

History of Alfred John Bateman

Told to Thelma B. Leatham

I was born in Almy, Units, Wyoming, July 11, 1874 two miles of Evanston. My mother and father were born in Easex, England. My father was a farmer by trade, working for a rich land owner by the name of Wagataff. 14 brother Fred was born in England and came with my parents to the United States. My parents, George and Anna Bateman were converted to the L.D.S. church by missionaries and immigrated in 1873 from Liverpool, England in a large ship called the Minnesota, with many other immigrants. They rode the steam line from New York to Ogden. I was the first born in the United States.

A cousin of my father, Joshua Jarvis met my parents and brother at Ogden and hauled them up to Bear Lake in an old wagon. A farm was purchased in Bloomington, Bear Lake, Idaho. He raised stock, grain, and potatoes. My mother said there were not any floors (dirt floor) in the house nor brick chimneys. The pipes through the roof were used. Because money was so scarce they had to move to Almy, Wyoming to seek employment in the coal mines, where my grandfather Wilks, (mother's father) and grand father Alfred Bateman (father's father) both worked in stables, where mules and horses were kept and worked in coal mine shafts. One time the mine exploded and killed thirty men. My father worked in the mine a short time to help pay for a farm in Bloomington, Idaho. I was born here.

My parents and my brother Fred and I moved back to Bloomington. We lived in a log cabin with dirt floors. My father ran a small farm and freighted 30 to 40 farm produce to Randolph, Rich, Utah, a distance of 75 miles each way, and brought back coal, oil, sugar and dried fruit and ect.

My two granddads both used to freight also and I used to go with them and Fred and I 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 let me alone. My mother sometimes went to Evanston to visit Uncles Alfred, James, and Herbert Bateman who were brother's of father.

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 attended school until I passed the 6th grade. I also attended the Fielding Academy, riding a horse to Paris, Idaho I bout 2 1/2 miles away.

I went to church in a meeting house of frame and cheap construction. Dad was coueslor to Bishop William Hulme for 25 years. They built a mew meeting house.

Father and granddad Bateman were converted by Apostle James Penrose in England. Father was a great scripturion about knew the bible by heart.

Mother was a great cook. Her favorite dishes were beef steak, roast goose and potatoes

cooked all ways. She could surely fix a good meal for Thanksgiving. She always kept her house beautiful with carpeted floors and loved to collect little things of beauty, such as figurines for home. Thelma resembled her in looks. She had a family of seven, three girls, Margery, Lizzie and Luch, and Fred, John, William and Steve.

Dad ran an ordinary farm in Bloomington of 30 to 40 acres farm land. lot this in hay meadow.

My parents built a nice house next to the church and planted lovely flowers and shrubs. My father was a trained gardener as he was head of a big vegetable and grain farm in England. My father hooked three horses in tandom on each of 3 wagons when they took produce to market and would walk with the lead horse. The farm owner wouldn't let the hired man ride.

He had no favorite brothers and sisters they were all the same. Fred went on a mission to England and married an English girl. He went to B.Y.C. and Agriculture college and became a fine school teacher. Will was a successful farmer and Steve a very good lumberman, in timber most of his life. He also was a horse buyer.

Both father and mother were influences of good in my life. Father a great student, quiet peaceful man. Mother was very spiritual minded and energetic in church affairs. She was always the first to console at a house of sorrow and she always hung the big black crepe bows on the doors at the time of death and arranged for funerals. She was a familiar figure seen in her black taffeta dress and hat riding around in her buggy and driving her horse around town.

My best friends were Alfred Hart and William Forgy of Denver and H.P. Zimmerman of Riverside, California.

I played in the band, a cornet for 5 or 6 years in Bloomington. I caught in the lake, played baseball for the town team challenging the whole valley.

I met Clara Hess in the community school. I took her home when she was 13 years of age. She was the cutest girl around and I had 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. February 14, 1895 we were married. She being only 19 and I 21. We were married at my home by James H. Hart, a counselor in Bear Lake Stake Presidency, and later went to the Logan Temple and was sealed about September next fall. We had a big wedding party. Lizzie Hart made two wedding cakes and decorated them with figurines. Our lovely supper was roast chicken, boiled ham, salad, pies and cookies, Clara Marjorie and mother cooked the wedding supper. (We rode in a buggy pulled by 2 horses to Logan Temple in November and was sealed. Purchased a load of fruit from River Heights, Apples and prunes and took back to Bloomington.)

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 3 rooms. It was here Alfred, George, and Leroy were born. We later moved to a 15 acre farm with a nice home between Bloomington and Paris. Here Harold was born. We lived there 6 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. Served as chairman of old folks committee and a deputy several years. I started to buy and sell horses and shipped them to 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 Butters, mill. A 3 acre piece of land was purchased. Thelma, Othel and Rayo were born here. I wasn't home much of the time due to my work of buying and selling horses