MIA, superintendent MIA, graduated from genealogy and instructor in the Special Interest group. At the present time, executive secretary of the High Priest group and gives the lesson once a month. At the present time he is trying to make a go of KABA FM radio station in Orem, Utah.

Upon winding this up, I want to say how much I love and appreciate the family they are the greatest.

Especially am I grateful for Harold and Charlotte for their interest and concern also to thank him for keeping me going on this History and all of his hard work and time to make the History of Bateman and Hess history the success and inspiration to preserve the history for our children.

I feel life is like the four seasons because if we don't do what we should at the time we should, then it is too late. I would like to leave this thought of inspiration as I conclude this phase before the record of our children. It is from the pen of Jon Gilbert.

THE HAVEN OF HIS LOVE

The sea of life is rough and stormy
And my craft is small and frail,
But with God's hand upon the wheel
I can weather any storm.
Through the shoals of disappointment
With cruel reefs on either side
With the Master as my pilot
My ship will safely ride
And when doubts and fears assail me
And seek to overwhelm
In perfect peace I rest securely.
For God is at the Helm
And when life's storm is weathered
With clear blue skies above
My ship will find safe harbor
In the Heaven of His love.

Biography of Othel Bateman Jones by Dr. Harold C. Bateman

Othel Bateman Jones, the youngest daughter of Alfred John and Clara May Hess Bateman was born in the attractive home completed in 1912 and she was born on 24 August 1917. The attending physician was

Richard Sutton, M. D. commonly known then as Dick Sutton. It was unanimously agreed by her brothers, sisters and parents that she was a very lovely, beautiful and intelligent child. She was vivacious and possessed an extraordinary personality. She had a mind of her own and her vibrant personality sparkled.

Lucile commented in her autobiography concerning Othel's arrival as follows: "On August 24, 1917, our home was blessed with a beautiful blonde baby who received the name of Othel. I was her second mother for I loved her. She was bright and spunky; she learned to walk and to talk at an early age."

Dr. George M. Bateman in his autobiography comments on her arrival as follows: "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 than anyone else."

In my autobiography, I wrote the following about the birth of little Othel: "The next arrival at the Bateman home was a spirited and lively sweet baby who received the name of Othel. She arrived on 24 August 1917. She gladdened the hearts of the parents and of all of the siblings. Now there were three sisters in our family."

Alfred Hess Bateman had this to say about the later arrivals:

"Lucile and Thelma, two pretty little girls, our sisters came along. I used to tease Lucile. I posed as Uncle Alexander. We had fun. Our youthful days were the best. Othel and Rao came after I left home."

Rao Henry in his autobiography indicated the pleasure that Othel gave him by introducing him to Phyllis Ruth Parrish who later became his wife and the mother of their three sons. He further notes: "Othel was my playmate and sometimes shut the door on my fingers but fought my battles for me. When she worked she gave me money and bought my graduation suit for high school. Othel and I used to lead horses for ten cents a head for Dad and others. We enjoyed racing with the neighbors barefooted and Othel was usually the winners"

Thelma said that she and Othel were born in the new house on Canyon Street, Paris, Idaho. And of course, Rao too was born in it. Lucile was born in the old frame house just east of the new home. She also stated: "I had a pleasant childhood, I was always close to Lucile and I remember Othel and Rao as darling babies."

Some of the background history of Othel is given in Chapter of this study which gives more details of the story of the family. If Othel's autobiography had been furnished, it would be of considerably more value than my biography of her.

It is interesting to reminisce that when Othel was born that World War I had been raging for about three years and the United States would shortly enter on the side of the Allies opposed to the Central Powers of Europe. This seems to clear up what George M. referred to in the content of his quotation on the first page of this biography when he said that Othel was born during a period of great stress and anxiety.

Othel's birth found seven other brothers and sisters had preceded her. The folks had their hands full in caring for their small army in feeding and clothing them. Less than a month after her coming, George M. left the nest to attend the Utah State University for an education and ere long Alfred enlisted in the Army and spent some time in France during World War I. They were indeed trying times and naturally the parents worried about their sons who could be conscripted into the Service since the United States entered the conflict in fact several months prior to Othel's birth. War was declared 6 April 1917 against the Central Powers. With Alfred in the Army and later, George M. also mustered into the SATC for officer training father and mother had additional worries. Even so I doubt that Othel was concerned about the Kaiser or the World War.

LeRoy entered Fielding Academy in September 1917 when Othel was about one month old. I was an eighth grader in the new Emerson School and was in the first graduation class from the red brick building. Lucile began attending the first grade of the school but Thelma was only five so she held down the fort with

mother. When mother recuperated from her giving birth to Othel, she found the challenges of life pressing and that her responsibilities had multiplied.

An armistice was declared in the war in 1919 which saw Alfred adjusting to serious consequences of returning to civilian life and George M. getting back to the serious business of pursuing his education. This was a happy time to have the war stopped but it still had its problems. The winters were very cold and long drawn out.

I hardly know what prompted father to buy a frame home close to the First Ward in Logan, Utah and about one block west of Brigham Young College. The move was made and naturally, Othel accompanied the family and she had reached the elderly age of about two. She had new company with the birth of Rao Henry who was born 18 April 1919. Rao was only about six months old when the move was made. I doubt that either of them can remember the move to Logan. When the house was occupied Alfred and George M. moved in and the family was reunited for the last time under one roof, all except father and LeRoy. Father had planned on having a hired man care for his livestock and look after the home which was rented. This did not work out so he occupied the old log shack formerly lived in by the Andersons. It was a very severe winter and he must have had his moments of hardship living in that run down cold hut. He spent but little time in Logan for the weather was so bad and he had to care for the livestock. It must have been a rugged experience batching it and trying to keep warm. My imagination is stimulated in trying to reconstruct the life he must have lived that winter.

Alfred and George M. attended college and I enrolled at Logan High, Lucile and Thelma attended the Woodruff School. Othel and Rao, stayed with mother since they were babies. We lived in the First Ward with William Worley as the LDS Bishop. This year was so unsatisfactory to the parents that father came to Logan and sold the home without delay and hurriedly moved the family back to Paris.

They lived there until 1923 when father with the assistance of a carpenter built a new house on a large lot at 347 South Third West St., Logan and moved there in September. He had found the dream place which was near to the Cache County Fair Grounds. The lot had a nice large running stream of fresh water for his livestock. It was here that the girls and Rao spent many of their growing up years. Othel entered the Woodruff Elementary School. Rao was but four so he stayed home with mother awaiting maturation. Lucile and Thelma attended the Woodruff. I attended the Utah State University as a junior. LeRoy returned home to spend the school year studying at the Brigham Young College. Othel continued her studies until she graduated in May 1929 and then enrolled at the Logan Jr. High School and graduated 24 May 1932. Othel next entered the Logan Senior High School and graduated in 1934 and while there was a member of the Logan High Pep Club, Home Economics Club and participated in the first place winning Senior Hits. She was an outstanding student who possessed aptitude and used it to good advantage in everything which she undertook.

Othel has always been a very spiritual person and exemplified this fact in a functional way in studying the Gospel Doctrine and has a strong testimony of the truthfulness that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God and that the restored Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ is indeed his Church. She graduated from the Logan Sr. High School LDS Seminary, 24 May 1934. While a member of the Logan Second Ward, she was a Sunday School Coordinator with the junior organization, taught in the Primary, was a member of the Ward Choir and served at the Ward Banquets.

Since her marriage through the years, she has served in the Presidency of the Primary, Stake MIA Presidency, Ward MIA Presidency, taught classes in the Ward Primary and assisted with Cub Scouting, was a Relief Society Visiting Teacher and Secretary of the Sunday School. She was an active temple worker for years.

While attending high school and after graduation, she held several positions in order to finance her education and everyday needs. Othel found pleasure in tending children for people, and worked as a telephone operator for the Mountain Bell of Logan. She was generous with her hard earned money and

unselfish as noted in the quotation cited from the pen of Rao Henry in his autobiography. No one ever had a bigger and a more generous heart than Othel. This fine quality has been amply demonstrated in her relations with her children. When the final judgments are made by the man upstairs, these great qualities will not be forgotten.

Othel was blessed with many friends, both male and female who were people of great character. She insisted on upholding the highest moral standards of her Church in her selection of friends of both sexes. She was sought in marriage by many fine young men but she settled on a handsome young man from Malad, Idaho whose name was Maurice John Jones, Jr. He courted her and they both are people of strong conviction and individualistic. In spite of their challenges, a date of 3 November 1938 was firmed up for their marriage in the Logan LDS Temple for all time and eternity. According to Othel's records, Maurice graduated from the Malad High School. From high school, he found work at Weber College where he graduated from a two year course in 1935. He next entered the Utah State University and received his Bachelor's degree in the School of Engineering in 1937. He was a good student who learned quickly in the most abstract areas of disciplines.

After their marriage, they lived in Malad in two different apartments for several months prior to moving to Salt Lake City where Maurice secured an electronic position at KSL Radio Station. They moved to a new home in 1940 on Preston St. While living there, they were blessed with their first born who was given the name of Maurice John Jones who was born in the LDS Hospital 1 April 1941. They bought a lot in down town Bountiful on which Maurice used up some of his surplus energy building a new home. He did a marvelous work in giving it a front of attractive rock masonry. Two other children were born to them while living at this residence. A beautiful little daughter was born 10 May 1945 in the Salt Lake City St. Marks Hospital Their second child to be born here was named Eugene Bateman Jones, and was born in the LDS Hospital, 5 August 1948.

Maurice and Othel acquired some fine property in the Val Verda area in South Bountiful consisting of several acres of land. It was not long before he began building a long ranch type house covered on the outside with colorful rock. When completed, it proved to be a pretentious mansion. The house which they vacated down town was rented. It was while living here that their last child was born 16 August 1954 who was given the name of Gregory Rao Jones. Maurice assisted the KSL Station to build Ff1 innovations which updated the efficiency of the station considerably.

Their eldest son, Jay as he was called, entered the Stokely Elementary School but later attended the Adelaide from which he graduated in 1958. He graduated from the Primary in 1953 and attended MIA regularly. In 1954, he was an assistant to the Scoutmaster and was active in his Priesthood and Church duties as well as Secretary in the Priest Quorum. After grade school he attended the Bountiful Junior High School and graduated in 1956. Also the same year, he received the prestigious Eagle Scout Award. The following year during February, he was the recipient of the Duty to God Award with its accompanying citation.

His graduation certificate from the LDS Seminary was received 28 May 1958 and a year later on 28 May 1959, he graduated from the Bountiful High School. During Sept. 1959, found him registering in the College of Engineering at the University of Utah for electrical engineering. He was ordained an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1960. On 6 Feb. 1961, he departed for an LDS mission to the Atlantic States. He returned home two years later after an outstanding missionary service and in 1963, he continued his electrical engineering study at the University of Utah. He married Wilma Whitehead in the Salt Lake LDS Temple but their marriage did not work out so they were divorced in 1966.

During the 1967 Commencement Exercises, he received his Bachelor of Science degree in electrical Engineering at the University of Utah. He was given a position with Motorola Corporation with offices at Phoenix, Arizona in 1968. He married Kathleen Sendlove in Scottsdale in June and shortly thereafter, he left for Chicago, Illinois with his family where he attended the Kent University where he obtained his Juris Doctorate degree. After completing his studies, he continued to work for this firm. His degree was received

in 1972 with Honors.

His marriage was blessed when Martin Jones was born in Chicago. Jay's work with the Motorola Company is as a patent attorney. From Chicago, they bought a home in Scottsdale, Arizona. In 1973, they were blessed with a baby daughter who was given the name of Michele. The following year, Jay passed the bar in Arizona.

In 1977, his wife, Kathleen seemed to get some fickle ideas which caused her to request a divorce which shook Jay up quite badly and also the family. She decided to go back to school in order to prepare herself for a job. In 1979, Jay has a home and sees his children whom he idolizes. He said that he hardly knows whether he wants to attempt another new family at his age which may not work out. He is a fine young man who has had some bad luck with his two marriages and it is too bad so many people are superficial and fail to recognize the basic values in life. They often seem to mess up the lives of those who try to live the commandments of God. Currently, Jay continues to work for Motorola and is active in the Church.

We mentioned that Kathleen was born on the 10 May 1945 in the St. Marks Hospital at Salt Lake City, Utah and she was a great joy to Othel and to the family. She was a very lovely pretty baby.

When she grew older, she attended the Boulton Elementary School from which she graduated in 1957. In 1951, she was chosen the Queen's attendant of the Val Verda Golden Green Ball. She started to take piano lessons at the age of eight and excelled and she has a lovely singing voice. In 1957, she graduated from the South Doves with 100 per cent attendance for her last year and was presented a Book of Mormon by the presidency. She then went to MIA which she attended regularly. Kathy is faithful in attending all of her meetings. She was a member of the choir, Primary organist and was a Sunday school teacher. She has received many awards.

Also in 1957, she entered the Bountiful Jr. High School but graduated from the South Davis Jr. High School with high honors in 1960. She has held numerous wonderful piano recitals; Othel and family are very proud of her. For a period of time, she worked at KSL Radio Station.

In 1961, she won a Speech Contest in the MIA and had the main part in the Christmas Play, Christmas with Amy." While attending South Davis Senior High School, she participated in student activities which included singing with the Madrigal Singers, acappella choir, Vice President of the Future Homemakers, member of the Pep Club and participated in school plays. In 1963, she graduated from the three year LDS Seminary and in 1964, from the fourth course. During May 1964 Kathy graduated from the South Davis Sr. High School with high honors, the third in a class of 600. She was awarded the Honors scholarship to the University of Utah. Other honors received were "Miss Contact Lens" of Utah and she was a runner-up for "Miss Bountiful."

The University of Utah was attended for about two years during 1963 to 1965. On March 18, she married Cohn D. Stott in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. After she worked to put her husband through college they moved to San Francisco. While there she worked and took correspondence courses in F-Section of the Famous Writers School. Cohn worked for the Internal Revenue Service there.

They were blessed with a wonderful son in Oakland California Hospital in 1968 who received the name of Bradley. The family returned to Bountiful when the baby was about a month old. The stork brought another lovely son, 20 March 1970 who received the name of Christopher. Kathy was voted the Queen of Society which was the Sweetheart of the Ball, February 1970.

Some marital troubles developed which caused Kathy to divorce Colin 2 October 1974. On November 12, 1977, she married Terry B. Morris who had three children: named Randolph T., Christopher T. and Andrea Morris. Her new husband is a CPA and has his own computer business.

The positions held by Kathy include: Secretary in the First Security Bank, Investments Smith and Barney

Company, San Francisco and Dean Witte and Sons, Inc. She currently is Executive Secretary to the President of the People's First Thrift. Othel said that Terry is good to Kathy and they get along well together and seem happy.

The third son, Eugene Bateman Jones was born in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, 5 August 1948 while the family was living at the home in downtown Bountiful. He began his education in the Boulton Elementary School in Bountiful, Utah in 1954 and joined the Cub Scouts in 1956 and was very active in this movement. Gene was active in the Primary and graduated in 1960. He then attended the MIA regularly. He was in the presidency of his Deacon's Quorum and graduated from Cub Scouting. Gene was very active in the Boy Scout movement.

During the fall of 1960, he entered the South Davis Jr. High School and graduated in May 1963. In the fall, he entered the South Davis Sr. High School. The coveted Duty to God Award was received during this year. A course was taken in Genealogy from which he graduated. In 1965, Gene graduated from the three year Seminary LDS Course.

In 1966, he graduated from the South Davis Sr. High School and also received a special achievement and leadership award from the LDS Seminary. This was a big year for him since he also received the prestigious Eagle Award.

In 1967, he entered the College of Electrical Engineering, University of Utah. He received a mission call to the Florida LDS Mission and during his last six months he was called to be secretary and treasurer of the mission. He returned after two years in the missionary field which was very successful to his home. In 1969, he resumed his studies at the University of Utah. In 1972, he received his Bachelor of Science degree with honors in the College of Business and accounting and was employed by Pest, Warwick and Mitchell in San Francisco, Calif.

In 1974, he married Kathleen Harward in the Oakland LDS Temple in California on April 12, 1974. This happy home was blessed with a lovely baby boy, 15 May 1975 where he was working for the Bank of America. On 5 Dec. 1975, he was successful in achieving another fine honor, the CPA which was an excellent scholastic achievement.

During Oct. 1977, Eugene, Kathleen and family moved to Salt Lake City, Utah where he is again working for Pest, Warwick and Mitchell, Auditors. They bought a lovely home in Salt Lake City.

On 28 Dec. 1977, another lovely baby daughter arrived and received the name of Ellie. At the present time, he is the Ward Clerk and was initially the Executive Secretary to the Bishop.

Gregory Rao Jones was born while the family lived at the Val Verda residence at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, 17 of August 1954. Gregory started at the Boulton Elementary School in 1960 and graduated in 1966 and then entered the South Davis Jr. High School. In 1967, he participated in the Science Fair. He had some poems and stories printed in the school paper. He was active and faithful in all of his Church activities.

His achievements in 1969 were considerable since he received both the Duty to God Award and the Eagle Award on the same Sunday in December.

In fall 1969, he graduated from the South Davis Jr. High School and in September, he entered the View Mont High School. In 1971, he graduated from the three year course of the LDS Seminary. During the latter part of fall, he graduated from the View Mont High School.

In September, he enrolled at the University of Utah for one year where he lettered in track and cross country running. To finance his education, he worked at Texaco and Triangle Oil Service Stations.

In Feb. he received and accepted a call to go on a mission in the Greater Billings, Montana area. In March 1977, he returned from a very rewarding and successful mission. On 7 Sept. 1977, he married the lady of his dreams in the Salt Lake LDS Temple - her name, Marta Mott.

In April, he accepted employment with the Telco and Air Conditioning Company of Bountiful, Utah.

The 28 of Feb. 1979 was a big day in their lives when a lovely baby boy was born to them who received the name of Michael Gregory. They bought an older home which they are fixing up. Presently, he is an Elder and is in the Presidency of the Mutual Improvement Association. Othel was made happy and proud of the way he is fixing up his sweet home.

Othel and Maurice have been generous and considerate of their lovely family in seeing that their three sons completed outstanding and honorable missions for their Church. This is the first priority for a good Latter-day Saint. Othel is very proud of her lovely family and has showered them with love, and support. She is so pleased with every one of them and I have been pleased to see great affection and sweet motherly concern for their welfare. For her generosity and goodness, I sense that she will be crowned a queen in Heaven. I feel that Lucile and Thelma are of the same vintage since they have always placed the welfare of their fine families above everything else.

In concluding my biography of my sweet sister, Othel, I do want to emphasize the Alfred John-Clara May Hess Bateman family is a closely knit group and that they hold their in-laws in the highest esteem where ever they are permitted to do so with mutual reciprocation. It has been a pleasure to write Othel's and other biographical data about my brothers and sisters which of course includes our beloved parents. (Typed by Dr. Harold Claude Bateman, September 2, 1979.)

